

# BONK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**EAST SUSSEX  
CYCLING ASSOCIATION**

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# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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**President Les Hayman**

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## SOUTHBOROUGH WHEELERS

Hearty congratulations to John Harding who became Southborough's first over sixty to beat the hour. His 59.29 was ridden in the Unity 25 on the E72 on April 13th. He has been under before - but it was sixteen years ago. Don Robb also produced a very creditable 1.4.31 in the same event.

It is not the oldsters, however, who have dominated club racing this year but the youngsters. Don's son, Gareth, headed the roller competition and has gone on to win a couple of club hilly time trials in fine style. Colin Nightingale edged Gareth out of first spot in the March 10 and again in the late April evening 10. he also proved best club rider in the ESCA 25. Both show a lively competitive spirit. Mark Nightingale has also put in some good performances this year and with Colin got the fastest club result in the Association 2-up. Malcolm Martin and Gill Tree won the 'mixed' award in this event with a fine 58.16. Unfortunately Gill be unable to retain her ESCA Ladies B.A.R. title because she was unaware that only the two Association 10s count for the competition (now 12 x 10 plus 2x 25) and she had failed to enter the 10 on April 19th.

All three Watsons are having a good TT season with Peter consistently turning out 1.3s for 25, even in harsh conditions, whilst father John does 1.6s suggesting magic times shortly when he retires from work. Jimmy George is the youngest of our many youngsters and his 1.4.17 and 26.00 in Kent events auger well for his tilt at the KCA Junior B.A.R.

With great enthusiasm kindled by a week at the Lanzarote training camp (there seems to be some doubt about whether they actually dropped Bjarne Riis one day!) the youngsters are into road racing. Spearheaded by Andrew Harvey they've begun to enter Kent League events at Horsmonden, Edenbridge, etc. After a few early lessons like "wore myself out up the front then got shelled out", "cramp", "mechanical problems" and so on, they're getting to finish the events and as we all know enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Further north at Eastway Gill Tree and Malcolm Martin have both rideen successfully - Malcolm getting one fifth place.

At the finish of a cold morning club event several club members searched diligently for Terry Collins lost car keys. Doug Finch even drove twenty miles to see if Warwick had taken them home by mistake. When he got back he discovered Terry had discovered them - in the back pocket of his racing vest!

Joyce Dunford broke her arm and her hip when she tripped and fell on a kerb whilst shopping. Warwick has been confined to barracks whilst learning the new skills of nurse/house husband. She is progressing well and is now able to get out and about again. Just as well for very shortly we'll all be involved in "FUN DAY". I'll report on that next time - if I survive it!

Roamer.

## SUSSEX NOMADS

We have just returned from la Route des Archers a Crecy-en-Ponthieu, this is in Picardy near Abbeville. We rode from Dieppe on Saturday arriving in good time for a shandy or two before having a shower and a sleep before dinner. We stayed at the Auberge de la Foret at Machiel about two miles from Crecy, we had two chalets each of three or four rooms, although the two oldies were put on their own over the road but we met for food, etc. and anyway it was quiet except for the cuckoo.

Sunday was fine, cloudy but warm, so racing gear was the order of the day and after a steady ride to the town we signed on and fixed our numbers on the bikes and waited for the off. 'THIS IS NOT A RACE' the regulations said, but it was very hairy to start with: three hundred or so riders stuck behind the lead car on a circuit of about twenty minutes on main roads and lanes, it was of course very tight when the roads narrowed to lanes, back to Crecy, then THE OFF. Big rings, little sprocket, it was all very exciting but we all found a group riding at our speed and just settled in. There were steep sharp hills and long steady climbs, the latter were O.K. but there was a lot of little ring, big sprocket. there seemed to lots of riders behind me because each time I went off the back on the steep bits I found myself with another group.

Although we did tend to find the same riders now and again, after eighty five miles it was a relief to finish and collect our medals, sandwich and drink. At the prize presentation for the winners of each group we all missed out except second claim Nomad John Woodburn, who was second in his group (after a puncture).

The ride home on Monday, partly motor paced, went off satisfactorily, except for one shower of rain. All in all a fantastic weekend en France. After this, the Wednesday ride with the C.T.C. will be easy peasy.

On the racing side it seems a little quiet so far. Adrian and Geoff, together with Nic Boore and Dave Knights, rode the 2-up while a strong group of Nomads attended to urge them on. Adrian also rode the ESCA 25 which he said was very cold while Dave Challis rode the 10.

Both Geoff and Adrian ride most weekends and the rest of us get the miles in on clubruns, but with the start of the evening events perhaps we can all get out and ride some 10s.

Although we are living up to the name 'Nomads' and wandering all over the place, you will still come across us locally on occasion.

Nomadicus

## WILLIAM HICKEY

In reply to Jack's letter in the last issue regarding the ESCA Reliability Trial, let me hasten to point out that I am not criticising the event or the organiser, simply saying that a change of direction is never a bad thing. None of us can afford to take unnecessary risks; if icy conditions prevail and the roads are in a dubious condition, you cannot assume that it is your own interests to disregard the conditions, even in the event of accurate weather forecasting, the same event put on hours later in better conditions, even over the same course is far more constructive than those conditions which were self evident this year. It is curious to note that Jack springs to the defence of an event quite littered with unforeseen dangers, yet is a little more forthright when discussing the possible dangers of traffic conditions on main roads when courses are submitted. I seem to recall vehement debate on what is safe riding and what is the unacceptable. You really have to be consistent, Jack, in your comments (who loves you babe!).

A nice little piece appeared in the Lewes Wanderers edition 87, April 1997 - and I quote 'future editions of Bonk will be available at the clubroom free of charge'. I know a club in the Association which has supplied all its members with a free Bonk for the last eighteen years. Where have you been, Lewes?

I was persuaded by a well known Sussex dustman to accompany him to the Bike Show at Olympia and we spent some two hours there. But what a disappointment, virtually the whole show is geared to mountain bike and off road riding, there was hardly a road bike present. Evans and Condor were represented, but even Evans was halfway towards mountain bikes and ancillary components. The afternoon was fragmented by some lads trying out a sort of gymkhana on bikes and attempting to hurdle over some prescribed pieces of metal. The majority of visitors looked like fringe enthusiasts, most certainly the people on the individual stalls knew virtually nothing about the products that were displayed. There appeared to be no foreign presence at all and hardly any U.K. dealers apart from the aforementioned. In all, a very poor advert for our sport. I did, however, manage to spot Obree, together with 'old faithful'. He tells me that he is due to attempt the hour at the end of the year on old faithful. He might even ride a Worthing 10 if the money is right.

Can anyone spread some light on what precisely is the current road racing situation concerning licence points for category upgrading. It seems to me that whatever experience one needs to improve your road racing skills is going to be a costly business. Let us assume that you have decided to pursue road racing and you live in Sussex. Initially you require B.C.F. membership and a B.C.F. licence, say £35/£40. To join the Surrey League, which is no longer affiliated to the B.C.F., you have to pay to join, either club, say £30, to cover your overall participation, or a day licence every time you ride, say £8 a time. Then as a prerequisite you are obliged to join the C.T.C. for insurance, say another £20, then there is the entry fee for each event, say £5/£8 dependent on category for each Association.

There will be a slight reduction for the under sixteens, but as an average. Parents are faced initially with a cost of £90 plus say £20 a month for entry fees, throw in a track meeting periodically and you have six months at approximately £20 per month which equals £120 and a total of £210 overall just for a start. Add petrol if you have a car, bike insurance, components, tyres, clothing, it goes on and on! Through these columns I have said it time and time again, the cost of our sport is nothing short of elitist. If you have the cash your chances of doing so much better than those less fortunate are greatly improved.

Spare a thought for those mums and dads who have to provide for this nonsense. It is little wonder we cannot produce champions, let alone maintain respectable fields of riders in any road race, certainly any held in Sussex. Goodwood is the one exception but that could dry up in the light of our divided road racing scene.

Just to add a short postscript to the much publicised ESCA Reliability Trial, I couldn't help comparing that event with the Fireman's Audax 65 leg stretching kilometres between Newhaven and Crowborough and back, roughly the same distance as the ESCA event, using main roads and starting off at 9.30 am to finish at your own pace. The event was well marshalled, attracted over three hundred competitors, the youngest probably five years old, and a large contingent of foreign riders. A large meal was provided at the halfway stage which enabled you to take it easy for the return leg. Clearly these events are both fun and still challenging for all types, one wonders if the ESCA would attract many more converts if it was run on the same lines and making it as informal as possible. (The idea of a **Reliability Trial**, surely you know, is that one finishes within certain times. Would you prefer an ESCA Audax ride to be promoted, these are certainly much easier for weaker riders.. like yourself, maybe? Ed.) There is no need for insurance/licences as a prerequisite (the Firemen's Randonee was covered by insurance provided by the generosity of the Firemen's Benevolent Fund and was used this year when a rider was involved in quite a serious accident. Ed). A proper feeding station is far more civilised (for which you pay more than the 50p entry fee for the ESCA Trial. Ed.) and, oh I forgot, you are not faced with the continuous maze of directions which ultimately result in you failing to complete the course (the only response to that silly remark is rude one! Ed). As I have repeatedly said, we will not attract the kids and their parents unless the emphasis is placed on events similar in composition to the 'Firemen's'.

I see the good old R.T.T.C. have done it again. They are refusing (at the time of writing) to allow Graham Obree a ride in the National 10, simply his entry was late and also it seems he was short of some or one qualifying 10 time in the last three years. If it was me as a clubman I might understand the logic. However we are talking about a World Champion (we have so many!!), the Professional World Hour record holder prior to C.B. and to boot, the current 10 mile National record Holder in 18.27. The man is a legend and very approachable as I have personally found out and yet if the C.W. report is correct, he is being treated as a nobody - if we, as a National Body are trying to educate a nation of car users to be a smidgeon tolerant to us on bikes and use people like Obree and Boardman as role models, what chance when our own officials prevent a World Champion from practising his trade due to a very minor indiscretion (the Championship Event Sec. must be a plonker, why couldn't he have kept quiet and put Obree's name on the start sheet? Ed.)

Talking of the R.T.T.C., who has fallen foul of the dreaded R.T.T.C. 'official entry form'? There is now in current focus an R.T.T.C. ruling, gone pout to all promoting secretaries (that band of people whose bank balance is always in the black!!) that unless the proper forms are used, your entry will be rejected. (A nice start for a new clubman who wants to compete for the first time in an open event!) It seems that the only difference in the latest form is the wording, so a friend of mine, a fellow promoter, sent me some forms to distribute. When I looked closely, they were the forms we used prior to the new revised ones, and it seems he copied them from a local R.T.T.C. official, so a new promoter has something extra to do, you can also bet that Graham Obree's entry form wasn't the new one either, so I suppose he would have got it rejected in any case. Only time will tell.

Prior to a rendez-vous in l'Alpe d'Huez in July where we have assembled some young reliable domestiques, i.e. French and the low countries linguistic of Alain; the Chairman of the St. Neots R.C., Paul Phillips; the accepted leader of many clubruns both overseas and U.K., Ian Landless; Ronny; the Snapper; Dave Knight a recent Nomad arrival; our Saudi Arabian agent Graham Seymour, and bringing up the rear John Woodburn, who will be guesting with special permission of Northover Furniture Removals. taking in the Alps, Geneva and hopefully some interviews with some top Continental riders, who knows, a Channel 4 spot could also be in the offing.

I see Doctor Mark has made yet another signing, this time Jan Scotchford has exchanged her Worthing livery for that of the Stella. She was not available for comment, however Andy Payne believed there was untapped potential just waiting to get out, clearly the Stella net is not being restricted to an all male domain. Will the Regent girls be targeted next? I ask the question.

Whinge of the Month award has to go to the dear old Sussex B.C.F., notwithstanding their clear reluctance to be more demonstrative in the Tony Doyle saga, with both the Surrey league opt out and B.C.F. financial shortcomings, they appear to have run out of ideas to enable them to maintain a programme in the area, hence a circular requesting more immediate participation to stave off formal closure, due mainly to having no dosh, was released on May 17th, 1997. This clearly is in tandem with the B.C.F. national coverage to secure finance by appealing to the general public to invest in the B.C.F., to cover previous shortcomings and make some cash available for a move to secure their future.

Dear old Norman still has not grasped the nettle, you can, as the old expression has it, 'lead a horse to the water...', at the end of the day however you tweak the rules, contrive events, lower the standards, etc, etc., you can only do it with bodies, AND YOU AIN'T GOT ANY. What is more

- a) there is no group appeal to parents and it is overpriced.
- b) your public persona is zilch.
- c) you fail to properly harness advertisement.
- d) clubs don't have the finance whereby they are able to promote, let alone keep putting their hands in their pockets.

My advice is

- a) cease to operate as a Division, let the clubs organise their own thing.
- b) concentrate on the track side which has more appeal.
- c) go out and get some worthwhile sponsorship, there are any number of sizeable companies in Sussex who would gladly contribute.
- d) why continue to use a private house, off the beaten track, to hold totally negative and, frankly, boring Division meetings to discuss ... what?!!

Before I am accused of bias on the strength of one or two meetings, the message is the same, properly conducted meetings to discuss areas of interest should be, and can be, contained to a few minutes, not hours, with no break for refreshments, etc. Hold the meetings on a rota basis at clubrooms 'easy', where all the facilities are available and where it is a little more conducive. And, talking of meetings, once every four months is all that is required, virtually all activities in the area concerning general business can be dealt with over the phone by one person, heaven knows why a representative of each club is required to attend a meeting to discuss trivia is beyond my comprehension. This is precisely where apologies for absence become more meaningful.



My second whinge is the quite disproportionate method in which promoters are now allocating their prize money. We have the classic situation where veteran riders get one or two prizes - usually no more than one prize per rider (how's that for discrimination!) for a full field which comprises between 60% to 65% vet. riders. Come on promoters and Divisions, when you set out your field you know how much dosh you have available. reward those riders who continually support your event and, so what if a rider wins, or is placed, gets a standard award, and is in with a shout for the vets' prize, if a man of sixty can beat a twenty year old by sheer talent and application, GIVE HIM THE MONEY BARNEY, he deserves it.

Chequered Flag, Brian Hutton's baby, is also experiencing the current cycling malady, since he cannot get any worthwhile contributions, the mag is going to be slimmed down and available to the chosen few. It seems a pity that Brian, who puts so much into the sport, should be the target of others' lethargy. We are always indebted to Brian for his appetite for journalism and frankly, we have nothing but praise and esteem and may he continue to wave the Flag whenever and wherever appropriate.

I met up with Clive Oxborrow the other day. although a few years older now he is looking forward to getting back some of his old form. Since he put nearly a minute into me in a 10 things are looking good. But can he keep it up or was it just a flash in the pan. Was he trying to impress the Stella? one asks. Clive, his family and company have put an awful lot into both the 'Toilets' and into Sussex racing generally. Financially over the years it totals many hundreds of pounds. For those who are unaware, Clive rode for England on several occasions and was among the first internationals that Sussex produced in the eighties. he is a very welcome sight at events.

W.H.

## TIME TRIALS IN THE SKY

Saint Peter spent a tiring day at the pearly gates and at last it was time for him to finish work for the day. It was a lovely summer evening and he got out his trusty Claud Butler and went out for a training ride on a heavenly road circuit.

No sooner had he started than he caught up with the Devil riding his Mercian lightweight. "I never knew you rode a bike," said Saint Peter "and what are you doing up here?" The devil replied, "I love cycling and my cycling friends and I have to come up here because we have no decent roads downstairs".

"Well in that case I don't mind you sharing my road" said saint Peter. "What's more, why not join forces and have a combined time trial". The devil agreed but then saint Peter said it may not be fair because all the past time trial stars were in his team. The Devil quietly replied, "That will be no problem, all the timekeepers are with me".

## **La Route de Cidre**

This was my fourth attempt at this event, the trouble is you do not see or taste much cider.

It was a four day trip this year trying not to be too tired for the event as in previous years. So it was an early start from home on Tuesday morning in the van to catch the 8.15am ferry for Cherbourg. You can park next to the ferry terminal and although it's £5 a day it's cheaper than the train and much easier and more convenient than riding. It's a five hour trip over but with a book and a nap it's not too bad and although the boat swayed a bit this time it wasn't that rough and my tummy didn't feel too bad.

Getting out of Cherbourg is a bit of a problem, with steady climbs on either the east, south or west routes. I went south on the D900 via Bricquebère (idiot); it was very hilly and with panniers on, very hard.

I was really struggling and thought I would never make it, even having to rest on some of the hills. I discovered next day that my pannier support had slipped and was causing my rear brake to operate continually on the forty five mile slog. Finally I managed to find b&b at Lessay. It was a bit scruffy but only £17.50 (moins cher) and a little bit further than anticipated especially with my back brake on.

Wednesday was to be easier, so got up late and pottered down to the coast through the lanes, then turned left to Coutances and Marigny (the home of the Duo Normand). I stayed at the 'Hurtez' bike shop and apart from a couple of visits to the bar Sportive, laid on the bed and read my book. The sun had been hot all day and I was getting quite red but I thought nothing of it at the time. May Day a Jour Ferie. I was up early (6.00am), what with church bells, the bakery next door, people putting up stalls in the market square and the anticipation of the event, it was easy to get up early.

I had a walk across to the Bar Sportive and on the way bought two pain de raisin and these, with a cup of Bobby's coffee, were petit déjeuner. Then back to the chambre to get ready. It was fine but chilly so it was tights and a thin jacket over my racing vest, then find a number and ready myself for the off. Come 8.30 it was very warm, so the tights and jacket disappeared into my little saddlebag and I lined up with the other two hundred and ninety nine starters.

Once out of Marigny along the main road towards Coutances, the riders spread right across the road and cars pull over to let us pass. This year they stayed behind the car so I was still with the main field when we turned into the lanes at 'Belval-gare' but, as in previous years when the hills appeared, I went backwards. Very soon I could see the lead car and the front of the bunch at the top of the *next* hill. I looked around to see who would form a rear group (le bus), possibly the rider with black socks (tuggo) but no luck, they all went off and left me.

Hill after hill then past the Picket d'Etain (Nomad H.Q., France) at Canisy but no time to stop to say 'hullo' (32.5km), on and on more hills and finally one mountain where you wonder why you are here. At last a long drop to pewrcy and on to the first stop at Abbaye deHambye (81km), drinks and cake and sit on the grass for a few minutes then the Boore Wagon arrives with just two more riders. I was hoping for more riders than that so I decided to go off on my own, a few more climbs and I was in strange country as I had not been this far before. On to main roads now for a while with steady climbs and I was happier then on the coastal plain where all the villages were sur mer and finally the next feed at regneville sur mer (124km). It was here that I realised that I was getting very sunburnt but could do nothing about it (should have put my tights on), stayed here until the broom waggon arrived and decided to stay with it. Only one other rider now, so we started off together and were then joined by another rider from somewhere, so were now three.

The roads were a bit up and down again and found it easier by being on bigger gears and dropped the other two. I felt happier on my own anyway. At Lessay we turned inwards towards Marigny at last and finally St. Saveur Lendelin, the signpost said Marigny 20km. I wish to forget these last few miles as there was one hill after another, but at least I was not last and anyway, 107 miles in 7 hours and 50 minutes is not bad is it!

Next day, complete with my little bottle of cider, I set off for Cherbourg. My legs were very red and sore and I plastered them with sun cream on more than one occasion. I took the easy route home, due north from Marigny via Pont Able and valognes, then there were hills again until the drop into Cherbourg. At this time I was very hot and thirsty and could only think of ICE CREAM and when I found the ice cream parlour it was like an oasis in the desert and I squandered thirt eight francs on a large dish of fantastic mint ice cream.

Time for the boat home to Portsmouth and home, although I said "never, never again will I be back l'annee prochaine".

Nomad

P.S. Should anyone like details or wish to join me next year, please contact moi.

### **STOP PRESS.**

Contre Vents et Marais. Un Nouveau Duo Normand en 1997.

This means a new course for the Duo Normand, starting in Martigny, going on a flat loopp north of the town, then a hilly section back to Marigny round the square, back down the old course to Montreuil sur Hozon, turn and retracé along that awful last five miles.

Details will be coming to clubs soon, but I will to supply information if required earlier.

Alain des Nomads (Alan Limbrey)

## BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR

Well, hope you had a good rest!?! Now we're away with the 1997 season. With the ESCA Hardriders behind us, some great times returned on a "NOT TOO EASY DAY". Mark Jones' 46.21 was a really splendid effort and our own fastest was Lawrence Clifford with a creditable 52.46 (well done) especially as he is our youngest rider. Bit of 'trumpet blowing' now, we had eighteen riders in the event, ALL STARTED AND ALL FINISHED, is this a record "WHO KNOWS BETTER"???

We have just ridden in our first B.E.C.C. Club Evening 10 mile event of the season. Mike Murray of regent R.C. returned a very worthy 22.11 and now we can welcome Mike back as a member of the B.E.C.C. again.

Our annual 'date' to organise the Barcombe/Newick circuit road race for the Surrey league on April 27th went off successfully. Thanks to Tom Roberts who organises the necessary with thanks to our ladies running the canteen side so well, and all the other helpers and marshals on the day. Obviously a thank you to riders who turned up for the event makes it all worthwhile.

Moving back to the time trialling scene there's talk afoot by certain members about 'what's the 12 Hour like?'. Could this mean a few new faces in contention this year. Come on you budding long distance chaps. have a go. Leon B. expanded in great detail in the pub last week about he enjoyed the 12s, well perhaps enjoyed is not the word but we'll leave it like that!!! It does seem that most of our strategies-plans-and-possibly drinking, always seem to be done in the pub. That's cycling, lube and tube, on reflection I possibly am a bit nuts, now what???

Funny we haven't seen Geoff Boore lately, maybe he's heard Judy B. can't get to the clubroom so often these days, it may seem ridiculous but we do need Geoff to call in our club every now and again. Gives us something to have a good laugh about the week after. See you soon, Geoff XXX.

Now a future date for your diary. The Annual Dinner of 1998 will be Saturday February 7th 1998 at Langfords Hotel, Hove. All the usual good FUN and entertainment. Real ale, bumper raffle, etc. etc. Call Dick Jones on 01273 770047 anytime to book a seat. it is cheaper this year. Take note, Mr. Boore.

Our Annual Picnic/Party is on Sunday, August 3rd at the White Lion, Thakeham. Cyclists and families and children welcome. 12 noon AFTER our Open 25 (start 6.30am, see the yellow book). Again details from Dick Jones for the picnic - low cost fun day out. Vanessa A. from the Bike Store of S.C.A. Luncheon fame will be arranging the catering for the picnic. A big THANK YOU in advance for volunteering.

Safe riding and p.bs. for all! See you up the road.

Excelsiorian

# Snow, sweat, mosquitoes and bonk

BY PAUL GIBBONS

## A TALE OF HARD MEN IN THE DESERTS AND MOUNTAINS OF THE U.S.A.

**A**RRIVING in Vancouver was like a dream come true for me, having always wanted to go to the United States and Canada. The fact that I was about to spend the next eleven weeks cycling through the Western states and the length of the Rocky Mountains was a bit daunting, but the sort of challenge I enjoy. So here goes, with a brief resume of my travels with the wandering Rabbets.

Legs burning and body aching, I tried to grab some sleep on the 1½ hour ferry crossing from Vancouver Island to Port Angeles (USA), watching the sky and sea disappear as the boat rolled from side to side.

Little did I know, this was Matt's idea of a typical day - 90 miles of rolling countryside (thank goodness for my granny ring), plenty of eating and wondering where the night's camp would be.

Was my body ready for this kind of trip? Perhaps my body *wasn't* ready. Nothing could have prepared me for the first week's riding. It would have been fine without having to carry my worldly possessions and my makeshift home; but it's too late to turn back now.

The first ten days were spent riding down the Pacific coast, through the state of Washington, crossing a four-mile-long bridge into Oregon and cycling as far as Reedsport. We had seen more trees than I could ever imagine, even camping among tall stands of pines on the beaches. The air was so clean, the sky so blue and clear, almost heavenly.

In fact, it could have been heaven. I was beginning to enjoy ordering breakfast - hash browns, ham, eggs over easy medium, wholewheat toast and more coffee than you could drink in a week, let alone one morning! It was almost embarrassing trying to stop Matt from having a breakfast for every meal.

**T**HE end of the first week was a major hurdle crossed for me. We celebrated with a morning's ride into Reedsport and a motel for the night. We'd covered 582 miles with only a few brief showers to dampen our spirits. Tomorrow would be the start of a new adventure, for then we would be heading inland.

Rolling out under leaden skies, our road followed the mighty Umqua Rover,



On the December 17th clubnight, Paul and Matthew will be talking about their tour and what it was like to cuddle up in this very small igloo

tumbling and swirling to the Pacific from the far-off mountains. Riding past grazing elk, we headed inland, covering 40 miles before breakfast. The scenery was outstanding and promised to get better. Good job I'm beginning to feel fit now and my burden seems to be slightly more manageable.

The day ended as we slumped into our sleeping bags after a ham and cheese supper beside the river, amidst the swarming bats, feeding as darkness grew. Our first +100- mile ride - it feels good!

**S**TARTING out the next day at 750ft. above sea level sounded pretty ordinary, but by the end, we had climbed to +8000ft. to Crater Lake. An extinct volcano with an impossibly blue lake in its crater - just amazing! I flew up the last ten miles, with a top speed of five mph and not many of my 24 gears left. This was the price I paid for not eating enough food. Bonk had taken over my jelly-like legs. However, it gave me more time to take in the barren pumice desert and the 15ft. high snow drifts we rode through. Camp that night was cold and nothing but giant mosquitoes for company.

From here it was all downhill. We crossed the California border the next evening, sampling some very basic shower facilities. It was more hygienic to keep your shoes on to shower than touch the floor! An enormous bike-wheel-sized pizza was then devoured and a very humid, sticky night in the tent followed.

Being buzzed by a crop-spraying plane flying under the telegraph wires heralded the next day. Riding through more lava-encrusted landscape, the weather changed

to wet and windy. This was the kind of day I had been dreading, so to cheer ourselves up we indulged in motel comfort again.

Climbing once again to over 8000ft. saw us riding through more snow. A hard day over such a long climb. The prospect of no food that night didn't sound too good, either, stuck in a 7000ft.-high camp site. Good job my charm attracted the attention of a family who invited us to join them for supper.

A roller-coaster ride followed, travelling through river valleys and forests on narrow roads. Logging trucks became a real worry. Gathering in groups of three and four, you could hear them rumbling behind - then suddenly appearing and passing by in clouds of diesel fumes and dust. Just don't wobble or they'll get you!

**A**RRIVING on the north shores of Lake Tahoe ended our second week. They had had a fresh layer of snow that morning which had duly turned to rain by the time we arrived. This somewhat spoiled the view over the lake, but it was good to have a hot shower - the first one for three days. Both Matt and I had settled into the rhythm of cycling and camping, taking everything that America could throw at us.

We had completed 1209 miles so far. The Californian weather had not lived up to its usual hot, sunny self while we were travelling through, but things were about to change as we would be heading into Nevada - a desert state.

## WEEK 3

**A**WAKING to a bright sunshiny day, we relaxed over a sumptuous breakfast before riding round the shores of Lake Tahoe. We crossed the California/Nevada state line and sped downhill for eight miles, 40mph into Carson City. Packing our bikes up for a proposed bus journey across the desert (pre-planned), we met the owner of the bike shop, who promptly offered us a room for the night. What more could we say!

At 7.30 a.m. our host had dropped us and our bikes off at the bus station for a 12-hour journey. Crossing the desert by bus was a wise move: the sheer size and emptiness was as inhospitable as it was beautiful. We arrived in Las Vegas about 5.30 p.m., having to jump straight on to the next bus to take us to St. George, Utah.

Bike rebuilding followed the next day and after an enormous self-service buffet breakfast we headed off into the midday sun. With temperatures around 100°F. it was hot!! This is when trouble struck. I was struggling to ride at more than ten m.p.h., had no energy and chronic stomach cramp.

Stopping every ten miles or so for me to rest, we pushed on, covering 40 miles to Zion National Park. It was good to finish for the day, seriously wishing to be back home.

Cycling through a canyon of multi-coloured curtains of rock, we passed out of Zion and headed out of Utah into Arizona. I was still suffering from a bad stomach and the afternoon's 30-mile ride across a desert plateau took four hours. Even Matt slowed down, complaining how energy-sapping it was. We had also climbed about 4000ft. without knowing it, wondering why it was so hard!

Leaving Jacob's Lake, we had a 40-mile bash to the north rim of the Grand Canyon. Nothing will prepare you for the sight of a mile-deep canyon, so many miles wide with a tiny-looking river at the bottom! This was also one of the best camp sites we had: no RVs (camper vans) around us and only 20ft. from the canyon rim.

That night we were treated to the spectacle of a full moon rising over the rim, creating an eerie feeling: sinister shadows, and an abundance of shooting stars.

Dining out on the ledge the following day, we watched the world go by - this was our first day off, but we still managed to ride 40 miles along the rim of the canyon.

Up at 5 a.m., we watched the sun rise. We were riding by 6 a.m. back to Jacob's Lake, leaving the Grand Canyon behind us. Speeding past the Vermilion Cliffs towards Marble Canyon, we passed giant boulders in the desert with houses built around them - people still lived in them. Reaching our destination for the day we were exhausted - temperatures were over 100°F. in the shade. It was here we decided to catch a

bus across the remainder of the desert to Santa Fe, in New Mexico.

First we had to get to a big town, so chatting to three guys I dropped a few hints and we hitched a ride with them to Page. Unfortunately, the following day was the fourth of July, a special day for Americans, so no transport could be arranged. A couple of nights were spent camping on the shores of Lake Powell, along with half the American population and their noisy power-boats.

This spectacle ended our third week, with 1556 miles ridden.

## WEEK 4

**F**OLLOWING a day off the bikes, we watched the fourth of July celebrations, trying our hardest to relax in the sweltering heat. Tomorrow would see us transported by car from Page to Flagstaff, ready to embark on another long bus journey to Santa Fe via Albuquerque.

Arriving eventually in Santa Fe at 8.30 in the morning, we then had to put our bikes together again. This was an unwanted experience, having been travelling for 24 hours with very little sleep, sharing seats with assorted weirdos along the way. (They all travel by bus because it's cheap.)

We were due to stay with some friends of Matt's for a few days and I knew I was ready for a rest.

Having unwound, we were both champing at the bit to be back on the road again. Leaving Santa Fe, we headed north for the start of the Rockies. We had been chased out of New Mexico by a crazy, drunken, denim-clad Spaniard who thought we were a couple of 'faggots'.

However, after telling him that we put our faith in God, it was all handshakes and smiles. He told us of his bold plans to take over the world with one of his many wives and spend the rest of his life gambling and drinking!

Crossing the Colorado border was the start of another tour for me. We had left the desert behind and were now riding through valley meadows and high mountains. Once again, spectacular views!

Stopping at the bottom of the first major pass, we were going to camp, ready to tackle the climb in the morning. This all changed on meeting the grumpy site owner and reading his rules - no this, no that, no nothing and certainly no enjoying yourself!

So off we set, riding up and over Wolf Creek Pass at a height of 10857ft. It nearly finished me off - a bad move at the end of an already long day - possibly one of the hardest climbs I have ever tackled.

The ride down the other side was exhilarating, though, and we relaxed in a far more friendly campsite, tucking in to the most sickly chocolate and cherry

gateaux washed down with some equally disgusting cherry-flavoured coffee.

Matt and I both had to grin and bear this ordeal, having a second, then a third and fourth piece pushed under our noses by our friendly campsite neighbours. We repaid our thanks with heroic stories - of fighting off grizzly bears, eating rattlesnakes when really hungry, that sort of thing.

Eventually we managed to escape and here ended our fourth week, having covered 1810 miles.

## WEEK 5

**O**UR fifth week began with a six-mile run downhill in bright sunshine alongside a bubbling river to breakfast: a great way to start the day. This all changed after breakfast, because I had my first puncture; and later, as we headed off into the mountains, it was soon clear to me I was suffering from yesterday's long, hard climb.

We pushed our way ever upwards to a tiny town called Crede. On arrival, I was accosted by a man sitting outside a trendy sandwich bar. Chatting away, he offered to buy us lunch, so we accepted. He was amazed by our travels and within minutes we were the talk of the town.

Regrettably, we had to leave Crede, riding at an impossibly slow pace towards the first of the day's passes at 10900ft. This was conquered and we pedalled onto the next - Slumgullion Pass, at 11500ft.

As we descended down the other side, I had another two punctures. This soon turned into a nightmare session, with some dubious repairs and pinching the tube while putting the tyre back on. I eventually rode down on a very soggy tyre, walking the last quarter of a mile to our campsite. I was not happy!

The next morning was spent repairing tubes, eventually getting on the road at 11.30. After cycling along picturesque river valleys and over a few minor climbs, we made camp on a ranch at the base of Monarch Pass, beyond Gunnison.

We had a day off here, spending the time relaxing and eating, chatting up the young girls after their horse-riding lessons. Well, what were we supposed to do in the middle of nowhere?

**M**AKING an early start, we climbed the ten-mile pass in 1¼ hours (11312ft.). After a brief rest at the top, we took off like mad things possessed in pursuit of a large truck carrying hay. Overtaking this obstacle, we howled with excitement all the way down. However, the truck whistled past us 20 miles later, covering us in hay and dragging a snaking trail of cars about a mile long! Don't try this at home, kids!

After riding over our first pass of the following day (Hoosier, 11500ft.) we dropped into the next valley, stopped for breakfast in a rather too trendy ski resort, and headed for Loveland Pass (11992ft.). This was another hard climb, with snow on the roadside, but it was worth it for the 20 miles of downhill to follow.

The next challenge was a gravel road. We rode up this to Central City, or 'slot machine heaven'. There were gold mines everywhere and it didn't look like an inviting place to stay. We ended the day being chased by a thunderstorm to the next town.

The next day brought us fantastic road - gently rolling on the edge of the mountains and giving us fleeting glimpses of the great plains to the east. Ending our day in another tacky ski resort, Estes Park, we relaxed in preparation for tackling the highest paved road in America.

**S**ETTING off early, we hit the slopes. Ever upwards we toiled, taking in the breathtaking views as we went. A brief stop was made at a viewpoint (11300ft.) before carrying on. Eventually we broke out of the tree line, hitting an icy wall of wind. Taking it in turns on the front, we crawled on, well wrapped up to keep out the cold. Slowly but surely we crossed our goal. We had made it to 12000ft. after 22 miles. It was a fantastic feeling of achievement, among the clouds, looking out on to nothing but snow-clad mountain peaks. We both felt great. What could stop us now?

Well, it certainly wasn't going to be the next 25 miles of downhill, that's for sure! Screaming down, we ended yet another week of adventure, covering a total off 2267 miles.

## WEEK SIX

**A**FTER a day spent relaxing at Grand Lake, we were both feeling fresh and fruity. This obviously showed, as we managed to get chatted up by four women, with a deep-seated passion for cycling and young men's thighs - and having a combined age of at least 280 years.

Leaving our lovely ladies, we headed off in the opposite direction, climbing gradually for the next 24 miles before dropping into a grassy meadow. We were being eaten alive by horse flies as we set up camp at the back of a tiny store in the middle of nowhere - a place called Cowdry. To our astonishment, we met a chap called Carlos, whom we had already met at Estes Park a few days earlier. We weren't expecting to see him again.

The following day we left Colorado and crossed into Wyoming. We caught Carlos up on the road, and dragged him along with us to Saratoga - he wasn't up to matching our pace. The afternoon was

spent trying to gently poach ourselves in some very hot natural springs: it did seem to make us feel a bit more relaxed.

An early start saw us ride 20 miles before turning into a nasty headwind. Catching Carlos up once again, we rode to Rawlins on a busy and lumpy two-lane 'interstate'.

After a second breakfast we carried on into the headwind, leaving Carlos to ride at his own pace and proposing to meet at the next campsite. We struggled on, along a boringly straight road. Would it ever end?

Finally we reached the campsite but it didn't look too good. So after a brief pit stop we decided to ride to Jeffrey City, another 20 miles away - on top of the 95 miles we had ridden already that day!

As we crested the first hill I knew it was going to be painful. I looked over my shoulder and saw a lone cyclist turn into the campsite. Was it Carlos?

**J**EFFREY City turned out to be a thriving hub of civilisation, with a population of around 20 to 30 people. We had made it, thanks to Matt steam-training into the ever-present headwind. Collapsing into the diner, just in time to order food, we wondered if we would ever see Carlos again. Then to our amazement, he appeared in the diner. He had hitched a lift just to get there. It will be a memory I shall never forget.

A half day saw us into Lander, indulging in a motel for the night. We had ridden down off the high desert plateau and into grass-rich plains. It was also a parting of the ways, as Carlos had decided to go a different route.

The following day ended with a climb back up into the mountains, ready to go over Togwotee Pass in the morning. There, Matt broke another spoke, which seemed to be a regular occurrence and all the spare spokes had been used. So, riding fairly gently, we dropped down from the pass, to be greeted with the beautiful spectacle of the Grand Tetons. These mountains look as if they have just been painted on to the sky: they rise up from nowhere and look so fresh and new.

We rode on to Colter Bay, in Yellowstone National Park. Matt left me to set up camp and headed off to get his wheel sorted out. He ended up doing an 80-mile round trip - all for a spoke! Well, he needed to get the miles in. We'd finished another week, after covering 2754 miles.

## WEEK SEVEN

**A**FTER a late breakfast, we headed off into Yellowstone - quite a disturbing sight, because most of the trees had been destroyed in a huge fire.

Climbing up over a couple of passes, we had plenty of time to watch the wildlife.

Stumbling across an old geyser, called Old Faithful, we watched it erupt into

clouds of boiling steam, pushed upwards into the air about 40ft. high. After passing more geysers and pools of bubbling mud, we rode into the setting sun, spying a brown bear disappear into the trees.

Cycling out of Yellowstone and out of Wyoming into Montana, saw us riding along some spectacular lakeside roads, before hitting another headwind across more open plains. An eleven-mile climb out of Ennis after breakfast was hard work.

We dropped down into Virginia City, a real Wild West town preserved as it would have been 100 years ago. We dined in a restaurant owned by a Scottish lady who went to school in Lewes (East Sussex). Finishing early, making camp in Dillon, was a pleasant end to the day.

More hills followed but we were rewarded with another early finish. Spending all afternoon in some hot pools was very relaxing. A night of storms followed but the next day dawned bright.

Riding out of Jackson, we cycled through a fertile plain known as the Big Hole. As the morning passed, a storm finally caught up with us; and bikes, bodies and clothes got covered in tar as we descended into the Bitter Root Valley, which didn't please me at all. Despite rain and tar, though, the day's ride had been very scenic.

Spirits were now running at full steam as we raced down the remainder of the Bitter Root Valley and rode into Missoula - home of Adventure Cycling. Stopping at their office, we signed the visitors' book, had our photos taken and gave a brief account of our journey.

Bumping into Andie McDowell, of 'Four Weddings and a Funeral' was enough to make us have a day off here. As usual, we lounged around and ate copious amounts of food - strange behaviour for a cyclist!

With 3208 miles covered, we were well on our way to Jasper, across the Canadian border.

## WEEK EIGHT

**L**EAVING Missoula at 1pm, it was off into the hills again. Riding alongside a wide river through twisty gorges lined with trees was great, but it ended all too soon as we pushed into a headwind and rain across a lush grassy plain. Thankfully, it didn't last long and once again we were back into trees and along a breathtaking road alongside picturesque lakes.

Nearing our campsite for the night, a hailstorm dumped its load of marble-sized projectiles on to us. This in turn made the four-mile gravel track to Holland Lake rather sticky, covering our bikes in dirt. Still, it was well worth the journey: the lake is beautiful, set in dense pine forests overlooked by mountains.

The following day saw us continue through much the same scenery. Stopping

near Flathead Lake, famous for cherries, we bumped into an old couple who managed to spare a small bag of cherries they had picked from their 150lbs. in the back of their truck. They didn't travel in my panniers too well, so by the time we reached Lake McDonald, in the Glacier National Park, I had eaten so many cherries I probably looked like one!

Early the next morning, ready to tackle the 'Going to the Sun' road through the park, we were greeted by a sullen-looking sky. Un-perturbed, we set off, knowing we had to be over the pass before 11am: from then until 4pm cyclists were barred because of the sheer volume of summer traffic.

As we climbed ever upwards, it began to rain. The spectacular scenery disappeared under a blanket of fog, the traffic was getting heavier and we managed to get separated by quite a gap, with me out in front. I was the first to encounter the hurricane-force winds, driving the rain on a horizontal plane.

This phenomenon coincided with roadworks: the final mile of road had been ripped up, making it very difficult to ride on. I was so glad to crest the top of the climb that I relaxed just enough for the wall of snow that then hit me to almost knock me backwards.

Riding downhill with my eyes shut and several inches of snow building up on my bare legs, I wished it would all end as soon as possible.

Fifteen to 20 miles later, I turned into our proposed coffee stop - soaking wet and frozen cold.

To top off the day's challenges, my towel, which was meant to have been drying out over my panniers, was blown by the wind into the back wheel, breaking a spoke. Some days are sent to test us, I'm sure!

The day ended well, though, in St. Mary and an evening meal which seemed all the more welcome for the day's efforts. I even managed to eat more than Matt!

Another blustery day dawned in front of us and battling along the Chief Mountain Highway we left Montana (USA) and crossed into Alberta (Canada) It would have been quicker to walk the last five miles of our ride into Waterton Lakes National Park because of the gale-force headwinds.

An impossibly blue sky highlighted the night's freshly fallen snow on the mountain peaks. With the wind still against us, we set off along a rolling road, watching the Rocky Mountains to the west and the great plains to the east. The wind was beginning to get to me: would it ever stop blowing against us?

## ...AND THEN BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS

Although Paul and Matthew ended up back in Vancouver, they still had two weeks of their holiday left, so spent some time in Bellingham (Washington State), USA. Paul says: "I did some mountain biking in the shadows of Mt. Baker, riding the most fantastic and frightening trails I have ever seen.

"This alone made my holiday even better, changing my riding style for ever and even my life: I want to go back tomorrow!"

Eventually struggling up over Crow Pass and down the other side, the wind did blow itself away. Speeding past Terex Titan - the world's largest dump truck, in Sparwood, we raced the enormous cargo trains as they criss-crossed our path.

Completing the last ten miles to Jaffray in under 30 minutes was a good enough excuse to binge on pie and ice cream. Spirits were running higher now.

As we went on, I was wondering if the scenery could possibly get any better: mountains, rivers, lakes, trees and clear blue skies. The only downside was all the people, making it difficult to find a proper campsite. However, we were now so close to our final destination, nothing could upset us now. Both of us were feeling super-fit after 3744 miles under our wheels.

## WEEK NINE

ONCE again, an uphill start straight after breakfast, overtaking light-weight Dutch tourists (support van out in front, getting ready for a tea stop) making us feel superior, it was almost as if they had never ridden uphill before.

Leaving our Dutch friends behind, we continued to climb all morning, before stopping for a relaxed lunch in a peaceful log cabin. This was the life, I could spend all day, every day, here: just fantastic scenery and only the odd tourist now and again.

A long descent followed (they never seems to last as long as the uphill, though!) and we ended the day at Lake Louise after a hard, rolling 17-mile road.

Rising bright and early to a cold morning we rode 28 miles uphill and over Bow Pass. Dropping down to Saskatchewan River Crossing for lunch changed our luck with the wind, and we turned straight into it for the afternoon's ride.

Climbing once again, we rode up and over Sunwapta Pass. It was a hard ride: just as well the scenery was worth looking at, otherwise we wouldn't have had an excuse for going so slow.

Freewheeling at a leisurely pace down the other side, we found a nice campsite. Carrying our bikes up a rocky track, we pitched tent overlooking the spectacular Columbia Icefields, before washing in any icy-cold glacier melt stream. This was to be our last campsite on the road.

Well, this was it, our final day's ride to Jasper, just 60 miles away! Frost was on the ground and riding downhill to start with made us very cold. Still, spirits were high as we breezed along the Sunwapta Rover valley, only slightly sad that our journey was nearly over.

Stopping at Athabasca Falls, we marvelled at one of nature's exotic creations before continuing down an old road. A short, steep hill proved to be a sting in the tail, as we were expecting a downhill run all the way. I suppose one more hill wouldn't hurt us now, though!

Joining the main highway with just four miles to go, disaster struck. Matt had a puncture and broke another spoke. With everything mended, we coasted into Jasper, ready for lunch, and with our camp already set up, we went out to celebrate.

A few too many beers later and we tried to ride back to our camp. Which side of the road were we meant to be on? Trying to find our tent proved to be rather tricky among the 700 or more on the same site. However, waking up the next morning, we discovered we were in the right place.

And that's the end of our journey, having ridden 3983 miles in total. Relaxing in Jasper for the day, taking in the mountain air and atmosphere, we discovered it was a peaceful place to while away the time, before taking a night bus to Vancouver.

A big thanks to Matt for making my first major tour go so well. I can't wait for the next one. Now where shall I go this time?

PAUL GIBBONS



## **BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.**

Recent recovery in membership has continued, with five competitors in the recent SCCU 10 promoted by Robin Johnson, nine club entries for our open Easter 10 and four in the Hilly 25, and I believe there should be several entries in the April 19th ESCA event. Ray Smith is purchasing yet more advanced machinery, and we should see his debut in club events shortly.

Sunday runs have continued with an occasional off road excursion included.

Recent new members include recruits from Triathlon and Mountain Bike events, with both sources looking for a club with mixed activities and a social side. Perhaps there is hope for old fashioned clubs yet.

Mike Hayler is hatching grandiose plans for millennium year events and a committee meeting will discuss these shortly.

A fish & chip supper was held on April 18th at the clubroom, introducing new members to some of the older ones.

A new set of race clothing has been ordered, in our usual sober colours but to a new design, and should be on display by the time this appears in print. The answer to the question before it is put, we are not sponsored by Citroen.

Club events open with a 10 on the Steyning course on Tuesday May 6th, and for the first time in several years we should have a keenly contested club event series, early events show Robin Johnson and some of the new members very close on times.

We have affiliated to all and sundry this year, including Surrey League and the CTC, from reports in the comic about legal costs from the Tony Doyle affair, Keith Butler made the right decision.

Our first turn of the year at providing officials for Surrey League was April 13th at Goodwood, and amazingly all twenty eight finishers in the last race were placed. Tony Stubbins rode his first event of the year, and managed to appear at the front of the bunch on several occasions, finishing in the main bunch.

KEN WELLS

*closing date for the  
Autumn edition of Bonk  
is August 21st*

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GOT UP TO IN THEIR YOUTH!

### SOCIAL CALENDAR 1997/98

Friday November 21st  
SOUTHBOROUGH WHEELERS 65TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Sunday November 23rd  
E.S.C.A. RELIABILITY TRIAL

Wednesday January 7th  
MID WEEK SECTION FESTIVE LUNCHEON

Saturday January 17th  
EASTBOURNE ROVERS DINNER

Saturday January 31st  
FELLOWSHIP OF 1066 LONGMARKERS DINNER

Saturday 7th February  
BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR DINNER

## LEWES WANDERERS

When Graham Jeffs flashed across the finishing line in the Hitchin Nomads 25 in May, he knew he'd done a good ride. When he looked at his watch he realised that it wasn't just good - it was sensational! He'd done a 51-55!! Scientific training had really worked!! Six months earlier, Graham had been one of a number of our riders who'd been persuaded by Pete Roberts to undertake an individually-tailored training programme involving weights, diet, muscles, lungs, blood and sweat. So it had all been worthwhile! Well, perhaps. It turned out that the Hitchin course was three miles short, because of a marshal's misdirection. But over a full 25 miles, Graham might well have done a pb. As for the other science graduates, Pete himself is now as slim as a 353 top tube; Dave Pollard looks as though he's been eating too much non-scientific chocolate; and Alan Curtis is worryingly pale, probably because his blood has been thoroughly oxygenated. But don't mock science: all three were in our team which easily won the SCA 25-mile championship. How a non-graduate, Shane Faulkner, managed to become our second-fastest medal-winner is a scientific mystery: the ear-ring may have something to do with it. Nigel Siberry and Chris Martin and Chris Martin have also done the treatment but will never achieve true Nirvana until they remove facial hair. (Graham Jeffs shaved off his moustache some years ago, and now look at him go!!) Colin Homan, however, has complemented the physical wellbeing already achieved: he has manufactured his own personalised, aerodynamic racing helmet, in club colours. Unfortunately he let Steve Burgess try it on and Steve's unscientifically large head cracked it.

One man who would love to benefit from advances in medical science is Mick Burgess, who at the time of writing had been off his bike for several weeks with leg trouble. No snide comments about legs-over, please. Mick's problem is too grave for that. It's probably a result of lugging too many tombstones about. Still, it's nice to know that despite his affliction the poor old chap's not been forgotten. The Kent and Sussex Fellowship has awarded him its Hurt Trophy for services to cycling, in recognition of his work in organising last year's National Championship 25. Ken Stevens is the Fellowship's new President.

Paul Gibbons has embarked on a new career - as a writer. You may be able to read an example of this promising new author's work in this issue of Bonk. The flowering of this hitherto unsuspected talent seems to have come about as a result of snuggling up with Matthew Rabbetts for weeks on end in a tiny igloo tent in North America. The experience has broadened his vision of the world: he's been transformed from a quietly deferential sort of person into someone who strikes fear into the hearts of all those who ride with him. Barry Fowler is considering legal action after a series of amazingly frank articles in the club Newsletter. Matthew has spent the past year recovering from his intimate association with Paul by immersing himself in his final-year studies at Loughborough University. He's even thinking seriously of emigrating.

Most of our juniors have now passed into the senior ranks, which leaves Keith Newsam as one of the few to follow in the tyre-marks of Alan Curtis, Steve Comben, John Limpus and Co. Keith has already won a juvenile award in an ESCA event this year. It was good to hear of the grant awarded to him by Wealden District Council. These annual awards are given to young people who have shown promise in their chosen sport. Keith is spending his money on attending another coaching course in East Anglia.

Incidentally, our free-membership-for-juniors policy isn't the only bargain to be had by our lucky members. They can now have a FREE BONK at the clubroom, four times a year! This amazing offer also extends to aged vets, who might have thought that such pleasures were no longer available to them.

**Rotrax**

## **BRIGHTON MITRE C.C. 2046 - 2047**

The year is 2046 time for our Annual Dinner, at last year's Dinner I read out the Minutes of the 1945 A.G.M. We had three members present at last year's Dinner who attended our 1945 meeting. This year I intend to read out this year's A.G.M. Minutes as follows.

The Minutes of the 2046 A.G.M. were read by Frank Blake and passed as a true record. Proposed. Mike Hayler. Seconded. Pearl Wells.

**Matters Arising.** Robert Cooper reported that it had been arranged for the over 100s to train on the new indoor track from 09.30 until 11.00hrs each weekday morning.

**Apology for Absence.** A fax from Brian James explaining that he has been held up on the MOON and was not likely to be back on earth in time. But would try to connect with us via the Outernet.

**Correspondence.** A letter was received from the B.C.F. saying that they had only lost £1million this year. They did hope to do better next year. No changes would take place for the time being.

**Secretary's Report.** Frank Blake reported that the arrival of Ray Smith in 1996 had resulted in all of the members being able to take advantage of his expertise in keeping young, we have all been on Q10 ever since and nobody feels over 50 now. The Club Dinner has been booked at the Old Ship Hotel this year. The main course will be vegetarian, the starters and sweets will all be a mixture of vitamins. The toast will be celebrated with water. It is sad to see that the Brighton Excelsior ceased to exist last year after all the Public Houses closed when alcohol was banned. Our ten man team in the Tour de World was very successful with Randy Andy winning the overall prize. And with 3rd, 6th and 9th we also won the team prize. Randy won all of the time trials and with two mountain top wins, including the final climb up Mt. Everest, easily won his tenth consecutive Tour. Andy has been the best cyclist the world has ever seen and he has been a member of this club from the age of twelve. A great tribute to the Club Coaches.

**Treasurer's Report.** Ken Wells said the balance sheet had been sent out by F Mail showing the club has £90 million in hand, that is after supporting our teams in the Tour de World and for the whole of the season. Our fortunes changed in 1997 when Ron Hill won £22 million on the Lottery and gave £2 million to the club. With Ken & Pearl's keen business sense this amount had increased rapidly and helped put our club on top of the world. Roy King has designed all of our buildings, Ray Smith and Jon Kenward have overseen the building of them. Cliff Seymour set up the factories to manufacture all of the time saving machinery for our offices. Brian James has worked out when to start events to get the best of our weather, but the moon beat him today. Fifty years ago he just managed to scrape under the hour for 25 miles, this year he has done a 29.05 - not bad for a 116 year old. Brian's weather forecasting has made some money for the club. Keeping all of the above work with our members we have all benefitted. Mike Hayler has been the ideas man, many of his ideas have been adopted and have been very successful including his 24 Hour promotions. Our last fifty one 24 Hour promotions have been acknowledged the best in the country.

### Election of Officers.

**PRESIDENT** Mike Hayler. Proposed re-election. Passed  
Mike said thank you. When he first became President he thought it was for five years not fifty five.

**VICE PRESIDENTS** Re-elected en bloc.

**CHAIRMAN** Ray Smith Proposed F Blake Seconded R. Hill  
Ray said that he would inject more vitamins into the members.

**VICE CHAIRMAN** Heather Burns Proposed Ray Smith Seconded P. Wells  
Heather thanked the members for their vote of confidence as she like Ray had only been in the club for fifty years.

**GENERAL SECRETARY** Frank Blake Proposed M. Hayler Seconded H. Burns  
Frank said this was definitely going to be his last year as Secretary.

**TREASURER** Ken Wells. proposed R. King. seconded R. Johnson  
Ken said he was quite happy to continue, he likes to see the money pouring in.

**TIME TRIALS SECRETARY** Robin Johnson. Proposed Frank Blake. seconded C. Seymour  
Robin said as he had only done it for seventy six years he thought he ought to continue until he had got it right.

**TRACK SECRETARY** Robert Cooper. Proposed Penny Bullimore seconded Carl Smith  
Robert is very happy with the track team and is looking forward to next year. We should win the World Track League again. Tony Doyle, our Track team manager is confident of our continued domination of the track.

**OFF ROAD SECRETARY** Jon Kenward. Proposed Peter Fletcher. Seconded Andrew Whitney

**ROAD RACE SECRETARY** Spencer Lievens. Proposed Peter Fletcher seconded Andrew Whitney  
Spencer said with Randy leading the professional team and Sean Yates as team manager he was fully committed to looking after the amateur teams.

**LADIES RACING SECRETARY** Penny Bullimore. Proposed Roy King Seconded Ron Hill  
With Nicola Adkins finishing second in this year's Tour de Feminine and winning the team race our ladies have had a very successful year. Our team manager Jenny Derham has again produced the best team results for our club.

**Membership.** It was reported by F. Blake that now all cars are off the road out of the built up areas and everybody is now airborne, connected to the laser links around the world, it has made the roads very safe, just like it was when he joined the club. The next fifty years seem set fair for cycling. We now have 20,000 members and applications are coming in so fast we have a large department to deal with them. We have members all over the world but it only takes two hours to arrive in Brighton from the furthest regions.

**Any Other Business.** Mike Hayler said he felt we should be looking at what events we should be running 2094. At the top of his list is the 24 Hour, he felt we should mark this event with a £ million prize list, especially if 750 miles is beaten for the first time. The next important event should be a proper mountain bike race climbing and descending all of the world's mountain peaks with a prize list equal to that of the 24. Other ideas welcome.

**Timekeeping.** Sue Balcombe is still timing our events but with the improvements in technology we do not have timekeepers out at the event any more. Sue sits in her lounge with the micro computer connected to the television screen while I set the bikes into the timing gates at the side of the road. We can still chat of course but I get all the glory when people like Sean Yates or Randy Andy start. The national time trial records now stand at 25 miles - 24.30: 50 miles - 59.40: 100 miles - 2.05: 12 Hour - 401 miles: 24 Hour - 745 miles.

The meeting finished at 21.50 when all the computer links were switched off.

A last piece of news over the Gendernet. Graeme Obree last year gave up cycling because of continuing bans by the U.C.I. on his positions. He moved on to another sport with great hopes. It has just been announced that his latest position has just been banned by the S.P.I. because of thousands of punctures caused by the extra speed his new position created and there has been a vast increase in population. The Sexual Position International have confirmed the ban is permanent.

Brighton Mightorian

## PROBLEMS OF A PANELLIST

A gentleman living in Horam  
Was chosen to sit on a forum;  
He said: "What I fear is  
That some of the queries  
Might outrage my sense of decorum!"

\*

His colleague, a German named Brandt,  
Who travelled down daily from Frant,  
Replied: "All you do  
Is to offer your view  
Without fear, without favour, or cant."

\*

The Chairman, a farmer from Glynde,  
Interposed with "I think you will find  
Though the questions sound crude,  
They're not meant to be rude -  
It all lies in the state of the mind."

\*

At the meeting the Vicar of Malling  
Had a problem affecting his calling -  
He said: "Round the clock  
I find that my flock  
desert me - it's simply appalling!"

\*

Herr Brandt, (who's a Lutheran German),  
And known to his colleagues as Hermann,  
Suggested: "Take heart  
For the people depart  
Because of the length of your sermon!"

\*

Then piped up the voice of Miss Morgan,  
(A lady resembling a Gorgon),  
With: "It could be the people  
Object to your steeple,  
Or maybe the site of your organ."

\*

Then an integral part of the forum  
Remembered his sense of decorum,  
And, starting to blush,  
Went out in a rush  
In the general direction of Horam!

S.E.N.

## C.T.C. EAST SUSSEX D.A. MID-WEEK SECTION

As the Mid-Week Section career merrily through their ninth year, numbers not only continue to grow but our age range is also increasing. It is not unusual to see an infant, carried in a kiddy seat, sitting next to a septuagenarian in the pub at lunchtime, both happily slurping their meals, one from a bottle containing Cow & Gate, the other enjoying steak and kidney pie washed down with a pint of Boddington's. We not only have an alternative ride every week for the more sociable, but other groups spend carefree hours hurtling up and down bridleways and some of the quieter byways in the area before making their way to the listed destination..

Throughout the months which have passed since the last edition of this magazine, we have received many postcards from our friends as they travel the world. John & Pat Christmas can now include Jamaica among the host of countries they have visited; Mike & Christine Isitt are on the high seas at this moment; Tony & Helen Palmer took their Moultons to France; John & Anita Bainbridge have made contact with us at last having returned from their winter sojourn in Portugal, where they were joined for a day or two by Dennis Faye who was also travelling in the area. Pat Graham has packed her panniers and hied off for a week or two, who knows where? Ireland again? Scotland? France? No doubt she will advise her whereabouts in due course. Norman Eastwood received an unexpected week's holiday in Spain, a treat from his wife Valerie; David Kirby flits into our orbit like a Will o' the Wisp as he returns from one trip after another; Dudley & Cherry went to America; Ken & Iris used the York Rally as a base and spent the rest of the week touring there and Jack & Mary Dunn have visited Cornwall. In the meantime Rob Russell is making arrangements for a six month tour of India, and others are looking forward to French trips and holidays in the British Isles.

We hope that everyone will be home based by the time of our next social event, the Anniversary Lunch in September which is being held at Bodle Street Green once again. The local W.I. have agreed to cater for us - last year they said it was a pleasure to provide food for people who really enjoyed it!! and they certainly did us proud. Fred Mehew will make sure that everybody works up an appetite with an imaginative ride from the Lagoon!

Before that we have a meeting arranged with our South West London counterparts. Last year we met at Fletching but it was rather a long ride for them so this year's venue will be nearer their home ground(!) and we hope that the Green Man at Horsted Keynes will be an attractive destination for both parties.

The monthly trike rides are the most popular of the Saturday meetings, probably because there is a guaranteed attendance; however we continue to persevere with this offshoot of the Section and, who knows, one day perhaps it will really take off.

With best wishes and an invitation to join us if you wish at any time, I remain, as always,

Baggy Shorts

**EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION - 45.8ml. RELIABILITY TRIAL**  
**SUNDAY 23rd NOVEMBER 1997**

**Foreword**

*Last year's Reliability Trial was part of the ESCA 50th Anniversary celebrations and was a 50ml. course. This year, to compensate, the course is a little shorter than usual at 45.8 miles. It is also a fairly easy course to ride but the route gets a little tricky towards the end when you are round the back of Roy's and heading to Checkpoint 3. I hope you enjoy it. If you get lost, you'll still have time to get to East Hoathly by lunchtime.*

**COURSE DETAILS**

START at the King's Head, East Hoathly (TQ523163). Turn right on old A22 and proceed to The Shaw roundabout. Take second exit (straight on) and then turn left into Back Lane at Halland. Turn left at T junction with B2192 (care) and ride through Shortgate and along The Broyle past the East Sussex Gliding Club to Half Mile Drove (4.25mls). Turn left and ride to T junction with B2124. Turn left and shortly right signposted Glynde. At one of the last houses on the right before the next T junction, watch out for peacocks. You may see one showing off in the gateway. At the T junction turn left and ride past Glynde Place and down through Glynde, where there are many flint faced houses and cottages. Over the railway and round to the right to T junction with A27. Turn right (great care) and proceed to Beddingham roundabout (9.09mls).

Turn left on to A26 past Beddingham Church. On past the entrance to Southease Station and Itford Farm. As you ride on to Tarring Neville, look across to your right and over the river you will see the buildings on the road that you will soon be reaching. On through South Heighton and into Newhaven. The road takes you under the A259 to a mini-roundabout where you turn right. Cross the railway and follow the Town Centre signs to join the A259 (care). Follow the one way system keeping in the right hand lane marked Town Centre. After the A259 goes off left to Peacehaven, you can, with care cross into the lefthand lane and take the first left signposted Piddinghoe. Proceed to Piddinghoe taking right fork as though you were going into the village but stop immediately at **Checkpoint 1** at the large grass triangle, which will be on your left. (15.65mls.)

After you have handed in your card, ride to the end of the grass triangle and turn left to T junction with main road. Turn right (care) and proceed past Southease, where there is another access to the railway. On via Rodmell and Iford, you will pass Swanborough Manor on your left and the entrance to Swanborough Fishing Lake on your right. Continue past Wyevale Garden Centre and Lewes Rugby Football Club to climb over bridge that takes you over the A27 and the railway and into Lewes. Cross the cobbles and down to the mini-roundabout, where left into Bell Lane (21.05mls).

Down, round and up to the traffic lights by Lewes Prison. Straight across and on past the Hot Dog Transport Cafe. On past Chalk Pit Inn and through Offham. Cross the railway at Cooksbridge and on to take the right fork at The Rainbow Inn. There is some massive topiary on the left opposite the Coneyboro Holiday Centre. On past Jumbo eggs on the right (has anybody hatched one?) and Chubbs Nursery. At T junction, turn right signposted Newick. Over Longford Stream and up past Ridgeland Farm to next T junction, where right and almost immediately left to Newick.



As you come into Newick you will pass The Manor House with a glimpse of Newick Church down to the right. On via Church Road to T junction with A272 (29.17mls). Turn left (care) and then first right (great care) into Newick Hill and past Hilda's Flowers. Out of Newick take first right, not signposted but Liable to Flood!. You will soon see Fletching Church spire on the horizon. Down past Netherhall Farm and Fletching Mill Farm to cross the River Ouse. On up to Fletching, where right at T junction by Church to **Checkpoint 2** just before restored but unused lichgate opposite Wealden DC Recycling point (now's your chance if you want recycling) (31.09mls).

Continue past Denniker Nursery and Fruit Farm to T junction with A272. Straight across (great care) and turn left at next T junction past Piltdown pond and golf course. Down through Shortbridge and past Shortbridge Mill House. Across the river and left up the hill to cross the Uckfield by-pass. On past Buckswood Grange School and Holy Cross Uckfield Parish Church to traffic lights. Turn right past the Uckfield Cinque Ports Club on the left and the Picture House (1916) on the right. Down the High Street keeping in lefthand lane before lights. On up the hill to the next traffic lights, where left into Framfield Road. Proceed past Uckfield Hospital and up Bird-in-Eye Hill to fork left into Sandy Lane,

Follow Sandy Lane to crossroads. Straight across signposted Framelle Mount. After 30mph sign, take small left fork. Left again at T junction. Proceed down hill and on to take second left past Tickerage Wood. At next fork, keep right signposted Hadlow Down. Up past The Hundred House to Shepherds Hill, where right signposted Blackboys. Take next left by telephone box signposted Hadlow Down. Up past Ewbanks Farm to take next right signposted Cross-in-Hand (Great care as this is a blind corner). On past Fairlight Glen Farm. Take next left (unsignposted) and down to T junction, where right (care) past Southern Aviaries to **Checkpoint 3** by large wooden shed just up the road on left (41.01mls.)

Proceed to T junction with B2239 (41.7mls.) Halt and then straight across (care) into slip road and up to T junction with B2102. Straight across (great care as cars pass at 60mph) into Warren Lane. Down to Roser's Cross, where bear right (ignoring small lane) and down Brittenden Lane to crossroads. Straight on into Moat Lane and down past Moat Farm to T junction, where right (care). Proceed up hill to take left fork signposted East Hoathly. On past Barham House and down lane to **Checkpoint 4** at the King's Head, East Hoathly (45.8mls).

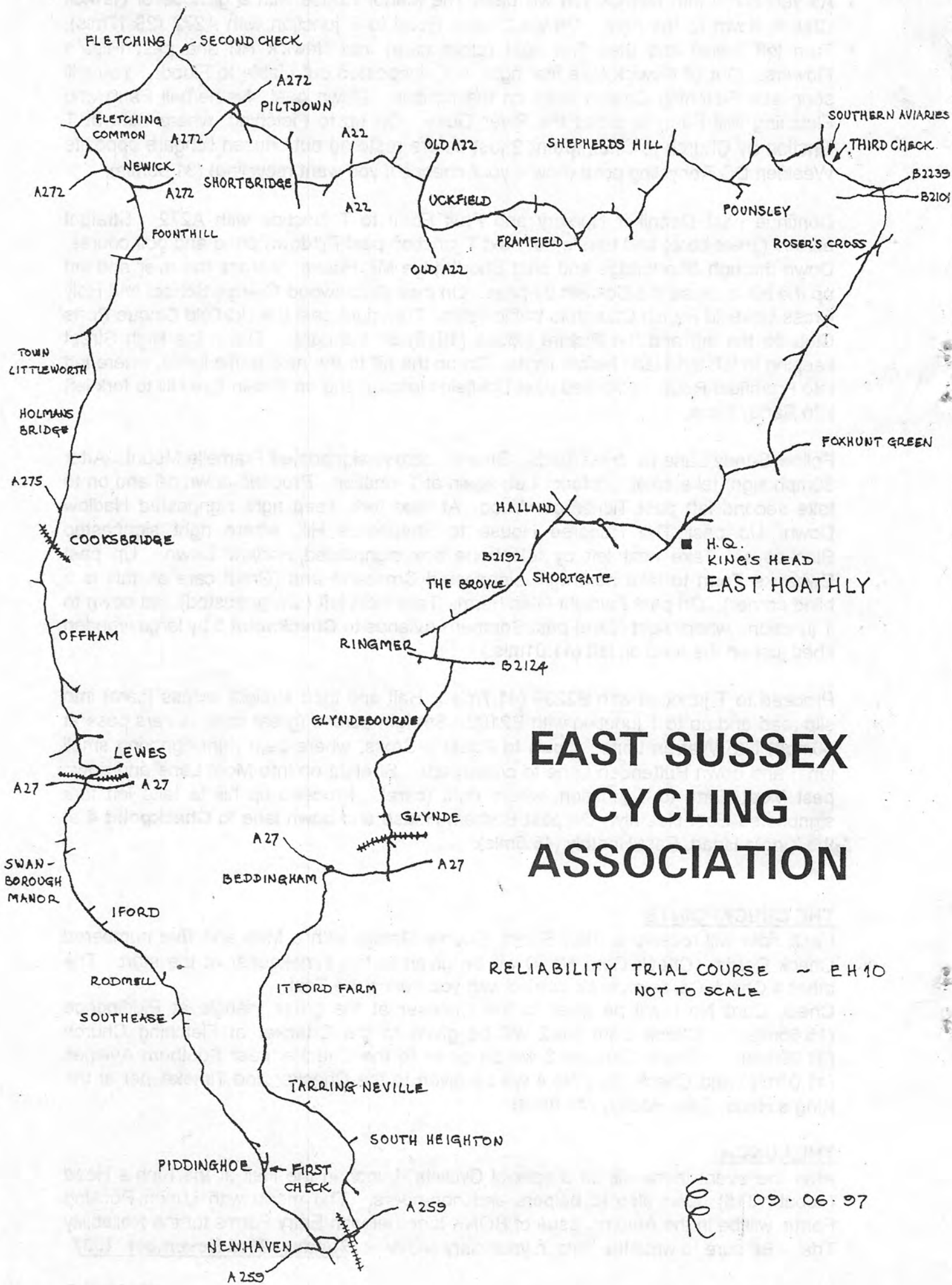
### **THE CHECKPOINTS**

Each rider will receive a Start Sheet, Course Details with a Map and **five** numbered Check Cards. Check Card No. 0 will be given to the Timekeeper at the start. The other 4 Check Cards must be carried with you during the Trial.

Check Card No.1 will be given to the Checker at the grass triangle at Piddinghoe (15.65mls). Check Card No.2 will be given to the Checker at Fletching Church (31.09mls). Check Card No.3 will be given to the Checker near Southern Aviaries (41.01mls) and Check Card No.4 will be given to the Checker and Timekeeper at the King's Head, East Hoathly (45.8mls).

### **THE LUNCH**

After the event there will be a special Cyclists' Lunch in the Hall at the King's Head (about 1315) open also to helpers and non-riders. The menu with Lunch Booking Forms will be in the Autumn issue of BONK together with Entry Forms for the Reliability Trial. Be sure to write the date in your diary **NOW - Sunday, 23rd November, 1997**



# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

RELIABILITY TRIAL COURSE ~ EH 10  
NOT TO SCALE



09.06.97