

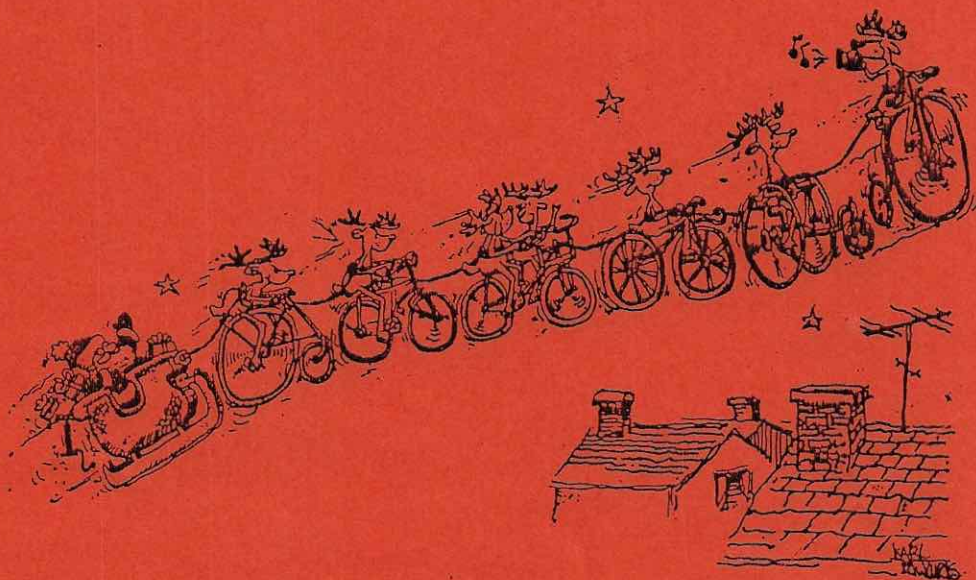
# BOMK!

Merry  
Christmas

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex  
Cycling Association

15 P





EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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New Series No. 39

Christmas 1986

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EDITORIAL

It may be that you are sitting in the Samovar reading this copy of BONK after having completed the Reliability Trial successfully. If you are one of the participants we hope you enjoyed the ride and that you have a good appetite for Walter's cooking. Walter likes cyclists and he always makes us welcome when we pop in for a meal or a cup of coffee. He is away for the month of January and the last few days of December but we look forward to seeing him when he gets back.

As is usual at this time of the year we wish you all a very Happy Christmas and New Year. You will notice that these good wishes are re-inforced by the cartoons on the cover and on page 11. We took these from the 'Fellowship News', the magazine published by the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers, and we are very grateful to Derek Roberts (the editor), for allowing us to reprint them. For those of you who don't know about the FCOT - if you are fifty you may join and you will receive the magazine automatically. If you are not fifty you can still subscribe to the magazine and receive it regularly. It's a very good read and well worth the £1 per issue it costs non-members. Details, if you are interested, can be obtained from the secretary, Jim Shaw, 2 Westwood Road, Marlow, Bucks. SL7 2AT.

Our special best wishes to Al Moran, alias Geoff Wilcocks, who is at present in the Eastbourne District General Hospital, completely immobile after an accident with a young motor cyclist.

Maurice & Esther



## G.T.C. EASTBOURNE & HAILSHAM DISTRICT SECTION

We had a successful Annual General Meeting in October when all the existing Officers and Committee members were re-elected with the exception of Bruce Allcorn and John Wells. Bruce has been a Committee member since the inception of the Section in 1978 and he decided, because of other commitments, not to stand again. John was not proposed for re-election. We thank them both for their help in the past. In their places we are pleased to welcome Debbie Springett and Graham Lade.

The audio-visual slide show given by Jack and Grace Cotton at Polegate on October 25th was superb. The audience numbered one hundred and nineteen and they were treated to an evening of magic which only Jack and Grace can provide. We are all sorry that because of health problems they are unlikely to be able to undertake long journeys from Bristol again, so it seems that this was their last visit to Polegate. Nevertheless we must count ourselves fortunate in having these two grand ambassadors for cycling with us on three occasions. We are grateful to the ladies of the Section for providing the refreshments and coping with all the washing up afterwards. Bill and Dot Collins provided hospitality for Jack and Grace once again and our thanks are due to them for this service.

Inspired perhaps by the slide show we had nineteen riders on the modest paced ride on the Sunday and I am pleased to record that attendances on runs have shown an upward trend.

Finally a couple of dates for your 1987 diaries - Sunday February 8th - Section New Year Lunch and Sunday March 1st - Section Slide Show and Tea.

Merry Christmas and health and happiness for 1987.

Tourist

## WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C.

With another racing season nearly over Club social activities are in full swing again. Weekend clubruns under the enthusiastic auspices of veteran tourist Dave Hudson have become popular again as befits this time of the year. For those with the necessary pass, all day runs are now featured.

A good racing season this year with more people joining in this time. Some fine placings by our team of fast men and many Club records broken, including ladies and tandem events.

Club Coach, Andy Smith is again running a circuit training course for us at a local school. This at any rate should keep the flab in check over the winter. I believe Andy's course is nearly fully booked which proves we are all gluttons for this particular kind of punishment.

Our Club annual dinner/dance took place at the Chatsworth Hotel on November 15th and a very pleasant evening was had by all. Much cross-toasting took place and after a fine Dinner, a grand speech and the usual prizegiving, merrymaking took place on the dance floor. Notable amongst the groovers was Ron (Astaire) Foster who not only was most improved rider this year but danced everybody else to exhaustion, too. Not bad for a sixty four year old youngster is it!

1987 should prove to be an exciting one for the Excelsior, being our hundredth year. Many exciting projects for Club members are being planned and organized with the obvious 100 mile races and runs, a barbeque and photo session and special clothing amongst many others, being arranged to mark this fine achievement.

As 1986 nears an end my special thanks to all Club members who supported our races this year. To all the organizers, cooks and caterers, long suffering marshals, patient timekeepers and helpers of all kinds, without whom none of us could race at all.

A merry Christmas to all readers of BONK.

Bottom Bracket Bob



Having enjoyed a CTC holiday in the Massif Central last year, Angela and I decided to go it alone this year, but somewhere with at least some flat road. Ann Miller enthused about the Loire Valley as seen through an alcoholic haze, one Wednesday Wobble, so we thought that we would go there. I have managed to avoid the dreaded 'mal de mer' on two or three occasions so am considered to be an old salt by my family. Angela does not share my assumed sea legs, so the Hovercraft was chosen as likely to be the most painless method of crossing. On June 15th we loaded up the car with bikes and camping equipment and after a night at mother-in-law's at Dover, caught the 08.30 Hovercraft to Boulogne. The sea was like a millpond so our fears were groundless.

Quite a long drive followed - Abbeville - Rouen - Le Mans - Chateau du Loir. It was baking hot and we would rather have been awheel, but coming alongside two Americans at some traffic lights and seeing the sweat trickling from under their helmets, I was in two minds.

At various times we saw signs beside the road, "Ball Trap". I know that the French believe in love not war; was this the French version of the wheel clamp? All was revealed when a later sign depicted a man with a shotgun and a clay pigeon launcher.

We ended the day by Le Loir (no 'e') a tributary of La Loire, beside a mill race. Swallows flitted above the water, a yellow wagtail caught flies, super! At 9.30 p.m. we were still sitting out, sampling the local beverage and enjoying the perfect evening.

Next day instead of rushing on, we decided to ride along the river and back on the opposite bank. Fields of sunflowers, maize, and of course vines, lined the lanes. Coming to La Chartre sur le Loir there was a rather respectable looking restaurant but we chanced it and went in. The proprietress showed no surprise at two rather warm cyclists and soon cooled us down with nice icy beer, followed by a really nice lunch.

On the north bank of the river was a steep cliff which was peppered with caves, some with quite elaborate houses built half in and half out of the rock, others with stout wooden gates across, presumably for storing the local vintage. On the way back we bought some local wine, a 1979 red for about £1. I have tipped similarly tasting homemade efforts down the sink before now, but it being the real thing we could not do that, so we forced it down.

On June 18th we moved on thirty seven miles to Azay le Rideau, a rather touristy spot on the River Indre, another Loire tributary, near Tours.

The campsite patron appeared after some delay and on discovering we were English, said "Mille neuf quarante". I went for my wallet but - non, he wrote "1940" and stood to attention saying that he had been in London with General de Gaulle and Winston Churchill. Tears ran down his cheeks and the brandy fumes enveloped us. It was 10.45 a.m.

We went for a tour of the town, I nearly got run down by a coach - M & D, ring Medway - - - - for Hire. Is there no escape? Even more serious, beer 9.0Fr instead of 5Fr 50 at yesterday's local! Got several bottles of wine at the CO-OP in case one tasted like the 1979 lot.

One of the features of the town is the Chateau set on an island in the river. Son et Lumiere was staged every night, so we had a bash at that. It was all very elegant, but we could hardly understand a word of it.

June 19th dawned hot even at breakfast time. We set off to get a sight of the actual River Loire. A Mercian tandem caught our eye, the riders being Poole Wheelers who actually knew Glen Longland! The next village was Armentiers, I kept my eye open for madamoiselles, but the only ones I saw must have been young when the song was written, during the 1914-18 war.

Realising that we needed some bread for our picnic, and it was 11.54, panic setting in I rushed to a butchers shop to get directions to a bakers. These were that it was 4Km in either direction and as it was by then four minutes to the noon closing time, we compromised and bought biscuits at the grocers over the road. Eventually the Loire appeared and we rode along the top of the flood bank for about fifteen miles, to the Chateau of Villandry which is famous for it's gardens. These are the usual formal type surrounded by small box hedges but the contents are all vegetables. This seems a bit of a let down until you see it from the battlements, when it is quite a sight. It was so hot, though, that we were forced to look for liquid refreshment. We could only find icecream but it was Miko, which



made Barry Hoban famous, or vice versa.

Next day we moved on to Champagne les Marais, the marais being a drained area like Romney Marsh but quite a lot bigger. The farmers are supposed to do everything by boat there, even moving their cattle from field to field. The roads, though, were dead straight and there was a headwind whichever direction we took. The direction we did take, towards the sea ended in horrible mud. We were not impressed, but stayed on for a couple of days as it was the weekend and too hot for travelling far.

June 23rd dawned to thunder and lightning and we eventually got packed up and moving by 11.00a.m. It was very windy and there was all sorts of debris on the roads including a couple of small trees. We were heading for St. Savinian on the River Charante, but on arrival at our proposed campsite, they were cutting up a large tree which had blown down and there were a lot more of a similar size bending in the still gale force wind. The first lane out of the town had a camping sign and we soon found a nice quiet little site at the village of Crazannes, however tent pitching was out of the question until the evening when the wind eased.

June 24th was by contrast really hot again. It was unbearable for me in the sun but O.K. riding if you stopped to look at the map in a bit of shade. We rode down minor roads through the fields of maize, sunflowers and globe artichokes to Marennes and Le Cayenne, not where the pepper but mussels and oysters. A really thriving industry by the look of it, with boats coming and going, people cleaning, packing and transporting the mussels and oysters all along the river banks. The Ile d'Oleron lay just across the water connected to the mainland by a really impressive bridge, an idyllic scene in the sunshine. The journey back was marred by a distinct lack of that normally ubiquitous institution the Bar/Tabac. I was getting quite dehydrated by the time we got home and the sixty four miles we had done was more than Angela had ridden in a day for years. However it was such kind cycling country that she was not even leggy.

Next day we had a day at the sea, at St. Georges de Didonne on the mouth of the Gironde. There were pine trees down to the edge of the sand, lots of Brit. cars, there for the free parking. You could tell the British, the women all had white boobs, the sea was very nice as well.

On June 27th we started moving north again, one hundred and thirty miles to La Boutinardiere, south of St. Nazaire. A face appeared through the hedge as we were pitching the tent. It was one of the managers of the site who in a torrent of words, conveyed to us that he was leading a 29Km randonnee on Sunday and we were invited to join them, 9.00 a.m. Pornic railway station. I thought 29Km was a funny distance for a randonnee but it turned out that it was the shortest of three runs of the local touring club that day.

Next day being Saturday I nipped into Pornic for a quick recce and found the rly stn, also a System U supermarket with a big poster of Laurent Fignon over the door. I had to go in and buy something (wine) just to encourage them to keep up the good work. The weather was still scorching and the sand on the beach almost too hot to walk on. Also the tide went out about a Km, but the sea was beautiful when you eventually reached it.

Sunday was hot again. As we rode to Pornic we saw two groups of riders setting off. All were on stripped down bikes and going like the clappers. What had we let ourselves in for? One rider was waiting, a suitably aged vet. Our friend Jean Launay soon appeared with his wife on a tandem which was virtually identical to our Philbrook even down to the colour. Two interesting features caught my eye, expander bolt seat pins and a single gear lever behind the seat tube to put the Sanyo type dynamo on and off. What a good idea!

The run was supposed to be the shortest of three - 96, 60 and 29 Kms. In our honour, however, it was extended. We rode in and out of several seaside villages before heading inland to the Foret de Prince, where we stopped briefly before turning for home. My mile-ometer kept ticking up and eventually reached forty five miles, a few more than the anticipated eighteen. However, as I was just thinking that we were overdoing it a bit, we emerged from a lane right outside the campsite bar/restaurant, so our bodily fluid levels were swiftly returned to normal.

There was a terrible thunderstorm in the night but luckily not much rain. We packed up dry and drove two hundred and ninety miles to Beauvais. It was cloudy all the morning which made driving a bit more tolerable. On again to Boulogne in the morning. You could hardly move for trippers from the U.K. but we fought our way round Champion supermarket, familiar to Wednesday Wobblers, to stock up with vital duty frees. The Boulogne campsite is right beside the lighthouse, a bit breezy on windy days, but it was dead calm for us, a good omen for tomorrow's trip home. The site even overlooks the Hoverport so we could even see if the flights were on time.



Wednesday, July 2nd, where were the Wobblers today? We pondered the question whilst packing up for the last time, to catch the 12.05 Hovercraft. The sea was again like a millpond, thank goodness.

After this year's Wobble, the Customs officer said that we could have brought back twelve bottles of wine each. I had not seen this in writing but I could always pay up if I was overdoing it. Anyway, we took the green channel through Customs and with my honest face beaming through the windscreen at him, the Customs officer waved us straight through.

What spoils these holidays though, is arriving home to all those weeds. No more riding for us for a few days.

Daddy Longlegs

### EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

You can't keep up with time; no sooner has one season flashed by than thoughts are turning towards the next. At least vets can now view the passing of time with some comfort, knowing that Old Father Time makes allowances for deteriorating muscles and creaking joints with favourable standards. Well, that's the theory anyway.

1986 has been a good season for Club members with good performances from Steven Willis, Duncan Geales and Nick Smith in time trials and on the track and road. Vet, Clive Willis did a short 1.1. without much training but hopes to really get down to it next year. Charles Robson has performed well despite a knee problem and proved there's some speed in them legs by producing a late season 10 time down in the 23s. Geoff Baker, yet another vet, not only rides well at the shorter distances but took the long distance trophy with his 12 hour total. Brian Burns proved that dedication and preparation reaps rewards. He too has been competing well on track and road with good results in local events, at Preston Park and the Club time trial series, being narrowly beaten into second place in the evening series by his much younger rival, Steven Willis.

If enthusiasm is anything to go by, John Blackman is a good example. He travelled extensively throughout the year riding road and time trials from the North Road to the Isle of Wight. He still treats every clubrun with the same keenness and has most other riders into heavy breathing just to stay with him.

Guess who won most of the major Club awards this year? The same person who has won most of the awards for the last twenty years - Cliff Sharp. Well done again, Cliff.

Our A.G.M. is only days away (at the time of writing these notes) and one very controversial item on the agenda is to change the Club name (does the Pope know about this?). Next year I may be a member of the Eastbourne Wobbly Wheelers. Who said "we thought you were now"? If nothing else it should give us a lively evening and bring the older long standing members to their feet defending the old Club name. As someone once said to me "Eastbourne Rovers sounds like a dog Club". We shall see, won't we.

Thoughts are now turning to the festive season. Jane & Graham Lade and family have taken on the job of organising our Dinner and Prize Presentation, so if you fancy a good night out next January, contact Jane or Graham for details.

Until then a Merry Christmas to you all and a safe and successful 1987.

Embrocation



(Eds, note: I was going to subtitle this 'Rear End in Beds' but decided not to!)

Dear All,

As the rain beats down outside I am reminded immediately of those balmy summer days spent awheeling in Sussex 12s, this year and last. Ah! Sussex by the sea! the rolling sheep clad Downs; the flatlands of Pevensey Levels; the high wold; Jarvis Brook; Esther Carpenter? - all these and more I pine for, cast as I am, far away in amidst the sprout fields of Bedfordshire. Many an hour I toil away tending my flowers and shrubs in the park, giving a thought back to home, back to the sunken lanes of northern Sussex and the things I miss most of ESCALAND - hills and trees.

For a breeze to blow in our afforested area is for a gale to rage in the barren wastes of the arable lands of Bedfordshire. Without any noticeable trees or hedges, the lanes up here easily become lost in the vast vistas of open farmland one gets due to the flatness and lack of vegetation. The villages, on the other hand, are fantastic - churches seem to dominate the scene, towering above their village, looking out over the countryside. What of the locals? you ask. What are northern folk really like? Well, as someone who considered London to be 'up north' it suprised me to find that these people aren't northerners and that there is, in fact, six hundred more miles of Britain north of Bedford! - life after the F1 - it took some comprehending! Seriously, Bedford is in a funny situation. Where is it? It's not in East Anglia, definitely not in the South East, not quite in the Midlands and apparently not up North. Oh yes, that's it - the Home Counties - or though I'm not sure it's even one of them.

The bonus of living up here, as I am, for twelve months as my placement from Agricultural College, is the nearness of the Beds Roads C.C. and their clubroom for circuit training twice a week. Me and Ian are there Mondays and Wednesdays (oh sorry... Ian?... Ian Butcher) - what it is to rub shoulders with the famous!

Being away so much means not being able to visit that marvellous old eccentric, Geoff Wilcocks, who is sadly in hospital due to a road accident. I hope you get well and make a full recovery fairly soon Geoff.

Other Lewes news is hard to come by up here so I'll leave it to Guttersnipe to fill you in on the happenings of the Premier Club.

So that's all from the 'Greasy Spoon Digs' - dirty cutlery and dirty baths a speciality. As my dad said 'the landlady is pleased to have me as my cleaning the bath before I use it saves her doing it!'

See you at the Reliability Trial and Lunch after.

Cheers, here's thinking of Esther,

Rear End.

P.S. Soccer results - 5 a side tournament:-

Brighton Excel C	1	Lewes Wanderers	3
		(Burgess 2, Gibbons)	
Worthing	1	Lewes Wanderers	1
		(Burgess)	
Brighton Excel	3	Lewes	1
		(Burgess)	



The wind and rain have made for some rather uncomfortable Sunday clubruns but the weather has not been sufficiently unkind to stop those keen enough to keep training throughout the dark months. Most of us, however, have just been enjoying a very hectic social season. Leon, Judy, Helen and Andje went to the Ghent Six-Day where Tony Doyle and Danny Clark clocked up another win. In January fifteen of us will be going to the Stuttgart Six-Day. Meanwhile, there was the inter-Club five-a-side football match which gave a lot of entertainment and only a little blood. Next on the agenda of inter-Club non cycling activities is the cross country run which is planned for the 17th January and will be centred around Stanmer Park, so get your running shoes on and your names to either Craig Olive or Dick Holkham. This sudden interest in other activities doesn't mean the drinking has to stop and Club members have the Christmas Lunch at Nutbourne to look forward as well as our unique New Year handicap 10 mile time trial! Then, on 24th January 1987, we have the Club's Annual Dinner, Dance and Prize Presentation at the Imperial Hotel, Hove. Rachel Fitton has donated a cup for the best fancy dress this year and Dick Jones has organised a supply of real ale. It was decided to retain the two contrasting bands just to make sure everyone can join in, so once again we shall have the Plump and Pluck Band for the barn dancing and our own Charlie's Rock Group. Tickets are £10 from Dick Jones.

Slide shows have been popular - first there was Jack and Grace Cotton's "Golden Years", followed by the Club's informal epic with Dick Jones having dug deep into the archives and kept us all falling about with laughter as we watched a 1960s movie of the Club's Easter trip to northern France. Then it was up to Croydon for Neville Channin's view of Egypt. Certainly a lot of variety in one week.

Looking back, the Sussex Cycle Racing League Points table showed that our Club had been well represented although two of our riders weren't mentioned at all in the placings. Funny, I would have thought Chris Chapman's name would have been quite near the top (what say you, Roy?). Congratulations go especially to Nick James who won the school persons section.

Accidents seem to happen all too easily both on the bike and off. Roy Whitehead injured his hand badly. Alan Wood and Graham Costa were knocked off their bikes by cars. Val Stringer hit an enormous hole in the road and fell heavily and Martin Penfold has broken his arm during an off the bike training session. We hope they will all be back on their bikes again soon.

Nick James had to buy a new hack frame as he is growing at such a rate, and newcomer Ian Lees has purchased a smart new track bike on which to make his debut next year. Let's hope there's still a track to ride on. Ian is a complete novice but showed good promise in the Club hillclimb despite a late start. Tom Roberts once again won the trophy for the hillclimb. Both the Roberts brothers rode the Club cyclo-cross promotion at Stanmer but did not finish as high up the field as usual. Nevertheless, it was a very good event and most of the prizewinners stayed behind afterwards to receive their awards kindly donated by various sponsors.

Thanks mostly to Judy's hard work, the canteen profit for the year has contributed enormously to a healthy profit and the Club is doing very nicely, thank you. Membership continues around the seventy mark as although we have had a good influx of newcomers there are inevitably those who move on. It is very encouraging to have so many youngsters interested in all aspects of Club life rather than pure racing and some have already experienced the day trip to the Isle of Wight - and survived - as well as the more 'usual' Sunday clubrun. Orders for weatherbeaters have kept Romar Sport busy and with more than twelve opting for the safety of Hi-Viz strips, we should be seen for miles this winter.

Chris Beckingham and Dave Hudson enjoyed a late season tour in Southern Italy with the C.T.C. The majority of the Club want a traditional Easter tour in 1987, so anyone knowing of a suitable centre, please put your ideas forward soon. For a lot of people, costs play an important part, although the Youth Hostelling idea has lost it's appeal now.

Jim McLoughlin and his Melbourne House Business Centre put up prize money for both the Town Centre Racing and the Club's cyclo-cross events, whilst John Watson Building Society employers did the honours towards the BCF road prizes - their generosity is much appreciated, as was the marshalling and other help given by Club members throughout the year.



Rear End has gone north and I am taking his notepad up. This notepad consists of old envelopes and wrappings from food packets. Still what do you expect from someone who uses a whole bottle of correction fluid on an old entry form just because he is too lazy to cycle up the road and get an unused one from a clubmate.

The final club event of the year was the circuit eighteen mile in the Chailey area. Roger Pulley took his second win of the year with 48.40. Phil King, beginning to find some form, was next in 50.28 with Paul Gibbons one second slower, third. As is usual with Club events a number of our newcomers rode and John Russell, Tristan Banks and Richard Russell all did good rides with Tristan taking the handicap award.

We seem to be collecting musicians. Megan Rabbetts plays the organ; Chris Chambers the trombone and Tristan Banks, drums. If that well known jazz pianist Geoff Willcocks gets hold of them what a group this would be to top the charts.

Steve Burgess, who incidentally is no relation to the Crowborough lot, in company with a mate did the Southdowns Way from Petersfield to Lewes in a day on mountain bikes. They were blessed with good weather but punctures, broken spokes and a fall into a soft carpet of freshly spread dung gave considerable flavour to the day.

The battle to see who has the most/best tan in the ageing Adonis ranks continues apace. The Seaford Sun King is looking for a top up of sun in late October and swears that Ron Rogers has not taken a bath all summer in case his tan comes off. In fact, Ron being a retired type person has an unfair advantage. A mole (albeit fat) from another Club who wears green and yellow says that our Ron is a heavy user of a plastic card in solariums on rainy days. On sunny days he just lays in the garden and watches Jill do the decorating.

Older readers may recall the story of Graham Seymour's new frame that did not get used. Well, a slightly slimmer Seymour has been putting it to good use. A second place with an '0' in an Essex 25 could have made him the leader of a winning team as Laurie Leaney did a '1'. However the third man went off course and is rumoured to be re-growing his beard to shield his blushes. Talking of Graham's frame I hear another rider is storing a new frame in his spare room. I wonder when this blue and white beauty will see the light of day.

I wonder if Auntie Esther realises that behind the smooth cherubic face of Matt Rabbetts lurks a cruel coldhearted hitman. Word reaches me that this smiling assassin was the ringleader of the Jarvis Brook paper boys strike a few years ago. This mercenary muppet bullied the other lads into supporting him in a claim for more money and as a result the lady employer was forced to double the wages. This is the lad who was to teach disadvantaged young ladies about gardening at that genteel home in Frant. Perhaps Ken Livingstone knew about Matt's past when he sent a letter of welcome to the new staff member.

The ESCA Hillclimb saw several of our lot competing. Possibly the best ride of the lot was from new young member Jason Siburn on his sports cycle with 26" Endricks - proving that if you want to ride you can and to hell with the machine.

I have heard many varied excuses for not entering events but how about this. Megan Rabbetts was asked to ride the ESCA 10 in September. Her excuse for not doing so was that she wished to take part in the sponsored ride of local churches. The wish became reality and she visited sixteen churches. What puzzles me is why she didn't do the 10 as well. I saw her at the finish and she would just have had time to fit it in!! Well done, Megan. It was at this event that I saw someone described in BONK as '----- (63) an attractive blonde' making notes on a beer mat while standing in front of the result board. I, poor innocent fool, thought the lady was writing down times - but no, it was a list - three bottles of gin - I wonder how long they last?

Wanderers long serving (twenty years) Secretary, Geoff Willcocks, is at present in Eastbourne District General Hospital as a result of being knocked over by a motor cyclist while crossing the road near his home. Apart from various fractures, he has had a number of other nasty shocks. The first was when, as he put it, "all me plumbing had gone black. I thought there had been a mistake and they had given me a transplant". This it turned out, was only due to bruising. The second shock was a visit from Jack 'Goldmine' Goldstein whose "a few books to cheer you up, mate" scorched the bed covers. I know who was asked to remove the books and will be keeping an eye on his saddlebag to make sure they are still there. How is it that when another long serving Wanderer visits Geoff he manages to do so on the same day as a certain slim young Seaford lady?



It is to be hoped that Geoff will be out and about and able to attend our Dinner at the 'Black Lion', Patcham on February 21st, 1987. Yes, it's a plug. Tickets available soon from Graham Seymour.

That very conservative exponent of cycle machinery - Pete Burberry - has, I hear, joined the Valley Road Research and Development Workshop. He is assisting the Deacons with a new tandem design. I look forward to seeing this machine in Geoff Boxall's Audax on May 10th, 1987. (Another plug). Incidentally, if Pete asks you to go on tour - DON'T! At a recent slide show - A Cycle Holiday - could have been Down Swaledale on a Floating Tent there was so much water about.

Where do Leney and Seymour go when they ride home from Lewes of an evening? The car bound Wanderers never pass them. On the night of a recent Committee meeting Phil King's lights were sabotaged so he could not ride home with them and had to get a lift. Yes, you guessed it, no sign of the other two. So, where do they get to?

Clubruns have started (Lewes bus station or Crowborough Cross, 9.15 Sundays) and welcome to our several visitors. In particular the two Telecom men that Brian Rex introduced. They have clean bikes and do not think that Ghengis Khan was a softie. Another new member is Michi from Hawaii. This young lady is developing into a strong rider and if winter sloth gets among the expanding middle aged waistlines, some of the lads will be struggling to hold her wheel.

Several of the lads missed a Sunday clubrun to play football (even Ian Burgess got leave of absence) in a Brighton Excel organised 5 a side tournament which included the Worthing Excel. Despite the chilly wind our lot, Matthew R., Paul Gibbons and the two Steves, Owles and Johnson, enjoyed it. Thanks Brighton Excel, hope to see you next year.

Well, now I have heard it all. Ian 'Sun God' Landless fresh back from a Malta top-up, was heard to complain when the wind blew him from Seaford to Newhaven for the start of a recent clubrun. It wasn't hard enough for him. I wonder what is in store for the twenty five people who go to the Wanderers Majorca Training Camp in April. Yes, twenty five, including wives. I hear our President has given an undertaking to her husband that she will take and ride her bike if he will give it a service. Wonder if Mick will be able to find it behind all his bikes?

Seymour/Landless Tours go to Ghent for the 'Six'. I have paid a mole for the inside story. Will Laurie Leaney fall for the truffle routine again? Cath Seymour is going this year. What did she hear about last year? Why is the President's husband going? Has he heard something too?

Well, I must haul myself up the kerb and slide over to the letterbox before the Editors put out a contract on me for late submission.

Yours 'til next time.

Guttersnipe



"Hey Santa!  
...we don't want just an  
"ORDINARY" Christmas!!"





## SIX YEARS LATER

Yes, it was almost six years ago that I had been given the message. "Mr. Hayward I'm afraid that you have Multiple Sclerosis". That moment was one which meant so much to me. After all those years of time trialling, just on thirty to be exact, I was faced with the possibility of, in a few years or even months, being in a wheelchair. How would you have taken this devastating news? My whole life seemed to have centred around cycling - racing every week, sometimes two or three times a week. How on earth was I going to accept the fact that I would never hear that 5,4,3,2,1, off, and suffer that first mile thinking that this ride was going to be a personal best? After all I'm sure that most of you have that feeling when you thrash yourselves away from the timekeeper.

A six months period of depression and a couple of weeks in the Brook Hospital being prodded and used as a pincushion left me thinking that life was going to be very different from now on.

Of course I am a lucky man. I have a good wife who was determined that we were going to fight this M.S. and we made a good start to this fight, in fact it was the best start to an event I could have hoped for. I was to become a father again at the age of 52. After the first shock, because it was a shock to us both, we wondered how we were going to manage if my M.S. took the fast course; what would happen if I were to get really unlucky and be very badly affected? I decided, or rather WE decided, that the happy event was worth going for and I'm sure that from that moment my fight gathered new strength. I even managed to ride two 10 mile time trials and just to get round in under forty minutes gave me more satisfaction than any other event I'd ridden for years.

The great day, or should I say night, arrived and that was an event which I started so I had to see it finish. My new daughter arrived almost on time. That was an event at which I'm so pleased to have been a very proud and emotional onlooker. My life was now so different than that of most men. I was in charge of a two month old baby girl from 7.30 a.m. until 3.30 p.m. The feeding and nappy changing was something that I had done previously with my other daughter, and I was quite able to do all this with help, obviously, from a lot of kind and thoughtful people.

It's amazing how some people help and I'm sorry to say it's even more amazing how many people have absolutely no idea or any knowledge of how their fellow human beings can be struggling with disabilities either physical or mental. After all, you all know the saying "There but for the grace of God, go I". The months went by and to my amazement I started carrying out small plumbing jobs as was my profession. I had on many occasions to put my daughter into her carrycot and pop her into the back of my old van amongst all the tools and away we would go. Always remembering, of course, to take a few nappies, etc. You know what women are, they can give you some nasty shocks, believe you me (no one knows that more than I do).

However, the Club then decided that I should be Social Secretary and Clubroom supervisor. Of course I realised that this was a great honour and I had many rivals for this fascinating job. So many, in fact, that five years later I'm still lumbered (sorry, honoured), with the jobs.

After all this time my mobility was slowly declining and I can now no longer walk very many yards without one or two sticks. But I'm still very pleased to say that I can still ride my bike although my speed is now only about half of what it used to be and the mileage is down to about twelve miles six or eight times a year. But the joy I get from those few miles is more than I can say. Thanks to many of the Southborough I've been on tandem rides and out to events with my bike and have been able to ride along the course provided it's flat. Hills are strictly no go as I found out a few weeks ago when, thanks to Clive, I found myself flying down through Arundel, not thinking that a few miles later I would have to ride back up that climb. I made halfway before I ground to a halt, my leg was as dead as a dodo! How on earth was I going to get back up that hill. I balanced on the good leg and just watched as the riders stormed by up the hill going like maniacs. I watched in a fit of self pity; how I envied those riders being able to thrash up the hills as I had done so many, many times over so many years. At last I managed to push myself away from the kerb only to get my good foot in the toe strap. I had another



try, and thanks to my gear of about forty I made it, up and over the hill and along to the finish of the event. Luckily Clive Orchard was keeping an eye out for me and helped me with a stretching of my leg to part company with my bike. If any of you have never seen me being detached from my bike, it's good for a laugh.

Now, in 1986 and six years after the shock of becoming one of the afflicted I can honestly say I'm in good spirits, still doing child minding and still taking my daughter to work with me sometimes, although I now find that if she helps me she wants paying for it. Not bad for 5½ years, is it, but of course she's a chip off her dad and he's a clever chap.

Life now is different but I've adapted and as a family we are very happy. We have no real worries, except maybe how our B.T. shares are getting on. Is it my imagination or have my B.T. shares gone down since Dave Abraham bought another car and father Geoff retired with enormous benefit.

Never mind, let us all keep smiling; let all my clubmates keep buying my out of date Mars bars; let all of you keep drinking my first class coffee! And thanks to all the darts players of the Club for accepting the defeats I shower upon them every week, and most of all, thank you all for helping me to forget M.S. and get on with life.

ESCA President 1986 Ron Hayward  
(Southborough Wheelers)

(Reprinted from the Southboro' Gazette)

# JAN FEB

## D I A R Y

## D A T E S

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| January 1st   | Southborough Wheelers 10   |
| " 11th        | ESCA LUNCH - Framfield. Starring Don Lock & Jim Catt.                                |
| 24th          | Eastbourne Rovers Dinner - Eastbourne. Details from Graham & Jane Lade.              |
|               | Brighton Excelsior Dinner - Imperial Hotel, Hove. Tickets £10 from Dick Jones.       |
| 31st          | Fellowship of 1066 Longmarkers Dinner - Hastings. Details from Esther. Tickets £8.50 |
| February 21st | Lewes Wanderers Dinner - Red Lion, Patcham. Details from Graham Seymour              |
| 28th          | BONK CLOSING DATE for DISTRIBUTION at the ESCA HARDRIDERS on MARCH 8th               |



RESULT OF POINTS COMPETITION 1986.

INDIVIDUAL.

	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	HC	PTS.
P.J. BAKER.	13	15	13	16	14	18	18	17	18	142.
C.J. ORCHARD.	--	17	16	17	17	--	20	15	--	102.
M. RABBETTS.	--	20	18	15	20	2	--	--	14	89.
J.N. PELHAM.	--	--	--	13	18	19	--	20	17	87.
J.E. JAMES.	10	--	12	9	--	15	--	14	15	75.
S.C. DENNIS.	20	--	20	--	--	20	--	--	--	60.
O.J. DAVIES.	18	19	--	19	--	--	--	--	--	56.
J.C. COE.	4	1	--	--	12	14	13	12	--	56.
P.C. GATES.	8	--	9	--	--	9	15	13	--	54.
P. DAVIES.	--	9	14	12	--	--	--	16	--	51.
C. SHARP.	--	--	15	--	19	17	--	--	--	51.

CLUB.

	T.T.T.	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	HC	PTS
LEWES.	8	--	17	7	24	12	5	5	3	4	85.
SOUTHBOROUGH.	4	9	14	4	7	6	--	18	7	14	83.
EAST GRINSTEAD.	13	9	--	10	4	--	19	--	--	--	55.
CENTRAL.	--	4	--	--	1	6	12	--	21	10	54.
HASTINGS.	--	5	3	1	4	2	6	10	8	6	45.
WORTHING.	--	--	--	17	2	3	--	--	7	8	37.
EXCELSIOR.	5	12	--	3	1	--	--	11	--	--	32.
REGENT R. CLUB.	6	6	13	--	7	--	--	--	--	--	32.
EASTBOURNE.	--	--	3	3	1	17	6	1	--	--	31.
MITRE.	--	--	--	3	--	--	--	--	5	--	8.
V.C. ETOILE.	--	--	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	1.
SUSSEX NOMADS.	--	--	--	--	--	1	--	--	--	--	1.
CRAWLEY.	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	0.



EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION - CHAMPIONSHIPS

Senior B.A.R. 1986

1.	JOHN PELHAM	CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.	23.791 mph
2.	M.D. Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	23.623 mph
3.	P. Baker	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	23.363 mph
4.	C. Orchard	Southborough & District Wheelers	23.350 mph
5.	A. Limbrey	Sussex Nomads	22.542 mph
6.	J. Coe	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.406 mph
7.	D. Lock	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	22.379 mph
8.	I. Landless	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.040 mph
9.	R. Rogers	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.027 mph
10.	H. Hemsley	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.175 mph
11.	R. Thomas	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	21.147 mph

Vets B.A.R. 1986

1.	ALAN LIMBREY (54)	SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.	+ 3.015mph
2.	R. Rogers (53)	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	+ 2.353mph
3.	D. Lock (49/50)	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	+ 2.159mph
4.	C. Orchard (43)	Southborough & District Wheelers	+ 2.156mph
5.	H. Hemsley (52)	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	+ 1.356mph
6.	I. Landless (46)	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	+ 1.316mph
7.	R. Thomas (40/41)	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	- 0.424mph

Junior B.A.R. 1986

1.	IAN BARTLETT	BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.	16.816 mph
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Ladies B.A.R. 1986

1.	ROSEMARY DUNFORD	SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS	20.656 mph
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Senior B.A.R. Team Champions 1986

1.	M.D. Rabbetts } J. Coe } I. Landless }	LEWES WANDERERS C.C.	22.689 mph
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E S C A

B A D G E S

OBTAINABLE FROM - ROY HUMPHREY - £1.50p



Jarvis Court,  
Jarvis Brook, Sussex.

November, '86.

Dear Auntie Esther,

I forgive the slip of the typewriter in the last edition of BONK when you called me Bunnykins. Now, please, can you help me. I realise that this plea must put a very severe strain on our long, close and special relationship. The problem - I think - I am in love. But I had better start at the beginning.

Last February a Machiavellian 'lady' living in Crowborough introduced me to an attractive, fun loving and, most important of all, wealthy young lady at the Lewes Dinner. I know this young lady was wealthy because she had paid for her own ticket. Something happened to me that night. I am not sure what but I nearly missed the clubrun the next day. Since then I have spent a lot of time in company with this young lady. This seems to cause my friend Ian B a lot of amusement; he keeps nudging me and winking at me.

My racing season started well but then I seemed to lose power. In the SCA 12 Hour I was not myself. If my helpers had not dangled a lock of the young lady's hair in front of me I would have climbed off. Now I am working away from home I only see her weekends. I find that I only stop in my parents' house just long enough to eat (one must keep one's strength up), then it's away to see her of the laughing eyes. I have even reduced the time I spend cycling at weekends.

Please Auntie Esther - tell me the truth - am I really in love? Does this mean the earth will tremble for us?

Bunnykins, Rear End, Matthew R.

P.S. I think she loves me because she even comes out to my shed to help mend my many punctures.

Dear Matthew R.,

You ask me "are you in love?". Or are you in love with the idea of love? I think you could well be in love, young rabbits spend a lot of time loving each other and I am sure you are no exception. This young lady would appear to be very suitable for you, but, a word of warning. Make sure that she will not abandon you when she has learnt all she can from you about mending punctures. There are girls about who would use a personable young man like yourself to further their knowledge of bicycles and when they are experienced they move on to someone faster.

As to your friend Ian B. Well, my dear, when people get married they tend to overdo some things and their sight begins to go, or they become deaf, or in your friend's case he has obviously developed a very nasty nervous twitch. I should keep out of his way when you are cycling with him in case he has a spasm and knocks you off your bike.

Don't worry about the effect your liaison will have on OUR relationship - it is far too special to let little things like other partners come between us and this could well make our 'friendship' even stronger. I shall be here if you need me!

Do write again and tell me how your courtship progresses. I have all sorts of leaflets I can send you in plain brown envelopes if you run into any kind of difficulties.

Yours very sincerely,

A----- E-----



EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION  
APPROVED ROAD TIME TRIALS PROGRAMME for the 1987 SEASON

NOTE ENTRY FEE for all Events up to & including 50 Miles £1.50p  
 Open 100 Miles Entry Fee - £2.00p.

Sunday March 8th	16 Miles Hardriders G.895	11.01am	Mrs V Stringer, 8.Cypress Close, Shoreham-by-Sea. <u>West Sussex.BN4. 6AE.</u>
Sunday March 29th	20 Miles 2 Up G.892	9.31am	J James, 10.Lime Kiln Road, Mannings Heath, <u>Horsham,West Sussex.</u>
Saturday April 25th	10 Miles G.815	2.31pm	A.Handley, 53.The Drive, <u>Brighton,East Sussex.</u>
Sunday April 26th	25 Miles G.838	8.01am	R Humphrey, 4.Ebenezer Cottages, Framfield,Uckfield, <u>East Sussex.TN22. 5NR.</u>
Sunday June 7th	50 Miles G.853	7.01am	P L Baker. 15.Hollybank Gardens, St Leonards-on-Sea, <u>East Sussex.TN38.0TH.</u>
Sunday June 21st.	25 Miles G.837	7.01am	A.Kraft, 50.Addison Road, Hove, East Sussex. <u>BN3. 1TP.</u>
Sunday July 26th	OPEN 100 Miles & V T T A 100 Mls Championship. G.865	6.01am	M D Rabbetts, Jarvis Court, Mottins Mill, <u>Crowborough,E.Sussex</u>
Sunday August 16th	OPEN 50 Miles G.853	7.01am	S.Dennis, 105.Home Park, <u>Oxted, Surrey</u>
Saturday September 5th.	OPEN 10 Miles G.815.	2.31pm	M M Burgess, 7.Sandridge, Crowborough, <u>East Sussex.TN6.1JE.</u>
Sunday September 6th.	OPEN 25 Miles. G.838	8.01am	M M Burgess, 7.Sandridge, Crowborough, <u>East Sussex.TN6. 1JE.</u>
Sunday October 4th.	OPEN Hill Climb G.801 (The Wall).	10.31am	R.Howard, 37.Forest Road, Tunbridge Wells, <u>Kent.</u>

Anyone requiring more information regarding the above events, please contact the Association Racing Secretary. -

M M Burgess,  
7.Sandridge,  
CROWBOROUGH,  
East Sussex. TN6. 1JE.  
Tel.No.CROWBOROUGH. 61754.