

# BOMK!



**THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL**

**EAST SUSSEX**

**CYCLING ASSOCIATION**

**Autumn 2004**

**PRICE 25p**

# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

President Jack Harris

New Series No. 96

Autumn 2004

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*Bank is produced in the privacy of their own home by Maurice & Esther Carpenter.  
The proceeds from all sales are donated to E.S.C.A. funds.*



**Cyclists Carol Service**  
**Saturday, December 4<sup>th</sup> 2004**  
**3.00 p.m.**  
**St. Mary's Parish Church, Hailsham**

**Afterwards - tea in the church lounge**

**All are welcome**

***No charge but collection for charity***

***Letters to the Editors***

A note to your mag. on the ESCA '100' 2004. Firstly a big thank you to Mike Hayler for the super organisation, it puts to shame some of the so-called "classics" who don't always seem to bother that much, just rely on a name, history and a "fast" course.

I know Mike will say that he could not have done it without a large band of helpers and that's true of course and I thank them, not only for getting up at an unearthly hour and standing for hours at a roundabout or junction, but for the encouragement that was also given.

I see from my records that I first rode the ESCA '100' as a member of the East Grinstead club in 1954 at the tender age of .?. And after fifty years of training I've improved by just eight minutes, so if I keep going.....!

Finally I must just compliment Mike on the attention to important detail. Now East Sussex natives will probably never have heard of any other "Berwick" but when the H.Q. had to be changed to Berwick from Upper Dicker, Mike was careful to put on the start sheet (perhaps for the benefit of us in the wild west of the County) that it was Berwick "Sussex". Thanks Mike, the three mile warm up was enough for me - I don't think I'd have made it from Northumberland!

Don Lock

Esther

Having been out of touch with ESCA events due to heavy involvement in track events at Brighton, I was very sorry to hear of the demise of Ken Griffiths and Geoff Willcocks. My earliest memory of Ken, was being overtaken up Barrow Hill into Henfield in an SCA 25, when I thought I was good at hills, with Ken on 86 fixed, probably in 1951. The other thing that Geoff was famous for, apart from being DNS king, was his use of second or third hand envelopes. You could recognise a missive from Geoff as soon as it fell through the door.

Regards

Ken Wells

## A DAY OUT IN SUMMER



It seems to have fallen to my lot, due to threats and bribes, to pen a few lines for BONK. It was suggested that a few lines on the Amberley Chalk Pits Veteran Cycle day would do. Now the problem is that my knowledge on cycles, ancient and modern, is to say the least rather limited and as I have never raced or paced I am unable to put my views on machines and riders in competition. There is a saying that it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and confirm it. Ignoring this advice, here goes.

Amberley Working Museum/Amberley Chalk Pits is a former chalk pit covering thirty six acres and this year (2004) celebrates its Silver Jubilee. Throughout a year it holds many events such as a vintage car show, veteran cycle day, veteran motor cycle day and many others covering many interests. My day there is for the veteran Cycle Day and this year it was held on April 25<sup>th</sup>. Many exhibitors attended from all over the area as well as clubs including the CTC East Sussex DA and the Lewes Wanderers, etc. For me, the first thing is to decide what to enter, would it be the circa 1915 Kirmer light roadster, the 1951 Humber Clubman, the 1951 Claud Butler Avant Coureur Special or the Raleigh Irish crossframe. In the end it was the Humber Clubman with the Sturmey Archer F.W. tin can gears. I must admit I did not ride it there, it went on the back of the car. The weather was kind. An early writer describes our weather as "on a fine day the climate of England is like looking up a chimney; on a foul day looking down on one". The cycles described and ridden varied from a hobbyhorse, high wheelers and trikes, trade cycles and virtually all models up to modern times. A vintage bus takes one round the site and a steam train gives quite a pleasant ride.

On site there is an olde worlde cycle shop which is well worth a visit. Exhibitors tend to cycle around the site visiting the many and various exhibit areas and visitors to the museum get to see the cycles in use. One year I entered my Raleigh Police model no. 4 with a double crossbar, 24" frame and 18" wheels. Dressed in uniform to match including cape with East Sussex Constabulary shoulder crests I trundled round the site. It caused quite a lot of interest and questions about the times when it was common to see policemen on cycles. Many questions answered and a report of a lost budgie! I did get told off by the driver of the vintage bus for going through his one way system the wrong way. I told him I was exempt but he replied that the only exemptions were those bigger than his bus.

After lunch most exhibitors take part in a parade run of the various classes of cycle with a commentary on the cycles and places of interest. Did I mention the new restaurant - well - it is good. I tried it out purely in the interest of research but left it too late for my compulsory bacon sarni so I went out and bought another bike just for spite. It will join the vintage fleet in due course. Time to go home but with two cycles on the back of the car now. A good day out with many friends found again and many useful exchanges of information. A super day only slightly inconvenienced by the lack of a bacon sarni.



Another good venue is the Ardingly Vintage Vehicle Show held at the show ground in July each year. This is held over two days and caters for all types of vintage transport and machinery. Class 'L' is cycles and is organised by the Veteran Cycle Club for the Show organisers - Horsham Historics and the Morris Register. We are provided with a large marquee so all the cycles are under cover. Again, there are cycles from ancient to modern and there is always a display of children's cycles and scooters.

Each year there is a different theme such as the Children's Cycle through to Trade Cycles. This year one trade cycle had the basket loaded with replica goods with the old price tags on them, very realistic. I take my caravan and stay on site. This year I was promoted to Marshal (but only fourth in command) so I was allowed on site on the Wednesday and returned home on Monday. This time I took my circa 1915 Kirmer light (?) roadster complete with oil lamps. On both days we get a ride round the arena with a commentary on the cycles. Again there were representatives from various local clubs. Well worth a visit if you fancy it on July 9<sup>th</sup>/10<sup>th</sup> 2005. There is a large trade and jumble area and I was tempted to purchase another machine, a 1950 Claud Butler, no fancy lugwork and in need of TLC but quite original. It was £15 and went down to £10. It was sold while I was sorting out my pocket money.

There you have it, if you visit Ardingly the downside is the OAP driving a 4x4 (one of the smaller ones) with a cycle or two on the back, towing a caravan - me - but if it is not on the Wednesday or the Monday you should be safe!

Mike Timperley

## **THE OLD-TIMER'S LAMENT by LANDROVER**

Certain consecutive letters - (not necessarily words) - in the following tale can be reformed to make nine East Sussex villages and one town just over the border.

"Our village cricket team keeps on picking us oldies. The captain Bill affirmed that they didn't want to dim our enthusiasm by dropping us, but they still put me in last for the umpteenth time! When the fielder keeps dropping catches that's not very encouraging either! When I can avoid engaging in argument I do so. I prefer to spend tea resting as I greedily thrust ice cream down my throat and watch the others scoring centuries. I'm much happier with this measure!"

*A prize of £5 will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution, or the highest number of answers, opened on October 30<sup>th</sup>.*

Entries should be sent to the editors at the address on page 1.

**TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED by The Argus's cycling correspondent Brian Hutton**

I've been to countless cycle races on the Continent during the past fifty years or so. I've seen Jacques Anquetil scoring a breathtaking sprint win in the Criterium National at Montlerhy, Louison Bobet majestically racing along the French Riviera, and Maurizio Fondriest's win in the controversial finish to the 1988 world championship in Ronse. I have also seen many Tour de France winners, including Anquetil, cross the finish line in Paris. These were all the result of carefully-planned visits but I have also enjoyed some quite unexpected racing moments.

One such time was in 1984. My partner Mary and I had booked a holiday on the Costa Brava, during which we had been to Barcelona to watch the sweltering world road race championship. Later that week we took a relaxing boat trip to the resort of San Feliu de Guixols and as we disembarked and walked up the beach towards the promenade we heard the wail of police sirens and the approach of a helicopter. A few minutes later we saw the field sweep past during a stage of the Tour of Catalonia. What timing! Then there was the time I was on a coach in Majorca which was held up by the police. I had a ringside seat for the last few laps of a road race.

We once took an autumn holiday on the Costa Blanca and decided to walk into the hills at the back of the seaside town of Villajoyosa. We then found ourselves the only foreigners present as a village celebrated its festival day by running a road race. The official entertainment between laps was provided by a 'band' consisting of a drummer and a man with a tin whistle, but we had more fun watching the self-important local policeman's gestures as he controlled the traffic. We felt privileged though to be the only spectators to be served with our drinks in glasses rather than straight out of the bottle!

On holiday in Minorca and strolling around Ciudadela, we came across a circuit race round the town. There is a thriving racing scene in the Balearics but the standard in most cases compares to our 2nd and 3rd category events. Don't believe everything you hear, racing abroad isn't always of a higher standard than you get in Sussex.

More recently, In May this year Mary suggested that we go on a day coach trip to Le Touquet in France. The trip was full but I was offered seats for a trip the following week to Ostend in Belgium which were accepted. As we were only going to spend around four hours there I naturally didn't bother to check to see if there were any cycling events taking place in the area.

We walked along the prom and had lunch, then walked into the town centre only to discover that we had arrived in time to see the riders arrive and cover several laps of a packed circuit for the finish of the first stage of the Tour of Belgium! This most definitely was of a very high standard and the race had many of the trappings of the Tour de France. Mary is still not entirely convinced that the whole thing was a coincidence and not a set-up on my part!

# DON'T FORGET THE CHECKERS!

## A short story by an Event Organiser

As promoter of either the S.C.A or E.S.C.A '100' mile events for almost every year since 1985 - apart from a couple of occasions when I was otherwise engaged with the Brighton Mitre Centenary Year '24 Hour' in 1994 and the National Championship '24' in 1999 - I can honestly say the 2004 ESCA event produced a remarkable outcome. This year's event on 11th July was rewarded by having a virtually perfect set of Check Cards!

Now I know that to those on the fringes of such a promotion and, possibly the actual riders themselves, this may seem nothing at all to shout home about BUT to myself it is an excellent achievement and one with which those persons directly involved can be justly proud.

As many of your readers are well aware it is no easy task standing at a road island in the early hours of Sunday morning, often in poor weather, directing riders who sometimes are unfamiliar with the precise route and, at the sametime having to note their passing time, in the correct sequence of appearance. For some folk it is very easy whilst for others a good deal of concentration is necessary - especially if the rider's number is positioned half way up his/her back and is somewhat difficult for the Checker, or Marshal, to easily see.

It is, therefore, no wonder that the occasional omission or mistake occurs from time to time but, at least, it is often possible to deduce either from the competitor's colours, or their particular riding position, who the rider is and their passing time duly recorded. This of course is essential if the Checker, or later the Event Organiser, has to confirm that all riders have covered the whole of the specified Course.

Nevertheless, this year's ESCA '100' Check Cards were even more useful than previously as each one clearly showed each rider's passing time - with NO omissions whatsoever - and provided an excellent basis whereby I was able to produce for every competitor a detailed 'Progress Chart' of their ride throughout the event, with a timing shown at each of the nine Check points around the Course.

A hearty word of congratulation is surely due to those Checkers involved namely:-

Kennel Corner	(Check No.1)	- Peter Burbery,	Lewes Wanderers
Lampool RAB	(Check No.2)	- Richard Blackmore,	E.Grinstead
Bellbrook RAB	(Check No.3)	- Richard Meed & Lewes Wanderers	
		Ian McGuckin	Lewes Wanderers *
Union Point RAB	(Check No.4)	- Dave Nunn,	Lewes Wanderers
Pevensy By Pass	(@ 50 miles)	- Peter Sharp & Charles Robson	Lewes Wanderers
			Eastbourne Rovs *
Little Common RAB	(Check No.5)	- Colin Briggs	Hastings &
		Stuart Crabbe	St.Leonards *

Little Common RAB (Con'td) - Steve Shoemith -- ditto -- \*  
 Frank Weeks Kontour Cycles \*  
 Arlington RAB (Check No.6) - Jane Lade Eastbourne Rovers \*  
 George Taylor Eastbourne Rovers \*  
 Dave Cox Eastbourne Rovers \*  
 Lampool RAB (Check No.7) - Mike Wrenn Central Sussex \*  
 Boship RAB (Check No.8) - Max Norrell Eastbourne Rovers \*  
 Bob Norman Eastbourne Rovers \*

\* - Marshalling etc assistance rendered.

Just as a matter of interest to those readers who are keen to know what Wayne Levet, V.C.St.Raphael, recorded on his winning ride of 3.57.27 his details are reproduced below:-

<u>TIME OF</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>CHECK</u>	<u>TIME OF</u>
<u>START</u>	<u>No.1</u>	<u>No.2</u>	<u>No.3</u>	<u>No.4</u>	<u>50</u>	<u>No.5</u>	<u>No.6</u>	<u>No.7</u>	<u>No.8</u>	<u>FINISH</u>
	10.60	26.06	29.84	34.80	Miles	57.31	70.70	85.74	98.90	100
	miles	miles	miles	miles		miles	miles	miles	miles	miles

0652    0717    0753    0801    0814    0847    0904    0936    1015    1044    1049

Finally, my renewed thanks to all concerned, and good luck if you are ever asked to help out with a spot of 'Checking' - just think about this article and realise what an important job you have taken on!

May I wish you luck with this very worthwhile task.

Yours in sport,

Mike Hayler  
 Brighton Mitre Cycling Club)

**Part-time Job**  
 An unexpected vacancy for a  
**KNIFE THROWER'S ASSISTANT**

Please apply in writing to the:  
**City Show Office**

Blackhorse Lodge  
 Great Linford  
 Milton Keynes  
 26-KO-1C

Milton Keynes Gazette



Rye



**Winchester to Eastbourne on the Southdowns Way -  
in aid of the British Heart Foundation.**

On Sat 12th June 2004. The five Pseuds in "only 100 miles to go..." We met outside a factory in Fishersgate. It was Saturday, 4.45am and the Ford Escort was still smouldering! Our support driver, Jim Long (Ex Old Actonian, sub 56 man and ex National Tandem Champion...) was there to offer succour and tales of past glories during our trip, as were **Kevin Lee, Alan Tilbury, Phil Beacher, Nick Haskell** and myself **Rupert**. I was delighted not to be on my own. Apparently the others had decided that if I could do 100miles in a day off road trip, anyone could and had accepted my request for company. (I would like to know how you all managed to ride in an ESCORT as well as your bikes, I assume that arms and legs were out of the back door and the windows, *Frank Blake*). We trucked off for Winchester with Kevin almost catatonic with amazement at the cleanliness of the van (relative ..all things are relative...) and my unusual level of organisation. Tools, water, food, first aid kit, rubbish bag, tubes, even sports drink (well my own concoction (half litre bottle of water with three dessert spoons of sugar and 1 teaspoon of salt!). Those who know me will be equally amazed (well maybe not at the home brew rehydration). Alan was quiet, but then he had decided to ride in from Lewes obviously not having clocked the fact that we were about to ride a hundred miles back.

We screeched into a small semi-deserted car park off the A31 ninety minutes later. Everyone else had left at 6.00am. There were a few lycra clad nutjobs left skulking by the bushes. It's that way I was helpfully informed as I signed on. We were ready, Jim took a photo - possibly the only one of me with all of the others, I reckoned - and we were off. It was 6.50am. We followed Phil back towards Winchester for half a mile, then returned to the car park and started again. Soon we were following Phil again and soon we stopped following Phil and made him ride in the middle of the group. The first 20 miles between Winchester and Petersfield are pretty level with what small hills there are being paved roads. We met Jim acting as gate marshal on the way on the way and then beat him to the QE Park on the A3 where we refuelled. Kevin was already hallucinating that he was being stalked by a woman driver in the car park (he has clearly been taking the wrong kind of training pills again) whilst Alan was regretting a recent curry. Nick, who had dressed himself as Fausto Coppi, hadn't broken a sweat. Phil was just lucky to be still with us.

I began a day of Biology experiments as I opened my food box and noted that the very slightly mouldy white bread I had made my sandwiches from that morning was looking rather more mouldy. I reckoned it was due to the heat of the van. I ate some anyway. After a short climb out of the QE park we reached the first British Heart Foundation checkpoint. We suggested that our pulses be checked and we be defibrulated by the attractive one, but that joke was clearly several scores of Mountain Bikers old and raised no more than a sad smile. Our dog tags were examined and we were off to join the other cyclists we had caught, spread across a gentle bank, descending in a swirling group which reminded me of that scene in Jurassic Park where inguanodons run across the meadow. I hit a root and almost fell off, good job there were no chasing raptors.

Now the hills started. Gentle rolling countryside turned into the more familiar chalk scarp and vale topography as we wended our way to Houghton and Amberley. The sun rose higher and so did the temperature. 40% coverage after 4hrs, Not Bad! And that was just the mould rate on my sandwiches. Nick still hadn't sweated. Alan was off the back a little, but we had done 15 miles less than him. Phil was cramping up so he went off ahead rather than stop as he had decided he was only going for the 65 mile goal of Devils Dyke. We confidently expected to soon see him approaching from behind after another diversion.

Onwards and upwards we rode, meeting Jim again on the A24 crossing, noting that the mould was now at least 50% and cheering on a tandem team. We climbed up to Chanctonbury Ring relaxed a little into the gentle ridge across and down to Boltophs. We passed a rider who asked after Anthony Rogers (Brighton Excel and PPYCC), and we paid homage to the man. "How do you know Anthony?" I asked. "We started this whole randonnee", I was told. It was Gavin, happy remarried and out biking again. Good on you Gavin. As a vicar like Gavin will surely acknowledge, biking is the only real form of prayer.

Jim was drinking coke on the Adur footbridge. Well at least he wasn't snorting it? I resisted the temptation to ride down the bridge steps as I am only willing to make a fool of myself in front of strangers.. But I did ride up the drag to Truleigh Hill for the first time ever without having to walk. I have always thought of the granny ring as a sign of weakness but my weakness of my mind was the only problem there. We caught up with Phil at Devils Dyke where he departed on another mystery tour home, as did we for Pycombe and our next rendezvous with Jim, but not before we had a few words with Rory of USE who had just completed the 65 mile ride. At least one of the four Mitre riders was in the proper kit (it was me, Rory, worth at least another 20%...). although all of us had independently (our wives will be happy to read that) decided not to wear the new club bib-shorts over such a ride due to their spinal compression sizing.

We realised that we had been rather relaxed about the length of the breaks we had taken as it was 3.00pm already and we still had the hardest thirty five miles to do! Nick, Kevin and I headed down to Pycombe hoping Alan would catch us on the descent. As it happened he arrived at the van stop in the village about three minutes after we had left. He decided to head for Lewes after the Jack & Jill climb. Apparently he had a score to settle with a vindaloo and lager. We were now on well trodden ground (I mean ridden ground of course as we admit to walking nothing) and the steep hill began. That interminable grassy rise out of Falmer and the climb up from Southease and Itchnor Farm began to take their toll. I have never used the little ring on those ridges before, but on Saturday the granny ring was more like a soul sister. I was still feeling fresh, however, and was generally able to ride with Nick, or at least not too far behind! The descent into Alfriston had been made safer with gravel which will depress lovers of rooty single track and please the local ambulance crew. We handed in our last dog tags at the Alfriston check point, ate a couple of fig rolls which Jim had rather bizarrely decided were essential to an endurance event like this (it must be an Old Actonian thing) and tackled the long climb to the Long Man. At last the golf course above Eastbourne hove into view and we were there. One last manic descent down to the old polytechnic and there was the finish. We were feeling pretty pleased with ourselves until we met Charlie out front and learnt that he had bivvied overnight under a hedge at the start and then ridden the whole way unsupported save for lunch at his house in Saddlescombe, on his Dawes Galaxy road bike! He may look cuddly, but he is clearly as hard as nails. We bowed in a Wayne's World 'we are not worthy' sort of way and gave him a lift home - it was the very least we could do for a true off roader.

Rupert Robin

*(First printed in the Brighton Mitre newsletter produced by Frank Blake)*

## Brighton Mitre C.C.

Mitre riders have been performing in a number of events this summer. Stuart Fahey, Toby Leyton, Andrew Green and Ishmael Burdeau all rode in the Giles Ree Memorial Road race. Giles was a Mitre member who was tragically killed on the A24 when he was driven over by a lorry driver who fell asleep at the wheel.

Andy Green finished in 5<sup>th</sup> place in the S.C.C.U. 50, recording 1.58.47 and in the E.S.C.A. 100 (promoted in his usual meticulous style by our own Mike Hayler), his time was 4.11.16. Both very good rides. Andy also rode in the Bognor 10, which was the Sussex Championship event, and together with Stuart Fahey and Nick Harvey won the team prize from G.S. Stella. Stuart has finished 9<sup>th</sup> at Goodwood several times and improved his placing to 7<sup>th</sup> in an S.R.R.L. road race at Ashford. Nick Haskell was 5<sup>th</sup> in the Wrvelfield handicap road race. Rob Fuller rode and finished in the Surrey League five day stage race and has also finished gained an 8<sup>th</sup> place at Goodwood.

I hope to see some of our ESCA friends at our 110<sup>th</sup> Celebrations on October 24<sup>th</sup>. Gerry Atterbury (he once held all our club records, the only rider other than Tristan Court to have done so) has promised to be there. I'm sure some of you will have memories of him before he went to America.

Frank Blake

MEMBERS OF ESCA AFFILIATED CLUBS SEEN RIDING IN THE KENT CYCLING ASSOCIATION 12 HOUR  
August 8<sup>TH</sup> 2004

**GEOFF SMITH**  
**SUSSEX NOMADS**  
232.511 miles



**NEIL QUARMBY**  
**SOUTHBOROUGH WHS.**  
225.347 miles



**ANTHONY REEVES**  
**WORTHING EXCELSIOR**  
220.028 miles



**MARTIN WILKINSON**  
**SUSSEX NOMADS**  
216.935 miles



**RUPERT ROBIN**  
**BRIGHTON MITRE**  
202.179 miles



**BOB HARBER**  
**BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR**  
188.688 miles



**JOHN MANKELOW**  
**LEWES WANDERERS**  
185.961 miles



## MID-WEEK SECTION

Now that most of our members have returned to the Motherland normal service has resumed in the Hailsham basin; recreation grounds, churchyards and pubs are crowded once again on Wednesday, but still a few desperate forays abroad are planned before the winter sets in.



The Primus Stove Ride that I mentioned in the last issue has taken place. On September 1<sup>st</sup>, in glorious sunshine, twenty nine people demonstrated their cooking skills on Blackboys rec. The dishes produced ranged through pasta drenched in a home-made sauce, bursting with exotic ingredients; omelette aux Lillicrap rose to a fluffy pyramid and soup bubbled in mini cauldrons. What a feast, worthy of numerous Michelin stars if there were such things for al fresco cooks.

A few weeks earlier we were invited to Brian & Sheila Leaney's home for elevenses and it was with great reluctance that we dragged ourselves away from their downland hide-away to face the traffic on the A27. Brian had planned his ride well and within a short time we were exploring hidden Lewes before pressing on to the nearby Snowdrop Inn. This pub is a great favourite of John Manville's and we were impressed with it's funky interior. Once owned by a Red Indian there are various artefacts commemorating his tenure, my favourites are the canoe suspended from the ceiling and the ship's figurehead on the wall.

A pub that we haven't visited for some time is the Red Lion at Hooe and thanks to Ron Street we were reminded of its existence. The accommodating landlord even made a television available so that we could watch the Olympic road races if we wished! Reasonably priced food and good beer encouraged us to add this pub to our list of favourites.

Our Anniversary Lunch is imminent and this September we celebrate sixteen years of leisure and pleasure riding. Eighty four people are booked in to Bodle Street Green village hall, including eight recipients of our eightieth birthday awards, all still cycling to a greater or lesser degree. One who is falling by the wayside is 82 year old Maurice Garrett now the owner of a large, brand new, Norton motorbike and sidecar, a natural progression from a tricycle were he a younger man but, for Maurice, this is a reversion to a hobby he enjoyed many years ago. He has received lifts from several Mid-weekers in recent times and is looking forward to returning the favour. Mike Timperley is also an enthusiastic biker so we could well be the first group of its kind to have its own Hells Angels chapter. Watch this space for ongoing news.

Well, this the end of the latest insight into the cycling lives of the retired and leisured of East Sussex. Feel free to join us if you have a spare Wednesday, you'll be surprised at the people you'll meet!

Baggy Shorts

# DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Sunday, October 31st, 2004

## Reliability Trial

Start Laughton or Groombridge

Contact Warwick Dunford



Saturday, November 13th, 2004

## Southborough Wheelers Dinner

The Plough, Leigh

Contact David Watson ☎01892 541005

Wednesday November 17<sup>th</sup>

## E.S.C.A Annual General Meeting

Laughton Village Hall

7.30 p.m.

(Check this date, I've lost my piece of paper. Ed)

Thursday, November 18th, 2004

## Rye Wheelers Dinner

Riverside Hotel, Rye

Saturday, December 4th, 2004

## Cyclists Carol Service

St. Mary's Church, Hailsham 3.00 p.m.

Afterwards tea in Church lounge



Sunday January 16th, 2005

## East Sussex Cycling Association

Luncheon & Prize Presentation

'The Horseshoe', Windmill Hill

Saturday, January 22nd, 2005

## Eastbourne Rovers/Phoenix Cycles Dinner/Dance

Afton Hotel, Eastbourne

Saturday, January 29th, 2005

## Fellowship of 1066 Longmarkers Dinner/Dance

Yelton Hotel, Hastings

Sunday February 6<sup>th</sup> 2005

## Surrey/Sussex Group Lunch

Normandie Centre, Denne Road, Horsham





## E.S.C.A. RELIABILITY TRIAL - OCTOBER 31<sup>st</sup> 2004

START/FINISH or CHECK LAUGHTON village hall. Exit left to cross-roads where right on B2124 to junction at Golden Cross with A22. Here right and take first left to Muddles Green (sp Chiddingly). At T junction right and then first left to join A267 at Horam.

Left on A267 and then fork right (sp Heathfield) to second set of traffic lights (A265). Turn right and take first left [Newick Lane] to Mayfield. Here left and bear left to r.a.b. take second exit on A267 to Argos Hill where left on B2102 to Rotherfield. Right on big bend (sp Eridge) CARE to join A26 at Eridge Green. Here left and turn right in 200 yards [The Forstal] to T junction. Here right past Park Corner to Groombridge village hall [junction with B2110].

START/FINISH or CHECK GROOMBRIDGE village hall. Exit south on B2110 and fork left onto B2188 to Kingstanding. Keep left to Duddleswell cross-roads. Turn right (sp Nutley).

At junction with A22 turn left. Take third turning right [Bell Lane] by church. Proceed via Fletching to cross A272 at Piltdown, CARE. Bear left and then right (sp Barcombe) to Barcombe village. At mini r.a.b. LEFT (sp Ringmer). At junction with A26 turn right and take first left to Ringmer and follow to join B2192 by war memorial.

Right on B2192 to take first left to Glynde. Proceed through village to fork left opposite the Trevor Arms p.h. At junction with A27 turn left and then left again before Middle Farm to Ripe. Left and then right to Cleavers Farm where left to Laughton village hall.

The route is approximately 56.5 miles to be covered in 4 hours 30 minutes, 4 hours or 3 hours 30 minutes. The first group of riders will start at 8.30 a.m. There will be possible secret checks in the areas crossing the A272 and Newick Lane.

Entry fee £1 per rider and entries should be sent to

Warwick Dunford, 2 Water Slippe, Hadlow, Tonbridge, Kent, TN11 0EP

to arrive by **first post Monday 18<sup>th</sup> October**

Entry forms, start sheets/route details and result sheets will be dispatched to one nominated officer in each affiliated club.

All competitors are advised to have suitable insurance cover.