

# THE RECORD.

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## HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS CYCLING CLUB.

AFFILIATED TO THE N.C.U.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

JUNIOR CHAMPION CLUB OF SUSSEX.

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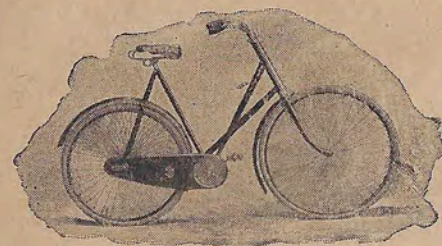
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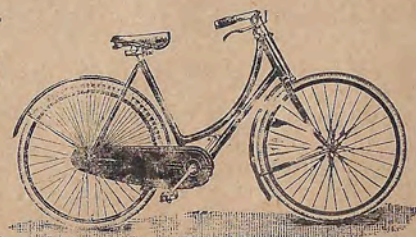
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THE RECORD.

## Editorial Notes.

That the most sanguine expectation of the Committee in the matter of the Club's progress this year are already far exceeded seems quite certain. Committee Meetings for the purpose of electing new members are being held with alarming frequency. In fact some of the members of the Committee are thinking seriously of resigning all business and social engagements until the close of the Cycling Season.

The Club House is still going strong and to see 50 or 60 members over there at one time has now become a sight too common to attract more than a passing notice.

Wednesday the 20th of July next is to be a Red Letter Day in the history of the oldest and best Cycling Club in the Borough. The Club will meet at the Head Quarters (the Castle Hotel) Wellington Square, at 3 p.m. and will proceed to the Club House, Ninfield. Here there will be a Tea provided gratis (including fruit) to all members conditionally upon production of membership cards. To Non-Members the charge for Tea will be 6d. each. Tea will be on the tables from four until five o'clock. A programme of Sports including the following interesting items will be carried out:—

- Egg and Spoon Race for Ladies.
- Potato Race for Gentlemen.
- Needle and Thread Race for Ladies and Gentlemen.
- Obstacle Race for Gentlemen.
- Slow Race for Ladies.

The Sports will commence at 6 p.m. Three Valuable Prizes will be given for each event. Intending Competitors should send in their names to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. J. Crane, 117, Ashburnham Road, as soon as possible. Entries will close on Saturday, July 16th. No Entrance Fee will be charged for any of the events. Members are requested to note that for these Races Rule 16 will be strictly enforced.

For the convenience of those friends of members who do not cycle well-appointed waggons will leave the Castle Hotel, at 3 p.m. The charge for seats, inclusive of Tea, will be 2/6 each person. Application for seats must be made on or before Saturday, July 19th, to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. J. Crane.

Our Race Meeting on Whit Monday was in every way a great success. The profit made on the undertaking after paying all expenses was nearly £33. Had we been favoured with good weather in the evening this satisfactory sum would have been largely augmented.

This excellent result is largely due to the untiring efforts and zeal of the Race Hon. Sec., Mr. C. Gillham. All who are aware of the trials and difficulties and enormous amount of work involved in an affair of this magnitude, will we are sure fully appreciate Mr. Gillham's efforts.

A Committee Meeting at Head Quarters on Monday, June 20th was made, the pleasing occasion of the presentation to Mr. Gillham of a handsome diamond ring as a slight recognition of his work on behalf of the Club on this and many other occasions. The presentation was made on behalf of the Committee by the Chairman, Mr. A. Peplow in graceful and appropriate terms, and Mr. Gillham expressed his thanks and endeavoured to convince us (unsuccessfully) of his utter unworthiness in a few well chosen words.

Our Hon. Secretary, Mr. Crane had the misfortune to severely injure his right hand in the chain of his bicycle the other day. Two fingers were badly crushed and probably must have been broken had not the chain snapped. As it is, although greatly inconvenienced & suffering pain he is making good progress towards recovery. We feel sure all members and others who have the privilege of knowing him will heartily sympathise with him in this misfortune.

For the benefit of those members who have been heard complaining of the lack of space in the grounds surrounding the Club House, we are authorised to state that the sixteen acres of ground at present at their disposal will shortly be increased to twenty-four.

Twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen are wanted to take part in the Gymkana now being organised as an additional attraction for our Annual Race Meeting on the Central Ground. Will any lady or gentleman willing to take part in this display be good enough to hand in their names to the Hon. Sec. at once. This is most important as it is necessary to commence practice at an early date.

We are informed that there are still a few members whose 1898 subscriptions are unpaid. If they will be good enough to remit the necessary amount to the Hon. Sec. they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are greatly facilitating his and the Committee's work.

Members will note that all Club Runs for July will be to the Club House. The Committee have adopted this course in deference to the expressed wish of the majority of our members. Such are the attractions of our Club House that it really seems useless to ask members to do anything else on a Club Run but make for it by the nearest way.



Wednesday, June 8th.—A blank would give sufficient note of the proceedings of the evening—signifying rain, not run. The ardour of our members was not damped until late in the afternoon, then it gradually became wetted, and finally absolutely soaked.

Cyclomanium could be not be reached by the cyclomaniacs, the sufferers from cyclomania. And when they found they could not go cycletting on their cyclettes, they discarded their cyclettes and said—well, what did they say?

Saturday, June 11th.—Our first early afternoon run was held on this date, the Club House being reached at 2 p.m. It was a very jolly little party who lunched in the shade of the big trees on the lawn. Appetites appeased, all became bustle for the arrangement of tennis nets and tapes. Soon the game was in full swing and only once was the game stopped during the afternoon. Then it was that the cows were milked and the sight of the refreshing fluid drew the players from their game to the swallowing of milk fresh from the cow. Like giants refreshed with wine the game went stronger than ever, until from sheer exhaustion, the easy chairs were sought out and a quiet conversation indulged in. Seven o'clock found the evening trippers arriving in shoals, the forerunners including Mr. Councillor Boutwood, who is quite fascinated with our country seat. The tea table inside the parlour was soon surrounded with hungry faces, and as the inner man became refreshed, peals of laughter resounded throughout the building, a token that the fun of the evening had commenced. Outside on the lawn other hungry ones were devouring a good tea, with a waiter in attendance. As he was an amateur at the work, his blunders may well be excused.

Soon from the cricket field came the sound of merry voices, and the mighty wielders of the willow were sending the balls in every direction. A little way off the metallic ring of the quoits sounded on the ear, and now everyone was engaged enjoying the fast flying moments to the utmost. From the fields around the lovers of the wild flowers gathered the rari-coloured blossoms, and towards the time for starting, in they came with arms to the full to attach to the bikes—the flowers to be the living remembrance of to-morrow of a past happy day. From still further afield came those who had been to see the old church and its surroundings. They came back with many tales of the fine old place and the village. Darkness setting, once more the materials for play are gathered in and we adjourn to the Club parlour where Miss Benham, Miss Lewis, Miss Baily, Mr. Heathfield and Mr. Guest entertain us with theirsinging; and Miss Austen presides at the piano. The captain's whistle blows, lamps are lighted and off we go.

Wednesday, June 15th.—What a surprise for all! Another record broken! Forty for a start! what you here old man? yes, and there's Miss So and So. Where did old Billy come from? Ain't this all right! These were just a few of the exclamations one heard outside Headquarters before starting time. What a crowd, and we all thought so. People are making quite a point now of coming to see the start, and the starters—the cyclists—well, we shall soon be using that vague word, innumerable Londoners come down and tell us they have never seen such interest taken in a club, and when they see our Club House, they know the reason why.

We were pleased to see the Captain at the head and many more who have been kept away from various causes of late. The Club house was reached after an uneventful ride, and soon the business of the evening commenced. All went merrily as a wheel. The games having received the full complement of players, the surplus looked round for other means of amusement. It is found in a skipping rope. And what young lady would not be pleased to skip if it were not for the eye of Mrs. Grundy being turned upon her. But our fair members are away from Mrs. Grundy and they skip to their heart's content. The young gentlemen turn the rope most gracefully—salt! pepper! fast!! whizz—down! my turn next. And so the fun goes on. Now, what on earth—! Oh, those girls! there they are romping in a waggon and tossing the hay in all directions. What does it matter if they are enjoying themselves. With flushed faces, they return to terra firma, the hay and the hair forming a confused mass.

From the Club parlour the sound of music reaches us. Seated at the piano, Miss Stafford, who has been prevented from joining us for some while, is willingly striking the chords for the next song. Ladies and gentlemen in rapid succession pour forth the comical and sentimental; but as all things must have an ending, so must our impromptu concerts, which unfortunately are all too short.

With flaring vestas, the young gentlemen skip nimbly from bike to bike, to light the lamps. All is ready, off we go.

Saturday, June 18th.—A somewhat high wind marred the pleasure of the outward spin, otherwise the weather was all that could be desired. Some of our male members are getting quite expert in assisting the ladies to ride the hills, but they should be careful that their hands are not soiled, or as with 'Monkey Brand' they will leave a good (or rather bad) impression behind on the ladies' white belts. An exciting game of tennis was watched with much interest, and from the way the balls are now played, one would imagine we

were getting some expert players into the Club. We had our usual concert in the twilight. At the time for returning, a slight shower disorganised the members, the scorcher making a flying pace towards home.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—The summer weather having set in in real earnest—due possibly to our appeal to the clerk of the weather, last month—new faces appear at our Headquarters each week for the run. The Club House was the rendezvous as usual, the members being strongly adverse to wandering in "pastures new." We were pleased to see the veteran, Mr. Noakes, take the lead, in the unavoidable absence of our captain. Halts were called at convenient spots to bring all together, and here it was that our little "Jimmy" enlivened matters by cracking a few jokes.

Like bees to the luscious flowers, our busier members pay us a flying visit, staying sufficiently long to wish they could stay longer. And thus, came one of our Vice-Presidents (Mr. Lister) and Mrs. Lister Mr. H. E. Smith, &c.

Some take refreshments on the lawn, some see to the little peculiarities of the jigger that will always occur, some are off to tennis, and some are for strolling. A party of the last wend their way through the cornfields to the village beyond. The old stocks and whipping post naturally excite attention, but when one is told they have never been used for the purpose intended, interest is lacking. A short distance down a bye-road the village church is seen. Both inside and out the edifice has been renovated, very little being left of the old workmanship. Over the earthen entrance may be seen a peculiar old sun dial, carved on a block of oak, which is certainly worth a short scrutiny. A fine old yew tree stands in the churchyard, the distorted trunk pointing to an existence, probably of centuries. What a fine view can here be obtained of the Pevensey marshes and bay, with Beachy Head looming in the distance.

In the vale below the nightingale is pouring forth her song, to break the silence of the evening, ever anon broken in upon by the declining twitter of another feathered songster.

From the hedge by the wheat field to the main road is gathered a fine bunch of honeysuckle and wild roses.

Now to the ear comes the sound of tinkling bells, and a little latter the merry shouts of children. Here they are; a waggon load of them—a Sunday School treat. Flags of all colours stand up from the corners of the vehicles, the horses knowingly shake their heads to tinkle the bells on their collars, the

orchestra consisting of a few violins, in true rural fashion, strikes up "Pull for the Shore Sailors," and the children shout themselves hoarse. A cloud of dust sweeps along the road and obscures them from view.

The piano is drawn from the parlour on to the lawn, where an open-air concert is held, the members forming a semicircle around the instrument. Miss Austen and Mr. Johnson alternately preside at the piano, and from among the vocalists I quote the names of Messrs. Brown, Fairbanks, Ockenden, Crane, Heathfield, Knight, &c., &c.

All too quickly we must depart once more. Along the front line at 10.45 is seen a long line of cycle lamps; the onlookers wondering "how many more?"

Saturday, June 25th.—Although the sun was shining gloriously, a strong sou' wester pursued its wonted career along the front line. Now, if there is anything to mar a club run, it is a wind in the before-mentioned quarter; Ladies don't like to be seen struggling against this element in broad daylight: but give it them in the east and they are on it. To be blown to Ninfield is quite all right, the coming back in the dark does'nt matter. And this accounts for our small muster on Saturday. By the number of members that turned up at the meeting place, one would have thought records were going by the board, but they had only come to see if anyone else, was there and had'nt brought their bikes.

A Brave Few (put it in capitals Mr. Editor) made a determined start and soon the number was augmented by some of the 'scorcher family' who defied the blustering wind. After sundry halts, a little toying now and again and a determined effort to succeed, the Club House was reached. The more tired sought the luxuriousness of the couches and easy chairs, whilst others found the piano and their vocal chords too irresistible to keep quiet. A good tea savoured with the usual jokes entirely did away with all languor. The gamesters were soon on the tennis courts and the quoit ground. Our host carried some of the young ladies off to the dells in the neighbourhood where wild flowers were apparently growing in great profusion, for when they returned, the foxgloves and fine ferns literally obscured the fair faces in the background.

I hope I am not letting out any secrets, but the temptation to write is very great, and that is about our Mr. Joy's garden. Through an unattractive sort of a gate, which I thought bounded another's domain, he led me, and there I beheld fruit trees of every



description. Plums all too green at present, clustered above me from the drooping branches, at which I gazed like the fox at the sour grapes, and then there were apples, pears, cherries, and I know not what. Down at my feet laid the luscious strawberries, and around on the bushes, hung the currants, the gooseberries and the raspberries. Intermingled, but in their respective plots, stood up the fine rows of peas, beans and potatoes. Then I bethought me of our great feast of the near future, when those fine young ducklings will be roasted before our very eyes. Shall we get a muster on that day? Do not ask the question. Actually a duck and green pea dinner on your own lawn, in front of your own Club House. Oh ye boasters, here is something grand to talk about. The gate closes behind me and I have left the fruit and vegetables to come to maturity.

All club runs must have an ending—a nice sentence for repetition—and so had this.

The effort of going was rewarded by an easy return and we skipped along feeling well repaid for the struggle against the wind.

## Correspondence.

We invite letters on matters of general interest from our readers, and trust this column will be thoroughly used during the season. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication.

We shall at all times be glad to give information on routes, etc., or on any matter connected with cycling. In the ordinary way answers will be published in this paper; but any correspondent desiring a reply by post, must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. Correspondents must write on one side of the paper only.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, 23, Castle Street, Hastings.

(Correspondence continued.)

To the Editor,

Sir,—Thanks for the announcement in the *Record* of the Church Parade at Ashford to which our Club members were invited. At the appointed time 10 a.m. on Sunday morning, or just before, I went to the Memorial to find the crowd. After looking here and there, I did find two who with myself had made up their minds to go. We waited till 10.10 and no one else turned up so we wended our way up Castle Hill and fell in with the Secretary, Bros. Emary and Marsh. One said I must have a shave before I go, another "I know of one more going, I will go and find him." We waited at the top of the hill till 10.50 and no one else putting in appearance, Bros. Southcombe, Sims and myself started off, cheered by an exceedingly fine morning. At Rye we picked up Bro. Chapman of Battle, and thus we four wended our way. Bro. Southcombe at Rye found his pedal had gone wrong and your humble servant went steadily on and thus we missed one another, I took the upper road and the others the lower road, via Appledore over about 4 miles of beachy road. I had begun to think I was the only one pursuing the way; however the other side of Ham Street I pulled up, picking roses by the wayside, &c., when the brethren came along and so all being up we went into Ashford together where we soon found ourselves at a spread to which we did good justice. Here came up Mrs. and Miss Slack, and Messrs. Slack and Baker, so really there were 8 from Hastings. At 2.15 we rode up to the meeting place, and at the signal given, we (when I say we I mean the whole of the cyclists assembled, who numbered 380, as one of the Marshals gave it me), paraded the town twice amid hundreds of spectators. When we had reposed our machines in a place provided, in the care of gentlemen in blue. We like good boys and girls two by two filed into the grand old church of Ashford. After joining in prayer and praise, the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Tindall gave us some good homely sound advice on Character. It was a good time. The service concluded, most of us adjourned to the Parish Room, here the Vicar introduced W. G. Handcock, Esq., chairman of the Ashford U.T.C., who on behalf of the town gave us a very cordial welcome. Then Dr. Wilks was introduced to us and he on behalf of the Cottage Hospital thanked the company for the help given financially for that institution (amount collected £8 4s. 2d.) A good number of the riders availed themselves of the invite of Dr. Wilks, to take a walk through his garden. At 6.10 we left the town of Ashford and after a good spin on a good road we reached home at 9.15 having had one of the most enjoyable times cyclists can have,

Yours, T. A. NOAKES,

Sub-Captain.

(Correspondence continued.)

Sir,—We are so well catered for at our Club House in every respect that I almost fear to write anything that might be construed as a complaint. I hope my remarks may be viewed more in the light of a suggestion than a grumble. To come to the point—on several occasions I have found myself longing for a game of Tennis; but the Courts have all be occupied, and so I have been compelled to go away unsatisfied—Surely, Sir, a Club with a three-figure balance at the bank can afford to be fully generous to its members, and I really think another Tennis Set would be a welcome addition to our stock at the Club House.

Yours faithfully,

“RACQUET.”

By reference to another column our correspondent will see that his wishes have been anticipated by the Committee.—Editor.

Sir,—How much longer are the cyclists of Hastings to suffer in silence? It is certainly high time something in the way of an organised attempt to secure better roads was made. Of the Front Line and roads in the main thoroughfares I say but little. With the fearful havoc wrought by the Buses, and the pickaxes of the men who are always to be found digging holes in divers places—presumably in search of gas, water, or drain pipes or some such airy trifles, it is useless to hope for anything else than a durable mediocrity. It is, however, of the outlying districts and approaches to the Town that I have to speak. Take for example the road to Bexhill, the whole of the surface from Hastings to the “Bull” is simply vile and is a disgrace to any civilised community. As a matter of fact it would give points in the way of utter badness to a road or track on a farm. It is, moreover, only a sample of many such. Nowhere can you find a decent road in the environs of Hastings. For a place so dependent upon its powers of attraction to Visitors this is nothing short of marvellous. Now-a-days every one practically cycles, and one of the first considerations when people are about to select a Holiday Resort is the question of the suitability of its roads to the requirements (from a reasonable point of view), of cycling. I am certain that with our roads as they are now, many who come once will never come again. Of course no one expects the Authorities themselves to do any thing without

(Correspondence continued.)

pressure—They never do. So the only course open is for cyclists and all others, who value the welfare of our town to keep this matter well to the front, and make it a test question at Election times. In conclusion I can only hope that those of my readers who are suffering from this gross annoyance will not fail, in common with myself, to ventilate the grievance on every possible occasion—in season and out of season.

Yours, etc.,

“EASY RIDER.”

Sir,—Having heard the remarks of many cyclists, especially the juniors, as to the ‘bad condition’ of our roads, I beg leave to trespass upon your space. Having been an ardent cyclist since the early seventies I venture to advance my views upon a question that is often discussed in a manner that challenges the attention of the man of experience. To whose mind many of his younger brethren appear to cry like unto Pilgrims in the Wilderness of their imagination. Now Sir, what tangeable reason have we to complain of the roads? are they not good enough for the modern adonis? and what degree of perfection pray, would he like in the way of smoothing the path of life? What we really want is not encouragement in this fickle caprice indulged in by our cycling sons, but a better show of maturer men in our cycling ranks whereby the often apparent flagging of manly reason, engendered by pleasure, might be arrested and our cycling sons be led to appreciate the difference to-day compared with the times when I was a “Rover.” There are limits to all things.

Yours truly,

“PATERFAMILIAS.”

## Club Runs.

All Club Runs for July will be to the Club House, Ninfield.

The Wednesday Runs will start from Head Quarters, the Castle Hotel, at 6.30 sharp, and the Saturday Runs from Robertson Terrace at 5.30.



**Club Rules.**

1.—That this Club be called the "HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS CYCLING CLUB."

2.—That the object of the Club be the promotion of Cyclists' interests generally, the Hastings and St. Leonards districts in particular.

3.—That each member shall pay an entrance fee of 1s. on application for membership, to be returned if not elected, and a subscription of 5s. per annum, payable in advance, at the Annual General Meeting, and any gentleman giving an Annual Donation shall be considered an Honorary Member. Any lady or gentleman being three months in arrears of her or his subscription and failing to pay on application, shall cease to be a Member.

4.—That the Officers of the Club shall consist of President, Vice-Presidents, Captain, Sub-Captain, Secretary, and Treasurer.

5.—That the Officers and seven Members shall constitute the Committee, with power to add to their number.

6.—That the whole of the Officers shall be elected by ballot, and hold office for the term of one year.

7.—That the Committee shall meet when required, for the purpose of transacting the business of the Club, five to form a quorum.

8.—That the General Meeting shall be held in January or February at the option of the Committee.

9.—That the Committee shall be the governing body of the Club, manage and control the expenditure and general business of the Club.

10.—That the Secretary conduct the correspondence of the Club, and receive the subscriptions. The Treasurer to keep the accounts.

11.—That the Captain shall exercise control over all Members on Club runs; in the Captain's absence the Sub-Captain or an appointed deputy shall take command.

12.—That any Candidate for admission to the Club shall send in his name to the Secretary or any of the Committee, and be elected by majority at the first meeting of the Committee.

13.—That all notices of Club runs be placed upon notice boards by the Captain or Secretary.

14.—That the uniform of the Club be similar to that of the C.T.C. with cap. Racing colours Marone and Green.

15.—That all members attending Club runs on machines must appear in Club cap and badge.

16.—That no member shall compete in any race unless his entrance fee and subscription are fully paid up.

17.—That any member wishing to withdraw shall give notice in writing to the Secretary.

18.—That 14 days' notice be given by the Secretary to the Members of the Annual Meeting, and that 7 days' notice must be given of the proposed alteration of rules, and that such proposed alterations shall be given in the notice calling the General Meeting, together with report and balance-sheet.

Hastings & St. Leonards

**♣ CYCLING CLUB. ♣**

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Annual Subscription	..	..	..	..	..	5s.
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