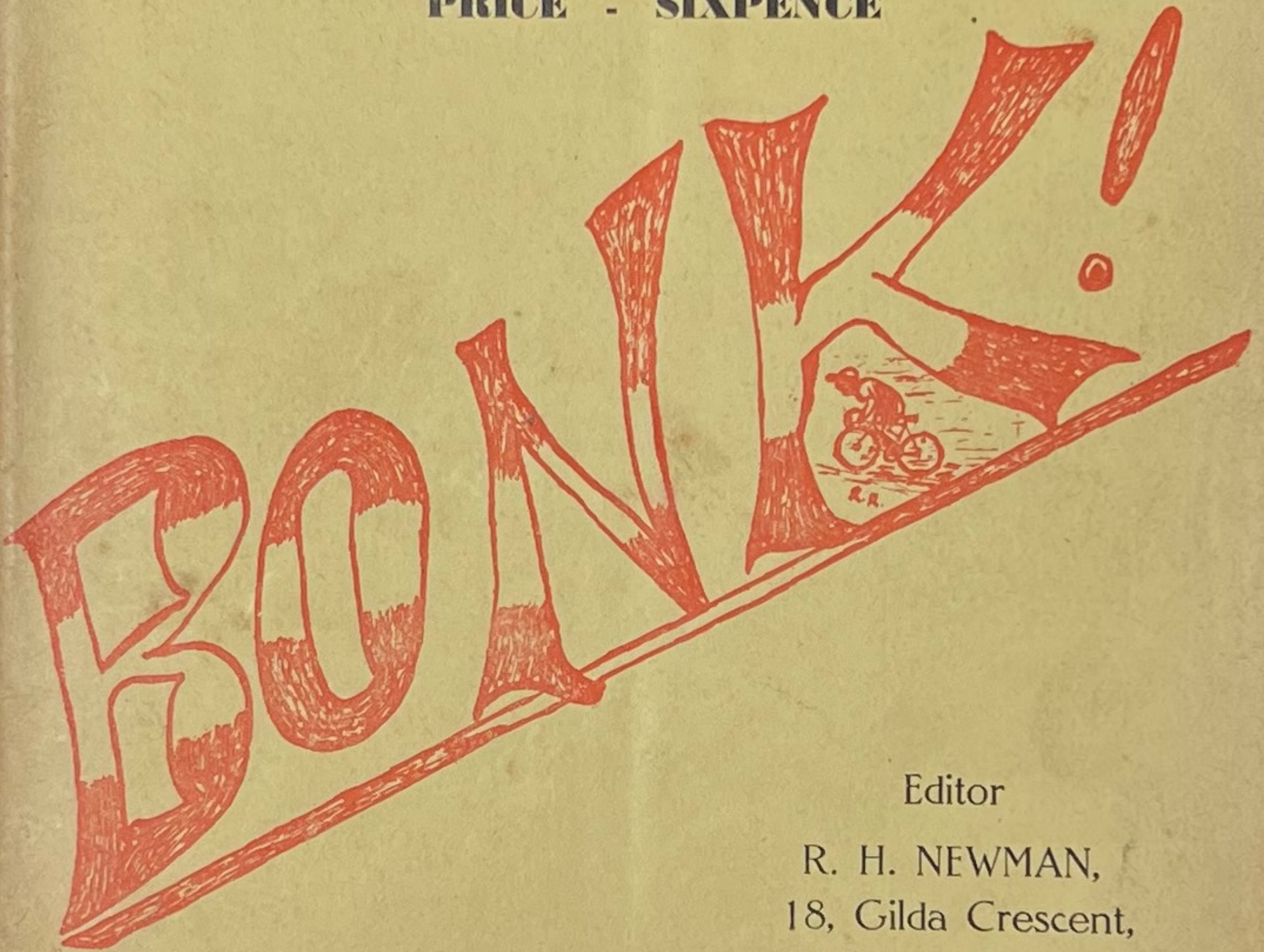


THE - OFFICIAL - ORGAN - OF - THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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Editor

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XMAS 1953

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Well folks ! I shall be with you for another year, thanks
to you and your delegates at the A.G.M., and I hope you will not
regret the decision during the coming year.

Quite seriously, though, it has been a real pleasure to do
it for you, and the labours involved have been rewarded by my
re-election - thanks a lot.

You will see in this edition what can be done to make this
magazine more interesting than in the past by the artistic
endeavours of some of your members, and I make it quite clear
here and now that "ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANY PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD
IS PURELY ACCIDENTAL" (I hope).

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT
"BONK" IS MARCH 20th 1954.

Your Editor.

Hullo Boys & Girls !

Actually, when this comes into print it will be "Goodbye" Boys & Girls - from the Presidential chair anyway ! It seems such a short while ago that you all honoured me by asking me to be your President for a year, and now here I am back in the rank & file again, to join with you in extending a very hearty welcome to our new President, Mr. E. Jenner.

It has been an enjoyable year, and quite a good one for the clubs from a racing point of view.

I would like to congratulate the two B. A. R's. (makes you feel thirsty to look at those letters, doesn't it ?) on their splendid performance, more especially perhaps, Jill Cruttenden - as I saw her finish the '50' that gave her the title, and those who were there will, I am sure, agree with me, that it was sheer "guts" that made her finish.

We have been promised that this issue will be out before Christmas, and so I am going to wind up by wishing you all an exceptionally good Social Season, a Very Happy Christmas, and much profitable riding in the 1954 Season.

I'll be seeing you,

Frank

"GEN" from the Secretary

Here we are at the end of another very successful year with only the Prize Presentation & Luncheon to complete the year's activities (these notes are being written before this function is held). Already the Social Season is under way in East Sussex and early December looks like being a very busy time for those of us who like to go the round of the Clubs' Dinners.

Already the Racing Boys are beginning to count the week-ends to the first event of the 1954 Season, and now that we have held our Annual General Meeting and approved our Racing & Social Programme for next year, club secretaries are getting down to the task of formulating their club fixtures for next year. The usual programme of Road Events will again be promoted in 1954, the Ladies having more short-distance events, and it is hoped that more support will be forthcoming for their events than has been the case during the past Season.

"GEN" from the Secretary (continued)

It has been decided that no Open Track Meeting will be promoted next year by the Association, but the Team Pursuit Championship will be run again. The usual Track Championships will again be available to promoters and applications for these should be made not later than February 28th, 1954.

At the Annual General Meeting one or two changes of Officials took place, Ted Godden, our Chairman for the past four years, did not stand for re-election, as his leisure time is now limited. Our thanks are due to Ted for all that he has done over the years on behalf of the Association, and Ted assures me that he will still be at T.P. No. 272 whenever required. Our new Chairman "Barrow Boy" M. Chauncey needs no introduction to members, as he was our President in 1952. Our 1954 President, Mr. E. Jenner of Lewes, has seen a lifetime devoted to Cycling, more especially perhaps to the N.C.U. We all look forward to meeting Mr. Jenner at a Social Function in the near future.

In conclusion a very sincere vote of thanks to our retiring President, Mr. F. Rix (Hastings Warriors C.C.) for all your assistance during the past year, and on behalf of all the Association members, many thanks for the very handsome Ladies Best-all-Rounder Trophy that you have just presented to us.

To you all I say - Merry Xmas and Happy Wheeling throughout 1954.

R. H.

ASSOCIATION EVENT RECORDS

<u>12 Miles Hardriders</u>		H. M. S.	
D. Thompsett	Uckfield & District	34.36.	1953
<u>25 Miles, 72" Gear</u>			
G. King	Hastings C. & A.C.	1. 5.52.	1953
<u>25 Miles</u>			
M. Kenward	Hastings C. & A.C.	1. 1.40.	1953
<u>30 Miles Tandem</u>			
A. Thorpe & C. Pearson	Uckfield & District	1. 6. 5.	1952
<u>50 Miles</u>			
G. King	Hastings & District	2. 6. 1.	1953

Association Event Records (continued)

<u>100 Miles</u>			
D. Marsh	Lewes Wanderers	4.30.39.	1953
<u>12 Hours</u>			
G. King	Hastings C. & A.C.	231.27 mls.	1953
<u>Hill Climb</u>			
C. Avis	Tunbridge Wells Albion	1.47 ² / ₅	1952

1953 ROAD EVENTS RESULTS

<u>25 Miles</u>	1st: M. Kenward	Hastings C. & A.C.	1. 1.40.
(Sept 13)	2nd: J.R. Dutson	Uckfield & District	1. 1.51.
	3rd: J. Adams	Lewes Wanderers	1. 3.21.
<u>H'cap.</u> :-	1st: R. Harrison	Uckfield & District	57.56.
<u>Team</u> :-	Uckfield & District C.C.	3. 9.28.
<u>Hill Climb</u>	(R.J. Coomber)		
(Oct 25)	1st: (M. Robinson)	East Grinstead C.C.	1.49 ¹ / ₅
	3rd: P. Crowsley	East Grinstead C.C.	1.51 ¹ / ₅
<u>Team</u> :-	East Grinstead C.C.	5.29 ³ / ₅
<u>Ladies</u>	1st: J. Cruttenden	Heath C.C.	1.16.26.
<u>25 Miles</u>	2nd: P. Novis	Eastbourne Rovers	1.17. 8.
(Sept 13)			

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Ladies B. A. R. Competition, 1953.

Qualifying distances - 10, 25 and 50 Miles.

1st: Jill Cruttenden	Heath C.C.	19.142 m.p.h.
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Gents B. A. R. Competition, 1953, for the "Henry Gale" Trophy

1st: G. King	Hastings C. & A.C.	22.291 m.p.h.
2nd: A. Cornford	Lewes Wanderers	20.809 "
3rd: J. Southerden	Hastings C. & A.C.	20.719 "

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

1954 Approved Road Programme under R.T.T.C. Rules

W/E.	9	February 28th	12 Miles Hardriders	G.51
	11	March 14th	25 Miles, 72" Gear	G.52
	15	April 11th	25 Miles	G.52
	15	April 11th	10 Miles Ladies	G.50
	19	May 9th	<u>OPEN TANDEM 30 MILES</u>	G.53
	21	May 23rd	50 Miles	G.54
	21	May 23rd	10 Miles Ladies	G.50
	26	June 27th	25 Miles	G.52
	26	June 27th	25 Miles Ladies	G.52
	29	July 18th	100 Miles	G.55
	29	July 18th	15 Miles Ladies	Part G.52
	32	August 8th	12 Hours	G.56
	35	August 29th	50 Miles	G.54
	35	August 29th	50 Miles Ladies	G.54
	37	September 12th	25 Miles	G.52
	37	September 12th	25 Miles Ladies	G.52
	41	October 10th	Hill Climb	

EASTBOURNE ROVERS

Having purloined pencil and one sheet of foolscap from the office, may we be allowed to sneak back into our corner of "Bonk" with the news that the Rovers are still here - if not very vocal. Put away that charge sheet, Mr. Newman, we're back!

Heaving our mind back to the season so recently past, our club events seem to have been mostly a matter of Penfold. Barry certainly appears to have wiped up most things worth wiping up, including new 10 and 25 records, the Uckfield & Back, and a splendid 100 ride on a day of stinking weather. About the only things he didn't bag were the Novices' and Ladies' cups - our lynx-eyed racing sec. always vets the entries, otherwise he would probably have had these as well! Dicky Horner walked off with the Novices' 10 and has since improved to a 'short 3', so watch out you fast types - I think we've "pulled out a plum". Len Novis, who also started this year, is another lad who will want watching in 1954; a crafty type, he improves a bit at a time, when others don't - a handicap specialist! Len's sister Pat has also shown a good turn of speed and her first year has been most encouraging.

Our grass track at Princes Park has had one or two outings this

year, and I think all who have ridden it agree that the surface is pretty good. Next year we hope to have a hand in running a series of fortnightly league meetings there, but what form this will take and what clubs take part will depend on the amount of support forthcoming. Friday evenings are suggested as suitable for the meetings.

On the Social side we are out most week-ends, and a recent run was to see the "Old Crocks" splashing down to Brighton. What a day that was - typical 12-hour weather! Thursday night is club night; we have moved upstairs recently, and can now lay claim to about the roomiest clubroom in the district. Wide expanses of desolate floor separate platform from tea-bar, and it is our constant fear that some member will disappear in this unchartered waste, never to return. However, the noise from said tea-bar usually guides people there O.K.

Well, as some maniac said yesterday, "only three months to the Hardriders '12"- but in the meantime let's eat, drink and be merry and drown such horrible thoughts in seasonable fare. Merry Christmas, all, hope to see you at our "do" in January.

"Landrover".

TOUR DE FRANCE

It is Wednesday, July 22nd. Pete, Roy and myself, arrived in the French Alps yesterday, and are now touring Briançon collecting "haversack rations" for the day. The town is seething with traffic, for to-day the Tour de France comes over the mountains from Gaf on its 18th Stage, and by a strange coincidence we are climbing the Col d'Izoard to meet it!

Though it is early, the sun is scorching down from a cloudless sky, and we are glad to drop down to our 38" gears as the road tilts upwards on its 15-mile climb to the summit. The way is as yet clear of traffic and we are able to admire the rugged scenery towering on either side. A French "coureur", apparently a mobile "Nescafé" advertisement, honks by on a stripped racing iron, but we remember our weighty bags and refrain from doing battle. Now the road steepens, zig-zagging up the tree-covered mountain-side, and a one-way stream of evil-smelling motor traffic starts forcing us on to the verge. Warily watching the sharp drop a couple of feet away, we press doggedly on and eventually pass our "coureur"

stretched out by the roadside. He murmurs "Cop-pi" as we plod by - I wonder what, exactly, he means by that?

We rise above the tree-line, the road becomes stony, and stifling clouds of dust are thrown up by the passing vehicles. We steal a glance at the majestic peaks encircling us and wind on up the relentless gradient. The sun burns down. Knots of spectators are now camping on either side, and after a while a final stretch of stone-strewn 1 in 6 leads us to the summit - 7,735 feet up. A banner across the road marks the prime point and the whole area is an animated scene dotted with cars, coaches, cycles and enthusiasts of all nations. We rinse our mouths free of dust with lemonade, then remount and drop down a couple of miles of cloud-lined hairpins until we reach a suitable vantage point. We can see several kilometres of sandy road rising from the Casse Deserte, a barren bowl of rock-strewn desolation up which the riders will presently come. We are a little below the crowds at this point and settle down among the stones to a two-hour wait; the heat shimmers off the tumbled rocks and time drowns on.

The main "Caravan" isn't coming this way - it couldn't negotiate the hairpins - but presently some cars pass by showing magazines and eyeshades. Zero hour is nearing and presently we hear a loudspeaker van blaring away in the valley. It comes rapidly up and we catch snatches: "Bobet ... en avance ... dix kilometres", and every Frenchman thrills to the news that his main hope has broken away on the lower slopes. The minutes tick by, sundry motor-cycles come up the pass, then attention is rooted on a solitary cyclist, climbing steadily, far below, and closely attended by two cars. A bystander lowers binoculars and announces that the rider is in the colours of the French National Team and we can see he has a substantial lead. With fifteen miles of mountains behind him, five to come and the world's finest roadmen chasing, Louison Bobet sticks doggedly to his advantage. Soon he passes us, grim-faced, gripping the centres of his 'bars, rooted to the saddle, legs working like pistons and glistening with sweat. As he reaches the serried crowds above we hear a murmurous roar of encouragement and hero-worship following him on to the last miles of the climb. What an endurance test - only equalled by the forthcoming test of nerve on the hair-raising descent to Briançon!

But now another rider, Jan Nolten of Holland, fights his way up, followed by Spaniard Lorono. There is no peloton - the field apparently got sorted out on the climb over the Col de Vars earlier in the day. I photograph a trio and realise that I have got Mallejac, slim wearer of the "maillot jaune", with Bartali, the immortal Gino,

Tour de France (Continued)

glued to his wheel. What a scoop! Mahé is also tucked in, but finding it hard. So they come up, some taking parcels, mostly struggling; all except one French boy who passes, grinning broadly and looking as though he tackles an Alpine pass before breakfast every day. Well, maybe he does! It must be nearly an hour before the last straggler passes and even then there is a surprise in store: the greatest of them all, Fausto Coppi, potters up the pass, possibly the first time he has ever had leisure to fully appreciate the beauty of the Izoard scenery. But what a pity he isn't racing!

In the rest of the day an anti-climax? Not a bit of it; just try 20-odd miles of alpine free-wheeling for thrills. Down the straights at about 40's, then anchors on for the hairpins, through tunnels, over ravines and tumbling streams. Then when we think we can't go down any further we round a bend and see more zig-zags descending for mile after mile. This is the Izoard and this is what those iron riders came up, raced up, earlier in the day. We stop here and there to admire the scenery, take pictures and to let our rims cool off, stop twice, too, when the heat caused a patch on Pete's tube to come adrift. Further down we nearly stop for the night when some particularly nicely shaped bits of femininity from a nearly full Youth Hostel give us the magic eye, but then a hairpin looms up and opportunity is lost! The final piece of Izoard scenery is a superb tree-lined gorge through which the road threads its way to emerge finally at Ouillette. Here we plan to spend the night and when some English lads direct us to a good hotel we are soon meting out justice to an enormous continental dinner. (The proprietor meted out justice to us in the bill next day, but that's another story!).

S.N.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

There is little I have to report to you Sprogs now that the off-season has arrived. I will not bore you by reviewing the past racing season, but I must state, with some pride, that club records have fallen at 10, 25, 30, 50, 100 and 12 hours. This is mainly due to the good form of the irrepressible David Marsh, who is incidentally the Sussex 50 mile and E.S.C.A. 100 mile road champion.

Prematurely looking ahead to next season, every Lewes Wanderer capable of riding a bike will be pressed into service, and, even now

keen members are in training. Main reason for this is the probable advent of the Wanderers into B.L.R.C. and N.C.U. closed circuit promotions. A Lewes team will also certainly be seen in action in S.C.C.U. events.

National Service commitments will again hit us and the occasion is appropriate to wish good luck to our Racing Secretary, Johnny Adams. Our loss is the R.A.F.'s gain - for two years.

I have been instructed to inform you that, although we often make scurrilous remarks about our Derek Agg, he is a good chap, really, and an infallible guide to London.

During the Cycle Show at Earls Court, Derek led two trusting simple-hearted creatures to the Charlton Football Ground. His egotism was slightly deflated when it was discovered that they were at the dog track. Derek, with customary aplomb, rallied his party and led them - back to Earls Court.

I could continue writing upon club topics for a considerable time, but being a firm believer in the maxim "short and sweet", and knowing anyway that you haven't probably read this far, I will desist, but first I must express the pleasure it has given us to learn that our own club President, Mr. "Ted" Jenner, has accepted the Presidency of the E.S.C.A. A handsome compliment to a capable man.

RUSS

THE HEATH CYCLING CLUB

We must first apologise for not entering any articles in the past "Bonk" but owing to change of officials in the club this year we didn't know who was doing what until things were sorted out.

We have had quite an eventful year, in which Racing, Touring and now the social events are in full swing, being well organised by Janet Golds, who keeps the tea and buns in order on Tuesday nights at Franklands Village Hall, and welcomes any club boys who are out for an evening spin and lands up Haywards Heath direction. Mr. V. Drake, our Racing Secretary, has organised quite a few club events this year, including our Inter-Club Hill-Climb which was won (I don't know how he worked it) by the fabulous Roy Humphrey, who rode for Uckfield & District and simply leaped up the Beacon that lovely autumn morning in October. I myself have managed to win the E.S.C.A. B. A. R. but I am sure if we had competition this wouldn't be so, so Ladies please have a bash in 1954, at all those nice short-distance events the Association has put on for us. We have three 12-hrs. men in Reg Tew and Frank & Ivor Cruttenden, who

The Heath Cycling Club (Continued)

all did over 200 miles in their first 12-hr. race ever, and also Cocker Thomas, Gabby Fry, Frank Cruttenden and Derek Collins are going to try their luck at track riding. I only hope they supply a wide track when some of them are around. Anyway, whether they are on the track or on the road I only hope they enjoy it as much as I do.

As for touring I will leave Reg Tew to write on that, but first of all I must say the attendance of club runs are quite good and I think it must be because the vicar leads them astray all over the countryside on a Sunday morning.

Well, I will let the vicar, alias R. Tew, our club captain, say a few words now.

So until next "Bonk", dinners and socials, I will wish you on behalf of the Heath Cycling Club a Very Happy Xmas and the best of our sport in the New Year

Well now Jill has let me get a word in edgeways. I will give you a bit of gen on our touring side which is still going very strong, with bigger and better attendances each Sunday. Recently we managed a "Tour of London" viewing the Tower of London, St. Paul's, etc. After lunch a visit to Madame Tussauds was much enjoyed. The Chamber of Horrors being of great interest. On the way out we were stopped by the door man who told us models were not allowed to be taken away by visitors, and only after explanations were made were we allowed to bring Maurice Hurdman away, although John Tucker had to take Reg Harris's bike back, much to his disappointment.

We also welcome new members out on our runs, including Sid Avery, Roger Clough and Billy Hales. As this is the last "Bonk" this year, may we wish all our fellow friends of Cycling a Very Happy Xmas and a Happy New Year.

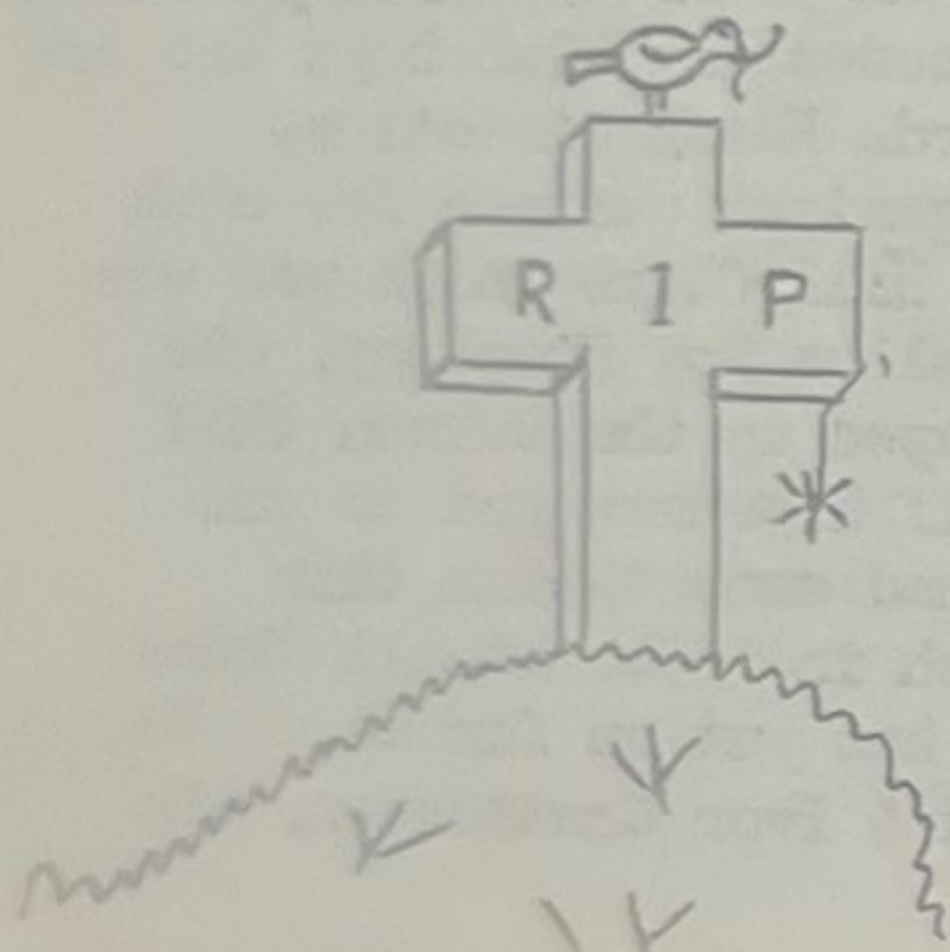
THE VICAR.

UNDER THIS SOD LIES POOR OLD
GORDON,
HE WANTED A CAR, BUT COULDN'T
AFFORD'N,
HE BOUGHT A TRIKE, SO SAFE & SOUND,
THAT'S WOT PUT HIM UNDERGROUND.

"GRANFER"

Once upon a time there was a very keen racing man who was capable of putting up very good performances. However, when the racing season finished, he got cheesed off. "There is no more racing till February and the nearest roller contests are miles away", he moaned. "What's happened to all your club-mates?" asked his mother. "They go off down the town and meet their girls every night". "Then why don't you?" said his mother. "Me! go out with a girl, b-but I couldn't. I don't know anything about girls", said the flabbergasted racing man. "Well, they're the same as men, only different. Now stop moping around here and go out and get yourself a girl like the rest of the boys, and don't come home 'til you've got one!" The F.R.M. went out. Hours passed. Then the racing man came dashing into the house wild with excitement. "Mum, I think it's smashing going out with girls - look!" He trundled in the latest in the line of lightweights. "Smashing iron, isn't it?" he said. "Well its a very nice bike" said his mother, "but what about a girl? - look, you'd better tell me the story from the beginning". Well, it happened like this", he said. "I walked down to the town when I saw quite a pretty girl coming along the road on a bike. Well, I whistled to her like the other boys and she stopped and asked me what I wanted, so I told her that my mum told me to go and find myself a girl. She suggested that we went for a little walk, so we went up Naghurst Lane until we were well out in the country, when she said to me "Shall we walk across the fields?" I said it was O.K. with me, so she dumped her bike against the hedge and we walked across the fields. We had covered two or three fields when we came to a haystack, then she suggested that we sat by the side of it. When we did she pulled herself very close to me, looked straight into my eyes with a very queer look, and said "I'll give you anything you want". So I thought "There's no one looking, now's your chance", so I rushed off and took her bike - isn't it a smasher - tubs and all?"

Down the street of a thousand potholes,
At the sign of the sinking ship,
There lives a slant-eyed damsel,
Her name is Hoo-Flung-It.
And should you enter this Honky-Tonk,
You'll find the Editor - of "Bonk",
Calmly smoking his stinky pipe,
While thinking up this awful tripe.



Well, soaks, (sorry, folks!), I ventured the opinion in the last issue that the end of the season would see the Uckfield tail wagging - and wag it did, to jolly good purpose, witness the team result of the "50" and the Rosemary Shield "25". The "50" result got in the Stop Press column of the last number, while the Rosemary Shield went to the Farmers by a six-minute margin, with our fourth and fifth men fast enough to give us the verdict if the need had arisen - quite like old times!

After many outstanding rides throughout the season surely Johnny Dutton's two punctures in the Bognor "25" when he had the event well within his grasp must rank as the most appalling luck ever. The same event saw Griff turn up with a 1. 1.38. - only 4 seconds outside club record - and his fastest yet, just to prove that he'd beaten the pile-up bogey. Arthur's comment on hearing the news was that he supposed the old badger won't be OUTSIDE the hour next season.

Den. Pummell, apart from a fighting ride in the N.C.U. Chailey circuit road race, which gained him a well-deserved second place, takes the Club B. A. R. this year, with an average 21.843 m.p.h. The other Dennis (the Menace) or Webby to you, gave him a good run for his money with 21.469 m.p.h., after a very determined "100" on the Medway course - you've got to hand it to Webby, he's certainly taken every advantage of his "home" posting to keep his cycling going.

Some of the "horrors" I was privileged to introduce last time are already making their mark in club and cycling affairs - "Mac" and "Kick" are showing great promise on the road, while the former, aided and abetted by Spindle, seems to have succumbed to some fatal attraction in the Lewes-Newhaven area. One thing I was very glad to see was the way in which the youngsters took on jobs at the A.G.M. I reckon we've the youngest committee on record - well, if the old 'uns don't like it they can come along at the next A.G.M. and say so - it'll be the first one some of them have attended for a long time. Especial congratulations to Roy Siggs on taking office as Club Secretary; if all you other bods pull your weight it isn't half as bad a job as some people seem to think.

Well, now for news of the far-flung battle line - with the cessation (permanent, we hope) of hostilities in Korea. Cedric, who went out looking for a bit of excitement, seems to have arrived just in time to catch a load of "bull" and sounds a bit brassed off. Chief occupation according to his letters seems to be digging whacking great holes - what for we just CAN'T guess! Anyway, from some snaps we've seen he looks pretty fit.

Arthur has been for a trade test - what do they have chippies for in the R.A.F.? - but his major occupation seems to be attending top-level conferences at expensive hotels with the avowed purpose of furthering the cause of cycling, all expenses paid by a grateful country. He sends the Best of British Luck to One and All, coupled with an old R.A.F. motto which as far as my Latin goes, seems to have something to do with being fireproof.

Johnny Pearce, at Tidworth, and Pat Turner, at Bicester, must be well dug in (probably dodging the column!) as we don't hear much from them, though we did encounter the former out on his bike not so long ago. Tony Shrapnel, still at Duxford, is now working on aircraft radio, but expects to move to Northumberland in January. Brrrr! He's hoping to get home for the Christmas Eve spree, which the girls are hoping to hold at a different venue this year - more of that anon.

Lofty dropped in at the Club-room a week or two back - after serving his basic in cap and boots (oh yes, and a suit of denims) he now has his uniform and would do credit to the Brigade of Guards. Glad to hear he's posted to a local station - Wartling - but indeed sorry to hear the reason. We all wish his mother a speedy return to health.

Ray Barnes, having completed a spell in charge of some "gees" at Bolney, is having a spot of leave and then doing his 15 days' reserve training at Wartling before taking up a new appointment at a National Stud Farm in Dorset.

After (Sir) Don Thompsett's horrific stories of the privations of Army life we expected to see him wasted away to a shadow when at last he did turn up. Actually, he's put on 2 stone - reckon that his forthcoming trip to Malaya with the Queen's will take it off again - ask Geoff or the Prof!

To introduce a domestic note - a large bunch (I nearly said 'mob') of the boys and girls turned up to render traditional honours at Eric Kent's wedding. Roy's new H. P. wheel proved a bit much for Phyl to hold aloft for half-an-hour and Margaret was well and truly crowned, while the padre eyed the scruffs trooping into church with some misgiving, but everything went well and the happy pair had an uproarious send-off on the Heathfield Flyer after being liberally showered with confetti and locked into a well-placarded compartment. Serve 'em right, they brought it on themselves!

And to finish - the top of the season to everyone, especially the chaps who are away, if any of you get home unexpectedly don't

hesitate to turn up at the Xmas Eve "do" - and we sincerely hope it's the last Xmas away from home for all of you and so, on to 1954 and the New Year!

THE PROF.

-----+-----
 +
 + DISCONNECTED J O T T I N G S +
 +

We understand that the recent discovery that the Piltown Skull was an elaborate fake follows close on a visit to the Science Museum by that distinguished archaeologist, Professor K. Griffiths.

We always thought Reggie Trott had a roving eye, it now seems that he exercises a fatal fascination for the fair sex - otherwise how does he manage to get TWO at once?

It seems that the traditional methods of seeking an introduction to a maiden no longer hold sway with the Uckfield boys. Instead of gracefully returning a dropped handkerchief Mick Bignell knocks the wenches flat with his bike!

The action of the Tunbridge Wells Road Club in waiving their right to elect the 1954 President when their nominee was unable to accept is to be commended. Such an honour should not be conferred lightly, and it is to be hoped that it will be possible for them to exercise this privilege next year.

Why not shake off some of that social season sloth by coming to the Uckfield club dance at Heathfield's State Hall on January 9th?

Having seen the Great White Chief's noble brow and conk liberally adorned with sticking plaster, we are prompted to ask "How did the other fellow get on?"

We are all sorry to hear of Johnny Coomber's accident and wish him a speedy recovery. Some of the boys have been visiting him in hospital (with an eye on the nurses and the chance of a buckshee bunch of grapes) and no doubt this is enough to put anyone back six weeks - seriously, John, we all hope the accident will have no permanent ill-effects.

A STRANGE AFFAIR AT THE GOLDEN LION

One evening not long ago I entered a bar where a gathering of Club Folk were discussing ghosts. I got a drink and had hardly settled myself before the fire when someone addressed me.

"You've knocked about a good deal - have you ever seen a ghost?"

"Well", I said, "I'm not really sure, but if you care to hear the yarn you can judge for yourselves".

A late October evening in the early 20's found me plugging across a flat open stretch of heathland, on my way from London to the South Coast for a week-end. The weather had looked anything but promising when I left Town at dusk, and before I was well clear of the outer suburbs it started to rain, and I had to cape up. It was not very heavy, but one of those thick drizzles which, driven by a strong head wind, penetrates every crevice, blows up under one's cape, making one thoroughly damp and clammy. The low, stunted, scattered trees and scrubby furze, which covered the exposed heath across which I was travelling when the story begins, gave no protection from wind or rain. Few if any repairs had been made to the road during or since the war, so the surface was full of potholes and I had but an oil lamp to light my way.

Such were the conditions at the end of three hours' hard riding, so you may be sure shelter for the night and good were foremost in my thoughts. The road seemed quite deserted, when suddenly I was aware of something approaching, and I edged off to the near side to give it ample room. As it passed, I had a fleeting glimpse of an old-fashioned vehicle drawn by a pair of horses, and travelling at a fair speed. So quickly did it pass, and so unpleasant were the conditions, that the incident did not impress me much at the time. I battled on, fully determined to stop at the first likely looking place for refreshment and if possible, a bed. A short distance further on I ran down a steepish hill, at the bottom of which were the lights of what was certainly an inn, glowing a warm welcome through red curtained windows.

Twenty minutes later, changed into dry socks and slacks, I was seated in front of a fine fire in the low beamed parlour, a splendid mean and a tankard of ale before me. As I ate, the details of the evening's journey passed through my mind. In due course I considered the coach, for such it certainly was, which

A Strange Affair at the Golden Lion (Continued).

had passed me on the heathland. Thinking over the incident, two or three things struck me as queer; the age of the vehicle, it was of a type long since disappeared from use; the suddenness of its appearance; queerest of all, a fact of which I was now sure, but had not struck me at the time, it made no noise.

At this point a young lady, whom I judged to be the daughter of the house, entered to clear the table. I ventured to mention what I had seen to her. She seemed taken aback for a moment, but quietly recovered herself. She said I must be mistaken, it must surely have been the baker, who still did his round with a horse-drawn cart, and was often late returning home. However, I was certain what I had seen was no baker's cart, but did not pursue the matter further then.

The food, the fire, and my hard ride, combined to make me drowsy, and it was not long before I sought my bed, but not before making up my mind to continue enquiries about my strange experience in the morning. I had not been long in bed when I was in a deep sleep.

From this I woke suddenly, convinced that I had been wakened by a violent shaking, I could still feel the hand upon my shoulder. It was quite dark. I could see nothing in the room, and only very faintly see the slightly lighter patch which denoted the window. I could hear nothing - the silence was as complete as one could imagine it. Yet I felt sure someone was in the room and close to me. I lay quite still in a sweat of fear. Nothing happened. I ventured to stretch out my hand to where I knew the matches lay on the side table. My hand closed on them; still nothing happened, no movement but my own. I struck a match, lit the candle. The room was empty. Yet I still had a strong feeling someone was in the room, and was convinced I had been shaken into wakefulness. By now I was really full awake and alert; though I could hear nothing, see nothing, I could certainly smell something.

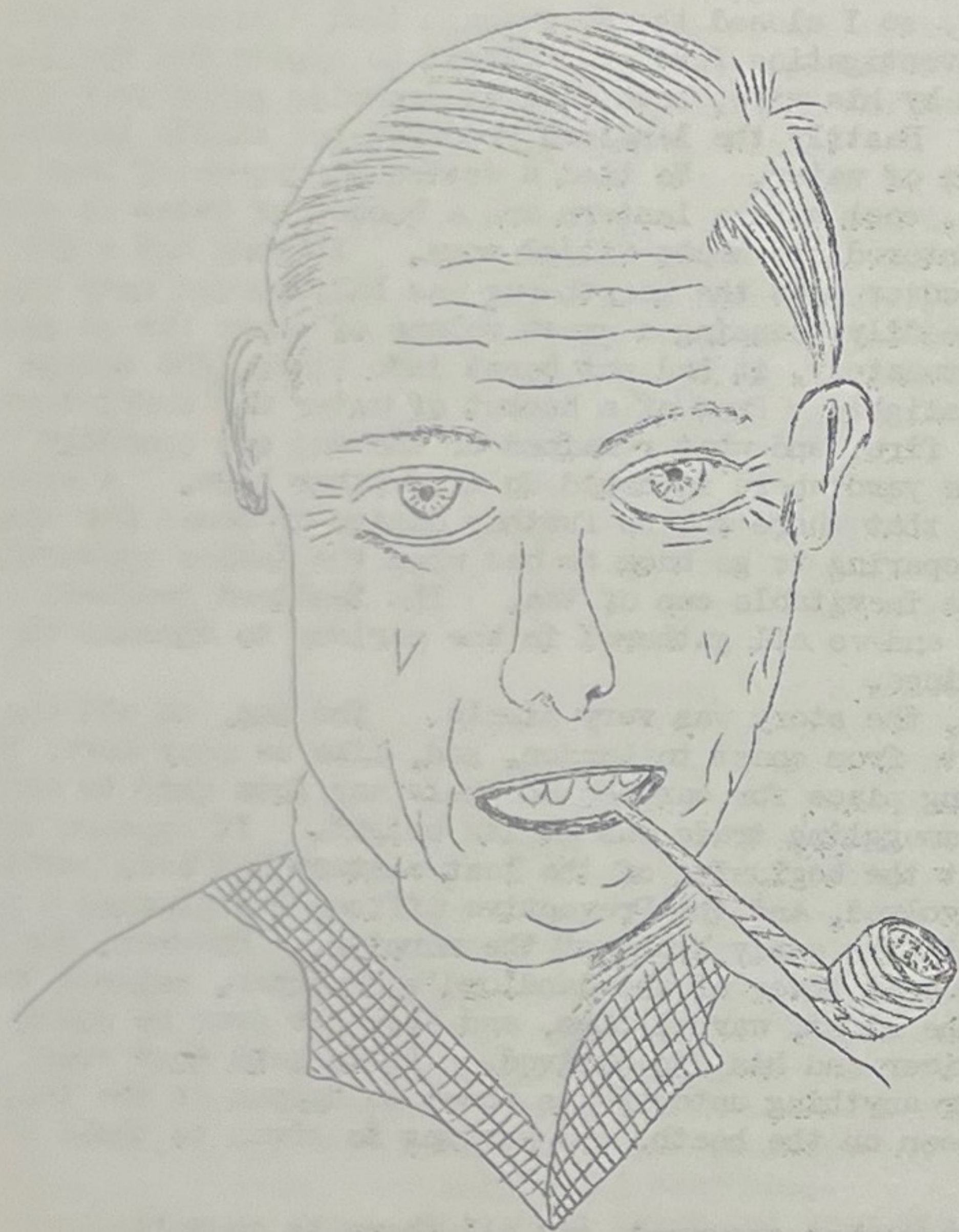
I leapt out of bed, pulled on shirt and trousers as quickly as possible, thrust my feet into my shoes, took up the candle and made for the door. Directly I opened it I knew I was not mistaken. The pungent smell of burning came stronger than ever to my nostrils. Along the landing and down the stairs I went, knocking at several doors as I passed and calling "FIRE!". At the bottom of the stairs, even in the faint light of the bedroom candle, there was no mistaking the seat of the trouble. A thin wisp of smoke came from under a

door on my right. I opened it. There was no sign of flame, but it was evident the room was full of smoke although it did not belch out in thick clouds. I could hear that my calling had aroused others, so I closed the door again that I might get assistance before investigating further. First to appear was the landlord, followed by his wife, both clad in dressing gowns over their night attire. Hastily the landlord procured two stable lanterns, and two buckets of water. We tied a wetted handkerchief over our mouth and nose, each with a lantern and a bucket of water we opened the door and entered the smoke-filled room. It took but a few moments to discover that the hearth-rug was half burned away and smouldering steadily, causing a great volume of smoke for so small a thing. Fortunately, it had not burst into flame, nor caught anything else alight. Part of a bucket of water was sufficient to extinguish the fire, and what remained of the rug was speedily thrown into the yard where it could do no further harm. A close search assured that there was no further damage or cause for alarm, and we were preparing to go back to bed when the ladies appeared, to announce the inevitable cup of tea. The landlord produced a bottle of rum, and we all gathered in the parlour to discuss the night's happenings.

When told, the story was very simple. The inn, an old one on the direct route from coast to London, had, like so many more, been used as a hiding place for cargoes on their way from ship to merchant, when the smuggling trade was at its height. It appears that the landlord at the beginning of the last century had been particularly deeply involved, and the Preventive Officer had planned a raid to take place in the early hours of the morning. However, one of his men, the secret lover of the landlord's daughter, entered the house during the night, warned them, and they got away by coach before the Officer and his men arrived. It is said that ever since, whenever anything untoward is about to happen at the inn, the coach is seen on the heath, and warning is given to those at the inn.

That is just what occurred, and all there is to tell. Now it is my turn to ask a question.

Have I seen a ghost?



GENERAL
SEC.

Heath CC

Now we know why Geoff Boxall rides on the front of the tandem.
Last seen taking a blonde home on the rear seat, while his stoker
walked it !

FOR SALE

Pair 27" alloy sprints, w.f. Hardens, D.S. rear, 90s. o.n.o.
Simplex 5 x 3/32" less block (one season) cheap. Other bargains to
clear - G. Boxall, The Bays, Broyle Lane, Ringmer.

Pair 26" wood sprints, D.S. rear, 2 No. 5's, 1 No. 3 (old pattern)
cheap to clear - space wanted. Offers ? Long, c/o 20 Framfield
Road, Uckfield.

Wooden smoothing plane, little used. Offers ? Bignell,
4, Ebenezer Cotts., Framfield.

23" Elswick Avenger, 73° x 71°, 41" W.B. All-chrome forks, peacock
blue, Williams chainset, Webb pedals, 26" x 1 1/4" steel H.P. rim on
B.W. hubs. H.P. front, new Speed cover on rear, B.17 steel Baileys
on hand-made stem. G.B. brakes, Bluemels guards & pump, Brooks
saddlebag. £11. P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.
Phone Edenbridge 2393.

WANTED

First-Aid Kit - in exchange for Bath Chair and Crown. Humphrey,
Clyde Cottage, Heathfield. Wanted, Cheap. 18" or 19"
Frame, for small son. Editor.

LOST

Gent's fur cap or Lug'ole Warmer - Finder please return to Bignell,
4, Ebenezer Cotts., Framfield.

HE'S A "POPA" (A STARTLING NEWS FLASH !)

This is a tale of woe ! A tale of shame ! A tale of, - well !
It's a damned bad show !

During all the years since the "ALBION" was first founded, we
have never had such a "SHOCKER" as this !!

It was first noticed some six months ago. A number of us were
waiting for a meeting of the West Kent Cycle Racing League to commence.
There was a most unusual noise: - A "whirling, spluttering" sound.
It ceased, suddenly, right outside. Some ten minutes later when the
last of the delegates arrived, (as it was the last delegate it was of
course Jack Rogers), we asked him if he had seen anything queer out-
side. He said he had noticed nothing !

Shortly before the meeting was to conclude, Jack excused himself

to attend another meeting.

Shortly after, we heard this same weird noise, this time in the distance, very faintly. Many times since, a similar noise has been heard, and always when a cycling meeting was taking place, and always after dark!

At last, I saw it! I could hardly believe my own two eyes. A once proud tandem, now "clobbered" up with a ruddy "pop-pop" engine. Mounted on this ghastly affair, was, - Yes! "Rogers" !! He was gone before I could speak, but it was him without a doubt. To say that I was shaken is a gross understatement. Our Gen. Sec., yes, our Track Sec. as well, riding a "poppa"!

Since that foul day, when first this sad sight was seen we have discussed tossing this unspeakable person out of the club, BUT no one else seemed to fancy being Gen. or Track Sec., and no-one else would promote our Track Meeting and scrounge so many adverts and oddments that keep the costs down. Indeed, who would complete our Team Pursuit team? Jack's ridden in our pursuit team since 1937 and was right up the front at the finish this year, when our team won the East Sussex Championship.

Now we have got over this first frightful shock, we have decided that if we have got to put up with this abomination we are going to make use of it! So if any of you "bods" see a "stink machine" with a string of cyclists tucked in behind it, you'll know that the Albion's 1954 Pursuit Team is in training. However, if I know much about it, the Blasted Tandem will be tucked in behind the string of cyclists! It has further been decided to use this same "stinking poppa" to remove "bonked-up" members from club runs.

Thus you will see that we have found some use for this --- "THING" --- BUT! what an awful thing to happen to any club! Ye gods, ain't it shocking!

M. E.

Dear Fellow Members,

I can assure you it is with great regret that I learn of the resignation of our Chairman, Mr. Ted Godden. In him we are losing one who has served the Association in this capacity from its commencement, and has served it well. Those of us who have attended the many meetings over which he has presided know how well and ably he has done so. I feel we all owe him a great debt of gratitude for the manner in which he has guided us to success. I am sure you will all wish to join with me in thanking him for his splendid work.

I am deeply moved to know that you think me worthy & capable of carrying on in his place. I am aware that the task before me is no easy one, for the standard he has set is going to be difficult to maintain, and hardly possible to better. I can only say that I will serve you to the best of my ability so long as you wish me to do so, and I only hope I may prove the confidence you have placed in me.

May I take this opportunity of saying, if I fail, it will be entirely my own fault, for I have working with me a team of well-tried officers and officials who I know will give me full co-operation and the benefit of their experience; no man can ask more.

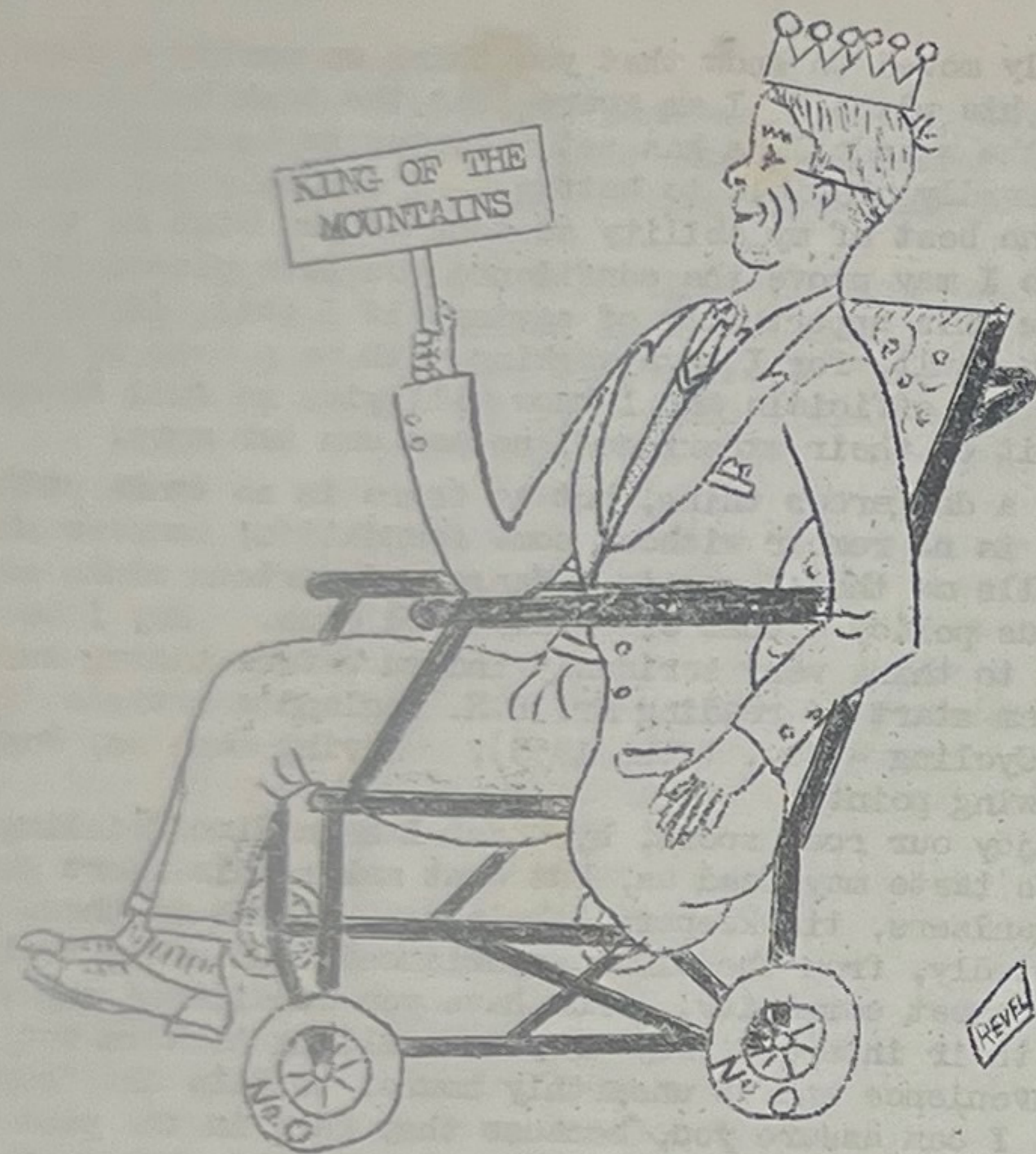
Rumour is a dangerous thing, but as there is no smoke without fire, so there is no rumour without some foundation, however small.

Rumour tells me that there is a danger of certain clubs adopting a very dangerous policy - that of purely Road Club. May I be allowed to advise them to think very seriously indeed before taking such a step. Let them start by reading Mr. H.H. England's article 'Revive Club Riding' (Cycling - Nov. 19th, 1953). Having done so, consider also the following points.

We all enjoy our road sport, by which I mean Time Trialing or Massed-Start as taste may lead us, but what makes this sport possible? Surely the organisers, timekeepers & helpers. Where do these come from? Undoubtedly, from the older experienced, and often 'retired' members of our great community. But have you considered why they have retained their interest, why they are willing to turn out, often at great inconvenience and at unearthly hours, to help the "boys and girls"? Only, I can assure you, because they have in the past enjoyed cycling, apart from racing. Enjoyed the rours, the club runs, club teas, dinners, and other social "get togethers". Unless you give them these facilities you are going to find that as soon as their racing days are over your members are going to lose interest, and very soon you will be faced with the problem of trying to cater for your racing men with no pool of helpers to call upon.

You will lose too, the interest of your older members, who not only help in person but are willing to substantially assist the financial angle, which is so necessary if you are to carry on.

So many of our most promising time-trialists are taken to serve in the Forces just when they are coming to the "top". We do all we can to retain their interest while away, but I can assure you that if that interest is purely racing, only a small proportion will rejoin our ranks when they are free to do so. We must, therefore, offer them much more both before and after their service, if we are to attract a goodly proportion of these boys back, to retain a lasting interest in the game.



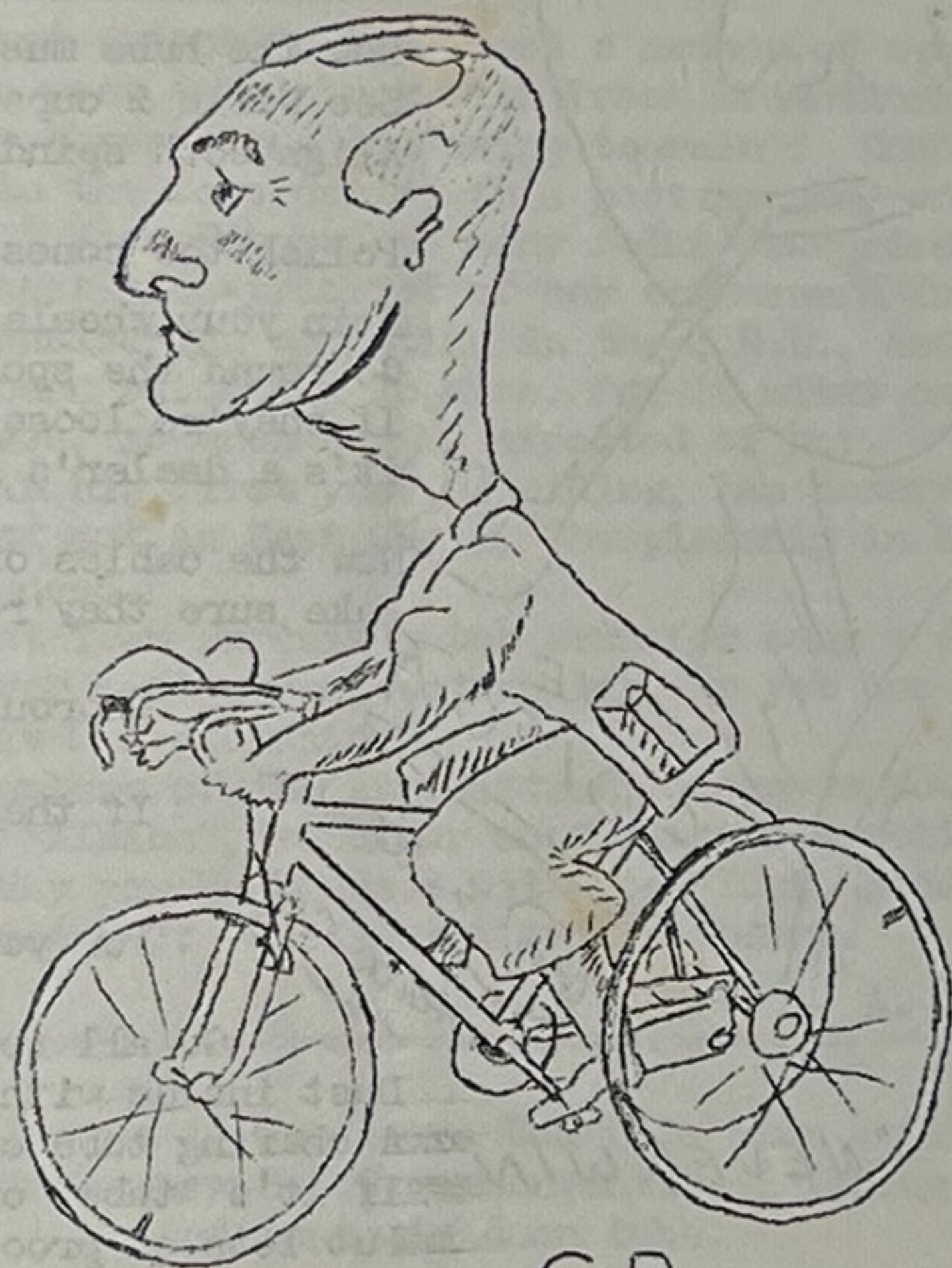
H.R.H. - GUESS WHO!

A MERRY XMAS
NEVERWIN!

Here is a last warning: consider well before you make drastic changes of old and well-tried methods. Think of the great National bodies, such as the C.T.C., Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, the newly formed bodies, Fellowship of Kent & Sussex Cyclists, Fellowship of North London Cyclists, and others. These men are joined in their more mature years by the love of cycling for cycling's sake, for the sake of club life; almost all are past racing men. But it is the club life and memories, touring memories, which hold them together and retain their interest, and willingness to help the youngsters.

Here's luck, & happy, trouble-free cycling to you all,

Maurice



GB

SOUND SAVVY

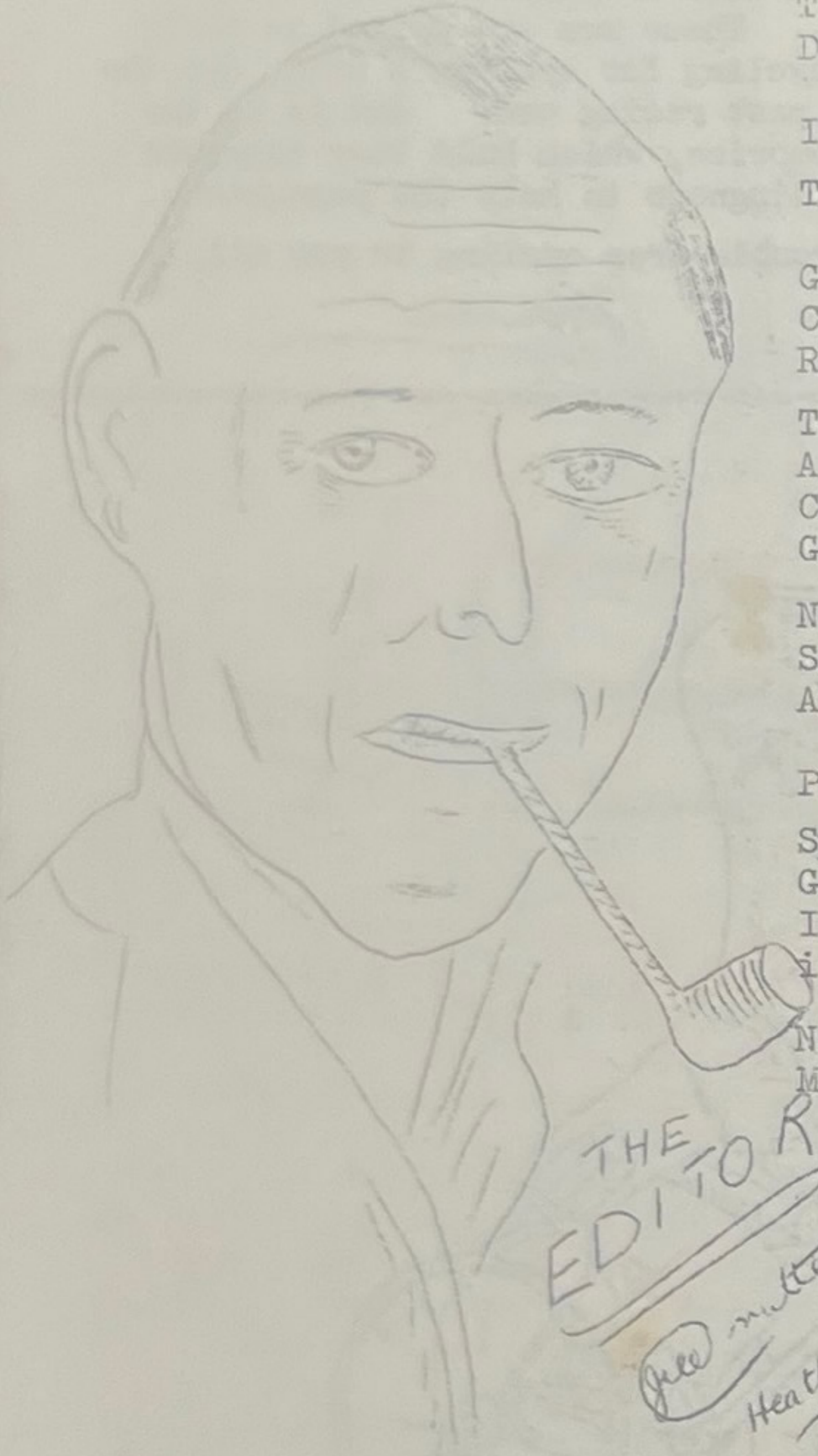
Now the Season's surely ended,
T'is the time to get things mended,
Don't leave your 'iron' till
brighter days,
It wants a check up, it always pays.
Take out the forks and clean the
bearing,
Grease the column, both in and out,
Check all races for signs of wearing,
Replace them if at all in doubt.

Take out the bracket, wipe it clean,
A tiny fracture is not clearly seen.
Check cups and axle for any pitting,
Get new cotters, file for fitting.

Now the hubs must both have checks,
See balls & cups have no specks,
Align both spindles in case they're
bent,
Polish the cones and look for dents.
Spin your wheels, to see if true,
Go round the spokes, test for tension,
If they're loose, just let mention,
it's a dealer's job, not for you.

Now the cables of both your brakes,
Make sure they're sound for all our
sakes,
Thoroughly grease to keep
out rust,
If they're fraying they'll
only bust.

For your tyres, a few more
hints,
Go all round, pick out flints,
Dust inside with french chalk,
A chafing tube can cause a walk,
If it's "tubs" on which you ride,
Put lots of proofing in the side.



THE
EDITOR

Free Mullenden
Heath C.C.

ALIAS "NEVER WIN"

SOUND SAVVY (Continue)

Another thing I should have
mentioned,
Is your saddle correctly
tensioned?
Now your chain - it needs a bath.
It is a fact - please don't
laugh.

Laid in a tin of nice thin oil,
Will save you lots of endless
toil.

When its clean, hang up to drain,
Then go and put it on again.

Your pedals take terrific strains,
A look at these is worth the pains.
If you're a bloke wot uses gears,
Let it be and save your tears;
I'm not prepared to take the blame
if you can't fix it up again.

"NEVERWIN"

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS ALBION C.C.

During the past season we have lost a number of members to the Forces, and had the most awful luck with Track Promotions. Four Meetings arranged - three cancelled owing to rain! However, two members have come to the fore during this past season, and both should improve even more. Jean Farnes, to many folks' surprise, has proved herself to be the best time-trialist of her sex around Tunbridge Wells. Next year she is considering competing in the S.R.L., and also E.S.C.A. events. She has been returning 28 mins. for 10 miles on both of our "not so easy" courses, so much can be expected of her.

Ian Ingram, in his first year of riding, has deservedly become Albion B. A. R., and put an East Sussex Championship in his bag: a very fine effort indeed.

After the best Team Pursuit match seen for many a day, our boys gained a victory over Eastbourne, to retain, for yet one more year, the E.S.C.A. Pursuit Championship.

To all the members of the Association, wherever you may be, we, the members of the "Albion", send our most sincere greetings for this festive season. May you be blessed with good luck, good wine, good women, and, good riding!! Until next time - Cheers.

A. J. R.

Something I want to see :- A bod ride over a pavement on one of those new S.B.U. unconventional Viking bikes and dent his down tube.

Although these notes are being written in the height (or depths?) of the social season, they take in the last weeks of the racing season, which the Warriors finished with plenty of honest endeavour, if not with a blaze of glory!

In the E.S.C.A. 50 only one member faced the starter and the elements. After a few miles he caught and dropped a greyhound wearing an Uckfield vest; but attributing the hallucination to a touch of the "Bonk" he pressed on, only to pack, after a drenching out Uckfield way.

In the E.S.C.A. 25 Ken Miller and Roy Bicknell improved to 1.8 in their second encounter with G.52; while D. Neeves with a 1.6 occupied his highest position yet, in Association events.

However, these times "pale" beside those "done" in the club-room on Monday nights. One rider has unwisely prophesied that he will win all next season's Club events!

The Racing Secy. has written down all these statements and intends to produce them on the appropriate Sundays next year.

Autumn Club runs have been poorly supported, with the all day run consisting of just the Captain, but the last two weeks have seen several members out to tea, which is at least a hopeful sign.

The annual run to the Catford C.C. Hill-Climb was enjoyed by all concerned, except the aforementioned Captain; after weeks of practicing UP - UP - UP, he only got as far as Lamberhurst, where a broken rear drop-out caused him to measure his length in the road, and to return home by (whisper it not at Magham) Maidstone & District omnibus!

The Wednesday night run has of course transferred its H.Q. to the Oak at Whatlington, where, aided by the H. & St. L. C. & A.C. wallahs, beer and cider are consumed in large quantities.

Here, a certain B.A.R. smokes his smog machine, tense games of shove-ha'penny are played, and Neeves and Kenward fight a no quarter battle on the dart-board. The homeward journey is great fun with those who have drunk the most beer suffering the most, when the pace warms up on Ebdens Hill.

All this is excellent training for the club Dinners to come, including our own. It will probably be held in February, though the exact date is not yet fixed. At the moment the Social Committee is hard at work on a Social and Dance to be held in early December, with another to come in January.

This will unmask the members whose wardrobe consists of Plus

Fours, track shorts, continental sweater and cycling shoes.

One energetic member rode up to the Earls Court show, and said that the hardest part was walking round the Show; actually my spies report that he spent most of the time on the Hercules stand: (a) trying for a date with Eileen Sheridan! (b) a Professional contract. He did not get either, in spite of his Brylcreamed hair and impressive record, including two inside 27-min. "10's" and a fourth handicap in an E.S.C.A. "25".

New members continue to come in; unfortunately, those members who go in the Forces often do not come back, so the club does not gain in strength; only one ex-Service member has so far returned to cycling.

We hope our friends at Uckfield will have better luck with their large squad of National Service men.

Latest Warrior to go is Colin Martin, who showed great promise in 1950. "Demobbed" some months ago, he has married and taken a job in Nigeria.

R.A.F. man Brian Moore has found some rideable roads in Holland, and is once more getting the miles in. He has now fully recovered from a recent coach trip, on which Schnapps and Rhine wine proved too much for even the stoutest Briton!

Brian's young brother Terry is the club's latest recruit, so we should see some rare battles on the road in a year or two.

At the recent A.G.M., committee member Frank Rix concluded a successful and popular year as E.S.C.A. President. His offer of a Trophy for the Ladies B. A. R. competition received a big hand from the ladies present.

And so with five minutes to the last collection, it is "Cheerio" from the Warriors.

A Merry Christmas to all readers of "Bonk" and plenty of happy miles in 1954.

WARRIOR.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C. & A.C.

Dear Readers,

By the time this contribution reaches you, most clubs will be thinking about that high spot of the Social Season, the Annual Dinner or Luncheon. These annual "get togethers" of members and friends provide the climax of another eventful year's touring, racing, and club activities generally and it is with this in mind

that I will try to highlight some of the interesting functions which form part of the social life of a club in this remotest part of East Sussex.

First there is the Grand Wittersham Scramble, when the three-wheeled members of the club venture into the uncharted regions of that other emerald isle known as Oxney, there to indulge in the mystic rites known only to their brotherhood. Seeking a little information into this ancient gathering from the local reference library, we find that the magic password is STOUTANMILD, and that this function most certainly dates back to the days of Magna Carta. Page 31 of an interesting booklet by Friar Winch informs us that an unfortunate happening occurred during the great meet of 1382, when Sir Arthur Fitz Coleman entangled his beard in the armour of Sir Percy de Bliss, and could only be released after the blacksmith had been summoned from a neighbouring village.

Passing on to more modern times we come to the Club's Annual Dinner and Dance, to be held next year on January 30th at the Regent Hotel. At this function anything can and probably will happen, but don't be frightened, I have on good authority from no less a person than the Treasurer himself, that he will not be collecting overdue subscriptions on this evening, in which case I shall be there myself. We sincerely hope that as many of our East Sussex friends as possible will join us on this evening. We promise you a good time.

On the Sunday preceding Christmas day we shall once again be holding our Christmas Party at the Royal Oak, Whatlington. This is a very popular event, enjoyed by all at our country headquarters, and whatever the weather a large number attend, so members contact Colin Sinden and get your tickets at once.

And now for a brief resumé of the year's activities.

East Sussex Events. Most notable success in these has been Gordon King's astounding successes, which have gained him the Association B. A. R. Congratulations, Gordon, and keep up the good work.

Kent C.A. Here again, we see many successes chalked up against Gordon. But a glance at Longmarkers' results shows that many of our younger members will be shortmarkers before very long.

Well it only remains now to wish all other Clubs a Merry Christmas, and a very prosperous & successful New Year from the Hastings & St. Leonards C. & A.C.

W. B.

At the time of going to Press, the boys are just about getting over the Club Dinner. This was the fourth annual held at the High Rocks Hotel, on November 14th. A record number attended and we certainly made a bean-feast of it. Unfortunately, neither Percy or Roy could make it, but we entertained members of the Tunbridge Wells Albion and Southborough Wheelers as well as many other friends of the Club. Dancing and games followed the speeches and prize presentation, when Sprockett was given a cigarette lighter from the club in appreciation of his work for the club. Happily, Don and Ray did not feel musically inclined, so we were spared their piano duet (with the lid down, of course!) I think we must be the first to charter a double-decker 'bus to the Rocks - only the sober ones got upstairs coming home.

The social season is in full swing now; we have exchanged visits with the Southborough Wheelers on Club nights and also attended their Rabbit Pie Supper, when an enjoyable time was had by all. We also have dates for two more special social evenings at the Club room before Christmas.

I am happy to report that we have some game youngsters whom we hope will do well on track and road next year, namely, Tony, Clive, Ron and Mazey. With Dave now a "free" man to lead them and the other old stagers, we look to be well set up for our fifth year. Reg has been invalided out of the Air Force and Alex is home from the Army. Ron Mugridge is due for demob. next May and is counting the weeks, I hear.

The racing season finished with the Hill-Climb on October 11th, with Sprockett tearing them up. I must also put on record that he hasn't fallen off this year - how does he do it?

Christmas will soon be here, so here's wishing you all lots of seasonal spirit and good cheer.

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EAST GRINSTEAD CYCLING CLUB.

"And still the speeds go up!" That's the cry that has seemed to echo through the Club during the past Season. Records have tumbled at 10 and 25 miles and the 50 and 100 have had some close shaves. Rider of the Year has been Pete Brooker who has the Club B. A. R. and 25 mile championship and is record holder at 10 and 25 miles.

Since the last "BONK" it seems that some of us have been racing every week up to the end of the Season. (Keeness is a terrible

thing). One race that stands out for special mention was the Inter-Club 25 with the Southern Wheelers (Crawley) on the G.9. We were beaten though by a much smaller margin than many expected but it produced the best Crowsley v. Brooker duel to date, with Crow out to regain his championship which he was unable to defend because of the Preston Park episode, and Pete out to add the 25 championship to his B. A. R. lead - competition became really intense. The outcome was a new 25 record, Pete recording 1. 3.15., just 5 secs. ahead of Crow., both riders doing their proverbial "nuts".

I have only to mention the words "hill-climb" and certain Club members seem to suffer from rapidly swelling craniums - still, be that as it may, I will continue. The first "agony column" was the dreaded "Catford" do, for which we entered 6 victims. Johnny Coomber was fastest with 2.21 1/5, and 21st place, followed by "Mighty Man" Robinson with 2.22. Third man of the team was Peter Crowsley 2.28 2/5 in 35th position, followed by Gordon Leaney 2.35 1/5 at his first attempt, Pete Brooker 2.38 with "Doggie Wheel" (explanation later) and Ray Lunn 2.43 4/5. All this resulted in the first 4 riders getting certificates (they ought to be certified for riding in an event like that anyway), and the taking of the third team prize, which I consider is no mean achievement.

Incidentally we were watched throughout by a gang of notorious East Sussex characters, Messrs. Dutson, King and "Ace-climber" Humphrey, to name a few. The following week we finished the racing season in a blaze of glory, i.e., the Association Hill-Climb at Willingford Lane. As already recounted in the cycling Press, we really made a clean sweep of things, by taking the first four, six and tenth places and the first TWO teams. Messrs. Coomber and Robinson tied for premier position with 1.49 1/5. Peter Crowsley again was the "Third Man" (what, no Zither?). Pete Brooker tied with Ingman of the Albion 1.54 1/5, while 1/5 sec. behind came that man Leaney again. Ray recorded 2. 2 4/5. Quite successful, I think.

Unfortunately, this year seems to have been unusual in the number of accidents that have come the way of our club. Latest victim is Johnny Coomber who received a broken leg whilst playing football on November 6th. From the gen I received it is going to be a rather longer job than usual to recuperate, and may affect his future cycling ambitions. However, we all sincerely hope that the reports are unfounded, and we will once again see the "Gaudy Gillott", with Johnny on it, in the not too distant future.

Now the social season is upon us it seems that life is more a rush than the racing season. The Cycle Show has been visited, which means that there has been a great influx of cycle catalogues into

East Grinstead Cycling Club (Continued)

the East Grinstead area. Pete Brooker had great fun trying to find the loudest Vic-Tree bell, and also had a go at "Wreck-the-Osgear", a great attraction on the Constrictor Stand. The same gentleman also led the Club on an unofficial tour of London after "Pathfinder" Crowsley left early with the only map.

The Albert Hall do was next on the list and this was reached by coach (well, it's been a hard racing season). Fred Marshall couldn't come, so we were one of the relatively silent Clubs.

Our delegates attended the Association A.G.M. at Ashburnham, complete with bedding and rations for four days, but "Nodder" kept his speeches relatively short, so we were able to get to work again on Monday morning. By the way, couldn't they find a more "get-at-able" place than Ashburnham? - Hailsham is my own suggestion.

Now the news of our boys in H.M.F. Eric Gibbs is at Bristol and doing fine. Lu Roberts is helping to run the R.A.F. at Tangmere and gets home fairly regularly, and Reg. Meeks is still residing in Sunny Egypt. (I wish I was with him sometimes). Micky Robinson, who I said was going in, in the last "Bonk", was turned down at his medical. There will now be a public enquiry to find out if he was born or hatched!

Prediction is a very risky thing, but I am going to stick my neck out and say that we've got a bod who should do well in the racing sphere next season - he is a 14 year old six-footer by the name of Giles Job. His first race was our last Club 10, when he recorded 27.34 over bumpy G.5 course, only a 1 1/2 minutes outside the old Course record, and walked away with the handicap.

Xmas Day is the traditional opening of the Training season in our Club, and we always have a very well attended Club run on the morning all round the lanes to "elevenses" at Curds Tea Rooms, Godstone. Last time Micky Robinson burnt his hand through being over-eager to eat a mince-pie - it was riotously funny, except for Micky. I wonder what will happen this time?. Another interesting side of Xmas Day is that some racing men get up and say "To-day is the start of the racing season - this season I will give up smoking, keep early nights, do weight training every morning, and stop earing or drinking anything that won't improve my time, etc., &c." They go for a potter on Xmas morning, and all's well - then comes Xmas dinner at which they ear much too much, drink more than is good for them, smoke umpteen cigars and go to bed about midnight. And when they wake up on Boxing Day morning (or afternoon!) the last thing they think about is weight

training. Funny how those New Season resolutions vanish, but does it really affect their times in the next 25 ?

Well, that's about all the gen for now. By the time this issue comes out the Association dinner will be over (we're all starving up for it !) and the bigger Xmas do will be upon us. I expect we will be around to some of your Club dinners, and we hope you will come to ours, which will be at the "Rainbow Ball-room" in the Whitehall, East Grinstead, on January 23rd.

STOP PRESS

IT IS WITH REGRET THAT WE LEARN OF R. COOMBER'S LEG INJURY DURING A GAME OF FOOTER. WE ALL WISH HIM A HURRIED RECOVERY AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

IT HAS BEEN WHISPERED THAT OUR PRESS SECRETARY, ERIC KENT, IS GETTING SPLICED. BEST WISHES, ERIC - YOU'LL NEED 'EM.

EAST GRINSTEAD OFFICIALS FOR THE COMING YEAR :-

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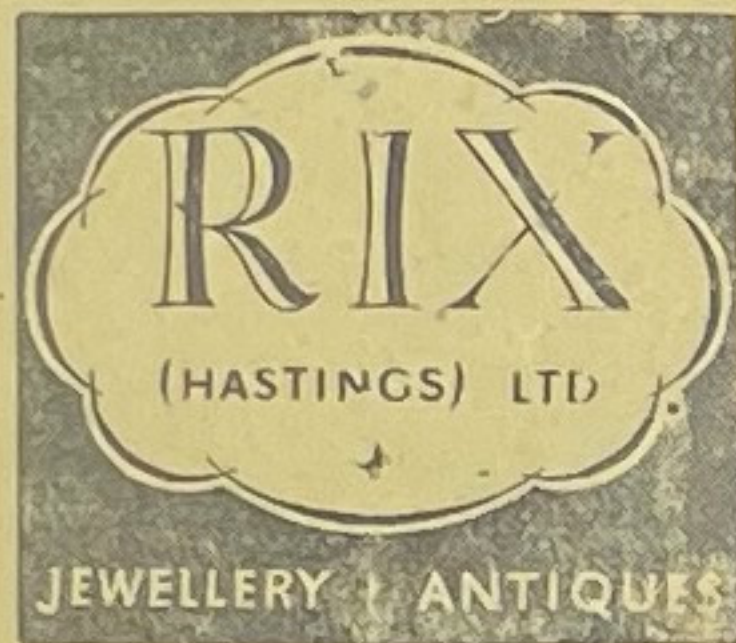
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