

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



6^d.

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NEW SERIES - No. 8.

XMAS 1954

A FINAL WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

YES ! I am afraid it is my final bit of chat as the editor of your magazine, as, owing to my commitments to my own Club, and other activities with which I am connected, I find it very difficult to give my full attention to editing this now very popular book.

This is the eighth edition to come to you under my care, and it has been very pleasing to see it grow in pages and circulation at each issue. Thanks to the penmanship of your very able secretaries, I have not had to use the blue pencil once as a censor during the whole eight editions. Admittedly, I have cut some articles, owing to the large amount of material received, and late arrivals, but on the whole, the articles have been of a very high standard, and been the envy of several other cycling organisations in Sussex.

Of course, NEVERWIN and GRANFER will be leaving with me (as if you didn't know already), and I sincerely hope that "BONK" will continue to grow and expand under the guidance of the new Editor to be elected at the forthcoming A.G.M.

It now only remains for me to say CHEERIO ! to you all and thanks for your co-operation making this magazine possible, and to thank all those members who have written in to me expressing their sorrow at my leaving.

May I wish you all a Very Merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

R. H. Newman.

"Gen" from the Secretary

Here we are at the end of another year which from the Time Trial point of view has been very successful, with National and Local records at many distances being put up to a new high level. In East Sussex we have seen the hour beaten for the first time by two riders and a 12 hours ride in our own event in which evens was exceeded by over four miles. When this Association was formed on that Sunday in November 1946, I can safely say that none of those people present at that memorable meeting ever dreamed that by 1954 the E.S.C.A. events would be producing the times that we are seeing to-day. We can all look forward to 1955 with high hopes that a member of one of our affiliated clubs may finish in a high place in a National Championship.

The social season is now under way and quite a few of our member clubs will have had their Dinners and Prize Presentations by the time you read these notes (that is if you ever do). As has been the case during the past few years Tunbridge Wells Road Club have been the first club to hold their Annual Do. This year was no exception, and they had a capacity attendance at their usual venue at the High Rocks Hotel. Elsewhere in this edition will be found a list giving the dates of Club Dinners known at the time of going to Press.

Our own Annual Luncheon was again a very successful function with nearly 130 sitting down to lunch at the Regent Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea, under the chairmanship of that great Sussex cycling official Ted Jenner, our 1954 President. Despite the very bad weather, quite a large number attending the function cycled to the venue, including several of the visitors, who included Captain G. Saunders of the Cambrian Wheelers, and Paddy Boyd, the British International from the Birkenhead C.C.

Next season we shall again be promoting a full programme of racing and social events. On the road it is hoped to again run the Open Tandem 30 miles, and also an invitation has already been given to the South Eastern Section, Tricycle Association, to run a 50 mile event in conjunction with the proposed 50 in August. A New Year's Party is being held early in January, details of which will be circulated by the Social Secretary shortly. Offers of help or suggestions for the programme for this function, will be greatly appreciated.

In conclusion, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the officials and members of all clubs, also the officials of the Association, for all the assistance they have

"Gen" from the Secretary (continued)

given me during the past year, which has done a lot to lighten my task as Secretary.

As you are already aware, this is the last edition of "Bonk" that our Editor will be producing for us and I know that you all will agree that he has made a very fine job of making this publication so popular in East Sussex. To you, Ron, on behalf of all the members of the Association, please accept our most sincere thanks for all you have done on our behalf.

To you all, whether at home or in the Services, I say a "Merry Christmas", and let's endeavour to make 1955 a memorable year in the history of the E.S.C.A.

R.H.

P.S. Entries for the 1st event of 1955 close on Feb. 22nd next.

Association Event Records at 30.10.54.

<u>12 Miles Hardriders.</u>	D. Thompsett	Uckfield & District C.C. 34.36. 1953.
<u>25 Miles 72" Gear.</u>	G. King	Hastings & St. Leonards. 1. 5.52. 1953.
<u>25 Miles.</u>	J.R. Dutson	Uckfield & District C.C. 59. 9. 1954.
<u>30 Miles Tandem.</u>	A.W. Thorpe) C. Pearson)	Uckfield & District C.C. 1. 6. 5. 1952.
<u>50 Miles.</u>	G. King	Hastings & St. Leonards. 2. 6. 1. 1953.
<u>100 Miles.</u>	D.J. Marsh	Lewes Wanderers C.C. 4.30.39. 1953.
<u>12 Hours.</u>	D. Stokes	Eastbourne Rovers. 244.64 miles. 1954.
<u>Hill Climb.</u>	D. Patten.	Tunbridge Wells R.C. 1.41 2/5. 1954.

Dinner Dates

January 15th	Eastbourne Rovers Diamond Jubilee
" 22nd	East Grinstead C. & A.C. Dinner.
" 29th	Hastings & St. Leonards C. & A.C.
February 12th	S.C.A. Gala at Haywards Heath.
February 5th	Uckfield & Dist. C.C. Dinner at Maidens Head Hotel, Uckfield.

Association Team Records as at 30.10.54.

<u>12 Miles Handriders.</u>	Uckfield & District.	1.46.16.	1952.
<u>25 Miles 72" Gear.</u>	Hastings & St. Leonards.	3.22.55.	1952.
<u>25 Miles</u>	Uckfield & District.	3. 2.14.	1954.
<u>50 Miles</u>	Uckfield & District.	6.28.28.	1954.
<u>100 Miles</u>	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	14.11.24.	1953.
<u>12 Hours.</u>	Eastbourne Rovers	700.82 mls.	1954.
<u>Hill Climb</u>	East Grinstead C.C.	5 m. 25 s.	1952.
<u>30 Miles Tandem</u>	Uckfield & District.	2.14.17.	1954.

A Likely Story.

by "70.6"

PART THE FIRST

1. The Road Time Trials Council in 1953
Did hold a Meet of Headsmen for all the Tribes to see.
2. Provided divers jesters, some doubtless were supreme,
But most, as became obvious, were not what they did seem.
3. The Musick Master came and played. The Tribesmen did forbear.
And when his piece was o'er and done, he stroked his meagre hair.
4. This put a spark to raucous mirth, which willed the Marble Hall.
A din which flagged, but never died. Nay sirs, but not at all.
5. Throughout the mad cacophony the Players came and went.
The bad ones thought it was for more, the good ones left un-rent.
6. Many a deadly Paper Dart from out the noise did come.
Accompanied by sounds of Horn and Tabor, Fife and Drum.
7. "Toujours la Politesse" was wrote upon the noisome air,
But they were such a sprightly lot, the Tribesmen did not care.
8. When finally the Champions came no limits held the din.
The Tribesmen roared upon the stage their feelings from within.
9. And not too soon the Meet did end, the Tribesmen wanderered home,
And once again the saintly hush was heard beneath the dome.

A Likely Story (continued)

PART THE SECOND

1. Then we did see another year, the year of '54,
But now the Tribesmen all were quizzed and frizzed without
the door.
2. They could not enter in the Hall, such Tribesmen as did bear
An instrument, or even (gasp!) a fry-pan strung with hair.
3. The Councils' Ushers, stiffly clad in garb of sombre hues,
Shepherded all Innocents to their respective pews.
4. Twas silent, save for murmurs. The Ushers beamed with pride,
For nothing, nor a Penny Pipe, had any dared to hide.
5. The most respectful quietness that gave no hint of sin.
In sooth, was rudely shattered by a most colossal din.
6. Some Ushers stared, some fainted, but One, stumbling with rage,
Bore all his grand authority to a place behind the stage.
7. All through the gaping multitude he struggled on his way.
He cursed and swore and sweated blood, but still the row
held sway.
8. He found the Crass Offender. His question split the din.
"Kind Sir, " he bawled, "Whence came your leave to bring
that Organ in ?"

UCKFIELD AND DISTRICT C.C.

Righto, chaps, out of the caff, pull yourselves together and cast your minds back to the racing season - seems a long way off but there's plenty worth recalling. We managed to catch the Stop Press of the last issue with the result of the S.C.A. 25 - a further result was Webby finishing fifth in the County B.A.R., congratulations to our Laughing Boy on being one of the only two East Sussex riders among the 16 finishers. Next spot of excitement was the Rosemary 25, with John pulling out a superlative 59-13 in pouring rain to crack course record by nearly two-and-a-half minutes, Roy only a few seconds outside his best, and Griff in trampling form to take the trophy for the third time in five years. Webby was inside a "4" for the first time, just pipping Bog. Geoff's time pulled him up into second place in the Association B.A.R., and Mick Siggs did a personal best marred only by a late start due to a blow-out. Eight other bods - from old hands to first-timers

George and Trevor - braved the wet and all performed nobly, especially Cyril, anchor man of the all-distance team, which finished second in the E.S.C.A. table.

Next week saw Webby deciding the tussle for the club "100" trophy with a personal best in the Solent R.C., while Dut was wiping up the Bognor "25" for the second time, in the face of hot opposition from Baulch, Love, Blandford and Chamberlain. Sequel to this came two months later almost to the day, when he met some Farnham C.C. bods who were talking about the event and how chuffed they were with their jolly good rides. They asked him what club he belonged to, and when he told 'em they said, "Oh, you'll probably know that chap Dutson, then"

The last club 25 of the year, won by Webby, had meant a real headache for Harold, with Johnny Watt on the card for the first time since '49. And what a come-back he made, treating us to a 1-5 for his first ride for five years, only to surpass it by a minute the following week. Big had the rotten luck to puncture when leading at the turn. Same day John took the Southern Paragon in his stride with a minute in hand over Charlie Marriner, and with Ken and Roy beat Southampton Wheelers for the team by five minutes, a thumping margin for an "open". Colin punctured, but had his revenge in the afternoon, when he screwed down Burgess and Sandy in the invitation pursuit and was only narrowly beaten by Pete Brotherton, World's Championship and Empire Games rider.

The road season finished with Colin, Ken and Roy giving John a close run to place the first four home in the "Counties" 25, all within 20 seconds, and then over half-a-minute before the next man, surely an unparalled feat in an event of this class (quote from a Brighton paper). The first three had over eight minutes in hand from Lancing, while Roy, Mick and Johnny Watt still had a three-minute lead. Well the boys weren't satisfied with this, so (minus Dut, who was square-bashing by this time) they journeyed into the impenetrable thickets of Balcombe Forest to have a crack at the Central Sussex cyclo-cross. As the irons they were using in the event wouldn't have passed a police scrutiny they rode over on their road machines while the wreckage was carted to and fro in Mr. Boxall's van. Various bods from London and Surrey clubs stood aghast while a tatterdemalion crowd of Farmers proceeded to extricate a weird selection of crocks and polo bikes from the van and dash into a field already six inches deep in mud where they leapt and wallowed with shrieks of fiendish glee reminiscent of the

Goon Show. This demoralised the opposition right from the start, with the honourable exception of Johnny Stoner, who'd met the boys before, and after Chuck had taken a purler Colin led all the way on a lady's sit-up-and-beg, with Roy third after half a lap with no saddle, and then pranging Billy Hale's front wheel, and Laughing Boy twiddling a 36-inch gear into third place.

Hot on the heels of the racing season came Cedric, back from Korea on the Friday night, and out on his bike on Saturday morning, accompanied by the usual cloud of steam. Arthur was home the same week-end, and John came over from Aldershot to collect his bike, so you can guess there were some yarns swapped. On Sunday Ced. displayed his tiger jacket to the biggest crowd ever seen on the Brighton Road (it's so blinding in it's magnificence that half of them never saw the old crocks this year) and then nipped back to Woolwich to finish his last four days in the Army. Was demobbed in good time to be at the club-room on Thursday. Other recent civilians include Tony, Johnny Pearce and Brian, the latter bringing an office colleague over who'd paid five bob to hire a bike to ride to Uckfield to win a five bob bet. Sounds a likely candidate for our mad gang! At last, a letter from Malaya, where Sir Don is driving thousands of miles a month, but I bet he doesn't have to pay for the petrol. Never mind, Don, bring the old jalopy back with you, it'll be handy for carting the bods about.

The MacHarrison has transferred to the cavalry, collecting sundry bruises which never came from a B.17, and has learnt that even the biggest skivers can't put it across the M.O. all the time. Seems he overlay (must have thought it was a slow morning), and decided the only way to escape trouble was to go sick, so off he tottered to the quack, complaining of spots before the eyes and divers other ailments. The M.O. gave him some jollop - but here's the blow - told the corporal to see that Rob took the stuff three times a day for a week. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard, as the burglar said when he ran into a brick wall.

John has met up with Paddy Boyd at Aldershot, it looks as if the Army is planning an onslaught on the R.A.F. next season (watch out, Arthur). No news of Reg. lately, but we suppose he's still at Ormskirk. Ivor, finding more time to spare now his training's over, has collected his bike, while Lofty wants to flog one of his frames. Any offers for a 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ " mobile skyscraper? Tony and Jill

Uckfield & District C.C. (continued)

are still in Ireland but hope to be home for Christmas, and the latest recruit to the Navy is David, who is at Nuneaton, in Warwickshire. Seems a funny place for a matloe, doesn't it?

Well, that's all for this time, except to wish you the Best of British for Christmas and the New Year, from

THE PROF.

HASTINGS WARRIOR C. & A.C.

Greetings friends from WARRIOR, (late for press as usual). Greetings to all you people who are thinking 'Ah, the racing season is over; WARRIOR won't have much to waffle about this time'. How wrong you are, as you will shortly find. Yes, the season is over and we'll let it rest, except to mention that rare occurrence in the life of the club, a prize. So three cheers for Roy Bicknell, who in the E.S.C.A. '50' on Aug. 29th, improved ten minutes to 2-17-2 and gained first handicap award, also breaking Doug Floyd's three month old club record. Roy is now doing his two years with the Royal Sussex, but hopes to be at the luncheon to collect his gong. Ken Miller also did well in coming 5th in the Association hill-climb in spite of the handicap of a badly bruised leg. Ken is expecting the call to arms any day now, so the club-run will no longer hear those interesting reminiscences beginning "Northiam (or almost any other E. Sussex village), I used to know a girl here &c."

Runs attendance has so far been good, considering the Carnival-type weather we've had recently. The high-spot was the run to the Catford hill-climb, when eighteen members sat down to tea. One of the first people we saw at Yorks Hill was 'Crow', who had just finished; and it must be admitted that we have seen Crow looking better. Joking apart, it was good to see the 'Grinstead' men putting Sussex well into the picture. After the event a good time was had by all. John Murphy suffered a split inner tube, John Tapp got lost in Bromley, and then Murph found that 73 fixed and the 'knock' are a bad combination on the London-Hastings road. We eventually reached tea two hours and ten minutes late, which must surely be a record of sorts. The two Johns just mentioned are among the many keen young riders who have joined the club in recent months. Some of acted as

Hastings Warrior C. & A.C. (continued)

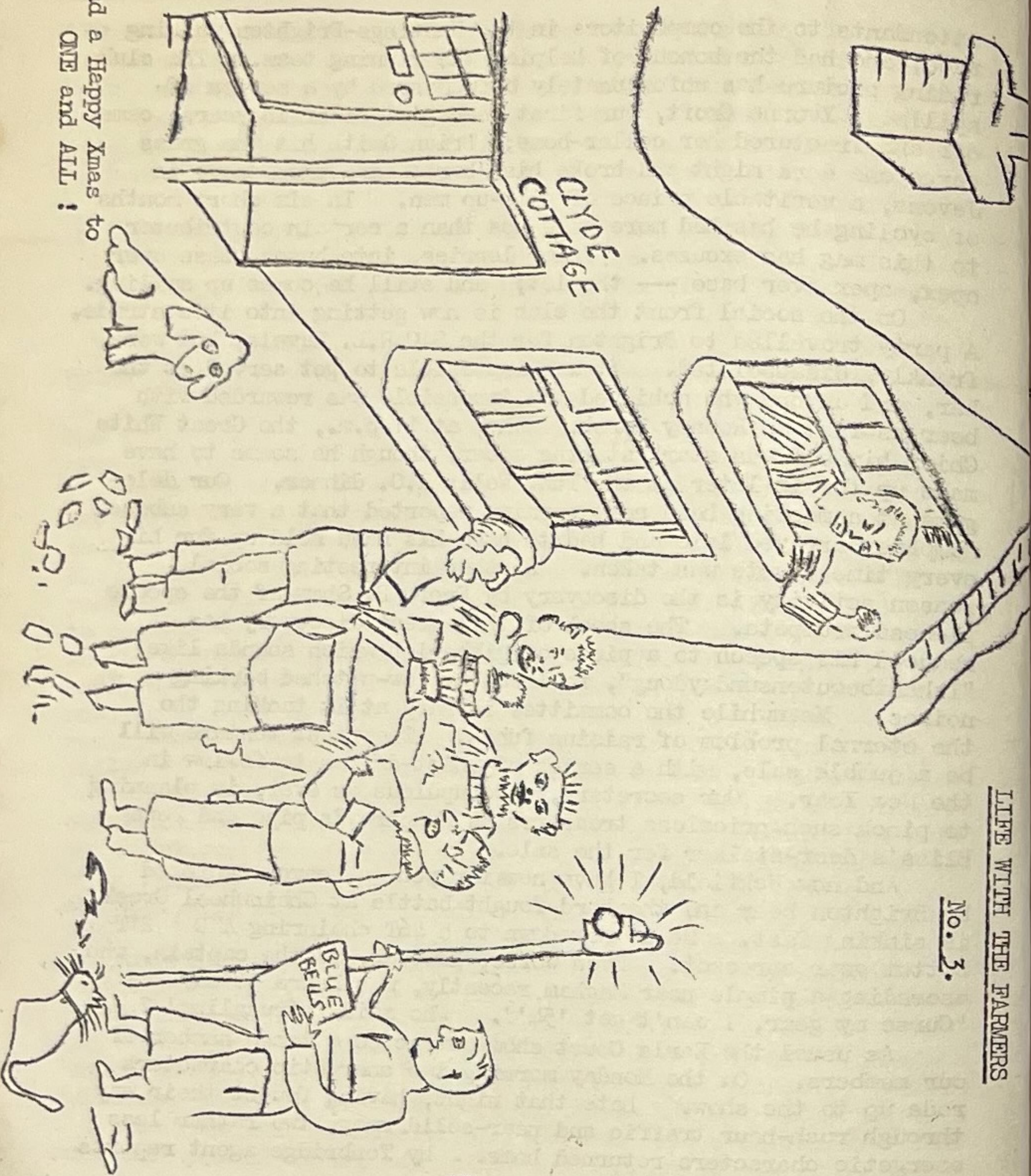
attendants to the competitors in the Hastings-Brighton walking race, and had the honour of helping the winning team. The club riding picture has unfortunately been marred by a series of spills. Yvonne Croft, our first keen girl rider in years, came off and fractured her collar-bone; Brian Smith hit the grass verge one dark night and broke his 'bars; and then there is Jevons, a veritable prince of pile-up men. In six short months of cycling he has had more pile-ups than a certain contributor to this mag has excuses. Under lorries, into buses, base over apex, apex over base --- the lot; and still he comes up smiling.

On the social front the club is now getting into it's stride. A party travelled to Brighton for the S.C.R.L. Revels, but were, frankly, disappointed. It was impossible to get served at the bar, and anyone who achieved the impossible was rewarded with beer as flat as Romney Marsh. Why, at 11 p.m., the Great White Chief himself was stark staring sober, though he seems to have made up for it later at the Tun. Wells R.C. dinner. Our delegate at a meeting held next morning reported that a very subdued Humphrey arrived late and had to have his hand held up for him every time a vote was taken. Another interesting social season activity is the discovery by Prof. P. Shaw of the specie piecesa crumpeta. The shock of this great discovery has reduced his speech to a piece of gibberish which sounds like "Ishantbeoutonsundaydoug", followed by low-pitched barking noises. Meanwhile the committee is hard at it tacking the eternal problem of raising funds. The first venture will be a jumble sale, with a series of whist-drives to follow in the New Year. Our secretary, unscrupulous as ever, is planning to pinch such priceless treasures as Humphrey's pipe and Percy Bliss's deer-stalker for the sale.

And now Uckfield, I have news for you. Neevo, weakened by Brighton beer and the hard-fought battle at Chainwheel Creek, is sinking fast. He is now down to a 46T chainring AND a 21T bottom gear sprocket. Even worse, however, is the captain, who, ascending a pimple near Magham recently, was heard to say "Curse my gear, I can't get '54'". Who said 'struggling'?

As usual the Earls Court show attracted a large number of our members. On the Monday morning two energetic characters rode up to the show. Late that night, having fought their way through rush-hour traffic and near-solid smog, two rather less energetic characters returned home. My Tonbridge agent reports

And a Happy Xmas to
ONE and ALL !



LIFE WITH THE FARMERS

No. 3.

Hastings Warrior C. & A.C. (continued)

that one of these riders was extremely disappointed to find that the last train from Tonbridge station had gone. On the second Saturday several more members travelled up by coach with the Hastings & St. Leonards club. Judging by the talk at tea next day they spent about half an hour at the show and the rest of the time painting the West End in the club colours, and not much white at that.

On which festive note I prepare to lift my aching fore-finger from the typewriter. A merry Christmas and a tight sorry bright New Year to all and sundry, yes, even the handicappers.

WARRIOR.

Tea-Time Topics

The seventh knife was laid aside and seven meals rested in contented stomachs. The power of speech was magically regained and six cyclists sat back to let their meal digest.

The seventh, however, the automaton of British Railways, so instilled with time and time-tables, that the seconds of his life are as but the inanimate ticking of his watch, surveyed this instrument, and tacitly, his eyes indicating the door and raising his eyebrows, he posed the question of departure from the warm tea-place into the cold damp dark night.

The six, accustomed as they were to this phenomenon and feeling replete, contented, desirous of discussion, ignored this stanchion of the nation's life-line (incidentally as was their wont) and continued essaying to solve the insoluble and ponder the imponderable questions as to whether the electrician would have "screwed" the schoolboy if the latter had not unshipped his chain, and whether the "horticultural" man would have done better on a bigger gear.

Fashion next became the topic of conversation, and it was ordained that long white socks would now be worn and "ankle socks" should become "unmentionables". On the subject of fashion, the schoolboy felt that track-suits were "the thing" for winter riding, demanding respect from other cyclists. British Railways' representative and the electrician, (living in the past) contended that true cyclists wore shorts. In this contention they were supported by the butcher. The tailor was garbed in army trousers

and tattered jerseys, and this attire, together with a machine stripped down for racing with board hard No. 4's on, was considered to be lowering to the prestige of the club and he was reprimanded and ordered to report the following Sunday, with at least "trouser-plusses" and hip-jacket, and on a mud-guarded dynamoed and saddle-bagged machine.

A fresh problem was raised by a glance at "British Railways", who now g(nash) his teeth and frowned as he again indicated the door. The problem was that of formation.

Eventually it was decided that the "haughty-cultural" man enclosed within long white socks, trouser-plusses and brand new hip jacket and topped by waterproof cap (Dunn's 9/6d.) should lead the group. The track-suited schoolboy was elected to ride with him, so as to create a good impression on oncoming clubs. We further arranged that the electrician should ride on the outside of the second pair so as to shield from view "British Railways" on a mass-produced machine. The butcher agreed to be outside man of the third pair so as to shield the tailor in khaki (no lights either).

I, of course, was the last rider, ever ready to urge them on with strident cry, on into the near gale.

Thus, it was arranged, and so we forsook the warmth and light of the teaplace for the cold and dark of the road home.



FOR SALE - all in good condition and cheap - 24 1/2" Strudwick Frame. 73/71, 11" bracket, yellow, chrome ends. Front GB, 27" sprints, DS rear. 27" HP, Simplex 3 x 1/8", 27" KP on Chater hub, Racelite chainset, various oddments - N.J. Moore, 1 Holmrook, Hailsham Road, Heathfield, Sussex.

First offer secures - Vintage Chater-Lea tandem frame set, lady back, enamelled black, maker's transfer. RH Chater cranks and chain-wheels, odd left cranks, all bearings sound - N.D. Edwards, 20, Framfield Road, Uckfield.

-----oooo0oooo-----

Morning all, and welcome to the Festive Season once again, with its plum pudding and fruit cake, to say nothing of the more "spirited side to perfect cycling fitness. One of our members wants to know how one gets a 24-inch frame into a Richelieu stocking. Maybe he'll find out, but I think he was wise to specify a matt-black finish - save re-enamelling right away ! However, enough of these rambling reflections and lets get down to talking turkey.

The boys were assembling for our "hangover" run - (after the Revels) - when a weird contraption was seen approaching. Closer observation proved it to be a tandem - not one of those gleaming jobs described in the adverts as s.w.b. d.g. - whatever that means - but a veritable patriarch of twicers, held together with string and unlimited faith. Captain of this venerable machine proved to be Bob Medhurst, with "Smut" (on a "48" and already half out) following on behind. The number of wires stretching fore and aft led us to suspect that these two were communicating by 'phone, but in view of the distance involved we decided that wireless would be more appropriate. The boys had had enough by dinnertime and trundled homewards.

Another recent run was when we saw the "old crocks'" annual run to Brighton - what a conglomeration of vehicles of all kinds ! Feeling the need for fresh air we later ascended the heights of Chanctonbury Ring from Stayning, and enjoyed a superb view from the top. But coming down - that was really something ! Under the leadership of a Well-Known Rider from Another Club we slithered down half a mile of soggy grass-grown 1-in-4, but when the gradient steepened, grass gave way to mud, and tree roots took a hand, yours truly bit the dust twice, called it a day and took to Shanks' pony. Final indignity occurred on a thirty-foot bank of mud where Land Rover let his magic carpet find its own way to bottom and promptly deminstrated ease of untrammelled descent by sitting down in six inches of mud. Colleagues were most unsympathetic !

You boys from the "shires" may have your "Spindles" and

Eastbourne Rovers Cycling & Athletic Club (continued).

"sprockets", but allow me to introduce our "Screw", otherwise Mr. O'Neill. This likely lad turned out on our Catford Hill-climb run on 82, and together with his mate Peter Young, similarly equipped, propelled said gear over 100 miles of Kentish gradients, finishing fresh as the proverbial daisy, the rotter! On another occasion he baled out half-way down Leith Hill, and his running repairs were the means of discovering for certain of us a little-known and very exclusive teaplace.

Our Clubroom still takes place at St. Elizabeth's Church Hall on Thursdays from 8.0 p.m. under Horace's watchful eyes - and does he have to watch! We're always glad to welcome visitors from other clubs, so why not drop over sometimes to see us, drink tea, or perhaps have a go on our competition rollers?

Our Club Dinner, (a "pukka do" this year), is on January 15th next year, and we do hope to see plenty of you to help make our Diamond Jubilee Dinner a real inter-club occasion.

Talking about the Clubroom, we seem to have some budding equilibrists coming on. The place is haunted by queer characters who spend hours stalking around on stilts, only descending to lower levels when the magic call "char up" is heard. I imagine these individuals are also behind a current movement to start a unicycle section within the Club. One would think that these machines would have a limited appeal, but we are watching developments closely and will be pleased to welcome any guest riders from other clubs on our first unicycle clubroom.

Enough of that - Season's Greetings and Safe Landings!

"LAND ROVER"

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.

1955 Officials

General Secretary: R.F. Ottley, 10, Baslow Road, Eastbourne.
Track Secretary: G.N. Henty, 35, Bexhill Road, Eastbourne.
Time Trials Sec.: S. Nash, 18, Harding Avenue, Eastbourne.

And So To Bed

The threshold of another season -
Is all my equipment right?
I've been training on Ribena
I SHOULD not look a sorry sight.

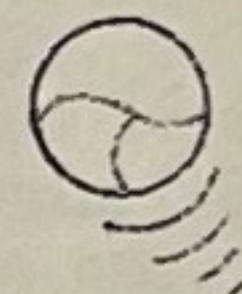
I lie uneasy in my bed though,
Thinking of to-morrow's pain.
Will my training prove sufficient,
Or will I get the 'knock' again?

Everyone will hurry past me;
I know I'll not see them again,
Good job I know where I'm going -
They do not bother to explain.

My limbs will ache long e'er the finish,
They'll be there all jollity,
And notice not my haggard entrance,
Too busy drinking cups of tea.

Yes, I will suffer as before;
I know too well what dawn will bring.
Always the same this time of year, though.
Stan Nash's winter runs begin.

66 99



EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

As original openings are always the hardest part of writing these efforts, I might as well wish you all the usual Yuletide greetings, prosperous new year and all that. I could add that I wished you all that you wished yourselves, but a hundred odd world champions and/or tourists all coming from East Sussex would look rather funny as well as a trifle unpractical.

The usual thing now is to give a brief resumé of the racing game as competed by this noble band of warriors, etc. (not Hastings) alongside with a few comments on the same, so here goes. Micky Robinson continued his run of success with an attack on our East Grinstead to Godstone and back. This record, which stood to Reg Meeks at 47'-21", has withstood a dozen or more assaults during the past couple of years, but all that ended on the 5th Sept. when Micky brought it down to 45-19 on a rather cold morning. Giles also had a bash and did a creditable 47'-44".

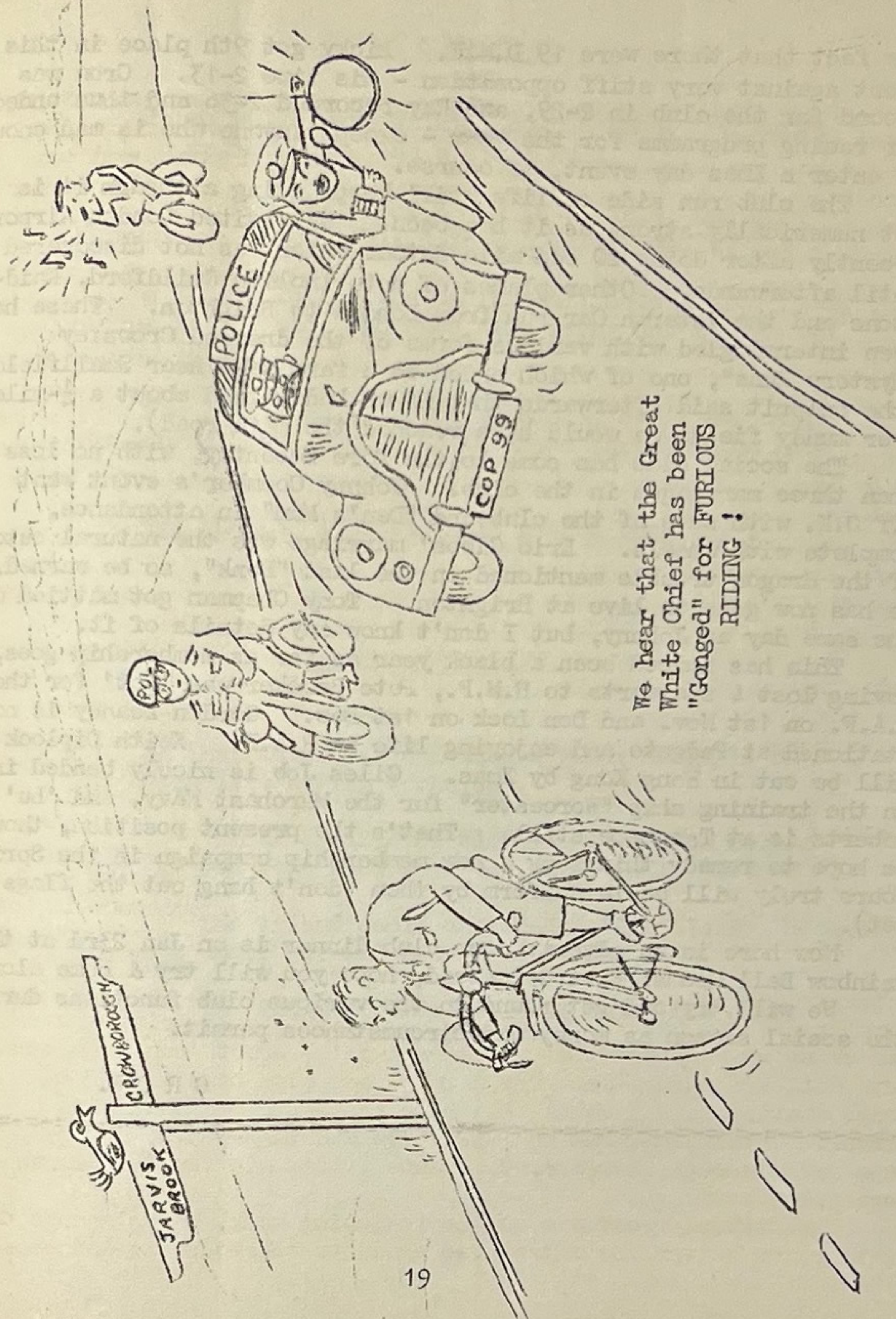
Another record went for a Burton when Micky broke the club 25 mile record (his own) in the E.S.C.A. 25 with a 1-2-3. Don Lock recorded 1-4-21, Pete and Ray 1-5's, Bill a 1-6 after a very nasty prang on the Boship roundabout, and Crow a 1-10.

The club 10 mile saw yet another record to the Robinson stable, this time in 24-32, beating the old record by a minute. Second place saw a revival of the Brooker v. Crowsley feud, the latter getting 2nd place by a bare 3 seconds in 26-17. Chris King took the handicap with a 3-minute allowance and an actual time of 26-36.

The last 25 of the season took place on 3rd Oct. on the Cherry Tree course; it was an inter-club affair with the Redhill and Southern Wheelers (Crawley). Ray did a 1-4-23, Crow 1-5-18, and Micky punctured. We're wondering if his bad luck was anything to do with the fact that Pete Brooker put 120 lb. pressure in both his tyres before the start!

First on what is known as an 'ascension day' among this sacrilegious lot was the E.S.C.A. climb, at Burwash Weald. The weather was not exactly ideal, there being fog and drizzle, making the climb so slippery that it resembled the Cresta run in reverse. Dave Patten's record-breaking climb under such conditions was quite amazing, and I think all there thought him a deserving winner. Micky came 2nd in 1-52, Crow 4th in 2-3 3/5, Ray 2-8, & Pete 2-20, enough, however, to ensure a team win for the fourth successive year.

The Catford event was on the following week, and although the weather was better the course was again treacherous, as was seen by



the fact that there were 19 D.N.F. Micky got 9th place in this event against very stiff opposition - his time 2-13. Crow was second for the club in 2-29, and Ray recorded 2-36 and thus ended our racing programme for the year - except anyone who is mad enough to enter a Xmas day event, of course.

The club run side of life still keeps going although it is not numerically strong as it has been. We visited London Airport recently after doing 20 odd mile detour which was not discovered until afterwards. Other places of note include Guildford, Maidstone and the Veteran Car run from London to Brighton. These have been intermingled with various forms of the dreaded Crowsley "Mystery Runs", one of which ended on a farm yard near Smallfields (the culprit said afterwards that if we had walked about a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile over muddy fields we would have reached the main road).

The social side has come to the fore recently, with no less than three marriages in the club. Johnny Coomber's event went off O.K. with some of the club and "Den's Mum" in attendance, complete with wheels. Eric Gibbs' marriage was the natural outcome of the dragon trouble mentioned in the last "Bonk", so be warned. He has now gone to live at Brighton. Tony Chapman got matted on the same day as Johnny, but I don't know any details of it.

This has indeed been a black year as far as membership goes, having lost 4 stalwarts to H.M.F., Pete Brooker was 'got' for the R.A.F. on 1st Nov. and Don Lock on 1st Dec. Gordon Leaney is now stationed at Padgate and enjoying life in R.A.F. Keith Diplock will be out in Hong Kong by Xmas. Giles Job is nicely bedded in on the training ship "Worcester" for the Merchant Navy, and 'Lu' Roberts is at Tangmere still. That's the present position, though we hope to remedy things by a new membership campaign in the Spring. Yours truly will be in uniform by then (don't hang out the flags yet).

Now here is an advert: our club dinner is on Jan 23rd at the Rainbow Ball Rooms, East Grinstead, hope you will try & come along.

We will try and get round to the various club functions during the social season as money and circumstances permit.

C R O W.

Three Bulls were walking down a road. A large Bull, a medium Bull, and a small Bull.

The large Bull sees a cow in a field, and says "Excuse me, chaps, I'll join you later, don't want".

A little later, the medium Bull sees a nice young heifer in a field, and says "You carry on, I'll catch you up later".

The little Bull, being so small, can't see over the hedges, and goes on up the road for miles on his own.

THE MORAL: A little Bull goes a long way !

GRANFER.

-----ooooOoooo-----

An instructor was quizzing a group of girls on Red Cross life-saving technique.

"Which article of clothing would you remove last, if you were shot into the water fully clothed ?"

One bright pupil answered: "The blouse, because air gets under it, and acts like a buoy !"

The laughter that followed ended the quiz.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB

What an unfortunate comment I made at the close of the Summer edition. I said that the next club run was to Maidstone Zoo, and if there were no further reports to draw your own conclusions and then - to miss the Autumn edition !! The club haven't let me hear the last of it yet, but my apologies to all anyhow.

We unfortunately missed telling you of our Inter-Club 25 on July 11th, which was well supported on a lovely morning on the Paddock Wood course, with Jack Daniells, Southborough Wheelers, first with 1-1-25; Dave Patten 1-1-28 and Ken Chantler third with 1-4-42. Southborough took first team prize with 3-11-58 and we got second in 3-12-37. Glad Crow came along - he got his time in the last edition, so we needn't flog that one.

All the Club cups and medals are ready to be collected by the bods on November 13th and I will wind up this take with a report of our dinner. Of course, Dave Patten has come up with a good collection of records and best times, including the E.S.C.A. Hill climb new record of 1-41.4, and the E.S.C.A. 880, 1,000 yards and 5 miles, and setting a first (and best, I believe) ever time of 2-33-2 Tunbridge Wells to Hastings and back, with P. Hitchcock second in 2-41-39 and C. Berry (Mazey) 2-54-5. Club B.A.R. has been won by Phil Hitchcock with an average speed of 20.486 m.p.h. His times were - "25" 1-6-27, "50" 2-28-11 and "100" 5-25-12.

The Club regrets that for the second successive year we are unable to provide a president. We are still a young club and have no able person to take on such a responsible position, but we would like to wish the new president every success.

To turn to the social life of the club - darts matches with local hostelries are now the thing. As you can imagine, they are always away matches on a non-club night, as one couldn't draw customers to a dry club room. Mazey has had more beer this season than ever before, as his luck is in and he wins it all. Very nice if you like that sort of thing !

We have also had table-tennis matches with Rusthall Boys' Club, and the Y.M.C.A., and the local cycling clubs, entertaining them at the club-room, and playing away too. Very friendly and successful evenings they were too, and more to come.

We have few members in the Forces, so there isn't much news of them - Tony Baldwin is still in the West Kents, but is home from Malaya and has wangled a better number than he had out there ! Geoff Wicks is also in the Army and is not enjoying it at all at

Tunbridge Wells Road Club (continued).

Aldershot - but here's hoping they both get leave and can join us at our Christmas party again this year, on December 21st, when the old men of cycling, Don, Fred, Ray and Sprockett talk of the days of Real Cycling - in the year dot if one were mug enough to believe the elderly gentlemen in the corner, (mind you don't get your beard caught in the throttle, Mr. R. !). Still, it's all part of the game of cycling - now on to the dinner - whacko !

Club Dinner.

The fifth annual dinner of the Road Club was held at the High Rocks Hotel as usual, with a good crowd of about seventy there. After the dinner proper, Dave Patten carried off practically all the cups and prizes, including the club-run cup - he should, anyway, he's the runs captain. A special presentation of a shield to the Best All Round club-girl was made for the first time to Sheila Adams. 1954 was her first year in cycling and she has been very keen in participating in all our time-trials and those of the E.S.C.A. and we all feel she deserves the Shield.

Visitors included members of the Southborough Wheelers, Tunbridge Wells Albion and Eastbourne Rovers, also the afore-mentioned forces members, Geoff and Tony. Roy Humphrey proposed the toast to the club and very complimentary he was, too ! Mr. A.C. Patten proposed a toast to the visitors, to which Mick Jay of the Southborough Wheelers replied and our old friend Jimmy Friend proposed a vote of thanks to the local Press for their co-operation in publishing our reports so fully in the past season. I hope my mild speech of censure last year had something to do with the better reports of 1954.

The raffles and dancing were a great success - the raffles consisting of two boxes of groceries, one donated anonymously, and one basket of fruit. Our president, Mr. Pendlebury, was unable to be present, so Mr. Rout, senr., took the chair and presented the prizes and organised the games (very well, too) - certain members looked wonderful in Victorian bloomers or similar garments, while miniature shorts make a fine show in jacket pockets, I noticed at club to-night !

Hope to see you all at the Association dinner, and wishing you the very best for Christmas and the New Year.

JOON

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Hail, smiling morn, no longer doth the alarm clock shatter the slumbers of keyed-up Wanderers - well, not until sometime next February, anyway - for the next few weeks we're at liberty to do as we please (provided we all train like mad for the Hardriders "12" !).

Following hard on our last report came the best single improvement of the season among our riders when Chris. Stone, competing in his second "25", in the S.C.A. event of Sept. 5th, clocked 1-8-25 to win the handicap award (with $11\frac{3}{4}$ mins.) and chop almost seven minutes off his previous best.

In the remaining weeks before the season closed, Dave beat the hour for the fourth time when he scraped inside by one second in the 29th Wheelers "25". He has "walked" the Club B.A.R. with a record average, over 25, 50 and 100 miles, of 23.715 m.p.h., a performance all the more meritorious in view of his extraordinary mid-season crop of punctures. Second to Dave was "Tourist" Agg with an average of 22.832 m.p.h.

The Club "30" provided Ron. Russell with his first event win when he returned 1-22-10 on a very hard morning. Second man home was Peter Sharp with 1-23-42.

Since the last issue there has occurred an event necessitating the keeping of a document which bids fair to make the Domesday Book look like a schoolgirl's diary. We refer to the record now being compiled by "Tourist" Agg who, in the guise of a National Serviceman, has the unenviable task of sweating out some 690 days from the time of going to print. When last seen he was attired in a white apron and chef's hat, taking refuge behind a huge dixie of cornflakes and uttering unprintable exclamations as he belligerently brandished an outsize ladle in the faces of those in the cookhouse queue !

We hear that serious consideration is being given to the resurrection of the rank of L/Pte. for our hero, bringing to mind the dilemma faced by the British High Command in 1941, when another well-known member went up to do his bit. Yes, "Lover Boy" Geoff. instituted that rank and claims to have been the only member of H.M. Forces who served for three years before being awarded a full-blown private's pay scale !

Remorse at losing the "Tourist" has been somewhat tempered by the return of Mick Burgess, whose flair for good liquid nourishment, coupled with an infallible dexterity with such things as

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued)

bottles and pint pots, stamps him as an invaluable asset to the Wanderers in the Social Season.

Also unleashed shortly will be Johnny Pickett, whose impact on an unsuspecting public (and still more unsuspecting riders) at Preston Park will be among the highlights of 1955.

In the fulness of time yet another Wanderer will be spared from further suffering - a gentleman called Nye - but in a different way. He has achieved notoriety due solely to trouble on the road, not the least of which concerned an epic occasion when his brakes failed down the 1 in 4 of Porlock Hill and he not only lived to tell the (lurid) tale but escaped unscathed !

Geoff has caused some head-scratching among the Committee as to the nature of a suitable award for a unique Club record this season. Reference to the racing results revealed that in his last six events he has been D.N.S. three times and D.N.F. the other three, a performance unapproached even by "Iron Man" Grover when he was writhing under the lash of impending call-up. The Racing Secretary's comment on this was short and to the point. He said : "Well, he's consistent, anyway !"

After the questionable start already reported we are staggered to learn that Grover likes the Army and has, in fact, volunteered for overseas service. ! This is viewed with concern by the authorities who are contemplating an early psychiatric test to find out how he got inducted in the first place !

Finally, in a despairing effort to stave off the ruinous consequences of dragonistic infiltration among our riders, we would appeal to all cycling St. Georges who have in the past surmounted this not inconsiderable obstacle to communicate with the Racing Secretary immediately or sooner !

Well, that's all for now so here's wishing all club types a Grand Xmas and a successful New Year fro all Wanderers. See you all at the Hardriders "12".

ALSORAN.

FOR SALE: Should anyone be after bargains in the cycling line, I am clearing a pile of bikes and accessories, including a 23" Macleans (excellent), a 24" Hobbs, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention, before departing into H.M.F. Anyone interested please write to the address below (enc. SAE) or 'phone Edenbridge 2393 after 7 pm any evening but Tuesday. No fixed prices, come & Haggle. P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill,
25 Edenbridge, Kent.

We, the "elite" of this club (which shall be infamous) have decided that next year's B.A.R. competition will be determined on the factors of equipment, photographs and separation.

To enlarge on these :-

Equipment. May be considered the primary factor and this will be examined by the "elite" and points awarded in respect thereof.

Participants in the competition are warned to be especially careful on what may to the ignorant seem minor details. Many points will be deducted, for example, should tubulars be wrapped in the wrong magazine, (the "Amateur Pig-keeper & Chairmaker" is current). Brake levers incorrectly placed on handlebars automatically disqualify competitors, as do the following felonies. These are:- South of France bars on Merckens extension, two brakes and fixed wheel, pump behind seat tube on track "iron", one large and one small flange hub, a mixture of track nuts and wing nuts, and lastly (and practically indecent), gears on a track iron! UGH !!

Competitors' clothing will be judged in the light of the current fashion and competitors should be careful to wear the right length of sock (above knee, below knee, or plain ankle) of the right pattern prevailing on the continent at the time.

Photographs must be taken in the current racing season, and action shots of riders wearing and riding approved equipment, and shewing max. muscle separation will gain you far more points than a shot of the competitor standing in a wedding, a regimental or a family group.

Re-touching photographs so as to induce separation on riders' legs is of course permitted. Alternatively, riders can obtain separation paint from the organisers.

Separation. B.A.R. aspirants are advised to develop separation as follows :-

Running up stairs regularly will develop the separation of "fat greasy" characters. Pumping up (tubular preferably) helps those with thick ankles, and sitting cross-legged in "Rosemary" seems to have brought out good separation on our latest "two-man".

Competitors may adopt any posture they desire to display their separation before the "elite", but do try and avoid the orthodox. Note, however, that points will not be awarded for separation in any other part of the anatomy, save that of the legs.

We, the "elite", feel that this novel competition will avoid all the unnecessary hardships and privations of time-trialing. No more need we venture forth on a cold bleak morning, only to find that some cad has allegedly covered the course in a considerably shorter time than we have. No! now we can hold a competition at a respectable hour, in the warm and dry, and with refreshment constantly at hand.

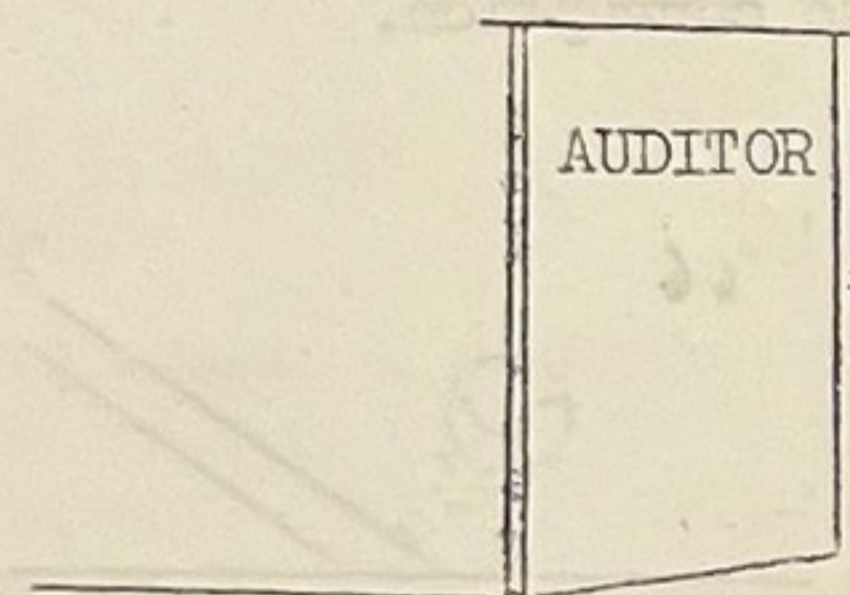
We the "elite" feel that this competition will appeal more to the sophisticated, intelligent rider, to whom actual time-trialing is so distasteful. Money will ensure a high place so far as equipment and photographs are concerned; (there is no ban on studio photographs), and a posture shewing maximum separation is easily obtained by experiment. There are many of the latter to choose from, ranging from climbing through ceiling trap door to lifting manhole covers.

Well, how you know the rules, so "go to it, sportsmen", and remember, we the judges are not beyond corruption.



Solution to Crossword
on page 17.

1	D	2	U	3	T	4	S	5	O	6	N	7	M	8	A	9	R	10	S	11	H
12	E	13	O	14	A	15	F	16	A	17	B	18	A	19	T	20	E				
21	R	22	U	23	T	24	T	25	E	26	R	27	S	28	L	29	A	30	W		
31	A	32	G	33	R	34	E	35	E	36	A	37	S	38	S	39	E	40	T	41	S
42	I	43	D	44	N	45	I	46	C	47	E	48	I	49	E						
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58	L	59	O	60	F	61	T	62	K	63	S	64	A	65	H	66	I	67	B		
68	E	69	N	70	R	71	O	72	L	73	S	74	F	75	V						
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86	R	87	A	88	N	89	K	90	E	91	D	92	R	93	O	94	V	95	E	96	R
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107	C	108	R	109	E	110	D	111	I	112	T	113	S	114	E	115	N	116	S	117	E



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