

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



6^D.

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NEW SERIES - No. 9.

SPRING 1955

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Dear Readers,

As most of you now know, our former Editor, Ron Newman, did not seek re-election for this year, so I have been hauled in to take his place.

Ron has set a very high standard to be maintained, but with the help of all member clubs I will do my best to carry on the good work.

The response for this edition has been very encouraging and I would like to stress the point that contributions from all and sundry will be welcome. Don't just leave things to a chosen few, but have a go yourselves. There must be many of those countless humourists and budding artists in the Association who'd like to see their stuff in print. Well, now's your chance. If desired, anonymity will be respected, and the motto from now on is "The more the merrier". The closing date for accepting material for the Summer Number is MAY 24th.

Once again the racing season is upon us so I'll end by wishing all riders the very best of luck, good weather and bags of successes on road and track in 1955.

See you all down the road.

G.W.

"Gen" from the Racing Secretary.

By the time you read these notes the first road event of the season will have been decided, weather of course permitting. By all accounts we should see some very fast times in the early season events, as it has been reported that during the past few weeks quite a number of the boys and ladies too for that matter, have been getting in some very fast miles, after indulging in the pleasures of the Social Season during the past few months.

New names will be appearing on the Start Sheets during the next few months, some will be names well known to us a few years ago making a come-back after doing their service in the Forces. Others will be novices new to our sport. It is here that I make an appeal to the officials of clubs, and to the riders who have been riding for a number of years, to see that these riders who are just making a start at Time-Trialling are conversant with the Rules of the Road Time Trials Council, and above all, let us, the riders of past years, set an example by our behaviour, during and at the finish of events.

The prospect for Ladies' events at the moment does not seem too bright. Very few ladies at the moment appear keen to have a go. The policy of the Association has always been to give the ladies a chance to race, and during the coming season events will be promoted at the usual distances. With the prospect of a full season's racing, it makes training more than worth while.

Our Open Tandem 30 miles is again being run early in May, and already quite a few of the riders who rode last year are again interested in the event, and it is more than likely that we shall see several Tandem Trikes in this year's event. Again I make an earnest appeal to all clubs to assist with the marshalling of the course, and so ensure the success of the event.

Slight adjustments have had to be made to the start and finish of our courses at Magham Down. By moving these back towards Herstmonceux more room will be available clear of the carriageway, and I appeal to everyone to keep the roadway clear at the finish of all events, whether Club or Open Events.

In conclusion, may all your miles during 1955, whether racing or touring, be pleasant ones.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS CYCLING AND ATHLETIC CLUB.

Once again we are faced with a sheet of foolscap, unsympathetically blank, on which to inform a waiting world of the latest doings of the Rovers. And, please note, we are the Eastbourne Rovers Cycling & Athletic Club, not, as was so unkindly suggested at a recent club dinner, the Eastbourne Rovers Sozzling and Apathetic Club !

Latest to be disgorged by the demob machinery - Rowley Wickham, who has for the last two years been a Person of Consequence, (mate of the Q-bloke), at Chichester. Rumours that he was going to make a wholesale distribution of para-bikes seem to be unfounded, but we hope to see him on the road and track again this season. Also out is "Smut" - (Brian Smith to newcomers). One of the original "Half-wheelers", dare we reveal that his chief aim at the present seems to be the acquisition of "quick-step separation" (vide "Club B.A.R. 1955 - Xmas Bonk"). In this he is only following the trail blazed by Len - (advanced section - Tango Separation) - and other hitherto respected people in our midst. At one time this dancing business was getting quite a menace, but fortunately a motion to elect Victor Sylvester a Vice-President of the Club at our A.G.M. was narrowly defeated !

On the debit side we are sorry to have lost Alan Bourne, who has had to move to Reading in connection with his work, but now hopes to make the intimate acquaintance of a certain Lane at Pangbourne, and "Screw" O'Neill, who wants to be a sailor and has gone up to London to learn.

A certain libellous effusion in the last issue may have given the impression that our winter runs are not the cavalcades of leisured stateliness which do in fact characterise them. We can only suppose the poet was viewing life through jaundiced eyes; surely riders who have recently braved the rigours of 100's and 12's should not be daunted by a mere 130-mile clubrun, enlivened as it is by the light-hearted banter of a half-wheeling clubmate ? Descending from the general to the particular - (all right, relax everybody) - we have viewed wall-paintings at Hardham, (interesting address by local padre included), and hurried to Hythe - (62" before a gale over Romney Marshes - ever tried it ?). We have visited ancient railways at Merstham - (well worth a visit - ask any of the boys) - and pondered the evils of strong drink at Kirdford. We have got lost near Wadhurst, and done likewise in the maze at Hampton Court; (Personally I prefer this to the lanes round

Eastbourne Rovers Cycling & Athletic Club (continued).

Wadhurst !) But now, alas, our days of daisy-picking in the lanes are ending; numbered week-ends loom ahead and the hands of alarm clocks squeak plaintively as they explore the once-familiar territory between 3.0 and 5.0 a.m.

Clubroom activity lately has been centred on a game called "Rugger". It is played with an oval ball, but any other resemblance to established codes is purely coincidental. There is no means of scoring and the object of the game appears to be to maim or otherwise incapacitate the opposing side in the shortest possible time. Apart from numerous bruises and abrasions, major successes have been three members suffering from cracked ribs. We are proposing to restrict this game to the winter months, however, otherwise it may have a deleterious effect on our racing strength! Any club wanting further details should write to Messrs. Horace & Whippet, C/o "Land Rover", "Bonk", when same will be gladly supplied, together with complimentary bottle of iodine and set of splints.

In spite of the bitter weather - (snowing as I write) - most of the keen types have been out doing their respective nuts, and we hope that March 6th and ensuing Sundays will show the benefit obtained thereby. Incidentally, a note to any "trainees" of other clubs who come our way these evenings. Unofficial clubroom is in Seaside, (that's the main road into the town from Langney), at Demarco's Cafe (on the left). You'll usually find some of the lads there supping coffee if you feel like a natter. Well, that's all for now; we'll be seeing you on G51 or at the "twiddle".

"LAND-ROVER".

++++++
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♀++++++

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NOTE: The following screed, recently discovered in the family vault attached to Clyde Cottage, may be of interest to modern riders. It is written in spidery manuscript on parchment, appears of indeterminate date, but gives a good idea of the fuller information on Course Details which was available in bygone days. (Whether these affected the entries is, of course, pure speculation). Little sprites, with cheeks at high pressure, are drawn at frequent intervals to indicate contrary winds, and the remark "here be demons" near the summit of "Agony Hill", must have been of considerable guidance to the old-time riders.

"BARD RIDERS 12"

Come hie with me away from urban toils,
From Hastings' murk and grim Anderida,
to Southern Saxons' Shire's sequestered fields,
And find that hallowed street of wheaten bread,
So highly honoured in our history.
Three furlongs northward of this hamlet lies
The epic start for our crusading zeal,
Whence let us haste with all judicious speed,
By many a tortuous rural leaf-strewn glade,
While torturing grades conspire to quail the heart,
and fill the lungs with burning vitriol.
Until at length triumphantly we gain,
That ever-blessed Corner of the Woods
Where Fuller's Folly flakes away forlorn -
That shattered sweetmeat of a bygone age!
But tarry not, for time is on our heel,
Downward we plunge with sickening impetus -
Fair Darwell grants her favours not in part,
Naught will her satisfy, except the whole,
Till, vixen-like, she claims her recompense
in laboured breath and strangely torpid limb.
Ah! Lack-a-day!
But see, the summit gained,
We traverse Senlac's sorely chequered field
Until we reach the meeting of the ways,
Where, Blissful, stands a veteran of his kind,
To guide the faltering fortunes of the young
To rightful paths: past ancient hostelry,
Where furry, bushy-tailed rodent plies
the sale of porter, mead and Merrydown -

A noble task ! But linger durst we not
 While divers fleet-winged chariots pass us by,
 Superior in their base plutocracy.
 We heed them not, but rightwards wend our way
 by bold Ashburnham's stately age-old treen
 Until we reach the final obstacle -
 A prodigy of gradients 'neath the which
 Proud Everest pales to insignificance -
 Which climbs in dizzying stages to the heights,
 Seeming to flirt with Heaven.

But now inspired
 With fervour of St. Michael and St. George,
 (Not to say Len), we scale the dread ascent,
 Though knees dissolve, and breath rasps like a saw
 Grating on flint. And now the conquest won
 Half a league onward finds us at our goal.
 Half a league onward, aye, and verily,
 'Tis country worthy of the League, forsooth !

S.E.N.

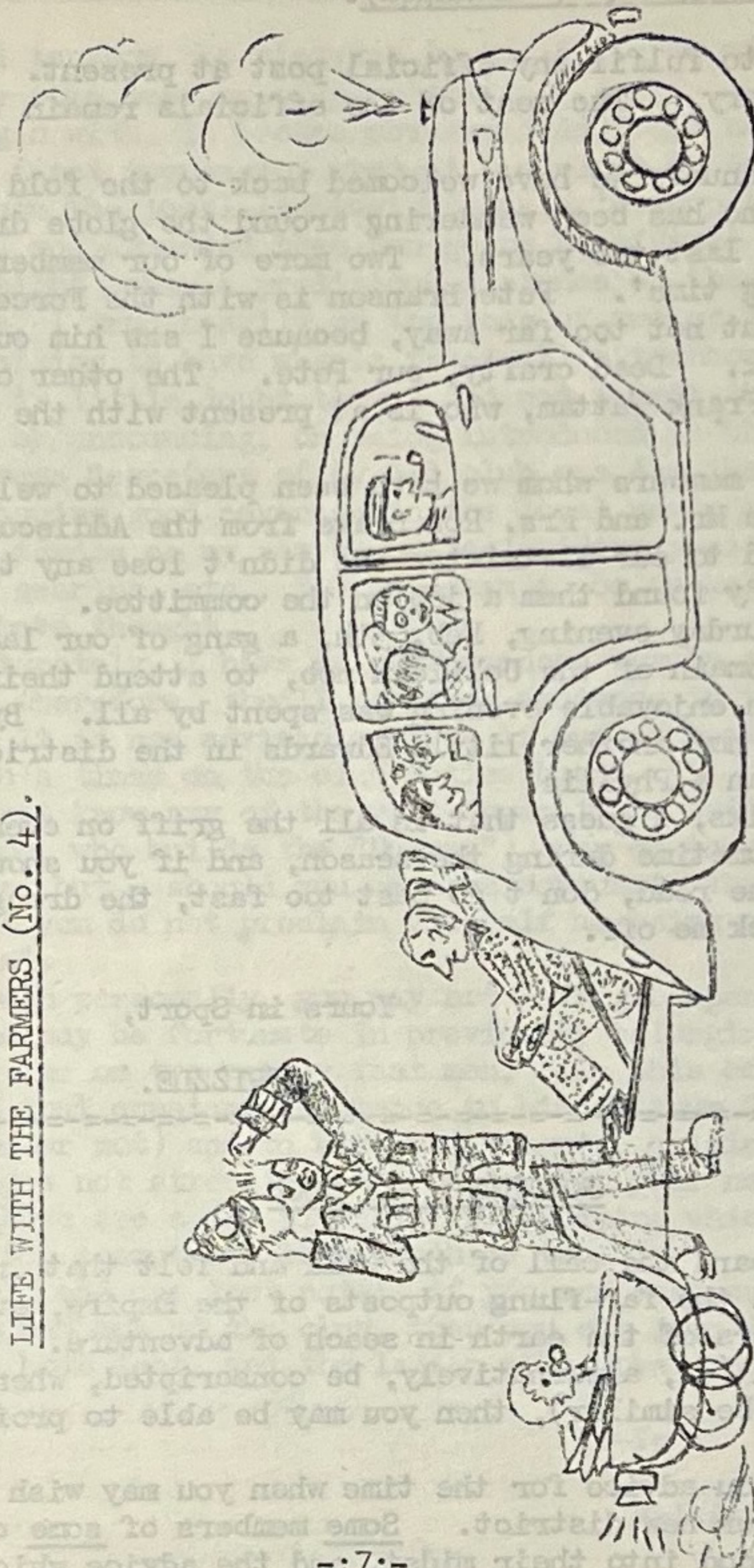
THE HEATH CYCLING CLUB.

Greetings once again from all at Haywards Heath.
 Unfortunately owing to a confusion of dates we have missed the
 last two editions of "Bonk", but this time I have made no
 mistake.

May I first of all take this opportunity of wishing all
 and sundry a very successful season, both road boys and track.
 I hope the weather is a bit kinder this year too.

We of the Heath are just beginning to shake off the effects
 of a merry social season. Some of the lads answer quite intelli-
 gently when spoken to now. A few weeks ago they peered at you
 from bloodshot eyes and murmured dire threats. Now once again
 they seem to be looking forward to the Spring and the first event,
 although why they should beats me.

There have been very few alterations to club officials this
 season. At our A.G.M. in January we welcomed back our old friend
 Mr. E. Cruttenden as Chairman. Mr. F. Donaldson, who has done a
 lot for the club, is I regret to say at present in hospital, and



LIFE WITH THE FARMERS (No. 4).

Going home after the Wanderers' Dinner.

The Heath Cycling Club (continued).

so is unable to fulfil any official post at present. We wish him a swift recovery. The rest of the officials remain the same as last season.

During January we have welcomed back to the fold one known as Brian Rich, who has been wandering around the globe dressed in khaki for the last two years. Two more of our members are at present 'doing time'. Pete Branson is with the Forces somewhere in England, but not too far away, because I saw him out on his bike last week. Dead crafty, our Pete. The other one is our lofty friend Frank Wattam, who is at present with the "Queen's" in Malaya.

Two more members whom we have been pleased to welcome during the winter are Mr. and Mrs. Ron Drake from the Addiscombe C.C., who have moved to our district. We didn't lose any time either, we have already found them a job on the committee.

Last Saturday evening, Feb. 5th, a gang of our lads and lasses invaded the domain of the Uckfield mob, to attend their annual dinner, and an enjoyable evening was spent by all. By the way, I hear there is now another little Edwards in the district, congratulations, Norman & Phyllis.

Well, folks, I guess that is all the griff on events to date. See you all sometime during the season, and if you should see me going along the road, don't go past too fast, the draught is liable to knock me off.

Yours in Sport,

FRIZZLE.

JOINING A NEW CLUB

I have heard the call of the wild and felt that irresistible urge to travel the far-flung outposts of the Empire, even unto the very corners of the earth in search of adventure. Should you hear this call (or, alternatively, be conscripted, when the position will be similar), then you may be able to profit from my experiences.

I offer you advice for the time when you may wish to join the club in your new district. Some members of some clubs do not welcome new blood into their midst, and the advice which I offer

Joining a New Club (continued).

is intended to show the mistakes to avoid if you wish to be accepted and achieve some measure of popularity.

To begin with, it became obvious that I did not create a favourable first impression when at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon I strode into the local lightweight dealer's shop (the club members' rendezvous) and demanded that ten gears be affixed to my machine, so that I might cover a prodigious distance on the morrow. By acting thus, I trod heavily on the toes of two or three persons who had been waiting to have wheels trued all afternoon.

There is little doubt that I did not remedy this unfavourable impression by announcing, on being introduced to the Press Secretary, that the Press Secretary of my old club was the "Mayor of Westbourne", thereby ensuring good coverage in the local newspaper.

Early advice on my new clubmates' riding positions, racing equipment, gearing, etc., did not seem to be as well appreciated as one might have thought.

Unfortunately, I have no performances worthy of mention, and could not, therefore, thrill my eager audience in the exposition thereof. It is not advisable, even if one is really fast, to exhibit one's times on the club notice board.

I do not know any of the well-known frame builders (e.g., Claud Prince, who builds the "Butrax"), nor do they make me price concessions, but - should you be more fortunate than I, I would advise that you do not proclaim yourself as being one of their 'bosom pals'.

Although personally, you may not have good performances to your credit, you may be fortunate in previously belonging to a club possessing one or two really fast men. In this connection, it has been found that constant reference to him as your "buddy" (whether you loathed him or not) and to his achievements, opinions and idiosyncrasies, does not strengthen the bonds with your new found colleagues.

The above are a few pitfalls, by avoiding which, you may lessen your time for acceptance to a month or two.

I would add one last note; if you are desirous of conquering the female members of the club, then you can jump into all the pitfalls with both feet, and the ladies will love you.

Yo-Yo

Mal Amis C.C.

Well, here we are again, horribly unfit (as you'll have found out from certain result sheets by the time this is in print!), but nevertheless looking forward to a bit of biking during the season. Circumstances have conspired to prevent your scribe doing much in the cycling line in the last three months, or as some would say, have given him a jolly good excuse for a loaf. Never mind, they say it happens to everyone sooner or later, and if I may be permitted to introduce a personal note, Mum and Little Dragon are doing fine.

The social season seems to get more tightly packed every year, with a certain amount of regrettable but unavoidable clashing of dates. As always, everyone seems to have had a jolly good time, the only limit being imposed at the expense of trying to attend all the "do's" at which one would like to be present - and the number of clubs who can afford to subsidise their annual functions is not large nowadays, so the grub and beer cost more every year. However, good company costs nowt and it's encouraging to see club dinners where visitors equal or outnumber their hosts. We had a capacity house at the Maiden's Head on February 5th, and were glad to welcome many friends from associated clubs who as always entered into the spirit of the evening with a gusto which ensured complete success attending the efforts of Colin and his committee. "Fractured French" put things on the right footing from the start, and witty and not-too-long toasts kept the ball rolling. Lord Rupert, as might have been expected, proved an accomplished speaker, but Colin kept his end up well and Brian delivered himself of an excellent maiden speech, incidentally divulging what some of us had long suspected, that Chuck Smith had a dual personality. Specially welcomed were Bill and Betty from Worthing, and it was sincerely hoped that next year would find both Mrs. Funnell and Mrs. Allcorn present.

Doctor Neeves, though complimentary about the Club, got in certain digs at a cycling journalist who has done his best to hoist the genial "Neevo" with his own petard elsewhere in this issue (if the Editor will print the thing). Geoff, the first of our post-war Servicemen to return to the Club, noted the welcome presence of Cedric, Tony Shrapnel and Brian, all lately demobbed, and six of the bods at present serving who had scrounged, wangled or badgered their way to Uckfield for the "do" - Arthur, John, Reg, Rob, Tony Hayward and Lofty.

The unfortunate circumstances which prevented the E.S.C.A.

medals and "plagues" being available at their own luncheon proved our gain, as we were privileged to have 1954 president Ted Jenner along to present the Association awards won by our members. Lord Rupert dealt competently with the Club awards - notable visitors to the prize table including John, Roy, Geoff, Webby and Mick, though most people went up at least once! - and concluded by presenting the trophy and medals won in the Southern Paragon Open 25, which the promoting club had kindly made available as their dinner date unfortunately coincided with ours.

The evening which followed needs no description, as all who were present will have their own memories of the highlights, and thanks to Steve and George we have a fine pictorial record of the festivities. Just a week later a similar scene was enacted at Haywards Heath, where the bods turned up twenty strong at the S.C.A. Prize Presentation. Vocal efforts in honour of our prize-winners were amplified in the case of the Championship Team and Sussex 50-miles champion John Dutson by a specially scored version of "Bluebells" rendered on a hunting horn and cavalry trumpet, while Colin's banner effectively blocked Dennis Lednor's view of the proceedings, - but after all, the biggest cheer went up for Laughing Boy Webby who staggered the length of the hall with two sticks to collect his awards (no, not pickled, his dragon was there); he'd "fell off his bike" and crocked his knee.

Which just goes to prove that even if the Prof. deserted his bike this winter in favour of Auntie's Bestes Motor, most of the bods have been bashing around as usual (or how could they fall off?) Geoff, Ced. and Griff have been among the regulars, mixing it with the Central Sussex most of the time, while John rode in a cyclo-cross and an Xmas 25, apart from belting it up from Aldershot before breakfast once or twice (Impossible! - don't be silly, depends what time you have breakfast). Others have been out as opportunity affords, as proved by the number who have emulated Webby at one time or another. Recent efforts have included a most noble bash on the bonce - property of George - and a gallant attempt by Brian to turn his Lenton into a Hetchins Curly Stays. The return of an occasional spot of sunshine has seen the Butterflies out again, but nothing strenuous as yet, certainly nothing like 200's in 16 for them! As this is written, at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, IF they started (at 4 a.m. in the snow) they should have just finished!

Christmas and the New Year have seen most of the bods in the Forces home at some time or the other, and one or two moves have

Uckfield & District Cycling Club (continued)

taken place. John has finished his training and landed what seems to be a cushy billet at Laindon, just across the Gravesend ferry, and Reg has been posted from Lancashire to an L.A.D. near Salisbury. Sir Don (counting the weeks now) has deserted his armoured truck and is driving the Old Man round, while Arthur, still at Innsworth, (and likewise counting) has tamed his new sergeant and is once again highly organised in true Thorpe fashion. No news from David, at Muneaton, but our Senior Naval Type has been drafted to Winchester, and, Jill tells us, they're on the "short list" for married quarters. Lofty is still at Bexhill, and Ivor at Peterborough. George (H) has acquired himself a dragon, but manages to steal time to nip in for a chat about once a week, and we're glad to welcome Mick Donnelley (ex Leeds St. Christopher) from Warren Camp, who celebrated his first visit to the club-room by shedding bits of Simplex all the way down the High Street. FLASH! The Mach. has taken his bike back to barracks to-night, having deserted the "gees" to return to armoured cars at Windsor.

Well, only a week now to the first event, and still snowing. I'm looking for a good excuse, but must think of a less painful one than Webby's!

Best of British

THE PROF.

Vive La République

Comrades of the E.S.S.R. rejoice with us, in the glorious victory won by the proletariat of this club over the 'elite' and their infamous E.S.P. (Equipment, Separation & Photographs) System (see last issue).

Long burdened by the heavy fees demanded by the judges, we saw once too often the B.A.R. cup also awarded to one of their number, and throwing off (derailing?) our chains, we purged these Fascists from the Committee.

We now declare that henceforth prizes will be awarded democratically and although the competition will be held on a time-trial basis, there will be a first prize for everyone.

The "first prize for everyone" system is arranged by having many different classes of event. A typical prize list might be as follows :-

- a) Fastest rider wearing E.S.S.R. vest.
- b) " " " Red " .
- c) " " using Bloggs chainset.
- d) " " Entwistle " .
- e) " " " sunglasses.
- f) " " wearing "Allez !" musette.
- g) " " having Tony Curtis hair-do.
- h) " " " D. A. " .

and so on.

Any of these classes may be combined; thus :-

"Fastest rider wearing red vest, using Bloggs chainset and having Tony Curtis hair-do".

Thus an ample variety of classes may be arranged so that everyone may be first in his particular class.

The list of awards is made out after the event, in order to avoid duplication. (Incidentally, deliberate duplication by riders will be construed as "activities prejudicial to the interests of the club").

The system is absolutely fool-proof, and the only difficulty likely to arise if that of obtaining "samovars" large enough to receive the more complicated inscriptions.

Comrades, rise up, as we have done, against the iniquitous, anti-social system whereby the best man wins.

"Merited Master of Sports".

Foot-note:

For those of our brethren still suffering under the E.S.P. System, it is disclosed that "The Amateur Herring-Gutter and Piano-Tuner" topped the poll in last week's nation-wide survey as to the magazine people most like to wrap their "tubs" in.

HASTINGS WARRIOR C.C.

It being much too late to wish you all a happy New Year, I will start by wishing all time-triallists nice warm, sunny mornings this season; and ditto afternoons and evenings for promoters of track meetings. This is a sharp reminder that agony and suffering will soon be with us: in fact by the time this reaches the printers the expected ropey times will already have been done in the club Hardriders '12', and the riders who did them will be deciding that it's time they got some miles in. Rock-bottom in social-season unfitness was undoubtedly reached by a well-known member whose name I won't mention (Two-and-six, five, seven-and-six, ten - thank you), who during the Christmas holiday took fifty minutes to ride the seven miles from Hastings to Little Common. Running him close was KEN MILLER (HE didn't pay up) with forty minutes for one of his late-night rides from Sidley to his home at Silverhill. Probably he hadn't recovered from the circular tour through Folkestone, Ashford, and Tenterden done in a fit of keenness on Boxing Day.

Ken had his 'medical' nearly six months ago, but the War Office don't seem to want his services yet. Roy Bicknell has been posted to Austria, so we shan't be seeing him for a while. At the same time Brian Moore made the return journey from Germany and is now ex R.A.F. He lost no time in getting astride his bike and making a bee-line for Whatlington and the Merrydown bottle. Brian's return has fanned into flames the embers of the fixed v. gears controversy and the great tea-before-milk or milk-before-tea argument at club tea.

A few rich members have continued to 'do' the club dinners, Hastings and St. Leonards, Uckfield and Eastbourne Rovers being those attended. At the latter event our representatives arrived at the end of the first course, but caught up after a big effort; in fact one member more than caught up (ask Ted Godden). They also became involved in the 'Mystery of The Missing Shoes' starring Eastbourne's own Pat Novis as The Barefoot Contessa. At Uckfield activities varied from 'spouting' to heading plates of soup.

The money-making enterprises mentioned in the last edition have been going smoothly. Compared with our jumble-sale the Charge of the Light Brigade would be very tame indeed. It was really something to see the 'staff' of normally urbane jewellers, rock salesmen, etc., flogging the stuff barrow-boy style, while trying desperately to avoid being trampled underfoot.

Amid this welter of social activity a little actual cycling

Hastings Warrior C.C. (continued)

has been done, and here for the Rovers' benefit is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about it. There has been a run of some sort on every Sunday bar one of the past winter. As we have (praise be to Heaven) no Stan Nash in charge, mileages have been moderate with an average of about seventy and a highest of eighty-five. Some members have apparently got very warm and comfortable beds, so the afternoon section gets rather better support than the all-day; but one way and another from eight to a dozen are generally there at tea, which is quite satisfactory. There are no pile-ups to report this time, though Basil Booth has just had a spell in hospital as a result of slipping and cracking his head on the pavement. Preston Park is much safer!

Well the club dinner is nearly here and there's my best suit to be got out of the paw-er, wardrobe and pressed. Therefore to all in East Sussex from all at Beechwood, good luck and good riding.

WARRIOR

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB.

May our new Editor have every success in the New Year greeting from the Road Club. We shall try and find news and views for every edition.

The past few weeks have been pretty well filled with so-called "social events". Witness the hard bumps of bone and flesh produced from our football match against Southborough and District Wheelers, played up to the boot-tops in MUD. We won 7 - 4. Goals, R. Bodiam 3, J. Acott 2, D. Patten 1, & an "own goal" by a nameless "Wheeler."

The Thursday club night is well supported at the Toc H Hall, and we have had several welcome visits from local lads and dads. The Christmas party, run by our new President Mr. J. Rout was a great success, fun and games for all ages and sizes. Mr. E. Robbins put on his new film show to conclude, and don't some of the members fancy their chances as film stars! There was one exception; we were treated to a sight of a lady member's tongue, pity there were no sound effects - we probably missed some profound remark in exceptional Kent lingo.

Our Ron has recently taken up with City lights, the lolly,

Tunbridge Wells Road Club (continued)

boys, is what he finds attractive, but unfortunately for us, spare time is cut to a minimum, and Dave has taken over as secretary for the present.

Also Joon has given up as Press secretary, and these lines are penned by a new scribe.

With a new season upon us, we wish all cyclists and "Barrow Boys" fast times and trouble-free rides in E.S.C.A. events. We shall be nibbling again, and who knows what surprises are in store?

To the workers, and more sedate followers, many happy hours on the bike, relaxation, refreshment, and renewed enjoyment of "that something" which only cycling can supply.

Here's to 1955.

POP.

NEWS FLASH! Whit Monday at the Nevill track meeting.

TEN LITTLE SNOWMEN

- being an expurgated account of the Brighton Excelsior C.C. 200 in 16 - 1955.

Time - 4 a.m., Sunday, 20th February. Place - Peter Pan's Playground, Madeira Drive, Brighton. Weather - freezing. Light - none. Snow - plenty. Well, there you are, chaps, or rather, there they were, ten out of the two dozen who'd entered for the annual B.E.C.C. 200 in 16. The posters had said "Do you enjoy your cycling? Are you fit? Why not have a day with us?" Well, why not? Anyway, fourteen bods decided they wouldn't, including the Rovers' contingent who probably hadn't the tactical advantage of Farmers Boxall, Whittingham and Lowry who'd camped overnight near the field of battle.

With the limited field it was decided to concentrate the original three groups, the only exception being Brian Burstow of Lancing Wheelers who's decided to add to the misery by doing the trip in 14 hours instead of 16 so wasn't due to start for another two hours. So at 4.15 the merry (?) band set off, led by Boxall and Whittingham. This didn't last long, as with half-a-mile under his wheels Colin sat down and retired sulphurously to the rear. Nothing daunted, the gallant ten pressed on through Shoreham where some bright spirit changed into his rear wheel in mistake for

--:16:--

Ten Little Snowmen (continued)

bottom gear. This sorted out in the light from a street refuge, on through Bramber and Washington to Pulborough, where the slippery road claimed a third victim, splitting the bunch for a time.

Half past seven and Petersfield for breakfast - bangers, bacon and egg. Horrible warnings as to the effect of scoffing sausages in their skins passed unheeded (reports on that later) and once again the ten intrepid spirits set forth, via Winchester, where a bespectacled C.T.C. type who'd turned out in shorts decided to turn it in, went to church and wasn't seen again. The hilly roads between Winchester and Salisbury weren't improved by icy conditions and the group was by now well behind schedule, and gradually reduced to six in number as riders dropped off, including the lone lady entrant, Maureen Sanders of the Southern Cross. A pause to mend a puncture gave one straggler a chance to catch the bunch, but he dropped off again the other side of Salisbury, where a strong head wind was encountered, bringing snow just before Ringwood. Here a heated debate as to whether to stop for a drink before closing time resulted in a minority victory - they all stopped for a drink, one of the stragglers seizing the chance to nip craftily past, only to be caught by the bunch doing bit and bit in single file into the blinding snow (and passing a number of trials motor-cyclists all footing it like mad).

Christchurch was reached about 2.30, where the six stalwarts regaled themselves on steak pie and chips and copious coppers. Maureen and Brian Burstow caught up as the bunch pushed off through the snow, by now two inches thick and laying fast, but conditions were now rapidly becoming impossible, and only the sight of the sag-waggon disappearing ahead made it imperative to press on. Just outside Southampton the bunch found the waggon at a cafe, complete with the stragglers collected en route, and heard without regret that the organisers had decided to call it a day. That is, all except Brian Lowry who said he'd entered to do 200 and 200 he'd jolly well do. More sulphur from Colin and other quieter counsels finally prevailed, and all, including Brian, clambered aboard for the trip back to Brighton. Just as well he did as when he shook the snow off his iron he found a front track-nut missing, so when they finally got back - at 8.45 p.m. - he was reconciled to his lot.

So all ten little snowmen survived to tell the tale, and give full marks to the B.E.C.C. for a splendidly organised event (couldn't blame them for the weather!).

--:17:--

Fellow sufferers,

Once again the creaking of protesting muscles, plus the usual feverish checking of equipment and unearthing of alarm clocks, heralds another racing season.

Despite ice and blizzards our Racing Secretary has been seen ploughing through the elements armed with a sheaf of forms for such atrocities as Hardriders' and Medium Gear events, intent on "knocking up" those Wanderers still wallowing in the trough of hibernation.

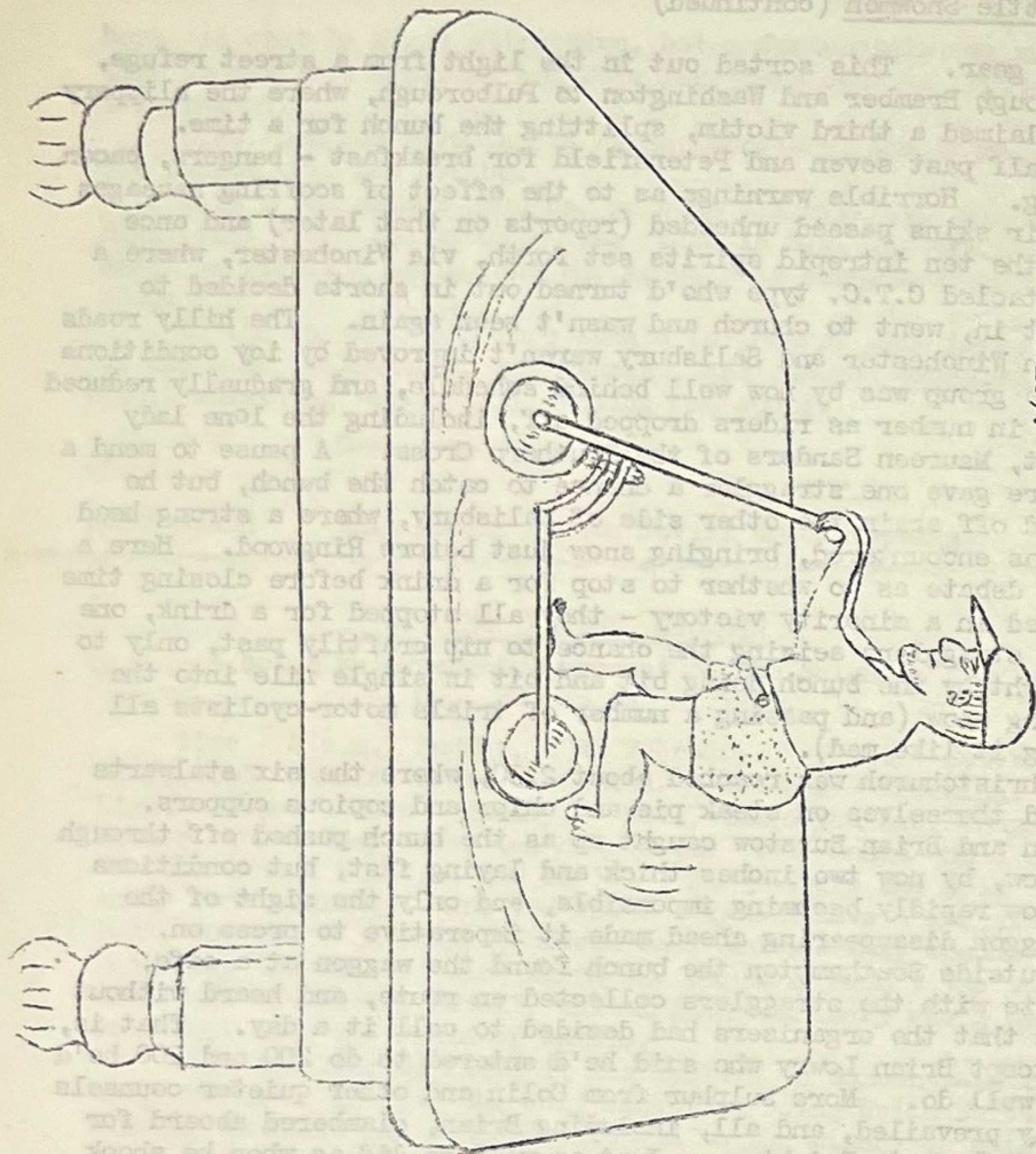
That highlight of the social season, the Club Dinner, was held on December 4th at the Royal Oak, Lewes, and a lively time was had by all those who attended. Various personalities were "got at" during some hilarious cross-toasting, and the evening was suitably rounded off with the usual assortment of games and dancing.

As most of you know Geoff has managed to "creep" for the dual role of Association Secretary and Magazine Editor, and with regard to this latter job we're warning him in advance that any unauthorised tampering with the Club write-up will not be tolerated!

Had any lynx-eyed cyclist penetrated to the plush interior of the White Hart Hotel, Lewes, during the Xmas period, he would at once have noticed a rapidly-acquired air of fawning servility, coupled with a jet-propelled tip-snatching technique, being exhibited by a new member of the serving staff. It can now be revealed that the owner of these attributes was none other than Ron Russell, who spent several hectic days dividing his time between kow-towing to the "upper crust" and haunting the vicinity of the kitchen, from which place he had to be forcibly removed on several occasions. It was even rumoured that owing to his feats in that direction the hotel management found that for the period of his engagement they were considerably out of pocket!

News of "Tourist" Agg proves beyond all doubt that for once the Army have taken surprisingly little time to find out the way in which he is best fitted to serve his country in time of emergency. He is reported to be installed as "Chief N.A.A.F.I. Wallah" at the R.A.M.C. Depot at Chester, where he looks after the more intricate side of things, such as table clearing and sweeping out the place. After giving of his best in this way the "Tourist" boasts that the rest of the day is his, so it's small wonder that when last on leave - yes, he gets that too! - his bike went back with him.

"Iron Man" Grover has at last got his wish and been drafted,



(Inspired by a statement by a well-known member of the Warriors to the effect that he started his career on two wheels at a very early age, riding round the dining-room table).

so we expect that his next letter will contain a flood of Egyptian characters and also the lowdown on whether "Wog" girls can be purchased outright for 5/- as he has been told !

Several weeks ago a certain member was observed in the Offham area moving at a moderate pace and clad in RUNNING kit ! The sight of this would-be Pirie has given rise to an uneasy feeling that a subversive element might be considering the formation of a Lewes Harriers offshoot with a view to enticing our remaining riding strength from their bikes. The matter has been referred to Mick Burgess, our Secretary, to deal with as he thinks fit.

Tony Cornford and Johnny Adams still continue to sweat it out, at Aldershot and Ipswich respectively, although owing to the tragic loss of Mr. Adams we're hoping that Johnny will soon be posted within easy reach of home.

We were very sorry to learn of a mishap to Dave's father some weeks ago. While cycling home from work Mr. Marsh was struck by a lorry and received severe facial injuries necessitating his removal to the Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead. We sincerely hope that his stay there will be brief, and that it will not be long before he is able to resume his attendances at Club and Association time trials in the coming season.

Well, folks, that's about all for now, so here's to clear spring skies and sunny mornings ahead - we hope !

All the best from all Wanderers.

ALSORAN.

P.S. Keen types will be pleased to note that as we go to press much suffering has taken place in the first East Sussex club event to be held this season, when a motley collection of aches and pains paraded for our "10" on February 27th. A North-easter back from the turn made for hard going, as reflected in M. Burgess's winning time of 28.41. Handicap winner was P. Sharp, who also recorded second fastest time with 29. 1. We'll spare further blushes by not quoting other times, but it would seem that some furious training still has to be done by our riders !

A TRIBUTE

It was with the deepest regret that we of the Lewes Wanderers C.C. learned of the death in hospital of Mr. S.E. Adams on 13th January, 1955, as a result of a road accident whilst cycling home from work on the previous Tuesday evening.

Mr. Adams had been the Club's Hon. General Secretary for the three previous years, 1952 - 54.

Although never a cyclist as we understand the word in club circles, he devoted his time and energy without stint to the welfare of the Club during his term of office as Secretary. Mr. Adams' interest in the Club's affairs arose as a result of his son John's participation in the Club's activities. Mr. Adams' career as a regular in the Royal Navy would in any case have prevented him from cycling club activities, for he entered the Service as a boy and had 26 years' service to his credit when discharged as a result of being torpedoed whilst on Atlantic convoy.

Ever ready to be of help, we knew that we could turn to him with confidence should we require a checker or marshal at very short notice.

The E.S.C.A. have also lost a very good friend, for not only in duties connected with road events was Mr. Adams of service, but he was also responsible for the disposal of the largest proportion of the draw tickets sold for the benefit of the Association by members of our Club.

To Mrs. Adams and her two sons is extended our deepest sympathy in their very sad loss.

WHAT NEXT ?

After reading in previous issues something about the Humphrey technique with regard to such unwholesome practices as plague visitation and the transference of riders without their knowledge, plus an addition to all-red racing garb, one could have been excused for thinking that having been publicly "tumbled" (and humbled) in all these matters our Racing Secretary should have called it quits and behaved himself in future.

Yet, what do we find? A piece of colossal affrontery unparalleled in the history of the Association! The A.G.M. decision to cut our affiliation fee to 1 guinea evidently provided our culprit with the germ of an idea which appears to have been based on a philosophy expounded by the late unlamented Fuehrer - that the bigger the lie the more chance you have of getting it believed. On that assumption he informed all Club Secretaries that the affiliation fee for 1955 would in fact be 3 guineas!

Unfortunately for him Club Secretaries are notoriously loath to part with their hard-won funds, and several pointed queries soon knocked this little scheme on the head.

One may well conjecture what might have been the outcome had this larcenous plan succeeded. Thus encouraged, the audacious Roy may have played for bigger stakes, eventually accumulating wealth enough to open the Humphrey Cut Price Store with a view to putting Messrs. Strudwick, Heath, Leppard & Bonduns out of business! Or he may have decided to invest in a car for the inevitable time when even his "King of the Mountains" pins can no longer push the pedals round.

My own personal view is that he was all set to provide for his old age when he hoped to live in quasi-respectable retirement, being known as The Squire of Heathfield, from Clyde Manor!

However, once again his bubble has been burst, but there is just one final thing to say. If ever he tries another stunt like that, and I get to hear of it beforehand - we'll have to get together and see if two heads are better than one !!

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

Yet another successful Dinner. Those among the 140 guests assembled at the Regent Hotel, who had cycled to the event, must have heaved a sign of relief that the weather for the first time for three years was fine. In the past we have been blessed with two bouts of snow and one of torrential rain, but this year, as if to atone for the past summer, the clerk of the weather decided to be on our side.

At the period which precedes the actual dinner we saw many of our old friends and quite a number of new ones. In one corner were our great rivals the Uckfield & District C.C., whilst in another part of the room was a strong contingent from over the border, led by Ted Harrison of the Medway Road Club. London was well represented by the Catford C.C., and representing the Addiscombe C.C. was Charlie Davey, who of course needs no introduction.

In a prominent position by the bar another group were standing, and one has only to notice that Messrs. Catt & Lamb are among these to realise that there is a very strong contingent from the Tricycle Association.

At the dinner itself cross-toasting was the general order amongst great hilarity. Percy Bliss in the chair seeing that nobody slacked in this respect.

In the speeches which followed mention was made by Charlie Davey in proposing the toast of the club to the fact that we were one of the oldest clubs in the country. Responding, Maurice Chauncey referred to a successful season and the healthy position of the club runs, led by Colin Sinden (when it is wet) and Ron Longley (when it's fine).

Welcoming the visitors amongst whom were contingents from Eastbourne, Uckfield, Lewes, the T.A., Sittingbourne, Canterbury and the Medway Towns, and not forgetting our rivals the Hastings Warriors led by Denis Neeves, Jack Southerden, past club Best-Allrounder, and our very able chairman thanked all those who had helped us during the past season.

Both Roy Humphrey and Ted Harrison responded, the latter giving an instructive lecture on how to dismount gracefully from a bicycle. In passing, we hope this was taken to heart by all who intend to ride in 12-hour events in the coming season. Remember, chaps, when the timekeeper calls "halt" skip gracefully over the rear wheel, and do not take a header, as often the case, into the nearest ditch!

Hastings & St. Leonards C. & A.C. (continued)

Responding to the toast of President and Vice-Presidents, F. Maslin, Esq., paid special tribute to the President, Mr. Percy Bliss. The evening concluded with dancing.

The Best Clubman. This year the best clubman was in fact a girl, Esther Rolleston, who was only one point short of the maximum points which can be gained. As club members are aware, this competition is run on a points basis, two being awarded for attendance on the all day club run, and one for attendance at tea. In view of the weather during the past season Esther is to be congratulated, especially as the only morning on which she failed to put in an appearance it was impossible to cycle, owing to thick snow on the ground.

Best-All-Rounder. This year it was the turn of Mike Kenward to receive the Best-All-Rounder award from the hands of Mrs. Arthur Coleman. All through the year it has been a duel between Mike Kenward and Gordon King, Mike clinching the matter with a very creditable 12-hour performance.

Other racing members are determined that next season the competition will not be a duel but a full scale war.

The Most Improved Novice. This award went to Roy Mills, of whom we have great hopes in the coming year. Mention must also be made of the great rides of Junior Ian May, who came very close to Roy in winning this medal.

The Captain & Vice-Captain. To those who have been present at a conference between Colin and Ron, it is a shining example of how two officials can work in unison and it is almost entirely due to them that our club-runs are so well attended. Thanks on behalf of the lais who know that probably at this moment you are poring over a large scale map trying to work out the 61st alternative way to reach Hawkhurst for tea by 5 o'clock.

It only remains now for the Hastings & St. Leonards to wish all their friends up the road a happy and successful New Year.

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