

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



6<sup>d</sup>.

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# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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NEW SERIES - No. 10.

SUMMER 1955

## A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Dear Readers,

As was apparent to you all, the Spring Number was an outstanding success, and I take this opportunity of offering my congratulations and sincere thanks to all those contributors who so ably backed up my initial effort in this sphere.

It is no idle boast to say that our magazine ranks with the best of its type, a view that I have heard expressed in several non-E.S.C.A. areas, and, with the wealth of talent existing among our contributors, should continue to do so for a long time to come.

With the racing season well into its stride some good riding has already been evident, so now that there is some likelihood of warmer weather, the chances for improvement are very good.

On that hopeful note I'll wish all riders every success, not forgetting the tourists and clubrun stalwarts, and will end with a reminder that the closing date for contributions to the Autumn Number is AUGUST 22nd.

Yours in sport,

G.W.

"Gen" from the Racing Secretary

Here we are again well and truly at it on the road, and by the time these notes appear we shall be nearly to the half-way mark of the 1955 season. The opening event of the year, the 12 miles Hardriders, received an entry better than for some years, but due to the weather more riders had D.N.S. against their names. Despite the coating of snow over the roads the times returned were very good indeed. Times have been about equal to past years, with Gordon King winning the 25 miles 72" event for the third year running. Great interest is being shown in the team competition and to date it has been anybody's guess who would run out the eventual winners.

Entries for the Ladies' events have been better than in previous years, and in the 10 miles held in April the times were quite good despite the fact that this was the first event for most of the riders this year.

Our Open Tandem 30 miles did not receive the expected support, but all the same it was an interesting event, with the winners for the second year running setting up a new course and event record with a time of 1.3.50 by R.T. & F.L. Powney of the Kingston Phoenix R.C., who also had the satisfaction of leading the winning Team. Whether or not this event is run again in 1956 will depend on the Annual General Meeting, but I think quite a few people will be disappointed if we do not at least make one more effort to run this event, which I feel can be a success if we can avoid clashing.

Once again I appeal to all club members to offer their services as marshals and helpers with the feeding for the 12 hours early in August. Don't forget to let me know during what times of the day you will be available and I can assure you I shall be only too glad of your assistance.

In conclusion, may I thank all riders and officials for their co-operation in keeping the road clear at the finish of events to date; the amended start and finish gives everyone much more space to move about without getting on to the road.

R.H.

P.S. But what about those who have to ride the bikes ?

- Ed.

ROAD EVENT RESULTS

<u>12 Miles Hardriders.</u>		H. M. S.
1st. D.A. Patten	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	36 40
<u>Team:</u> Tunbridge Wells Road Club		1 58 33
<u>25 Miles 72" Gear.</u>		
1st. G. King	Hastings & St. Leonards C & AC	1 5 59
<u>Team:</u> Uckfield & District C.C.		3 22 44
<u>25 Miles.</u>		
1st. D. Marsh	Eastbourne Rovers C & AC	1 1 51
<u>Team:</u> Eastbourne Rovers C & AC		3 14 19
<u>Open Tandem 30 Miles.</u>		
1st. R.T. & F.L. Powney	Kingston Phoenix R.C.	1 3 50
<u>Team:</u> Kingston Phoenix R.C.		2 12 25
-----		
<u>Ladies 10 Miles.</u>		
1st. E. Rolleston	Hastings & St. Leonards C & AC	28 34
<u>Team:</u> Eastbourne Rovers C & AC		57 44
-----		

1955 CLUB OFFICIALS

Royal Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C.

General & Track Secretary: A.J. Rogers, 7 Saunders Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Time Trials Secretary: R.G. Rogers, 30 Crescent Road, Tunbridge Wells.

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Dates for your diary.

Sunday, 27th November, 1955. Annual Prize Presentation & Luncheon.

Track Meetings.

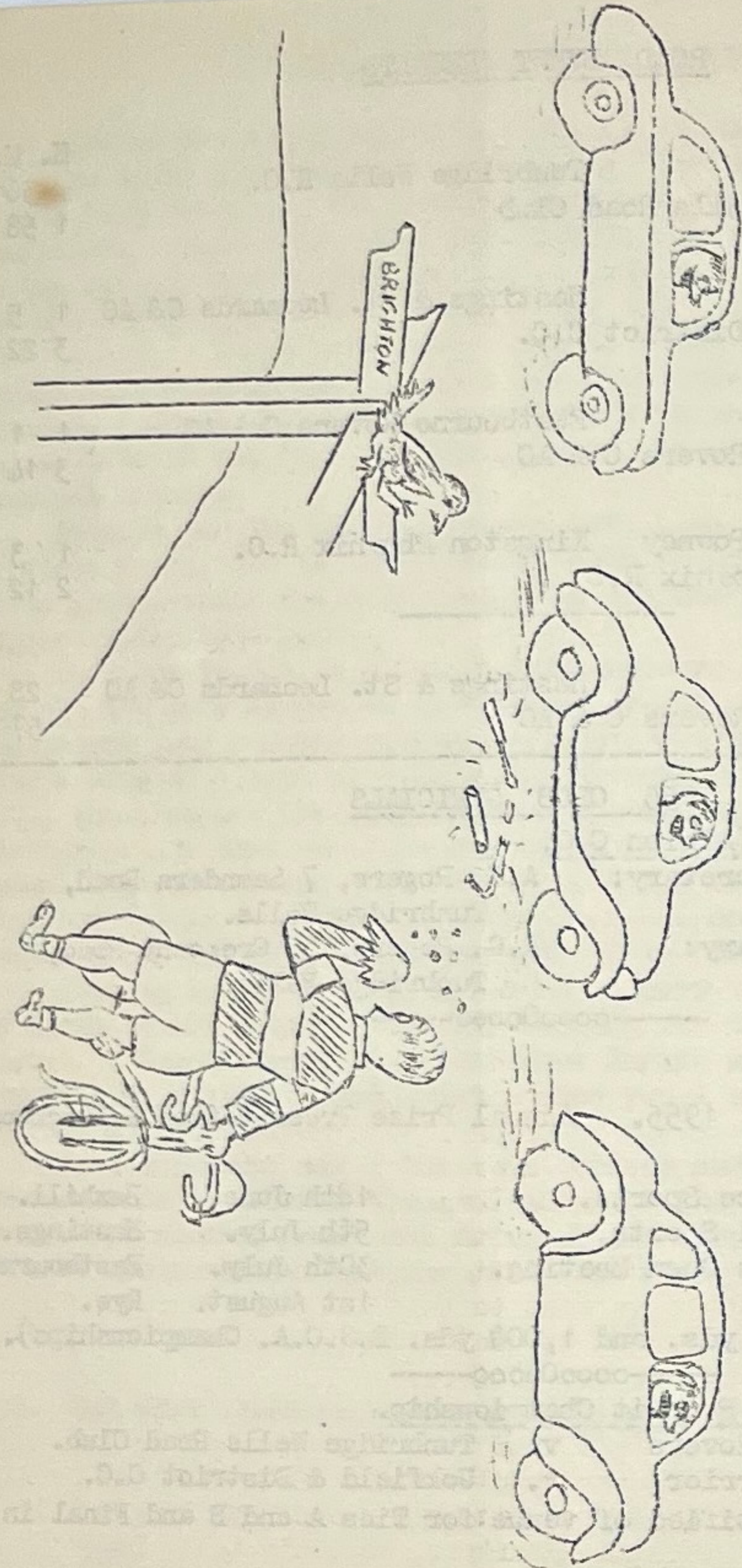
East Sussex Police Sports.	18th June.	Bexhill.
Hastings Carnival Sports.	5th July.	Hastings.
Eastbourne Rovers Open Meeting.	30th July.	Eastbourne.
Rye Sports Day.	1st August.	Rye.
(including 440 yds. and 1,000 yds. E.S.C.A. Championships).		

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East Sussex C.A. Team Pursuit Championship.

<u>Tie A.</u>	Eastbourne Rovers	v.	Tunbridge Wells Road Club.
<u>Tie B.</u>	Hastings Warrior	v.	Uckfield & District C.C.

Clubs will be notified of venue for Ties A and B and Final in due course.



Anyone like to lend Ken a pump ?

LIFE WITH THE "FARMERS" (No. 5).

I see that I ended my last batch of notes with "Only a week to the first event, and still snowing"! Ought to have kept quiet about the snow, someone must have heard, as although we had it fine for the Club "10" back it came next week, double whack, and gave us a real treat in the Hardriders (I don't think). The Sussex Hilly 25 planned for the next week-end was called off owing to lack of entries, so that gave us a free day to explore the Brightling country, familiar to many but always an eye-opener to the new chums who haven't realised that history you ferret out for yourself is vastly more interesting than the sort in the books (a word to would-be visitors to the "Needle" - this stands on what is now a T.T. farm so don't climb the fence, ask at the house and they will gladly show you the "back way in").

The next few events followed much the pattern of 1954, with John taking longer to find form owing to army service - and of course not being able to turn out for the club as often as he (and we) would like. Colin was showing early season fitness, Roy still finding football and cycling don't mix over well, Big. plagued by studies, and Webby nursing his knee. Ken and Geoff, although fit, hadn't found their mark, but Micky Siggs was shaping well and Cedric was beginning to come into the picture after his two-year lay-off. Colin, John and Ced. pulled a surprise win in the medium gear, but the next week at Shoreham we had to be content with second place. The first club 25 found Roy hitting form to pip Ken by two seconds, and in the Fountain "25" at Easter we only lost to the redoubtable Kentish Wheelers by a bare quarter-minute. Cedric came back in the next East Sussex event, where we had three riders inside 66 minutes, and Webby forgot his knee to return fastest time in the Barnes Cup, with Trevor taking the handicap trophy. Biggest shock was John Dunstall's 1-10-36 for his first-ever ride, and this in spite of unshipping his (or I should say Den Funnell's) chain and scuppering the turn marshal kindly provided by the Warriors, who also entrusted Dr. Neeves with a stick of rock, lettered right through, for the Prof. The same day four of the boys went to the New Forest for the Southampton Whs. "25", but in spite of good rides (notably a "2" by Colin for fifth place), weren't in the picture.

Football over, Roy showed the way with a place in the S.C.A. Shortmarkers, turning in 1-1-36, and was ably backed up by Ken and Arthur with "2's" to snatch the team verdict, while Ced. and Geoff recorded P.B's. Micky Siggs was within 4 seconds of his fastest in spite of a rush start. The longmarkers, too, did well, Doug finally settling the Prof's hash with a short "7", Spin improving

a minute and a half and Brian and Terry both inside a "9". Trevor went grass-cutting, nobody's found out why.

The tandem "30" found Cedric and Arthur, paired for the first time since 1952, just managing to pip Geoff and Ken on Den Funnell's tandem, Geoff's still being in dock. Roy and Terry turned out on Griff's twicer, had the rotten luck to puncture just over a mile from the start, but turned in a smart 1-14 for their first effort.

Next week found the bous all lined up ready for the hat-trick in the Team Championship - but there's many a slip, and the puncture bug struck, John and Ced. both being put out of the running. Nevertheless we came back with the Henty Bowl and a find win by the "B" team, placed 1-2-3 in their section. Webby, Geoff and the two Micks may well be proud of their effort which would have brought them fifth place in the four-man Championship. Meanwhile the Prof is buying wall-paper.

Latest news is of the East Sussex 50, where Cedric had a field day, collecting 3rd fastest and 2nd handicap awards, the Club 50 cup, a standard, a team certificate and a personal best - nearly three minutes up on his previous best 50 five years ago! With Geoff, Roy and Ken packed in the next three places we had a comfortable nine-minute win.

You'll have noticed scant mention of Colin after the first few events - he's now indulging in some bunched stuff, a treat (?) he promised himself for this season. After a few troubles such as losing skin on the Chailey circuit and eight of his ten ratios in the wilds around Cowfold he grabbed a crust in the shape of a "tub" in a prime on the Eridge road and has now followed it up with a place in the Battle event. Chacun à son gout, which is nothing to do with the Prof's foot. Rot, say you? Well . . . . In between time-trialling and road racing the indefatigable "windows" mops up pursuits, establishes a training school, rides at the Hill and the Park, runs the Club, dreams up numerous swindles (and, we presume, eats, drinks, sleeps and works).

Well, so much for our doings on the home front. Don writes from Malaya to say he got fed up with driving the C.O. around and has gone back to his truck. Hopes to be on the boat by June and has sent word to have his iron taken out of mothballs. Looking forward to seeing you back, Don, but he warned, the Prof promises nothing but blood and sweat and toil and tears! Arthur gives the R.A.F. the soldier's farewell this month, having done his nut in various road and circuit races, and performed notably in "25's", but had rotten luck in the R.A.F. championship. A member of the

winning team last year, he punctured in this year's event. John has landed on his feet at Laindon, had the good fortune to encounter the Brentwood R.C. who have adopted him like a long-lost brother and paid him the supreme compliment of waiving their second-claim rule to enable him to compete for club awards. A truly sporting gesture, repaid in some measure when John was a member of their winning team in the N.C.U. Essex Centre "25". He's been getting a lot of riding, both mid-week and at week-ends, but presumably owing to the different conditions has been longer in finding form this year than last. However, with two wins, including an Army Command Championship to his credit, and two "2's" followed by a "1" in 25's, and a 50 on a strange course in 2-9, I should say he's well on the way.

Tony and Jill have had a set-back to their racing plans, as Half-Pint has developed an appendix which insists on being removed and so will effectively put paid to their projected week-end trips to East Sussex courses this season. However, they have their long-awaited home at Winchester now - but riders calling for a cuppa in the middle of a W. & B. record attempt will not get any credit marks! No news from Reg lately, still with his unit near Salisbury but not getting much biking, I fear. Rob, back with the motors at Windsor, was all set to start riding again this season but so far has been strike-plagued. Who'd be in the Guards?

Latest forces member to join the fold is Taffy Jones, ex Risca C.C., who Mick brought to see us one wet night - we hope you'll enjoy your stay with the Farmers, Taff. And a find farewell to George, now demobbed and back home in Somerset. Well, George, you know where to find us whenever you're over this way - and if you care to spring half-a-dollar a year I'll see you get your "Bonk" each quarter.

Just to wind up with - after some dickering with the A.C.U., who wanted John to ride for them, we have a team - John, Colin and Roy - in the National Championship "25" this year. The Nomads achieved this distinction in, I think, 1952, I'd be interested to know what luck other Sussex clubs have had.

Best of British

THE PROF.

Eastbourne calling all Farmers, Furriners and Philanderers of East Sussex. Once again "50" time is upon us - bottles are being freed from their mesh of winter cobwebs and the furry residue of fermented Ribena. The chief event of the season for us to far has been the winning of the S.C.A. Team Championship under the leadership of Dave Marsh, who of course retained his individual title. Dave had already brought the Club "25" record under the hour, and assisted by Micky Horner and "Whippet", has brought the team time down to the rerespectability of a "3-6". In the sphere of "50's" Dennis and Len are getting down to it early - Stoker did a "9" in the Wessex 50 and a "7" in the Association event and Len a short 10 in the Bon Amis. This "going away" business is getting quite a big thing - furthest "rovers" so far have been Fred Brooker and Stan, who went up to Huntingdonshire to ride in a middle-markers "50". Pride forbids me to mention times - suffice it to say don't ride on F1 when the wind's blowing! Talking about wind we held our first evening 10 a short time ago and the boys were getting to the turn in under 9 minutes. But when they turned .....! It was a fight ... what a fight it was ... it really was! Dave Dunbar, who incidentally may be a lad to watch this year, won with a 28. Reckon he turned sideways going into the wind! Among this year's novices are Ted Durrant, who has already got down to a "6", and one Michael Griffiths. If he sticks to it like his Dad he'll still be going strong in 1983! Among the girls our two Pats look like being deadly rivals this year and have both done 28's for 10's. June Clarke also has started and should soon be bombing over 10 miles.

As most of you probably know, we promoted our first road races on May 22nd, and I think they went off quite successfully, under the guidance of M/S Secretary Stew Greenway. Stone of the 34th Nomads time-trialled his way to success in the first event and the second was won by Smith of the Esoteric in a sprint finish. Dave Dunbar, the club's junior stirrer-upper, also carries this trait into his racing, and in the afternoon event earned the undying enmity of his fellow coureurs by his "animating" activities at the front. He came fourth in the end and "Whippet" was also there in 10th place. Stew and Gooser are racing most week-ends and several of the other boys have had a go over the Forest circuits.

We were sorry that more of you couldn't get along to meet Eileen Sheridan a short time ago but considering the shocking weather we weren't surprised. However, the evening was a big

success and she is certainly as charming as they say. She had a week down here plugging her firm's wares and also had two "road safety" rides through the town. It appears that a certain Mr. Horner was invited to participate in these but for some reason declined the honour. Regrettable though this was, his refusal to take part was perhaps just as well, for I am sure that the local prophets of Road Safety, constabulary, and others of that ilk, would not have been edified by the spectacle of a furiously half-wheeling Horner and Sheridan doing 30's down Seaside, followed by a heterogeneous trail of gasping first-formers! As it was Eileen's "clubrun" gained on schedule and had to stop to allow time to catch up.

Alan Bourne writes from Reading periodically. Latest news is that although he is the opulent possessor of a "moto velo" he still likes the idea of pushing them round, has contacted the local club, Bon Amis C.C., and has actually touched the fabulous Terry Horton. Whether the thrill of this contact was reciprocal is doubtful, but it does remind me of the great moment when Ken Joy spoke to me on catching me in the "Chi 50". I shall always wonder how that sentence finished!

Well, time to be getting up the road, so from all of us suntrappers - fat and greasy, long and skimmy and just plain ornery - cheerio, see you in the Autumn number.

"LAID ROVER"

It is with sincere regret that we record the passing of Mrs. Allcorn, mother of Neville ("Lofty") Moore, of Uckfield & District Cycling Club, after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Allcorn was a keen supporter of several local sporting organisations and a staunch friend of the Uckfield club, who will long remember her cheerful and practical interest in the club's affairs. As well as a floral tribute the club were able to send a small donation to the British Empire Cancer Relief Fund. Our deep sympathy is extended to Mr. Allcorn and to Neville.

We first became aware of her as a regular shadow of the Old Town 1 Service. We noticed her (a), because she was female, (b) because she was a cyclist, or at least had the appearance of being one. Her main peculiarity seemed to be a marked affinity for the back sides of buses, always about six inches from the rear bumper.

Don't misunderstand me; her affections were not wholly for the Old Town 1 Service, delightful though the devious meanderings of that route may be. She caught the Langney buses going the other way. "Caught", though, is a bad word; had she really caught one the consequences could well have been violent - and yet she rarely missed one. Shall we say she was perhaps a conductress following her vocation?

Attracted to her style and intrigued by the activities of this aspiring Joan Bunker, the club members one night despatched a courier (of her own sex), in an endeavour to learn more of the motives inspiring this strange conduct. But alas - "the best laid plans" ! - this shy bird gave our scout the slip with alleged lamp trouble. Whether any other articles of clothing changed hands we wouldn't know, but she was next observed inhaling deep breaths of exhaust from a great brute bound for Ocklynge, and we none the wiser !

It is difficult to understand why this young lady chose to occupy her evenings in this eccentric manner - the reading matter on the rear ends of Eastbourne buses has a certain monotonous sameness and must have palled very soon. There is the possibility, of course, that she had romantic yearnings for one or more of the conductors employed on these routes, but even if it were necessary to chase one's man so blatantly, it is possible to envisage more suitable circumstances for courting !

We had not seen her for several nights and many were the guesses hazarded as to her whereabouts. The local buses looked lonely, and there were dark rumours that she had deserted Corporation Transport for the charms of the green monsters that range that doyen of routes, Southdown Service 12. But at last the mystery was solved; a member, one dark night, had observed her tucked in behind an ex-London taxi of ancient vintage, piled high with luggage, and occupied by folk of wild appearance. But what she had not observed was the legend chalked on the bonnet - "Cape Town or bust".

She should now be somewhere near Khartoum.

"L.R."

Great interest has been shown by our readers after my brief reference to Amateur Herring-gutting and Piano-Tuning, and in answer to their many enquiries, I give the following further particulars obtained in an interview with the Editor of "The Amateur Herring-gutter and Piano-Tuner". He informed me that there also exists a professional side to the sport and of this I will write later.

Amateur Herring-gutting and Piano-Tuning has as a sport much to commend it, possessing many of those attributes which make cycling such a "grand game".

Amateur Herring-gutters and Piano-Tuners engage in their sport, (as we do) purely for the love of the game, for the uplift of spirits which it gives, for the healthy exercise which it engenders and for the satisfaction of a job well done. Thought of financial reward does not cross their naive little minds and gambling is strictly prohibited.

Many events are held and there is no close season. Time-trials are held to determine the fastest H.G. & P.T.-er, and there is a full calendar of massed start and sprint events. The prizes, which are highly valued, take the form of engraved fish knives and tuning forks.

Although at the present time, the U.S.A. (with its system of state sponsorship and university graduateship in Herring-gutting and Piano-Tuning) leads the world, we have every reason to hope that our lads, who are literally sleeping, breathing and eating H.-G.-ing & P.-T.-ing, will soon go to the fore. In the international field we must be particularly wary of the Russian challenge, for who can deny the immense propaganda value to a country possessing an "Amateur Herring-gutting and Piano-Tuning Champion of the World".

As a measure of the progress being made in this country, one has only to consider the way in which competition record for the 100 (herrings gutted and pianos tuned) has tumbled in the last few years. The magic four hours is now in sight and to commemorate this achievement "The Amateur Herring-gutter and Piano-Tuner" will award a Good Medal to the first person to pass this milestone in the history of the sport. Yes, the future for Amateur H.G. & P.T.-ing certainly looks bright.

AND what of the professional world? The Editor of "The Professional H.G. & P.T.-er" forecasts that this year is also likely to be a great one, for those in the paid ranks. Our representatives are making their force increasingly felt in continental events and leading continental writers are beginning to praise the increasing





enjoyed our visits to the club dinners, being represented at those of the Heath, Uckfield & Dist., Southampton Wheelers and East Grinstead. Great disappointment that night, when the Hon. Roy Humphrey kissed one of the waitresses and she then removed her wig and make-up, proving to be a male entertainer dressed for the part! Most of us enjoyed the social season and all that went with it (sup up). If at any time you do buy Roy a drink he prefers a stout with a slice of lemon in it.

We sincerely hope that Dennis Webb is not hopping about on crutches any longer (we haven't seen him, so wouldn't know), and talking of crutches, our good friend mentioned earlier on with the motor-bike is now hopping on crutches. He had an argument with a taxi, and the taxi came off best, poor old "Robbie" just 'came off'.

Members we still have in the Forces are Tony Honess, who we think is on a cushy number. He's been stuck at Catterick since joining up, and refuses to talk about it when on leave, so we are of the opinion that he is doing some rather crafty training up there. Also Colin Isted, still serving with the R.A.F. and still in England. It has now come to my notice that Tony has taken his machine back to Catterick with him, so it seems that we were right in our thoughts.

Now we come to the "mystery of the returned entry forms".

Several members sent in forms for an E.S.C.A. "25". Sid Stoner posted them all together, and they were returned complete with money (I mustn't forget to mention that), but when I spoke to Sid about their return, he said - "well it's a funny thing I don't remember sending any forms to YEOVIL, and that's the post-mark on the envelope they came back in.

If there are any enterprising chaps among the clubs, perhaps they would like to take up business in the optical trade, as it seems that the thing to do (quite common these days), is for bods to smash their 'gen' rimless specs. while racing, and then find that repairs cost around 22/6d.

We had some good fun a week or two back when we challenged a ladies' team at darts (well, we daren't challenge the real M'Coys). Strange as it may seem to you, we DREW, but they wiped the floor with us on doubles. We did the same to them at singles, so you see our social season continues throughout the year.

Well, folks, can't keep chirping away here, so will sign off, hoping to be with you again in the next edition. Happy holidays to you all, and our sincere "Good Luck" to you during the racing season.

P.S. Glad to see both the "boys" off crutches now.

Amen. Yours,

The Vicar.

Gentlemen, the answer to this age-old question can at last be given.

Your correspondent can firmly state that this summer a new force will be unleashed on the professional cycling world! And who will be wearing the "maillot jaune" (roughly translated "June's my lot") this summer? Your correspondent thinks it very probable that it will be Louison Bluebottle, Gino Grid-pipe Thynne, Ferde Secombe, Fiorenzo Greenslade or Hugo Geldray; for these are the famous names that have been signed to ride for "Bloodknock" cycles.

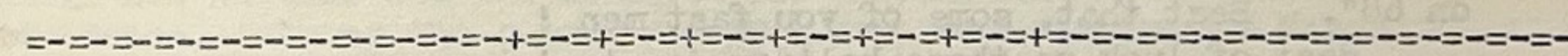
The Goons are tackling their new venture in their usual thorough manner and ruthless determination. They have done into strict training at a secret hideout at Piccadilly Circus. Your correspondent, however, was able to obtain an exclusive eyeful of the Goons' pre-season preparation after being smuggled in to the training camp, craftily disguised as a gross of spoke nipples (cadmium plated).

Under the able guidance of that wily tactician Alfredo Crumb, the Goons have already learnt to balance and "discovery" Greenslade has been "round the block" alone.

What will be the rewards for such painstaking efforts? Surely it is obvious to the naked eye that the public demand for the magnificent equipment used by our heroes as they lead the break-aways, bring up the peloton, and triumph in the sprints, will be nothing short of insignificant. Campagnolo will be ousted by Gridpipe gears; Crumby will be the word for clangers; Bannister brakes will be the most "honkable"; Ellington Elliptical chainsets will have no rival and a Moriarti musette will be the final touch that lifts its owner out of the common rut.

From what he has seen, your correspondent feels sure that the Goons will prove worthy representatives of this island race, and confirm the Continentals in their opinions of the English as a cycling nation..... well, we shall see.

"NOTASSINGE".





ornate silver snuff-box, which Frank and Maurice thought more befitting to the dignity of a club president than the rather scruffy plastic box that Bill had previously. This drew an amazing impromptu response from the recipient telling of the birth and growth of snuff-taking in East Sussex. Ald. Chambers spoke for the visitors and has since generously given a donation of two guineas which will be divided equally between the cycling and athletic sections and used as prizes for the most improved novice this season. A rider who stands a very good chance of winning this award is Dave Turner, who was second in the "Hardriders"; first in the Marsh "10", and has since done 1-5-5 for 25 miles, all on 26 x 1 1/4 Endricks. However, I think that Roy Humphrey will have to transfer him to the Eastbourne C.T.C. for a course of map reading. In the club "50" he didn't know the difference between the Polegate-Lewes road and the Polegate-Eastbourne road. This and other misfortunes made this event something of a fiasco. Two timekeepers were ill and a third was working, so Brian Moore not unwillingly stood down and held the watch. Doug M'loyd, winner in '53 and '54, punctured and retired, while Dennis struggling round trying to think of an excuse to "pack" had his prayers answered at Uckfield when one toe clip came apart. This left Emrys Jones (having his first competitive ride for three years), to struggle home and win the Rix trophy with a 2-25, with Mick Walker, the only other rider, second. Don't ask Mick what his time was, he has somehow "forgotten", though a certain denizen of Heathfield will no doubt be pleased to supply the information. Just our luck that he was around the course that morning. Emrys (call me St. George) has "killed his dragon" and is now riding himself back into the form that made him E.S.C.A. best-all-rounder in 1949. Afraid you'll have to do better than 1-4's and 2-13's though, Emrys old boy; things have got hard since then. A week after the "50" was the first club "25" of the year, and here the Clerk of the Weather slipped up badly. It was warm - yes, repeat WARM, and the riders roasted accordingly. Brian did a 1-3, Dave and Emrys short 1-5s, Doug improved five seconds to 1-8-13, and even our 1-25 man clocked 1-9-3. Brian's young brother Trevor did well to record a 1-10 for his first "25", and took the handicap prize. To end the time-trial news (thank goodness, it's giving me the sags just writing about it), we were for the first time able to enter a team for the Sussex C.A. team championship. Nobody set the Adur on fire, but Brian and Emrys with 1-7s, Dave with a 1-9 and Mick Walker with a 1-11 put us into a respectable position about halfway down the list of seventeen teams. The night before the event the team was cheered

up by Neevo, who passed on the prophecies (all too true) of woe and suffering, with which he had been cheered up by George Henty on a Brighton-Hastings train. What's that? We don't care if he does read it. He was on the train as well, getting the miles in ready for a another trip to Yeo-know-where.

Last but certainly not least we come to club-runs which are doing very nicely, with the all-day section getting stronger and tea attendance varying from eight to fourteen. The winter "pub-runs" have ended and now longer rides are the order of the day, 120 miles being the best to date. Several keen youngsters are coming along; one of the keenest is Brian Nuttall, who is only just fourteen, but has already accomplished runs to Seaford and Brighton, besides doing a creditable time in the club "Hardriders". In the last issue we praised Allah that we had no Stan Nash, and for his sins we now suffer under an even greater scourge, the aforementioned Brian (Basher) Moore, whose club run speed is the same as my racing speed, and for whom anything less than "seventeens" is pottering. The captain and Neevo have been overheard hatching a cunning plot to steal Brian's "iron" and to substitute a bike of 70° head and seat, flat bars, spring saddle and "66 free", or if that fails, glue in his hubs.

News from the club's National Service men is that Ken Miller is half way through basic training at Malvern Wells, and not enjoying it all that much; Roy Bicknell is doing a little racing (and taking a packet or two) in Austria, while our R.A.F. potterers' section, John Bridger, is getting quite a few miles in round Oxford. And I'll close with a reminder to the trackmen that our Carnival sports will be on a Tuesday this year. As usual we hope that some of you will be there.

WARRIOR.

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"ABROAD WITH THE LEWES WANDERERS" - BEING THE CHRONICLES OF A NOBODY

The road season has started in real earnest seeing all our racing members (i.e., all four of them) completely unprepared and incapable of withstanding the rigours of umpteen miles contre le montre.

The versatile Willcocks, in particular, has startled the club world with his truly astonishing riding. This boy is certainly keen - every Sunday finds him training furiously on the London (rail) road.

Peter Sharp, who should know better at his great age, maltreated

the cream of the club's coureurs (not to mention their camp followers to win the first club trophy event of the season - 50 agonising miles for the Strudwick Cup. I say that this was the first club trophy event of the season, although, actually, that event peculiar to the Wanderers - the Lewes to Newhaven and return - came first, but, as my best pal "Radfahrer" Burgess won this, although after the comments made at the club dinner he had no choice, I will not bore you with details.

Just to impress upon us who is boss, Peter followed up his club "50" victory to record his best ever "25" time (1-6-2) in the S.C.A. Longmarkers event. A remarkable achievement in view of the fact that his previous best performance was recorded 15 years ago.

At the other end of the scale we have the indefatigable Russell, who, with a devastating display of sheer speed, recently succeeded in recording his slowest ever "25". But as the "Radfahrer" nastily commented, the season's still long enough for him to do worse. Our handicapper was contemplating giving him at least 7 days' handicap in the next event as a result, but, always a man for the occasion, Russell won the Club "25" a few weeks later, and salvaged his self-respect (big-headed (s--d)).

Our much beloved secretary, Michael Angelo Burgess, has shamefully deceived his clubmates. He has, in fact, "done them in the eye". This treacherous villain, despite the tear-jerking pleas and lamentations of his fellows, has joined the hierarchy of the East Sussex Constabulary, and will aid them in their unrelenting and pitiless persecution of all peace-loving and law-breaking cyclists! Indeed, the rogue has brazenly announced his intention of sending his club-mates "up the river" at the earliest opportunity. Look out, here's one flat-foot you won't outspurt.

Talking about flat-feet, unsubstantiated rumours have been filtering out into the civilised world to the effect that the "Tourist" is serving his sentence in the Q.M. Stores, thus adding further credulity to the old army curse of "Ali Baba and the forty Q.Ms." It is yet too early to say whether he intends to open a Government Surplus Stores upon release.

"Iron Man" Grover has been somewhat disheartened since arriving in the Canal Zone by the dejected comment of some "old sweats" that when they arrived there the Dead Sea was just reporting sick. Anyway, his first glimpse of the promised land was in a sand-storm.

Our former racing secretary, Johnny Adams, also "serving time" in the Forces, may, with luck, obtain a posting nearer home. He will prove a very welcome, and useful, re-addition to our racing

strength.

Another one of the Wanderers' annual events, for no particular trophy but for hard cash, was recently promoted successfully. This was a dance held at the Town Hall, Lewes. It was hard work but, boy, the proceeds made it worth while. Chancellor Eldridge was grinning like a Cheshire cat whose treble-chance had come up.

Finally, will club officials please note that now Mick Burgess has left us for pastures new, the duties of club General Secretary have been entrusted to: Mr. Peter Sharp, "Appletrees", Kingston, Lewes.

ALSORAN.

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THE HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS C. & A.C.

The club's racing activities this year opened on March 13th with a bang caused, not by Gordon King crashing through the sound barrier, but by Alan Sorrenson's rear tyre exploding. The first event of the season was a low-gear 10 mile event ridden on the heights of Broad Oak. In connection with this I have been asmed to state that the peculiar white stuff falling from the ski was snowflakes, and not ash from the latest thermo-nuclear explosion. One rider was, however, heard to state that it was so cold he had great difficulty in avoiding various wolves and grizzly bears which were cluttering up the course. Most competitors were, however, content to compete in track suits and plus fours, but we did notice Esther doing the job properly and riding in the approved racing kit. Who said girls are not tough?

Fourteen riders finished, Gordon King emerging as a clear winner with a time of 27 mins. 16 secs. Ian May second in 28-20, and Bob Downey third in 28-38. After the event members stormed the heights of the Col De Wittersham, where beer was being sold at 1/1 a lb. - use of fire for thawing 2d. extra!

The following week Gordon King notched another win in the East Sussex Cycling Association Medium Gear 25 mile event with a time of 1-5-59.

Hughes Trophy 25 miles. This trophy was again won by Gordon King from a good competing field. It was good to see veteran Ted Coussens riding his first trial of the season, Ted's motto being "60 and still going strong". Creditable times were also recorded by Messrs. Southerden, May, Dicks and Mills. Maurice Chauncey was the faster of the two tricycles competing. E. Rolleston also

showed the form which was to record her first win in the E.S.C.A. Ladies' "10" a fortnight later.

Easter Activities. Once again, Hastings was represented at the classic Charlotteville by Jack Southerden. Bob Downey riding up overnight to witness the event had the misfortune to break a crank at Guildford and was forced to return home by train. Other members were present at Herne Hill on Good Friday. On asking Ben Coleman if he found the going hard he said "Not particularly. I went by bus". On Easter Sunday the main run was to Hythe, and although the weather was certainly not the essence of spring, a good number attended.

E.S.C.A. "25" and Ladies' "10". Taking part in her first event in competition, Esther Rolleston returned a time of 28 mins. 34 secs. to win the event and also set up a new club record, bettering the old one held by Mrs. J. Powell by 50 seconds.

In the men's event, Gordon King returned a time of 1 hr. 3 mins 50 secs. to take second place behind Dave Marsh of the Eastbourne Rovers. M. Gardner with a time of 1-11-2 secured the second handicap award. Other members' times were as follows :- I. May 1-7-9; G. Dicks 1-7-56; J. Southerden 1-8-22; A. Moorhouse 1-9-46 Club Rye - Hythe - Rye, and Junior "15". Here again, Gordon King was able to repeat his past successes and get to within a minute of his record of 1 hr. 50 mins. 9 secs. Jack Southerden, second in 1-54-30, again confirmed his liking for the slightly longer event, others inside the two hour mark were R. Mills, R. Downey, A. Moorhouse and R. Weeks. In the Junior "15", Ian May was the winner with a time of 40 mins. 11 secs. All very good performances, bearing in mind the strong wind which was blowing on the day.

Well, there we have a brief review of the racing activities to date. As can be seen, Gordon King is still keeping ahead of the rest. One thing that emerges from this survey is the consistently good riding of Ian May and Roy Mills, and it is quite feasible that these too may provide the challenge this year to Gordon that Mike Hayward did last year. In Esther we also have a worthy successor to Joan Powell and Maureen Baker, and on her present form she should capture at least one other record this season. On his performance in the Rye-Hythe-Rye, Jack Southerden has again proved his early season fitness in good time for coming "50's" and "100's", which appear to be Jack's favourite distances.

## HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE

(Being a resumé of the authoritative work "Camp Bicycles" by Prof. J. Grover, I.M., and reproduced here by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Bounce, Henty & Henty).

Before I begin this treatise I must state that I myself have never ridden a bicycle, but during a remarkable visit to Egypt I endured the experience of riding upon a camel.

At a cursory glance there would appear to be little resemblance between a bicycle and a camel. I would like to correct this fallacy and assure my readers that the principle involved is the same.

At this stage you may well ask: "What is a camel - I mean a bicycle?" For an answer to this question I must refer the insistent inquisitor to Mr. W.G. Grace, who is, perhaps, in a better position to answer than myself; for on consideration, I have never actually seen a bicycle.

My readers are now, no doubt, impatient to learn the rudiments of bicycling. I admire their bravado and reckless abandon. However, before one can begin, the prospective bicyclist must be in possession of a camel as well as his full faculties.

Contrary to the fantastic claims of the writers of the cheap fiction novels, who themselves have probably never seen a bicycle, a camel is not a docile beast. Indeed, like his near relative the dromedary, he is very susceptible to the pump when annoyed.

If I may be allowed to deviate slightly at this point, I understand from my publishers that in the next E.S.C.A. Camel Trial an award will be given to the first camel to finish on a bicycle - no, that's wrong - I mean an award will be given to the first man to win a camel - is that right? No, a first man will be given to the first award to finish first. Anyway, I think this news will be of great interest when interpreted to the Uckfield Bedouins.

I am confident that I have now given you a fair indication of the problems involved in deep sea diving, and may I, in conclusion, state that I am in a position to supply all your winter sports needs by return Pony Express - from bathing trunks to hot water bottles and camel hair vests. In case of difficulty apply direct to "Humph" at my Heathfield branch.

(An appreciation. Students of the subject will have realised my indebtedness to that eminent authority, Dr. D. Anthony Agg, Bi-cyc., whose unflagging encouragement and advice has made this work possible).

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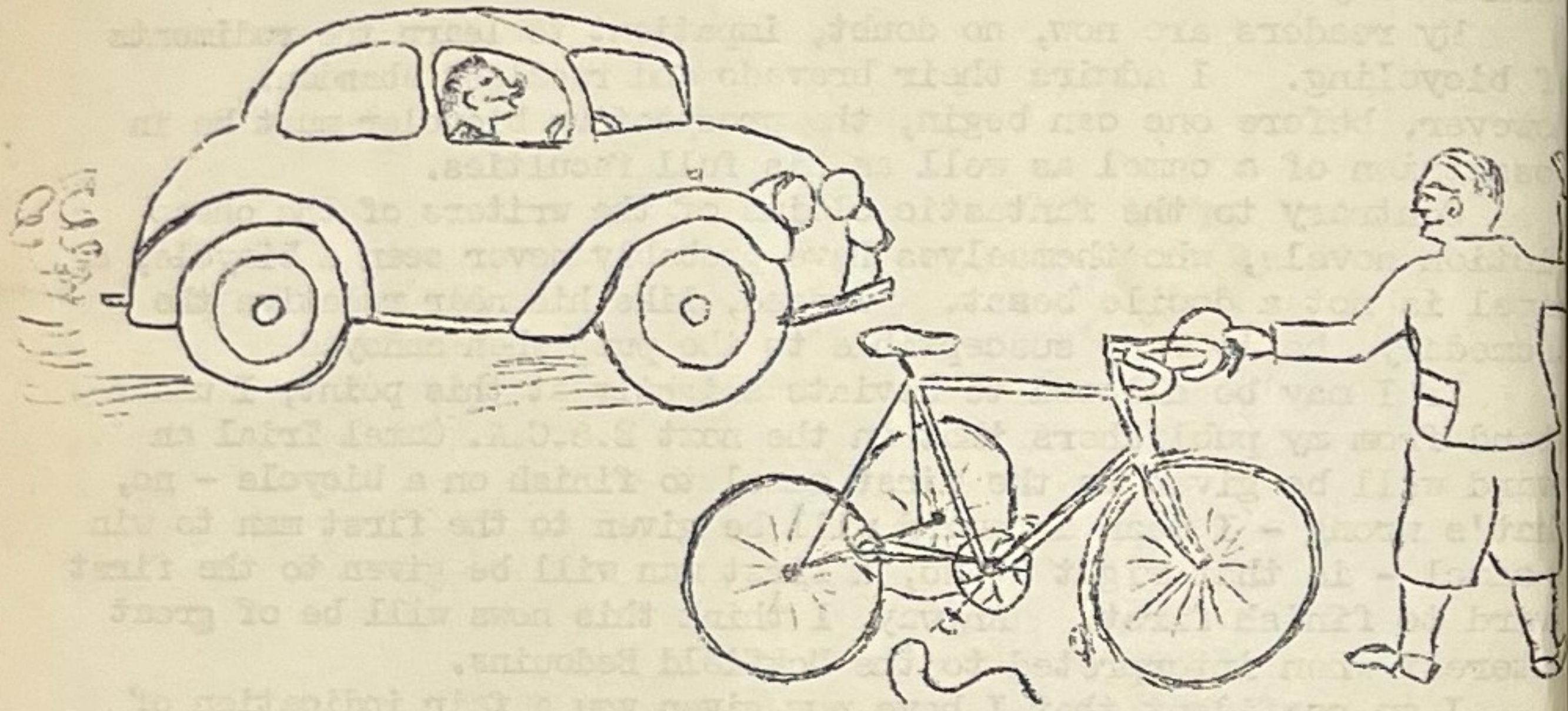
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