

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



6d.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

We have Privilage of Supplying

MEDALS, PLAQUES & CUPS Etc.

To many of the leading Cycling Clubs

May We Quote For Yours ?

Special Designs using your Club Badge
submitted

L. REICH & SONS Ltd

WATCH, CLOCK & RING SPECIALISTS

**48-50 Monson Road,
Tunbridge Wells**

Phone 1352

The Souvenir Shop

19, East Parade, Hastings

Hastings Souvenirs, Postcards

Everything for the Beach, Confectionary
and - of course the famous

HASTINGS ROCK

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

Founded
1946

NEW SERIES - No. 12.

XMAS 1955

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Hallo, once again, folks,

I must apologise for the last copies being circulated minus covers. The reason will be found on reading a certain article in this issue presumably written by a man with clenched teeth while foaming at the mouth ! I am sorry that the perpetrator referred to remains unrepentant and, in fact, has tried to transfer the blame elsewhere, an act which, as one member remarked, "is enough to give you the Humph !"

With the close of yet another racing season I would like sincerely to thank riders, officials, marshals and caterers, all of whom have contributed to the Association's success in the past year.

The social season has been given a good send off with the Luncheon at the Regent Hotel, Hastings, on November 27th, so we are all looking forward to similar "dos" in due course.

In conclusion, I'd like to wish all readers a Very Merry Festive Season and a "Mileful" New Year, hoping that the effects of the former will have partially worn off in time for the Hard-riders' "12" !

Your fellow sufferer,

G.W.

Hello, once again, it's time to fill in this vacant-looking sheet of paper. Doesn't seem all that long ago since I last sent in our contribution to the Autumn issue, now, lo and behold, we're at it again - however, "on with the motley", and see what we've got to talk about.

Last time I wrote, we had only a few more racing events to do, those justly done we looked forward to the social season, but you know it won't be long now before we're lining up under the watchful eye of the time-keeper, and the odour of various rubbing oils polluting the fresh, keen morning air. However, there is quite a bit of fun to be had before, and we in the "Central" hope that all the Club dinners are a rousing success. When you're reading this we shall have been to the E.S.C.A. dinner and no doubt enjoyed a good time.

Recently we held our Annual Open Cyclo Cross, which drew quite a number of riders. With seventeen starters 'on the mark' it was a good race right from the word "GO". The Uckfield team were firm favourites, with Colin Whittingham, Roy Siggs, Dennis Webb and "Spindle" Barnes, the original "old master", to show a few tactics, one of which was how to start the event. Anyway, off to a good start they commenced sprinting through the woodland running alongside their machines. One of the visiting riders, J. Lawrence (Elsynge R.C.), went straight into the lead ahead of Colin, and his lady's machine, which he had ridden to victory in the same event the previous year. Lawrence did the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile lap (1st Round) in 10 mins. dead; the second lap in 7 mins; the last lap (4th) in an all round time of 32 mins. 45 secs. Second came D. Hilling (Ealing Manor) 33-40, 3rd R. Siggs (Uckfield & dist.) 36 mins., Colin Whittingham fourth with a time of 40-25. This position was maintained throughout. First Team went to Elsynge R.C., 2nd Team Uckfield & Dist., 3rd Central Sussex, 4th Redhill, 5th Shoreham. We were disappointed that the Eastbourne entrants didn't arrive to take part. They missed a good event and a nice cool mud bath, as taken by "Spindle". The photographs are good, and no doubt Norman has a good selection to show around.

On the social side club members recently had a very enjoyable time travelling to London and visiting the Victoria Palace to see the Crazy Gang. It was a good evening and the members of the club and friends enjoyed the show very much. Difficulty was had in keeping "Griff" in his seat when the dancing girls took the stage; so an elastoplast was put over his mouth to stop the wolf whistles.

Two of the boys, with a strong arm grip around him, kept him in place. We were pleased to have with us Mr. & Mrs. Geoff Boxall, Mr. & Mrs. Cedric Pearson, also of the 'Uckfield', Mr. & Mrs. Brenda Cullip, Mr. & Mrs. Teddy Davis, and Mrs. Honess and Tony, and, of course, all the usual crowd from the club.

Once again we were challenged by the British Legion ladies' darts team, and victory became ours once again, - we had a good team, Cedric played for us and also Geoff, who made the highest score of the evening, 121, and thus won for himself a box of chocs. This boy can play darts - even brought his own set along. We must mention that poor old Ced had the misfortune to have puncture trouble on the way over from Heathfield to Haywards Heath - not ONE, not TWO, but THREE - yes, poor old feller with only a spark of a front lamp he changed and used his only two spares, and so as not to miss the darts and let the team down, he rode from Newick on the rim, gallant man! Don't think that we only play the ladies for fun, they happen to be the Champs around here, and in case you think we're bluffing we'll challenge any other club ANY TIME. I hope the team will support my statement.

On January 7th at the Hove Town Hall the Annual 'Revels' will be held - we'll be there and hope to meet all our friends.

Well, cads, I'm a day late with this already, so I must get a move on, but before I go, may I on behalf of the club wish you all a Very Happy Christmas, a Prosperous New Year? All the very best for the coming season, which won't be long anyway. We'll see you all around at the dinners. Cheerio, and the "Best of British".

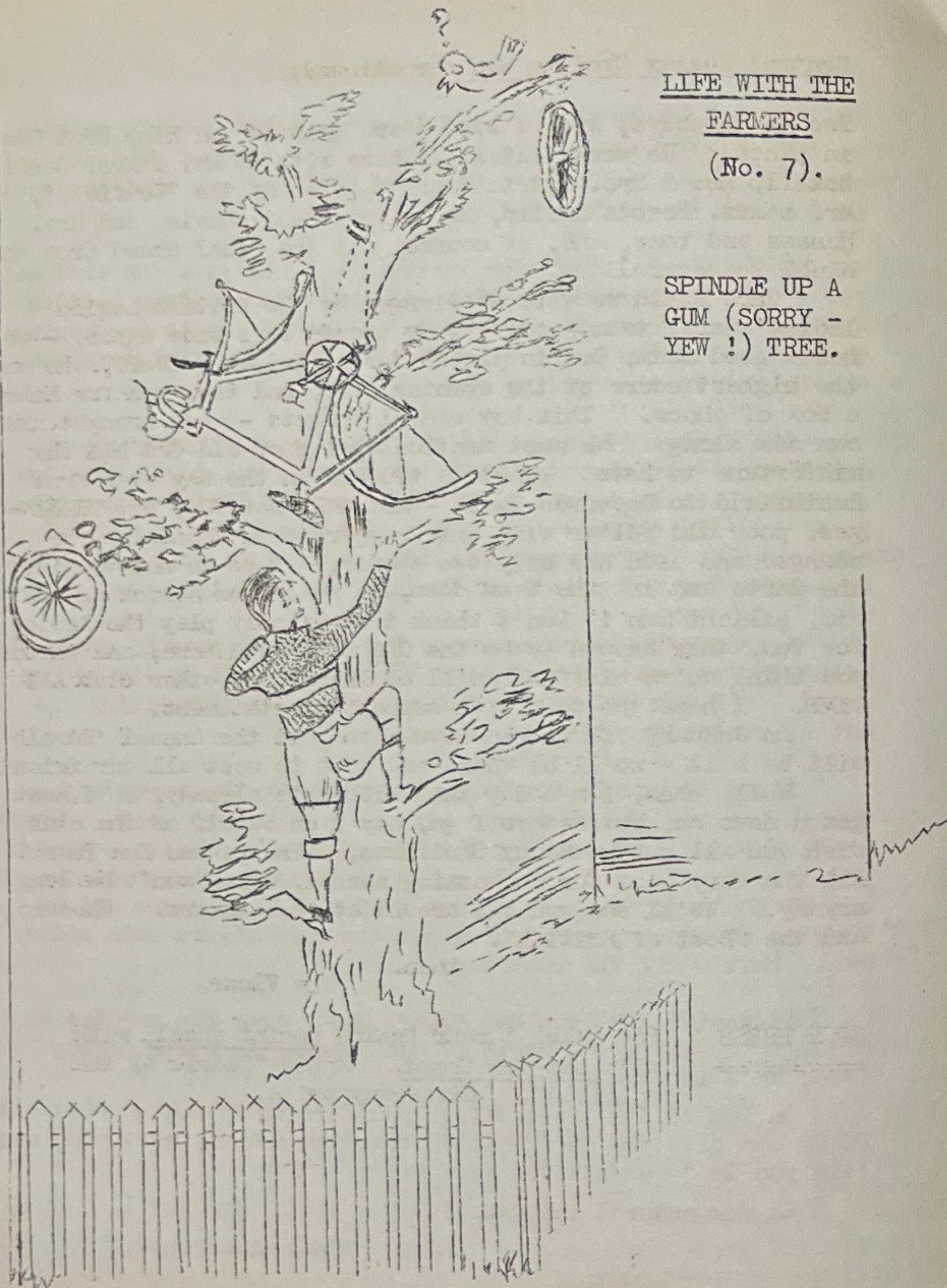
Amen.

The Vicar.

STOP PRESS

=====

For sale, 1 rear (gear) sprint wheel, with file pattern tread. Apply "Cedric of the Uckfield". Give-away price.



LIFE WITH THE
FARMERS
(No. 7).

SPINDLE UP A
GUM (SORRY -
YEW !) TREE.

Jobs for the Boys

On be'arf of the club, I 'ave bin arst to ask more blokes to do official jobs. It is allrite for some of you what only wants to race - you don't think of all the work what has gotter be done in the background.

Take marshalling, for instance. This is a job what calls for a lot of courage, stamina and skill in avoiding bottles and sponges thrown by riders, an' a lot of people are beginning to realise as 'ow being a marshal is the 'ighest Honour what can be got in the cycling game.

The time-trile sec. 'as got a job what a lot of people don't want 'cos they 'avent tride it, but you don't know 'ow satisfying it is to get blokes into really 'ard events (like 24's 'an 'ill climes) and to mix with the knobs at R.T.T.C. conferences. O' course, all this paper work will give you an excuse for not goin' out trainin' as well !

A keen mass-start sec. can for the same reason, claim the right to 'ang on the back of the bunch an' not do 'is bit up front. 'E may extend 'is duties to include pummelling 'is mates, pretending that it is massage.

A lot of people won't have a go at the Treasurer's job, though you can always wangle picture money every week. There ain't nothing in it really - I always made a profit. Mind, you 'ave to make out what's called a "balance sheet" at the end of the year, but no-one don't know what it means an' as long as it adds up an' you've got the same figure both sides, well, that's all the rest care.

As social sec. you can always get a free bun an' tea on club-night, an' 7/6d. worth of club dinner is worth 'aving free, an't it ?

On top of all these things you 'ave that feeling what only POWER can give you an' "bath in the 'igh esteem, what your mates 'old you in " (unquote).

So you natural leaders of men - let's 'ave yer !

"Press Secertry".

UCKFIELD & DISTRICT CYCLING CLUB

Another racing season gone, and by the time this is in print we shall be in the middle of the giddy whirl of "do's" and dinners, all doing our best to get horribly unfit so that we can have the pleasure (!) of getting fit again for next year. Well, be that as it may, the end of last season certainly found the boys in good form, Roy and Cedric doing P.B.'s in the Bognor, with Ken recording his best for two years, and a fine win in the Counties from the same trio, Roy securing individual honours and Ken getting his own back on Ced. after the week before. The latter has had a great year, winning the club B.A.R. for the third time and the E.S.C.A. contest for the second time - first rider ever to do so. Now that we are settling down and have several of our riders with their national service over, it should be possible to put more emphasis on an all-distance team in the future - actually I think the reduction in the part-time commitments will have a marked effect - T.A. kept Geoff out of both Association B.A.R.'s this year and together with Webby's alarm clock prevented us from finishing a team in the E.S.C.A. contest.

In parenthesis, a word of thanks to the Wanderers for their co-operation with the "30", which provided an opportunity, seldom encountered these days, to compete at this distance, and resulted in a new club record by Roy, in spite of very hard conditions.

As usual, we sallied forth in large numbers to watch the Hill Climb, and had a most enjoyable time watching the others suffer. Your scribe has been offered immense sums for a snap of a certain eminent gentleman apparently riding backwards downhill but is hoping to get a still better offer from the said gent, one look at the snap and I reckon W.....s will cough up.

The next diversion must have been a keen disappointment to the organisers - I mean of course the Association Touring Competition - anyway I hope the officials who worked out the details and concealed themselves at points of vantage round the course won't be discouraged and that next year the event will get the support it deserves. In our own club - I won't say anything about anyone else - the support came entirely from the racing section, in spite of the frequent grumbles from the touring side that no-one supports their activities, - and the latter were conspicuous by their absence. Judging by my learned friend the Doctor's remarks in the last issue we're not the only club with this problem anyway. Well, most of those who entered enjoyed it thoroughly, Ken says he didn't but he "had a go" all the same, but it was funny how Spindle managed to find obstacles not on the official schedule, John, Roy and Geoff all say they think it's

Uckfield & District Cycling Club (continued).

a dirty trick to hang your mate's bike up a tree, still, Spindle can take it.

No doubt the Vicar will regale us with a full account of the Central Sussex Cyclo-cross, once again a glorious mudbath and an occasion of great hilarity (to a large number of onlookers). We did extremely well to finish three in the first six in the face of such notable opposition, Roy and Colin on "Mum's bikes" and Webby on a polo bike must have made the visitors with their special machines think quite hard. However, it was quite an education to watch Johnny Lawrence of the Elsynge skilfully negotiating the very sticky course, and the fact that the event has now attracted some "top brass" augurs well for future promotions. By the way, any resemblance between the report in the "local" and the actual event was a matter of sheer luck, as they axed it to make room for reports of about 40 bonfire celebrations.

Latest activity to report before going to press is the annual pilgrimage to the Brighton Road, led by Spindle this year, to see that amazing cavalcade of veteran cars. One notes with pleasure recent references in the Press to the formation of clubs to preserve early specimens of cycles, and it inspires the hope that we may soon see a similar run for veteran pedal-propelled machines.

Forces news - latest to sample the delights of military service is Micky Siggs, who has signed on (!) in the Royal Fusiliers. Mick had to report to the Tower of London so we feared the worst (there had been rumours that the Beefeaters had been on short rations) but anyway, we've seen him, safe and sound in Uckfield and with a very (dragon)-fetching hackle in his beret. Reggis Trott, now a lance-jack - congratulations, Reg! - is due out early next year, and John is well past the half-way mark. Dut saves a lot of stamps by managing to nip home about once a fortnight, when he regales the boys with tales of skulduggery at the docks and ghosts in the churchyard. Rob is another one who gets home quite frequently, apart from keeping us supplied with polo balls we can't find out what he does with his (sorry, the Army's) time, but somehow we don't think he's overworked.

Just a note about two occasions at which we hope to see many of our friends - the Club Dance on Dec. 17th at the State Hall, Heathfield, and the Dinner, on January 14th, once again at the "Maiden's Head", Uckfield. And then I must get this away. So

Uckfield & District Cycling Club (continued).

a merry Christmas to all from the Farmers, and since the Vicar has adopted our time-hallowed greeting I'll sign off this time in full, with

And the Best of BRITISH Luck to one and all, from

THE PROF

P.S. Ken says he hopes Roy Humphrey will manage to think of a new yarn for the Sussex Express this Christmas.

UCKFIELD AND DISTRICT C.C.

Officials for 1956

General Secretary: N.D. Edwards, 20, Framfield Road, Uckfield, Sussex.

Treasurer: C.A. Pearson, "Brooklyn", Little London, Horam, Sussex.

Social Secretary: E.S. Kent, 1, Hillside, Harley Lane, Heathfield, Sx.

Time-Trials Secretary: N.J. Barnes, 19, Hempstead Gardens, Uckfield.

Racing Secretary (Track and Massed-Start): C.D. Whittingham,
11, Washington Street, Brighton.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB.

The last edition of 1955 ! Time does not fly nowadays, it just disappears, same as some of those social season pints.

Why do we spend the summer months sweating it out ? I suppose the answer is: to get a thirst on ! R.H. was telling me that his programme is nice and full again this year, so full that he will not be able to sink a few with us on the 19th. This was notified to our local brewery, who promptly closed down and left us all at the mercy of a foreign brew !

First in the local field, our dinner and prize presentation were again a great success. 60 members and friends were entertained with dancing and games. Southborough & District Wheelers and East Grinstead were well represented, and we were delighted to see Dennis from Hastings. May I add that he cycled up, putting most of us to shame ! Jack Rogers in a neat speech proposed the toast to the Club. Dave, as usual, "cleared the deck" of cups and medals, and it was a pleasure to hear the ovation for John Terry, who in his first year became Club B.A.R. Mazzie rode in every event without a "gong", a great club lad who, we regret to say, has just been passed A.1 for H.M. Forces. (We admire his fitness, don't get me wrong). News

Tunbridge Wells Road Club (continued).

is scarce at present, but before passing these few lines to our editor, may I make further honourable mention of our Dave's great climb in the Catford C.C. event ? No "flash in the pan" about his efforts; two years running he has cracked the E.S.C.A. record, and this was his first meeting with some of the stars in an "open". Were the spectators shaken ? I'll say so ! So near the record it was a pity to be beaten into second place by the last man in, No. 120, but Dave takes it all in his stride, and was first to admit that Arthur Pursey is a great champion.

"POP".

THE CLUB RUN by "GeeBee".

What is a club run ? Hearing some cyclists eagerly discussing this subject, I decided that I would investigate further - after all, I might be on the threshold of an epoch-making discovery.

First I enquired of that august personage, the runs captain, but I got no help from him, in fact he seemed quite loth to part with any information.

Then I borrowed the Prof's dictionary, parked it on the dining-room table, which promptly collapsed, so I finally "got down to it" on the floor. Unable to find "club run" I looked up the next best thing, i.e., "club". This, I found, was a "piece of wood, with one end heavier and thicker than the other, used as a weapon - an association of persons combined for some common object". From this, I deduced a crowd of persons armed with fearful weapons - but what could their object be ? Perhaps I could find out by looking up "run".

Thumbing through the pages I eventually found the term in question, which was stated to mean "to move or pass over the ground by using the legs more quickly than walking - to flee - to try to escape - to be carried along violently - to move along on or as on wheels".

Now where was I ? I'd got what seemed to be a crowd of rapidly-moving cyclists violently brandishing dangerous weapons resembling kitchen poker, and while this seemed to fill the bill, surely there must be some explanation for this odd behaviour. And wasn't there something about fleeing, and trying to escape ? Who was fleeing ? Could it be the runs captain who had been so tight of tongue when I questioned him earlier ? If he'd ever been caught by the howling mob he'd have had good cause to be silent - no teeth !

The Club Run (continued).

The thought of these barbaric proceedings in this atomic age shocked me so much that I decided to try and do something about it, but first I had to have proof of these dastardly deeds. Accordingly I scoured the countryside each week-end, and on one sunny Sunday lunch-time I came across a crowd of excited cyclists peering expectantly at the horizon. I joined them, and my long search was at last rewarded when a fleeing figure crouched over his machine, and dressed in a brightly coloured shirt hove into view. He was perspiring freely, and sure enough, only some thirty seconds behind him came the pack, weaving and bobbing - and as violently hostile as the dictionary had suggested.

This sport of runs captain baiting would have to come to an end. Did the authorities realise that such things were going on? I endeavoured to secure witnesses, but the first spectator to whom I broached my project burst into hysterical mirth and babbled something about a road race.

Baffled, I retired amid some confusion and decided to leave the matter open until another day, when I shall once again attempt to arouse the public conscience on this disgraceful behaviour in the midst of an otherwise peaceful and civilised society.

A WORD FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN

Dear Readers,

Owing to the impossibility of individual communication with you all I should like to take this opportunity of wishing everyone a Very Merry Christmas, and hoping that each one of you will have all the good luck possible in the New Year.

Maurice

FOR SALE. 24-inch STRUDWICK track frame, 75° - 73°, high bottom bracket. Recently enamelled and complete with spare front forks. £7. 10. 0. Also pair of Conloy sprints on D/F Solite hubs. Good condition. £2. 0. 0.
D. Neeves, 19 East Parade, Hastings.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

So great was the interest aroused among our readers by Professor Grover's recent series of scientific articles that we have sought and secured the exclusive right to reproduce selected items in the "Bonk" - you poor mugs !

Finally, a word from Professor Grover himself:- "I was surprised and gratified to note the enthusiastic reception accorded to my humble writings. My colleague and mentor, Dr. D. Anthony Agg, Bi-Cyc., has often commented on the intelligence, acute perception and scrupulous fairness characteristic of East Sussex cyclists. However, in conclusion may I point out to one of my loyal Uckfield admirers that my initials are J.G. and not B.F.?"

CAMEL TIME - TRIALS

Shortly after joining the Els Delite C.C. I was invited to participate in a 40 KM time-trial held under the rules of the M.E.T.T.C. My attention was drawn to regulation 194, which expressly forbids the dangling of dates, bananas, etc. in front of rival camels when being overtaken, and also to regulation 209, which deals with keeping well to the left on roundabouts, as well as a warning against the unauthorised removal of marshals to the detriment of following riders.

The start-sheet would make interesting reading to my E.S.C.A. associates, containing as it does such local idols as Ali Butt, a fish-eyed character from the El Faletha C.C., and a man who is probably the smallest rider in the Middle East, Mustapha Legup, of the Mersa Matruh Sandscrabblers.

Starting from palm tree 397481, the course is mainly level throughout, which is just as well as no satisfactory system of gearing camels has yet been devised. To break the monotony one or two roundabouts and tee-junctions have been inserted - in fact, apart from the sand, camels, palms and Wogs I might well have been on G.41. The turn, at 20.71 KM, is at oasis 27401, and relays of helpers are kept busy filling in the trenches caused by camels rounding the turn marshal at terrific speed while the riders shout their numbers amid a cloud of dust. At the finishing line there is a mobile canteen presided over by the lady whose name is a household word out here, Ma Leesh, assisted by her son, Ali Keefick.

Camel Time-Trials (continued).

I was handed a burnous in the club colours, black and blue (most appropriately), goggles, sunshade and hieroglyphic, and when the timekeeper, one Hafeez Numba, yelled 177, was hoisted on to my mount and led to the line, which consisted of a horizontal palm trunk supported by a camelier at each end.

At the Arabic equivalent of "Mush" the trunk was smartly removed and I was off - over the camel's head. Immediately I was bundled back and then the camel got going in earnest. I was somewhat mystified to account for my unusual view of things until I realised that due to the camel's haste to get away I was facing backwards. I almost became unseated once again due to the instinctive habit of pedalling, an action to which the camel replied by squatting in the sand and waving its forelegs in the air.

However, we were soon away again and suddenly I saw in front a shape resembling that of my minute-man, so I urged on my steed to some 75 k.p.h. On getting closer I was disappointed to realise that what I'd seen was the only hump-backed bridge on the course. As we approached the turn I just remembered to adjust my smog-mask before being enveloped in a blinding cloud of dust. Emerging, I found we were passing Hakim Doun, a longmarker who'd started No. 147, and after a while we tore past a bunch of riders in various stages of the "bonk". One unfortunate was trying to prod and push an exhausted camel off the course - one of the many snags in this sport.

On we went past another eight rivals, until the finishing post came in sight, then, with a tremendous sprint we were past the crowd so fast that their faces reminded me of the pebbles on Seaford beach.

The official result revealed that the winner was the present M.E.T.T.C. competition record holder, Neffa Ben Kort, with a time of 42.29, while I had to be content with second place in 46.19.

My impressions of camel time-trialling as compared to cycling are that it is faster, more hazardous and more exciting, yet one serious snag is that whereas a bike can be ridden to its owner's dictates, a camel must be understood. It therefore behoves the

intending camelier to suffer the learning of a smattering of Arabic in order to convey those little encouragements, alas unprintable, which mean so much to racing camels.

In my next report readers will learn something of the perils of massed-start cameliering, as practised by the Sahara League of Racing Camelhandlers, a body still striving for international recognition.

J.G.

THE LEWES WANDERERS SCANDAL RAG

The relief of Mafeking has been described as the most heroic endurance epic of modern times. But, I would like to introduce you to a parallel feat. Friends, you saw history made if you were present on the morning of the E.S.C.A. Hill-climb to witness an indomitable Wanderer overcome all obstacles to scale Wellingford Lane. Yes, Tensing Willcocks shrugged off the awesome competition to finish only one minute behind the winner. After he had been revived with the aid of sal volatile and a buxom Eastbourne wench (who wouldn't revive?) Geoff's first croaking rasp was: "You coward, Russell", delivered with all the vehemence and truculence commonly associated with Nye Bevan. (This was in marked contrast to the said Russell, who was skulking in the hedge at the wrong end of the camera! - Ed.).

Apparently I erred in the last issue of "Bonk". "Berserk" Burgess is not policing residential Kemp Town, but is furtively flitting around the vicinity of Hove. Micky has been working overtime recently trying to find the owner of a dog-collar he discovered in the road. I hear that "wanted" notices have been posted all over Hove in an effort to trace the dog it fits.

To pass on to a more illustrious personage, namely modest swoon-crooner Agg. He has been going through a hectic time recently trying to avoid the Chester bobby-soxers. I hear his life has been a misery, or, to quote Derek's own words: "Every time I go to a dance I have 4 or 5 girls around me for the ladies' invitation". Not only that, but the girls actually fight between themselves to decide who is to get him. Never mind, Derek, the price of fame is high.

The Lewes Wanderers Scandal Rag (continued).

To descend from the lofty pinnacle of success and popularity à la Agg, to the murky depths of sly undercurrents, à la Russell. In the age-old struggle to fill his belly, Russell attempted to obtain two tickets for the E.S.C.A. luncheon under the impression that he would get two meals. He was discouraged on hearing that the tickets were not given away. I also hear that he recently abused the hospitality of the Cornford emporium by hurling a dinner plate full of "Chappie" at either Sylvia or the dog, it's not clear which. Anyway, Mrs. Cornford, ignoring the poor bleeding dog on the floor, demanded recompense but firmly refused Russell's offer of a china utensil in lieu. Over the international grape-vine we hear that "Iron Man" Grover, the man who does everything by numbers, has had to leave Egypt due to the furious insistence of a bunch of wogs to have their ackers returned. It appears that they object to being sold five tons of betel nuts made of wood. So our camelier has sought sanctuary in Cyprus, where, it is rumoured, he has established a thriving trade with cocoa tin bombs - but sawdust makes a poor substitute for T.N.T. Anyway, as Johnny might say, "Biznith is Biznith".

I had better state here that, as I have already got six libel actions pending against me, the allegations levied above are grossly distorted.

Well, another season is over - a season which has been very disappointing as far as the Wanderers are concerned. Frankly, the club is at a low ebb; the reason, of course, being the acute shortage of active members. It now remains to be seen whether the chaps who are due back from National Service next year return to cycling. It is surprising the difference two or three members make either way.

Adieu for now, and a happy Christmas and New Year to one and all.

ALSORAN.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

The Club Annual General Meeting was held at the Cambridge Hotel on the night of the 25th of November. There was a good attendance and, according to the various reports, it was generally felt that the club had had a good year. Mr. Jack Southerden was made a life member after Mr. C. Sinden's proposal had been unanimously accepted - in recognition of his service to the Club.

For the benefit of club secretaries, here is a list of officers for 1956 :-

President: Mr. P.H. Bliss.
Chairman: Mr. J.H. Southerden.
Vice-Chairman: Mr. R. Powell.
Hon. Secretary: Mr. P.H. Bliss, 253A, Mt. Pleasant Road, Hastings.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. E. Spray, 119 Parker Road, Hastings.
T.T. Secretary: Mr. A. Coleman, 1 Kenilworth Road, St. Leonards.
Social Secretary: Mr. C.R. Sinden, 33 Western Road, St. Leonards.
Cycling Captain: Mr. M. Carpenter, 5 Eversley Road, St. Leonards.
Vice-Captain: Mr. R. Taylor.
Hon. Auditors: Mr. D. Coleman, Mr. A. Ballard.
Timekeepers: Mr. P.H. Bliss, Mr. F. March, Mr. A. Coleman,
Mr. R. Powell.
Handicapper: Mr. P.H. Bliss.
Committee: Mr. W. Baker, Mr. G. King, Miss E. Rolleston.

The annual Dinner and Dance will be held on the 28th January, 1956, at the Castle Hotel, Wellington Square. There will be plenty of room, plenty of beer, and, we hope, plenty of guests, so come along, all are welcome, and remember, no overcrowding this year until we reach the 200 mark. Tickets will be obtainable from club members in the near future.

Now for a few incidents of the past weeks:

Malcolm Gardener has been called to do his national service.

Morris Carpenter has been demobbed after touring Cyprus for some time during his R.A.F. career.

Wednesday evening runs are still going strong.

The way things are going it looks as if there will soon be a tricycle section in the club, doesn't it Esther? Arthur Coleman's tricycle was damaged in a recent mystery run, sorry Arthur !!

Ian May tried to knock down a bollard at London Road, St. Leonards. He was off his cycle for three weeks, but is now riding again - the bollard has been re-painted.

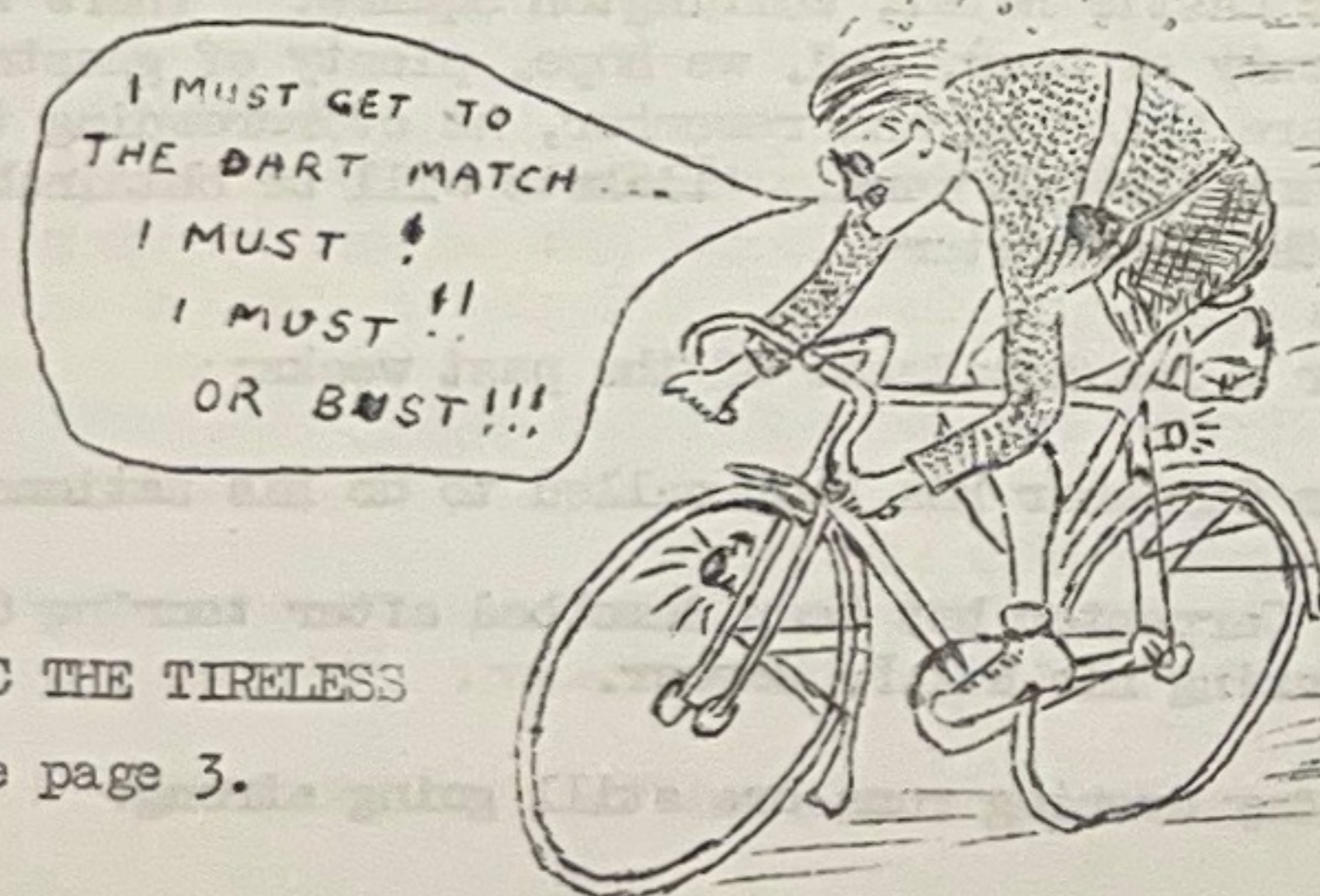
Esther was seen by Ian a few weeks ago walking around Hastings without shoes or socks.

Bob Downey is selling up and retiring - the wedding looks set for June. Esther came off her bike in the dark after riding over an old boot - luckily there was no foot in it.

Here I should like to thank Mr. W. Baker on behalf of the club for the way in which he has written our past notes in the "Bonk". I'm sure if I can do the job half as well I shall be satisfied - thank you Wilf.

I must wind up here, but first I should like to wish, on behalf of the club, all readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and successful New Year.

C.R.S.



CEDRIC THE TIRELESS

- see page 3.


N.B. The characters in this story are not imaginary. Any resemblance to persons living or in hiding is not regretted.

My story concerns one Jiff, a diligent and prematurely balding individual who through no fault of his own, apart from volunteering, was the editor of a witty and informative journal issued by an obscure organisation in East Sussex which was formed in order to bring Housey-Housey and Allied Pursuits to the drab, uninspired proletariat of that area.

Also involved is a somewhat brash and fugitive figure, Humph., who claimed to be the secretary of the E.S.H.H. & A.P.A. The activities of this murky miscreant are singularly distasteful throughout this story.

"Jiff", by nature a talented if irresponsible native of the Seaford back alleys, took immense pride, as a true craftsman should, in his finished handiwork, namely the journal of the E.S.H.H. &c., but it was in the production of a suitable cover design that Jiff lavished all the genius at his command.

These covers were an essential and irreplaceable feature of the journal, affording, as they did, admirable material for mud-flaps, gaskets and time-trial numbers. More ingenious and technically minded adherents of the E.S.H. &c. indeed found that they also made near-unsinkable paper boats capable of remaining afloat in the roughest, most solid bath water.

"Jiff's" halcyon existence was one day rudely interrupted by an urgent message from the chief compositor, by virtue of his position  master of the King's English: "Oy, tosh, we've a-gorn and run out of flippin' covers, so toss the block along pronto".

Here was catastrophe tenfold. On the blower to Humph: "Ere, Umf, the printer wants the block".

Humph: "I ain't got the perisher. You've got it".

Jiff: "Strain yourself and be sensible, I've never seen it".

The Humphrey Era - or Block-Age (continued).

Humph: "Well, then, Ron must 'ave it. Git arter 'im".

Further enquiries revealed that not only had Ron not got the block, but neither had Fred, Jack, Arthur, Harry, Percy, Mike, Sid, Molotov (from whom an emphatic "NO"), Uncle Tom Cobby & All.

Yet the search has not proved entirely fruitless. In response to urgent appeals the editor's homestead is now chock-a-block with brake blocks, breech blocks, tar blocks, salt blocks, starting blocks, cylinder blocks and a Communist bloc-en bloc. Oh, yes, and a blockhead dispatched per parcel post from Uckfield. (Will someone please collect him as the doghouse is now over-crowded).

The outcome was inevitable. Tightly encased in a strait-jacket "Jiff" was incarcerated in the Lower Seaford Mental Colony.

There would appear to be no immediate solution to this baffling enigma. However, should there be amongst our readers one whose ingenuity and sagacity is capable of unravelling such a problem - he should shoot himself.

S T O P P R E S S
=====

"Private-eye" Bill Blox reports :- "Elusive block was received by printer in plain wrapping. Disguised handwriting, but parcel clearly postmarked "HEATHFIELD". Local riot squad standing by to repel invasion of Clyde Cottage".

R.R.

HASTINGS WARRIOR C. & A.C.

It is evening; to-morrow is deadline say for contributions to the Christmas edition, and so once again Warrior puts an ice-pack on his head, groans and wonders what the hell to do about this time.

Well, the club managed to finish the racing season in a small blaze of glory, thanks to Brian Moore whose 2-7 in the Association '50' surprised a lot of people including himself. Since then he has put plenty of enthusiasm into Sunday club riding; so much so that a common sight on local hills these days is a straggling procession consisting of Brian bashing over the top, Dave honking up some way behind, Dennis way back changing down to bottom and Harold round the corner craftily walking.

From this you can see that club runs have at least re-started, but that support is coming only from a small number of enthusiasts. One such was John Bridger, who was demobbed in October, and almost immediately took a job in London. That's the sort of thing we're up against in Hastings. We made our annual pilgrimage to Yorks Hill, 'up-and-upped' with the best of them, and suffered the jeers from notorious East Sussex characters perched on high banks à la Hilary or clinging precariously to the upper branches of trees (see Neverwin's 'Origin of Species', Faber & Smith, 25s.).

In the touring field too, interest seems to be at a low ebb. The only miles covered in 'foreign' parts since the last issue were by Dennis, who, having made enough out of simple trippers to pay for a few club dinner tickets, made a bee-line for the peace and quiet of the Cotswolds. He returned a week later full of beans, and, I suspect, of Hunt Edmund's beer. He also paid a brief visit to Essex and there (attention Land-rover and Aloran) actually saw Vic Gibbons. Dennis, late for tea, was blinding along flat out at 17s, and was completely demoralised at seeing Vic 'on the tops' pottering home from work at 18's. This may throw some light on a mysterious label later found glued to the Neeves saddlebag bearing the inscription CH.X- HASTINGS.

But more is to come. Last Saturday the great Reg Harris

himself parked his Jaguar outside the well-known rock shop but alas spent not a ha'penny in it, thereby proving that he is made of sterner stuff than some ESCAites who have parked their cars there (faint cries of 'hear hear' from a certain member of Eastbourne Rovers).

On the social side, too, there is but little to report. Why in the past three months not one member has got married or even engaged. Brian resisted all attempts by his clubmates to interest him in drink, women, ballroom dancing, "egyptology" et al; and is now hard at it studying with the object of one day entering the upper strata of local government officers. Dave Turner can be found most evenings in the Olympia - Demarco's section of the front line, presumably in search of the ozone which everyone knows abounds on seaside promenades.

We haven't heard from Ken Miller lately, which means that (a) the ice has given way; (b) he's in the glasshouse; Harold says that he is working late at his shop every night - Hmmm; while Dennis sits at home by the fire wishing that someone would buy his sprints (advt.) so that he could buy a tin of needles to go with his gramophone and records. And to conclude -----

Merry Christmas everybody.

WARRIOR.

-----X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:X:-----



EASTBOURNE ROVERS CYCLING AND ATHLETIC CLUB - CYCLING SECTION.

Another racing season over and we can all relax. Parcels give way to plum pudding and bonk bows to beer. Let's laugh and grow fat, and hooray for the joys of the social season !

Got back yesterday from a "must" of the off season - the B.B.A.R. Concert. Everyone voted it a "reet good do", though surely the bloke who sounded the "Last Post" during a male "heart-throb's" vocal effort showed a somewhat perverted sense of humour! Everyone is resolved to have another basinful next year and we hope that before long we may see some East Sussex boys going up on the platform. And that's not impossible if Dave and "Dut" get at each other's throats - (figuratively speaking) - in a season or two !

Warriors may moan about their tame "stirrer" - (said to be a version of our Stan Nash, a most unkind reference to a staid, sedate and disillusioned rider) - but we now have an even bigger menace in the form of Denzil - (de Grey) to you). This youth, who arranges his season so as to be at peak fitness in early December, is making our lives a misery currently, indeed it's amazing that we are sufficiently mad to tolerate him. He makes matters worse by continual over-the-shoulder remarks on passing "James Captains" - whatever they may be - apparently some obnoxious and odious form of mechanised transport. Pardon me while I dodge the brickbat coming when he reads this !

Aided and abetted by Ted Durrant, (unfortunately the possessor of a crooked knee, but still well able to keep up), and the rest of the gang, we have had some good runs lately, including one to "Smoky Hole" - (not the Club Committee Room after a long session, but a "name" on the North Downs near Gomshall). At Wadhurst a fortnight ago we were nearly recruited into a well-known religious organisation when a militant member of same tried some missionary work on our behalf. Unfortunately his warning of the evils of public-houses fell on deaf ears, for had we not recently slunk forth from the Black Bull, our eyes bleared and our throats seared by the baleful effects of the half-pint of shandy we had recently consumed? Not for nothing do we proudly bear the banner of the Rovers Sozzling Club !

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C. - Cycling Section (continued).

Back to members lost, stolen or strayed. Lost - (only temporarily, we hope) - Micky Horner, now "bulling" for dear life at Hednesford, but shortly to start trade training, probably on Salisbury Plain, and Dave Marsh, who got his shilling only a few days ago. Stolen - well, two members have stolen each other, for by the time you read this Dennis Stokes and Pam Wickham will be securely hitched and I am sure we all wish them the very best of married bliss. I won't make any cracks about "little ones" - "O's" or "under the hour" would be better ! They are going to live in London to be near Dennis's job, but we hope to see something of them now and then.

Any of you who are in a fit state to be on the road between Polegate and Ringmer on the morning of December 25th must be prepared for anything. Meaning? Only the Rovers Xmas Day Club "25" ! Now don't get me wrong. The fast men of Ealing Manor have nothing to fear in the way of thunder-stealing from our riders, for this will be strictly a time-trial "à la Emett". We had thought of disqualifying all riders inside "evens", but second thoughts revealed that this would hardly be necessary - (except perhaps for de Grey !). Anyway, all riders will be expected to halt at the turn for a quiet drink, and any members of other clubs who wish to volunteer for marshalling will be equipped with mistletoe for use when Pat and June put in an appearance. (Requests for marshalling duty will be dealt with in strict rotation).

What else is there? Oh yes, Club Dinner. This will be on January 21st (a Saturday), at the same place as last year - the Devonshire Lawns Restaurant - so roll up in your thousands and make it a beanfeast of beanfeasts ! We hope to get around a bit this year ourselves and do our share of hospitality sampling. So, wishing you all you wish yourselves, this is Land Rover signing off with a seasonable thought :

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Except the sight of Rovers,
Racing on Christmas Day !"

UCKFIELD & DISTRICT CYCLING CLUB

November 22nd.

3 Hillside,
Harley Lane,
HEATHFIELD.

To: The Editor,
"BONK"

If there is still room in the December issue of "Bonk" I wonder if you would squeeze in an announcement regarding a dance we are organising for club funds ?

Details as follows :-

To be held at the "State Hall", Heathfield, on Saturday, December 17th, commencing at 8 p.m. Music by Commodore Dance Band. Admission 4/- at the door. Advance tickets 3s. 6d. from myself or club members. A licensed bar has been applied for and there will be ample refreshments available. There will be a special bus to Uckfield leaving at Midnight.

Hope you won't mind the crafty advertising, but rather this than a blank space, EH !

All the best

(Sgd.) ERIC KENT.

For all your

Racing and Touring Equipment

WRITE OR CALL

Strudwick's

Oxford - Street, Brighton

Tel Brighton 21461

Carlton

Rotrax

Claud Butler

F. R. LEPPARD

British and
Continental
Lightweight
Accessories

Clock Cycle Stores
Cuckfield
Sussex.

Wheel Building
A
Speciality

Tel.

235

Viking

Holdsworth

Ellis-Briggs

THE HOUSE OF RIX

*Members of the National Association of Goldsmiths
Established in Hastings in 1865*



**5 & 6 Albert Road
Hastings
Telephone 3455**

*Specialists
in
Waterproof
Watches*

*Old Gold etc.
bought for
Cash - highest
prices paid*

- ★ **Sports Trophies**
- ★ **Shields**
- ★ **Watches & Clocks**
- ★ **Silverware**
- ★ **Jewellery**
- ★ **Glass & China etc.**

G. BENNETT

Sports Printer

19, Cliftonville Road,
St. Leonards-on-Sea

printer of this Cover