

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



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EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Another three months gone and not particularly happy ones, were they? True that the rain and gales of Summer gave way to a mellow Autumn; but the storm-clouds of international power politics were already gathering, and have been menacing ever since. There have been days when the chief pleasure in a long ride was that it left one too tired to worry; days when plans for the Luncheon and talk of Dave Patten's great hill-climbing were dwarfed into insignificance by the news. Still, E.S.C.A. members, like everyone else, crossed their fingers and carried on; and judging by the social functions that we have attended, spirits haven't been damped for long. Certainly the open-air exercise of cycling, and the relaxed good humour of East Sussex club life, are valuable antidotes to the eternal tension and screaming headlines that plague this wretched generation. May 1957's riding be blessed with peace.

Mention of the New Year causes us to mount a pet hobby-horse, i.e., the too early start of serious racing and consequently of serious training. February now seems to be taboo for club dinners, apparently because a roast meal and a few glasses of beer might spoil riders' chances in those medium-gear events that always seem to be run in snowstorms. Dare we suggest that racing men would be better off at a social function than worrying about training schedules made useless by the weather? Dare we point out that the events that matter come after Whitsun and that staleness is no help? And dare we suggest that it's time cyclists came to terms with Nature and put February back where it belongs, in the Social Season?

Yours in Sport,

D.N.

Here goes - I will endeavour to write a few lines and hope that they will reach the Editor in time for publication. The social season is now well under way, our own Luncheon having taken place last Sunday and once again proving a very successful function, with a near-record attendance. Percy Bliss and Dennis Deeves are to be congratulated on the arrangements they made locally for this function. I expect a report of the Tunbridge Wells Road Club Dinner appears elsewhere in this issue but I would like to thank them on behalf of all the visitors for the very enjoyable evening that we had on November 17th in their company.

Our Draw on the Manchester November Handicap proved most successful financially, which is very encouraging, especially as the Association finances are very low indeed. The Prize for the person selling the most tickets was won by a Lady (Miss S. Adams). In all, Sheila sold 146 tickets in a very fine effort indeed, and puts the mere males to shame.

The result of the last two Time Trials of the season saw little alteration to the leading positions in the B.A.R. Competition. Bill Francis and B. Atkins maintained their leading positions and were duly acclaimed as winners when they came forward to receive their Trophies at the Luncheon. The Hill-climb once again saw Dave Patten and Mickey Robinson placed first and second with a best-ever time by Dave in leading his club to a record team win. On behalf of all the Association members I congratulate Dave Patten on his very fine ride for fourth place in the National Hill-climb Championship recently held on Saintbury Hill, in Gloucestershire. We all hope that next year Dave will be even higher placed.

As I am writing these notes before the Annual General Meeting, next year's Time-Trial Programme still has to be approved by the Meeting, even though it has been accepted by the R.T.T.C. Proposed events are the same as during the past year, with one or two slight adjustments of dates to fit in with other events in the District. It has already been decided to drop the promotion of the Open Tandem 30 Miles as the entries of the past few years do not warrant the continuation of this event.

In conclusion, I would like to take this opportunity of wishing all of you a very Happy Xmas and to warn you that entries for the 12 Miles Hardriders close in 11 weeks time.

R.H.

Well, with another Social Season here I suppose it's time for a survey of the past year. Although we have not had a large racing team this year, the few have done very well considering many varying conditions. Gordon King, although doing so well last year, has since been inactive. His decision has been rather disappointing for the club as a whole, but I'm sure it has made some members feel their race more worth-while in the light of a 'first'. Jack Southerden has again shown great interest and certainly has not failed to give his club-mates a run for their money. It is to be believed that Jack has also been engaged in other club activities which will be remembered for a long time to come. Maurice Carpenter came back from the Med' last year and has been on the go ever since to keep warm. In spite of his club office as captain during the year his racing career was not neglected, in fact he made a good job of both. Esther Rolleston has also shown great interest, but it is regretted that she has had no female opposition in the club. There are a number of young members coming along who have shown great promise. Mike Kenward is back with us, and once he has settled down after his marriage it is hoped that he will be back on the road in 1957. By the way Esther, maybe you will have some opposition one day. Do you remember the great Downey's London - London and back ride of 6 hrs. 29 mins. 56 secs. ? Well, I hear there is a little Downey on the way, arriving early in the new year. Tony Moorhouse seems so sure of retiring from the racing world that he has undertaken the job of club captain for 1957. Just one thing, Tony, remember you're the captain of a cycling club and not of a ship when you conduct a mystery run !! Now let's get old Perce under the microscope (that's not where everyone would like him), but nevertheless a great sportsman, for without him like many others the cycling and especially the racing world would not exist. Remember you racing types, the marshal is not a robot yet, but is still a person who is mad enough to rise in the middle of the night and go out into the 'tropical' type weather we are accustomed to during the summer months.

The annual dinner which took place early in the year was a great success. The speech made by Ted Harrison must still be vividly recorded in the minds of the sober. A couple of fellow cyclists I welcomed at the door of the Castle Hotel seemed a little disappointed. When I enquired as to the reason for their sorrow they explained that they thought we had hired Hastings castle for the event; but when I pointed out that the castle had neither roof nor beer they seemed to cheer up.

Here is the mystery of the year. On the morning of November 11th Mr. Moorhouse was to lead Arthur Coleman's mystery run as Arthur did not think he would be here to take it. It was understood from Percy Bliss the week before that Arthur had pneumonia. Now it came to pass that Arthur did survive and turned up on the morning, but insisted that Tony should carry on with the run. Well it turned out all right until we got to a farm near Netherfield, where was deposited about six inches of mud; still everyone was in good spirits until we heard a mournful sigh from Arthur. I can't repeat what he said, but it was to do with the fact that the driving axle of his trike had snapped clean off. After walking three miles to Battle, Arthur with machine in one hand and wheel in the other, we had lunch while a spare wheel and shaft were brought out from Hastings by the man responsible for the catastrophe. Now here is the mystery: How can a person with this character be elected Club Captain by a large majority which included Mr. Colman? They must have been drunk! (Heh Heh, they'll be sorry, Ed.). There have been well over 3,000 miles of planned club runs this year, which included for the second time running since the war, an all-night run to Arlesford in Hampshire. It has been regretted by the late committee that there was no support for the excursion by train to the New Forest, but there were a number of difficulties put forward. One was that if by any chance the run met trouble it was possible to miss the train back; and of course many members had terrible nightmares of the way the British Railway's porters make sure the goods are wrapped in cotton-wool before throwing them from one end of the platform to the other. (I was on this trip, and I can assure C.R.S. that on this occasion British Railways really did us proud - Ed.).

At the A.G.M. held on Nov. 16th the attendance was so great that the business had to be relayed to many members in the bar of the 'Cambridge'. The officers are the same as for last year except for captain and vice-captain. Here are the addresses of the chief officials :-

Hon. Sec. - Mr. P.H. Bliss, 253a, Mt. Pleasant Road, Hastings.
Club Captain - Mr. A. Moorhouse, 21 DeCham Road, St. Leonards o/S.
Time-Trial Sec. - Mr. A. Coleman, 1 Kenilworth Road, St. Leonards.
Social Sec. - Mr. C. Sinden, 33 Western Road, St. Leonards o/S.

On behalf of the Hastings & St. Leonards I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a successful New Year.

C.R.S.

P.S. Who drank Jack's beer at the E.S.C.A. lunch?

FASHION PAGE

Conducted by DAVID PATTEN, author of "Always be Thrown out of Club Dinners in the Correct Clothes, &c."

In order to dress in high, low, or any other fashion, it is necessary to have money; therefore the first step towards Social Season elegance is to sell your bicycle and equipment. Having done that you will be ready to make the journey to Savile Row or Cecil Gee's according to taste. The most important item of fashion news is that black jeans with green piping are out; anyone wearing them to a club dinner can expect to be shunned. Faded blue jeans are now de rigueur, and should be worn with black suede shoes. The crepe soles of these should be from half to three-quarters of an inch thick. (Please don't wear brown shoes with blue jeans). White socks are no longer correct; pink or orange fluorescent nylon hose should be worn.

Now a few words to those who are compelled by advancing years to wear normal English clothes. The cardinal point to remember here is that it is considered un-English to be well-dressed. Consequently the clubman should beware of attending club dinners immaculately dressed, lest he be looked down on as a lounge lizard, the type of rider who struggles up to the turn marshal just inside 'evens', panting: "Roll on the Social Season". There are several ways of avoiding this slur. One is to wear policeman's boots and grey Army socks with a brown suit. This method is doubly effective since it is also considered un-English to be good at ballroom dancing. The wearer can make one or two clumsy forays onto the dance floor, cripple a few partners, then happily retire to the bar for the rest of the evening. Other useful ways of avoiding the "well-dressed" tag are a faded, beer-stained grey tie with a tartan shirt and brown suit; and a fawn fairisle pullover with a navy-blue suit. However, if you read these suggestions too late, there is still a way out. Go as though you're not used to a lounge suit and collar and tie. With any luck you will be taken for an under-the-hour man or a 15,000 a year mile-eater. A final hint. It is of course nice to ride to a club dinner, but much nicer to go by train. If you want the best of both worlds take the obvious course and travel by train, wearing plus-fours, &c. Don't give yourself away by appearing too well groomed. Before entering the hall ruffle your hair and jump in a puddle or two to get that travel-stained look.

Hello, chums, Lewes just beating the deadline once again. Any ideas in the minds of our riders that the Indian Summer might go on till Christmas were speedily dispelled by the reappearance of Willcocks's famous 'candle-snuffer'; an infallible sign that the cold winds and murky atmosphere of winter are already upon us. As if that wasn't enough, 'Iron Man' Grover turned up sporting a dynohub; so there's now no excuse for such capers as running up the other bloke's back wheel "because I couldn't see where I was going".

Our old pal 'Tourist' Agg got clear of the Army in time to ride in three events before the season wound up. In the Southern Paragon '25' he did 1-3-35, and improved by one second in the Portsmouth North End event the following week. He also managed a very creditable 1-5-49 for fourth place in the last Association '25' on a vile morning, the event in which the course was reputed to have been over three-quarters of a mile too long. Russell rattled round in 1-8-56 despite the wind; but the most notorious performance was surely that of Willcocks, who was beaten not only by all the male finishers, but by all the ladies as well! His explanation of this was a classic. He said: "I had been training for twenty-five miles, not twenty-five and three-quarters, so I 'died' just before the finish!" His team-mates' comments are unprintable.

This year we actually had two aspiring grimpeurs in the annual scaling of Wellingford Lane Heights. Grover was just able to gasp "It's murder - it killed me", when he got to the top; while Willcocks (who evidently hasn't yet learned sense) was, as usual, last. However, he contrived to win a pint of beer from Chancellor Eldridge by beating last year's time - a wager that was speedily retracted when he called for a Double Diamond! After much haggling and unparliamentary language the Chancellor settled for - a pound of bananas, which of course he gets at cost price.

Grover seems to have grown more hair than ever since his stay among the Wogs; so much so that it is said that when a club member called to see him recently he accidentally greeted the dog and tripped over Grover. It is rumoured - and hoped - that owing to the failure of a long-term domestic project (beautifully put! - Ed.) we may once again have 'Copper' Burgess riding for us next season, duties permitting. If Johnny Adams can be persuaded to leave his car in the garage, 1957 may well see us among the awards, as in the good old days.

By the time this is in print the Luncheon will have come and gone so Russell sincerely hopes that members "acted decorously and did not make pigs of themselves" (his words). And so to the Social Season when (we hope!) rivalry is temporarily forgotten in the common aim to enjoy ourselves in the relatively short time before Hardriders '12' forms are thrust in front of us. (Use them to light cigars - Ed.).

Bon voyage, may all your cross-toasts be witty ones, and may all readers work up truly Russellian appetites for their Xmas dinners.

ALSORAM.

PEN PORTRAITS No. 5.

Upon learning that the subject of this pen portrait is known as the Vicar the uninitiated might perhaps visualise a tall, bespectacled, inoffensive character mainly concerned with improving the spiritual outlook of his fellow cyclists. In fact, rotund, jovial Reginald Nathaniel Tew (vital statistics 76-52-91) is a far cry from any known form of religious order; preferring to spend a good deal of his time regaling enthusiastic clubmates with the latest, and most unecclesiastical wit. This, together with his infinite capacity for what he calls "liquid nourishment" is enough to ensure a constant demand for his presence at E.S.C.A. social functions. A born orator, with a Hyde Park Corner technique, he was the recipient at the last Uckfield dinner of an outsize 'stirring spoon'. He retaliated to this act by (1) moving to East Sussex; and (2) appointing himself Chief Missionary to the peculiar frequenters of those licensed houses in the farther-flung areas from which sundry Uckfield members are unearthed.

As a cyclist, we are privileged to see the Vicar in a more appropriate light. Not for him the rapid sneak across a "Halt" sign behind the marshal's back; nor the frenzied plunge round a blind bend on the wrong side of the road. On the contrary, his riding is a model of plodding diligence and clerical correctness; he is in fact a cycling "Old Contemptible". Alas, at the finish of his events he tends to revert to type by indulging, with another notorious clubmate in a rumbustious version of 'Knees up Mother Brown'. This ritual, while primarily proving that distance riding leaves him tougher than ever, is also designed to promote a deep-rooted quaking in the ranks of the unfit. As another Social Season gets under way one imagines the Vicar preparing a mountain of verbal ammunition with which to bid once again for that much-coveted prize from his dutiful parishioners - an outsize stirring spoon.

1956 Best-All-Rounder Competition
for the
"Henry Gale Trophy".

Decided over 25, 50 & 100 miles and 12 hours

Name	Club	25 m.	50 m.	100 m.	12 hrs.	Average M.P.H.
1 W. Francis	G	1 5 46	2 14 9	4 41 45	236.546	21.544
2 M. Carpenter	H	1 4 48	2 12 14	4 41 31	223.886	21.451
3 D. Patten	T	1 1 53	2 12 59	4 58 52	210.442	21.102
4 S. Stoner	C	1 7 11	2 19 2	4 38 4	226.169	21.082
5 D. Dalziel	C	1 6 8	2 17 14	4 54 6	219.286	20.804
6 D. Turner	E	1 5 38	2 18 14	4 56 54	219.071	20.755
7 S. Nash	E	1 9 4	2 19 45	4 47 30	222.376	20.646
8 E. Durrant	E	1 6 48	2 19 40	4 51 47	216.708	20.639
9 R. Tew	U	1 10 9	2 20 25	4 47 28	217.076	20.427
10 J. Southerden	H	1 9 48	2 22 39	5 2 0	216.226	20.101
11 F. Leppard	C	1 13 33	2 30 48	5 10 38	207.892	19.231

Team: Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C. 20.680 m.p.h.
(D. Turner, S. Nash and E. Durrant).
Central Sussex C.C. 20.372 m.p.h.

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LADIES

For the F. Rix Trophy

Decided over 10, 25 miles & 50 miles

Name	Club	10 m.	25 m.	50 m.	Average M.P.H.
1 B. Atkins	C	27 52	1 10 27	2 30 19	20.972
2 P. Novis	E	29 5	1 10 25	2 28 3	20.731

Key to the Clubs :

- C Central Sussex C.C.
- E Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.
- G East Grinstead C.C.
- H Hastings & St. Leonards C. & A.C.
- T Tunbridge Wells Road Club
- U Uckfield & District C.C.

Time-Trial Results

50 Miles.

1st: D.J. Marsh	Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.	H. M. S.
Team:	Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.	2 7 15
		6 47 25

25 Miles

1st: D.A. Patten	Tunbridge Wells Road Club	1 3 47
Team:	Tunbridge Wells Road Club	3 18 29

Hill Climb

1st: D.A. Patten	Tunbridge Wells Road Club	M. S.
Team:	Tunbridge Wells Road Club	1 32.8 (New
		5 16.4 Records)

LADIES

50 Miles

1st: P.A. Novis	Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.	H. M. S.
		2 28 3

25 Miles

1st: P.A. Novis	Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.	1 13 26
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Change of Address of Secretary of E.S.C.A.

2, Culverwood Cottages,
Cross-in-Hand,
HEATHFIELD, Sussex.

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Dear Readers,

The Editor would like to extend Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year to all club members and friends of the Association. See you up the road.

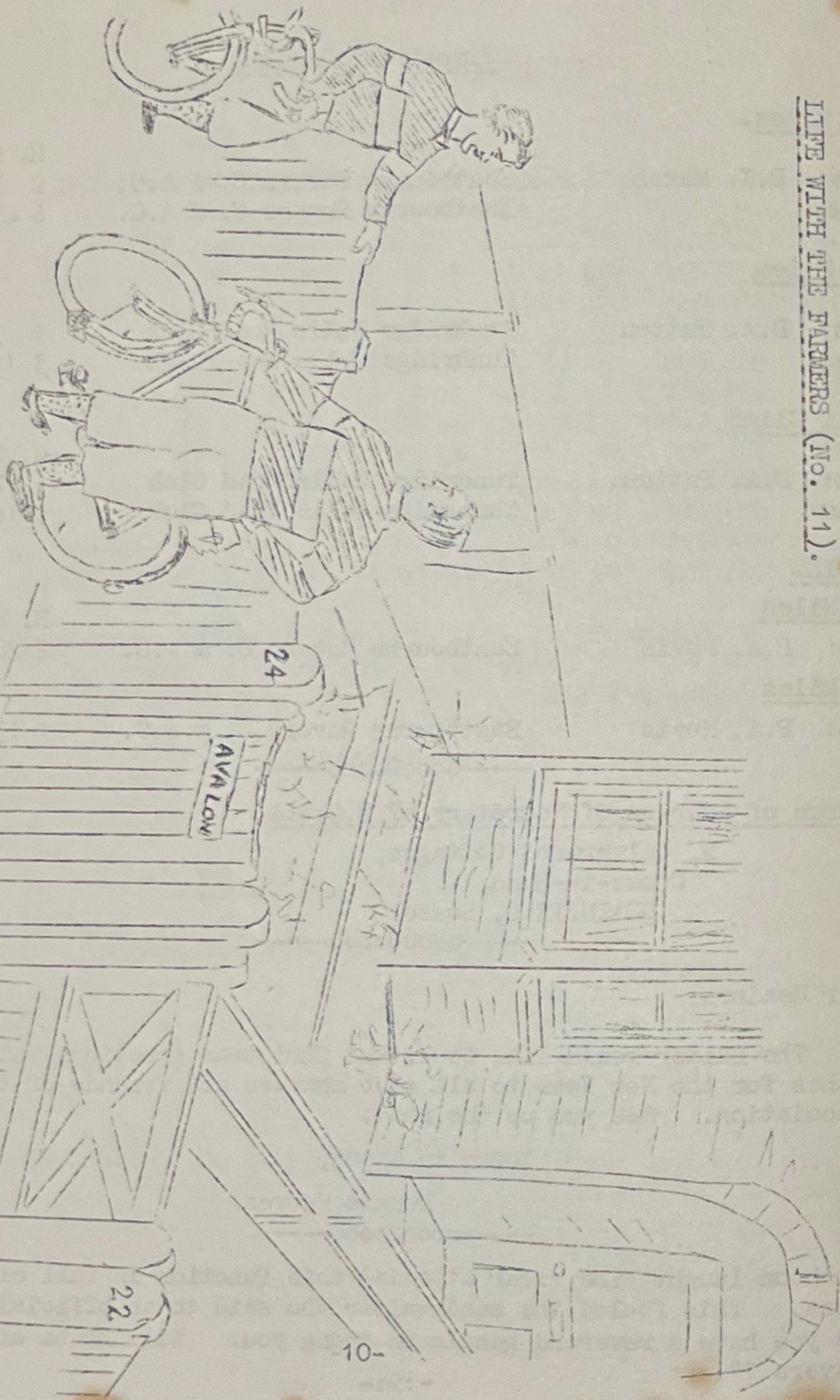
Yours in sport,

Dennis Neeves.

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Luncheon laugh: The Vicar attended this function in full clerical dress. This fooled the head waiter who said to an official: "I see you have a reverend gentleman among you. Will he be offering prayers ?".

"The place has never been the same since the Prof got hold of some chairs!"



CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

All the Central Sussex members are making the most of the only too short social season. They still have racing in mind though; you should hear them reminiscing about last season's fortunes and misfortunes whilst sitting in front of the bar-parlour fire with pint pots in their hands. Some brave fellows, and, I am glad to say, ladies, even discuss their hopes for the coming season. It is rumoured that one or two members have ambitions to ride in a '24'. Of course, this may be a touch of social season madness to which racing men seem to be subject. The very thought of a '24' makes me want to continue sitting in front of the bar-parlour fire with pint pot in hand. With the Christmas activities and club dinners ahead, the beginning of next year should see these lads and lassies out training to try and remove the effects of the social season. This cycling is a strange game. The following is a brief summary of the club's racing achievements for the past season.

Club Championship (25, 50, 100 mls. & 12 hrs.) S.J. Stoner 21.603 mph.
 Junior Championship (10, 15, 25 mls.) D. Dalziel 22.991 "
 Ladies cup, Mrs. B. Atkins 1.10.12. 12 hours, K.L. Atkins 228.027 mls.
 100 miles (club record) S.J. Stoner 4.38.4. 50 miles (club record) S.J. Stoner 2.10.35. 25 miles D. Cook 1.3.39. 10 miles D. Cook 24.46.

Competition throughout the year has been very keen, so it was not possible for anyone to do a good ride and then rest on his laurels. We are all very pleased that Barbara won the Association B.A.R. It was a reasonably good season for her, but she thinks it should have been better. We wish her luck next year. In the senior club championship there was a very close finish between Ken and Sid. If Ken had been able to knock 30 secs. off his '25' time he might have taken the advantage. The junior championship was even tighter, in fact, about .003 mph. and the lad who was knocking at the door was Peter Leppard. We were very sorry not to have Don Cook's support in the longer distance events; but it was not possible for him to extend himself at distances over 50 miles as a result of an accident in which he was involved quite a while ago. Despite this, he has put up some excellent short-distance rides; his best perhaps being the further lowering of a club place-to-place record (the Cuckfield to Horsham and back). Our Frank has had a good season, and although he never broke records he at least picked up a handicap or two. Some of his rides show us younger ones up. Next season will see him eating up the miles again. We are very pleased with our junior members' efforts; and two worthy of mention are Roy Amey and David Coombes. Roy rode a very good '50', whilst David, who is still at school, recorded an excellent time for his first '25', and it was on our club course which is none too easy. Our

friend 'Ganger' rode well, especially with his '50' times.

The social activities of the club are getting well under way. On November 10th a theatre trip was organised for club members, their parents and friends. The show was 'No time for Sergeants'; it was a highly amusing comedy which appeared to be enjoyed by all, but especially by those who have had the honour (?) to serve in H.M. Forces. We have had several inter-club games evenings with the Southern Wheelers, our neighbours at Crawley. These have been most successful and we feel they do a lot to further the spirit of friendship among cyclists; a most important point during the rather difficult period through which cycling is passing. The club runs are very well supported and the year's average to date is well up. Now members have no racing commitments it is possible to undertake the long all-day runs.

If one has a warped sense of humour, one could call our open Cyclo-Cross a social event. Anyway it was really successful this year, thanks to our able racing secretary Steve Hobden, who did an excellent job of organisation. He was ably supported when it came to clearing the course. Naturally there were plenty of volunteers for marshalling, especially at such points as the plank bridge across the stream. I can assure you that it was great fun, so let's see you all there next year - riding, I mean, not watching - that's my job.

I have said about as much as is safe to say about our members. After attending the E.S.C.A. luncheon and hearing a member of the Press saying that he reads 'BONK', and then the talk about libel, I feel I would not be safe from my clubmates if I said more. Stand up that boy who said: "coward". By the time this issue is out our club dinner will be over, but there will be more to come, so we hope to be seeing some of you at them. Don't drink too much, the racing season will soon be upon you - or don't you worry ?

Christmas greetings to all in the E.S.C.A. from Central Sussex.

Bottoms Up, &c.,

his mark ---- X

I was lone-wolfing again. The writings of "Ragged Staff" had inspired me to visit Western Ireland, and as I climbed the rough road of Clifden, the "Capital of Connemara", the sun shone from a cloudless sky and painted the rippling waters of Ardbear Bay a Mediterranean blue. The vivid red of fuchsia blossom growing in wild profusion added to the gaiety of the scene, and behind the jagged peaks of the Twelve Pins completed the picture of Ireland at its best.

Only a mental shadow remained - the familiar problem of fast-dwindling funds. Economise I must, and eventually the decision was made. A night sleeping rough would just about see me through. The weather appeared set fair, so at Letterfrack, nestling under the perfect cone of Diamond Hill, I laid in bread, butter and jam in readiness for my "night out".

As I rounded the head of Killary Bay the sun dropped behind the mountains and I surveyed the stony track leading onward into the Mweelrea Mountains with some misgivings. Five miles of jars and jolts revealed no friendly barn or haystack offering shelter; rocks and mountains were my only companions, and darkness was gathering around me. The question of sleeping quarters was urgent !

A mile further on the track led me into a gloomy defile between towering mountains, and I then came upon a small lough by the roadside, its waters lapping a grassy bank some feet below road level. Beggars can't be choosers, so, slinging sundry small rocks into the smooth waters of the lake in order to make a smooth bed, I donned all available clothing, caped-up, and settled down for the night.

Sleep came fitfully; a chilly wind ruffled the lough, and made me shiver, and a crescent moon peeped over the mountain looming above me. Wisps of filmy mist flitted eerily from peak to peak, and not a sound could be heard save the gentle lapping of the water. I was alone in the mountains - I dozed.

I do not believe in ghosts; leprechauns do not worry me; no banshee wails disturbed my slumbers, but, as I slowly regained consciousness, I dimly perceived, as in a dream, a head, sprouting horns, peering motionless at me from the road above. Beside it another, and another, and another, fully a score of horned monstrosities staring at me, wordless and immobile. Spine chilled and nerves a'tingle, I sprang to my feet, jerking myself into full wakefulness, the lough behind me and this weird assembly to the fore. I was at bay with the supernatural !

"Erin Incident" (continued).

My action startled the cows into activity, and they retreated lumberingly a few paces. I laughed in my relief, the pounding of my heart eased, and with bestial yells I proceeded to drive them some hundreds of yards down the road. Cows in such a district - ridiculous ! Returning to my resting place, I lay down and composed myself for further slumbers.

Mist rising from the lake heralded a chilly dawn, and I needed no second calling to rise and shine. A mile's run up and down the road restored circulation to my chilled limbs. A wash in an ice-cold mountain stream and a brisk towelling produced a warm glow, and a couple of hours further rough-stuff saw my arrival in Louisburgh. Was ever a cup of tea more welcome ? Tey it for yourself sometime !

S.E.N.

UCKFIELD & DISTRICT C.C.

I hoped I was going to pass the buck completely to Reg (Prof speaking) - after the gross libel he perpetrated in the last issue he jolly well ought to do the lot. Anyway, in spite of having had more to do with paint and distemper than bikes during the past few weeks I'm told I've got to do my stuff, so here goes.

Well, the denizens of Framfield Road no longer have to crawl round a heap of irons on the pavement, and no more are their slumbers disturbed at midnight by pinging bells or at five o'clock on a Sunday morning by the clack of shoe-plates at the Prof's back door. Harcourt Road hasn't quite realised what's hit it yet, fortunately it was dark on that historic occasion when Neeves announced his presence by bellowing through the letter-box or there would have been some curtain-twitching. I think the locals have got quite used to bods with bikes buzzing in and out at all hours, but if the boys start singing "Bluebells" on Xmas Eve they'll probably invoke a protective covenant !

I'm afraid that in spite of (or perhaps because of) the fact that the Scragly Erbs have kept me well posted with all the goings on, I haven't a very clear picture of the activities of the past three months. (You try and make sense out of half-a-dozen of the perishers all talking at once). Anyway, at least I can give you some headlines from some result sheets with September's dust on 'em, notably Agricultural Sid's handicap win in the S.C.A. Shortmarkers', followed by a personal best and course record on the club 25 course and a silver-gilt standard in the "Counties". Pete got a handicap

Uckfield & District C.C. (continued).

crust in the E.S.C.A. 25, and Spindle had his first win in the S.C.A. Longmarkers and led the winning team to boot. Teddy Short won the Barnes Handicap Cup in his first attempt at 25 miles, and everybody derived great pleasure from watching other people indulging in the macabre sport of hill-climbing.

The club runs competition has provided a clear-cut win for Spindle - I believe he's only missed about two runs in twelve months - though by the attendances on runs lately it looks as if he'll have some closer competition this year, as all the boys are out regularly, getting fit for the "social season".

The A.G.M. saw few changes in the Committee, but those which have taken place are interesting. Arthur replaces Colin as Racing (Track) Secretary, and Reg will combine the duties of Runs and Social Secretary, with Eric continuing to act as Dance Organiser. John, now demobbed, has joined the Committee, and Horace has relieved "Boss" of the Chairman's duties. Griff has undertaken to take charge of the Clubroom during Committee meetings. Two major decisions were taken at the A.G.M., one, deleting the "25" from the Club B.A.R. and so bring it into line with national standards, and the other, to embark on a general revision of the rules, to be presented for adoption at a later meeting.

With John and Ken back in civvy street, and Roy still awaiting call-up, only Rob is still in the Forces, and most unfortunately, owing to the current flap unlikely to be demobbed on time. However, he's a philosophical sort of chap and his letters from Cyprus are cheerful as of yore. It does look, however, as if he'll miss another Dinner, and all of us Farmers would like to send you our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, Rob, and we hope you'll soon be back with us.

And now, over to Reg, to give you the real low-down, and I mean low - Prof to Vicar, over to you, over
Dear Parishioners -- Vicar calling once again time to contribute to the Association 'mag'. I was shocked when I heard how much controversy there is over our magazine. Well, I think the 'mag' is doing O.K. and no harm comes from a steady stir-up now and again, so I say lay off the Editor - he's doing a darned fine job, as Jack Davies said at the luncheon. (Thanks for your support, Reg; still I'd rather have open criticism than muttering behind my back - Ed.). Speaking of the lunch, I thought, along with others, that it was a little disappointing. There was far too much officialdom, notably the Uckfield club being 'sorted out'; but no doubt this matter will be continued in the near future -- and now on with the motley.

Uckfield & District C.C. (continued).

Well, I've been squawking about the social season all through the racing season, and now at last it's here. To make sure of it we held a successful dance put on by the club under the very good organisation of Eric Kent. This was held at the State Hall, Heathfield on Sat. Nov. 24th and was well supported by the club and also the general public, all of whom had a good time. Roy Humphrey attended with his wife, and did his share on the door. He was ably supported by our club president 'Boss' Eves (who was escorting wife), J. Dutson, G. Boxall, C. Pearson, K. Griffiths, N. Edwards and yours truly. We were pleased to see Ray and Joy Wickens, George Palmer and Reg Shingleton also enjoying themselves. Owing to the fact that the Vicar had a car on his hands I was most reluctantly forced to support the local soft drink manufacturer; hence Humph's mickey-taking at my drinking lemonade. I will make up for it at the Central Sussex dinner on Saturday, although I've just realised that one can get 'pinched' for riding a bicycle "under the influence".

Well, folks, we hope to be seeing you during the social season; anyway enjoy it whatever you do. The racing season will come all too soon - and on behalf of the club may I wish you all a very Happy Christmas. Does anybody know why a certain gentleman with a grey bicycle with red mudguards is continually being seen scorching up the road to the Chestnut Tree, Boreham St. on Saturday evenings? What attraction can there be? The cinema pictures at Hurstmonceux are out of date -- can't think what the attraction is. Plumber Siggs, Roy - 1 (one) is due to go into the forces soon. I hear say he is taking driving lessons (camel style) - perhaps he will be able to join the 'Camel Wheelers' and do a bit of time-trialling. Anyway Roy, good luck when you go - lor, alas, when I think of that poor Sergeant-Major!

By the way the Editor proposed marriage to a young lady the other week at Boreham Street, and after she accepted him he got the wind up and offered a bribe of 10/- for her withdrawal. (I was hoping the boys had forgotten that - Ed.). And now, folks, I'll sign off. Be seeing you - all the best.

Amen.

THE VICAR.

UCKFIELD AND DISTRICT CYCLING CLUB

President - A. S. Eves, Esq.

Officials for 1957

Chairman - Mr. H.G. Achard, The Stores, Newick Green, NEWICK.
General Secretary - N.D. Edwards, "Avalon", 24 Harcourt Road, UCKFIELD.
Treasurer - C.A. Pearson, "Brooklyn", Little London, Nr. HORAM.
Runs Secretary - R.N. Tew, "The Bays", Broyle Lane, RINGMER, Nr. Lewes.
Time Trials Secretary - N.J. Barnes, 19, Hempstead Gardens, UCKFIELD.
Racing Secretary (Track and M/S.) - A.W.D. Thorpe, "Arundale",
10, Park Road, HAYWARDS HEATH.
Social Secretary - R.N. Tew.
Committee - G.F. Boxall, J.R. Dutson, W.B. Lowry.

The Association luncheon and prize presentation was held at the Regent Hotel, Hastings, on Sunday, November 25th, and was once again a very friendly and successful occasion. Well over one hundred members, visitors and guests sat down to an excellent meal, which was as usual enlivened with humorous cross-toasting. Man of the day was undoubtedly 69-year-old Tom Owen of the North Road C.C., who rode all the way from Herne Bay to propose the toast of the Association. He praised the friendly spirit of the function and said he hoped to see us again in the future. The response was in the able hands of Roy Humphrey. Maurice Chauncy welcomed the many ladies and visitors present. The responses were by Mrs. Barbara Atkins of the Central Sussex and old friend Ted Harrison of the Medway R.C. and Tricycle Association, who said that in the current battle for control of road sport, the T.A. was against anything that would harm the Time-Trial game. Dennis Neeves toasted the Press, and another old friend, Jack Davies of the 'Argus', was in rollicking form in his reply. Mrs. Win Leppard, wife of our 1956 President, presented the awards, and Maurice Chauncy offered a trophy for the best 24-hr. ride by an East Sussex rider in 1957. A pity that Maurice had already lost a lot of goodwill by his heavy handed slapping down of a would-be cross toaster on a dubious point of order. This sort of unfortunate incident just should not happen at a social function. Finally, we all owe a vote of thanks to Percy Bliss, who bore the brunt of the work involved.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB.

One cannot hope to emulate the reams of 'blurb' sent in by underworked scribes, dear Editor, and again closing time is singing in my ears before a line of 'copy' is on paper. The task, however, has its pleasant side, when we can record, for absent friends and members, our team success in the '25', and yet another in the Association Hill-Climb. Led by our Dave, John and Roy made fresh history in club records. Just one more item of 1956 racing news: congratulations to Dave on his fine ride in the R.T.T.C. National Championship Hill-Climb, his fourth place being the best ever achieved by a Sussex rider; and we must not overlook a record climb each of the last three years on Wellingford Lane! The shutters are up on the toil and sweat but no tears - shades of Evelyn Grant! Our club dinner and prize-giving was a great success on Nov. 17th, and much of our pleasure was due to support from Association members and club representatives. That much maligned character R.H. proposed the toast of The Club, and as usual stood up to many wisecracks with beer and fortitude. (And nearly wore out the stairs leading to the gents.' cloak-room - Ed.). But Sir! has any successful man been popular in his life time? The reply to Visitors and Ladies by our worthy Editor was a gem of soft soap and wit. The club thanks you both.

Now that I get dropped on any gradient steeper than 1 - 1,000, it was with some misgiving that I waved goodbye to those near and dear, and set out for Hastings and the Regent last weekend. Tractor tyres, hub gear and dynamo all faithfully did their job, and my lack of confidence was restored at Flimwell, where the club members arranged to pick me up for 'elevenses'. Sinister vows that went adrift! I got there first and enjoyed being growled at by a dog. I nearly fell over. What a game this cycling is. Here we were spinning along 18 to 80 years of age or thereabouts, in a compact group, answering the call to the feast - petrol and British Railways completely unnecessary. You did us well, a most enjoyable 'do', as indeed these events always are. May there be many more, with or without hotseats and cold reasoned planning! (Pause - count ten). We were most pleased with Sheila's success in hitting the jackpot with the sale of draw tickets. Good girl! Those cross-toasts and speeches well worth hearing in such company, are worthy of special editorial comment! (It's all right for you, Pop, you weren't on the receiving end - Ed.). Our boys on National Service are getting spread out, and I'm sure that Cyprus and Christmas Island, Norman Rout and 'Mazzy' respectively, should have cause to remember their visits, if only for nine days. Best of Social Season luck to all; may the beer never be too old to drink or too weak to oil the speaker's throat.

Your tired out ----

POP.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

I have taken refuge at Brighton while writing these libellous words lest my shrewd companions accompany me to the nearest river; you will therefore overlook any errors that may occur in the text due to my remote situation.

Now to proceed - the last notable event on the E.S.C.A. calendar was the Hill-Climb which we managed second team place. It was won, as we all know by Dave Patten of Tunbridge Wells, whose club also took first team place. Our best rider was Mickey Robinson who was placed second, while Bill Payne struggled to just beat John Terry for third place. 'Also ran' for us was Bill Francis who, although not in the placings, has proved his mettle on the flat by winning the E.S.C.A. Best-All-Rounder Competition. Yes Bill, our heartiest congratulations to you on your well-deserved achievement after only two full seasons of racing. This brings us to the Association's luncheon, held yet again in West Kent or was it Hastings? Please think of the petrol rationing you organisers, because we've long since worn out our tyres when the dinner season has arrived! Well it was really a pleasant occasion as usual, and enabled us to see some of the 'dinner-type' cyclists who can't tell the difference between the saddle and the handlebars after their Air Force careers - eh, Brooker? Briefly, we all had a good time watching (through a periscope I might add) Bill Francis get his B.A.R. trophy and Mickey his usual collection. Another dinner attended was that of the Tunbridge Wells R.C. who although they didn't notice us are welcomed (Wot, Hackett as well? - Ed.) with any other club, to ours in January when, if present, we shall let their presence be known! (that bit written with venom!).

Odd pieces of information include the demob of Pete Brooker and our club B.A.R. this year Danny Lock. Pete Crowsley has moved out to Cyprus with the R.A.F. but is due to be demobbed next year. I'm told the club turned out to see the London-Brighton 'old crocks' run, and Fred Marshall was present. Now the impression given to me is that it was uncertain as to whether or not Fred cheated by joining the competitors at Crawley instead of completing the full course. Whether all this has any bearing on the ride to the Redhill dinner when Fred wanted to pick flowers I really wouldn't know. Ah well, perhaps I will find out later! Incidentally, Joe Meadmore is getting fed-up with the boys trooping in every night to see the T.V. so he's thinking of

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

giving it to the clubroom - but before you do this, Joe, for goodness sake have the commercial receiver installed because we're getting tired of the B.B.C. The next time I set the quill in motion the keen boys will be out training and the best of luck to 'em. But to them and everyone East Grinstead wish a very happy Christmas and New Year.

"GEARS".

WANTED. Strong horse and pair of shafts, to fit 1937 Armstrong-Siddeley '14'. G.N. Henty, 34 Fairlight Road, Eastbourne.

STOP PRESS. At the Association A.G.M. on Sunday, Dec. 2nd, voting was 11-5 in favour of an early morning road race (NCU Rules) next season. Open Tandem '30' deleted from road programme because of financial position. Silver-plated medals in place of plaques next year. Changes of officials:- Chairman, Mr. N.D. Edwards; Vice-Chairman, Mr. J. Southerden; Social Secretary, Mr. D. Neeves. President for 1957: Mr. W.T. Collins. Retiring President Mr. F. Leppard, gave donation of 5 gns. to Association funds. Mr. Chauncy offered to pay cost of ladies' scratch awards next season.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C. (Cycling Section).

Well, folks, what with petrol rationing and all Land Rover has decided to go on strike for a bit. In order words, friends, I'm leaving you (pause for lamentations). Only, I'm glad to say, in a literary sense - I shall be around I hope for many moons to come. It's been fun compiling this quarterly nonsense, but I thought it was time for light to be shed from a new angle on the dark doings in the Rovers. And who better equipped so to do than - but I mustn't destroy the cloak of anonymity of my successor, that is assuming that he wishes to remain anonymous. I have no doubt that he will, if only to avoid the libel actions which will probably be contemplated on publication of his first contribution! Enough, enough, I must away and buy myself a bike. Au Revoir, everybody.

L.R.

Well, there you are, readers, Stan, after several years of sterling service, feels it's time for a rest, and under pressure of threats such as: "Up front all day next Sunday", I have agreed to take over. As Stan has hinted, I prefer to let you guess at my identity. Am I George Henty writing as Len Price? Am I Dot Collins masquerading as Pat Novis? Who knows. And now enough of hails and farewells, and on to the news. The racing season ended quietly for us, with Denzil and

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.

Brian talking about motor-bikes, a clear sign that they had given all they'd got. However, thanks to Dave Marsh's 2-7 the club had a team win in the Association '50', making a total of ten team awards last season. Surprise man in the September '25' was Mick Walker, who due to working away, had ridden but little. His 1-5 gave him third place and first handicap. No-one wanted to pit his strength against Wellingford Lane, so that was the end of the season. A glint then appeared in Nash's eye, a map appeared in Nash's hand, and before the boys could say 'Social Season' they found themselves bonked up to the eyebrows, climbing terrifying hills umpteen miles from Demarco's. In other words the dreaded Winter Runs had commenced. The first run included a very rough-stuff section over the cliffs and glens, east of Hastings, Dennis Neeves emerged from his summer 'retirement' to take part, but soon wished that he'd stayed at work for one more Sunday. When June and Mary mutinied in Fairlight Glen Stan Nash quietly spread word that Dennis was leading the run, on the principle that as he lived nearby he might as well take the blame. As a result Dennis has been out of favour with the club's girls ever since. A fortnight later sixteen members went to the New Forest on the rail-cycle excursion organised by the C.T.C. A very pleasant day was spent in that delightful area, and everyone was full of praise for the way British Railways handled the trip. The only black spot was that they had underestimated cyclists' thirsts - the bar ran out of beer half way back! Cupid did not appear in the official list of passengers, but came along all the same. His victims included Len, who got kissed on his bald head by the exuberant Nellie of Brighton C.T.C. and a certain fast man who had till then been a stalwart of the Bachelors Association. (Traitor - Ed.). Neeves now rides now rides home from club runs alone. Soon after this the Forces claimed Denzil, Dave Turner and Dave Dunbar, making a big gap in the racing team. Most Sundays have seen the club covering 100 miles +. Notable runs have been a tour of the Arundel district, the usual bash up to the 'Catford', and a couple of weeks ago a trip to Chislehurst caves. There was an interesting conducted tour through part of the caves, which have amongst other things, the echo-chamber to end all echo-chambers (Elvis Presley please note). After this the club rode over to Bromley, got to grips with A.21, and eventually reached the tea venue with 'parcels' all round but still smiling. I suppose readers are now thinking: "All very nice, but this is the Social Season, what are the Rovers doing?" Well, there are the minor social activities such as Ted watching T.V. at Ken's and Ken watching T.V. at Ted's, but the biggest 'do' so far has been the ESCA luncheon at Hastings. The club was well in the picture there. The short and middle-markers took a good share of the prizes, while two of the long-markers, Humphrey and Neeves, were among the speechmakers. We're going to the B.A.R. Concert at the Albert Hall, and don't forget

our Dinner. Sorry it clashes with the Sussex C.A. event, but we aren't to blame. Officials report at the recent A.G.M. showed that the club is in fine shape. Club President Bill Collins was the unanimous choice as Association President for 1957. Deadline is on me so ----- Merry Christmas everybody.

SUNTRAPPER

1984

The following is the account of a vivid dream experienced by an anonymous contributor (aren't they all? - Ed.). He refuses to assume responsibility for any likeness to existing people, because it is well known that dreams are no
respector of persons

A welter of cycles littered the pavements and in places overflowed into the road; a one-way traffic rule was in force along Ringmer boulevard as a horde of cyclists converged on the 'Brewers Arms'. Thus was the stage set for the E.S.C.A. Annual General Meeting 1984. Shortly before zero hour a distant smudge resolved into a bunch of six riders, a tricyclist and one solo exponent flanked by four perspiring police constables. An ominous mutter increased as the new arrivals cleared a path with their truncheons towards the disused barn in which the meeting was to be held. The Chairman and the Secretary/Treasurer had arrived. At a signal the doors were thrown open and the rush for seats began. Unfortunately, the building had only been constructed to hold 75 people, so there was some difficulty in packing in the 300 or so who had 'volunteered to come'. At last, with all window-sills, rafters &c. occupied, the steel mesh curtain in front of the officials' table was checked, the Peoples Police settled among the multitude, and the Chairman hammered on the table with a grenade to open the proceedings.

A letter apologising for absence was read from the Magazine Editor, who was said to be an unwilling guest of the State, having been caught on the hop over a little matter of criminal libel (it should be mentioned here that another notable absence was prevented by the timely placing of an armed guard overnight on Culverwood Cottages). The election of officers was accomplished in record time after the Chairman surveyed the assembly over the muzzle of his Bren and growled: "I take it that there are no nominations other than the present committee". The Racing Secretary's report stated that the past season had been a complete success, with our riders dominating E.S.C.A. events. In the twenty-five open events promoted, we had 'swept the board', mainly due to the vigilance of our timekeepers, who had found excuses to disqualify all non-Sussex riders finishing in front of our boys. When the resultant applause had died down an altogether different light was thrown on things by the Treasurer, who said bluntly that the Association was in serious financial difficulties. A howl of rage greeted this news,

1984 (continued).

culminating in a pointed query from a bewhiskered Uckfield reactionary as to whether this had any connection with the Treasurer's recent holiday in Monte Carlo - even though still on Public Assistance. A hurried consultation among the officials resulted in the said member being forcibly removed from the building and bundled away to an unknown fate.

The Magazine Editor's report, which was then read, disclosed a sensational rise in circulation since the removal of the ban on personal insults. There were still plenty of people capable of being mercilessly pilloried, and with the usual help from club scribes he could promise that this high standard would be maintained. He told the meeting that his family motto was "Nudius per Fidelis", which liberally translated means: "Exposure through Truth". The report was unanimously adopted. The Road Programme next came under review. At once the Vicar proposed that the social season should be greatly extended, thus eliminating the need for a road programme. This was promptly seconded by D. Marsh amid wild applause which, however, was soon silenced when the Racing Secretary leapt quickly behind the Bren. At this point the Chairman intervened to say, with a cynical leer, that lunch was ready for those who still felt like food. The meeting then adjourned, with the majority appropriately making their way to 'Siberia'. (To be concluded).

CHAIRMAN'S APPEAL

The Editor had received a letter from Maurice Chauncy saying that the response to his appeal for donations to Association funds has so far been very disappointing. Only 3s. 6d. has been received from within the Association. Maurice points out that the Treasurer, in his report said: "During the next year we have all got to pull together to build up the finances of the Association". Maurice continues: "Don't limit your contribution to 6d. because I mentioned that sum, but make a small sacrifice on behalf of the sport we all enjoy. Next time you are at a social function forego that last drink and send the price to my fund. Send direct to me or in a lump sum through your club secretary". In conclusion, Maurice sends Christmas greetings and best wishes for 1957 to all readers.

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