

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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NEW SERIES - No. 21.

SPRING 1958

EDITORIAL

For the past nine months the average cycling enthusiast has been a frustrated man. The lamented demise of the "Bicycle" had already left him with Hobson's Choice in the matter of cycling "weeklies"; and since "Cycling", apparently succumbing to pressure from big business, became "Cycling and Mopeds" (with an introductory Editorial which leaves a nasty taste in our mouth to this day) he has had to choose between buying something which is neither fish, fowl or good red herring and having no cycling news at all. Therefore we have no hesitation in using this space to recommend a new cycling-only "weekly" which has recently appeared. It is called "Cycle Sport", is in newspaper form (price 6d.), and caters for all branches of the sport and pastime with a happy freedom of bias for or against any particular organisation. Another good feature is the large proportion of space devoted to news from clubs and associations from all parts of the country. "Cycle Sport" seems to be a sincere attempt to fill the gap in cycling journalism; and as such it deserves to succeed. We wish it well, and can do no more than advise our readers to try it for themselves.

Every year over five thousand people are killed in road accidents. The toll of the road is nothing new, and usually these five thousand deaths are so many figures; but sometimes one of the statistics comes to life and hits us hard because it is a relation, friend or clubmate. And so it is that we mourn the passing of Dennis Stokes, who many will remember as a worthy winner of the Association's 1954 Best-All-Rounder Competition. A full tribute to Dennis by one of his old club-mates appears on page 21; but we would like to pay our own last respects to a grand rider, and to offer on behalf of the Association our deep sympathy to his wife Pam and to his parents.

but the boys have been out as usual, the most recent amusement (!) appearing to be competing in tourists' trials, nominally 100 in 8 but actually more like attempts to do the 100 inside 5 hours with full kit. Even our Chairman, a gentleman of august aspect and normally sober disposition caught the urge, leading the field most of the way in the Central's event and winning most of the town sprints, though this didn't get him far as he usually disappeared up the wrong street, thereby giving the 'erbs a chance to snatch a few crafty yards.

The latest venture, and a new departure for us, has been a jumble sale, organised by Phyl and most stoutly supported by members and friends. One or two loose ends to clear up but already it is apparent that the efforts of the Jumbleers have benefited funds to a most useful extent. Also the Prof has now got a decent pair of trousers, his only grumble being that Phyl caught him sneaking off to the sale with a load of gardening tools and made him put them back in the shed.

After the delay which so unfortunately besets almost everyone home-hunting these days, Don and Valerie found a flat in Uckfield, and were married in November. The 'flu bug prevented several from attending but enough of the club were in evidence to join the families and friends in giving Sir Don and his bride a rousing send-off. Don has taken over as handicapper and from my recollection of the way he used to lap up facts and figures it'll take some doing to beat the book this year.

Next on the list will be Webby and Celia, who likewise will be flat-dwellers for a spell, three stories up, so help me. After I've been out on my bike it's as much as I can do to crawl over a door-step.

And so, as I close, comes the 'orrid thought that to-morrow, with the "10" as a pipe-opener, starts the racing season. Well, perhaps not so 'orrid for yours truly, as I shall only be pushing the blighters off! Best of British!

THE PROF.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Yoics and Tally-ho. After the effects of Asian 'flu, &c., on several Wanderers, contemptuously referred to as the "Sniffle Group", lynx-eyed observers will have seen most of them stealing a march on

their contemporaries with some stealthy pre-season training. Russell has been beating it up to the tune of as much as 100 miles in a day; Agg has been noted thrashing up and down the Tunbridge Wells road - with what ulterior motive is not readily apparent (Now then Sheila, what's all this? - Ed.); while in between strenuous sessions of weight training, roller work and Yogi "Iron Man" Grover has been leading the weekly club-run of "steaming fits" on their never-ending quest for cheaper tea places with more attractive waitresses. However, one name has been absent from all this - a certain Willcocks who appears to be immovably riveted to the driving seat of his ancient and battered Austin '7'; so much so that he will surely have to learn how to walk properly before once more daring to venture onto his bike! When tackled about this he airily replied: "I don't have to do anything like the training of you unfits", a statement that, alas is all too true bearing in mind the time he has the cheek to record. He was recently seen to slip furtively into Strudwick's emporium where he purchased a 24-tooth sprocket with a request that it be quickly wrapped away from prying eyes. Can he really be considering starting in the Hardriders '12'? By the time you read this the worst will be known!

The Club Supper and Prize Presentation was held at the 'Lamb' Inn, Ripe, on Feb. 22nd. We applaud the goodly gathering of members old and new who turned up on such a filthy night, and regret that date-clashing with some early season events prevented more Escabods from attending. Among those present were V.I.P. Humphrey (who got a lesson in how to run a draw), and a quintet from Eastbourne Rovers, led by evergreen Stan Nash. To see some of the more ravenous characters tucking away a second helping of steak and kidney pie made one wonder if they realised how close the racing season is! Chief prizewinner was of course Johnny Cox, who was far and away our most consistent rider last season, practically clearing the table of awards. Much mirth was caused when Mrs. Cox won the draw booby prize and presented it to "fit man" Russell who unwrapped it to reveal a packet of glucose tablets! In the hope of proving his 'epitaph' premature (see Xmas BONK) Copper Burgess, presumably recovered from the ordeal mentioned, has said that he will be contesting some of the club events at least, next season. Good for you, Mick, let's hope you can find time to do so, even if only in one or two of the proposed evening '10's'.

So there you have it, folks, for yet another edition. All the best for good weather and fast times in 1958. See you around.

ALSORAN.

Well here we are with the first edition of 1958. Doesn't time fly? Perhaps another year of surprises and disappointments with which 1957 wasn't lacking. We even had a new club formed in this sparsely populated county of cyclists. Of course you must have a certain amount of concern for them as you will understand when you look up that forthright name in the English dictionary: - "One bearing pain, enforcing discipline, &c.". Before I get too far I'd better correct the mistake that appeared in the last issue. Our Racing Sec's address is not 52 but 5 Eversley Road, St. Leonards. I thought that the write-up by the "Drum Beater" of the Rye tribe was very clever. I would like to congratulate him and wish I could do as well. Well, now, according to the long distant weather forecasters we are in for a fairly good summer, so our attendance should be well up on average. Last year we boasted 52 club teas and well over that number of runs and meetings, with an average of 12.8 members out every Sunday of the year.

I hope all present at Burwash enjoyed themselves. Although everyone apparently had enough to eat, there was very little liquid flowing in the brooks of Burwash! The Association's Social Secretary and M.C. put hard work into the organisation of the entertainment, but unfortunately seemed to have his work cut out to get the guests to join in the games; perhaps the average cyclist doesn't want games (I know the average cyclist's favourite game, but we can't have that sort of thing at Association functions - Ed.). I was quite surprised to hear next morning that the ceilings were still up downstairs after the barrack-room games upstairs the night before. The outside cycling world might like to know that we intend to revive the long-abandoned 100 in 8 this year early in the season. It will be run on the original course, that is on the old road from Hastings to Worthing and back. It is hoped that the event will be led by the club historian and pioneer in this field John Southerden. I expect that by the time you receive the next copy of 'BONK' we shall have had our fourth post-war annual all-night run. This year we are reversing the direction and are doing the complete Kent coast; and eventually cutting the county in half by having tea at Brookland.

It is hoped that now we have a few veteran machines in the club we can have an 'old crocks' run later in the season. Any other club's members who possess such machines might like to contact me, then perhaps we can arrange something. The address is 33, Western Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Now before I sign off and let one of my club colleagues tell you a little about Northiam church, I have

asked this question to a variety of people, including engineers, and have got some very strange answers. Is the weight of a cycle hanging on the spokes or is it being supported by them? What do you think?

C.R.S.

St. MARY'S CHURCH, NORTHIAM. By W. Baker.

Most East Sussex cyclists have at some time in their cycling activities had occasion to pass through the charming village of Northiam, situated on the border of Sussex and Kent. Several have probably halted for ale at one or both of the hostelries therein; and it is adjacent to one of these stands the ancient church of St. Mary, capped by a stone spire erected about 1505 and surmounting a fine tower, the lower stages of which show workmanship of the Romanesque or Norman period.

In order to trace the evolution of a parish church such as St. Mary's it is necessary to put the clock back to the era before the Norman invasion and commence our story from there. Although there is no proof that a church existed in Saxon times, and the Domesday Book compiled in 1087 makes no mention of one, we can surmise that if a church did exist it was in all probability a small building of wooden construction. There are two reasons for assuming this: (1) The greater part of East Sussex was at that time covered by dense forest, thus making timber the most easily accessible building material; (2) the wooden church was not uncommon at this time in Northern Europe, and one can still see a church of this type at Greenstaed by Ongar, Essex. After the Norman Conquest, for a time William was fully occupied in subduing the country, and little or no building was accomplished. With more settled times all skilled labour was pressed into service to construct the huge cathedrals and castles, many of which, greatly altered, remain to this day. Owing to all skilled labour being diverted to this purpose, those parish churches which were built were small, and owing to semi or un-skilled labour, very crudely constructed, with thick walls built with roughly cut stones. The church that we now see at Northiam grew from these humble sources, and although most of this structure has disappeared with subsequent rebuilding, some traces can still be found in the lower portion of the Tower and the West Wall. Flat Pilaster Strips, an early form of buttressing common in Early Norman building, can be seen on the North and South side of the Tower.

Briefly, this early church, built in the early 13th Cent. was of the two-cell type without aisles, consisting of a nave and a small square ended chancel. To get a picture of a building of this type imagine two rooms separated by a wall. The rooms were then connected by an archway punched into the wall. The interior was dark, a little light being admitted by small, unglazed windows inserted in the outer walls.

The small Norman church remained largely unaltered for 200 years until early in the 14th Cent., when following the fashion, it was decided to build a Lady Chapel and Aisle on the south side. Generally when an addition was made in medaeval times the usual practise was to construct the additional portion adjoining the existing building with the outside walls of the original portion still in position, thus enabling the building to be used while the alterations were taking place. When the new portion was finished the old wall was either completely demolished and a new arcade erected to take the weight of the clerestory and rood, or alternatively the new arcade was 'punched' into the old wall. Having finished the southern portion, the same procedure appears to have been followed in the North Aisle, completed in the early 15th Cent. You may be asking how one can tell that the South Aisle was built before the North, and before proceeding further I think I should issue a word of warning. When trying to assess the age of a parish church from it's architectural features, it must be borne in mind that although this is fairly easy when examining a cathedral built by skilled masons with a knowledge of the latest fashions, it is practically impossible in a parish church constructed by semi-skilled workmen and remote from the great centres of masoncraft. An example of this can be seen at Canterbury cathedral in the Choir re-built between 1175 and 1184, in which the pointed arch and stone vault make their appearance, and the small remote parish church contemporary to the Canterbury Choir which still retains the Early Norman features of the roundee arch and roughly carved or primitive capitals. We have rather deviated from Northiam, but it was necessary and will explain why the aisles have been dated 14-15th Cent. when they appear to belong to an earlier period.

To be concluded.

Dear readers of "Bonk", you exponents of Honk, list now to the tale of "The Farmers",
That's the "Uckfield", to you; they are not a bad crew, though few make a claim to be charmers.
You may meet them in force, or alone round the course, or sinking a pint at a function,
Collecting of prizes, attending assizes, with never the slightest compunction.
First, Hamilton-Webb, with the tip of his "neb" at the top of each B.A.R. table,
We're exceedingly glad that this popular lad has shown all the shine he is able.
With "hundreds" and "twelves", in a class by themselves, our "Cedge" is acknowledged a master -
He's shaved off his beard, as you probably "heard" - so next year he might go even faster!
Then Griffiths the Veteran (you'll scarce find a better'un) who does all his riding for fun;
This year saw him crack the Hailsham and Back, and get down again to a "one".
Our elderly grocer, has little to show, sir, in spite of a season's hard riding -
In the E.S.C.A. fifty-miler, they say, he collected a peach of a hiding!
Then Reginald Tew, he's in grocery too, we usually dub him "The Vicar".
Any dinner or dance, he is bound to enhance, and make fun and games go along slicker.
Let us not forget "Spin", who went out to win the trophy that bears his own name
And in handicap races, in various places, continued to win just the same.
Then there's Colin and Dutson, with plenty of guts an' with vigour an' vim an' with power,
Both earn admiration, sincere approbation, with "twenty-fives" under the hour.
When mentioning Thorpe, the facts I'll not warp - he's finally got down to an "0".
In his garage I'm told (if they haven't been sold!) bikes and tandems hang up in a row.
The worthy Professor might turn the aggressor if I left him out of my rhymes -

An Uckfield Saga (continued).

With pencil and paper he cuts a fair caper, recording and logging our times.

Reg Adams, 'tis true, can do a "one-two", and frequently does, when not farming,

The glorious tresses we know he possesses make his aspect a trifle alarming.

There's a couple of Bobs, both Newhaven "jobs", and Ossie, and Simon and Russell,

All coming along for a place in my song, and to join in this time-trialling bustle.

We must not forget Ken, who once did a "one-ten", and cried "Cycling is just what I like !"

He has trouble, I fear, with a multiple gear, and keeps falling off of his bike.

My thanks, due to you, for reading me through, are heartfelt and free from all fetter -

That's the end of my verse, which perhaps could be worse - it could surely be very much better !

HOS.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB.

One sure way of making time pass quickly is to be a scribe for 'BONK'. Another edition of our 'mag' is due, and the ink of the last issue is hardly dry it seems. (Hear, hear, it ought to be an Annual - Ed.). From this canny opening you will see that I have been hibernating and have little news to pass over to our worthy Editor ! Some of our lads are now coming back from National Service. "Mazzy" got his ticket in January and will soon be bashing his iron on the East Sussex roads. We hope to be more strongly represented in Association events this year. Dave has now two more "Daves" to chase him round, and another "D", but a "Doug" this time. Better than "Bs", anyway ! All four started in our Hardriders event on Sunday, February 23rd, and also in the field of several riders was John Terry making a most welcome appearance. On leave from Germany, John sportingly turned out and took a fair whacking from the boys, and enjoyed it ! No scandal this time ! I have been out of touch, but will turn the file over for your benefit next time. See you all on March 2nd and best of luck to one and all.

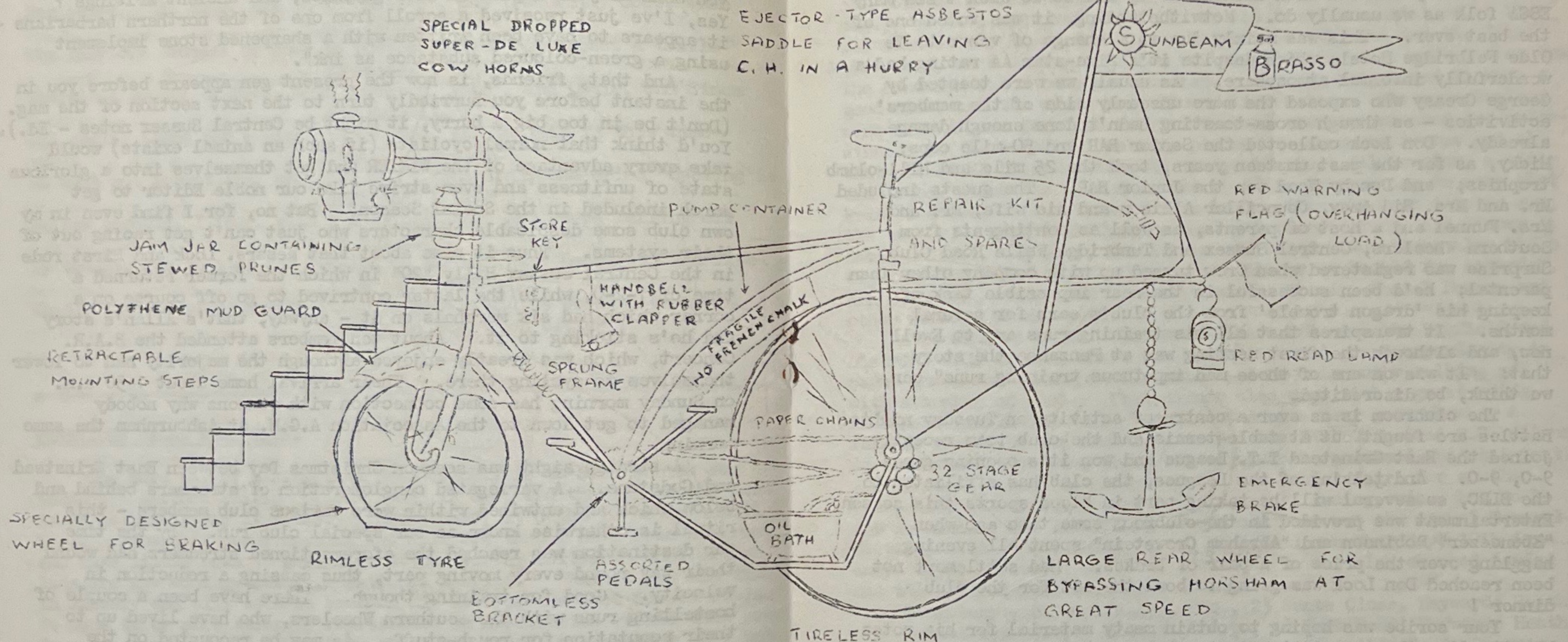
POP.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

"Hello, operator - give me the British Museum. Hullo, Neeves of the BONK here - what do you mean, never heard of it? Look, could you send me your expert on hieroglyphics, and ancient writings ? Yes, I've just received a scroll from one of the northern barbarians - it appears to have been written with a sharpened stone implement using a green-coloured substance as ink".

And that, friends, is how the present gen appears before you in the instant before you hurriedly turn to the next section of the mag. (Don't be in too big a hurry, it might be Central Sussex notes - Ed.). You'd think that normal cyclists (if such an animal exists) would take every advantage of the WINTER and get themselves into a glorious state of unfitness and even strive like our noble Editor to get March included in the Social Season. But no, for I find even in my own club some despicable characters who just can't get racing out of their systems. Thus it came about that Messrs. Lock and Hirst rode in the Central Sussex Hilly "20" in which the former returned a time of 1-2-0, while the latter contrived to go off course on a corner which had six marshals on it - anyway, that's Allan's story and he's sticking to it. About ten members attended the B.A.R. Concert, which was greatly enjoyed although the majority had to lower themselves to cycling there. Their arrival home about 1-30 a.m. on Sunday morning has some connection with reasons why nobody managed to get down to the Association A.G.M. at Ashburnham the same morning.

A strange sight was seen on Christmas Day between East Grinstead and Godstone. A variegated conglomeration of streamers behind and below which and entwined within were various club members - this ritual is otherwise known as our special club run. By the time our destination was reached the aforementioned streamers had wound their way round every moving part, thus causing a reduction in velocity. Good for training though. There have been a couple of hostelling runs with the Southern Wheelers, who have lived up to their reputation for rough-stuff. As may be recounted on the Southborough notes, we were treated to the spectacle of Dave Grifford howling down a bit of downland to see if a solitary cow would get off his path, discovering that the cow was a bull and taking evasive action at even greater speed ! Several of us, by devious extractions from our piggy-banks, have managed to attend club dinners, including those of Central Sussex, Southern Wheelers, Redhill, Uckfield and Southborough. Even these social activities are fraught with dangers to one's reputations, for instance the extremely enjoyable do, during



THE PAXTONIAN

1925 "VERY SPECIAL" MODEL

which a scurrilous member of Eastbourne Rovers photographed Crow devouring his fifth trifle of the evening. Our own club dinner unfortunately clashed with Eastbourne's, and so we didn't see many ESCA folk as we usually do. Notwithstanding, it was voted one of the best ever. This was mainly due to a change of venue to Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel, which despite its five-star AA rating had a wonderfully informal atmosphere. As usual, we were toasted by George Creasy who exposed the more unseemly side of the members' activities - as though cross-toasting hadn't done enough damage already. Don Lock collected the Senior BAR and 50-mile cups; Micky, as for the past umpteen years, took the 25 mile and Hill-climb trophies; and Doughy Wood won the Junior BAR. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Sid Amey, Councillor Allison and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Funnell and a host of parents, as well as contingents from Southern Wheelers, Central Sussex and Tunbridge Wells Road Club. Surprise was registered when Crow turned up with company other than parental; he'd been successful in the near impossible task of keeping his 'dragon trouble' from the club's ears for several months. It transpires that all his training runs are to Ewell now, and although the first meeting was at Penzance the story that: "It was on one of those mad impetuous training runs" can, we think, be discredited.

The clubroom is as ever a centre of activity on Tuesday nights. Battles are fought out at table-tennis and the club team recently joined the East Grinstead T.T. League and won its opening games 9-0, 9-0. And talking of the Leagues, the club has affiliated to the BLRC, so several will be taking part in blood sports this season. Entertainment was provided in the clubroom some time ago when "Ebenezer" Robinson and "Abraham Crowstein" spent all evening haggling over the price of a pair of brakes. Had settlement not been reached Don Lock was going to book the act for the club dinner!

Your scribe was hoping to obtain meaty material for his notes by attending the Association party, but was laid low by virus infection, thus he will miss the "joys" of the early season events. Well it's now the season of 5-4-3-2-1-GO and all that. It will be interesting to see who is fit. By the way, a most deserved honour has come to Micky, who has been invited to ride in the White Hope Sprint at the Herne Hill Good Friday Meeting.

Well, that's all the gen - one advantage of being indisposed is that it gives one some time to think up excuses for bad times.

Here, written in the Firm's time, using the Firm's typewriter and paper, is the latest news from the :-

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Once again the time has come to take up my pen and try and add a little more news, views, and other things from the west end of E. Sx.

Since the last episode of our story (see the last issue of this mag.), we have had our Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation. This was held at the Hayworthe Hotel, Haywards Heath, and for the first time ever, on a Sunday. Taken all round it is quite safe to say that the function was a complete success. Everybody appeared to have a good time, and the wine, &c., flowed like water. The speechmakers were all in good form and very witty, and everyone cheered the prize-winners to the echo. I am very pleased to announce to one and all that MR. FRANK LEPPARD rates as the year's Best All Rounder, a title and trophy which was well deserved. It is interesting to note that Frank's average speed this year is better than the last time he won the trophy, a mere TWENTY years ago. Barbara Atkins, Sid Stoner, David Dalziel, Roy Amey, Ken Atkins and one or two others also had a dip into the prize bag. This year's dinner is booked for Saturday, 6th December, 1958, also at the Hayworthe Hotel; Social Demons and other workers please note.

A coach load of our pleasure seekers attended the Uckfield and District C.C. dinner, where the Central showed great superiority in party games and taking raffle prizes, John Galsworthy walking off with a number of each. This dinner also went with a great swing, and the Uckfield are to be complimented on a very good show. A further number of our members attended the East Grinstead C.C. dinner, as is our usual custom, where all enjoyed the good and entertainment.

That, I think, is enough of the mad social whirl for another year, and the serious business of Training, Racing, etc., has to be got in hand. The last fling of our old year was the Annual General Meeting, held at the White Harte, Cuckfield, on Thursday, 30th January, 1958. Several official positions in the club changed hands, and the new relevant addresses to note are :-

Secretary: D. Goodfellow, Esq., 23 Sunte Close, Haywards Heath.
Social Secretary: Miss K. Thorpe, 10 Park Road, Haywards Heath.
Racing Secretary: K.L. Atkins, Esq., 36 Priory Road, Burgess Hill (Tel: Burgess Hill 2730).

Members who are missing from the administrative front include ex-Racing Sec. Steve Hobden, who is working in Yorkshire, and will be for some time to come, and Sid Stoner, who at present is taking a Teachers Training course in London. Sid, who is staying in a Hostel, is working very hard at present, and I am sure we wish him the very best of luck in this new venture. I think that I can also wish Sid the best of luck in this other new venture, that is on the occasion

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

of his engagement to our luscious blonde Margaret Boden - Grrrr!!! (now, now, this is a respectable magazine - Ed.). Congratulations to both of them from one and all.

Clubruns continue to be well supported, and those members who aspire to racing fitness are regularly out all day on Sundays and have also been seen flying about during the evenings.

The latest club promotion was a 100 in 8 hours, which attracted some two dozen entries. The weather was quite kind to the riders, and all reported in good time at the main check in Hastings. Getting back to Cuckfield was quite a different thing though, and the hills between Hastings and Heathfield took toll of the weak knees and staggery elbows. In the end, however, the majority of the riders finished in the time called for. A certain Uckfield member seemed to be a little the worse for wear, and it is reported that it took a 2-lb. jam jar of water and approx. 1-lb. of sugar lumps to revive him.

That is all of the news up until the present time, then, by the time that the next issue of this subsidiary of "Confidential" hits the bookstalls again it should be warm and sunny (I hope), and reports will be full of interesting things (?) like racing results and tales of large bundles.

See you up the road.

Yours to a cinder,

HONEST GINGE.

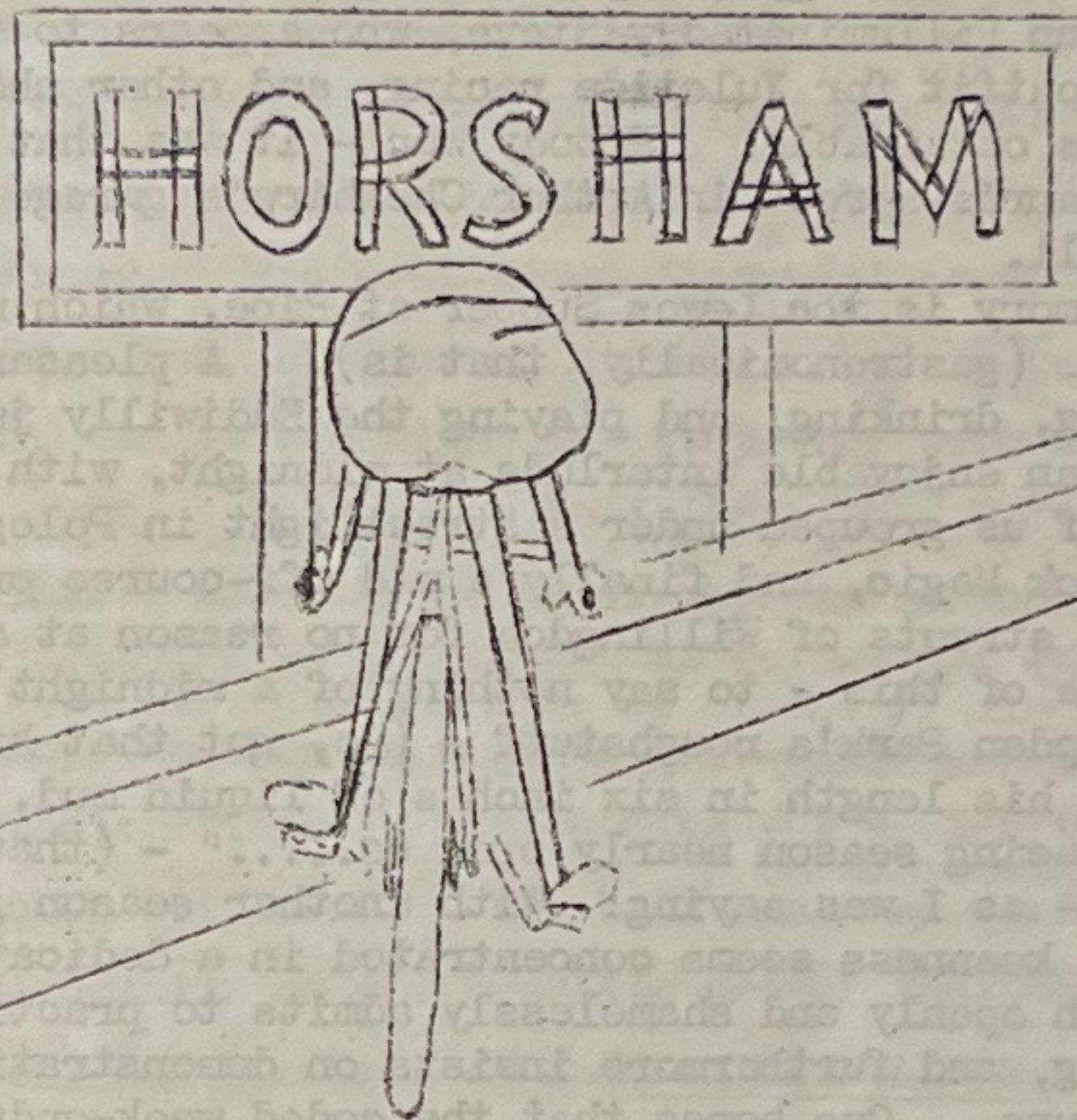
EASTBOURNE ROVERS CYCLING AND ATHLETIC CLUB (CYCLING SECTION)

Let me, for a change, start on a note of cold sobriety. The quarterly search for an opening gambit of sparkling originality becomes quarterly more tedious - the merry cliché eludes me. There isn't even any racing to talk about, so some in sobriety - (it's a change, anyway) - and let's go.

Delving into memories of the comparatively recent past, the overall impression is of a pretty average winter, with reasonable clubrun support, varying naturally according to the nature of the social function of the previous night. Mileages have been kept to a moderate level, and this feature, for some reason, has caused Neeves to express derision from time to time. I note, however, that he has always been careful, himself, to go with the family section, although this may, of course, merely be due to the greater number of women to be found in its numbers. (Certainly not! I live only for my bicycle. - Ed.).

LIFE WITH THE FARMERS (No. 16).

Sprinting for Horsham Signs.



Taken from that admirable publication

"UP THE KERB WITH ACHARD"

now in its 55th thousand

The book no cyclist can afford to be without.

Is anyone still interested in what happened at Christmas? Should such there be, let him read on - others skip this bit. Our Xmas Day 10 attracted the usual crowd of oddities - including Johnny Mayes equipped for 24-hour riding, (or pot-holing), with umbrella (inflated), and hurricane lamp (illuminated), Steve, who appears to thrive in a Viking-warriors outfit for Yuletide racing, and other characters with the gashest irons obtainable. Nobody won - it was that sort of race - but the "après-sprees" in Arthur Cheshire's garage was greatly appreciated by all.

Fresh in memory is the Lewes Supper at Ripe, which we attended in full strength, (gastronomically, that is). A pleasantly informal evening of eating, drinking, and playing the Eddiwilly juke-box in the Saloon Bar, an enjoyable interlude at midnight, with an intimate circle of four of us grouped under a streetlight in Polegate attacking Bills box of Black Magic, and finally a mad off-course priming session through the back streets of Willingdon for no reason at all.

Memories are made of this - to say nothing of a midnight encounter with some of Hampden Park's roughstuff - (no, not that kind) - and Denzil measuring his length in six inches of liquid mud. Happy days!

"With the racing season nearly upon us....." - (that's the result of a challenge) - as I was saying: With another season just around the corner local keenness seems concentrated in a dedicated few, a brotherhood which openly and shamelessly admits to practising a fetish known as training, and furthermore insists on demonstrating its results on clubruns. One hopes that the coded week-ends to come will show the fruit of these activities and perhaps inspire some imitative enthusiasm in our ranks. In other words - fingers out, fellas!

You may not realise it, but you are very lucky indeed to get these notes. It was only the arrival of a blunt reminder, cunningly enclosed in a greetings telegram envelope decorated with lovers' knots and pink roses, from the Editor, which averted the calamity of an issue devoid of Rovers' notes. So make the most of them, you lucky people. Apologies to those I have ignored, greater apologies to the others, and now please excuse me all. Spring is here, and I have a date with a harebell.

See you up the road.

"LAND-ROVER".

BOOK REVIEW

"LEN PRICE SLEPT HERE" by W.T. Collins (Rover Press 8/6).

All great men have their eccentricities, and Leonard Price is no exception. All E. Sussex clubmen who have read the writing on the wall will know that he appears to have the peculiar habit of sleeping in public conveniences. His best-known 'bedroom' is of course at the Ash Tree Inn, Brownbread Street; but others have been found, and it was high time that they were collated in book form. Who better to do this than W.T. "Bill" Collins. A Len Price admirer of long standing, he has made many public statements to the effect that he is never so happy as when in a gents convenience, e.g. (at Chilmington): "This is a nice place, I wouldn't mind having my lunch out here". His book has many useful sketch-maps, details of the architecture of the various conveniences, and pictures of some of the wall decorations: and is complete with full-page frontispiece portrait of Mr. Price. All users of public conveniences who are admirers of ace-photographer and master-cyclist Len Price will find this book an invaluable guide in their pilgrimages to the many places where one can read that "Len Price slept here".

J.N.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS ALBION C.C.

Will all clubs please note the following changes of officials: Treasurer & Social Sec.: C. Avis, 20 York Road, Tunbridge Wells. Racing Sec.: R.G. Rogers, 30 Crescent Road, Tunbridge Wells. General & Track Sec.: A.J. Rogers, 7 Saunders Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Royal Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C. (continued).

Our junior members will soon be old enough to start track racing, and it looks as if they will be capable of carrying on the successful track riding for which the 'Albion' were always known. Certainly if keenness counts you'll be hearing from them soon.

A.J.R.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS.

The winter has come and gone, likewise the Social Season, leaving before us the stark cold light of many racing dawns to come. Before you all begin to shiver with those chilly thoughts we will first rewind back a couple of months calling first at our club dinner which went off with a swing to the tune of 125 diners, including members of twelve visiting clubs, among whom we were pleased to see so many East Sussex faces. Now on to Christmas where on the eve a large gathering of the club met at a local hostelry for a pleasant evening of arm-lifting. Christmas morning witnessed the annual fancy-dress '10' from the 'Red Cow', Tideley. Ted Boorman excels even his jubilant previous bests by dashing round the pub-laden route dressed in a Father Christmas outfit much to the surprise of many ole gaffers he met on the way! Since the New Year many Wheelers have visited other clubs at dinner; included among these are Uckfield, Canterbury, Hastings and Sittingbourne. Club runs have continued every Sunday throughout the winter. February 2nd saw the annual bash to Dover run off in pleasant conditions as far as the weather was concerned, but far from ideal from the point of view of many participants, whose generous Social Season had made itself felt long before the White Cliffs staggered into view. Indeed, one unmentionable was heard to comment after four miles when the speedmen were setting the pace: "Blow this lot, I could go another three rashers and double eggs already". So it will be some weeks before the stable gets into racing trim, but the racing strength will be much the same with possibly an increase of two or three on last year's twenty-five or so regulars.

Next regular to fall into the 'Tender Trap' was Spider Dunford, who in the space of the Social Season has become engaged to Joyce Teague, also a Wheeler. As usual there is much speculation as to who will be next - you just don't know. (Help, I think we'd better cut January out of the Social Season - Ed.).

And so to the future. Plans are going ahead for the new Club venture, the 'Hilly '42' time-trial to be held over Kent and E. Sx. roads on April 20th. Many members tours are being formulated. It looks like Andorra for Les Hayman and Lou Bathurst during June; Western Ireland for the Galway Road Club 2nd claim members in July,

Southborough and District Wheelers (continued)

and Scotland in August or September for Geoff Hayman and Joe Wallace. Club tours this year look like being in Cambridge and Suffolk for Easter; Isle of Wight for Whitsun, and the Sussex coast for an August week-end under canvas. A more immediate venture is the club's annual 100 in 7 or 8 to be held unfortunately on the same day as the Hardriders '12'. However, the Wheelers will be down in force for many more enjoyable week-ends in E. Sussex very soon.

And so pleasant riding to you all this Spring from the Southboroughs.

BALLYALGOL'S PAL.

DENNIS STOKES

As contributions for this issue close, we receive the sad news of the death, following a road accident, of Dennis Stokes. Although then a member of Middlesex Road Club, there can be few ESCA members to whom his name is not familiar, and we in Eastbourne feel his loss particularly deeply as an ex-member and current record-holder of the Club. An enthusiast to the core, Dennis was at his best at the longer distances, and I am sure no riders in the ESCA "12" of 1954 will forget his superb performance in that event. Self-confidence was a characteristic of his, and never was this more justified than in the National Championship "12" of last year, when he led the Middlesex boys to a competition record team victory, and covered 257 miles himself. Fate has indeed robbed us of a likeable personality, a good clubmate and a long-distance rider of unlimited potential.

Particularly do our hearts go out to Pam and her baby daughter in their sad loss. Pam was our staunchest lady member for years and she can be assured that we, Club and Association friends alike, feel deep and affectionate sympathy for her.

S.E.N.

Koom. Unto all who would know let it be told how during the time of feasting and drinking which in the land of Esca is called "Social Season" the People of the Sprocket did many strange things; but of these I fear to tell for of some I would not be believed and of one it might be that the guards of the Law should come unto me saying: "Oh Bantu give unto us the names of those who did thus!" then behold, would I not be in anhelofafix. Also some of these tales would be unfit for the gentle ears of the tender maids of Eastbourne and Brighton. Yet this I will tell you for it is known that the Induna, the aged one, went unto the hut of a friend on the day which is Xmas Eve, there to speak of the breeding of fine cattle and such, and this was done at the hour men call four that he should return to his own hut at the time of the meal called tea. And this was well to do but the Aged enough to Know Better One and his friend did drink of the waters called "A Scotch" and did grow happy and sing songs of praise for one called Salome, and then went forth to count the cattle "by dark" and did count two for one and the Induna was stricken with great weariness and went unto his hut and straight way slept and his woman praised him saying: "Oh thou Drunkenoldsoandso". It also is said that Nicki the Captain of the Impidid reach his kraal on that same day near to the time of the last food and danced before the household in a manner strange and wonderful and did say: "Hello, my shining little gass jets", and this is a great mystery. Also during the time when the Salt of the Heavens falls, that which is no salt but turns to water in a man's hands. Frenchi the Twiddler did go forth on his Rotrax and his Rotrax did fall as a buck that is speared running falls. After which it went not as it should but "Kum-u-fra" which is as a snake doth go, yea from side to side. Then Frenchi did go to a worker in iron saying: "Oh man, make my Rotrax to run straight and I will give you silder with magic marks upon it", but the man spake saying: "Not silver oh Frenchi, but at least nine of the green skins called pounds must be given, and thou art lucky for the lugs are undamaged. "And Frenchi's knees became weak and his eyes filled with tears as the eyes of one who sniffs the brown powder of Collins. And hear now of Holl'ands and Robbins who now lead the Queens Armies. It is said that Robbins hath certain cords which he doth tug, whereby he doth work magic and returns to his kraal each week-end! And unto Holl'ands great honour is done for a slave hath been set to cut his hair so that all men may see the beauty of his skull; and he doth march and prance so that many great ones come and marvel saying: "Behold, here is one who hath two left feet".

And now, o people, I tell a tale, a tale of one who for a time did

sit in the shade of the Sprocket, and the tribe gave him Sibonga which is praise and the customs and laws were altered that they might be good for this certain one and the Ancient one sat him on his left hand to be next to greatest in Council saying unto the people: "Soon am I old and would rest, shall this one take my place". And the people cried: "Ko" which is yes, and the Bowl was filled, the Bowl which is precious in the tribe, with the best the Tribe could give and set before the man, filled as seldom before and the name of the Bowl is Honour which is much to give. But on a day the man arose saying: "These are but umfana, boys, my spear is too broad for these for how shall a warrior great as I win glory with such?", this being when the Queen called the best away from the Tribe, and the man let fall the Bowl and it broke upon the stone of Self. And the man is gone from the Tribe taking certain umfana with him whereby the Tribe is greatly weakened and the face of the people is blackened and a new proverb is in the land which doth say: "Let us give greatest honour unto our foes for they come against us with a chant of war and in the light of day. Thus do we know whence to expect the Blow". Gnamba Khaal.

THE DRUM BEATER.

REPORT of Committee Meeting, held March 2nd. Mr. J. Southerden was in the Chair. The minutes of meetings held on Oct. 13th and 25th, 1957, and Feb. 16th, 1958, were read and passed. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. W. Underhill thanking the Association for its contribution to the Les Burtenshaw fund. There were also letters of acceptance from several V.Ps. and one from Mr. P. Bliss accepting as timekeeper. The Secretary reported that the trophies were now insured with the Railway Passengers Assurance Co. for £194 (full cover), as a premium of 19/6d., and thanked Mr. M. Gardner of Hastings C. & A.C. for his help in this matter. The Social Sec. reported a loss of £3. 3. 3. on the luncheon, partly due to a small number of gate-crashers. It was decided that next time all clubs should send a list of their ticket holders' names, so that anyone arriving with no ticket can be checked. He said that the Annual Party was quite successful in spite of the unfortunate clash with the Central Sussex tourist trial. 59 people attended and a profit of £1. 5. 0. resulted. In his Magazine Editor's report, Mr. Neeves said that circulation is now up to 180 copies per issue. The Touring Comp. and the summer meet were fixed for the same day, June 22nd; the tea to be at Burwash. It was decided that Mr. W.T. Collins should be asked to organise the Touring Competition, and Mr. Price offered to assist. The date for the Annual Luncheon was fixed at Sun. Nov. 29th at the Hay-worthe Hotel, Haywards Heath. The A.G.M. will be on Sun. Dec. 7th at a venue to be fixed. The road race will be on June 8th, the only

Report of Committee Meeting (continued).

possible date. It was reported that thanks to Mr. W.T. Collins, the 'Brewers Arms', Ringmer, would after all be available as a feeding station for the 12 hrs. During a lengthy discussion on feeding it was decided to use the 'Brewers Arms', plus, if obtainable, a van as a mobile feeding station. The Chairman informed the meeting with deep regret of the death of Dennis Stokes, and a collection was made to contribute to a wreath to be sent from Eastbourne and other ESCA clubs.

FOR SALE. Campag 10-double D/T control, Mafac levers with hoods and adjusters. South of France 'bars, 50 & 48T chainwheels. Will haggle. P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.

FOR SALE. Sidecar, with bracket fixing. Anyone interested apply via the Editor, 19 East Parade, Hastings (I've mislaid seller's name & add.).

HERE & THERE

STAN NASH was recently seen driving a lorry load of girls through Eastbourne. Is he going in for the White Slave traffic, or was this a desperate attempt to get recruits for the Rovers' depleted ladies section?

THE EDITOR is now recovering from a bilious attack, caused by reading the E. Grinstead notes (written with ghastly green ink) and then finding a personal note at the end written with - eughhh! - MAUVE !!

SEVERAL PEOPLE thought they were seeing things, but Frank Rix was drinking water at the Rovers dinner. Only because the waiter took a long time bringing his beer, though.

AT THE HASTINGS DINNER, the Southboro' contingent honoured your Editor with membership of their club-within-a-club: the F.D.B.D. - the Fellowship of Draught Bass Drinkers - a most worthy organisation.

IT IS REPORTED that Opera, completely recovered from the Road Club dinner, was in great form with the mistletoe at the Uckfield 'do'.

FLASH! Tunbridge Wells Road Club were seen riding near Newhaven. These cycle-rail excursions certainly do help clubs to go further afield.

CONGRATULATIONS to our Secretary and his wife on the arrival of a daughter back in January. Both Dorothy and baby are doing fine, and the Great White Chief has already purchased a sidecar.

AT THE COMMITTEE MEETING on March 2nd, the Hastings C. & A.C. delegate seemed to spend nearly as much time outside in 'Siberia' as he did inside at the meeting.

-----ooooOoooo-----

And that, readers, is the lot. Allright, Dutson, you can breathe again.

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