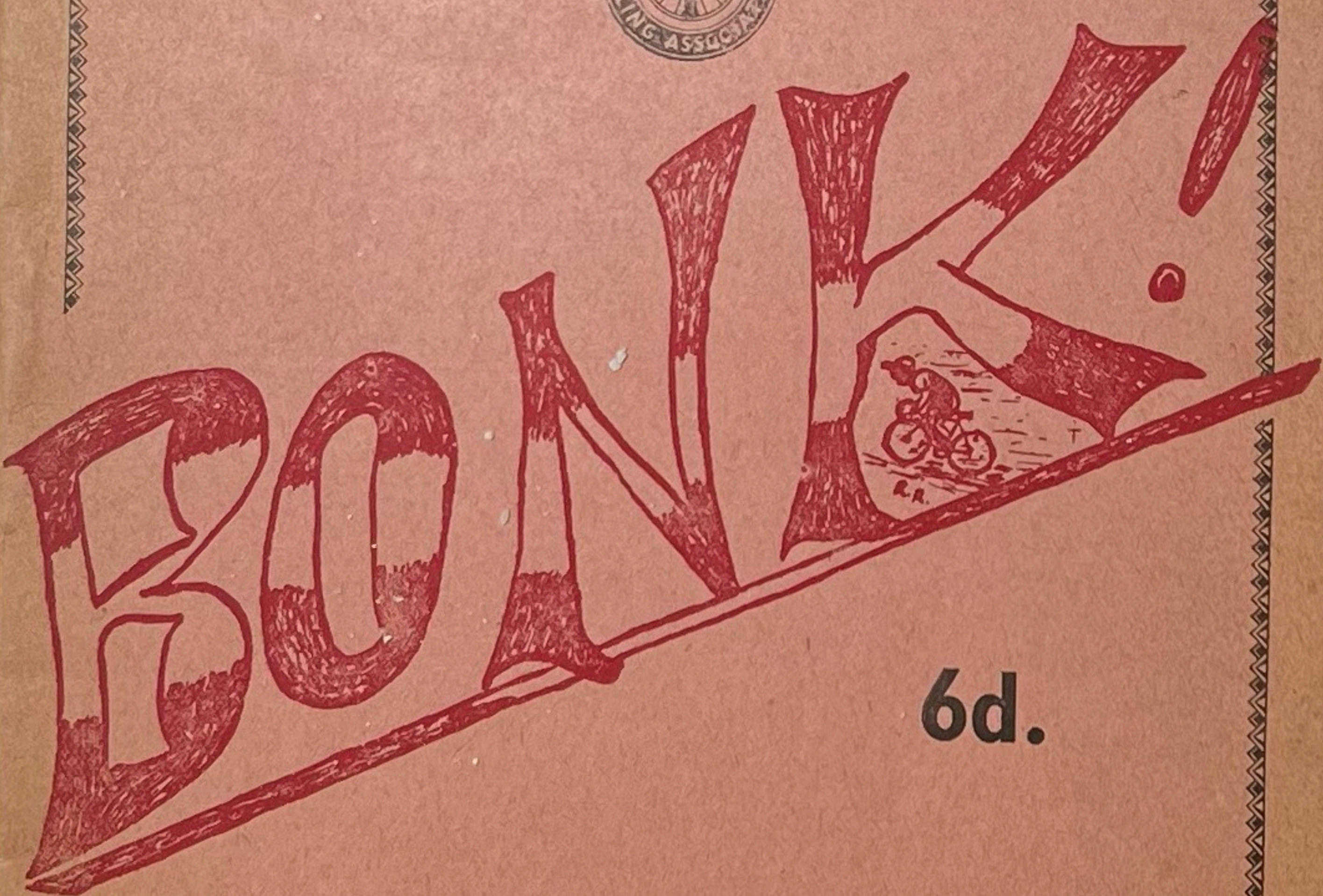


THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



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NEW SERIES - No. 23.

AUTUMN 1958.

EDITORIAL

As usual at this time of year, business ties have kept us out of the saddle, but for once we are not terribly sorry about it; in fact we have often felt lucky not to be trying to enjoy the great out-of-doors in this rain-soaked, storm-wracked ruin of a summer. However, we have kept in touch via the Press and have noticed an amazing number of ultra-fast times in open time-trials (including some superb rides by Uckfield's John Dutson). How do they do it, we wonder. Do the top riders train on through storm and cloudburst, or is it the old story of keen competition producing the rash of 55s and 1-56s? We also noted with regret the demise of 'Cycle Sport', though this had been expected since it became obvious that Big Business was not coming forward with the full-page advertisements which alone can ensure that a periodical pays it's way. What an irony it is that the cycling enthusiast can only have a magazine by courtesy of the Big Organisation advertising products which in the main the enthusiast does not wish to use. And so it's back to dear old 'Cycling', still trying to mix the oil of cycling with the water of small-scale mechanical transport, with the tired old plea for the disabled cyclist turned moped rider as the basis of the argument. Surely no club would be so fanatical as to spurn a member who for reasons of ill-health is forced to turn to motor-assistance. Equally surely, no club worthy of the name would ever betray it's raison d'etre by welcoming to it's run mopeds ridden by people sound enough in wind and limb to ride a bicycle, but too lazy to turn the pedals.

D.N.

It was a miserable Sunday evening. The cold wind and driving rain sent the trippers scurrying to their coaches without stopping to buy rock and souvenirs; and my morale was sinking as low as the takings. Accordingly, I decided to visit the White Rock Pavilion and there let the mucus of Johnny Dankworth and his band raise my spirits. Settling into my seat as the curtain rose I thought of the boys battling home from tea and smiled happily. But as the band came into view my smile suddenly vanished. There was a horribly familiar face in the trumpet section - it couldn't be him, yet there was no getting away from it; that ginger hair, those ears, that leering expression - yes it was Ken Atkins. Hastily I checked the personnel list on the programme; as I expected, he was appearing under an assumed name, but it was him all right. I forced my gaze to the other side of the stage and tried to concentrate on the rhythm section, but all the time I was conscious of that ginger-haired trumpet player grinning down at me. "Probably he's spotted me", I thought, and I imagined him blowing raspberries through his trumpet every time the band played fff. However, the music was really swinging, and in spite of the apparent presence of 'Honest Ginge' I began to enjoy myself: then leader Dankworth struck another blow. "The next number", he announced, "was written by Dickie Hawdon and is called 'Tribute to Chauncy'". Even after this I stayed till the end - I had to; there was a stern looking fat lady between me and the gangway. Sorry, Mr. Dankworth, I shan't attend your concerts any more. Your band is brilliant, your music is fine - but a man can only stand so much

FOR SALE. 23" Macleans 71/73, Cyclo '10', 27 in. pressures, dynohub, Bartali levers, Swallow saddle. Reason for sale - too good for rough-stuff. P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill, Edenbridge. 'Phone Edenbridge 2393.

The Association Luncheon and Prize Presentation will be held this year at the Hayworthe Hotel, Haywards Heath, on Sunday, 30th November. Details and tickets will be forwarded to club secretaries in due course.

With a myriad of start and finish sheets, times scrawled on the backs of envelopes and other data before me (although incomplete as usual), it is not hard to come to the conclusion that 'Grinstead has never had such a successful season. Yes, the boys have never gone so fast before, as the writer has had cause to notice more than a few times.

Well, continuing from where we left off in the last 'Bonk', Mick won the club '25' with 1-0-35 - a club record, and P.B. (Personal Best to the uninitiated) from Don and Gordon. On June 15th three members sampled G.10 in the Dulwich Paragon 2nd Class event where Gordon brought his time down to 1-4-36, followed by Crow with 1-5-36 (this in spite of or because of stopping at his girl-friend's house on the pre-race night), and Bill with 1-7-2. And that brings us to the Association '25' with the usual aquatic conditions in spite of which most of the boys turned in P.Bs. and occupied 11th to 14th places with 1-3s and yet another second team place. The Association '100' provided an upset of form when Crow found some long-awaited fitness or something and won with 4-43-35 (a 15-minute improvement), taking first handicap and just to be a real glutton (something he likes to be naturally), led the winning team, being backed by Bill's 4-54-52 and Gordon's 5-9-59. From Gordon's performance there hangs a tale that is somewhat unusual even in the annals of the E.S.C.A. It seems that approaching the last turn at Ringmer the subject of our tale was on his knees (weren't we all?) with Hunger Bonk and on reaching the village his stomach cried "I can't go on", whereupon he crawled into the nearest open shop and begged for food. Now racing cyclists are a weird looking lot (you speak for yourself - Ed.), and a racing man with the bonk is a pathetic looking sight or so the good lady who owns the shop must have thought, for she fed him with a mixture of ice-cream wafers, cake and milk until he was able to remount and finish. So you see now that my "25 feeds in 12 hrs." wasn't so silly after all. The following week Don broke the club '100' record with a 4-36, being backed by Hill with 4-41, and Fred Marshall (who's really got flying again this season) with a 4-42. In the Sydenham event on the same day Gordon and Mick did '3s', Mick's including a puncture.

The club '25' team record went for a Burton the following week when Crow won with a P.B. 1-1-5 (another first handicap - he'll never keep that up!), hotly followed by Gordon with 1-1-40 (also a P.B.) then Don with 1-2-5 and nearly everyone else doing 3s, 4s and 5s, including Fred Marshall with 1-3-48. Giles Job, after three months at sea in the Merchant Navy, first rode his bike about four

days before the event and clocked 1-4-20 ! August Bank Holiday saw Don and Gordon turn in 11s in the Norwood Paragon '50', whilst the next day the 440 yds. and 1,000 yds. grass-track titles were taken at Rye by Mick, with Don coming a very close second in the 440 in his first essay at grass-track. It was good to see Pete Brooker again in competition, where he reached the final of the 440. On August 10th Mick took second place in the Redmon '30' with 1-11-42 - oh yes, another club record. This was also the day of that jolly little event, the 12 hrs. (said he lightheartedly in retrospect). Well there were four 'Grinstead boys riding and we took first, second, fourth and fifth places, first handicap and the team award, so I guess we mustn't grumble. Actually Bill's winning ride of 241 miles (I hate to bore you but it was yet another club record as was the team), was done with a great deal of pain as he stacked up in the first 50 miles and injured his shoulder and arm. However, both he and Don had trained hard for this event and deserved their placings. In contrast Crow had been off his bike for a couple of weeks before the race on, of all things, a walking tour in France. He took a packet in the early stages of the event, but somehow (the delayed action of French liqueurs, perhaps), managed to recover and finish strongly. Gordon made no feeding errors this time and did 224.836 miles for seventh place. So we get up to date with the SCCU '50' in which Crow improved his time by four minutes to 2-11-48, but was nevertheless screwed by nine seconds by that bloke Marshall.

At present Bill and Pete are touring Cornwall, Don is on a non-cycling holiday, and Gordon and Mick are on a racing holiday in Belgium with the Spartan boys - some people are gluttons for punishment !

Finally (what's that, Mr. Editor, "About time ?") we must congratulate Don Lock on his engagement to Miss Maureen Bell - see 'Here and There' for Autumn 1957. I believe it was the same again this time (stir). P.S. this will teach me to write notes in a hurry; I've missed out the Association race which most of us enjoyed immensely. Don was second to Dave Patten at his first non time-trial event, with Ray Lunn fourth, Gordon sixth, Crow and Doughy Wood eighth, while Mick potted in sixteenth with several wounds, and uttering harsh comments about people looking round in pelotons. Anyway, it was a grand event and I hope there's another next year - without traffic lights.

CROW.

It is now seven months since the E.S.C.A. took the SPARTAN C.R.C. to its bosom. At first there were low mutterings of "Ruddy mass-start shower" from the more august gents, but on the whole we were welcomed heartily. I think that by our efforts during the racing season we have proved that we are not just a "Ruddy mass-start shower"; although small in number we have tried to support most E.S.C.A. events with riders and marshals and will continue to do so.

As far as E.S.C.A. events go (and some of 'em go far !), we've not put up too bad a show. Making our debut in the Hardriders with a first and fourth places, we followed this up with a second in the M.G. '25', second in the '50' and third in the '100'. The thing we are most proud of is the fact that although we have only three riders capable (or idiot) enough to cover all four distances, if we are lucky in the '50' we shall have a team in the B.A.R. competition. For this we must offer our thanks to Mick, who although suffering great disappointment at finding himself miles off course early in the '12', chased back and gallantly carried on to complete the team. Whilst on the subject of the '12' we would like to thank all the marshals and feeders, especially the South-boro' mob for all their help. Since the '12' Bernard and Mick, together with Gordon Leney and Mick Robinson of East Grinstead, have embarked on their much publicised racing trip to Belgium. Their promises to send the racing results home daily have so far resulted in one post-card from the Brussels Exhibition. Funny sort of race but I suppose the lucky blighters have got themselves fixed up with some continental pieces and that's that; anyway, we shall know after the '50'.

Spartan Scandal.

What was going on in grey Morris car No. PKT 811 after the '12' ? And where did a certain rider find the strength anyway ?

Why didn't Mick Lingham win his club's junior 10 mile championship ? Was it Agnes from the fair-ground ?

Has a certain Hastings rock shop degenerated into a drinking den ?

T.M.

And that's the bare bones of the "Farmers" doings for this quarter. I'm hoping my gifted colleague from Newick will come across with some of the guffle that flows so readily from his pen, but as he's had even shorter notice than I have you may have to wait until the next issue. What's that? You say you can't? Well, in the meantime look out for his forthcoming treatise - "On a tandem with Achard" - this should really be the goods.

Best of British,

THE PROF.

Greetings once more from Uckfield, and the news is again centred around club runs, where Ozzy leads the bunch by several hundred fiddled points, with the Greater Striped Whodunnit crawling up his back wheel in second place. Incidentally, Griff seems to be worried as to what to say in court about the chap in the Austin who tried to smash Simon's new wood-working machine..... It is said that Oz trains on the firm's typewriter, using the firm's paper and the firm's typist on his knee The Abominable Pronk has bought a scooter (what's this? back to the bike, Vicar?), but it seems to be the thing as A.W.D. is reported to be going out of action (Who's the lucky girl, Arthur?)..... A certain convict has been reported missing from Buxted Chicken Packing Concentration Camp, but the police have reason to believe that his hideout is in Vermin Road..... Lowry seems to be thriving on self-service, help your-self German nurses whilst Portmadoc and Llanberis hold landmarks of some importance to Short and Cedge respectively. Johnny was unfortunately "D.N.S." for the Poole "12" but that's better than going all that way just to fall off! (Thinks). Am safe now Jasper is writing for "Bonk" instead of Honest Ginge. Lucky Dutson in that biscuit box!

Must sign off now as Neeves says we are a week late already, so if you get this lot to read you'll be lucky (?). The next publication will be "Tandem 30's with Achard and Clipsham", and all scandal should be addressed to "Son of Fred", Newick.

WOPPIT.

The pen is mightier than the sword, so says the aged proverb, this time I hope that the pen is mightier than the bicycle, and the efforts in getting this epistle into print will be somewhat easier than the last few East Sussex time trials.

Racing news first then, as this is the premier activity at this time of the year attention is focussed on the racing performances. It has so far been a bumper year for the Central's members, Personal Bests have been the order of the day. Junior member Derek Homewood has had about the most of these, collecting no less than 5 records on the way with times of 1-2-57 for 25 miles and 1-15-56 for 30 miles as the most outstanding two. This latter ride by the way is now both the club Senior and Junior record. Robin Russell clipped his time to 1-3-45, Roy Amey to 1-6-21, and even our aged member with the red hair managed to sever a little from his 4 year old best with a 1-3-16. Our formidable females have been most formidable, Brenda improving at all distances so far, her 25 time now being 1-8-15. Barbara not having quite so good a season as last year managed to chip out a 1-7-46 in the Southern Counties Ladies 25. Brenda's other half, Tall Tony is getting back towards his old form, clocking a 1-2-51 in the Mitre 25.

Talking of racing, the Central Sussex Xmas Hilly 20 mile Time Trial will be held (sorry no publicity) as usual, and the details will be sent out to all clubs in due course. Also as usual will be the "Social" beanfeast for riders at the Club's Headquarters, the White Harte, Cuckfield, with tea, food, etc., and also liquid refreshment of the stronger kind. We hope that you will support this function in your multitudes.

Club runs have been varied recently, but tea bookings are still well supported, although the weather has not been too kind to riding of a social nature. It is to be hoped that the winter will be dry and warm, and that interest will continue throughout the year. Expeditions are planned to the Catford Hill climb and sundry other places.

In spite of it only being 2/3rds of the way through the summer (?) there is already talk of our annual function which will be held at the Hayworthe Hotel, Haywards Heath. The form which this will take is still under debate, but there is not doubt that our efficient social demon, Kath. Thorpe, will be spreading the word in due course. In fact, the next issue of this publication should carry a full report of the proceedings, 'orrible thought ain't it? A combined theatre trip is planned with the Uckfield in the very near future, and this should see the start of the (dare I say it) Social Season.

Central Sussex Cycling Club (Continued).

As I understand it, it is usual to include a little bright scandal into Club Notes so as to enliven our Bright Magazine, but I am sad to report that nothing ever happens in Cuckfield, except, well, did you hear of two of our female members who thought that they were exploring an empty house until they opened a door into someone's dining room, and of two nameless Uckfield 'gentlemen' who have recently been on tour together bought our Margaret back a wooden spoon, I don't know why, but then it could have been a tin opener I suppose.

That's all then, this article is published with full authority of the members who do not know what's been written. All copyright reserved.

JASPER.

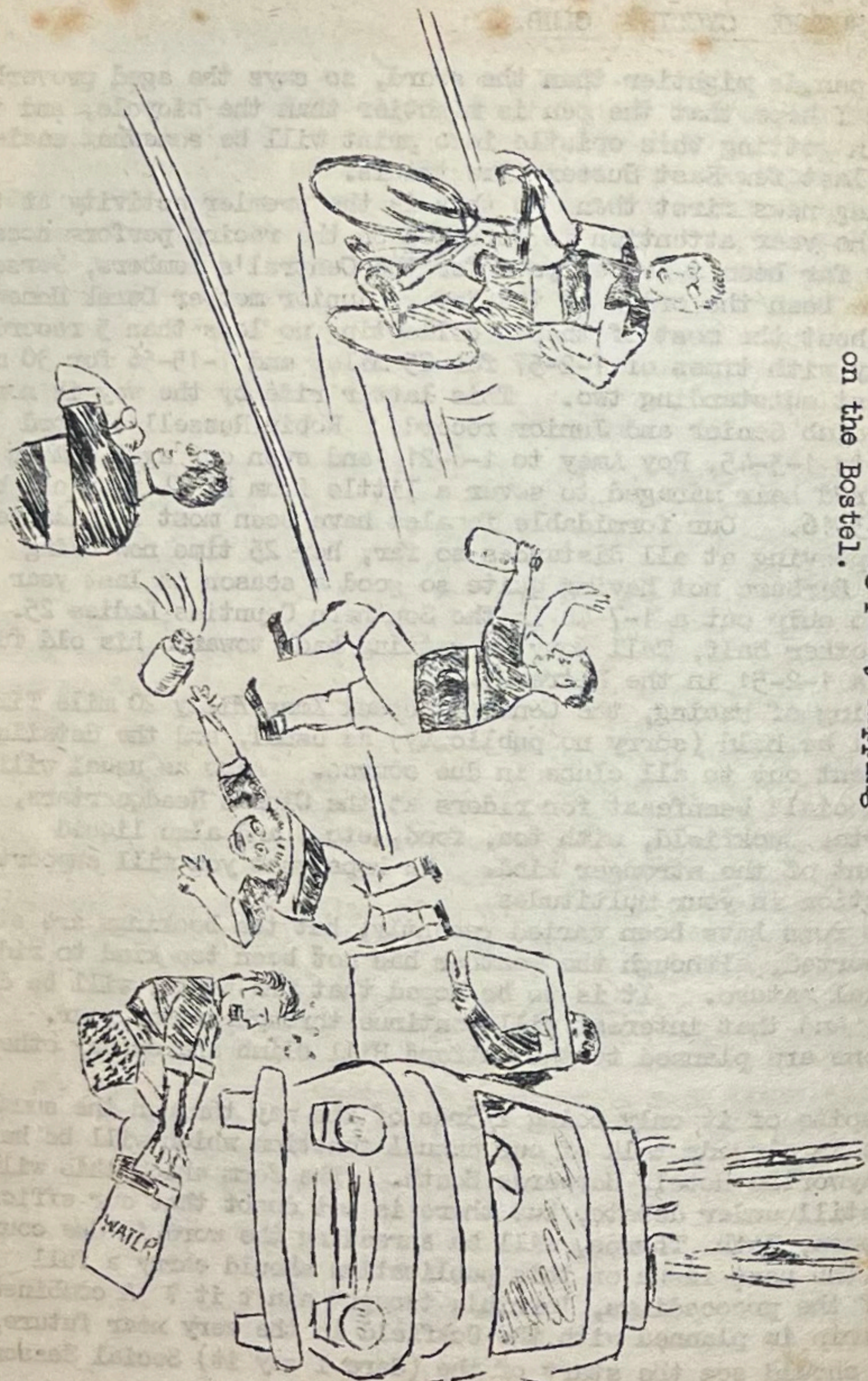
SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS.

Greetings to our fellow cape-bedraggled Escalanders from your northern fringes. Since we last met much water has flowed off the capes, much wind has battered the brains and many bikes have been chucked in the shed. Not that things have been that bad, mind you; some of our duckpond friends at Ploggs Hall on the local instrument of torture in a recorded commentary reported that: "It was just a trifle damp".

Now for news from the fronts. Firstly the touring angle. Members' tours have all gone off with a swing. Diane, Les, Lou and George returned from Sunny Andorra fit and bronzed after an exciting tour in the Pyrenees, claiming many hours of rough-stuff in the wilderness. Scotland was enjoyed by our fish an' chipper Joe Wallace who reported he was down on "sched" on this tour as places were so far apart and his chips were had by his companions Brian Leyland and Chris Walters in occasional primes during the damp weather for pints of much needed and appreciated 'wallop'. Jack and Betty Daniel enjoyed a camping fortnight in the remoteness of mid-Wales in spite of the watery conditions; while the Connemara Roads second claim members have changed their club to become members of the Donegal Exiles C.C. (known locally as the Bogtrotters) after their fortnight in the wild desolation with only Guinness and colleens as comforts. (Only ?????!!!! - Ed.). Club-running has maintained it's seasonal average with tea bookings steady around the twenty mark. The camping week-end was enjoyed on the coast near Eastbourne when a large party descended on Birling Gap.

LIFE WITH THE FARMERS (No. 18).

Cedric catches the feeding party napping on the Bostel.



not necessarily reflect the opinions of your scribes ! Mick Burgess expects to become a father around November so has been told to order a frame for the infant prodigy ! A new member has allied himself to the cause - M.J. Barton, another Mick, who actually got himself onto the Mitre start-sheet before most of us had met him.

'Chunky' distinguished himself by losing his temper with a frame he was renovating and clouting it so hard that it was ruined beyond hope. Mention of temper reminds me of an outburst of pique by Peter Sharp's wife Joyce, who, after a tiff grabbed a knife and slashed through a nearly new Michelin '25'. Peter was recounting this in her presence when one bloke, thinking he'd said the tyre was scratched, quite innocently asked: "Has the cat been at it ?" The ensuing uproar nearly lifted the roof !

It isn't often that this write-up condescends to be serious about anything or anybody, but we feel that it's about time that the Chancellor got his due, particularly in view of a recent exploit regarding the club '50' turns. Shortly before that week-end some confusion had arisen as to their exact location. Reg settled things by getting up at 3 a.m. on the morning of the event and riding round the course, marking the positions with a piece of chalk ! As a time-keeper and handicapper he is among the country's best and we count ourselves fortunate indeed to have such a conscientious chap at the head of things in this club. On that happy note we'll wish all readers a good wind-up to the season.

Loads of P.Bs. and all the best for now.

ALSORAN.

With the 1958 racing season approaching its close, we in the Rovers can look back over a year in which, if not often hitting the headlines, our boys have got down to it and produced some good rides, and plenty of personal bests. Friend Yakky is making a name for himself as a pusher of big gears, having astonished everybody by thumping 86 successfully through all distances up to 12 hours and producing "bests" of 2-13, 4-35 and 225 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. As most people know by now, Brian's great interest in life, apart from cycling, is food, and he attributes his success in the "12" to the eleven feeds, the two meals at the Ringmer Café-Restaurant, and a cleverly conceived and efficiently operated private feeding organisation of his own during the event. Incidentally, he rides a Grubb !

Denzil is still seeking a way out of his "0" and "1" rut, and it's a pity he didn't ride the Club "25" last month when we were favoured with a fast, if windy, morning. Great was the glee at the finish that day, gloaters-in-chief being improvers Ken Stevens, 1-2-47, Johnny Mayes, 1-3-2, Yakky, 1-4-48, and Bruce 1-9-44. Youngster Colin Brook was there again with a 1-3-47 and a pleasant feature was the re-appearance in competition of our old friend Whipper Manser (1-4-6). Nice to see you back, Whippet, but really - those walking shoes, to say nothing of grey socks and, completing the ensemble, a machine apparently rescued from the tip. However, feeling myself on shaky ground here, let me hurriedly change the subject!

Opera has emerged from hospital with much improved eyesight and we all hope he is coming to the end of the misfortunes which have dogged him throughout the past few months. He has kept wonderfully cheerful, however, and currently is rumoured to be spending a great deal of time in Brighton, for some reason or other. Wedding Bells peal for Len Novis in September - cheers, Len and Shirley - and past Secretary Ray Ottley has found himself a wee Scots lass and hopes to celebrate the nuptials in the Autumn. Dave Dunbar has at last completed his "two years hard" and is now rejoicing in the feel of plain clothes.

As forecast last issue, the Johns, Bruce and Keith duly visited Caledonia in July and, wonder of wonders, found that normally gloom-covered region bathed in warm sunshine. They hostelled through much of the North and West coasts and a good time was had by all, though Keith had to leave it to the notorious Applecross

Hill to prove that his brakes were faulty. Fortunately his impending header into space was prematurely halted by a low wall! The following week your scribe meanly took a flyer off the banking in the bronzy-bronzy stakes with a fortnight's cycle-camping in Southern France - (85 in the shade, jealous, fellows?), and since then Denzil and Anne have had a (power-operated) holiday in Devon, as have Quentin and Mrs. Q.

In spite of Neevo's efforts to perpetuate the legends of Rovers' Runs of past winters, said to have been supervised by myself, the fact is that these days I am a completely reformed character. Imagine my consternation (a four-engined American airliner), therefore, when I became aware of a movement within the Club for a resurrection of these runs. Gone are the visions of lunchtime beer-ups at the Ash Tree, followed by a gentle potter to tea at Thelma's. Looms ahead the prospect of grim pedalling in pouring rain to far-off destinations, with de Grey and Mayes battling it out up front, and Wheelbarrow Town the next stop. Nemesis has caught up with me! In the meantime after-race runs of a more moderate character have been taking place, with occasional sunbathing (!) sessions, and once some of the boys even went into the sea.

I'm sorry, fellows and fellowesses, but all good things come to an end (said he, complacently, signing his name with a flourish).

"LAND-ROVER".

BOOK REVIEW

CYCLING IN SOHO

by P.J. Crowsley, published by Price Publications, Greek Street, Seaford, W.1.

The grandeur of central Wales, the beauty of the Lakes, all these are admirably covered by any public library, but there are some cycling areas that only receive sparse attention, and it is on one of these that the writer attempts to fill a long felt want. It is obvious from reading this volume that the author knows his land

thoroughly; in fact it might well be the key to the mystery of where his 'training runs' terminate. Soho, we are told, has several advantages over other touring areas insofar as there are no hills and plenty of shelter from the elements. For those whose interests lie in the world of music there is plenty of scope. A symphony concert can be had any day of the week by entrenching oneself in a cubicle of one of the larger record shops with a couple of long-playing records, although it will require the utmost diplomacy to return to the counter and try to explain why you do not require the said records. For the lowbrows jazz clubs abound, and through the fog therein one may see Bohemian types jiving (an excellent way of working off the Social Season without the fag of riding a bike, we are told), but perhaps strangest of all is the sight of members of the Tunbridge Wells Road Club getting 'hep'.

Historians often regret the disappearance of the old London street cries, but we are informed by the author that they can still be heard in Soho and district. All one has to do is to ride down a one-way street, smartly about turn in the middle, and ride up to an oncoming line of London taxis. Then you will hear such street cries as would make a Billingsgate porter blush. Soho abounds with eating houses of both European and Oriental origins, but having read some of the "Recommended Menu" we appreciate that it is not for nothing that Mr. Crowsley has the nick-name of "Ostrich-belly". Finally we come to the problem of accommodation, and here the author regrets that the C.T.C. and N.C.U. handbooks do not cover this area at all well. However we are assured that if any reader is really anxious to obtain a night's lodging in Soho he can write to the author c/o the publishers, whereupon he will receive a list of suitable addresses with prices to suit all pockets, in a plain sealed envelope.

Isaac Goldstein and Fritz von Streenenburg
(Literary critics of "The Englishman's
London Quarterly").

Well, friends, it seems certain by now that this must be one of the wettest years in memory, but it must be noted that the weather on Sundays seems to be of a little better quality. Talking of drips it is well worth watching the cheeky chap from Silverhill that never worked and never will, the one that has many coats of arms, yes that king of Hepworths, Ian May. Many may not know that Ian was born at a very early age and as there was a terrible disease raging at the time he was vaccinated with a gramophone needle and has given everyone it since. But none the more for that Ian has had several wins over his opponents since he retired from the Army last Easter and continues to do so. It was brought to my notice the other day how unfortunate it was for the new club formed just recently, for they have a particular hiker who performs for them who always seems to have such bad luck. He always seems to manage to crash, go off course, run into some useful object, or even arrange a puncture; still, never mind, it is very good of him not making the timekeepers wait.

Our oldest racing member, Ted Coussens, tells me that since he has retired from British Railways last April he is already 500 miles down on his yearly total of 10,000, mainly due, I believe, to him not riding so far. I think Ted's 20,000 miles were mostly done on the track - he always did complain of those late sleepers. I hear that Tom Forrest, the king of gamekeepers, is coming to Hastings in the near future to open the vast wooded estate of the Carpenters. And talking of wooded estates it sounds rather corrupt to me that members of a well-known club had to have their beards off so they would not be recognised in hostile territory (i.e., Mount Pleasant Road - Ed.).

There is little to beat a good wedding I will admit, especially when you are there as a guest, but what do you think of Ronnie, who made himself so bad that he was unable to justify his thirst on the day after and also put Coleman off. Both after lunch were unable to climb the tower of Piddinghoe church. Coleman seems to have had an illusion early one morning at Ripleys Corner, for he was telling everyone at the Yew Tree, Chalvington, how he had seen the light, and that the angel he did see spake unto him saying that the world endeth soon, and asked Arthur what he would do for forgiveness for the last few years, Arthur quickly replying: "Keep the pubs open all day". But talking of lights, there are some things that have to be kept dark. By the way if ever you see an unfamiliar figure peer from a van or car and shout "Up the League", you know it's that little Guy. I must say that being hailed in such a manner does make you feel blissful.

It may be to your interest to know that at the date this publication went to press the club had done well over 2,100 miles touring, with an average of 63 miles a Sunday and a club run every Sunday of the

year. An average of 10.1 members attended club tea and over 335 teas were ordered. An average of 7.8 members attended the all-day run, with a collective mileage of 16,380. The poor house-wives of Bohemia evidently don't make their own 'dough' as their morning coffee &c. has to be supplied by the Club Captain and later paid for by the husband. If this constantly goes on we shall all be longing to be broke. Talking to a member of the Uckfield club the other day that it was very quiet and hum free; what he meant I'm not quite sure!

I would like to mention in this edition of 'BONK' a little about our club tea arrangements, as I heard them criticised a short while ago. First of all, friends, let me explain that our club handbook is compiled once a year, not like many clubs, once a quarter. This arrangement does not allow for cafés &c. giving up the catering trade, and those that are open for trade being booked up. For this reason alone it is necessary from time to time to change the tea venue. The complaint was that now and again the tea venue did not coincide with the printed list. It can, however, be found in the local Press and the mid-week 'Evening Argus'. It might be pointed out at this stage that sometimes quite a lot of hard work and worrying moments accompany the official concerned with this problem; while I am convinced that many members think that we simply arrive, eat and pay. It must be remembered that many clubs have no booking system in which you can make long-distance arrangements, and no tea whatsoever in the winter months. You have 52 teas, one of which is our Christmas party, and one New Year's dinner booked. Well this is the Autumn number, so before I hand over to our racing correspondent let me wish you all a happy season's end and welcome another season of social activities. C.R.S.

Racing News. No records have been broken by the men so far this year and it has been left to our lady member to show them how it's done. Esther started off the season with a First Heap. and club record of 31-16 in the West Kent R.C. '10'. Since then she has been very close to her best rides but not quite beating them. Jack is fit this year, winning the Rye-Hythe-Rye and doing a 4-47-11 '100' in the K.C.A. event, a 1-4-39 in the Farnham '25' and about 225 miles in the K.C.A. 12 hrs. Ian has been getting fit again after his two-year holiday in the Army and has won our evening series of '25's' and '10's'. He also won the club '50' in 2-13-16 and the Ron Eastes Memorial '25' in 1-4-41. Our juniors are steadily improving with thirteen-year-old Martin Chambers doing his first inside evens ride on our hilly 10 course, in company with his big brother Lyn who improved to 25-55. Mick Lingham has forsaken us on Wednesday evenings for the bright lights of Preston Park and the lure of track racing. Our Racing Sec. is getting married in October, so is painting &c. instead of training, and all we hear is: "I'll be fit next year". On Esther's cooking ???

HERE & THERE

Russell and Grover rode down Newhaven Drove shortly after a visiting circus had made it's exit, and now claim to be the only Escabods who have successfully navigated a course through piles of elephant droppings.

Dutson and Willcocks were recently seen in earnest conversation, but hopes that the latter was getting 'genned up' on how to beat the hour were speedily dispelled when they were heard to be discussing the 'innards' of Austin 7's.

We hear that there are building alterations at Mrs. Funnell's since the East Grinstead successes this season. The doors are being widened and the ceilings raised.

Don Lock's ride in the Assn. '25' was on Pete Brooker's bike. His own was having it's split down tube repaired - it gave up the unequal struggle with the Lock 'Pedalling Style'.

Crow, having been rendered broke (more than usual) by running an M.G. sports car, has now sold it and bought a scooter painted green, pink and cream - a veritable Neapolitan ice-cream on wheels. (Ugh.... and he uses mauve ink to write about it - Ed.).

Then there's the club Press Sec. who goes on about some of his clubmates being drunk at a wedding, but "forgets" to mention himself constantly shouting "Help, I'm falling", when all the time he was seated safely in a chair !

This same person says that his home-made wine is so potent that even the redoubtable Coleman is afraid to drink any more of it.

Is it true that 'Whiffet' Manser is afraid to clean his bike because the dirt is all that holds it together ?

'Opera' wishes it to be known that any stories about him and a nurse at East Grinstead hospital are completely untrue.

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