

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



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NEW SERIES - No. 25.

SPRING 1959

EDITORIAL

"Another new season" is the uppermost thought in the minds of racing men at this time of year, and a new season it is in more ways than one. The old B.L.R.C. and N.C.U. have now amalgamated to form the British Cycling Federation, which will give clubmen the benefit of one affiliation fee and one license, and even more important, a united front to face the difficult times that lie ahead. We refer, of course, to the newly imposed M.o.T. Regulations which seem, as at present constituted, to have chiefly a nuisance value, though may be the thin end of the wedge. Many people blame road racing for this state of affairs, but though the B.L.R.C. contributed to it with it's predilection for mid-day events on busy main roads, it seems to us to have been inevitable in any case, with the Motor Industry (aided and abetted by the Government with it's relaxation of hire-purchase restrictions) ploughing relentlessly towards it's goal of filling Britain's roads and streets with crawling and parked cars.

It is clear that from now on, racing men, whatever branch of the game they support, will have to pull together one hundred per cent. Certainly there will be no time for the sort of recriminations written by C.R.S. in this issue. Whether or not time-triallists like road racing and it's participants (or vice-versa), they are all part of the same sport. Meanwhile, the 'in-line' boys will have to get used to getting up in the ghastly small hours, but let's not sneer: stand up the time-triallist who can honestly say he enjoys crawling out of bed at 4 a.m. Well there it is and now it's up to each rider to make the best of it by sticking rigidly to the rules of the road (and there's plenty of room for improvement in that direction) and, for safety's sake, keep those 'track positions' for where they belong - on the track. "Another new season" - and let's hope that it won't be as bad as the prophets of gloom predict.

D.N.

"GEN" from the Secretary.

Once again the time has arrived for me to pen a few lines for our Magazine and as usual I am doing this well after the closing date for publication. Anyway, here goes, let's hope our Editor accepts them.

First and foremost, we are all very pleased to see that Percy Bliss is out of hospital and getting out again amongst us with the aid of his crutches and motor transport. We trust the day will not be far off when he will once again be mounted on his faithful steed "The Bicycle". I am pleased to hear that our Vice-President Mr. A. Lock has now recovered from his fractured wrist which he sustained earlier in the year.

As most members are aware, we are using a new 25-mile course this year, which I have just had confirmed has been approved by the Road Time Trials Council, and I appeal to everyone to assist in keeping the road absolutely clear of cars and motor-cycles at the start and finish. Ample parking space is available off the road at this point. Also a reminder to riders and officials not to deposit litter anywhere on the courses. Don't forget it is now an offence to deposit litter of any kind on the highway.

Alterations at the Newhaven turn of the 100 miles and 12 hours will be made this year, due to the fact that the County Council will shortly be starting major road works at Denton Corner. The turn will be in the region of the road that leads to Denton Village for both events.

As was the case last year, all the 25-mile events and ladies' events on the same day will be promoted by our assistant racing secretary, Mr. R.J. Eldridge, to whom all entries should be sent. For all other events entries should be sent to the racing secretary. To avoid disappointment will club secretaries and riders note that entries must be received by the closing date, otherwise they will be returned as was the case with four entries for the Hardriders.

Catering for the 12 hours will be on the same lines as last year, with Headquarters at the "Brewers Arms", Ringmer.

Every effort is being made to secure a date late in the season for a Road Race, but much will depend on the regulations due to be issued shortly by the Ministry of Transport to control these types of events. The Clubman's Touring Competition is due to be held on either August 30th or September 13th, when it is hoped that member clubs will make every effort to give full support.

R.H.

SPARTAN CYCLE RACING CLUB

Well, Spring is almost here "when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" and all that goes with it; while at the same time SPARTAN wheels are lightly turning to creaks of knees. Yes, the boys are out these nights sweating out the winter's booze and baccy.

It appears that the sprat caught the proverbial mackerel. After the public warning in the last issue to that well-known Potentate of the Rock Shop it seems that another lesser-known traveller in liquorice gob-stoppers had a twinge of conscience. We are told that one night under cover of darkness he came oringing to Toni's door bearing fabulous gifts (no doubt purloined) of mint humbug, then crept off from whence he came before justice could be done. The cad! No names, but I can say he is a little guy. There does not seem to be much to tell of the winter (what about that party that finished at 7 A.M. ? - Ed.), except that there have been regular training runs since the New Year. Although some members' appearances have not been so regular. Still, the 'Hardriders' will sort out which theory is correct - bed or miles.

SPARTAN SCANDAL

One well-known fellow prefers to spend his training time hiring flash sports cars to impress his girl friends: London (ahem) models, no less!

This same suave gadabout lad even sent for tickets for the East Grinstead dinner. Pity he sent three weeks after the dinner was held.

Then there was a certain Spartan's wife who one Sunday night was waiting for him in one part of Hastings, while unknown to her the poor lad was so bonked-up he had crawled straight home to bed and let her wait. We are told the fur flew, but his bike is still in one piece, so she might let him out again.

And that's yer lot, so all you fast kiddies, all the best this season ...

NON COMPOS MENTIS

Koom. Let all men know how in the land of the Cuckoo there lives a certain Great One and this one the Drum Beater set above most men and gave him sibonga calling him 'Koos Koos y Um kool', which is to say 'great chief'. Then on a certain day it fell that the Drum Beater saw this great one join his tribe of the Cuckoo at the meal called tea and lo this great one came in a Devil Machine with a wheel at each corner, whereat the Beater dried in amaze to the men of Cuckoo asking "How is this fearsome thing?", and the Cuckoo men replied saying, behind their hands "Oh Bantu (man) it is a sickness that comes upon aged ones in winter and maketh a weakness; but if it be weakness of the knees or head we know not". And the Beater's heart was sad to see EDWARDS so greatly fallen. Also would I tell of strange things done in the Time of Feasting such as the tale of a dweller in the centre of the land who at the hour when the old year dies did sit upon a gate crying "Cuckoo, Cuckoo". But this and other tales I know not the truth of and tell not unless I know it to be 'The thing that is'.

Also there is word of strange doings in the land Oxney, whereof some say there was a contest, a battle called 'race' in which many from afar and also from Hastings did strive. Wherein Frenchy the Twiddler was victorious. And this may be do, but others say it was a great contest in Lifting the Elbow and if this it was then how could Frenchy prevail for is it not known how half a packet of wine gums make Frenchy as one who sees Black and White Men dancing on clothes-lines? Yet this is known that the People of Oxney are wrath with naught to drink but water which doth rust their iron constitutions and thereby afflict them with freckles. Now unto all men and maidens I say beware the Devil who dwells in a cave by water which may not be drunk and is called Neevo, he who comes and goes and none see him so a man's wives may find Things on their doorsteps and none know whence they came. Also unto Antonio Moorhousio I say fear not Devils or Wizards of Humbug for the tribe of the Sprocket will set a strong guard about a certain hut in the Kraal of Rye which is named Cee-Board and to guard that which has been known to be therein. Yea, even Kempus the Long One shall be in command and even the Aged One will leave no stone unturned and so shall the heart of Antonio be made glad, neither shall he give us sibonga for this we do because our hearts are pure and noble.

Walk in Peace.

THE DRUM BEATER.

Having recently moved down from the North to settle in S.E. Sussex, I decided to have a tour round the neighbourhood. One wet afternoon I was fighting my way along Hastings Prom' when I noticed a shop bearing the sign "D. NEEVES - Confectioner and Ladies' Convenience". Intrigued by such a title I went in and was greeted by a dark thick-set individual with a procranthus jaw, whom I took to be the proprietor. On seeing that I was a cyclist he immediately tried to interest me in anti-sag chocolate, but as I explained that I was exploring the cycling possibilities of the area he proceeded to give me the 'dope', and then with saddened eyes told me his own personal story.

It seems that in days of yore the name D. Neeves was treated with respect in the racing circles of Esca, but as seasons went by he slipped from middle-marker to long-marker, from a long mark to a dirty grey line, and with no self-respect left he had gone to the very lowest position - Editor of 'Bonk'. But he was not finished yet, he said. He was going to make a come-back. He went on to explain that he had tried to obtain the secret of beating the hour from a Mr. J. Dutson, of an obscure rural club, but had failed to get any information from him. Next time I dropped into the emporium the Neeves expression was indeed grave. The shop being empty he asked me if I would help him with a machiavellian plan he was about to put into operation. It was blackmail! If he could not get the secret of speed by fair means then he would extract it by foul. Realizing what an awful step this was I asked him why he could not venture to the far north and get the secret from Dave Patten or Micky Robinson, both of whom had beaten the hour. His reply was startling - he could not spare the time from his 'commitments'. He explained that under cover of running a sweet shop he was really the mind behind a smuggling organisation. This set-up obtained foreign tubulars from over the Channel in crates marked "French Liquorice - 27 inch lengths", ran them up to London in Stan Nash's laundry van and sold them to a north London cycle dealer known as "The Cat's Whisker".

With the Social Season close upon us we had to act quickly and so went on a tour of all the Association dinners. Naturally everyone with a tarnished conscience shied away from the news-hungry Neeves whilst I sat around unnoticed and took in all the indiscretions of the Social Season. By the time the Racing Season had come round again we had collected more than enough evidence to

blackmail practically everyone of note in the East Sussex C.A. We had unveiled the secret of the Lewes Wanderers drug smoking run by Johnny Grover and a series of interesting relationships that spring up like weeds when racing types aren't so worried about times. But Neeves was now happy: he had managed to link John Dutson's name with one Mrs. Barbara Atkins, and with enough contortion a story could be built up that would make Dutson reveal his secret rather than be set upon and most likely challenged to a dual by 'Sir Jasper'. History revealed to us all the outcome of this intrigue. When confronted with 'the facts' Dutson coldly enquired whether ESCA members would be interested in the whole story behind Mr. Neeves's clandestine visits to Mrs. Moorhouse at her place of employment, and adding that the wrath of Antoni Moorhouse would not be a pleasant experience.

Faced with such evidence Neeves could only retract his former threat of blackmail and decided to stick to honest tubular smuggling. That is why to-day Dennis Neeves still resides at the Hastings Rock Shop and dreams of what might have been. So when you read your copy of 'Bonk' spare a thought for the man who might have been the E.S.C.A. 25 mile champion.

The End

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Greetings, bods, from the Lewes élite.

1959 started in earnest with that vociferous babel, the club A.G.M. At the end of some three hours of intrigue, bawled insults, dissatisfaction and general chaos it emerged that the secretary's job would go to Ron Russell, Chancellor Eldridge had maintained his iron grip on the coffers, while Mike Carder took over the Racing Secretary's thankless task. So once again Willcocks and Grover had got out of doing any administration, the latter finding every excuse but a good one to do so! Still, there is always next year.

The unexpected mild weather has seen Wanderers out on their 'irons' a little earlier than usual, with the result that Russell and Carder are seemingly 'steaming Fit' (Mike denies this). Reports from the wilder areas of Hove state that Mick Burgess is in fine fettle, so by the time this is in print the Lewes-Newhaven and back will have been run, and shown who is temporarily top dog. Obscure

reports have filtered through to the effect that Chancellor Eldridge, having been given a lift in Peter's van from Kingston to Newhaven one night, rode up the hill and promptly took a header down a huge trench in the road, brushing aside the galaxy of red lights surrounding it. Speculation is still rife as to whether he had been overcome by fumes from the van or had indulged in a little too much elbow-lifting at Appletrees! Fortunately, neither he nor his 'iron' (?) suffered any damage. (Not even any broken spring? - Ed.). It is rumoured that owing to a certain recent outcry in the Press, 'Iron Man' Grover now has forty-five Terry Dene records for sale. Ah, impetuous youth!

With the final amalgamation of the B.C.F. it looks as if those in authority on both sides have at last come to their senses; a move that will surely be to the benefit of those who ride the bikes. Who knows, we may even have the spectacle of Willcocks thrashing - if that's the word - along in a road race! That will be the day! Several members attended the Association Party but owing to an administrative mix-up, almost went hungry (shame!) Escabods had the unforgettable sight of Russell scavenging food from all and sundry for our contingent, and finally finishing up with about three cakes! Still, all's well that ends well, and nobody starved to death in the end. There was an amusing tail-piece to this 'do'. Someone won a booby-prize consisting of a sample of Neevo's Ultra-soft Rock, and left it on a table where it was snaffled and devoured by Willcocks. He swears that his stomach hasn't been right since. So be warned chums, Neevo stops at nothing to ensure the unfitness of dangerous rivals! Brian Reed, alias 'Chunky', has shattered the complacency of his club-mates by getting married to Miss Davina Allery of Newhaven, without the consent of the club Marriage Bureau (Russell and Grover). Although we hope this will not jeopardise their marriage with reference to elsewhere in this issue - I think he did well to make up his own mind. Nevertheless, we wish them both the best of luck.

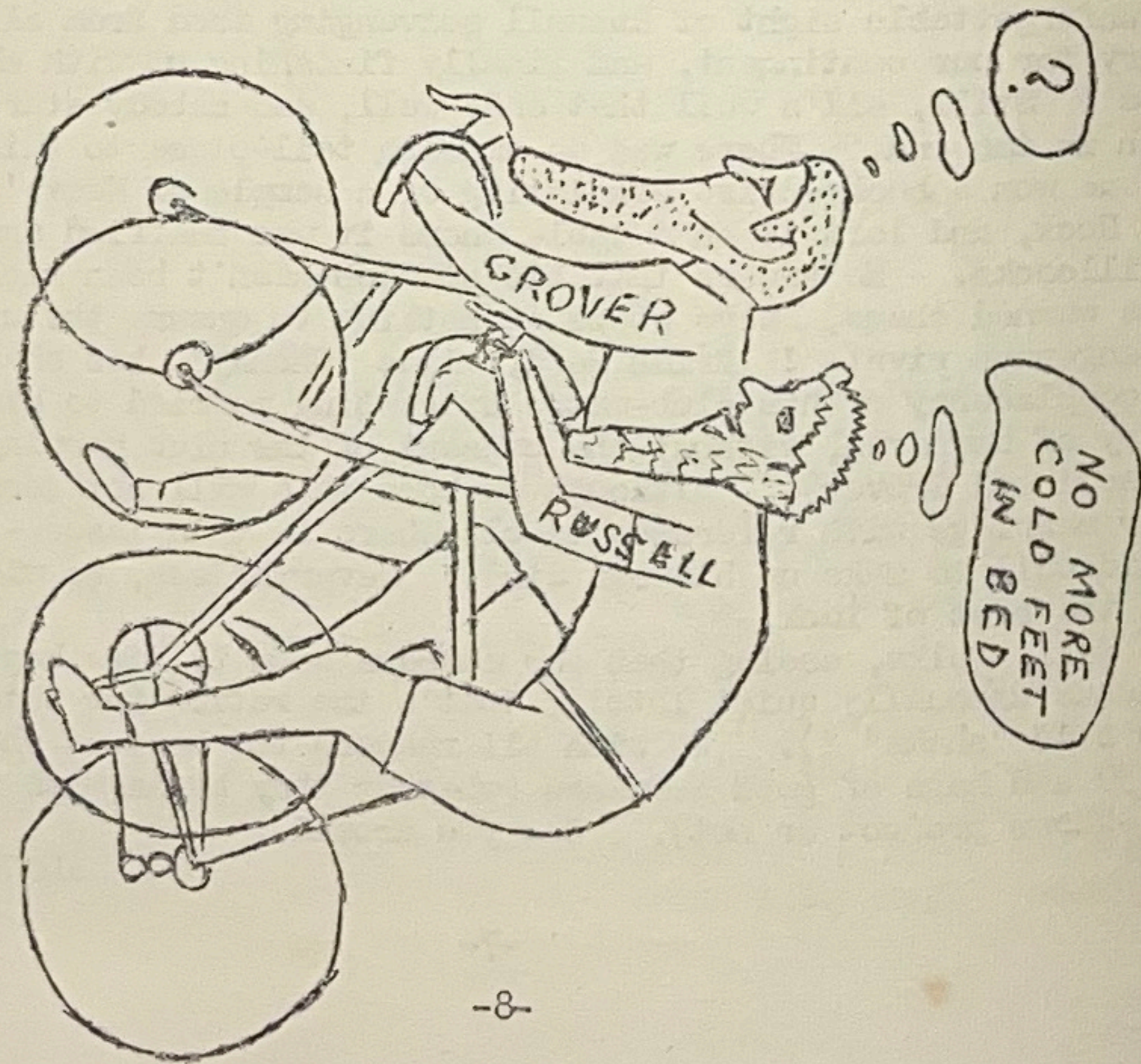
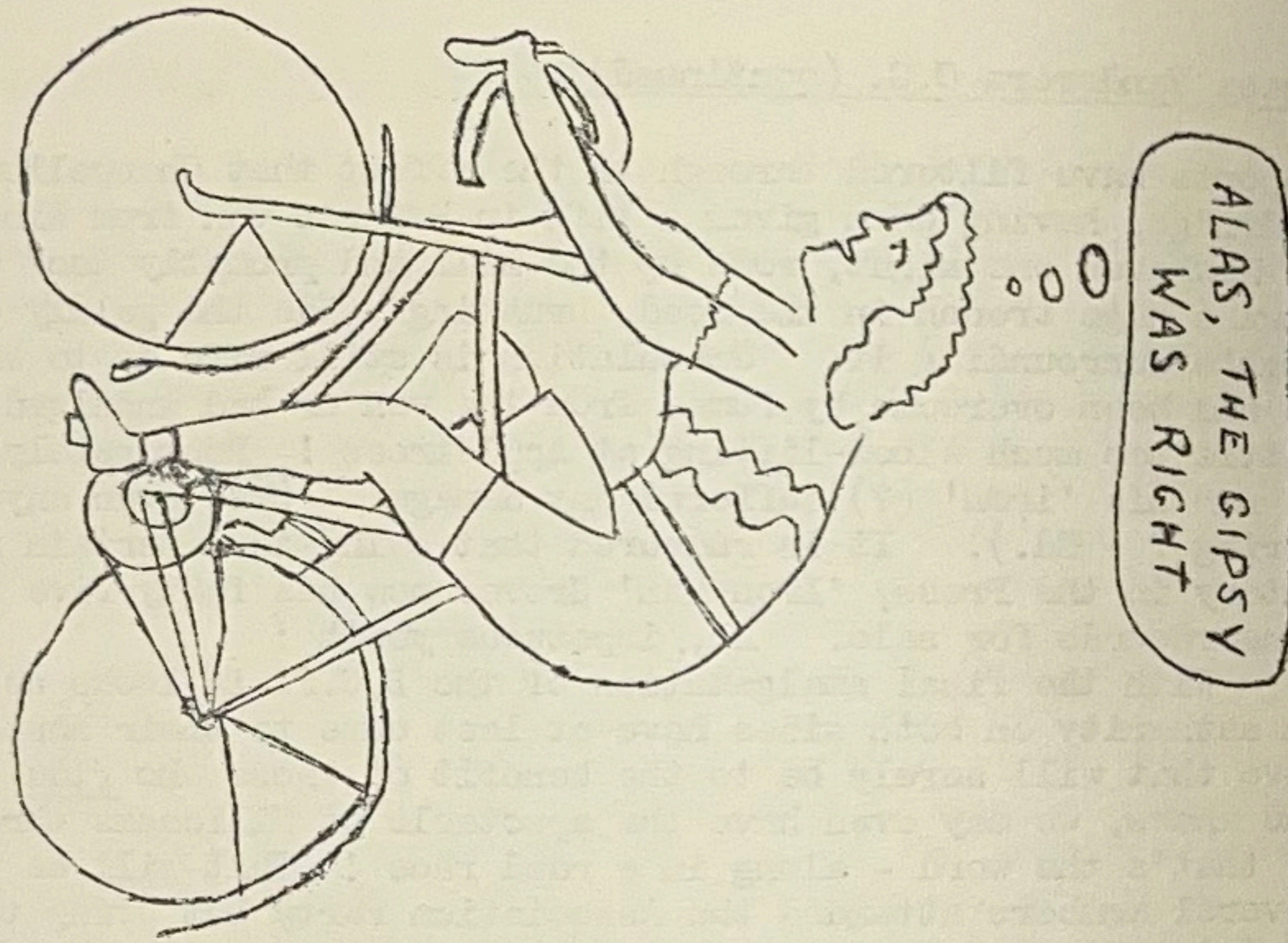
Well, folks, seeing that our members seem to have kept their misdeeds unusually quiet lately, that's the ration for this time. (Who said "shame"?). We wish all readers the best of wheeling in '59 and bags of good mornings (whether they begin with a certain well-known product or not). See you around.

ALSORAN.

With the 1959 season approaching, we in the Albion are looking forward to putting in appearances in Association events and offering you some friendly competition. Our last season has been the most promising for several years; with times getting down and 1sts, 2nds and 3rds being all very close in all events. Some of you will know Jack Rogers or will have heard him commentating at Preston Park. Well, unfortunately he has to leave us and go to the Midlands to work. Jack hopes that after he has moved he will still be able to visit 'The Park' at Bank Holidays to see the boys in action, and perhaps to do some commentating. Jack, as well as being one of the club's founder members, has been for many years our General Secretary, but this year Bob Snee takes over from him. During the past few months Bob has made quite a considerable achievement. He has won our B.A.R., fallen off a ladder and broken his thigh, become a father and also become our General Secretary. This year the home of the General Secretary is the same as the first General Secretary's when the club was founded. At that time the present holder of that office was about two years old.

The Sunday before Christmas we went on our annual 'mince-pie' run. This is a ride on bikes (I think they were bikes) over rough ground. It also included a free-wheeling contest. This was won by Ron Rogers on his yearly appearance on a bike. Later in the morning we did some rough riding, and on one occasion when a rider hit a bank his cross-bar (TUGGO !! - Ed.) changed to the shape of a camel's hump, giving the machine a short wheelbase (about 20 ins.). This caused much cursing. Another little incident resulted in one rider riding home on a flat tyre, which eventually left the rim and made a hell of a noise on the road. The highlight of the morning was when Mike Coe attempted some 'suicide' jumps off a high bank; he usually reached the bottom, usually body first, bike after ! At present there is one member of the club who is mainly interested in girls; he is thinking of buying a scooter because it's easier to transport two persons. (No names mentioned, but he rides a black Holdsworth). Also does this rider like training around Mayfield, or has he other business there ?

At our A.G.M. Mr. R.E. Thompson was elected an Hon. Life Member. The Hon. Life Members are now Messrs. R.E. Lawrence, C.W. Nettleton and R.E. Thompson. Mr. Thompson was for ten years the club's President. Other officers are as follows :-



ITS NEVER TOO LATE !

(Inspired by a recent cartoon in 'Cycling').

Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C. (continued).

President:..... E.F.C. Robbins, Esq.
Vice-Presidents:..... C. Clark, C. Avis, A.J. Rogers,
Mrs. D. Rogers, R.E. Lawrence
and C. Reich.
Chairman:..... C. Avis.
Vice-Chairman:..... G. Lade.
General & Track Sec.:..... R. Snee.
Asst. Gen. Sec.:..... Mrs. A. Snee.
Treasurer:..... C. Avis.
Asst. Social Sec.:..... R. Piper.
Press Sec.:..... G. Lade.
Runs Captain:..... K. Saxby.
Asst. Runs Captain:..... R. Piper.
Committee:..... M. Coe and P. Day.
Timekeepers:..... C. Reich, C. Clark, E. Robbins
and R.G. Rogers.

That's all for now, so cheerio. We might see some of you at Easter - and remember it will be red and grey vests.

HANDLE.

"THE OAK, the ASH and the THORN".

How many of the people that foregather at Willingford Hill each October for the E.S.C.A. Hill Climb realise that they are in the heart of the country selected by the late Rudyard Kipling as the centre for his fantasy "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL". No doubt Mr. Kipling's selection of this part of East Sussex was due to the fact that he was living at "Bateman's", near Burwash, at the time when he wrote the stories in the early years of this century. In fact he continued living at "Batemans" until his death in 1936. His old home is now a National Trust property and is open to the public on three afternoons a week.

"The Oak, the Ash, and the Thorn" recurs repeatedly in "Puck of Pook's Hill", and it is not inappropriate therefore that a representation of an ash tree forms the centre piece of the E.S.C.A. badge. This is not due in any way to Kipling's influence, but to the fact that the inaugural meeting which brought the Association into being

"The Oak, the Ash and the Thorn" (continued).

was held at the "Ash Tree" Inn at Ashburnham.

How many members of our affiliated Clubs served with No. 12 Corps of the British Army during the 1939-45 War? If any did, did they know what the formation badge of their Corps represented? The badge consisted of the representation of three trees set in an oval frame on a black background. The Corps was raised in the "Pook's Hill" country and the Corps Commander was Major-General Sir A.F. Thorne, D.S.O. It was appropriate, therefore, that "The Oak the Ash, and the Thorn" should form the badge of the Corps. No. 12 Corps served as part of the 21st Army Group from the beaches of Normandy to the final capitulation of Germany in May, 1945.

R.J.E.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS CYCLING AND ATHLETIC CLUB

Hello once again from Eastbourne. As you most likely know, we had our club dinner at the Devonshire Lawns Pavilion on Saturday, 7th February. A record number attended, 116 in fact, A.E.C. Harrison of the Medway Road Club making the main speech of the evening.

Now to go back a few weeks to Xmas Day in fact, when the annual 10 mile event took place. A record entry of 25 was received in fancy dress, ranging from country squire to Red Indian. Although this is mainly an event for a bit of fun there a few riders changing wheels round at the start for the usual 'burn-up'. As there is already a lot of 'stirring' going on they will remain nameless - all right with you, Whippet? The prizes were drawn out of a hat.

May 31st is the date fixed for this year's Battle Road Race promoted by the club. This event has, over the years, built up a great following among South of England riders, but I would like to see more local riders taking part. How about it you Boreham Street 'tear-up' boys, this should be just your cup of tea cha-cha! The Committee is thinking of having a wooden spoon competition as there are so many boys getting keen on 'stirring things up' lately. I am glad to say that Opera, like the Kinsey report, is back in circulation. Some members are so keen on cycling that they sleep with their 'irons'. I saw evidence of this some weeks ago - perhaps this is how the Mayes bends were thought of? Eastbourne, I feel sure, must be the only club with a husbands cycle run. This

Eastbourne Rovers Cycling and Athletic Club (continued).

run is mainly to cater for the ball and chain brigade, so they can get a few miles in and then return to barracks by the deadline at one o'clock.

Racing in the club should be keen this year, as there are two gold medals for the winning. They are for the fastest under the hour '25' and the fastest under two hours '50', either in club or East Sussex C.A. events of the year.

Well, this is all for now - be seeing you struggling up the Dicker. Yours in sport.

COUREUR.

UCKFIELD AND DISTRICT C.C.

Surprising how quickly three months passes by - another racing season on us and it hardly seems yesterday that we were recording the last of the 1958 events. Well, I hope we have better weather this year.

The 'Farmers' Xmas Eve 'do' was held at Barcombe this year by way of a change. This gave a certain amount of satisfaction to one Whistler (coffee in the kitchen?) and an opportunity for a gracious act of self-denial on the part of a certain high club official (who shall remain nameless). Gerald found his way home all right in spite of the fog and other encumbrances, but the Prof found even the Passion Wagon couldn't catch Griff in the lanes once he'd got the bit between his teeth, though the rest of the bunch got dropped, all except John who wasn't going to let the Prof ditch his motor without being there to see it happen. A funny thing happened in January - we came upon the Farmers club-run pootling along gently in single file. Most unusual, say you) And how right you are. The attraction - on the opposite pavement - a gentleman of the Uckfield, in Sunday suit (on a Sunday!) escorting a young lady - and no bike in sight.

The dinner, most ably organised by Brian, was once again a tremendous success, and we were glad to see many founder-members at the top table. Our only regrets - that we can't find a larger venue (we couldn't possibly find a better one), and so be able to welcome all our friends who want to come, and that it clashed with the Mitre dinner. All interested please note that we hold our dinner on the second Saturday in January each year - and Jan. 9th, 1960, is already booked up. Ted Harrison kindly returned the Farmers Beetle for re-presentation, and the judges awarded it to the Dreaded Woppit for,

Uckfield & District C.C. (continued).

as they said "sheer b..... persistence". Other features were an unorthodox fashion in ladies cycling garments revealed by a Southern Wheeler's representative, a rib-tickling response by Amos to Os's toast, and an unexpected but most appreciated interlude when the boys presented Phyl with a special line in tea-pots. Quite out of the blue, that one. Oh, another unrehearsed incident that drew a big laugh - that impressive entrance made by Terry Chambers, straight from his R.A.F. Station. Buster Keaton couldn't have done it better! And the non-appearance of the 'mike' and the disappearance of Brian's tonsils didn't matter - Windows took over as The Voice and saved the day.

After being rained off the previous week, the Signpost Quest was successfully staged in ideal conditions on the last Sunday in January, Gerald winning with a full card, Ken second and Geoff third. The Prof was off the beam, came up to most of the signposts from the wrong direction and finally gave up the struggle, just making lunch after crawling the last three miles on his hands and knees. We had two 'specials' for February. Alf was due to come up to the clubroom on the nineteenth to give a show, Arthur and he set off in the Other Austin Seven, but they were beset by fog, and after another car they were following had crashed into a wall, they very wisely decided to call it a day. Better luck next time. Meanwhile Rod was wrestling with his projectors and we had a Mickey Mouse, the 1957 Team Championship and the 'Barley Mow' turn, and a Tarzan to wind up. The second occasion was another of Phyl's very successful jumble sales, which should keep us out of the 'red' for a few more months.

Forces news - Roy was demobbed at the beginning of January, and Colin Westgate should soon be out now. Terry is in Norfolk; was hoping to get down for the SCA '25', but plans for that week-end have gone agley. Latest recruit to the R.A.F. is Spindle, now at Bridgnorth, Shropshire. He was home last week-end, full of beans. Should have taken his trade test by now, but was delayed by the dreaded Grippe, so he'll be a bit longer than usual getting a permanent station. And a special bit of news, Windows has qualified for a year at Liverpool University and so has taken a real step towards his chosen career. Congratulations from us all, the only doubt is whether, when they see him, they'll let him in with that "orrible ginger face fungus", as some character was once heard to remark.

And the Best of British Luck to one and all.

THE PROF.

Uckfield & District Cycling Club
Competition Records as at 31.10.58.

			h.	m.	s.
10 Miles Individual	J.R. Dutson	1958	23	13	
15 " "	R.B. Siggs	1955	37	21	
25 " "	J.R. Dutson	1958	58	38	
30 " "	C.D. Whittingham	1957	1	12	16
50 " "	J.R. Dutson	1958	1	58	59
100 " "	J.R. Dutson	1958	4	10	59
12 hours	C.A. Pearson	1958	248	mls.	
25 miles, Team		1957	3	1	11
30 " "		1957	3	43	53
50 " "		1958	6	17	37
100 " "		1958	13	21	31
12 hours		1958	715.17	mls.	

UCKFIELD SCANDAL. Dear readers, you will be interested to know that the Greater White-throated Woppit is burning the midnight oil just to get this to Neeves to-morrow. I still have the effects of a hectic jazz evening, but some, I fear, are in worse plights. The bearded one of Flat 4 has had the Nagers, but I hear that another clubmate's cousin was in his bedroom nursing him (incidentally, ask him about nappies next time you see him). The Prof is another on the sick list with the Lergy lingering o'er him; but it seems he is also suffering from jiggery-pokery behind the stores with the new office girl. Os is having spasmodic attacks of Typistitis whilst Reg the wrathful One has a mania for stamping pedals in two. Well, it seems the Social Season is at it's close. The Farmers rounded off the slack period with Ye Olde Filme Showe. After several amusing shots of J.D. on the wrong side of the road in an event, Spin taking a terrific 'parcel' and the Vicar being well and truly caught (by two people), we had a Mickey Mouse in which Sir Arthur was seen mounting his high bracket, bestest track horse. Our annual dinner went off with a swing with 'stirs' coming from various parts of the room, and Woppit carrying off the coveted 'Enormousknocker' for best cross-toasting. It appears that training has commenced in various regions with various methods being employed. Some visit a certain Baguley by car whilst others career around the countryside with pockets full of clothes pegs! Various new colour-schemes have appeared recently, noticeably of course, the dreaded mauve P...., so beware. Well I suppose I mustn't write any more or the mag' will need more pages, so here's that "Nice little boy" signing off

WOPPIT.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB

Now that the dinner jibes are over we must get down to some graft. The Road Club are on their bikes again, the petrol fumes are less noticeable, and I can even get at the moped again without scraping paint off car doors. The social season darts and table-tennis 'friendlies' almost completed, the racing men decided to get down to some time-trialling, and our annual Hardriders event found the first wet morning for some weeks. The hardy few set off for the hills of the Lamberhurst circuit, and Dave pounded up the last climb to Pembury Road, first man home and winner on the time-sheet in 36 mins. 37 secs. Second man was I. Jenner (40.9), third R. Martin (41-44), and fourth G. Maryan (43-26). Dave Neal broke his chain in sheer enthusiasm, and retired from the event but not from trouble as he had to do some walking. That's the stuff where you pick 'em up and put 'em down, not push and pull as with pedals. (Excuse this brief explanation, Mr. Editor).

There is as usual little to report at this time of year; vague figures flash past in the dark but you never know who except when you may get a whiff of a certain smell. You can usually be certain about the 'smell' of, let's say, the 'Farmers' - strong beer scent (that's you he's talking about, Pearson - Ed.); and Southborough too can slip back a few pints, and so on. Which brings me to Percy. Best wishes for your speedy and complete recovery, Percy. ESCA scenery needs to see that fancy vest and cheerful grin for many seasons to come.

NEWS FLASHES..... To Joy and Freddy Figgett - a daughter, Teresa Jane The local news quoted: "Mazzy was draped well and truly over the bonnet of some poor motorist's car". Is this Justice? Any questions will be ignored so as to protect our member from unwarranted abuse. He won his case..... It has been suggested that at the club's next A.G.M. the question of whether to affiliate to the B.R.D.C. be discussed. (Beware, Mr. Lock, in your Standard 'Varwall').

POP.

DATES TO REMEMBER:

August 30th or September 13th..... Clubmans Touring Competition.
 Sunday, November 29th.....1959 Annual Luncheon.
 Sunday, December 6th 1959 Annual General Meeting.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT DRAUGHT BASS DRINKING CLUB.

Struggling over the bodies of draught Bass kings and cha-cha queens that have succumbed to the dissipations of the Social Season, I witness the awful spectacle of a cyclist out training. Has our glorious respite been so brief; was it not only yesterweek that the last of the anti-gravity boys forced their tortured bodies over the line with the cry of "Never again" ?

But, looking back, it seems quite a time since the last screed was hastily produced to beat the deadline. (That'll be the day - Ed.). Then it was for the East Grinstead club, but having now changed to the Southboro' crew and inveigled my way into the post of 'Bonk' correspondent, it is now the turn of others to be worried about their doings. It was way back in dark November that a gang of us attended the ESCA Luncheon which we enjoyed. I seem to remember 'Spider' giving one of his typical speeches, Arthur winning a pint on the number of cross-toasts, and several Wheelers taking home rewards for their seasons striving. A week later, Lou, Teddy and Pam attended the A.G.M. at Ashburnham while others ran in the Belle Vue cross-country race, John Burrows coming 4th, Phil Hennessey 25th and Les Hayman around last. Dinners this year seem to have come in thick and fast. K.C.A., San Fairy Ann, Canterbury and Sittingbourne; while in Escaland we managed to attend Uckfield, East Grinstead, Central Sussex and Hastings, each of which were enjoyed in their own individual way.

To say our own dinner (held at Tonbridge on Dec. 20th) was a success, would be a masterpiece of understatement. The meal, speeches and cross-toasts produced a really thawed-out mood amongst those present, causing the dancing and games to get under way in fine style. Maybe the presence of Visum Album (or mistletoe, to the less erudite types), which was among the decorations, caused the prevailing feelings of goodwill to get a little out of hand. Some couples certainly enjoyed themselves and the pencil of Dennis Neeves was glowing red hot as he got down 'the facts'. Despite the frolics of the dinner, most of the club turned up for the A.G.M. next day, which was combined with the Christmas Tea and colour slide show, finishing up around the 11 p.m. mark. Christmas Eve saw our traditional 'do' at the "Three Squirrels", although it looked for all the world like a photographers convention. The photo section (those types who revel in the complexities of parallel correction and tungsten light compensation lenses), were there in force, and after a pleasant evening the ash-trays had more flash-bulbs (sorry - PF 5s) in them than cigarette ends !

Southborough & Dist. D.B.D.C. (continued).

As Christmas fell on a Thursday, ten of us did a three-day hostelling tour over Berkshire way. The highlight was 'Twiggy' Branch proving that trikes can be turned over - in a puddle, too ! Hardly had we recovered from the Yuletide fun than the New Year celebrations were upon us; again at the 'Three Squirrels', with our skiffle king Brian Crouch present and some drinks on the house we saw 1959 in to the accompaniment of Phil toasting "59s in '59", the rest of the time being danced away to Scottish reels, cha-cha, jiving and some amazing variations. Being in the heart of the Social Season club parties were in full swing. These 'dos' varied between good, great and censored, with the club Scandal Editor really lapping it up. This young lady readily accepted this post at the A.G.M. and we later learnt that her motive was to suppress any scandal relating to herself - there was enough of it, too, as members of Central Sussex, for a start, will substantiate.

Youth Hostelling has a strong following, especially in the winter, and there was a glorious rough-stuff week-end from Tamers Hatch before Christmas, visits to Milford and Long Wittingham on our Christmas tour, and a run to Alfriston, where we celebrated Les Hayman's birthday with some winter salad that kept us awake half the night. Next day we went over the Downs to reach the Long Man of Wilmington from the top. In the descent Pete Cook distinguished himself by taking a 'header' and smashing his front wheel; thus we had a run and ride to reach the Assn. social in time. Our club-runs have had good support through the winter, especially the one to London in November. Since the last issue two trikes have appeared in the club; those of Phil Hennessey and Johnny Burge. They (the trikes) have proved the best entertainment we have had for years, especially when others try to master them. Lou and Geoff had near misses from being accident statistics, while Dawn found it easy until she came to ride her own two-wheeler again ! Latest aspirant for a 'barrow' is Mick Armitage, which should make club-runs decidedly interesting. Reliability runs have had a good entry. The Catford event saw Geoff Cyster, Pete Cooke, John Chinnery and Phil among the finishers, while the Dulwich Hamlet (? Ed.) saw Teddy Boorman, Mick Armitage, Ron Hayward, and John get in with the time allowed. Finally, before the Editor accuses me of trying to hog all the mag', I'll hand you over to Ballyalgal's Pal for the racing 'gen'.

The first club event of the new season was run off in Pembury Woods in a fine drizzle on the morning of Feb. 22nd, namely the 3 mile Rough-stuff cum Cyclo-cross race. Although the line-up was small, being only six in number, all participants were keen 'bog-trotters' and 'mud-scrabblers', so a keen struggle was expected. Phil Hennessey was slightly preferred to win from Les Hayman, Peter Cooke and Mick Armitage. Two hundred hards from the start came the first obstacle, a six-foot fence, and it was here that the race was won by marvellous acrobatics from Peter Cooke and he was away on his own for the three circuits of mud, streams, fences, climbs and descents to cross the line in 21 mins. 39 secs. He was 44 seconds clear of Les Hayman, with Mick Armitage a further 38 secs. away and the favourite out of the picture almost two minutes further behind. The remainder were outpaced in a go-all-the-way race. Next event on the club calendar is the medium gear '25' on March 8th, and as entries are going at the moment it looks like being a record field for a club medium gear '25'.

The club racing strength has been increased by the transfer of Crow from the East Grinstead (plus Yoga and health-giving foods and an affinity for a certain Southborough lady rider). Crow will ride in the ESCA Hardriders '12' as his first race for his new club. A recent intake who rides his first event in the club's colours when taking part in the club M.G. '25' is John Chenery, a member a few years back of the Ruxley C.C. and who now resides at Tonbridge. John has taken part in several reliability trials this winter and should not be lacking in fitness. His wife Brenda, is also a strong and capable rider, as witnessed by their combined efforts on their tandem. There are also several youngsters and second season riders who have improved and show promise, plus all last year's regulars. Finally retired are Jack Daniel, 1953 and 54 B.A.R. winner and Spider Dunford, 1956 club '25' champion who will be seen with the timekeepers this season.

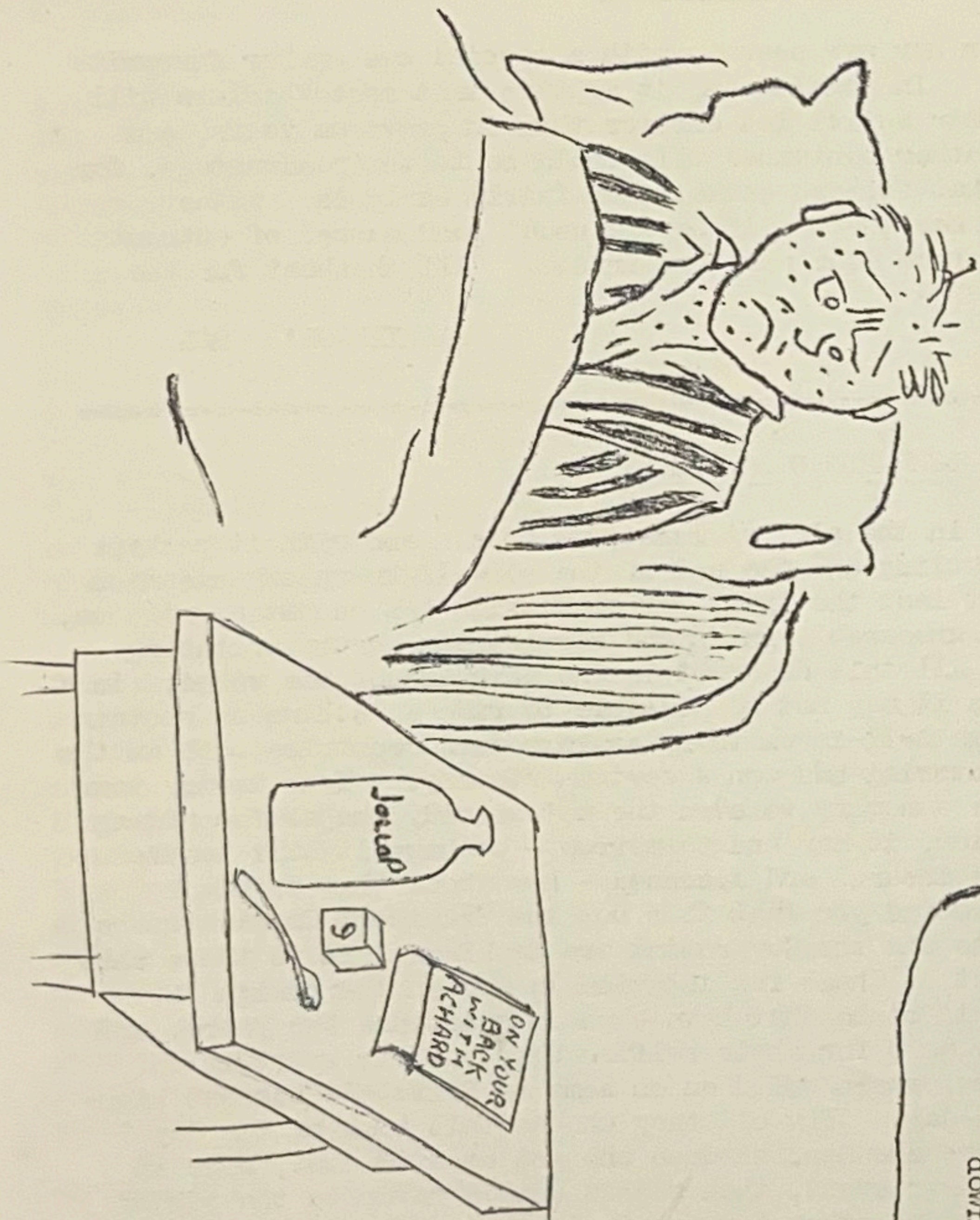
The club may have a 24 hour team in the Catford C.C. promotion on June 21st. Probables are Les Hayman (who intends to concentrate on this to the exclusion of the standard events), Peter Cooke (who intends it as a final fling before joining the Forces), Mick Armitage (with only one 12 hr. behind him), and Teddy Boorman, who in typical fashion is going 'nap' on 25's, 50's, 100's, a 12-hr. and a 24-hr. ! If Crow rides as he did last year he will be challenging Ron Hayward strongly for club event and B.A.R. honours. Dawn Hayward is rapidly

getting fit for her new season, with a special eye on her favourite 12-hr. events. In conclusion, it appears that most Wheelers will be starting their activities earlier than in previous years, and if the mild weather continues this could be to their advantage, for it does seem that fitness established fairly early is a winner. That as it may be, there will be the usual good number of entrants in ESCA events from your northern fringe. All the best for the season.

BALLYALGOL'S PAL.

HASTINGS & St. LEONARDS C. & A.C.

Spring is in the air, at least, we hope; and with it perhaps a new era in cycling and the end of the so well-known organisation the N.C.U. At last the transport commission has caught up with us, putting almost unbearable rules and regulations on to our racing secretaries. All this no doubt is the thin end of the wedge; in a number of years it may not be possible to ride a machine on certain roads or through well-known towns as in modern countries such as the U.S.A. The motorist has won a certain victory. Your Sunday tour may soon become a memory to even the not-so-old, and as for riding in club formation, it may end to-morrow - perhaps it will become necessary to be insured and licensed - how about that? Now I would like to remind you that it's not the Transport Commissioners or the motorists who the Government are to blame; it is those that are in our midst. These few individuals who in their reign have broken many small clubs that have been in existence for years, and have split many more for their selfish sport, their sport which, may I remind you, was carried on on some of Britain's busiest high-ways around mid-day. Why did they choose this time of the day? Because they were showmen, showmen who got up at 9 a.m., rode in their cars to their event, then caused untold havoc to the joy of the rowdy spectators, then home again in their cars to tea and entertainment. I ask you, will these few get up and ride in events at four, five and six o'clock in the morning - not on your life. They have done their damage and their cycling. They may now extend their impudence still further and attempt to rejoin the old clubs now that we are all involved to regain the much missed social activities



LIFE WITH THE FARMERS (No. 20).

And that's the only thing
that's ever got Woppit
down

Hastings & St. Leonards C. & A.C. (continued).

which their chosen field of sport does not support.

I'm pleased to say that Percy Bliss has been out of hospital since mid-February, and is progressing well. He wants to be remembered to you all and hopes to be back on the road soon. You will be surprised to hear that Coleman has had a form of the Nagers called Chicken-Pox.

C.R.S.

WANTED...Trike conversion set with or without wheels. Also 23" road frame with 72 or 73 degree seat-angle - cheap. P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.

FOR SALE...Carlton 'Coureur', 20" with 19" T.T. Simplex ends, alloy Maes on 2" Reynold, G.B. brakes, c.1,000, 26" alloy H.Ps. on front Airlite, rear D/sided B.W. Ultralites. Suit clubgirl. £10, or near offer.

'Kestrel' 23", Cinelli, Major Taylor, G.Bs., C 34, S.A. and Cyclo 'Olympic' (six gears 36-84), 26" x 1 1/2" Endricks, new tyres. Suitable sidecar work.

Polo bike, sprockets, mallets, pads.

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Offers? N.D. Edwards, 24, Harcourt Road, Uckfield.

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'Continental' H.P. tyres and tubes, 'Ken Russell' bars, Pivo stem, Bath Road saddle, assorted cranks and rings, Gnutti double or single 1/8" or 3/32" or Allez, Cobra pedals, clips and straps, G.B. brakes - all in good condition.

Sell either complete or separately. £14 or near offer.

Frame £5. Wheels and tyres £4. Cost £30. Enquiries

M.F. Carder, 39, Seafeld Close, Seaford, Sussex.

STOP PRESS. Result of Hardriders '12'.

- | | | |
|-------|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. | D. Patten (Tun. Wells R.C.) | 31-45 (event record). |
| 2. | K. Stevens (Eastbourne Rovers) | 34- 7. |
| 3. | D. Dunbar (Eastbourne Rovers) | 34- 9. |
| 4. | R. French (Rye) 34-10; | 5. J. Mayes (Eastbourne) 34-11. |
| Team: | 1. Eastbourne Rovers 1-42-27 (Assn. record). | |
| | 2. Tun. Wells R.C. 1-43-26. | 3. Uckfield 1-46-31. |

"How are the mighty fallen" is a phrase that could describe many once keen East Sussex riders, but here it refers to a man who was once (vide the Drum Beater) revered as a true 'Great One' Norman Dagwood Edwards. Bluff, pipe-smoking Edwards assisted at the birth of the East Sussex C.A. and for many years afterwards resolutely competed in it's events; while he used his wartime experience as a sergeant-major to keep some sort of order in that most awkward of 'awkward squads', the Uckfield & District C.C. But, sad to say, in recent years Norman has gone into a decline. He was never the same man after unsuccessfully trying to push an 84" gear at the Battle of Chainwheel Creek in 1954, and since then the cares of married life and the strain of propelling a sidecar over hilly Sussex roads have further sapped his strength. The ruin of the once-great Edwards was completed when his morale was shattered at successive club dinners by the verbal shafts of Dennis Neeves, the Victor of Chainwheel Creek. Inevitably he became a victim of the dreaded Lergy which so often decimates the ranks of club cyclists, and he is seen no more on a bicycle. Occasionally, on a warm day, he can be seen, a pathetic figure in a fur-lined coat, huddled in a car near the finish of an event. However, a tiny flame still burns somewhere inside him: once a quarter the Editor receives the usual two pages of notes signed "The Prof", though now they come many days after the deadline and are obviously typed with great difficulty. This has been a melancholy chronicle of decline and fall, but all who admired the mighty Edwards of former days will hope that by some miracle he will recover, and that we shall once again see on an ESCA start-sheet the well-loved words:

"N.D. EDWARDS U 9½ mins.

J.N.

A meeting of the Management Committee was held at Ringmer on Sunday, 8th February, with Mr. J. Southerden in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and passed. The secretary reported that all the V.Ps. except Mr. Barlow, had accepted re-election, and that Lewes Wanderers had nominated Mr. Ted Jenner to be the Association's 1959 President. Mr. Neeves reported a profit of nearly £26 on the November Handicap Draw - a great improvement. Also a small profit on the Luncheon. He said that sales of 'Bonk' were steady at about 176 copies per issue.

Management Committee Meeting (continued).

It was agreed that the question of repaying the loans made towards the cost (£39 10s.) of the new duplicator, should be left till later in the year. Mr. Humphrey gave details of the revised '25' and ladies '10' courses, and these met with general approval. He also said that under the new M.O.T. Regulations the Police will have to be given 28 days' notice of all time trials, plus a list of marshals. It was agreed that awards for ladies' events shall now be: Under 8 entrants, 1st and 1st handicap; 8 or over, 1st, 2nd and 1st handicap; 12 or over, 1st and 2nd, 1st and 2nd handicap. 12-hr. arrangements will be as for 1958. The date of the Road Race was made provisionally either September 20th or October 4th; that of the Touring Competition either August 30th or September 13th. The Luncheon date was fixed at November 29th and the A.G.M. at December 6th.

Apologies to all who attended the Assn. Party, for the pate start. It wasn't the caterer's fault. Owing to a misunderstanding by the person in charge of the hall he instructed the caterers not to come into the hall till 4 p.m., which of course was much too late. With regard to the overflowing numbers - the booking had been made on the usually safe (in February) assumption that a good many people would be absent because of bad weather or illness. As it turned out, the day was spring-like, and almost all ticket holders were in good health - hence the overflow at the tea table. Sorry, Lewes.

D.N.

HERE and THERE

Les Hayman, Southboro's Ris de Roughstuff and chief astronomer, has now got a star position calculator to aid his already successful cross-country cycling by astro-navigation. Anyone contemplating nocturnal cycling with him is advised to see "What The Stars Foretell".

Lou Bathurst, now the Southboro' President, complained recently that writing in public conveniences would not be so bad if it was of a better class. He has now started a new approach to lavatory writing by inscribing "E = MC²" at Lenham. For the less learned this is an equation by Einstein.

Two Rovers who roved into the Colemans Hatch area one Sunday discovered a well-known 'fast man' hiking with an equally well-known 'fast lady'!

Here & There (continued).

After getting over their surprise, the pair went to great pains to explain that their car had broken down.

ESCAites have sometimes sunk pretty low, but surely not as low as Stan Nash, who at the Rovers dinner walked round waving ENTRY FORMS ! Later in the evening some members were far enough gone to fill them in. However, the social spirit is not easily suppressed, and it was given a great boost by none other than Maurice Chauncy telling a story about SEX !!

After the dinner a certain newly-joined young lady spent the night at a local hotel. While searching for the 'smallest room' during the night she unfortunately opened the wrong door and found herself in a gentleman's bedroom. It is believed that the gentleman was very disappointed when he found that the amenities of the hotel were not after all as good as they appeared to be.

Politically-minded readers who were amazed at the speed with which Lord Hailsham cleared up the trouble at Bournemouth East, will understand when they learn that a Mr. Leonard Price was rumoured to be offering his services as Conservative candidate.

At the Southborough dinner David Dalziel was on such friendly terms with a certain young lady that our correspondent decided that if they were not engaged, they soon would be. A kick on the shins from David while our man was dancing with the girl seemed to confirm this view. However, on making enquiries our correspondent found that the lady was the wife of one of the Wheelers ! Rome was never like this !!

+-----+

PRESS SECRETARIES PLEASE NOTE ...

Deadline for the Summer edition of 'Bonk' will be May 22nd. All contributions will be welcome, especially those containing a kind word for the Editor. 'Bonk' is edited by Dermis Neeves, who would much rather be Editor of the 'Windmill Theatre Souvenir Programme'.

+-----+

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