

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE
EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



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SPRING, 1962

EDITORIAL

With the social season just getting into swing, here we are suddenly in the racing season with racing types endeavouring to lose those extra inches gained through making the most of the festive season. What does 1962 hold in store for our Association? Club reports seem to indicate maybe the start of a boom in our sport, with increasing membership numbers, especially in the junior ranks. These have been gained through some hard work by the stalwarts, who in an endeavour to save our sport from dying, have put themselves out to attract and keep these younger members interested and so build a backbone for the future - for don't forget, there is a limit to all our capabilities, and the present officials cannot carry on for ever and will have to be replaced in years to come.

You will find in this issue another touring article by Stan Russell which makes a very pleasant and interesting addition to the contributions that I receive, and helps to remind us that racing is not the only aspect of cycling enjoyed by members of this Association - Terry Chambers has written from Trinidad suggesting that our racing types should set themselves a much higher standard of competition if they want to reach the top - and of course there is the usual quota of scandal in the club reports.

Once again I would appeal to all contributors to let me have reports and contributions by the deadline date, as it is not being fair to those clubs whose reports are sent in on time, but are made out of date because of the time lapse in waiting for the few. Remember the date 22nd MAY, 1962, for items for the next edition.

D.P.

The time has come once again for me to put pen to paper and write a few notes for this the first edition of 1962. With the social season nearly over our thoughts turn to training and racing. (What a horrible thought to think that the Sunday morning lay in is over). Our annual Hardriders event will have been decided by the time you read these notes. An excellent entry has been received for this and if this is an indication of what we can expect in later events we are in for a very good season. The prospect of more entries in Ladies events will give Iris Stevens some very welcomed competition after having very little opposition last year. Who knows, during the coming season we may see some if not all of the Association Ladies' records bettered.

All of our courses are in the process of being re-measured and slight variations in the start and finishing points are necessary. Whether or not we shall be using a new 50 miles course based on Hellingly, depends on the outcome of the Management Committee meeting early in March. As instructed at the Annual General Meeting, I have prepared and measured a new course to submit to the meeting.

Whilst on the subject of time trials, I would appeal to all member Clubs to let me have details of the number of persons who will be available for marshalling and to assist with the feeding for the 100 miles and 12 hours events. In the past this has been left to just a few clubs, but I feel that the time has now come for all our member Clubs to assist with these two events at least, even if they have not got any of their members riding. Let all of us make a special effort this year to see that the work is evenly spread among our member Clubs instead of just a few. On behalf of the Association we thank Ken Atkins for his very generous offer of new feeding bottles, they will be much appreciated as our existing ones are just about worn out.

Since my last notes we have held our Annual Party and Clubman's Touring Competition, both of which were well supported and proved very successful. Full results of the Touring Competition appear elsewhere in this issue.

R.H.

Under the influence of a warm fire, piping hot coffee, and Charles Turner's persuasive tongue, I agreed at a recent club committee meeting to be responsible for recording the printable activities of the Mitre members over the last few months.

Highlight, of course, has been the annual Dinner held on 13th January, attended by 80 odd members and friends. Notable guests included international trackmen Dave Handley and that prince of after-dinner speakers Stan Newport (Catford C.C.). Dave, in a witty reply to the toast to "Kindred Clubs" gave the gathering an insight into the lighter moments behind the Olympic Games scene in Rome last year. The only disappointed people attending the dinner were the members of the Worthing Excelsior C.C., undisputed "Knees Up" champions of Sussex, who thought that this popular form of exercise should have gone on much longer than it did! However, a large pat on the back for the organiser Mike Hayler and his wife Jean for an enjoyable evening.

That other hardy annual the SCA Luncheon, held on what must have been one of the worst Sundays, weatherwise, of the winter, saw come-back king Horry Hemsley receive the 12 hrs. trophy. In winning the 12 Horry broke his brother Sid's club record put up in 1952 by 4 miles. What about a come-back, Sid? Still, with all the talent burning up the training roads out of Brighton, the old-timers in the club will be hard pressed to get a few "crusts" this season.

Cliff Lichfield was seen in earnest conversation with Dave Handley at the dinner, so watch it you sprinters on that last corner at Preston Park. The only competitive activity to report of any note is the 5 - 1 thrashing administered to the Prestonville Nomads C.C. in a challenge football match. In between scoring goals we were entertained by the amusing spectacle of Alan Limbrey rolling in agony several times after receiving some Bert Corbett "Specials", where they do you the worst possible harm - in the pit of the stomach.

An interested spectator at the match was Derek Harber, who by the time this is in print will have put aside his "best blue" for the last time and will be getting down to the serious business of getting the miles in.

Chris Colyer was involved in an accident whilst riding home on Christmas Eve and has been spending the past weeks since in

Brighton Mitre C.C. (continued).

hospital with two broken legs and a broken arm, but is making good progress. All this before is starts to ride the track!

With the 1952 racing season nearly on us we hope to see many of our new friends in the ESCA early some Sunday mornings now, so until then,

D. N. F.

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Spring is in the air, and once again it is time to put pen to paper and bring you the latest news from the C.S.C.C.

Since the last lot of "Guff" was published we have, in common with most other Escā clubs, held our Annual Dinner and our AGM.

The Dinner was held at the Hayworthe Hotel, Haywards Heath, who did us very well once again. About 70 members and friends were present. Everything seemed to go with a good swing, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, at least we hope that they did. Surprise of the evening was a quick film show, presented by Steve Hobden, on the wall of the Dining Room. This consisted of films of last year's visit to the Tour de France with the Cycling party. (Mostly the Track Meeting, Arthur Thorpe sleeping, and Robin Byrnes studying the large metal erection in the middle of Paris, possibly the Eiffel Tower, and the cross-channel talent), also a film of Cedric Pearson attempting the Catford "24", prior to being put out of action. Quite different anyway.

The A.G.M. followed what seems to be the usual fashion these days, with very little changing except of the jobs, we are pleased to welcome several newcomers to the Committee this year, mostly juniors, and are sure that they will put up a good show for themselves. Main officials for your notebook are:

Secretary:.....K.L. Atkins, 30 Priory Road, Burgess Hill.
(Tel. 2730).

Racing Secretary:.....W. Lovell, 49 London Road, Hassocks.

Social Secretary:.....Miss K. Thorpe, 10 Park Road, Haywards
Heath.

and not as per ESCA list.

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

Our Annual Hilly 20 mile event at Christmas proved to be quite a success once more. We were blessed with a lot better weather this year and a little better entry. The lads from the Crawley C.C. invaded us for the first time, and went away well laden. A new course record was set by Ron Ford with a time of 55 m. 4 s. He also qualifies as being the rider with the fastest bowler hut and braces in Sussex. John Gallsworthy played the "ass" for the morning and was complete with a carrot. However, it did not seem to tempt him into greater speeds.

Whilst on this sort of subject, a party from the club entered the Southern Wheelers 100 in 8, and I am pleased to inform you that the majority of those who entered were successful, and that there was only one of the party who entered did not make the attempt. With regard to this latter person we are not sure whether it was the thought of the miles or Southboro's Sue that kept him away. (Perhaps you would tell us Malcolm). Reverting further, this is possibly the place to report that the Southborough lass has had to resort to craft to find out the 'beau's' address. It was procured by Crow on her behalf from our Secretary on the day of the Tourist Comp. (Thought !!! Perhaps Crow is taking up blackmail).

Ken Atkins and Mick Wren entered for the ESCA Tourist Comp. and seemed to be doing very well up until the muddy track that is. About 100 yards from the end of it they saw the 3rd check of the afternoon climb into their car and drive away. By the way, has ANYBODY told Phil yet just where the highest point in Sussex is?

A week or two ago a party from the club journeyed up to Crawley for a film show in the Crawley C.C. clubroom. Odd members from other clubs were there, and it was perhaps unfortunate that the cycling films did not turn up. However, after a show of Motoring and Motor-cycling it was reported that Helen turned to Mick Robinson and said: "There, why didn't you take up something dry and sensible like that?". Still, women have queer ideas.

There does not seem to be very much more to report on the Club run front. Things seem to keep on going, and our tea bookings are always well supported. Try as I might, I cannot seem to get any "scandal", I think perhaps that the older members of our club are just past it, "scandalizing" that is.

By the by I trust that you all saw the picture. As the result of a bet, members of the Central Sussex went into the sea on Xmas day. The resultant pictures (by ace cameraman S. Hobden) were seen in the Mid-Sussex Times, Argus, Cycling and the Daily Sketch. If you HAVE seen the picture, I have to report that there is a waiting list for members. It is also reported that Arthur Thorpe is still looking for two large blocks of ice that contain his feet !!!!

See you all soon,

Yours in a Tizzy,

HONEST GINGE.

E.S.C.A. TOURIST COMPETITION

Total 100 pts.

1.	P. Crowsley	Southborough Wheelers	87 pts.
2.	D.A. Patten	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	81 "
3.	G. Lade	ditto.	79 "
4.	M. Watson	Eastbourne Rovers	68 "
5.	T. Hughes	Southborough Wheelers	65 "
6.	B. Allcorn	Eastbourne Rovers	65 "
	K. Stevens	ditto.	" "
	H. Heather	ditto.	" "
9.	Q. Rance	ditto.	60 "
10.	G. Cobb	ditto.	53 "
11.	K. Atkins	Central Sussex C.C.	52 "
12.	D. Nightingale	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	51 "
	G. Ford	ditto.	" "
14.	R. Linden	ditto.	49 "
15.	T. Bartlett	Eastbourne Rovers	37 "
16.	C. Snelling	ditto.	35 "
	M. Wren	Central Sussex C.C.	" "
18.	B. Ashenden	Eastbourne Rovers	24 "
19.	P. Walker	ditto.	22 "

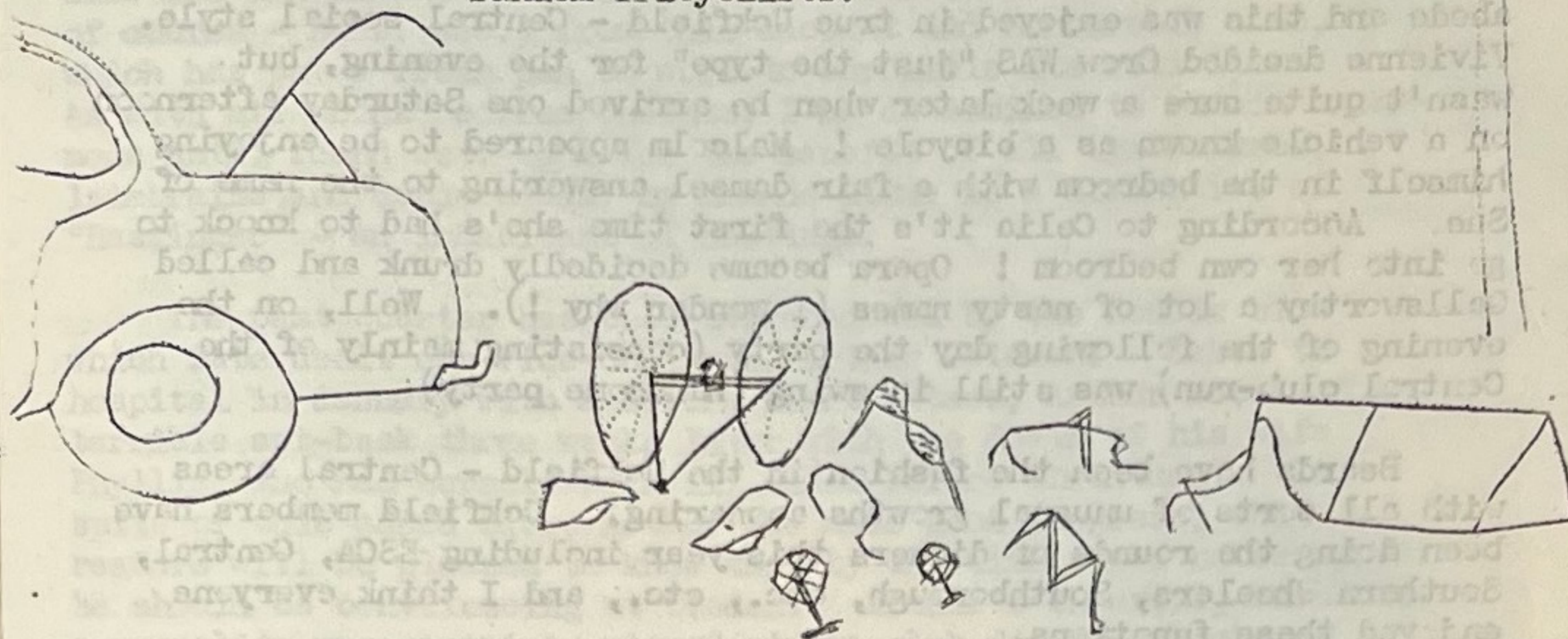
1st Team: Tunbridge Wells R.C. D.A. Patten, G. Lade,
D. Nightingale & G. Ford - tie. 211 pts.

2nd Team: Eastbourne Rovers. M. Watson, K. Stevens,
B. Allcorn, H. Heather - tie. 198 pts.

D.N.S. Miss J. Hutchings, J. Jary, Hastings C. & A.C.

A warning to aspiring
Tandem Tricyclists.

YORKS HILL



UCKFIELD & DISTRICT C.C.

With the sad exclusion of any Farmer's notes in the last issue of this esteemed publication, here goes with trying to catch up on the lurid facts of the Social Season.

I always think notes for the Spring "Bonk" are the most interesting, as they are not cluttered up with racing results. Well of course for any club the main function of the social season is the club dinner. Held as usual at Ye Maiden's Head, the function was poorly attended compared with previous years when people have had to be refused tickets. Main visitors were the Central Sussex C.C. almost in their entirety. "Crow" proposed the toast to the club and suggested that we had a right set of characters! Woppit replied to the toast with the President also saying a few words. Horace (or should I say Mr. H.G.A. now he's ESCA President?), proposed the Visitors, Ladies and Press, and Reg Porter, Prestonville Nomads, replied. The cross-toasting was, as the function is noted for, witty and flowing! The Woppit stirring spoon was awarded for the year to Celia as arch-stirrer for 1961, and the Vicar joined the select band of enormous knockerists by taking the Uckfield Beetle for the best cross-toasting.

A handsome bottle party was arranged a week later at the Webb

A handsome bottle party was arranged a week later at the Webb abode and this was enjoyed in true Uckfield - Central social style. Vivienne decided Crow WAS "just the type" for the evening, but wasn't quite sure a week later when he arrived one Saturday afternoon on a vehicle known as a bicycle! Malcolm appeared to be enjoying himself in the bedroom with a fair damsel answering to the name of Sue. According to Celia it's the first time she's had to knock to go into her own bedroom! Opera became decidedly drunk and called Gallsworthy a lot of nasty names (I wonder why!). Well, on the evening of the following day the party (consisting mainly of the Central club-run) was still in swing (handsome party).

Beards have been the fashion in the Uckfield - Central areas with all sorts of unusual growths appearing. Uckfield members have been doing the rounds of dinners this year including ESCA, Central, Southern Wheelers, Southborough, etc., etc., and I think everyone enjoyed these functions.

Looking ahead, the boys seem to be checking on their racing equipment, mending tubs, having new tubes put into bikes, etc., etc., and even, so I hear, they are going training. Oh well, the Hard-riders "12" will sort them out. Mr. King of Central fame informs me that his times will not be up to last year's standards because he will not have the delightful training company of Mrs. Dalziel. So that's the secret of good times!

Talking of families, congratulations to ex-farmers Geoff and Jennifer on the arrival of a baby girl and likewise to Spindle and Helen. And talking of congratulations, as my notes did not appear in the last issue, may I add mine and the club's congratulations to Dave for his fine climb on Yarks Hill last October. Although a disastrous day for tandem-tricyclists, if shouting had meant the difference to Dave between 3rd and a championship the Uckfield could have got him up in a minute and a half!

Till the next time,

Good as gold Woppit.

Hullo there! Spring greetings to all East Sussex fast men, slow men and in-between men (What about the workers - the ladies, of course - Ed's. sec.) from this ancient and honourable club, which has put a fresh pen to work to chronicle its activities. As with all "Bonk" correspondents, I am determined to remain anonymous until found out: and for the benefit of all ignoramuses, laimbrains and dunderheads, my nom-de-plume is a diminutive of "Hastinger" - an inhabitant of Hastings.

The past quarter has been overshadowed by the double blow which fate dealt our Vice-Chairman, Arthur Coleman. Taken to hospital in January with a severe heart attack, Arthur received a terrible set-back three weeks later with the death of his wife Phyllis, who had herself been ill since before Christmas. In spite of this added blow, Arthur has made good progress, and readers will be pleased to know that by the time these notes appear he should be convalescing at Cooden. Arthur's cheerful, bibulous personality was certainly missed at the club dinner, which was nevertheless voted a very pleasant evening by most people. Our President, Fred Martin was in the chair (a little worried about possible cross-toasts from Martin Chambers); Tom Bray of the Medway T.C. toasted the club, while the Editor did the honours on behalf of the visitors. The racing men received their awards from Mrs. Churchill of the Catford C.C. and the evening ended with dancing M.C'd. by Dennis Neeves. A dozen members supported the Association Party at Stone Cross, while other social activities have included the club's annual Christmas Party, held this year at the Abbey Hotel, Battle. Here over thirty people did full justice to an excellent tea, followed by games, tock and trad music from Rob French's tape recorder, and a very interesting colour slide show by Stan Russell. Towards the end of the evening Rob taped the Hastings C.C. Glee Club singing boozy songs, accompanied by Cecil on a very out of tune piano. I wonder what Juke-Box Jury would say about this one! On Christmas morning some hardy racing men twiddled 63" gears for ten miles, with Rob managing to twiddle the fastest.

On February 18th we enjoyed another popular annual fixture. The "get-together" with members of the Catford C.C. at Kippings Cross. Club tea afterwards was at Hawkhurst; and here we found our President craftily packing his bicycle into the boot of his car.

The Hawkhurst Hastings road is Fred's 'bete noire' (mine too), and this time he did it the easy way while the rest of us struggled up Cripps Corner hill, Ebdens Hill &c. Chief struggler up hills that day was Esther, who having got herself some respectable jeans, is now making a come-back to club runs while Maurice presumably minds the baby. She spent a good deal of time gazing longingly at various members' gears and inquiring as to the cost of these very useful accessories. Esther's morals have invoked censure from one of our more upright members. This gentleman complains that every time he goes to see Esther he finds that Lyn Chambers or Ernie Spray are either there or have just left! HMMMMMM.

Club runs have generally been well supported during the winter, with eight to ten people at tea on every reasonably fine Sunday; and the local section of the Ball & Chain C.C. mustering four or five for the "Home to dinner at one" run.

And now I must reluctantly admit the dread truth that the racing season begins in three days time. Jack, Rob, Lyn and Martin are getting the miles in with a view to giving ESCA racing men a run for their money, while Neevo is trying to get fit enough to ride out to watch the Hardriders 12. Don't forget the club's Open 50 you middle distance men. For full details write to our Racing Secretary- Lyn Chambers, at 23 Park View, St. Helen's Road, Hastings. So as the cold east winds start to blow and Willcocks disconnects the alarm part of his alarm clock, I'll leave you with a suitable rallying cry for this time of year: Roll on the Social Season!

'STINGER.

Diego Martin,
Trinidad.

We all like to see our names in print, I think, I admit that I do, even though I have seen it thus quite a number of times now. So, one Wednesday, having won a 25 miles time trial in Sussex the previous Sunday, I found myself giving a little more attention than I usually do to the time trial results in "Cycling and Mopeds".

Sure enough, there was my name and my time, which was about a minute faster than the second rider's if I remember correctly. However, as my glance took in the other results I became uncomfortably

aware that I was one of the very small number of event winners who had recorded times in excess of one hour.

A little thought reminded me that the race I had won had produced some of the best times of the season by Sussex riders but there, in print, was full indication that our best standard was, nationally, not nearly good enough.

Why? Can we blame our courses? I do not think so, because R. Mantle (Farnham R.C.) having proved very convincingly last June that our G.41 presents no obstacles in the way of a sub-hour ride, I see no reason for assuming that our other courses, on which we produce similar times to those we do on G.41, would present any difficulty to a first class time trialist.

So it is we who are at fault. But why? I do/believe any of us would acknowledge that riders from, for instance, London, Nottingham or Liverpool are naturally physically superior to us, so why do we consistently produce comparatively slow times? The answer that there are less of us is not sufficient excuse because there are plenty of small areas where riders are producing excellent times.

The trouble, I feel, is that of having too narrow an outlook at time-trialing, too many riders in Sussex aspire no higher than to win a S.C.A., E.S.C.A. or club championship, or to beat the reigning best Sussex rider. Having achieved one of these ambitions the rider then contents himself with keeping ahead of his challengers without endeavouring to achieve honours in a wider field.

Now may I make a plea to all Sussex riders in 1962 to set themselves schedules not just to produce times that should ensure winning rides, but to produce times that will command approval and admiration from other parts of the country.

Think about it! Do not think it cannot be done. Take a look at what the East Grinstead boys have done, because it seems to me they have the correct attitude, and then decide that you, too, in 1962, will be one of the riders who beats the hour for a "25".

That's just a start. Do that and then decide that you will continue to improve at all your distances. Remember! it's all in the mind once you have achieved a certain degree of fitness.

Best of Luck,

Terry Chambers.

Reading how some scribes have to scratch their heads and nibble pens at "Bonk" deadline time prompts the smug reflection that the only problem with such a crowd of felons as the Wanderers is what to leave out !

As threatened, the club dinner duly took place - and without police intervention ! - at the Elephant & Castle, Lewes, and, much to our pleasure, was attended by people from all over the place, including the editor and "Auntie" Sheila, who defied all the horror stories re these functions to come and see for themselves. We trust they were not disappointed. The usual good meal was enlivened by a riot of cross-toasting, and the informal get-together afterwards seems generally to have been preferred to any organised routine. One popular item was the presentation of a box of Turkish Delight to our old pal "Tourist" Agg whose long association with the club goes back to its re-forming in 1950. Despite the gathering clouds of matrimony, we hope to see him once more on the road this season.

Some weeks later followed that general free-for-all, the A.G.M., which was notable this time for, believe it or not, its orderliness. Some unkindly person connected this with the absence of Agg, but it was also most noticeable that for some odd reason the usually verbose, prolix and loquacious Sharp, and the garrulous, ebullient and discursive Willcocks had decided to "belt up" for once, and so in record time the old clique were in, the only new appointment being the press-ganging of Bert Redwood into the Club Captain's job vacated by Dave Barton, who together with his brother has left us to join an SCA club.

Chancellor Eldridge decided to walk across the Downs to this function, presumably to save the bus fare, but lost his way and ended up in a field. He then became the target for some unwelcome attention from a bull which evidently resented the appearance of a rival in the stud stakes, and set out to assert its authority ! Hence the Chancellor having to admit : "I haven't moved so fast since I last saw a halfpenny in the gutter".

We intend to run eight evening 10's this year, on the Redmell course, details of which can be obtained from our lads or from the racing secretary: Pete Burbery, at his new address 115 Graham Crescent, Portslade, Sussex. Mick Burgess the general secretary

is still at 207 Hangleton Way, Hove.

Pausing briefly to survey the Social Season wrecks that will constitute the mainstay of ESCALAND this year, your scribe, optimistic as ever, wonders just where the Lewes heap fit into this set-up. Will 1962 prove to be The Year that Grover Came Back ? This burning question arises with the news that recently the former "Iron Man" looked in his shed and found a machine he'd sold to Russell last year. He contacted Russell and asked him if he knew he'd left his bike there. Russell replied: "It's yours now. I sold it back to you - at a good profit - a few nights ago." When Grover said he couldn't recall the deal, Russell added, almost apologetically: "Well, er, I believe you had had a few drinks, but of course I couldn't let that interfere with business !"

The news that Russell has taken up running in preference to cycling, at least for the time being, strengthens the suspicion that he considers a good burst of speed, legwise, to be essential when irate husbands appear at the most embarrassing moments !

Grover sent Willcocks a "Cycling" mileage chart for Xmas and added a footnote about veterans(!) being allowed to double their mileage in the annual competition. Even so, the latter's feeble meanderings aren't likely to set up any serious opposition to Tommy Godwin's figures !

The sixth Sharp, at present "under construction", is expected around the end of March so once again gloom descends on the village of Kingston. Whether the inhabitants will eventually be outnumbered remains to be seen, but they must already be feeling that their electoral powers are being severely undermined !

The latest giggle from the East Sussex Constabulary concerns the occasion when "Copper" Burgess was admonishing an old lady for allowing her dog to foul the pavement. On an adjacent hoarding was an outsize version of the current police ad. which says: "Are you the one man in twenty who can do a job as big as this ?!!!"

We are hoping to have a series of articles, by Professor Grover, I.M., entitled "Cycling minus Sex", as an antidote to the Crowsley reports. These will deal with the author's colourful career, including such little-known items as his 25th place in a Bournemouth 2-day (in which 24 finished) and one electrifying sprint at Preston Park track - while the gate official's back was turned.

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

We also look forward to having Johnny Cox back on the road now that he's finished the family mansion at Ringmer. He's got as far as saying: "I think I'll have a go this year", so in the eyes of his clubmates he's already committed! We can do with him to swell the number of our distance riders in 1962. (There is always Willcocks & Russell - Ed.).

In passing, our trio who attended the Eastbourne dinner would like to congratulate Messrs. Bartlett and Snelling, of that club, for their best laugh of the social season, the presentation to Ken Stevens - "the best half-wheeler in the club" - with a good, solid, genuine 100% half-a-wheel!! The howl that caused must have been heard for miles.

Just in time to be included, our final item is an unusual but very welcome intrusion into the realm of seriousness. Riding in the Prestonville Nomads "15" in mid-February, one of our younger members Tony Palmer won the event in 41-42, beating, among others, Alan Limbrey, who would appear to be making a comeback, by over 2 mins., and former clubmate "Dick" Barton by nearly 6'!. If our boys can carry on this sort of thing we'll certainly be struttin', and no mistake.

Well once again that is it, so we'll wish all readers bon voyage and lots of dry roads and puncture-free rides in 1962.

ALSORAN.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS R.C.

As the cries of "up up" die away, or so it seems, it is once again time to present oneself to the timekeepers again and listen to the ditty that must be in the top ten, 5-4-3-2-1-OFF. Well by now I should have started so I will now proceed.

As usual, members of the club have been present at a number of annual functions this social season. Following our own club dinner came the Medway R.C. and then the Association Luncheon. After the Luncheon Roy, Sue, Mick and Graham went on to Brighton where a round of the News Theatre, Hot Dog and Chip Stalls, and finally the Ice Stadium was completed. The Lewes Dinner gave rise to jubilation when it was seen that the brew was draught "Red Barrel", but when

Tunbridge Wells R.C. (continued).

eleven o'clock came Mick and Graham had only downed $3\frac{1}{2}$ pts. apiece, then somebody said that it was time to go. We left at 10 mins. past eleven, and the quantity consumed by that time had risen by 3, to $6\frac{1}{2}$ pts.

A week later came the Southborough Wheelers Dinner and more "Red Barrel". Before the end of the evening Dave Nightingale was going around asking people to blow up a balloon for him, and Gordon was going outside to see if he could walk straight along a crooked line. On leaving the dinner it might have been thought that Mick's driving was suspect, when putting his right indicator out he went left, and cries from the back of the car were: "slow down, slow down," "help", "be careful", "will you blow my balloon up", "I'm getting out", a short drive and six members of the Road Club, namely Dave, Sheila, Gordon, Dave Nightingale, Mick and Graham found themselves in Ashdown Forest, where a balloon was lashed to a fence by Dave Nightingale, and a christmas tree was persuaded to follow us back to the cars.

Late in January came the Sussex C.A. Luncheon, and the Hastings dinner where Mick and Graham forsook "Red Barrel" for draught "Guinness", the first 5 pints of so was all right until Mick was given some cider, he then staggered to a chair, sat down and staring in front of him went into a semi-coma until going home time. After leaving the dinner we were confronted by a "man-in-blue", who if Mick had had his way would have been "worked over". A week later Dave, Sheila, Gordon and Graham went to the East Grinstead dinner where Dave was making his third Dinner speech of the season and Graham was drinking lemonade.

Eight members of the club attended the last dinner of the season, the Eastbourne Rovers, where Roy, Gordon and Graham collected the "Carnival Shield" for 1st place in the roller racing at the Eastbourne Carnival.

The first East Sussex event of the year, the Touring Competition, was supported by 5 members of the Road Club. The fine weather gave rise to a good day's riding (and running), and everyone who rode the event enjoyed themselves. The Road Club won the team award, with Dave 2nd and Graham 3rd, being supported by Gordon and Dave Nightingale.

Our first club event "The Hardriders" was run off on the 18th February. This year we used a new course via Frant, Wadhurst,

Tunbridge Wells R.C. (continued).

Lamberhurst, and Bells Yew Green, which proved to be harder than the old course. Graham was fastest with a time of 41 mins. 48 secs., with Dave 2nd in 42.02, Gordon 3rd with 42.24. We were pleased to have four members of the Southborough Wheelers riding private time trials, the fastest being Alan Brindley with a time of 42.19.

By the time you read this the ESCA "Hardriders" will have been settled and the cries on Agony Hill died away, so here's wishing you all the best of luck for this season.

She has finally made it, and on March 10th, at 2 o'clock Roy meets his docm, but seriously though, we wish them the very best. It can't be too bad as Dave seems to thrive on it.

ANGEL.

JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND

This being a true account of an East Anglian Cycling Journey undertaken by :- S. Russell, Esq., of the County of Sussex and G. Little, Esq., of the same County, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand nineteen hundred and sixty one.

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Sunday, 4th June. N.E. Breeze, warm, sun and clouds. Left Warrior Square Station 0702. Arrived Tonbridge 0815. Railway staff very helpful. Potted on to Gravesend, arrived 1030. Crossed to Tilbury. Number of Indians (or Pakistanis) just off the boat. Dead rats all the way. Fried up north of Ongar, small attracts curious cattle. Stopped at Leaden Roding to make purchases. On through High Easter, country gent claims to have 400 year old rose tree in front garden. Pleshy, pretty village with tumuli, etc. Felstead (Public School). On to Braintree, lousy district. Drummed up behind hedge. Heavy traffic returning from the coast towards us all the way to Colchester. B & B at "Clarendon Arms" 15/-. Run by Roy, famous portrait painter and ex-president of the "Handlebar Club". Fine tableau taking shape in studio. Mileage 85.

Monday, 5th June. Weather as Sunday. Left Colchester later than intended. Madam, 3 children and dog all very sociable. Visited natural history exhibits in disused church. The smell of live

stoats and weasels remains. Pressed on through Hall Green via Ramsey. Shandy in jovial company. Dovercourt deserted. Not even a cup of tea. Arrived at Harwich. Fry up on quay in hot sun. Good motoring audience. Ferry up to Felixstowe, 1/9 per nob. 1/9 per bike (a bit steep). Felixstowe, a pleasant spot. The Yanks are coming all the way from Bentwaters. Rode a few miles with Harry Cook, veteran tricyclist of some 50 years standing. Snape, beautiful river and water mills. Good for photography. Aldeborough 1930. B. & B. 11/-. Interviewed by two little girls, about 10 or 11 years old. Dad on allotment, Mum at Old Tyme Dance. Helped make fire, chopped firewood with felling axe. Lovely old town. Evening meal of fish and chips. Recast church bells awaiting erection in church grounds. Mileage 53. Expenditure £1. 1. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Tuesday, 6th June. Weather as before. Left Aldeborough 0930. Journeyed via Leiston, Westledon (church with thatched roof), Lodden, Brampton. All pretty villages. Beeches. Fine churches and river on the edge of the Broads. Made day's purchases. Arrived Norwich 1545. Nice town. Large market, stalls with coloured covers. Locked out of Cathedral. Just time to take an illicit photo of cloisters. Depart 1720. Don slacks, legs being burnt by sun. Corpusty and Saxthorpe both pretty villages. Beer strong. Can't understand natives, though friendly. Arrived Holt 2030. Chat with friendly young copper. B. & B. at "The Railway", treated like Royalty. Hot baths, hot drinks before retiring. 15/-. Mileage 53. Expenditure £1. 5. 2. This part of Norfolk, excellent country, a little hillier.

Wednesday, 7th June. Hot sun and clouds. Left Holt 1000. Met old man with timber toe and cart, much patched with scrap wood and sacking. Powered by small donkey, aged 30. Blakeney. Nice sailing centre near sea. Stiffkey (of Vicar fame), unspoilt village with trees. Wells, next to the sea. Bingo and general commercialised. Hunstanton, smallest Woolworths' in captivity. Picnic on front. Good beach. Ideal for infants and mothers cutings. Inclined to rain, very dark over sea. Through forest type country to Kings Lynn. Fine churches, large merchants house and guildhall. Unfortunately, all rather neglected. Now little shipping over 1,000 tons coasters. B. & B. 11/-. Very old house about to fall down. Kept by two ladies of the Elinor Glyn period. Mileage 63. Expenditure 17/4d.

Thursday, 8th June. Has rained all night. Wind now S.W. Dull. Left Lynn 0930. Rain stopped. Long flat ride through Downham

Market and Littleport. Both drab little towns in the centre of the "Larder of England". Large fields, good soil, big crops. On to Ely. Beautiful cathedral and interesting town, Kings' school. Drummed up by River Ouse and watched boys rowing. 15 miles to Newmarket in the hour. Could have done with gears. Flat, uninteresting country. Traffic bad on A.11, until turning off to Saffron Walden. Hillier district, lovely town and country. Had to kill rabbit with mysee and car injuries. No CTC appointments left at Thaxted. Night at the "Bull" B. & B. 15/-, Mileage 70. Expenditure 18/10d.

Friday, 9th June. Sun and clouds. Cool S.W. winds. Left the "Bull" after sampling good offices of mine host (late PLA). Through lanes, Great Sampford, Castle Camps, Shudy Camps, Cowlings, Lidgate and Dalham. This village similar to the Wiltshire Winterbournes. Stream in front of cottages choked and bridges broken. Lunched in woods. On to the A.11 at Barton Mills. Miles of heathlands, large war memorial Thetford, pleasant little town. Did not leave until 1630. Steady ride to pub at Ampton. Enter farm labourer, a veritable John Cobden, cap resting on ears. Every facet of the world situation catalogued under cloth cap. Ride on through Little Wrattling (home of Sainsbury's abattoir) Bury St. Edmunds, small cathedral pleasant town. On to Haverhill, loud voiced lady cleaning out moth-eaten estate agents' office directs us to the amusement of Yank cleaning car. Through Steeple Bumpstead, saw no steeple. Back to Thaxted for 15/- B. & B., very satisfactory. Mileage 93. Expenditure £1. 4. 4.

Saturday, 10th June. Sun and clouds. Strong SW wind. Left Bull 0915. Great Bardfield, Finchingfield. More people about than on previous visit. Through High Easter, Leaden Roding. Wind very strong. Lunch behind hedge. Ongar, Brentwood, Tilbury (dreary hole). Ferry to Gravesend, market day. Excellent supper at Chinese Restaurant. Place full of Lascars, blacks, Swedes over from Tilbury. Many coffee bar cowboys. Oaf with Billy Two Rivers haircut and gold ear rings. Tour of PLA control room by very courteous gent. B. & B. 8/6d. not recommended. Room decorated with audacious pin-ups, many more in wash-stand. Hard day into wind. Mileage 50. Expenditure 17/10d.

Sunday, 11th June. Sun, thunderstorm strong SW wind. Left Gravesend 0900. Meopham, Wrotham (motoring walkers). Mereworth, Goudhurst. Kill blackbird with broken legs. Drummed up in storm under ground sheet by charcoal burners camp (old method). Flimwell,

rain stopped, sun out. Home 1540. Mileage 50. Expenditure Nil.

Calm seas all round coast. Large numbers of pheasants and hares. More white campion than red in East Anglia. 14 broken windscreens noted on roads.

Conclusion: Very satisfactory week in good company. No mechanical trouble. Total mileage approximately 521. Expenditure under £8.

Guy.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

Having missed the last Bank report, I made a New Year's resolution to start this report early. I've just broken my last resolution. I am already two days late and I haven't attempted it yet.

Well as this report goes back a bit I will not bore you with end of season events, you know all about them anyway.

In November, the Eastbourne Education Committee had a "Youth for Sport Exhibition" at which we had a stand. It proved to be one of the best stands of the show. With a background of racing photos, some of club members and some excellent ones borrowed from Cycling, and four modern bikes depicting every aspect of the sport. The centre piece was a 19th century Boneshaker borrowed from our President Arthur Cheshire. This original model proved the biggest attraction on the stand. The local Press thought it was worth a photograph and on looking round the boys for one looking suitably ancient to match the bike in the photo, picked on Ken Stevens to stand holding it. The show was for two nights, so the members had to put in quite a lot of time, but it has proved worthwhile as we have had quite an influx of members in the 14-17 age group which is very encouraging. All of them are so keen that they are beginning to drive the other members "up the wall" with their non-stop questions. We have to have two clubruns, one taken by Quentin Rance for half a day, which helps the youngsters as they can't afford to stop out all day. The all day run is taken by Ken Stevens and usually starts conveniently from Boship roundabout.

Members have attended several club dinners this season. Chris, Tony, Iris and Ken rode over to Lewes for the Wanderers' 'do', on a very foggy night. It's funny how you think you know a road, isn't it? Lucky it had cleared when it was time to head for

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C. (continued).

home as none could steer very straight. It must have been that swig out of Pete Burbery's B.A.R. cup.

On Christmas morn we revived an old event, cyclists v. harriers, with the Athletic section of the club. It was run over the downs near Willingdon, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The event was won by Jim Woods, heating the Harriers at their own game, running. Jim is in the Navy, so his bike was at base. During the event Chris Snelling thought that the quickest way down a rather steep descent was to fly, but alas he is not another Peter Pan. He skidded to a halt on his chin and ended up looking like Kirk Douglas, with the groove in his chin. But the tale does not end here, back at the finish Chris was not in the best of moods. He ripped the front wheel out of the old Raleigh he was riding and threw the rest of the bike away. One of these enterprising juniors took the bike home and up the club next week informed Chris he had sold the parts off it and had made £4 up to date. Chris practically exploded !!

Though the weather has not been very good on some Sundays only one clubrun was cancelled. We had our usual "get fit" run up to Leith Hill and most of us came home "benked up" with the exception of Ken, who thrives in the hills. (Quite right, too - Ed.).

We did not have any spectacular pile-ups that some clubs had on icy roads. One of our juniors, John Brissenden, did crash on the ice as he was leaving the clubroom one Thursday at the end of December. He knocked his two front teeth out and broke his wrist which meant Iris had to go to hospital with him and ended up riding home at 12.45. The best of it was, they brought John home in an ambulance at 1.15 a.m. and he only lives just around the corner from Iris. With a face like a pumpkin he could hardly talk when Ken went round to see him the next evening, but he kept asking if his bike was OK. Aren't cyclists mad !! Though his beauty is slightly marred, he says he never did like those two teeth anyway.

Iris and Ken had different type of weather to contend with when they rode down to Washington for the SCA Luncheon. It must have surely been the worst Sunday of the winter, rain and a westerly gale blowing. Iris took the biggest "packet" she has had since the dreaded Nash clubruns of '56 and '57.

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C. (continued).

In February we had a trip to the Pantomime at Brighton. The boys must have thought they were at the Windmill Theatre because they had all hired opera glasses before the show had started.

Now last but not least we come to our Club Dinner, with a record number of 123 members and friends present, including a large number from Escaland. The chief award winners were BAR Ken Stevens, who last won it way back in his youth 1950. Club 25 Trophy went to our potential fast man Chris "Lavatory Brush" Snelling. Track Trophy went to serviceman Johnny Mayes. Long Distance Brian "Yakky" Cornwell. Ladies BAR "15" Trophy Iris Stevens. Most Improved Novice Jim Woods. Unfortunately for us Jim has joined the Navy as a career so we have lost a very promising junior.

The "Friendly Ones" Chris and Tony had a special award to be presented. A box all done up with red ribbon labelled "To the best half-wheeler in the Club - Ken Stevens" and on opening Ken found inside, you guessed it, half a wheel, tyre and all. Ken was real chuffed with this and it now has pride of place above the shed door.

Also at our dinner was our Open 25 winner, Johnny Smith and his wife. Johnny had ridden down from Braintree in Essex as training miles. The open team winners were also present, the Verulam C.C., one of these boys also rode down, from St. Albans.

Well this just about brings my report to a close, I haven't any up to date scandal to report, as the boys are all behaving themselves. All they talk about is training and getting fit. Me, I'm still trying to get fit for clubruns ! Oh well, roll on next Social Season.

Scrubber

An appeal to Mr. Willcocks that - warning of his intention to ride and not just enter events should be more widely published, as the writer thought she was suffering from hallucinations from the snow and cold wind whilst marshalling the Hardriders 12. It might be added that the young lady referred to has been in a nervous state of collapse ever since. (Keeps muttering "I can't believe it" - Ed.).

OBITUARY - IN MEMORIAM

It is with very great regret that we have to record the untimely death of Mrs. Phyllis Coleman, wife of Arthur Coleman, the Association Vice-Chairman. Phyllis, who died on the 3rd February, at the age of 31, was an active member of the Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. A keen club girl before her marriage, being an enthusiastic supporter of club runs and social functions, her active cycling became curtailed with the arrival of a family, nevertheless, she still continued to work hard in the social and financial field, and helped raise many a pound at the Annual Dinner by her hard work and invigorating personality.

Besides her cycling activities, Phyllis was a devoted church worker; in her early 'teens at Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, and later at London Road Congregational Church where the funeral service was conducted before cremation at the Borough Crematorium.

Cycling organisations were represented by Mr. Dennis Coleman (Hastings & St. Leonards Cycling Club), Mr. Colin Sinden (Kent and Sussex Fellowship of Cyclists), and Mr. Denis Neeves (East Sussex Cycling Association).

The Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. will miss one of their most loved members, and our deepest sympathy is extended to Arthur and his family in their very sad loss.

Ladies Individual Records as at February 1st, 1962.

10 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex C.C.	26. 5.	1952
15 Miles	P. Novis	Eastbourne Rovers	41.31.	1955
25 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex C.C.	1. 8. 7.	1952
50 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex C.C.	2.22.50.	1952

Ladies Team Records - Teams of two riders.

10 Miles	Central Sussex C.C.	55.39.	1952
15 Miles	Eastbourne Rovers	1.24.10.	1955
25 Miles	Central Sussex C.C.	2.21.23.	1958
50 Miles	Eastbourne Rovers	5.10.22.	1956

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT RACING NEWS.

As for most clubs the racing has hardly started, and most of our lads are trying to get fit for what will undoubtedly be our best season over shorter distances. We have a newcomer in Alan Brindley who is a 1.1.15. man, and is also keen on mass start, he is organising the Southborough Road Race over 66 miles of the Ashdown Forest circuit on May 6th. I can quite safely predict fast times from several of the lads but the one snag is getting teams to ride together.

We held our usual rough-stuff event on the 18th February and Phil Hennessy proved best man as usual over a hard and tricky course. Dave Patten also rode this event and really scorched around to record the fastest time by about 3 mins.

Four of the lads had a ride in the Tunbridge Wells R.C. 14½ mile hardriders event last Sunday, 18th February, and did very well, being placed very close to each other.

I'm afraid that Arthur Parks has decided not to race this year, but he's not retired altogether, he says. For myself, I'm finding it very difficult to get out at all on the bike, but I'm hoping to get a few events in later on this year.

We look like having a team in the Catford 24 hr. this year, with Crow, Ted, Les Hayman, also threatening to ride is Mick Hammond, who is rather young for this marathon event, but he is dead keen to have a go.

Our Hilly 42 is on April 15th, and I would like to see more riders from ESCA having a go. Last year we were unable to accept all entries, being 30 over the limit, but we can promise you a great event if you ride.

Well, everybody, best of luck for 1962, and let's have plenty of "personal bests".

Romy the Drip.

And so I sniffed the atmosphere in the changing room of "The Ashtree" and my gaze fell upon Ken Stevens anointing himself with some obnoxious fluid and I thought "Man, it's like the racing season is here, and the Bonk report ought to be". So here goes with all that is printable from the last quarter.

Kicking off with the Association Luncheon last November which ten of us greatly enjoyed, chiefly for the welcome change of venue and the convivial cross-toasting. Naturally we were disappointed that Ron Hayward missed the BAR by such a small margin again, but congratulations to Ken Atkins on getting the top spot after some many years of trying.

The Tour of the Guinness brewery and visit to "The Music Man" that unfortunately clashed with the Central Sussex Dinner, was fairly successful though some thought the show over-rated; as usual when in London the club tried a mass sampling of restaurants.

With barely five days to recover from the ESCA AGM, the Lewes Dinner came round - a real cyclists do on the lines of the late lamented "Rabbit pie suppers". Although no official entertainment was laid on, Russell and Grover enthralled us with tales of London life, whilst Willcocks capped the lot with some incredible tales concerning Jewish Rabbis and Roman Catholic Priests.

Many people have asked us why we as a club seem to thrive on long distance events, the answer is simply that anyone with enough stamina to withstand the demands of the Southborough Social Programme will find 12's and 24's comparative child's play. The first big test of strength came on December 16th when the club dinner broke out again with a capacity crowd of 170, over 30 applications having to be refused. Many Kent clubs and "names" were there including Roger Wilkins. We were pleased to welcome from ESCA Bill Collins (who made an excellent speech), Dot and Bruce, Dave Patten and the Tunbridge Wells crew, and the Uckfield - Central Sussex combine, led by Cedric "Duckweed" Pearson, who earned a free ticket for his now famous exploit. Hilarious cross-toasts and informal prize presentations came fast and furious, with wooden spoons being presented to the slowest riders in the KCA 12 and Crow getting his just deserts by receiving a cup for "The World's Greatest Lover", an award which if he lives up to he will never live down. Maiden speeches were well

received from Lord Daniel and Ron Hayward, who also won the BAR, fastest 100 and 12 hr. for the umpteenth time. The beer drinking contest, dancing and games followed in the best Southborough tradition (mad) and the dinner was voted one of the best ever, with accolades for Teddy Boorman's excellent organisation.

A few hours later (if some of the tales about getting home from the dinner are true), under brilliant skies, Mick Hammond won the free-wheeling competition for the second year running, a quick bite of lunch and then down to the AGM, which reflected a good 1961 and optimism for 1962 for all quarters. The enormous club Christmas tea and party to round the week-end off - see what I mean about stamina.

Christmas celebrations - the apogee of the social season - must have been the mostest in the club's history with two days "run in" before the Christmas Day 10 with an entry of 20. Considering that there was 7° of frost (-3 to you European Centigrade enthusiasts) and everyone said they didn't really try the times were very good with Alan Brindley 28-25 beating Clive Orchard by 3 secs - practically everyone used their ordinary winter "irons" and 69 fixed.

Christmas night found the club running parties for every taste. At Geoff 'n Anny Haymans a quiet but pleasant evening was passed by some long standing club members (I didn't say old). The lights burnt late behind a heavily curtained house in High Brooms - the Hayward card school was in full swing with Lou, Arthur and the Orchard twins in attendance to do friendly battle by nap and pontoon and leaving the house about 3 a.m. wiser and poorer with the Haywards having a bonus week's house-keeping to defray expenses (Graham wouldn't stop eating).

A few miles south-east the sound of twangy guitars and trad emanated from the upper room of any east house in Five Oak Green, where under the patronage of Sue Fry another lively party was taking place. However, after midnight this began to quieten down a bit and from the vaguely discernible shapes silhouetted in a firelight lit room all that could be heard (apart from the music) was the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional "Kindly remove your foot from my armpit" or the more anguished cry of "Would you, sir or madam, please desist from lying on my head". Yes it certainly was some party.

After these and other celebrations, the Kent C.A. do on December 30th and the New Year's Eve do at "The Squirrels" were rather damp squibs, although the heavy snow on the 31st produced a large clubrun who spent most of that Sunday afternoon pushing cars out of drifts.

The Kent clubs have had their share of visiting with Geoff Hayman producing some typically witty speeches at the Medway Wheelers and Sittingbourne do's. A large crowd supported Danny's first "away" speech at the San Fairy Ann dinner which was up to its usual high standard. As a result of these Geoff got his photo in Cycling. Ron, Lou, Sue and Crow also attended the marathon Belle Vue C.C. affair.

A feature of the lively and informal Uckfield dinner was the use of a full blooded "Rock" group which, while of limited appeal - especially to the "squares" amongst the gathering was certainly an innovation. As the evening drew to a close the writer was eagerly anticipating the National Anthem being given the "big beat" treatment, but instead we were all on the receiving end of a most original interpretation of "The Queen" rendered on the pianoforte by Reg "Semprini" Tew, after which we agreed that Divine Intervention would not only be needed for our Sovereign Lady but for the assembled company as well if we were to avoid a repeat performance.

It has often been suggested that with the interest in competitive cycling becoming paramount, the old fashioned get togethers are becoming a thing of the past. All praise then to Den and Celia Hamilton-Webb who promoted a first class event at 114D.

In the sombre and purposeful atmosphere that is so reminiscent of 114D (Sic), discussion was formally opened on how better inter-club relationships could be achieved. With delegates from Uckfield, Southborough, Southern Wheelers, Central Sussex and the Rovers present, and the fact that there was a near equal ratio of male to female, very little discussion did actually take place, as most seemed to favour the "Deeds not Words" approach. To help the revelry along Celia had prepared some of her famed lemon meringue and other delicacies, however it required a little helping as jiving and other tribal dancing had brought forth knocking from the adjacent flat at 1-30 a.m., not to mention the noise made by a recumbent operatic gentleman, who informed all that he desired to ride a cow. He was denounced as

drunk by Woppit, who proceeded to enact a chorus-girl routine with Edie Barrow's umbrella before forcefully joining his confederate on the floor. Sue Fry - from what we saw of her - seemed to be No. 1 member of the Malcolm Verrey fan club and Vivian Froud spent some time selecting one who was "Just her type". From my vantage point behind Cedge's beard and Jo's hair (which were in close proximity), I observed the Vicar indulging in non-clerical duties, not to mention Arthur, Sally, Ganger, Veronica and Pete Ford taking photographic evidence of the lot! The general tenor of the evening can be judged by the engrossed way some friends of Celia's tried to sort out "Who's Whose" during some complex inter-club exchanges. Perhaps the quote of the evening must go to the unsteady utterance of "Galls-worthy, just because you're going to be best man at my wedding there's no need to make a pig of yourself". However, I'm sure the Editor and indeed all clean-living upright members of ESCA will be shocked by any disclosures that lowers the tone of this fine magazine. My only reason for reporting it is that the Uckfield's scribe's memories of the evening may be somewhat er impaired.

Back to the great outdoors and results of the Southborough v. Canterbury C.C. football match at Sittingbourne which we won 3 - 1 in cold conditions.

Club runs have been well supported this winter (yes, even with the social evenings). Fortunately, we've put Danny off Southend and St. Albans runs, but nevertheless they have been of great variety - especially "Black Ice" Sunday that brought forth eight pile-ups! Trends this season have been away from hostelling and 100 in 8's, most Saturday evenings finds the Wheelers at jazzy do's at the Assembly Hall - they say that jiving keeps them fit, or in various hostelries.

Recent history has been the ESCA Tourist Competition that (despite what Quentin says) was run on much easier lines and caused very little "racing". The writer having given up all hope of ever judging his own speed, was amazed at his 6 secs. error that gave him maximum points and enough lead to hang on and win the event. Congratulations to versatile Dave, racer, editor and tourist on his second place and leading a team win and also Phil's excellent organisation.

The ensuing party was the best for years with the typical ESCA

esprit-de-corps prevailing Thank you everybody for sitting through my slide show - hope you enjoyed it, I hope to be over at the Isle of Man Cycling Week in May for some really big "takes". (You'd do better to go in June! - Ed.).

Dinners finished on a high note with Lou, Ted and Arthur attending the Hastings function and eight of us at the great Eastbourne affair. Next day found Phil Hennessy winning the club cyclo-cross in fast and dry conditions from Ron Hayward, which brings us up to the 24th February and the Southborough Social at Tonbridge. With 170 there mostly intent on one grand fling before the racing season the whole event was a flying success from the start. Kirby and Wilkings were there and loads of our Kentish friends, the Tunbridge Wells crew and the Uckfield-Central Sussex combine, of course. What a difference from the September social when people weren't "Social fit", though judging from some of the twisters (best lot of twisters I know - Ed.), they have a long way to go, anyway the official social season closed on a high note, thanks again to Ted's great organisation.

A quick round-up of Births, to Pete and Babs Cocke, a son Barry, 7 stone 5 lbs. on 3rd Febr., and Geoff and Jenny Boxall, a daughter Kathryn, 7 stone 2 lbs. on 8th Jan. Deaths and Marriages none. Engagements: Pam Jones (now on P. & O. "Canberra") to Lou Milkins, Dave Gillet to Sylvia, Eric Crook to Isobel, and Mick Armitage to Jean.

And so with "jivers arm", "twisters knee" and night starvation (I'm not divulging anything about that), I unpreparedly face the onslaught of the racing gazing across the changing room of the "Ash Tree" and watch Ken Stevens - but this is where I came in.

Best of luck to you all from -

Southborough 7 CROW.

Spring is here, the young man said,
As he turned off the alarm, and leapt out of bed,
The morning is calm, and I've had my rest,
Now let's try for a "personal best".

"PAT"

Our previous subscriber to "Bonk" from East Grinstead works for British Railways, so we never know when he is going slow, and most of the younger members of the club are 'ban the bomb' fans, and are likely to pack up and sit down any time, so that only leaves one person daft enough to do it!

Reading through the last edition of "Bonk", we saw an article about holidays in Northern France. We put our thinking caps on and decided that one of the most entertaining things on our holiday in Brittany last July was when Dick Marchant barged into a maid's bedroom! If I tell any more tales someone might say "who ordered lemonade in her best French and got a packet of crisps". (Well, you try saying "Pschiff" !!). Dick has taken to a new branch of cycling now, falling off. He was involved in pile-ups two or three weeks running with Terry Sales. They both sound like a lot of old ganders coming along the road now, having bought loud hooters to frighten unsuspecting old ladies (and young ones, too !!).

Our Christmas morning run saw a strange sight - Micky Robinson on the front of a renovated tandem. He doesn't like it much because his passenger (some say a very insecure load!) pulls on the handle bars and tries to turn his saddle round. Nearly succeeded going up one hill too. Members have been out in force for a speed judging contest, won by Bill Francis, a free-wheeling contest won by Alan Baxendine, and a scavenger hunt won by Alan's better half, Valerie.

The club dinner held at Ye Olde Felbridge was well supported by members of Tunbridge Wells, Central Sussex, Worthing Excelsior and Crawley Clubs, and went off with quite a swing - especially with Micky doing the twist. (No jokes about him being a twister, please, they have already been said). The entertainment certainly was great for onlookers when the men had to carry their better-halves in one game !!! (Perhaps not so funny for the men concerned). Every one was pleased to see Ray Lunn and his wife, Heather, present. Ray became a 'daddy' some weeks ago. It was mentioned that Phil Hitchcock has been telling his sister that he comes up to the club room regularly - but for some weeks we only saw him for five minutes or so Someone said "Ah, there goes another good cyclist". Phil said at the E.S.C.A. slide show he wondered how long he could escape for.

Ten members left East Grinstead that morning, Dick, Terry, Phil, Tony Merriman, Graham Green and 'Gen' Ben Borer went to the slide show and got caught without lights going home, and had to cut across the Forest to avoid the police cars. They didn't get home until 11 p.m. ! Two not-so-energetic members (some say downright lazy) who shall remain anonymous left the 'main bunch' and after dinner went to Stone Cross by van. Just past Boship Roundabout the van broke down and didn't the cyclists laugh to hear that we had to get two A.A. men to put the van right again.

Five members rode in a 100-mile reliability trial recently. To get fit, they said. The only thing they were fit for when they finished was to sit down, drink tea and attack plates of cream buns (which 'Gen' Ben did with gusto). However, all finished in the time limit except one, who was perhaps off on one of his "club night disappearance" sprees. Phil, Ben and Graham Greene rode in the 'Hardriders' event, which was quite an effort considering the weather. Someone who was carrying a bag of timed food on his back going home got the knock, so Valerie volunteered for Alan to carry it, and when he began to suffer that someone revived and had an easy ride home !!!

We have a keen bunch of younger members in the Club now, who should do well if they keep at it. Still, time (and results) will tell.

"NELL GWYNNE".

Pam Stokes was heard to remark, at the Eastbourne Dinner, that her dress must have shrunk as she had to use two tyre levers and a shoehorn to get it on !!!

An uncle of Phil Hennessey, who had not seen him since last Spring, sent him a Christmas present - a razor, shaving soap and after-shave lotion.

Celia's reply to those who asked if her bottle party was a success: "Well, it's the first time I've been locked out of my own bedroom".

What was the Tunbridge Wells Road Club's club run captain doing strapping his bike on the roof of a car after the Hardriders?

Dawn now refuses to allow Ron to drink Ribena as she says it gives him too much vitality and curtails her racing season.

The Burgess baby, a boy, duly arrived, but it's yet too early to say whom he resembles most. However, it's not true that some Wanderers have had bags packed for some time

Crow's map-reading ability seems to have slipped since the tourist competition, as he recently found the best way from Horam to Edenbridge was via Brighton. Maybe Veronica knows why ?

What was Burbery doing transporting sections of a garden shed across the fields near his new address at midnight ? We hear that a local building firm is at least one shed short, and that "Copper" Burgess is in charge of investigations as to its whereabouts !

HERE and THERE

Pete Crowsley, on hearing he had achieved 2nd place in the Hardriders, was heard to remark: "Oh well, you are bound to do well if you ride the Tourist Competition, that's sure to get you fit !!"

It is rumoured that the Management Committee have been requested to explore the possibilities of having a special medal struck in commemoration of Geoff Willcocks' RIDE in the Hardriders 12.

Tourist competition clangers: Bedfordshire is in the Lake District; another suggested Co. Galway.

Ron Russell says his new social season game went down very well. It's played by three people who each have a bottle of Scotch and then see who can drink it the fastest. One then goes out of the room and the others have to guess who it is!

The sight of the social season - Arthur Parks doing the Twist.

Overheard when two Central Sussex bods were surveying the array of motive power outside the Party venue at Stone Cross: "Blimey, there's everything here from an antique Austin '7' to Dutson's "Salmon Can" !!

Neat turn of wit by a Catford C.C. junior, anent a hooter-happy overtaking motorist - "I wonder what else he had for Christmas".

Doug. Chisholm, of Lewes, is reputed to be a cross-country runner, yet was recently reduced to exhaustion during a five mile workout around Seaford with Tony Peacock. The latter wasn't even puffed.

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