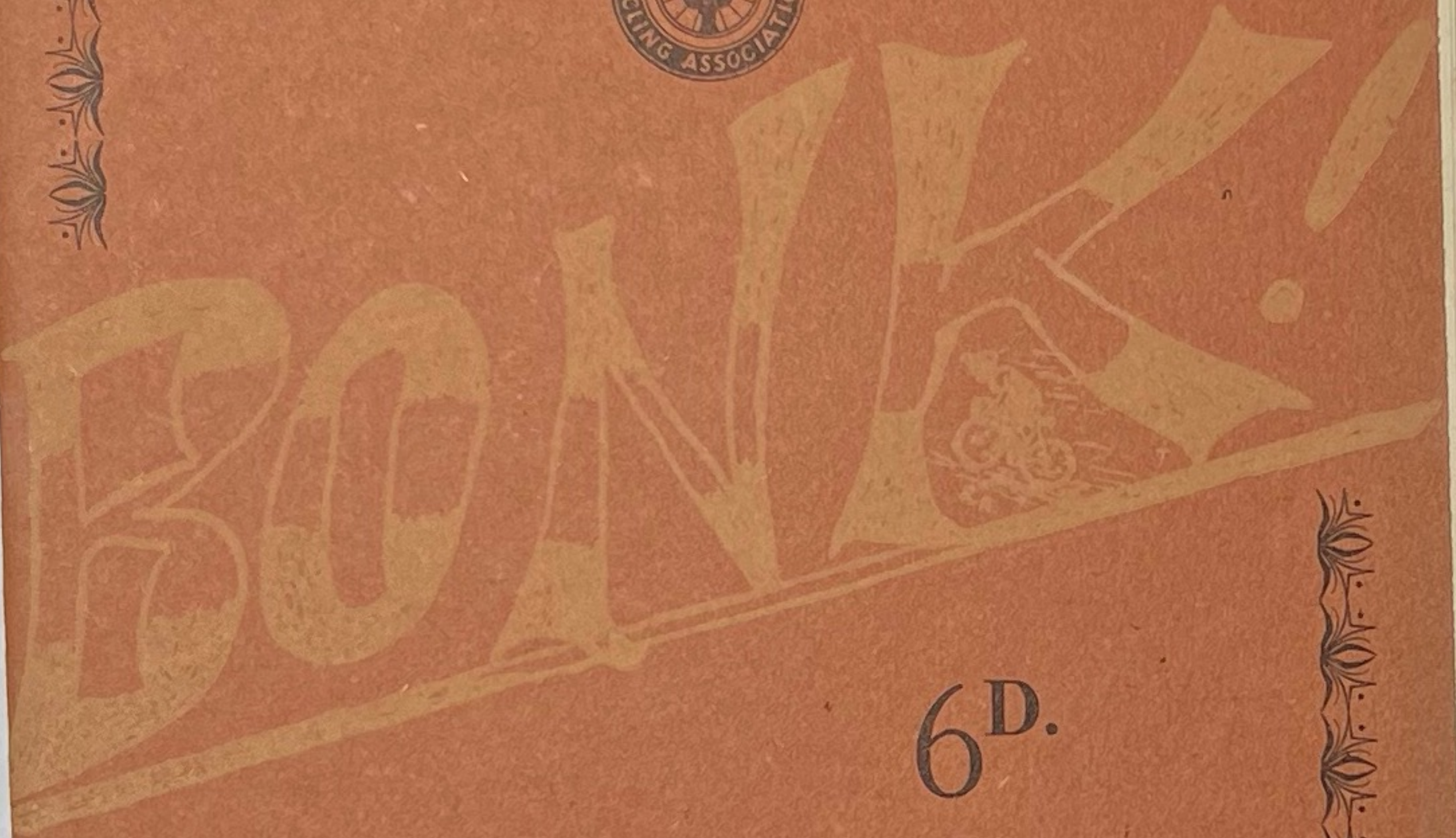


THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE
EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION



6^{D.}

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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CHRISTMAS 1962.

EDITORIAL

The racing season now behind us and the social season well under way, the usual spate of A.G.M's. end, 1963 planning once again comes to the fore. NOW is the time when everyone can have their say and air any grievances, bearing in mind that constructive criticism is quite often the best form of advice.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a few jottings from our A.G.M. which once again proves the success of our Association by the few changes that take place at this meeting. Nevertheless, this success can only be maintained by the co-operation of all to assist those chosen few, who have willingly agreed to give of their time to keep our chosen sport and pastime flourishing.

I would add that in order to obtain this success the Association requires the full support of their own members. So remember that although we participate in friendly competition, to win is not the be all and end all of racing. Taking part and enjoying what we do is the essence of making the most of our cycling, so with these few words I will wish all readers a Happy Xmas and many miles wheel in 1963.

In conclusion, I would like to introduce your new magazine editor Sheila, who has undertaken to keep you informed of what goes on in Escaland, and remind you that the closing date for the Spring edition is 22nd February, 1963.

D.P.

Since my last notes appeared, the Grand old man of Sussex cycling has passed away. I refer, of course, to Ted Jenner. Ted was our President in 1954 and though he has been in poor health during the past few years, he has followed our activities closely. Since his retirement from business some years ago, he was always to be seen at the Track Meetings all over Sussex, always lending a helping hand. He had well over 50 years membership of the N.C.U. and B.C.F., and a year or two ago was elected a Vice-Patron of the British Cycling Federation, an honour richly deserved. Persons such as Ted are few and far between in our sport, so let us all take an example from Ted and resolve to give just a little more time and thought to assisting in the running of our sport.

The Social Season is now in full swing, with Dinners, Xmas Parties and A.G.M's. By the time these notes reach you we shall have had our Luncheon and A.G.M., at which the date will have been fixed for our Annual Party, and also the Touring Competition. The latter event proved very popular this year, and it is to be hoped that next year we shall see some Ladies competing, as we still have an award which was presented this year for the best placed lady. Unfortunately, none finished, so the donor has again offered the prize for 1953.

The Time Trials programme for next year has been approved by the R.T.T.C., and it contains the same number of events as this year, with the exception of an additional 10 miles for the Ladies. To avoid a clash with the K.C.A. Hill-Climb, subject to the A.G.M. approving, it has been suggested that our event at Wellingford Lane should take place in the afternoon, and so allow our member clubs to compete in both events, should they so wish.

I would like to draw the attention of riders and racing secretaries to the fact that again during 1953 Reg Eldridge and myself will be acting as event secretaries, please check the entry forms and see that they are sent to the right person, and so avoid late entries and the disappointment of having them returned as was the case in one or two instances this year.

Here's wishing you all a Merry Xmas, and roll on the racing season.

R.H.

Having once again arrived at this write-up with eager anticipation or dark foreboding, depending on whether or not you're a member of this august club, ESCA bods can rest assured that no stone will be left unturned in the endless quest for "Bonk" ammunition.

The racing season ended with our boys riding in most of the latter events, a notable exception being the hill climb, again no challenge being forthcoming from that "ace of the dips" Willcocks. In the Association 50 "Tourist" Agg turned in a very good 2.11.43, and walloped Tony Palmer by 2½ mins. Burbery sidled off with the 1st handicap here, while Colborn, who has done practically no training this year, due to studies, still did 2-18-15. In the SCA 50 Colborn again "had a go" and finished in 2.23.3. In the Bognor Tony Palmer romped round in 1-3-38, Burbery did a 6, and Colborn a 7-19. The newly-revived 15 on the hilly Cooksbridge/Sheffield Park road took place on a rainy, galeswept morning, and Tony Palmer's winning 42-36 was a good ride in the conditions. "Copper" Burgess's course record of 39-39, set up some years ago, was therefore in no danger!

And so we come to the No. 1 problem which, as mentioned in the last issue, caused much head-scratching and some hours of discussion at Committee level - the question of who was Club 12 hours champion. "Tourist" Agg had done 224.2 and Tony Palmer 223 according to the official result. However, the latter was by mistake called out 6 mins. before he should have been, and in considering this as being no fault of his, and in view of the fact that he was riding steadily at that time, the Committee decided to accept, by a majority ballot, the Chancellor's calculation that Tony would have finished with 224.4. He thus gets the cup by .2 of a mile.

One other racing activity remains to be recorded. At the end of September Burbery assailed the Lewes-Horsham & Return, around 52 miles, and beat the club standard with 2-19-18 on a windy and wet morning.

The first great event of the Wanderers' Social Season took place in October when the aforementioned "Tourist" Agg "plunged in at the deep end" after numerous false alarms had circulated throughout ESCALand for some years. Redmell parish church was the venue of this "two-up sprint", and the ceremony was fittingly rounded off by the traditional archway of wheels provided by ESCA bods. The whole affair was a very well-kept secret almost to the last,

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

although Derek's involuntary recoil at the sight of your scribe (who had been tipped off by one of his galaxy of informers) was most noticeable! Russell & Grover regretted being unable to attend but sent their deepest condolences, which in all probability were really meant for Elizabeth !!

The Committee meetings just mentioned afforded the usual spate of laughs. Peter Sharp, in the chair, was questioned as to his correctness on a point of order. In reply he got up, produced a 330-page book entitled: "The A.B.C. of Chairmanship" and tossed it at the doubter saying: "Now, pick the bones out of that !!!"

Secretary Burgess revealed the incredible news that Abraham MacRussell sent a sum 50% in excess of his normal club subscription. A member's comment that he must have been drinking heavily seems to be the only possible solution! It was also discovered that a letter from a certain D.J. Neeves had been written on what was surely a sample of one of the cheaper brands of toilet paper. This was roundly condemned by all present, Burgess remarking that toilet paper was acceptable up to a certain standard, below that it was a case of "rubbing our noses in it"!!

All attempts to get the Chancellor to accept a further office in the club were met with point-blank refusals, culminating in the singularly apt remark: "You can overload a willing elephant, you know".

The last meeting was noteworthy in that a police court charge sheet was passed round. This referred to Anthony McElvoy Palmer who was bailed to appear at Lewes Magistrates' Court on a charge of "having wilfully discharged a firework in a public place contrary to regulations, etc. etc." Upon being "frisked" at the station no less than 52 other "messages of goodwill" were found on him, casting grave suspicion as to his family connections with Guy Fawkes himself! The outcome of this was a £2 fine, despite Tony's plea of "extenuating circumstances, to wit, November 5th !!!"

It was also revealed that "dove of peace" Sharp, our ardent C.M.D. protagonist and arch-enemy of all violence was himself almost "knocked off" during the celebrations for inciting a minor to liberate the tranquillizing effects of a mammoth "nuclear rouser", or some such infernal machine, opposite the Town Hall. This news, plus the fact that the Sharp children's toys seem mainly to consist of guns, tanks, planes and other samples of good neighbourliness, led one

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

member to ask how he ties up these with his pacifist beliefs. Peter changed the subject with alacrity!

In the Chancellor's absence, it was divulged that he recently usurped part of Burgess's official duties by collaring red-handed a kid who had been pinching stacks of apples from Peter's orchard. With the police bemoaning a staff shortage everywhere, here's a chance for a Sherlock Holmes-like recruit right under their noses! And he doesn't look like a copper either!

Ace mechanic Willcocks, having at last got his latest heap of iron roadborne, struck trouble on the very first run. Two sets of wheelnuts came adrift, much to the delight of Russell and Grover who'd been invited along to take part in the inaugural run. Grover's camera duly recorded the debacle as the car stood in the middle of a road junction (unlicensed and uninsured) on 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ wheels! The junction is used by the local constabulary on their way to and from the station, thus Willcocks was forced to admit that he'd never handled a jack and wheelbrace so quickly in his life! Epic No. 2 occurred on a week-end (what sort of week-end is anyone's guess!) when this masterpiece failed at Netheravon (Wilts) and our hero had to sink so low as to hitch and use public transport to get home. Next week-end he rode the 115 miles or so, arriving more dead than alive, and duly picket up the allegedly revitalised invalid. In the middle of Salisbury it packed up again, causing a crowd to gether and marvel at the unending flow of language. This pantomime was brought to an end by a couple of coppers, who finished up pushing Willcocks and conveyance to the main car park (East Sussex Constabulary and Brighton Police please note!). Next morning helped by a couple of sympathetic "squaddies" he got it to a garage, where the manager agreed to examine it, but said he couldn't do so for some five hours. He added: "Never mind, it'll give you a chance to explore our city. I suppose you want your bike out of the back". Willcocks, with legs of rubber, retorted: "Not ----- likely! I've had enough of bikes for a week at least", and duly staggered out to the nearest cafe !!!

Time now for a plug re that function of functions, the Wanderers' Dinner. This will take place at the Elephant & Castle, Lewes, the usual venue, on January 5th, at 7.30 p.m., so let's see a bumper attendance from places far and wide. To the lads we say: "Bring your best dragons", and to the ladies (subtle change of tone): "Doll yourselves up and come along in your dozens". You won't be dis-

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

appointed. Rumour has it that Russell will be wearing his sharkskin waistcoat, lined with skunk, the envy of Mr. Acker Bilk! Tickets should be around 9/-, not much more than a couple of packets of 20: the scandal alone (for future cross-toasting) is worth that!

Finally, we come to three items of a serious and very sad nature. I refer to Mrs. Rix, Frank Leppard and our own Grand Old Man, Ted Jenner. The club send their deepest sympathy to Frank Rix, Win. Leppard and family, and Mrs. Jenner in their great bereavements. We can't add much to what has been said about Frank Leppard. He was the epitome of all that a cyclist should be and a good bloke to know. ESCALAND will be the poorer without him.

Ted Jenner was liked by all who knew him. Although near the 80 mark, he retained a surprisingly youthful outlook as to the future of cycle sport, and we in the club will certainly miss him at our social functions and AGM etc.

Well, I'm sure that both Frank and Ted would have wished things to carry on as always, so having declared the Social Season in full swing I must away to join the hard-drinking Wanderers in a glass or two of Babycham. While not wishing readers to choke on their cigars or spit their Martinis back in their glasses, I'd like just to sign off by reminding one and all that it's only some thirteen (less by the time you read this) weeks or so to the Hardriders 12 !!! O.K., so I'll take home that blonde - you'd better get out training !!

ALSORAN.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

From the closing date of the last Bonk until the end of the racing season Fred has still been keeping Mick in suspense with his flying fitness. This season has proved to have been one of the closest battles for the 25 mile Festival Shield on record. Mick has won it again (for the eighth time running - talk about greedy!) but only by three seconds with a 1.1.0. Pity his "59" was on a short course! The 50 mile Courier Cup has been won by Fred with a 2.9.0. in the National 50 who has also won the Club Best All Rounder Trophy. The "Ajay" Novices Cup this year is to be presented to "Mac" McIlvenny who, although he went off course in the Club 10, did a 1.6.31 in his second 25 to gain 1st handicap. There are no first year novices in the Club who have competed in

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

all the distances eligible for this trophy. Mick, of course, won the ESCA Hill Climb, which is also counted as our Club Hill Climb, giving him that trophy as well, Dick in second place, and Mac in 3rd. Mick's time broke his own club record. All the first place medals went to their usual source except for one which Dick won, while Mick had a lay-in recovering from his holiday. First and second handicap medals have been won between Terry, Tony, Graham, Helen, Dick and Mac.

Enough of racing until next season, which no doubt will come round soon enough. We now have a monthly Club News Letter, in which Fred has written training articles for the boys, so watch out next year, the rest of you!

I have been warned to be careful of what I write for Bonk now, after the last edition (which wasn't any worse than usual, anyway), and was viciously attacked by two female-hating (so they say!) savages, anonymously called Dick and Mac, and nearly drowned with half a bottle of beer, while that grinning NIT Robinson stood by and shouted encouragement. Where o' where are the St. Georges of olden times rushing gallantly to the rescue of damsels in distress? Ray must have been on a Charles Atlas course, for when Phil's van punctured on the way to the Worthing 25, it slipped off the jack, which Fred had to steady while Ray lifted it back on again, so the story goes. I don't know what Phil was doing. It's a very nice van really, it goes sometimes. Terry's times seemed to suffer during the season; on the morning of the ESCA September 25, he arrived in bed (according to him) at 3 a.m., got up at 5 a.m., and wondered why he was only two minutes faster than me! He seems to have spent a lot of time cycling home from Crawley after the 'witching hour, and must have been thinking of other things when he "went off course" in the Anerley 25, on a local course of which he has ridden hundreds of times - well quite a few anyway. Or perhaps it was the fact that Ben was up on him. Dick had a haircut recently; I wonder if he was prompted by someone saying to him in the street: "Screaming Lord Sutch, I presume", after that animal - pardon the insult, animals - had appeared in East Grinstead. Graham is giving up hill-climbs. I wonder why. I hope Tony gets a new alarm clock for Christmas, or perhaps he could borrow his father's.

Bill nearly chopped his foot off with an axe at work one day, but after several weeks off work it has been healing very well. Surprising what a few weeks off work can heal. Seriously, though, it was nasty, and we are glad it is getting on all right. Richard

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

Wood came up to the Club room for the first time in weeks the other night - was met at the door by three people after money, and went away mumbling something about being fleeced. Can't understand it. The first evening Ben didn't come up to the Club someone hinted that he had a girl. What a nasty lot they are in our Club (me excepted of course). One said she must be short-sighted, another hoped he wasn't as tight with the money he spent on her as he is when he comes up to the Club. It seems these evening school larks are good excuses. I am just going round to enrol. Peter Brooker's threats/promises/hallucinations that he was going to ride in the last Club 25 (after beating me by four seconds in the 10) seemed mysteriously to dis-integrate, and he ended up in his favourite position - timekeeper. Ray rode round the newly gritten course with dead-smooth track-like tubs, not scratching them, but somehow Chris managed to puncture high-pressures. Still it was a hard morning.

There was to have been a free-wheeling contest last Sunday, but only three turned up. It seems that the boys are all made of sugar, using the weather - biting wind, occasional showers and freezing temperature - as an excuse, so this event was cancelled.

Where we usually have our Dinner have put their prices up so much this year that we have been forced to go elsewhere; unfortunately, this was one of the cheapest places, and so this time we are having it in the form of a Buffet-Dance, to be held on the 19th January, 1953, at the Red Cross Hall, East Grinstead. It seems a shame to break with tradition but rather than break the club with heavy losses, and this should be a good evening. See you all there.

'Snoozy Wong'.

IN MEMORIAM

The members of the Lewes Wanderers C.C. learnt with very great regret the passing of Mr. Edwin ("Ted") Jenner, their highly esteemed President, on the 12th October, 1952.

A native of Lewes, he had been connected with cycling clubs for between 50-60 years. In 1908, when he was 21, he sustained a very bad accident, a fall from a ladder, which left him with a permanently stiffened leg. This occurred at East Grinstead when he was then captain of the local cycling club. He returned to Lewes

In Memoriam (continued).

to live and set up on his own account in the retail cycle trade.

His great cycling interest was the old N.C.U. (National Cyclists' Union), and he occupied a place on the committee of the Sussex Centre for over 50 years. For most of this time he had acted as a Centre Official at most of the cycling sports meetings held in the Sussex area, from places as far apart as Chichester and Hastings. In 1953 he was presented with the N.C.U. Gold Badge of Honour for his services to the Union. In 1959 when the N.C.U. was merged to form the British Cycling Federation he was elected President of the Sussex Division and continued to hold that position until his death.

Ted took a leading part in the formation of the Lewes Wanderers C.C. in 1924 and was it's Chairman in the pre-war period. It was he who organised the grass track meetings which the Club ran in the 1920's and 1930's at the Lewes Dripping Pan. He was largely responsible for the club's revival in 1951, and was an automatic choice for president from that time onward.

In 1954 Mr. Jenner was the President of the E.S.C.A. and in 1959 it fell to the Lewes Club again to nominate the E.S.C.A. President, and without hesitation they asked Ted to take this office for a second time.

His connection with the Association will be permanently perpetuated by the Team Shield (which bears his name) for the 100 miles event. Those of us who have known Ted over a long period of time will without doubt meet him in our journeys down "Memory Lane".

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

What does one put in the Christmas edition? Racing has finished a couple of months ago (for some - Ed.), and the social season has only just gotten under way.

Well, I will go back to the tail end of the season, which the Rovers finished in fine style. With personal bests at 50 miles for Tony Bartlett, Chris Snelling and Willy Watson, also not forgetting Iris who also broke the Ladies club record. All this on a superb morning in the ESCA event.

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

The following week saw another triumph for the Rovers with a team win for the Rosemary Shield.

The Bognor event saw personal bests again recorded, with a 1.1.36 for Chris and a '2' for Willy. On the next week-end Ken, Chris and Iris (Tony was a non-starter - he had tried to poke his own eye out), went up to Essex to ride in the Braintree 25, and who did we find so far away from home?! The Tunbridge Wells contingent - you just can't go anywhere without meeting some East Sussex bods. Back to the event in which Chris did another 'one' for fifth place, and Ken managed his only 2 of the season. So you can imagine they were in high spirits when they left their very congenial host John Smith, to wend their way back home. They had not ventured more than 10 miles when a halt was called for dinner. Bonked up!! After having recuperated a bit, they found the map borrowed from Pam Stokes was way out of date. They've built some new roads in FLAT (!!)

Essex and having taken the wrong route the trio found the only hills the County possesses, the Langton Hills. Eventually, they arrived at Gravesend and at last felt they were "home". Some four hours later saw them creep fervently into Tunbridge Wells Station and catch the last train home.

The racing over, the club-runs soon got under way, with a mad fool named Snelling wanting them to start at 8 o'clock from Willingdon Roundabout. After much pressure he compromised with an 8.30 a.m. start. One morning the start was 6.30. This being our annual sortie to Yorks Hill and what a beautiful day it turned out to be, well worth that early start. Another run saw Ken take his annual dip. We were down at Seaford on a rather rough day, Ken was trying, with the aid of the boys, to take some pictures of the rough seas, when, as they were pointing out an extra big wave to him there was a sudden mad sprint up the beach, all except Ken that is, he was standing up to his knees in salt water, which rather proved we were all wrong, the tide was coming in, not going out, and Ken? He never did take that photograph.

The first event of the Social season was made by Ken and Iris to the Worthing Excelsior dinner, and well worth the trip it was too, by all accounts.

The next event is The Luncheon and then a trip up to the wicked city to review the latest equipment and cheer this year's champions. Forthcoming attractions are our roller contest, a Christmas Party,

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

which I will tell you about in the next edition.

It is rumoured that Stevens is making a bid for the Wash rough stuff crown. He took the boys for a run down a narrow lane after eight waterlogged fields and two woods, not to mention having to cape up half way across, the club eventually found a main road. Having taken two hours to do this little detour, we found we were only 3 miles from where we started. He's supposed to detest rough-stuff!!

We are thinking of re-naming the Eastbourne Rovers Car and Scooter Club now Tony B has bought a scooter, but there is still hope for him, he's also bought a new frame.

No wonder they are always broke.

Scrubber.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB.

"Hail, rain, snow, sleet and a Merry Christmas", well, it could be worse, "no beer and a start sheet". After a somewhat morbid introduction, I will round off this year's racing results. A fortnight after the ESCA 12, Dave, Sheila and Graham camped out for the Colchester 50, in which Dave did a 2.11.25 and Graham a 2.11.44, which gave him 2nd handicap. During the previous night Sheila was awakened by a policeman who was most concerned by the fact that we were camping by the roadside. That policeman does not realise how lucky he was, for if he had stuck his head into the tent in which Dave and Graham were having a kip he would most certainly have been "clobbered".

In the ESCA 50 a week later Dave managed a 3rd place with a time of 2.7.45, Graham 2.12.0., Gordon 2.12.50, Barry 2.17.58. Gerald and Dave Nightingale both did personal bests with times of 2.18.42 and 2.15.58 respectively. R. Bromley riding his first 50 and only his second event did a 2.35.12. The following Association 25 resulted in a 2nd place for Dave with a 1.1.24 and Gordon screwed Graham with a 1.3.59 to a 1.4.2., with Dave Nightingale just behind in 1.4.13. Gerald and Barry recorded times of 1.6.30 and 1.11.13.

The following week Barry, Gerald and Graham travelled north to one of Barry's old courses, N.4, the Invicta 25. In this event

Tunbridge Wells R.C. (continued).

Graham recorded his fastest 25 this year, a 1.3.16., Gerald a 1.6.7., and Barry 1.8.15., this was after a start to the social season the night before when Barry left Gerald and Graham in the pictures, to go and stir the embers of one of his old flames. Later there was some hectic driving when it was found that the closing time in the next county was 11 o'clock. The same trio again sampled the social season the following week when they rode the Brintree Wheelers 25, before the event Graham was seen asking for any "alka-selza etc.", and when he finally got some he was helped to drink it by Barry. The results of the 3 were Graham 1-4-5, Gerald 1-6-38 and Barry 1-8-3. From various acts it would seem that police and parsons were not very popular, because the night before, Gerald and Graham answered the call of nature in the forecourt of the local police station, and Barry parked the van in the nearest graveyard.

This year's club hill climb had a good entry and as usual Dave won with a time of 2-38, 2nd was Graham in 2-43, being just in front of Gordon 2-44.2, Gerald 2-56.1 being the only other rider inside 3 mins. Barry with a 3-2.2 just beat Roy 3-6.2, who was riding in jeans and with mudguards, dynamo, &c. Ron Bromley 3-15, Roger Linden 3-21.2 and Dave Nightingale 4-32.1 completed the list, the latter having gear trouble resulting in a derailed chain. The annual "bash" up Wellingford Lane resulted in a team win for the club, being only 4 secs. outside the record, in the individual placing Dave was 2nd in 1-39, Graham 4th in 1-45 and Gordon 6th 1-48. Once again Gerald beat Barry with 2-1.6 to 2-6.6 and Ron Bromley completed the club riders with a 2-20. Ditchling Beacon, the Prestonville Hill Climb on the 14th October gave Dave his first win of the season with a time of 4-31.2, which was 5 secs. better than the next rider, with Graham 8th and Gerald 13th in 5-1.8 and 5-26.4 respectively, the team award went to the Road Club. Later the same day Dave was 2nd in the Bec CC climb held up Titsy Lane, with a time of 2-1.0, which was faster than the old record. Graham 2-28.6 was the only other club rider to finish. After the event Barry admitted that he deliberately pulled his foot out at the start of the 1 in 4 stretch.

The Catford Hill Climb is one of the classic events in the area and for some a good social event, and a place for a good laugh if you don't happen to be riding. Of the club's riders, Barry was first off and did a good ride recording 2-29.6, next to face the climb was Graham, who did a personal best of 2-25.6. Being last man off, Dave knew what time he had to do to win, but could only manage 2nd

Tunbridge Wells R.C. (continued).

place with a 2-5.8. With these times we were 2nd fastest team.

On the night of Friday, 26th October, nine members of the Road Club, Dave, Sheila, Gerald, Graham, Barry, Roy, Sue, Dave Neal and Shirley, together with "Gentleman" John Dutton of the Uckfield, travelled north to the National Hill Climb at Sabden near Burnley, up the Nick o' Pendle climb. On the Saturday Dave did a training ride up the hill just to get the feel of the gear, and took 4-25, this led to John having a bash up the hill in sweaters and long trousers and taking only 5-38, which was nearly 1 min. faster than Barry took the next day. The Sunday was a ~~XXXXX~~ of a day with gale force winds, rain and being cold enough to freeze the assets of a certain brass monkey. Gerald was the first of the club riders to tackle the climb and was unfortunate to get cramp and crash on a cattle grid half way up the hill, he was followed by Barry who was suffering 50 yds. after the start and did not remember much for the next half hour, except that he was carried to the car by Roy and Gerald, his time 6.30. With Dave only a few mins. behind Graham could not hang about and accordingly did his nut to finish 4-54.4 in 50th position. Dave starting No. 110 although doing a good ride of 4-15 was not quite good enough, but gave him 5th place and he was easily the best Southern rider, the next being in 45th position. Later that night at approx. 12 o'clock, after arriving back in Tunbridge Wells, Graham was stopped by a car load of policemen and questioned as to why he was carrying a bike, 2 wheels and a large bag, and where he had come from and was going. Funny, they did not seem to believe him when he said: "Hill climbing, Burnley, and to bed". Anyway, they finally left and Graham went on his way singing a song about policemen.

The first major event of the social season was the club dinner, with about 70 people present to enjoy themselves, which I am certain they did. The speeches being Ron Hayward and Terry Chambers and the atmosphere being provided by members of the Eastbourne Rovers, East Grinstead, Hastings, Horsham Unity, Central Sussex, Prestonville Nomads, Southborough and Uckfield clubs. This seems to finish the news to date, so I will get back to my drinking.

Yours

ANGEL.

My Trip to the West Indies

by Terry Chambers

Part II

At last the week-end of the Southern Games arrived. After 2 months of training I felt very fit but I still did not regard the Trinidad cyclists as opponents to be disregarded, particularly when it came to sprinting, for at a series of trials, held just before the Southern Games at the airfield circuit I mentioned previously, some phenomenal times had been recorded by the local sprinters. It is true that the sprint races were run on a long wind-assisted straight but, even then, a 10 second last 200 metres is not a meagre result !!

During this time I had got a job as Art Teacher in a Part of Spain girls' school. My presence caused much amusement amongst the girls (and staff too, I think), and it was an occasion for much nudging and giggling when the only male member of the staff arrived on a bike whilst his female colleagues nearly all turned up in cars. However, it gradually became known that "Mr. Chambers" was the English cyclist down for the Games, and I was assured of enthusiastic support when I rode.

I arrived early at the ground where the Southern Games take place, hoping to have some time in which to warm up and familiarise myself with the track. However, this was denied all competitors, and my knowledge of the track, as I lined up, with about 20 others, for the 1,000 metre scratch, was what I had gained in a quick lap just a moment previously. I feel I should have won this event, but I ran a little wide into the straight at the finish, allowing Fitzroy Hoyte and Russell Parris, both of Trinidad, to go by on the inside. I felt quite happy on 84.7 and, with fairly smooth tubs had experienced only a little back wheel slip on the fast, slightly-banked, hard earth corners. I was not worried about running wide again, because that had been due to my not having experienced a sprinters line on a grass track before, and being unsure of what exactly marked the inside of the track. That is not a thing one worries about very much on grass tracks here, but over in Trinidad I found the riders very rule abiding and taking short cuts on the corners most definitely was out !

As the meeting progressed, the surface of the track broke up and, on the 2nd day, the final event was run in clouds of brown dust, so

that I was extremely pleased when my efforts split the field and I was able to ride the last half of the race with never more than two wheels throwing up dust ahead of me. I won this race making my score 3 x first, a second and a third for the two days of the games. My reputation as a strong man was founded and I was asked many times afterwards this question: "How is it, man, dat you carry de field t'ree rongs" (rounds or laps) "before de bell and still have de vion to win?".

Having had 2 months in Trinidad I understood this but I must confess that when I first arrived much that was said to me baffled me. I also had difficulty when talking about bicycles until I learnt a chainwheel is a plate, a saddle pin is a saddle pole, chainstay length is chaindrive, a freewheel is a coaster, a fixed wheel is a stationary, and the bottom bracket is the centre bearing. However, talking about racing, I think I would rather "zing" somebody than go past with a flyer, rather "take a good bell" than make it a hard race for the other riders. It makes language so much simpler and it seemed to me that the general trend in all speech was to say things in the most economical way possible, though no one could accuse a Trinidadian of not wanting to say much !

I will not detail all my other racing, but I will mention that, as I became better known, the racing became harder for me because I was watched much more closely and was not allowed to put any distance between myself and the front of the bunch at all. I also visited Venezuela with a Trinidad team and rode on the superb velodrome in Caracas. Here, the situation was different and, as a member of the Trinidad team, I was backed up by the Trinidad riders in all my races and finished the 3 day meeting as individual champion. How I wish the Caracas stadium could be transported to Preston Park ! Exactly 400 metres a lap, 45° bankings, beautifully designed with a smooth cement surface, flood-lighting, restaurant, living accommodation, riders' cabins, it has everything a velodrome needs yet, in a country that favours road racing, is used only occasionally for competition.

Back in Trinidad, I rode at a meeting which had been postponed because of the very English-style rain, at a meeting on a completely round track, and at a meeting when the spectators invaded the arena in the closing stages of a 20,000 metres event and left me only about 3 yards width of the track in which to ride the last 50 yards ! This, in case it appears otherwise, was because they were pleased

My Trip to the West Indies (continued).

with my riding and wanted to congratulate me, personally, if possible.

By this time I had left my temporary job as schoolteacher, but I still received noisy support from my former pupils, who had got into the habit of doing so, after I had signed their autograph books with entries such as the following :

"If, top in Art, you'd like to be,
Go to the sports and shout for me".

OR

"If you went to the sports and bawled yourself hoarse,
I'd assume you'd been shouting for me, of course".

This had become quite painful after my poetic inspiration had run dry, but the effort was worth it, for I could usually see, in the sports crowds, little knots of girls whom I knew were all screaming their heads off for me !

The time passed much too quickly and, in the middle of June, I boarded the Spanish ship "Begona" bound for England with the last of the seaborne "beat-the-ban" immigrants from the West Indies. England greeted us with grey skies and a cold wind, and less than 48 hours after my arrival I set out to do the same dreary task that I felt sure my many shipboard immigrant friends were about to do also. Perhaps you saw my bike outside the Labour Exchange, even ?

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Having past Guy Fawkes night, and as it is nearing the end of the month, it must be time to start scribing once again, and accordingly here is the news and views from the C.S.C.C.

With the Social Season upon us once more the gad-a-bouts have started off on the mad social whirl. A group of enthusiasts visited the traditional opener, i.e., the Tunbridge Wells R.C. Dinner. As usual, this function was voted one of the best !! Some of the party rode to Tonbridge per bicycle, and on being asked where he was going afterwards, one Ganger remarked that he was "stopping with Sexy Sue". He is a lot more reserved now.

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

On the subject of Dinners, our own function is to be held at the "Pilgrim", Haywards Heath, on 8th December this year. The main toast of the evening is being handled by 'Lord' Daniels of the Southboro, and the usual evening of fun and games is expected. A fuller report of the happenings will appear in the next issue of this Journal.

Still socialising I am very pleased to report that Reg Tew is now fit and well after his accident and back in vociferous operation once again.

In a last mad dash on the Racing front both Bill Lovell and Malcolm Verey attacked the club Brighton and back record. They failed !!! However, I have to report that 'unfit' Verey clocking 1.19.10 for the 28 hilly miles takes the trophy for the best attempt of the year. Mick Wren finished off the year in a flurry of triumph, reducing his 25 time to 1.0.24, a new Senior and Junior record. He also claimed the 30 record (Senior and Junior), with a 1.14.43 in the Portsmouth Wheelers event. In his company Ganger and your scribe popped round in 1-17's apiece and bagged Club team record totalling 3-49-39. Ganger also got among the cash by winning his group.

A quick review of the Club cup winners shows that despite his accident and subsequent lapses, the Vicar emerges from this year's efforts the club B.A.R., his first win. He also produced the best 100 in the club this year. Mick takes the trophy for the best 25 (and no fewer than 10 club record certificates), Ganger the one for the best 50 and John Gallsworthy, who by the way has now arrived at his far flung portion of the Empire, is the 12 hour Champion. Sundry other cup winners include: W. Lovell, M. Verey and K. Atkins.

Reverting to John Gallsworthy, he informs us in his last letter that although he is unable to get any cycling in, he has purchased an old ex W.D. motor-cycle, this is to enable him to 'get away' at week-ends. We are at a loss to see just what he has to get away from yet. The total populations of all the Falkland Islands is only 12,000 and they seem quite small. Perhaps he has been up to his old tricks though, out of 12,000 there must be some unattached women.

We recently held a Tourist Trial for club members, and had quite a good turn out. It resulted for a win for experienced Tourist Pat King. He won the Speed Judging in the morning, with

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

an error, thanks to 3 punctures, of only 18 seconds, and steadily gained ground all day. Some amusing happenings, however, John Galpin, on being asked how to get back to the "Sloop" the quickest way, replied "the way we came" only thing wrong was that the "Sloop" was 3 miles away, and the group had travelled about 9 miles to get there. Points for the cleanest bike showed the Juniors to be far more efficient with the rag than their elder brothers. On being asked to supply a Horse Hair, Mick Morgan, found the nearest female on horseback, and asked for the requisite article. The request was duly complied with, with red faces on both sides. Total out to tea on that day was 27. Pity all tea bookings are not as well supported.

We recently completed another fixture at Darts with the Haywards Heath Ladies British Legion, resulting as usual in a win for the club. Also as usual the win was occasioned by the fact that the club members can barrack better than the ladies. Quite a good evening's fun for all, though.

That's about the lot for this time then, when we next get down to work it will be Spring, I hope.

See you about,

HONEST GINGE.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Having just returned from the ESCA Luncheon where I was gently reminded that material for Bonk should have been in the Editor's hands three days ago, I am frantically searching my memory for news and gossip of the doings of the Mitre over the last three months.

The club's last event for this season was held recently - the annual cross-country race for the A.D. Banks trophy - which resulted in a dead-heat for two Worthing riders who shall be nameless. Their success was achieved at the expense of the bulk of the field of 19 competitors, by the fact that the favourites went off course and had an interesting trip to the Devil's Dyke before realising their mistake.

As I write the club dinner is looming up once again, and we are trying a new venue this year under the direction of 24 hr. man Mike Hayler.

Brighton Mitre C.C. (continued).

Speaking of the 24 hr. (and I do so with a shudder), 1963 should see at least 4 riders from the club taking part in the Catford event. Names of the heroes are Jim Payne, Horace Hemsley, "Sonny" Anstey and Mike Hayler. "Horry" has even bought a new frame and pair of wheels in honour of the occasion. I understand regular swimming sessions are forming part of their training, which should come in handy if it is a wet night for the event.

Youth played its part at the club's AGM held last week, when most of the posts were taken over by the younger members - an encouraging sign. Long serving chairman Charles Turner was re-elected and Fred Stenning again became President. Fred incidentally is a shining example to all those in the club for he raced every week-end last season, and even got a handicap in an ESCA 50. Despite a recent bad crash whilst out doing some crafty Sunday morning training, he is still as keen as ever to resume racing next year.

Tom Plummer's gold medal for the 1st rider in the club to beat the hour goes to Gerry Atterbury for his magnificent 57.2 ride at the end of the season. This makes Gerry the fastest rider even in the county at 25 miles.

Will the name of Linington once more adorn the start sheets of events next year? No, not imperturbable Arthur, but his daughter Sally, who I hear is keen to race using her dad's racing machine.

Finally, to return to the ESCA Luncheon, members of the Mitre who attended had an excellent time, thanks to organiser Dennis Neeves, and we are looking forward to seeing you all "up the road" next year, and may I take this opportunity of wishing all ESCAbods a Merry Christmas.

Yours,

D.N.S.

SOUTHBOROUGH WHEELERS SOCIAL NEWS.

With the seasons getting well and truly out of proportion to each other, the autumn of 1962 must go down as one of the loveliest in living memory, not that my memory, despite what people say, goes back that far. In fact, it seems that we have scarcely taken off our big sprockets than it's all rush to do the Christmas shopping.

Its always interesting to observe what secondary interest some of the club take up once the evenings draw in. In previous years we have had rollers, running and pub-night crazes, this year the genteel (?) game of squash has taken predominance and several evenings as well as Saturday mornings finds club members on "The Angels" Squash court.

The children's proficiency classes and testings at Southborough drew to a close for 1962 with a record number of passes, thanks to the untiring efforts of Lord Daniel, Roy Cavie, Don Robb, Teddy Boorman, George Cheesman and Eric Crook. We hope to see fruits of their work in more juniors joining our ranks.

Youth hostelling is now thriving again after about a year's lull, and the club now has a dozen members. Our first visit was to Blackboys hostel near Uckfield on the night previous to the Association hill climb and was a great success. This was followed by a visit to Chislehurst Caves and thence to Kemsing Hostel on the pre-Catford Hill climb night which seemed like a Sussex cyclists' reunion, for apart from meeting up with a large group of our friends from Hastings, there were representatives from Eastbourne, Central Sussex, Southern Wheelers and Horsham Unity. Added to this a full blown hostel party was in progress which made it all the more enjoyable by being unexpected.

Following the sociability of the Catford - described by one as the Ide Hill Motor Rally - and seeing Dave's great ride into 2nd place, the club visited an anti-cycling hostelry at Chiddingstone Heath before quickly moving on to Edenbridge park where they spent the rest of the afternoon playing kermesses round Edenbridge cricket pitch. In the evening, the club having been rendered to a more passive mood by the Hillcot tea, another Wheelers slide show got into its stride which covered activities from last years club dinner onwards. George Cheesman showed slides of Dick Robbins' wedding in Switzerland and Crow heartlessly brought forth his collection of "seeing ourselves as others see us", including events at Blackboys hostel, mens dormitory. Lord Daniel added his seasoning witty remarks - 'nuff said. We were pleased to welcome among our guests, Cedge, Barbara and Opera and also some of Phil Hennessy's mountaineering friends who treated us to a most interesting show on climbing in Snowdonia, later some people said it made them quite dizzy just to look at the slides.

Dick Robbins' wedding in Lucerne on September 14th was quite some

occasion. Lou and George Cheesman went out there, the former as best man (for about the 7th time, I believe!) and George as reporter cum photographer. The wedding was in the best Swiss tradition which included 2 wedding ceremonies - church and civil, a lake journey to the reception and six hours continuous eating and drinking. It is interesting to note that following this that George stopped in the same hotel as the honeymoon couple and was quite oblivious of the fact, perhaps they didn't go out very much. Dick and Irene are now living in Dunton Green near Sevenoaks.

Our dance and social on October 13th was a highly successful event with about 200 people attending, including a goodly number from East Sussex clubs. After the Boorman Hennessy exhibition of layout out their clothes in lines along the floor, it seems that London strip clubs will be in for some keen competition.

The touring competition organised by Lou and Spider saw Coon and fast man Alan Brindley in brilliant form and storm into a well deserved win with 130 points, Phil and Geoff Hayman tied for 2nd position with 127. Best outside rider was R. Pillen of Medway Wheelers in 6th place. Again the entries were on the low side, and we would like to see some entries from the clubs within the Association next year who like an enjoyable day out.

Among the late holiday makers were Geoff and Anny Hayman who went westwards to Wales and "did" the Towey Valley, Phil Hennessy outspinting mountain goats in Snowdonia, and Crow's rest rest in a London luxury hotel called Guys Hospital. He has been warned that if he has much more ray treatment his trike will have to bear the sign "Avoid fall-out".

And sadly do we realise that the social season will not be the same now that Giles has gone back to sea, he was rather keen to get back as too many people were threatening him with cross-toasts in the brewing.

Southborough speakers have been much in demand this social season. Geoff Hayman at the Wignore dinner, Lou was guest of honour at the Mercury C.C., Ron Hayward spoke and we all enjoyed another cosy Tunbridge Wells R.C. do. The writer attempted to say nice things to the Ladies at the Association Luncheon and prize-giving, and once again its informal atmosphere made it an occasion worthy of ESCA.

While Teddy Boorman has been putting in much work behind the scenes for our social and dinner, Lord Daniel has been a tower of strength with the club runs. Our Friday club night attendances have been the highest ever, averaging about 40, and Sunday tea attendances are around the 15 to 20 mark.

Forthcoming attractions include a visit to "Lock up your Daughters" (most apt!), ten-pin bowling, and a music circle for those interested. Need we plug once again that the Southborough dinner is at the Royal Victoria Hall, Southborough on December 22nd, tickets price 15s. Od. from Ted Boorman, 72 Lodge Oak Lane, Tenbridge.

Finally, we in Southborough wish everyone all the best for Christmas and the New year.

What-ho for a jolly old swim on Christmas Day, Brighton is bracing and it's hospitals most agreeable for over-exposure cases.

CROW.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

The writer of these notes was only appointed a few days ago, so I trust readers will excuse the brevity of the notes as this will be a rush job. You may look forward to more detailed news in the future.

The ESCA and the club Hill Climbs were held in excellent weather near Burwash. This is an ideal setting and enjoyed by both helpers and competitors alike.

Last year's innovation of regular Tyred Tims Runs has proved successful again. They have been interesting and well supported. Many different routes have been followed, and the pace and distance have been suitable for most tastes.

Perhaps the highlight of the Autumn season has been the launching of a club magazine under the title "1066 Gazette". An excellent cover was designed by Guy Little. The contents of the first issue were of a high standard. There is no reason why the right material should not be forthcoming for this quarterly venture.

There is a strong lean towards Youth Hostelling at the moment. Although I cannot take advantage of it, I should like to see this winter pursuit prosper.

Stan Russell.

The enormous pink sponge now floating on my bath with other such necessities as celluloid ducks and fish like back-brushes is no ordinary sponge, for it has been used by the fair hands of Barbara Leuty and Veronica Osborne to mop the perspiring brow of a National Champion. Perhaps I should begin at the beginning, though, for it all really started when Phil Hennessy and I decided in January that the National 24 would be a must for 1962. Having both survived the Catford 24 we were determined to have a go at the Wessex, which held National status this year, however, the snag arose when we required helping transport, so necessary in a 24, there was none available, so eventually it was decided that only Phil would ride while Geoff Boxall would drive Phil's Austin 7 (circa 1936, 200,000 + mls., umpteen owners and several engines), and I should use my car (well, Dad's actually) for additional support.

The final week before the event was somewhat hectic, as Geoff, Phil and I burnt midnight oil attempting to calculate sliding schedules, feeding points, and non ridden legs, and generally convinced ourselves that the Monte Carlo rally would be a push over after this. By Thursday most of these things were vaguely settled, including the line up of helping personnel which was truly cosmopolitan. In Phil's Austin would be Geoff Boxall, an ex-Uckfield stalwart now in the Wheelers and living in Tunbridge Wells, also Terry Hughes, a Liverpudlian of Southborough Wheelers now living in Guildford! My car would house "Opera" Jones, an Eastbourne Rover of Glynde, Barbara Leuty and Veronica Osborne, Brightonian spinsters of the Central Sussex and yours truly of Southboro and Central Sussex.

Thus it was that July 16th saw a grey Morris Traveller loaded to the gunwhales or whatever cars have - with food and equipment, call at Brighton and make our way westward on a grey and windy afternoon. The journey passed quickly over roads recently traversed during the Catford 24 and as the clouds lifted to give a bright but cold evening, we got our first sign of the National when weaving out of heavy Southampton traffic at Millbank we saw Nim Carline, No. 30, negotiating traffic in the opposite direction. His lead was certainly large as we waited quite a time at the official feed at Lyndhurst in the New Forest before the next rider came in sight. The official feed, incidentally, was a battered blue Dormobile loaded within and without with feeding impedimenta and the passenger seats removed and placed on the grass verge to constitute a sit down

Week-end 29 on P.2 (continued).

feed. Our own feeding arrangements were satisfied when Ken produced several feet of French loaves which were chopped into convenient lengths and layered with various delicacies. It was at this feed that we witnessed the actions of a vagrant gentleman who, wearing a clapped out raincoat and wheeling an equally clapped out bike, was procuring dogends by the economical method of picking them up as they were thrown down, thus saving himself the trouble of lighting them. He was also cadging food from the official feed, perhaps he had a copy of the RTTC handbook and did this at all big distance events. The riders were coming through including Phil who was half an hour down - the wind had seen to that, we fed him and saw him round the Cadham leg as darkness fell. Then linked up with Geoff and Terry to make a plan of action which was that we should cover the Southern legs leaving Geoff some sleeping time before doing the Northern legs in the morning. Simple - needless to say it did work out like that.

Our run South thro the New Forest roads was full of the atmosphere that makes 24 hr. racing so unique, along the roads our headlights picked out groups of helpers, marshals as well as riders. One snag of feeding at night is recognising your rider though this is usually overcome by a helper going 200 yds. down the road and frantically flashing a torch, although handing up hot tea to a trike at night can be a hazardous occupation, fortunately Phil was riding his first bike 24.

Having done our part on the Christchurch leg and had a mobile chat with Roger Wilkings, we cut west to the Western legs while Phil went north - well rather a long cut as Opera's map reading went astray, but we reached the sodium lighted Fleet corner about midnight until an official car came by with the news that Carline was 25 mins. up on the field and would be through at 2415 hrs. Just enough time to answer a natural call so I jumped over a concrete parapet and ended up in a marsh - it was the edge of Poole Harbour.

We waited 2 miles up the road near the night HQ and feed after being requested to move the car by a woman in a nightgown who was clearly not a 24 hr. enthusiast. While waiting for Phil, Barbara got out a copy of "Woman", so straight to the agony column - "Dear Evelyn Home, How far should I let boys pet me?". A brief discussion found that the views of Opera and I were somewhat at variance with that of E. Home, never mind, the rest of the letters were a laugh too. Phil came by without stopping for a meal. We visited the interior of the feed and saw a red-eyed Wilkings sprawled half across a table

Week-end 29 on P.2 (continued).

and complaining of feeling very rough - he looked it. We knew what the outcome would be.

The moonlight looked lovely over the Corfe Castle leg as the black shapes of riders sped silently by. The ladies took polite leave of us but returned somewhat quickly having met a dog when in unfortunate circumstances. Over now to the long Overmoigne leg, where having seen Phil up we decided on a nap before his return. I glanced round to see an inert shape in the rear seat, that was a heterogenous mass of Barbara, Opera and blankets. And Veronica and I ... yes, I know what writers in Woman would have made of it, but had they ever tried getting romantic after over 12 hrs. driving, a hot thermos in one hand, a peeled orange in the other, and trying to calculate a rider's return time whilst peering into the near darkness?

Dawn appeared as we saw Phil through several short legs and chatted with the Middlesex RC helpers who complained that Arch Harding kept stopping for cigarettes. Out on the downs of the Dorchester leg it was fully light, but about the time when both riders and helpers feel at their lowest. Barbara and Veronica were standing by the road with blankets wrapped round them and looking like a couple of squaws, I hoped that they wouldn't say: "How!" to anyone. You never know what answers they might have received. After an age, Phil came into sight, with his red beard and ultra upright riding position he resembled a penny farthing rider of the 1800's. By 0600 we were at Bailey gate roundabout, a focal point of the race. Some German tourists drove by looking all very startled at the proceedings. We caught up once again with Geoff and Terry who did the Iford leg with Phil, so now it was round the Upton Cross bit and trying to catch Phil who was really steaming at this point. Heading south we passed Arch Harding, Opera leant out of the window and offered him a cigar, he might have needed it for Phil caught and dropped him, nevertheless as it was getting warm we sponged both of them and asked Phil who the tuggo was that he had just dropped.

A rain shower, and the church clock struck nine as we waited in Wimbourne eating ice cream while Phil did the Sixpenny Handley leg. To our consternation, Arch was not 20 mins. in front of Phil who was moving slowly and complaining of bad knee ache. We sat him on the pavement and started massage, a lady came by and asked

if there had been an accident, we replied no and though she obviously didn't believe us, passed on her way. Out on the Verwood leg we handed up Phil the last of the tea - it was a cool brown-grey colour and tasted indescribable, so laced with three lablespoons of glucose we reckoned he wouldn't notice after 20 hrs. riding - he didn't.

The girls were getting in some hectic exercise sponging down every rider that came thro, though as they were on the receiving end of such remarks as: "Thanks love", "You're an Angel", etc. I think they rather lapped it up. By now it was really hot and on getting onto the finishing circuit south of Ringwood we got the picture of the race: Carline in a big lead from Bolton and Harding. Most if not all of the south coast club folk were out though we picked the quieter back leg to administer to all and sundry while Geoff and Terry were on the far side of the course. We gave Norman Channon of the Medway RC a tin of beer which pleased him greatly, and having seen Phil through for the second time all had a half hour of well earned sleep in the heat of the day.

I don't know who was more thankful - Phil or us - as we ran out his 24, 403 miles was a great ride in the conditions for the wind never slackened. Phil finished quite fresh though obviously having had enough, so we washed him down and packed him into the Austin before making tracks home and after having a brief post-mortem.

It would have been nice to chat with all the club folk around and hear their tales, but somehow we had had just enough and our brains had absorbed an awful lot of memories in the last 30 hours. We aimed for Brighton, stopping only to admire the view from Portsdown Hill and unloading up litter in the forms of orange peel, vegetable juice tins, etc., into a bin on the Chichester By-pass; the rubbish people could be forgiven for imagining there had been a vegetarians' convention there over the week-end. What a week - drat, the bath water is quite cold!

CROW

24-hr. Fellowship.

OFFICIALS 1963.

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Secretary/Treasurer:.....R. Humphrey.
Racing Secretary:.....R. Humphrey.
Assistant Racing Sec.:.....K. Stevens.
Social Secretary:.....D. Neeves.
Magazine Editor:.....Mrs. S. Patten.

AFFILIATION FEE 1963 - £1. 1. 0.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME 1963 - PARTY & FILM SHOW.
GRAND NATIONAL DRAW.

LUNCHEON & PRIZE PRESENTATION - Clubs to be circulated re venue and day of this function, due to drop in attendance, especially amongst the prize-winners.

TOURING COMPETITION.

10th February, 1963, followed by Party and Film Show at Stone Cross Village Hall.

TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS for tender, 440 yds, 1,000 yds., 5 miles.

2nd CLAIM MEMBERS of affiliated clubs are now permitted to ride in Association events.

B.A.R. QUALIFYING EVENTS: Gents : 25, 50, 100, 12 hour.
Ladies: 10, 25, 50.

TIME TRIAL AWARDS:

<u>Gents</u> :	<u>SCR.</u>	1st	<u>HCP.</u>	1st.	<u>Ladies</u> :	1-4 entries	1st SCR.
		2nd		2nd		5 or more "	1st SCR.
		3rd					1st HCP.
		Team.					

12 HOUR COURSE. The Hailsham turn to be shortened so as to eliminate the level crossing.

HERE & THERE

Readers who have queried the connection between Willcocks' torso and Charles Atlas's course are assured that Mr. Atlas once used an illustration of Willcocks in his advertising literature - under the heading "BEFORE".

We hear that Crow has expressed a keen desire to visit the Brighton Chinese Jazz Club. Come to think of it, a Crowsley Report on the hole-and-corner methods in that establishment would probably set "Bonk" alight!

A certain lady member of the E.G.C.C. (or have I got that wrong) said during a fight: "Do you have to be such a b....!!! nuisance".

The clientele of a certain London pub are looking for "Mac" Russell. It's said that he went in, looked round and shouted: "When Russell drinks, everybody drinks!" As blokes fought to down free booze, Russell suddenly threw a 6d. on the counter, made for the door at the double and shouted: "When Russell pays, everybody pays!"

In answer to Mr. Willcocks' query re a Sharp takeover bid, Mr. Patten replies that although this is National Productivity Year, he does not think Mr. Peter Sharp's family status is likely to be exceeded.

Who is the gentleman from Seaford who, before taking a car-load of dragons to the Brighton Chinese Jazz Club, polished the front bench seat of his car - and then drives fast round left-hand bends. One dragon, nick-named "The Seaford Sex Bomb" by Geoff, refused to sit in the front with him one week.

Reports have it that Helen was seen going steady with a Beer Bottle (Poor Micky, a drunk in the house).

Since the great day mentioned elsewhere very little has been seen of Agg. Clubmates want to know why he didn't ride in several end of season events, as he'd promised!

After seeing Sue Martin in a certain Ladies Shop in Tunbridge Wells, it seems quite likely that the rumour that Roy was the highest bidder for the half bottle of Ribena is true.

Come to the all-in wrestling at the East Grinstead club room. Ten Ton Helen says she will take on anyone at their own risk. (you had better watch out, Crow).

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