

CROW

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association



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New Series No. 1.

Spring, 1963.

Secretary Mr. R. Humphrey,
Treasurer: 2 Culverwood Cottages,
Cross in Hand.

Editor: Mrs. S. Patten,
10 Cambrian Road,
Tunbridge Wells.

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Well here goes. As this is my first attempt at an editorial I hope you will all bear with me. I must first emphasize how much pleasure it gives me to have been chosen to take over the job as Editor of such an illustrious magazine. How well suited I am to the position will shortly be seen. I might add that since the exchanging of a training pass for a television I have been studying the art of that versatile lawyer Perry Mason.

The first thing you would wish me to do I am sure is to thank David for the excellent way in which he has carried the duties of Editor over the past few years. I sincerely hope that I can continue to do the same. I would just like to say that the success of any magazine depends largely on the contributors, and I do not mean only the Press Secretary's, as I would like to see articles on any subject, amusing, serious; controversial; etc; from any readers, as these articles stimulate interest in the magazine and act as spacers for the scandal proper. Anyway please give this a thought for a rainy evening and then jot down a few notes for the next edition.

David and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those people who have congratulated us on the new L.P. to add to our collection. For those who are interested in details of this record, they are:-

Number: 5 lb 12 ozs.

Artiste: Lynn Barbara Patten.

Date of Release: 26th January, 1963.

Accompaniment by Susie.

Don't forget those articles and next edition's closing date -
22nd May, 1963.

Auntie Sheila.

"Gen" from the Secretary

Once again we are at the start of another full season of racing, our annual hard-riders event is but a few days away. It is quite a long time since we have had snow still on the ground when this event has been run, 1947 saw the event postponed for a week as it was impossible to ride over quite a bit of the course. A very good entry has been received for this event, it is especially pleasant to see an influx of entries from the smaller clubs of our Association. Rye Wheelers who were founder members of the Association have entered six riders and we all hope that they will once again take a very active part in the activities of the Association as they did in the early days.

During the coming season it is more than ever important that all our member clubs supply marshalls for our Time Trials. In the past this task has fallen on only a percentage of our clubs, except for the 12 hours event. This year all our clubs will have to make a special effort to assist with the marshalling, without the co-operation of everyone it will be impossible to keep up our high standard of promotion, which in the past has been the aim of your Management Committee. If all our clubs supply at least one marshall for each event, it will ease the task of the event secretary in making sure that all turns and major road junctions are marshalled.

A questionnaire has recently been sent to all clubs regarding the form that future Prize Presentations should take. Any members having any ideas about this function should contact their club secretary without delay, so that any suggestions can be forwarded to the Association Social Secretary in time to be discussed at our next Management Committee Meeting early in April.

On behalf of the Association our thanks are due to all the persons responsible in arranging the Clubmans Touring Competition, especially the Southborough & District Wheelers. The full results of this event will be found elsewhere in this issue. To Phil Hennessy and his willing band of helpers thanks a lot for a very enjoyable event, despite all that the weather tried to do during the day.

R. H.

East Grinstead C.C.

Not a lot has been happening in our part of the world since the last issue of "Bonk" - the weather has put paid to that with a vengeance. Luckily the weather was kind to members travelling down to the E.S.C.A. Annual Luncheon, to be presented with the medals they won the previous season, and to support Ray Lunn in carrying his Best-All-Rounder Trophy home: Members of the Club also went to a few other Club's Dinners, and by all accounts had some good times.

As everyone probably knows, we had a change this year from the usual Dinner; the prize presentation this year was made at a Buffet-supper and Dance held at the Red Cross Hall, East Grinstead. Because of the severe blizzards raging throughout the south of England, not to mention East Grinstead, it was not expected that anyone would want to turn out to come. However, a surprising number did, and although everyone took a long time to thaw out - literally - it turned out to be a very enjoyable evening. Probably the highlight was Dick, blindfolded, playing at being a "guide dog for the blind". It is hard to imagine anyone being safely led anywhere by him! The Trophy winners this year were 25 mile Festival Shield - Micky Robinson, who also won the Hill Climb cup; 50 mile Courier Cup and Best-All-Rounder Trophy - Fred Marshall; "Ajay" Novices Trophy - Martin McIlvenny. It was noticed that Terry was enjoying himself - getting in well with the daughter of the local Cycle Dealer!

Club-runs as such, are practically non-existent at the moment, but a few hardy bods have been out doing 100 miles on Sundays (what a stupid name for a day). It was more like club-walks to bus stops on Tuesdays when it was really bad. The Christmas morning run to Godstone was quite well supported, sixteen members braved the frost, ice and occasional snow flurries to sample mince pies and tea at Curd's tea rooms. One or two looked a bit green from the night before, but all survived.

The new Boxendine is a girl - Diane Audrey, born on January 5th. Just right for future East Sussex Ladies events. By the time the next issue of "Bonk" comes out, there will be one less Oliver in this world, and one more Robinson. The existing Robinson should be fighting fit this coming season. So should Mac, he's really keen, this boy. Weight-training, exercises, miles upon miles, special health foods specially imported from Tunbridge Wells (no doubt they come on the Tunbridge Wells Fargo stage to East Grinstead, as depicted by Kenneth Horne in one "Beyond our Ken"), bed about 8.30 - he should zooooom! Dick reckons he will be under the hour this coming season, especially with Fred chasing up close behind, or just in front, as last year.

East Grinstead C.C. Continued.

Unfortunately at the beginning of February the Pub owning our club-room closed down, so we were nearly without a home. However, we have now got our club-room at the Toc-H Hall, Lingfield Road, East Grinstead, which is really much better than the old "Swan". When we get straightened out it is hoped we shall be able to invite other clubs for the evening, as we now have facilities for making tea, coffee etc.

We have the usual number of club events planned for the coming season, three 10's, and three 25's, plus a series of inter-club 10's with the Crawley C.C. We are also running our annual Road Race on the Newton Hill circuit in May, so lets hope the weather gets a bit warmer from now on, because if it doesn't, I know quite a few people who will "oversleep".

News flash... I don't know what Dick gets up to at the Whitehall with the birds, but he is certainly making a name for himself!

Snoozy Wong.

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.

Although the programme has received more than its share of interruptions and blanks there is no need for me to submit a white sheet.

Many tales of water shortage, dim lights etc. remain to be told. My own contribution was flooding the neighbours kitchen via their larder. They have since had to redecorate.

The week proceeding Xmas our annual speed judging contest was held over a ten mile course near Broad Oak. This was won by John Jary with only a 15 second error. B. Edmunds was second.

Later the annual Xmas tea and party was held at Ashburnham. The newly appointed social secretary had a lucky start as bookings and partygoers balanced exactly. After a cold wait until all safely arrived we enjoyed a good tea followed by an evening mostly of games. It is not for me to comment any further.

The Xmas holiday marking the beginning of the cold spell resulted in the spectators greatly outnumbering the competitors for our traditional Xmas morning 10. Only two competed. The evergreen Jack Southerden was beaten by one second by young Clive ----- Trust the winner will excuse my memory.

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. continued

January 6 marked a gallant attempt by many to stick to the advertised club run. It was more than we bargained for. Riding into a strong N.E. wind with several degrees of frost to the meet, all were tempted to call in the stone mason's which lies en route. There was nothing for it, but to go our different ways.

The odd break in the weather appears from time to time, and soon this freak period will be but a memory.

Stan Russell.

HISTORICAL NOTE!

A scroll has come into my possession, which, since it's translation from the original Greek, has convinced me that it's contents will be of great interest to all readers of 'Bonk'. Unfortunately I cannot vouch for the originality of the scroll although I think you will agree that it does have the ring of truth about it.

No doubt you have, many of you, experienced that wierd feeling, when visiting some new district, that you have been there before.

The revelations in my recently discovered scroll throw a doubt of a similar nature upon the origin of the E.S.C.A., and it's present constitution. But let the words of the ancients speak for themselves.

One other thing, before reading the manuscript, as printed below, please remember that the translation from Greek to English is a very lucid matter and consequently something of the continuity of the original may have been lost in translation. I have done my best to minimise this effect and I leave you, the reader to judge for yourself whether I have been successful.

Prof. William D. Lestwich, B.Th.

"Herein contained is the Second Part of my account of the Life and Histories of My People."

And it came to pass that in the days of Roysius Humfrious Caesar, there dwelt in a far land, ten tribes of men who were known as the Escalites. And all men in that land went in fear that the wrath of the Escalites should descent upon their heads, for the Escalites were very powerful in that land. And the ten tribes of the Escalites, containing many powerful men and many fearless warriors, were known in the

following manner:-

Firstly the tribe of the SOUTH BRER of whom much has been written. This was the most powerful of the ten tribes and their might was sorely felt in battle by all men.

And many in numbers were the warriors of the South Brer and their women were sought after as the most comely in the land.

And it came to pass that at the annual feast of the Tribe, the scribe to the South Brer, one, Crow, arose and spake thus, saying,

"The warriors of the South Brer are many in number and their deeds are great".

And the men of the Escalites trembled before the words of Crow the Scribe.

Secondly, the tribe of the Cen Traal, who were one of the largest of the ten tribes and who were led by a flame haired warrior of the House of Atkins. And this flame-haired warrior kept as a slave in the House of Atkins one, John, son of Dut, who in his long departed youth had been a great man in the tribe of Uk Feld.

And it was widely known throughout the land that this slave would act for the leader of the Cen Traal in many capacities.

Thirdly, the Hay Stins, who dwelt in a great city beneath the walls of a mighty fortress near-by to the home of St. Leonard who dwelt on the northern shore of the Great Sea.

And highly esteemed amongst the tribe of Hay Stins were two wise men, Ru-Sal, leader of the tribe, and Nee-Vo, seller of sweetmeats and childrens implements.

And it came to pass that at the annual feast of the South Brer Nee-Vo spake unto the gathering of the Escalites, saying,

"Buy from me, my brethren, your sweetmeats and children's implements". But they scorned him and bought not from Nee-Vo.

Fourthly, the Uk Feld, who were widely scattered throughout the land and who were mainly peasants and farmers, the salt of the earth.

And amongst the great warriors of the Uk Feld there numbered one, Ced Rik, the well beloved, who was covered with much hair; and one, Ar Thur, the mercenary, who was covered with little hair.

And it came to pass that for many years Ced Rik, the well beloved, and Ar Thur, the mercenary, were outcasts from the tribe of the Uk Feld and they went to reside among the men of the Cen Traal. But the loyalty of the two warriors to their tribe was great, and they would fight in battle for the Uk Feld, even against their brothers of the Cen Traal.

Fifthly, the Ry-We-Lers, a little known tribe whose dwelling place was a hill, topped by a place of worship, amid the marshlands in the south-east of the land. And the visits of the Escalites of other tribes to this remote hill were few in number for the journey was long and difficult.

And it came to pass that the men of the Ry-We-Lers beat their

breasts and cried aloud unto the heavens, saying,

"Why canst not our warriors be the greatest and most beloved of all the Escalites". But their cry remained unanswered, and the men of the Ry-We-Lers fell down on their knees and wept.

Sixthly, the My Ter who were truly the oldest and wisest of the ten tribes. And the dwelling place of the tribe was in the great city of Bry-Ton, where they held much power. And there was a wise man among the My Ter who was known by a Christian name. And that name was R-Thur of the House of Linington. And R-Thur had a daughter. And the daughter of R-Thur was a fair maid, whose ambition was to ride in battle against the women of other tribes, as was the practice of the men of the My Ter.

Seventhly, the Grin Sted, whose home was in the wooded hills of the north of the land.

And it came to pass that amongst the Grin Sted there was a great warrior, Fre-Di, messenger among men and bearer of tidings.

And it came to pass also that at the annual feast of the tribe of the Cen Traal, Fre-di, the messenger spake unto the gathering of the Escalites with these words,

"I, Fre-Di, the messenger of the Grin Sted, speak unto you and I say that I praise the tribe of the Cen Traal for their good deeds."

And at these words the Escalites felt much regard for the tribe of Grin Sted, and the men of the Cen Traal felt much regard for Fre-di, so much that his admittance unto the feast was without payment or offering.

Eighthly, the Tun Wel who were led by the mightiest of warriors, Dee Pee, and the woman She-la who was mighty also for it has been written, "The pen is mightier than the sword". For the woman She-la had displaced her husband as controller of the Scribes of the Land.

And it came to pass that the great warrior Dee Pee did challenge in battle John, son of Dut, slave to the flame-haired warrior of the Cen Traal. And John, son of Dut, did accept this challenge and was vanquished. But the great Dee Pee was merciful and spared the life of the slave, merely taking from him a portion of his riches that he might live to fight another day.

Ninthly, the East Born who dwelt in the south of the land.

And amongst the East Born there lived a wise man, Nash the Spartan, who in his youth had made many journeys into the wild lands beyond the wooded hills of the north.

And it came to pass that Nash the Spartan spake unto the warriors of the East Born saying,

"Come with me, my brethren, on my journeys into the wild lands beyond the wooded hills of the north".

But the warriors of the East Born were young and foolhardy and they scorned Nash the Spartan, saying, "We wish to prove ourselves in battle on the field of Gee-Fif-Teetoo".

And so the wise man returned to his cave and became a hermit scorned all men.

And the tenth and final tribe of the Escalites were the Lu Wees, a nomadic tribe of wanderers. Many men had tried to find the home of the Lu Wees and all had been unsuccessful.

And it came to pass that among the Lu Wees there was a tall man, one, Will Cox, teller of doubtful tales, who spake thus unto his brother tribesmen, saying,

"Gather unto me men of the Lu Wees, and I will tell a doubtful tale".

And the tribesmen did as they were bid, for such were the men of the Lu Wees.

And it came to pass, that a holy man of the tribe of Cen Traal whose girth was great, and upon whose shining head the rays of the noonday sun did gleam, spake unto the gathering of Escalites, saying,

"Verily, verily I say unto you that I am a

Footnote.

Here the scroll ends, the remainder being in ashes as if some attempt had been made to destroy it.....and I must say, it isn't really surprising, is it?

W.D.L.

In the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-three.

Eastbourne Rovers C & A.C.

Searching for material for this report is no easy matter; all the racing news, is news no longer. One is confined to the round of social events attended by club members during the winter. The E.S.C.A. Luncheon at the Pier Hotel, was, I think, the first occasion attended in force by the Rovers. The speaking and the wit was up to its usual standard and everybody had a good afternoon's entertainment. Perhaps, the only sad thing for the Rovers was that Tony was collecting his last racing trophies, having caught the "scooter bug" - a pity after such a promising season. (I bet a few of the racing boys are heaving a secret sigh of relief).

Our own club dinner in February, despite a lower attendance than last year proved to be a success, with a good cross-section of ages enjoying themselves till late into the evening. Stan Nash proved to be champion at tackling a pint of beer in the shortest possible time - perhaps the fact that he got a free pint spurred him on!

In outdoor events the club has had mixed fortune this winter. We were soundly beaten by the harriers of the club on Christmas Day on a course over the downs. A long uphill stretch from the start, on which a grappling hook would have been handy, gave the runners an unretrievable advantage resulting in several runners crossing the

Eastbourne Rovers Continued

finishing line before Ken Stevens, the first rider. The touring competition proved to be more of a success on our part, Ken, Chris and Bruce sweeping the prize board. The party after the trial was the second one we have attended at the hall this year because just after Christmas it was the venue for our annual party with the C.T.C.

The racing season ended for the club last year because the Hilly 22 over the downs in September had to be cancelled due to lack of support followed by a complete abstention from the E.S.C.A. hill climb. (I don't know where all our self confessed good climbers got to). However our absence from the event I hope will be excused in the light of the Roller Competition we promoted after the E.S.C.A. A.G.M. It seemed to be a complete success and we are hoping to continue to promote the event in the future.

Clubruns this winter started well, with well over a dozen riders out most Sundays but towards and during the New Year those "Arctic Conditions" (if I may quote from countless occasions, the B.B.C. and the 'other lot'). kept the numbers and the runs right down. On one of the clubruns, Mrs. Carr (well known provider of teas at Chailey) put Stan Nash on a spot when she asked him what he was doing in Lewes a few days previously, moving a police No Parking sign to suit himself. The classic answer was "Oh, I always carry one of those things about with me".

On that note I will say, goodnight.

Twister.

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

The Wanderers extend the frozen mitt to one and all! Now this doesn't mean that we want to be unsociable, but we can't think of a better seasonal greeting! And after what the elements have dished out so far in 1963 it looks like being a long time before it goes out of fashion.

The club A.G.M. this time was perpetrated at a new venue, Kingston Village Hall, and despite the terrible weather almost all members attended. Once again the old gang scraped home in the "plus" jobs, and in addition, and despite his strenuous objections as reported last time, the Chancellor was by a unanimous vote bulldozed into the President's chair! Bert Redwood relinquished the club captain's job in favour of Tony Palmer, but as the latter has now left us to join Worthing, poor old Bert looks like getting lumbered with it again! We shall have to make a proviso about not leading clubruns in his car though!

The top level decision on sponsored clubs had had its expected

repercussions in the Wanderers and there has been much talk about riding for such "marques" as Tan-Sad Pedigree Prams, Vauxhall Motors and even Ex-Rax! One moron hinted that he wouldn't be averse to carrying a list of current B.R. cheap fares on his racing vest "provided the pay-off was about right!" Of such stuff are true amateurs made!

The Club Dinner was again held at the Elephant & Castle, Lewes, as threatened in the last edition, and despite a greatly reduced attendance, due largely to the weather, all those present enjoyed themselves. A notable absentee was Russell who, it was learnt later, was suffering from a particularly acute attack of financial paralysis and couldn't afford B.R.'s extortionate fare from London on top of the more modest Dinner fee!

Under the heading "Denise of a Champion" we report that very little has been seen of "Arist" since the affair at A. previously mentioned. It's said he's taken up table-tennis, probably to steal a march on all the other unfits who (so much against their will) have been forced to spend countless hours indulging in such unhealthy pursuits as goggling at T.V. and canoodling in the cinema - and other places.

We welcome "Auntie" Sheila as the new commander of "Bonk", but your scribe feels that in common with most other scandal-mongers he will have to refrain from all juicy asides and witty obscenities which sometimes accompany letters to the editor! (Shame, Ed!)

Chancellor Eldridge dominated two other unfortunates (not club members) on a recent cycling weekend in Wessex, and we understood that his code of regulations was akin to Dartmoor prison routine. Not surprisingly, strict instructions were issued that meals would be bought but everything would be cooked at huts already rapped out, and to this end he purchased 7 lb. of spuds "to be roasted in their jackets as the weather is so cold." He also decreed that tea would be drunk straight from the pot (none of this cissy cup nonsense!) Whether each man carried his own rubber spout extension isn't known, but even so, how did Reg contrive to see that they all swigged the same amount? One hates to think of any fellow accidentally over-inbibing and then being forced by his sense of fairplay to return the extra to the pot!

Willcocks let the side down by showing up late at the Uckfield Dinner, although having been asked to propose "the Club". A few weeks later he went one better (?) by not only being behind time for the Eastbourne Dinner, but having the sauce to plant himself on the top table into the bargain!

Several of the hardier (I nearly said "foolhardier") types have actually been out on clubruns this year. New recruit Les. St ner distinguished himself by being photographed amid deep snow and with Rottingdean pond a solid mass of ice in the background, contentedly sucking an ice cream!!

Shock of the social season was surely the sight of Willcocks at the Eastbourne Dinner guzzling a pint faster than that formidable beer

machine, "The Great White Chief". Neevo was so overcome at the sight that he's said to have been on nothing stronger than diluted gripe-water ever since!

Adrian Palmer paid for inattention when riding to the E.S.C.A. Party (he was probably eyeing a dragon on the sidewalk and not looking where he was going!) and pranged his iron into a hole in the road. Result: one gear in wheel and a most unmusical concerto for Ripped Spokes! He had to go home by car.

Several members attended the party which as usual proved quite an entertainment, the various slides and films being very well put over. As an off-the-record treat to a chosen few "C. Ober" burlesque recounted a further instalment of "Life in the Force", a jiggle that makes "Z Cars" look tame!!

Well, your scribe has braved frostbite for long enough so it's back into the igloo for another long Arctic night (who bawled "Yippee!") By the time this is in print we'll know who ski-ed to victory in the Hardriders "12" over the Dallington Alps. We hear that the marshals are to be accompanied by St. Bernards, (well at least the marshal just before Woods Corner tried, even if Willcocks thought she was an Alsatian! Ed.) and that Humphrey has put up a special prize of a couple of seal steaks for the first man to cross the finishing line with his flask of whisky intact!!

Yours till someone "squares" the Arctic Circle!

ALSORAN

East Sussex C.A. Tourist Competition - Result.

1st	K. Stevens.	Eastbourne.	45 pts.
2nd	B. Allcorn.	do	44 pts.
3rd	C. Snelling	do	41 pts.
4th	S. Nash	do	39 pts.
5th	G. Lade.	Tunbridge Wells.	38 pts.
6th	M. Tulley	Fortune.	35 pts.
7th	P. Crowsley	Southborough	34 pts.
8th	M. Hills	Fortune.	31 pts.
9th	J. Buckingham.	do	28 pts.
10th	G. Ford.	Tunbridge Wells	20 pts.

Possible points - 100.

Team: Eastbourne Rovers.

Brighton Mitre C.C.

Nipping down to the club room with two days to the deadline for this report on the doings of the Mitre left I was staggered to learn that I was No. 1 on the start-card for the Hardriders 1 2. Having recovered from the shock I realised that the timekeeper didn't want to be hanging about near lunch-time so had cunningly arranged to put the old men at the front of the field. Ah well as they used to say in the Services "If you don't like it you shouldn't have joined".

In common with all other Sussex clubs the weather has severely curtailed training and our lads have had to force themselves to turn out in the bitter cold that seems to be with us until the end of March! However enthusiasm has not been so high for several years and with a full programme on the card riders are well catered for.

The 24 hr. aspirants are hard at it with a target of 10,000 training miles before the National - and the best of luck. Riding is being varied with sessions of swimming at the King Alfred on Sundays.

Charles Turner has exercised his organising ability to the full in securing police co-operation for the forthcoming Open Road Race on March 31st. Charlie's persuasive powers have resulted in the police closing Wilsons Avenue to all other traffic at the start of the race and half of the Maderia Drive at the finish ensuring that the leaders have a clear run in - a most essential thing as so many road races are marred by interference at the end.

Congratulations to Fred Stenning on being E.S.C.A. President for 1963. Still an active competitor Fred never misses an opportunity to join in all cycling activities.

Lookin' forward to seeing you "up the road".

W.G.S.

Uckfield & District C.C.

I can just imagine the editor's face when he realises he has a contribution from Woppit (second names "Absent Minded"), for this issue. (I would like to see Woppit's face when he finds the Editor is a she, Ed.)

Well the social season seems to have been, come and gone so to speak and I found myself only the other day writing out R.T.I.C. notifications for the first events of 1963! I bet there'll be some slow times until the weather breaks. Yours truly is proud of his record of 10 miles cycling since Christmas!

The social season has seen the usual round of functions. Horace

Uckfield C.C. continued.

having been principle speaker at the Eastbourne "Do" and also spouting at the Sussex Luncheon.

The Central "Do" saw a large proportion of farmers present and I think all enjoyed a very good and well organised function, although the acoustics for cross toasting could have been better. Lord Daniel's near the knuckle speech seemed particularly popular.

Our own snow-bound sickness stricken dinner was ably organised by Dennis for the second year running and was generally acknowledged as a success. It was very nice to see so many visitors from far off fields.

The top table was sadly depleted due to illness, with Roy and Horace, the main club speaker, ill, but the usual witty cross-toasting, associated with the farmers function, made up for it.

The famous Lewes fast-man, Geoff Wilcocks, proposed the toast to the club, and in Horace's absence, Woppit replied briefly expressing his Uncle's obvious regret at being prevented from appearing. Terry Chambers, the club's top rider in 1962, welcomed the visitors in honourous vein to which Mr. Ribena of Southboro' replied in gusto. Woppit carried off the "Uckfield Beedle", that coveted cross-toasting trophy whilst Arthur was presented with the "Woppit Stirring Spoon".

Mrs. P. Achard presented the 1962 awards, main winners being Gedric, senior B.A.R. and Pete Dyer, Junior B.A.R; a social evening followed.

The snow seems to have temporarily brought the farmer's social and active life to a stand still.

Woppit purchased a shinney new bubble-car on the 12th January, but by 9 o'clock on the 21st it was a write-off!! Be warned - bubble cars are as bad as tandem-trikes, speaking from bitter experience of both.

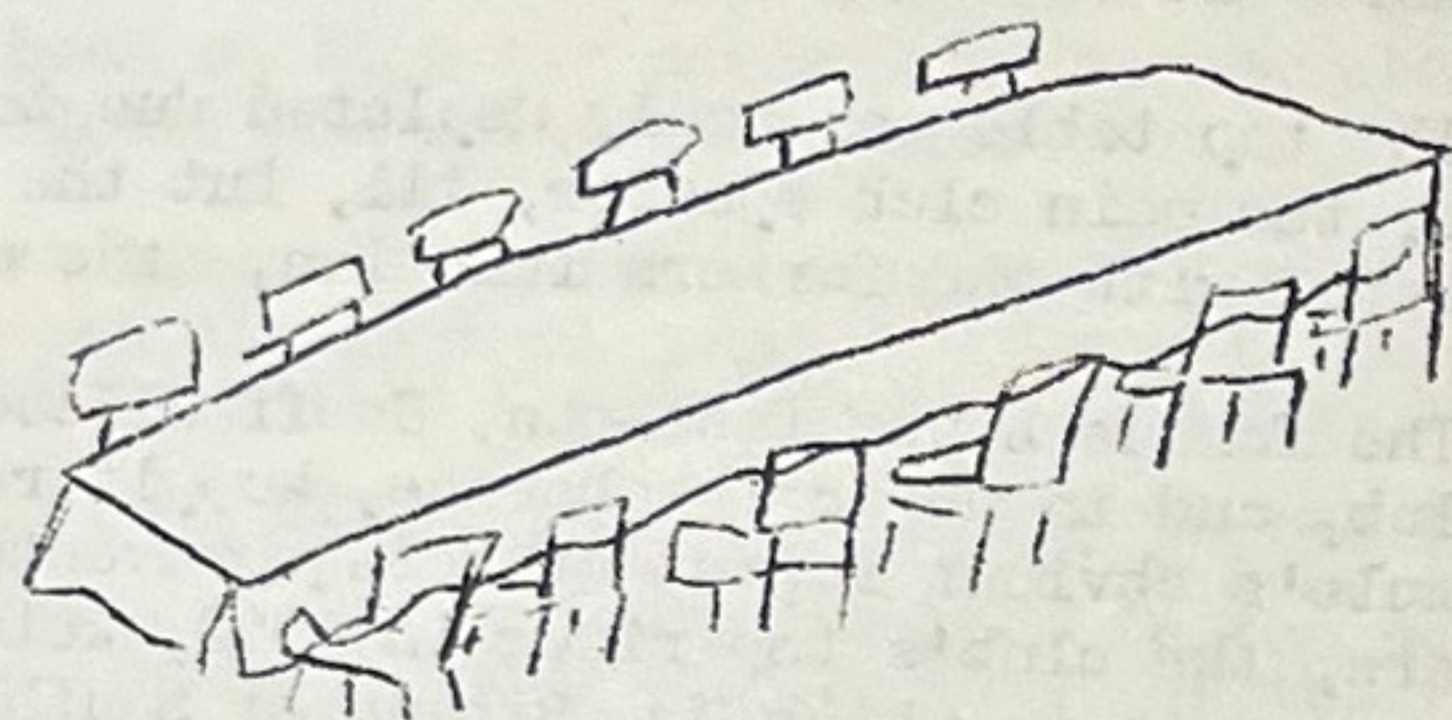
It has now been established what attraction lures E.S.C.A. cyclist's to travel to town to work everyday. He has been seen!!

All those accused of being chicken on Christmas morning are not chicken - just sensible! Rumour has it that Ganger is still suffering from a form of mental hysteria common to Christmas day swimming cyclists, and closely allied to "shell-shock"!!

Well best wishes to everyone in season '63, and see you up the road.

Good as gold.....

CENTRAL SUSSEX DINNER



Gentlemen prefer blondes??

FOR SALE

Tour de France Souvenir magazines 1951 to 1958, for those who work up their enthusiasm (for cycling) indoors, as well as a vast collection of action cycling photos, i.e. Coppi, Harris, P. Crowsley finishing last in De Laune 25.

Also a host of dubious equipment at scandalous prices or will exchange for money, double sleeping bag or other essentials to modern living.

Crow.

Edenbridge 2393.

Tunbridge Wells Road Club

Since the last edition many pints of booze have flowed and caused many a tongue to come loose thus providing bonk reporters with material for the next edition.

During November a party from the Club visited the Cycle Show and promptly set about seeing what was removable in the way of pocketable equipment. After choosing a suitable non-de-plume several of the boys had a bash on the rollers in an attempt to pick up a frame but soon realised the folly of their attempt. On leaving the show Dave ran through the rain, leapt into the van, let Graham in and was about to drive off when suddenly it was realised that it was the wrong van.

The Central Sussex Dinner in December saw Graham, Gerald, Gordon, Roy and Sue, Ian and Maureen keeping the flag flying for the club. On the way down to the dinner Gordon happened to ask what the last road sign was, the very next moment the van shot across a major road at Piltown, from this he has learnt that HALT means stop. During the meal it was said that Gordon was a gentleman because he asked if he could eat his chicken leg with his fingers, any misapprehensions were dispelled however when he threw a pint of beer at Maureen.

Any excuse for a beer up and the Road Club will travel. The Oundle Velo Dinner, Barry's old club, offered such an excuse, so one Saturday in December, Barry, Janice, Gordon, Dave, Gerald and Graham packed into a Ford Thames van and headed north leaving a trail of startled motorists, pedestrians and publicans en route. Upon arriving at the digs Barry was upset when he discovered that Janice was staying at a different house. At first it was thought that as there was no dancing the dinner was going to be rather boring, then it was discovered that all the drink was free, yes free, from that moment the task of drinking the place dry was set about with great speed. With each member of the Road Club collecting a round every 5 mins it was not long before they were drinking spirits by the pintfull. Halfway through the evening Gordon and Gerald went out for some fresh air and ended up by entering the local cinema, looking for talent no doubt. When the dinner ended ample stocks of bottled beer were gathered for continued drinking. On the way back to the digs Gordon and Dave took the advice of a certain hit record by dancing around the Christmas tree in Oundle square. Meanwhile Gerald with the aid of Graham was trying to chat up a "couple of birds" who had taken refuge in a telephone kiosk, these two females were saved when Dave Nightingale had to be stopped from starting up a mechanical digger and digging up Oundle High Street. After carefully negotiating several obstacles namely policemen, road up signs, lamp posts and kerbs the digs were finally reached where a game of pontoon was started. Barry's bed was somewhat dampened when Gordon took a bottle off a stopper and emptied the contents. As the beer and money ran out Gordon and then Dave crawled and dragged themselves to bed, the remaining trio kipping down at about 3.30 am.

At the Southborough do Barry and Graham were both giving the mistle-toe lark a bashing, Graham being offended when he was accused of blocking a passage (corridor type). At the moment Gerald holds the record for time being unconscious due to drink, this being 16 hours, Barry is a close second at 15 1/2 hours, this exploit resulted in a dent in the front of his van and part of the garage missing.

An enjoyable evening was had by Roy, Sue, Gerald, and Graham at the Uckfield dinner. At this function what was considered an impossibility happened, Gerald had to leave some of his dinner. The journey to the Eastbourne Dinner was taken with much apprehension by Gerald, Gordon and Graham, but the effort in surmounting the ice and snow drifts of Sussex proved to be well worth while. After the dinner Ken and Iris, Pam, and Roy Humphrey risked their lives for a lift home. It would be interesting to know who Ken took home, for after saying he fancied a cuddle he was seen disappearing down a dark lane with his arm around Pam.

Due to the snow clubruns have been somewhat diminished with only Graham managing to get out every Sunday since Christmas. The Tourist Competition being a trial of fitness resulted in Graham finishing and Gordon retiring soon after dinner and Graham together with Crow exploring the possibilities of skating on bikes in the lanes around Horse Eye Level.

Now news straight off the production line, to Dave and Sheila a daughter, the possibilities of running an Hill Climb for ladies are now being explored. For those interested in racing news Graham won the club hardriders from Dave with Dave Nightingale 3rd, this just about finishes the news to date so I remain till the next time,

Yours,

Angel.

Central Sussex C.C.

Greetings Comrades! Your new correspondent from the warm, wet, windy, west salutes you.

The explanation, or excuse, for this is quite simple. Honest Ginge who usually writes the rubbish under the heading of the C.S.C.C.

has decided that after three years and twelve Bonks the time has come to throw in the metaphorical towel. We thank you, Ginge for all the nice things you have said about us during that time.

Well, since most of my clubmates are almost illiterate, the task of enlightening the world about what goes on in Central circles has fallen to me.

To retrospect over the social season which is fast drawing to a close you might say that things haven't been too bad. (Weather conditions for cycling excepted).

The club dinner, which was held this year at the Pilgrim Hotel, Hayward Heath, set an all-time record with an attendance of over ninety members and friends. Star turn was Lord Daniels of Southborough who gave a grand performance as principal speaker. Mick Wren was the main award winner and he took not only the junior B.A.R. and the trophy for the fastest 25 of the year, but also an assortment of record certificates. About ten, I think.

Ganger, who won the 50 trophy, filled it up with some vile concoction of alcoholic beverages and passed it round. The result was that several people nearly passed out.

Amid the whirl of social activities and frivolities the club held their annual Hilly 20 time trial. Colin Knight flashed round the course to win in about 1 hr 8 mins while a tough fight was going on for last place between Malcolm Verey and Bill Lovell. The Southborough dinner, the night before might have had something to do with their 1-24-00 and 1-26-00 respectively.

Unfortunately, both Pat King and Mick Morgan were D.N.F. They both found that they just couldn't go any farther than Balcombe Church. Colin Knight's sister was at Balcombe Church. Coincidence.....?

Christmas Day dawned and the 2nd annual swim was indulged in by members of what has unofficially become known as the "Idiots Club". There now follows a roll of honour, containing the names of the 1962 Christmas swimmers.

- K. "Opera" Jones (Instigator)
- "Mad" Pat King.
- Alan Brindley (Half of the silent lovers)
- Malcolm (Mr. Universe) Verey.
- Cedge Pearson, and believe it or not -
- GANGER.

I think it should be mentioned that nobody in the club can remember when Ganger last went in the seas in the summer, let alone Christmas Day. A great feat for a man who wore his mother's tea cosy down to the water's edge.

While on the subject of Ganger, I should like to say in reply to the many enquiries we have received, that it is true we are going to have a quiet winter next year. Ganger is definitely going to Australia. Seriously, Ganger, your doing a good job.

After Christmas, of course, came the big freeze things quietened down somewhat.

One bright spot, however, was the 21st Birthday Party of Barbara Leuty. From the tales that have slipped along the grapevine I would say that it was a good party. Yes, parties at 40 Kimberly Road are to be recommended. I am told that community singing was led by the Vicar and this alone should be recommendation enough.

One other thing that I have heard as an aftermath of Barbara's party is that Crow is now giving private film shows behind locked doors to a chosen few. So if anyone wants to see colour slides of Tim Mackay in his underpants, or Hazel sitting on the floor.....

Bill Lovell has been complaining that he had some entry forms put through his door and I hear that Mick Wren and Ken Atkins have been out training. Gerald Burnett has sent an entry in for some event. A 12 or something, I believe. In fact, it looks like the social season is over for another year. Ah well! Enough is enough.

Oh la la,

Fifi.

To: Box No. T.W. 99.

Have half full bottle of Ribena. Suggest we do a wee bit of business.

(singed) Mac.

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Licenced Importers and Exporters
of
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Wanted for immediate purchase:

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9 - 12 months old.

Mac's Meat Market,
Aird of Coigach,
Wester Ross.

Southborough Wheelers.

Frozen greetings are issued from the Land of the Aurora Boriatis (and other native dances). Peering through my telescope towards the High Brooms glacier I see smoke arising and presume that it is caused by our vivacious editoress breathing fire at not having received my Bonk report before the deadline. My excuse is that somewhere in ESCALAND lies a note book containing five pages of indecipherable bilge that was report No. 1, and as the finder has most likely handed it straight to Hellingly mental hospital you can now have six pages of.....

The last quarter has been overshadowed by a prolonged meteorological cataclysm - and the weather was rough too. Nevertheless the club has sallied forth (sally being closely guarded by A.W.D. Thorpe), in the quest for fitness, scenery, women or other diverse reasons that cyclists ride bikes. Increditable as though it may seem the big freeze has caused a great influx of new members who rush about getting noddly fit, in time, however, they should settle into our ways. The club runs have kept going regardless although the all day runs were dropped for a spell. Needless to say the runs have not always followed the standard pattern with attempts to see who could ride furthest into snow drifts, trike burn-ups on black ice (somewhat to the detriment of the barrows), and long walks for cold feet. I thought we were going to join the Ramblers Association at one time.

Club dinners did not receive the usual Southborough support of

previous years - for obvious reasons (not enough sledges). Back in the days when the fields were green several potted down to the Association Luncheon where P. Crowsley held his audience spell-bound by his brilliant and witty oratory proposing the ladies (a pity he is so modest).

The Central Sussex dinner had some of the best cross-toasting of the season although we were still shaking from the effects of being driven over by that intrepid "L" driver Alan Brindley on two wheels for some of the way. A large group of the club were seen dragging themselves away from the Uckfield do completely shattered by the athletic evening - all except Johnny Hearne who was enthusing madly about doing the twist with Barbara Leuty.

Our own club dinner had a record number of 165 diners but the change of venue lost out on acoustics (although Don Neeves did his best) and "Southboro Atmosphere", perhaps we get too critical after a time - it was judged as moderately successful.

One noticeable thing about the dinner season has been the demand for speakers from this club, in fact there were only three dinners attended by the club where one of their number didn't speak, we feel that its quite a compliment.

Other entertainment has been provided at the E.S.C.A. A.G.M. and Roller Contest at which Alan and Mick Armitage won the team award (lets hope they hold it in the afternoon next time) and the recent E.S.C.A. party and film show which was a great success now that it is realised that cyclists, being of a lazy disposition, would rather watch slides and films than exert themselves at party games. Many thanks to Cliff Litchfield and Avis and brilliant colour slides by Harry Heather, Bruce Alcorn and, but modesty forbids. In November Lord Daniel organised a club theatre trip to London where we saw "Lock up your daughters" and came away wondering what "Bonk" would appear like if written in restoration days.

Club youth hostelling is flourishing despite one or two cancelled visits. Alfriston on the 19th January was fun with some of the Central, Eastbourne C.T.C. and frozen pipes.

Christmastide found the club, like many others, somewhat "fireside prone" although our A.G.M. and Christmas Tea had great support and our Christmas slide show the funniest ever thanks to George

Cheesenan's discourse on Dannish Bulls.

Further afield Sue, Alan and Crow visited the Central Sussex Christmas Eve do at Cuckfield, an event that I would report on in more detail had I not had my attention diverted by a charming young lady from Trinity Street. Quote of the evening came from Ron Ewart (Southern Whls) who seeing the fused forms of Alan B. and Janet Leuty said, "I didn't know they could hold their breath that long". Next day, as T.V. recorded, Alan joined the rest of the nignogs in the Christmas Day swim at Brighton.

The 5th of January saw (and heard!) a party held for the coming of age of the one and only Miss B. Leuty of whom it has been said Grrr and similar male accolades. It is something of a mystery how 40 Kimberly Road can hold so many people on such occasions - even though Alan and Janet only use one chair, maybe thats why the party went with such a swing. It was afterwards that the fun really started when several of the party-goers bedded down for the night and I shall be interested to see how "Willum" Lovell, Central's new Bonk writer, explains away his amourations with Barbara's Canadian cousin for most of the night. It might not have been so bad if some unspeakable cad, armed with a flash camera, had not recorded these nocturnal happenings for posterity. Interested persons should write to Box 189 Edenbridge, the titles include "Tim McKay and Pat King at 4 a.m. - "Pants and a pint of brown nide", "The Silent Lovers", and "Rome was never like this".

Which leaves us with two competition results, firstly our club cyclo-cross when Ian Hamilton out ran Pete Cooke round the Pembury mud and snow bath and the E.S.C.A. tourist competition which found the sole Southborough entrant having the "misfortune" to find a non-existent map check and end up in 7th place. He felt that he should have had bonus points for transporting John Buckingham and bike round three miles of the morning course - on the back of his tricycle.

Thats all. Team up the huskies Travers, I'm off to get a club run attendance point.

Crow.

An introduction and SPORTRAIT of your new editor.....

Born 18th August 19-- (its etiquette not to disclose a lady's age - ex Ed.), Sheila was educated at Tonbridge Technical School, and from an early age showed an aptitude for anything sporting. Whilst at the "Tech" she represented the school at netball and hockey, and in her spare time was a member of the Girl Guides where she trained to become Tonbridge's first Queens Guide - one of the highest honours to be awarded in this activity.

Swimming was Sheila's first sport at this time, where under the training of ex-Olympic coach Fred Dove she won county honours for swimming and diving, and also obtained her bronze cross and medallion for life-saving.

And so to her introduction to cycling, when whilst working as a bank clerk she met a "cycling mad" ex R.A.F. type tuggo who persuaded her that the Tunbridge Wells Road Club was just the type of club she would appreciate. And so Sheila joined our two-wheeled ranks and from the very start proved an invaluable asset to the club in many spheres, in particular as Secretary and Treasurer through the difficult years in the late 1950's. Her racing career has produced some sparkling rides, especially at the shorter distances, as well as an E.S.C.A. B.A.R. win in 1959. When not competing herself, Sheila is always encouraging others to do of their best, and has proved an inspiration to yours truly on many occasions in the past. Her racing career is temporarily curtailed due to an addition to the family, but a year of plenty of miles pulling a trailer should see another Beryl Burton in 1964.

Her latest position as your new editor, I am sure she will tackle with her usual zest, so in handing over this editorship I ask you all to give her the encouragement and co-operation she deserves for her service to E.S.C.A. cycling.

D.P.

2-2

Racing Results.

12 miles Hardriders - 24th February.

1st.	R. French	Hastings & St. Leonards	36-31
2nd	C. Snelling	Eastbourne Rovers	37-15
3rd	G. Lade	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	38-11

Team: Eastbourne Rovers.

Ladies 10 miles - 10th March.

M. Beeston. Brighton Mitre. 31-33

Gents 25 miles - 10th March.

1st.	A. Kirk.	Hastings & St. Leonards.	1- 4-55
2nd.	G. Atterbury	Brighton Mitre.	1- 6-31
3rd.	K. Stevens.	Eastbourne Rovers.	1- 7-00

Team: Hastings & St. Leonards.

H E R E a n d T H E R E

Guess who was seen trying to borrow a bulb for his dynamo after the Tourist Trophy - none other than the 1963 Touring Champion - some bike checker slipped up.

After last years aspiring performance in the Hardriders it was noted that Geoff. Wilcocks was one of the seeded riders, what a shame he did not rise to the expectations placed upon him.

Ganger must have been drunk at the Central Sussex Dinner when he paid Alan Brindley £1. for his bowler, or maybe it was a strategic move in order to prove to the aborigines "down under" that he was a city gent - wanted one rolled umbrella.

Quote of the week from Dave Patten when discussing his dog with a work mate:-

Mate: "You'll have to get a licence for her soon."

Dave: "No, you don't have to have a licence for working dogs" (i.e. Sheep dogs and guide dogs).

Mate: "But she's not a working dog."

Dave: "Well its not my fault she's unemployed."

The Rye Bonk Correspondent regrets the absence of his report but states that he has been suffering from a severe attach of housemaids knee.

HERE and THERE

Dennis Neeves when delivering Bonk covers to the Patten household was asked if he minded while Dave popped upstairs for a moment. Dennis's reply was "No, he didn't mind being left alone with anybody's wife."

It is rumoured that after a lapse of over 10 years Ken Stevens is taking out a track licence - You have been warned.

Johnny Hearne's back injury has produced a fantastic tale from him. He says that when out cross country running in the dark he ran straight into a courting couples car in a field. We feel that this is too good to be true and after hearing of a judo class for ladies being started in Tunbridge Wells would assume his "armchair training" became too amorous.

Don't miss the next edition of Bonk when your Editor has at great expense managed to persuade Cyclings new Fashion Correspondent, Mrs. Dawn Hayward, to write an exclusive article on "Cycling Modes of the Beatnik Era."

First signs of strain in Dave Patten through teaching his wife to drive. At the baby's 2 o'clock feed he was heard to cry: "Oh, someone hasn't half pranged that tree".

Did Esther enter Maurice on a tricycle in the E.S.C.A. 25 so that she could ride his bestest racing bicycle.

Congratulations to Opera and Barbara (Central Sussex & Eastbourne); Micky and Helen (East Grinstead) and Doug and Joyce (Tunbridge Wells R.C.) on their forthcoming marriages.

Crow who was staying at Geoff. and Anny Haynans following the Southborough Social was given a key to let himself in with, but to Geoff and Anny's horror they had left the spare key at home and had to wait until 3 o'clock for Crow.

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