



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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New Series No. 5.

Spring, 1964.

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

Editor: Mrs. S. Patten,
15 Hectorage Road,
Tonbridge.

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Spring issue, and with it comes news of training, training, and more training, if only Dr. Beeching could see our magazine, how heartened he would be in the future of British Railways.

How about mixing training with a social chat? In other words revive the old Boreham Street days by meeting at say Cross-in-Hand Cafe on Wednesday evenings? A cup of coffee and a chat and then survival of the fittest in a battle to get home first. Anyway its an idea.

Once again we have a 28 page edition and it is pleasing to see the number of articles and quiz's etc increase. Lets keep it up, and maintain a great mag. In this issue I would like to welcome the Prestonville Nomads and in future hope to see articles from their Bonk contributor plus of course anything from aspiring writers.

And on that optimistic note for the growth of future editions I will end, while asking you to remember that I'm the greatest, I'm pretty, and I just can't be beat, so give me a word of encouragement when you see me on the road and perhaps I'll believe it too.

Auntie Sheila.

"GEN" from the Secretary.

The final event of our Social Season is now over and forgotten by most, but I feel a word of thanks is due to Phil Hennessy and his band of helpers who so ably organised the Clubmans Touring Competition early in February. It was heartening to see 20 members start in this event, all of whom reported in at the finish at Stone Cross prior to the Party. Elsewhere in this issue the complete results will be found. The party which followed this event was one of our best ever, with approx. 120 enjoying the film show after tea. Next year it is hoped that the programme will be even better with more all "Cycling" films than was the case this year.

The racing season opened as usual with the Hardriders 12 miles, our President being first man off and incidentally the first rider to report back to the timekeeper. Bob French won the event for the third year running, with Central Sussex taking the team award. During the course of this event it was reported that some riders saw fit to cross the centre white line on the road. As you are all aware, parts of A.22 has now been double white lined and should any competitor be reported by the observers who will be out on the course in all future events, they will be disqualified from the event, in accordance with the RTTC regulations.

An application has been received to promote the 5 miles Track Championship again this year, should the application be approved at the Management Committee Meeting this Championship will take place at Preston Park Track, Brighton, early in July,

Any clubs wishing to have a little more Press publicity should send details of their forthcoming events to Jack Davis, 22 Southdown Road, Brighton. I am sure he will be only too pleased to include any material that he receives in his cycling notes in the "Argus" on Wednesday evenings.

R.H.

Amendment to List of Officials.

Secretary of Brighton Mitre - C. Colyer, 27 Seaview Road, Newhaven, Sussex.
Ted Boorman of Southborough now lives at 82a London Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

East Grinstead C.C.

In reply to your query about Snoozy Wong, I have taken over her job, after she had finally "dropped off", to sleep for the winter.

The christmas club run was a bit of a washout (literally) only five of the promised thirteen turning up. Anyway when we got to the Godstone destination we sat down in front of a roaring fire and ate mince pies and let our wet clammy trousers dry off. (Mick Robinson was the only one with leggings). The return journey was a bit of a laugh because every car that passed our way was greeted with shouts and cries from Pete Brooker such as "Happy New Year", and "Merry Christmas" and other different phrases when cars splashed him with cold stinging rainwater.

The 13th Annual Dinner, Prize Presentation and Dance was held in new premises (the Whitehall Shades). After a very enjoyable meal, Mrs. Lock, the club president's wife, presented the trophies and medals. Senior B.A.R. (Presidents cup). - Richard Marchant. Junior B.A.R. to yours truly. The fastest 50 of the year went to Fred Marshall with a personal best time of 2.4.19. Not bad for a man in his second youth. The festival shield (fastest 25) went to Dick with a time of 59.20. Fred also did a personal best for a 25 with times in the 1 hr 0's. The hill climb trophy went to Micky Robinson with a time of 1 -36 2/5 secs, this was the only trophy that Micky won, perhaps his gardening and cycling dont mix well together. At the end of the evening Dick had got himself two cups, two shields and two medals.

After the presentations Fred showed us that his feet were as good on the dance floor as on the pedals, with some nifty moves he showed us all up, perhaps it was a little "neck oil" that helped.

While waiting for a car to pick me up I noticed that Terry Sales and family came out of the Whitehall, and turned down the wrong way of a one-way street, luckily it was about midnight.

Still talking about cars and the law, Mac who took his driving test a few weeks ago at Crawley found out afterwards that his provisional licence had run out the month before.

East Grinstead C.C. continued.

A few points that Mac could have failed on could be cutting people up on a roundabout, turning into a dead end road and not sufficient hand signals. I hope he has better luck next time. Any fellow bonkers should avoid Crawl ey in the next few weeks because Dick is taking his test soon.

The first club run of the year ended in a crash for Dick and Phil. I think the cause could have been Helen, because she was having a tow from Tony and Dick in his vain attempt to pull her off touched a wheel and came off himself and Phil following closely behind him ran into him.

Here's wishing everyone a successful season ahead.

Rupert.

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.

Our A.G.M. went off quietly without any sparks. The new committee is much as before. Guy Little has been pushed on and we hope to enjoy the benefits of his long experience. A new post has been created by electing Martin Chambers as racing captain to help co-ordinate meets with the touring section. Cecil was unfortunately unable to attend the meeting owing to flu, so we missed his wit and wisdom.

The usual faces appear faithfully for the Sunday club run, some for the morning only. It has been noticed that the morning only ones are very consistent and can usually be counted upon to support other activities. Although the meet is at the sensible time of 9.30 many of our younger members seem to have hibernated.

There was a good turnout of seventeen members for the E.S.C.A. annual Luncheon and Prize Presentation at Hassocks. The day will always be remembered for Dennis Neeves hectic attempt to get to lunch on time. Arriving at Hassocks Station he threw himself in to a taxi and was most startled to be driven only a few yards round the corner.

On Cecil's suggestion an evening ride takes place on alternate Wednesday's to one of our favourite tea places at Chitcome. It is a most pleasant ride with a comfortable stop at Mrs. Willard's where can always enjoy a log fire and some good cooking.

It is almost impossible to record the social season in detail. Every club does its utmost to put on a good evening and I am sure I am correct in saying we have been presented at every function. The club dinner medal must surely go to our President, Fred Martin who has travelled far and wide this winter. He will never forget his ride back from Canterbury with Jack Southerden during one of our odd snowy spells.

Owing to a last minute change our dinner was held at the Alexandra Hotel on Hastings front. It proved to be a fortunate move. Success was due to all our guests who arrived determined to enjoy themselves and the evening has that indefinable quality called atmosphere. Same place, same time 30th January, next year.

The club run to the E.S.C.A. Annual party on the 9th of February was very successful. We particularly enjoyed the company of Mick Dunn and Brian Kent who made a week end of it. It was a mild clear day. After lunch at Willingdon we were only a few miles from tea, so Brian led us on a little rough stuff. The idea of following a track was excellent. However a slight surface moisture had a snowball effect as we rode and the mud rapidly accumulated until we were forced to walk and poke the mudguards every few yards. After the final clearance we arrived soiled and content just in time for tea. The film show and tea were greatly appreciated.

Easter will soon be here, and no doubt a full racing programme has been organized. There is still ample scope for the tourist also. A one inch map will show how to get lost. Several interesting ideas have appeared in "Cycling" and "Cycle Touring" recently. The article which appeared in "Cycle Touring" on Northern France recently has much to

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Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. continued.

recommend it. Miles of secondary roads, and the trip from Lydd is well recommended from personal experience.

S.R.

Dear Readers,

Brighton Mitre.

What is there, within the power of any man, to do or say, when he receives such a welcome as was accorded me, on the occasion of the tea party at Stone Cross.

This was also, the occasion, on which I formally handed over my illustrious position as your President, to Mr. Ken Atkins, of the Central Sussex. That Ken is a worthy member of the Association, I have no doubt and what you and I have to do, is to work for him, in his new position as our President.

I trust that we can make his position of honour, as happy a one, as you succeeded in making my turn of office.

Fred H. Stenning.

(Brighton Mitre).

1964 Touring Competition.

RESULT

1st	G.F. Hayman.	Southborough Wheelers.	72 points.
2nd	M. Armitage.	ditto	67
3rd	G. Lade.	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	61
4th	P. Crowley.	Southborough Wheelers.	60
5th	D. Patten.	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	59
6th	D. Hanson.	Fortune C.C.	57
	S. Nash.	Eastbourne Rovers.	57
8th	B. Allcorn.	ditto	55
9th	G.S. Ford,	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	54
10th	A.J. Bathurst.	Southborough Wheelers.	53
11th	R. Drake.	Eastbourne Rovers.	52
12th	K. Stevens.	ditto	51
13th	G. Boxall.	Southborough Wheelers.	48
14th	S. Lodge.	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	47
15th	W.D. Lovell.	Central Sussex C.C.	45
	M. Cobb.	Eastbourne Rovers.	45
17th	B. Leyland.	Southborough Wheelers.	42
18th	D. Wynn.	Tunbridge Wells R.C.	39
19th	Mrs. R. Cox.	Fortune C.C.	34
20th	M. Hills.	ditto	30
1st team.		Southborough Wheelers.	199 points.
2nd team.		Tunbridge Wells R.C.	174 points.

Tunbridge Wells Road Club.

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What a life this is. Here I am burning the midnight oil trying to get my first Bonk report down on paper and deadline is tomorrow. Wait until I get my hands on the blokes who lumbered me with this job. Not to worry though, on with the Saga of the Road Club.

Since the last edition a lot of water has flowed beneath a lot of bridges, namely the Social Season, although for water please substitute beer. I think it is right to say that the boys of the Road Club had a "fair old time" this year. I don't think one dinner in the area has gone unattended by members of the Road Club, in some shape or form. Ah! form! thats a familiar sounding word and who doesnt want to get familiar with some form now and then? Gordon's form has been pretty good this Social Season too. He has been keeping pretty fit and has emerged the triumphant victor of a famous pursuit race. Seems he is recuperating at the top of Beechy Head now. Any rumours that he is negotiating a take over bid from the R.A.F. for the radar station are entirely false. He doesn't need radar. Still, I digress, back to the epics of the social season.

In November Dave N. Graham and Gerald travelled to London ostensibly for Dave N. to buy a new frame. Instead they managed to "tap" a couple free B.B.A.R. tickets from the dealer. Trust them. A fair old show the concert was too, what a pity it is being dropped in favour of a dance. Who are these BEATLES anyway? What club do they belong to? Amongst the audience at the concert were spotted our old friends the S.D.W's and the Eastbourne Rovers. Can't go anywhere nowadays. Then came Christmas and with it the Southborough dinner. Pretty good it was too if you dont mind me saying so. I think the Road Club made themselves heard too.

On Boxing Day, Gordon, Graham, Dave N and Gerald journeyed to Burgess Hill to attend Ken and Barbara Jones party. The beer flowed well and so did Alan Brindleys punch. Its the first time I've drunk tea at a party anyway. During the night Gordon was observed walking around in his pyjamas and smoking a foul pipe. You cant wonder his airbed went down during the night. Another fine and memorable site also was Graham

Tunbridge Wells R.C. Continued.

refusing breakfast. Impossible you might say but I have a number of witnesses, reliable or otherwise, to back me up. Opera's "Old Ale" sure was the "gear."

The next function attended was the Central Sussex do at Hassocks. Very good it was too and the large party of Road Club-ites really enjoyed themselves. Expecially Stan and Pat Lodge, our new recruits from Sheffield. You know, the place where they talk rather funny. Anyway Stan and Pat tell me that they enjoy the social functions in the South more than "back one", as the lads and lasses let themselves go more. Lord Denning please note. Says something for us drunken lot doesn't it.

The next dinner of note was the Eastbourne Rovers at the Pier Hotel, The highlight of the evening no doubt being the stealing of Dennis Neeves spot prize by the one and only Ian "Janks" Jenner. Graham did manage to put a set of fairy lights out of action as well. I think it was the proximity of one of the waitresses that did it.

Some of the club also attended the Uckfield social on Saturday 15th February but unfortunately I am short of scandal from that do. The Wednesday night skating sessions continue apace and as far as I can make out are attended by half of the ESCA clubs. What it is to be an individualist.

Well thats about all from the Road Club and of Escaland and with the Hardriders on Dunday it also seems to be the end of the social season. Still its only nine months to the next one so why worry. All the best up the road this year and I hope there are a few bods slower than me.

See you,

Wack.

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Querulous Quiz

by "Adsum".

1. Humphrey hands you a Hardriders' form three weeks before Christmas.
Do you:-
 - a) Buy him a pint and wish him a speedy recovery.
 - b) Request a change of course to Pevensey Marshes.
 - c) Say you'll ride if Neevo beats the hour on Christmas Day?
2. Your club Secretary tells you that last year's sub. is still unpaid.
Do you:-
 - a) Express surprise at the records going back so far.
 - b) Ask where the Treasurer got his new frame from.
 - c) Give him 2/6 and tell him to keep the change?
3. A clubmate gets in a very cutting cross-toast against you.
Do you:-
 - a) Throw the next bloke's dinner at him.
 - b)PHONE the R.S.P .C.A.
 - c) Join in the fun - then kick his spokes in outside?
4. You are accused of pacing in a time trial.
Do you:-
 - a) Assert that you thought the bloke in front was a mirage.
 - b) Say that you were studying the leading rider's style.
 - c) Admit that you've got a crush on that particular dragon anyway?
5. During a prime sprint a rival tugs your jersey.
Do you:-
 - a) Apologise for being in his way, then ram your pump into his wheel .
 - b) Rip his shorts down as he honks.
 - c)Nudge him over the white line as the commissaire comes up?
6. A motorist pushes you face-first into a hedge.
Do you:-
 - a) Offer to pay for any damage to his car.
 - b) Call him a road hog, and risk being told you're a hedgehog.
 - c) Leave his legs protruding from the nearest drain?
7. On the eve of a 12 hrs. your favourite dragon becomes very "amicabl e".
Do you:-
 - a) Accuse her of sabotage, but do a ride anyway.
 - b) Blame it on the drink, then tank yourself up.
 - c) Tell her she should know better - then proceed to demonstrate what you mean?
8. A dog takes a piece out of your leg on a clubrun.
Do you:-
 - a) Sincerely hope that the animal hasn't poisoned itself.
 - b) Report the owner to the League Against Cruel Sports.
 - c) Make sure that in future there'll be one less dog licence needed in that area?

Central Sussex C.C.

Well, that was the social season that was! Not bad as social seasons go, and, as social seasons go, it went! Result? Here we are on the verge of another year's racing, eagerly anticipating the arrival of summerk??, with your Bonk reporters lamenting over the memories of the last three months.

To begin this particular lament we go back to early December and the Thirty-third Annual Club Dinner, which was GOOD. For the first time in living memory the venue was moved from the Cuckfield/Haywards Heath area with the result that over ninety members and friends descended upon the Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks. The toast to the club was ably proposed by that man of Kent; or is he a Kentish Man; A.C. "Ted" Harrison. Ken "Opera" Jones replied for the club by brilliantly illuminating the highlights of club

Central Sussex C.C. continued.

life during the year, while Roy Amey welcomed the visitors with some vicar and parrot stories. Reg Tew presided over the after dinner fun and games.

The Christmas Hilly 220 time trial was held, as usual, on the Sunday immediately before the holiday. This year it attracted an entry of just over twenty riders, at least the free food afterwards attracted them. Twelve riders finished the course with the result on handicap giving first place to Alan Robinson and Tim Mackay on their tandem. Dave Dalziel was the fastest 1st claim member and will have the Cyclo-Cross Trophy in 1965. Bill Lovell and Mick Morgan both covered 12 miles before they were forced to retire by a miserable old cow and some of her friends who were wandering all over the road on their way to be milked.

The Christmas Eve party which used to be an Uckfield function and has now been the subject of a take over bid by the Central was held for the third year running at the White Harte, Cuckfield. The Vicar led the community singing to the accompaniment of Mr. Luety on his ukelele. A good time was had by all.

UNFORTUNATELY, your scribe cannot give details of the Boxing Day Party at the Jones Residence as he was unable to attend. It can, however, be revealed that if P at King had not been thrown out at noon the following day he would probably still be their.

The touring and club run side of the club has been very active throughout the winter. In December, a dozen members went off to Salisbury Youth Hostel for a weekend. After dark on the Saturday they were somewhere between Micklemarsh and Mottisfont in a maze of narrow lanes. Cycle lamps were shone on every signpost and coins tossed at every fork that wasn't signposted, and by the time they had dismounted and climbed in the hedge to let a car go past, they were a veritable load of Harpic cases (clean round the bend?).

As with the trip to Salisbury, the January weekend at Rye was by courtesy of

Robinson Tours Unlimited. Again it was a party of about a dozen which descended upon the pleasant little town. Some of the boys found a bird bath in the Ypres Castle and spent a disappointing quarter-hour waiting to see if any "birds" came along to bath. A warning to visitors to Rye Church after dark:- Beware of Low Flying Buttresses! Tim Mackay and others nearly lost their heads while prowling around after dark.

The hospitality of the Standard Inn was first class as usual, and the Landlord said that a "Mr. & Mrs. Pearson had been sampling it only two weeks previously.

The return journey from Rye over Fairlight Glen was very pleasant even if somewhat "hard". Rodney Laker says he does not recommend cliff climbing with tricycles. I don't know why Barbara Jones and Kath Thorpe complained, though, because willing hands carried their cycles up the steps to the top of Ecclesbourne, they only had to negotiate the other two miles of mud, cliff and gorse.

It has been very difficult, sometimes, on club runs to distinguish one mud covered bike from another, with the increased "popularity" of "ruff-stuff". Even if it is a little tough on accessories such as mudguards, toeclips, and wheels etc., it is fun. There would, however, seem to be a limit, and one would think that riding along the edge of a river cliff, on a path covered with wet leaves and the River Rother swirling darkly, forty feet below, was beyond that limit. But it has been DONE. Alan, Tim, Mick and Bill all came off at various times, and although in one case it was very close, noone quite made the river. But it certainly wasn't easy to stay on; John Galpin fell off his trike while he was pushing it!

In February the club held its A.G.M. Secretary, Ken Atkins, was able to make a very satisfying report on the year, with membership remaining steady at just over forty and a very high percentage of them fully active. Members lost during the year have been replaced with others who are very keen, and on the whole things look well for 1964. Club officials remain very much the same for the coming year with the exceptions of club captain, who is now Bill Lovell, and a new post, Road/Track Secretary, which has gone to John Dutson.

We may be in for some problems with a new edition to our membership, ANOTHER Ken

Central Sussex C.C. continued.

Atkins, who for many years has been with the, now defunct, Southern Wheelers. What with Ken L. (the ginger one) and Ken A., life may become complicated, but either way, we are very pleased to have him.

Now if I don't stop writting, and rush off with this report, I shall be rebuked by our gorgeous editor, as I was last time it was late.

Yours in a hurry,

Willum.

P.S. Though for the day

Do the Sheiks of Arabia use "After Slave Lotion?".

Mitre Notes 1894 - 1964

Seventy years in cycling sport, a long time. During that period many honours have come to the club, many friendships made and we hope many more friends in the future.

Many romances have started in the club, we have I believe grand-children of members now riding in our sport.

Club life today is perhaps of a different pattern to years ago but all of us were or are bike riders - question "do girls join cycling clubs to get the miles or the males?" (Males of course Ed). There do not appear to be so many girl riders these days but those who are club members these days do not need support up every hill as in yester-years. Qyestion - what is the "club life" of the average member? some say 3 years, I am inclined to agree tho during the years Mitre types have, I think, kept in touch after active cycling and I can assure everyone we are better for it. The Mitre has not always been lucky enough to have top riders altho we have had more than our fair share - in fact it has been said, when riders were scarce that the Mitre promoters appeared for the benefit of our friends. This has been very true of our open track meet for the last couple of years but "watch it mates" we now have some youngsters up and coming.

Taking o p omotions --- just a couple of dates for your diary.

Open Road Race 1st & 2nd Cowbech. May 10th. 12 noon. entries April 14th.

Open Track Meet July 29th. 7.00 p.m. details Charles Turner.

Open 25 G.41. August 16th. details Horrie Hemsley.

Open Celebration 50 September 30th. details Bill Sladen.

Now a few congratulations.

To Ken on being elected P resident ESCA.

To Fred being elected President S.C.M.

To Gerry and Margaret on their engagement.

To Arthur on his forthcoming marriage.

To everyone who is getting ready to have a go this season be it T.T., Track or Road racing.

We have a lot of interest among the keen types who put the smokes away on January 1st and start thinking of early events - our 1st club events are: March 1st - George Hill 25. March 22nd - Fred Cook Memorial 25.

By the way regarding the road race on May 10th, entry forms are now ready also track fixture cards with full 1964 programme. Its a bit early for Dinners but Mike Hayler tells me there are places left for our friends at the 70th Year Celebration Dinner at Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on December 5th, we hope to see a party from your club. Many notable club folk have already accepted invitations. Why dont you join us.

This is about it for this time. Good luck to all during the coming season.

C. Harles.

Dear Brethren,

Once again a few words from His Reverence, and no doubt by the time you are reading this many of you will have been taking part in a few competative miles., alas the last of the social season activities are now just a mere memory, but what a pleasurable one it was.

One Saturday, Feb. 22nd. I attended the Dinner of the Prestonville Nomads at the Palmeria Hotel, Hove. (with other members of my club). The main speech for the "Prestonville" was ably spoken by Ken Atkins - the whole affair was a very good "do" put on and organised by the famous Geoff Boor. A good meal and get together afterwards with ever faithful Reg P orter being M.C. - we are very happy to have them in our Association.

The hardriders proved successful naturally good for Central Sussex to get the team award - pity the weather turned out so lousy though at the end.

Our friend Ganger is expected home from Australia soon, he sails on February 27th, via the Panama, he will have done a trip "Round the World" now - we are all looking forward to listening to his experiences (listen we will as I don't think any of us will get a word in edgeways) and of course we shall not be able to argue with what he is talking about.

Gangers letters to various people since he has been away have been real lively, nobody has ever seen so much put on an air letter ever before. The young ladies will be in for a treat on the return journey especially if anything like the outward voyage.

I'm wondering by now if Chris Snelling has managed to convince "Min" that cycling is the thing, - somehow he ought to make her a cyclist and member of the Rovers. Go on Chris "Have a Go". You might succeed - may even be another "Sprint Race" (Quiet please) eh Jane!!

Well at present theres not a lot I can chaff about, hope to have something more to say next issue. In the meantime, all the best "up the road". See you there. And don't forget - be kind to a poor old Gent on a bike.

Amen,

Yours, The Vicar

(a Bishop)

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

Well, "tugs", that was a short social season, wasn't it? Almost before you can say Llanfairpwllgwyngyll - all right, I'll spare you the rest of it - keen types are sidling up and asking what you're going to ride in this year (your scribe gives a black mark to the comic who approached him with: "And how many events are you going to be DNS in this season?") (How about making a comeback with me Geoff, Ed!)

The fun and frolics were duly celebrated by our lads and the club was represented for better or for worse, at several functions. For the best laugh we pick the Worthing dinner where Mike Poland of that club was presented with a bedpan by his long-suffering (and often-stopping) tandem steersman, Tommy Lednor!

The Wanderers dinner was as usual lively affair which would have been of much greater interest had Chancellor Eldridge not been prevented by a bad cold from attending. Unknown to anyone Copper Burgess had invited the Great White Chief who, always nut of a laugh, turned up and duly occupied a place of honour on the top table! When Reg heard about this he muttered something about the chances of the Hove force suddenly finding themselves a man short if such a thing occurs again!! One of the raffle prizes was two pairs of frilly "unmentionables", won by Fred Stenning who duly presented them to his wife. This dashed the hopes of all those who were waiting to see if Grover held the winning ticket! However, hard-bitten roadman Peacock, of the Southern Coureurs, crept for one prize and found himself the somewhat embarrassed owner of a super-sexy calender which now hangs over his bed. Incidentally, Grover caused some raised eyebrows when he said that he's now in the Foreign Office. Your scribe detects a hint of suspicion in one bloke's remark: "be careful what you get up to in future"!!

An odd experience at the Eastbourne dinner. Willcocks, Grover and Ken and Barbara Jones were talking when the winning raffle tickets were drawn. The first three all had winning tickets while Barbara missed the fourth by one figure. The cries of "Fiddle" must have been heard at Pevensey!!

The club AGM was convened at Agg's residence (we trust he's till friends with the

Lewes Wanderers C.C. Continued.

neighbours!) and the Chancellor was talked into accepting his usual offices for 1964, but says that he thinks he'll be relinquishing all duties in two years' time. He has offered to teach any interested people the gentle arts of timekeeping and handicapping so that they can be ready to take over when he finally hangs up his watch. The Racing Secretary for this year is Maurice Colburn, while Willcocks has been roped in as General Secretary as it was felt that for too long he has got away with being an "other rank".

A blow to our racing strength came with the news that Chris May has joined the paratroops! What (or which dragon!) prompted this isn't known as he is now at that recruits' paradise Aldershot, and is pretty well incommunicado! To offset this loss we met new member Lawrence Baker who hails from Lewes, and has done, dare we say it, over 1300 miles already this year. Something tells us he should be fit early on!!

Clubruns have recommenced under the lash of club captain "Killer" Colburn who bids fair to take after the dreaded Nash of Eastbourne infamy. Take the worst weather, mix with the filthiest roads, whip in a few 1 in 6 slopes and you have the sort of "Cook's" tour that pleases him immensely while his colleagues, looking like a pack of dalmations, are using language fit to blister their top-tubes as he urges them on! Still even these exercises in sadism are not without their lighter side, as after three members, including this cannibal, had had trouble on a recent run John Edwards was heard singing "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen"!!

Willcocks, struggling with those Anagrams in the last edition was heard to mutter: "I never thought I'd see the day when I was incapable of sorting out a nice rare crumpet". Somebody suggested that he ought to get Maurice Carpenter to give him a few hints!! Having recently gone to work with a plumbing firm he was asked how he would wipe a joint. He replied: "Wait till the butcher's back is turned"!!

Those who attended the Association party at Stone Cross must, like ourselves, have

been heartened by the appearance of over 100 participants. The film of the Isle of Man week was a very pleasant surprise, so all credit to Roy Humphrey for securing the first showing of it, a piece of opportunism which was its own reward.

Well, with the Hardriders 12 looming up on the horizon its time to put this edition of Lewes scandals in the can so as to keep Auntie Sheila happy.

Here's to dry roads, favourable winds and supple muscles for all ESCA bods in the season ahead.

See you all down the road,

ALSORAN.

Answers to the East Sussex Cycling Personalities.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Maurice Carpenter. | 19. Tourist Agg. |
| 2. Fatso Tully. | 20. Dave Patten. |
| 3. Geoff Boxall. | 21. Ken Atkins. |
| 4. Maurice Colburn. | 22. Alan Bathurst. |
| 5. Mick Wren. | 23. Roy Humphrey. |
| 6. Martin Chambers. | 24. Opera Jones. |
| 7. Pete Burbery. | 25. Graham Lade. |
| 8. Ken Achard. | 26. Stan Nash. |
| 9. Dave Nightingale. | 27. Iris Stevens. |
| 10. Fred Marshall. | 28. Mick Robinson. |
| 11. Copper Burgess. | 29. George Pearson. |
| 12. Dave Dalziel. | 30. Sheila Patten. |
| 13. Pete Brooker. | 31. Maggie Beeston. |
| 14. Pete Crowsley. | 32. Arthur Thorpe. |
| 15. Willcocks. | 33. Chris Snelling. |
| 16. Esther Carpenter. | 34. Dawn Hayward. |
| 17. Phil Hennessy. | 35. Jack Southerden. |
| 18. Dennis Neeves. | |

Fortune C.C.

Now that the social season is drawing to a close and the keen types are getting in the training miles it's time for me also to rouse myself from hibernation and acquaint you with the latest news and scandal from the Fortune C.C.

During the winter we've all reverted to hostellers and many enjoyable weekends have been spent at local hostels. One memorable weekend at Hindhead with Worthing YHA group saw Mick Tully and Derek Hanson sleeping in the wooden hut which is optimistically referred to as "the annexe". As it was cold enough to incapacitate the proverbial brass monkey this had rather obvious drawbacks. Still you can't complain when you arrive at 10.50 pm without giving notice of late arrival. Great amusement was derived by the other members of the party watching "Hairy" Hanson extricating shredded tomato from his beard whilst partaking of red-hot, improvised, tomato soup.

Talking of cold weather, had you noticed that Mick Hills went rash and had a haircut, in December of all times. He must put his faith in long range forecasts!

All prepared to face the rigours of the coming season, Mick Kilby has put on the road the machine he had resprayed FIVE YEARS ago. Mind you don't scratch the enamel, Mick, it'd be a shame after all these years. Showing similar reluctance to risk his paintwork, "Hairy" left his new Rayment hanging in the shop well over two months after it was ready. We understand Bill had to threaten to charge rent to get him to move it.

Tandems seem to be regaining popularity in some quarters and not least in the Fortune. What with Mick T. borrowing the Hills tandem to transport his latest flame, and Hairy acquiring a machine which should have been drawing its old age pension years ago, perhaps we can claim to be "with it". We should have had a tandem pair, in the Crawley Wheelers 100 - 7 but they didn't make it. Fair weather cyclists!

The ESCA tourist trial saw an entry of three from the Fortune which, running true to form, arrived half an hour after the appointed starting time and just caught Roy

Fortune C.C. Continued.

Humphrey as he was departing for Heathfield. Phil's efforts to test our touring ability were much appreciated and proved, among other things, that we can't judge speed and don't know the Highway Code. We were more successful at tea, however, and succeeded in demolishing a large quantity of sandwiches in record time. Other people at our table just didn't stand a chance! Many thanks to Iris and her crew.

The lengths some people will go to just to keep up appearances! We all thought Dave and Rose to be keen when they turned up at the Brighton clubroom on bikes in the depths of winter, though they live at Worthing. We now find that they come into Brighton by van and cycle only from the car park. But they won't get fit that way, as Dave found to his cost the other weekend when we went to London. Having complained beforehand about travelling up with "slow" riders he had to eat his words when he got burnt off over the Sutton by-pass.

If you notice a sudden hush fall on the Sussex courses some time this year, don't be alarmed. It'll just be that Mick T. has left for pastures new under the auspices of the RAF. We understand he has ambitions to fly as an air signaller, and, when grounded, hopes to "fly" as a cyclist wherever he's stationed.

That's the lot for now, so I'll wish you all faster and faster times during the season to come (should I say "Seasons Greetings"?), and I'll see you when you pass me.

Slowcoach.

Advertisement.

World Championships 1964.

One person required to make up party of four travelling to World Championships at Sallanches and Paris during the first two weeks in September. Travel will be by Dormobile Caravan.

Anyone interested contact: G.A. Maryan (T.W.R.C.)
Marloit,
Wadhurst, Sussex.

Southborough Social News.

If the saying that the first 10 years are the worse applied to writing for Bonk as well as marriage then most readers will be relieved to know that the first lot of green ink flowed to the Bonk editor in the Christmas 1953 issue which was No. 1, Vol. 1. of the then new series. So with 10 years behind me lets have a look at the past quarter. Perhaps the most outstanding feature has been the extraordinary successful social season, after the previous winter and awful summer we needed a tonic. We attended the Association Luncheon, and Central Sussex dinner in force and were gratified to notice that not only were the attendances higher than previous years but that they abounded in that indescribable thing called "Cycling club spirit". Noticable too were the large numbers who cycled to the Association do at Hassocks although Ted Boorman and Phil Hennessy went one better and leaving Southborough at 4 a.m. walked to Hassocks, arrived with an hour to spare!

Fred Stenning of the Mitre was guest of honour at our own club dinner and gave us one of the many good speeches that we heard during the evening. Ted Boorman put up something of a record in taking 21 minutes to welcome the guests. John Hearne collected the lions share of the silverware which was filled and passed round while the usual fun and games took place. Absent this year was the usual Christmas mistletoe though this presented no difficulty to some and the function finished with its traditional Christmas goodwill scenes with several ladies being in great demand and one Central Sussex gentleman vainly attempting to attract the attention of Norman Rout and Barbara Jones by thrusting the Jones marriage licence between them.

A variation of the "Owners-growing-to-resemble-their-dogs" theme was noticed at the Lewes dinner as Peter Sharpe, the militant pacifist, seems to look more like Bertrand Russell on each occasion. Hastings & Eastbourne complete the collection of Sussex clubs visited by Southborough members though with several Kent clubs also included in the rounds some people are living on half a bitter and a cheese biscuit until their financial state improves.

Southborough Social News continued.

Christmas went off very quietly at Southboro, and the rain dampening most people's spirits. The Southboro nomads Alan and Crow once again enjoyed the Central's hospitality at their Christmas Eve do and once again after Boxing Day when they were among the 29 people from 8 clubs who visited - to quote Neeves - The Operahouse, Burgess Hill. Incidentally the nomadic Crow has now such a reputation for his "away" weekends at hostels, "Friends" houses etc, that it is rumoured in Southborough circles that on the rare occasions that he is home at the weekends his nother stamps his youth hostel card.

The Association AGM created something of a record by finishing just after 3 p.m. and the roller con test was quite a lively affair. Crow made a successful debut at roller racing and aided by "Directeur Sportive" Mick Armitage shared the Festival shield with Graham Lade after some very exciting racing.

Phil Hennessy excelled himself by organising the most successful ESCA Touring Comp. of the series in February and blessed with a good entry and good weather the event ran smoothly without signs of exhausted competitors at the finish. Geoff Hayman got a lead in the speed judging and held it to win the event though Geoff's lead was challenged at one point when "Chev" Armitage scored a max on the highway code questions - questions which floored most "gen tourists". A well supported party and film show rounded off a great day though I wonder if all the washing up has been finished yet.

The big coming attraction in the Southborough circles is the Easter Trip to the Towey Valley in Central Wales. Four car loads of bods, bikes, supplies and club tent are planning to venture into the almost unknown and live it rough for a few days, one nameless member is praying for a dozen stranded girl hikers to turn up!

And on that optimistic note I will hand you over to Les Hayman who will cover the racing news, Les is rather cosmopolitan in that he lives in Chessington, Surrey, rides in a Kent club and now is writing in the East Sussex "Bonk". To save any misunderstanding he does NOT live at the zoo. With that and good wishes for 1964 over to Les.

Crow.

The Preservation of Man.

The Horse and the Mule live 30 years
 and nothing know of wines or beers,
 The Goat and Sheep at 20 die
 with never a taste of Scotch or Rye,
 The Cow drinks water by the ton
 and at 18 is mostly done,
 The Dog at 16 cashes in without
 the aid of Rum or Gin.
 The Cat its milk and water soaks and
 then in 12 short years it croaks,
 The modest, sober, bone dry Hen lays
 eggs for Men, and then dies at 10,
 All animals are strictly dry,
 they sinless live and swiftly die.
 But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked Men
 survive for three score years and ten.
 And some of us, but mighty few,
 stay picked till we're 92.

(authorship unknown).

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.

Seeing as I am a few days late in sending in this report I shall be able to include the Hardriders result. After a rather hectic social season and only riding his bike to work plus a few "morning after" rides on Sundays. Ken Stevens surprised himself and the rest of the Club by coming 2nd. He says if thats what a social season does lets start another. Stanley Ebenezer Nash came out of retirement to give Ken a bit of company and did a very creditable ride.

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C. continued.

Returning to the now past social season the club certainly did not die. The annual invasion of the big city took place, with a mini-bus being hired to take eleven invaders on a day grip ending with the B.A.R. Concert in the evening. With Harry Heather as pilot we headed north, Harry being a true cyclist took to the lates and gave us a hair-raising ride. They were the sort of lanes a cyclist says a motorist should not be all owed down. Of course we met something coming the other way. We eventually arrived at our first objective, The Science Museum. We managed to get through the afternoon without being thrown out, but the old gents in uniform kept their eyes on us. I should think every knob was pressed and every handle wound in the place, I never realised before we had so many interested in the workings of ships engines. It is a good thing they keep all the small models in large cases as I am sure they would have been short of a few.

After a quick look at the lights, and Bruce being press ganged into buying Marion a rose, after the other two girls had had one, we dashed back to Kensington and the Albert Hall. We tried to lose a few in the tube, but did not have any luck they stuck like leeches. We rounded the day off with a meal in an Indian restaurant where dustbin John Riles (the quiet twin) cleared up the remains of every one elses dishes. He wasn't out on the club run next day.

On the next three consecutive Sundays we had some function on, other than clubruns. A roller contest after the ESCA AGM was run, though this was marred by the fact not all those that entered rode; and out of those who actually had a go only two came equipped with bikes. Despite the setbacks Graham Lade and Pete Crowsley emerged joint winners.

The Rovers catering dept. was called upon again the following week for our annual party for which we were joined by our friends from the Eastbourne C.T.C. This year we incorporated a slide show which proved quite popular.

Irons were stripped and low gears were the order of the day for our Downland Gran Prix, held the weekend before Christmas,. Usually this is a cyclist v harriers event held on Christmas Morn, but this year the harriers were unable to fit a dtb in due to there being busy running elsewhere. So this year a cyclo-cross event was held and by majority vote not on Christmas Morning, seems they all have hangovers. The event proved quite sporting as snow and ice lay on the tracks. The two girls, Jane and Iris were

Eastbourne Rovers continued.

given a minutes start and were soon caught. Steve Larkin a newcomer to the game, siezed his chance when Ken Stevens came off and roared home for a comfortable win. The event was voted a great success by both riders and spectators.

After disposing of Christmas the Rovers started the dinner round with the Wanderers affair, at which no less than thirteen attended, I didn't know we had so many active at this time of the year. About this time we came under the influence of a couple of refugees from the Road Club who after the Lewes dinner introduced us to card games and we eventually fell into bed at 5-30 am on Sunday.

In succession the SCA Luncheon and Worthing Dinners were visited. It was at these functions we noticed a little twosome sneaking off on their own. We thought our club was the attraction but it seems it was Jane. At our dinner the following week this was confirmed when "Opera" came out with the best cross-toast 9f the evening when he took wine with "The winner of the Jane Godden pursuit" and Gordon stood up. Other than this small incident the dinner went off without a further mishap, we were joined by many friends from all over the Southern Counties including a large contingent from Tunbridge Wells.

The evening or should I say morning was rounded off with eight playing cards at Harry's and Jenner being relieved of a pound (in money not weight). Another romance started that night when "Min", Jane's friend was seated opposite Chris Snelling. He has since stated he will not be doing much this season as he has found other things in life besides racing!!

Several other dinners were visited by members, Central Sussex, Hastings, and the North Road to name a few. The season was finally rounded off with the club again turning out in force, this time for a very nice informal evening at Uckfield, for which they are to be congratulated.

In between all this activity a skating club was formed by the combined forces of Tunbridge Wells R.C. and Eastbourne. A large number of budding figure skating champions converging on Brighton Rink every Wednesday; and I can tell you there sure are some figures cut with only one able to skate properly when we started, that being Birmingham Roger. Ian Jenner has proved himself undisputed champion of the arctic roll. Someone likened him to an enormous suet pudding rolling across the ice. The competition for the best and most colourful bruises is a close race between Jane Godden Eastbourne and Graham L ade T.W.R.C., but they wont show us them.

In between all this we have managed a few clubruns, nothing spectacular has happened except perhaps Angel skidding on his ear on the corner at Barcombe and Iris coming down rather hard on her rear after him. Coming off seems to be fashionable at the moment, Danny Chadwick and Steve touched wheels out training and had to go home on the train. (Isn't that what training means, ED?) They were followed the following week by Chris Snelling, who ought to know better, skidding on a manhole around by Pevensey Castle bringing down Bernard Riley as well.

With everyone talking of training and getting a little fitter it is noticable that Jane and Gordon are being shot off the back. The van is being used rather regular for getting to tea, I don't know whether this is the reason or not. They blame Ken and Graham for half wheeling, of which Ken is club champion, but the rest of the bunch seem to manage to keep in. Still time will tell.

Scrubber.

HERE AND THERE

Willcocks, robbed of his perennial cross-toast at the Lewes dinner, wishes to be known that the Chancellor has now owed him a pint for 11 years!

Congratulations on his marriage to Pat King, of Central Sussex. Still a club member, but now living in South Wales.

A girl who works with Jane Godden (Eastbourne) knowing she cycled told her of a funny lot who lived near her aunt at Hailsham. Seems that one Sunday a van drew up and two people

got out and took bikes out of the back then joined by the couple who lived there road off. Jane denied any knowledge of the people.

Rumour has it that Gordon Ford has taken up figure skating. Is it the figure after skating?

Why did a certain young lady appear to be so upset at the Uckfield Social? Perhaps Arthur shouldn't play kissing games!!!

From Dennis Neeves at the close of the Eastbourne Dinner, P. Crowsley appears by kind permission of the "Opera House", Burgess Hill. Roy Humphrey appeared by kind permission of Mrs. Humphrey.

In a January edition of "Cycling" Tommy Simpson was quoted as saying: "In January it is best to leave the bike alone and do something around the house". The current issues of "Sporting Cyclist" now carry a family planning ad. in their back pages.

At the Worthing dinner the deputy Lady Mayor said that all cyclists should have something on their arms that would show them up at night. Willcocks commented: "I'm OK - I've got the dragon"!!

Why was Bill Collins "CHICKEN" over a certain Cross toast to be proposed by The Vicar? at the Eastbourne Dinner.

Since the destruction of rabbits by mixematosis there has been an increase in the number of hares. Anyone coming across one is asked to give it to Arthur Thorpe, who doesn't have many left.

When Geoff Willcocks turned up at the ESCA party in cycling clobber one Lewes wag commented "Mr. Willcocks - you mean to say they let you get on a bus dressed like that".

Another Lewes dinner giggle: Sharp, who is "anti-everything", having to propose the Loyal toast!

Barbara Jones' sister Janet had two Valentine cards, one from the Maidstone area, and one from Horsham. Pistols at dawn for Messrs. Brindley and Mackay?

Guess who asked Youngs Cycles to give him a receipt for a second hand track bike made out for a trade bike for B. Jenner, Tunbridge Wells. Does the tax man know of this fiddle.

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