



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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New Series No. 8.

Christmas, 1964.

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

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

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Christmas issue, and the end of another year in the life of an Editor. An arduous and usually unrewarding job carried out to the best of one's ability as with all the jobs in our Association, and we are fortunate indeed to have such a dedicated band of officials.

Thumbing through the pages you will see reports from various clubs, intermingled with other items. Your Editor was fortunate in obtaining the exclusive rights of "Icelandic Holiday" by Derek Hanson, an extremely interesting article. In answer to my suggestion in the Autumn issue for a Points of View Column the Tunbridge Wells Road Club have started the ball rolling. I though Roy's handicapping article would have raised a few comments!

Now to end where we came in - Dave and I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you all a Happy Christmas and of extending our best wishes to one and all for a speedy New Year.

Auntie Sheila.

"GEN" from the Secretary.

Another year has now gone by, it is 18 years since that eventful meeting at Ashburnham in November, 1946, when it was agreed to form our Association. Several of those who were present at that first meeting are still with us and are to be seen up the road on Sunday mornings helping at events. The first essential of the Association everyone felt at that meeting was to encourage the clubs to get together socially as well as racing. It was upon that foundation that our Association was built and brought about the feeling of friendship that today exists among the clubs in East Sussex. Many changes on the racing side have taken place during these 18 years, the one big improvement being the basing of all the courses on Hellingly, which enables us to have the use of a Hall for changing and a place to get together and have a chat over a cup of tea after the events, instead of having to change by the roadside and leave ones clothes under a cape and trust that they would be still their when one finished.

Clubs have come and gone during those 18 years, but we now have a membership of 12 clubs with an application by the Brighton Premier C.R.C. for membership to be considered at the AGM. The Association is today in a very healthy state and given the same support during the coming year we may see entries for the short distances time trials reach the peak that we achieved during the mid 1950's.

Next year will see the Association once again promoting an Open Time Trial, it having been decided to make the 12 hrs a full Open event for both ladies and gents. It is hoped that by doing this it will make for a few more riders and so make the task of the host of helpers more interesting and also give local riders a chance to get a BAR distance without having to travel far afield. The event has been brought forward one week and will be held on August 1st. It will be necessary to find a few extra miles before the riders reach the finishing circuit, any ideas will be welcomed by the Committee. Our Assistant Racing Secretary Ken Stevens has suggested an extra detour near Eastbourne which should prove very useful.

It now only remains for me to extend to you the compliments of the season and to wish you one and all many Happy Miles during 1965.

R.H.

Icelandic Holiday.

As an exercise in one-upmanship we found a holiday in Iceland (albeit cycling and camping) has a lot to recommend it, making such places as Majorca seem pedestrian and the rest of Europe rather ordinary. It was not for this effect, however, that we chose to head north-west this year. Successive travel brochures had convinced us that this unspoilt island, famous for its natural phenomena, and with a population only the size of Brighton's, spread over an area 350 miles by 250 miles, must come high on our list of priorities.

We were, of course, subjected beforehand to a multitude of wisecracks about igloos, Eskimo Nell, and fishing from holes in the ice, but, despite the frosty name, Iceland has a climate comparable to that of the West of Scotland. Due to its northern latitude it doesn't get dark at all during the summer months thus enabling one to continue cycling until a late hour. This compensates for the inevitable late start by lie-abed campers. Iceland is inhabited by a people of Scandinavian decent, not Eskimo, and has enjoyed independence (from Denmark) for only twenty years during which time it has achieved great social progress and now has a very high standard of living. The Icelanders have great patriotic pride and delight in telling the tourist of their country, as we found on several occasions.

Cycling is not a popular pastime in Iceland - one glance at the roads will tell why - and wherever we went we, and our bikes, were the subject of considerable interest to the local juvenile population. Once outside the capital city, Reykjavik, the tarmac ended abruptly and the unmetalled road was liberally endowed with potholes and stones which made us long for wider tyres than our high pressures. However, we live and learn!

Although Iceland appears but a tiny speck on the atlas we were able to see only a

a small part of it covering as we were about 30-35 miles per day. We had been advised that the agricultural areas of the Snaefellsnes peninsula made a very suitable tour for a first essay at Iceland, and during the course of our route we were able to see many differing scenes.

The southern edge of the peninsula was a flat, narrow coastal plain bounded on the one side by the sea and on the other by steep mountain slopes rising sheer from the plain. More spectacular, the northern coastline was reminiscent of the Norwegian fiords, with indentations often necessitating lengthy detours, and offering fresh panoramic views round every corner. Fortunately for our photography we had bright sunshine along this stretch but we encountered a fresh hazard - gale force winds. This appeared to be a usual occurrence judging by the unconcern showed by the local population on a day when the strength of the side wind made us put up at an hotel after only fourteen miles because we just couldn't stay upright - the wind driving us into the loose stones at the roadside. We were particularly amused to see a woman raking together grass while the wind, which made it difficult to stand, was doing its best to disperse it again.

Also on the north coast we crossed our first lavafield. The wandering, cairn-marked road took an erratic course across the moss silvered lava, with extinct volcanoes standing sentinel on either side. Aided by low clouds the effect was more than somewhat eerie and we were glad to be heading for the fishing port of Stykkisholmur - on a much improved road surface, but still leaning to the right to counter the force of the southerly gale. Fishing is, of course, the major industry and the chief natural resource of the island and we were interested to see just outside the village a wooden structure hung with cod which were being dried, preparatory for export, we were told to Ghana. We also saw an example of local boat-building: a far cry from the modernity of much of Iceland, the timber construction was more reminiscent of the Viking ships than anything else.

Our return route to Reykjavik led us past several more extinct volcanoes and it was a sobering thought when climbing the lava slopes to look down on now quiet craters and

remember the volcano Surtsey which, only a hundred or so miles away, was still merrily spewing forth lava harmlessly into the sea, whilst Mount Hekla, not much further distant, caused great loss and devastation as recently as 1947. In places in the interior the volcanic dust lay like fine sand across the road making riding impossible.

We ended our tour with a visit to Thirgvellir, the site of the oldest parliament in the world, though by the time we arrived, in puring rain, we were in no mood to appreciate the grandeur of the rocky defile, having suffered en route broken pawl springs which mean't the free wheel free wheeled both ways. In order to see more of the famous sights of Iceland we spent our last day very expensively on a coach trip to the famous Gullfoss, the golden waterfall complete with rainbow, and the Great Geysir. The former, the largest waterfall in Europe, was certainly spectacular and made our coach trip worth while tho' we were a trifle disappointed by the Geysir. The Great Geysir, which gave its name to all other water spouts (as well as domestic hot water appliances!) is now out of order, but a smaller edition, not unreasonably known as the Little Geysir, obliged with a 40 ft. water column every five minutes.

Accommodation is something of a problem for the tourist and a tent is a necessity. There are four hostels in Iceland, two of which are in or near Reykjavik, whilst mountain huts, or "soeluhus", are occasionally close enough to the road to be of use to the cyclist. Hotels are very expensive (as is everything else except fish) and in any case they are somewhat rare in the rural areas. We were told that it was often possible to stay cheaply at farmhouses, especially if one had a sleeping bag. We did try this on one occasion but generally found camping gave us greater independence.

Our holiday ended on a fitting note as we flew over the still active volcano Surtsey, which appeared out of the sea only last November, and looked down on the spitting saucer of fire which was the crater, whilst red-hot lava poured down the mountain slopes to meet the sea in a cloud of steam. A memorable finale to a memorable holiday.

Derek Hanson.

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Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.

How shall I record the past few months? No week by week times to draw on.

Our tourists turned out to help with the K.C.A. 12. We were very fortunate with weather, sunshine all the way. Guy did best of all. A head poked over a nearby fence to enquire what was going on. The enquirer must have received a civil reply as Guy was supplied with an armchair. It took me quite a while to sort out the thistles out from my grass cushion.

The Club recently received a visit from a former member John Grant. John has spent five years in Germany. During this time he has cycled intensively and finished well to the fore in many events. His best achievement was in winning the Army Championships at Lengo. Next year he hopes to be back in England and riding with the Hastings club again.

The Wednesday evening runs are taking place regularly. The proprietor at Chitcombe has now started to play the accordion and welcomes an occasional demonstration by Dennis Neeves. On one evening he was so pleased to see Les Monk's 3 D photography, he flatly refused payment for the refreshments.

Malcolm Gardener a keen tryclist who until recently has been working in Zanzibar is now home on a visit. Unfortunately owing to the political situation he is having difficulty in obtaining release for his personal possessions. The trike is luckily crated so the Sultan's successor is unable to have a go round the docks.

Those who went to Maurice Clutterbuck's lecture at Ringmer enjoyed his talk very much. The slides showing his American tour were of a very high quality. The tea was good and it was pleasant to see so many old faces.

Readers will be pleased to know that Jack Southerden is now out of hospital. He is fairly fit, but will be avoiding night riding for the time being.

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. Continued.

The second photographic evening was more ambitious than last year. We were able to borrow some high quality enlargements for display. There was also an increase in monochrome entries. Jimmy Hollands of Rye unwittingly helped our display by losing his copy of "1066". Result he turned up with two lots of prints of different sizes. Four short films of a high standard were shown. Two portrayed the glories of Finland, both had unpronounceable names. These were followed by the "Isle and the Pussy Cat", commentary by Robert Beattie and last year's I.O.M. cycle racing week. All credit to the producer of this film for making something of all round interest. Sad to relate that the evening showed a loss as some bookings were not honoured.

Our A.G.M. produced near enough the same officials and committee. It was however a more lively meeting than held in previous years. Most people had something to say and many ideas and worthwhile improvements resulted for both the touring and racing sides. A sound idea was put forward by Esther to give any racing member young or old a chance of winning something instead of plodding away week by week without hope and quickly giving up. Basically it will be on a points system. We should like to borrow a computer from a wealthier club. The Press were present and gave us good coverage.

Once again our Dinner will be held at the Alexandra Hotel, Hastings. Tickets 17/6. Students 15/-. All who came last year enjoyed themselves. I should hate to disappoint anyone, so if you wish to share our pleasure Stan Russell, 9 De Chan Road, St. Leonards on Sea will be delighted to send tickets.

S.R.

Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.

With winter upon us most of the Rovers seem to have gone into hibernation and I can't seem to find anything on them, but here goes. Lets see what can be sifted up from

Eastbourne Rovers Continued.

the murky depths.

The racing year ended with first year novice Cliff Sharp sweeping the board, taking every trophy except the club 25 cup, from the Novice cup to the Club B.A.R. A very fine achievement his final notable rides being a 1-3 and a 2-9 for a 50, with a 23 min. 10 being thrown in for good measure. He was only beaten at 25 and 50 miles by Ken Stevens who after 17 years in the club has won the fastest club 25 trophy for the first time. He also did personal bests at 25 and 50 miles, not bad at a time when people think you should be slowing down. Ian Jenner thinks it is because the Road Club have introduced him to late nights, camping and high living. It is more likely to get away from Jenner. Unfortunately with the above two bombing around we did not have a 3rd man close enough to make a good team as Mike Watson has spent most of the summer in and out of hospital though when he did put in an appearance he showed he was not that unfit. Still perhaps next year our younger element will be a little faster.

While the men have had a job to field a team the ladies have had one for the first time since 1956. With all three finishing both the ESCA and Club B.A.R's. A very keen rivalry developed as the season progressed between Jane and Marion with the latter just managing to beat the former in the last 25. Several awards came their way in both ESCA and Open events. One of which in the Weybridge Wh. 25. Iris was heard to threaten never to speak to Marion again if she did not win the handicap, she had 20 mins!!

The social season got under way with a long weekend up in Derbyshire, the National Hill Climb the excuse. Congratulations Dave a fine effort. Half the Road Club - Rovers contingent stopped at Buxton and the others in Matlock. All in quite respectable 'digs' not like a lot of scruffy characters we met up there who also hail from Sussex the centre of the county in fact who it is rumoured slept in a Council Yard.

Eastbourne Rovers Continued.

The local nightlife was sampled at Matlock the floor show including a stripper. The Southern lads were disgusted. She didn't take enough off.

Following this hectic weekend came the first dinner the Tunbridge Wells lot. I don't know what certain members of that club had been up to but they certainly were edgy during the cross-toasting. Some one had only to pick up a spoon and all eyes were upon him. Dave Neal and Janks Jenner especially. All the poor bod was doing was eating his dessert. I don't know what Dave Nightingale was up to walking our Marion around the streets of Southborough at 2 in the morning but he certainly looked rough next morning.

Moving back into home ground Stan Nash was seen to arrive up the clubroom one night in a four wheeled powered machine. After much questioning he finally broke down and admitted owning the thing. With Birmingham Roger having his car on the road again after a prang up on the A.22 (not his fault he says) we shall have to revive the Rovers Motoring Club. For there is also a rumour that Ken Stevens is saving up for a van and one of the Riley twins, Bernard, is taking driving lessons.

Our A.G.M. has been and gone with a few changes and one family holding four positions on the committee. Harry Heather is now Chairman with daughter Iris Secretary and son in law Ken Racing Secretary, then to crown it all Ken's brother in law Fred is Social Secretary, but I can assure you they don't agree especially Iris and Ken.

Jane has made such a good job of cooking the books (Gordon had a new van) that she was re-elected treasurer, and so passed a very quiet A.G.M.

Well as I expect you have had enough of my drivel and I can't find anything on Jane and Gordon, I will close till next season.

Scrubber.

A Likely Story

A girl from a small Welsh coastal town found herself in a certain unenviable condition so one of her wiser friends told her that the only way out was to go to London, find Harley Street and talk nicely to one of the surgeons there. She duly found the required thoroughfare but was puzzled as to why all the house plates read "Mr". Just as she began to despair she saw one which said "Dr. Malcolm Sargent" so she decided that here at last was the man she wanted. She rang the bell and was invited inside while the butler went to see if the doctor could see her. After about ten minutes Dr. Malcolm Sargent appeared and said: "I regret you've been kept waiting but I've just finished orchestrating the "Men of Harlech". She replied: "I do wish you'd done it sooner, then I wouldn't have landed up in this state."

Tunbridge Wells Road Club.

Greetings.

Since the last Bonk report from the Road Club much has happened north of the border, although I have forgotten most of it. I even forgot the last report. Never mind though, I'll try and get something down on paper for this one. Actually I'm writing this at work during overtime. A Civil Servant's life is a hard one isn't it.

Well we are now in the Social Season good and proper, the main topics of conversation now being Beer and Sex instead of Racing, Beer and Sex. I hope all who attended our Annual "Do" at Tonbridge enjoyed themselves even if the Road Club did walk off with the majority of the Raffle prizes. By the way, next years dinner is on Saturday Nov. 6th, at the same place. Make a note in your new diaries.

The life of the Road Club at present seems to consist solely of the Noble Art of Womanizing. One of the oldest arts known to Man so they tell me and who am I to disagree. A large party from the club made its annual pilgrimage to the National Hill

Tunbridge Wells R.C. continued.

Climb at Buxton together with Opera and Barbara from Central Sussex and Ken and Iris from Eastbourne. The main (?) party consisting of Ian, Ken, Iris, Graham, Dave Neal and Gerald stopped at Matlock for the weekend and during their search for excitement happened upon the local night club, or Lido as they call it there. After falling through the door and being mistaken for artists (or was it artistes) they promptly began to make a nuisance of themselves, who wouldn't for 25/- a head. Graham confused one of the performers by writing an obscure mathematical formula on the worthy gentlemans blackboard and Ken and Ian distinguished themselves by cheering on the young lady to take more off. Ken was heard to mutter something about a beer bottle. Can't think what he meant. The only well-behaved cyclists present were Iris and the two "Patricks". Next day was spent watching the Hill Climb and careering round the Treak Hill Caverns. Try as we did we just couldn't lose Ian. The evening was spent in the "Cat and Fiddle" sampling the ale and cornish pasties and the "non existent talent" in Macclesfield.

The following weekend was the club dinner as previously reported. It is interesting to note that the persons who went to Buxton kept very quiet during the corss toasting. As a result of the Dinner, Dave Nits was heard to be singing "Its a long way to tickle Marion" to the tune of a well known marching song. I might add that the young lady (?) in question was staying the weekend at Daves place and his parents didn't arrive home from a wedding until 6 o'clock next morning. All I can say is "Good luck to the old Kiddy". He needs it. Did you hear about Norman's girl friend who had to rush into the Maternity Hospital. He swears blind she is a nurse. Thats an old one Norman. I bet Gordon hasn't told Jane that he showed some slides of her at a recent club night. He's words were "She'll kill me for this". What are you waiting for Jane.

Congratulations are due to Ian and Maureen on their recent addition to the family. I must be slipping as I don't even know her name. Actually I've a lot more scandal on Ian, darent put it into print though.

Thats about all I can think of for now, somebody has just brought me some work anyway. See you all around at the Club Dinners, if not, a "Happy Christmas" to you all.

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

O.K. bods, you can put away the sunglasses and exchange your iced cokes for something warmer (in the beverage line, I mean!). Still, it's been a wonderful summer and autumn, the sort of weather we need to face the rigours of the social season that looms menacingly ahead.

The rest of the racing news features first Lawrie Baker who just seems to be faster as time goes along. He crept for fourth place in the ESCA 50 with 2.8.48, while "Tourist" Agg motored round in 2-9-56 and surprised a lot of people. This effort virtually decimated Colburn's club BAR chances (he only managed a 17) which had begun to look slimmer as Agg piled on the late season pressure. The September 25 saw a fine second place for Baker who galloped round in 1-1-49, a time which included the distraction of two chain derailments minus which he might well have won. Agg did a 4, Colburn a 6, Burbery an 8, while the Copper, feeling rough, suffered the crowning indignity of being caught by the celebrated Pete Knight, hardly a budding competition record aspirant, to put it mildly!

A week later the Mitre Open 50 witnessed some genuine bad luck for Agg who, due to having to wait at the Uckfield turn, lost much more than the four seconds by which he missed fourth place, with a fair old 2-10-8 ride. Any chance Colburn had of fending off the Tourist's challenge went by the board when he could only manage a 24 due to knee trouble.

Riders in the club 15 on the Sheffield Park course found a freak bout of heavy frost in early October, plus a long course through the turn marshal standing at the wrong spot (Sharp is to be recommended for deportation over this!) Baker's 39-44 was the winner, with Colburn 41-21 and Burbery sneaking the handicap with 43-13. The conditions were too much for Palmer who rolled in with a 47 "frozen stiff". We heard the same complaint from Agg who lumbered round with a long 4 in the Edware 25 on the same morning. Finally Colburn (plus knee) did a 5 and walloped Burbery by a couple of minutes in the Worthing 25, while Baker finished shattered in the Eastbourne Rovers road race but

growled: "A lap less and it would have been a different story!"

After all that we come to the Defaulters' Parade, headed this time by Burbery who, trying to explain the notorious remark about birds, said: "I'm now breeding strawberries and zebras". Well, at that rate it only wants someone to cultivate a few pandas and rear one or two belisha beacons, then we'll all know where we stand!

Some embarrassment greeted a member's query as to why the Copper has never ridden a club 15 on the Sheffield Park "flats" (?) particularly as he was the instigator of the idea!

It can now be revealed that Chancellor Eldridge and his principal adversary, Roy Humphrey, were actually observed to speak to each other at a recent event. Your scribe is assured that oddly enough the only four-letter word that passed between them was "tine"!!

Reading the Fortune's giggle re Tully and the Salvation Army reminded your scribe of a Lewes clubrun on one occasion when just as we entered a small Kentish village the local Salvation Army lifted up their instruments prior to unleashing a broadside on the unsuspecting inhabitants. One rider hollered: "Play Tentayshun, will yer? That's wot I wanna hear!" The general laugh that followed ensured a "late Start" to that particular event.

That implacable enemy of things feminine, alias the Chancellor, nearly had apoplexy when he heard that a lady held the watch at the last Association 50 start. He is also reported as saying that due to an unspecified rider starting in the 12 hrs. the event should have been re-run the following weekend! No need for the rest of the field to add their comments - our trio told him just exactly what they thought about that suggestion!!

Lewes Wanderers Continued.

Burbery and Burgess toured the Wye Valley for 3½ days in October and slept out, as the Copper put it, "like REAL men". Probing deeper your scribe asks if the true reason was that no self-respecting landlady would accommodate them!

In passing we're reminded that a perusal of what purports to be the Copper's handwriting led Willcocks to comment: If that scrawl is common to the Constabulary no wonder a bloke who uses a bent penny in a convenience door can suddenly find himself charged under the Official Secrets Act!!"

On a saner note we'd like to mention that the club AGM will be held on January 10th, details from the Secretary, to be followed by that well-known institution, the Dinner. This will take place on Saturday, January 16th, at the usual venue, the Elephant and Castle, Lewes, at 8 p.m., and all those desirous of sampling one of the better things in life are advised to book early, before January 10th, to the Secretary, G. Willcocks, 1 Pelham Place, Seaford, Sussex. Tickets will be as last year, at 9/6d, so no one can complain of highway robbery or sharp practice on that score. So roll up in your Jags, Bentleys, "salmon cans", bangers, and even on bikes - we'll fit you in somewhere. Oh, and don't forget to haul the dragons along too!

Well, folks, Enough! (as the poor girl cried). Here's to good gorging and swallowing etc. during the Social Season, and of course at Christmas. May your elbows cope manfully and your capacity remain unimpaired. On behalf of the Wanderers I remain

Yours in (s)port,

Alsoran.

Letters to
the Editor

Marlpit,
Wadhurst.

Dear Editor,

Could you please include the enclosed report in the next edition of the Bonk, also the enclosed article in its entirety.

G.A. Maryan.

---oo0oo---

The Road Club note with regret the unfortunate remarks made by Sheila in her last Editorial of "Bonk" regarding the rejection of her own and Daves second claim membership applications. This, we feel, was a domestic issue and not intended to be bandied about in what surely is a paper expressly for cycling news and not a personal differences and feelings column.

There are rumours circulating in the area regarding the "legality" of the action taken by the Committee in turning down the second claim membership applications of Dave and Sheila. Contrary to this rumour, only one member of the Committee was absent from the meeting in question. The Minute Book is proof of this. It may be interesting to note that one of the persons involved has maintained a strong opposition to second claim membership in any form.

In conclusion, it is hoped that this will clear the air once and for all as it is felt that the reasons for the resignations and refusal in question are the concern of the people directly involved and not all and sundry, as appears to have been the case.

G.A. Mayan,

Secretary, Tunbridge Wells Road Club.

* This item was included in my last Editorial to clarify the position regarding my inability to carry on the job as Editor.

With regard to the rumours circulating this is the first I have heard about them, and it is hoped not implied that I was the instigator.

(Editor).

Central Sussex C.C.

Saturday 24th October saw 7 Central Sussex riders heading for Norley Wood Youth Hostel. We had only gone as far as Petworth when Rodney Laker announced that he didn't like the A.272 and blithely announced that there was a more direct route via the lanes. 3 o'clock came and we were still flogging ourselves to death over farm tracks and 1 in 4 hills and with Southampton still 20 miles away, time had come to question Rodney's map reading ability!!, to our horror we discovered that he had been trying to follow a crease in the map. From this point a determined effort was made against a rising wind and by using the ferry we managed to get to Hythe for tea. A well fed and watered band left Hythe and were soon nearing Norley Wood, with the always frightening thought

Central Sussex continued.

of "will we be able to find the hostel. We were helped in the occasion by a deafening row that appear to come from at least 2,000 Red Indians on the War Path, in actual fact it turned out to be 6 cubs playing hide and seek in the woods around the hostel. We introduced ourselves to the warder who greeted us like long lost sons with the usual cries of "get those shoes off" and "no room". She looked absolutely horrified when she found out that Ganger wanted to join the Y.H.A., but after many hours of arguing and a few crafty bribes she finally relented and issued a card to him.

Having washed and cleaned up we decided to head towards Lymington in search of liquid refreshment. On the way Dave Dalziel and Bill Lovell spotted a couple of girls walking towards Lymington, and after exchanging the usual ruderies offered them lifts on their crossbars. The girls accepted and the result was numerous pile ups over the next few miles. Dave Dalziel was heard to utter to his passenger that he was married, we couldn't quite catch the answer but we heard the word "Good" accompanied by giggles!! (Beryl Dalziel should ignore the last sentence). The girls were duly left and a pleasant evening was spent getting merry. On the way back to the hostel a punch up with the local Teds was narrowly avoided by the appearance of Bill Lovell (in a highly intoxicated state) threatening to take the whole lot on single handed.

Next morning saw an encounter with the cubs in the wash room. This fever pitched battle was a decisive victory for the Central, the cubs retreating in disorder covered in shaving cream, toothpaste and water. After leaving the hostel we followed a track across country to Beaulieu Abbey where the rest of the morning was spent in the cycle-motor museum. We then made our way back to Southampton via Fawley Oil Refinery and the Hythe ferry. While crossing Southampton Water we had the good fortune to see the liner "United States", a really fine ship, but as Ganger pointed out it is painted the wrong colour, it shouldn't have funnels and its American. A short stop at Southampton for dinner, and again at Chichester for tea rounded off a most enjoyable weekend.

Central Sussex continued.

The following Saturday saw us making a trip to Doddington Youth Hostel. We should have started at 3 p.m. but Ganger had the misfortune to argue with a piece of wood that had fallen into the road at Handcross, unfortunately Ganger lost and a considerable time was spent repairing his machine at Alan Robinson's home. We finally left Crawley at 4.30 and much to our amazement (and horror) we found that Paul Barber had been secretly training and was now forcing the pace along at a steady 24 mph, by 7 o'clock we were in Maidstone. After eating we were confronted by a thick fog which forced us to creep along trying to find the kerb. With the fog getting even worse we lost our way in the lanes around the hostel and didn't get there until 10.30; a distance of 12 miles had taken us nearly 3 hours! The Warden was very friendly and sympathetic and a hot cup of coffee soon cheered us up. Next morning we completed our meagre duties (Morris Emmons had to peel 140 potatoes!) and made our way to Tenterden for lunch. After lunch we all started to feel the effects of the fast ride to Maidstone and by the time we reached Speldhurst for tea we were on our knees. However, we soon cheered up when we realised that the competitors in Crow's Torture Test (i.e. The Southborough Tourist Competition) were in a much worse condition than ourselves.

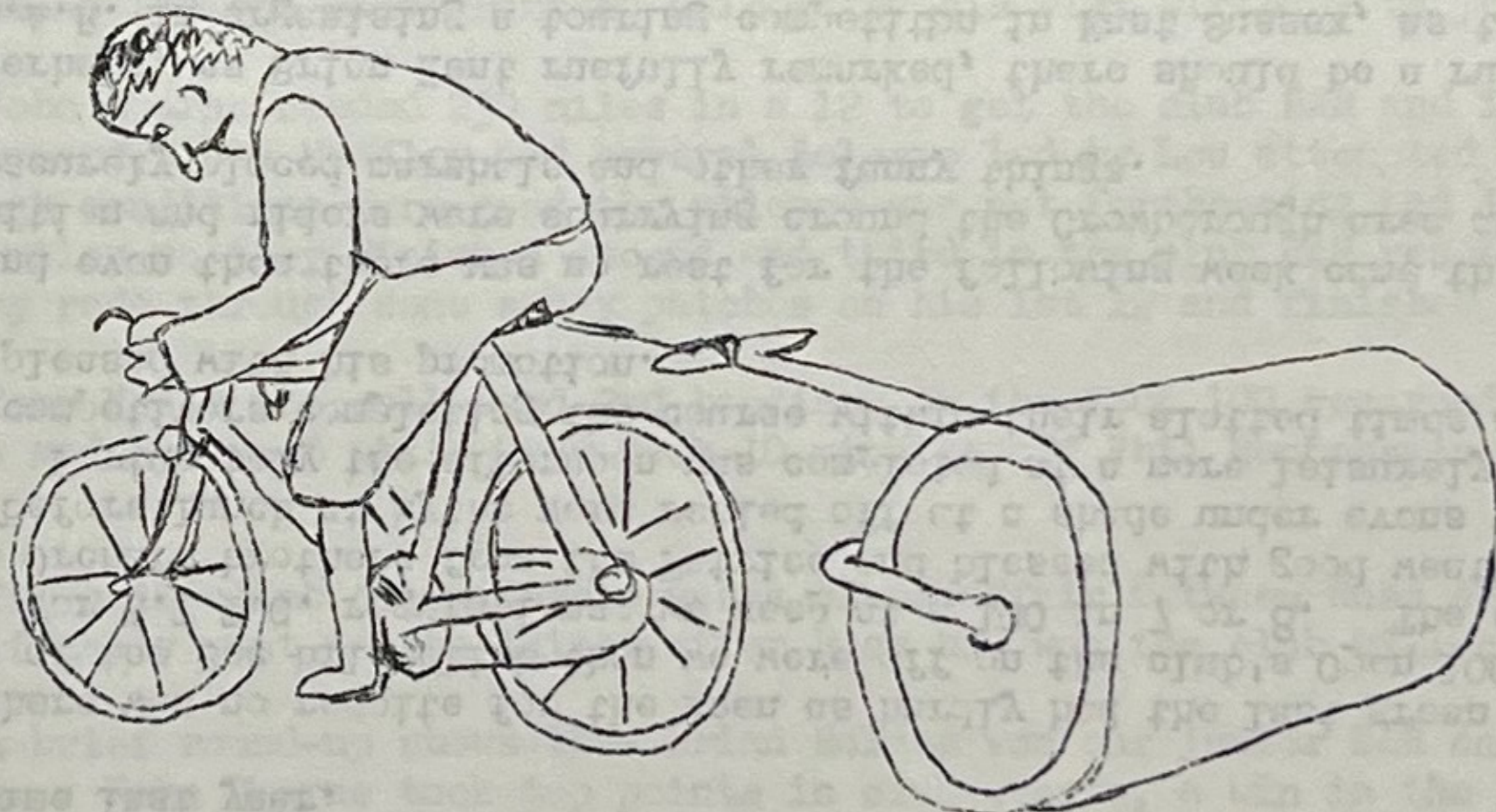
A.V.R.

A Christmas Poser.

A cage containing three parrots was hanging up outside a pet shop. One parrot was on the top perch, one on the centre perch and one on the bottom perch. Which of the parrots was sold for cash?

TRAINING 1965?

("YOU'RE NOT FIT - MORE HARD WORK NEEDED")



GW
DR

Southborough News.

The tenor of the Christmas issue notes is often one of relaxation after the efforts of the racing season but the reverse seems true from this end of the world now. Enthusiasm for all the forms of club activities seems to have risen now that the racing is over and certainly show a great improvement from the state of things around this time last year.

There was no respite for the keen as hardly had the last groan subsided from the summit of the Bec hill-climb than we were off on the club's Open 100 in 4 Tourist trial which, for R.T.T.C. regulations, we keep at a 100 in 7 or 8. The event was enlivened by the Orchard brothers from the Fairies and blessed with good weather thus the 60 miles before lunch at Hythe were reeled off at a shade under evens with several off the back. Fortunately the afternoon was completed at a more leisurely pace with all but three competitors completing the course within their allotted times and Lord Daniel being pleased with his promotion.

And even then there was no rest for the following week came the open Tourist Competition and riders were scurrying around the Crowborough area and points south for obscurely placed marshals and other funny things.

Perhaps, as Brian Kent ruefully remarked, there should be a rule to prevent the ESCA B.A.R. in organising a touring competition in East Sussex, as the route seemed to find every hill that was around. After lunch at Framfield the observation section sorted out the tourists from the bomb-heads - although the speed judging section was cancelled due to lack of time. Geoff Hayman had a good lead of 111½ points from Brian Kent and Geoff Boxall 107 points. Janie Godden took a very hard earned place with 88 points, Gordon Ford 83½, and John Galpit bringing up the rear with 80½. Tea at our clubroom was followed by one of those Southborough slides shows that ranged from the sublime to the Oh-good-heavens.

Southborough News continued.

Although it seems mercifully distant the racing scene closed on quite a competition note. Following the Association 12 hr. Crow improved his season's 25 time to 1-2-33 by reverting to the fixed wheel in the club 25.

The Kent 12 hr saw Southborough enter 10 riders and finish with 9 on a rather slowish day. Except for Crow's 229 (7th) 6 of the club finished within seven miles of each other. Don Robb being the fastest with a shade under 206. Dawn clocked a consistent 188 and Honky Hammond celebrated his 21st birthday by putting up 150.

John Hearne needed 230 miles in a 12 to get the club BAR and in company with Ron Hayward, John Hoadley and several helpers led by Lou attempted the West Suffolk 12. Although conditions were good the mileage was not forthcoming and John's 216½ beat Ron by 1½ miles so they finished second and third in the club BAR respectively. John Hoadley rode through some saggy patches on his 1st 12 and finished with 202.

Tony Neale who collected 2nd handicap in the ESCA 100 recorded a P.B. of 4.57 in the Medway event while Crow took 10 minutes off Phil Hennessy's trike record with 5-9.

The hill climb championship was a close affair between Russ Ablewhite and Crow which finally went to the latter after Russ had won the club hill-climb.

A brief round-up shows that Brian Holmes won our junior BAR and Wendy Barratt, the ladies. John Hearne took top points in club events, a win in the ESCA and club B.A.R.'s and 5th in the K.C.A. (Crow) and 12th in the K.C.A. George Cheesemen. Not bad really.

Also on a competitive note we took on Langton Green cricket club in a friendly match which they won by 76 runs. Geoff Hayman being our top scorer with 31. Now maybe if we challenged them to an evening 10.....?

Southborough News continued.

Social activity has been intense. Three weddings in about 6 weeks - no wonder we are broke. Eric Crook and Isobel, then Dave Gillet (Woolwich C.C.) and Sylvia, and a fortnight later and finally John Hearne and Edna who have now gone to live at Luton.

Southborough has been well represented at the Tunbridge Wells R.C. and Kent C.A. dinners though I've never known them so quiet at the Road Club do.

On our "free" (from other events) weekends the club runs have received good support and hostelling is "in" again after a summer recess, a visit to Maldon hostel in Essex was well received - which is more than could be said for the head wind home, and several more hostel runs are planned.

Just before this was written 8 of us rode in the Medway Wheelers tourist competition. We thought we knew Kentish lanes until we found what Bob Edwards the organiser had in store for us. The map reading found several wanting but even so it was a terrific event with Geoff Hayman making it his 3rd tourist competition win this year, and the team win of Lou (2nd) and Corw (4th) and John Potter (8th).

Finally - Christmas Day comes six days after the Southborough dinner this year. The Social Centre, Lyons Crescent, Tonbridge, Tickets 15/-d. from any reputable agent.

Which just leaves me room to say from all the Wheelers to all in E.S.C.A. - Happy Christmas.

Crow.

Answer to the Christmas Poser on page 18.

The one on the bottom because the other two were on higher perches.

Book yo

Order your copies for the next issue early:-

STAR ATTRACTION

An article on Climbing

by

Phil Hennessy

(Phil is a Lecturer for the Central Council of Physical Recreation on Climbing).

WHO RUNS THIS COUNTRY ?

| | | |
|---|-------------------|-----------|
| Population of the United Kingdom | 46,000,000 | |
| - People of 65 years or older | <u>12,000,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 34,000,000 | |
| - People of 18 years and younger | <u>16,000,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 18,000,000 | |
| - People working for the Government | <u>9,000,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 9,000,000 | |
| - People in the Armed Services | <u>2,000,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 7,000,000 | |
| - People in State & Council Offices | <u>6,800,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 200,000 | |
| - People in hospitals, betting and racing | <u>126,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 74,000 | c/forward |

| | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------|-----------|
| | 74,000 | b/forward |
| - Spivs and others who won't work. | <u>62,000</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 12,000 | |
| - Persons in jail | <u>11,998</u> | |
| BALANCE left to do the work | 2 | |

TWO You and me, and you'd better pull your socks up, for I'm getting fed up running this country alone!

Printed by kind permission of The Eastern Counties Cycling Association Magazine.

East Sussex Luncheon - November 29th, 1964.

The Luncheon was again held at the Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks, and a good number sat down to an appetising meal of Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pud. and etc.

The cross toasting throughout was lively and several people were on their feet almost continuously throughout the meal.

Mr. Gayfer, Editor of Cycling, started off the speeches with a very interesting aspect on the amalgamation of clubs pertaining to the continuation rather than extinction. This was followed by a brief summary of the Association's achievements during the past year. Mr. Shafer extended a welcome to the Ladies, Visitors and Press. Mrs. Patten duly replied on behalf of the Ladies with the inclusion of a plug for Bank in reply to Mr. Gayfer's for Cycling. This was followed by our old friend Jack Davies from the Evening Argus on behalf of the Press.

The Prize Presentation concluded the proceedings, and a good time was held by all. Lets hope to see you all and more next year.

HERE AND THERE

Pete Burberry's lack of racing miles has got him into the "Pop" parade in the New Year. We trust the infant will be a future Lewes fast man!

---0000---

Is Ganger suffering from Split Personality? He was recently seen walking through Lymington carrying a handbag, a few weeks later at the Cycle Show he was seen wearing a Bowler Hat.

---0000---

In reply to our fair Editor's query last time, Willcocks says his handicap is always the same - old age plus some dragon or other!

---0000---

A little bird tells us that while doing an undercover "private" wiring job, Humphrey sprained his ankle. Be sure you sins will find you out, Roy!!

---0000---

Ron Ewart has been seen training in the Handcross area (watch out Arthur).

---0000---

HERE AND THERE

E.S.C.A. Bods are hereby warned to take care when passing through Lewes and district at anytime. John Edwards has now passed his driving test and is waiting to open the score!

---oo0oo---

During the speed judging section of the Medway Wheelers tourist competition several Southborough riders were stopped by a gentleman who asked for the time. Being hardened veterans of tourist competitions they knew that this was one of the "Plants" put in to see if anyone was cheating by checking their watches so the gentleman received polite answers like "I'm not allowed to look at my watch," and "My watch is being carried in a sealed envelope".

When it was mentioned to the organiser that everyone had spotted his little plan he showed surprise and said that he hadn't any knowledge of the gentleman.

No wonder cyclists get the reputation of being mad!!

---oo0oo---

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