



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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# East Sussex Cycling Association



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## EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 13.

SPRING 1966

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Secretary) Mr. R. Humphrey, Editor: Mr. D. Neeves,  
& 4, Ebenezer Cottages, 19, East Parade,  
Treasurer) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield. HASTINGS.  
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### EDITORIAL

The opening event of the Association's 1966 road programme provided both good and bad omens for the coming season. Eleven entries from Southborough Wheelers showed that there is a resurgence of interest in short-distance time-trialing in that club. Their narrow win over Central Sussex in the team contest augurs well for some keen battles in the coming months, which will make ESCA events a lot more interesting, and will surely be more to the Central's taste than the walkovers which they had all last season.

The bad omen was, strangely enough, provided by the same club, one of whose members collided with the rear of a stationary car. Now there are two good reasons why great care should be taken to prevent this sort of accident. The first is of course the risk of death or serious injury to any rider concerned. The second is that there are people in authority who are far from enthusiastic about competitive cycling on the road; and it does not take many accidents to make them talk of restrictions or even bans. Back in 1952 there was a rash of "into-the-back-of-car" incidents on the Dicker and Pevensey Marsh (and let it be admitted - the Editor was one of the culprits and spent four days in hospital as a result). In consequence, it was touch-and-go for some time as to whether evening '10's' would be banned on the marsh course. Every rider should therefore remember that a few seconds of carelessness could mean the end of the road for him, and possibly the end of the road for East Sussex time-trials. The place for 'track' positions is on the track - and the only position for heads is UP.

'GEN' FROM THE SECRETARY.

First of all I would like to take the opportunity of extending to you all my sincere thanks for all the support that you have given me during my term as President. It is indeed a great honour to be President of the Association. I know that in the year ahead you will continue to give our new President, Dennis Neeves, your full support. Dennis needs no introduction, having been a tireless worker on our behalf over a great number of years, especially as editor of 'Bonk' and as Social Secretary.

As quite a few of you are aware, Freddy March passed away recently. Fred was a past President of the Association and has assisted as a timekeeper. Fred and his father 'Tolly' before him have done much over a great number of years for the Hastings club. Besides being champions at various distances, they have always put a great deal of work into the social side of club activities, and both in their younger days were firm supporters of the Club runs and Touring side of the sport. It is a great pity that to-day more of the younger racing members of Association clubs do not support the club-runs after riding in local events, instead of wanting to get home as soon as possible. Fred March was a great clubman and believed in the fellowship obtained 'up the road', and it was this spirit that led him to form the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists, along with Ted Harrison. Fred's inspiration twenty years ago has now led to many such bodies being formed throughout this country.

Once again our Touring Competition and Party proved very successful functions. Geoff Hayman and members of the Southborough Wheelers deserve our hearty thanks for organising the Touring Competition. Brian Kent proved a very worthy winner. To Iris we say thank you for a very successful Party and Slide Show, also the willing band who helped prepare the tea. Thank you one and all.

In conclusion our thanks are due to George Page (a past President of the Association), for the very handsome trophy that he has given to us. This will be awarded to the winner of the Hardriders '12' each year.

R.H.

The Association has lost one club and gained one since Christmas. Prestonville Nomads have disbanded due to lack of members, but the Secretary received an application for membership from Crawley Wheelers. This was accepted at the January management committee meeting.

OBITUARY

On Thursday, February 3rd, Mr. F.L. March of the Hastings and St. Leonards C.C. died in hospital at the age of 77. Fred, as he was known to cyclists, was a vice-president and past president of the Association, and was also well-known as the founder and past president of the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists. As a young man Fred was one of the strongest track riders in the South, winning numerous prizes, including N.C.U. medals and Sussex championships. After his retirement from racing in 1928, he devoted himself to club activities and touring, and remained an active rider until a few months before his death. At the funeral ceremony at Hastings Borough Cemetery, there were many floral tributes from friends and cycling organisations, also from the British Legion, of which Fred had been a life-long member. Many of his old clubmates attended the ceremony, along with representatives of the Association, the Fellowship and Eastbourne Rovers C. & A.C.

The Editor writes ..... Fred March had for many years been the embodiment of cycling to Hastings, and an incredible number of them either knew him or knew of him. A bachelor who, so to speak, ploughed his own furrow, Fred was probably not the easiest of men to get to know and get on with; nevertheless, he was a good-hearted person who did a lot for the clubs of which he was a member. He was at various times chairman, hon. secretary and captain of the Hastings & St. Leonards C.C., and was one of the small band of enthusiasts who got the club going again after its enforced wartime shut-down. In 1944 he founded the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists as a means of keeping the spirit of cycling alive during the dark days, and saw the organisation continue and grow in the succeeding years of peace. Fred was for many years an inveterate tourist, with the West Country and North Wales as his favourite stamping grounds; and his skill at finding the best cider and ale houses in these areas was a byword among his clubmates. A real cyclist of the old school, Fred loved a day's hard ride ending with a convivial drink in a cosy country pub'. With changing social conditions we shall not see his like again, and his passing removed a link with the "Good Old Days" of cycling as a sport and pastime.

Since the last issue of 'Bonk' Central members have spent most of their time attending club dinners and dances. Nine of us went to the Tunbridge Wells dinner, and all had a jolly good time. The same evening another delegation attended the Lewes Wanderers "What ever it is". From the lack of information obtainable about this function, one assumes that Agg, Willcocks and Company enjoyed themselves! Alan Robinson and Mick Morgan were both guests at the Addiscombe C.C. and Clarence Wheelers dinners respectively. Mick started off his 1966 racing season well by crashing on the first corner in the ball-room sprint, which was eventually won by Norman Shiel. Talking of racing, the last race in Sussex during 1965, our club's Hilly '20', had a record entry and a record number of D.N.S's. However, this did not affect the winning results, for Dave Hasler and Martin Ford-Dunn of the Worthing tied for first place with short '57s'. Paul Barber showed great promise for '66 by thrashing all his clubmates with a 58-32. Alan clocked 1-2 and Ron Ewart thundered round in 1-4. The event was followed by a bar-billiards match in which the Central had the upper hand over the Worthing.

On Christmas Eve there was the usual cyclists gathering at the White Harte, Cuckfield. Mick Wren started the evening with a nasty handover, but after having a few drinks forced down him he recovered remarkably well. Ganger had so much to drink that he has only been seen once since then! After the drinking Mick Wren invited 'Min', Dave Funnell and John Mansell back to his house for a game of cards. Needless to say, the Central won this contest. Min retired at 3 a.m. Christmas morning a financial wreck (physical as well); and by 4 a.m. the Worthing left Mick's house broke and while they still had Dave's car! After the share-out on Boxing Day, Mick, Min, Alan, Rodney and Valerie went up to London for the day. After seeing the film "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines", they spent two hours looking in every shop window up and down Oxford St. and Regent St. Why ??? Alan wanted to find out the price of a pair of cuff-links that a lady friend had bought him for Christmas.

On a more serious note I feel it is my duty to warn all ESCA riders that in carrying out their favourite pastime, their safety is greatly endangered. Mick Wren and Alan Robinson are both taking driving lessons. Alan has been let loose in a Hillman Imp in the Brighton area: his score so far is believed to be seven pedestrians and two driving instructors. Mick is driving an Anglia and a Triumph Herald, and says it's great fun. He's not sure what his score is because so far he usually drives at night.

Training !!! what a horrible thought. Paul has already clocked about 1,700 miles whilst the rest of us have only done 1,600. Still, he will be past his peak by November, so we'll have the last laugh. Ken and John have had their tandem re-enamelled and are training on it a lot. By the way, having seen the start sheet for the Hardriders '12', it will be interesting to see which club will win the team award, as the Southborough have a strong entry. Ken Atkins has retired as club secretary and treasurer this year, and on behalf of all our members I would like to thank him for all his hard work and the interest he has taken in the club. The new sec. and treasurer is Roy Amey, assisted by his wife Judy. Mick Wren is still Social Sec. and Rod Laker is Club Captain now.

Hope you all have a fast and enjoyable season .....

MIN.

#### THE 1966 TOURING COMPETITION

There were fourteen starters this year including four previous winners, but only two complete teams taking part. A missing marshal led to several people going wrong early in the speed-judging, but fortunately they were put right before they had strayed far. The worst hit of these was Brian Kent, who came back strongly to take maximum points, with an error of only 12 seconds. Most of the others were too early finishing, some by more than five minutes. The route, designed to mislead riders by making them retrace at times, thus meeting riders coming the other way, didn't seem to fool anybody.

The next section - observation and quizzes, took the riders over Hawkhurst Common and near Waldron, up New Pond Hill and so to Heathfield. Riders were wide awake all scoring well on the observation. The checks found them with excellent cycles, good lighting, good tool-kits (some were superb, reported the checker) and with mostly good hill-climbing technique. The quizzes, however, sorted out those who knew the touring spots and the Sussex quiz brought low scores to not a few. Among the more surprising answers were that Edinburgh is in Aberdeen and Inverness-shire, the Hog's back is in Cumberland, and the Isle of Ely is in Kent, while Finchingfield, the beauty spot village of North Essex, bounced around between Surrey, Suffolk and Sussex. Mick Kilby was top scorer in this quiz with seven out of eight right. One interesting point - some years ago

The 1966 Touring Competition (continued).

a poll conducted by the British Travel Association placed Castle Combe in Wiltshire as Britain's prettiest village, but only John Potter knew the correct county. Crow topped the list in the Sussex quiz. Only he and Mick Kilby knew that the highest point in Sussex was Blackdown, near Haslemere, over 900 feet. Ditchling Beacon was popular. When asked for the names of the famous mills near Clayton, one joker put wind-mills, but six people scored with Jack and Jill. Three people knew that Britain's first public electric railway was that along the sea-front at Brighton, and five knew that the world marbles championship is played at Tinsley Green, near Gatwick. There were no real howlers on this quiz, however.

The halfway point found Brian Kent with 81 out of 90, Mick Kilby with 80 and Crow with 79. The afternoon was meant to be a test of time-judging as well as judging terrain from the map, but most people, although plotting the points correctly, tried to do everything involving themselves in a tremendous hack for which the organiser got the blame. Ken Stevens, taking an easy potter calling at no checks and arriving back well in time, scored more points than some others who gave themselves a hectic time and got back late! To cover the four major points involved 20 miles in 2 1/2 hours (8 m.p.h.), but most of the riders covered many extra miles chasing an odd point here and there. With Crow and Brian Kent visiting three of the major checks they settled the issue, Brian retaining his lunchtime lead to win by three points.

Result :-

1. Brian Kent	(H)	109	2. Pete Crowsley	(S)	106
3. Mick Kilby	(L)	87	4. Graham Lade	(T)	78
5. Ken Stevens	(E)	75	6. Dave Ball	(T)	73
7. Brian Guy	(E)	70	7. Bruce Allcorn	(E)	70
9. John Potter	(S)	69	10. Alan Bathurst	(S)	60
11. Peter Parry	(E)	58	12. Julian Pryke	(S)	46
13. Dorothy Humphrey	(E)	44	13. Venner Gilbert	(S)	44

Teams :-

1. Southborough Wheelers	235 points.
2. Eastbourne Rovers	215 points.

I would like to thank all those who took part and to give a special mention to all the marshals who stood around on a raw bitter day helping the riders to have what I hope was an interesting day.

GEOFF HAYMAN.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

O.K. soaks - I mean folks (speak for yourself - Ed.), the social honeymoon's over, so you can put away all the blondes, glasses and other items of Western decadence and head for the training grounds pronto. There's a nice long, hard, and wet and windy racing season ahead, so we're looking forward to some eligible opposition in due course!

Far from dismissing the social frolics in one sentence, we'll begin by mentioning the successful promotion of yet another club dinner which took place as advertised, thanks to the much appreciated support of member clubs. 'Honest Ginge' proposed the toast to the club and managed to find something to say about most of us, getting some giggles in the process. The biggest laugh of the evening concerned the mystery presentation, the recipient being 'Tourist' Agg. He had previously declared that he might not be doing so much in 1966, so in an effort to keep him on the "Open" road he was given an outside packet of Ex-Lax! Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Cox (John's mother) the many raffle prizes yielded the best profit so far and brought back the well-known Cheshire cat leer to the Chancellor's chops when he announced the fact later. The holder of the final "lucky" (?) ticket was John Cox, who found himself lumbered with the Ex-Lax which Agg had sneaked in among the prizes, saying: "If I took this home my wife would say I was a traitor to Beechams". It turned out that Cox had no use for it either, so if any non-regular reader wants a packet of Ex-Lax! Serious consideration was given to providing an "Iron Curtain" between the top table and the 'other ranks' when the 'Earl of Ebenezer' turned up to invade the lion's den. However, no blows or four-letter words were exchanged, and Roy enjoyed himself at a discreet distance. We also played host to Neevo who will surely need the judgement of Solomon in combining the staid duties of Association President with those of Chief Muckraker in the season ahead.

Threatened with cross-toasting at the dinner, the Chancellor said: "You can't cross-toast the President, it's not done". Told that Roy had suffered enough in this respect, Reg replied: "Oh well, normal rules don't apply to that fellow".

Palmer shook clubmates with the news that he's got a car described as an 'E' Type. Pressed for an explanation, he finally admitted that in fact it is an early post-war Series 'E' Morris 8!! Another convert to oil is 'Bunter' Agg, who rolled up to a meeting on a scooter and was the butt of some pretty ribald comment. A great hush has

descended on Lewes since the removal of the said corpulent body to the hitherto peaceful community of Ringmer. What with a strong rumour of a landing by the stork in due course, it's just as well that the Ringmerites are as yet unaware what they're in for!

Chris May has found his way home again after being down with glandular fever in East Germany, and says he'll be on his 'iron' again shortly. The two ex Fortune Nicks - Kilby and Hills - have joined the Lewes elite and will be a welcome addition to our racing strength, the first-named having already performed in our name in the Touring Comp. We're sorry to see the demise of the Fortune and also of Prestonville Nomads, both of whom will be missed from future start sheets.

Willcocks thanks the seating arranger at the Rovers dinner for sitting him next to Esther Carpenter, who had left Maurice at home baby-sitting ("At least I think that's what he's doing"). Despite the presence at the same table of 'ever-open-eye' Neevo, things worked out well for a very congenial evening. (Oh dear, now Esther will have to hide the mag' at the back of the cupboard again - Ed.). Esther's capacity for shovelling in the grub made Willcocks comment: "That's the first time I've ever seen a female Russell - gannet-wise of course".

Once again the Annual Party was enjoyed by our contingent, and we congratulate Iris and her staff on the usual good spread. Peacock's World Road Championship slides went down very well and emphasized how thoroughly Simpson and Altig trounced the star-studded field. The Southboro' films provided some howls and rounded off a most enjoyable day, as did Crow's slides. DNS Champion Willcocks spread his famous flair to the Social Season when he failed to show up at both the Central and Southboro' dinners, due to his bad memory. (Can't expect him to remember the Spanish phrases for a proposition and dinner dates as well - Ed.). When told of this the Chancellor paled visibly, grabbed a clubmate for support, and gasped: "Blimey mate, I'd rather have given the money to a deserving charity". Evidently in his estimation, these two functions don't come into that category!

We're shattered to hear that Palmer has "done a Burgess" and gone to Folkestone for training as a copper. As long as he doesn't start pinching blokes for being over the white line as they come past him, or vote for breathalyser tests for all finishers, we'll have to put up with him. News from the Burgess precinct is sparse these days; he even sent Sylvia to the club dinner, thereby

enhancing the scenery. Whether the ruined expectations of another fiver a week have played havoc with his morale isn't clear, but Sylvia said that his opinion of the Constabulary and all it stands for is lower than a snake's anatomy.

So that's it once again amigos. We trust you're getting the miles under your wheels and the lead out of your legs ready to do battle with us in 1966. Which reminds your scribe that he'd better get out himself - he's just seen the Hardriders start sheet, and no man ever had a better incentive !!! Yours till Neevo recovers ....

ALSORAN.

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THE HARDRIDERS 12

The Association opened its 1966 racing season on February 27th with the traditional 'pipe-opener', the Hardriders 12 mls., with the 'Traditional' timekeeper Frank Rix holding the watch for twenty-nine entrants. This year the event more than lived up to its name, a strong Sou'West wind buffeting the riders for several miles of the hilly course. Clive Orchard of Southborough Wheelers mastered the conditions to win in 33 mins. 47 secs., well clear of Cliff Sharp (Eastbourne Rov.) with 35-5, and Jow James (Central Sx.) with 35-19. The Southborough team of the Orchard brothers and Pete Crowsley took the team award by ten seconds from the Central's trio of James, Robinson and Laker. The President formally opened the racing season by going off at No. 1 and surprised quite a few people (including himself) by not only screwing his old rival Geoff Willcocks, but several other riders as well. Another noteworthy effort was by Erith's Brian Kent, who, riding for Hastings, hammered himself into the ground to clock 40-6 on his trike. The Hardriders is one of the Association's two big 'social' events; and there was the usual large crowd of club folk round the course taking photographs and encouraging their clubmates. The only black spot in the event was when Southborough's John Potter collided with the back of a car near Woods Corner, but fortunately was not seriously hurt.

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DEADLINE for contributions to the Summer Edition of 'Bonk' will be  
JUNE 1st.

## HERE AND THERE

At the Rovers dinner Harry Heather was heard to say that he couldn't help looking at Esther's legs as it was the first time he'd seen her in anything but slacks. Harry's opinion: "She's got nothing to be ashamed of."

When Crawley Velo were suspended for a year from promoting events the B.C.F. chairman remarked that it would give them time to put their house in order. One bloke commented: "And if they don't will they then be accused of keeping a disorderly house?"

The Association President must have forgotten his exalted position when he was seen to kiss another man's wife after the Lewes dinner. Her husband, a well-known Rover, was too interested in the contents of his tankard to know - or, presumably, to care!

With the Copper (on duty) absent from the latter dinner, and Mrs. Burbery staying at home, guests were not sure whether Sylvia was supposed to be Mrs. Burberess or Mrs. Burgery. The lady in question said: "I didn't come with anyone - I just happen to be sitting next to him".

Overheard at the finish of the Touring Competition: "If I wasn't in the winning team I'd punch the organiser's head".

Mention in the last edition about Eastbourne's ubiquitous word 'Scranson' brings to mind it's sequel "By Rack'n Clump". This direction was given to Bill and Dot Collins by a yckel on the South Downs while they were 'rough-stuffing', and is now used for most route-finding essays.

John Dutson will be pleased to know that after the evening of his S.D.W. 'teach-in', Ron Hayward had breakfast cereal with milk and Ribena for supper.

Is Marion Ricks heading for the big-time? Kent C.A. President Frank Marshall left her home 22 hours after the Eastbourne dinner, and was seen with her at the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne.

This explains another news item which says that a Crow called at a certain house in search of shelter, only to find that another bird was already on the perch!

## Here and There (continued).

It is to be devoutly hoped that Ken Stevens never finds out about Esther nodding off during his speech at the Club's dinner.

During the dancing at the latter function there were several requests for tunes and dances; but the M.C. was surprised that there were no requests from certain ladies for "The Black Bottom".

Older readers might be interested to know that Brian 'Gran' Moore, now living at Wantage, has recently become the proud father of a 9 lb. 13 oz. baby girl.

Geoff Willcocks nearly put himself out of the Hardriders 12 by getting his front wheel caught in a drain cover a couple of days before the event. However, despite a very sore shoulder, he turned up and rode.

As well as their usual open '50' in July, the Hastings club are promoting an open Ladies and Gent's '25' early in June on the Romney Marsh course. Details from Esther Carpenter at "The Beacon", Maplehurst Road, St. Leonards.

At the Hastings dinner Neevo did a very energetic 'Twist' with Eileen Sheridan. He says that this was much more enjoyable than the last close contact he had with a cycling notability, which consisted of standing side by side with G.H.S. in the 'gents' at the Albert Hall.

For the Hastings 'do', Dot Collins completed her toilette with Chanel No. 5. This potent perfume evidently got some of the lads worked up, for when Bill stood up to make a cross-toast, a voice called out: "I fancy your wife, Bill". Another voice promptly replied: "Get in the queue!"

A notorious roving casanova from Edenbridge has been spending a lot of time at No. 25 lately. Asked about this, Dot told our reporter: "There is no romance - I am attracted to him on an intellectual level". What - even after reading the Daily Mail's exposure of Scientology?

Greetings from the Suntrap of the South, your scribe puts pen to paper, having stuffed his way through yet another Social Season. A Season, the highlight of which, for us, was the Annual Dinner and Prizegiving at the Pier Hotel.

This was attended by over 150 people, equally divided between cyclists and athletes.

Now a few details for those unfortunates who did not attend, Cliff Sharp was our chief Cup and Gong Collector, nearly needing a Securicor Van to take away the Hardware. Iris took the Ladies prizes, and added to the occasion by losing her voice, having her cross-toasts made by proxy.

Speaking of Cross-toasts, our own - our very own, Marion, was toasted from - to breakfast time (if you'll pardon the expression) by a multitude of men, we noticed that some toasts caused raised eyebrows from Mum.

Yours truly had the doubtful honour of the company of such notables as Esther and Willcocks. In the ensuing "Great Food Race" Esther romped home an easy winner, Geoff being at a great disadvantage. He succeeded in using all the wrong cutlery, and finished up eating cheese and biscuits, not to mention the fruit decorating the tables, with a fish knife. The sight of him quartering an orange was really something.

As our visitors must have realised, Ken and Charles Robson were somewhat merry when discharging their duties as speaker and toast master, Ken sounding at times like Winston Churchill. This was a case of "Dutch Courage" at its worst.

Before leaving the dinners and social activities, mention must be made of an expedition by a small and noble band from our Club, to a hostelry at Lewes for the Wanderers "do". A good time was had by all despite Geoff W. and the Chancellor's attempts to turn it into an organised function.

Ken and Iris have found a new way of training, the system is to sit between four wheels, and devote oneself to serious thought. Still, Ken did ride the Tourist Trial and give our new boy, Peter Parry, his Baptism of Fire. This young man is so keen that Iris has to set the alarm for 5.30 a.m. on Sundays so that they are up in time for his arrival. Wish we had more as keen as that.

Miss Ricks is now well on the road to recovery after her recent confinement (in hospital, that is) and is arranging for a public showing of the scar; all Clubs wishing to arrange coach trips, &c., please contact your nearest Keith Prowse agency early to avoid

disappointment.

There has been a sad lack of scandal over the last few weeks, much to my sorrow. At our club night everyone walks round looking virtuous, except in the case of Ken and D. Neeves, where lecherous would be a more apt description.

Ken Stevens has now got one of our ex-members back under his wing, namely Chris Snelling, who we may say, shamed Ken by turning up for work at Seaford on his bike. Nice to hear you may be returning to the fold Chris, seems they all do, having snared the female of their choice (sorry Min.).

There is one sad piece of news, our old man Yakimoto Cornwell, has had the faithful Rotrax equipped with "Allrounder" bars, surely a sign of approaching old age.

Harking back to the Tourist Trial, while you poor people were out there cursing Geoff Hayman et al, yours truly was at the scene of the preparation for the Party, and there was surprised, nay shocked, to see our President's lady up to her elbows in a cream jug, licking up the scraps. As her husband said: "It is most embarrassing for a man in my position". Which of course was quite true, as he was in the position of slapping quantities of salmon between bread.

Still we have heard of no cases of food poisoning, so all must have gone well.

As I write this, there are only a few days left before the "Hardriders", when the serious business of racing begins again.

So with all best wishes and the hope of seeing you all at some time in the coming season, I will close this epistle.

STEAMING NIT.

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB

The Road Club has been having it's usual Friday night meetings at one of which there was a slide show. This was very enjoyable, and was accompanied by the usual commentary of Ken Chandler, his remarks making the evening quite enjoyable.

Last Friday Dave Nits, Brian and Graham (who has bought a new Volkswagen - beware all you motorists who cross his path), were talking about the motoring event the club organised. Dave was denying the fact that you could see his rear lights level with his



Tunbridge Wells Road Club (continued).

front lights when he went round a corner; Brian was saying how sick his motor was; and Graham was telling of the unsurmountable hazards he came across while running his car in at 70 m.p.h. Thanks to all those who supported this event, the second to be organised by willing members of the club.

Stan has organised several Sunday morning runs, these have been very enjoyable and more members should come to these.

The club held a successful dinner and dance at Tonbridge, and I do thank all those who helped to make the evening a success. Graham and myself rode in the East Sussex Touring Competition which was very enjoyable, and several club members went to the Party afterwards.

I am sorry that this is such a short report, but I have been on an Outward Bound course in Cumberland.

D.B.

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EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Well, fellow Escalanders, January's gone and February has almost disappeared as well. I hope everyone is getting millions of miles into their legs as the first events will soon be upon us.

First I think I should make apologies for missing the last issue of 'Bonk'. The club dinner held on November 6th at the Whitehall Shades was well supported, both from the club and from the visitors, including Crawley Wheelers and Worthing Excelsior, and a very enjoyable time was had by all. Dick Marchant took most of the pots with the Courier 50 mls. cup with 2-4-55, the Festival Shield for 25 mls. in 55-15 (a club record), and the President's Cup for the B.A.R. with an average of 24.374 m.p.h. He also got the Hill-climb Tankard. The Junior B.A.R. went to Robert Smith with a 24.088 average. Graham Drummond took the Novices award.

The winter activities included weight-lifting, car mechanics and generally anything not connected with bikes and bike-riding.

The schoolboys at club have been itching to know when the Sussex County Schoolboy Championship takes place, and judging by the speed and strength of some of them I believe we may have a likely winner. Reading 'Sporting Cyclist' this month reminds me about training, and it would be nice if we could combine training with interested clubs as this would make it a bit of a burn-up. Hard work this cycling.

R.S.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

It is with the deepest regret that I have to record the death of Fred. L. March. 'Our Freddie' had endeared himself to all cyclists and those connected with the 'Cycling Game' throughout the southern half of England. To those of us who saw him during the last hours, he was unable to give a verbal message, but beyond any doubt, his last message was portrayed at the Autumn Meet of the Kent and Sussex Fellowship, of which Freddie was the founder. From his very good friend 'Bill' Collins, 'Freddie' received a collection of 'flat' and 'shallow' bends. The purpose being to find the most suitable for his beloved 'bike', so that he, at the age of 76, could CARRY on CYCLING. This indeed, is the message that the 'Father of our Club' has left with us - CARRY on CYCLING.

On another page of this magazine will be found an appreciation of 'Freddie', written by a club colleague.

Social-wise, 1966 got away to a flying start with a New Year's Supper - Social with the Rye Wheelers. The mecca for this was our favourite country place, Whitegates Westfield. Support from both clubs was equally shared, and with the Go-Go-Go Jimmy Hollands in top form, a very jolly night was enjoyed by all. May this venture be repeated. A few days later, we moved on to some fun and games at the 'Fairies' 'do' at Maidstone. With Fred the Prez: and Blanche guests of honour, the seaiders sported a good turnout in spite of the arctic conditions. This 'do', to our utter amazement, also incorporated the Wedding Reception (pre-event) of Arthur and Joyce. Surprise was soon dispelled as we toasted the happy couple with a vocal backing of the Wedding March. The S.F.A. member who had the honour of announcing this surprise item was then allowed to carry on with his official task of toasting the visitors.

With a lively band in attendance, we could not resist the temptation to conclude the happy occasion with community singing. Must attend this 'do' more often.

To the one hundred and sixty odd cyclists and friends, distance, inclement weather and expense proved no deterrent as they gathered at the Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards, on the now traditional last Saturday in January for our Club Dinner. The local press headlined this 90th annual event as the Eileen Sheridan event. Indeed, in her brilliant speech, she raised the Club to the high status that it enjoyed in past years, and will enjoy once again before the next ten years are over.

The event was a triumph of organisation for that Merry Trinity, Esther, Stan and Ernie, no doubt aided and abetted by Maurice, Joan and Pam.

The Club's most eligible bachelor, that Friar Tuckian figure Dennis Neeves had his problems as Toast Master. He had to trot around as unobtrusively as possible, lugging a mark I microphone and all its trappings to all who wished to cross-toast, &c. In this respect, the most frustrated fellow that evening was Arthur Coleman. Arthur was one of our select community accommodated in the annexe. The main dining hall was wired (one way only) for sound, but not at all for vision. This made cross-toasting absolutely impossible as far as Arthur was concerned. Frantic 'phone calls to Police H.Q. and the Fire Brigade for the loan of a walkie-talkie proved negative. However, we did have the full pleasure of the pianist cum organist, who was playing music while you munch., for our benefit. I was sitting so close to him that I could have turned his music over for him, had he been using music.

News filtered through the concrete curtain that Esther had been presented with something very large by Fred the Prez:. Recently Esther told me that this was a large box of chocolates, not from Fred, but from his charming wife Blanche. Well - Well, memories are made of this. Not for many years have we had our past stalwarts such as George Jenkins, Bill Mabb, Jim Mackie, Felix Llellyveld and Ken Rome, to mention a few, gathered together under one roof.

Next year, same place, same time. Hope to see you there.

To-morrow, the Hardriders event, and a resumption of the Will-cocks versus Neevo duel. Hope the marvel milk diet will be of some help to club colleague Dennis. Next week we officially open the Runs Programme with the President's Run. This event is usually blessed with fine weather and well supported.

The tide is going out, and I must go with it. 'Til the Summer Tides,

Happy Escalating,

GANNET.

The paper chains had hardly been taken down before two public spirited correspondants, Messrs. P.J.C. and B.K. fell over themselves to inform the Editor of certain Yuletide and New Year happenings involving well-known Eastbourne cyclists, aided and abetted by their friends and hangers-on.

According to these correspondants the story began in the 'Fox and Hounds', Framfield on Dec. 26th, when two ladies, a Mrs. D....y C....s and a Miss M...n R..s, left the bar to relieve themselves. They later returned and informed their companions that having failed to locate the 'Ladies', they had walked along the road to 4, Ebenezer Cottages, the residence of Mr. R. Humphrey, Grand Panjandrum of East Sussex & etc. Unfortunately, Mr. Humphrey and family had gone out leaving all the doors and windows bolted and barred, so the ladies being being by now in extremis, they were forced to relieve themselves in the garden on the said Mr. Humphrey's coal heap. This might have been the end of the matter, but when the same company was celebrating the New Year at the Market Cross, Alfriston, Mr. W.T. Collins reported that Mr. Humphrey had been unable to attend the Rovers' committee meeting a day or two previously because of a burst boiler at his home. It is obvious (argue P.J.C. and B.K.) that the ladies (who, remember, had been consuming highly alcoholic drinks) had made Mr. Humphrey's coal highly combustible, thereby causing a devastating explosion when it was fed into the boiler.

Then, with 1966 only a few minutes old, Mr. B. Allcorn, the C.T.C. East Sussex Chief Consul, took several photographs of celebrations in Alfriston village square. Among these was one of Mr. and Mrs. Collins embracing - but not each other ! Mr. Allcorn later remarked that "This photo is going to cost some people a packet !" One can appreciate the anguish with which Mrs. Collins said that she had really meant to reform this year, but that she feared her resolution was already shattered !!

P.S. P.J.C. would be grateful if readers could lend him small sums of money to help him satisfy the demands of Mr. B. Allcorn.

Before starting these notes I had a look at 'Bonk' for Spring '65 to see how things were going a year ago. There has been an interesting change in trends, for whereas there was a pre-racing hibernation in '65, this year finds far more enthusiasm for racing. For this we have to thank (or blame) John Dutson, who gave an entertaining "teach in" at our clubroom on the finer points of racing, and seems to have inspired Southboro' riders to get cracking. On the start sheet for the Hardriders 12 there are eleven S.D.W. entries, so John's words must have fallen on some fertile ears. I hope there will be quality as well as quantity in our rides. In a few days we shall know the answer.

But to get back to other topics, wasn't it a grand social season? Why does it have to close so early? Southborough members certainly got round to more dinners than in the previous year, and we feel flattered that so many of our club speakers were in demand. Over the border we were at the Kent C.A., Woolwich C.A., Wignore C.C. and San Fairy Ann, also the hilarious S.E. Trike luncheon. In Sussex Crow spoke at the sumptuous Brighton Mitre dinner (by the way, Jean, my few noggins that you mentioned in the last edition were only bitter lemons). We only got in for the last part of the Central Sussex 'do' (for which I still owe Mick Wren 3s.), and enjoyed the social aspect despite a rather over keen M.C. The Association Luncheon was one of the quietest ever with few cross-toasts. Never let it be said that the members of this grand association are becoming formal and restrained; let's see that the '66 version is a real swinger - we have our reputation to think of!

Our own club dinner was its usual lively affair - though not perhaps quite reaching last year's peak, with a full quota of cross-toasting and 117 there to enjoy it. We were delighted to have the company of our friends from Hastings, Eastbourne, Central Sussex and Tunbridge Wells with us. John Dutson gave a toast to the club seen through East Sussex eyes, to which Geoff Hayman gave a 19 minute reply. Anny Hayman was presented with a dozen toilet rolls during the cross toasting, following her comments about the expenditure of these items during the racing season. Mrs. Crowsley presented the prizes, her son taking most of the awards and giving his "Modest" reply of thanks, though it was 'Lord' Daniel who won the hard-fought-for attendance and tourist cups. Dancing and games ran the evening out, though it was noticeable that lack of mistletoe and wet conditions outside seemed to reduce the amount of 'Christmas Goodwill'.

After Christmas there was the cosy little Tunbridge Wells R.C. dinner, and then to the other extreme with the lavish Hastings 90th Anniversary function. They certainly went all out to make it a very special occasion which it was. A thousand pities that Freddy March was too ill to see his club's ninetieth, and then to pass away a few days later. Nobody who attended the Eastbourne Rovers dinner can deny that the dinner season ended in a blaze of glory. The Rovers' dinner was one of the best we have ever attended - that's the opinion of several S.D.W. members. Of course, having a 'needle' with the athletes helped, though we had them licked when it came to cross-toasting. Dave Patten got merry and was in highly entertaining mood. Lord Daniel got 'chatted up' by a girl (married, I may add) in the Eastbourne, and our worthy Ed., having 'acquired' Dottie Collins in the Paul Jones, then prohibited any more changing partners! (Why do you think I take the job of MC? - Ed.). Roll on the next social season!

Having written on dinners at length there is now the cycling side. Our club-runs have had varying strength as winter meetings and A.G.Ms. take riders away. Danny led an interesting run to the London Museums while others witnessed the 'Battle of the Duplicator' at the East Sussex A.G.M. The club A.G.M. saw few changes, and the officers were elected in record time. We are delighted to welcome Graham Orchard, Peter Baker and Don Brooks to first-claim membership, as they are lively characters who should improve the Southboro' racing scene. Our football match with the Wignore C.C. resulted, apart from other sufferings, in 'Death of a Runs Leader', as Vice-Captain Tony Neale's enthusiasm exceeded his physical powers on the north face of Detling Hill. As announced in the last issue, we had our Christmas Day 'training run' on the 2½ mile Haysden circuit. It took the form of an Australian Pursuit with five groups ranging from ladies and trikes, to the scratch group. Despite all light-hearted comments it was noticed that the Goodwill Towards Men was soon forgotten once the event was under way. The first lap sort-out saw middle-marker Mick Jackson out on his own, followed by Crow (trike), but the scratch group worked well with other short-markers and 'Jacko' was caught on the final hill of the final lap, the result being a 'Best Performance' (not win, as it wasn't a race) by Graham Orchard, in a five length sprint from co-scratchman John 'Jeeps' Potter. After which everybody collapsed into the pub!

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

Should these notes appear to have a cosmopolitan air about them it is because the writer has become infected with a condition that has affected far greater men than he, namely the 'Eastbourne Drift', a strange force that seems to lure unsuspecting males from as far away as Worthing, Tunbridge Wells, Erith and Folkestone. Eastbourne C.T.C's. Christmas at Blackboys youth-hostel was a great occasion for which the landlord of the Blackboys Inn, if nobody else, was grateful. Lashings of Christmas fare were walked off round the neighbouring lanes, and it was at the mid-day halt for refreshment on one of these walks that the now infamous 'coal heap' incident occurred. The New Year was welcomed in fine style at the Market Cross, Alfriston, with singing in the square, elbow raising and 'necking' (on which 'Baron' Allcorn still holds the photos). Kent of Kent rode the Crowsley tricycle into the public bar, and other odd New Year traditions were observed. After a wet ride back to the Eastbourne 'Youth Hostel', bedtime rolled round at about 4 a.m.

Geoff Hayman has covered the Touring Competition elsewhere, so it leaves me to give our appreciation to Iris and her helpers for putting on such a delicious tea for everyone. The return to seeing members' slides was most welcome, especially the Peacock-Willcocks show of World Road Championship shots. Venner's movie of Southboro' cycle repairers at work left some people aghast !

That's it then from Southboro'. We wish everyone all they wish themselves in 1966 (though I bet it's immoral, illegal or it makes you fat !).

CROW.

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How's this for Club Spirit ?? When the Editor told his club mates that he had entered for the Hardriders, a certain lady member said: "Oh, I'll come out to Netherfield and cheer you on, Dennis - but I shall cheer Geoff Willcocks as well, because I rather like him".

After the last Association committee meeting, Dorothy Humphrey looked out of the window and said: "One of you cyclists has left his car parked without lights". Fair's fair, though; the 'offender' was Lou Bathurst, who had used the 'oil' in order to referee an inter-club football match in Kent, then on to Framfield for the ESCA meeting, followed by one or two local calls on club business on the way home. It's evidently all go being President of Southborough Wheelers !

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