



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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**East Sussex  
Cycling Association**

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## EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 14.

SUMMER 1966

Secretary ) Mr. R. Humphrey,  
& ) 4, Ebenezer Cottages,  
Treasurer ) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield.

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### EDITORIAL

The Bank Holiday just past was the start of what is in theory the peak period of the cycling year; with the long days bringing the long-distance time-trials, tours and club-runs. Unfortunately, with virtually the whole nation nowadays behind a steering wheel, the theory does not work out too happily in practice. In fact, far from looking on the summer months as their peak riding period, some people now practically give up the game until the autumn. But, as the Romans might have said under similar circumstances, nil desperandum esset. Although the days of huge summer mileages are probably over (unless one actually enjoys the noise and fumes of motor traffic), it is still possible to enjoy a reasonable amount of pleasant riding on the many miles of roads not affected by the motorised rush to the ports and seaside resorts. It's the experienced man with the ability to 'use his loaf' in finding these roads and choosing the right time to use them who will do best during the coming busy weeks; so here's hoping that all Association clubs have at least one such person to ensure that their members breathe the maximum amount of unsullied air with the maximum degree of safety.



"GEN" FROM THE SECRETARY.

By the time you read these notes the season will be more than halfway through, and quite a number of you will be getting in the miles in readiness for the longer distance events. Our 100 Miles in July, and the Open 12 Hours on August 7th will once again call for the full co-operation of all our member clubs to ensure that the courses are fully marshalled. Offers of help in this respect will be welcomed by Ken Stevens or myself. Don't delay - drop us a line now. It is up to all of us to give all the support that we can to the riders who will compete in these events, even to the extent of missing one week's racing. Much pleasure can be achieved by turning out to assist with the marshalling and feeding.

Once again the Junior Trophy will be awarded to the Junior rider returning the fastest time at 25 miles in an Association event during the year. Claims must be sent in at the end of the season.

Looking ahead to the Social Season, we shall once again be holding a Luncheon & Prize Presentation on Sunday, November 27th, 1966. This will take place at the Langley Community Centre, Eastbourne. The menu will be a Mixed Grill and tickets will cost 12s. 6d. or 13s. 0d. Lunch will be at 12.15 p.m., and there will be a Licensed Bar. Following the Luncheon a Forum is being arranged and it is hoped that at least one of the B.C.F. top coaches will attend, with several other well known persons who will answer any questions put to them on cycling in general. Your Committee have this year made great efforts to improve the Luncheon, and at the same time cut the cost. Everyone is asked to give our Social Secretary wholehearted support at this function - everyone can be assured that the meal will be first-class.

Your Committee are at the moment discussing what special events are to be organised in 1967 to celebrate our coming of age. Suggestions so far discussed include an Open 25 or 50 Miles, also a series of Saturday events for Juniors. Also being explored is the possibility of a get-together on the evening of the date of the formation of the Association. Any suggestions that any members may have for consideration for possible ways of celebrating the coming of age will be welcomed by the Management Committee.

R.H.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS.

Writing Bonk reports on the evening following late night visiting is not to be recommended. It's not the lack of sleep so much as the long-term effects of several cups of tea made with condensed milk which were consumed in the early hours.

However, first pleasing news is that the recent influx of new members is not just ones and twos, but seemingly hordes of 14-16 year olds, all on 'gen' bikes and keen as mustard. The clubroom hasn't been so packed since the 'good old days' (he said, mumbling through his bath-chair). It's grand to see Danny's flock on the club-run has increased to the dozen-plus range, and tea bookings are similarly increased in numbers. Racingwise, Clive (Super Ace) and Graham (Ace) Orchard have been our main strength, though Clive is only second claim. After the Hardriders 12 Clive completed a double by winning the first Association 25 in 1-2-40. (Is that an event record?). In the Arctic Team T.T. (promoted by R. Humphrey in association with the Polar Velo), Graham O and Don Brooks were fastest Southboro's in sixth place with Crow and Jacko ninth, after the former was seen stuffing down cheese sandwiches from a marshal at the top of Possingworth Hill. Giles and Ron Hayward came fourteenth. Graham went on to win our opening club 25, held this year in gale conditions, with an '8', from Ron with a '10'.

Our Open Hilly '31', reduced in distance by omitting the Ashdown Forest leg, drew an increased entry and favourable comments from the riders. Winner was Ken Day of the Thanet Road Club, who just held off the flying trio of Jones, Orchard and Patten from the Fairies. It was most pleasing to see entries from Central Sussex, Eastbourne Rovers and Lewes, especially as Mo Colburn took the Group B award. Your scribe somehow managed to collect the Group A prize. As usual the Tun. Wells inter-club 25 was a most friendly affair and blessed with a glorious spring morning. Once again Central Sussex romped home with the team award, led by storming Joe James. We took second team with Graham producing the season's fastest 25 with 1-4-0, leading Don and yours truly.

So far, both our evening events have been held on 'float' evenings, with another Orchard win in the 10 with a 23-57 ride, 'personals' to Nick Whitney and Jacko. The puncture bug struck Orch in the 30, and Don Brooks's '15' gave him a comfortable win over Ron's 1-18. Nick collected another first handicap and Crow lopped three minutes off Phil Hennessey's trike record with a 1-24.

Touring hasn't been neglected either (neither has it in Lewes, judging from the time I met Chris May and Mo in Reading). Easter



found the club motor/cycle expedition in the Brecon area of Wales, where the indifferent weather was more than compensated for by superb 'digs' and enormous meals served by a most attractive hostess. It's doubtful if anyone got any fitter though it's been booked for next Easter. Some of the other aspects of touring were recently witnessed when Crow visited Alan Brindley's ex girl friend. (She was only a policeman's daughter, but she never got off the beat). Arriving at the police station he asked the sergeant on duty if it was safe to leave his bike outside - hardly the most successful way to start! Later in the evening the young lady served Crow coffee made with hydrochloric acid - she had omitted to drain off the deliming fluid from the water-heater! Crow says he is going to see her again as it appeals to his sense of adventure.

Whitsun touring was as usual in the Isle of Wight, where the weather gods had flicked the switch to HOT, and several people returned home more like lobsters than cyclists. On the way down the warden at Patcham hostel knew of our destination through his spy Mike Kilby of Lewes Wanderers. Last year, Geoff Hayman had an accident with his bike on the island - the incident was featured in the New Year film show. This year Geoff demonstrated how to commit suicide by leaping off a bank. Danny said: "I bet he lands on a land-mine". But he was wrong - Geoff broke his leg instead! Not knowing the damage, he rode across the island back to 'digs', but now has his hoof encased in plaster and will be off work for a month. Never mind, Geoff, Tom Simpson did the same on skis and he didn't work for an insurance company. This episode has overshadowed Crow's week in hospital with a case of 'Rolling Stones' in his kidney (probably a piece of old orange peel lodged there - Ed.). In passing, I'd like to thank all those Eastbourne ladies who kindly sent "get well" cards.

One interesting aspect of club life is tracing the genealogy of cycles as they move from owner to owner. The rule in Southboro' seems to be that all bikes owned by the Orchard twins will become Young's, unless they were made by Bill Hurlow. Our top bike collector is John Hoadley, whose 'stable' has reached such proportions that his parents now have to live in the woodshed! If he buys any more he will have to move himself, although he would doubtless find a welcome at Marion's in Eastbourne. At the other end of the scale 'Jeeps' Potter is still bikeless, following his pile-up in the Hardriders. His forks are lodged in the frame, and even the attempted

With the sky set fair and the sun streaming in as your scribe starts to pen the latest Lewes scandal, it's hard to believe that this is the same season as the weather we've suffered until this week. However, the Lewes lads have been getting into the news bike-wise, since that cold and windy Hardriders day that kicked off yet another ESCA racing season. Of our team in that event, Kilby, with 39-28, handed out a shock beating to Colburn, who could only manage 40-2. Despite the ramrod-like incentive of the Editor only one minute in front, Willcocks failed lamentably to catch him or even beat him; a margin of five mins. at the finish telling its own dismal story.

Another Colburn/May hostelling week-end was notable for an absence or schoolmarm's or other distractions, which seems to have had a marked effect on the latter's subsequent performances. Chris rode his first event for two years in the Association 25 and did a 1-5-34, screwing Colburn by 2½ minutes! He followed this with tenth place in the Rovers' Spring Handicap Road Race at Cowbeech on a raw day, after Colburn had punctured and packed, and Bulford, making his first venture into this sort of frolic, found the conditions too tough and packed after one lap. Next came the Lewes-Newhaven, won by May with 37-18 with Colburn doing 37-46 and snaffling the handicap; then Burbery 39-31 and Kilby 40-15. A howling gale in the S.C.A. 25 slowed May to a '9', but still gave him fourth place; then in the Association T.T.T. he and Colburn succeeded in finishing third with an excellent 1-35-43. Had they not been delayed by May pulling a wheel over at the start this might well have been a second place. In the Crawley Wheelers 25 May did a 3-39 with a 30 sec. late start due to a puncture on the line, and Colburn got down to a 6-10. Two days later May rode the Charlotteville, his first 50, and did a tremendous 2-9-38. The Southboro' Hilly '31' saw a good ride by Colburn who won the Group B award, and was second fastest up Ide Hill, only 21 seconds behind "Sherpa" Patten. The Bec 25 was notable in that it featured the 1966 debut of 'Tourist' Agg, who lumbered round in 1-18! Just as surprising is the fact that there haven't been the usual excuses or 'gremlins' to account for this epic! The Esca 50 had much wind which got May back to a '15', Colburn a '20' and Kilby a 27. Agg had a furious battle with Graham Lade for the title of 'Lanterne Rouge' and just won with 2-34. Colburn rode the Oxonian and did 1-5, while Agg came down with a bang in the 34 Nomads to record 1-8! Colburn lasted for four laps in the Mitre Road Race,



Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

but May was going well when delayed by a pile-up in the last lap and finished well down. Next came the S.C.A. Team Championship in which we got third place, due to a fine 1-3-42 by May, backed up by Colburn's 1-7 and Burbery's 1-11 on a very windy morning. Chris actually finished up as second fastest, being a mere eleven seconds behind the winner. He then rode the Bellingham, came fourth and also took the handicap with a 1-2-45, and followed this up with a great 1-2-25 in the West Croydon for another fourth place. In this event Kilby got down to a '9', and showed traces of fitness. Colburn won the first evening '10' with 26-21, Kilby doing 28-3 and walloping Agg by three seconds. Cliff Sharp of the Rovers decided to sample the Rodmell air, and his 23-50 was only five seconds off the record for that course! Two days later he rode in a Worthing '10' and his 23-39 on the Partridge Green course was only one second off that course record. Willcocks was inside thirty minutes in that event, so he hopes the Editor is shaking!

Due to misinformation, your scribe must bow his head and correct the news of the stork visitation to a certain house at Ringmer. The 'Tourist' denied this with some unparliamentary language, but later Elizabeth said it gave her a good laugh. Seems we have another case of someone who can't tell stork from butter!

Escabods visiting the Rotherfield area are hereby warned to be on their best behaviour forthwith, as the 'gauleiter' thereof is now a certain P.C. Burgess, who has exchanged the urban comforts of Hove for the hard life among the cowpats and manure heaps of rural Sussex. With miles of lovely hills to patrol by bike he's already talking about being fast enough to 'murder' May, crush Colburn, &c., so we're looking forward to seeing a very fit one-man 'Flying Squad' explode on the current scene shortly.

After the first '10' Kilby got into the Chancellor's black book by pointing out that his rear cones were so loose that his bike rocked from side to side. Reg's reply: "I hadn't noticed anything wrong" led Willcocks to comment: "It's only when things are O.K. that he feels uncomfortable". The look he got suggests that strange things will happen to his handicap in future!. Noticing a likely-looking prospect standing around, your scribe was about to ask if he'd like to join the club, when the realisation dawned that it was Ken Savage - minus beard! Colburn's remark that he looked forty years younger got a laugh, but the 'disguise' would have fooled anyone.

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

We also met new member Robert Murfin of Lewes who seems keen to have a go at one or two events.

By the time this appears we shall have commenced the evening R.R. Criterium on the Broyle circuit. We have received a useful entry, so here's wishing all competitors good weather, good racing and the best of luck. That goes for all readers as well, so Adios Amigos, may all your miles seem little ones and all your successes well-deserved.

Hasta luego! ..... ALSORAN

Exit the Editor en route to the reference library to find out if "Hasta luego" means "Roll on the Social Season".

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DEADLINE for the Autumn edition of 'Bonk' will be when the Editor accosts you at the Association '50', looks you in the eye and screams "Where the hell are your mag' notes? !!!"  
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TUNBRIDGE WELLS ROAD CLUB

The Road Club has got off to quite a good start this season with Ken Chantler coming out of temporary retirement and joining the racing section of the club. There have been few week-ends when no member of the club was racing; and on these week-ends a club run has been organised.

The Team T.Ts. had several entries from the Road Club, our motto being: "You might catch us but you won't pass us". This applies particularly to 'Janks' Jenner, who could turn any time-trial into a road race. Talking about road races, the club holds it's event on May 22nd. If you read this in time, we would appreciate your support. (Editor's note: The Road Club's notes arrived on May 14th, with a humble apology from their correspondant for being so late !!).

The club is acquiring a new clubroom, the basement of a vicarage. This is being decorated by some members of the club, and it will be very different to the rather plain place we hire at the moment. Rather bizarre suggestions from Ken as to how we should decorate the clubroom met with considerable opposition from the professional builder in the club - I ask you, who ever heard of undersealing a room?! The club night is being altered from Friday to Thursday, 8 - 10.30 pm in a few weeks. Whitsun preparations are well under way, and I hope you all have a good time and the weather stays fine. D.B.



The comedy team of Kent and Crowsley have been in action again. Brian parked his newly acquired car outside the Collins' 'Youth Hostel', so Crow put his bike down to look over it. After sitting in the drivers seat he asked if he might drive it. He had only done a few yards up the road when there was a loud crunch - yes, that's right, he'd driven over his bike !

It all seems to be happening at Commercial Road. Tales have reached Bonk's office of cars being cleaned with ladies' intimate garments; also of a young man turning up immaculately attired and taking the lady of the house to the cinema while her husband stayed at home and presided over a committee meeting.

Then there is the 'gentleman' of Edenbridge who goes to Brighton for dental treatment so that he can have the whole day off from work and have time to go to Eastbourne to take 'D.....e' for a walk.

However, we hear that Crow intends to remain a second claim member of Southboro' Wheelers for old times sake.

The C.T.C. Spring slide show at Ringmer received very good support. Mike Poland's slides of his Russian tour were most interesting, especially the one showing two attractive Russian girls and the remark: "The one on the right is Sonya - she went all the way with us". Seems the Russians are now using American hostess techniques to entice the tourists.

In the West Kent heat of the BCTC, Brian Kent finished third, missing a place in the final by one point for about the third successive year. Geoff Hayman finished fourteenth.

Mrs. Chambers, who runs the well-known cyclists' tea place and Southboro' clubroom at Speldhurst, has been ill with diabetes, but is now well on the road to recovery.

In May the Southborough Wheelers produced the 200th edition of their club magazine, the "Southborough Gazette". It has been published every month since 1949.

"THOUSANDS DIVERTED FROM DEFENCE FOR TRICYCLE RECORD ATTEMPTS - TAX OFFICIAL HELD". Will that be national headlines, now that Brian

Kent is working for the Inland Revenue in Eastbourne ?

Willcocks, after being crushed by the Editor in the Hardriders, said that the shock of being caught and dropped by a trike before Woods Corner caused complete demoralisation. Brian Kent even passed the time of day too !

A visitor to the Colburn residence recently caught Maurice 'cooking the books' at 10 p.m., instead of going out training. Obviously another reason why we're the heaviest taxed nation on earth.

The Hastings club got big support for their latest promotion, an open '25'. Ninety-eight men and twenty-one ladies tried conclusions with the Brenzett-Hythe road, with seventy-three year old Ted Coussens first man away. The Suntrap provided the winner in Cliff Sharp, who whacked the Kent fast men with an under-the-hour ride.

Salute to Peter Sharp of Lewes, who although a dyed-in-the-wool anti road racing man, agreed to assist in that club's promotions "because the club must always come before personal feelings".

The pusher-off in the Hastings 'open' was a bit put out by the number of riders who said: "I'm only riding my 'gash iron' to-day", or: "I only paid ten bob for this frame". However, his morale was eventually restored when a lady appeared on a beautiful machine, gleaming brand new down to the toestraps.

Rye Wheelers are still going strong under 'player-manager' James Hollands. Yet another member of the Ashdown family has just made his debut, and they have even found a girl, Margaret Apps, who is keen enough to race ! Margaret has quickly got into her stride, and has already learned the grand old Rye tradition of having late starts in time-trials.

Hearing Jenner shouting the odds at the Southboro' Hilly '31', one sufferer remarked: "It's a good job Agg isn't riding as well".

Jenner, marshalling Bat and Ball corner in the Assn. '50', was reported for using foul language to lady riders, and had an interlude in the hedge with Marion Ricks, who had run out of road. (On purpose ???).



removal by jamming them round his mother's clothes-post has done nothing except to bend the clothes-post. He has now sunk to riding Don Robb's Dawes on club-runs. (What do you mean "sunk" - I started on a Dawes - Ed.). Still, if Chancellor Eldridge can forsake his Hetchins for an Elswick-Hopper things can't be so bad.

Every so often we see in magazines an appreciation of someone usually after they are dead and not really interested in all the good things that are said about them. It seems so much better to write it while they are alive and able to appreciate it. In this club, as in others in ESCA, we often wonder if 'Bonk' would be the same without the Lewes notes from 'ALSORAN'. For more than a decade now, Geoff Willcocks has been producing these gems of wit on the incredible happenings in the life of the Wanderers. The sagas of Ron Russell and 'Iron Man' Grover were my favourites, but whatever the subject, Geoff can extract the essence of humour from any situation. We often read back through the early copies of 'Bonk', and still have a good chuckle over the Lewes notes, which certainly shows that they stand the test of time. I am afraid that my pen cannot do justice to all his writings, but they give so much pleasure that we hope he will be writing them for years to come. (There you are, Geoff - all you have to do now is to avoid Beverley Nichols for the rest of your life and you'll be all right ! - Ed.).

I think that should be the lot ..... all the best.

CROW.

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SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

So many stories have emanated from the Commercial Road section of Eastbourne (where Crow and Kent, having been irresistably drawn by some strange gravitational pull, are now in permanent orbit around the fabulous Dottie), that the once famous Marion Ricks is now taking a back seat; and is in fact arousing hardly any public interest. If this state of affairs continues, poor Marion will have no alternative but to get down to taking racing seriously - a grim prospect.

THE HASTINGS CYCLING CLUB

After my last two efforts writing 'Gen' for 'Bonk', the Editor made a bright suggestion. In spite of this, here is my third contribution. On Hastings Pier, they have built a metallic igloo to house the much publicised tapestry in connection with the 1066 celebrations. Amusing story here. Early in the year, the 1066 committee called a meeting for all local organisations at the Town Hall. Maurice decided that we should organise an Isle of Man style kermesse around Alexandra Park. So off to the Town Hall we did go -- ooda -- ooda -- &c. We patiently listened to other 'bods' glorifying their own ideas. The Stables Theatre intended to run a week of French Plays for adults and French students only. One be-whiskered old 'codger' wanted the Battle Museum uprooted and transported en-bloc to Hastings, the Sailing Club let it be known quite benignly that they had cornered all the commercially sponsored prizes. Stan Russell, representing the Camera Club, boasted that during the 1066 year they would be using only French Models. (Always understood that the Germans made the best cameras). At last, with a frontal assault, Maurice introduced his idea. It didn't quite register. With controlled patience Maurice described a kermesse. One demure elderly lady on the committee gave him a benevolent smile, and then carried on with her knitting. Now several local V.I.P's. became interested and vocalised. The Parks and Gardens Superintendent thought it would be impossible for riders to keep off the grass, also about this time, the goldfish would be spawning. The Borough Engineer stated that the wooden bridge spanning the duck pond would have to be widened from 3 ft. 8 ins. to 4 ft. 9½ ins. at a cost to the ratepayers of approx. £270. The Chief Police Inspector disagreed with this, as he explained, only single line traffic was allowed over this bridge. (He seemed to be on our side anyway). One agitated member of the audience claimed to be a member of the Silence for Swans Society, and he would complain to his M.P. if this barbaric sport was condoned by the 1066 committee. The Mayor, finalising the refusal, drew our attention to the numerous 'No Cycling' notices around the Park and stated that nothing short of a civic revolution could revoke this ruling. Slightly frustrated, we retired to the 'pub' next door and 'keg' bitter.

The Marvel Milk diet proved successful for Dennis. In the Hard-riders he 'screwed' his time-honoured rival Alsorunner Willcocks of Lewes by five minutes. Dennis will soon be sponsored by Cadburys. Brian travelled down from the Kentish part of London to 'mime' for us on a trike. He returned a very good time and Marion Ricks (full of Eastbourne Promise) considers Brian much faster than the Southboro'



'Crow'. With her real inside knowledge of the fast men, Marion will soon be taking over the handicapper's job from Stan Nash. The following Sunday we followed Fred the Prez. around Pett and Winohelsea Beaches, winding up at Whitegates Westfield for the President's Lunch. I followed Ernie the treasurer into the New Inn to sample something unobtainable at Whitegates - Keg bitter. As Ernie remarked: "The perfect prelude to any occasion". May the brewers read this free commercial. At the official 'do', the cyclists actually outnumbered the mechanised supporters club. Making her usual after lunch plea, Esther quipped: "I know that after this splendid lunch, all of you are just dying to pay your subs". Those who were not dying, paid up.

On a blustery Sunday morning with near gale force winds blowing across the Romney Marsh, ever improving Ron Wall won the Junior '15'. Big things are expected of this likeable lad. When Percy Bliss was in charge of our stud farm, we were never short of promising riders to wear the time honoured claret and blue in competitive cycle sport. Since Percy has been put out to graze, our stock has diminished. A well known Sussex farmer at Icklesham, has offered us his services but we have decided to persevere with conventional methods. Dennis has extended his training spin to Ashford and back. He was seen on the outward journey at Station Approach, and on the return journey was seen again by the same observer at Station Approach. Honest Dennis does admit that if ever the Ashford line is closed, he will reluctantly return to his Langney round-a-bout and back stint\*. Mighty 'Neevo' has just completed a weight lifting course at our clubroom in preparation for his official pushing off job in the Open '25' June 5th, and the Open '50' on July 3rd. Our No. 2 'pusher offer' Ernie, unable to weight train because of shift duties on British Railways, has compromised by helping his wife with the shopping. This makes the task much easier for Pam, as she now has only to carry the shopping. Ernie carries the handbag and trading stamps.

Happy Escalating,

GANNET.

\* I trust that readers will treat this remark with the contempt it deserves. Surely no reasonable person expects a man of my age and state of health to struggle up Ham Street hill

..... Ed.

Several people in East Sussex have recently complained of an uneasy feeling that they are being subjected to a basilisk stare. They are, of course, quite right, and the stare is coming from the latest addition to the ranks of Escalates, twenty-four year old red-head Brian Kent, who focuses a steely gaze through his spectacles onto the world around him.

Brian, who originates from Erith and has been associated with the Catford C.C. and the Mephisto C.C., is at various times bicyclist, tricyclist and timekeeper, but in recent months has become better known as a leading member of the Commercial Road 'Youth Hostel' Supporters Club. He first became front page news when his picture was featured on the cover of 'Cycling' with a supporting cast of officials and riders, including a man who had just ridden down from Scotland. His clubmates find his personality far from soothing: some of them are said to indulge in such activities as rubbing themselves with coarse glass-paper and stirring up wasps' nests as relaxation. In spite of this he is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, chiefly because clubs whose dinners are over subscribed find that a typical Kent speech of welcome to the visitors ensures that there will be plenty of room for everybody the following year. Brian was for several years an employee of Courage's brewery, and had always sworn eternal devotion to that firm and its inns and beverages; but since succumbing to that well-known malady the 'Eastbourne Drift', he has not only deserted Courage and Barclay but has given up all hope of normal human friendship by joining the Board of Inland Revenue at their Eastbourne Office. Now with his bicycle, tricycle and motor-car, Brian can and does appear anywhere in Escaland. So readers beware, before turning any corner or entering any room, brace yourselves. The first person you see will almost certainly be the subject of this pen portrait - Brian Kent.

J.N.



SOMETHING IN THE AIR ?? ..... there certainly must have been on the morning of the Association '50'. There have been windy mornings before, but surely it's a long time since so many people found they could make nothing of it. We had the unusual spectacle of a normally nippy chap like Graham Lade plodding round miles outside 'evens', while Ken Stevens reported that every other rider seemed to be "Not really racing - just treating this as a fast training spin". The Editor, who had been managing 18 mph training rides on full equipment during the previous week, could only average 19s. on his stripped-down bike. He accordingly gave it best, but riding back to the finish found it necessary to keep up the same speed in order to keep warm. It was not surprising that when Chris Shafer swept past he roared: "You're not trying, Neevo", to which that worthy replied: "I know I'm not - I've packed!". Anyway, all credit is due to Cliff Sharp of the Rovers for his storming 2-7 ride. Anyone who can get such a ride out of an obviously 'funny' morning and take several minutes out of the redoubtable John Dutson in the process deserves a big hand.

MINUTE MAN.

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#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "BIKE"

(Reprinted from 'Southborough Gazette', March 1964).

My name is BIKE. I am a trusty steed to one of the Southborough Wheelers - at least I was! These days the first "t" in trusty is disappearing at about the same rate as my paint work.

I started life in 1953, and was owned by an enthusiastic youngster, who resprayed me twice in the course of twelve months. Before you start looking round for him, I should explain that I was then sold to my present owner. This meant a great change of life for me. Gone were the days of idle hanging around in gleaming condition with an occasional trip round the town. In their place came thousands and thousands of miles under all sorts of conditions. Initially, I was his 'No. 2 wagon', used for going to work, shopping and club-runs of all types, but not for racing. Mind you, it didn't take me long to find out that I was expected to show a much greater turn of speed than the 'No. 1' when it came to such things as a sprint before closing time. I also learned how to do an emergency halt on loose gravel, so that my owner stepped off and walked straight into the right bar.

Ah yes, those were the days. In the week, as well as the working miles (covered faster in the evening than in the morning), there were cricket matches, club training nights, square dances and pub runs,

#### Autobiography of 'Bike' (continued).

which all culminated in a sprint to the 'King's Head', 'Queen's Arms' or the 'George and Dragon' (to mention but a very few), and then, very much later, back on the homeward lanes again, through the Summer nights. At week-ends, to counterbalance the racing, came more cricket and more hostelrys, as well as rough-stuff and hostel runs, and even camping week-ends, leaving my alloy bends encrusted in the morning after a heavy dew or a night's sea air. Annual and Bank Holidays were a time of more work for me, often encumbered with panniers or camping gear; and a time of more riotous living by my owner and his mates.

Come winter, the accent was definitely social. Many a cold night I have stood for hours against posts with swinging signs, that proclaim the brew to the silent outside world, while inside all is sparkle and life, and it may surprise you to know that I have often waited at club dinner venues as well. Yes, those were the days when the club cycled to ALL its functions, and interests. In fact, at that particular time in the middle fifties, my owner summed up his travels in one year as: On foot..... 2 miles. On wheels .... next to none. On the cycle ..... 20,000.

It was a hard life for me though, and in a few short years I had five new front wheels, one new rear, several new cranks, and goodness knows how many tyres, chains, brake blocks and bottom bracked axles. In addition, where my paintwork was chipped, it was liberally (if not evenly) re-painted by hand! Then it happened! I found myself continually at the side of BELLE, a lady bicycle, at speeds much less than I had known in earlier times, and what's more - we both had to stand and wait in the cold. Often the first streaks of daylight lit my homeward road on those occasions. Sad to say, the second fork of the Number 1 steed shared the fate of it's neighbour and shapped, and as a result I was pressed into use for the occasional race.

But that is all history. These days most of my life is devoted to utility riding, but each week we visit the club, and whenever possible we go out to events. It is even rumoured that I am to be adapted to carry a small person as well as my owner. Yes, I've certainly seen life. Please remember that, you younger things, done up in bright paint, chrome and gadgets. I know I look tatty and twisted, and am not as frequently seen out on the run as some, but it's been grand in the game so far. I hope to be around for a number of years, although the first "T" in "Trusty Steed" is disappearing as fast as my paintwork.

'BIKE'.



### RICHARD SHOWS HIS METTLE

Sixteen-year-old Richard Wall of the Rye & District Wheelers rode the race of his life to finish in 10th position in the recently held Canterbury Road Race. The race, held over a gruelling 45 mls. course near Chilham in Kent, was contested in pouring rain which increased in intensity as the event progressed. When 25 miles had been covered, Richard, who was the only junior rider left in the leading bunch, was involved in a crash with four other riders. Shaken and grazed, and with ominous knocking sounds coming from his bike, he remounted and gave chase after the fast moving pack. For twenty long wet miles the young Rye rider forged on - leaving two other crash victims who had remounted and carried on, far behind. At the finish nine riders finished in a mass sprint, and less than seven minutes late a wet and bedraggled Richard Wall crossed the line in tenth position, a great ride by a promising young rider. Out of the thirty-strong field that started the event, only eleven riders completed the course. Jim Hollands, the other Rye entrant, was one of the early retirements.

(Reprinted from the 'Rye's Own' magazine - Editor: J. Hollands).

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### A FINAL WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Well there you are, readers, we've come to the end of the sixteen pages - the slimmest edition of 'Bonk' for a very long time. A very paltry effort I agree, but as is well known, you can't make bricks without straw, and 'straw' in the shape of contributions from the clubs has been very scarce indeed. It seems that all the Association's riders are so busy being active that they haven't got time to write about their activities. Perhaps there will be a bumper Autumn number chock-a-block with interesting news. We can but hope.

D.N.

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