



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association



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SPRING 1967

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Treasurer) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield. HASTINGS.

EDITORIAL

The Association's twenty-first racing season has got under way in traditional style with the Hardriders 12, an event which is as popular as ever though it's character has changed somewhat over the years, and now presents the paradox of an event which becomes at the same time less social and more social. The days are long gone when riders came out on their club bikes, took off their mudguards then rode the trial as a leg-stretcher and lung-opener. Nowadays sprints and light tubulars are the order of the day, with hundreds of training miles obviously in the legs, while even the lesser lights have to get fit in order to keep a respectable number of minutes behind the flying thirty-two minute men. On the other hand, the Hardriders is still as always a great meeting place for East Sussex club-folk: surely there were more spectators than ever round the course and packed in front of the 'Ash Tree' this year, in spite of indifferent weather. However, paradoxical though it may be, everyone seems to be quite happy with this situation, except perhaps for those competitors who have prolonged their social season at the expense of training. We can only hope that the Police, who were prominent all through the event, are equally happy about it.

It is good that the question of late entries for time-trials has been finally settled by the Management Committee. It is one that can give event secretaries headaches and cause much bad feeling and mutterings in club-rooms. Now that the committee, having given another day's grace to the riders, has also voted that the Tuesday morning deadline be rigidly adhered to, everybody will now know where he stands with no ifs, ands or buts.

"Hastings is a very cheery watering place, and is distinguished as being one of the sunniest places in our sunless land, for which reason, among others, it is beloved of invalids. Although it's foundation is old, it possesses few antiquities: the castle, perched upon the west cliff (admission 3d.) is a mere fragment, and beyond the fact that Norman Willie built it, or at all events, rebuilt it upon an older foundation, little is known of it's history. The view from it's site is the best to be had in Hastings, and includes the 'Old Town' (the only picturesque portion left), with it's scores of fishing boats upon the beach, and the quaint huts of the fishermen; three miles of marine parade extending westward to St. Leonards, and probably destined some day to join the ambitious effort at Bexhill; and in the far distance Pevensey Bay and Beachy Head. The streets and buildings of Hastings, as a rule, are not pleasing when seen in a mass; architecture is absent, and the prevailing tone is grey (grey slates, grey stone and grey stucco - especially the latter), while a more dreary sight than the thousands of small houses of one identical pattern which swarm in long lines over the hills that were green when most of us were young, it would be hard to find. However, the London holiday-maker cares not a fig for such things. His delight is in the Pier and Parade, the fine hotels, the cricket ground, the Alexandra Park and other gardens, the Gaiety Theatre and the Royal Concert Hall, St. Clement's caves - where dancing of a certain class is carried on - and, finally, the cheap trips by excursion cars and boats in all directions. Since last summer, thanks to Lord Brassey and a few other gentlemen, Hastings has become possessed of a museum of local interest, so that perhaps in the future some stray pleasure-seeker may be induced to take an interest in the history of the little old red-roofed mariners' town, that was here for centuries before the lodging-house proprietor and the jerry-builder lusted after the land; or perhaps, before he takes an excursion, he will look up a few facts about the natural features of the country round him It is not advisable to commence the trip from Hastings to Brighton if a strong westerly wind is blowing, as much of the route is very exposed. A short time ago I rode it out against a heavy gale, making progress literally by inches along the streaming Parade, what time the waves broke every moment against the sea wall on the left hand and speedily drenched me to the skin. It took me an hour and a half on that

If, like your correspondent, you look up Mythology in the Encyclopaedia Sussexia, you will find that many years ago in the cold winter of '63, the fair maid Southern Wheelers was ravished by the wicked ogre Crawley C.C., and that the stunted offspring, whose very appearance was sufficient to cause the destruction of both parents, was called Crawley Wheelers. However, cynics please note that like all stunted mythological orphans, Crawley Wheelers grew and flourished and eventually joined ESCA. Here it met a genial giant called Agg etc.

As for joining ESCA, Alf Tapley was really to blame, thinking that Ron Ewart might sneak in a good ride where he couldn't get at him. Graham Seymour even went to the lengths of taking his blushing bride to colonise the Esca acres! As you probably know, we had riders in the majority of the short-distance events last year, and we intend having a go at the longer events this season. Remember last season's August 50? Alf Tapley rode one of his many team time-trials (he gets a bit lonely on his own). This time Chris Shafer was his lucky (?) partner, and needless to say, Alf took first handicap and at the same time gave arch rival Ron Ewart a thrashing. Alf was so elated and trained so hard behind a bus on the Horsham road that he cracked his down tube, and as a consequence was DNS for the 25 a week later. The events of the next weeks are a little cloudy, but Alf appeared brandishing a bright blue Condor at the Bognor Regis 25. (He told Margaret that he won it in a raffle). Alf, thinking that he rode better on hard mornings, rode with his brakes on and was seen standing at the side of the road in Westhampnett thumbing a lift. However, he recovered to sit on the wheel of your despondant correspondent for the next fifteen miles and was beaten in the sprint finish by Ken Stevens. For some reason the whole affair was too much for Ron Ewart and he was beaten by three teams of Crawley riders in the Worthing Excelsior 25. When Ron was next seen he was sporting a brand-new blue Allin and was looking so fit that he was almost unrecognisable. (We hear that he was in trap 5 in the Hardriders 12).

Club champion Ron Ford broke three club records in 1966. The 25 miles with 55-35 in the Brentwood trial on E.31 and the 50 miles with 1-56-17 in the Archer 50 on H.44. The third was for the fastest engagement! Ron and Jean out on the bikes one Sunday walked into a cafe only to meet the Tooting B.C. clubrun. "Hello Ron" they said, "so this is Angela. Funny, but we thought she was tall

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

and blonde". Naturally, Ron doesn't have the same time for training that he used to have, but I am informed that nevertheless, Jean is keeping him at it regularly. Let's hope that marriage doesn't take the edge off his performance. Last season he rode the Tour of Ireland along with Dick Marchant of the East Grinstead C.C. and is looking for an excuse for a second attempt this year, but Jean's comments are not available for publication at present. Perennially early-fit Adrian Jones is out to prove that his 2-6 personal best 50 last year was far from his best, and is champing at the bit for the start of his racing season. Adrian, with 2,000 plus miles in his legs this year, has gone into the property market and is slowly buying up Hevers Avenue in Horley. His main problem seems to be how to keep young ladies out of his bathroom when he arrives home after training. Bern Wright in his first season for three years, couldn't make up his mind what to ride, changing from mass-starts to 50s to 25s, and eventually retired to have a cartilage removed. He didn't chat-up the nurses when he was in hospital and we are worried in case the surgeon didn't stop at cartilages!

Come-backs are certainly 'in' this season. Pat Curtis (no relation to Edna and Stan) is another prominent mile-eater and early fit man, as is Steve Smith (not ex Woolwich C.C.), who was last seen washing his Frederick in the River Mole. Reg Jewsbury (ex Kentish Wheelers), Dick O'Sullivan (ex Tooting B.C.), and Len Main (ex Goodmayes Wheelers) are all at present persuading their wives that a bit of fresh air on Sunday morning is good for the constitution.

Like the Southborough, we've had a large influx of schoolboys, and with nine of them having raced last season and about seven ready to have a crack this year, competition for our schoolboy B.A.R. over ten and twenty-five miles looks like being fierce. Sprints and tubs are universal. Secondhand items of this nature are now rare in Crawley and the lofts and sheds of all ex-cyclists are being systematically searched. Unfortunately, unlike S.D.W., we don't have the habit of riding to events in large numbers and this won't help the lads to stray from the G.9 too far this season. Club secretary set tongues wagging last season by coming out of retirement and riding a 31 min. 10 on his trike, setting both club trike and veteran 10 records at one go. Stan is now no longer alone as Bob Griffith, another 'barrow boy' from Mephisto C.C., has joined us second claim. Bob was a bit concerned that there were only four 24s in the season, but is elated to hear that the girls might have a bash with the Mersey, and that they are going to run one north of the border.

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Anyway, he's bought a mini-kilt so that he can qualify for either. So much for the gossip, and it's time for chasing the fit men. Looking forward to trundling up and down the Eastbourne road bowling green with you in a few weeks.

YOUNG THROPP

P.S. Graham Seymour has asked me not to mention any of his times for 1966, but hopes to burn off John Dutson in training. That is as long as John doesn't take him any further than Golden Cross.

THE HASTINGS CYCLING CLUB

The Social scene provides the news for this issue. Our social siesta has been disrupted only by the club runs organised by Maurice the Beard. On one such run, Maurice decided to head straight into the ferocity of a gale force eight. We rode Indian file and to Maurice's credit, he did stay up front. He had too really, because no one else could. 'Top-miler' Ted had a go and soon realised that he had made the effort forty years too late. Jack then took over, but he soon had to retire to the tail end. The effect of the wind on his damaged eyes was making him 'see double'. This was the nearest to a drink that we got. "If things are going to be like this," remarked Ernie the Treas., "I'm going to spend a 'bob' or two on my 'bike'". Since the Club Dinner, he has had to have second thoughts. However, the Bearded Basher has arranged some interesting runs which will enable the hardriders and potential racing men to 'get the miles in'.

Fred the Pres: and Dennis (at the time being the Esca Pres:) satisfied the Southboro' Selection Board, and attended their Dinner-Dance which was held at the exclusive five star Riverside Hotel, Tonbridge. Fred was greatly impressed by the 'bunny' style waitresses (angora, of course) who helped to stimulate the dignified gaiety. We attended in strength the 'Fairies' 'do' at Maidstone. Incidentally, this appears to be Blanche's favourite function, and once again she kindly organised the arrangements for our party. Those who left early missed a surprise cabaret, which took place about ten minutes from the end. Less informed revellers would call it a 'punch up'. However, Ted Harrison in the best U Thant manner,

The Hastings Cycling Club (continued).

soon had things sorted out. Before doing this his quite unflappable wife 'Dot' insisted that he removed and carefully folded his jacket over a chair.

Fleeting thoughts on our Club Dinner recall Brewmaster Coleman trying to wring the neck of a bottle of wine before the required temperature 'count down'. At the appropriate time the Hotel professional came to the rescue. Arthur stayed on mild whiskeys until after his speech, when he returned to his favourite 'black and tans'. Wilfred 'Drumstix' Baker, standing in for Dennis Neeves, who unfortunately was indisposed, welcomed the Ladies and Guests.

On behalf of the Ladies, the delectable 'Dot' Collins stood up and smiled. Geoff Willcocks, who delights in the written battle of words with the Editor of this journal, came prepared for a verbal battle with Dennis, and in his absence, made a very humorous off the cuff speech that delighted all and sundry.

As expected, Derek Roberts made a first class job of toasting The Club. Blanche kept an inconspicuous but efficient eye on events throughout the evening, always being found where needed most. Barbara and Len did good business with raffle tickets. Brewmaster Coleman was the unsolicited M.C. and Auld Lang Syne time found him in shirt sleeve order enjoying his fourth dancing lesson with Joyce. Oh well, all's well that ends with Auld Lang Syne.

For many years, Guy Little has been painting water colours of the Landgate and other interesting spots in Rye. At last, the civic authorities have recognised him and he is soon to be hung in the Town Hall. There will be an informal celebration at Chitcombe.

Esther travels the roads these days encased in a black van and threatens soon to be driving something much faster. 'Tis whispered that this enterprising Colleen will soon be going to Ireland. God bless the Irish. Top Miler Ted has undergone a change of sex operation, performed by a journalistic genius on the staff of 'Cycling'. To claim credit for the mammoth mileage accumulated over a lifetime, Ted now has to answer to the name of Mrs. Coussens.

On February 19th we travelled to Pembury to meet the Catford lads; steaks and scampi helped us to make the most of a very damp squib. It seems quite on the cards that we will have a team in the Hardriders. Quite a good start to the year. Did not see or hear much of Geoff Willcocks at the Esca Tea Party, but take it for granted that he is the new Esca Prez: It was certainly encouraging to see so many juniors at the function. Met Dennis up the road the other day and it's nice to know that he will soon be back in circulation.

Happy Escalating,

DEPT. OF HE WHO LAUGHS LAST & Etc.

Hastings Treasurer Ernie Spray has had a lot of leg-pulling because he is still riding the bike he used as a member of the winning team in the very first Hardriders 12. Among the wits has been Neevo, but that worthy is now keeping quiet, as last week-end his much newer machine had three stripped threads, a loose cotter-pin, a frayed brake cable and a snapped expander bolt. His troubles culminated in some emergency repairs in the middle of Pevensey Marsh - meanwhile Ernie was having a trouble-free ride on his veteran 'iron'.

WANTED a copy of Agg's treatise "1,000 Ways of Finishing an Event Without Actually Completing the Distance".
Replies to The Crawley Packer, Youth Hut, Barnfield Road, Crawley.

FASHION NOTES

Two interesting items of news regarding things sartorial. Seen at the C.T.C. slide show - a young man with a square of red silk sewn to the seat of his jeans. We were informed that he had previously had a Union Jack in the same place. Hastings President Fred Martin complained to his wife that the gap between the cuff of his jacket and the top of his gloves led to cold wrists; so Blanche set to and quickly knitted a natty pair of wrist-warmers for Fred.

(continued from Page 2).

Hastings As seen by the author of the C.T.C. British Road Book for 1898.

occasion to reach Bexhill, including ten minutes stoppage for breath - and refreshments - at the lonely old inn where the land rises beyond Bo-Peep, and that is a performance which would scarcely add to the enjoyable recollections of a pleasure trip, which mine was not, by the way."

The Association's twenty-first Hardriders 12 had an entry of thirty-five (including one tricycle), with Hastings man Frank Rix once again holding the watch, assisted by Alan Bathurst of Southborough. The four riders marked DNS included 1967 President Geoff Willcocks, who was suffering from sinusitis, and was forced to be a spectator. The standard of fitness varied considerably; the rides of the top half-dozen men on a far from ideal morning showed that they are already at near peak fitness, while there were several people lower down who had obviously only just finished their social season. The strong southerly wind which made things hard for much of the way helped the competitors up 'Agony' Hill. This writer can never remember seeing riders actually twiddling up this feared incline as they did in this event. Hastings & St. Leonards, team winners in the first Hardriders, fielded a team but were not in the running for honours this time. Their star man, past winner Bob French, is not in training, and did a leisurely 41-30, while Jack Southerden 'came back' with a meritorious 40-45. Central Sussex were probably robbed of team honours when Joe James retired after puncturing, the East Grinstead trio of Marchant, Smith and Budgen taking the prize. The event was as always an unofficial Association Rally, with many spectators round the course and at the event H.Q. at the 'Ash Tree' Inn. (Among them were one scratchman and one long-marker from the early days in Ken Champion and Eric Kent) The local police were also much in evidence, with a sergeant and a constable on a 'noddy' motor-cycle taking a keen interest in the proceedings.

THE ANNUAL PARTY

The 1967 Party (new Social Sec. John Dutson's first venture), was held at Ringmer Village Hall on Feb. 12th. One hundred people attended, but owing to a misunderstanding, the President presided for only a short time. The meal, supplied by the 'Brewers Arms', Ringmer, was followed by a film show, with the RTTC's film of some of their events, and a film made by Southborough Wheelers of some of their club activities. Thanks are due to Venner Gilbert of the Wheelers for his valuable help with the film show, also to John Dutson, who donated the cost of the postage for this event. Due to this and a successful raffle, the Party made a profit of £2 5s. 11d.

One winter evening I was seated by the fire relaxing, when suddenly the door bell rang. There on the step stood a terrifying figure; it was the great ogre of Hastings, none other than Neeves. Drawing himself up, he leaned over me and demanded: "Where are the Bonk notes?" Cowering on my knees begging forgiveness, I admitted that they were not even started. The great man was then plied with cups of tea and assorted goodies and he granted one week's reprieve.

After we had bowed him out I started thinking - what scandal had happened in the last three months? and the answer came - NONE. Now came the task of making mountains out of molehills, twisting the truth and other such schemes. As usual, many stories have reached me about Maid Marion. However, as I have no wish to be sued, we will allow her escapades to be lost in the mists of time. Of course, the high spot in the last quarter was as usual Christmas, that great religious (or pagan, whichever way you like to look at it) festival. The usual quantities of food and drink were consumed by all club members, except, that is, for 'Steam Shovel' Guy who, not content with one Christmas dinner at home, rode up to Blackboys to enjoy another one with the CTC party. Small wonder that he needs three wheels to support him! Down at Stevens Towers, Chris and Moira Snelling and Den and Sonia de Grey joined Ken and Iris and Brian and Anne for Boxing Day, Moira startling the residents of Brightling and Woods Corner by showing a good three inches of bloomers underneath her short skirt. During the musical evening which followed, most of the company joined in a new concerto for wind instruments that Brian had composed, and all said how uplifted they were. During January the club forsook wheels and enjoyed some good walks over the Downs with the 'Swine of Southborough'. 'Steam Shovel' and long Jim tried to keep things in perspective by accompanying us on trike and bike, and, on traversing the path from Firle to Alfriston which ended in a sea of mud, proved what a liability that extra wheel can be! It was on one of these walks that Jim from Lewes was photographed smoking what was possibly the last of his 'Dirty Old Fags'. Whether his will has since weakened we do not know, he may well be back on the wicked weed by now.

Feb. 4th saw us sitting down to the Annual Dinner which we are pleased to say was a most enjoyable function. The previous three weeks had been agony for Brian Guy who had been threatened by Jane and Marion that he would have to dance: still, on the night he managed to resist their advances, at least until his senses had become somewhat dulled. On the thirteenth the Strongs moved to a new 'Baronial 'all' in Polegate, over 'Sweeney' Roberts's new Gents' Saloon

(hairdressing, of course), where ever since Doug has seemed intent on reducing Brian to a tonsorial state similar to that of his notable brother - in - law. Ken and Iris have now got their long desired tandem and are now careering about the countryside striking fear into old ladies crossing roads, car and bus drivers et al, while providing much amusement for small boys. Still, they have not yet been described, as were Chris and Moira, as the couple who "ride about on that THING". The end of the month saw the start of the '67 racing season with the Hardriders 12, in which Cliff made fourth place and Nick Mounsey and Willie Watson made up the team. Willie either fell off and punctured later or punctured and fell off later, we are not sure which. Anyway, he achieved fame by being the only rider to do so.

And so to the end of this account of the doings of the Rovers, and what better note to end on than the debut of 'Steam Shovel' as a racing man. This young feller got off to a fine start by setting up a new 10 mile trike standard in the club 10 and getting first handicap with a fine 27-36 ride. According to the marshals his rounding of the Boship was well worth seeing; he will obviously be someone to watch in the coming months. I will sign off now, hoping to see you on G.52 - sorry - G.851 sometime during the season.

Yours STEAMING NIT.

COMMITTEE REPORT

A meeting of the Management Committee was held at Framfield on March 12th, with delegates from six clubs under vice-chairman Ken Atkins. A great deal of business was dealt with smoothly; all discussions being crisp and to the point. Firstly, the meeting approved of the action of the small number of officials and delegates who, finding that there was not a quorum at the January meeting because of the bad weather, decided to act as a sub-committee in order to deal with some urgent items of important business. Apologies for non attendance had been received from Southborough Wheelers. The application for affiliation by Brighton Excelsior C.C. was passed, their Hon. Sec. Mr. Merrix was present. It was reported that Prestonville Nomads had finally disbanded, that Tunbridge Wells Road Club probably would in the near future, and that Brighton Premier

had not renewed their membership. The Social Secretary reported on the Annual Party, describing it as a success with a bonus in the shape of a £2 5s. 11d. profit. He said that he was anxious to start work on the Luncheon arrangements, and that Ted Harrison of the Medway Road Club had been booked as chief speaker. Other speakers decided on were George Pearson to reply for the visitors, and Mr. Vinnicombe of the 'Argus' for the Press. The meeting voted in favour of the Langney Community Centre, Eastbourne, as the venue, with catering by Messrs. Frederick, who handled the food at the 1966 function. The Magazine Editor reported that sales of the Christmas edition were 109, plus three sale or return and four complimentary. Two clubs had reduced their orders, while two others had increased theirs. Geoff Willcocks suggested that special covers be printed for the Autumn edition to celebrate the Association's 21st Anniversary. The Schoolboys and Junior 10 mile events in April and May were next discussed. The course (using the Dicker and Laughton-Ringmer road) was approved. Alan Bathurst will time all three events and the prize values will be £1, 15s. Od. and 5s. Od. It was decided to advertise these events in 'Cycling', also the Open 12 hours. Awards for this event will be as for last year. The question of the joint promotion with the S.C.A. came up, and Ken Atkins reported on a S.C.A. meeting at which he had been present, and at which the matter had been discussed. There was a possibility that the S.C.A. might ask that the joint promotions commence this year, in which case the start and finish would be at Ringmer as promised, and the course would have to be re-measured for intermediate distances and turns. Under 'Any Other Business' the question was raised of accepting late entries for time trials, and this caused a good deal of argument. After the Racing Sec. had said that in practice it was possible to accept entries on Tuesday, it was decided to fix the closing date for entries at first post on Tuesday, and that this should be rigidly adhered to. The meeting then closed with a vote of thanks to Dorothy Humphrey for providing refreshments. STOP PRESS. Records tumbled in the Assn. 25 on March 12th. R. Marchant of East Grinstead broke the event record with 59-51, the first time the hour has been beaten in this event. The Grinstead team of Marchant, Smith and Budgen also broke the event team record. Cliff Sharp (E) was second with 1-0-25 and Min Morgan (CS) third with a 'one'. Parry of the Rovers took first handicap.

Usually the Spring edition of 'Bonk' contains the biggest contribution from Southboro' with news of happenings and exposés of the social season, but during the past quarter things have been remarkably quiet. There seems to be no ready explanation for this, although someone did remark that nobody has replaced Teddy Boorman as a whipper upper of all things social. However, quite a crowd travelled to northern climes for the Kent C.A., where Spider was toast-master, Geoff Hayman welcomed the guests, and the club won four of the ten raffle prizes. Seemed like a take-over bid to me. Also up north we visited our friends the Wigmore for their dinner, though several members were seen trying to disguise themselves as members of the Tun. Wells R.C., when Danny started telling some 'blue' jokes during his speech. Lou has been doing his dinner rounds with the Woolwich C.A. Tricycle Association and West Kent C.T.C., while a Southborough party enjoyed a pleasant evening at the 'Fairies' dinner - until the final half-hour, when some outsiders started a punch-up. We had Geoff Wiles at our own dinner (there wasn't enough turkey), and a most popular guest he was, too, as his speech consisted of reminiscences of the Milk Race rather than "I see your club was founded in 1683" sort of stuff. Considering the limit on numbers and the small premises, I think the dinner was a success. The prize-giving was over quickly, Graham Orchard won just about everything (not bad for a diabetic), with a few scraps left over for the rest of us. Yours truly tried to get his own back by insulting the visitors with a reply by Ken Chantler. Our thanks to Anny as our dinner organiser, and a reminder that next December we hope to revert to our usual large size 'do', when all Esca-ites will be welcome. We missed Neevo's organising touch at the Hastings dinner, and at the Rovers function, too, although the latter seemed a lot more A.C. than C.C., and athletes seem too conventional to understand the warped sense of humour of the average cyclist.

The club A.G.M. was a rather drawn-out one this year, due to a lot of hair-splitting in the later stages. Before that, though, there were few official changes. Graham Seath takes over from Danny as Captain, and Babs Cook replaces Anny as Social Sec. This past winter, having been kinder than some, has seen a larger number out on winter club-runs, also covering bigger mileages. 'Orch' has led well supported hard rides to Guildford, Herne Bay and Littlehampton, while Geoff Hayman has indulged in his speciality of rough-stuff runs on the South Downs. This winter mileage has reflected in early fitness (for some!), with 'Orch' winning the medium gear 10 in 25-59 on a blustery Saturday afternoon. The juniors were well to

the fore in this event with Nick Whitney being the runner-up and the Stu Moore v. Julian Pryke battle (round one 1967) saw Stu having 31 seconds advantage. The lad to watch, though, will be the smooth pedalling Robin Howard (sixth in the 10): he is the son of pre-war club member Percy Howard.

No mention has been made of Christmas activities as there was little to report, rather a come-down from yesteryear. However, while your scribe was away at Blackboys with the C.T.C., the Southborough Christmas Day road race had six entries and was won by 'Mister Keeness' himself, Stu Moore, beating our latest acquisition from Tonbridge Athletic Club, Ray Curtis, by a few lengths, with Graham Orch. third. To finish on a social note, Pete Baker and Pixie - both club members - got married early in March. At the reception the conversation was largely about bikes. Then on April 29th Giles Job and 'Snooks' get wed. For those of you who wish to witness a rare sight, yours truly will be acting as best man AND WILL BE WEARING A SUITE! (sic. Ed.). With that, all the best for the next quarter

CROW.

 THE 1967 TOURING COMPETITION

"Who is the President of the East Sussex C.A.?" "I'm sorry, but it is not Mao Tse-tung, and I cannot give you the point". "What is a rebus stone, Crow.?" "Er, well - ah! it's an ancient British stone used for killing a rebus". "That is not the answer I have here - no mark".

As usual, we got a few laughs from the questions and judging from comments afterwards, most people had quite an enjoyable time. The proceedings got off to a bad start when half a dozen riders missed the sign pointing to Sheepwash Farm and went touring around Cross-in-Hand, finally accepting the penalty for opening the sealed instructions. This of course gave those who had followed the correct route though Hadlow Down to Framfield a decided advantage. Bruce Allcorn, Crow, Mick Kilby and Peter Parry were top scorers and their lead proved to be uncatchable. Bruce was best, being 2 mins. 18 secs. slow in trying to cover the 6½ mile route at 11 m.p.h. The rest of the morning included an emergency stop (full marks only to Graham Lade), a hill-climbing test (more scoring well), observation (all good scores) and a quiz in which Jane Godden alone got full

The 1967 Touring Competition (continued).

points. Everyone knew the Newhaven boats go to Dieppe and most knew that the Eastbourne to London road is the A.22. Crow thought it was A.23 - perhaps he doesn't go to Eastbourne often enough. Nearly all knew that 'the Lanes' are in Brighton, but the question "Name the railway station between Crowborough and Uckfield" brought forth Jarvis Brook, Isfield, Eridge and Etchingham as well as the correct answer, Buxted. The afternoon map reading seemed to be quite easy for most people, though Peter Parry, taking a short cut along a muddy track, managed to fall off. Fortunately, there was no point for the cleanest finisher. And so we came to the final adding up, with Bruce nine points ahead of Crow, with Mick Kilby third, Peter Parry a creditable fourth, and Mo Colburn, in his first attempt at this sort of thing. In fact, speed-judging excluded, Mo was top scorer.

		Speed Judging	Observ.	Others	Total	
1.	Bruce Allcorn	E.R.	26	10	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$
2.	Pete Crowsley	S.D.W.	18	10	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
3.	Mick Kilby	L.W.	15	10	49	74
4.	Peter Parry	E.R.	20	8	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$
5.	Maurice Colburn	L.W.	4	10	52	66
6.	Iris Stevens	E.R.	5	10	43	58
7.	Brian Guy	E.R.	7	8	42	57
8.	Ken Stevens	E.R.	5	10	42	57
9.	Graham Lade	T.W.	-	10	41	51
10.	Alan Bathurst	S.D.W.	-	6	41	47
11.	Jane Godden	E.R.	-	10	34	44
12.	Marion Ricks	E.R.	8	8	27	43
13.	Venner Gilbert	S.D.W.	-	6	36	42
14.	Robin Johnson	B.M.	-	-	25	25

DEADLINE

for the Summer edition of 'Bonk' will be June 1st. If for any reason you find that your contribution is likely to be late, please inform the Editor by postcard.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Brighton Mitre is off to a good start this year with loads of, well, a few new members, all out to put the Mitre on top, even if it's only a crate of brown. Robin Johnson kept up the Mitre tradition in the Hard Riders Competition by accidentally (of course) taking the wrong route. Knowing Robin, he was stuck in behind some blonde in an 'E' type.

Dave Best is on form this year, so far he has the honour or misfortune (whichever way you look at it) of being the first Mitre man to crash. He did a somersault over a Minivan that would surely have won a 'gold' at the Olympic Games, although he missed his landing and ended up with a graze and a prize black eye.

The club is in the process of moving from the school at Coldean to Arch No. 190 on the sea front at Brighton, between the piers and not far from the sea, not to mention The Suit, Harrisons and The Belvedere.

At the moment our club has only one female racing member (the lads are slipping a bit) in the shape, what a shape, of Silvie Barnard, and judging by one or two times she has recorded, the lads are going to have to 'get their fingers out'.

S.P.

 HERE AND THERE

When Willcocks was telling Dot Collins that he'd been laid up recently, Crow quite unnecessarily chipped in with: "Swine fever, I suppose".

After hearing about Marion's activities with so many cycling males, the Lewes boys conclude that she should in future be the permanent Rovers and ESCA lady Best All Rounder !

Peter Sharp's invitation to see the new organ he's got for £3 had the Lewes lads guessing until they were confronted with what seemed to be an overgrown piano. Alas, a demonstration was impossible as the kids had already wrecked it by pedalling too hard !

ODE TO AGG

(inspired by the Lewes notes in the Winter "Bonk").

In days of old when knights were bold, they talked of Alexander,
Of Hercules and names like these, of Hector and Lysander,
And now its all of Coppi, Gaul and the Sporting Cyclist mag.,
But these names fade beside that blade, the dashing Derek Agg.

Though Southborough's Ron has hammered on to 15,000 miles,
Agg's not abashed; his face is splashed with Cheshire-cat type smiles,
"This Hayward lad has not done bad", he grins then adds with glee,
"He wants to get his finger out, for I've done twenty-three".

Year after year this cavalier has ridden up and down,
From near Glynde Reach to Cooden Beach, from Firle to Heathfield Town,
In sun and rain he's suffered paid with weary care-worn face
With all strength gone he's soldiered on to finish in a race.

O'er many a down this Lewes clown has raised his cultured voice
To other chaps on handicaps and subjects of his choice.
His phrases loud to watching crowd all have an honest ring
"Please go away", "Refrain, I pray", and "Topping ride, old thing".

When in a daze his charming ways of saying what he likes
Make ladies blush and Humphrey flush and blisters paint on bikes.
When told "Don't pace !" while in a race, he'll mention lumps of ground,
Or, in retort, man's favourite sport he'll shout at those around.

It seems to me its misery when Agg gets on a bike,
You would have thought it is a sport he doesn't really like.
The punctured tub, the lack of grub, the sags, the unshipped chain,
The lack of breath, the D.N.F., the gremlins strike again.

Despite the strife of racing life, he still comes up for more
He's suffered hell but lasted well, he's good for years I'm sure,
So Southborough folks and ESCA blokes and all who read this mag.,
Will all, as one, say "Nobly done, thou good and faithful Agg !"

Shakyspokes.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Right, here it is, you lucky people. Having wined well,
dined well and acquitted ourselves well in other social pursuits,
we're entering yet another season of honest endeavour, fervent
hopes and, we trust, better performances from all Esca-bods. Those
Wanderers with enough strength left to grip the 'bars have already
been shaking the lead out of their legs in preparation for the
Hardriders 12 which seems to come round earlier every year. Of
our four entrants, Colburn led the way with 35-53, Kilby did 38-34,
and the Copper 43-10. Once again your scribe was D.N.S. but with
a legitimate excuse this time, having been laid low with a helping
of sinusitis after having got over bronchial trouble and other signs
of old age ! All praise to the Copper for riding so soon after a
bout of bronchial pneumonia that left him feeling pretty rough
after Christmas. Truly our policemen ARE wonderful !

The Club dinner duly took place in the usual select part of
Lewes (It's all select now that Agg lives at Ringmer - Ed.), and
although a quieter affair than some duly had, it's share of laughs,
cross-toasting, etc. John Dutson got some giggles when he most
ably proposed "The Club", but the somewhat stumbling reply by
Willecocks was due to his thinking that the Chancellor was going to
do it and therefore not being geared up for the occasion, an error
that brought a dirty chuckle from Reg and the observation: "You're
not usually stuck for words, mate". Much speculation as to which
'dragon' would be coming with John was turned into a laugh when his
companion turned out to be 'Honest Ginge' ! Burberry was the
recipient of a special presentation - a bird-scarer in the form of
a cat's face. It's effectiveness will be judged by how often we
see his name in this season's start sheets. 'Tourist' Agg bowled
up on his scooter, Ringmer to Lewes being much too far to travel
by bike ! His social season girth, encased in a large quilted
windcheater, made the nearest approach to 'Mr. Michelin' seen in
East Sussex, and led to one wag asking if the Agg "Manual of
Physical Fitness" was going to be published a little late this year.
Kilby is anticipating a rush of orders for copies of a photograph
he took of the Chancellor wearing the familiar Cheshire cat leer
while engaged in his favourite task - counting out the 'lolly' from
the raffle which was once again very well organised by Mrs. Cox,
who also donated most of the prizes. Again we all (bar one !) had
the pleasure of the 'Great White Chief's' company. His relegation
to a seat among the 'other ranks' instead of his usual exalted
position on the top table gave him a chance to see how the other

half lives.

Colburn actually attempted to pay Willcocks twice for the 'Revers' dinner. Upon hearing this the Chancellor growled "Blimey, if he can't keep a better check than that no wonder we're paying so much ~~in~~ income tax". Readers didn't have to wait long for the Esca President's first slip-up. This came as early as the New Year Party, at which he had a 'late start' due to a silly mistake about the time, and finished up having to eat elsewhere, returning later for the film show. This promotion, Dutson's first as Social Secretary, was very well attended and enjoyed by all. In reply to Neevo's offer to lend him a tie to go with someone else's lounge suit, Willcocks said that if he suddenly got dressed up, his friends wouldn't know him! In any case a good bachelor should take care to have no ties! (Ugh. - Ed.).

The 31st is the last day of May, but not, we hope, the last of Chris May who was suspended until that date, despite the Club's efforts on his behalf. To say that we were dissatisfied with the evidence offered is to understate the case, but Chris didn't help himself by not attending the inquiry. The sight of a shattered figure laboriously heaving himself up the final climb of the Hard-riders course heralded the arrival back on the scene of the Editor of this mag', now happily out of hospital, and presumably in hard training for further jousts at Chainwheel Creek. This sight more than any other, has got Willcocks itching to get back in the saddle to avenge the ignominious defeats suffered last year before Neevo returns to his devastating peak. (He hasn't got much time - I've already started burning off Eastbourne C.T.C. Ed.).

The club A.G.M. was well attended and was proceeding more or less smoothly until the Election of Officers. The Chancellor offered to stand down as handicapper if someone else wanted the job, whereupon Agg immediately volunteered! When the ensuing laughter and bad language had died down, no proposer, let alone a seconder, could be found, the general feeling being summed up by the bloke who said: "After all, you wouldn't put a sex maniac in charge of a nudist colony". Hearing Hastings mentioned, Willcocks's Spanish 'dragon' said that she has read that they'd just had an anniversary of the bottle. Of course, she meant "battle", but knowing the liking of the Hastings members for liquid nourishment, many people will conclude that maybe she wasn't so wrong after all. In your scribe's humble opinion, with them it's not so much an anniversary, but more

a way of life!

We've decided to hold five evening 10's this year, all on the Rodmell course, starting from Piddinghoe fork at 8 p.m. on May 22nd, 30th, June 5th, and July 3rd and 10th. The entry fee is 1s. 0d. and all comers are accepted on the line. Also the three evening road races over 30 miles will be held on the Broyle circuit, again at 7.30 p.m. on June 15th, 22nd and 29th. Clubs will be circulated to that effect in due course. Once again we've saved the big news for the end - the Chancellor has purchased a new pair of trousers! This rare feat was accomplished in a well-known Eastbourne outfitters where they eased the 'extraction pains' by knocking off the amount of his fare from Peacehaven after he'd pointedly said: "How about a bit off for oash, mate?" (How do they know he hadn't hitch-hiked? - Ed.). As the salesman (a well-known Rover) said afterwards: "It was worth it - after you've sold ice-cream to Eskimos, or stair rods to bungalow dwellers, you're entitled to feel pleased with yourself".

So, on that momentous note, we'll say here's to sunny skies, fast miles and a speedy end to all social season infirmities. Yours till the Chancellor takes up cyclo-cross

ALSORAN.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

On February 11th twenty old members of the Uckfield & District C.C. assembled at the Griffin Inn, Fletching, and spent a most enjoyable evening. Maurice Chauncy took the chair during the dinner. After dinner, entertainment was provided by the 'Rev.' Tew at the piano, and the 'Farmers' all male voice choir was led by the choirmaster 'Windows' Whittingham, who distributed song sheets after coffee had been served. Singing went on late into the evening long after the landlord had called "Last Orders - Please". Then all made their way home, having decided that there would be a next time.

HERE AND THERE

Bill Collins, hurriedly oiling the chain of his trike, found that as he oiled an unusual aroma was coming from his machine. He then found that in his haste he had grabbed a tin of Rentokil by mistake.

At the Rovers' dinner a wit observed that the prize presentation ended on the dominant note of C sharp ! In addition to his various 'pots', Cliff also picked up a gold medal for his 57-36 ride, the fastest ever done at twenty-five miles by an Eastbourne member.

On the other hand, Cliff also qualifies as The Man Least Likely To Win a Touring Competition. This results from a clubroom conversation in which someone mentioned Lancashire, and Cliff observer: "Oh, Lancashire - that's near Blackpool, isn't it ?"

Crow attended the recent C.T.C. slide show at Ringmer and showed a number of his own slides. It was noticeable that practically every one had Dot Collins either in or near the centre of the picture. Asked about this, Pete explained: "My camera just seems to naturally point in her direction".

In the photo of the top table at the Rovers' dinner, Crow is the only person not facing the camera. He is not looking at Dot, so the question is which lady was he looking at ?

At the Lewes dinner all eyes were on Cox's 'dragon'. Told that she is an Israeli over here to learn English, several males were heard to mutter that they'd like to increase her knowledge of certain other good old English customs as well.

We have heard of riders getting the 'knock', but the prize for this must surely go to a weary Marion, who, returning from a club-run, would not ride along Kings Drive, Eastbourne "because of the hills".

Readers of 'CYCLING' may have seen a plea from Roger Bradgate, who wants to form a club in Crowborough. Although it's aim is mainly touring, Roger has already designed a club racing vest ! Already he has received suggested names for the venture, such as 'Bradgate Velo', and 'Crowborough Alpine R.C.'.

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