



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association



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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 18.

SUMMER 1967

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

The Editor having no views or opinions which he wishes to put before the magazine's readers, except that forty-one riders in a mid-season Association 25 is a pretty poor entry and should be the subject of discussion at the next committee meeting, we will get straight on with the main business of Bonk, which is presenting the clubs to the clubs - starting with

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

There comes a time in every ones life when the ball bounces the wrong way. Mine has come now, after getting shot of this lot of lumber for a couple of years, I regret that, dear readers, you are about to get another lot of waffle from Honest Ginge.

Cycling seems to be defunct in the West End of East Sussex; Car Driving and Racing seem to be the rage now. In fact, it would appear that soon we must judge Cyclists by the way that they arrive at events, not by what they do there.

In spite of the foregoing, we do have a few officials on the hardworking front. Arthur Thorpe has recently been trying to teach the budding trackmen at Preston Park how to win. Ganger has taken out a Licence and has been down for coaching. Just one thing, though, now that the track RACING season is here Ganger has gone !! Just vanished.

Joe James, who is Secretary of the Sussex Div. of the B.C.F., organised our Open Road Race held recently. This proved to be a big success and resulted in a win for Brian Tadman of the Dragon. Chief Stirrer was none other than Top E.S.C.A. T.T. man, Cliff Sharpe, he just went from back to front of the bunch for all the 54 miles of the race. He also raised enough gallop to get 3rd place in the sprint. Regretfully, his prize is still not enough to buy a razor and razor blade for use before Time Trials. The Secretary

and Treasurer acted as Commissaire for this event and with his pipe and matches saved me having the car fumigated.

Min Morgan has started to prove the promise of earlier seasons and has at last sprinted himself under the hour - 58.53 (I think). He is also suffering from a thing called the puncture bug, 4 in 3 weeks. At about £3 a tyre this would cover your correspondent's racing for about 9 years. John Dutson spends most of his time these days ticking and measuring courses for the R.T.T.C. One of his brain childs came into use just recently, the G.551 - Horsham 50 course. After the Redhill 50 John went into hiding, and up to now there have only been 3 attempts on his life. At present he is spending his time just waiting for the right mood, the right day, and the right time, then watch out.

Just in case you may not have read your Handbook, the Club are promoting again this year a 2-up Team Time Trial on Saturday afternoon, the 16th September, entries 10s. per team to Paul Barber. We hope that you will come and ride. Last year, the support from local riders was not exactly overwhelming, and we are now hoping for better things.

Another early warning, our Dinner and Dance is also booked, same place as last year, the Hassocks Hotel on the 10th December, 1967. Chief Speaker: David Saunders of the Daily Telegraph. Price of Tickets as yet unknown. Watch this space for further news, &c.

With the absence of long Club Runs, &c., it robs the prospective writer of a lot of events. If any one stacks up now there is never anyone there to see it. This then leaves only racing results to write about. Rod Laker is probably the most consistent of our road racers. He has had several placings and one or two prime prizes. Howard Burrell seems to lack, at present, the sparkle that he had last year. He won the Catford Road Race, but this makes him about 5 events down on last year. Ron Ewart is well in the running for the member who rides the most miles. He is still training with the zest of a teenager, and deserves at least one good ride this year. In common with most of the Association clubs, we have collected one or two new members this year. Bob Parry has been blooded into the racing game, and could prove to be quite a useful rider in a little while.

I think that this will be about enough for this time. The Editor will not like it if I take up all his space.

See you next time,

Yours &c.,

HONEST GINGE.

The activity of rambling seems to have grown apace of recent months, quite why nobody seems really sure, neither do they know when it really started. The Eastbourne CTC has had the odd sortie on two feet and maybe they caught it from the Eastbourne Rambling Club. Nobody cares - the walk's the thing as about a dozen 'tourists' congregate at the foot of Butts Lane or at Alfriston Youth Hostel. Clothing seems as variable as the personalities involved, and about as colourful, from full-blown walking boots and arctic anoracs to light shoes and "Hope the weather keeps fine". And the social assets of these outings cannot be over emphasised: no hugging the kerb as streams of cars roar by. Yes, there's room to spread out and walk where you want and drop back for a chat with someone without taking your life in your hands, and peace, yes, only natural sounds up on the downs. You don't really appreciate how noisy cycling has become until you get away from it.

Of course, several people think that reverting to foot transport is a retrograde step - too slow and all that. But that's half the joy, an escape from the pace of present-day life. Be warned, though, if you are a photographer it's so easy to snap away, instead of having to stop the bike and get the camera out. A film can be used up in a day, you know! When it comes to food, walking is ideal - a large rucksack and enough exercise to work up an appetite. Room in that rucksack enough for lightweight stoves and frying-pans and things. Ever tried sizzling hot sausages during an open-air lunch stop - that's living! Surprising to some will be the news that so many racing and ex-racing types take to this mode of transport. Many people thought that Chris Snelling had faded into oblivion when he retired, but he and Min are out and about most Sundays as is ex short distance man Graham Lade and Crow and Ken Stevens. We have had many laughs, perhaps one of the best being the sight and sound of Vic Eldridge returning a stray piglet to it's frantic mother.

Unlike club runs there are always a good number of ladies on the walks, one of whom, Little Daph', always sets a cracking pace at the front, as well as another who is always off the back - I will not name her, that would be cruel. But in other ways these walks are the modern counterpart of club runs, with the same chance to get away from bricks and mortar and get good exercise in good company with a sociable atmosphere. Perhaps a good way to sum up some of the objects of the East Sussex C.A. now in it's twenty-first year. So

maybe that is what this walking lark is all about.

CROW.

THE HASTINGS CYCLING CLUB.

Easter came and went faster than the frost report that preceded it. Fred the Prez., in the cause of our sport, did not waste a second of it. As the area V.T.T.A. delegate, Fred travelled to Warwick for the A.G.M. and Luncheon. Declining the friendly offer to sleep in the back of a van with the Folkestone farmers, he very wisely preferred the company of Blanche at the one and only hotel.

In this cordial atmosphere Blanche enjoyed the hearty company of the hopefuls from the Kentish hopfields and improving all the time, Fred spoke his official little piece very well. Before returning home, Fred renewed his acquaintance with Fred Churchill of the Catford Club, now living in Norfolk.

A little bit of cycling one Sunday in April took us to Cranbrook, the George Hotel, and the 23rd Annual Luncheon of the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists. Arriving quite late (8 mins. past 12 o'clock), this scribe noticed Brewmaster Coleman pinned against the bar contentedly unable to move. With him was a past scribe and contributor to this magazine, C.R.S. This is the one occasion of the year when Colin emerges from the cloistered sanctuary of his retreat and lives a little. This unique function is noted for non-stop humorous and prolific cross toasting. In this company Brewmaster excels himself, and this year he was bang on top form. Also striking top form as Toastmaster was Maurice Chauncy. The three year term of office being over, George Page the retiring president had the pleasant task of introducing and installing the Warden of the Eastbourne Cyclists' Hostel as President-elect for 1967-1969. Bill Collins really needed no introduction and it was absolutely great to see someone who still believes in and actively participates in our chosen sport receive this honour. Bill seemed a little reluctant to traverse the perimeter of the hotel to receive the coveted sash, but to relieve Maurice Chauncy who had been holding it aloft during the prolonged acclamade and good-humoured mickey-taking, he finally obliged. Afterwards, he assured us that the tariffs at the Hostel will not be increased. The attendance at this happy function was an all-time record, and the worthy winner of the Fellowship Trophy

The Hastings Cycling Club (continued).

was George Jones of the Kent Road Club.

As predicted in the crystal ball, Esther has returned to the land of her Fathers known to the Manxmen as the Isle of Blight and to the Scouse of Liverpool as Ireland. Maurice, Steve and Tim are sharing this emerald delight. The crystal ball also predicts that they will return. Before embarking on this trip, Maurice had been busy organising the Sunday morning 50 in 4's (mudguards optional, bonk bag essential). This scribe was visiting Mrs. Neeves one Sunday morning when Dennis returned from one of these events rather shattered. It had been held over the Q.40, a hilly 'enfer' in Kent; however, like Fred Martin, he has now qualified for the Sabbath Sash. Top Miler Ted has yet to qualify, and some of us have yet to participate.

Between visits to East Grinstead for eye treatment, Jack manages to tote up the miles riding to work and week-end training 'bashes'. He should be on form for the Open Ron Eastes Memorial '25' to be held on the Romney Marsh on Sunday, June 4th. Dennis has been working overtime between seasonal rock and souvenir vendoring at East Parade organising the event. It's on the cards that, as per usual, the event will be well supported. We will not be promoting our open '50' this year. The event has been well supported, but organisation within the Club becomes more difficult each year.

It is the intention of this Club to perpetuate the memory of the late 'Freddie' March by providing a Memorial Trophy. This to be competed for in some association event; at this stage, no event has been nominated, but beyond any doubt whatsoever, it will be a trophy worthy of the occasion and the man.

The evening 'tens' will give the new juniors a chance to try their luck at the racing game, and we will see if some promise for the future is apparent. Well everything has NOT been happening in this part of the globe and so I'll sign off.

Happy escalating,

GANNET.

Greetings to all never-had-it-so-bads. There's only one good thing about the weather so far - it can't get much worse. Having been lashed by chilling gales and washed by countless showers, the Lewes boys are sighing for the end of the season in the hope that we might get a more settled spell.

Colburn did a personal best in the Lewes to Newhaven and back, which he won with 36-37, while the Burberry bird-scarer seems to have had some effect, as Pete was second with 38-19. The Copper, lacking much training, managed a 43 while the rest were too scared to turn out. Colburn next assaulted the Lewes to Tunbridge Wells and back 'mountain range', and despite lots of wind, put up a club record of 2-9-26 for the 47 or so miles, following this with a 2-17-42 ride in the Charlotteville 50. The strength of the wind in the latter event was such that he took 1-21 to go out but rattled back in 56-42 for the second half! After a sunny week came the day of the Esca T.T.T. when appalling conditions of wind and rain saw the Copper and Agg bolstering up the rest on the result sheet. It's enough to record that as these two lurched up to Earwig Corner, Lewes, both of them were too shattered to make the usual fruity reply to your scribe's advice about putting some punch into it, and on the first known occasion they passed in utter silence. Chris Snelling of the Rovers also chose this shocker to make his come-back debut, and his agonised grimace was testimony to the suffering going on. Colburn improved to a 5 in the Rovers club 25, then for the second year running got the Group 'B' award in the Southborough Hilly 31, with 1-26-27. Burberry again shaved himself and joined forces with Kilby for an 11 in the Sussex 25 mile T.T.T. on one of 'those' mornings. Colburn managed a 15 in the Association 50, and Kilby did a 24, while the Tourist, wildly searching for an excuse for his performance, trumpeted: "It's better than what I did in this event last year - and anyway, it's a short 31".

The Mitre road race on the Cowbeech circuit proved a rare trial of strength, with a strong north-easter as well as rain showers, but Colburn hung on to finish ninth in a very depleted field. The following week-end the wind had changed for the Sussex Division Championship, but heavy rain soaked the field on the second lap, and thereafter buffeted them all the way round. Colburn lasted well and eventually finished eighth, remarking: "It's bad enough having to ride without glasses, but when the mudslinging starts it's like trying to see through a coal hole window". Certainly the way he took Warbleton corner on the last lap made spectators wonder if

he realised where he was just then. The S.C.A. Team Championship, once again with some rain and a 'brick wall' wind, saw Maurice back to a 9, while Burberry and Kilby did 12's. An unusual Agg DNS here, plus non-appearances from Savage and the Copper, depleted our chances in the final result.

Owing to the death of John Masefield, a new Poet Laureate is being sought; but after the 'Ode to Agg' in the last edition, Escabods will agree that this honour could well be bestowed on the anonymous writer of what's generally reckoned to be the best single contribution ever to appear in these pages. Surprisingly enough, the Tourist's reaction was not the customary flood of oaths: he just grinned and said: "Not bad for a beginner, I suppose".

Reading of Neevo's mechanical misfortunes probably made Agg think that the gremlins have found a new headquarters this season. Willcocks commented that it's just his bad luck these things don't happen to Neevo during the celebrated Chainwheel Creek disputes, and thus leave him in with a chance. (No good relying on that, Geoff - hundreds of hard miles is the only answer - Ed.). The reason there haven't been any of the latter yet this year is because your scribe has been the victim of rheumatism (not gout, as some cads maintain), so now it's necessary to build up to a powerhouse crescendo before taking on such a formidable opponent. His confidence isn't helped by people like the Chancellor, who, as he was on the line in an evening 10 last year, inquired: "Are your lights in working order, mate?" Standing on Boship at the finish of the Esca 50, yours truly was talking to Maurice Carpenter and a couple of Rovers School-boys, when Agg hove in sight. After the Tourist's usual ripe reply to a bit of verbal exhortation, Maurice turned to the lads and said: "I don't suppose you know that chap yet". Came the reply: "Oh yes we do - we've heard all about Derek Agg of Lewes Wanderers". Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings

The Chancellor's views that people have too much 'bunce' these days seem to be borne out by Howard Burrell of the Central, who paid twice for our evening criterium. A suggestion that he was paying for 1968 as well seems a bit far fetched, although well in keeping with Reg's family motto: "What We Have We Hold". Older readers will be staggered to hear that by the time they read this, ex Wanderer Grover will be a married man! This incredible news exploded upon your scribe second-hand, but has since been confirmed by the victim himself who, with his usual eloquence, grunted: "Yes - June 10th".

In the light of his notorious inflexibility to feminine wiles (hence the name 'Iron Man') and his general disinterest (he once interrupted a clubroom discussion on Jayne Mansfield with the classic query: "She rides for the Mitre, doesn't she?"), we can't wait to see just who has pilfered his heart and caused such a sensation. Glad to announce that there was a good entry for our evening criterium, and thanks to Sussex riders for their support. We are also greatly indebted to Philippe Vandevelde of Brighton Premier, who has very generously offered a cup to be presented, in addition to the existing award, to be held for one year by the overall winner.

That seems to be all we can dredge up for now, so once again, here's to good weather (well, we can hope, can't we?), no gremlins and lots of happy wheeling for all Escabods.

See you up the road

ALSORAN.

H E R E A N D T H E R E

Reference to Crow wearing a "Suite", led to the comment that he'd be a little better upholstered as a result.

After his tremendous winning ride in the Hounslow 100 (4-8-4), Cliff Sharp was asked how he felt about it. He replied: "It feels good to know that you've beaten Beryl Burton".

One or two Esca people have been enquiring as to where Marion Ricks has been getting to lately. We are not quite sure exactly where she has been getting to, but the result is such presents as a bunch of red roses, and we all know what that means, don't we?

At a 25 on one of those E something or other courses, Ken Stevens was getting at the Editor of 'Cycling' for calling Cliff Sharp "Colin". Gayfer retaliated by saying to Ken: "I suppose you've come up to watch your daughter race".

This being a chronicle of the last quarter's happenings in Southboro' circles, I thought that for a change I would present it in diary form, going right back to

FEB. 19th Geoff H. gave a report on the Esca Touring Competition, and it only leaves me to add how pleased we were with the tea-party bit at Ringmer, and give a big "Thank-you" to Johnny Dutson for all the hard work he put into the venture. Our juniors rode home all inspired after seeing the 'racing' films, and several of us wished that we had taken some of the surplus food as John suggested, as we got saggy by Crowborough.

FEB. 26th. Last year's Hardriders 12 winner Clive Orchard was relegated to fifth place by 'Powerhouse' Funnell and others, but his 33-40 led our up-and-coming roadman Nick Whitney by 2 mins. 47 secs. Of our eight riders, only Stu Moore was a newcomer to the course and did 41-45. Nobody tried denting the backs of cars this year!

MARCH 4th. Peter Baker and Pixie, both club members, were married. The reception-cum-party was notable for the knot of cyclists including ex BBAR team man Nick Jackson, Lou, Crow and others discussing racing 'digs' and other 'old time' topics.

MARCH 5th. Graham Orchard just scraped in to win the first club 25 by a mere 4½ minutes, his 1-3-8 outclassing the rest of the field. Don Brooks was runner-up, while Robin Howard was fastest junior and took 1st handicap with 1-11-57. Stu Moore beat his arch-rival Julian Pryke by a minute. In the afternoon yours truly had recovered enough from the Baker wedding to attend the C.T.C. slide show at Ringmer, where Ted Godden's slide quiz got everyone guessing.

MARCH 12th. Records tumbled on the bright morning of the Esca 25. Graham Orchard improved by two seconds, while Nick did a personal best 1-6-33. Crow rose to the occasion with 1-7-37, just six seconds too fast for Don Brooks. Mick Armitage led the closely-packed SDW 'bunch' with 1-11-24, followed by Robin Howard with a 1-12-14. After such a glorious morning and watching the Purley-Brighton road race, the weather deteriorated and the club-run home from tea at Brightling was something of an epic. (I'd rather not be reminded of that evening, thank you - Ed.).

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

MARCH 19th. The KCA 25 saw everybody going back on his Esca time. Marshalling the Dover-London pro' race occupied most of the rest of the day.

MARCH 24th-27th. Lots of activity over Easter. A club-run got cold watching Good Friday Herne Hill racing. Orch stopped in his '3' rut for the Crawley 25, Nick crashing when on a 'personal'. This was followed by the Dulwich Hamlet 25 which was slow, and best forgotten. The tourists: Geoff B. Jacko, Don R. Crow, Chris Sheppard and Les, once again journeyed to Sunny Brecon to enjoy Welsh farm cooking, and playing the locals at quoits, not to mention some excellent cycling, which included an amazing moonlight run along the Builth Wells mountain road without meeting another vehicle for the whole 15 mile stretch! Les's run down to Carmarthen produced some laughs. Passing through Ystradgynlais, Chris Sheppard saw a car with "I've Got a Tiger in My Tank" in Welsh, but on stopping at the next Esso garage for one he was told that they didn't have any in Welsh - only in German and Italian!

APRIL 2nd. The Orchard Brothers won a wet, cold and windy Esca T.T.T., though Graham says that Clive would have gone faster by himself. Don B. and Chav Armitage were 7th, and Southborough 'Old 'uns' (total age 72 years) Ron and Crow were 9th.

APRIL 9th. A day of bonk and misfortune; a day when several riders said they would stick to the easy world of racing. Yes, the club's open reliability trial found several that were less than it's title. Part of the trouble lay in the strong East wind that backed North, giving the riders a head wind for the first 40 miles and the final 20. With 15 entries it was a triumph for the over thirties with Ron and the two Geoff's finishing the 8 hour section, and Crow and 'Young Nick' (who suffered from the ignominy of being 'towed' the last ten miles with the sags) successful in the 7 hour group.

APRIL 16th. Once again the club's open Hilly 31 proved popular, with an entry of 87 against 64 in '66. Ron once more made great job of organising this event, with marshals at every point and food and drink at the finish. Clife Orchard (San Fairy Ann) won in 1-21-15, with Reg Smith (Woolwich C.C.) second in 1-21-36, after losing two minutes with a puncture. Geoff Wiles was third and Mo Colburn of Lewes once again took the Group B award. Graham Orch led the club riders with

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

1-28-47 after Crow finished on a 'slow' a half minute down. Tony Neale made a rare racing appearance with 1-36-8.

APRIL 22nd. Nick won the Esca Junior 10 with 25-39, and the SDW team of Stu Moore, Chris Sheppard and Bobby Gear won the team award in the schoolboys event. In another and tough competitive sphere, Dawn Hayward put a lot of mere males to shame by finishing 8th (2nd lady) in the Hastings-Tonbridge walk, Jacko being our other finisher.

APRIL 23rd. The Esca 50 - how does that fellow Sharp do it? It certainly isn't his equipment - I wouldn't use his tubulars for a club run! Graham was 5th with a 13-32 and Crow did a 19-34. Pam Manser won the ladies 10 with 27-33. Later that morning several of us rode up to the Kent and Sussex Fellowship luncheon at Cranbrook. Also memorable was sitting on the steps of Cranbrook church before going into the Fellowship gathering with Bruce Allcorn and eating a tin of loganberries and fruit pies, 'cos those hills on the way gave us the knock something wicked!

APRIL 29th. Two more club members, Giles and 'Snooks', alias Christine Hollander-Harrison, got married at Cowden, with Crow as best man. Our Editor will no doubt now add a rude comment. (All right, then - here goes It was hard luck on Moss Bros. that Bill Collins's suits fit Crow - Ed.).

APRIL 30th. Geoff Hayman promoted the Kent CA 25 which had 85 entries, and the same winner as in 1950 - Rod Overton of the 'Fairies'. Ten club members rode.

MAY 7th. The club run watched some exciting racing at the Crystal Palace. Our own schoolboys team of Stu, Chris P. and Bob Wenham made a modest start at this branch of the sport.

MAY 11th. There was a real upset of form in the evening 10 when Graham Orchard and fourteen others were beaten by the previous 'Eternal also-ran', Jacko Jackson, with 25-13. Spurred on by this Jacko improved $2\frac{3}{4}$ minutes in the Folkestone 25 on Q8 to 1-6-51.

MAY 14th. Geoff Boxall led one of his feature club-runs down to Rye and Hastings where we paid our respects at the Mecca of Neevo. Steve Pattermore disgraced or distinguished himself by puncturing

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

five times. Support for this run was good, despite the weather.

MAY 20th-22nd. The Spring Holiday saw one of the largest club invasions of the Isle of Wight. Eighteen went along, practically all cycling there and back. On the boat going over, that well-known temperance group, the East Surrey Road Club, were juggling up in fine form. Cowes, Alum Bay, St. Boniface Down and back to Sandown was this year's route, and for several of the juniors it was their first visit to the island. Another successful visit and good weather as usual.

That just about brings us up to date, so finally a few bits of general news. Geoff Hayman, who has been our general sec., mag' editor, and general tower of strength for many years, will be moving to Lytham St. Anne's, near Blackpool, with his job next September. Before he goes, he hopes to ride the National Championship 24 hours (the Catford), and Crow will also be riding. Club Captain Graham Seath has resigned. It seems he couldn't support a Ford Popular and club-runs. Geoff Boxall is temporary Captain. Danny is now back in circulation after a winter and spring break, during which he was trying out British Rail's latest electric main-line trains. Crow had a Sunday off the club-run to travel on the last steam train to Brighton and Eastbourne. Les and Diane Hayman are moving to Tunbridge Wells from Reading, so they should be more active in club circles once they have settled in. The last copies of Bonk were late in reaching club members. Babs Cook had just received a consignment from Neevo when first she and then her children went down with chicken-pox.

Looking ahead to the hill-climb season (Rubbish - only Dave Patten looks forward to the hill-climb season - Ed.) there looks like being some shocks for the 'aces' if Robin Howard keeps improving his form. Apart from his improving 10 and 25 times, he left the club standing on that awful climb out of Ventnor, I.O.W., gliding up the hill on his 66 fixed, when Geoff Boxall was trying to hold him on his 34 in. mountain gear!

That will do for now

CROW.

RESULTS OF OPEN JUNIOR AND SCHOOLBOYS 10 MILES SCRATCH TIME TRIALS

Timekeeper: A.J. Bathurst

April 22nd. Juniors - 13 entries. Schoolboys 14.

A. Whitney	Southborough Wh.	25 39	A. Brown	Eastbourne R.	27 53
B. Parry	Eastbourne R.	26 21	N. Kavanagh	Brighton Mitre	28 29
G. Drummond	East Grinstead	26 23	S. Moore	Southboro' W.	28 38

May 6th. Juniors - 13 entries. Schoolboys 15.

S. Mawer	Brighton Prem.	25 33	G. Wheatland	B'ton.Prem.	27 19
A. Whitney	Southborough Wh.	25 42	A. Brown	Eastbourne R.	27 32
S. Coffey	Metro C.R.C.	26 5	C. James	Brighton Mitre	27 37

May 13th. Juniors-12 entries. Schoolboys 17.

S. Mawer	Brighton Prem.	24 59	R. Kater	E. Grinstead	26 3
K. Snow	Worthing Excelsior	25 12	R. Beatty	Crawley Wh.	26 33
A. Whitney	Southborough Wh.	25 23	G. Wheatland	B'ton.Prem.	26 52

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

Here is the latest news from the Suntrap, albeit about a fortnight late, owing to yours truly having a rotten head for dates. There has been very little of great interest happening here, unless you count young 'Steam Shovel' Guy's praiseworthy entry to the ranks of racing men. He has gone from strength to strength and amassed a fair collection of 'gongs'. Yours truly caused no end of surprise when he turned up to time an evening 10 on a bicycle (bet he got saddle-sore riding all the way from Polegate - Ed.). We are still not quite sure whether the Editor's dazed condition at the finish was due to his having ridden over from the Little Common turn, or from witnessing this unnatural phenomenon!

Cliff is really steaming along this season. His somewhat strenuous training programme bore rich fruit over the Spring Holiday week-end, when he won the Hounslow Wheelers 100 with a terrific 4-8-4, smashing our twelve-year-old club record by eleven minutes. Ken found a burst of speed in the Hastings 25 and recorded 1-2-10, while not to be outdone, Iris, riding in the same event, broke another club record with 1-9-2. Poor old Jim Freeman must be

suffering from the dreaded 'Lurgi', as he has of late slipped into a 1-4 rut. Anyone with advice to offer is advised to approach warily. It would seem that Marion has now forsaken Sussex men and is digging her feet firmly into Hampshire soil. Needless to say, with our most prolific source (of scandal - that is) so often absent, this report is a meagre one indeed.

STEAMING NIT.

Dear oh dear (writes the Editor), what a miserable performance Landrover, art thou sleeping there below? The Rovers scribe could have mentioned that Jim Freeman seems to have solved the problem of what to do when away on racing week-ends. You simply enter a cafe, order a meal, then the waitress advises you to patronise a better place up the road. She also mentions in passing that she is about to finish work for the day, so you invite her to join you which she does, and pays for herself into the bargain! Jim's theme song is obviously: 'Nice Work If You Can Get it'.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD WENT WHEELING..... by Frank Tripp
(Reprinted from the Readers Digest Pocket Companion)

Towards the end of the last century people were swept with a consuming passion which left them with little time or money for anything else. Many theatres closed; consumption of cigars fell off at the rate of a million a day; trade in pianos dropped fifty per cent. What was this big new distraction? For an answer the merchants had only to look out of the window and watch their erstwhile customers whizzing by. People had discovered the bicycle, and everybody was making the most of the new freedom it brought. Now for the first time in history, it was possible for an individual to go where he wanted, at a speed many times faster than he could walk, and without the need of horse or public conveyance.

The bicycle began as a rich man's toy. Society and celebrity went awheel. The first prize in the 1895 New York Easter Parade was won by a lady who wore an enormous hat with a miniature bicycle on top. Actress Lilian Russell rode a gold-plated bicycle, and the Duke of Marlborough was arrested in New York's Central Park for riding with his feet on the handlebars. The best early bicycle

cost a sum comparable with the cost of a motor-car to-day. Every member of the family wanted a 'wheel', and entire family savings were often used up in supplying the demand. More than anything else, it was the bicycle that made the '90s gay. It took people out into the sunshine, erased class barriers. "Bicycling is the next best thing to flying" was the popular motto of a generation which little realised that soon flying would be possible, and that two bicycle mechanics would make it so.

The cyclists of the '90s were a picturesque lot. Men wore peaked bicycle caps, gay sweaters, striped blazers, knickerbockers and knee-length stockings. Only a few women dared bloomers, but many wore the divided skirt. Colourful jackets with leg o' mutton sleeves were worn over 'peekaboo' shirt-waists, with a mannish starched collar and a bright bow tie. To top it off, a sailor hat was pinned firmly to a proud pile of luxuriant hair. It was the bicycle which rescued women from her multiple petticoats, pavement-sweeping skirts, hour-glass corsets and bustles, and set her on the way to freedom. "The bicycle is proving to be a revolutionary social force", wrote J. Bishop in 'Forum' in June, 1896.

"Besides being a great leveller (no social difference exists on the road), it is changing the relationship between the sexes, as well as between parents and children". Parents who would not allow their daughters to go to the theatre unchaperoned considered it proper for them to go bicycling with young men for a full day far out into the country. In 1894 the tandem, originated in England, became a popular feature. "Many loving couples are mounted on a bicycle built for two", wrote 'Harpers Weekly'. "It is a handsome conveyance and a good vehicle for romance. We expect to see more of them next summer". (Later there were bicycles built for three and finally, five). Sunday was the great cycling day. Whole families would ride out together for a picnic in the country. Monday's newspapers told of the doings of the 'Century Clubs', whose members aimed to record as many one-day hundred mile trips as possible. For each 'Century' the cyclist was awarded a gold bar; some acquired bandoliers of them from shoulder across chest to belt.

The bicycling population soon became an important political group. Since there were no improved roads, bills recognising the privileges of cycle riders were urged, and agitation for good roads filled the press. Bicycle clubs showed the way by building cinder paths beside the roads and charging yearly fees for their use. Smooth pavements of asphalt began to replace the rough cobbles in

the cities; stretches of tarmac appeared in the country. It was the bicycle which almost literally paved the way for the motor-car. The era of the horseless carriage swiftly replaced the bicycle era. But it didn't replace the bicycle, which is more popular to-day than ever.

HERE AND THERE

It is reported that a large balloon in Lewes Wanderers colours was seen floating past Funtington Airfield at the start of the Portsmouth C.C. 25.

A member of Crawley Wheelers was heard to say: "Yes, I always carry a pair of pliers with me to unzip my trousers".

Will the gentleman who removed a large piece of road from the A.24 at Dial Post, please replace it so that the Crawley C.C. can continue it's Tuesday night runs.

Who is the well-known Esca racing man who does not believe in the slogan: Good Mornings Begin With Gillette?

We all have our feeding fads. Alf Tapley is reported to be a Commander Energy fan, and also has a full set of plastic Thunderbirds.

The minutes of Seaford C.T.C. section's 1950 and 1951 A.G.M. have been unearthed, and we find a Mr. G. Willcocks prominent at both. At the '50 meeting he proposed that a first-aid kit should be purchased, and the following year he was unsuccessful in trying to start a racing section.

"How about writing some notes about Crawley Wheelers for Bonk?" said Neevo menacingly. "Yes", I croaked unwittingly. What a ballyhoo that caused. Three threatened libel suits and two irate fathers promising a knuckle sandwich diet. I am obliged to point out that (a) no Crawley riders pack (it's bad for the Club image) but sometimes they don't quite finish and (b) when Bonk correspondents hold up two fingers in events it means 'You are two minutes up on Graham Seymour, who isn't going very well because he's helping Agg carry a lot of excess weight around'.

Talking about not going well, have you noticed how the people who love you when you're a scrubber suddenly get a bit tight lipped when you improve a bit? Well, improvements sort of happen like hunger knock. This season started just like the others. The Alf Tapley/Ron Ewart duel continued with Alf on his 7, 8 & 9's and Ron just a bit down, but a little lacking in practice. Your corresp. did a 15 and an 11 and most of the fit boys were revelling in road races. Then things began to happen.

Yours truly, liking the look of the handicap allowance in the '50' dreamt all night of medals, overslept, rode the Club '25' on the G132 and did a personal '7' within half a minute of Alf and Ron. An uneasy lull followed - a short course in the S.C.C.U. '50', and a tie in the Redhill '50', and with Alf frustrated by a puncture and a crash, third. A week later and Alf stormed to a '6'. Over to Ipswich - the Wolsey R.C. '25'. Just a guest appearance - repayment for a team in our '25' - and your corresp. sweated some of the dart season's beer out with a personal '5'. Graham did a '6' and Len Main a comeback '10'. Chaos reigned. Amidst mutterings of 'unethical', 'short courses', 'drag strips', (you've all heard 'em), the road racing boys smarting at being licked returned to the fray in the Bellingham Wheelers '25' on the G131 mountains, and the Feltham R.C. '25' on the H10. Lo and behold - personals all round.

The tension is now electric, with new member, Eric Bonner (brother of Dave) within $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes of Ron Ford - the conflict is spreading. Pete Hayes a '4', Bern Wright a '5', Steve Smith a '6', Reg Jewsbury a '7' make up the complement.

Getting back to more sober matters, however. Mid-April and with Graham Seymour almost racing, we departed to the E1 for our annual social Inter-New Towns '25'. Ron Ford crept out of his hibernation to win with a '1'. The team award, won by Hemel Hempstead, was presented by a local Carnival Queen. The experts weren't impressed, and it was even suggested that she had won the contest the

night before. If our boys had spent less time round the course practising puckering up their lips for the kiss they didn't get, we might even have won (not the beauty contest, of course).

Alex Ewart, our 79 year young President, was out supporting us, carrying his hip flask - fortification against the cold. It was a steaming hot day but needless to say, the flask was required. After Graham's '14' Alec was quick to point out that as a young lad of 40 he did a '12' on an old Dreadnought he used for delivering newspapers. A notable absentee was Alf Tapley. He had a variety of excuses and we couldn't see it until it was too late. By removing all opposition Alf cunningly scooped a group award in the Bec '25'. Heaven help the Vets when they get him in a few years. There might be worse in store for us yet. Alf's two brothers, Ian and Charlie, are almost on the comeback trail.

The V.T.T.A. has really reared it's ugly head this year - Bob Griffith and George Monk have both joined 1st claim and Len Main is just limbering up. Bob is setting a Club Record with just about every ride and he hasn't got the barrow out of the stable yet. However, Len's comeback ride of 1-10-48 has started him trying. Bob, who is notable for regarding Agg as a rider of boys' gears, actually climbed Pease Pottage Hill in a '25' in a 73 inch gear, instead of his customary 96, hence only a minute outside his personal. The Vets ranks should soon swell to four. Ken Read has had his appetite whetted and has appeared on his re-sprayed iron with a promise (?) to turn out in the E.S.C.A. September 3rd '25', if not before.

Obviously, as you can gather, our membership boom continues. We had ten Schoolboys in our open '10', and five in the Sussex Schoolboys Road Race Championship on Manor Royal, which gave three of our leading contenders, Bob Beatty, Mike Hughes and Bob Derham, 3rd, 4th and 5th places respectively. Chris Derham punctured, or he might well have added to the list, having screwed Bob Beatty in the '10'. After a bit of persuasion, some of them rode the second E.S.C.A. '10' and returned with a 2nd and 4th to extol the virtues of the Laughton course. Entries have not only been large in Schoolboy events. They have been the rule rather than the exception in Open Events. Double figures have been common and team awards are beginning to appear, with wins in the Catford '50', St. Christophers '25', and Bellingham '25'. Ever present Adrian Jones was a member in all three events and bearing in mind the previous ride, the E.S.C.A. '50', when he took second place, he seems to be taking

an award in every time trial. Competition for places in the team is now so great that Peter Main actually tied with Adrian, resulting in a medal for both of them, in one event. Our only individual victories have been Ron Ford's 1-1-21 win in the Inter New Towns '25', and Bob Griffith's '14' in the Sussex C.A. Vets on G931.

A great social event, the Portsmouth C.C. '25' on P7, produced good rides for most. Peter Main a fine long '3', Dick O'Sullivan a four minute improvement to a '7', for third handicap - Alf his first '6' for about five years, and George Monk only three seconds outside the elusive 'evens' target. A historic day but following a report of mass press-ups, I can't help feeling that times might have been even better if the lads had saved their energy.

Away matches have given several members their first taste of the Seymour Express, arriving at the start five minutes before the first club rider is off. He doesn't need a warm up, however, but tranquillisers are carried in the First Aid Kit.

Graham is getting into quite a mile eater this way and started the season with rides on E1, G231, P7, B46 and is continuing with V735 (twice), Q140 and at long last, G831. A triumphant return to E.S.C.A., three stones lighter? His Royal Blue Geoffrey Butler re-spray (with chrome forks and stays)? June 11th will reveal the answers. At least we know that his theme song is: "I'd like to wander through the alphabet with you" Graham grunted to an '8' in the Wolsey R.C. '25', carrying a 2 minute late start. Apparently he couldn't get his trousers off in time at the start. Judging by Kathy's waistline, this is the first time that he's had trouble in that direction.

Before I retire to prepare for Neevo's Romney Marsh trundle, it's time I mentioned something about the road racing boys. The doyens of the team have been Peter Hayes, Bern Wright, Steve Smith and of course Adrian Jones, Ron Ford and Peter Main. The results aren't there unfortunately, but the riders are very enthusiastic and at least seem to be able to get into events regularly. It's rumoured that Pete Hayes' friendship with Basil Chilcott's youngest daughter, Mary, may help in this direction! It's not certain where loyalties lie, because despite wearing Peugeot tracksuits and mass start hats, at least one of them is beginning to look more like Rudi Altig each time we see him.

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Leading placings in "Stirrer of the Year" Trophy to date :-

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|
| (1) | Your correspondent | 10 points | (for Spring Bonk notes). |
| (2) | Pete Hayes | 8 " | (Maillot Jaune). |
| (3) | Steve Smith | 7 " | (coming fast on the rails). |
| (4) | Alf Tapley | 1 " | (also King of the Punctures). |

See you all soon - if the alarm rings !

YOUNG THROPP.

P.S. The memory of the grins on the faces of Willcocks and Colburn at Earwig Corner in the 2-up T.T.T. will go with me to the grave.

P.P.S. Congratulations from Crawley to Cliff Sharp for his 4-8 Hounslow 100, and to Min Morgan for breaking the hour.

CAN ANYONE HELP ?

Frank Bliss, a Surrey cyclist, is building up a collection of cycling club badges, and would like to hear from anyone who could supply him with any, either their own club's or others, but especially any defunct club. He is also trying to make an anthology of the 'Wayfarer' (W.M. Robinson) articles that appeared in 'Cycling' around the post 1914-18 war period. He would like to hear from anyone who can help him in this venture or has any personal reminiscences of 'Wayfarer'. Frank's address is:

26, Kenley Road, Merton Park, London, S.W.19.

Is it true that the Great White Chief is having his thoughts printed on all Association entry forms ?

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