



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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# East Sussex Cycling Association



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## EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 19.

AUTUMN 1967

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

Editor: Mr. D. Neeves,  
19, East Parade,  
HASTINGS.

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### EDITORIAL

As the Association's twenty-first racing season comes to it's close, we can look back on it with mixed feelings. First the bright spots. The Schoolboys and Junior 10 series can be counted a success, and may have planted the seed of interest in time-trial sport in some of the youngsters. The 12 hours was obviously saved by incorporating the Sussex C.A. event, with two small fields amalgamating to make one good event clearly a good thing for all concerned. On the other hand, no-one can be happy with the relatively poor support for some of the other Association trials. The June 25 was a case in point, and one can't help reflecting that without the large entry from the Crawley Wheelers the August 50 start sheet would have looked rather sick. One or two clubs we know to be short of racing strength; but there is also the possibility that in these days of motor transport and five day weeks people might be less interested in local association events when there are 'opens' in the London area on the same morning. Again, it could be that the ordinary run of 25s and 50s are beginning to pall. This question should surely be the subject of discussion at club and then Association level during the next few months, for even while enjoying the heady atmosphere of the twenty-first anniversary, we must watch for, and try to correct any tendency for the ESCA to go downhill.

"GEN" from the Secretary.

Here goes, I will take a chance and write a few lines and hope they reach the Editor in time for publication.

With the racing season nearing its end, many of us are beginning to think of the Social Season. 1967 will without doubt be a memorable one in the history of our Association, as we shall be celebrating our Coming of Age. It does not seem 21 years ago when we met at the Ash Tree Inn and launched this Association. Quite a number of the persons present at that first meeting are still assisting our Association in many ways, some have drifted away from cycling actively, but at times they are still to be seen out at events. Elsewhere in this issue will be found details of the events which have been arranged to celebrate our "21st". Anyone wishing for more details can obtain them from our Social Secretary, John Dutson, or from any of the Club Secretaries.

1967 has seen the Association promote more events on the road than ever before, 8 of which have been Open events, beside the usual full programme of Association events. 1967 made history as far as the Open 12 hours was concerned, as it was a joint event with the Sussex Cyclists' Association. It is hoped that in future years this event will continue on the same lines, with a new course starting in the Ringmer district. Next year we have to make drastic alterations to the 12 hours course, as it does not, as used in the past, fully comply with R.T.T.C. Regulations. Your Committee are already considering extra roads that can be used, and it is hoped to put a new course before the next A.G.M. for approval. The series of Schoolboys and Junior 10 Miles events held earlier in the year proved very popular, but here again, we consider that modifications are necessary to the course that was used this year.

Graham Orchard and his clubmates are to be congratulated on their winning the Individual and Team awards in the Best All-Rounder Competition. In the Ladies section of this competition it is regretted that no rider has qualified to hold the very handsome Ladies Trophy for the next twelve months.

In conclusion, I would ask all club officials to make every effort to contact any old members who have been in the E.S.C.A. over the past 21 years to see to it that they are present at our 21st Celebrations.

R.H.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS.

We're quite chuffed to know that on this 21st year since the Association's foundation we have been able to supply the winner and the winning team in the B.A.R. We're also pleased that 'Orch' isn't a 'here to-day and gone to-morrow' champion, having had to overcome many difficulties on his way to the top since joining Southboro' seven years ago. It doesn't seem so very long ago that Graham regularly finished last in every club event, but still kept on trying. The team, with Crow and Ron Hayward, have been around a while, too - each having had more racing seasons than some of the younger riders have had life spans. We doff our top-pieces to our friendly rivals, the Central Sussex, who have supplied the B.A.R. runner-up in Alan Robinson and, until the 12 hours, the rival team with Ron and Ken. May 1968 see the rivalry continue.

Detailed racing results make poor reading for this type of mag, but enough to say that Southborough Wheelers have seen a great deal more rides and riders than in '66, the juniors particularly being outstanding. The club racing scene has seen three main riders at the top: Orch, Don Brooks and our top junior Nick Whitney, with several others getting closer. Team time-trials particularly have been great fun, with non or ex racers having a ride for laughs, Lou, Lord Daniel and Alan Brindley all having a go. Some of our juniors tried tandem 10's, with the Moore/Parker combo nearly a minute faster than the Howard/Pattimore duo, and terrifying the turn marshals into the bargain. Tony Neale, Don Robb and John Hoadley seem to have retired for the season. Apart from several successes in junior and schoolboy 10's, we have had two road racing teams this season, the juniors consisting of Nick, Robin Howard and Steve Pattimore, and the schoolboys Chris Parker, Stu Moore and Bobby Geer. It was only the senior team that never really got going. While no successes can be claimed in this department, experience is being gained. Nick has ridden most of the Crystal Palace evening series, and Orch has done likewise at Green Street Green. T.T. only juniors Bob Wenham, Julian Pryke and Chris Sheppard also add to our strength in the 'up and coming' section.

In the Association events Orch turned in a fine 1-1-52 and followed this with a 4-43 in the 100 (which must have been the hottest Esca 100 for years), Ron just squeezed inside evens by 27 seconds, while Crow dipped badly to 5-11. (Some kind soul suggested that his excuse should be the after effects of the Catford 24). Mick Armitage clocked 5-14. The morning sit-down feed in the 12

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

looked like a rehearsal for the Southborough club dinner as most of the team were there together. Once again Orch was our best rider, coming fourth of the closely bunched top four - certainly the event was most exciting for it's tight finish. We took the team award when Ken Atkins retired on the Ringmer leg, otherwise we might have seen another photo-finish as last year. Ron (5th with 221) and Geoff H. (7th with 216) completed our team, with 17 year old Robin Howard riding his first event over 50 miles, finishing 11th with 211 miles and only just missing first handicap. One of the highlights of the event was the superb feeds - gone for ever I hope are the days of piles of Marmite sandwiches. The 50 had all the portents of a fast morning, but with the exception of Min's fabulous '4' and Jim Freeman's personal best, everyone seemed to go back on their April times. Ron put his 2-24 in for the B.A.R. and John Neale (brother of Tony) bobbed round with a 2-28. We hear than Ken Stevens retired through a surfeit of training with Cliff Sharp! And so to the final 25 on a foul morning, when Crow found some form for the first time (and last time) this season, his 1-4-49 earning 2nd handicap. The Great White Chief ordered a dope test and others accused him of mercenary objects (a £2 voucher). Nick was our fastest with 1-4 dead, Chris Shappard improved to 1-15-23, Ron completed the Esca B.A.R. with a 1-7-13 and Stu Moore, still bearing the scars of his circuit crash, at the bank holiday, came back with 1-7-31. Geoff Hayman, who has been having a great final season before moving north, went for the 'Big Time' and joined Crow in riding the Catford (National Champs.) 24 hours, where he surprised everyone by doing 391 miles in his debut at the distance. Crow covered  $410\frac{3}{4}$  miles for 15th place, then spent the rest of the season trying to recover. The other Geoff (Boxall) tried his first 12 hrs. for ten years in the Kent C.A. event, and beat his clubmates by 8 miles with 217 $\frac{1}{2}$ . John Neale improved a whole quarter mile over his Esca ride to 209 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Southboro' have also had their share of promoting, marshalling and feeding this year. Our open 25 on the fast Chilham course attracted 101 entries, though it was held on one of those funny mornings when people crept about and only Roy Manser broke the hour. The feeding stations in Kent and East Sussex events have required a large number of helpers which we have been able to supply, thanks to all the members who have put their backs into this most exacting task; and we must not forget the 'task force' that came out to give support in the National 24 hr. On the club-run scene, Lord Daniel is now back as captain, with Geoff B. as vice-captain. Having

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

enjoyed a decent summer, beach runs have been in great demand to satisfy the needs of aquatic wheelers and have been well supported. Barcombe Mills is another favourite spot. At the last visit Danny, with his reputation to uphold, managed to fall in: it's a wonder he wasn't born under a water sign not Leo. While on watery subjects, eight of the club are going up to the Broads again, the Bakers, the Peachys, the Armitages, plus Lou and Orch. Rumour has it that Lou will have to sleep in the pram dinghy moored well away from the others so that they can get some peace. Danny spent his holiday at the Skegness Butlin's, Chris Sheppard went cycling in Wales, and Crow put up with Alan Robinson and Rod Laker (or did they have to put up with him?) during a tour of Denmark and Sweden. Mick Armitage's 'holiday' consisted of being a mechanic in the Milk Race! We also heard that Dawn, Sue Pearson and Pam Manser have deserted their husbands for a week to have a holiday at Brighton. Members of the Exoel. and Mitre - you have been warned!

With regret Geoff Hayman left the area as his job takes him to Lytham St. Annes at the beginning of September. The club held a farewell 'do' at The Plough, Ightham and presented him with a barometer. Geoff joined the club in 1954 and has been captain, hon. sec. and mag. editor, and has represented the club on many committees. He has toured, raced, had his house used for racing digs (for which the present writer has been most grateful), and in a phrase, has been the club's best all-rounder. Anyway, we have got some digs for West Lancs events now. As Geoff leaves, brother Les with Diane and children have returned to Tunbridge Wells, so some lively club-runs will be dreamed up for the future. Our new club hon. sec. is W.J. 'Spider' Dunford, 2 Water Slippe, Hadlow, Tonbridge, Kent.

This being the Autumn quarter, I will finish with the announcement that our club dinner will return to the successful 'big' formula and will be held at Tonbridge Social Centre on Saturday, December 16th - hope you will all arrive in a multitude for a grand evening. Meanwhile, don't get too fit for indoor games.

CROW.

Holidays being all the rage this time of year, Robin Johnson thought he would keep in fashion and started his on June 18th. He decided that Lands End was the place for him, so there he went - on his bike of course. During his travels he met John Lucas and Dave Hasler of Worthing Excelsior, who were strictly on a motoring holiday, although they had two bikes firmly tied to the roof rack (in case of breakdowns, no doubt), the car not being big enough to carry a spare car in the boot.

By far the most important event during the last few weeks for most of us was the marriage of two club members, Dave Best and Sylvia Barnard. Saturday, July 15th, started out cloudy and threatened at least a shower, but by afternoon the sun was shining, and with the Church of St. Michaels, Southwick, made a fine setting for photographers. The reception was held at Fishersgate Hall, where, after the best man (Dave's cycling mate Paul Watson) made his long-awaited speech, a good time was had by all. (The less said the better, although some probably don't remember much).

Back to cycling and the East Sussex 12 hours in which Robin romped round with  $233\frac{1}{2}$  miles to his credit, this being his first attempt at this distance. He certainly took the lion's share of the prizes, with second fastest, first handicap, and first East Sussex rider, not to mention first in the Sussex B.A.R. John Rodgers and Roger Hamper both did splendid rides, doing 211 and 199 miles respectively; and note that we actually finished a team. Robin said that he was pleased to have screwed John Dutson, who devised a devilish 50 course as used in the Redhill 50, in which Robin did a personal worst.

A rare thing happened in the W. Ticehurst 30 on August 13th, as it was a dead heat between Roger Hamper and scratch man Robin Johnson. They both ended up with a 1-18-48, Roger having a ten minute handicap. Des Horsfield managed third place with 1-25-51 and a 7 minute handicap. Due to Robin's slight mishap on the track a few weeks ago, it has been suggested that we hold an Aerobatics Championship. Dave Best would surely be first with his dive over a van. Robin is coming up fast in second place with his somersault over Burrell, and trailing in third place yours truly only just clearing the handlebars. Alas, so far the club has no trophy for this event.

Yours ..... STEWPOT.

One wondered, at the start of this year's ESCA 12 hours, whether, without the 'open' aspect and the influx of SCA entries, the entry may not have been down to fourteen; but as most riders agree, the more in the event the more interesting it is. It was sombre and a bit chilly as we set off, and the threat of rain was hanging over us. As usual, all was quiet in the early miles, with only the marshals about. A reshuffle of positions brought Johnny Dutson to the front early on, and he began to leave the rest well behind. 'Twelve' riders don't usually say much in the early hours of events, but one of the Mitre boys did remark: "I can think of better things to do on a Sunday morning". The Rushlake Green and Boreham Hill turns came and went, then on to the lumpy leg to Uckfield. The early starters came off best, as they missed, by minutes, the torrential downpour which swamped the back half of the field. I guessed as much when after being drenched at Whitesmith I found the Boship roundabout damp, but no more. Soup and a food parcel at Cacklebury set me 'noshing', and I found the food parcel was like a children's lucky dip, with some cheese, sugar lumps and a cold sausage, in addition to sandwiches, a novel idea and appreciated by me, at least. Nature called on the Beddingham leg, as it called Jim Freeman soon after that; and Nature hadn't forgotten more rain, but this time we all copped it, most of us somewhere near the turn, marshalled by President Willcocks. As I turned, I saw a five-up mass-start bearing down on me, despite the event sec's stern warning, and I feared it might soon be six, but strange to say, the bunch disintegrated somewhere. Hot tea from Reg Porter at Beddingham and hot coffee from Iris and Jane some miles further on were most welcome, and I kidded myself that Iris and Jane were just treating their favourites. I hope they don't tell me later that they gave coffee to everyone! Jane's Graham appeared to be not very happy, and Jack Collison wasn't exactly the soul of merriment when I went past. One thing about a twelve is that when someone goes past you, you often stand a chance of doing likewise to him later in the event - which Jack did. At 100 miles I caught young Robin from our club eight minutes. Riding in his first-ever twelve with no more than two 50's behind him, he had been four minutes faster than I at one turn, so I got a little satisfaction when his back view came in sight. Not stopping at the sit-down feed, I roared along to Little Common past all the many anglers' parked cars and greeted the Hastings stalwarts, Jack Southerden included, at the turn. I then realised, as I had feared, that the wind had

One Man's Twelve (continued).

freshened from the south-west and we had a hard slog back to Pevensey. An imitation of a police car sired behind me heralded the arrival of 'Orch' - Graham Orchard, our star man riding his second twelve and in good spirits, a good sign since a rider who 'packs' in a twelve is very often pretty morose all day. Orch said he was taking things easy, and rode off into the distance. Stone Cross saw it's usual sizeable crop of marshals to turn us south for a hard spell near the coast. 'Steaming Nit' and Mrs. S.N. turned us onto the course organiser's devilish joke - the Westham level-crossing leg; a wind-assisted run downhill and just when you are getting cracking you are turned back uphill into the wind. Sunny Eastbourne showed us grey miserable skies, filthy gasworks and road works traffic lights, at which I had to stop. No-one caught me and by now the race pattern had emerged. For mile after mile no-one caught me and I caught no-one. Southborough's 138 mile feed was as usual like an identification parade, a long line of arms waving bottles, sponges, packets, fruit, etc., with the rider trying to decide what to do with what. Dut and Dod were now well in front on the road, and the rest were stringing out behind, so Roy H. began some cutting out, which, although a good idea for keeping things together, makes it difficult for riders not involved to know who is doing what. Nevertheless, Roy and Lou Bathurst had a pint of beer waiting for me at Cross-in-Hand, which was very refreshing. I recalled the event in which Crow called at the May Garland, bought his own beer, downed it and still won the event by several miles. More of Reg Porter's hot tea at Framfield made a pleasant change from squash. Cedge Pearson and Sue, welcome strangers these days, did the turn at Butchers Cross. I always feel on reaching this point that it will be all easy going back to Boship since it must be the highest point on the course, but in actual fact it's not, and you are sixty feet or so higher when you get back to Cross-in-Hand. Nevertheless, there was plenty of free-wheeling to provide a welcome rest on the way back to Horam, where I was caught by Alan Robinson. I remarked to him that there were some good-looking girls in this area, and he suggested moving. I thought he didn't need to bother. When Ron Hayward stopped at the second sit-down feed I went past again and also managed to do the same to Alan. I was now looking forward to the finish and realised that I had three more legs to do before reaching the circuit. I didn't realise that the Berwick leg had some stiff inclines and they seemed to slow me right up, but I was able to gauge the race situation once again and was pleased to note all

One Man's Twelve (continued).

our club's seven entries still plodding along. After a word of greeting with 'Smiler' Stevens I was re-passed by Ron Hayward in his bright red vest and after that watched it slowly disappear into the distance. I was a bit surprised that the marshalling, which had been excellent up till now, got a bit hit or miss, and at Bat and Ball corner no-one indicated which way to go. Since this leg is sometimes cut out, it could have been confusing, especially to novices; but having swatted up on the course beforehand, I struck out for the power sub-station. I reached it in exactly ten hours at 3-42, and since it is 182 miles it needed little arithmetic to calculate my average speed. After being turned by Maurice Colburn, I had a bit of assistance from the wind, but the breeze was less now and faded as the afternoon wore on. It was still cloudy but a bit brighter, although the sun never appeared until just about 5.30 p.m. Those who have ridden this course know that from Ringner one begins a long lonely trek for the rest of the event, since there are no more turns, and the only people you see are riders who catch you or whom you catch. In my case I only saw three riders in the last two hours - Graham Lade mending a puncture, Robin Johnson rocketing past me on the circuit, and Jack Collison, who caught me a mile or so before I finished. The Uckfield big circuit is generally considered to be a bit formidable at four in the afternoon, and Eiger enthusiasts might get some pleasure from it; but from general comment after the race most riders found it pretty hard this year. In fact the OS map shows nothing higher than 204 feet at East Hoathly and even Earwig Corner is only 100 feet above sea level. To me it seemed about 1,000. The Lewes marshals guided me round and Geoff Willcocks told me it was tail wind from then on. Soon I was on the circuit and with less than 40 minutes to go I realised I wouldn't make one complete circuit. I couldn't raise my speed for one of those spectacular finishes that some riders seem to specialise in, and I rolled along reasonably happily. The marshalling was again pretty haphazard and just after Warwick Dunford told me I had half a minute to go I came to what I thought was Half Mile Lane. I hadn't been down this road for three years and as there was no marshal I carried on, thinking the proper lane must be further down. Eventually I reached Kennel Corner, so I bowled back to Lou Bathurst at the start of the circuit, complaining. It didn't affect my distance by very much, however. I would like to congratulate the officials and the marshals who endured the miserable weather, and all the helpers who handed up tempting morsels. I quite enjoyed my day out.

When one starts to write notes for the summer editions of this journal, the first thing that strikes home is the seeming lack of 'gen', apart that is, from the usual parade of event results.

We will dispense with the racing scene fairly rapidly, pausing only to mention that the club has enjoyed a very good season so far. Cliff has risen to great heights with some really fine rides to his credit, Ken and Iris have had what must be their best season for a while, and the first year's racing for our trike boy, Brian Guy, has proved very rewarding. Jim Freeman's luck so far has been patchy; still, more of that later. Jack Collison, a new member, has acquitted himself well, his 213 miles in the ESCA 12 hours, the first he has ridden, being a fine effort.

Marion, the butt of many jokes in the past, now seems firmly set on the bridal (or bridle) path. Her unfortunate remarks have become few and far between, apart, that is, from her piece de resistance regarding the fact that: "We tried some rough-stuff on the tandem, but fell off twice" !! Speaking of tandems, Bruce Allcorn has recently added one to his stable, and now has many people wondering who will be 'stoker'. One of our members, Peter MacInnes, has made a startling discovery. He found, one sunny day, that in his trousers were legs, a complete set, and has taken to showing them at every opportunity since. It would appear that 'Yaki' Cornwall was stirred to the very depths of his soul by the ESCA 12, and has stated that he would have liked to ride. He praised the matey attitude of riders, saying that all except Keith Dodman stopped for a chat or something. (Perhaps this had something to do with Keith winning the event - who knows). Brian Guy caused quite a stir one club night by saying quite calmly: "I've just been stopped by a bloke who calls himself Booty". After some probing by the more aged among us, it appeared that it was indeed the great 'Booty'. His presence later during the 12 seems to have surprised a great many, not least Stan Nash, who found in him a serious rival in the 'Sunbronzed Stakes of Sussex'.

Graham Lade has now joined forces with us first claim, and with matrimony staring him in the face, has become the Angel that no church wants to own. The person organising the ESCA hill climb is asked to note that an entry form should be sent to Graham as he desperately wants to ride. We are in some doubt as to the wisdom of this as the event falls on the day after the wedding! The club wishes to apologise to a somewhat tubby Lewes Wanderer for the unpardonable behaviour of three of it's members. It would appear that this worthy person, pouring sweat, was lost near Isfield while accompanying our trio on a gentle potter one evening. These offending persons have been taken

to task over their harsh remarks, i.e., "Make the B..... work"; "Do him good"; "Get rid of that fat", &c., and we trust that such a disgraceful display will not occur again.

Well, we promised you further revelations concerning our Jim, and here they are. It would appear that one Saturday recently he was given a lift to the Path Road. He arrived at the Maison Stevens raring to go, minus his racing shoes, sleeping bag and bed. A frantic rush by Mum and Dad brought forth his shoes and bag. Still, however, no bed, and our take ends with James sleeping in one half of Ken's tent on a bed of scrounged blankets, old cycling jackets, etc. While on the subject of Jim, and what a subject, the lad has just returned from a great journey to places afar off where they speak a strange tongue. It was unfortunate that this trip was made without mudguards on his trusty steed, or trousers on his lanky legs. He soon found that shorts alone were not enough, and was prompted to send a card to Iris and Ken saying in large capitals: "MY LEGS ARE COLD". Our intrepid explorer then came across a beautiful damsel who, in the manner of a siren, drew him from the saddle of his 'iron' and into the saddle of a pony. On this new form of transport he journeyed many miles, much to the detriment of his nether regions, before returning to Sussex, home and training.

And so on this tender note we bid you farewell from Eastbourne.

STEAMING NIT.

1967 BEST ALL-ROUNDER COMPETITION

Winner to hold "The Henry Gale Trophy" for One Year.  
Decided over 25, 50, 100 miles and 12 hours.

|      |               |                              |               |
|------|---------------|------------------------------|---------------|
| 1st: | G. ORCHARD    | Southborough Wheelers        | 21.634 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 3 46        | 2 13 32 4 43 11              | 232.323 mls.  |
| 2nd: | A. Robinson   | Central Sussex C.C.          | 21.203 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 4 36        | 2 13 33 4 45 11              | 217.564 mls.  |
| 3rd: | R.C. Johnson  | Brighton Mitre C.C.          | 20.904 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 6 4         | 2 23 50 4 51 26              | 233.598 mls.  |
| 4th: | R. Burchett   | Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. | 20.790 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 6 4         | 2 16 18 4 49 15              | 212.453 mls.  |
| 5th: | R.R. Hayward  | Southborough & District Wh.  | 20.411 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 7 13        | 2 24 23 4 59 33              | 222.274 mls.  |
| 6th: | P.J. Crowsley | Southborough & District Wh.  | 20.592 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 4 14        | 2 19 34 5 11 5               | 209.252 mls.  |
| 7th: | R.A. Ewart    | Central Sussex C.C.          | 20.364 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 8 21        | 2 20 54 4 48 1               | 208.660 mls.  |
| 8th: | M. Kilby      | Lewes Wanderers C.C.         | 19.916 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 9 23        | 2 24 40 5 3 28               | 210.439 mls.  |
| 9th: | G. Lade       | Eastbourne Rovers C & AC     | 18.832 m.p.h. |
|      | 1 10 58       | 2 38 1 5 12 50               | 192.310 mls.  |

TEAM:

Southborough & District Wheelers ..... 20.812 m.p.h.

G. Orchard, R.R. Hayward & P.J. Crowsley.

LADIES B.A.R.

No lady rider qualified.

EAST SUSSEX C.A. 21st ANNIVERSARY LUNCHEON

The 21st Luncheon will be held at Langney Community Centre, Eastbourne, on SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26th. Tickets 16s. Od. each. It is hoped that all past and present members and friends will attend. So if you know an old member, B.A.R. winner, founder member or a friend who has not been in touch lately, bring him along.

An excellent menu has been chosen by your Committee, and our old friend Ted Harrison has kindly consented to propose the toast of The Association. England Team Manager, Dave Handley, will also be with us again.

Hope to see you all at Langney on November 26th.

John Dutson,

Hon. Social Secretary.

=====

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

WANTED

For drinking on the evening of Wednesday, 15th November, 1967

at

The Market Cross, Alfriston ..... during opening hours

To celebrate our 21st year

Members of ESCA clubs and friends - past and present

Special reward for founder members

Details from J.R. Dutson, 95 Framfield Road, UCKFIELD.



As usual, at this time of the year, thoughts fall to the stayers and record breakers, for traditionally we are now in record breaking season. However, this year the Central Sussex seem to be very quiet on the staying front, and not very noisy on the record breaking side. We have had our moments though, and this year pride of place must go to Mick Morgan, Howard Burrell and Joe James, who with a 57, and a pair of 58's, made hay of the Club 25 individual and team records. Mick also collected the Club Cuckfield to Brighton and back record with a time of 1 hr. 13 mins. 24 secs. This is quite an achievement as it covers 28 quite hilly miles, Clayton Hill and about 11 sets of traffic lights. John Dutson and Ken Atkins assisted on the ride, and created a small stir in Brighton by rolling one red car back and forth on all the light pads. Had the desired effect, though. Mick is also the fastest 50 miler in the Club at present with his storming 2-4-1 in the E.S.C.A. 50 on Bank Holiday Sunday. Talking of Bank Holiday, as usual, your correspondent journeyed to the Bath Road on Monday to see J.R.D. do his stuff, but this year owing to a puncture and a grotty gut had to be satisfied with a personal worst of 4-44-49. Still first time outside 4-30-0 in goodness knows how many years of racing is not too bad. Most of the other lads are still turning out reasonable times, Alan Robinson STILL says 'I never go training' and records rides most people need half a year's riding to do. Alan & Rodney have been reported to have been on holiday with Crow this year, so perhaps he can tell us how its done.

Epic quote of this year surely must be by J.R.D. who said: "I need a couple of hundred fast training miles, I think that I'll enter the East Sussex 12". Well 232 miles and 12 hours later I climbed back into the car, having seen just about enough of the E.S.C.A. lanes for this year, thank you. Several things come to mind, however, firstly surprise at the Little Common turn, when Ray Booty unfolded himself. Secondly, the Stevens tent at the sit-down feed. I thought that Ken and Iris went CAMPING, but that is like living in a caravan without wheels. I am sure that the dog takes up most of the room, though, and then the speed with which young Robin Johnson went round the finishing circuit. If anyone awarded a prize for the fastest last 25, it would surely be his.

The holiday season has been with us for some time now, and our members have dispersed over a large part of Europe. As before mentioned, Alan and Rodney have had a trip to Sweden, to observe the birds, I understand. Mick Morgan in company with the East

Grinstead C.C., that is Dick Marchant, Bob Smith and Trevor Budgen, went to the South of France. They had a set of rules of conduct I hear, which lasted just as far as Newhaven on the way out. However, the 'Tour' was most successful, with Dick taking the Yellow Jersey, Mick the Points Race, and the East Grinstead the Team prize. Ken and Barbara and kids with Chauffeur John in attendance, went to the Isle of Man once again, where they tried to bring the organisation down to the level of the Association, much to the disgust of the Chief Judge, or you know who. You would never credit it that they still call Roy, Mr. Humphrey and Sir over there, all except the Boy Scouts, who act as messengers that is, who just say 'the old gent behind the smoke screen'. Howard Burrell was also there and kept the local flag flying with a well merited placing in the Viking Trophy Race.

That's about enough, then. By the next issue we shall be up to our eyes in Dinners and things like that, and whilst I am still here do not forget the Central Sussex C.C. Annual Dinner and Dance at the Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks, on Saturday the 10th December, 1967. Tickets from Mick Wren or any Club member, price (?) same as last year.

See you all there, I trust.

Yours etc.,

HONEST GINGE.

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#### THE CRAWLEY WHEELERS.

When you don't ride in road races yourself, you don't quite get with it, and the best that you can be is understanding. They've got plenty of guts, our road racing boys. If you look at their results this year you'll realise they need them. And do they train! They train so hard that by the time Sunday comes round they're shattered, but they usually end up in the bunch or off the back. I'm not sure who organised the Carnival Road Race or even where it was run, but Ron Ford won it and it was the first success of the season. He followed this up with a 2nd in the S.C.C.U. road race, but the rest of the lads have had to be content with the fresh air. They must have felt a bit more at home in the Lewes

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Criteriaums, and had the audacity to try their legs at the front. Bern Wright made 5 yards on the bunch but decided that his saddle was  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch too high for the sprint. As he toyed with the idea of doing a Van Looy on it everybody swept by and he had to hang on to finish. Still, with two of the series left there was room for improvement. So on the Tuesday evening training session (with yours truly languishing off the back) the rest, Adrian Jones, Eric Bonner, Bern and Ron, were going well, only to be joined at Woodhatch traffic lights by a young tuggo. -At green they sprinted away in a line, Eric, Ron, Adrian, Tuggo ! and Bernard in that order. The pace went up to drop the tuggo and needless to say, off the back went Bern. It took them another mile to drop the tuggo.

How Reg Jewsbury got mixed up with road racing is not clear, but he tried turning through an impossible angle on the Broyle, and brought himself and the unfortunate behind him down. The result was a buckled wheel and he was left with the unenviable task of telling the iron fist about the cost of rebuilding. However, thanks to the loan of a rear sprint, Reg made the Haslemere 25 the following Sunday, but even now we are not sure whether he has broken the news yet.

The final result of the Willcocks brainchild as you probably all know was a tie between Ron and John Stonham, but it is rumoured that Lewes are hiring a computer to work out the points system next year.

Not only the seniors have been indulging in mass starts this season. The schoolboys and juniors have done everything, Road, Track and Time Trial, and are eagerly awaiting the cyclo-cross season for a change. Bob and Chris Derham, Bob Beatty and Mike Hughes had a go at Crystal Palace, until the track lured them away, and along with Steve Knight and Alan Hale have been competing regularly at Preston Park, and even Herne Hill with equal success. Their prize tally is considerable, and as for the experience, someone was heard to say: "They've got more experience in one year than I have in eight, and they've got Campag chainsets into the bargain". It's amazing how they manage to ride so many events, though. They never know where it is, or when it is, have the entry fee, or remember to post the entry, but still get in and then forget to get up, or go on holiday instead.

They never miss a trick, terrorise Geoffrey Butler's in Croydon 5 times a week in the holidays ("But we don't train"), and even take orders for racing vests, mass-start hats, or any other item which may

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

be in vogue.

Chris Derham has clocked the fastest 25, 1-5-30, on E.31 and they're nearly all a minute faster than yours truly over 10 miles and should be down to 24's soon.

Talking about 24's brings me to Bob Griffith. In Bob's case, it means 24 hours, not minutes. His first event ever, back in 1960, was the Catford 24, and he's ridden it every year since, and this year the Wessex, the Mersey, and the North Road, into the bargain. As if it isn't hard enough riding 24 hrs., Bob insists on handicapping himself each ride by going off course and in this year's Catford he disgraced the club by getting lost at Findon roundabout. The rides have given him three club records - Catford 383, Mersey 394 and Wessex 360 (trike). There is some doubt in the mind of the Crawley committee as to the authenticity of any ride over 50 miles (Brighton and back is 40 odd miles and there can't be many distances greater than that). However, the records have been left on the shelf pending a sex test, psychiatric report, and a urine sample analysis. Bob even had a letter confirming his distance in the Mersey, but this was rejected as being possibly counterfeit. Next year if he breaks club record in that event Bob assures me that he will take the precaution of getting his distance carved on a piece of masonry from the Mersey Tunnel and signed with the organiser's blood.

We saw Crow out in the Catford, combining cycling with his new hobby of stone watching. The equipment for this seems to be blue and white striped matelot's jersey, Orange Mae West and red gum-boots, though why he should undress in a bus shelter in a condition which was described as well oiled (he told us that he only drinks raspberryade, too), and appear from the direction of Cranleigh when the organisers swear that he didn't go there is something that stretches the imagination.

Still, it wouldn't surprise me where I see an Esca rider. Ron Ford tells me that in the National 50 Championship at Kidderminster he was passed by no other than (yes, you've all guessed) the notorious three letter word from Lewes. Ron's 1-58-29 was the fastest by a rider from the south, and put him in 9th place, and together with Pete Main 2-10-28 and Adrian 2-10-46, broke the club team '50' record.

Pete has been in the hot seat a bit these last few weeks with several of the lads breathing down his neck in 25's, and making him try a little, but he showed the improvers the way with a 2-) in the

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Bon Amis 50 on the Bath Road. Some of us think that the Bath Road is a bit of a cart track really, but most of our riders seem to improve when they get over there. The principle must be that if you travel so far for a ride you've got to improve. Just to prove this, Eric did a personal 2-6, and Bern a 2-12, his best for several years on a hard morning in the Fulham Wheelers 50.

The same day was a morning of truth on the Farnham-Alton H.10. Fastest of the eleven club riders was Pete Hayes 1-5-30, but the rides of the day were Bob Beatty 1-6-27, a two minute improvement, and third fastest of our 11; Bill Heron a shattering 1-7-4 (only 18 secs. outside his best in only his second event this season. He did 26-28 in a club ten the week before); last but not least, was Bob Griffith with 1-10-19, his best of the season by 1/2 minute, but good enough to give him his elusive 25 mile Vets standard.

The Bank Holiday week-end proved to be one of our most successful yet, with ten riders in the ESCA 50. Not many seemed to get going on a morning which was not as hard as it appeared, and Pete Main again used his experience to keep the usurpers 4 minutes at bay.

Tony Wilkinson improved 6 1/2 minutes (in spite of a Fifth Column attack by Alf - not mentioned him in 2 1/2 pages - but I'll give him Hell in the next issue - Tapley) to take the handicap with 2-16-25. This was just two seconds in front of Steve Smith, who became the first Crawley rider to ride an event without opening his eyes; he was dragged from his bed after two hours sleep following a "beer-up" 21st party, to ensure that all our riders started. This seemed to be in vain until Graham Seymour arrived at the end of the field with a late start. Well, what can you expect with twins and living so far from the start into the bargain? If like many of us you were surprised to see Graham in a fifty, I can assure you that there are people who can remember his last one, but the Bath Road 100 was only a club 10 in those days. In the Bath Road 100, Eastbourne's Cliff beat our Ron by a minute. Cliff on 84 fixed did a 2 for the first 50 and an 8 for the second, and Ron on gears did a 6 on 79 for the first and a 5 on 84 for the second. An interesting comparison for the connoisseurs. Now don't get the idea, after reading all these pearls of wisdom, that everything has been running smoothly up our end. Not a bit of it. Pete Hayes left a bit of his face on the Newtons Hill circuit and Mike Hughes left a bit of his elbow on Preston Park track. Bob Griffith had his rear gear smashed by an errant motorist in the North Road 24 after amassing the mighty total of 10 miles and had to reluctantly retire 80 miles and several hours later. Dick O'Sullivan disappeared mysteriously at the end of May for a holiday

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

on Dartmoor with the T.A. (didn't realise they rode barrows in the mob). It's possible that the cycling coppers from Lewes might have caught up with him, of course. He is now thought to be keeping fit by fishing in the Thornton Heath ponds, and might manage a comeback in our Plum Pudding 10 on Christmas morning. Actually, this year's Xmas 10 is shaping up to have the ingredients of an all-time classic. There is not a week goes by without news reaching us of yet another 'Dad' in secret training. Of course, talking about it is one thing, but when it gets round to training, you never know. Bob Griffith's Dad was going to get his Ordinary out of mothballs and come over from the Isle of Wight to ride, but Bob's Mum has put her foot down and he can't come now. It looks as if the cry "My Dad is faster than your Dad" will be shouted in anger, and a combined father and son award is a possibility. Or how about a two-up team time trial? That raises some interesting combinations. How about Basil Chilcott and future son-in-law Robin Buchan as a guest performer? Well .....

Now if you are thinking that you are getting through this copy with only one mention of Alf Tapley you've been sadly misled, because I daren't close without telling you about the club 100 mile team record in the ESCA 100, Alf 4-56-42, George Monk 5-35-23, and Bob 5-36-27 (on Crow's trike again) with first handicap thrown in for good measure. 16-8-32 and it's a record because three Crawley riders finished in the same 100. The Poly 12 also produced two new records. Yours truly recorded 219m. 332y. only to see this beaten by later finisher Bob (2,500 racing miles this season) Griffith with a result sheet distance of 219m. 1,810y. That last mile was the longest one Bob can ever recall riding. All round this has been our best season since the so-called amalgamation and we can be excused for feeling optimistic for the future. ESCA events have played a great part in building up club spirit, and everyone who has ridden them this year has enjoyed himself. And when you think about it that's what association events are for.

Must be away to sharpen up the KFS for the Luncheon.

All the best,

Young Thropp.

P.S. Almost forgot the 'Stirrer of the Year' placings.

- |       |                    |          |   |
|-------|--------------------|----------|---|
| 1.    | Your correspondent | 101 pts. | (works out the scores).                         |
| 2.    | Bern Wright        | 100 "    | (wishful thinking).                             |
| 3.    | Pete Main          | 100 "    | (sneaking off to fast courses).                 |
| 4.    | Len Main           | 100 "    | (ditto).  |
| 5.    | Alf Tapley         | 100 "    | (handicap complaints).                          |
| 6-99. | Others.            | 100 "    | (various).                                      |
| 100.  | Steve Smith.       | 7 "      | (He's not in the same class as the rest of us). |

No, mates, you haven't dreamed it. This summer has been a bike-rider's joy for once, and apart from one or two wet Sundays, it's been a pleasant change from what we usually have to take from that department. All the stranger then is the disappearance from competition, or even event attendance, of the well-known Copper Burgess, who showed such keenness at the start of the season. Rumour has it that he's been working harder than usual supervising the removal of the increasing number of dung-heaps in his parish, and also controlling outbreaks of warble-fly and other things that go bump in the night. It's planned to send a missionary to the Rotherfield area shortly to find out if they've reverted to cannibalism. Our tame Savage hasn't been around lately, either. This isn't due to any over-indulgence at Buxted Health Hydro, as was at first feared, but is the result of Ken's mother having to go into hospital, which left him with much more to do at home and much less chance of riding a bike. What with Hills on night work and Burbury back with the birds, our strength has been sadly depleted this season, only Colburn and Kilby keeping the flag flying, with occasional performances by Tourist Agg or 'Mr. Michelin' as he's now known to his fan club. The usual details are lacking this time due to Colburn's non-compliance with Standing Orders re the submission to yours truly of this data; but any ideas that his natural reserve forbids him to mention his own scintillating performances can be discounted as figments of the imagination - he probably "just forgot".

#### PEPPY PRESIDENT PULVERISES PRESUMED PRINCIPAL

This was the day they said couldn't happen. The Pevensey Marsh 10 course was the scene of a monumental encounter on July 4th, when in another 'Battle of Chainwheel Creek' the Editor came unstuck. Looking very determined and positively breathing fitness, he was favourite to retain the title, but didn't reckon on a large slice of misfortune due to the Willcocks jalopy being off the road for repair. This meant that your scribe had to take to his 'iron' a lot more than usual, with the result that he wasn't quite the creaking wreck of other occasions, and managed to surprise not only Neevo but also the large crowd at the finish, who'd come to watch the epic struggle. When yours truly afterwards revealed that he'd trained on Nutty Crunch, Neevo retorted: "I still think you can't beat Hastings rock, especially the self-adhesive type sold only at 19, East Parade (Advt.). People in the Steyning area who on August 10th thought they heard a

mild sonic boom were 'nt mistaken - Willcocks shattered the 29 minute barrier in the final Worthing 10 for the first time this year (and also hopes that this does more horrible things to the Editor's morale).

Following the news in the last Bonk, your scribe cornered (figuratively) the notorious Marion of the Rovers, who admitted that wedding bells are in the air, and when asked what had prompted this midsummer madness, replied: "Well, I suppose I'll have to do it sometime". We're now wondering just what she does mean and also how she trains for this particular event! Mention of lady cyclists inevitably brings thoughts of Beryl Burton - except in the Eastbourne area, where, when Willcocks repeated the dread name, he was coldly cut short by Ann Strong, who said: "We don't mention her in the Rovers - it's not good for Cliff Sharp's morale". Perhaps it's just as well that they don't, because the lady in question must get called enough nasty names in clubrooms up and down the country. When asked for his comment, the Chancellor leered and said: "Well, mate, a lot of these fast men who think they're so good would do well to go and have a chat with Mrs. Burton to find out what's holding them back".

Once again there's a strong hint of Customs activity in the Peacehaven area to find an illegal still. Could this have any connection with the delivery by the aforesaid Chancellor of some bottles of home-made 'Moonshine' to the Cox household at Ringmer after the club 30? When a clubmate pointed out that his saddlebag looked a bit weighty, he received the reply: "The contents are not for public inspection". Colburn's query as to whether it was "pea pod or dog end" was greeted with a smile, and the silence of the guilty. The appearance of only one contender in the club 30 did nothing to improve the Chancellor's temper, and the August 25 was cancelled through lack of entries. All credit to Mick Kilby for riding at all as the arrival of a new daughter after several false alarms caused a domestic upheaval that severely curtailed his time for training. Grover, the former 'Iron Man' later 'Tinlegs', sent a post-card from Spain which said: "This honeymoon lark is more tiring than the ESCA 12 hours". Considering he was on his knees when he finished the latter, he must now be suffering from advanced metal fatigue!

The club would like to thank all riders, marshals and officials for once again making our evening Criterium such a success. A couple of good wins by the Premier's John Stonham gave him the handsome cruet stand and pieces presented so generously by Philippe

Vandevelde, while the general aggressiveness of Ron Ford earned him half share in the 'lolly'. It was also good to see Joe James sharing third spot with Bob Smith and showing that the Sussex Division has an active Racing Secretary. We were also also blessed with good weather, and the help of Elizabeth Agg, who did the typing, and Mick Sayers, who splashed the events in the Argus in a big way. At the start of the last event a special appeal was made to the field to take it easy at first, so that Agg wouldn't lose contact. He'd been shot off in the first lap the previous week, and when taxed about it said: "Well, it takes me three laps to get warmed up". The latest item in the Misfortunes of Agg concerns an argument over his handicap with the timekeeper of one event. After an exchange of unpleasantness the Tourist refused to start, and packed up and went home. Even Even Willcocks hadn't thought of this reason for being DNS.

Of course, the most of this or any other year was the tragic death of Tom Simpson. The Lewes club pays tribute to a great rider who can truly be said to have gone beyond the call of duty in his efforts to keep an English name at the top of one of the toughest sports of all. Whatever the pros and cons of the dope 'witch hunt', there will never be another Simpson, just as there will never be another Coppi or another Anquetil; and the terrific boost he gave this country abroad must never be forgotten. He always remembered he was a clubman, and many who never met him felt they'd lost a personal friend when the awful news came through. We must be very grateful that we can say: "Tom Simpson was an Englishman".

Well, folks, once again it's time to take our leave, so here's all the usual good wishes for a pleasant end to the 1967 season. Keep 'em rolling, and the 'Best of British'.

ALSORAN.

The ESCA Ramblers article got home to at least one Crawley reader, who finished a road race up the 'Wall' au pied.

Taking Alsoran to task for wishing Escabods "No gremlins" last time, Agg said: "Don't say that - I want to get rid of the b.....s".

Had Copper Burgess attended his club's Evening Criterium he'd have been interested in an old black Vauxhall, owned by a clubmate and leading the bunch, which was untaxed and unlicensed!

Seeing a schoolgirlish figure with Jane Godden at the ESCA 12 hrs. a certain Lewes member inquired who was the new girl in the Rovers. When he investigated further, it turned out to be the 1967 slimline model Iris Stevens.

More entertaining than having the Great White Chief's thoughts printed on all ESCA entry forms would be a collection of many riders' thoughts about the G.W.C. on the said forms!

HOWLER OF THE DECADE !!! Brian Guy walked into the Rovers club-room and said: "I've been talking to a tall bloke with glasses who says he's a bike-rider and his name's Ray Booty. Anybody heard of him?"

Stopping at the Old Forge Café, Mickleham, on the way back from a Portsmouth Road 25, the Crawley contingent tried a fortune telling machine. The first effort read: "Spare another minute".

During a psychedelic barbecue, John Pratt, alias Spratt, saw the light and decided to make a comeback in C.W. colours. His first event ... the SCCU 12 on September 3rd.

George Monk is on the drugs. He says it's the only thing that stops him from thrashing the living daylights out of us.

Crow's trike was frightened by cows in the ESCA 100 and almost refused to start again. Bob had to coax it with a carrot.

Alf Tapley made a spectacle of himself by dropping his glasses out of his racing vest pocket during the Kingston Phoenix 25. Having eyes in the back of your head is not in it.

HERE AND THERE

Brian Strong was marshalling the Esca 100 near Langney with a policeman for company. As Crow went by the policeman turned to Brian and said: "Who's that old fella - bit old for racing, isn't he?"

Tim McKay of Horsham Unity stood back as the Southboro' horde invaded Arthur Cheshire's sit-down during the 12 hours, and said: "Look out - the gannets of the Southern roads have arrived".

Is Ron Ewart aiming high? He was seen with a Sharp type five o'clock shadow before the Esca 25.

With deepest sympathy dept. Bill and Dot Collins have Tony Boynton as a temporary lodger. (Well, it makes a change from you know who - Ed.).

Southboro' successes ... three jackpots from one-armed bandits within a month.

Hard luck on Bob Griffiths who was unable to achieve his ambition of four 24 hrs. rides in one season, because a car knocked him off just after the start of the North Road event. Crow was believed to know that he was only knocked off his bike, as Bob has borrowed Crow's trike for his season's racing.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE !!!!!

Two great articles by Ragged Ass, our star touring correspondent.

On Two Wheels From Normans Bay to Pevensy Bay.

and

How I Fell Into The Trough Of Bowland

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