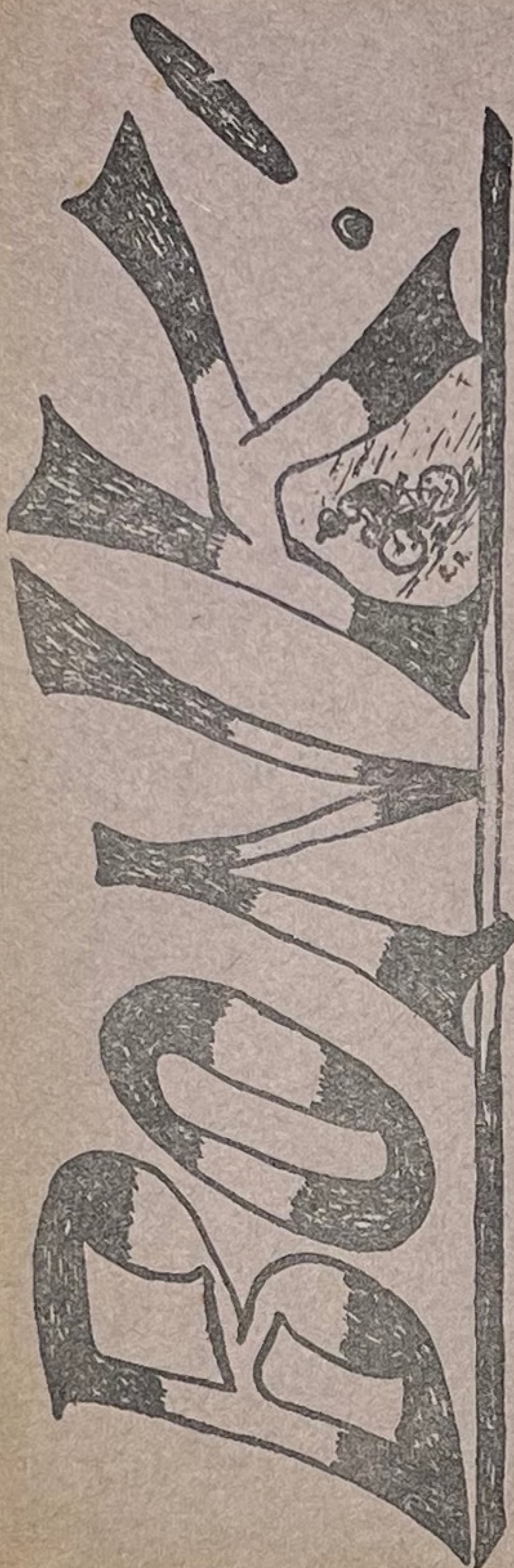


COLIN



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East Sussex Cycling Association



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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 20.

WINTER 1967

Secretary) Mr. R. Humphrey,
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Treasurer) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield.

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EDITORIAL

I don't think that anyone will dispute that 1967 reached a grand climax with the twenty-first anniversary luncheon. The attendance of over one hundred and seventy people was better than even the most optimistic had dared for; and how grand it was to see so many great faces from the past once again. With one or two notable exceptions it was like a roll-call of E.S.C.A. history. Let us hope that these people have had their interest sufficiently aroused that they will want to come 'up the road' to have a look at things next season. However, before that serious business begins, there is the Season of Goodwill to be enjoyed, and I hope that even the most dedicated racing men will let their hair down a little at this time.

Finally, here's wishing all readers the compliments of the season, and many miles of enjoyable riding in 1968.

D.N.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Well, I suppose it's time the East Grinstead C.C. put their bit in BONK. There is a very good reason for our absence, that reason being I do not want to write it. It is only through continuous badgering from Crow that I have got around to writing at all.

Our club dinner is on the 20th January at the 'Red Barn', Lingfield. A good time is guaranteed for all who come. Our guests of honour this year are Dave and Margaret Bonner. Last year we had Keith and Maralin Butler. Since then Maralin has joined our club and made a come-back to racing. Now we are very pleased to hear that Margaret Bonner is joining us. We are thinking of asking Beryl and Charley Burton next year !!

Next year we should be backing up our first-class men's team, namely, Dick, Bob and Budgie, with a good class ladies team. Margaret Bonner (nee Smith) was a top class international cyclist before her marriage, and once she has lost just a little weight will soon be back on form. The Butlers will be moving into their new home near the Bonners at Copthorne in April. Us three mums hope to have a baby-minding-cum-training scheme. Also we have Ethel McNee. For those who don't know our Ethel, Maralin and I used to race together years ago in the now disbanded Apollo C.C., so this is quite a reunion for us. Budgie says he has a new lady member for us. She is Valerie Robinson, sister of that hill-climber. Mind you, he has not brought her down to our clubroom yet, and knowing his luck with the opposite sex he may not make it. Budgie's unfortunate love life is a source of entertainment each club night.

Our Sunday morning club-runs have been quite well supported, though I get the feeling that the boys don't have much confidence in me as leader. They all bring lights and maps - and this is just for a morning run !

Well, here's hoping for bags of booze and merriment over Christmas, and a successful year of racing next season for us all.

VAL

THE HASTINGS CYCLING CLUB.

Well, well, the Gannet spent so much time on the nest quite undisturbed by the Neevo Nocturne that the deadline for the last issue of Bonk was missed. Oh gormless Gannet, arise and spread your wings, pluck yourself a quill and start scratching. The scratching goes something like this. Once again we were favoured with ideal weather for the Ron Eastes Memorial '25'.

This was a bang on Den-el-Neevo production only slightly surpassed by the SKOL SIX. Sixty two starters greeted Pete Avis, the renowned Fairy timekeeper, and 14 did a Willcocks special and stayed with Madame Slumber. Roy Manser holds the Ron Eastes Memorial Trophy for one year. Roy also broke the course record with a scorching 57-30. Chris Sharp ambled home with 58-10, and another Fairy, Rod Overton, filled third place with 59-24. Harry Wakefield, 6th with a 1-1-2, gave the Fab Fairies the Team. On the same day we held a Ladies 25. No prizes given for guessing the winner; it was, of course, the other 50% of the Manser Alliance, Pam. Her creditable time was 1-7-9. Miss Webb of Folkestone was breathing down Pam's neck with a 1-7-13. That delightful bundle of charm from Eastbourne, Iris Stevens, with a 1-9-2, was third. In all, nine riders and it was nice to see Wendy Cooper of Frittenden having a bash in her usual casual way.

What about Hastings? Well, veteran top miler Ted Coussens knocked out an improved time on last year of 1-22-21. Our younger members have to spend so much time swatting for umpteen O levels and a multiple of A's not including the mocks, that they have very little time for their chosen sport. Whilst our club can boast a handful of professors, it's too much to expect bike-riders. We can only trust that the less academic native lads in remotest Africa DO enjoy riding their British Tube Investment cycles.

In many ways, top miler Ted has had one of his best years. Well up on last year's mileage at the vintage age of 74, Ted recently pottered through a 100 in 8 after which we coaxed him through a Willard Special at Chitcombe. The local press gave Ted a generous write-up as the Cycling Lollipop man. This title refers to Ted's part-time job at a school crossing. It appears that he "took up cycling in France when serving with the railway division of the Royal Engineers during the Kaiser's War", and "there hasn't been a day since then when he hasn't spent an hour or two awheel". In short, "a trim, sunburned credit to the sport".

In the last issue of Bonk, Al Moran, who carries the Lewes brand (not broad arrows), gloated over his victory over the mag

The Hastings Cycling Club (continued).

editor in another 'Battle of Chainwheel Creek'. This event was arranged by kind permission of Eastbourne Rovers, and this scribe has a slight guilt complex concerning the defeat of our worthy editor. Being delayed in a traffic jam at British Home Stores, Brighton, I was too late to give Dennis the promised moral support. Anticipated a revenge duel at the Esca hillclimb but it appears that tradition demands C.W.C.

Remember those freakish blue skies and warm sunshine we enjoyed in July? Well, all this prompted Joanne, Richard and Steve in co-operation with Esther to invite some of us orphans to a Saturday afternoon picnic. Quite a pleasant and relaxing effort, really, mainly due to the controlling powers of Connie. It was nice to once again hear her lovely contralto voice echoing and re-echoing among the trembling Fire Hills of Fairlight. Don't stay away too long, Connie.

Brewmaster Coleman, faced with severe curtailment of his La Boheme type of blissful booze-along life, has placed himself into the capable hands of Joyce. They slipped away 007 style the other day and 'wenangot' married. The best wishes of the club go with them. It appears that since marriage Arthur has become quite a handyman and Joyce relates with some pride of how he made an almost perfect tea chest out of a perfect kitchen cabinet. After a recent committee meeting, Drumstix Baker and this scribe had the last ride in the Coleman Mark 1a H.F., and then with very little ceremony and a lack of dignity, pushed it onto a bombsite and walked to the nearest deserted Inn. The breathalyser law has far reaching results. On returning from a flying visit to relatives in Canada, Percy Bliss made a brief appearance at the Netherfield meeting of the K & S Fellowship 'do'. There was a time when the Hastings Club meant as much to Percy as India meant to Mahatma Gandhi. Many readers will remember him and we trust that this re-appearance heralds his re-entry into the world of Cycling.

Almost on view at this function was the very fine Freddie Marsh Memorial Trophy. In their wholehearted and unique way, the Fellowship are co-operating with our club in the presentation of this trophy and by the time this magazine is issued most readers will have seen it displayed at the Esca Luncheon. Good luck to all who compete for it.

A small band of pilgrims progressed towards Sevenoaks for the Catford Climb. We found a good observation spot after 'tenses' at the lucrative mobile hot-pedigree-dog stand. After a few moments of

The Hastings Cycling Club (continued).

silent observation Esther commented on muscle separation which prompted Jack to discuss ballet; thus the conversation drifted to the east of Brighton C.T.C. pool. It appears that two of it's members are devoted to ballet one of whom suffers from muscle separation. It was left to young Steve to bring us back to Yorks Hill. This he did by yelling the news that someone had 'knocked out' a 2 1.2.

The following week, our dormant social sec. thought it about time he became sociable and disorganised a hilly speed judging event around Ashburnham. Bessie White proved herself quite sociable by rustling up some home-made eats and cups of milky coffee. We had the services of a qualified timekeeper in Ron Powell; and Joan, after visiting some friends in the neighbourhood, was able to marshal a tricky corner. Maurice made good use of a lump of chalk that he found whilst looking for his trike and in T.T. fashion we were off along the chalky way. Young Andy won the event, and our canny President, realising that the lad was on a good thing, followed him in for second place. Jack was third and in working out the results over the $9\frac{1}{8}$ mile course Jack compiled mathematics that would do credit to the Brain of Britain. Esther was the best of the Ladies but the rest of the times suggested that the circuit had been used as a training bash for next year's 'tens.'

Mention of courses recalls the fact that next year we are, subject to the approval of the powers that be, using a brand new course in the Camber area. 'Tis anticipated that it will prove to be one of the fastest southern courses. Maurice, our racing sec., has spent a lot of time and detailed effort on this project.

Recently, we were entertained by the Eastbourne C.T.C. section at Ringmer. This time it was a film show. The colourful slides revealed amongst other things that Ken Stevens takes his Leica to work and when he's got it with him, he just doesn't care. Crow sleeps with his camera (equipped with built-in alarum) under his pillow and his head in the clouds. Released for the first time were slides of the section's survival test under Arctic conditions and some coloured canvas. These featured Dot defying frost bite to feed the survivors, and a sixteen stone member defying gravity with the help of a gale-force wind. How does Daphne manage to control that king-size ruk-sac? It was also observed that marriage has not divorced Jane from her beloved blanket.

Our recent A.G.M. could be very well called a summit meeting, inasmuch as it was held in the roof of a local hotel. Most of us

The Hastings Cycling Club.

had difficulty in climbing up the disused lift shaft, although Esther assured us that it was the normal staircase. Well, something about the whole set-up was abnormal, for example, previous climbers had left a battered electric fire on the floor and it worked. This in itself was a marvel as the lead dropped through a crack in the floor and although we pulled on it for ten minutes, we never found the end.

On reaching this star studded apex we regretted not having a Union Jack, with us, then we could have claimed the spot for England. However, we felt eager to get on with some business. The main outcome of this being some junior schoolboy tens, once again the Ron Eastes Memorial Open 25, and a revival of the Open 50. The first of the tens will be held over the new Camber course (subject to confirmation) on Saturday, April 27th. Esther is the event secretary and can usually be found at or around 10, Maplehurst Road, St. Leonards. This also applies to the other tens held over the same course on Saturday, June 15th, and Saturday, August 17th.

Dennis Neeves is event secretary for the R/E/M 25 for Men, Juniors and Ladies, to be held over the new course on Sunday, June 9th. We have lost our time honoured date for the Open 50, and will now be holding it on Sunday, September 15th, over the Q.142. This should prove useful for riders seeking a handy and fast course to wind up their season. On the social side we decided to support the Esca 21st 'do' in strength, and to join forces with the South East C.T.C. section, better known as Bill and Dot's merry crowd, for a bumper Christmas Tea and free for all at that very popular hostelry, the Netherfield Arms, Netherfield. A rope ladder on loan from the local Sea Cadets, made our descent to the ground level much easier. Those of us in dire need of sustenance were bundled without ceremony into a van and rushed along to the notorious Beachcomber for a mild orgy.

It now only remains for me to borrow my Auntie's bike, lower the saddle, and away to the Esca '21st' Function for the Club goes riding on.

A fabulous Christmas, and Happy Escalating to you all.

GANNET.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS.

Christmas is coming, the Geese are getting fat, and with them of course the lads. The chubbiness has returned to the once gaunt features as the deprived over-indulge in the so-called social season. The racing is almost forgotten, and touring or even bicycle riding, in some cases, a rarity. Communal social events are few and far between, and it's difficult to take up enough scandal to stretch out the 'Bonk' notes. The one bright spot so far has been the S.C.C.U. Dance and Prize Presentation, which was attended by a fairly large contingent from the Club. Needless to say, no prizes were collected, but the Dance went with a swing and ended with a sway as Hakim-el Rej-Jewsberi (sporting bright red fez) led the Conga round the floor and finally vanished into the LADIES. In spite of all this, 'Dixie' Dean invited the Club to 'come again next year'. (Agg please note).

However, after that brief social discourse, back to the loose ends of the 1967 racing season. Probably the most significant achievement of the season was the breaking of the hour for the first time by Eric Bonner. His 59-30 in the Hounslow 25 is the only sub hour ride recorded by a Crawley Wheelers rider other than Ron Ford. The least significant achievement was the failure of all four of our riders to break 2-35-30 in the Mitre 50. Bob Griffith (Trike), who had spent all the previous week trying to work out methods of getting Charlie Burrell out of the way so that he could get his hands on the Vets age standard prize, was delighted to find out that Chas. had punctured at Ringmer. His joy turned to disbelief when he found that an anonymous Crawley rider who had himself punctured at Ringmer had given Chas. his other wheel, thus allowing him to narrowly take the prize. Bob's comments on the matter are unprintable.

The Vets as usual have been having a busy time, and one Friday Club Night George Monk was pressed by Len Main to reveal his immediate ambition. "To screw you, mate", was the prompt reply, and this he did two days later in the Surrey/Sussex Vets 25 with a 13, his first 25 inside evens since his come-back event a year or so ago. George won 1st Handicap and Bob and Len won the team. They've been talking about it ever since. These successes have inspired Gordon Christensen into buying a pair of sprints for next season. However, all Veteran aspirations received a body blow when Alf Ford rode down to the Worthing 25. The Vets quaked at the possibilities. "Like Son - Like Father". ?

Ron won the 25 for the 3rd time, and was backed up by Eric, and Steve Smith for 1st Team. (The team prize was accepted with thanks from the Central Sussex who for some reason best known to themselves,

failed to finish). It was a hard morning but it wasn't made any easier when you found Reg. Jewsbury at the top of the hill at Findon brandishing a camera and a 'Hard Luck, Jack, I've already retired for the Social Season' look on his face. Fortunately, he has now covered that portion of his anatomy over with hair and is thereby attempting to keep up with the Spratts.

Facial tenderness following the crash mentioned in the last issue, resulted in hair on Pete Hayes' top lip. This lived dangerously and finally met the razor's edge when Pete heard that Bob G. had been encouraged "Dig 'em in, Alf Garnett" by two young marshals in the Chelmer 25.

The final Club 10 was a bit of an epic. Pete Carter, ex-Kentish Wheelers Junior track star, made a come-back just inside evens, but was beaten by 12 year old John Gray, riding his first event. The Club's new found Iron Man, Richard Griffin, also made his debut with a 26-40, and followed this up with a 1-7-1 in his first 25. (We are waiting with awe his first event on sprints and tubs).

As if this wasn't enough, Richard shattered the motorists by arriving at the Club Room in a 1967 M.G.B. (GT). Pete Main has joined the motoring ranks but has developed a habit of breaking down going to events. Pete laughed this off by saying: "It may be a bit of a bind if you're late for an event, but it's a decided advantage when you've got a bird in the passenger seat and it breaks down". Another new motorist is Bill Heron, but he has unfortunately failed his driving test by apparently displaying bad cycling habits like not looking which way he was going, driving across grass verges in the middle of dual carriageways and hanging onto lorries coming up Hand-cross, &c.

It may come as a bit of a surprise to Esca-ites to hear it, but Crawley Wheelers have been having a bit of a Hastings 'drift' lately. Myrtle and Tony went to see the 'Merry Widow' at the White Rock Pavilion. It was of course a pub. trip (a bit of a change from the annual Darts outing to 'Sar fend' and rolling pickled onions under the wheels of time-testers on the E.31). The long and short of it was that the Vets said: "Who's this Merry Widow?" and promptly organised a run down there to try to get an introduction. A week later Pete Main also sent down to Hastings to taste a bit of 'Il dolce Vita' with the Over-18's Club. Unfortunately he found that such dissipation didn't agree with his spartan way of life and as a consequence was D.N.S. for the Club-run next day.

Have you noticed how French cycling jargon is creeping into

British cycling circles, e.g., 'Grimpeur' - a Veteran; but we are a bit worried when Bern. Wright leered "Vive la Difference!" and promptly disappeared from the scene. In fact the Club Room has not been too full since the racing season ended and if it wasn't for "The Avengers" on the Club telly there would be even fewer. This, coupled with the fact that the schoolboys have discovered that the members of the opposite you-know-what have attributes other than being able to thrash us off in events, poses the question: "Will our membership boom survive the winter?". There might still be a solution. After watching the Miss World Competition, Ron Ford stuck his nose out into the cold air and pronounced: "Yes, I'm beginning to feel a bit keener. I might be out on a Club-run soon if everybody promises not to try". It strikes me that the Hard Men won't let him get away with that, though. Still, a bit of cycling for fun and not for blood would be a welcome thing up this end.

There are people in the Club who do a bit more than racing. Brian Derham is hoping for Hon. Membership of the ESCA Ramblers for traing to convert the Crawley Club runs into Club walks, but we feel that despite covering the 15 miles from Edenbridge to Crawley on foot, the fact that he was actually pushing a bicycle makes him ineligible. Anyway, it's rumoured that an old lady gave him a lift in her motor car from Copthorne. Then what about the suckers from Horley who rode down to the 21st Beer-up. Where was it? Alfriston? It appears that John Dutson told Adrian Jones that Alfriston was 'Just the other side of Wych Cross'. (J.D. is proving a bit unscrupulous in his role as Social Sec., but he seems to be packing them in). On being further questioned as to why he was seen the same night looking into a shop window in Uckfield, Adrian replied: "Well, I didn't want anybody to associate me with that Young Thropp who was standing in the gutter wearing only one shoe and beating his bike with the other".

Well, I said in the last issue that I would give Alf. Tapley hell in this. Of course, ever since then he has been keeping out of trouble. Ron Ewart was shouting about roaring Alf. off on a Tuesday night session, but when tackled about this Alf. was adamant that a truce had been called that night by Ron., and if Ron. had roared him off it must have been in his imagination. Of course, Alf. has not been himself since Thunderbirds were taken off children's television, and could be forgetful in his old age into the bargain. Anyway, how can you write scandal about a bloke who obviously keeps all his exaggeration for his cycling exploits. ('Hear, hear'- Ron Ewart).
(continued on page 18).

I suppose this time of year might well be called the 'come-back' season. It is a time when those whose waist measurements reveal an excess of good living, expound over a pint, or bitter lemon, in the case of car drivers, their far-reaching plans for the coming season. In fact, it has occurred to me that if enterprising promoters of distance events were to offer 25% off all entry fees received before January 1st, there would then be little fear of these events getting into the red. It wouldn't be very kind to reveal the names of those in the Southborough who at this stage have high hopes for next season. One whose aspirations we do not contest is Geoff Boxall, who aims to ride a 24 hours in 1968. It is painfully evident to those of us who have tried to hold his back wheel, that Geoff doesn't believe in starting his training too late! In fact, his immediate aim is to get fit enough to win the primes on the club's next Easter tour of Wales! Geoff's enthusiasm seems to have inspired the rest of the club to maintain a fair higher standard of fitness during the winter months than previously, with the result that the club-runs having been enjoying support which they haven't received for something like six years. With Danny, Crow and Geoff leading the runs, they haven't been any dawdles, but have been around the 100-130 mark. This mileage seems to have shaken the East Grinstead lads, who thought that their 26 mile morning rides were sufficient; but I gather they have now stepped up their all-day runs to seventy miles. Still, there mustn't be too much said about our runs or Mo Colburn will be moving to Tonbridge! Juniors took first four places in the club attendance comp. by the way, with Julian Pryke being 4 points up on Bob Wenham.

Success has also come our way on the promoting side. Our Open Tourist Comp. organised by 'Spider' Dunford, received a record thirty entries of which twenty-two started. It was a most interesting contest between equal teams of the Wigmores C.C. the East Surrey R.C. and ourselves. The tulip section surprisingly sorted out the field in the early stages, and it was popular John Fisher who came out top by seven points at the end with Derek Hanson and Les Hayman of Southboro' finishing second and third respectively.

Many an Autumn chat among cyclists has begun with: "Did you go up to the Six"? Well we did, and like most others, came away with the feeling that this was the greatest cycling spectacle in Britain since Heaven knows when. It certainly - oh, how this dates me - seemed to have far more action than the Wembley Six of 1951. The Cycle Show too, seemed to have more to offer than previous years, with the lightweight section being a mecca for all club folk.

When it comes to dinners, we have to apologise to ESCA clubs and say that we aren't the force we were in numbers for visitations. Perhaps few club members in their twenties has a bearing on this, but we will try and put in an appearance at as many dinners as we can. The North Kent dinner scene which we look in on is most interesting. Entertainment is usually provided by 'everything amplified' Beat Group. The consequence is that conversation is almost impossible, and you have to make frequent visits to the bar to smooth your parched throat caused by attempts to chat. Good for trade all round, I imagine. Whine the Wigmores, Kent C.A. which never really got under way, and Cambrian have all been 'done' - not forgetting the hilarious trike luncheon at Cranbrook, we can't pass off the Esca celebration nor the Luncheon so lightly. John Dut. initiated an excellent 'Happening' at the Market Cross, Alfriston, on Nov. 15th. Fears that the Breathalyser would put a damper on things seemed quite unfounded, and a great informal evening was enjoyed by everyone, especially the Southboro' group, who travelled by mini-bus so that the Majority could indulge in a 'scald-up'. Memories of the evening included Lou proposing to Marion, Jim Freeman sleeping under the shade of the tree in Alfriston Square, and the currant B.A.R. getting up to the most amazing antics before reaching his bike to ride home. Our ride home was punctuated with stops during which Chris Wright managed to sit on a nettle and Don Robb was tipped through what the club thought was the correct front door at Rusthall. May we echo the sentiment of the person who said: "I hope we will celebrate the 22nd anniversary". Just about anyone who was anyone, past or present, in Esca, was at the luncheon; though it would have been nice to see such characters as Cedge Pearson and 'Vicar' Tew there as well. Cross-toasting evoked a few memories although it wasn't as prolific as in former years, and Ted Harrison's speech was so fitting for the occasion. It was encouraging to see that so many cycled to Langney. The club's prize-winners were all there including Crow and Ron as the B.A.R. Team, Nick Whitney as the fastest junior, and Orch. as B.A.R.

Till now I thought presidents as those rather remote father figures who chat on about their rides with Bidlake; but as you may know, bad news travels fast - your scribe has been nominated Esca Pres. for 1968. All protest marches and threatening letters should be sent to Nick Whitney, who has asked for his address to be withheld, as he did the nomination. So you're not going to have a very orthodox President, but at least you can laugh as I start No. 1 and face the icy blasts in the Hardriders 12.

There's usually a mention of club youth-hostelling in this issue, but our Y.H. Sec. has been a bit dormant lately - he hasn't recovered from the shock of beating Orch. in a club 10. Our one attempt to reach Ewhurst Y.H. was thwarted by the rain and floods on Nov. 4th. We heard that things were so bad out west that the Crawley Wheelers were standing on the axle of Bob Griff's trike to avoid the flood water, and Young Thropp was seen floating an enormous bird book across the Gatwick flying-boat base. The club seems to have established a Northern Y.H. near Blackpool where Geoff Hayman now lives. A club group were able to report back that the digs were fine and they were to see Blackpool illuminations as well.

Winter would never be complete without it's quota of slide shows, and recent months have seen the 'Magic Lantern' kings in full spate. The C.T.C's Autumn show at Ringmer ranged from the U.S.A. to Scandinavia, via Ken Stevens's most interesting French tour. They have even heard of colour slides at that outpost of the Empire called East Grinstead, where we were able to view the Budgen-Marchant-Morgan-Smith Tour de France, and Tom Padbury's studies of mountain hairpins. Further south the pupils of Eastbourne College saw a collection of cycle-racing slides when Crow, assisted by Ken. S., gave a lecture there.

We are going to have quite a job replacing our racing sec. at the Club A.G.M. Graham Orchard has not only been our top racing man for several seasons, but has set a very high standard on the organisation side, which will be difficult to emulate. As this report is being written just after the Association A.G.M., other clubs' officials got a rather startling impression of Southborough's active strength when the Two Sunday runs arrived at Ringmer for tea. Of the twenty riders, and there were several regulars who were not out, the majority had been on Geoff Boxall's 140 mile Chichester Hard-ride. Geoff's next aim is to discover what has been the longest Southboro' club-run, and then go further, even if only to demonstrate that the bunch of lads in the clun now can better the rides of those of yesteryear.

By the time Bonk is in print the Southboro' dinner will have come and gone, and unlike another certain Association writer, I'll refrain from doing a report until it has happened. And with that, it just leaves me to write you a Happy Christmas and Social Season.

CROW.

P.S. The club's road-race promotion next year will be on May 11th.

Four laps of the Rushlake Green circuit for thirds and Juniors, and will be promoted by Nick Whitney who has just acquired his second cat. licence.

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

Judging by a recent item in the "Evening Argus", Robin Johnson has been standing too close to Agg, and has caught his complaint.

A certain brace of Eastbourne Rovers ladies, seen by the President examining various doors at Alfriston on the night of the get-together, were told: "I'm afraid you're unlucky - there's no coalheap here now".

It's now being said that whereas foreigners used to think our policemen were wonderful, they now consider that they're simply breathtaking.

It's reliably reported that Arthur Coleman of Hastings and St. Leonards counts breathalysers when he wants to stay awake!

Hearing that Cliff Sharp, normally a watered-down orangeade man, rode up High and Over hill after getting outside of 4½ pints of draught cider, makes us wonder what he'd do if he rode a hill climb cold sober.

Crawley's Tony Wilkinson carried his handicap with him in one Lewes '10' this year - that ruddy tie he wore during the event !

Crawley schoolboy Chris (Rik 111) Derham has personal delivery from Geoffrey Butler's Croydon 'errand boy' Dave Bonner.

Adrian Jones is growing a beard. He pointed out that 'Keeping up with the Spratts' is bad for the Jones image.

The long arm of the law put the damper on Pete Main's Crawley to Brighton & Back record attempt with a lecture on jumping traffic lights. British Rail didn't help much, either. The level crossing gates were closed in each direction.

Derek Hayday, when asked by Iris if he fancied a bit of rough stuff on the Downs, replied: "I didn't think Marion would approve".

Ron Ewart, while buying a lady a drink at the bar, said: "I'm softening Marion up for Dutson".

Personal. Jane and Iris wish Geoff Hayman to know he is one of their favourite men (re Autumn edition).

Gerald Maryan did a 1-0-5 on the Southend Road 'dragstrip'.

Crow was invited to the annual dinner of the Brighton Sun Club, but declined in case they used wicker bottom chairs.

Squares, and lovers of the quiet life, had a bad time of it at the Southboro' dinner. The expected dance band was replaced by a beat group carrying enough amplification to fill Wembley Stadium. People wishing to converse had to go outside the hall.

When a 'gentlemen' of the Eastbourne escorts his President's wife to a club dinner, one might expect him to wear a suit from Coy's. But no - examination of his apparel showed that it came from Hepworth's.

Our Egg and Bacon '25', held back in October, was well supported, with most of the 'more experienced' members blowing off the dust and pumping up the tyres, many for the first time since last year.

After the first lap, the food, even if undesirable, was served with a loving smirk by Stan and Joan Shirley. It should be noted that the Veterans missed their short cut. When tackled on this point, one or two were reported to have said: "Well, we were going so fast we just didn't see them". (Probably too busy exchanging 'X' Certificate stories).

The Club's A.G.M. was held the back end of November, with 'Man of the Moment' Charles Turner smoking his famous cigar, which he no doubt saves from one A.G.M. to another, taking the Chair, and stranger Lord - oops, sorry, Mike - Hayler attending, and putting his comical spoke in where appropriate.

During the past few weeks Dave Best and myself had cause to call on the Club's treasurer, Mrs. Jean Hayler, at that B..... place of Ringmer. B..... place because the part we visited hasn't street lighting; if it has it was switched off when we arrived, and plenty of pot-holes, and naturally we found most of them even in the dark.

A few people have reported seeing Robin Johnson going towards Shoreham fast - maybe he has a blonde hidden away there.

STEWOPOT.

Hearken once again, brethren of ESCA and other denominations stout enough to endure another sermon of Lewes misdeeds. As we once again embark on another Social Season of riot and revelry, it's as well to remember that wise old adage that enough is better than none at all, or something like that! In the last issue readers were spared the gruesome details of our riders' performances, but there's no such let-off this time! Despite the handicaps already listed, we did manage to put some bods on the road at odd times. Kilby was our most consistent rider and despite the great lack of training miles prior to the Association 12 hrs. he did a creditable 210 miles that day. Now and then Tourist Agg crept out of his 'Hostel' and duly suffered as befits a man challenging for the title of the 'Ringmer Wide Boy'. Savage descended on one or two roads from Five Ash Down, and his 2-25 in the Association 50 after an enforced lay-off was quite a performance. Colburn rode in events all over the place with varying success, his best effort being 1-52 for third place in the ESCA Hill-climb. This was the club's first ever medal in that infamous ascent of Wellingford Heights, and was only just in time as this was the final event there, another hill at Firle being used for all subsequent climbs. Maurice also 'Did the double' by taking on both the Catford and Bec impositions on the same day. He did 2-22 and 2-21 respectively, in the latter beating the Central's Burrell and Robinson, who had headed him earlier in the day. Eventually, he took the club BAR award for the third time since 1963, and Kilby was a gallant success.

Alas, Chris May got the wanderlust and sent a letter from Bizerta in North Africa. He'd visited Turkey, Persia, &c., and had been living with what he described as "the dregs of society" on several occasions just to see how the other half lives! He should have tried some of the camel time-trials and mass-starts that Grover allegedly found so interesting some years back!

Cox and Willcocks, plus Amparo, took themselves off to Valencia and other places for three weeks among the vineyards and senioritas; Cox's conclusion being: "The choice 'birds' here are like the daylight - they're all around you". He thoroughly enjoyed himself, but the heat, 96 in the shade on many days, was too much for El Aquila de Seaford, who felt more like a limp canary most of the time. Cox's great regret was his inability to speak Spanish, which led to such mutterings as: "If only I knew a bit of this lingo I wouldn't half have myself a time", and: "I wouldn't half like to whisper things in her ear", &c. &c.

Agg stirred things mightily at the last club meeting when he revealed that, not having been told that the second Club 25 had been cancelled, he and Savage turned up to ride, only to find no one there. Colburn pointed out that as neither of them had entered the event, as per Club rules, they had no cause for complaint. This was supported by the Chancellor and others, so the Tourist retired shot up the seat pillar. (We feel that "deflated" is not the correct word to use here). Later he got a giggle when he said he knew that Willcocks was the new Sussex Division BCF secretary "because the YMCA bloke told me that the job was taken by an elderly bald-headed bloke". Your scribe will remember that remark when it matters!

Concerted persuasion was of no avail when the assembly tried to get the Chancellor to the ESCA 21st anniversary lunch, and it ended with Willcocks threatening to brave the wilds of Peacehaven on the Sunday morning to go up and get him. Evidently Reg was taking no chances on being the central figure in a tug-o-war in front of the neighbours, as when on route to that function by car, Willcocks passed him grinding up to Friston. Obviously, he preferred the pain of that to the purgatory of having to attend and be sociable at the Luncheon! No less than fifteen Lewes devotees, the largest club gathering ever seen at a non-club function, sat down to an excellent meal at the Langney Centre; and the organisation of the whole thing was a triumph for John Dutton and his helpers, catering as they did for some 170 people. It was great to see some of the old faces again, particularly Dave Marsh, our former Sussex Champion, whose 25 time is still a club record. Popular Christine Watts, the London South Secretary, made a delicious cake, and the President's Spanish 'dragon', Amparo, presented the prizes. She pronounced herself charmed by the sociability of ESCA bods. Ken Stevens got a laugh when he presented your scribe with a mounted chainwheel as a memento of the hard-won victory described last time. This now occupies a place on the mantel-shelf together with all the Purple Hearts, amphetamines and other necessary aids to good and fair competition! Remembering the pliers given to Willcocks at the 1966 Luncheon to enable him 'to extract the presidential digit', Agg took the opportunity to present a plastic finger as evidence that this had been well and truly done! However, all this was tempered by the unwelcome news that the Editor is back in hospital. All Esca bods will join us in wishing Dennis a speedy return to the fold and much better health in the New Year.

Everyone was glad to see the Great White Chief receive a presentation to mark his long service to the Association, and doubt-

less he'll be fortified in the knowledge that a certain 'friend' of his duly contributed to the club share while saying: "I suppose he does deserve something". The Chancellor was not pressed to qualify that remark! And now, dear friends, here's the announcement that matters. The Lewes Eat-in, or Nosh-up will be held at the usual venue, the Elephant and Castle, Lewes, at 1930 for 2000 hours on Saturday, January 27th. We've had to add 1/- to the price (despite a tooth and nail fight by the Chancellor); but at 10s. 6d. it's still the best value in the Deep South. After all, where else could you cross-toast Agg? (The Luncheon was a surprising exception). And where else could you watch enthralled at the Chancellor's expression of sheer ecstasy as he lovingly caresses 'the lolly'? All proceeds will go to a very deserving cause - ourselves; so roll up and we'll love you madly.

Now once again here's the annual reminder to jolt the merry-makers. The Hardriders 12 is only some ten weeks away, so DON'T stow those 'irons' under too much jumble as training starts soon, and you'll have to be fit to beat this year's No. 1, hence the expression "As the Crow flies". Nevertheless, a Merry Christmas and swinging New Year to all Esca riders from the Lewes elite.

Yours till Copper Burgess fails a breathalyser test!

ALSORAN.

Crawley Wheelers (continued from page 9).

The other ex-Southern Wheeler, Graham Seymour, has been quiet recently too. This is easily explained. Graham, who once had a brain storm and rode the Medway 100, and has regretted it ever since, has actually been bamboozled into helping to produce the new 12-hour course. A suggestion that Graham should ride the course to test its suitability led to his hasty departure. Talking about new courses, after nagging London South to death, we've at last (so we think) managed to improve the local 10 and 25 courses. Working on the principle that people will prefer to ride down Pease Pottage than up it, the new 25 course has 24½ miles down hill with a 'sporting' finish at Gossops Green on the Crawley By-Pass. Come and try it in our Open on April 12th. Or if you can't wait until the Hardriders there's our Christmas morning 10 on the course all ESCA bird-watchers have been waiting for: The Ouselem 10. With an 11 o'clock start riders going off course at Ifield Wood should just make the "GATE" for opening time.

Times is hard !! Once I could fill several pages of waffle, now the news is so scarce it is about as much as I can do to get this report off the ground. With the racing season now well and truly over the distribution is about to commence, this year Mick Morgan seems to have carried most of the prizes away and has won our trophies for the best 25, 50 and 100 of the year. Don Awcock has taken the Memorial 10 Miles Cup and the Club 25 miles championship trophy, and Ron Ewart the Club 50 cup. Bob Parry is the Junior B.A.R. and John Dutson is the Senior one.

Whilst on the subject of racing I would insert here a short report on the Open 2-Up Team Time Trial which was very well supported this year by 56 teams. The winners were Ewing and Crowther of the Wembley Phoenix, and everything went very much according to plan. Even the weather smiled on us this year, and we were blessed by some hot summer sun. Thanks should also be extended to Paul Barber, who made an excellent promotion job, and to members of all association clubs who gave us their support. Things up at the Club room have, I am afraid, got rather sad and attendances are not what they might be. However, looking on the brighter side, things always get worse before they get better, so we look forward to better things.

Our dinner is all arranged for the 10th of December at the usual venue, the Hassocks Hotel, see our next issue for a graphic report in great detail.

On the riding side of things, members are still going out on Sundays. Mick Morgan and Howard Burrell have been exploring the Downs and Railway lines of East Sussex, but as yet, as far as I can find out, have yet to find a tunnel to negotiate. Ken Atkins and John Dutson have regular Sunday mornings in the lanes, and have recently been joined by Arthur Thorpe. After their first ride, Arthur could only go upstairs to the flat on all fours, but he assures me that he is getting better each week, he can now lift his bike up the two steps into the store room. Arthur's spouse Sally has also had her bike put back together, and is now bemoaning the fact that she is about three weeks down in training. Do you know, I don't know if I can remember what a female looks like on a bike now.

John Dutson still does his bit in the Administrative side of the sport, and has been re-elected to the R.T.T.C. committee for another year. Both Ken Atkins and John are on the Association Management Committee for another year, and Mick Morgan has taken the plunge this year and is Track Secretary of the local B.C.F. Division, where Arthur Thorpe still reigns as Chairman.

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

I think that we were all pretty pleased with the Association Luncheon, which we were very proud to have a member of our Club organise. Also the Alfriston social, which I gather was quite an affair, with the organiser getting the worse for wear. Letting him off the tandem does not do him any good at all. Still, next time, I hope to be along to see fair play.

That's it,

Happy New Year,

HONEST GINGE.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS (incorporating the Eastbourne C.T.C.).

"BONK" HELP !!! I must have been crazy when I actually volunteered for this job. It must have been the impressive title of Press Officer that did it. Anyrate, I had better get started if I chew my nails any more I will end up like Venus de Milo.

What the hell have the Rovers been up to ??? Ahhh, one big thing springs to mind, a knot tying ceremony. A traditional 'end of season' racing cyclist one. Jane, a Sussex lass, to Grahame a Man of Kent (or is it a Kentish man?). On an early October day, half the Club and all of the now dormant Road Club saw a pale-faced Grahame safely hitched to his radiant looking bride, Jane. It was a very nice 'do', thanks to Jane's parents Ted and Joan, the only complaint was from the bride, who said the grooms breath stunk of whisky at the altar.

A month later at Alfriston, Grahame was heard trying to sell Jane for beer money. She started off at 10/6 but had dropped to 3/6 by the end of the evening. Alan Robinson offered 2/6 but this was not accepted.

To the majority of the Rovers Alfriston was the highlight of the year, and we all say 'Thanks, John'. The sight of so many bikes 'warmed the cockles of yer 'art'. Faces of the near forgotten past were seen through the smoky haze across the bar, names like Henty, Horner and Nash, all on bikes, will be a never to be forgotten sight.

Graham and Ken thoroughly approve of taking their wives to these 'do's', as they only cost them 1/- each, their ladies (for want of a

Eastbourne Rovers (continued).

better word) were touting around the bar for "any kindly gentleman" as Jane put it, to buy them drinks. Geoff Willcocks was caught for a rum and coke like this, as was Humphrey. Geoff is still getting over the shock, several others were caught by this line and the ladies were slightly inebriated by the end of the evening.

Dot Collins was a bit put out when Roy Humphrey went home early without buying her a drink, rumour has it that Roy's allowance had run out. He made the excuse he did not want to ride home with John Dutson for fear of being half wheeled.

Two Rovers who do not remember much about the evening are Jim Freeman and Cliff Sharp. The former had to be steered home by Graham Iede, who with Jane's assistance deposited Jim by his back door as requested by Jim, so he could recover himself before sneaking in. As he was far from steady on his pins, Graham thought it best to go around to the front door, knock and inform his parents where he was.

Jim's father opened the door with a cry of: "He's drunk, is he? Ha, ha, I'd better get him in quick before his mother sees. She has just taken the dog for a walk". At that moment mum arrived back, exit Jane and Graham sharpish.

The other Rover was Cliff Sharp, who created quite a stir by gauking openly at the girls in mini-skirts (he's human after all) and singing. The sight of him goosc-stepping up Alfriston High Street looking for his bike will be a sight we won't let him forget for many a long day. He has vowed he won't get like it again, because he can't remember what he did.

While most of us have been enjoying leisurely Sunday club-runs, Sharp and that Lewes exile, Colburn, have been doing Y.H.A. week-ends to places like Cranbourne and Canterbury. The fast man deigned to join us one Sunday, and is now convinced that we are all training for the London to Brighton Walk. Well, I ask you, have you ever tried lugging a tandem and several singles, including two unfit newly-weds, over the mountains of High Hurstwood and the Tidebrook Alps as an afternoon detour? It was all right for him on his alpine gears, he rode alongside everyone else who walked.

The club-runs have been very well supported most week-ends, and the first of the Eastbourne's walks was held in October, when eight of us ventured up into the Frensham Ponds area of Surrey, for a walk around the Devils Jumps and Thursley Common. Crow, and Ted Jarvis of Horsham trying to out do each other spotting the wild bird life (feathered, so they say). More of these ventures are

Eastbourne Rovers (continued).

planned for the New Year.

Our annual deal out of jobs went quickly and quietly. Humph. is still chairman, Ken and Jim racing secretaries. Cliff is Treasurer again, no wonder he said he actually made a profit out of racing last season.

The only major change is Iris retiring from secretary. Graham has been quickly pushed into doing a job and is now Secretary. After her experience at making tea, Iris has now been voted in as Social Sec.

Scandal wise, the Club has been very quiet. Marion disappears into wildest Hampshire most week-ends, and as yet nothing has leaked out. Several of us are going to the Hants R.C. Dinner, so we may be able to glean something for the next edition.

Well, here's to a few more weeks of over-indulgence, eating, drinking, and !!!!!, then back to the road once more.

SCRUBBER.

Crawley Wheelers (continued from page 18).

To finish the adverts. For those who want to get unfit - our Annual Dinner Dance will be at The George, Crawley, February 3rd. Tickets 30/- from Graham Seymour. For those who want to get fit - Norman Shiel 'Speaks' January 26th at the Clubroom, Barnfield Road (opposite the 'Black Dog').

Pete Hayes has won the Stirrer of the Year Competition for the second consecutive year. The expected close finish didn't materialise, and Pete won hands down after his performance in the last committee meeting.

So, good stirring,

YOUNG THROPP.

LEWES TO BATTLE

(An excerpt from the C.T.C. British Road Book of 1898).

This road, after crossing the Ouse, circumvents the great hill mass of Cliff. As we ascend, closely hugging the side of the hill, the view of the Lewes valley opens out on the left. Just before the road turns abruptly round the hill to the right passing entirely out of sight of the valley, it is well to climb down a little way, in the direction of a white windmill, and so take a farewell look at Lewes. Mr. Black in 'Kilkenny' says "The view from the top of Lewes Castle is, as everybody knows, one of the finest in England", and I think one may say the same, for their kind, of some of these views from the hills around Lewes. Particularly in the late afternoon or sunset light is this view effective. The hollows of the distant Downs are then shrouded in mysterious grey mists and shadows; the more commonplace details of the town are confused and unnoticeable, while the sun glitters upon a red roof here and a spire or tower there; and the distant windmills, en silhouette against the skyline, whirl their arms round like dark little imps dancing in the sun's eye.

The villages along this route are of no great interest. Laughton church lies a little to the right of the road: in it are buried many generations of the Pelhams, whose famous badge, the buckle, figures upon so many churches and monuments throughout Sussex. Laughton Place, a mile or two to the south-west, was their chief seat; but there are now few remnants, except a tower, of what was once a splendid moated mansion of great size. Two miles beyond Laughton the road from London to Eastbourne joins on the left and a straight run across the Dicker, a district devoted to the making of tiles and drain pipes, brings us to Hellingly (the final syllable in this word, as in Chiddingly, is pronounced long, as in Helling-lye). The picturesque old church and the village itself lie a little to the north. At Horsebridge we cross the Cuckmere, on its way down to Mickleham Priory, and the railway, leaving Hailsham and the road to Eastbourne on the right. Gardner Strt. ('Woolpack' Inn on the left), is of no interest. Between here and the next similar hamlet, viz., Boreham Street, the road passes to the south of Windmill Hill and north of Hurstmonceaux, both well wooded estates. Hurstmonceaux Castle may of course be visited from this direction, as well as from the Pevensey route described above. A lane to the right, called, I believe, Chapel Row, soon after passing Gardner Street, will lead past the modern house (The Place) to the church and castle.

Leaves to Battle (an excerpt from the C.T.C. British Road Book of 1898).
(continued).

Beyond Boreham Street the road descends into a valley watered by the Ashburn River on it's way to Pevensey Haven. I would here suggest a slight variation from Route 76. Instead of passing through Ninfield as therein described, take the road to the left after crissing the stream and follow it along the south side of Ashburnham Park until it rejoins the main road about two miles from Battle. The distance, if anything, is shorter, road surface good, the road runs along high ground and affords several fine views, and it is overhung most of the way by the grand old trees of Ashburnham Park. Do not fail to notice the picturesque timber yard on the outskirts of the Park. With the splendid beech trees that cast a half melancholy shade around, the old sheds and barns, both tiles and thatched, and the felled trunks, some gleaming fresh from adze and saw, others mouldering among the long grass, the scene is one which should delight a painter. A little way beyond this point there is a very fine view, overlooking the whole of Pevensey level away to the long rampart of downs that ends in the massive promontory of Beachy Head, at the foot of which we mark the towers and smoke of Eastbourne. In the flat plain between, a line of ivy-covered walls marks Pevensey and Westham, with the shingle at Langney Point flashing out of the sea. In the middle distance is the thickly-wooded valley of the Ashburn, with the tiny ribbon of our road winding back over the hills to Horeham Street and Horsebridge. And on the left is Ninfield, with the sea that washed the shore at Bexhill, though the latter place is hidden by high ground intervening.

Ashburnham was the last parish in which the old Sussex iron manufacture was carried on, and that, according to some accounts, so late as 1826 (according to others 1809) when, it is said, the work could no longer be maintained owing to the drinking habits of the workmen, who obtained enormous quantities of spirits from the smugglers of Pevensey Bay. However, the furnaces of Sussex had already been closing for more than a century, so it is tolerably certain that the same natural causes that operated elsewhere caused the Ashburnham industry to fail. The names of Ashburnham Forge and Ashburnham Furnace, some distance north of the church, mark the sites of the old foundries. The mansion of the Earl of Ashburnham in the Park contains some priceless relics of Charles I which were bequeathed to the Clerk (presumably the rector or incumbent) of Ashburnham and his successors fir ever, to be kept in the church.



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