



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association



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New Series No. 21.

SPRING 1968

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&) 4, Ebenezer Cottages,
Treasurer:) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield.

Editor: (Mr. D. Neeves,
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EDITORIAL

The racing season got off to a good start with an up-to-standard entry for the Hardriders 12. This was in spite of February's cold and gloomy weather which one might have thought would have been off-putting. Although the odd rider will be heard to shiver and remark: "I'll start in May", generally speaking nothing can damp the eagerness for competition of to-day's racing men. Indeed, many of them seem to train all the winter, like Cliff Sharp, whose form and winning margin in last Sunday's 25 show that he will take some holding this season.

On another page, Peter Crowsley writes that he was disappointed with the entry for the Touring Competition. True, twenty-two persons is not a lot, but with the present-day state of the cycling game can we reasonably expect more? Speed is the be-all and end-all for the majority of cyclists nowadays; and there are few clubs with the all-round cycling interests of Southborough Wheelers, or like Eastbourne Rovers, with many of their members also members of the C.T.C. Even so, it would be good to see more riders from other clubs than these two and the Mitre letting their hair down and taking part in this event. After all, even the most dedicated racing man needs a little relaxation now and again. Perhaps some will be persuaded to give it a try next year, and perhaps moving the event to March will attract a few people who are unwilling to face the February cold.

D.N.

"GEN" from the Secretary

First, I would like to take this opportunity of extending my most sincere thanks to all the members of the Association for the very unexpected presentation at our 21st Luncheon & Prize Presentation last November. Whenever I use the brief-case it will always bring back memories of that great gathering of past and present members who celebrated our coming-of-age.

With the racing season now well under way, the early season events has seen quite a number of the junior members of our clubs riding and returning some good times. It looks as if competition for the Junior B.A.R. is going to be very keen, and a very worthy holder of the new Junior B.A.R. Trophy presented to the Association by Mr. & Mrs. M. Carpenter of the Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.

This year's series of four Schoolboys events will be run on a course on the Pevensey Marsh, which has been used for a number of years by the Eastbourne Rovers. The course record is held by C. Sharp with a 22 minute ride, so we should see some fast rides in these Schoolboys and Junior events. Your committee have not been able to find a suitable course that would meet with R.T.T.C. approval based on the Laughton road, last year's course starting as it did on the A.22 proved impracticable for Saturday afternoon events.

As far as the Association is concerned, it is regretted that this year's Hardriders 12 miles will be the last at this distance. This has been brought about by the fact that at the recent A.G.M. of the R.T.T.C., the rules were altered to make the shortest distance at which an Open event can take place 25 miles, except for Ladies, Juniors and Schoolboys. During the course of the next few months your committee will be discussing the situation, and making a decision regarding what form the Hardriders event shall take in 1969. Suggestions regarding this event will be welcomed by the committee.

Your committee at their recent meeting decided on several alterations to the Social Programme, the following are provisional dates: November 24th - Luncheon. Drinking evening around November 15th. Children's Party at Ringmer just before Christmas. 1969 Touring Competition to follow the March 25 miles, and the usual Party in February, 1969.

R.H.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS.

With cyclists being what they are, promises amount only to optimism, and except for the super-keen, all seem to over-respect the Weather God. On a cold Christmas morning only ten of the twenty-four entries for the "ten" reached the starting line. "Nails" Griffin won with 29-07 and Paul Lipscombe riding his first event made a mockery of the handicap with his 29-18 third place. Most of the racing men rolled over, but Dave Bullard, Eric Hayes and Mick "Zapata" Stevens showed by their appearance and times that the morning wasn't all that hard. George Monk and 12-year-old daughter, Penny, put in a star performance on a tandem, the first time that such a beast had poked its nose on the Crawley racing scene for many years.

Of course as 1968 bowed in interest started waxing and just to disprove the implication in the last issue that the Crawley Club runs were getting slower, the club fit men put on the pressure with the result that 20% of the club are fitter than ever and the remaining 80% are quaking at the savage pace and reading the B.C.F. prescribed substances for support. In fact I suppose that the only amusing stories concern the number of people smashed on club-runs. Brian Derham, Ernie Dore and Pete Carter have been mercilessly treated on several occasions and Eric Hayes was pushed 15 miles home one Sunday.

The hard miles must help in the long run but it's not always obvious at the time, and really getting on the bandwagon hasn't been made any easier by "guests" Trevor Budgen, Bob Smith, Dick Marchant, Pete Crofts and Dave Bonner, who appeared on various occasions. Ron Ford asked me to point out, however, that Dick was unable to get up once or twice when he was expected, having spent too much time the previous evening with a member of the opposite unmentionable. And Dick was the one who predicted that women would spell doom for Ron.

It's good to be able to report that Ron's own checkered love-life is on a white square again, and that he is going better than ever and looking forward to the coming season, for six laps of Rushlake Green and four in the back of his car. Of course, Ron is not a great one for sharing it around and can't get over the fact that some of the Club saw Rosalind perform her striptease in the "Wesker-Trilogy". He has threatened to get at least even by buying the latest from the French racing scene - a Dior created see-through racing vest.

Also keeping up with the fashions is Mary Chilcott. Her regular appearance at the Club Room in Ultra-mini-skirts and long seductive hair is putting several of our Juniors off their table-tennis.

Bas. has spent most of the social season socialising, and has stacked away a record number of dinners. People have been politely suggesting that he might get his bike out of mothballs and try and regain his old form! He never seems to have an idle moment in his efforts to improve the sport, and this winter has excelled himself, donning his legal boots and wig and rubbing shoulders with Lord High Chief Justices and their ilk. We might see him in the New Year's Honours List yet.

It is pleasant to say that we have been seeing a lot of Valerie Robinson lately. Proving to be a redoubtable rival for Marion, she has appeared regularly on Friday evenings to give Bob Griffith his weekly table tennis lesson. Just to prove that she is every bit as versatile as Marion, she accompanied "her husband" to our dinner-dance, and with Penny showed the schoolboys a thing or two in the 22 mile Reliability Trial.

The 100 in 8 held on the same day showed clearly why none of us can face the humiliation of the Tourist Competition. Riders arrived in Cranleigh at least three miles off course and further proved their inability to read simple instructions by riding up a mountainside near Peaslake and crossing the appropriately named and Puma infested Hurt Wood before getting back on course at Holmbury St. Mary. Yours truly ended up on a mud track at the end of a housing estate in Ewhurst and received several old fashioned looks from the residents, before plodding on towards Westcott, to find Steve Smith in a very distressed state with his nose pressed against a café window. He soon recovered when given a Mars bar and half a banana, and rode off in a hurried but mechanical manner. Paul Lipscombe and Bob P.....y steamed by doing the afternoon 50 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ with John Eglinton of the Redhill C.C. trying grimly to hang on to a wheel. Ron Ford 'won' with $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours riding time with Eric Bonner also inside 6 hours. On the whole an enjoyable day out even if it was a bit reminiscent of the retreat from Moscow. By the way, if anyone sees a grey Claud Butler with orange tubs, please look closely - we'd like to get Dick O'Sullivan back from the Reliability Trial in time to take his place in the Castelnau 25.

Dick brought his usual 10% of the dinner-dance and 145 in all sat down to roast pork. Jim Walsh of the Redmon C.C. proposed the Club and Reg Dawkins kept us all on our toes with his energetic and entertaining performance as Toast Master and M.C. His call "receive your President" found Alec with a Guinness in one hand and a large whisky mac in the other, and so confused that he forgot his words when saying grace.

Eric Bonner took the new Arthur Derham Tankard for the most improved rider; Richard Griffin, the Beginners Cup; Bob Griffith the Illing 12-hour Tankard; Steve Knight the Junior B.A.R., and Chris Derham the Schoolboy B.A.R. Ron Ford collected his usual sideboard full.

So with the last season tied up, it was time to look forward to the one coming. Chris Derham has been on two training courses at Southampton with Bob Kater of the East Grinstead C.C. As a result, Chris started his season with an unprecedentedly early event for the Crawley - The Hardriders 12. Big Brother, Brian was also riding, as were Steve Knight and Alan "Casey Jones" Hale. The dedication of Chris and Brian almost led to them being banished to the salt mines and Chris was asked by the Law to obey the speed limit, and Brian to dismount or to display a rear light. He dismounted and came round and borrowed mine. Dedicated though he may be, it is sad to relate that in spite of several attempts, Brian has failed to break his addiction to the dreaded weed.

Pete Main might have - dare I say it - packed for good. He is reported to have indulged in mixed 6-a-side football on the cliff-tops at Hastings and is sufficiently under the thumb that he is either too late for the Club Run or has to get back very early. We have just about given him up for lost.

Finally, what about the reprobates. Well, Bern. Wright has A Colour Telly, and has taken up blow football to improve his breathing for the season. Pete Hayes and Steve Smith have both had tonsillitis, purported to be a direct consequence of excess beer swilling, and John Pratt has been very quiet. Always a sign that he is up to no good. Reg Jewsbury has repented his intemperance and has taken up oil-painting to get in a creative frame of mind. His wife is a little worried.

And along came Zebidee to say: "It's time for bed".

YOUNG THROPP.

P.S. Having had his entry returned for the Eastbourne Rovers Spring Handicap, Ron says he'll settle for ten laps in his car.

In asking for a motto suitable for Harold Wilson and for two of the virtues of Miss Mary Walton I was inviting some unusual answers on the observation section, but none came except verbally. We had started from Uckfield on a typical Esca Tourist Comp. day; a keen east wind, cloudy and mercifully dry. There was a rather disappointing entry of 21, with Southborough not fielding a strong team this year, and Eastbourne Rovers with the Great White Chief - (when did he last compete in a cycling event?), a grand crowd of juniors from the Brighton Mitre who Ken Wells had 'requested' to enter, and Mick Kilby as a Lewes loner. Only one person lost points for unpunctuality - the eventual winner Derek Hanson; and soon the riders were off on their 19 mile observation section through Fletching, Fairwarp, High Hurstwood and Hadlow Down to lunch at Heathfield. Cliff Sharp, new to this sort of event, passed through the first emergency halt at 'double evens' but otherwise most people fared well on the two halts. By allowing 3 hours to cover the 19 miles to lunch I felt that it would be ample time though 3 of the Mitre boys took 4 hours to cover the distance - hope they're not thinking of taking up racing! Lunch time was hectic as it included a bike and equipment check (high marks all round), issuing the map-reading paper and checking the morning's efforts. At the half-way stage the Rovers held the first four places led by Graham Lade who had only dropped five points.

The speed-judging - five miles downhill with a tail wind had most competitors riding with brakes on. Here the newcomers were scoring on or near maxis (15 points) while the experienced riders dropped marks. The Mitre boys were outstanding here with three 'maximums' and one with thirteen points. So on to the map reading which presented no great problems; although several people didn't know how many 'golds' Great Britain won in the last world cycling championships and a series of picture post-cards of well known spots in England and Wales caught most riders. Ken Stevens claimed that he couldn't be expected to know as he did all his touring in France - it didn't gain him any points for one-upmanship!

Unlike some previous competitions, everyone reached tea at Ringmer in good time and no cases of collapse were reported. The results show that the experienced riders were very evenly matched and there were several ties. Congrats. to Bruce who defended his title so well and to Derek Hanson of Southboro' who tied with him. Also to the Rovers who beat the Southborough team by 23 points.

My thanks to my five Southborough marshals, Graham, Babs, Richard, Royston and Robin, and Lou for timekeeping. To Roy who duplicated the entry forms and all of you who rode. Let's hope there will be a better entry next year. (Continued on page 9).

EAST GRINSTEAD CYCLING CLUB

I need not have worried about my ability on writing this report, as after my last report I learnt that so long as you have a bit of scandle nothing else matters. Unfortunately Budgy is not as informative now I am doing Bonk, though his friends have offered to tell at a price, some of this is even too hot for Bonk, though.

Talking of scandle, isn't it surprising what you learn during the cross-toasting at your club dinner? Now did you know that Ray Lunn's mother-in-law knitted him a winkle warmer for Christmas? Looking after her daughter's interests, presumably. This created a lot of cross-toasting at our Dinner, which got more and more disgusting.

Despite a small attendance, our Dinner was a great success. We had two notable birds of the masculine variety, namely, Crow, and Budgy. Budgy brought Valerie Robinson, but what do you think of a chap who brings a girl to his Club Dinner, then tells her she is paying?

Many had notes ready for toasting, and dug up all sorts of things, taking some by surprise. I don't intend to tell tales, but next time you see Crow ask him about his Unfinished Symphony, or was it Chamber music, or Handel's Water Music? I'm not sure but it's worth asking about.

I regret Crow came out from our Dinner to find his bike had flown into a tree. Now this was such a nasty thing to do, requiring a nasty twisted sense of humour that I shall not say who did it, but I didn't half give him what for when I got him home.

It was also learnt at the Dinner that Alan Hurst had got a young lady out of her bath that morning. This was not the lady he is (or was) to marry in March. He says he has explained this to his fiancée, I don't know how, but being a male I expect he was born with the gift of talking his way out of anything.

We regret that Phil Hitchcock is leaving us after many years in our Club. He is moving to Haywards Heath, so will probably join the Central Sussex. Phil told us a very interesting story down Club the

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

other week, about how he was cycling to work one morning, half asleep, when he realised he was staring at a lot of nudes. It seems a batch of magazines had dropped off a lorry, these being of the sort that consist of busty ladies in the noodle. It took Phil some time to realise this was not a good dream, but fact, so he hastily filled his bonk bag and proceeded to work. He work-mates didn't believe his story until they opened a page and saw tyre marks right across one of these ladies.

We recently held a tramps ball down our Club room. This was said to be a success by all who came. One good reason for this was the 10 gallons of beer that Terry Collins made for us. Very nice it was, though Ethel and I swear it was the cause of the dreadful knock we took next day on our run to Shirley hills. There was a shortage of girls at the tramps party, but those that did come took a fancy to the Leppard (Robert). He of course made the most of the situation, as all could see on the front page of our Local Paper the following week. The press gave us a good coverage and published several pictures, the result being that many people are asking when the next one will be. Most people came as tramps, but some of the cowardly ones brought their gear and changed at the Club room. One of these was Terry Collins, but you had to forgive him when he emerged from the gents looking more a tramp than a tramp. He was voted unanimously the Tramp Champ of 1968, and holds the cup for the next year.

We are having a film show down Club on Tuesday, 27th February, I expect this will have gone by the time this is printed, but if not do come down. Our Club room is in the St. John's Ambulance Hut, Crawley Down Road, Felbridge. Starts at 8 o'clock. They are films of the moving type, including some cycling films and general interest films, plus a Tom and Jerry, the latter being for Chris Daniels, as these are his favourite film personalities. Now we know where he gets those terrible wisecracks from.

I was surprised and pleased the other day to run into Rita Carter, wife of Pete Carter, who I see made a comeback in the Crawley Wheelers last year. Rita was Rita Ward when I knew her. Yet another cyclist from Croydon. It's surprising how many cyclists have moved out this way from Croydon. All good ones, of course. Rita was a good cyclist and strong. Many's the time I can remember hanging onto her wheel, and envying the strength of her long legs. She was seen cycling to Croydon the other day, so it looks like another comeback is to be made.

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

As the rest of our lady members all came from Croydon and the same area as Rita, it is hoped she will join us.

Going back to our Club Dinner, Dave Bonner our guest of honour made quite a few jokes, making the air blue. I, of course, didn't understand them, but they all went down well, cyclists being what they are.

I would like to tell Dave, though, that re the joke on the pill for men - it doesn't work. Alan has had the pill in his shoe for a week now - no go.

Another member we are sorry to see go is Chris Jackson. You probably saw him last year, he rode most E.S.C.A. events, well supported by his wife and four little girls. He was the manager of the local Russell and Bromley's and has now been promoted to a larger shop at Leytonstone. He was only in the Club for just over a year but was a very popular member. The only one who may be pleased to see him go is Terry. Chris had a knack of talking Terry into riding daft events like Kingston to Worthing, Hilly 33 mile t.t.t., and 73 mile Hilly t.t.s. Each time Terry would ride, sweating off the effects of the party he had been to the previous night (Terry's social season lasts all year).

Well, the racing season is on us again, and everyone is out training, some wishing they had not indulged in the social season quite as much as they did. He is hoping for a happy and successful season for us all.

VAL.

ESCA Touring Competition (continued from page 7).

RESULT (maximum 120 points)					
1.	B. Allcorn	ER	100	12.	D. Horsfield BM 55½
	D. Hanson	SDW	100	13.	J. Carter BM 55
3.	G. Lade	ER	97½	14.	A. Morris BM 54
	K. Stevens	ER	97½	15.	M. Withers SDW 52½
5.	M. Kilby	LW	94½	16.	I. Clark BM 52
6.	R. Humphrey	ER	88	17.	Mrs. I. Stevens ER 50½
7.	D. Robb	SDW	86½	18.	Mrs. J. Lade ER 50
	B. Guy	ER	86½	19.	B. Morris BM 44½
9.	M. Jackson	SDW	85½	20.	G. Withers SDW 41½
10.	M. Colburn	ER	83	21.	D. Best BM 19
11.	C. Sharp	ER	74		

TEAMS: Eastbourne Rov. 295. Southboro' 272. B'ton. Mitre 164.

From fatness to fitness in only 2,000 miles !!! Just think when I sat down to write the last lot of copy for this esteemed lot of rubbish (sorry, magazine) we still had all of the Social Season to look forward too. All those lovely Dinners and magnificent Beer-ups, but, what now, just miles, miles, and more miles. The very thought of what a mere 12 weeks can do is most upsetting.

A brief report, then. Our own Club Dinner just had to coincide with the week-end of the great snow. Regretfully, there were fewer numbers this year, and what with the few that the snow kept away we were a little sparse on the ground when it came to sitting down to dinner. However, quality made up for quantity and we all had a very good time. Speechmaker David Saunders was in very good form, and on his recommendation the club is subscribing to the Daily Telegraph every Monday for the next year. John Mansell from Worthing who was to be our other guest was lost in a snowdrift somewhere, and Fred Marshall of the East Grinstead stepped in at the last moment. We are most grateful to Fred for his performance, which as always was one of the best. Mick Wren did the organising, and will be back on the job again next year, wife permitting. Next item or milestone of importance was the Club A.G.M. To be quite honest, I think that the last year has not been a very good one as far as the Club was concerned, and quite a few people were beginning to wonder about its future. It would appear that from the tone of the speeches at the Meeting this has aroused quite a strong Club spirit once again. Main points which emerged from this meeting are a new recruiting campaign, sponsored and organised by Charlie Burrell. A complete Club programme, Racing, Social and everything, with an accent on TEAMS, so that everybody knows just what and where the Club will be on any given week-end. The Road Race is to be run again this year on Saturday, May 18th, and the Team Time Trial is also in the calendar on Saturday, September 21st. Main officials elected for your Diary were :-

Racing Secs.:

Time Trials : M.J. Morgan, 321 Junction Road, Burgess Hill.
 Road/Track : J.E. James, 3 Stirling Court Road, Burgess Hill.
 Sec./Treasurer: K.L. Atkins, 36 Priory Road, Burgess Hill.
 Social Sec. : M.A.R. Wren, 127 London Road, Burgess Hill.

Charlie Burrell was elected to the list of Vice-Presidents, with the comment from Ron Ewart that if I can look like him at his

age I won't mind at all. (Query ! I wonder which of those two rode the fastest 25 last year ?). Before leaving Charlie I noticed the other day that he had his arm in a sling. On enquiring was told that this was not the left arm, broken by being knocked off a bicycle in Crawley, but the right arm, broken falling off some steps. All the same, these Vets never could do things by halves.

Since the A.G.M., we have re-started Sunday Club runs. At present these consist of Sunday morning rides only, leaving Cuckfield at 9.30 and getting back home for 1 o'clock dinner, but are getting to be quite popular with an attendance of from 8 to 13 each week so far. We have also acquired a trio of new junior members, Peter Hoskins, Kevin Benton and Mark Winter, who are coming along quite nicely, thank you. Peter seems to have it in his mind to out Thorpe Arthur Thorpe. He purchased from Ray Osborne, ex Sec. of the Uckfield & District C.C. a load of equipment for the princely sum of £5. This included a frame, wheels and other odds and ends. Made up a bike, retaining a decent pair of sprints and other racing gear, then sold off the balance for £4 5s. 0d. Result one complete Track bike for 15 bob. I think he should go far.

Talking of Tracks, there seems to have been a revival of interest in Track racing in the Club, about 7 members have applied for licences, and at least six of these are going to Portsmouth on Good Friday to try their luck. This should be quite amusing since it's at least 10 years since a couple of them last rode a handicap event.

Also regarding sprinting, etc., latest results in the Burgess Hill Grand Prix are: K.L.A. 4, M.M. 3, J.R.D. 1, R.P. 1, P.H. 1. Min will be pleased to elucidate.

I can't think of a lot more to write about now, except to say that the Club enjoyed the New Year Party. The Police made a change by being most co-operative, and small Atkins thinks that they are wonderful because he had a private viewing of the flashing blue light and the horrible hooter.

Yours till next time,

HONEST GINGE.

HERE AND THERE

At the hardriders, besides the current President, there was a turnout of six past Presidents. However, it was not a very happy morning for some of these gentlemen. One ran out of petrol on 'Agony' hill, one couldn't get enough scandal for Bonk, one nearly had a fight with Ken Stevens over a road-race, and one had a crank nearly off at the Squirrell.

Other Hardriders snippets Roy Humphrey denies that his pipe was responsible for smoking out the front room of the Ash Tree. Neevo said that he had got the 'knock' through pushing off about forty riders uphill and into the wind. Seen in profile, the barman at the Ash Tree looked like Charlie Drake.

One person who is most relieved now that we have gone over to the Continental time system is Bill Collins, who considered getting up at 2 a.m. to alter all his clocks a "very worrying business".

Stu Moore (Southboro' Wh.) seems to have found the way to get top placings without really trying. Racing in the schoolboys criterium on Brighton front last summer, he found the pace too hot for him and was soon off the back and retired. A few days later he received a voucher for fourth place! (This news item was held over for several issues in case the real fourth placed rider was still gunning for Stu.)

When Chancellor Eldridge asked after the Lewes-Newhaven about delivering a receipt to Agg, he said: "Now come on, who's a friend of his?" He was met with blank stares and a stony silence!

When someone mentioned that Cliff Sharp had done "millions of training miles", Crow retorted: "That bloke doesn't do millions of miles - he does light years".

Did you hear about the fellow who had some day-old chicks for sale? His pal said: "Are they going cheap?", to which he replied: "Well, they're not -- well barking".

Brian Guy, complete with hand-embroidered bib, demolished a soup plate full of tinned strawberries, juice and evaporated milk in 55 seconds, licking the plate clean as a grand finish.

Here and There (continued).

Dot Collins, after eating the fish course at the Rovers' dinner, insists on calling her fish a cheese sauce, Halibut Mornay.

A newly-wed Rovers lady was seen assaulting a young trike lad in the Club room, resulting in him having to scabble on the floor after his trouser button.

It has been heard that Marion Ricks has sold her club racing vest to Graham Lade "in kind". Jane is trying to find out exactly how much this is.

After many weeks of circuit training in the Club room, it seems that some of the Rovers resemble a recent Honk cartoon in Cycling, judging by some of the results in the Hardriders and a recent Club event!

THE HARDRIDERS 12

What may well be the last Hardriders 12 (this one was only run after the Racing Secretary threatened legal action against the R.T.T.C.) opened the racing season on Feb. 25th. The sun shone but a bitterly cold Nor' easter slowed times, caused an almost complete absence of spectators round the course, and was probably responsible for some of the eight non-starters. Track suits and woollies were therefore the order of the day, though a couple of hardy types went round in only track vests and shorts. The 1968 President, Peter Crowsley, formally opened the season by going off No. 1, and was first to finish, in spite of nearly losing a crank half way round. Richard Marchant of East Grinstead took the premier honours with the good time of 33-51, closely followed by Mike Venner of Brighton Mitre with 33-59, and Robert Smith of East Grinstead well down with 34-51. The Grinstead took the team award by several minutes from Eastbourne Rovers. Eastbourne's trike man Brian Guy hauled his 'barrow' round the hills in 38-12.

I have been wondering why the soft rock peddler has been making frequent calls to our Club room over the past few weeks; then it struck me, Bonk is due and he is looking for scandal. He won't find it here - we are a well-behaved puritan lot. Well, since the last edition the Rovers have been crawling out of their holes in the sand to view the world outside of pubs and dance halls, etc. All except Jim Freeman that is, who vanishes for weeks on end then pops up to assure us that he is still alive, though with all this wine, women and song he looks decidedly unhealthy. Talking of popping up, our proverbial 'bad penny', Willy Watson, did a few weeks back enter a couple of events (DNS) and disappear once more. It seems he now lives in Brighton - anyone in that region want a promising young rider? While on the subject of promising young riders (!!), the Rovers have a new one named Roy Humphrey. The Big White Chief shook all his fellow club-mates when he turned up at the Tourist Trial (ably organised by Crow) announcing his intention of competing. Not only that, he actually started and finished, in the first half-dozen, too! The last time I saw Humphrey ride in competition or attempt to, was way back in 195?? (Whoops, I nearly gave my age away) when I first started. That day Roy arrived at Holmes Hill to ride a 50 only to puncture conveniently on the line, so being saved; though I believe he did ride an event of sorts the other year, being organised by that other lot the B.C.F. Maybe he is now doing some secret training in readiness for a Battle of Chainwheel Creek with the other past Esca Presidents. The Tourist Trial was a real Rovers benevolent, with our super tourist Bruce Allcorn tying for first place, and the real surprise Ken Stevens and Graham Lade equal third. With Roy and Brian not far behind we had a field day. Among those who did not fare so well were Cliff Sharp, press-ganged into riding by Maurice Colburn and led astray in the afternoon by Roy, and the two girls, who only rode the afternoon section.

Our Dinner in February went off very well, with some interesting tales coming out in the cross-toasting, especially about the habits of some of the Athletic Section members. Crow got the young waitress on one table in such a tizz that she twice tried to deposit a course of the meal into John Mumford's lap! For this several of them were compensated by having an extra helping of cherry pie, though Brian Guy missed out on this, much to his disgust. The next morning a group of hardy ones walked across the Downs to Friston Forest, for another banquet, of sausages this time. Harry Heather was disgusted when we passed the Eight Bells at Jevington without going

in. It seems as though most had had enough the night before.

Culture is really hitting the Rovers these days, whether it is to impress the Lesser Spotted Crow or not I don't know. A few months back Ken Stevens was introduced to the world of ballet when Iris hauled him off to the Festival Ballet production of The Nutcracker, and it seems he has now joined the growing band of Rover ballet-goers. Now the latest recruit is to be Graham Lade when he makes his first visit, with the visit of the Bolshoi Ballet to the Congress Theatre. Jane says he nearly passed out when mum-in-law informed him she could only get 25s. seats. Still, the Rovers are an affluent lot; it seems half of them are going during the week of the visit. At the other end of the scale a party of nine went to see 'Half a Sixpence' at Brighton a few weeks back, generally causing a disturbance by passing backwards and forwards along the rows pounds of sweets, and making their own remarks to the adverts. Graham and Ken came out with very soggy handkerchiefs after lending them to their respective wives.

Thinking ahead, the Rovers have several events planned, not counting our usual three open promotions. The first is a Camping/Touring Week-end in the New Forest at Easter. Some 'rough-stuff' is being organised by Derek Hayday, much to the delight of 'The Guy', who hopes to catch a pony. Later, an Isle of Wight week-end is planned, and of course the usual Rover practice of Camping/Racing week-ends, though I doubt if we shall ever convert Sharp into this after his unfortunate Middlesex Road Club '12' week-end. In September THE EVENT of the year is to be celebrated when our Marion weds her Hampshire Hog (sorry Derek). By all accounts this will be a fair week-end, with masses of cyclists attending. An event is being organised on our 10 course between the Rovers, the Hampshire R.C. and the 'marriage counsellors', East Surrey R.C. This will be followed by a cook-up breakfast on the beach. It is rumoured that Derek will be first man off in the 10 though Marion says "Not if I have anything to do with it". On a more serious note, the boys are beginning to get the miles in. Cliff Sharp openly states he is now training, while the others try to keep it quiet. Mo Colburn has been seen furtively sneaking back in to Eastbourne late on Saturday afternoons muttering "80 or 90 miles", and Doug Roberts seems to be well-informed about Hythe and Romney Marsh; while Ken Stevens has actually been riding to work daily for the past week. Another rider who tried riding to work because his wife wanted the car came to grief. Jane arrived home from work one day to find Graham in

acute distress, and he was soon sobbing on her shoulder crying: "My bike, my poor bike". After Jane had consoled him and administered first-aid, it came out that Graham had hit a cat (or dog) at the same place as Ken had done some years ago, and now had an ultra-short wheelbase bike for sale. Apparently Graham patrolled the lane in his car for the next few days after that unfortunate animal's blood. Our tame 'Sweeny Todd' has been very busy over the last few days doing trade in racing haircuts. The boys have been creeping into Maison Ro-Barts to have their winter locks shorn and coming out like sheep at shearing time.

Oh well, goodbye late nights and later mornings. Drat, there goes that alarm - is there such an hour?

SCRUBBER.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Bicycling was so much the rage at the end of the 19th Century that successful variety acts of girls pedalling round the stage in bloomers could be mounted. The feminists always wanted women to be able to do everything men could do to prove the equality of the sexes. Thus they were determined that women should take part in as many sports as possible, although they could not foresee that the reform would go as far as lady wrestlers. The unhealthiness of the confined Victorian girl gave way to the good physique of modern women, free to run about in the minimum of clothing. Only the traditionalists were offended at this ninth liberty of women, like the famous Irish-American, Mr. Dooley, who asked in disgust: "Whin is a woman not a woman?", answering: "Whin she's on a bicycle, by Dad".

And that's it for the Social Season, folke; and tough luck for all those who wanted it to continue until June (we refuse to recognise those robots like C.... S.... who assert that the racing season should be 365 days in the year, and train accordingly; they're beyond the pale). There are those who laugh at our annual reminder in the Christmas edition about the Hardriders 12; but once again this year's cold and windy day soon jerked the early season adventurers back to hard reality as they grappled with Woods Corner and then froze on the Darwell Hole descent. Our lone starter, Kilby, ground round in a 42, and doubtless would have vented his opinion on the listeners at the finish - if he could have stopped his teeth chattering! Nothing was seen of the Copper who generally delights in this sort of masochism, so it's presumed that some very important business, such as booking one of the local farmhands for running his moped on paraffin, caused this D.N.S. He also boycotted the Lewes-Newhaven, that bumpy little club event in which Burbery triumphed on another cold morning in 39 mins. dead, with Kilby second in 41-5 and Hills third with 45-58. Second-claimed Colburn also rode and got round in 37-44. In the 'Event H.Q.', i.e., Southeast bus shelter, reposed a bundle of papers for Mike Carder, the former Wanderer now living in the village. The wrapper was suitably inscribed to the effect that he should get his finger out (and his bike) and get up in the morning!

Although down in numbers, the Club dinner was quite a lively affair, with plenty of cross-toasting wit and a real cycling atmosphere. We notched another 'first' in our history as it was interrupted by police intervention - and in the middle of the prize presentation at that! No, they didn't want Agg or the Chancellor - for once. The new President was doing the honours when some of his pals telephoned and later hauled him away "on official business". Such, my friends, are the tribulations of those who look after our welfare (pardon the gurgles). Lou Bathurst summed us all up in a neat and witty speech to "The Club", and the Copper replied in his best police court manner. Once again Mrs. Cox generously donated a large box of raffle prizes, wrapped so that the winners would have to take 'pot luck'. This nifty idea led to John Dutson looking nice in a necklace, and another male getting a pair of ladies' stockings. This sort of thing so unnerved the Chancellor that when he held a winning ticket he refused to open his choice, despite a general demand and a direct Presidential appeal. One bloke spoke for the

assembled company when he said: "I hope he's got a pair of unmentionables". Once again he was 'snapped', this time by Burberry, as he drooled over the raffle proceeds with the smirk of a successful financier with the Midas touch.

This column has previously dealt with Peter Sharp, whose stock excuse for declining office is: "I don't know anybody". To help remedy this, he was presented with a book of hints about correct English usage and speech-making, etc., with the hope that it will enable him to overcome this alleged aversion to mixing with his fellow creatures. Finally, we must apologise for our dinner date clashing with that of Hastings. Our usual venue was heavily booked up and we had to take the only date available, which was that night. Your scribe hopes that this will be digested by all those who've hurled abuse at him across the street, given free advice about how to get permanently lost, or otherwise complained that they wanted to go to both functions. Ah well, a greater man than I once said: "You can't please all of the people all of the time" - or something like that. During the cross-toasting it was learnt that recently Tourist Agg paid a visit to a certain house in Newhaven to see the parents of the famous Maggie, who once rode with us. The structural alterations from the slim, boyish figure they remembered made itself felt in no uncertain measure when Mr. Terrill opened the door, took one look and said: "Who are you?"

The Club A.G.M. was a reasonably quiet affair until the election of a handicapper came up. Once again the Chancellor trotted out the old chestnut about someone else taking on the job, and once again Agg fell for the bait. He only got as far as "I'd do it but" before being shouted down by a torrent of abuse and sarcastic remarks. When this lot had blown itself out he lamely confirmed what had been expected - that he'd decided to "defect to the East" and join the Rovers this year. However, as mentioned earlier, he doesn't want to sever connections with us so has joined second claim. This of course still makes him liable to Bonk mention of all misdeeds unless Scrubber gets in first!

The Esca Party was enjoyed by several of our members who made it quite a family affair, and all credit to some more able organisation by John Dutson. The novel idea of a police lecture with films made a change, and was well received. With so many bike riders cutting loose on four wheels these days the motoring theme had more than a passing interest and was well put over.

Recently a bulging and suspicious-looking postal packet flopped onto the mat at a certain Seaford residence and was at first handled gingerly by your scribe, who is always mindful that some objector to these notes might decide to present him with an 'illuminated address', via a petrol bomb, or some such infernal device. However, investigation revealed an article which for the moment had him wondering whether to eat it, play it, or stuff it (up his jumper, of course). Reference to the accompanying note caused the penny to drop as this, from Crawley's Young Thropp, said: "Hoping this will make you go faster in 1968". It was in fact a snazzy hand-knitted tie, and must have been inspired by the note in the last Here and There column; so if the Editor can be persuaded to sport one, Esca bods might yet see a 'tie' or two in one of the celebrated Chainwheel Creek Jousts! Incidentally, your scribe would like to advise Young Thropp to use Corquette a little more carefully as his nom-de-plume is as under and not 'ALMOSTRAN'!

Well, that's all for now, me hearties, so all the best of wheeling in the new season. See you up the road.

ALSORAN.

HASTINGS & St. LEONARDS C.C.

For the first time in ninety-two years, our Annual Reunion Dinner clashed with the Chancellor's Cut-Price Caprice, held at a popular pub just outside Brighton. However, both functions were well supported. It may be that Norman Hartnell's latest creations can now be bought 'off the peg', and maybe Mr. Teasy-Weasy has teeny weeny branches everywhere. Whatever the reason, our ladies rose to the occasion and I have never seen them looking more charming and well-groomed. With Dennis operating as M.C., the dance floor was comfortably occupied all the time. Who could resist dancing to the famous Jeff Pretty orchestra? Harry Kingsmill of the Kent Road Club proposed the toast to the club. In pre-war days our lads had many a tussle with the famous Wheatley brothers from Harry's club. In one halcyon season Bill Griffin and Jim Mackie pipped them in the K.C.A. Tandem 50, and Bill pipped R.J. Wheatley in the K.C.A. 25. Stung by a wasp in the first few minutes of the K.C.A. 12 hours and later coshed on the head by an over-enthusiastic helper with a loaded feeding-bottle, Jim Mackie, in a filthy temper, stormed away

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. (continued).

to beat both R.J. and H.J., thus winning the event and winding up a very happy season. Charlie Burrell of the Upton Manor, Central Sussex and of course the V.T.T.A., made his maiden speech in responding for the visitors. Charlie offered some good advice regarding the recruiting of young riders, and was one of the very few to cycle to the function.

A friendly and very understanding Doctor of Medicine put this scribe on the panel for three weeks early in the Social Season, thus I missed the warming-up prelude to the club dinner. This took the form of a visit by our gang to the Southborough 'do' at Tonbridge. Attendance here was well over the hundred mark. Dennis returned complaining of damaged ear drums. His sensitive and academic hearing for music had been abused by a swinging pop group. Esther, for some reason known only to herself, challenged Maurice to leave the friendly warmth of the hall and find a fish and chip shop still dishing up. Maurice found one thirty minutes too late, so returning to the fray, he told Esther to stick to her diet. The next highlight I missed was the Christmas Party at Netherfield. This was a combined affair with Eastbourne C.T.C. and some of the Rovers. Unfortunately, Dennis missed this one so there was no one to tickle the ivories for fun and games after the 'nosh'. The accent seemed to be on food, which was more than plentiful, and would have gladdened the eye of the Chancellor. Ringing the Bull, a revised Sussex pub game, amused Brewmaster and his group who saw the thing through to its bitter (stout and mild) end. Fred the Prez led the community singing OUTSIDE the pub. The reason for doing this outside the pub became apparent when at a later date Fred told us that he was using the Netherfield Arms as the 'Nosh Centre' for his opening run in March.

As per the custom, Esther led a small band of riders up the A.21 recently to meet the Catford club at Kippings Cross. After drinks there followed by lunch at Tunbridge Wells, the clubs went their different ways homewards. En route, Ron Powell met a Lawman, and discussed road safety and the forthcoming joys of retirement with him. The next stop was for tea and buns at the cottage of one of Neevo's many country cousins near Lamberhurst.

Then the final honk into the teeth of a chill Nor'easter. Members' attics, garages and sheds are now being combed for surplus junk for our forthcoming jumble sale being held in an effort to keep the club out of the red and prolong the life of Ernie the Lollyman. Jack, who still finds pleasure in long solo rides, was fit enough to

Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. (continued).

represent his club in the Hardriders 12 and returned a creditable time.

Once again a reminder of our racing promotions. The Ron Eastes Memorial 25 for lads and lassies is on Sunday, June 9th, and the Open 50 on the new date of Sunday, September 15th, over the Q.142. The Junior 10s on Saturdays April 27th, June 15th and August 17th over the fast new Camber course.

Till then fast and happy Escalating

GANNET.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS.

Looking through the Bonk notes for this time last year I find that a lot of what was written then could apply to this edition. Not that the club is stagnating, far from it; but the pattern of large winter club-runs, little social Christmas activity, and just a few regular dinner-goers seems to now have got established. Come to think of it, last we called Stu Moore "one of the juniors", but now he's talking about things like girls (Who is this Valerie Curnet bird?), and Stu's younger brother Greg is now one of the regular 'junior' juniors out on the runs. Despite the arduous winter, the runs have gone on, although a few riders have bounced on icy roads. The ever-fit Boxall took the run to the area of outstanding natural beauty, the Hastings Rock Shop. Whether the owner qualifies for an AONB title as well is uncertain, but as he is editor I'd better say yes. A run to Sheffield Park saw the club having elevenses in the Bluebell Line engine shed, sharing a pot of tea with the driver, while yet more locos were gazed upon on a visit to the Kensington Science Museum in early January. A feature of the winter has been the monthly 'Crowsley Mystery Run'. The first one, on New Year's Eve, had the club almost frozen while he watched wildfowl at Weirwood, but he was forgiven after laying on fine weather for his North Downs epic on which the club was able to witness the spectacle of a boar with the biological urge making approaches to a sow which was without it. Purely educational! They have also been to somewhere near the North Pole called Chelmsford and somewhere that ought to be called Aldershot. It was a bleak day and we didn't stop there long - the locals seemed to resent being asked what they were going to do when they got the sack! Our football match with the Wigmore C.C.

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

was just after the January snow had thawed, which caused a very muddy pitch. We lost 5 - 3 including one that Danny put through his own goal, but we were able to even things up when later that day we thrashed them at ten-pin bowling at the Gillingham rink.

As I mentioned in the last issue we don't seem to have the numbers to visit club dinners these days, although we did manage to have a 'rep' at nearly all the Esca dinners. Pity we missed the Central Sussex as we had a lot of favourable reports on it. Lou of course is always getting invited to speak at dinners, usually in wildest North Kent. It seems that one has either to organise races (like Lou) or win them (like Cliff Sharp) to get complimentary tickets these days. Our President also managed to get a free meal at the Lewes gathering, where an unusually witty speech helped the informal evening along. That night I was at the Hastings 'do' where Charlie Burrell made a most constructive and hard-hitting speech challenging the club to go out and get some junior members. Hear, hear: with a population the size of Hastings and St. Leonards there ought to be crowds of bods 'up the road' there. It's good to see the East Grinstead notes back in Bonk again. Their dinners used to be awfully staid and formal affairs, but this year's edition had a very different image. In fact, when the cross-toasting was in full flight concerning an unusual garment worn by Ray Lunn it would have been proper for the ladies to leave the room - had they not been doing the cross-toasting as well! Yes, it was a good evening even though I had to get my bike down from a tree afterwards. The Eastbourne Rovers dinner and raffle (there was little time for dancing) saw us at a full house of cyclists and athletes, and a much friendlier atmosphere between the two. And I mustn't forget to mention our own dinner. Following Dennis's notes in the last issue, it was indeed rather noisy, but consider Babs Cook's dilemma when, within a week of our dinner, the booked band turned pro' and backed out. In a frantic rush round she could only get that all-amplified beat group who had a cancelled booking. Even they were better than the thought of Lou standing on the stage saying: "Slow-slow-quick-quick-slow". Apart from that it was a successful 'do' with 130 people there including the vocal (as always) East Surreys and from Geoff Willcocks the best speech he has ever made.

The following day, after the freewheel competition which was won by Tony Peachey, we had our A.G.M. at Ightham, which went through like a time-and-motion study convention. In the rush I remember that we now have a lot more championships for schoolboys and juniors.

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

Pete Baker is our new General Secretary. Yours truly was outvoted as it was decided that nobody could read my writing - wait for it, dear reader, I feel our editor has something to say. (You bet I have. I've had to learn to decipher Crow's scrawl - why can't the Wheelers? - Ed.). Our new racing sec. is Tony Peachey, 63 Beverly Road, Barming, Maidstone. Like the Crawley Wheelers, we had a Christmas morning 10 and a wet one too - I was down at Blackboys Youth Hostel with the C.T.C. at the time and it was rather damp down there. Ozgear equipper Royston Harrison won his first trial with a great 25-25 from Bob Gear: it certainly looks as if we have a fast 'un in R.H. (With those initials he should go far - Ed.). The mid-Feb opening medium gear 10 found Orch. in winning form with 26-16, followed by Royston and Chris Parker, on a cold Saturday afternoon. The Hardriders 12 - bitterly cold as usual, saw Clive Orchard our fastest with 34-54 for fifth place, and Royston led the first-claimers with a fine 36-28, while evergreen Ron won a bunch sprint with a 38-54. Stu and Chris Parker went off course near the end - a shame, and Graham said unprintable things about his er 'Long' ride.

Elsewhere in Bonk the Touring Competition is covered. Re the Party, a brave effort, John, but not as good as '67 with the cycling films. Talking of films, the East Grinstead club did have cycling at their film show - the London-Holyhead, as well as some interesting touring ones. A most enjoyable evening. Budgie (or someone) brought Valerie Robinson along, too. That just leaves room to say that Lou has made the 'Big Time' and is now on the national committee of the R.T.T.C. So with the thought that I'm down to ride the Team T.T. with Geoff Boxall, and if I want to stay on his wheel further than the Boship I'd better stop writing and get on a bike.

CROW

(President or something).

The Secretary reported that the contract for servicing the duplicator had been increased from 3 gns. to 5 gns. The Social Secretary said that the Luncheon had been very successful, with plenty of help from everybody. There was a loss of about £17 on the function. There was a profit of 19s. on the Annual Party which had been very much oversubscribed, chiefly due to many people bringing their children. The 1968 Luncheon was fixed for November 24th at the Langney Community Centre. It was decided to invite the Chief Constable as a guest. The drinking get-together will be on Friday, November 15th at the Elephant & Castle, Lewes. The Social Sec. proposed two separate parties, one for children and one for adults. P. Crowley, organiser of the Touring Competition, said he was disappointed with the entry of twenty-two, mainly from three clubs. After a long discussion on ways to increase the entry, it was decided to alter the date to that of the March 25. Eastbourne Rovers offered to promote the event. The Racing Sec. reported that the modified 10 course for the Schoolboys events was not acceptable to the R.T.T.C. Pevensey Marsh course will now be used. Awards were fixed at 15s., 10s., and 7s. 6d. (if over twenty entries) with a plaque for the best aggregate of three rides. There was found to be little or no interest from the clubs in a proposed road race, so nothing will be done. An offer by Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter of Hastings to give a trophy for the Junior B.A.R. and to pay for the engraving was accepted with thanks. There was a lengthy discussion on possible uses for three trophies which the Trustees of the Uckfield C.C. had offered to the Association. Brighton Premier's application for re-affiliation was accepted. Eastbourne Rovers said that they were dissatisfied with the writing of the B.A.R. Certificates. On the suggestion of the Lewes delegate it was decided to ask Mrs. Sharp of Lewes if she would do the job.

OBITUARY

We regret to record the death in December of Mr. A.C. Patten. 'Pop', as he was known to everyone in the cycling game, was a Vice-President and past President of the Association, and was a member of Tunbridge Wells Road Club throughout it's life. A racing man himself in his younger days, 'Pop' was the father of noted racing man Dave Patten, and was at one time the Road Club's correspondent for 'Bonk'.



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