



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association



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SUMMER 1968

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EDITORIAL

After the astounding news that Geoff Willcocks has got married (see Lewes notes), other events pale into insignificance.

However, other things have been happening in East Sussex. Cliff Sharp won the May 50 (no surprise in that with Cliff again 'Mr. Fitness'); what did cause me to raise an eyebrow when I heard the result was that a 2-17 took third place. It must be twenty years since such a time could take a place in an Association event. The weather was responsible, of course, weather of a sort which has gone on almost without a break since we shivered through the Hardriders 12, and must have made the "I'll start in May" brigade decide that they were still too early.

Now with June here we shall soon be planning for the long distance events. This is the time of year when everyone rallies round to assist with marshalling, checking and feeding. Let's hope that there will be reasonable entries for the 100 and 12 hours to make these efforts worth-while.

D.N.

Well yet another racing season is on us again, and with it many hope for bigger and better things. While some of us are still talking and thinking of getting fit, others have got down to it. Dick, Bob and Budgie have been piling the miles in and are all equally fit. Dick had a set-back with a rotten cold which took ages to clear.

'Tis said that Dick has discovered that there are other things to enjoy in life besides racing, very nice she is, too.

There seems to be a campaign going on in our club to get all the has-beens back in the saddle. Not with much success. Mick Robinson refuses to believe that cycling to work will do him more good than motoring, and says he is keeping fit with weight training. John (Spindle) Ashdown is also being got at. He would have the advantage of being able to come 1st and 2nd in the same event.

Fred Marshall had a nasty crash over Easter, but I am glad to say he is almost 100% fit now. All he wants is his bike and a few miles and he will be his old self again.

Good news for the British Tourist Board and Public Relations people is that our trio Dick, Bon and Budgie have no plans this year for a holiday-come-training session on the Continent. Tom is off for his usual 3 weeks, but is comparatively harmless armed only with his camera, with which he takes many wonderful pictures. These we all enjoy later in the year when Tom gives us a slide show.

Have you seen the new mag. ? International Cycle Sport. It's great, and well worth 3s. 6d. a month. Anyone interested can obtain copies from Kennerdy Brothers Publishing, Ltd., North Beck Works, Keighley, Yorks. If you want to take orders for your club mates and have a batch sent to you each month, you get 25% off. This of course you can keep or put into club funds.

I regret I have no scandal this time. It is very disappointing but even Budgie seems to be behaving himself. Either that or he is paying my spies more than I am. Following my report is Tom's account of his hostelling week-end at Easter, with some of our schoolboys and juniors. If he sounds a bit bitter, he has good cause. It would have been better if he had followed them in his Landrover, equipped with spare bikes, gears and wheels.

VAL.

Greetings to all fellow strugglers against the elements, be they human or meteorological. So far, the weather hasn't surprised us but it would be nice to have things a little warmer and drier; then possibly the "I'll start in May" brigade would bring the dreaded day forward a few weeks and make the early-season start sheets look more respectable ! Despite lack of numbers, sundry Wanderers are keeping the flag flying, with Burbery, Kilby, Hills and Savage all 'doing their nuts' if nothing else. After doing 12s and 13s in the S.C.A. 25 the two Micks proved the strongest in the E.S.C.A. 2-up team time trial, as far as the result sheet went, because it showed them holding up the rest in bottom place. However, things improved in the S.C.A. two-up 25 when the Hills/Burbery duo managed an '8' and Kilby and Savage a '10'. Kilby later sampled the E.S.C.A. 50 on a usual Esca morning, and suffered to a '29'. The following week's 25 saw a couple of '10s' from Hills and Burbery, Kilby sinking back to an '18'. The first Club 10 was won by Kilby by one second from Hills, in 27-44 with Savage another 11 seconds adrift. Willcocks just scraped inside a '32' and was beaten by a schoolboy, Stephen Wyatt, who clocked a very good 31-9 in his first event at any distance. Our team in the S.C.A. Team Championship on the bumpy Shermanbury course was as above and we had a couple of '9s' from Hills and Burbery and a pair of '12s' from the others. Not too bad considering the general opinion that it was a far-from-easy morning.

So much for the racing side. (Quite right too - it's given me the knock reading about it - Ed.). Before lurching into the scandal, a correction to the last BONK is necessary - and how ! Due to a colossal error by some person or persons unknown, our most prized asset, the one and only 'Tourist' Agg, was 'transferred' to Eastbourne Rovers when in fact the man referred to was Colburn. The repercussions of this piece of misinformation were interesting. Had Agg 'got the knock' because we wouldn't let him be handicapper ? Was he tired of being pilloried in BONK ? Did he think that teaming up with Cliff Sharp would make him great again ? All these and other queries were tossed at your scribe before he had a chance to reveal the truth. A well-known Rovers lady was heard to say that the news almost led to a club demonstration along Seaside Road, while her husband neatly summed up the whole affair by saying: "I knew it couldn't be true - Agg's too notorious to be able to defect to anywhere". As to any comments by the lad himself, well, they would probably be unprintable in any case, but lately we've heard very little as he just hasn't been around. He didn't attend the last committee meeting, and

ironically enough missed a possible chance of landing the much sought-after handicapper's job when the Chancellor decided to throw in the towel "as other interests take up too much of my time". This bombshell meant the rapid finding of another treasurer and timekeeper/handicapper, and after some 'argy-bargy' Mick Kilby and Peter Sharp took on these respective jobs. Whether Kilby can retain the well-known 'iron hand' on the club coffers remains to be seen!

In recording a vote of thanks to Reg for his long service to the club, it's fitting to recall that he held these offices for no fewer than sixteen years. His handicapping has always been very fair (too fair for one certain gentleman!) and he has never failed to turn up to time an event. We very much regret his decision and hope that we'll be seeing him down the road from time to time. If every ex racing man put as much into the sport in later life as has Reg Eldridge, all would benefit a great deal from it. Among expressions of regret at the news was one from the gentleman generally referred to in these columns as his 'Old Mate' who, despite one or two ups and downs over the years, realises that a loss like that is one that the game can ill afford. As to the "other interests", speculation runs to many possibilities, although for some years the Chancellor has been known to indulge in vegetable growing. (It was once reported in BONK that he'd taken first prize in the carrot section - with a rusty swede!). He also brews a pretty powerful brand of 'hooch', as a very hazy Burbury will testify re his recording at an S.C.A. event. Anyway, whether it's pulping mangel-wurzels or operating the old illegal still, we wish him all the best and hope that he won't chuck the game altogether.

Another loss to our already depleted numbers is John Cox, who has decided that the folk in Johannesburg are in need of some practical instruction in the building lark, so he's going out to teach them all his mistakes for at least a year. Although no longer racing he has been very useful as a marshal, &c., and will be very much missed.

To all those who frantically searched through dictionaries and then accused yours truly of not knowing what he was writing about, an apology for another misprint in the last edition. (Now if certain people were to learn decent handwriting - or get themselves a typewriter Ed.). Young Thropp was advised to use his lorgnette a little more carefully. (This of course is an outsize reading glass generally used by old ladies many years ago). One misguided soul queried if a 'corguette' was a little corgi, while another thought it a mistake for 'corvette', although what this would have to do with that subject is anybody's guess!

We've had a fair field for the evening criterium series, though a full field would have been better. Sorry for the original mix-up over the dates which were wrongly given to the Great White Chief, but entrants are assured that the events are on Thursdays as originally planned. Anyway, we wish all riders the best of luck and weather on the nights.

Now comes the shaker that's guaranteed to make BONK readers rub their eyes. Look three times and then say: "I still don't believe it". Ampara's stay in England was due to end in May, and her sister in Spain is leaving to go to Switzerland, so after much soul searching, your scribe decided to get 'hitched', which same was done quietly at Seaford with a Grover-type ceremony involving only some six people. An added incentive to this quick decision was of course the old income tax rebate which was grabbed by the skin of it's fivers on the last day (April 5th), a move of which ex tax shark Colburn doubtless would not approve! Now this is not the cue for the Editor to leap in with a jet-propelled challenge to a joust at Chainwheel Creek, as, contrary to expectations, yours truly has already got a few miles under his belt and intends to do great things (bike wise) in 1968. He's already been assured by his wife that she won't interfere with "el ciclismo" (No, it's not another of the famous wildcat strikes of yesteryear), so Neevo would be well advised to get out training in case the Willcocks jalopy breaks down again in mid season!

Ah well, before disappearing in a shower of congratulations, or a spate of criticism for deserting the hallowed ranks of bachelordom, your scribe will end by wishing all Esca-bods the best of wheeling along - give him a back wheel - it might be me!

See you up the road

ALSORAN.

LEARNING TO LIVE IN A NEW AREA
by Geoff Hayman, Southborough Wheelers,

I have always felt sorry for clubs like Eastbourne Rovers and Hastings because the directions in which they can cycle are severely limited by the sea on their southern side and consequently when I moved to Lytham St. Annes I viewed with some uneasiness the prospect of the sea on virtually three sides.

Unfortunately, my trepidation has proved to be far from groundless and cycling here takes on a far different aspect from the Kent, Sussex and Surrey I know so well. Hills, mountains, moors - call them what you will - of 1,500 feet and more are only 25 miles away, but routes through or across them are rare and involve lengthy journeys on top of the 50 miles to get to and from them. The Lake District is sixty or seventy miles away and can therefore be discounted for a day trip.

North of where I now live is Blackpool and beyond it Fleetwood and then Morecambe Bay, to the west, the Irish Sea, to the south, the River Ribble, its mud flats and Southport, four miles away as the crow flies, but 30 miles by road. The hills I have mentioned are North-east and South-east are Chorley, Bolton, Bury, Wigan - need I say more. Now and again I get a macabre urge to tour the area of factories, mills, slag-heaps, quarries, and chimneys, but the novelty has already worn thin. That leaves due east as my most fertile touring area but to get there I have to go through or circle round Preston, then Blackburn, Accrington and Burnley or Whalley and Cliteroe, both smaller but both with their share of industry. Beyond lies Pendle Hill, nearly 2,000 ft., then the Yorkshire moors and some reasonable scenery.

Already I know the routes leading away from Lytham very well, and alternative routes through country lanes have little variation, so I find myself setting off or coming home on these same old roads.

The traffic has a different pattern. Motorists going places stick to the A.6 and M.6, and those out for afternoon rides make for Blackpool or the Trough of Bowland, one of the few routes through the hills. These roads thus become hell for the cyclist, even in winter, except possibly in the pouring wet on a cold afternoon, which are not exactly conditions which cyclists relish anyway. There are hundreds of country lanes but for miles round about there is not the vestige of a hill, and a flat start and finish to the day is one advantage of this area. Like Sussex and Kent, the Fylde, as this vast plain is called, is very agricultural and is supposed to be Britain's most concentrated area of dairy farming. But I miss the

Learning to Live in a New Area (continued).

trees. I am reminded of Romney Marsh with its ditches and hedges and livestock, and trees scattered in isolated clumps. I am also reminded of Romney Marsh when the wind blows in off the Irish Sea with little to break its force, and being predominantly a south-west wind, it means I get a headwind finish to the day more often than not.

I miss Kent and I miss Sussex, but I am happy to miss the Forest Ridge, which is responsible for all those horrid ups and downs in the Buxted, Heathfield, Wadhurst, Burwash, Ticehurst areas. No matter how much I did them, how easily I took them or how fit I was, I always detested the jolly little 1-in-9s. I also miss the heavy volume of traffic in towns like Tonbridge, Maidstone and East Grinstead. In this part of the country there are still motorists who slow down and wave you across when you are turning right out of a side turning.

For week-end tours, this is quite a good starting point for places like the Peak District, the Lakes and the miles and miles of Pennine Moors.

It was quite a rift to move and the difference is greater than I imagined. It may take time, but I wonder if I will ever settle down to this new area.

=====

ROVERS PLUS ONE

In order to save answering endless questions about why she isn't racing, it is believed that Iris has had a notice made bearing the words: "Cos I'm pregnant", although this should be obvious by now. Suggestions for the infant's name have been numerous. Marion's idea of 'Jason' seems to have been rejected. Bill Collins offered 'Spot' or 'Gyp', but if canine names are 'in', surely 'Rover' is most suitable. Crow has lent Iris his book called: "Naming Baby", which he bought "because so many girls I know have become pregnant". The debate continues.

Greetings once more from the Suntrap of the South, which at the moment is certainly living up to it's name, as I sit on the front trying to put pen to paper during my lunch hour. During the hot days of April and the cold ones of May the Rovers have been up to their usual escapades. The serious racing has been done by Cliff Sharp, who has been keeping the club well to the fore with an imposing list of wins and places. Cliff is a real glutton for racing. He likes to whet his appetite with a time-trial for breakfast, followed by a road race for lunch. No wonder he has clinched his first club record of the year with a 56-1 on the Southend Saturday Dragstrip. The rest have been ambling along with rides which have been consistent if nothing else, though Mo Colburn showed his mettle by winning the Ide Hill prime in the Southboro' hilly event. Brian Guy tried his first 50 and discovered it was a long way without training, but still managed to take another club trike record, one which he will no doubt break again before the end of the year, so giving us more expense. Ken Stevens has at last found that eight years of neglecting the house has caught up with him and is being content to potter around this season: this will enable him to catch up with homework so as to race again for the next eight years. On the subject of homework the 'Angel of the Road Club' has made this his excuse for his 'scrubber' times this year, which in some cases have been so bad that even the lady entrants have beaten him (not B.B. at that). Some say he cannot take the rigours of married life. The Rovers' ladies racing team has virtually faded from the scene, Jane to keep house (and Graham !), Marion to make love (!!), and Iris to produce a new Rover.

Of the less strenuous activities of the Club, things have been going strong. Easter saw seven plus one Hants R.C. invade the New Forest as promised in the last issue. They managed to survive the week-end without being run in or rounded up with the ponies. It was a funny thing but the only ones to complain were Marion and Derek. Their complaint was that on the Friday night they didn't sleep a wink because of the cold. They were sharing one of those one-man Army bivouacs (remember the one you and Shafer slept in, Agg?). Judging by the size and blackness of the tent, everyone was at a loss to see how they could possibly be cold. It didn't stop the giggling that kept coming from that direction, anyhow. Derek Hayday sorted out some really good rough-stuff for the boys and they now know how Livingstone felt when he explored Africa! Brian Guy has come to the

conclusion that this was the cause of the split forming in the down tube of his trike, though he was not to find this out till a couple of weeks later when, while coming home from tea, he could feel the top and bottom of the tube moving separately. Other than this a fair week-end was spent, a little blood being spilt when Marion distracted Tim Eadon, causing him to tangle with Brian's rear wheel and bringing him down with a clatter. Brian claims he didn't feel a thing. Ken administered first aid and Tim decided that this was a good excuse not to wash for the whole week-end, till his bed-mate John Mumford decided that he was beginning to smell. Iris was chief cook for the week-end with Jim Hebden (Eastbourne C.T.C.) as assistant. Jim made his slipped disc an excuse to stay behind and keep Iris company on the Sunday, and while the rest dined on bread and cheese they went out to a slap-up lunch at a pub. No wonder he wants to go again at Whitsun.

In April Mo quit his job with the Inland Revenue and started work with the other side as a tax adviser (or was it evaser?). He now works in the same building as Jane, and the week before he started the girls kept pumping Jane for information about this unattached male; but before he started they decided that they didn't like his name, so that was the end of Maurice's big build-up. He has been the envy of the club, though, because he took a week's holiday in April touring the Cotswolds and came back sporting a tan on his legs. Since Mo has been around 'The Guy' is having to look to his food eating laurels, for although Mo lacks the speed of Guy he can certainly pack it away, especially the clubroom specialities of bread pudding and baked potatoes. The only one to look at Iris's cooking with suspicion is Cliff Sharp, and nothing will induce him to buy anything she has made. Still, at the late hour at which he arrives at the clubroom some nights it's a wonder there is anything left at all. As well as ear, the Rovers also play table-tennis and the like. After one such energetic game Stan Nash split his trousers from top to bottom down one leg, and Marion refused to ride home with him in that condition. Since then Stan has only been seen in his beach shorts; if he splits them Well !! In the casualty department, Peter Next Door has now recovered from his bad attack of pleurisy and is threatening to ride his bike again if the fags will let him have enough wind. Dot Collins will be only too pleased to show anyone (by appointment only) her scars sustained when she hit a brick whilst on a clubrun. Bill will make

a small charge for the viewing.

Well, dear friends, I will leave you with one last plea, - don't forget our '25' on Sunday, June 23rd.

SCRUBBER.

EASTER YOUTH HOSTEL TOUR 1968, by Tom of the Grinstead

Jack Smith, the two Drummonds with their friend Graham Bell and myself, went on a tour during the Easter holiday. We left on Good Friday aiming for Salisbury, and got away early so as to allow plenty of time for any trouble. It was just as well we did, for we had only ridden as far as Crawley when Graham Drummond punctured. We sent through the lanes just to the south of Petworth and Midhurst to Petersfield, where we rested in a cafe that appeared to sell only hot cross buns and bangers and mash. Just to the south of Winchester going up a slight hill Jack smashed his gear by changing down into the spokes. After a long delay while he sorted out the tangle, we arrived at Salisbury hostel only just in time for the evening meal. Next day we spent most of the morning looking round the shops for a new gear for Jack. Eventually we bought one, fixed it on his bike, and were able to get on the road again. We had been going for about an hour and were not far from Stonehenge, when Graham Drummond punctured again. We stopped at a small cafe on the edge of Salisbury Plain for dinner and in the afternoon went on through Devizes to Cirencester. The hostel was at Duntisbourne Abbots, a small village in the Cotswolds about five miles from Cirencester. On Easter Day we started over some steep hills and went along the Colne Valley to Fairford. There being no cafe open we raided the only shop open and ate in a bus shelter. From here we went over the Berkshire Downs and Inkpen Beacon to Winchester, where we arrived very late and slept in a cold and crowded dormitory. Monday turned out to be warmer than the other days, and we enjoyed the ride to Alresford and through to Hindhead. Just before Cranleigh, Jack broke his second gear and between there and home his chain broke about three more times. Next time I go touring with Jack, perhaps he will get his bike ready at least a week in advance, and not the night before.

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

Pete Main and Adrian Jones out training at Edenbridge ran into an old lady with a dog, and Pete fell with a bent wheel. Asked why he didn't stop, he replied: "Well, with a bit of luck it might have been Crow".

Two Crawley members returning from a quiet pint at the local were picked up by the Police as suspected Peeping Toms!

In the Inter-New Towns 25 Dick O'Sullivan's minute man was a certain Mr. Gilbert.

Overheard at a recent Association 25, spoken by a fellow with a broad North-country accent: "Of course, Ken Stevens will soon be slowing up with the sleepless nights he will get". Now what did he mean by that?

A comment by an Esca clubman about the Rovers influence on Mo Colburn: "He now takes off his glasses and SMILES".

After a recent Association event Cliff Sharp fell asleep in his arm-chair, then awoke with a start remembering that he had arranged to meet Maurice for a clubrun. He leaped onto his bike and had gone two miles before he realised that he was still wearing his carpet slippers.

The Editor was disappointed when Marion Ricks walked into the Rovers' clubroom wearing what appeared to be a see-through blouse, but on closer inspection turned out to have only the sleeves transparent.

John Dutson recently overtook what appeared to be a sack of potatoes on a bike. Seconds later an all-too-familiar voice bawling for "a bit of back wheel" proclaimed that a certain unfit and overweight Lewes gentleman had emerged from hibernation.

The owner of a certain old black Vauxhall has agreed to have it licensed this year, so as to precede the Lewes evening criterium events in a lawful manner and not as in 1967.

It's on the grape-vine that ex Southboro' member John Hoadley becomes very despondent when he calls to read Val Baxendine's meter and finds that she is out.

Here and There (continued).

Quote from a Southborough Wheeler discussing a club-mate: "If he had a decent wife I'd be round there a few evenings I can tell you - he's always out".

Part of Geoff Boxall's training for the Catford 24 hrs. was to ride from Tunbridge Wells to Brecon in two days - via Poole !

Lou Bathurst has been elected to the R.T.T.C. National Council, but he can't be anyone important yet, as he has yet to use the phrase: "I cannot divulge".

John Prett pulled a muscle "chasing a chicken round my kitchen". A likely story.

Dick O'Sullivan should be flying by July - on a sky-diving course with the T.A.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Re the Lewes notes in the Spring edition, the Eastbourne Rovers wish it to be known that Agg is not a member of the club and is never likely to be accepted into such an elite circle.

The President's time in the Association 50 looks even more deplorable when you learn that he stood down from an event the previous day to "save myself for the 50".

According to some literature forwarded from a Lewes correspondent, Geoff Willcocks appears to have become the Hon. Secretary of a ladies' cycling club!

THE CRAWLEY WHEELERS.

"Strictly Private and Confidential". No, not a vintage time-trial, but the exploits of the Crawley road racing teams. The girls really get their knickers in knots when you try and find out where, when and what they are riding, except that it is usually Hambledon (or Rowlands Castle for a change). However, every now and then they forget themselves and start reminiscing about their triumphs - "I remember when I spent five seconds on Graham Webb's back wheel" - "Oh, yes, I've ridden with Joe Mummery - we both fell off at the same place - lousy time-tester". Really, it started last season quite happily. If they didn't get in the road races then the local time trials had good entries. After a close season of hard bashes on the club runs, entries all round for the road races. Now for some reason which I can't quite grasp, our 'first team' of Eric, Steve and Pete Hayes was suddenly accepted regularly, and as a result, began to show the bunches their back wheels. On the other hand, 'Lone Ranger' Ron Ford was thrown out of his first two events, won the third, the Nomads R.R., and then promptly retired with fibrosis, old age and suspected gout. In the supporting event to the Nomads race, Eric Bonner took 4th place, and everybody wanted to jump on the bandwagon. Chaos resulted, and it took them two months to sort the teams out. In spite of not getting an endorsement when winning the Southborough road race, it must only be a matter of time before Eric gets upgraded to second category (Steve already has), and at the rate they are going on both of them should be first category before the end of the season. The rest of the club being not quite so dedicated and hence reluctant to train in the rough weather of January and February, had a fairly slow start to the season. Brian Denham excelled himself by going off course in the Hardriders 12, and followed this up by going off course in the S.C.A. 25. When he eventually finished an event, the S.C.C.U. 25, he took first handicap with an '8'. In best Brian tradition, Brian 'Haggis' Gee went off course at the Ifield Avenueroundabout in his first local event, the club 25. He later set the Great White Chief's pipe on fire by entering the May 25 as a member of his first claim club Glasgow Nightingale. We hope that Brian will stay longer than his first intended six months, but a Scotsman who finds the G831 hilly must have a hankering to return to his beloved Highland flatlands. Ron Ford too got lost on the Getwick Airport circuit 10 course. Love can do strange things to men.

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Our evening 10's round the circuit have been so far an unparalleled success, with over thirty riders on two occasions. The financial advantages should be obvious to all, but more important is the interest aroused in the younger newcomers. Forty-one of our club have raced this year, thirty or so of them regularly. Seventeen of these are under twenty years of age, so it is not hard to imagine all the clubs in the Association doing this if they got their fingers out. The secret of stacking them in must vary from club to club, and one cannot deny that the Southborough's 'humane club runs' policy has shown great results; but outs seems to be to talk to them (not easy when most of the club are too wrapped up in their own racing to bother), and then to encourage them to ride the 10's. Admittedly some of the better prospects have given up because they found it too hard without ever getting a chance to enjoy some of the less frenzied aspects of cycling, and others only ride when they enter an occasional event. Anyway, with forty people to talk about it's difficult to pick out any individual achievement.

'Farmer' Richard Griffin, who joined the club last year to ride "a few 12 and 24 hour events" is becoming quite a force to be reckoned with as 'Honest Ginge' will testify. Richard set out to ride to Bath and back from his home at Rudgwick in the middle of January, but failed, only covering 180 miles in twelve hours. With the weather a bit warmer in April he covered 200 miles (all the southern portion of the Catford 24 hrs. course) in eleven hours, including stops to buy food, &c. In the meantime, he has found time to get his 25 time down to a '5' but 'blew up' in the Catford 50 to a 2-25-30, when he forgot to eat his breakfast. The Vets are in full sail again. Bob is his usual inconsistent self and is getting a bit worried. He was seen with his mouth wide open and chin touching his knwws as Len dealt him a one minute thrashing in a 10. Len's smile was reported to be so wide you could have fed him a banana sideways. This was only a week after George (now off the drugs, regularly inside 'evens' and winning a handicap in every Vets event) had tied with Bob with 28-6. Bon had to retire to his 'barrow' in condusion, but even that's breaking up under the strain. Gordon Christensen made his threatened comeback, cantering round the 10 course in 33 minutes in almost his first training ride, giving perhaps a taste of things to come, but Ken is still dithering on the brink.

The suggestion in the last issue that Pete Main might have hung up his wheels has proved to be totally unfounded; and after an Easter

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

at Dawlish sowing his wild oats (which had most of the road racing boys green with envy, incidentally), Pete returned refreshed and promptly did a '2' on his beloved homeground, the Southend road. Typical Pete! Perhaps also typical was his ride the week after. First off of twenty-one in the club 25, he rode like a drain, was caught by Reg Jewsbury (doing a comeback 'personal' 1-6-27) and retired. Still, Pete's not the only one who hates the Pease Pottage course. As the standard of riding in the club goes up it becomes easier for the newcomers to learn the 'secrets'. Paul Lipscombe, Bob Prunty and schoolboy John Gray have cashed in on this and have had fine starts to the season. John has even beaten the older and more experienced Chris Derham and Bob Beatty. Chris is beginning to find his feet with the thirds and juniors, and if determination counts, he will get there shortly. Bob, however, is still a schoolboy for this season, and will take some beating in the local Schoolboy Championship. The 'coureurs' are even excelling in the time-trial world in their few events. Steve, Pete and Bern paid a visit to the Southend road and were blessed with a good morning. Pete improved to an '0', Steve and Bern to '1s'. Bern enjoyed his ride so much that he did a lap of honour round one of the roundabouts! Eric was second in the Redmon Hilly 73 in 3-2-30. This gives him a B.C.F. licence endorsement - a bit paradoxical when you remember that he didn't get one for winning a road race. Seven of our club rode the brilliantly organised 73. Both Pete Hayes and Steve were suffering from the after-effects of their previous day's efforts on the E31 dragstrip and Madeira Drive kermesses (where Steve had another second place, incidentally), and at 50 miles were both looking for an excuse to retire. When Pete caught Steve he was relieved to puncture. Steve, not to be outdone, rapidly removed his wheel and 'sportingly' offered it to Pete, who couldn't of course refuse. Steve finished the event by car and Pete did a 3-17, ending up with backache and looking a bit distressed.

News has been slow in leaking in, but at last our track men are beginning to stir. Pete Carter, while showing signs of his former greatness, is still carrying top weight, and his reluctance to tackle any distance over 220 yards puts him well in the lead for the booby prize, having retired 100 yards before the bell in an unknown distance race. Under Pete's guidance, our trackies could be in with a chance, but the Main/Derham madison team will have to be seen to be believed. Clyde Rimple, Trinidad trackman of the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, joined us some time ago, but hasn't been seen

The Crawley Wheelers (continued).

for several weeks. Whether or not he will make a comeback remains to be seen. Just one more comeback successfully accomplished this quarter. John Smith, ex Southern Wheelers and Finchley CC is now comfortably inside 'evens' for 25 and 50 miles, and will soon be in a position to challenge everyone's pet rival, Ron Ewart. Ron's early season form has demoralised Alf the Tapley, who is now eagerly awaiting the start of the coarse fishing season on June 14th. Since Alf has done nothing but complain since the last issue, I propose to say no more about him, except that if his carp fishing is anything like his racing, Richard Walker won't be having any sleepless nights!

So yours until Jim Callaghan wins the Tour of Britain

YOUNG THROPP.

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Summer edition deadline has passed, and although inspiration is lacking, a start must be made. Min Morgan started the ball rolling in the Time Trial awards field, by taking 4th place in the East Surrey Hardriders 33 mile event, to follow it a week later with a 2nd in the S.C.A. 25, and backed by John Dutson and Burgess Hill Ken Atkins, the team. From scratch mark Min won the Counties 25, proving that the training miles had been worth while. He then decided the following week to inspect the ground at Ron Ford's feet on the Crawley By-Pass, giving us more D.N.S's. and D.N.F's. than riders. The schoolboys had been providing good competition amongst themselves in the 10 mile events they had been riding, with Mark Welfare having the edge by a few seconds.

The Easter track debut at Portsmouth were to the expected standard, with Howard Burrell taking a 2nd place in the Handicap. Unfortunately, John Dutson was unable to partner Ken Atkins in the tandem sprint, due to his accident and resulting fractured skull, so the main talking point became what they thought they could have done! Good support was given by a party of 10 club members, thus letting the Portsmouth Track officials know that Central Sussex is still a force to be reckoned with in track circles. The only good thing, as far as the club was concerned, about the S.C.A. T.T.T. was the return to competition of John, proving that cracked heads don't prevent one racing for too long. The Sans Souci took the team award in the University Tandem 30, when we had high hopes in the old faithfuls of

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

Ken and John and the newly formed pair of Alan Robinson and Min. But they seem to have enjoyed their week-end seeing how the other half live, i.e., staying in a club hut. The second attempt by this quartet, in the Royal Navy event, again failed to bring the team award to Sussex, although Ken and John took 3rd place and the second pair 5th. Poor Min thought a crafty 30 at Farnham would be a nice change, but his 1-13-53 for 3rd was beaten by ? - Cliff Sharp - no justice. John punctured and was let down (literally) by a pressure pump, so D.N.F. The hoodoo of that course still haunts the other rider, it has lasted from the time Alf Engers was a junior, and Ken thought it would be wasy to catch the 'colourful' youth who was starting a minute in front of him, it wasn't, Engers recorded a time quite a bit faster than Ken. Moral - never judge a leopard by its spots.

The club open road race has come and gone for another year. I think all spirits were more than a little dampened by the deluge of the Saturday morning, and thoughts that "it'll never stop in time" were universal. However, 2 p.m. saw drying roads but non summery conditions, this was presumably the reason for the setting of such a hectic pace in the first lap - the riders were cold. The following laps were even faster, with no breaks occurring and the finish was a hotly contested sprint by all 34 riders, with Jeff Marshall (Hounslow & Dist.) crossing the line fractionally ahead of John Cushing (Colnbrook R.C.) with our own Howard Burrell in a well deserved 3rd place. Peter Penman who only arrived from Canada the previous day for his racing holiday in this country, did well to stay with the lunch so soon after such a long journey. Marshall was the second reserve to be the winner in the history of the event. Another triumph for event organiser Joe James. To come completely up to date in the racing field, we are once again very proud to have won the S.C.A. Team Championship Shield, the team being Min, Don, John and Howard. Howard deserves a special mention, as he rode on Brighton front the night before and during the event he broke his saddle clip, but continued without a change of machine.

It only leaves a look into the future. Min, Howard and John are storming the Humphrey stronghold for Isle of Man week (not a word to Atkins Junior who is very bitter that school holidays don't coincide!), and they are then going to regain their mainland legs on V.153 in the Nunbrook 50. So we are agog to see what the new 50 record will be and who will hold it. Michael Wren marries Carol Cameron on July 6th, and we all wish them every happiness in their future together.

Central Sussex C.C. (continued).

For your diary. No date can be fixed for our dinner this year at the moment, as catering has been discontinued at the Hassocks Hotel. So all you keen social types please bear with us and give us your usual strong support whenever and wherever we hold our function.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS.

The skies are leaden and a cold easterly wind has been blowing across the plains of Edenbridge for days, and here I am writing for the summer edition of BONK. Ridiculous! Still, it's all happening up in this part of the world, hard to know where to begin, really. Suppose I could say that our membership continues its upward course with several new names, nearly all schoolboys, being presented to the committee each month. And thanks to the guidance put in by club officials, they're stopping with us, and this is well reflected by the fact that we now have two regular clubruns each Sunday with seldom less than twenty out to tea. Long may it continue.

The racing scene shows the emergence of new names from last season. Royston Harrison has shown that his Christmas 10 win was no fluke by winning all the club events so far this year, although it was a near thing in the first Club 25 when Geoff Boxall ran him to 1 sec. with 1-9-56. Actually the early season racing didn't get so much support as everyone seemed too keen on the Boxall Hardrides, which was all to the good as training. It certainly paid off in the two reliability trials. The Kent 75 mls. saw us win the Hunt Cup for the highest number of successful finishers, and our open 100 in 7 (or 8) again had a far higher percentage of finishers than previously, despite a deluge for the first 20 miles. You know the E.S.C.A. results, but just for the record, the Spring 25 saw us just lose the team by 45 seconds to the Rovers after Nick had taken a 'bronze' with 1-5-29 and Royston collected 1st handicap of our five riders. Re the Team Time-trial, it just bears out my contention that they are grand events - if you are the fittest one! When you're not ... Oh dear! 36 miles through a sea of blackness trying to hold the back wheel of a storming Boxall convinced me that I must either get fitter or pick a slower partner next time!! The Orchard twins were 4th and the Robb/Howard combo 15th. Congrats to Cliff and Mo on their new 'World Record'. What's happened to Mo, he used to have long hair and glasses, now he has neither. Is this a side-effect of the Eastbourne Drift to which is he supposedly impervious?

Then there was the 50. Tell me, Cliff Sharp, do you have some secret pact with Aeolus? I can see no other explanation as to the

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

way you are unaffected by the cruel wind which makes everyone else's times look silly. Geoff was 4th and our fastest rider with a '19'. It seems that he has discovered a treasure trove where he can get brand new (well, matured) Dunlop No. 1s for 30s. Od. each, so there's no holding him now. His debut with them saw him take a minute out of Royston in the K.C.A. 25. Our other surprise was Robbo, that's Don Robb, who has suddenly found racing fitness after all those seasons as an alboran and has been going great guns with a personal best 10 and first handicap three days before. Crow was lucky to get times in at all as the Great White Chief had to wait so long for him to finish. The mid-season 25 and a goodly number of riders still wearing arm warmers; when did this last happen? Royston led us with a short '7' and Crow redeemed himself a bit with a long one, thus squaring the score with Robin Johnson who beat him by one second in the Sprint 25. Robbo was back to an '11' after a pile-up following the 50 and Robin returned a '12'. Nice to see Jack still keeping the Hastings colours flying and Fred and the Carpenters (good name for a Beat Group) marshalling at the Boship. But what has happened to the Ringo Starr of the Hastings club, Woodward? He hasn't been seen since the Eastbourne road race. Talking of road races our Rushlake Green promotion went well despite a surprisingly low entry of 33. Eric Bonner kept the top prize in Esca with Mo Colburn a fine fourth. People who complain that our Hilly 31 is hard, and judging from this year's entry many people do, should view the Rovers Hilly 22 which starts near the foot of Sanatorium Hill and gets worse from there. Yes, you should watch - don't let them talk you into riding a 'private' like they nearly did to me. This was the event that saw Bruce in a racing vest, just like a 'racer', but he's tried to hush it up ever since. The Rovers got their grubby prize-grabbing paws on our Hilly 31 to the extent that Mo rook the Class A award as usual, plus the Ide Hill prime and Cliff won the event. Club surprise came from M. Withers who made his racing debut with a fine 1-31. For once the weather was hot and the Haywards' food stall at the finish did a roaring trade. Latest from the clubracing scene shows that Royston won both our evening 10s, which received excellent support from our juniors and quite a spread in the local paper. The recent evening 25 saw another photo-finish, this time Orch. had Royston by one second with 1-4-31, against 1-4-32. Roy Hayward leads the handicap snatching game. Chris Parker is flying among our juniors and schoolboys having been 2nd in a 40 miles schoolboys event at West Malling on a Saturday morning, and then won the E.S.C.A. schoolboys 10 in the afternoon!

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

Talk about from the subline to the Oh good heavens. Mike Hartley has joined us from that top road racing club the Tame Valley RC of Manchester. He had to make a major mental transition to adjust himself to a club that talked touring, and fought over clubrun attendance points, but he seems to have survived O.K. and is now turning in some fast rides. Clubruns, as mentioned before, continue to receive good support, with twenty plus regularly out to tea, and range far and wide under the guidance of Danny, Geoff and Crow. To Broadstairs, that famous watering place of Maurice Chauncey, Frensham Ponds, Crystal Palace for the racing and most other placed in between. One unusual run was to watch a radio controlled model glider contest on the Long Man of Wilmington with the Eastbourne C.T.C. Easter found nine of us once again at our farm-house paradise near Brecon, and tackling some big time rough stuff over the peaks of the Brecon Beacons and the Towy Valley. The Beacons caused much aching, groaning and falling off in the snow, but was compensated for by the magnificent scenery, also the weather was dry and fine throughout. 'Descendeur of the Tour' title was retained by Geoff B., although hard pressed at times by Robin Howard. Crow got the climbers award and Danny was chief comedian. Evening touring nearer home reveals that the East Grinstead club are looking for a smaller club-room. The St. John hall is far too large so they all huddle into the entry room, which resembles Charing Cross in the rush hour every Tuesday evening. Val Robinson appears there periodically, but is rather subdued. Maybe she is concerned about the presence of two BONK reporters. I seem to have drifted a bit from the Southborough notes, so it's about time I signed off, and wished all my subjects a most successful summer season (if that comes along) whether racing or touring.

CROW.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS C.C.

"Hurry up with your BONK notes", said Dennis, "I want to get them all in before the Duplicator goes on holiday". Where do duplicators go in the summer time? No one seems to know, but we do know that the bulk of bike-riders go racing. Saturday, May 4th, we christened our new Q.147 course with an open schoolboys and juniors ten miles event. The times confirmed our opinion of the course, and the lads were spontaneous in their praise of it. The fastest junior was Alan Oram of the Harold Hill club, with a creditable time of 23-7, closely followed by team mate B. Jackson with 23-19. Third place went to P. Carter of the 'Fairies' and another Harold Hill rider, L. Richards, made fourth place with 23-53. From the newly amalgamated Thanet and Canterbury clubs came young Mick Garwood to win the schoolboys event with 24-14. Team mate R. Mills knocked out a 25-26, and Sussex was represented by T. Eadon of Eastbourne Rovers, who made third place with a 26-18. R. Geer carried the Southboro' colours to a 27.0 for fourth place. There was an encouraging entry and all the lads seemed to be enjoying the new racing venue. By the time that these notes are in print, our annual Ron Eastes Memorial Open 25 will have been won and lost over this new course. All about it in the next issue.

Linking the social to the racing seasons, Fred the Prez organised his now traditional Opening Run in March. This event was partly filmed by the local cine club. The weather smiled on the group as they made their languid way to Cowbeech for elevenses. At Netherfield members of the redoubtable Catford club joined the seasiders for lunch. This, combined with 'Ringing the Bull' filtered time round to 4 p.m. Thus to a background of nostalgic chatter and promises to meet again up the road, we made our way home. Soon after this, with thoughts of trying to appease Ernie the 'lolly' man, Maurise and Esther decided to organise a jumble sale. With Fred the Prez they burnt up many gallons of higher priced petrol collecting jumble. This mercenary effort was held at the Hollington Methodist Church Hall. The bargain-hunting patrons certainly were not without method, fixing their own ceiling prices which fluctuated from a bob for a filed surround to tuppence for a pair of socks or anything in the underwear department. Esther's help was sought by Blanche when the harassed President's wife was approached by a chirpy lad demanding the lowest quote for "flarr gear". This, thought Blanche, must relate to cycle equipment, but with Esther, who is bi-lingual, acting as interpreter, it transpired that he required some flower gear. Esther partly satisfied the bright lad with one of Laurice's less

popular neck-ties. Quite a 'mod' type this one. (Sorry Crow, we did not induce him to join the time-honoured club). Ron and Connie did a thriving trade with students in the literature department, and Dennis kept busy giving change to the sales assistants. This was our first such effort for many years, and we made a profit, though not as big as we hoped for, due to intense competition all round the town. We are going to give an encore very soon.

On the last Sunday in April, some of us rode out from our quiet homes to a very much discovered end, namely, the 'George' Hotel, Cranbrook. The attraction that was worth the wear on tyres and engines was the 24th Annual Luncheon of the Kent and Sussex Fellowship. To those who have been time and time again, no description is necessary; to those who have never been, no description is really possible. The function was possibly the mother of cross-toasting, the birth not being an easy one. Brewmaster Coleman is always on top form, arranging his training to be at peak form for this unique 'do'. Betwixt the programmed speakers, Brewmaster managed condensed but surprisingly lucid opinions on the 'good old days', the good old types, the not-so-good Barbara Castle, the RAF, the Catt and Lamb inc., and odds and ends beyond the pale. He was at times interrupted by official speakers. The liveliest of these, for my money, was Tom Bray of the Medway, who proposed 'The Guests'; J. Wallace of Redhill and the S.C.C.U. replying, kept things light. Ted Harrison qualified for his usual oral 'Oscar' when replying to Eddie Sargeant of the Catford, who had the honour of proposing the toast to the Fellowship. The Fellowship trophy can never be won by luck or by fluke; only stalwarts of the calibre of Ken Luck of the North Kent have the honour of receiving this coveted trophy. This he did amidst an acclamation terrific and sincere. Presiding over the function was the Eastbourne 'Uncle of Cycling' Bill Collins. Maurice Chauncy was an able toastmaster. Happy memories were revived when Jim Catt was hoisted to his favourite perch on top of a chair. Unstable as ever, bets were immediately laid and taken as to whether the Catt would go through the all-tee-near window. Jim favoured the bookies - he remained intact. The object of all this was to inform all and sundry that, as trustee (with Gordon Lamb) of the infamous Wittersham Trophy, he had been instructed by the donor to hand it over to the Fellowship to be presented to the member riding the greatest distance in any recognised 12 hrs. or 24 hrs. time-trial. No doubt Tom Owens will rise to the occasion. What a contrast to the original purpose of the trophy. The name

derived from the fact that the original event centred around the 'Ewe and Lamb', Wittersham. A two stage event, competitors had to stay in Wittersham on the Saturday night and were handicapped according to the amount of ale consumed before on Sunday. The less one supped, the nearer to scratch one was placed. Thus, Brewmaster won the event by crawling round at eights, supported by a robust trike, whereas Bob French broke course record, but as he never ventured beyond a pint of Shandy, he came nowhere. Esther, one of the few ladies ever to compete, caused a giggle at the start by vomiting over the timekeeper, explaining blithely: "I didn't want to do it in the digs".

Well, enough of the beer and skittles. Our next Junior 10 will be held on June 15th on the Q.147. Steve Woodward, now consistently riding in our claret and blue strip, rode for the first time over the Cowbeech circuit only one week after taking delivery of his bike. Big things are expected of him. Here's hoping that there will be enough M-bottles to go round this season.

Happy Escalating

GANNET.

BRIGHTON MITRE report that this season so far their club members seem to be rather 'top-heavy', or, to put it bluntly, accident prone.

Des Horsfield has the worst or best record, whichever way you look at it, with three crashes in eight days. He is now the owner of a bent frame and a buckled front wheel.

Ian Hughes is second with a black eye acquired during a recent 25. He now looks more like a boxer than a cyclist!

The Morris brothers, Brian and Adrian, are equal third with multiple abrasions: rumour has it that they are having their own competition.

Roger Hamper "fell off" at a set of traffic lights, unable to unstrap his feet, but it's not the same, is it?

derived from the fact that the original event centered around the 'Lew and Lamb' Wiltshire. A two stage event, competitors had to stay in Wiltshire on the Saturday night and were handicapped according to the amount of ale consumed before on Sunday. The less one sipped, the nearer to scratch one was placed. Thus, the master won the event by crawling round at eight, supported by a robust trike, whereas Bob French broke course record, but as he never ventured beyond a pint of Shandy, he came nowhere. Later, one of the few ladies ever to compete, caused a giggle at the start by vomiting over the timekeeper, explaining blithely: 'I didn't want to do it in the bike'.

Well, enough of the beer and skittles. Our next Junior 10 will be held on June 15th on the 9.15. Steve Woodard, now constantly riding in our class and blue strip, rode for the first time over the Cowbooch circuit only one week after taking delivery of his bike. Big things are expected of him. Here's hoping that there will be enough 4-bottles to go round this season.

Happy Escapades

DAVID

BRIGTON MARY report that this season so far their club members seem to be rather 'top-heavy', or, to put it bluntly, accident prone. Les Lovell has the worst or best record, whichever way you look at it, with three crashes in eight days. He is now the owner of a bent frame and a buckled front wheel. Ian Hughes is second with a black eye acquired during a recent 25. He now looks more like a boxer than a cyclist! The Morris brothers, Brian and Adrian, are equal third with multiple straddles: rumour has it that they are having their own competition. Roger Hamper 'fell off' at a set of traffic lights, unable to unstrap his feet, but it's not the same, is it?



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