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East Sussex Cycling Association



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EDITORIAL

As these pages go to press another racing season is coming to an end, with the spotlight firmly fixed on the Central Sussex club, thanks chiefly to Mick Morgan, who has lately had a period of superlative form. Anyone who can cover 245 miles over our none too easy 12 hours course, then win the 50, and finally do the shortest possible '59' to win the Open 25 is really going. It is now fourteen years since the hour was first beaten in East Sussex, but though it has been done several times since, the feat has never been done frequently enough to become commonplace, indeed, there have been some seasons when it has not been achieved at all, so Mick can now count himself among the élite.

At the other end of the area there has been a welcome resurgence from the Hastings club, who, after a period in the doldrums, have discovered in Steve Woodward a rider who can compete with the best in the county. As this is only his first racing season, there is a good chance that he will do even better next year. Looking north, it seems that the interests of many Southborough racing men have been elsewhere than East Sussex this season. We hope that this is a passing phase, and that the SDW vests will be seen in greater numbers next year.

And now all that remains is to get the trophies engraved, so on to the Hill-Climb and the social (not forgetting the A.G.M.) season.

D.N.

'FLOAT' MORNINGS - AND THE OTHER SORT. By the Editor.

East Sussex racing men who struggle round the 100 in 4-45 to outside 5 hours must have been pretty demoralised when they read about Martyn Roach's 3-51 in the National Championship 100, not to mention B.B.'s later 3-55. However, the weather is rarely conducive to fast times in our 100. Year after year brings the same old struggle with the same old south-west wind and rain. The National had what was by all accounts the perfect time-trialing morning, warm and overcast, with a faint breeze. The last time we had these conditions for our event was in 1956, when Dave Marsh made good use of the morning to roar round in the still standing record time of 4-19.

Going back another five years, it was another such morning when Ken Griffiths caused a stir by clocking 1-2-12, the first '2' in East Sussex. It was not like this at all in April 1953 when the record was next lowered, Gordon King conquering a near gale from the south south-east to record 1-1-49. It was another hard morning in June 1954 when Marsh and John Dutson made Association history by beating the hour for the first time; a stiff westerly wind blowing straight along the Ringmer and back course used that morning had ordinary mortals such as myself struggling along in '76'. (For anyone who's curious I did 1-6-45). The following year the August 50 was blessed with a peach of a morning, warm sunshine and a light breeze, and Marsh made full use of it to set up the 50 record figures of 2-1-4.

Looking back over these and other race mornings and evenings, it seems to me that the really deciding factors are not so much wind strength as air temperature and humidity.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

My learned friend Geoff Willcocks has often passed pertinent comments on the weather over the past quarter and I feel that it is superfluous for me to add anything further during this mildest part of the winter. I believe that our Editor has been seen standing on the corner of East Parade bearing a placard 'DISTRESSED SEASIDE RESORT SHOPKEEPER, PLEASE HELP THE NEEDY'. Perhaps I ought to send this report in on edible rice paper. Enough to say that our part of the world does not seem to have fared any better from the weather angle than the rest of ESCA. Though this is in some way compensated for by the remarkable performances of our junior prodigy, Chris Parker, who has warmed our rain-soaked hearts with a fine fourth place in the National Schoolboys Road Race Championships at Alton Towers, a ninth place in the G.H.S. Schoolboys 10 Mile final. Not to mention lots of other placings at Crystal Palace and seldom out of the top three at all the local schoolboys 10's. He has got down to a middle '2' for 25 and just to show that it's not all racing, he is one of our keenest club lads, having to ride 36 miles to and from our clubroom on Friday nights from his home at Teston, near Maidstone.

It's not only been Chris that has been getting a move on, either. Royston Harrison continued to show promise and had the legs of 'Orch' in our two opening club 10's, as well as putting in some very fast 25's. This put 'Orch's' nose out of joint to the fact that he really started to get fit this year in order to regain accustomed place at the head of club events, and this has led to some very close and far faster racing than in the previous season.

Mick Hartley who I mentioned in the last issue also joined in the fray by winning a few club 10's, although he upset some powers that be by wearing a jersey bearing the legend 'William II'. We warned him about going down the New Forest way wearing such a racing vest, and as he has vanished off the club scene for the past month we can only assume he died while riding one of the 'P' courses.

We seem to be having a vintage year for photo finishes, following the last Bonk two more club events have been won by one second margins. Firstly when 'Orch' and Chris beat Royston and Ron Hayward by one second in a 2-up 25 and secondly when 'Orch' beat Royston in a Club 10.

Tim Chacksfield seems to be a name to watch out for in the future, from the way that his times are coming down, and Paul Woodman under 'Orch's' tuition seems to be going great guns.

Robin Howard has at last got inside the 26 minute line after

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

someone persuaded him to ride a 'real' gear. He hadn't used anything over 79 before that. Nor must we overlook Stu Moore's brother Greg, even if he is the shortest rider in the club, who has at last, after much perseverance, broken evens for an evening 10.

The highlight of our club racing scene was when Les Hayman raked up all the old and retired racing members of the club to ride a rather incredible 25. We had a field of about 30 including a very welcome entry from the Eastbourne Rovers. Standing near the start, it looked as though it was a section out of a 'This is your life' programme. We hadn't seen Spider in racing attire for years, not George Cheesman, Dick Robbins, lots of names. We almost got Lou back in competition, too, but he's been under the weather a bit lately. The result was a highly enjoyable event on a perfect evening, which was won by 'Orch' with a '2' from Royston with a '3' and Crow with a '4'. The get together in the pub afterwards was a really nostalgic occasion.

At the other end of the scale Geoff Boxall rode the Catford 24 and produced a find ride of 4.09 miles for tenth place. Several people expected a greater distance after all his preparation, but as Geoff pointed out, this was by far the best first attempt by any club member and next season he really will, he hopes, go places in the all day event. He certainly had good support from a large number of the club who turned out to help him through the event.

Ron Hayward, who has now notched up his two score years, has been riding Vets events all over southern England and turning in some good rides. At present there is a right needle between him and Crow in the club B.A.R. as they are both on the same minute at their 50 and 100 times. 'Orch' of course leads on all distances by a good margin.

Several people have asked me where have all the Southborough riders got to in ESCA events this season. Well we haven't that many, but I think those who race have felt like a change of scenery and have been racing in Kent and Southern Counties events for a change.

In the June 25, Crow had the best position in the field for beating the wind by starting number one and was only 42 seconds down on Royston by a 7.52 to a 7.10 respectively. Only Robbo and Robin Howard backed us up for the team.

The ESCA 100 as you know went back to its usual wet tradition for the first half and only two of us finished, 'Orch' with a fine 4.43, with his usual fast finish, and Crow with a highly inconsistent 5.3, having, so it is said, clocked a 1.1.17 for the final 25 miles.

Southborough & District Wheelers (continued).

Robin packed in the monsoon conditions and was called some unprintable things by 'orch' as we now had no team for the ESCA B.A.R.

Looking at the start sheet for the ESCA 12 I think many riders felt that the great White Chief was trying to combine the Tourist Comp with a race. Crow thought he had it in the bag with his previous map reading successes, but took along an O.S. map just in case. However, the marshalling was really excellent through the lanes section and congratulations to (???) Morgan, whose 245 miles was only just outside the event record, also to the feeders who gave us a most varied diet, though I think a few words in the ear of Cliff Sharp would become amiss on the subject of eating during distance events. The Great White Chief told us that this was the last 12, though I believe other people think differently. We'll just have to wait and see.

A fortnight later was the KCA 12 hour under very windy and warm conditions. 'Orch' turned in 228 miles for sixth place, Crow did a 216 and let this be a warning to you, never turn up to an event without your racing shoes. He borrowed someone else's and suffered purgatory for the last two hours. Robbo turned in a 192 mile ride and said he felt very fresh after the finish, not surprising, really, I suppose.

We can practically remember each hot sunny day we have had this summer, one of them was on Whit Saturday when the club run went down to the Isle of Wight as usual. We stopped at a pub outside Petworth for a quick drink but were there for about an hour for the world to settle down a bit. That Strongbow cider is potent stuff. Over on the island we found a good lot of new lanes and rough stuff to do, and staggered back into Sandown with a collection of large rocks for Geoff Boxalls fish tank. We hope the fish appreciated our efforts.

The club runs have kept their usual summer numbers though we haven't managed so much swimming on the coastal runs for obvious reasons. Nevertheless we have been down to Worthing and Hastings as well as up north Kent. Though I never consider that to be coastal. It's fair to say that a fair proportion of the club still use their bikes for holidays. While Geoff Boxall was plugging round the Catford 24, Crow and friends with Dot and Bill Collins from Eastbourne were up in the Aldeburgh Music Festival. Those who a while ago were aghast to read in pages of Bonk that Ken Stevens actually attended a ballet will now receive another shock in the news that Bill Collins actually went to an opera, and what's more, he actually enjoyed it. We were lucky enough to pick one of those

hot sunny weeks, yes, they really did happen this year. I think it went to Bill's head while we were touring the delightful traffic free Suffolk lanes. As we had to stop him buying a garden take as a souvenir from Saxmundham. There were also stories of how to change under a water tower before going into a concert, practical jokes on landladies, and other stories that will doubtless come out in the course of time.

Some of the club have gone farther afield. The Withers twins and Pete Mabbutt have gone to Germany, having a good time from the card they sent us to the club room. 'Orch' was to have had a holiday in Belgium, that got cancelled at the last moment, so he seems to have toured the Tonbridge area. Finally, concern is for the Neale brothers who went off to Czechoslovakia some weeks ago. Knowing that their tours are never without incident, we eagerly await some reports. Lord Daniel, aided by his butler and chauffeur, i.e. Crow and Robin, did a cycle tour of the lakes and Pennines. Though a trip up to Manchester on British Rail's new electrics, followed by a run on the Esk and Ravensglass light railway and another loco run back from Leeds rather points to the fact that it wasn't all cycling. They called in on Geoff Hayman, now living at Wharton, en route, who put on a one day local tour up into the Trough of Bowland for their benefit.

One change that's going to be hard to get used to is the new clubroom that we will be moving to in the autumn at St. Thomas's Church Hall, Southborough. We seem to have been at Hillcot, Spe. d-hurst, since time immemorial, with anno domini creeping up on Mr. and Mrs. Chambers who have looked after us so well for so long. It was felt with reluctance that the change best be made while we had the chance of a very good venue rather than being left without a club room. This new one seems to have many good facilities, including those for cooking. Chris Parker passed his 'O' levels at cooking so it looks as though we are going to have Egg Chow Wong every Friday night from now on.

Events to look forward to, and that doesn't mean the hill climb season, include a coach visit to the final night of the Wembley Six, and a theatre outing to see Charlie Girl in London in early November. There's the club open tourist competition next day, if any of you are interested, too.

Before closing, there are two points to mention, one is the great deal of work put in by our racing secretary, Tony Peachey, despite having his bike neatly written off by a coach in an evening 10, and

to remind you that our Club Dinner (and I can assure you that there will not be a beat group there this year) will be at Tonbridge Social Centre on December 21st.

That's the lot - any chance of importing a summer from India, I wonder.

CROW

President, or something.

P.S. NEWS.

Having done my report, I was glad to hear that the Neale brothers have returned from Czechoslovakia unscathed, but with their usual quota of adventures. These should make interesting reading in our club mag.

The ESCA Bank Holiday 50 saw Southboro narrowly lose the team prize to Central Sussex, by a mere 1 hour 35 mins.! 'Ace' Orchard was DNS, so Ronnie the Vet led our team with a '20. Derek Hanson made his return to competition now that his wife has brought forth their firstborn and was a little disappointed with his 2.31.41. The President had a field say, arriving $\frac{1}{2}$ hour late due to a malfunctioning alarm clock, and then discovering that due to his lateness his racing bike which Derek had brought down was now somewhere round the course on the Hanson roof-rack, so he pattered round after the girls on his touring iron with 69" fixed and was dropped by both of them, the result being an actual 2-40-37, only a minute slower than his May ride - consistency?

Yet another Bonk deadline, how the year has flown
With some people already writing FINI to their 1968 racing season and our Hill Climb specialists just beginning to start training, Alan intending to qualify for the C.T.C. B.A.R. on the way, and Joe unfortunately finding an unlit hole in the road, which necessitated him having hospital treatment. Hut he is still keen!

Howard was the only successful member of the club party who visited the Isle of Man, taking 2nd in the Onchan Grand Prix (the track sprint, for those that don't know) he also managed to finish in the International Road Race - 3 laps of the T.T. circuit - when a lot of the country's top road men didn't. He continued to ride well after coming home, beating Martyn Roach to win the Ross Grand Prix.

John has been very inconsistent as must people take pleasure in telling him. He 50 times range from a 2.5 in the National to a 2.19 on E8 - without any excuses. He has been in the winning team in the De Laune 25 on the rather unpopular Portsmouth Road, backing Min and Don, and tied for 3rd place in the recent Portsmouth 30.

But with Ken on the tandem successes have come. The 3rd in the Navy 30 was followed by a 2nd in the Archer 50 with an improved time and club record. The Old Portlians 30 on the Bath Road gave them their first win with a magnificent 1.3.41, which was over a 2 minute beating of their previous best and club record. The next outing was again a 3rd in the Viking on E8, but again in an improved time, inside their target of 1.50. The East Surrey R.C. 30 on the undulating Worthing-Horsham road saw yet another 3rd. They have only one more event this year but we feel that they can be very pleased with their efforts and especially proud of their win in the classic Old Portlians 30.

Ken on his own has ridden consistently at 25 miles, and on a very wet and windy morning knocked a few seconds off his P.B. He is finding that with only limited time for training, solo 50's are too much for him. (He can't blame age, when the Vets do what they do).

Don has had a good season in the road race field with several wins and places, and although he has not been so successful at time trialing, he has been the only member to beat the hour.

Min Morgan must surely be considered as the most successful rider in the county with his clean sweep of the ESCA events for the B.A.R., also the S.C.A. B.A.R., and especially his 245.038 miles in his first 12 hour event, after which he was fit enough for a night

out with Howard.

The schoolboys and juniors have had a good first season shining particularly on the track, so we have high hopes for next year. Socially, the Central have been rather marking time - the lack of female members? - although a successful Y.H.A. week-end was held during August. Friday night was spent at West Mardon and Saturday at Salisbury. The Annual Dinner - the social highlight - will be held on FRIDAY, 13th DECEMBER, at the MAIDENS HEAD, UCKFIELD. Details from Social Secretary Michael Wren at his new address - 22, Shepherds Walk, Hassocks, where he and Carol seem to have settled in well since their marriage (visitors are handed a garden tool on arrival).

B.A.

LEGENDS OF OUR TIME

The Silbury Hill, by Young Thropp.

A lot of attention has been focussed lately on that prehistoric mound alongside the Bath Road near Marlborough, The Silbury Hill. It's origin still remains a mystery. However, before he passed away, tragically drowned in a Butt of Wappy Stout, Old Thropp revealed to me the secret - and here it is.

It appears that the Devil - Old Nick himself lived down the Bath Road somewhere the other side of Buckummer, near Chippenham, and the people of Reading one day upset him, so Old Nick, out for revenge, decided to bury the whole town. He made a massive spade and loaded it up with a large pile of muck and set off down the Bath Road to do his dirty deed. But it was quite a long way. Now, fortunately for the citizens of Reading, it was the day of the Middlesex R.C. and Vets. 12 hour and as usual Bob Griffith had gone off course. He claims the turn marshal wasn't there, but then we all know Bob. Of course, the inevitable happened. Old Nick met Bob coming the other way. Now Bob was a member of the Mephisto C.C. at the time and Old Nick being President of the Club, immediately recognised him. "Bob, do you know how far it is to Reading?", asked Old Nick. "Don't know", answered Bob, "I starter out from there this morning". The Devil took one look at Bob, saw what a state he was in, and decided that Reading was too far away. He dumped his spade-ful of muck at the side of the road and went home. And that, folks, is how the Silbury Hill came to be where it is.

I was out riding with this bloke Young Thropp when he came out with the remark: "What do you know about the Mersey?". "It's wet". I picked myself out of the ditch. Apparently he meant the Mersey Road Club 24 hours. I've ridden the four English twice-round-the-clock events and to me the Mersey is the one. The Catford 24 of 1960 was the first event I ever rode, and now it's like a birthday - something that happens every year. This year will be the ninth consecutive. The Wessex isn't my favourite, but the two I've ridden have proved satisfactory. However, it seems that although the organisers work hard they have to run the event on a shoestring and the marshalling is not too hot. It's a different event to ride if you don't know the area and assistance is necessary. Under Sid Mottram's excellent organisation the North Road event has the best course and is the only 24 that can be ridden without a sit down feed if you've got no help. The nine hour night is the longest of the four. However, the Mersey is still the event for me. I've made the trip north twice. The first time it blew a gale all night and changed direction in the morning, while during the later stages we had four hours of torrential rain to add to our fight against the wind. This was in 1966 which according to the locals was the worst ever. Last year was good, but apparently one must expect a little wind in this event.

I caught the train from Crawley a few minutes before 8 a.m., detrained at Victoria, cycled through the 'Big City' to Euston and boarded a Scotland bound train which stopped at Crewe. Here I met my first snag: the connection was packed even to the luggage van and I was greeted with: "You can't get in here" to which I replied: "If I have to pay half fare for the bike it's going in even if you lot have to get out". I lifted up the bike and pushed, and bit by bit it went in. To say that I was not popular would be an understatement! It only takes twenty minutes to reach Chester, and after a meal at the station I rode the seven miles to Tarvin, arriving at around 3-30 pm. Tarvin is a funny little place and the Public Hall (used as changing rooms) seemed Dickensian. One always expects Mr. Pickwick to walk in with a start sheet.

The start is a short ride down the road and the first man was off at 5.01 pm. This year saw the first ever Ladies 24, and what a reception the first girl received. There were three ladies, including the evergreen Wyn Maddock, who should have known better, and they all finished. Of course, Jack Spackman of the Century Road Club was there. Jack has fifty-three 24s behind him and has

been around all the seventeen that I've entered. You never ask Jack whether he will be at the next, just: "See you there!". There were plenty of people at the start and I spotted a lady in a car who had given me a cup of tea the year before - second time was also lucky! Then I noticed that I'd left my track mitts at Tarvin, so a mad dash back just in time to see the first man off. The first part of the course is fairly easy, with most of the hills coming in the latter part of the event, though this seems common to all four courses.

The running feeds are first class and the marshalling even better. They just will not let you go off course, whether you want to or not. After 77 miles one is back at Tarvin where the first of many musettes of food are handed up; then after some 125 miles we go into the 'Land of my Fathers' which in my case is true. It's also my favourite part of the course, along the North Wales coast. We turn at Prestatyn (171 miles) and it's worth stopping here for a few minutes if you like tea, because there is an urn on the go. Back into England (that's the bit of the map between Scotland and the Isle of Wight) to the first sit-down feed at 190 miles at a cafe. Many miles in Shropshire follow, and there are two sit-down feeding stations, both of which can be visited twice. The first, at 263 miles, is out of this world - more like a C.T.C. reliability stop. 30 miles more and we are back. The next, at 355 miles, is a pub (but no beer) which reappears at 386 miles after a rather hilly bit. Last year the 80 miles back to the finishing circuit were hard, hilly with a head wind, but every now and again you are greeted by cheering, making you feel that: "There's nothing like a 24", to quote Ron Coukham, '59 National Champion on our local roads. I'm not too keen on the circuit, but one cannot have everything. It contains the highest hump-back bridge I've ever seen, a great vantage point for spectators. One lad called out: "Come on Dad". "Grandad", I reminded him. "Sorry, mate", was the reply, and to more cheering up and over with a sharp muddy right turn almost immediately after. So, with $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles short of the elusive 400 goal, my time ran out, and after thanking the timekeeper, came the fast bit, the six miles ride back to the Tarvin Public Hall, where after a wash, change and a quick cuppa, it was time to ride the seven miles back to Chester in time to catch the train at around 7 pm. Change at Crewe again, of course, only to find the connection delayed, and when it eventually arrived it was crowded. So more dirty looks when I suggested that there was no need to have the arms of the seats down when people were standing; but it worked, and I eventually arrived at Gatwick

They are Fun - I also tell lies (continued).

just after midnight in time to miss the last connection to Crawley. Leave Crawley 8 am Saturday and return midnight Sunday is not bad going with 24 hours on the bike in the middle. One occasion when British Rail takes some beating. This year I hope to go up to the Mersey with the 'Barrow' which at Crewe will also have to go in the guard's van! To all those who have stayed out all night, got soaking wet one year and sunstroke the next Thanks!

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

Despite a timely reminder from the soft rock pedlar of the impending issue of BONK, I find I am still way past the closing date with nothing but a blank notebook. What has happened since June? Holidays!! Well, these have been assorted, a few stalwarts actually touring on a bike! Mo Colburn did Yorkshire and claims he enjoyed himself no end despite the inclement weather. Yorkshire was also the touring centre for Ken and Iris Stevens, who camped, motored and walked (a little). Ken also rode his bike at least four times in fourteen days after stating that he intended to ride it every day to get roaring fit, worrying Mo to death. It seems a racing 'iron' is not quite geared right for the Yorkshire Dales. About the same time a party departed to Austria for what was to be a walking holiday, only to retreat to Switzerland because of bad weather. By all accounts they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and we have been promised a good selection of colour slides for winter viewing. Jane and Graham Lade along with Anne and Brian Strong did a quick flit to the Baltic countries, and it appears that although Norway's scenery surpassed that of all the other countries en route, the Swedes won hands down when it came to the selection of high-class (!!!) literature and photographs obtainable from the news vendors' stalls and kiosks. Stan Nash again ventured to his beloved South of France and came back looking like, as someone put it "A very fine Indian gentleman"; only needing a white sheet wrapped around him. His companion for the trip, Chris Maharry, being more affluent, stayed on after Stan's fortnight was up to continue touring Europe. This was at least six weeks ago and he has not been seen since.

The camping week-ends have been as popular as ever, both Whitsun and August Bank Holidays seeing a good number living under

canvas, with of course the odd racing week-end thrown in. One of the latter was the Border C.A. 12 hours in which both Cliff and Mo rode after experiencing only their second time under canvas. Cliff was on to a very good ride when he led the field right until the finishing circuit by several minutes, when a marshal failed to be on time, causing Cliff to go off course by two miles and allowing the eventual winner into the lead. This completely demoralised Cliff, and from then on he just pottered around. With Iris temporarily disposed of, Ken siezed his opportunity to strip down the tandem, and along with Brian Guy as stoker, tackled a couple of tandem events. A 1-5 for a 30 and a 1-57 50 were the outcome along with two pre-war club records. It has created so much interest that 'The Sharp' has hinted that he would like a go as stoker, a position 'The Guy' is jealously guarding.

Scandal-wise nothing much has happened to report. 'Peter Next Door' did manage to ram a stationary vehicle with his car while trying to retrieve a dropped fag, and completely demolished the bloke's boot causing him to nearly choke himself on a hot chip which he was eating at the time! He capped this a few weeks later by switching off his lights as he swung up onto the drive-way to his house and ramming the brick gate pillar. Asked why he put his lights out he said it was so as not to disturb his neighbours when his lights flashed across their bedroom windows. A likely tale; it was more like it he did not want his parents to know at what late hour he arrived home. Of the other notorious characters in the Rovers, Jim Freeman has finally taken to fags and women (The other Sunday he brought one of the latter into my shop and bought some of the former.Ed.), and has sold his bike to one of the juniors, so that appears to be the end of him. Meanwhile, Willie Watson has left us to join Hastings, and so ends an era.

SCRUBBER

Stop Press. The wandering Maharry has finally reached home - seems the delay was caused by some women friends in Germany.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS

In the last issue's notes I told you about our roadmen, so this time it's the turn of our tourists. What's that? Did I hear a titter from the Southborough? A grunt of incredulity perhaps? Well folks, even Crawley Wheelers, infamous hot-bed of Sussex racing has it's tourists. We know that some of you may have seen Edna and Stan at the East Grinstead R.R. on their tandem trike, but that's not all. Wave upon wave of intrepid Crawley tourists have set out to sample the beauties of the countryside this Summer. Fully fledged 140-miles-first-day - Lands-End-or-bust - might-even-ride-the-Counties-12-when-we-get-back tourists. Now after all that nonsense I suppose it's time to get round to telling the truth. Firstly Dick Griffin went touring in Wales but I forgot to ask him about it, so knowing Dick's appetite for miles it could have been only a day trip. George and Penny Monk dropped Mum off with relations at Southend and then disappeared on the tandem into the Norfolk Broads with an intended schedule of 40 miles a day. They found out at lunchtime on the first day on reaching their destination, that perhaps 80 might have been more appropriate having warmed the legs up. Edna and Stan were abroad also, but under the tandem instead of on top of it. The weather was so bad that the long barrow never left the roof rack so the Broad Acres of Throppland Dales had to be 'done' by car. The Annual Pilgrimage to the C.T.C. Rally apparently has lost none of its appeal. Pete Main and Brian Gee disappeared for a fortnight to the Bernese Oberland or somewhere else foreign on a YHA tour. The total intended mileage was supposed to be 200 miles. I wonder what they did on the second day?

However, the Big Tour this year was to Cornwall. John Wakeman and Paul Lipscombe set out on solos to meet Bob Prunty and friend (not a club member yet!) who were heaving round a beat up old tandem with a cracked rear bottom bracket. They met successfully at Lands End but the tandem had lost a few spokes on the way. John was a bit cagey about their other exploits but it appears that Paul chatted up eight birds in a fortnight and also had his share of cheap scrumpy. To atone for his sins (or something) he deposited his gear into his spokes and broke off the rear end, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. There are threats about of real touring this Winter! And the Committee are offering a putty medal for the first to Cape Wrath.

So back to sanity and the racing scene. What has happened to the Crawley roadmen this quarter you may well ask? Now don't ask me because I suspect that it is very little, but daren't say so because

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

it is necessary to curry favour with them (very temperamental you know). Ron Ford won the SCCU Road Race in best Coppi tradition and seemed to be regaining his form in the first Lewes Criterium, but lost ambition and is now on the downhill slopes. The rest have done even less and my predictions of 1st Cat. status seem to have been optimistic. Adrian had a placing in the Basildon R.R. but on the way back Bern's roof rack fell off and the bikes bounced down the road. Next day Adrian had to retire from the Hillingdon 100 with mechanical trouble! To cap it all Eric Angell, Rapier C.C., borrowed the same bike and finished in 4-13. His progress over the last few miles from Woolhampton had to be seen to be believed apparently.

Lack of success or the routine of 60 mile 1st., 2nd., and 3rd. Cat. road races seems to have turned most of the roadmen into time testers again and the only bright spot seems to be that Peter Main has found his climbing legs. Pete went to visit relations at Preston, rode the Vale of Lune Road Race, and found out that hills there are not the mole hills of the South of England. Pete promptly handed in his packers badge and this honour has been passed on to Bob Griffith. Bob packed in the Catford '24', thereby robbing our Veteran Star, George Monk of a Vets championship medal. Bob's been mollycoddled so much that he won't even ride a 25 now unless he has a car full of helpers and is obviously going the way of the notorious Mick Bellamy, who once had a feed in a Club '10'. The rest of the Vets have been going great guns, but owing to their insidious Pot Hunting Instincts have almost got to fighting amongst themselves. We are thinking of launching a "Save the Crawley Wheelers Fund" to pay for all the trophies and medals and record awards they keep claiming. Even Ken Gordon found that he didn't have time for training and retired again to run the Schoolboys Reliability Rides and the Skol 6 trip.

Having put the skeletons back into the cupboard for another three months, on to the younger end of the Club. The lads who have been keeping the Club in the news. Bob Beatty won the G.H.S. London South heat and followed this up with 4th place in the Final on the E.34, recording a personal best of 23-52. He was choked to find that there was no B.C.F. Schoolboys Road Race this year - a sad reflection on the state of the Sussex Division. There must be a closed circuit somewhere in the County if anyone could spare the time to look. How about the MEL car park in Crawley?

Bob began to wonder if it was all really worth it again when

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

John Gray recorded 24-09 in the last Evening '10' and screwed him by 35 seconds. "Whizz-kid" - "Dynamite" Derham just kept his head out of water with 24-06. Chris has had a good season with 1st and 1st handicap in the Lancing Longmarkers, with first counter for the team prize to boot. He was, however, edged from fourth place in the Diviaional Championships by Alan Hale who is finding that a little training now and then can lead to greater things. Alan's 1-5-29 in the Kingston Phoenix 25 gave him 8th place and 2nd handicap. A taste of things to come.

Chris, Bob and George Sallows won the team award in the Addiscombe '10' on the Gatwick circuit. A great result for George's determination. In the Ladies '10' on the same day, 12 year old Penny Monk went back from 31-45 to '33', but not had for a 62" gear. Another Beryl? I could tell you a lot more about the youngsters, but unfortunately space won't allow it, so on to the Polytechnic 12 hour.

If you remember everyone mocked Yours Truly last year for riding it. This year all the mockers were there too. It turned out to be not a farce but a minor club triumph. All seven finishers did personal bests - Adrian getting the best distance - 239½ miles. To the hordes of incredulous (the entry was described as contagious insanity) Club onlookers and helpers a big thanks from all the riders. At one stage on the Circuit five of our riders passed the commentator in the space of about a minute. The "Crawley Wheelers Club Run" stole a brief moment of glory from Martyn Roach.

One more comeback - tame Scot, Bill Rankin, who eight years ago rode for Johnstone Wheelers.

The non-racing members tend to be passed by in the Bonk Notes. My humble apologies. Without Edna and Stan, who shouldered all the marshalling burden, our name would have been mud in the E.S.C.A. this year, and Brian Eaton has been prematurely snatched from his bed on Sunday mornings this season to run some of the lads over to events. Rumour has it that Brian is getting keen again and might return to the racing scene, but don't tell him, he may not have heard about it yet. Reg. Jewsbury ran all the Evening '10's' this year. I shouldn't call him a non-racing member really. He just misses all the float evenings!

It's now time to give thought to Neevo's sweating typewriter and to draw this lot to a close with two sad notes. I am sorry to have to report the death of Ron Ford's mum. Mrs. Ford had always been a great fan of the club, and her quiet but friendly presence at all club

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

social functions will be greatly missed. The second was to have been one of my best funnies of the notes, but it now has a hollow ring. Alf Tapley was thrown off his bike at Streatham by a squirrel which decided to play a sort of Russian Roulette with his front wheel. As a result the bike was written off, Alf received a pain in the neck and as a result of this and on the doctor's recommendation, Alf has retired.

Young Thropp.

P.S. People have been asking me where the name Young Thropp comes from. Well it's the son of that famous Yorkshire Tourist, Old Thropp, who had a wonderful cure for Protrudin' Ears. He used to say: "If tha's gotten protrudin' ears it's tahme tha bowt a bahke. If thagoos fast enough t' wind pressure'll force 'em back in a lahne wi' thi' yed".

N.B. for Neevo. I haven't mixed my thumbs with my fingers - that's just how he's written it.

Young Thropp's wife, who does the typing.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Hallo again,

Well it con't be long before the social season is on us again. Not that it ever ended for some of us! And with the social season comes the Dinners. Ours is to be Sat. 4th Jan (this is yet to be confirmed) at the Red Barn, Lingfield, Surrey. Tickets will be available from Trevor Budgen, 60, Malthouse Road, Southgate, Crawley, at 25s. Od. We can guarantee a good evening for all who come, so do try and make it.

Our trio has many races to look forward to yet this year, though, with all the important ones coming in September. Budgie and Bob ride in the National on the 8th, then Dick, Budgie and Bob ride in the Sussex team against Normandy at Brighton the following week. On the 26th they have been invited to ride the Criterium des

East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

Vainquers in which winners of all the major events of the season are invited to ride.

That's all to come, but I must make some mention of what's past. Of course our greatest boast, as the lad himself will tell you, is Trevor "I am the greatest" Budgen, winning the Sussex Road Championship. He then went on to win the Oval Middle Markers 25 with a personal best time of 1-0-27.

The Club's Eastbourne and Back record which Danny Lock has held for many years has been under attack recently. First Budgie went for it as riders in the E.S.C.A. 100 will know. Budgie came through most of the field, causing some confusion with both riders and marshals. We are sorry about that. This attempt was, however, unsuccessful by just over two minutes.

Then Dick went after the record. This time on a Saturday, thereby avoiding any risk of getting involved with any events. Dick was well up on the record all the way, but was unlucky when the Uckfield level crossing gates closed on his return. Even with this setback he still managed to break the record by just 22 secs.

Dick has also taken the Club's 50 record from Bob. Dick's time of 2-1-27 beat Bob's time set up last year by 47 seconds.

Bob has also been having a good season with two wins and many seconds and third placings.

On a recent training run Budgie found himself splattered on the front of a car. He was in a bit of a mess and his bike a write-off. Cuckfield Hospital stitched him up and kept him in for four days. By this time they had discovered that Budgie was eating enough for the whole ward.

Dick and Pete have been camping, to some undisclosed destination, with a tent big enough for six. The rain cut their holiday short and they returned after three days.

I shall now keep my ears pinned back for the next 3 months and try and give a more interesting report in the next issue.

Farewell till then,

VALERIE.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Week-end and evening 'tens' have once again proved to be our best recruiting ground, and some lively lads have joined us. To keep them interested during the winter we are moving into a newly built and well equipped clubroom. The evening events are made more interesting and competitive by being held in conjunction with the Rye lads. This competition has brought Steve Woodward out to a useful 23-58, which time may have been improved by the time these notes are in print. Steve Holland, a schoolboy recruit, is also recording some useful times and improving with each ride. The Saturday afternoon events were organised mainly for juniors and schoolboys. Heat-wave weather greeted the riders in the June 15th event over Q.147. P. Carter of the 'Fairies' was fastest with a 24-8, a tie for second place was created by J. Longbottom, and yet another 'Fairy', M. Smith, both recording 24-58, while Pat Murphy of Folkestone was third with 25-10. The fairies at the bottom of the Avis garden are certainly talented. C. Parker of Southborough won the schoolboys event with a creditable 24-3. Club colleague P. Woodman was second with 25-11, and M. Garwood of the Thanet filled third place. The third event of this series was held on a very blustery August 17th. Fastest junior was a Folkestone lad, T. Wilson, with a 24-37. C. Parker of Southboro' was second with 24-58. J. Longbottom of the Fairies with a 25-50 was third in this event and was the overall winner of the series. Young Charwood of Folkestone won the schoolboys event with 26-51. Second was S. Myatt of Lewes with 27-41, while T. Eadon of Eastbourne filled third place with 27-49, and was the overall winner of the Schoolboy series. Quite a commendable performance throughout the series by these Kent and Sussex stars of to-morrow. Maurice improvised his boat trailer to transport the local lads' racing 'irons' to the events. Parking for a welcome after-event 'cuppa' proved a little awkward, but Nester of Chitcomb was able to oblige.

Our worthy and overworked BONK editor promoted the Ron Eastes memorial open 25. Favoured with fine weather, the event attracted 80 riders. Rod Overton of the Fairies knocked out a 1-1-11 to take first place; second was S. Toole of Folkestone with 1-2-10, and Brian Kirby of the newly-formed Medway Velo was third with 1-3-0. Fastest in the Ladies event was Rita Dongworth of Bromley with 1-11-50. K. Carver of the Wigmere was fastest Junior with 1-2-7 and evergreen Frank Ford of Kent was fastest Vet on standard with an actual 1-7-57. The event was held over a new course measured and surveyed by Maurice, which at the time of survey was hoped to be

faster than our original Q.120. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it is the riders who do the eating. Some found it hard to digest and voiced preference for the Q.120.

Jack was our only representative in the Fairies' Open 50, and managed his best time of the season. Whilst he was doing this, Steve Woodward was busily engaged in knocking nineteen minutes off Jack's Hastings-Folkestone-Hastings record of many years standing. Steve prefers road racing to time-trials, and in the recent Sussex event over the Cowbeech circuit, he finished ninth in spite of some trouble with spoke breakage. His performances over many Southern circuits are quite consistent and encouraging. Jack, unfortunately, is once again out of action owing to a recurrence of acute eye trouble. All members will wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Good news from the Coleman camp. Joyce is well on the way to recovery and will be available to keep Brewmaster under control during the coming social season. Esther has gone on a crisp diet, and Maurice has become a part-time scavenger in their endeavours to boost the Golden Wonder subsidy of the Mexico Olympics. Well, the British contingent is seventy strong, the largest ever. Could be a connection there. When Fred the Prez mentions such places as Reading, Molash, Fairland and Warrington, he is not describing recent tours, but commenting on the committee meetings of the numerous governing bodies, cycling associations, etc., that he frequently attends. Because of this, Fred has become a useful map reader and week-end traveller, but an indoor cyclist. The family section controlled quite firmly by Connie, manages to pop up at the right time and place to augment our Sunday teas: a good omen for future years. Some of us are still on the Retainer's Scroll for Marshalling duties, and many a Sunday morning has been spent standing on a corner watching all the bikes go by, or U-turning. Maybe in time we'll take root and become the first-ever Yew trees with waving palms.

Well, the time has now come for this gammy gannet to find a cosy crevice in a friendly cliff and hibernate. Multiple moulting has set in, so I'll use the last useful quill to write a final

Happy Escalating,

GANNET.

With the repercussions of your scribe's shock marriage still rippling the surface of ESCALAND (The Editor confesses that he's still bemused, dumbfounded and bewildered), we come once again to another session with the Lewes elite. Despite The Summer That Never Was our stalwarts have braved the elements and kept us in the picture in odd places. The Club evening 10s resulted in a win for Hills on aggregate, with Kilby as runner-up. Our up-and-coming schoolboys seized the chance of a romp over the Rodmell course, Stephen Myatt doing a couple of 29s and finally a 28-39, while Danny Millott was just outside evens, and Steve's younger brother Symon did a 33 in his only attempt. The near spherical figure of Agg dragged itself to the line for the last event and somehow succeeded in beating evens by half a minute, thus shaking Willcocks, who thought he had the beating of an unfit Tourist, but finally found himself a minute in arrears at the finish. While all this was going on Cliff Sharp was 'doing his nut' to beat Chris Snelling's course record, and in fact missed it by only one second in the fourth event. However, a week later he brushed aside this barrier by no less than 26 seconds with a great 23-19 and then commented that this gave him more pleasure than many other successes. The June 25 saw an '8' from Burbery in one of his rare ESCA rides, followed by Kilby's '9' and the rest trailing. After knocking this down to a '7' in the Rovers' 25 Mick reversed the decision in the Club 30 by 11 secs, with 1-22-47, which also gave him the handicap award. Savage did a '26' to clobber Hills and Agg, and Myatt, after a good start, blew up and finished with a '38'. The S.C.A. 50 saw Burbery again showing Kilby the way with a '25' to his '26', and then came the curious affair of the K.C.A. 50 (in which Hills did a useful '25') where Agg had yet another brush with officialdom. It seems that for some reason he decided to stop half way round, and then continued, but when he got back to the finish the timekeeper refused to give him a time (There's no confirmation of a report that he'd interrupted that gentleman while he was having lunch at home!). After a typical Agg outburst, we're now awaiting a K.C.A. timekeepers' 'go slow' when he rides down there again. None of our sufferers was inside five hours in the S.C.A. 100 on a typical 'summery' morning of cold and drizzle, only Hills doing a 5-7 and whacking Kilby and Burbery decisively. It's good to see the club's fair name to the fore in the Schoolboys events, due mainly to Steve Myatt's continued good form. He did a 27-11 in the first ESCA 10 for fourth place, then followed this with 27-16

for fifth place on a harder morning in the second event. Later he got second with 27-41 in the Hastings event on a very windy afternoon. Danny Millott did an excellent '28' in the second ESCA 10 and a '29' in the Hastings, so it will be interesting to see these lads improving next season with the benefit of some training behind them. Owing to Peter Sharp being away on holiday the second club 25 had a novice timekeeper - and how! The choice fell on Willcocks who at first protested that he couldn't do it because he'd never before timed an event. Sharp's rejoinder was: "It's too simple - there's nothing to it", a remark that makes one wonder what sort of bad language the Chancellor would use if he heard it. Actually, your scribe got through the ordeal unscathed, even Colburn being unable to find fault. Alas, the expected argument with Agg over something or other didn't materialise as that gentleman was DNS. Hills triumphed with an '8' while Burbery's '9' was good enough for the handicap which was fair enough in view of some very canny allowances by Peter that satisfied everyone. Savage had an experience here that he won't want to repeat in a hurry. On the line he complained of a rattle on his 'iron', and although this was examined by two or three bystanders nothing was discovered. Investigating further after he'd finished, he found that he'd ridden with only one track nut holding in his back wheel. As one sage afterwards remarked: "Either he'd got that nut really wound up or else he wasn't pushing very hard anywhere!" Your scribe's comment is the obvious one - machine examiners, I've shot 'em'. Our evening criterium saw the usual plenty of action, and provided a dramatic finish. With Mick Venner having won the first two the result looked to be sewn up, but he was boxed in when the vital break went in the final event, and Don Awcock, who had been well placed up till then, galloped the final hill to win the event and clinch the series on general classification. Two Wanderers braved the Association 12 hours: Kilby calling it a day half way round (most unusually for him) and Hills who finished. A good ride by Colburn left him in a semi-paralytic state on the seat outside the Roebuck until he was forced to take rapid evasive action when he nearly became the target of some 'direct action' by the Stevens hound. Having failed to nail one objective, Tosh was next seen sniffing suggestively at an unkempt looking 'iron' on the grass, which same was hurriedly retrieved by its owner, none other than the notorious Nash, who told a couple of grinning spectators: "I know the ways of dogs in general - and that one in particular". The general opinion that Nash's bikes can always do with a good wash evidently isn't shared by the owner! Mention in the last BONK of names for the new Rover is a problem that

surely solves itself. If it's a girl, what else but Beryl? If, as we all hope, it's a future Beryl-beater, then Iris can choose from such immortal 'handles' as Jan, Fausto, Louison, Federico, Jacques, Felice, &c., not forgetting the Wanderers' choice of Rik Van Stevens. So go to it, Iris, and we'll subscribe to a christening cake if you decide on the latter!

Amparo and your scribe would like to thank all Rovers who subscribed to the carved cruet set presented to us as a wedding present by Iris on their behalf. It was most unexpected so was all the more appreciated. We also thank all Esca-bods who've offered congratulations and advice, &c., which have snowed us under since the last BONK. Incidentally, we suppose the Rovers are now racking their brains as to what they'll give the Editor when his turn comes (Thank you for that very kind thought - Ed.).

Well, folks, leaving you to ponder on what that might mean, we'll say au revoir, adios, &c., &c., and let's hurry up and get the winter here - I think we've all had more than a basinful of Summer 1968!

See you all down the road.

ALSORAN.

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

George Monk was handed up a sponge in the Vet/Norlond Combine 12. He ate it and then had the audacity to complain that the peaches weren't ripe.

Dick Griffin's passion for long distance events is not contagious - it's hereditary. Dick's father, Jack Griffin, did similar sorts of things when a member of the Addiscombe C.C.

Alan Hale won a pair of pedals for the most aggressive rider in the St. Kits R.R. He bit the Chief Commissaire's leg.

Clubman handing up feed at Sun Rising Inn in Poly '12' - "Careful how you handle that, mate, there's a prawn cocktail inside". Ouch!

Ron Ewart, triumphant in an Evening '10', sent Pat over to console the vanquished Alf Tapley. The treatment was so effective that Alf was heard to say that Ron could win every week.

They call Bern Wright "Banana", because he never gets out of the bunch. There was the Crawley rider who asked if El Ciclismo (Lewes Wanderers Summer notes) was one of AlSORAN's old girl friends.

Overheard at the 12 hrs. finish: "Nash's shorts make a mini mini skirt look like a tarpaulin!"

Here & There (continued).

The impact of the Czechoslovakia crisis on one Crawley rider was immense. He croaked: "This is a terrible thing - I suppose we won't get any more Barum tubs now".

Willcocks was heard to say, with reference to the Editor's remarks in the last issue: "Well, if Neevo would like to present me with a typewriter"

Those with an eye for the unusual and a cyclist's sense of humour will be disappointed to learn of the removal of that pious but grossly misinterpreted verse from the Book of Revelations which adorned the outer wall of Guestling chapel with something more suitable. It formerly read: "Behold, I come quickly".

A notable omission from the Rovers' notes was the news of the Great Nash Comeback in June. Stan, who had been quietly timing his club's evening 10s, suddenly got the urge, stripped the mudguards off his touring bike, and went round in 28-13. He rode again the following week, then, ambition apparently satisfied, retired again and went back to timekeeping.

HERE AND THERE

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