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**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EDITORIAL

1968 is nearly over and we can look back on a year that was quite successful except for the small number of finishers in the BAR competition, and the fall in the sales of this magazine. The AGM showed that clubs are apparently satisfied with the present set of officials, who were nearly all re-elected unopposed. One notable face which will be missed is that of Jack Southerden, who stood down after many years of service to the Association. In his place as Vice-Chairman we have Alan Bathurst, a very experienced official who is no stranger to the Chairman's seat. Our 1969 President, Roger Sturt of Brighton Excelsior, is a young, keen and active rider from a strong and enthusiastic club, who will continue the tradition of hard riding mixed with sociability, which has always been a feature of cycling life in East Sussex. I was very pleased with the AGM's unanimous decision to hold a luncheon next year (I had also been puzzled by the club which had been in favour of this year's switch to a high tea, and then did not support it), and look forward to the consequent return of the sense of occasion to the prize presentation. The decision to hold the Touring Competition in April was a sensible one: this is a very pleasant event which deserves to be run in warm weather. The road programme will be the mixture as before, except that the opening Hardriders event will now be over 25 miles. This distance should not worry the keen racing men who nowadays are fit virtually all the year round, but may deter the less fit types who used to ride this event for fun.

D.N.

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"GEN" FROM THE SECRETARY

For a change our Editor, I hope, will not have to fill in this page at the last moment, as has been the case with several editions recently.

The past year has really been a full one as far as some of the Officials in Sussex are concerned, it has meant that many have had to undertake jobs that they really knew they had not the time for, to enable the Track & Road events to be carried through. This problem of a lack of Officials, unfortunately, is general throughout the country, and I appeal to all club members to see if they can assist not only our local Association but also the other organisations within the County who are at this moment badly lacking in officials to run our Track and Road promotions. Without more help forthcoming from the rank and file members of clubs it is possible some at least of our major promotions in the County could be in jeopardy. Everyone has got to make a start, why not YOU? Until you have a go, you do not know what you are capable of, we all make mistakes and it is by mistakes that we learn. Do not just read this and do nothing about it - contact the officials of our County Track and Road (Time Trials and Road Racing) and see where help is needed most. In our Association we have a very willing band of Officials, and co-operation for the many varied jobs is usually forthcoming. Let us ALL make a resolution for 1969 that we will endeavour to make this the most successful year of the sixties not only within our Association but throughout the County.

Elsewhere in this edition our Editor has given details of what took place at the recent Annual General Meeting. Would everyone, Club Members and Officials, please make a note of the dates and venues for the Annual Party and A.G.M., and also the Prize Presentation & Luncheon. These dates are firm bookings which will allow clubs to avoid clashing.

Little need be said about next year's Time Trials Programme. It is broadly the same as the past season, but Ladies events will now all be Open, and the Schoolboys events will now be held in conjunction with other Associations and the A.22 course used. They will of course still be Open events.

In conclusion, I would like to wish everyone a very Merry Xmas and may many pints yet be sunk during the remainder of the Social Season. By the way, entries close for the Hardriders February 11th, 1969, Course G.894.

R.H.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

With the Club AGM over and done with, it seems that you are all lumbered with 'Scrubber' for another twelve months. One would like to think that my re-election was due to my fine literary efforts, but I fear it was because no-one else wanted the job. (Couldn't you have persuaded 'Landrover' to make a come-back? - Ed.).

Since the last edition several things of note have happened in the Rovers. Firstly, Marion's wedding knot was well and truly tied on Sept. 14th in front of a large gathering of cyclists. Many, including the best man Chris Davies, arrived at the church on bikes. This caused a great disturbance among the Saturday afternoon shoppers gawking on, especially when two long-legged individuals from the East Surrey Road Club, resplendant in shorts, sat on the ground in front of the wedded couple for some of the photographs! (The Rovers were more formally attired). The event proved to be a joyous occasion; when a few of us left at eight o'clock many were in fine voice and we were serenaded from the balcony above the pub where the 'eats' were held by the Ginger Makepeace Ensemble. Later, there came reports of cyclists swinging from lamp-posts in certain parts of the town. Needless to say, only the hardy Eastbourne and Hants Road Club members faced the elements next morning for a 10, on a day when a snorkel and flippers would have been more apt. Ken Stevens kept the club on top with a narrow win from Ginger Makepeace of the Hants R.C. who is claiming a re-run. The beach barbecue breakfast was called off, but a last get-together for lunch at Hailsham was enjoyed by all, especially the publican who commented: "They aren't a very dedicated lot, are they?" The bridal couple were then given a fitting send-off on the tandem which had been decorated for the occasion with toilet paper and a liberal plastering of lipstick, the saddlebags bulging with confetti. The bride was fetchingly attired in a bright yellow sou'wester and cape.

Eleven days later the much awaited Stevens heir arrived dead on time and on a clubnight too; what could have been better planning? The Rovers always pride themselves on running their events smoothly. Bruce Allcorn was the bearer of glad tidings back to the club after Ken had phoned the hospital. Thus ended all speculation on names for 'it', for now 'it' is a 'she' and her name is Heather Louise. Those few ancient Escabods still around will appreciate the reason for this choice. This has now boosted the ladies section up again following the departure earlier this year of Marion. She attends the clubroom regularly but has not as yet joined in the circuit training. Several of the lads have had a cuddle already, and Brian

Guy reckons he won't be too old to date her when she reaches say seventeen. Several of the members were disappointed that Iris did not have her at the Wembley six-day as they were hoping to put her up for a prime !

While all the other activities were going on some were still racing (mad fools), a couple of the College boys doing P.Bs. in the Worthing 25 on what must have been one of the best 'local' mornings of the year. Not to be outdone, a couple of weeks later Mo Colburn chalked up his second 'personal' of the year with a '3' for 25 miles. They have now all put racing behind them and club riding has commenced. Graham Lade leads the runs for the Rovers, while the more social season inclined potter off with the Eastbourne C.T.C. Of course, the Sharp-Colburn mile-eating week-ends are under way with a short one in their estimation being to the north of Essex. It was on one of these rather dubious week-ends that the following tale occurred. It is well known that our friend Cliff wears glasses, these usually being generously coated with mud and the like, as he only cleans them for club dinners and other functions of note. Well, it seems that one evening they were battling along in wet and windy conditions, Maurice tight on Cliff's wheel, Cliff's lighting being as usual totally inadequate, when suddenly looming out of the gloom, ducking under Maurice's right elbow was a runner intent on a bit of training. Apparently he was jogging along quite happily in the kerb facing the oncoming traffic, when he saw a dim light bearing down on him the person behind it intent or so it seemed on running him down. The runner immediately took evasive action and shot out into the middle of the road, passing the two cyclists on their outside. After this near squeak Mo poured a tirade of abuse at Cliff for not looking where he was going, but still Cliff insisted that his lighting and eyesight were O.K. and refused to believe that there had been a runner there at all. What with this incident and the fact that Cliff's bike is always squeaking and groaning, the air is a little strained between the terrible duo, so much so that Mo has refused to go out with Cliff again unless he does some bike maintenance. Cliff was then heard muttering that it was perfectly all right - it had gotten him to Lands End and Scotland and he couldn't see what Maurice was so peeved about.

Our AGM went off quite quickly with our President Bill Collins in the Chair giving no-one a chance to refuse a position. In this way most were re-elected with just a slight change in that tourist Bruce Allcorn is now Chairman, while teaboy Stan 'Mick' Conolly is

now official as a committee member, with Maurice filling the gap left by the departed Jim Freeman as road racing and track secretary.

As a finale I will leave you with a note of our Dinner - 15th February, 1969, same venue, but a cyclists only 'do'. Just two speeches (one by Jane) then on with the dance.

SCRUBBER.

The following is an excerpt from an article by Alan Clarke in THE WAY OF AN EAGLE, the monthly magazine of the Eagle Road Club :

Lacking a lot of miles after an accident in June, which kept me out of racing for nearly two months, including a mainly motorised holiday in Spain, I decided that a 12 hrs. was the best way of putting this right. I entered the East Sussex 12 hrs. knowing that it wasn't on a fast course but this did not really matter. I went by train down to Eastbourne and rode up to Hailsham where I was staying with the local racing secretary Ken Stevens. He and his wife are both keen time-triallists, and I was made very welcome with a big meal before retiring. The start was at Ringmer seven miles away and I was driven there by Mr. Stevens. I started last of the twenty riders. We set off through Lewes and spent the first hundred miles or so in the lanes. Cliff Sharp, Eastbourne Rovers, was well up on the rest of the field at this stage as we headed east towards Bexhill, then back to Polegate, then Pevensey, Eastbourne, Newhaven, with dozens of little 'legs' off here and there. I was still on 'evens' at 150 miles, then followed a bad patch where I was unable to get any drinks, it had been very warm all day. I reached the circuit and got going better knowing I was about third or fourth. Sharp who was going so well earlier took such a packet that I caught him just before the finish. The winner was Mick Morgan, Central Sussex C.C. who did 244 miles which was a really good ride in the circumstances. He won by 12 miles and I was fourth with 228. The hardest part was definitely the seven mile ride to Lewes station afterwards and I was relieved to climb into a carriage - to find that every seat was taken ! It had been an enjoyable day, though, on what must be one of the most pleasant 12 hours courses in the country.

Another BONK deadline here again, and again I have no idea what to write. Since the last edition I have been browsing through a record book of the East Grinstead Cycling and Athletic Club dated 1927/8. This came into my hands through Robert Leppard, whose Dad was in the club at this time, and it made very interesting reading. A place called Merxplas is mentioned several times - anyone heard of that? There's a mention of a run to the Southern Counties C.U. meeting at Herne Hill on Good Friday. They had a picnic lunch at Addington - how that must have changed in these years. They then went through quiet lanes to Knight's Hill. Quiet lanes - they get fewer and fewer every year. Really, we Sussex cyclists are lucky as we have so many lively and unspoilt lanes to explore, though always at the risk of being hooted at as though expected to take flight or something. Think what London cyclists have to put up with: even in Croydon where I was dragged up one has to ride a long way to get on to country roads. Our drawback comes in the dark evenings when we want to get out training. Our pretty lanes are hopeless for this, then our fiends in the towns have the advantage of wide, well-lit roads. Having bored you with that lot of drivel, I should like to congratulate Ken and Iris Stevens for their new arrival on behalf of all our members. We too have a new arrival; Keith and Marilyn Butler have recently become the proud owners of a son, Gethin. Several members are going to Brighton ice rink on Thursday evenings disrupting the calm. I too went and soon found that the main attraction was not skating but the skirts, which have got shorter and shorter, and in some cases non-existent. All our lot get round fine; the only trouble comes when they want to stop. The preferable method seems to be to grab the nearest young lady. This, however, is not always possible. The alternative appears to be to fall on one's bottom, but this hurts. There must be a better way of stopping! The mystery of the month of course is Budgie. I have been getting a lot of dark hints as to his activities. Things like climbing ladders and drainpipes to bedrooms, and such like. Also, is he or is he not giving up racing. He says he is, but no-one believes him. As you ride through Blindly Heath you may notice a house with extra clean upstairs windows. This is Mick Robinson's house. He apparently gets a good view from up there into Minis at girls wearing minis. Hence the clean windows. Here's hoping that you are all enjoying the social season and all that goes with it. By the time that this comes out a lot of you will already be in training, and the best of luck.

It was hot as we rode up the Rhone valley away from Chippies Y.H., but this fact did not surprise us since it had been hot from the time we had left England ten days ago. The majority of that ten days had been rather hectic, as we had spent them following The Tour, on Venteux, over the Izoard and Lauteret, up Revard; now we were away from the noise and clamour of the Tour and we had the road to ourselves again.

To-day was going to be the day of our tour, we were going over the Gemmi pass. This pass was mildly described as rough in the B.C.F. route card, and we could just make out a footpath on our Michelin map. Soon the left turn was reached, we crossed the River Rhone and started the climb out of the valley. The first village was Leuk, the second Leukerbad, in between ten miles of climbing from 1500 feet to 5000 feet, a days work in itself but a mere mole-hill compared with what we were in for. A fantastic rack and pinion railway clung to the road for much of the way, and at one point I had to pull over to the left hand side of the road to avoid a train coming down the mountain.

We strolled around Leukerbad and refreshed ourselves with cakes ordered in German and ice creams ordered in French, as we were in one of those strange bi-lingual areas, and we did not know what language to speak. Stocked up with large amounts of food we thus set off up the mountain, leaving Leukerbad behind us. Immediately the road surface ceased, and we were forced to walk, firstly up gentle grassy slopes, then into trees, the track getting steeper and steeper. The going was getting really hard now and sweat was pouring off us. We were forced to stop every few minutes to rest and drink, and the track was becoming so steep that we tied our cranks to our chain-stays in order to stop our bikes rolling down the hill when we stopped pushing.

Eventually the tree line was reached and all we could see in front of us was sheer cliffs, with loose scree lying at an angle of 45° at their bottom. We had been assuming all along that the road would go round the cliff to the right somewhere, but no sir, it did not, it went up, first in a series of long sweeping zig-zags across the sloping scree, with the gradient a gentle one in six, then up the cliff itself. To add colour to the occasion, every now and then there would be an almighty roar like a roll of thunder, and rocks would break away from the cliff face and come bouncing downwards. Fortunately none came near us. We met a few walkers coming down; first they would look at us in amazement, then admiration, and all we

could do was to smile sheepishly back, and wish them good morning (in English as they seemed a pretty cosmopolitan lot and we did not want to give the impression we were French or German). The ones we could understand would say things like "C'est dur", or "Il monte", while pointing a finger impressively upwards and rolling their eyes.

Then the real climbing started. We had expected it to be difficult, but not this difficult. The situation had been reached where the track had to rise something like 1,000 ft. without moving any distance forward. This it did through a slight cleft in the rocks. The method of advancement was by a series of hairpins, if you could call them that, the track would rise for something like 30 yds. of 1 in 3 in one direction, then double back on itself at 1 in 3 in the opposite direction, the corners being 1 in 2. To add to the difficulties the surface was very rough, which necessitated virtually carrying the bikes. In this fashion we rose up the cliff at times an overhanging rock face on our left and a vertical drop on our right, this situation resulting several times in one of us standing vertically above the other, a lift would have been easier.

We were getting really high now, up into the snows and the summit was reached at 3.45 p.m., 2½ hours to travel 2½ kilometres, and we were 7,650 ft. above sea level, the last 2,600 ft. being gained in the last 2½ km. The temperature was low up top, not far off freezing, and after donning additional clothing we sat down for a much belated dinner (the time was now 4 p.m.) on a small patch of grass. The view from the top was superb, a vertical drop of over 1,000 ft. in front of us, and the Valais Alps to the right and left of us. Unfortunately, time was pressing, and after having spent only one hour at the top we had to leave.

The first obstacle to overcome was the Schwartz Glacier, not very big but requiring hard, wet and cold work to drag the bikes across several hundred yards of snow. I tried riding but only sunk up to my hubs in the snow. The glacier descended into a lake, the Daubensee, which, although now unfrozen, still had large chunks of ice that had broken away from the glacier floating on it. The track was now descending gently past the lake, and was quite rideable, the lake felt as cold as it looked. We descended into an upland valley, making good time, and passed through the first habitation since Leukerbad, Rinderhorn.

Suddenly the valley dropped away and we were high up again. The Valais Alps were all around us, lifting their mighty heads to the clouds. We were in a fairyland of mountains and waterfalls,

everywhere around us sheer cliffs, the track a ledge in these cliffs, 2,000 ft. below the valley like a patchwork quilt, above, the mountains, water everywhere, waterfalls running over the cliff edge and dispersing into mists, or shooting out of a cliff half way up from a subterranean cavern. The pity was it had to end as the track started to descend, smooth, steep, unrideable. Owing to the loose surface, we found the quickest method of descending was to run down with both brakes full on, wheels locked and tyres skidding wildly on the gravel, bikes heavy laden, trying to slow round.

We realised the day was over, or nature decided it for us with a grand thunderstorm, which forced us to travel the last few yards to Kundersteg Y.H. at racing speed. We were tired, bruised, dirty and happy. Why take bikes some might say, well we could never have walked the 25 miles we had covered in the time. I wonder if this makes us eligible for the Rough Stuff Fellowship.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

The Club A.G.M. was held on November 15th, Fred Stenning retiring after twelve years in office as President. We would like to thank Fred and Helen for all the work they have done for the club, and hope that they will continue to play an active part in club affairs. The post of President will be ably filled by Charles Turner, who was unanimously elected in Fred's place.

Other posts are Ken Wells continuing as General Sec., Jean Hayler as Treasurer, Stan Shirley as Club Steward, Joan Shirley in charge of the Canteen, Robin Johnson as Time-trial Secretary. New appointments are Bill Sladen taken Charles Turner's place as Chairman, Derek Harber as Vice-Chairman, and Pearl Wells as Social Secretary.

The end of the racing season was greeted as usual with mixed feelings, relief in some quarters that the search for the 'float' morning can be given up, others continuing with attempts on Club Place-to-place records.

The Club's Senior BAR went to Robin Johnson, the Junior to Adrian Morris, who beat his elder brother Brian into second place. Both of them will have to watch our next year, as Dad has just bought a fast 'iron' and rejoined the Club. We will have to watch him on winter club-runs.

Our 'egg-and-bacon' 25 organised by Stan Shirley was a success, some members finding the breakfast too much for them and being unable to complete the second lap. Fred Stenning and Bill Sladen took rather a long time, but arrived with a good excuse in the form of flowers for the cooks. Thinks - I did not see any flowers on the route - they must have taken a short cut!

The Club Dinner will be held at the Royal Coach, Shoreham, on January 11th. Tickets 25s. Od. from Charles Turner, 100 Southwick Street, Southwick.

We hope that our 1968 promotions were appreciated. Next year, apart from two track meetings, we intend to run a third-junior category road race in April, and an open two-up 25 in September and an open 25 in October.

Dear Editor,

Your contribution 'Float Mornings - And The Other Sort' in the last issue of BONK finishes: "It seems that the really deciding factors (for fast rides) are not so much wind strength as air temperature and humidity". I once heard a scientist say that barometric pressure has a definite influence on athletic performances, and since in this country pressure fluctuates between 31 and 28 inches, the variance could be anything up to 10% - say 24 seconds for a four-minute miler. While I feel that this is going a bit far, I always seemed to ride best in overcast still conditions or when the rain was falling straight. However, I never trained seriously, nor was I ever really racing fit, but it could be that the men you mentioned - King, Marsh and Dutson, could conquer the wind if pressure was low. Of my own club's records, I recall that the 12 hours was done on a really wet day and the 25 on an overcast evening, but I am not sure of the others. I believe that Ray Booty's epic sub-four-hours 100 came on a rainy day when pressure was probably low, and Roger Bannister's mile was done on an overcast evening, as were Derek Ibbotson's and Herb Elliot's, so maybe there is something in it.

Yours in sport,

Geoff Hayman.

On dear, on dear, oh dear, not only the passing of another BONK deadline, but of another year with our Min Morgan acclaimed E.S.C.A. BAR, he will also sweep the board of the majority of awards at our forthcoming Dinner, just letting Don Awcock, Howard Burrell and Rodney Laker a little glory with their successes. Mark Welfare takes the Junior Championship Trophy, a magnificent feat at 13 years of age.

Min finished the season for the club on the racing scene, with a good effort in the Brentwood 25 to equal his P.B. and club record of 57 25. But unfortunately our hill climbers just didn't rise to the heights this year.

The season of A.G.Ms. is once again upon us, and Sussex are more than well represented in higher circles as both John and Ken are R.T.T.C. District Committee members for the coming year, as is the great Roy. Perhaps the area South of Crawley is at last coming into it's own. Ron Ewart is President of the Sussex Cyclists' Association for the coming year, a post we all hope he will enjoy. Thought: are the C.S.C.C. becoming a club of officials?

Club runs are more popular, although the colour of faces and clothes aren't when the members reach home. Moral (yes, we do have some): Mudguards for Christmas.

What has happened to the private lives and doings of C.S.C.C. members? Are the doubtful doings a thing of the past, or buried so deeply that they never reach my ears, although news that Min and Howard had a late week's holiday in Spanish sun has been released, but neither will say what they thought of the local "birds". Any ideas why? It is also rumoured - it must surely only be a rumour - that Min's reunion week-end in London with the young lady he met during Isle of Man Week was organised by Roy Humphrey, on their 'doubtful' Saturday night out during the recent B.C.F. officials meeting.

We all congratulate Iris and Ken on the arrival of Heather Louise Stevens.

B.A.

There will be an Association Children's Party on January 12th at Hellingly Village Hall, commencing at 3-30 pm. There will be a booking fee of one shilling. Bookings by January 5th to John Dutson, 95 Framfield Road, Uckfield, Sussex.

Five minutes after learning I was to be the Club's Press Secretary, our worthy BONK Editor murmurs in my ear - "DEAD LINE DECEMBER 1st".

Where do I begin, where did GANNET leave off? A hurried search for previous BONK and find only one event left to record - THE OEFEN 50. This was not a great success. We had to alter the date of the event from July to September, and it proved that September is too late in the season for a 50 mile event. The weather was awful. Wind, rain, and floods made many non-starters. The event was won by Keith Ratcliff of the East Kent C.C. with 2.1.20, followed by Ron Overton of the San Fairy Ann C.C. with 2.4.53 and Don Hook of the Folkestone C.C. with 2-6-52.

Club runs continue with a gradual increase in Junior members. Esther and Maurice are doing a grand job in taking charge of these Juniors on Sunday runs, and giving them the benefit of their long experience both with racing and touring.

Our club room is proving a good recruiting ground for junior members. September 10th was a great day for the Club - a Club & Recreation Room at last! Esther has searched a long time to find this. There are large and small Billiard Tables, Shove Penny Board, Dart Boards, Card Tables, and a new set of ROLLERS which are a great attraction to the younger members.

Tuesday night finds members of all ages meeting and proving just how much club life means in these days of quick living. Any cyclist who may be in the district would always be sure of a welcome.

Stan Russell at times gives us a film show of his varied tours of Europe, and snaps taken at many cycling events. These are very interesting as Stan is a grand commentator.

During the summer Esther arranged TWO JUMBLE SALES. These caused much hard work for some of the older members collecting from givers all over the town, and also gave lots of fun on the days of the sale - although I do not think any of us would make good salesmen! These proved very successful. A nice sum of money was handed to Ernie our Treasurer, who now sleeps more peacefully. Also it proved that the Club has many unknown friends in the town.

Now we have the SOCIAL SEASON, and some members have already attended Association and Club functions. This reminds me that the Club is joining the Eastbourne Club for a Christmas Party at Netherfield on December 15th. Also make a note that Hastings & St. Leonards Annual Dinner & Dance will be on January 25th, 1969, as usual at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

"In the spring" the poet tells us, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love". Well, one thing was certain about that poet - he wasn't a racing cyclist. If he had been he would have been out chasing anything in a skirt like most of our boys. But more of that later, after the end-of-season results. Yours truly, on time as usual with his notes!? was galled to find that one Kent club which shall remain nameless not only had a write-up on the whole Bank Holiday but had also 'robbed' Crawley of their first Esca team win in the 50. In spite of all this Bob Beatty's 2-10 in this event at the tender age of sixteen virtually made him sure of club Junior as well as Schoolboy BAR. He followed this up with 1-2-55 in the Worthing 25, less than three minutes behind Ron Ford, and beat Eric Bonner (a '3') on a morning which saw the best-ever performance by a Sussex rider on his own 'scratching ground'. Surely on the right course on the right morning Min Morgan could be the first Sussex rider to do a '54'. Chris Derham ran Bob close for the Junior title, clocking two long '0s' in the end-of-season 25s to Bob's long '1', one of which was the second fastest 25 in the club this season. Ron Ford in his last year of serious racing won his pots as usual, 58-58 for the 25, 1-58 for the 50, 4-14 for fifth place place in the Bath Road 100 and of course the Road Racing Cup. Chris Derham won the Junior R.R. Trophy mainly through a series of late season races in which he turned the tables on Alan Hale, who seemed to have a little trouble keeping his bike in one piece. The late season Senior Road Racing left a lot to be desired in the Inter New Towns R.R. Even without the Hemel Hempstead international riders our boys were tactically beaten by the Basildon after only one mile's racing; and our only rider to cover himself with glory was Paul Lipscombe, who only lost contact with the bunch in the last three miles in his road racing debut. The Vets finished up the season in great style. Bob finally achieved his ambition in the Mersey Roads 24 hrs. with 400.27 miles, and he and Len both did 1-8s on the Bath Road. It was Bob's first ever '8'. George Monk did a personal best also, an '11' in the Worthing 25. So Dave Stokes, Ernis Harrison and Basil locked away their groaning watches and that's your lot except for Ernis Dore, who has a habit of riding the local events for three weeks or so and then disappearing for a week. But where to? The problem resolved itself when early one Sunday morning he was seen heading in the direction of the Portsmouth road with a saddlebag full of beer bottles (full, of course). It was the day of an East

Surrey club 25. Obviously Ernie will never be lost in the social season. Not the same can be said for the rest of the club, unfortunately. Nevertheless parties from the club have attended the SCCU dance and the Tooting dinner. Probably Eileen and Eric Bonner have been busy in their new house at Roffey, and Bob Prunty has disappeared from the scene to read chemistry at Southampton University, and Pete Main has bought a guitar, so they've all got excuses. A lot of the members seem to be physical wrecks, though. Alf Tapley's had an operation for a 'hairy Knee', and Bill Rankin, not content with winning the club hill-climb, fell off the top of Box Hill and had a week off with a cut head, and then to follow this up he retired to Smallfield Hospital to have a muscle sewn up. Yours truly called in to see him and was astounded to find that five beds away was Len Main, who had just had a minor carve-up. Len came round just then, put on his specs, and had an immediate relapse at the sight of your roving reporter. To put them to shame, 'Prez' Alec Ewart, who celebrated his 80th birthday on Armistice Day, went for a check-up for the first time for 25 years and was found to be in perfect health.

What's happened to Adrian Jones? People keep asking me. Well, when I last saw him in his shed he seemed perfectly normal, but there are rumours of involvement with a young lady. Nothing further is known except that Mr. Jones has been sighted in full breeding plumage, and Crow is hoping to get him restored to the British list. Bob Beatty is definitely suffering from a similar complaint, and one of the older members was heard to ask optimistically: "When's he selling his bike?" Brian Derham too has found something different but is thought to be in training for a bit of a rest. 'Fangio' Ford is permanently in possession of Bachelor's Flu, and the least said about John Wakeman the better. Before you write us all off it is probably fairer to relate some of the more athletic performances. There is swimming on Monday nights until the inspiration of Martyn Woodruffe wears off, and Steve, Ron, Pete M. Bern, Reg and Clyde ran or rode in the Cyclists v. Harriers event at Coulsdon. Clyde only completed $1\frac{1}{2}$ laps but the rest all finished the course. This inspired further hopefuls to enter the Belle Vue Cross-country, but at the time of writing 'flu and training (!) had begun to take its toll. Clyde has just become a dad again and is now in training for next season and hopes to recapture his old form if Enoch Powell doesn't get him sent home to Trinidad. Really no-one knows what Clyde's old form was, and in a conversation in the cafe at Cranleigh

on a recent club run, Dave Bonner pointed out that Clyde would have been a great sprinter if he could have got to the last 220 yards. And if you hear the stories of how he was entertained by industrialists in Rome before the Olympics you will realise why the Italians won all the cycling medals in 1960. Bonner and Clyde were the terrible twosome on the early club runs this season, but the vast difference in their fitness made sure that it was only a battle of words. With another large influx of schoolboys the club runs began to get a bit out of hand. Most of the new boys' bikes were a bit shaky and one day it took us two hours to get to Charlwood! After twenty-seven members turned up for one club run, things were getting desperate, until providence and the C.T.C. came to the rescue.

Harry Knowles, who for many years had run the Reigate section of the C.T.C. resigned over the new membership fees, and was talked into joining us by the vigilant Basil. Harry is now in his element with his new charges (I counted sixteen) and is in the process of beating them and their bikes into shape, as well as exploring the amenities of the B.C.F.

I've just realised that I haven't mentioned Graham Seymour for quite a while, probably because he has changed his job and his car recently as often as he used to change his bikes in the old days, and hence hasn't been about much. Gra has had a better season than the previous two, but the news that next year's Inter New Towns 25 will be on the Southend road on April 30th will ensure that he is fit earlier than usual in 1969.

The other club expert on dental receptionists, John Pratt, is already in gentle racing training for next year, as is Pete Hayes, while teams are already being sorted out for Crawley's favourite ESCA event, the two-up.

That's the lot.

YOUNG THROPP.

The meeting was held at Hellingly on December 1st with delegates from six clubs present and Ken Atkins in the chair. A letter was read from Jack Southerden stating that he did not wish to stand as vice-Chairman. It was agreed that a letter should be sent to Jack thanking him for his many years service as an Association official. The Secretary, in his report, said that it had been a satisfactory year both on the racing and social sides. He said that the Open 25 and 12 Hours were both successful, but the Schoolboy and Junior 10s on the Marsh course had not been too well supported, and they would be switched to the Dicker and run on Sundays next year. The Social Secretary reported a massive turnout for the 21st Anniversary Luncheon, a full house for the party and gratifying support for the Grand National draw. The Treasurer reported a loss on the year of £17, almost all caused by the loss on the Luncheon. The Magazine Editor reported the usual four quarterly issues of BONK. Most of the clubs had contributed notes and the circulation was about 136 copies per issue. The Secretary then pointed out that certain clubs had returned unsold copies so that the actual sales were only about 122 copies per issue. The club affiliation fee for 1969 will remain at £1 10s. 0d. The social programme will consist of the Grand National Draw, a Children's Party on January 12th, a Party on the first Sunday in December (the same day as the A.G.M.), and a Luncheon and Prize Presentation in February 1970. (This date to allow time for the awards to be done). The Clubmans Touring Competition will be on April 27th. The track championships will again be 5 miles, 1,000 yards and 880 yards. Qualifying distances for the Ladies and Mens BAR competitions will be unchanged, but after some discussion it was decided to alter the distances for the Junior BAR to 10 miles and 25 miles, the two best 10s to be ridden in any open or association event in the London South or London South-East districts, and the two best 25s in ESCA events. 1969 awards will be the same as for 1968. Officials for 1969 are as follows :-

President: Roger Sturt (Brighton Excelsior C.C.).
Chairman: Ken Atkins. Vice-Chairman: Alan Bathurst.
Secretary/Treasurer/Racing Secretary: Roy Humphrey.
Assistant Racing Secretary: Ken Stevens.
Social Secretary: John Dutson.
Magazine Editor: Dennis Neeves. Press Sec.: Peter Crowsley.
Minutes Sec.: Jane Lade. Handicappers: Roy Humphrey,
 Esther Carpenter, Warwick Dunford and Basil Chilcott.
Timekeepers: B. Chilcott, D. Stokes, W. Baker, R. Powell,
 W. Dunford, A. Linington, R. Porter and A. Bathurst.

Recorders to be arranged by event secretaries.

Auditors: Bills Collins and Vic Cusdin.

Vice-Presidents: En bloc, plus retiring President P. Crowsley.

 LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Saludos, brethren ! Almost before one realises it the Editor has sidled up and whispered in his usual cultured tones: "Oy you - where's yer BONK notes ?" Having left readers in a state of breathless suspense waiting for the next instalment, we'll carry on with a mention of Kilby's handicap-snatching ride in the Association 50, when he did a 2-21 to also clinch the club award at this distance. Burbery, the man who says he never trains ("If more people worked harder they'd have no time to train") still turned in a '27' and beat Savage and Hills soundly. The September 25 saw a short '9' from Savage, another reputed non-trainer ("Living near the Buxted Health Hydro keeps me fit"), and a 'personal' one second inside 1-11 from Steve Myatt. The two active Micks put in an assault on the SCCU 12 hrs., but their display of Lewes stamina wasn't very convincing as by 70 miles Hills had gone, reported lost in the fog (!) while at 135 miles Kilby called it a day when his steam ran out. Two of our heroes braved the Bognor 25 on that terrible week-end of floods, Savage doing an '11' and Myatt sliding back to a '16'. Kilby, peering through the window at the rain bucketing down, decided that this was a 'float' morning of the wrong kind, and crept back to bed ! The SCA 25 served up some better going and Hills led our quartet with a '7', the others being roughly at minute intervals slower. The Mitre 2-up 25 gave Hills and Burbery a chance to trample to a 1-4-14, some 4½ minutes better than the Kilby/Savage partnership, who were reported as "Down on their uppers" towards the finish. Still, they had the last laugh, as they crept for one of the lottery prizes, a deserved consolation. As if trying to make amends for the shambles of the 'Summer' weather, the morning of the Worthing '25' was ideal, and resulted in Burbery shocking everyone (and probably himself too) with 1-6-31, his best for three years. One can sympathise with the gent who later grumbled: "I've only done an '8', and yet this bloke strolls up and does a '6' with no training. It's all wrong". Your scribe wonders if he's discovered some secret elixir since moving to another part of Portslade ! Kilby did 1-7-33 (for the fourth time in his career), Savage 1-9-10,

and Myatt just missed another 'personal' with 1-11-7. Finally, although none of the above dared to sample the new ESCA piece of 'grunt and groan' at Firle, we'd like to pay tribute to second-claimer Colburn's fine gallop to clinch second place. One well-worn name is missing from this Chronicle of Endeavour - that of our old pal 'Tourist' Agg. To all those who've enquired as to his well-being (or otherwise !), we can only say that we haven't seen much of him, so evidently he's channelling his energy in some other direction, with what result remains to be seen. He failed to attend one club meeting as he had an important (?) table-tennis game to play. One side effect is that several Escabods have remarked on the "Nice bit of quiet" we now enjoy at local events, though to be fair that's often offset by his 'character' value. John Cox sent a letter from the depths of Botswana, doubtless better remembered as Basutoland. At the time of writing he was bemoaning the abundance of sand and lack of water, and finished up with a real cry from the heart: "Brother, what wouldn't I give for a few cool pints of Watney's now". Oh well, they will go to these outlandish places !

At the last club meeting Peter Sharp didn't show up until half way through the proceedings. That may not seem odd until it's explained that our meetings are generally at the Sharp residence ! Evidently he'd done a mind-bending act and agreed to attend an important Parish Council inquiry on the same day so had to divide his attention between the two. Recently a member on an evening visit to the wilds of Peacehaven attempted to beard the Chancellor in his den, but the only effect of his knocking was that the light was doused and someone could be heard telling the dog to belt up. Clearly Reg is taking no chances of being brainwashed to return to club life !

Amparo and your scribe wish to thank Brian Strong of the Rovers for the outsize photograph of the Chainwheel Creek Trophy presentation at the 21st Luncheon. Although it's been a year in coming it was well worth waiting for, and provides a permanent reminder of a memorable ESCA production. Older readers will be interested to hear that shortly there will be an 'iron filing' off the old block when the former 'Iron Man' (later Tinlegs) Grover becomes a dad. Now living it up in 'God's Own Country', he'll be bringing Ann and the one-off production back in 1970. If it's a boy and he takes to the bike game, it will be interesting to see if he repeats his old man's feat in one ESCA 50 when he got rid of the sags by stopping and going into a Yoga position, finishing with such vim that he swiped the handicap award !

Having waded through the foregoing, here's the annual announcement that will have been sought by all readers who really care for a bull-free, no-holds-barred function. Of course I'm plugging the Wanderers dinner which will be held as usual at the Elephant and Castle, Lewes, at 7.30 for 8 p.m. on Saturday, January 11th. Entry fee is 12s. 6d. (no levy), there aren't any irksome regulations to be infringed, and that represents VALUE in these days of rising prices, squeezes (not the nice kind) and general clampdowns. Don't ask yourself "how do they do it ?", come along and find out. And don't forget the 'birds'. We have an expert in this field (Burbery) who'll be only too pleased to give 'em the once over and analyse their potential ! Bookings to G. Willcocks, 6a Broad Street, Seaford, or to any club member, by January 1st at the very latest - and the more the merrier.

So on that happy note we'll say Up the Social Season, Down with the liquid nourishment, and a right royal and rumbustious Christmas to one and all from the Wanderers. See you under the table.

ALSORAN.

THE SOUTHBOROUGH CIRCUIT AND WEIGHT TRAINING CLUB.

The change of title is occasioned by the fact that every Monday for the past few weeks there has been a lemming-like migration of Southborough Wheelers to Gravesend, where, under the watchful eye of their coach, Don Sutherland, they perform feats to gain outstanding winter fitness in the hope that next year all cycling opposition will be ground into the decks on the South Eastern roads. Well that's the idea, anyway. Not only this, but several of the Club have been attending B.C.F. coaching courses where they are initiated into such mysteries as the pain barrier, oxygen debt and the like. I asked Geoff Boxall what was the point behind all of this and he said that if he passed his B.C.F. exams he could be a B.C.F. coach if, he was a B.C.F. member, and so wear a badge on his track suit if he had a track suit. It is now also very unfashionable, unless one wishes to be intolerably slow, to wear musettes, ride fixed wheel, wear shorts or go on long cycle runs. But the most surprising thing has been the vast sale of alloy cranks. Obviously these experts know more than I do but I can only believe they are susceptible to attack by bol weevil or something.

One edict that has hit some people hard is the saying that the aim of cyclists is to live a good pure wholesome life and be happy. Several Club members find it impossible to reconcile the two. Of course, all this flood of new ideas have lead to some very interesting and stimulating debates. In fact, one wag summed the situation up succinctly by saying that next year would see only Crow racing but about 35 people telling him how to do it properly. And what better place for these discussions than our new clubroom. It's very cosy, though there is a tendency for numbers to thin out during the middle part of the evening when some of the juniors disappear, to seek out girls from the nearby social club. Otherwise discussions on keep fit are broken only by the cries of 'twist' and 'bust' from the Southborough Gaming Casino, and discussions on who should really have won the Miss World contest.

You may remember that recently Edenbridge and Tonbridge actually got in the news by a surfeit of water that flowed under and over the bridges. It was during this week-end that the Club promoted a junior and schoolboy '10' on the very low lying Yalding course. Only five competitors turned up who started, finished and all won awards, Ian Bainbridge recording 31.14 on his trike. It took Lou about 6 hours to get home and caused Spider to get caught in the floods at Yalding. Ron Hayward was riding the Middlesex 12 at the time and packed in impossible conditions, thus not finishing the Club BAR for the first time for umpteen years. Crow got home from the clubrun following Marion Ricks - Derek Heydey wedding by putting his bike on top of a Land Rover and being driven through the deepest parts. In fact, it was a wonder that nobody got actually flooded out.

On the racing front Tim Chacksfield with a 1-5-57 led a strong Southborough team including Royston in the K.C.A. 25, Lou, making one of his periodic comebacks with a 1-14-8. Then in the East Kent 25 Tim recorded 1-6-46 to show that he is certainly someone to watch. Royston won the final Club 25, and then we moved onto the hill climbs. Without wishing to appear rude, the start sheet in the Association hill climb did suggest that most of the competitors were old enough to know better. Nevertheless, Royston, at his first attempt, won the event with a fine 3-11, and Crow came a surprising fourth. Unfortunately, we had no third man to make up a team. By the way, I think that the waterworks hill is a great improvement from the safety factor over our previous rides up Wellingford. Royston was our sole entry in the Catford and Bec hill climbs, where he returned 2-21 and 2-22 respectively. On the other hand, our Club hill climb was very

well supported with 19 entries and was won by Chris Parker from Royston up the slopes of Ide Hill. That's almost all the racing for this year, though Ronnie Hayward is aiming on riding the Dulwich Paragon 25 just before Christmas. On Christmas Day we are promoting a 10 kilometre time trial, that's about 6 miles, round some frightful course near Golden Cross.

I don't know why, but the Club mag seldom seems to get mentioned in these columns, although we are very proud of it as it has been running for so long and it gets very well supported with writers. Geoff Withers gave us a very vivid description of a Y.H.A. tour in Germany with special accent on the meals. The Neale Brothers gave a mouth watering description of their annual visit to the International Food and Drink Fair. Crow gave a consumers report on fruit pies. Apart from the detailed racing results and championships that appear at the end of the season, which look like a series of log tables, it seems that the accent in the Club mag recently has been on food. It reminds me of a remark made by a C.T.C. member recently, when he said if you don't discuss food the only discussion point left is sex. Just to show that the Club hasn't neglected its social side there was a very well supported outing to watch the final night of the Wembley Six, but the main interest seemed to centre on watching Lou watching the Dollies. Another week, there was a theatre outing to see 'Charlie Girl' in London, which seemed to be enjoyed by all.

Danny ran the Club's open tourist competition this year and received good entries from the East Surrey Road Club and the Wigmore as well as our own. Despite one or two hitches, the event seems to have gone very well and proved that Edenbridge, if nothing else, is a hot bed of tourists, with Crow winning the event from fellow townsman Derek Hanson. Surprisingly for Southborough, the Clubrun front has been fairly quiet of late. One possible reason for this has been with the reluctance of members to exert themselves before their Monday evening ordeal. Whatever the reason, the Club are running one of its now famous referendums to find out what members want. It's on the cards to make the runs a lot shorter during the winter, especially in view of the dark mornings and also in view of Dick Poole's edict that long runs aren't necessary or desirable as a means of training, though Cliff Sharp may disagree. Remembering some of the 120+ epics last year, I won't be sorry to see them go. Neither, for that matter, will members of the Wigmore who joined us on an interclub run to East Kent then retired at Lunch complaining that the pace was too hot. We don't often find Graham Orch out

either, as once the racing season's finished he is usually found on one end of a fishing rod and on the other end very occasionally, is a fish.

The social evening (to give it its most polite name) at Hellingly went off very well, a bit quieter than a year ago. Most of the Southborough rode to the event and rode home afterwards, though this bit came a little harder, I don't know what Roy Humphrey was complaining about being roared off by Johnny Dutton. John's promotion of the Association's high tea and prize presentation deserves congratulations, too. It was really great. A wonderful day to ride down there, a really enormous cycling type meal and a very friendly and informal atmosphere really made it. Though I would like to see it revert to a luncheon again next year.

I was glad to see that the club who are supplying next year's President were there in force. Certainly the Brighton Excel. can never be accused of staid formality, so it looks as though 1969 President Roger Sturt will be a fairly lively personality.

The film show put on by Mr. Conrad was also most acceptable. The high speed tour of the Isle of Man found several people clinging to their seats, and Ron Hayward was convinced that Dawn was at the wheel of the car at the time. Thus finished another enjoyable East Sussex event, and for that matter this is where my report finishes too, except to wish all and sundry a Merry Christmas and a fast new year.

CROW

HERE AND THERE

Crawley members rough-stuffing in Ashdown Forest to avoid the traffic and fume trails, ran into the preliminaries of an Army manoeuvre.

"I nearly got into the final of the White Hope Sprint" - Clyde Rimple.

Young Thropp appeared at the clubroom in shorts. Pete Hayes pointed out that Myrtle had hidden his trousers so that he couldn't go over to the Black Dog.

Ken Stevens, shocked at Willcocks' reference to "my old woman" after a mere six months of wedded bliss, said: "Look here, you're only

entitled to refer to 'em like that when you've been married as long as I have". This was overheard by Iris, whose dirty look spoke volumes !

Colburn seems aghast that Amparo doesn't give Willcocks breakfast in bed, and commented: "After all - what's a wife for ?" Cliff Sharp offered to take him aside and complete his basic knowledge.

It's reported that a large hole recently appeared in the road in the Rotherfield area. Copper Burgess is looking into it.

At the Party the Great White Chief was trying to start a new fashion in cycling clothing - a mini sweater worn over a long sweater.

The same gentleman had a bit of trouble one night when, on returning home, he found he had not got his key, so had to borrow a ladder from Press and Banks' yard and climb in an upstairs window.

BONK hits the USA ! Well, only one copy which has been sent by Crow to Joseph Manzi Jr., President of the New York Cycle Club, with whom Pete has been corresponding.

The Rovers have kept themselves well in the news lately. First there was Marion's wedding, featured in CYCLING, then the Stevens baby, and finally, Dot Collins broke her right leg while on a club walking trip. She hopes to have it out of plaster by Christmas.

The 1969 President had no sooner been elected than R.H. was gleefully informing him that he would be expected to be first man off in the Hardriders 25. Who started this idea, anyway ?

One wag referring to this event said that medals would be given to next-of-kin.

R.H. cheered up (?) prospective riders with: "Oh, once you get to Woods Corner"

At the Party, Brighton Excelsior were busy supping Merrydown before, after, and in some cases during the meal. We hope that their knees lasted the journey home.

THE 1968 PRIZE PRESENTATION

This year's presentation was held on November 24th in conjunction with a high tea at the Village Hall, Netherfield. Sixty-one people attended, headed by the President, Peter Crowsley. The company enjoyed a very tasty meal, after which the President's parents presented awards to the chief prize-winners, including this year's Best-All-Rounder Mick Morgan of the Central Sussex. After this, there was a programme of films shown by Mr. Conrad and son, of the Clarencourt C.C., with a mixture of Cycling (Isle of Man racing) and motor-car racing featuring smash-ups galore.

To close this issue of the mag', the Editor would like to wish everybody a very Happy Christmas (yes - even those press secs. who are always late with their notes !), and the best of luck and good riding in the New Year.

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