

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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**East Sussex  
Cycling Association**

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# EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 25.

SPRING 1969

Secretary ) Mr. R. Humphrey,  
& ) 4, Ebenezer Cottages,  
Treasurer ) FRAMFIELD, Uckfield.

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### EDITORIAL

Just how much early season racing is a gamble with the weather was clearly illustrated by the Hardriders 25 and the March 25; the first run off on sunny mild morning, the second a nightmare of fog and frost. If the latter conditions had prevailed for the Hardriders, there would surely have been many more than the two non-finishers in this event. Below zero temperatures can make a mockery of attempts to be serious in the early stages of the season, so it seems to me that those who start slowly with the aim of gradually working up to full fitness later on have sense on their side.

Sales of this magazine are not what they were, and Alan Bathurst put his finger on the chief reason at the recent committee meeting, when he pointed out that the younger riders do not buy it. This really applies to all the Association's social activities, and it seems to have become generally realised that when organising these things it is largely a waste of time trying to "cater for the youngsters", and that it is better to go all out to make them attractive to the older people who are the ones who will come anyway. There is of course a rider to this, and that is that we must hope that at least some of the junior club members will stay in the game long enough to reach an age when they will begin to be interested in attending luncheons and parties and in reading BONK.

D.N.



"GEN" from the Secretary.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an "In Memoriam" to a well known friend of the Association since its formation in 1946. I refer of course to Frank White, mine host of the Ash Tree Inn, Ashburnham. Frank and Bessie have done much for the Association, and they have always been ready and willing to attend to our fads.

With the first event of the season already decided, after 22 years we were forced to break with tradition and extend our annual 12 miles Hard-Riders to 25 miles, with the start at Hellingly instead of at Ashburnham. The event attracted a reasonable field of 24 riders, but several faces were missing from the line, 25 miles no doubt being too far, though no doubt they would have still ridden had it been only 12 miles.

A list of the Event records appears elsewhere in this issue, and no doubt a look at these by some of the faster types will give them an incentive to have a go and better some of the times, some of which have not been improved for 14 years. The shorter distance times should be within the reach of some of our riders to-day.

By now all of you should be making a special effort to sell the last of those Draw Tickets for the Grand National Draw, much time and work has been put into this by John Dutson, and it is up to everyone of us to do our best and help to make this draw an outstanding success, without a doubt it is this event that helps the Association to keep solvent.

The time is now fast approaching for the Annual Clubmans Touring Competition, being organised on our behalf by Eastbourne Rovers. Sunday, April 27th, is the date - make a note of it, and when you receive Entry Forms, complete them and return them, in the same numbers as if they were an entry form for a 25. A leisurely day finding your way round the lanes makes quite a change from racing. Everyone can compete, it is not a race, and the total mileage will not be in excess of 40.

R.H.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS.

With the deaths of Mrs. Chambers and Fred Peachey it would be more appropriate if this quarter's report was edged in black. Apart from acting as host at our Clubroom since its inception, Mrs. Chambers and her husband Alec were one of those disappearing and irreplaceable breed known as cycling caterers, and her loss will be felt throughout cycling in the South East. Fred Peachey was the father of our Road Racing Secretary, Tony. He was a real enthusiast giving great support to the Club, especially in feeding in long distance events.

The next section reads like a page out of Emergency Ward 10. As many of you know, Danny our Club Captain, has a broken leg after crashing on some black ice on what I can only describe as one of the most eventful and unfortunate Club runs I had the misfortune to be on. Jean Armitage fractured her skull by falling in her home, thus showing that not all accidents in the home are covered by family planning. I'm glad to say that she has fully recovered by now. Roy Cavie is still in Haywards Heath Hospital, paralysed from the waist down and is making a slow recovery, though the cause of the illness is unknown. Don Robb, just to be in fashion, discovered that his cycle crash last May had left him with a fractured shoulder which needed late treatment, and just to round off the list, Val Peachey is now minus her appendix and Les Hayman his tonsils.

Moving unto more cheerful subjects, our Club Dinner held on December 22nd went off extremely well, with 135 diners and a dance band far more suitable for the occasion than last year. The ebullient 'Kav' Kavanagh of the De Laune made an hilarious speech to the Club and yours truly had the rather nerve-racking task of reading Danny's speech of reply. As usual, the cross-toasting revealed aspects of the Club that had escaped the written word. The Wigmore made their presence known, some dressed in boiler suits this year. The dancing was very well supported, and the spirit of Christmas goodwill was liberally distributed round the exit at the termination of yet another very good dinner. The next day, our A.G.M. brought a few changes. Pete Baker is still our General Secretary, Graham Orchard is now re-installed as Time Trials Secretary and Tony Peachey covering the Road Racing side.

A dismal Christmas day morning round nine starters at the Club 10 km time trial, and despite the fact that every junction had a direction arrow, five riders went off course, leaving Robin Howard to win in 17 mins. 42 secs., from Geoff Withers and Richard Cave.



The end of the year run to Streetly Youth Hostel was marred by heavy snow and was abandoned when the run had reached Joe Whiskers cut-price cycle shop in North London. How was that for map reading! Actually the Club run scene had been having good support in a mild winter until the arrival of the February Ice Age, but December 15th will go down as a day that some of us are not likely to forget in a hurry. I met Danny, Robin, and Graham Orchard at The Cat at West Hoathly, after a very windy morning's ride, and just before time was called the rain started coming down in torrents. We waited for about an hour in the bus shelter at West Hoathly before deciding to brave the elements and ride to tea at Godstone. Although the rain stopped we met some frozen patches of ice in a lane near Outwood, where Graham crashed heavily, completely wrecking his front wheel. There is quite an epic story behind how we got him going again. We arrived to tea at Godstone as the sky cleared and the temperature dropping fast. Before we could get away Robin punctured and we lost more time before our actual departure. Riding home through the lanes to Edenbridge we could hear the ominous sound of thick water in the puddles as the temperature rapidly dropped to freezing and then at Haxted Hill Danny crashed on black ice, and we had to get him to hospital. By then the roads were covered in black ice. Graham got a train home to Tonbridge. Edenbridge Hospital told me that they could not treat Danny and I would have to drive him in my father's car to Tunbridge Wells, so with Robin and Danny aboard we floated on black ice all the way, to get Danny into Hospital, and then I skated all the way home again. Glad to say we don't have many Club runs like that. Incidentally, Danny is making a good recovery and is quite mobile on crutches, though it will be a little while before he can be back on his bike. During his stay in hospital he had a good lot of visits from Club members.

I seem to be the only Southborough doing the rounds of the East Sussex dinner scene. I don't know if there is any connection but the two dinners at which I was speaking, the Central and the Lewes, had the smallest attendances. Not that their lack of numbers in any way affected the informal and enjoyable atmosphere engendered there. My first chance to dance with a National Champion came at the East Grinstead dinner, Dave Bonner to be precise. A little confusion somewhere, but then the Grinstead dinner always does get mad in its latter stage, they certainly know how to enjoy themselves over there. The dinner season finished on a very high note with the Eastbourne

Rovers do. Now a 100% cycling affair, I'm glad to say. The innovation of only two speeches and the prize presentation half way through the evening gave a good time for more social aspects, and I would recommend this idea to a few other dinner promoters. What a pity there aren't some more dinners to look forward to until next year, but for some, of course, this is the season for training.

Chris Parker tells me that he has been out four nights a week despite snow and ice, and managed to keep in a vertical position, which speaks much for his bike handling. My own training only seems to consist of riding to the East Grinstead Club room on Tuesday nights and Southborough on Fridays. Then I seem to return home horrified at the amount of training people seem to do in an endeavour to get fit. Of course, our crowd are still rushing up to Gravesend every Monday as an aid to victories to come. We had several riders in the first closed circuit race at Brands Hatch where Royston Harrison managed to get into National news by crashing on lap two. We have got 12 riders holding B.C.F. licences this year and so hope to have a go in the bunch game. The first time trial, the East Sussex Hardriders 25, found a trio of the Club in fine form with Robin Howard coming 6th, just leading Royston Harrison with Richard Cave backing them up for 3rd counter in the 2nd Team place. Yours truly, believing that nobody would race seriously after such awful weather, pottered round and filled the lantern rouge position. Next week we have the first Club cyclo-cross for some years, organised by Ian Bainbridge, one of the Club's tricyclists.

Looking ahead, we have another slide show coming up as a sequel to our very successful one held on January 31st, where our new member from Newcastle, Tom Smith, showed some very enjoyable slides of professional racing. Other Club members showed various tours in Eastern Europe and Phil Hennessy showed some of his breathtaking mountaineering shots in the Dolomites. How on earth he can ever think of taking photos when he is up there heaven only knows.

Easter looks like being at Brecon again with 12 of us going, and there is a Club continental tour planned this year. It was to have been to Austria or maybe Switzerland, but now looks like the Tour de France. Maybe they could compromise by asking the Tour organisers to bend their race out to Innsbruck way.

Finally, I mustn't forget the Association's childrens party on January 12th that really went with a swing, and guarantees its further



Southborough Wheelers (continued).

continuance. It is good to see that the Association such a strong social programme. And with that, I think that it is all from me so all the best in racing and touring in '69.

CROW

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BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Another social season over, and time to get down to training again, if you're that way inclined. Personally, I have run out of excuses and will have to start.

The Club dinner, ably organised by Charles Turner, went off well, but suffered a little from a smaller attendance than we would have liked. Next year's dinner is booked for December 13th at the Arnold House Hotel, Brighton.

Our first event of the season should have been a 10 on February 16th, but the layer of white stuff deterred all but two, and the event was abandoned, a start being made with the George Hill Cup 25 on March 2nd. Adrian Morris recorded fastest time with 1-7-11, with Robin Johnson second in 1-8-15, the rest of us very much nowhere. Brian Morris, who has been absent on Dartmoor (rock breaking?) found the return to two wheels harder than expected, and was D.N.F., as were several others in the biting easterly wind. My own time doesn't bear thinking about; I have been digging through my records trying to find a slower one to cheer myself up, but so far no luck.

We have quite a few keen youngsters raring to have a go this year. We hope that some of them will be trying their legs in the ESCA Schoolboys' 10s.

First Mitre promotion of the season will be a third cat. and junior road race at Rushlake Green on April 27th - hope to see you all there.

K.M.W.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS.

After the Lord Mayor's Show comes 1969. It looks like being a depressing year for the club. Ron Ford has retired from racing, Steve Smith has gone up in the world as a steward for B.E.A., and might not find time to train (especially when he's chasing the 'air spare'); and it is rumoured that junior champ Chris Derham has joined the Vulcan CRC. (It is thought that his father likes the drive up to SE London every Sunday to take him to their Clubruns); and to crown it all, Bob Griffith has not retired yet again.

Early December saw Basil arrive at the clubroom à la bicyclette, and his car hadn't broken down either. In the same week Dave Stokes rode six miles to work on a freezing cold day. In both cases this seems to have been a flash in the pan, but it seems to have frightened off most of the older club members, and after an early boom, clubrun attendances crashed. This doesn't apply, however, to Harry Hot Rod's boys. As one lot of schoolboys fades away another one appears. One evening alone saw nine new recruits, and the club rollers are currently taking a pounding, and the new club badges, although uninspired in design, are selling like hot cakes.

I've said before that our lot are not too good at socialising, but groups from the club have enjoyed the East Grinstead dinner and the BBAR Concert at 'Tom and Jerry's'. It was at the latter function that Ron Ford became the victim of a Reg Jewsbury practical joke when the M.C. called Ron up to collect a box of chocolates for his '21st' birthday that day. Christmas inevitably arrived. Did you receive any good presents this year? Ernie Dove got a pair of quick-release Campag legs, Pete Hayes a new gold block and chain to go with his plum-coloured waistcoat perhaps, and Bob Griffith a new 'iron', but he doesn't like the way the footrests keep going up and down. The cold Christmas morning kept most of the hopefuls away from the Club 10, which was won for the second year in succession by Dick Griffin. Paul Lipscombe improved one position on his 1967 third place, and newcomer Bob Jones showed his strength for the last of the scratch prizes. John Pratt gave a lively performance for an 'ancient bicycle', but as last year the star rating must go to the dad and daughter tandem team of George and Penny Monk. George stopped on the way round to doff a false nose and Penny was disgusted to find that their time was 30.00 exactly!



This time of year is fine for holidays abroad if you can afford it. Three of our rich bachelors obviously can. Ron, Bern and Pete Main disappeared with their skis to Austria, but things didn't go all that well over there. Ron sprained his ankle on the second day, and his best souvenir is a pair of expensive X-ray photos. Pete Main actually made the most of the opportunity to ski, but the night owl Bern had a little difficulty in rising from his bed each morning. All three returned home safely, however. Pete Swetman of the East Surrey Road Club and Roy Lockyer of the Kentish Wheelers were the guest speakers at our dinner/dance this year, and a fine job they made of it, though how Roy (the SCCU Good Friday track meeting promoter) found the stamina after his marathon cross-toasting battle with Dave Bonner I'll never know. If Dave hasn't a contract for Good Friday this year we'll know why Roy's car ran out of petrol at Redhill on his way home. Dave must have found the mouth-wash after all. The whole evening was our best yet and a credit to Graham Seymour the organiser. Gra is not satisfied and is looking for ideas to make it more memorable next year. How about free beer and a stripper? (I think I might be going to the Crawley dinner next year - Ed.).

Another sign that the club is in for a bad year was the poor turn-out for the senior reliability trials, though most of the riders successfully completed the course on an easy day. A victim of the hunger knock, Young Thropp was given a lift home from Godstone by Steve Smith. As Steve drove off he turned and said with a leer: "You'll never live this down, mate". Despite the fact that Pete Main and Adrian were Youth Hostelling and the club 'iron men' Dick Griffin and Paul Lipscombe were riding the Hardriders 25, there were still plenty of faces mousing. Perhaps they're all late starters. One bright spot has been the regular appearance at the clubroom of Pete Main's young sister Lesley and her girl friend. The schoolboys have been flocking round but perhaps more about this in the Summer issue. The Stirrer of the Year Competition is now in progress, Reg Jewsbury with  $\frac{1}{2}$  point lead so far as the only scorer. Forthcoming attraction: 'The Black and White Minstrel Show' in the 2-up T.T.T.

MOUNTAIN STAGER

This Bonk report is being written in Austria, where yours truly is on a two week ski-ing holiday. I have a feeling that I shall return to find a reminder from Dennis Neeves that the Bonk deadline is here or gone again. I say we are on holiday, but in fact it is all hard work. We have two weeks of ski school of four hours a day, and it's a case of ski or die - maybe both. Our instructor is a keep-fit addict: CONDITION is the word we hear all day. We started on Monday morning with fifteen in the class: by Saturday we had three, one rugby player, one other chap and myself trying to prove that cyclists are as fit, if not fitter than the next man, or woman as the case may be. While Alan and I are here, Tom Padbury is in Norway also ski-ing. I don't know how he is getting on, but I am looking forward to showing off my fourth grade ski-ing medal.

Since the last Bonk we have, of course, had our club dinner. Despite the fact that Budgie organised the 'do' it was a great success, and as usual a great time was had by all. John Pratt of Geoffrey Butler Cycles was our guest of honour. Hr gave a very good toast to the club, and many humorous impromptu ones for which our dinner is becoming renowned. We all learnt more about our guest John Pratt at the dinner. We all knew about his cycling activities and pro' team, but we did not know that he holds the record for covering the furthest distance in a man-powered aircraft. His record is 800 yards at a height of 40 feet, quite an achievement. His aim is the big cash award for the first man to cover the mile. We all hope he gets it. He had turned down a radio broadcast to be at our dinner.

Young Martin Toft won the Novices Award, and Roger Leppard the Junior Trophy. Ray Lunn won the hill-climb, Dick Marchant the 50 Cup with 2-1-27. Dick also had the 10 Cup with 23-57, also the Eastbourne and back record trophy. Bob Smith won the 25 shield with 59-55, and our new road race 'Geoffrey Butler' trophy. No Best-All-Rounder as ashamedly no-one rode a 100. The racing backbone of our club, namely Dick Marchant, Bob Smith and Trevor Budgeon, have all been out training hard for weeks now, I say Dick, though none of us knows whether he is training or hibernating. Some say he is moving to West Grinstead - some connection with the stud farm I believe! Bob and Trevor are riding with Don Awcock to make a Sussex team in the Dover to London road race. The boys open their season this Sunday in the St. Johns Benefit road race.



East Grinstead C.C. (continued).

Keeping to the same motto as toasts - "If you're no good at it keep it short", I will close. God help the person who has to get this lot printable. (Val will win the Britain's Best Typist award when Humphrey gets in the Ten Best Dressed Men list - Ed.).

Here's hoping for a smashing summer, and a successful season for all racing types.

VALERIE

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25 Commercial Road  
EASTBOURNE

February 19th 1969

Dear Mr Editor

In answer to Val of the East Grinstead CC and her query in the Christmas issue as to whether anyone has heard of MERXPLAS. Merxplas was a well-known cyclists teas place in the mid 1920s to early 1930s, and mine host was a Mrs France. It was quite a common sight to find twenty or thirty cycles outside, while the riders were taking a walk down the Valley of the Rocks which was at the bottom of Mrs France's garden; in those days these walks were in the grounds of the gentleman's house. His name was Patterson the Camp coffee maker. The location of Merxplas is on the B2028 between Selsfield and Ardingly. I believe it is still possible to take a walk through the Valley of the Rocks; this made an object for a run from Eastbourne.

BILL COLLINS

Eastbourne Rovers C & AC  
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LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

On the threshold of what the dedicated call the anti-social season (they're so busy training and racing that they've got no time to be friendly) it's as well to have a look at what's been going on since the last edition. With the horrors of cyclo-cross having as yet by-passed

Lewes Wanderers C.C. (continued).

this corner of the world, Sussex riders still believe in sparing a bit of time for the old 'booze, birds and blues' at the season's end, which, in your scribe's humble opinion, isn't a bad idea at all. Our own club dinner was the usual bright affair helped along by the presence of a good Rovers turnout. Guest speaker Crow got some belly laughs when he described what really happened to Agg in the KCA 50 referred to in the last Bonk. Evidently that report only skated round the truth which was as funny as anything we've ever heard about that gentleman - and that's saying something! As it happened, Derek had been chosen to reply to Crow, and got his own back when he presented the 'mystery award' which proved to be as nice a 'bit of leg' as Crow could have wished for - a plastic stocking stand! Earlier, the Rovers struck a social rock bottom when Agg refused to sit with "that shower" as he so politely put it, and sought the company of his own flock in double-quick time! (But how did they feel about sitting with him? Ed.). The G.W.C. also got among the awards when he received a Champion Tale-tellers Shield which was very fitting after he'd been cross-toasted over playing down to his clubmates the iniquities of the new Hardriders 25 course. His confident clincher: "There's nothing to it - it's dead easy after you get to Woods Corner" deserves to go down as a classic of it's kind, as doubtless the survivors will agree! Once again the raffle realised a comfortable profit, thanks to the continued great generosity of Mrs Cox, who again gave us all the prizes. Club B.A.R. was Mick Hills who practically pleaded for his average speed not to be mentioned, although, like many things, it could have been worse.

The Club A.G.M. was a quiet affair and we were pleased to welcome four new schoolboy members to help swell the competition. Interest has also been shown by ex Leicestershire Road Club member Jack Goldstein, who is now proprietor of the cycle shop in Fisher Street, Lewes, and will be out to some events, together with his wife, who is guaranteed to brighten the scenery whatever the weather! All the old gang were re-elected, the only change being that Willcocks is now President after it had been suggested that we follow the Association and elect a new president each year. Copper Burgess 'came back from the dead' to announce that he's heaved himself out from amongst the cowpats, in-pig sows and mangel-wurzels and clumped a little nearer, to Crowborough this time. We don't know if he's grown out of too many uniforms, or worn out too many pairs of boots pounding the Rotherfield hills, but he tells us he's now in the C.I.D., so be on your guard all you wrong-doers, you'll have a job to shake off the



new lightweight Burgess. There's no further news from Cox, but your scribe apologises for 'doing a Cliff Sharp' and getting a bit adrift with his geography in the last edition. Botswana was Bechuanaland and not as stated. Incidentally, his informant when asked if he knew a Basuto from a Bechuana anyway, replied: "No, but as long as she was well upholstered, as they usually are, I wouldn't care". It's time once again to perform the usual knocking-up ceremony in the Five Ash Down area. This consists of a member visiting a certain house to let Ken Savage know that Spring is just around the corner and it's time to get rolling. Nothing is ever heard of him in the social season, so we are to assume that he joins the Hedgehogs and squirrels, &c., and goes into a severe bout of hibernating once the cold weather sets in.

Well, the Hardriders 25 has been run, and although no deaths were reported, some of the finishers looked pretty well bonked up as they croaked their numbers to a gloating Humphrey on the line. Kilby found it tough for a pipe-opener but wasn't too upset about his ride. Steve Myatt, who never says much anyway (Agg will have to take this lad in hand) replied: "Very hard" when asked his opinion of the trip, while several others improved muchly on this with language several degrees above the usual 'proof'. One doesn't like to think of this course in bad weather conditions, although we wonder what Crow was expecting to plough through, judging by his guards and outsize rear mudflap.

Congratulations to Dot Collins of the Rovers on a remarkably quick recovery from a broken ankle. Ever-popular Dot is the one person we don't like to see coming to grief like that; and it says much for her general fitness that she's almost back to normal before some of these faint hearts would have dared to go out.

Al all enquirers as to when the Bomb III is going to be roadborne, your scribe asserts that it will be this year, and not "Next year, sometime, never", as one pessimist has said. Patience, my friends, Rome wasn't built in a day, and we're hoping that it won't be long before the Wanderers have a new Service Vehicle from which to blow cigar smoke over their lesser brethren! In conclusion, don't forget that we're again running our evening 36 mile criterium at Ringmer, subject to course approval. The dates are June 12/19/26th, Thursdays as usual, so let's be having some good support as always from Association and Division bike-riders. With that it's cheers my hearties, and here's to all the best of wheeling in 1969.

ALSORAN

LADIES INDIVIDUAL

			H	M	S	
10 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex CC	26	5		1952
15 Miles	P. Novis	Eastbourne Rovers	41	31		1955
25 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex CC	1	8	7	1952
50 Miles	S. White	Central Sussex CC	2	22	50	1952

LADIES TEAM

10 Miles		Central Sussex CC	55	39		1952
15 Miles		Eastbourne Rovers	1	24	10	1955
25 Miles		Central Sussex CC	2	18	31	1958
50 Miles		Central Sussex CC	4	53	7	1958

MENS INDIVIDUAL

12 Miles Hardriders	D. Patten	Tunbridge Wells RC	31	45		1959
25 Miles Hardriders	Standard		1	7	58	
25 Miles	D. Marsh	Eastbourne Rovers	58	49		1955
50 Miles	D. Marsh	Eastbourne Rovers	2	1	4	1955
100 Miles	D. Marsh	Eastbourne Rovers	4	19	31	1956
12 Hours	M. Morgan	Central Sussex CC	244.820	mils.		1968
Hill Climb (Wellingford Lane)	D. Patten	Tunbridge Wells RC	1 m.	32.8 s.		1956
Hill Climb (Waterworks Hill, Firle)	Standard		3 m.	11.2 s.		
35 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> Miles 2-Up Team Time Trial	C. Sharp, M. Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	1	29	19	1968

MENS TEAM

12 Miles Hardriders		Eastbourne Rovers	1	42	37	1959
25 Miles Hardriders	Standard		3	36	2	
25 Miles		Uckfield & District CC	3	1	53	1957
50 Miles		Eastbourne Rovers	6	22	51	1962
100 Miles		Eastbourne Rovers	13	31	3	1956
12 Hours		East Grinstead CC	706.465	mils.		1958
Hill Climb (Wellingford Lane)		East Grinstead CC	5 m.	8 s.		1959
Hill Climb (Waterworks Hill, Firle)	Standard		11 m.	25.4 s.		



Another year of varying fortune came to an end with the club's Annual General Meeting. There was a good attendance, and it was pleasing to note that most members had ideas concerning the many various items that were discussed. We were sorry that Jack Southenden has had to retire from official duties owing to eye trouble. He has served the club for many years as Chairman, and has brought many honours to the club. Also he served for many years as chairman of the E.S.C.A. We are pleased that he can still ride with us, and give to the younger members the benefit of his years of experience. His duties as chairman will be ably carried on by that long serving member Arthur Coleman. Another change was the election of Barbara Powell as Vice-Chairman. She will also take over the duties of Social Secretary, relieving Cecil Blank who has done a good job for some years. Other elections were - Fred Martin continues as President, Ernie Spray as Treasurer, Esther Carpenter as Hon. Secretary, Maurice Carpenter as Runs Secretary, and Graham Wilks as Racing Secretary. Fred was also given the job of Press Secretary, and he welcomes any news items members care to send him.

We had a surprise visit to our clubroom from the Eastbourne Rovers. They were very welcome. Dennis is arranging a return visit, and will be pleased for members to join him. (They'll be sorry when they get mixed up with the circuit training! - Ed.). Also on December 15th the Eastbourne joined us for a Christmas Party at the Netherfield Arms. This was a most enjoyable evening. I believe that Arthur Coleman and his party stayed until the Landlord said: "Goodnight gentlemen, I'm off to bed".

Maurice continues with his juniors, and I am told they are doing some fast riding. Let us hope that he will again bring the club racing honours, but at present he tells us that he finds getting fit hard work. Arthur Coleman has decided that he now wants to assist in the management of cycling. He is now a member of the K.C.A. committee and also he became a member of the V.T.T.A. Kent Group.

Barbara's first job as Social Secretary, the Annual Dinner and Dance, was made more difficult owing to new ideas being tried. As usual it was the Royal Victoria Hotel and was a great success. Thank you, Barbara. Sixty-seven people enjoyed a splendid dinner. This year the cross-toasting was not up to the usual Hastings standard. Arthur Coleman was not in his usual mood, although he and Frank Rix had a verbal duel regarding their drinking abilities. This year a break was made from the usual four or five speeches, there being only two. Geoff Wiles of the Medway Velo was the guest of the evening.

Instead of the usual club history of the past 93 years, he gave us a talk on the Sport, and the great part it plays in bringing together different nations in friendship. Some of his stories dealing with his racing in foreign countries were very interesting and amusing. Judging by the applause he received, I think the new idea of speech-making was very welcome. Ron Powell made a brave effort to respond to Geoff.

This year the President has received grand support from members in attending other club functions. Barbara, Syd and Dennis braved snow and ice and went by car to the Eastbourne Rovers dinner and dance, while Cecil, Fred and Blanche preferred the train. Four members rode in the E.S.C.A. Hardriders 25 miles. Mick Ashdown was placed fifth, Richard Wall was seventh and Steven Hollands and Guy Charlwood also did creditable times for their first effort. Eighteen riders joined the President for his OPENING RUN, meeting the Non-Riders at the Netherfield Arms. Thirty members enjoyed a grand lunch, and so started what we hope will be a successful season both with cycling and socially.



H E R E        A N D        T H E R E

Roy Humphrey has now joined the Affluent Society. He has had his front door painted, and a new knocker fixed, and he was seen at the Hardriders carrying a smart-looking camera.

This gentleman is becoming notorious for trying to hold committee meetings at social functions. He almost succeeded in starting a full scale meeting at the Lewes dinner, and kept a sub-committee going for over an hour at the Rovers' dinner.

Just a thought. Has anyone ever seen R.H. on the dance floor?

A new euphemism for going to the lavatory was heard at the Rovers' 'do'. "Going outside to turn the bike round", from a Hants RC man.

Bob French came back to bike-riding recently after several months absence and was so unfit that he got the knock just pumping up his tyres before the run started!

At a recent Hastings function Arthur Coleman was sporting a new line in blazer badges: a Beard's sweet stout label, stuck on with Sellotape. Then, with his blood inflamed by the demon drink, he nearly ate Barbara Powell.

The Editor has lately been involved in one or two unfortunate occurrences. First he burst his braces while playing table-tennis at the Eastbourne clubroom; a few days later the wind blew his new cap off and rolled it through a puddle.

Latest recruit to the ranks of baby-minders is none other than Stan Nash, who looked after Heather Stevens at the start while her Mum and Dad were racing.

Seen at Hellingly 1. Ken Stevens gassing away to a clubmate, while holding the new Rover, who was yawning a mile wide as if to say: "Come off it Pop, we've heard all that old rabbit before".

Seen at Hellingly 2. Mo Colburn snatching the 'gutter press' from Willcocks and devouring the picture of a semi-nude female on the front page. How things have changed since he piously declared to

Here & There (continued).

his Lewes clubmates: "I wouldn't be seen dead with my face in that rag".

Crow's American convict style jersey in the Hardriders 25 drew the shout: "Get back to the penitentiary" as he crossed the line. A pity that Copper Burgess hadn't started a minute behind and caught him!

When Graham Lade said that he might not be able to attend the BCF meetings, Willcocks replied: "Good - then you can send Jane".

The latter person has lately been forced to ride his bike because he has three - sorry - two and a half cars, but none of them are roadworthy!

Crow, not content with that ultra-slow 50 last year, started the new season with a 1-35 in the Hardriders 25. Pete must hold the record for the biggest difference between a man's fastest and slowest rides.

Aching legs in the racing season are nothing new, but you can get this trouble in the social season as well; ask Blanche Martin, wife of the Hastings president, whose legs were still stiff a fortnight after doing Zorba's Dance at the Rovers dinner.

Believe it or not, but the Editor (who was sober at the time) actually witnessed this amazing bit of cycling in Bexhill. A man was riding a roadster bicycle along the pavement, he has a ginger cat perched on one shoulder, he was steering with one hand and crossing himself with the other.

Connoisseurs of club note-writing will welcome the return to these pages of Honest Ginge of the Central Sussex CC. Some usually unreliable sources say that gardening and getting the miles in are the reasons for his long absence, while others think that he is happy to let Barbara slave over the typewriter while he talks tandem events with J. Dutson.

The Editor says that if he gets the Premium Bonds up he will use the money to make a down payment on a pair of Campagnolo brakes.



Very difficult trying to get enough guff together for this edition of our esteemed magazine, either things are all in the past and are best not remembered, or they are all still in the future and even my most ardent crystal gazing cannot bring them to light. However, since the last load of rubbish was printed one or two things have happened that are of note. Firstly, the Club Annual Dinner, this came in to the tune of "Where have all the Diners gone", when only 35 assembled for the function at the Maidens Head, Uckfield. It would appear that despite the small number, a reasonable time was had by all, the cups &c., were distributed, and all those who didn't go can bemoan the fact that they missed the wine that President Maurice Smith treated the company to. Next years dinner is already under discussion, and as a result of the rather poor showing this year will result it seems in a much smaller type of function.

Hard on the heels of the Dinner came the only time that we manage to get all the paid up members together, the Club A.G.M., where all the complaints are heard, excuses made and the jobs handed out for another year. For the 1969 season there were one or two changes, Mick Morgan after several years of Committee work, stood down for a time, so that his exams can have the attention they need, Joe James has given up his post of Road Race Organiser, which has fallen on Howard Burrell, Joe is in fact leaving the district and moving into the Horsham area (it is said that he has used up all the golf courses about here). Roy Amey has also come back onto the Committee after a couple of years, but as yet shows no signs of coming back onto his bike. Officials to note for your diary are :

Sec. & Treasurer: Ken Atkins, "Wheelers", Valebridge Road,  
Burgess Hill.

Racing Sec.: Barbara Atkins -- ditto --

Social Sec.: Mick Wren, 22 Shepards Walk, Hassocks, Sx.,

and events to ride in are :

Road Race on the Plumpton Circuit on May 3rd, entries to Howard Burrell, "Cobbles", Oldlands Avenue, Balcombe, 5s. Od. per head, 1/2/3 cats, and

2-Up T.T.T. on September 20th, entries at 10s. per team to John Dutson, 95 Framfield Road, Uckfield.

Howard, who says that he is giving up racing for a spell, has

taken over the Club Captain's job and has got the Club Runs under way once again. He seems to be having some success and a bevy of members leave Cuckfield Clock at 9.30 each Sunday morning. He is still finding one or two things difficult to cope with, though, like the run which went out to the Hardriders event which appeared to have 4 riders on tubs with only two spares between them. All went well until they had three punctures !!! On the cards this year is a revival of the old Club Tour at Easter, the Isle of Wight seems to be the favourite for the venue, and organisation is well in hand.

On the racing side this year things may well be a little quieter than for some seasons past. There does not seem yet to be the almighty rush to see who can get the most miles in, although one or two members are out in earnest. Ron Ewart has turned into our mile-eater supreme, and up to the time of these notes is riding all the reliability trials he can get to. He is hotly pursued by Don Awcock, who having just received an invitation to ride in the Sussex team for the Dover London has stepped up his training distances to sixty-five miles a night. Just imagine climbing up Scaynes Hill at sixty miles. It makes the mind boggle. Our juniors are all keen, and have stayed the winter, Kevin Benton is itching for the track to open again so that he can prove his exploits of last season were not just a flash in the pan and Mark Welfare is set to ride all the others into the ground. Another of our youngsters, Clifford, whose surname escapes me for the moment, has a penchant for falling off his machine, I think at least once a week, so far. It takes one back a few years to a cartoon in this journal entitled: 'Up the kerb with Achard'. Talking of Ken Achard, this rather rotund and wealthy being appeared the other week with a request to flog his bike and odd equipment. It seems he is off to America to work, heigh-ho, ghosts from the past. Talking again of things from the past, Bill Vaughan turned up at the clubroom the other Thursday evening and insisted on paying his subscription once again. Bill was a talented junior a couple of seasons ago but faded away. Perhaps this time he is set for a good comeback.

That's about the lot for this time, more later when the weather gets a little warmer, from your scribe at the West End of East Sussex.

HONEST GINGE



We are now well into 1969 and already a new batch of cyclists are on the scene, judging by all the new faces at the recent hardriders event. I didn't know half of them.

Already the keen types are planning 1969 having conveniently buried the failures of '68. The Rovers have been up to the usual social season bragging, attributed to booze, on who was going to beat who in '69. So fit or not, six of them entered the Hardriders, Cliff Sharp having entered at the last minute under pressure of several others who were twisting his arm at the time. Claiming he wasn't fit and it was madness, as he hadn't done any training, etc., we all saw how UNFIT he was!

Graham Lade has been putting some of the braver element through some tough circuit training at the clubroom after which, before they have chance to get second wind, he makes them play tag. The man is a sadist.

One noticeable absentee from these exercises has been Cliff Sharp, though he did attempt it for a couple of weeks, but apparently it so shattered him he could hardly ride home. Now he makes a point in not arriving till it's all over. Perhaps he is just a scrubber after all!

Clubruns have been a bit spasmodic lately (the married ones claim they have too much decorating to do). Cliff, Mo, and young Tim have been on a few Y.H.A. week-ends, some of the boys are a little worried how fit has Young Tim got, oh well, they will soon find out. The rest have wandered out at the mood took them. On one, a bash to Chitcombe with a cooked lunch at the end of it was planned, so several solos, a trike and the Stevens 'double breasted job' complete with chariot set out. After several halts for minor repairs and adjustments we eventually reached Standard Hill, Winfield (about 8 miles from the starting point at Hailsham) when the rear spindle sheared on the tandem. After slogging on foot up the hill to inform the others of the mishap, Iris had rather a hair-raising experience descending again on the back axle of Brian's trike. On Ken's announcement that the tandem was unrideable, Graham bashed back to Hailsham to pick up Ken's car, whilst the others rode onto Chitcombe. Heather, of course, slept through the lot.

Our club dinner, back to its old form, a cycling section 'do', proved a successful move, judging by the nice comments we had from our many guests. I believe Crow is bringing a court action against the club for involving him in an embarrassing situation. Seems our

Crow was a bit put out when he found the Game !! he had volunteered for turned out to be the sexy music of 'the stripper'. Dennis Neeves also involved played it cagey, taking so long to just get his jacket off that the less inhibited lads were stripped to the waist, Pete Swetman put up a very realistic performance. The bare chested brigade then gave us their versions of the 'belly dance' !! Brian Guy came out tops in this, and I thought he was a shy lad!

Bill Collins looked a bit strained during the evening, no doubt due to his extra responsibilities of being made a grandfather once again. It didn't deter Dot, though, who was seen jiving it up with all the other Mums & Dads. The younger element didn't seem to know what it was. Anyway, congrats to Val & Pete on their second child (the doctors thought it might have been twins).

After the dinner Bruce Allcorn led a walk on the snow crusted Downs and by all accounts everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, especially the sausage fry in Friston Forest. Brian Strong apparently could hardly walk for the rest of the week, but he blames this on Zorba's Dance, not on his condition.

In January we held a club party at Hellingly, where after a tea organised by the club ladies, technical games were played of BEETLE and Housey Housey (I refuse to say Bingo) etc. were played. Stan Nash won a liquorice bootlace for a full house, while Humphrey was heard complaining that there wasn't any sixes on his dice, and Bill Collins tried to get Pam Stokes tied up as housekeeper for 'old Tom' of the C.T.C. It was voted such a good 'do' we hope to make it an annual affair. The success of the evening was largely due to the efforts of 'Mick Mouse' Stan Connolly who organised the games.

On the membership side we are pleased to see Jim Freeman back into the ranks even if it is on a tandem without stoker. Seems Jim had to flog his only iron when the old cash got a bit low. He said he takes his girl on the back, which is encouraging, to say the least. Another ex-member who looks as if he may rejoin is Nick Mounsey, who on calling at 3, Lansdowne Cres. recently to inquire if he could sell his equipment in the Club, was talked into racing again by Ken Stevens. After being missing for a couple of hours (he only lives around the corner) and then returning with all the gear he wanted to sell, he reckoned his wife would kill him when he got in.

On a serious note, the Club wishes to congratulate Graham & Ken on passing the recent coaching exam set by Norman Sheil. This must put us in rather a unique position in the South of having not one but



two coaches.

On a final note, we should like to remind everybody of the E.S.C.A. Tourist Trial on April 27th, organised by us this year. Having been over the 'course' so to speak, I can assure everyone of an interesting ride.

On one of our jaunts out to look over some possibilities, we chose a Sunday when the lanes turned out to be covered in snow and ice. Attempting to drive up one hill we suddenly discovered ourselves sliding backwards whilst the cars were in forward drive. Having managed to park his mini on as he thought sound ground, Brian Guy got out to watch Iris's efforts to get back onto a gripping surface, when he suddenly slipped, grabbing at his roof rack for support, he felt the car slide from under him, back down the hill. He managed to recover his balance and chase after it, leaping in to get it under control before it ran amok.

Ah well, here's to the summer, whatever possessed me to enter that event on Sunday.

SCRUBBER.

OBITUARY

Everyone connected with the Association will be sorry to learn of the passing of Frank White of the Ash Tree Inn, Brownbread Street. Frank, who died late in January, was in his eighties and had been at the Ash Tree for about 50 years. Every East Sussex cyclist at some time or another had a cheery word with Frank during the years since the Association was formed at the Ash Tree, and he will be very much missed. Our sympathy goes to Mrs. White and her family in their loss.

A meeting of the Management Committee was held at Hellingly on March 9th. There was a very poor attendance, there was in fact not a quorum present, but the officials decided to carry on with the meeting. The Hardriders 25 was discussed and was generally thought to have been successful. One or two tentative ideas for shorter events based on Hellingly were put forward. The correspondence included a report of a possible breach of the RTTC rule regarding following cars. It was agreed that it should be stated that severe action will be taken against anyone who infringes this regulation. The magazine Editor said that sales of BONK were still falling, slightly. The Social Secretary reported that the childrens party held in January had been successful, and had only cost the Association £2. He said that he had booked the Netherfield Arms and the village hall for the A.G.M. and Party. The date for this was fixed at November 30th. The Luncheon was then discussed and some menus were studied. It was agreed that no decision should be taken on the choice of venue until the Social Secretary had explored all possibilities. The next item was the question of awards for open events, and the following prize values were agreed :- Ladies 10 and 25, minimum of 10s. Od. for fastest. Schoolboys 10, 1st - 15s. Od., 2nd 10s. Od., 3rd 7s. 6d. if more than twenty riders; team medals if minimum of three teams entered. 12 Hours, 1st £2 10s. Od., 2nd £1 10s. Od., 3rd 17s. 6d.; team medals. Open 25, £3, £2, £1, both scratch and handicap; team medals. The Racing Secretary reported that the S.C.A. had agreed to the 12 hours being a joint promotion once again. On his suggestion, the meeting agreed to a small alteration in the 12 hours course, cutting out the traffic-infested Pevensey Bay leg and substituting a leg from Ditchling to the Brighton Road. Under any other business, M. Morgan's 12 hour ride of 244.82 miles was ratified as an Association record. The question of the intermingling of men and women in time-trials was brought up, but no firm decision could be taken because it was pointed out that the R.T.T.C. regulation on intermingling can be interpreted in more than one way.



Balloons and paper hats were much in evidence at Hellingly Village Hall on January 12th, when the Association put on a new departure in social functions, a children's party. Organiser John Dutson had plenty of help with the running of the party, and with the provision of food and drink; and the thirty or so children who attended sat down to an ample tea. After this there were some games, then an interlude of cartoon films shown by Ken Stevens, and finally more games, before the youngsters went happily homewards with a balloon apiece.

A perfect morning blessed the start of the Association's racing season, when twenty-four riders headed by the President tackled the Hardriders event, this year for the first time a 25, using a Hellingly-Boreham Street-Woods Corner-Heathfield-Hellingly circuit. Some competitors took the event seriously, while others were obviously using it as a pipe-opener. Very much in the latter category was Pete Crowsley, who, equipped with plus-fours, 'guards and large rear mudflap, went round in 1-35-5. At the other extreme was Cliff Sharp, who gets in plenty of miles during the winter. His 1-7-58 gave him a clear win over R. Griffin (Crawley Wheelrs) who clocked 1-10-13, and J. Stonham (Brighton Premier) third with 1-11-9. Cliff Sharp, Maurice Colburn and Ken Stevens took the team prize for Eastbourne with a twelve minute margin over the Southborough trio. In spite of trepidations about the event there were only two non-finishers.

The weather was not nearly so kind for the 25 over the Dicker course on March 9th. There was a heavy frost that morning, and to make matters worse, thick fog covered much of the course. The entry of thirty-four was much better than in recent years. Five of these decided not to start and many more wished they hadn't as they struggled to the finish with ice forming on their hair and eyebrows. Cliff Sharp, who usually has things all his own way in early season events, was pegged back on this occasion by Clive Orchard of Southborough wheelers, who clocked 1-4-35 to Cliff's 1-5-16. Folkestone rider Don Hook, riding for Eastbourne Rovers, was third with 1-7-35, while another Rover, Terry Eadon, took the handicap with a net time of 58-30.

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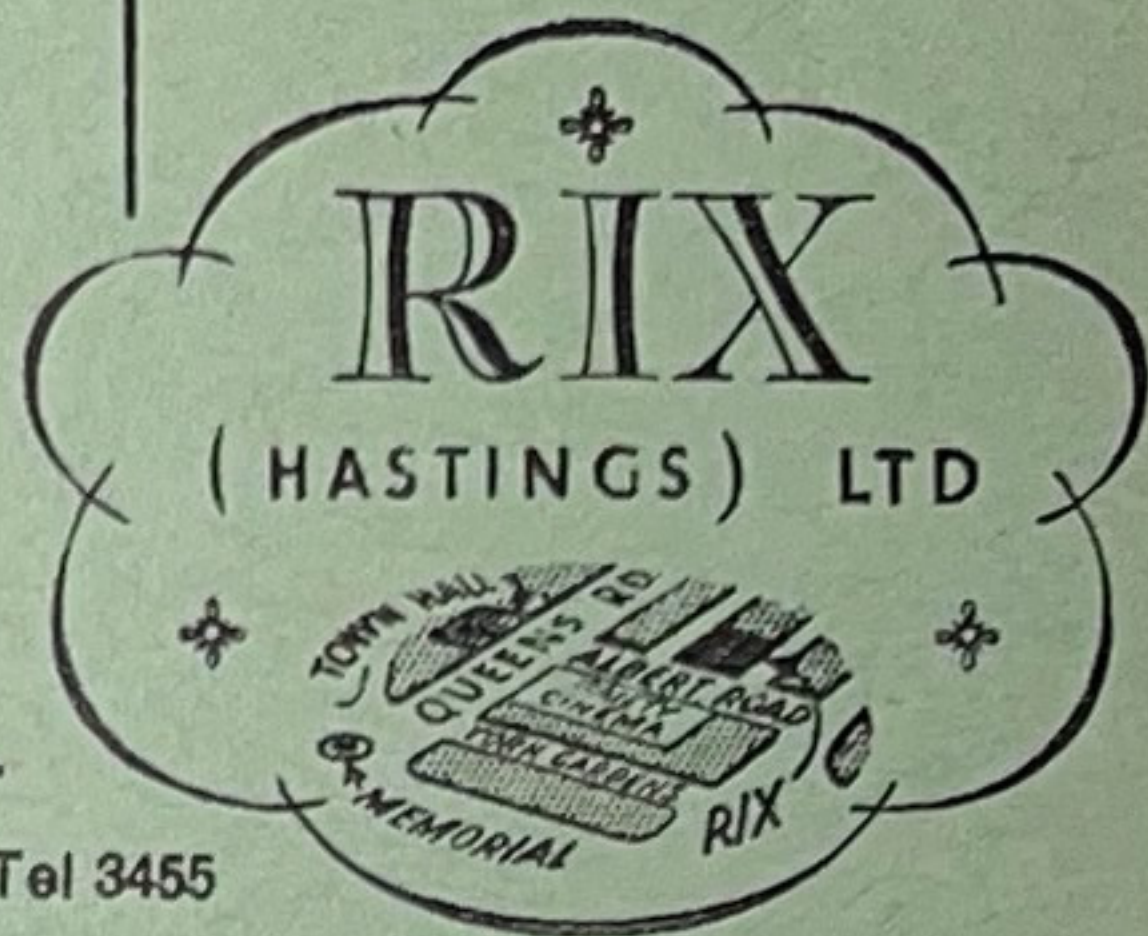
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