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**East Sussex  
Cycling Association**

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 EDITORIAL

As I write these words the calendar tells me that the racing season is pretty well at the half-way mark. The short-distance men are now at peak fitness, a gleam is beginning to appear in the eyes of the long-distance enthusiasts, and according to the results columns of 'Cycling', Cliff Sharp is apparently riding more events than there are week-ends!

Looking back over the past quarter, it hasn't exactly been a joyful time for racing men. Apart from that wonderful morning for the Hardriders, Sunday morning weather has varied from at best not too bad to at worst gruesome, with cold winds and downpours usually the order of the day. Even the redoubtable Mrs. B. of Morley has been quoted as saying: "If it doesn't get warmer soon, I'm packing it in", and who can blame her? Well, suddenly this week it did, so perhaps by now she has echoed the words of a well-known official who, having ridden a 25 with the sun on his back, said: "I had the feeling that this is what it's all about". How right he was; given fine weather and a bit of fitness in the legs, riding a time-trial is one of the most exhilarating experiences in the world. So let us hope that the second half of the '69 season will be much, much better than the first. If it isn't, I shall suggest that we all give up trying to be serious about cycling and concentrate on table-tennis, using our bikes to get round to the clubrooms (which would be open twice a week) for sessions of the latter sport. The more I think about this idea the more I like it - for one thing, at table-tennis I sometimes beat Cliff Sharp.

D.N.

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With the season now more than half over a reminder will not be out of place of some of the Trophies which are competed for throughout the season. The very handsome Junior 25 miles Trophy is awarded each year to the Junior rider who does the fastest 25 time in any of the Association events. Claims should be sent to me directly after the September 25. Another Trophy which was first awarded last year is the very unique and out of the ordinary Junior B A R. Details of the qualifying events for this will be sent to clubs in the near future. These two trophies had very poor support last year, so come along you Juniors and see what you can do this season.

While on the subject of awards, all the outstanding ones for last year will be presented at the Annual Party at Netherfield in November, the Prize Presentation for this year will take place at the Luncheon early in February 1970. Full details and the venue for this will shortly be circulated to all clubs.

Once again the time is fast approaching for the longer distance events, each year it becomes more difficult to obtain the necessary number of marshals and people to assist with the feeding. Club membership is much lower than a few years ago and in a lot of instances to-day consists of Juniors. Everyone appreciates that you want to compete in events on most week-ends, but surely it would be a nice gesture if on the day of the 12 hours (August 10th this year) you made a special effort to come out and support your clubmates by offering your services to marshal or help at the feeding stations. Ken Stevens or myself can be contacted with offers to assist. If you can only come out for a few hours we can find a job for you, if you let us know the times you are available. I know we can rely on a faithful few, but this is your chance to put a little back into our Sport, and also give encouragement to the members of your club competing.

Finally, I must apologise for 2 errors in the list of Association records published in the last edition, the corrections are as follows:

25 Miles (Men). C. Sharp, Eastbourne Rovers 58 min. 43 sec. 1966.  
12 Hours (Team). Central Sussex CC. 708.788 miles. 1965

R.H.

"Don't forget June 1st ! Don't forget June 1st !". What is the soft rock peddler on about now ? Oh, heavens - 'Bonk' is due again (frantic head-scratching).

Well, we will start at the beginning, namely, Easter. The camping bug has really hit the club, and at Easter there was a mass migration to Somerset, the Mendip Hills in particular. The camp site chosen was 800 feet up at Priddy, and being run by an ex-cyclist we were well in from the start. The only disadvantage was the climb from near sea level every time one returned to base, and the fact that the pub was about a mile away, though the latter was well compensated by the nature of the local brew sold there. The object of the week-end seemed to be to see who could consume the most 'scrumpy' (brewed by a local farmer) at one sitting. I think John Mumford won by half a pint. The guy lines proved quite a hazard after an evening at the local, Tim Eadon managing to fall over the same guy line six times in as many minutes ! For cheek Tim certainly takes the biscuit, for on Sunday he got into Glastonbury Abbey for half price, then proceeded to get intoxicated in the pub in the evening. Maurice Colburn also found the brew a bit potent as did Brian Guy. It knocked Brian out for about nine hours every night and Maurice had great difficulty in getting both legs to go in the same direction ! Tim managed to fall off as usual and Brian narrowly missed playing a harp when a pedestrian walked backwards into the road as Brian was descending at about 40 mph on his trike. Hitching her up onto two wheels, Brian brushed the bloke's shoulder as he passed, leaving Graham to fell him his family tree. Baby Stevens had her baptism to camping and woke everyone (except Jane) in the early hours when she fell out of bed. By Whitsun she was quite blasé about the whole thing and slept all night.

Cliff Sharp, of course, kept the racing side going with three fine rides over the holiday and again at Whitsun when he did two '58s' and a '59'. Our Club 25 in early May was a good morning for some, though Cliff only managed a 1-0, Maurice and Time both doing P.Bs. Maurice improved half a minute to a short '3', while Tim slashed seven minutes off his time to do a '5' for third place and of course killing the handicap. The evening 10's are going strong with eighteen to twenty club riders facing the timekeeper every week. With the staggered start and finish if any more enter we shall have to have a second timekeeper. Anyway we are ordering a ton of best downland chalk for the Editor who is turn marshal, as he has to keep a tally of the riders by chalking them up on the kerb. He thought

he was having hallucinations the other week when a figure from the past (ten years) screamed round the turn on his way to doing a long '25'. It was none other than Dave Dunbar, still quite fit and looking as stylish as ever. (Brighton Premier members keep your hands off).

Whitsun week-end brought another big camping session, though unfortunately the weather was more suited to ducks. It has brought home to some that boots are an essential item of camping equipment, though a skin diver's outfit would perhaps be more fitting for Maurice. On the fine Sunday afternoon Maurice took a dip while attempting to ford a wekk-filled stream. Having wetted himself considerably, he opened his saddlebag on reaching dry land to take out a towel with which to dry himself. On opening it he found it full of water and a very soggy towel! Then on Monday just before we left the New Forest site, Maurice was in the wet again when he was on the receiving end of a gentleman sluicing out the gents' 'bog'. However, as some consolation, out of the four who entered the Rufus Wheelers 30, Maurice along with Graham did a P.B. Barrow-boy Brian retired with stomach ache (due perhaps to Jim's Christmas pudding), and Ken stayed in bed.

By the time you read this our 25 will be here, and we can only hope that a lot of you have entered. A fine morning has been ordered, but unfortunately cannot be guaranteed.

SCRUBBER.

STOP PRESS. Cliff's latest exploit is to knock a quarter of a minute off the Club 10 record, bringing it down to 22-34.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Bonk time here again, and despite the rude remarks about my typing I am here again also (Unless Humphrey really is the Best Dressed Gent). "As the crow flies". The crow I know isn't exactly flying but he don't half get around. His latest escapade was a trip to the ballet with Ray Lunn's wife. We are very proud of our latest recruit, whom you must have heard of by now, self-exiled (I think) Scot, George Clare. With Dick Marchant out of the road team and thinking more on the lines of houses than races, George has

conveniently filled the gap. Fourth in his first race for East Grinstead, followed by a win in the Dover-London, and now of course Sussex road race champ. Cycling is not the only thing he is good at, judging by the stories we hear down the club. He seems to be giving Budgie some competition with the opposite sex. The trio of Bob, George and Budgie spent Easter racing in Scotland. The racing was not as successful as was hoped, the boys all being Sassenachs, but otherwise a good time seems to have been had by all. George, dressed in a mini kilt and wig nearly dated Budgie, but Budgie decided he didn't fancy him. We are all waiting for the day when George appears down club in his kilt and on his bike - well, I am anyway.

Next to 'take the plunge' in our club is Chris Danniels, getting married in October. He is buying a house in Orpington, so we will not be seeing much of him. He will be missed in the club as he has been a member for many years, and his dad Ron before him. We have our committee meetings at the Danniels home once a month and very pleasant evenings they are, too. Committee-wise, we have the same old problem, too many trying to do too much. Our club sec. Tom Padbury has gone on a cycling walk-about. Packed in his job, packed his saddlebag and gone! He is off around England for as long as the money lasts. There you are, lads, the life of a single man, be warned. Well, without Tom, Terry Collins is now our Sec. and Mick Robinson treasurer.

Our Schoolboy and Junior 10 has had to be cancelled due to lack of entries. This is very disappointing, especially as we have a nice silver rose bowl which we had hoped to make an annual award for this event. Kindly presented to us by Mr. Lock. Our road race has not attracted many riders either, but this is still being run. We have our Tuesday evening 10's starting now, this year on the course that starts at Charlwood.

So that's all the news I have; - just to wish you all many happy cycling runs, sunny days and fitness. Goodbye, folks,

VALERIE.

P.S. Thanks to Bill Collins for kindly giving me information about Merxplas. It really is very near here and I must pass the place every day in my Evening Argus van. One day I will venture out that way on my bike and explore.

## TOUR OF THE WEST

Pam, Ron and myself toured the West Country last year, and the following account of our trip contains, by chance (!) twelve anagrams of towns and villages we visited, all in Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. A prize of 10/- is offered to the first reader to submit a correct list to the Editor before press date for the next issue.

To discover the hidden names, rearrange the letters of one, two, three, four, or five consecutive words in each case. Most of the names should be quite familiar to anyone who has toured the district, and in fact every place except one has, or had, a mainline railway station.

The solution will appear in the next issue.

---oo0oo---

Our tour last year started with an argument. Ron, who always records the mileages we cover, insisted we cycle all the way. At this Pam turned pale, pored over the map, and demanded train assistance to Bournemouth. There was no direct service available, but, in hope of a compromise, I suggested Southampton and she grudgingly agreed: "Miles don't prove a thing", she said.

Later, when Pam wanted to pay a visit to an uncle's farm near Bude, Ron let a slight cold serve as an excuse for not calling. He made us promise not to let on - very shy chap, Ron, but his cheerfulness atones for this failing.

At the farm Pam's uncle Claude welcomed us, but not Aunt Maude - she had gone to market. Our host, after introductions had been made, went on in to prepare a meal, and we had a look at our rooms. Mine faced inland, but Pam's room at the end had a marvellous view out to sea. We wondered how far one could see on a clear day, but visibility was poor, so unfortunately there's no telling now.

S.E.N.

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BEFORE OUR TIME. It is rather startling to be assured that the recent long-distance American cycle race ended in the, at least temporary, insanity of most of the competitors. Here is an alarming prospect opened up before us. Has it been generally observed that those addicted to cycling have become subject to mental aberration? Whether this be so or not, it is categorically affirmed that too prolonged cycle-riding does produce a peculiar form of nervous exhaustion, which differs from the forms of fatigue brought on by over-

## Before our Time (continued).

exertion in other ways; and it is thought that this difference may be due to the strain on the nervous system produced by the effort, even when it has become automatic and unconscious, to preserve the balance. - From the Sanitary Record (former title of Municipal Engineering), 1 January 1897.

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## SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS.

It was just after the Christmas edition had gone to press that Lord Daniel broke his leg on some black ice, but we are glad to say that with this summer edition his Lordship is back in circulation again, complete with his retinue of his butlers and valets as yet rather slower than hitherto and with a noticeable limp to port but nevertheless back on the roads of East Sussex and Kent again. He is giving the clubruns quite a flip after they had been in the doldrums in the early part of the year.

Another rider who has returned to the cycling scene after a six year lay off and making his presence very much felt in racing circles is Clive Ashby. His scratch and handicap win in the Association's 50 was quite outstanding on a morning, that I will vouch for, was very far from easy. He was backed up for the team win by Clive Orchard, who has now returned to riding first claim for us and brother Graham who has been on the East Sussex scene for many years. Incidentally, Clive Ashby's ride broke Ron Hayward's long standing 50 mile club record by about 1 minute. Looking back through past issues of Bonk it seems that one of the favourite occupations of the contributors is to remark on the extremes of weather that we experience in this part of the world, be that as it may, I don't think anyone will disagree with the thought that appalling conditions were experienced during the first 25 of the season. Once again it was a Southborough Wheelers benefit with Clive Orchard inching up a 1-4-35, which was absolutely incredible for it seemed a shame that there wasn't a medal for all finishers. Yours truly, encountering black ice on the way to the event, and remembering Danny's accident, preferred to be a spectator and take photos of the competitors to convince the incredulous of what the conditions were really like. Conditions were a little better for the Team Time Trial and here the best Southborough riders were the Withers twins, Malc and Geoff, who recorded a fine 1-29-34, which was too good for our second pair of Richard Cave and Tim Chacksfield. Both of the Club's Open promotions were blessed

with fine weather. The Hilly 31, which due to road alterations got stretched to a '32', saw another battle of the Clives. This time Orchard beat Ashby by three minutes with 4th and 6th place respectively, and backed up by our Gordie, Tom Smith in 9th place, the home team managed the team award. Also Clive Orchard took Group B and Clive Ashby Group C, so it was quite a fair clean up. We had 13 riders in the event and shame though it is to admit, 2 of them went off course, despite one of the event organisers Tony Peachey putting arrows out at every junction. The Open Road Race was promoted by Don Robb and was something of a benefit for the East Grinstead club, with a win for Bob Smith and Trev Budgen in 4th position, with Mo Colburn of Eastbourne well placed. Unfortunately, at the time of writing I haven't for any more 'gen' on this event.

The Club evening event racing scene has been most encouraging, with very large fields and some reasonable weather so far. Clive Ashby has won every event, turning in a 1-0-2 for the last 25, which is the second fastest ever recorded in the Club. Farther down the field has seen some very closely contested racing, and some very encouraging rides from our up and coming riders. This was well illustrated in a recent 2-up 10, when 4 teams were covered by 30 seconds. This season has also seen some greater activity in the road racing field from Southborough riders than ever before. Tom Smith gained 7th place in the Circuit of the Medway Valley on April 26th, and has been our most consistent senior rider. Our junior and school-boy teams have also been making their presence felt, especially in the Kent Division Road Race Championships held on a very cold Sunday a few weeks ago, when Tim Chacksfield won the sprint for 3rd place, Richard Cave 5th and Stu Moore, despite missing the turning to the finish came 7th for a well packed team win. Tom came 7th in the 75 mile senior event and Royston Harrison 10th, which was a good ride to even finish on that day. One name missing from the racing scene this year is that of Geoff Boxall, who with changing his job after 21 years with Seeboard and moving to Crowborough, has a few other things to occupy his mind. Another tall gentleman out of the Club run scene seems to be Pete Mabbutt who was chiefly known for riding a 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Hetchins and always wearing rather tight racing shorts which was apt to cause rather rude comment. There doesn't seem much point in writing these notes each quarter unless the scribe presents himself in a favourable light, so it is might as well go on record that Yours Truly won the East Sussex Tourist Comp. which was very well organised by Bruce Allcorn. The questions particularly were of a very tough

nature. Dereck Hanson finished 4th just  $\frac{1}{2}$  point behind Ken Stevens and Graham Lade and regrettably there were no other Southborough riders in the event.

This next paragraph deals with our two bank holiday tours. The first one being at Easter which as usual we went to Brecon and while this was basically a social event several riders considered it a jolly sight harder than most racing they have tackled. The first day out politely called the easy day saw us scrambling up a slippery 55° slope with bikes on our backs to get to the summit of the Black Mountains. It was this day that Tom Smith was convinced that all Southern cyclists are mad. Easter day found Les Hayman leading a near mutinous crowd of cyclists across barren waste to the remotest spot in Wales, which was the Source of the Towy and after a few miles of marsh, bogs, forestry ditches and other natural hazards, Royston Harrison did remark that he hadn't come up here to go on a walking holiday. After that we had an exhilarating ride down on the Upper Towy fords and eventually, after what seemed a very long day back to our digs at Llandefaelog. Whitsun once again brought a very successful invasion of the Isle of Wight with Danny back in the saddle again and two newcomers to the Club, Peter and John on their tandem enjoying all that the Island had to offer in the way of scenery.

Our Club birthday tea had a fine attendance of 40 which was a record for any other tea place than our late lamented Speldhurst. It was most encouraging to see that the majority did arrive by bike.

The club's mentor in matters of fitness, Don Sutherland, came down down from Gravesend to give some most interesting lectures on Clubnights on fitness, and allied subjects, which was attended by our noble Bonk editor. I must say I found them most interesting and informative, though I am glad to say that I never go training myself.

It has often been said that living in East Sussex which is 'out in the sticks' as the Londoners say, it does seem that everything closes at 10 o'clock, but should any other Bonk readers require any late night entertainment, I would recommend a visit to the East Grinstead club room on a Tuesday for what can only be described as the late night show. Among the entertainers have been Trev. Budgen who told us the true story of the Ayr Easter 3 days which read somewhat different to the account given in The International Cycle Sport and also Howard Burrell on the saga of holidays in Spain with Min Morgan which now explains a lot of the cryptic cross-toasting that went on at the Central Sussex dinner in December.

That must be about the lot for now, so if anyone experiences any summer, please tell me.

CROW.

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HERE AND THERE

Jane Lade seems to be making a practice of informing the male members of her club that their trouser zips are undone.

Tony Peacock, back from Tanzania in July, says he intends to come out and see all his old cycling mates. A certain Rover is reported to have muttered: "That shouldn't take him long".

Maurice Colburn was heard singing Jingle Bells as he rode round in the frosty March Association 25.

Sex equality has hit the Rovers. Jane was seen pushing a bonked-up John Mumford's bike for him up a hill.

No prizes for guessing who in the course of time:-

Small Boy... "Dad, when are you taking me to the zoo?"

Father ..... "Quiet, son, when they're ready they'll send for you".

Then there was the bloke who went to hospital with water on the brain. The doctor just gave him a tap on the head.

Cliff Sharp only managed to do 2,100 miles in March. Asked how he got them in, he said: "When I wasn't eating, sleeping and working".

As one Crawley official arrived at the clubroom his wife was preparing a meal for another Crawley official who crept off when the coast was clear.

Clyde Rimple was the first man to fly the Atlantic, but the story cannot be divulged because the Editor regards it as obscene racialism.

The bottom has been falling out of certain Crawley motor-cars. Pete Hayes, offered a lift to Rushlake Green by Stan Curtis, found out that going uphill he was required to put his feet through the holes and run.

How does Iris know that Heather when asleep looks like Neevo does when he's asleep?

Young Thropp tested a sample from Budgie's bottle after the East Grinstead road race for dope. He had to be carried home.

Riding near Little Common recently, the Editor suddenly thought that Time had slipped, when he saw what appeared to be the young George Henty bowling along on a bike. Later he found that several Rovers had seen this interesting phenomenon riding along different roads round Pevensey. One theory is that this chap is the local Casanova with girl friends in Little Common, Cooden, Normans Bay, &c., and that when seen he is dashing around from one 'date' to another.

We hear that Willcocks has actually managed to make up a car out of his bits and pieces and get it on the road. He licenced it on June 1st, just in time to use it for a road race. He refused to licence it in May, saying: "Why should I give those sharks half a month's money?"

The Editor had to go up to the Southborough clubroom on official business, and was hoping that some of the young ladies in micro-skirts who graced their club dinner might be there. Alas, he was sadly disappointed - there wasn't a sign of any of them. He says bluntly: "This isn't good enough, Southborough!"

Heather Stevens reached an important milestone in her young life when she had her first taste of Hastings Rock. She reached out and grabbed a piece which had been given to another lady Rover and began sucking it with every sign of enjoyment.

-----oooOooo-----

Well now, here we are again with another lot of rot from the Central Sussex C.C. As reported in the last issue, things are starting very quietly this year, in fact, they are only just starting to warm up.

The most amazing thing this year seems to be the great revival of the 'Club Tour'. So far this season we have had a tour at Easter to the Isle of Wight, this was rather depleted I must admit, but was a tour nevertheless. They tell me that the Isle of Wight 3 day event has ceased to exist, but we now know that this is quite untrue, it just starts in a different place, Haywards Heath !! Notable non-finisher in this event was Howard Burrell, who had to make the return journey from Portsmouth by means of British Rail, complete with one pair of broken forks.

Alan Robinson, Rodney Laker and Ron Ewart had a mile-eating week's tour to Devon and Cornwall. Ron, who had been packing in miles and miles and miles, saw this as his big chance for revenge on the other two for some hard rides in previous years. However, it is reported that he saw quite a lot of back wheel, and things did not work out exactly as planned. Also reported by one member of the party - quote: "Didn't see any women either" - unquote.

There was another Club Tour at Whitsun when various members again led by Howard Burrell descended upon the Youth Hostels of the South West. Reports of this are very sketchy, and all I can find out is that Clifford Turnbull fell off once again, and Kevin Benton broke his wheel. I expect that the truth will out by next time, though.

Whilst on the touring scene, John Dutson is undertaking a 2-week tour in France with members of the East Surrey Road Club. His bike now resembles a mangle, with gears to match, and this is the first time that I have ever heard of anyone going training to go on tour, but with Mick Burren and the 'Fish' along you have to be a bit quick to keep up.

We have had our first couple of Club events now, these have taken on a new form since we have agreed to run them in conjunction with the Brighton Mitre C.C. on their double circuit course. The results have been very gratifying with a total turnout of about 25 riders, which is generally felt to be much better from the point of view of timekeeping and marshalling, etc. The first event was won by come back man Bill Vaughan in 1-10-21 and in the second Mark Welfare renewed his promise of going fast with a 1-7-7. Mark thus becomes the youngest ever Club 25 mile champion. "Lancing" Ken Atkins is leading in the Handicap stakes with net rides of 1-6-45

and 1-4-52. As Ken is now a Vet it seems rather fair that Youth and age are having its fling. Other Central notables recording reasonable rides are John Dutson 1-11-30, Kevin Benton 1-12-35, Phil Hitchcock 1-13-59 and one must mention Sid Solly, who recorded 1-22-51 after a lay off from about 1948 (it's so long ago even he cannot remember when it was).

Whilst on the subject of these events I would like, on behalf of the Club, to express our thanks to the Mitre for their co-operation in this venture, and especially to Stan and Joan Shirley who run the catering. It is better, no, much better than at a lot of Opens.

Ron Ewart decided to try his hand at 50 miles in the Association 50 and recorded 2-24-8. He was a little disgusted though to be caught by Ken Atkins for a couple of minutes and then to be dropped for another couple. Ken recorded 2-20-45. However, Ron had his revenge in the Catford event recording a faster 2-20 than Ken.

Mick Morgan has made a welcome reappearance, and has commenced his racing with a 1-2-13 at Portsmouth and a 1-2-43 at Lancing. With exam time nearly over, and evening classes finished, he hopes to be able to get a little more riding in. He seems to have acquired a Car and a "Female" during the missing period.

One last thing on the racing side, in the last issue of Bonk an up to date (?) list of records was published by the Secretary. Well, Messrs. Alan Robinson (241.059 miles), Roy Amey (237.612 miles) and Rodney Laker (230.110 miles) think that with their total of 708.788 miles in the Association 12 of 1965, they have a reasonable claim to the Team 12 hour record. Over to you, Mr. Secretary. (The Secretary has delved into his records. See bottom of page 2 - Ed.).

Better late than never, yours to a cinder.

HONEST GINGE.



With Escabods having got the miles in and starting to feel fit (I hope that includes G. Willcocks - Ed.), here's the blurb that's guaranteed to put you all back to Square One! The season started in earnest for most of our coureurs on March 16th, the day that also marks the end of the coarse fishing season. (Yes, your scribe has nabbed a few roach, bream, etc., in his time as well as old boots, &c.). A cold and blustery morning greeted entrants in the Lewes-Newhaven and back, which was surprisingly won by Burberry in 39-44 to Kilby's 40-35, with Hills third in 41-17. Our youngsters came out in force, and Hugh Gander grabbed the handicap, with 43-1. The biggest surprise came later when two of Steve Myatt's younger brothers, Symon and Andrew, bowled up on a tandem and asked if they could trundle round. They said they hadn't done much on it apart from a few sorties round the houses, yet they turned in a 40-32 to shake everyone. Simon Webb and Mick Deedman did '43s', and the Central's Bill Vaughan making a welcome come-back, rode a private in 41-7. A week later our pair in the SCA 25 found things hard as an '11' from Burberry and a '15' from Kilby show only too well. In the ESCA Team Time Trial Burberry and Hills combined for '44', and walloped by five minutes the Kilby/Savage duo; the latter gentleman doubtless finding his emergence from hibernation a little premature!

The first Schoolboys' 10 saw Steve Myatt doing 29-18 with Webb, Gander and Deedman up to one and a half minutes slower. Gander did a much better 29-3 in the second event where Steve failed to enter due to a mix-up of entry forms. Hills/Burberry got down to a '7' in the SCA T.T.T. but only had four minutes on Kilby/Savage this time. Kilby tried the Association 50 for size and was satisfied to finish with 2-30. Again Burberry rocked 'em in the first club 25 and his 1-12-17 on a very windy morning (as usual) was 1-22 too good for Kilby, with Steve Myatt surprisingly third only 18 secs. adrift. Hills and Savage were two minutes slower, followed by Gander, Deedman and Andrew Myatt, who hung on gallantly for a '38'! The first evening '10' was won by Steve Myatt with 27-49 to Kilby's 28-14. The other lads did '29s' except for Andrew, who did a '31'. Cliff Sharp showed 'em what to aim for when he bolted round in 23-52, and we also played host to some Central men of whom the best two were M. Welfare 25-22 and W. Vaughan 26-30. With Peter Sharp enjoying a well-earned holiday in Snowdonia, the following week Willcocks was once more press-ganged into holding the watch. As he's still in one piece no fiddling could have been suspected! Thanks to someone swiping the result sheet times will have to be held over, although

Kilby was fastest club rider with 26-55. Several Central riders turned up, among them 'big guns' Mick Morgan and John Dutson who had decided to sample the pure air of the Deep South. Summing up, we can say that we're pleased to see our youngsters riding to keenly and turning in reasonable performances. It will be interesting to see how much they improve as the season goes on.

Well, there's not much difficulty this time in starting off the 'other stuff'. After much rumour and counter-rumour there finally burst upon Escaland the news of another D. Agg in our midst! Yes, the new offspring has been named David, no doubt in the hope that the notorious appellation will be continued in cycling! Congratulations to Elizabeth anyway, and if junior takes after his old man, bike riders in 1984 will have much to amuse them, whatever Big Brother might be doing to curb our pleasures. Perhaps the best comment came from the bearer of the glad tidings who, in answer to a query as to how the baby was doing, replied: "Just like his old man - bawling his --- head off". Willcocks had the doubtful pleasure of accompanying Cliff Sharp in a dusk beating effort after the first Club 10. With the light fading fast things were hectic enough to the outskirts of Seaford, but when a police car driver shouted "Oy, where's your lights?" the reaction from Cliff wasn't just Sharp, it was supersonic, and the backwash of air as he departed was enough to give any wheelsucker 'flu or worse! We can't help reflecting that if someone could think up a similar incentive in Cliff's next 25 it would be Engers & Co. who would be 'feeling the draught'.

Jack Goldstein points out that the address of his shop is 8, Mount Pleasant - sounds classier than Fisher Street. We're glad to welcome him as a second-claim member (he's still in the Leicestershire), and with the present dearth of lightweight dealers in this area Escabods would be well advised to look him up as you'll probably 'learn something to your advantage' as the legal eagles say. He's also on the 'blower' at Lew. 4856. Of the other names that usually grace these chronicles Grover is all excited about being a Dad (we hope it's human), while Peacock is due back from Tanzania in July and intends to hold us spellbound with tales of big game fishing, driving in the East African Safari Rally, and elephant shooting (Colburn please note). Put him on a bike and he wouldn't last half a mile, but we'll be glad to see him, anyway. Cox has very likely snuffed it through want of Watney's, while rumour has it that Copper Burgess is on work so secret that even he doesn't know what it is! Once again we've had a useful entry for the evening criterium, so roll up and see some good racing on June 12th,

19th and 26th. We can always find jobs for willing helpers and will be glad of more spectators anyway, so let's be 'aving yer out in force on the Ringmer circuit.

Well, folks, with that in the can and the Editor beaming all over his chops as he peers through the magnifying glass to decipher this, we'll say "reservoir" with the usual wishes for good weather, good bike-riding, &c.

Cheers for now,

ALSORAN.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Bonk contribution time always seems to arrive before I have had time to think up anything clever to write about, so I will just have to write the usual rubbish. Competition on the time trial front is hotting up in the club, with Adrian Morris generally having the edge on Robin Johnson in club events, but with Robin going faster in the 'opens'. Robin turned the tables in the last club event, held in typical summery (?) weather conditions, recording 1-5-0 to Gerry Johnson's 1-6-48 and Adrian Morris's 1-6-52. Fourth fastest in the club this year is 14-year-old Peter Churchill with a long '6'. He should be going quite quickly when he gets old enough to be a Junior! We have held a couple of our club events in conjunction with the Central Sussex, the resulting turn-out looking more like an 'open'.

The Club Road Race at Rushlake Green on April 27th was well supported. I apologise to any Esca riders I could not accept, but having chased all and sundry for entries, I was somewhat overwhelmed by the resulting flood. The club is proposing to hold a picnic, weather permitting, at Lindfield on June 15th. All peace-loving souls are hereby warned to keep clear of the area.

K.M.W.

It's funny how all the racing seasons seem alike; only the names and faces are different. This season for us started the usual way: all those who weren't riding the 2-up TTT because they were riding a road race ended up riding it because they had had their entries returned. Eric Bonner and Pete Hayes spent so much time moaning about being 2 minutes in front of Cliff and Mo that two of our best hopes for the season, Paul Lipscombe and Alan Hale were only half a minute in arrears. Apart from a quick burst through Ringmer on a 103 inch top which had Young Thropp grovelling on his 88, limping Clyde Rimple had to nurse his Achilles tendon round the course accompanied by a large tube of embrocation, and had nothing left for the last 220. The Lanterne Rouge was well earned and Clyde promptly retired again. Eric followed this up with a quick endorsement in the De Laune road race then curiously 'blew up' to 2-23 in the SCCU 50. He's obviously got things on his mind. But back to April 13th and the snigger of a lifetime. The Inter-New Towns 25 on the hallowed Southend road even had a slimline Sch...Ewart-Know-Who riding. Well, I don't know what the others rode, but Yours Truly went up Rayleigh Weir in that 88 and came down it grovelling in 84. Ron Barton of the Basildon (a '56' man) led with 1-7-51, and the lads began to speculate that 'Mr. Jones' could beat that even if the course ran up a mountain, and true to form Adrian (last off) ground his way in to the astonishment of the locals in 1-6-31 to become the first Crawley man to win an event on the E31. Basildon won the team award. With eleven riders outside evens and only six inside a '10' (the slowest did 1-29-47 - can Crow beat this?) the rides had a nineteenth century look about them. Bob Prunty, home on vacation from Southampton University, had the last laugh, doing a '10' on the Pease Pottage course on the same morning. It appears that Bob has spent a lot of time at Soton rowing, but has found time to get a lot of miles in and ride a few TTs as well.

A large number of last season's riders don't seem to be bothering this year. John Pratt trained hard early on, rode one event then retired to get married. Graham Seymour hasn't ridden since the 2-up that seems to have devastated the club. Alf Tapley isn't racing and Steve Smith is too busy in his job as an air hostess. Social Sec. Reg. Jewsbury has more or less faded out, but I've just seen his hirsute apparition on TV Grandstand in the crowd at the start of the Milk Race. Bern the Bolt Wright is toying with the possibility of joining the militant students and hairy junkies at Brighton, but has threatened to start racing at the end of June.

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

Up-and-coming Vet George Monk, who has been working away and has not raced yet, is too frightened by the thought of being screwed by daughter Penny to even ride the evening 10s. Penny (a rose in a garden of weeds) has done a 'personal' in his last four events, and is now down to 30-34 with a promise of a try in a 25 when she beats evens. Of the cycling Derhams, Chris doesn't seem to be racing this year, and is learning to drive, while big brother Brian rode the Club 30 then promptly disappeared again. Now as if this isn't enough, there have been injuries and the like. Pete Hayes has wrenched his inside and Dick Griffin has had glandular fever, and both have missed about two months racing. Bob Jones did a personal best 1-6-29 for 2nd handicap in the Bellingham 25 and Paul did a '5' also a PB. In the West Croydon Wheelers 25 it was windy, it rained and the course was short. Yours truly, who near enough lives on the Pound Hill course, and who kept a '57' man at bay for seven miles, wasn't too pleased to find the first turn marshal standing in the wrong place. The Whitsun week-end also witnessed one of the weekly pilgrimages of the Sussex domiciled Essex maniacs to their homeland. Len Main and Chas Burrell both recorded great PBs, Len doing 1-8-1 and Chas a '7'. The following Thursday Bob Griffith did his first ever '26' to snatch back the club Vet's '10' record, while Alan Hale and Paul Lipscombe were in the 24 mph range. Alan, Paul and Adrian never know about local events until too late, and really ought to get their fingers out. They're as bad as schoolboys. It seems to me that if the local riders don't support local events there is a good case for not running them and closing down the division altogether. Do the Divisional Road Race Championships and Esca 50 fields reflect the weakness of clubs in the Division, just the apathy of the riders themselves, or is it that the East Grinstead trio of Clare, Budgen and Smith are too demoralisingly good for all? Only Junior Champ. Bob Beatty can be regarded as a potential threat from our end.

All this talk has reminded me about the tourists in our club, who I am afraid I neglect each quarter. Harry and the boys have been on tour at Easter and at Whitsun. The Easter tour started with an afternoon at Herne Hill, thence to Highgate youth hostel. The Whitsun one went to Milford on the Friday evening and then into the New Forst. The serious stuff starts in the summer with Stow-on-the-Wold and Ilam Hall the first two scheduled stops; not bad mile-ages when you consider that some of the boys are only ten. Pete Main has been hostelling regularly and started off for a week in Wales following the Tour of Britain. The end of June will see him

Crawley Wheelers (continued).

on his way to Biarritz with Peter Knottley - "you know, the one who writes in Cycling" to 'do' twelve cols in the Pyrenees in twelve days. A col a day keeps the doctor away - I'll tell you about his injuries in the next issue! Ron Ford and Steve Smith are going to Belgium to watch the Tour de France and both are in training for it. (Good Heavens - training for watching - this is something - Ed.). Ron recently suggested to Pete Main that they motor out with the bikes for a while, do forty miles each way and motor back. He backed out altogether when Pete pointed out that his idea of a week-end was 220 miles. It will be interesting to see if he backs down from a proposed Crawley to Brighton and back tandem record attempt with Len Main. Commenting on this, George Monk said that the only place to place record he was interested in was the Maiden Lane to APV and back. Incidentally, Bill Rankin also works at APV in the foundry and is a real live Sagger Maker's Bottom Knocker. I always wanted to meet one, but never realised that they wore sporrans. Young rogue Pete Boyling, who smashed the handicap in a recent 10, with a three minute improvement to 26-34, is just about to start at APV as an apprentice coppersmith. Pete has lately been keeping himself fit and out of mischief by delivering thousands of pamphlets twelve hours a day. Still, he's managed to buy himself Reg Jewsbury's Jensen and a transistor radio with his earnings. Coming shortly ... "The Crawley Wheelers 1969 Club Run and Polytechnic 12 Hours", or "We don't support local time tests either. Think about it, lads."

YOUNG THROPP.

## HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

The club has had a relatively quiet three months with nothing startling happening, but a reasonable amount of activity. Several people get out on Sundays, though not often all together. President Fred Martin and Dennis Neeves can often be found marshalling at East Sussex and Kent C.A. events. - Dennis, who last year was so unfit that he got the knock just reading about racing, has lately got going again and now claims to be the fastest marshal in East Sussex! The potterers section, based on Cecil Blank and Guy Little, frequent the quieter roads in this area, while the semi-fast duo of Jack Southerden and George Fowler get a few miles in together and now and agin represent the club in a 25. Racing Secretary Graham Wilks was missing for a while, having moved into a new house with a lot of garden, but he has just reappeared and we are hoping to see more of him from now on. Esther and Maurice are usually 'all at sea' at week-ends, but we see them on Wednesday evenings at the club 10s which are just getting under way. Our two youngsters Steve and Nigel have ridden in several schoolboy 10s, and achieved reasonable places. Guy Little is now recovering from a nasty spill in which a collision with a small boy threw him over the handlebars, resulting in a broken collar-bone and eight stitches in his head. The club is going it's bit on the promotional side. We put on a schoolboys and junior 10 on the Camber course in April with another to follow in September, and on June 8th we have a record field of 97 riders for the Open 25 on the popular Brenzett-Hythe course. Fine weather is traditional for this event, so here's hoping.

### HASTINGER.

STOP PRESS. At the Committee meeting on June 8th it was decided that the Luncheon due to be held in February of next year will be at the Maiden's Head, Uckfield, with tickets at about 25/-. The proposal to hold back the balance of 1968 awards till the Party was not popular; these will now be handed over to the riders as soon as they are ready.

A late news flash from our special correspondent is that Roy Humphrey is having a new office block built at his place of employment to house himself and a glamorous young lady secretary.

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