

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No. 29.

SPRING 1970

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

Editor (Mr. D. Neeves
(19 East Parade
(HASTINGS Sussex

EDITORIAL

When readers reach p.18 of this issue, they will note the return of the well-known contributor 'Young Thropp' who is now writing for Central Sussex. They will soon notice that this writer has been doing some thinking about the Association and has reached certain conclusions. The first of these may unfortunately be all too near the mark, as readers will realise when they hear about the recent letter from the Sussex police to the Secretary expressing their strong dislike of U turns on the main roads of East Sussex, thus presenting us with a very difficult problem in re-planning our time-trial courses to their satisfaction. Regarding the lack of support for the racing events, this is not always caused by lack of interest, but often means that certain clubs are short of active racing members. This trouble has bedevilled my own club for one in recent years. Young Thropp then states that in his opinion the Association is little more than a facade consisting of a few well-known people such as Roy Humphrey and myself. This, I think, is very wide of the mark. The personalities mentioned certainly give the Association colour and character; but Esca would surely not have lasted for twenty-three years if it had consisted only of them without support and enthusiasm from the clubs in the area. The truth is that basically the East Sussex Cycling Association is something in the minds of East Sussex bike riders; a desire to race against members of other East Sussex clubs and to fraternise with them at the racing events and at social functions. As long as enough East Sussex club members wish to do these things, and can find competent people from within their ranks to organise these activities, the Association will go on.

D.N.

With the new Racing Season well and truly with us, the prospects for the year seem bright indeed. The Annual Hardriders event very ably organised by Brighton Excelsior CC saw Cliff Sharp repeat his win of the previous year from a field of 33 riders. The opening 25 miles on March 9th drew a very good entry of 47 riders, which is well up on the past few years, and one wonders if we shall be having more competitors in all events during the season. Now that the 12 hours has been dropped from the Best All Rounder competition, this should give encouragement to many more riders to have a go at the 100 miles and qualify for a place in the B A R.

With the first of the Schoolboys & Junior events not far away, all of us should make a special effort to get more of these lads to come forward and ride. If you know of anyone who is interested whether in a club or not, give them an Entry Form or ask our Racing Secretary Mrs. I. Stevens to send them one, a Schoolboy does not have to be a member of a club to enter. Remember it is from these small beginnings that many of our 1972 Olympic riders started on their road to success.

As most of you are aware, member clubs are this year promoting our Time Trials on behalf of the Association. All club members are asked to rally round the person in their club who has undertaken to promote the event. They will require help at Headquarters, marshalling and numerous other minor jobs on the day of the event.

Looking back on our Social events, the holding of the Annual General Meeting on the same day as the Party proved quite a success, the Children's Party at Hellingly in January once again provided proof that the family members of our Association have not lost contact with the sport they enjoyed a few years ago. The highlight of the Social Season without a doubt was our Luncheon & Prize Presentation at Uckfield in February, nearly 70 sat down to Lunch. John Dutson is to be congratulated on a very fine function, and his choice of Guest Speaker the Chief Constable of Sussex. Mrs. Williams presented the awards in the unavoidable absence of our President, but once again several main award winners were not in attendance.

Our 1970 President Stan Shirley had a few words to say and looked forward to a very successful year.

In conclusion, on behalf of all members of the Association, we trust that the President of the Brighton Mitre CC, Charlie Turner, will soon be fully restored in health.

R.H.

This is the quarter when we look back on, among other things, speeches both refined and frightful, meals both succulent and less so, and dances both strict tempo and tribal. Remembering on the last point that it was less than one hundred years ago that good Victorian money was spent on sending missionaries to outlandish places to curb the savages of the self-same behaviour as we witness at our dinner places. Our own club dinner, held just before Christmas, suffered the fate of the test-pilot's daughter in that it never got off the ground. The 'flu epidemic seems to have been the main cause of this, keeping a considerable number away and having a very subduing effect on those present, added to which the depleted ranks in the expanse of the Tonbridge Social Centre gave the effect that one was dancing somewhere in the Gobi Desert! However, not all was lost, as the speeches were well received and Lou put on an excellent prize presentation. Don Robb and his fiancée were presented with an illustrated guide for their married life. It didn't take long for the members of the Wigmore club to discover that "If you flick the pages over quickly they move!" As we haven't seen Robbo for a while we assume that he lost his balance on position 87! Our next dinner will be different, though. We are moving to the 'Rose and Crown', Tonbridge, which has a limit of 75 seats. Some have already been taken, so see Babs for your reservation.

Other East Sussex dinners have been well received. The East Grinstead 'do' had it's usual galaxy of talent - and not only the pro' cyclists, and ran on till 1 a.m., after which several of us moved over to Dave Bonner's house, where the proceedings were continued in a more intimate atmosphere. Should any readers think that the pro's devote their lives to racing and training, I'm glad to disillusion them, and say that they really are human. Terry Collins gave a demonstration of how to do your own thing; and others have asked me not to report this happening in too great detail. The Hastings dinner is also chiefly remembered for that happened afterwards. In this case Crow was driving the Haywards home in their car and was stopped by the police, so he breathed ginger beer fumes at them until they let him proceed. 1970 must also go down as a vintage year for the Central Sussex dinner with their move to the Lewes lair of the 'Elephant and Castle'. A full house with plenty of cross-toasting (rather a rarity these days), and music by the Supremes, Stones et al via Howard's 'gram certainly gave all those present a swinging evening. A 'phonograph' was also present at the Rovers' function, and once again everyone voted the 'do' a great success. Which brings us to

the final dinner of the season, I regret to say, the Wanderers' bunfight at 'The Elephant & C.' This got it's largest attendance for years, and Mrs. Cox's raffle found Amparo winning a racing cap and yours truly an apron. Certainly this has been the season for outstandingly good dinners, and I regret that the Southborough club hasn't been as well represented as it might have been. We did, however, get several along to the Association luncheon, where a heavy disguise made sure that I wasn't recognised by the Chief Constable. We certainly got our haul of the silverware, which has now found it's way to it's current owners, thanks to the kind offices of Val Baxendine. Why don't they make trophies a lot smaller, so that they can be carried in a saddlebag? There were just two other afternoon functions to mention, the ESCA children's party, admirably conducted by 'Uncle' John Dutson, and the Rovers' party where intellects were strained by such things as 'Beetle' and balloon races. (Editor's note After reading the foregoing, readers will now understand why it takes Crow two thirds of each racing season to recover from the previous social season).

The club's A.G.M. went off in record time, with "Youth Takes The Helm" as the theme. Robin Howard is our new T.T. Sec. and Richard Cave runs the road/track side. That will be the day when they make Stu Moore road safety officer! Danny retired from the captaincy after seven years and has been succeeded by Malc Withers. Malc's first innovation was to make club-runs afternoon only affairs, so that the keen ones can go training in the morning and come out in the afternoon for a leisurely potter to tea; but it doesn't always work out that way - more like a one day two-stage event at times!

Robin's hostelling week-ends continue to get support, though he often manages to pick the worst week-end of the month for these runs, e.g., the ride from Saffron Walden into a southerly gale and rain all the way home, and more recently a damp return from Windsor Y.H. Danny organised a more successful Christmas morning tourist competition cum treasure hunt that found several members floundering about on a rubbish tip looking for milk bottle tops. The weather was fine and the first four places were only separated by a point each, Malc Withers coming out on top. The only other social function of note was the Woolwich C.A. darts championship in which Southboro went out in round 2.

In the last Spring issue I mentioned Danny breaking his leg. A man who believes in perpetuating this tradition is Tony Peachy, who fell down the stairs in order to do it. Eight weeks in plaster

will put his racing season back a bit.

The racing season is with us again, and our early season mass-starters had a go at Brands Hatch. Those present state that Malc Withers finished third and brother Geoff some two laps down. The result sheet places Geoff 13th, Malc D.N.F., and also mentions that apologies were received from one non-starting rider whose name didn't appear on the start sheet! No Southboro' riders started in the Hardriders 16 - shame, but our first Saturday afternoon medium gear 10 found Royston winning with 26-56, and Malc recording 29-6 with a three minute late start. Easter will be spent at Brecon as usual - must start training for that soon. Graham Orchard hasn't been seen around for a time, and rumours fly about wildly. Some say that if he retires Signor Campagnolo will go bankrupt. Finally, having been 'got at' in the last issue of BONK, I would like to inform my fan club that I know nothing about four wheel tricycling, do not require a baby sitter, and have never visited 'Jack Goldmine's cycle shop. And for the edification of some of the Rovers, I didn't squat down to talk to Ray Lunn at the Lewes dinner to get a closer look at Judy's legs (although it wouldn't have been a bad idea at the time).

CROW.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

'Bonk Day' here again and not a thought in my head (nothing unusual in that). After every issue of BONK I make a resolution to make some notes throughout the three months, and every time contribution day arrives without a thing on paper.

Some of you may have heard that Charles Turner has been taken ill, and is at present in the Royal Sussex County Hospital. I am sure that all Escabods will join me in wishing him a speedy recovery. Helen and Fred Stenning have now made their way to their retirement home in Spain. They left on February 24th. Back to December, the month started with a hostel run to Arundel on a cold, wet, week-end, attended by 10 members of the club. A good if noisy time was had by all, including the gentleman who seemed to find himself sleeping on the floor on a couple of occasions. Our dinner followed, at the Arnold House Hotel, a very successful function attended by over eighty members and friends, including

former star trackmen Les Glover and Bill Cooper. Most of the prizes were shared between Robin Johnson, Adrian Morris and Gerry Jackson. January brought another hostel run to Crockham Hill, which I did not attend, but which seems to have been successful, eight people going on the run.

Regular winter club runs should have done a lot for the early fitness of the members, club captain Gerry Jackson and vice-captain Adrian Morris selecting formidable routes, setting out on days when I was more than content to stay indoors, even with the car! This brings us to the start of another season (my 22nd). I know I share this with Ron Ewart, and I would be interested to hear from whom among the Escabods has the largest total of consecutive racing seasons. Our season commenced with a 10 on the morning of the Esca luncheon. Robin was fastest in 25-47, nearly a minute up on Gerry, with John Yardley third. Twelve starters braved the very cold conditions, dress ranging from tracksuits with sweaters on top to some in summer gear. This was followed by the Esca Hardriders, the club being represented by G. Jackson with 44-39, J. Yardley with 45-3, and yours truly very much bringing up the rear with 48-45. I didn't think the course was quite up to the usual Humphrey standard, although the climb out of Rushlake Green was a bit of a struggle. Finally a club 25 on the 1st of March, with the weather again very cold. Robin was again the winner in 1-3-57, Gerry second in 1-6-12 and Adrian Morris third in 1-7-5, just pipping John Yardley, who gained first handicap. John managed almost a two minute improvement on his personal best, and this on a very hard morning. He seems to be the one gaining most from the winter miles. That's all for now.

K.M.W.

ATTENTION ALL PRESS SECRETARIES !!!!

Deadline for contributions to the Summer edition of BONK will be June 1st.

It is with deepest regret that we learn of the passing of this aged but venerable conveyance. Known variously as Ken's Kart and the Stevensmobile, it first appeared on the ESCA scene some years ago and quickly established a reputation for creeping up on unsuspecting cyclists who were then treated to a typical Stevens leer and an uncouth remark as it lurched past. It stoically bore the burden of rough-stuff in the wilder parts of Wales, etc., whilst groaning under the weight of it's natural enemies, bikes and their handlers; and also stood up manfully to rude awakenings in the small hours and all the many attendant privations, latterly becoming a mobile cot when Stevens Junior came along. A seemingly 'evergreen' fixture in Escaland, it finally succumbed to the inevitable by failing the annual M.O.T. test, and was gently laid to rest with full Rovers tribal honours by a sorrowing Ken and Iris who are now left with an unfillable void.

It's life was hard, it's failures few
But it finally met it's Waterloo
So ashes to ashes and dust to dust
At the Council dump now, it's full of rust.

A.R.

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Murmurs have been heard in cycling circles that the "Excel" are a mad lot. Any witness to a recent Club "snow happening" would declare certifiably so! 3 ft. drifts of virgin snow inspired such events as diving head-first, discycling (throwing one's machine discus style) and a form of steeplechasing. Action photos have been placed in the Club archives under lock and key. Awards were given in the form of mild frostbite, chilblains and rheumatism. Three of the six machines taking part in the day's activities suffered injury - broken forks, buckled wheels and one dynamo front headlamp (disappeared without trace). This same day, one of our lads, having collected his frame from Derby, was cycling back clad

in a pair of swimming shorts and fluorescent jerkin (it matches the colour of his hair). He is to be reprimanded for arriving back too late for Club tea. He had apparently toyed with the idea of persuading someone to ride up to Derby with him on a tandem and they could have returned the following day - he on his solo and the other on the tandem with no stoker. He knows we are not that stupid! Just to prove the point, a few Sundays ago we had threeses at St. Francis Hospital cafeteria, Haywards Heath, and were all allowed to leave afterwards.

Apart from pursuing disused railway tracks and plenty of rough-stuff at week-ends, the Social Season has been taken up with Club dinners, Club Christmas tea and other highly enjoyable ventures. However, with one or two exceptions, we are endeavouring to undo the damage done in order to regain fitness in time for the Racing Season. The task of getting down to it is not made any easier by the fact that we now have a splendid Club Room with its own well-stocked bar. However, it is evident we shall overcome as members appear on the scene with hair trimmed (except Dave Stringer), smoothly shaven faces, and eyes that are no longer bloodshot. It is sad to think that by the time the next Social Season is here Tamplins 'Sussex' Bitter will have disappeared owing to lack of support! We've done our bit - have you? I suppose this could be the reason why enquiries are to be made of frame builders about the possibility of a frame with a curved top tube to accommodate voluminous abdomens.

A few of the keener ones have been meeting before break of dawn for fitness runs prior to meeting the Club at elevenses. This is in addition to regular training during the week. It looks as if Rick Stringer could be getting worried by such enthusiasm in the ranks. Maybe this is why he has now acquired a Campag 55" chain ring. Keep watching the columns for further enlightenment.

Observers will note that this 'piece' has not been written by 'Honest Ginge' (we appreciate his professional qualities but Club funds can't support us both).

Best wishes for 1970 to all readers of 'BONK' from the Brighton Excelsior.

Yours

ROPEY RIDER

At the end of a reasonably successful year, a heavy cloud descended over the Club, when that long serving and loyal member, Cecil Blank, left us for that long ride from which there is no return. Cecil had been a member for 35 years, always willing to do the work for which there are no cups and medals presented. About thirty members were at the Church to wish him a last "Goodbye".

We now start 1970 with great hopes - a slight increase in membership, financial stability, again younger members taking part and showing real interest in the racing programme, but most important of all, the continued SOCIAL friendship of all members.

Things have been quiet the last few weeks. The two separate Sunday runs continue to be a success. The club room still attracts mostly the senior members, it is a great pity more of the younger ones do not take advantage and use the club room, and by mixing with the older members, who have known not only the pleasures, but also the hard luck, learn that enthusiasm by itself is not enough. It must be coupled with experience.

The Christmas Party was a great success. Forty-two members were gathered at Netherfield Arms and enjoyed an excellent tea and games. The "Princess of Dorchester", Susan Powell, entertained us with musical items on her guitar. Our musical director, Dennis Neeves, kept the party happy and singing with his piano-accordion. Thanks are due to our social secretary, Barbara Powell, that this party was voted the best ever.

Dennis, Blanche and Fred formed the club's group at the South-boro' Dinner. Dennis as usual was very much in demand with the ladies. What has he got that we others haven't? It is not only his dancing. Perhaps one day he will tell us.

Then on to what has become the function of the South, the Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. Dinner & Dance at the Royal Victoria Hotel. 86 sat down to a splendid dinner. Gordon Ely of the Faversham Cycling Club was guest speaker with a grand speech on "The Sport of Cycling". Dennis Neeves replied for the club, welcoming visitors from twelve different clubs. One lady friend of our Vice-President, Frank Rix and his wife, came all the way from New Zealand, and that popular late President of the Catford C.C., Fred Churchill, emerged from hibernation in Norfolk to attend. Dancing continued until 1 am. Again we thank Barbara for her untiring efforts to make sure our function retained not only its previous high standard, but, in my humble opinion, to improve.

The following morning Arthur and Fred had to attend a V.T.T.A. meeting at Harrietsham, as they thought at the Wayfarers ARMS.

Fred Churchill, confident he could persuade the landlord for early drinks, joined us. Imagine his and Arthur's dismay when the venue proved to be the Wayfarers CAFE, and only cups of tea available. Still, luck was with them. On return, stopping at the SPOTTED PIG at Crafty Green, the landlord was an old member of the London Polytechnic C.C., having ridden in events with Churchill, and every memory called for another drink. Time was called at 2 p.m. We left at 3.15 p.m. How Fred Churchill drove the car safely back to St. Leonards will always be a mystery to Arthur & Fred. Your teetotal President was asleep for most of the way. What wonders our wives are - Blanche and Mabel Churchill had waited dinner for us, 5 p.m.

NEWS ITEMS.

We welcome Richard Wall and Michael Ashdown, who have joined us from the late Rye Wheelers.

Jack Southerden is promoting the Veterans Time Trials Association 25 miles on the A.140 course on June 21st.

Arthur Coleman has been re-elected on to the Kent Cycling Association Committee.

Dennis Neeves is again "BONK" Editor.

Our President has again been chosen Chairman of the Veterans Time Trials Association, Kent Group. He has also been re-elected on the Road Time Trials Council. The Kent Cycling Association have paid our club a great honour by electing our President as their President & Chairman.

To-day, March 1st, we started a new cycling year with The President's Opening Run. Twenty-one riders joined the President, who led the run, with elevenses at Chitcombe, and then to Vinehall X Roads on to Brightling, joining the 18 non-riders for a turkey LUNCHEON at Netherfield. Our youngest member, Steve Carpenter, joined the run with his mother, using a shorter course in the morning, but led the ride home, proving to some of us older members how to climb the hills.

Ten years ago when Fred was first elected President, the first thing he inaugurated was this OPENING RUN when all members were expected to attend either by cycle, car or on foot. This has proved a great success in keeping members together even when their cycling days are over.

Cannot think of any more, so until Dennis again whispers "Dead Line".

F.M.

A WORD TO 12 HOUR ENTHUSIASTS

It is with regret that we find no 12 hours event on the programme this year. For riders it has for many years provided excitement, rewards and suffering. For spectators it has made a good day out and a friendly social gathering. To those of you who may want the chance to ride this year, or to those who just enjoy the spirit of a 12 hours and the atmosphere it always provides, may I extend an invitation to the Kent C.A. 12 hours on August 23rd. It's a good course for both speed and pleasant scenery. Do come along - you'll enjoy it.

Les Hayman (Southborough Wheelers).

FORTHCOMING ASSOCIATION TIME-TRIALS

- April 12th 35³/₄ miles two-up team time-trial.
Schoolboys, juniors and ladies 10.
- May 10th 50 miles. Also schoolboys, juniors and ladies 10.
- June 7th 25 miles, ladies and gents.

It was a case of "Great minds think alike" at the Luncheon. Bill Collins, who replied for the Association, was accused by both Ken Atkins and Valerie Baxendine of stealing half their speeches.

Possibly the quote of the day came from the Chief Constable's wife who, after being presented with a bouquet, said: "I feel awful about this - I don't even know how to ride a bike".

If there had been a special prize for the brightest pullover at this function, it would have been a close thing between Cliff Sharp and Ken Griffiths. Very gay, lads.

If there had been a prize for the tiniest mini skirt, it would have been easily won by a certain lady from a central club. Not that we're complaining.

The Editor will award a special prize of a full frontal portrait of Ken Atkins to the first reader to guess what part of the Maiden's Head Hotel Ron Ewart was in when he exclaimed fervently: "My God - that's better".

During the cross-toasting at the Lewes dinner it was disclosed that Roy Humphrey, judging at an international track meeting, had shouted at no less a rider than Anquetil: "Oy, you - over 'ere".

The above-mentioned official has been forced to buy a new pair of trousers because his well-known bookmakers trousers had got so tight that he spent most of the Children's Party wrestling with the zip!

Last year's Association President Roger Sturt must have let his hot blood overcome his sense of forward planning last May, or perhaps he just miscounted. Anyway, he had to send apologies for absence to the Luncheon because his first child had just arrived. Congratulations Roger and Mrs. S.

Righto, folks, the party's over and it's nine months to the next happy event (It's always nine months to a happy event - Ed.), the 1970 social season, so it's back to abnormal once again for all aficionados of the bike game. Time to get the alarm clock back from the repairers, or out of the attic, as the case may be, dust off the old weights and sort out the training schedules from the dinner menus and start to LIVE. Can you wonder that the 'unbitten' are sure we're all cracked? Some events of the past social season stand out. The club AGM was a fairly orderly affair after everyone had got over the shock of seeing Copper Burgess actually present at a club function for the first time since last year's dinner. This was too much for Agg, who promptly 'collapsed' on the floor amid much mirth. The Copper then caused a further eruption when he handed Peter Sharp a bawdy record he'd borrowed and muttered that he'd meant to return it sooner. He wasn't kidding, as he's had it for ten years! However, more about this later. All the old gang were re-elected except for the President, who this year is none other than Derek Agg. A suggestion that he start No. 1 in the Lewes-Newhaven was replied to with a most unpresidential five-letter word! One important decision is that there will be ten evening 10's this year on the Rodmell course which will be used in reverse, the start and finish being at the Lewes end by Cranedown estate. With this located more centrally we hope for increased support from the Brighton clubs among others. Dates for the evening road race criterium are Thursday evenings, June 11th-18th-25th, on the Ringmer circuit at 7.30 p.m., and the distance again 36 miles; so once again we're expecting the usual good entry from Division riders.

We're promoting the Association 100 and the ladies, juniors and schoolboys 10s on July 12th. When Willcocks told the committee that he had volunteered on the club's behalf, Burbury got a laugh by saying: "Good, I hope you don't make a mess of things all by yourself". Later it was generally agreed that the spreading of these promotions is a good idea, especially as it creates a plausible reason for visiting Iris Stevens more often. (Don't be in too big a hurry, fellows, Ken hasn't started training yet - Ed.). Our line up for 1970, while not guaranteed to strike terror into the hearts of Escabods, will be having a go as usual. We should be seeing a bit more of Mick Hills who must have completed his 'housing contract' by now; while the Myatt fraternity and Hugh Gander will be joined by new junior Trevor Wright, whose father Eddie is an old Brighton

Stanley Wanderers rider. The old firm of Kilby, Burbery and Savage will be carrying on their private vendetta, while the new President will be exhorted to ride away his aches and pains. Yours truly might issue a Chainwheel Creek challenge should he feel capable of still getting under the hour on a good 10 course! The Agg trouble referred to last time has now turned out to be jaundice. The vet, sorry, doctor, has advised a spell in hospital, but all the sympathy Derek got from his clubmates was a suggestion that this will probably be in an isolation ward!

No fewer than fifty-two lucky people enjoyed the club dinner, which was one of the best we've had; the usual first class meal setting the mood for non-stop laughs and unrestrained cross-toasting, the Great Whie Chief and President Agg in particular coming in for a 'roasting'. "The Club" was proposed by the Editor in a very balanced and witty speech much appreciated by all present. Yours Truly replied, but in acknowledging the visitors forgot to mention the Central quartet and later had to apologise for this omission after having been threatened with a fate worse than death if he didn't! No fewer than sixteen Rovers gave us grand support on this occasion. Thanks to the great generosity of Mrs. Cox and Jack Goldstein the table holding the raffle prizes looked like a Christmas gift shop. As they were all wrapped up, winners had to take pot luck, which resulted in the usual hilarity caused by a lady getting a Campag gear cable, Crow wearing a natty lady's apron, and Peter Sharp ending up with a calendar of sexy nudes. The usual presentation could not be awarded as too late it was discovered that the intended victim had left early, and for some reason, in a hurry. This was Copper Burgess, who, with reference to the episode mentioned earlier, had been lined up to receive a record by Liberace (bound to be appreciated by a jazz enthusiast, we don't think!) of 'As Time Goes By', and 'I Don't Care'. Never mind, it got a giggle when it was mentioned. Among many laughs it came out that Jack Goldstein volunteered to go on the list of officials at the last BCF meeting. Phillippe Vandeveldt didn't quite catch his name and said: "Who did you say - Jack Goldmine?"

Well, folks, once again that's it from this end of the constitution, so here's to a good season from all Wanderers, and may your cycling be, as Shakespeare might have said: 'As You Like It' all the time. See you down the road.

ALSORAN

A number of club members were able to find enough good spirit to ride the Christmas morning 10, although the number of starters was smaller than last year. Dick Griffin kept his record by winning in 26-3. Ron Ford, who was sporting a bowler hat, came in with 26-29, while Ken O'Donovan, and Keith Briant did 31-2 and 31-51 respectively. Bon Beatty's 26-16 was his final ride for the club before joining the East Grinstead C.C. Bob Jones and Paul Lipscombe borrowed Len Main's tandem and achieved 23-55, winning a deserved pint each. The club dinner was held at The George, and due to our reported decline, only 180 people sat down to enjoy the meal. One visitor, Trevor Budgen, came with a hacksaw prepared for a tough steak, but was disappointed. Eddy Mundy was the guest speaker and commended the club on its large membership and friendly club-room. Secretary Harry Knowles had pushed many people up hills but had never carried Peter Boyling down stairs before! Adrian Jones was best all-rounder this year and also the club's most improved rider. John Gray was schoolboy champion and there were no qualifiers for the junior award. One new trophy was the Allcomers Cup, which is to be awarded to the rider with the fastest aggregate in the club's evening 10s on Thursdays. This year it was presented to Richard Edwards of the Redhill C.C. Last month's reliability trial organised by Ron Ford was a great success, with visitors from Worthing, Redhill and East Grinstead. Although only Adrian and Paul completed the 100 miles, swarms of riders managed the 50 and 30. We all wish Pete Main good luck for his new life in the Lake District. Bill and Agnes Rankin have a baby daughter which they have named Wendy; and Bill must be sufficiently recovered as he is out training again. Adrian is faster while George Monk is fatter. Len Main is fitter and Ron Ford is hairier. Is Bob Griffith still cycling, or has he found another interest? On Good Friday we have our Open 25 which this year is being organised by Len Main. Later, on April 18th and 19th we have our first two-day road race, so don't forget to enter.

SKINHEAD.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS 1970 OFFICIALS

Hon. Secretary: B.H. Knowles, 8 Wycliffe Gardens,
MERSTHAM, Surrey.
T.T. Secretary: G. Monk, 28 Maiden Lane, Langley Green,
CRAWLEY, Sussex.
Road Race Secretary: Paul Lipscombe, 57 Kennedy Road,
HORSHAM, Sussex.
Two Day Road Race
Organiser: Ron Ford, 2 Tilgate Way, Tilgate,
(18-19 April) CRAWLEY, Sussex.
Press Secretary: Graham Cornell, 184 Southgate Drive,
Southgate, CRAWLEY, Sussex.
Chairman: Stan Curtis, 12 Falcon Close,
Langley Green, CRAWLEY, Sussex.

THE RACING SCENE

All concerned with the pipe-opening event the Hardriders 15 (actually a 16 according to some people's measurements), can count themselves lucky in view of the appalling weather which set in not long after the finish. The competitors' only problem was the strong south-west wind which had many of them pushing and struggling on the final stretch. They were not unduly troubled by the new Hellingly-Cowbeeck-Rushlake Green-Heathfield-Horam circuit, except for the tough section between Rushlake Green and Chapel Cross. Eastbourne's Cliff Sharp, with plenty of riding-to-work miles in his legs, was fit enough to win in 41 mins. 32 secs., but he was run close by his club-mate Maurice Colburn who clocked 41-55. Eric Bonner of the Central Sussex was third with 42-50. Sharp, Colburn and Don Hook (45-13), took the team award for the Rovers. This event saw the return to racing of our Chairman, Ken Atkins, with a reasonable ride; while the only two veterans in the event, the Central's Ron Ewart and Jack Southerden of Hastings, tied with 49-21. Among the seven non-starters was the complete Southboro' team, which raises interesting speculation about what might have been, remembering Clife Ashby's second place to Dave Patten in the '61 event.

The 25 on March 8th, promoted by the East Grinstead club, had the usual frosty morning, though there was mercifully no repetition of last year's freezing fog. Forty-seven riders, the largest number for many years, had entered, but eleven of them failed to

The Racing Scene (continued).

face the timekeeper and one did not finish. The result was an upset with little known Mitre member K. Chandler taking first place and first handicap with his 1-5-16 ride, pushing his experienced clubmate Robin Johnson, who clocked 1-5-34, into second place, with yet another Mitre man, Adrian Morris, third in 1-7-3. Scratchman Don Hook and other fancied riders such as Eric Bonner, were well down the finishing order. Only one lady entered the 10, Brighton Excelsior's Val Stringer, who clocked a '33'.

CONFESSIONS (Yes - they're true).

"I was just having my Sunday morning breakfast cereal when my mother pushed a roast lunch in front of me"

- (Ex mile-eater from Seaford).

"Irene Bonner was wearing a pink crocheted dress, so I just had to dance with her and push my fingers through the holes to see if she was wearing anything underneath".

- (East Grinstead gallant at the Central dinner).

"I'm giving up racing for Lent".

- (Ex ESCA Best-all-rounder).

"He's started wearing Oxford bags again".

- (Passing comment on a well-known official at the Association luncheon).

It was interesting to see the Chief of Police at the ESCA Luncheon this year. This is the start of a new decade, and before it ends, in my opinion, that same gentleman or his successor will put a stop to racing in Sussex as we know it. You will have guessed by now that this is yet another load of old rubbish from the Central Sussex, written this time by that High Priest of Pessimism, Young Thropp. Mind you, the racing events are so badly supported by some member clubs that if you took them away altogether it would be a year or two before most people actually noticed. What is ESCA anyway? The bit we know is a great facade built up through the last twenty-three years by people known and unknown to us (mainly the latter), but remembered by the stalwarts. The Great White Chief must know them all: The Senlac RC, Cedge Pearson, The Notorious Agg, Tug O'The North (who was he?), Dave Patten and his National Hill Climb 'bronze' and the Tunbridge Wells RC, Cliff Sharp's old razor blades and Maid Marion. This is continually being built upon by Crow, Alsorán and Neevo and preserved for parochial posterity in the numerous euphemisms of BONK. If you took away the racing would you notice the difference? The Central dropped the 12 hours from it's B.A.R. this year, as did the Association. It is said that riding 200 miles in a day is hardly racing, but in that case neither is riding 25 miles in one hour. They're both bike riding but the 12 hours was a lot more, and with it's disappearance goes a large part of the facade, so here are a few bricks dropped by the Central to build it up again.

There is an interesting tale to be told about Howard, Budgie of the Grinstead and the au pair girls. (Shortage of space prevents this story being printed in full, but no doubt Young Thropp will be only too pleased to give any interested party the 'full dirt' - Ed.). Then there is the thrilling saga of the trip by van to the Ross-on-Wye dinner, with Dutson doing the driving accompanied by 'Hat and Glasses' Hone and Ian Barnett. For those who don't know him, Ian Barnett was a member of the Thames Velo and rode in the 1955 BLRC Tour of Britain. The bikes were taken in the van and a little of the Welsh border was explored. At the dinner the trio found themselves confronted by 'Sweaty' Swetman and his East Surrey Ensemble, who promptly emptied their tankards and landed Brian Hone with a round costing 26 shillings! Another ex League man now with us is Ron Rogers who rode for the Barnet club in the 1952 and 1953 Brighton-Glasgow events, coming ninth in '53. Ron is another cycling printer, and has just brought along two workmates, ex Catford man Alan Priddy and Ray Pilcher. However, they immediately endeared themselves to

the club and yours truly in particular by getting into a scrape with the local constabulary over the matter of rear lights (lack of).

Now those of you who have been reading BONK for some time might be asking if this is the same Central Sussex or is it just a horrible dream. Well, the answer is that it's the same. John Dutson is negotiating the purchase of a new mansion in Framfield. (He assures me that it is not 3 Ebenezer Cottages !!) and may be out of circulation for a while. Ken (Honest Ginge) Atkins has shed the White Man's burden (BONK notes) and is training hard. Lancing Ken is wintering as usual and is presumably indulging in the normal Lancing pastime of floating seaweed down the coast to annoy the residents of Worthing. The sartorially elegant Roy Amey is still on the committee and still missed on the racing scene, Min is in love, John Galsworthy is still knocking holes in the South Pole, Bill Vaughan has disappeared once again, and Mark Welfare has swapped his equipment for a pair of braces and 'Bovver' boots. 'Ali' Barber is married and living in Exeter I believe; but Ganger is not going to emigrate to Australia after all. A few weeks ago Sally Thorne presented Arthur with a daughter Jane, who weighed 9 lbs. 6 oz. which puts her in the first division of Central off-spring just behind Jeannie Thropp (9 lb. 8 oz.) and Joanne Atkins (9 lbs. 14 oz.). Alan Robinson, whose mother threatened to stop washing his shorts if he was still a bachelor at 30, has just made it in time, and gets hitched at Horley on May 30th, with Rod Laker as best man. Who in Esca remembers Don Cook? Any of you who were at the dinner certainly will, because it was Don who, primed by red wine, regaled us with an amusing impromptu speech about the Central in his day, circa 1952. For these reminiscences Don was elected President at our AGM.

Well, that's your lot, and I close with something for students of one-upmanship. We had a card from John Galsworthy telling of his summer cycling tour in the Argentine and Brazil. How many people have seen the Matto Grosso by bike?

YOUNG THROPP

Well, my BONK deadline is here again. I say "my" deadline, as I think that Dennis puts my deadline a few days ahead of everyone else's as it takes him some time to decipher my little lot. He has threatened to print it as I write it then you would all know just how h'ignorant I am. You could always run a "See how many mistakes you can spot" competition on my reports.

Now, dear readers, we have all had our share of merry making and dinners and we are faced with getting down to what it is all about - hard graft. Some are training like mad and will have started racing before this report is translated: the rest of us are working hard on organising, reporting and supporting our own racing lads. There will be those planning this year's cycle touring holidays. I for one hope to see Eddie Merckx on Good Friday, and don't intend to miss all the thrills of the finish of the Tour in Brighton. Budgie again made a great success of our dinner, and although some went down with 'flu, a last minute dash around to those who were on our waiting list ensured a full house. Among the prizes presented was a man's chastity belt for George Clare. This was in fact a man's corset with an enormous lock welded on. This was presented by Trevor who the previous year had given Dick Marchant and Barbara an enormous engagement ring. (These things must cost Trevor's boss a bomb). However Dick must have taken the hint as they soon became engaged and are to be married this June. I don't think George's gift is going to be so successful, though. He got the message all right, but I don't think he will use it. So if he does not get in the Commonwealth Games this year (he is short listed for the Scottish team) he can't say we didn't try to help him. We had all the usual cross-toasting, and George's name came up so often that he ate his dinner standing up! Those of us who went to the Central Sussex dinner really enjoyed ourselves and vowed to go again next year. Fred Marshall and Ray Lunn went to the Eastbourne Rovers dinner and haven't stopped talking about it since. Stories of mini-skirts, draws, sun clubs, and all that, and good food as well. If they go on much more about THAT do there will be a coach load coming down from East Grinstead next year.

Then to round off the social season we had the Esca Luncheon, for which we must thank our hard-working Social Sec. John Dutson. We all took this opportunity of thanking our guest of honour, the Chief Constable of Sussex, for all he is doing for our sport, mainly of course for his wonderful co-operation for the final stages of this year's Milk Race. The Southboro' lot I noticed had been isolated on a table all their own. Just as well, as in their midst was a very

strange looking character with crew cut, sunglasses and convict shirt. Our guest eyes him very suspiciously, obviously wondering whether this was some sort of joke or should he return this bloke to Lewes? He must have decided that he was just a weird bloke - I mean joke - I don't know though. Anyway he is still with us I'm glad to say; after all where would BONK be without him?

I have not had many entries yet for my Esca 25. Perhaps some of you are still remembering the freezing fog this event had last year. Can't say I blame you. Still you won't have that trouble for the Grinstead's road races on May 3rd. as I have ordered a sunny day. We have two events this year, 1/2/3 and 3rds and Juniors. Amongst my prize list so far apart from the vouchers is a turkey donated by Woodward's butchers, a basket of fruit from Reeves greengrocers, two bottles of booze from Ray Lunn carpenter, and I haven't given up yet. So make a note of the day. Please also note that I am event sec. for the 50 on August 9th, not as is probably in the handbook. Name and address: Mrs. V. Baxendine, 111 Blount Avenue, East Grinstead, Sussex.

VAL.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

The second annual children's party, a function which looks certain to become a permanent feature of the Association's social calendar, was held at Hellingly Hall on January 18th. Twenty-six children attended and seemed to enjoy the affair, as did their parents and the other helpers. An innovation this year was the fancy dress competition which was well supported by the children and was won by Mark Atkins as a battered and bandaged Arsenal footballer, and Frances Humphrey as a nurse, complete with "More Pay" placard. Bill and Dot Collins acted as judges, and diplomatically gave consolation prizes to all the other competitors. There was the usual tasty tea served by the ladies, musical games with the Editor pounding the piano, and some Mickey Mouse films shown by Ken Stevens. Stan Shirley worked hard as chief balloon blower-upper.

First a piece of one-upmanship for getting in the first tour of 1970 by Cliff and Mo when they answered the call to "Go west young man", and had a quick flash around the West Country during the first week in January. Not too much has been said about this tour, and I gather that the weather was not like 'Flaming June'. With this pair getting in extra miles during January it is understandable that they are the fittest in the club, as the Hardriders result proved, and Mo just failed to achieve his aim of beating Sharpie. Meanwhile, down at the Eastbourne College gym Graham is attempting to knock a few including himself into shape with circuit training. Needless to say it is only those who actually live in town who are attending: seems the out of town residents don't fancy the ride to and fro before and after the 'torture' session! They have also decided that the social season should be extended to Easter, as in the old days when they first raced in the Fountain 25 on the old G9 on Easter Sunday. Anyway, Ken Stevens is making pressure of work his excuse, and says he will start after Easter sometime, a comment that Sharp endorsed as he says he is going to start training then. Coming from someone who gets in 20-30 miles each day riding to work (about my weekly total) it makes yer laugh, don't it?

The Rovers have been having a very sociable season, with visits to many dinners and of course luncheons. January saw a hardy batch riding to the Central's 'do' at our favourite venue, the Elephant and Castle, Lewes. Mind you, we got some queer looks from some of the non-cyclists present. A week later, while several of the club, led by the President, attended the Children's Party and helped demolish the left-overs after tea, Cliff and Mo went to the S.C.A. luncheon, only to arrive late and nearly miss their meal. As usual, they had incorporated it into a hostelling week-end. Last year they were late after staying at Cranbourne; this time they decided on Milford - "practically on the doorstep", says Mo. I believe they've already booked up at Arundel for next year! Anyway, we hear that it was all Sharp's fault as he got burnt off up over the Bostel. On February 1st we had our annual party where after a good nosh-up we got down to the serious business of playing Housey-Housey and Beetle, the latter being a great favourite with Cliff. This was followed by a series of children's party games, where a good deal of cheating goes on. Sharpie was easily the best at pushing a potato along with his nose - he must have the right shaped nose, and Ken Stevens showed the others how to cheat at this.

Our club dinner the following week was voted one of the best ever

by members and guests alike. The Hants RC have booked up for next year, and even Crow passed it A1 this time. February was quite a full month for a large contingent went to Uckfield, (they all rode bikes too) for the Association Luncheon, and most enjoyable it was too. The meal was first class, but I don't think the Police will allow any Rovers events this season since young Heather barracked the Chief Constable.

The social season was rounded off nicely with our usual pilgrimage to that great social gathering, the Lewes bun-fight, again at 'The Elephant'. The cross-toasting was the liveliest I'd heard this year, and Dutson nearly succeeded in his aim of preventing Humphrey from having his dinner. The latter gent was the target for so much cross-toasting that he ate his meal standing up (or maybe it was to show off his new trousers).

Getting down to the future, we have quite a full programme ahead, with three open time-trials and a road race, plus quite a few club events, the first of which was on March 1st, another win for Sharp. Easter will see a lot of activity in the club. Jane and Graham are off for a Spring 'tour' in Guernsey, and Mo has booked for a hostelling week-end in Wilts. Bruce, Dot and a few others are going touring in Wales, while the Guy and the Stevenses plus any other nutcases will be camping on the Dorset/Somerset border. Sharp declined as he of course will be racing. Cliff of course favours winter tours as "They don't interfere with racing", so he is off for his annual holidays in March with Robin Johnson of the Mitre. This pairing caused the following comment from Colburn: "Cor, that'll be a right burn-up - half wheeling all the way".

Well, I had better close and get this load of twaddle in the post before I get a dirty postcard from Hastings. (Oh for the good old days of Landrover - Ed.).

SCRUBBER.

HERE AND THERE

From being a shy, retiring lad and an average racing man we now have the astonishing transformation of Mo Colburn. Not only did he deliver a Lincoln type oration at the Rovers' dinner, but followed this up with a second place in the Hardriders only 23 seconds behind Cliff Sharp. It's being darkly hinted that he could have stumbled across a substance that hasn't yet been proscribed.

At the Lewes dinner it was revealed that Willcocks can be seen on an ex police bike in Lewes, and is known to his workmates as P.C. Plodd, the nasty copper !!

By courtesy of Jack Goldstein, Lewes had dinner tickets for the first time for about twenty years. One shocked recipient was heard to say: "Steady on, these things cost money. I'm sure the Chancellor wouldn't have liked the idea". He's dead right.

After the sad demise of TPM 703, Ken Stevens bought another car which he lauded to the skies, but which left him stranded with a broken hose pipe the first time he wanted to use it on Esca business at the Hardriders.

We hear that certain East Grinstead racing men, in an effort to attain real fitness, have taken part-time jobs to allow themselves more time for training.

In contrast, the Editor's riding plans for the 1970 season will be as in past years. He will do a moderate number of easy paced miles in the Spring, followed by a few slightly faster miles in June; he will then give up cycling for the rest of the Summer in order to concentrate on work.

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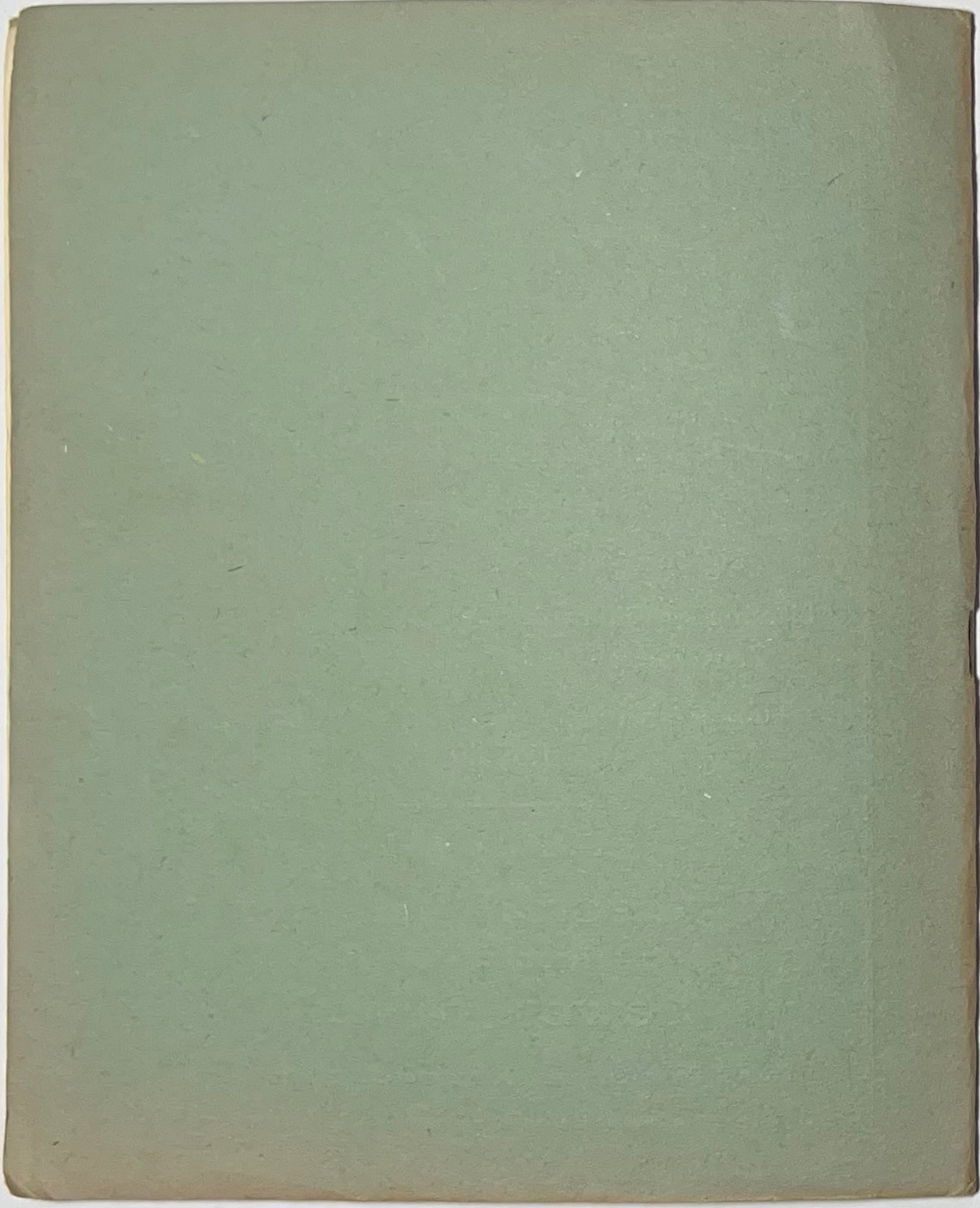
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CHRISTMAS 1968

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EDITORIAL

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

D.N.

"GEN" FROM THE SECRETARY

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

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

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

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

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

R.H.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C. & A.C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCRUBBER.

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

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