



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL

At the recent management committee meeting an unusual situation prevailed in that every club in the Association was represented. On the face of it this was excellent, but was not quite so good as it seemed when one found out that some clubs were represented by one person and that this person had been unable to persuade any of his club-mates to accompany him to the meeting. Fortunately for the member clubs, each one has a 'good old so-and-so' who is always conscientious enough to attend meetings; but too many other members seem to make excuses which really mean that they are not interested. This is pretty poor when one considers that the Association holds only about four committee meetings per year, which is not exactly onerous. Also while committee meetings are of course not a riot of pleasure, a couple of hours or so discussing cycling business with kindred spirits in the warmth of Hellingly Hall or 3, Lansdowne Crescent is in its way quite pleasant. So how about it club folk: 'good old so-and-so' will always be happy to do his duty, but he would be a lot happier if he had some support.

One thing that clearly emerged from the last meeting was that the Sunday social function is now a thing of the past - killed by the economic facts of life in the nineteen-seventies. Even if you can find a caterer willing to handle a function, the spiralling cost of food plus the double time which has to be paid to the staff ensures that the cost will be more than a lot of club people are willing to pay. This means that the long tradition of Sunday luncheons and parties has had to be broken, and the only social gatherings on that day will be the small-scale, informal teas after the Touring Competition and the Childrens Party, with the food prepared by the Association's ladies.

D.N.

'GEN' FROM THE SECRETARY

Now that the Social Season has passed, everyone's thoughts turn to racing, and already in our first event of the season, many of us found out how unfit we were. Our new President continued in the tradition of former holders of this office by starting No. 1 in the Hardriders, despite having to get up thirty minutes earlier than he anticipated, as I had informed him that the start was at 11 am. It is to be hoped that during the season we shall see more members of the Crawley Wheelers riding in our events and giving support to Stan Curtis during his year of office.

At the Management Committee meeting in February much thought was given to the social events for this year. The Touring Competition being organised by Brighton Excelsior C.C. will take place on November 19th; and the Annual General Meeting will be held at Hellingly Village Hall on December 3rd, commencing at 1-30 pm. It was felt that the Party held in recent years had not received the support it should, despite many changes in its format; also the catering had not been all it should have been, due to the fact that attempts have been made to keep the cost at a reasonable level. In the circumstances it was agreed not to hold it this year. The Supper and Prize Presentation which proved very successful this year will be repeated in 1973 at the same venue in Framfield; the provisional date is February 10th 1973.

The Courses Sub-Committee has been working out a new 100 miles course, which will in a lot of respects revert back to one of our earlier ones, taking in the Denton leg and leaving out the Eastbourne section. It had been intended to use the new course this year, but unfortunately due to extensive road works between Beddingham and Denton and also the work in the Firle district, it has been decided to use the existing course this year. The new 10 miles course has now been approved and will be used for the two Saturday afternoon events; and we should see some quite fast times returned on this course which starts at Whitesmith on the A22 and takes in Halland, the Broyle and Laughton to finish $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before Bat and Ball Corner on the Lewes road.

This year the Open 25 miles is being held on July 30th and we trust that everyone will make an effort to support and publicise the event, so that we get a bumper entry.

R.H.

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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS C.C.

When I signed off three months ago my clubmates (and myself) were still patting their stomachs after the bumper Christmas tea, which of course was just the start of the nowadays highly concentrated social round. We had members at the dinner of the Catford CC, a club with which we have maintained friendly links for many years, Arthur Coleman was chief speaker at the Southborough 'do', and more recently a strong party of hastingers supported the Eastbourne club dinner and dance, a good evening with an excellent meal at a very reasonable price. Dennis, when he wasn't talking 'shop' with East Sussex officials, was usually dancing with married ladies whose husbands don't dance (That's for you for one Dave. Ed.), and was rather put out by the substitution of a 'twist and shake' number for the last waltz. Our three regulars from The Bourne, Bill, Dot and Bruce, joined up with other visitors from Southborough, Catford and Faversham at our own dinner at the Royal Victoria Hotel on Jan. 29th. Possibly because the price has now reached £2, poor Barbara had to sweat blood to sell enough tickets to make the function worthwhile; but in the end about sixty people had an enjoyable evening, with our old friend Gordon Ely of Faversham as guest speaker and Dennis acting as toastmaster and musical director for the dancing.

The club did not have any official activities over the Christmas holiday, but various members were seen getting a few miles in on private runs. Since then we have had people out on the road every Sunday, the majority returning home for lunch while Jack and Robin make a day of it. Amazingly enough, a really wet and wretched Sunday saw the best turn-out of the year, including two members who had not been out for months. I wonder if mudguardless Graham has got his bright red track suit and white socks clean yet. Another surprise for the club has been the acquisition of a keen new lady member, Wendy by name, who came to us from Sidley ready for action with a smart multi-g geared lightweight 'iron'. Wendy plunged into club riding at the deep end, as her first run was 'over the mountains' to Cross-In-Hand, and the 'man with the hammer' caught up with her on the way home, but she was as good as new a few days later at the club dinner. Other club-run news is that our President, Ernie Spray, is talking about dusting the cobwebs off his bike and leading a run. Ernie, by the way, was in the winning Hastings team in the very first Hardriders event back in 1947. We started the season modestly in this year's Hardriders, fielding two riders, Richard Wall and Jack Southerden, who both did up-to-standard rides. We are planning a series of Sunday morning 10s in March to fill the gap between the Hardriders and the two-up 29, and are hoping that the forecast

Continued on P. 10.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

Henry the fifth, (via his P.R.O. W. Shakespeare Esq.), had some stirring things to say on the eve of the battle of Agincourt: whether these are apposite for today, Hardriders Eve, is doubtful, the general philosophy being if you do well that's good, and if you do badly then the event is too early. Either way it's a fine excuse to put the aroma of embrocation back into Hellingly village hall for the ensuing year. Theoretically Southboro' should do abominably since the clubroom resounds with the remark "Hardly touched my bike since Christmas". The days of keep-fit and circuit training seem to have died completely since their zenith a couple of winters ago; so whether the club has become a collection of degenerate wrecks or not will be ascertained in the coming weeks.

The first event since the last Bonk deadline was our dinner at Tonbridge. A capacity crowd heard Pete Wall and the East Surreys in good cross-toasting form, but our six speeches and elaborate prize giving left less than two hours dancing time, something that ought to be remedied before our next 'do'. Despite the heat generated in the small room (we'll hold it at Tonbridge sauna baths next year!), everyone enjoyed themselves and felt that Southborough dinners were approaching their former glories. The A.G.M. was mainly concerned with the club being £40 down on the year; the remedy has been to up the subs, with the seniors now paying £2.50; so if any Escabod wants to show that he has 'arrived', don't rush out for a colour TV or a Lamborghini, just join us first claim. Most of the old firm are back in office, but we welcome back 'Lord' Daniel as Captain, and Dawn has accepted the Racing Sec's office with the avowed intention of getting better SDW representation in Esca. Well, if she can't persuade the racers to go down to East Sussex, nobody can.

The Christmas Day 10 was run off on four laps of the brilliantly devised 'Red Cow' Tudely circuit with a 1½ minute victory to Paul Woodman over Geoff Withers. The Event H.Q. was a justly popular venue. It appeared that the Christmas Eve session at 'The Beehive' reduced the number of starters somewhat. Les Hayman led the December 26th run in the best Hayman tradition - lots of mud and hardly a metalled road to be seen. After two and a half hours we were all of two miles from Tonbridge and several people regretted coming out on racing tubs, but all agreed it was "different". Apart from that Christmas and New Year seemed to go off quietly. Danny's innovation of having half day club runs alternately mornings one week and afternoons the next has achieved a fair measure of success: the family members seem to be able to obtain passes for this length of time,

Southborough and District Wheelers (continued)

and the unmarried ones don't seem keen to stop out all day anyway. It's this nucleus of riders which keeps the club run tradition going and local publicans and the few remaining tea places solvent. One of the oldstyle cyclists' cafes which closed just before Christmas was Curd's of Godstone, which is supposed to re-open in the spring. This broke East Grinstead's long tradition of Christmas runs to Curds and the venue had to be changed to Edenbridge, resulting in your scribe having a real tough ride to elevenses that morning - all of ½ mile! The Tuesday evening club runs which were started by Bryan and Spider last autumn are still going strong with good support. Anyone wishing to join them can obtain a list of their destinations (i.e. pubs) from our club mag'.

Lou and Babs attended the BBAR 'do' as usual and also supported the De Laune dinner, where 'our' Tony Peachey won the BAR. Otherwise the main social function was the Kent C.A. dinner at Maidstone where eighteen Southboros enjoyed a fine evening. Yours truly seemed to be the sole Southboro' representative at most of the Esca club dinners, and enjoyed them all immensely. Thank you everyone. It does however make for a short but concentrated round when you think that nearly all of them are from early January (E. Grin.) to late February (Lewes). The 'Grinstead dinner was a delight to the eye. If all the ladies there would marshal Esca events in the dresses they were wearing that evening, I'm sure we would have no lack of entries! (Although some of these ladies would get frostbite). Queries were raised when I welcomed the guests, but I explained that I'm really the Edenbridge Cosmopolitan C.C. (Actually Pete joins any club that has an attractive lady member. Ed.) The post-dinner activities followed their usual extrovert tradition, though I was able to leave this year without having to retrieve my bike from up a tree! The following week saw the Esca childrens' party, reported elsewhere, which left barely a week to recover for the Rovers' jumble sale, the journey to which was achieved by two thirds cycling and one third Sharpmobile, which hardly gave one the calm state of mind needed to face the frenzied multitude of buyers. Unlike the rest of the Rovers, who seemed to indulge in buying each others old clothes, (I half expected Ken Stevens to turn out in full drag next day), I contented myself with a nail file, a copy of 'The Hobbit', and a giraffe. Iris got two hipopotami. With my voice fading fast from a sore throat I reached the Central dinner where I was made most welcome as I could not talk back at anyone. Nice to contact Beryl again though. The palatial Hastings dinner was a week later, with real live musicians rather a rarity these days. Funny, I'm sure I've seen that bloke

Southborough and District Wheelers (Continued)

playing the accordion somewhere before ! It was a snowy ride from High Brooms to home that night and an equal struggle getting to the Rovers' party at Hellingly hall next day, though the snow line ended south of Uckfield. For those who don't know, the Rovers' party is really an extension of the Esca childrens' party for so-called grown ups, catering for those with a love of running-about games, balloon bursting and 'beetle'. It was good to have old-style active participation, although too many attempts at riding Bill Philbrook's mini bike did generate aches in odd places.

Nothing abated the social whirl however. Five days respite and another week-end double of the Rovers' dinner/dance and walk. This was a tremendous evening in the best Rovers tradition, with Ted Harrison's powers of oratory as good as ever, though John Mumford had finished his mini speech before Ken had time to introduce him (Is that what they mean by premature ejaculation?).

A bottle of gin won and then sold to Pete Hobden paid for my 1972 T.A. sub. The next day's downland walk blew away the cobwebs and stretched my intellectual resources in a discussion with young Heather on helicopters, pigs and tigers. Moving to Framfield, a supper for the Association's silver jubilee was a splendid success, which gave it an aura which seemed to befit the special occasion. The photo display and the candle-topped bottles (though happily there was no power cut) seemed to epitomise the nostalgic mixed with the present which pervaded the cross-toasting, the speeches and the whole atmosphere of the evening. Good to see Cedge Pearson and Sue there ; pity we couldn't have got 'Tourist' Agg along - surely one of the Prominent Characters in Esca's history. (I can remember the days when he was a slim young man. Ed.) Congrats to John D. on an outstanding year of presidency, with the BAR and wonderfully promoted supper, and welcome to Stan Curtis for 1972. Hope this will get some Crawley Wheelers on Esca roads this season.

I attended the Lewes dinner with some apprehension. Earlier in the week Val Bax had called over to borrow some of my Bonks for speech material, and had also borrowed some of my copies of Forum. Imagining that a speech inspired by both periodicals would have even rocked East Sussex on it's heels, I waited. To my relief the Bonk gen prevailed and we were treated to one of Val's charming chatty speeches. And so the Esca social round drew to a close. Next day a damp ride to Brighton and up to join the club's hostellers after a Hindhead week-end. Next week it's the Fairies' dinner which I shall not be attending, having been dated by my music teacher (a fringe benefit of bass playing), and then on our Easter

Southborough and District Wheelers (continued)

week-end as usual. I've got them to re-surface the Broyle, so please support the 29 mls. T.T.T. on April 9th. Best wishes for '72.

CROW

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THE RACING SEASON STARTS HERE

There was a strong 1971 flavour about the Hardriders 16 which started the 1972 racing season on February 27th. Eastbourne's Sharp and Colburn were again first and second, with times only seconds different to their last year's efforts, and Don Hook was again third man in the winning team. The event would have been even more of a repeat but for the 'intrusion' of Robin Johnson, who pushed last year's third, fourth and fifth placed riders, Morris, Rodgers and Hook down one place in the same order. Several more people did near repeats of their 1971 times, but others were slower, with more 50 min. plus times, probably reflecting the miserable post Christmas weather which has almost certainly damped many riders' enthusiasm for serious training. As in '71, there was only one non-finisher, this time a Lewes rider who managed to wander off course, and was presumed to be exploring the East Sussex lanes. Stan Curtis, who when told about the tradition of the President going off number one in this event, promised to start but would give no firm undertaking about finishing, did in fact complete the course on his trike, and was - well - a little outside the hour.

1	C. Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	42 10
2	M. Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	43 3
3	R. Johnson	Brighton Mitre	43 32
4	R. Rogers	Central Sussex	43 51
5	A. Morris	Brighton Mitre	44 9
6	D. Hook	Eastbourne Rovers	44 12

1st team Eastbourne Rovers (Sharp, Colburn, Hook) 2 - 9 -25
2nd team Southborough Whs. (Harrison, M & G Withers) 2 - 14 -15

Entrants 35 ; Starters 33 ; Finishers 32 .
Timekeeper W.J. Dunford. Organisers Brighton Excelsior C.C.

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Greetings from the land of the bath-chair : it would seem from press reports today that this club contains a goodly proportion of the few people in Eastbourne not of retirement age, and one or two of us should be drawing our pensions pretty soon !

It's probably a sign of advancing years when one reminisces overmuch, but no doubt many of you will recall the 'funeral oration' that appeared in Bonk some years ago, contributed by the club's former scribe, 'Scrubber' I think, for the Stan Nash velocipede known affectionately as 'Red Dawes'. It may well be a case of creeping 'motorisation', but I feel that a further lamentation is called for. To universal astonishment it was discovered at the Esca supper that Cliff had purchased a new Sharpmobile before Christmas at which there was much rending of clothes etc. for fear that GJK 263 would no longer grace the roads of Sussex. Rest assured however that Cliff, having laid out the princely sum of £95 for the said vehicle as recently (?) as 1966, would not allow this historic vehicle (that makes it sound like a 1923 Leyland bus - but hold on, it does sound like a Leyland bus !) to disappear from our ken, and has succeeded in finding a home for it with an Irish plumber in Seaford. Since he paid £25 for the said vehicle I think there are reasonable grounds for suspecting that the IRA have thought of a use for it, as surely no sane person would pay £25 to acquire twelve feet of cold air cluttered up with rusty metal! I understand that Geoff Willcocks, for so long bodger-in-chief, has been hammering at the doors of Hellingly Hospital requesting admittance, after being summoned to Polegate re-start a vehicle he really thought he had seen the last of. The new Sharpmobile will no doubt quickly acquire that certain ambience which appertains to any mechanical device that comes into Cliff's hands, i.e. it will become a wreck ; but as I write it has yet to make it's first appearance, Cliff being too mean to tax it before the racing season is under way. However, I do know it has an 'F' registration, and possession of such a (comparitively) luxurious vehicle has not left Cliff unmoved. Rather than leave the new Sharpmobile in the old parking place, which brought frequent enquiries from the council as to whether GJK 263 was abandoned, he is constructing a run-in alongside the house, or at least he will when he has succeeded in opening the door against which three tons of hardcore have been deposited !

The legendary Sharp/Colburn TTTs to youth hostels in far-flung counties like Essex and Dorset seem to be a thing of the past ; indeed, Cliff goes into week-end hibernation for much

of the winter, only emerging for the club party and dinner. The rest of the club do manage a few week-end miles, albeit at a very leisurely pace for the most part. Another excellent Christmas tea was enjoyed at Brightling with the C.T.C. section, although it was a severe disappointment compared to last year for Maurice, in that it included just about everything he can't stomach, and he finished up eating just fifteen cheese sandwiches ! An additional venture for the club this winter was a jumble sale at our clubroom in January. We managed to get together plenty of mouldy suits, ladies undies etc. and by keeping prices very low succeeded in attracting good custom. Great concern was expressed that when Cliff, our treasurer, and Daphne, the C.T.C. section treasurer, were seen driving away in Cliff's van with the proceeds, they were heading for Gretna Green ; but perhaps we needn't have worried as the van, at that time still the original Sharpmobile, barely managed the climb out of Eastbourne on the London road. Discussion has subsequently taken place as to how the proceeds are to be spent, an idea which causes Cliff great unease. He seems to think the club should be salting away every penny it can ; but the rest of the committee feel that it's no good being a wealthy club with no members - too many other clubs have gone that way.

One hundred and sixteen people came to our dinner in February, the best attendance for some years, with Ted Harrison paying a welcome return visit as guest speaker. John Mumford was due to reply for the club and welcome the visitors, but managed to get himself into a somewhat confused state, sat down highly embarrassed and hasn't been seen since. Clearly the experience was pretty well as bad as getting married, when, as reported last year, he also got himself into a state. As usual the evening went too quickly, until at 12-5 only Dennis could be seen on the deserted dance floor, mumbling "Wot about the last waltz then", only to find everyone else had gone home. (There was no last waltz - they had a last beat number instead. Whatever happened to romance ? Ed.). Congratulations are due to John Dutson and his assistants for a really excellent Association supper at Framfield, which was enjoyed by all of our large contingent. The food, atmosphere and speeches were all first-class, and with two years awards outstanding the prize presentation was certainly a highlight. As mentioned earlier, this was the occasion when we discovered the truth about the Sharpmobile, and this provided the subject for numerous cross-toasts to "nursemaid", "death-riders" etc. The photographs on display were often a sharp reminder of the passing years, and the comradeship of the evening made me for one wonder why we didn't have another booze-up on the lines of the very alcoholic function at

Eastbourne Rovers C.C. (continued)

Alfriston four years ago - is it really that long? The usual final social fling for the club was the Lewes dinner, which as always we attended in strength. Always enjoyable, it was made really hilarious by the string of surprise presentations, Maurice, Cliff, Bruce and Brian being the victims in this club. The biggest laugh was the presentation of place to place record certificates for rides done anything up to ten years ago: the Lewes club may be slow but they get there in the end!

Just one week later saw the commencement of yet another racing season, starting as ever with the Hardriders. For the third year running Cliff and Maurice took the first two places and the Rovers the team. Maurice had hopes of beating Cliff, having done a similar mileage this year, but unfortunately every one of Cliff's miles can be regarded as genuine training in view of the purgatories suffered in tackling the A259 between Seaford and Brighton ten times a week. As I write the club is preparing for its first promotion of the year, the road race on March 11th. Preference is given in this event to Sussex riders if at all possible, but the local support this year is very poor. Perhaps they heard that Clare, Willi Hill, John Sargeant, Dave Carter etc. are riding and couldn't face it! - or are they all riding the Central Sussex 'Hilly'?

I do believe there have been some indications today that Spring is not so far off, although the Hardriders seems all too often to herald the real winter; and so I'll take Alsoran's cue and wish all Escabods good weather and speedy cycling. What day is the hill-climb?

THE MOOR

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Hastings and St. Leonards C.C. (continued)

of a milder than usual March will prove correct. Memories linger of that notorious Esca 25 in which freezing fog formed icicles on the competitors' hair and eyebrows. Talking of 40s, there are some rumblings from Eastbourne about putting on a 1972 edition of the Battle of Chainwheel Creek; so Dennis had better start getting a few hard miles in if he wants to retain the magnificent trophy (a 36T Williams chainring mounted on a wooden base) which at present adorns his piano. We hope to see plenty of you in the spring 25 and Saturday 10; until then adieu...

HASTINGER

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

It's evident that more people positively welcome the end of the social season. This doesn't mean that the dedicated fast men are getting more numerous; what it does mean is that plenty of our devotees can't wait to get to the Wanderers' dinner! And what a giggle was laid on this year for the 58 connoisseurs who attended. Some hilarious cross-toasting was followed by a chatty speech from Val Baxendine, whose humour (and floral trouser suit) went down very well indeed. She revealed that she often sees Ken Savage and tries to attract his attention, but without a sign of recognition or interest on his part. That goes to prove one thing for sure - that Ken is the most dedicated bike-rider (and bachelor) in Sussex! Pete Burbery replied on our behalf and did very well in his maiden speech. He raised a few eyebrows when he spoke of Val's riding in the 1960/1 Worlds ladies' road race which, together with her other attributes as an organiser etc. shows she's something more than a pretty face. The awards were presented by Margaret Kilby, mainly to Dick Whittington and Steve Myatt, who just about cleaned up between them. Despite much trepidation about having to spout in public while brandishing the BAR 'pot', Dick managed to acquit himself reasonably well. More cackles followed the awarding of some certificates which, to quote one wag, had been "awaiting ratification". He wasn't kidding as Messrs Colburn and Burberry got them for 1967 and 1962 respectively!! The 'special award' feature was turned into a near riot when a total of no less than five deserving cases was unearthed. Peter Sharp got a packet of Pro-Plus tablets to keep him awake when timekeeping (!), Cliff Sharp got a sorely-needed book on cyclw care and maintainance, while Simon Myatt became the proud owner of a home-made stabiliser kit to help prevent any more confrontations with the tarmac, (we later learnt that he's now sold his bike anyway). Readers of CYCLING will recall 'Ragged Staff's' vote of censure on Bruce Allcorn and Brian Guy, who were unwise enough to tell him that they got the mag' passed on second-hand. In case they might have missed the odd copy they were able to share the last four years' issues between them! As the weighty boxes were being opened, one comic, remembering the mention earlier of Cape Wrath, hazarded a guess that they might have got enough bricks to build a lighthouse! Although we greatly regret the absence of Mrs Cox, due to a heavy cold, the raffle table was well filled by members, and the whole function was ably steered by Copper Burgess who, as toastmaster, 'gave evidence' in a convincing way. Another notable absentee was the Editor, who had transport problems. To avoid a

a future recurrence of this, your scribe has been instructed to search the dumps for a 'winged wheel'.

A fairly quiet AGM welcomed John Cox, home on holiday from Africa and nursing an outside cold after three years or so in the hothouse. This year's President is Mick Kilby, while Reg Porter, the 1972 S.C.A. President, was voted in as a vice-president. and time keeper. One decision involved a new place-to-place record from Emsworth to Rye, and it is rumoured that Burbery and Burgess have already started training for this one. The Association supper to celebrate 25 years went over very well, and it was great to see so many figured from the past, both in the flesh and among the excellent gallery of photographs so thoughtfully provided by sundry enterprising types. A good meal, interesting speeches, particularly the marathon effort by Crow, and what more could anyone want? Other functions attended were the B.C.F. and S.C.A. luncheons, and also the Rovers' dinner where it was noticed that Ken Stevens took care not to boob and cause a repeat of last year's hilarious vocal tribute by the Hampshire/East Surrey 'choir'.

Treasurer Kilby started something when he said he'd no record of 'The Tourist's club sub for last year. This news was duly relayed and was received with an overflow of the usual Agg terminology. Later he showed up at the Hardriders and opened up with "Ooo says I haven't paid my ----- sub?" Later he tried to flog a frame minus essential bits, but didn't get much joy there either, so eventually 'retired hurt'. He's lost the 'Mr Michelin' look so could be in training for a joust at Chainwheel Creek. Neevo - be warned! Amparo's struggle with English has it's lighter moments, as readers are aware. The latest laugh was when she referred to Beryl Whittington as "Barrel". Oddly enough only a few days earlier Dick had been telling his wife she ought to get out on a bike and get her weight down!

This year the Hardriders included five of our elite, with Steve's 46-8 for ninth place leading, and Burbery, Kilby and Burgess loosening up fitfully. Tony Andrews went off course despite being shown the route beforehand. We'll have to give him a large scale map in future! Confusion over the starting time led to a couple of comic opera episodes. Whittington, thinking of an early start, poled out to Hellingly at around 9 am, saw no-one, and thinking he'd got the venue wrong, rode back home. Peter Sharp had a cunning ruse misfire when he thought the start time was 11 am. He'd intended to park the van out of sight and ride to the start in order to shake

everyone there into believing he'd ridden from Kingston. He was left to reflect on the famous words of Robbie Burns "The best-laid schemes of mice and men.....".

The club racing programme will include the usual evening 10s at 8 pm. each Monday from May 8th to July 17th inclusive from Cranedown Estate, Lewes; the one exception being May 30th which is a Tuesday. The Evening Criterium will be on June 8/15/22nd at 7-30 pm. near Laughton (entry 95p), over the usual 36 miles, or 58 km. if you prefer metrification. (That will be quite enough of that. Ed)

Finally, for all those who like a bit of nostalgia, especially in the days before national coaching schemes, interval training and other modern refinements, don't fail to read 'Cycling's Circus' by Charlie Messenger, whose punchy style goes to town with the earlier Tours and Circuits of Britain. You'll have a job to put this book down, and your scribe can't remember reading any cycling publication with such a powerful impact. It's in Lewes library, and probably in your local one too, so give yourselves a treat you won't forget in a hurry.

So with that we'll say all the best for good wheeling, dry roads and favourable winds etc.

ALSORAN

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THERE'S A RUMOUR GOING ROUND.....

- That Pete Crowsley is shortly opening a marriage bureau, and that his first customer will be John Dutson.
- That Roy Humphrey is taking driving lessons.
- That the Crabwood C.C. only promotes it's Easter 25 to give Esca types on holiday in the New Forest area the chance to sweat out some of the beer and cider.
- That Val Baxendine has accepted an invitation to attend the Central Sussex dinner and dance for the next fifteen years providing she still comes unaccompanied and undressed.
- That during an early-season training session Eddy Merckx and his team mates were involved in a hectic sprint for the Hastings town sign prime and were stopped by the police for furious riding. Singling out Merckx, the police sergeant took his name and address, funnily enough, Merckx bore a strong resemblance to Trevor Budgen.

HERE AND THERE

Ted Coussens of the Hastings club has been in the thick of the pollution problem recently. Three times in one week birds scored direct hits on him ; after the third one he decided to go into a gents convenience to clean himself up and while crossing the pavement trod in a big lump of dogs' you-know-what.

The Hastings club's relations with the animal world will soon be getting strained, as both Ted and Jack Southerden have been brought down by stray dogs, Ted suffering sundry grazes and smashed spectacles, and Jack a painfully bruised groin.

Incidentally Jack has just clocked his third successive '49' in the Hardriders. Eastbourne Rovers have now taken first and second places and the team award in this event for three years running, with Sharp, Colburn and Hook their counting riders in the same order each time.

It's just as well that the Eastbourne cycling club continues to do well because the Town football team has had only one win in it's last fifteen games.

Visitors to the Rovers' clubroom are warned that they are in danger of incurring a brand-new sporting injury. This is severe and painful stiffness of the neck and shoulders caused by doing numerous circuits of the clubroom pushing a certain young lady on her tricycle.

The Editor is now in a position to help anyone who wants to know what it takes to ride one of those mini-bikes. The essential thing is to have short thin legs. Long legs are a handicap and so are thick thighs ; so if you have short thin legs and a good sense of balance you should be able to do the trick.

Bexhill Rover John Mumford set up some sort of a record at his club's dinner by rattling off his speech before the toastmaster had introduced him. This character has also reached what must surely be a new low in decrepitude. Having been forced to go over to the clubroom by bike, his horseless carriage being out of commission, on the homeward journey he was horribly roared off on Barnhorn Hill by Neevo, who is possibly the worst hill-climber in East Sussex.

HERE AND THERE

Mystery Corner.....Whatever was Geoff Willcocks doing as guest of honour at the Belle Vue dinner ? We don't recall G.W. winning the club's open 50 on the Bath Road last season.

We hear a lot about racing men basing their training programme on daily riding to and from work. There is one Central Sussex member who can manage the "to" but not the "from" : he rides to work in the morning, then has self and bike driven home at night by his wife, who conveniently works in the same area.

Pete Crowsley usually manages to enliven the Hardriders by doing something unusual. We hear that in this year's event he went round wearing an outfit reminiscent of Noddy. Our informant said "He only needed a bell on his hat".

It is rumoured that Crow has purchased a copy of a well-known book by Dr. Spock, so that he can be prepared in case he is asked to run next year's childrens' party !

Our Esca ladies, apparently such nice people, are really sadists at heart. At the childrens' party they callously decided not to make any tea for the adults until after the children had finished their meal. The result was that the Association came perilously close to having to find a new magazine editor.

Geoff Willcocks was amazed by Amparo eating so heartily at the post Touring Competition tea because, he said, she normally eats like a sparrow. Iris commented that perhaps this was because Geoff kept her short of housekeeping money.

The Editor slipped up when producing the Christmas issue and forgot to include the advertisement for Mrs Leonard Cook's shop. That understandably irate lady complained bitterly to John Dutson that Mr Neeves had missed out her advert and put in a lot of stuff about buying bicycle lamps at Woolworths. Needless to say profuse apologies have been sent to Mrs Cook.

It was inevitable that Ron Ewart would be a cyclist. Born in June 1930, his father had been a cycling enthusiast since the early 1900s, and had raced on the London-Brighton road while a member of the now extinct Southern Wheelers of Crawley. Ron's earliest cycling memories go back to when he was 7-8 years old, and his mother used to do bed and breakfast for members of Norwood Paragon, among them the great Frank Southall. The war years 1939-45 saw the start of Ron's cycling career when he began touring the Sussex lanes on his first bike, a very solid (sit up and beg' roadster. In 1946 he attended the special meeting called to reform the Southern Wheelers, who had disbanded during the war, and was soon a keen member of the flourishing club, and enjoyed a couple of happy years with regular club runs, good club nights, and many wonderful visits to Herne Hill, which was then having a great post-war revival. Ron did not get the racing bug until the end of 1948 as the Southern Wheelers had a very limited racing programme, and little encouragement was offered to the youngsters who wanted to race. His first effort was 1-15-8 in a club 25 on a L.C. Parkes, his first real lightweight. A few more races towards the end of 1948 found him eagerly awaiting the next season. A small group within the Southern Wheelers including Ron found themselves frustrated by the lack of racing activity, and decided to leave and join the neighbouring Horsham Unity C.C. which was a strong and flourishing racing club. Ron was working in Horsham and riding there every day from Crawley, and had some great racing with the Unity until mid 1950, trying his hardest at all distances. Ron particularly remembers his first 100 in a Sussex CA event in which he scraped inside evens by 3 secs.; also his first 12 hours in which he took such a colossal 'bundle' in covering 213 miles that he had to have a week off work with tonsillitis and "general fatigue". September 1951 saw the end of Ron's deferment from National Service as an apprentice motor mechanic, and he joined the RAF at Padgate. His two years National Service proved to be happy ones as cycling was really flourishing in the RAF C.A. He managed to stay in the U.K. throughout his service and was able to get home to race most week-ends as well as regular mid-week events with the RAF. He virtually cycled everywhere during his service and amassed 17,000 in 1952. On one memorable week-end Ron rode the 95 miles home from camp near Swindon, rode in the Southern Counties 12 hours on the Sunday, then biked back to camp. He got into quite a few winning teams with the Southern Wheelers, and also did some NCU road racing with a 4th in the Sussex Divisional Championship and in the winning team in 1953 and 1954.

1954 was an important year for two reasons, as Ron returned to civilian life and became engaged to Pat Williams, a keen club and racing girl of the Brighton Mitre. He carried on racing during his courtship and didn't need any training because he was riding down to Hove three or four nights a week. They were married in September 1955 and Ron rode a few Mitre events towards the end of that season with mediocre results. After about six months at Hove the couple settled in Crawley. Settling in restricted Ron's cycling, and an appendix operation and an ulcer ruled out racing. The Southern Wheelers were still going strong, and Ron got deeply involved on the official side, acting as Racing Secretary for the next seven years and doing a lot of promoting. One of the many young lads who joined the club was Alan Robinson, who was a keen tourist before the racing bug bit him. Ron and Pat soon realised Alan's potential and during the following years spent many week-ends helping him at events. There were also a couple of lads who lived next door to the Ewarts and took a great interest in the comings and goings of the cyclists. One of these lads was Trevor Budgen, who has now been a friend of Ron's for many years. 1963 was another memorable year, for sadle it saw the end of the Southern Wheelers who merged with the newer Crawley Cycling Club to form the Crawley Wheelers. Ron was never really happy with the new set-up and after three months, in company with Rodney Laker and Alan Robinson, he joined Central Sussex. Ron has found this decision to be a happy one, having now had eight happy years with the Central, and, free from official jobs, has been able to resume racing after a lapse of eight years. The decision to start racing again was made when Ron's wife told him, "You are getting fat - you had better go on a diet because I don't like fat men". After several painful weeks of struggling around he eventually got inside evens for a 25. 1965 found Ron much fitter and determined to ride all the distances again. This period saw the start of a great friendship and rivalry with Alf Tapley of Crawley Wheelers, who I had encouraged to start racing again. Ron and Alf have thoroughly enjoyed the friendly 'needle', with Alf usually faster at the shorter distances and Ron having the edge at the longer ones. 1970 saw Ron qualifying for Vets' events, and he certainly enjoys the enthusiasm and leg-pulling that goes on in these events. He has also found a good partner for the popular two-up events in 'Young Thropp' alias Tony Wilkinson, ex Crawley Wheelers but now a keen Central man. Ron finds the Central boys a great crowd, and hopes to have many more years of racing in their company.

I have just returned from an ESCA management committee meeting at which most Bonk contributors gave in their notes. I assured Dennis that I was thinking about mine but he did not seem satisfied. (I don't blame him really, as I was thinking about my notes for the Christmas Bonk when they arrived in the New Year.) Dennis said very menacingly - hence Dennis the Menace - that he would be sending thought waves through to me until my notes arrived. All the way home this worried me; perhaps Dennis is a warlock, I thought. Suppose he goes home and makes an image of me in rock, then starts chipping bits off! So I am not going to take any risks: having fed the brood and even turned off Englebert I am now at the typewriter thinking what the hell I am going to write.

The first thing to report is the success of the club dinner and rave-up. Trev did his usual good job and rounded up many interesting guests. Our guest speakers were Peter Head and Brian Tadman; both spoke well and said many nice things about us. Peter Head did say something about me being notorious but I think I have Trevor to blame for that, no doubt having his own back for some of the things I put in Bonk about him. Also at our dinner was Peter Kisner whose wife most of our lads fell in love with; then members of the Norwood Paragon, Crawley Whs., Croydon Premier, Southboro', Redhill C.C. and Central Sussex, and probably others. Mrs Kisner presented the trophies to Nigel Maxey (novices), Kevin Francis (hill-climb), Ray Lunn (fastest evening 10 and 50). Robert Beatty took the road race trophy again. We had no-one to present our junior trophy or best-all-rounder trophy to: I hope someone will remedy this during the coming season. Crow was also one of our speakers, and did very well considering that he had eaten about fifty puddings and left-overs, making a right pig of himself. Another gentleman from our club must have eaten rather too much as he was coming round after dinner whispering in the ladies' ears "Have you got a safety pin, please?" He must have got one from somewhere, as I saw him dancing a little later, and not with his hands in his pockets!

Other dinners enjoyed by East Grinstead members were the Central Sussex, Eastbourne Rovers and Redhill CC. The latter had the same disco' and go-go dancer as our own 'do': I suspect one or two of our lot are following the latter around, and it's not the music they are after. I brought Maralin Butler (wife of Keith) to the Lewes Wanderers' dinner. It was reported in Bonk that Keith was heard to say "Lewes Wanderers - never heard of them". Now Maralin can inform him that he is just ignorant, or something.

We both enjoyed the evening very much, though the Wanderers did not know just how near they came to becoming the Lewes Pushers. My car would not start when we left, we nearly came back in for help but managed. Maralin pushed me, muttering something about "I knew I was asked here for a reason", then nearly brought back the dinner that she had just enjoyed so much. My car has a habit of not starting, as my club mates seem to have realised. Coming out of the clubroom last week I said "Don't go everyone! - I may need a push". Before I had finished saying this the rotten lot had gone, quick as a flash. I don't care, I shall have my own back soon; I have been out reconnoitring for our treasure hunt in two weeks time. Right out in the sticks, miles from anywhere, I was looking for a footpath which according to my map should be there, when in desperation I asked a farm worker. I explained what it was all about and he said "Well, there is a footpath goes through there but I wouldn't go there if I was you as farmer keeps his bull in the field the path goes through". So, to make it a good sporting event, I think I'll send them through that field, but won't reconnoitre that bit. Wonder how good their sense of humour is. Other club activities of late have been the speed judging contest which Nigel Maxey won with a mere three second difference. The club free-wheeling contest was won by Terry Collins - on a fixed wheel!

Our top raving men's scene is the worst it has been for years, with Trev now in France, and George Clare (this year's Croydon Hardriders winner) and Bob Beatty both now in the Croydon Premier. Bob Smith and Dick Marchant are still busy on their houses. Bob Smith was trying to sell his bike, but I have forbidden anyone to buy it. On the brighter side we have Bob Kater getting fit, Robert Leppard training with the Camberley and District under the guidance of Dick Poole, a little cluster of schoolboys, plus Ray Lunn and Graham Green who has just returned to us after a long lay-off. Alan Hurst is a regular visitor to our clubroom now, and is thinking of getting a bike again. Mick Robinson tells us that he has been out on his bike, but we have no evidence of this yet.

It is now Monday morning, and we are in the middle of a power cut. The house is beginning to get cold so I am off out on my bike to generate my own heat. There have been a lot of week-day training riders about lately, the power cuts and being put on short time has come just right for all the get fit wallahs. I am off out and will post this on the way before bits of me start dropping off as Dennis starts chipping at my image at Hastings. It's heads down and eyeballs out time lads - racing season's here again. VAL

THE 1972 CHILDRENS' PARTY

"I'm not going to have any kids when I grow up". This anguished cry passed from the lips of the demented organiser as he attempted to cope with 40 brats who appeared to have been fed on neat benzedrine for the preceding fortnight. Actually it wasn't as bad as that. The late arrival of Bonk did cause some frantic phoning and writing to get entries, but with 40 children and 46 grown-ups we were up on previous occasions. I'm most grateful to all the uncles and aunts for their kind contributions and assistance without which I would have retired to that hospital near the village hall. Particularly I'm grateful to Ken for marshalling the children for the games, as my attempts to do this seemed tantamount to eating custard with a fork. To Pat Hut and Val for supplying ideas for games when inspiration had deserted me, also to Venner for putting on the film show and Dennis with his musical expertise.

P.J.C.

Editor's comment. For many people probably the spectacle of the social season was that of harassed bachelor Crow having his first experience of coping with a large bunch of lively youngsters. Actually, having in the course of my business had some pretty gruesome experiences with truly ghastly children, I couldn't help feeling that we've got quite a nice bunch of kiddies. I should think that our East Sussex bike-riders and their wives are doing a pretty fair job of bringing along some reasonable citizens for the future.

THE SUPPER AND PRIZE PRESENTATION

Held at Framfield village hall on Saturday February 12th, this function, organised by John Dutson and Barbara Atkins, celebrated the Association's silver jubilee, and had a good number of old friends and Esca personalities of the past among the 74 persons who attended. The real Esca atmosphere was there right from the start, the food was excellent, there was prompt service at the bar, (run by two of John Dutson's workmates disguised as Central Sussex racing men), plenty of cross-toasting, and the four speech makers were all on top form. Maurice Chauncy (North Road CC and a past chairman of the Association) proposed the main toast with Lou Bathurst handling the reply. Pete Crowsley toasted the ladies, visitors and press, bringing a reply from Kent notability Ted Harrison, who said he was so much at home amongst Esca folk that he didn't really feel like a visitor.

Supper And Prize Presentation (continued)

After the presentation of awards, with the President himself taking the B.A.R. trophy, John introduced the 1972 President, Stan Curtis, who said a few well-chosen words. To add to the occasion there was a gallery of photographs which brought back many nostalgic memories to those present who have been connected with the Association since it's early days; and to complete a most enjoyable evening the many people who cycled to Framfield were blessed with beautiful weather for their ride.

D.N.

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APOLOGIES TO.....

Roy Humphrey, for the allegation in the last issue that he is using a Womens' Institute diary. In fact the diary was given to Roy by NALFLOG, an unlikely sounding name which is that of a subsidiary company of I.C.I.

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BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

It seems only a few weeks ago we were looking forward to the social season and now we are back in the racing season. Harping back to December, apart from one cold week-end, we had a very mild month, most of the active members being able to get a few miles in. We have even managed to have a regular cyclo-cross representation this winter, with the Leigh brothers, Owen, Colin and Martin competing regularly, with Martin gaining one third and a number of near misses. Attendance at the club room through the winter has been reasonable, a small party being held in January, mainly supported by the youngsters. We still seem to be attracting a fair number of schoolboys, but in common with most clubs have difficulty in keeping them more than a few months. Prospects for 1972 look fairly encouraging. Robin and Adrian look like taking most of the club events between them. At the time of going to press we are not sure whether John Yardley and Keith Chandler will be in the district for the season, so Robin and Adrian will have to rely on our aged brigade for support at the moment, as the rest of the current strength is in the schoolboy bracket. Following the return of Maurice Wyatt last year after the club had seen nothing of him for ten years, and Alan Packey after twenty years, we now have Alan Limbrey and Doug Wilcox competing again after about fifteen years away from the sport. It says a lot for cycling that it can re-attract someone after all that time away. This gives us five veterans competing regularly this season with a possible sixth in Bill Hillsdon: in a few years time we should be able to plan a mass assault on Chainwheel Creek!

Our promotions this year start with our two-up T.T. on G935 on March 26th, followed by a road race at Rushlake Green on April 16th, all Escabods welcome. The highlight of the year's promotions should be the 'Fyffes' track meeting at the park on June 14th, in which we hope to have riders of the calibre of Gordon Johnson, Turrini, Loevesijn and Van Lanker, and the best of the British pro track riders, as well as a full amateur programme. (And someone to keep an eye on the pros' bikes this time Eh? Ed) Our local social season was brought to a close with the Esca supper which I thought went off extremely well; and the Lewes dinner which retains its friendly atmosphere from year to year, various illegallities in the motor transport world being mentioned without the law's representative reaching for his notebook. For me the biggest revelation was that the mark one Sharpmobile was actually changing hands for money, and not only that, Cliff was being paid rather than charged for disposing of it.

Brighton Mitre C.C. (continued)

We managed to rake up seven entries for the Esca Hardriders, being mortified to find that contrary to rumour, the Great White Chief had chickened out after all. Our vets outnumbered the youngsters 4 to 3, and Alan Limbrey in his first outing managed to screw four of us. Personally I was reduced to using a gear in the fifties for the climb out of Rushlake Green, so I won't mention my time. We have a 23 miles hardriders on the 5th March, to which we hope to attract some of our schoolboys to ride half the distance. That brings me up to date, so that's all for now.

K.M.W.

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TRAVELLERS TALES by Crow

It wasn't that I was sold out, not really, it was just that the miles were getting longer and I was getting even later for the Rovers' jumble sale. I was just reaching that little lump north of White-smith when a voice from a grey device on the road-side offered me a lift. On closer inspection (I was riding slowll at the time) it was found to be the Sharpmobile and its owner. Though my instincts of self preservation told me to refuse, my legs pleaded acceptance, and they won. The back was opened and my bike secured with various bits of string into the van's interior: passengers were more difficult however, due to the vehicles goods being carried where the passenger seat should have been. After Cliff's frantic rummaging through new tubs and old jumble, the seat was discovered, so I got in and slammed the door. The road fund license fell on the floor (or where the floor would have been were it not for stratas of sundry items); my attempts to stick it back with handlebar tape were una vailing so it rested on the window catch. Resist as I would my eyes were drawn to the speedo' which undulated between 65 and 75 as we sped down the Dicker, flitting past everything else. "It goes better with oil in the gear box" said its owner. Did he mean if it had oil or now it's got oil, I wondered. The sounds offstage suggested the former, velocity suggested the latter. I can't remember much after Robin Post; perhaps it was my closed eyes, cowering posture and thoughts of possible deliverance that distracted my attention. We arrived at Langney physically unscathed at about 1 pm. At the Central dinner later that day I had lost my voice - delayed shock I suspect.

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

With no racing results, and everyone interested only in getting fit, the Spring issue of the dreaded mag' always means scratching around for miscellaneous items of interest (?). The A.G.M. went off quietly and without any major happenings. The list of officials remains roughly the same. Don Cook is still the club's president, Ken Atkins continues the dual role of secretary and treasurer, and his missus is time trials secretary. Mick Wren, who again organised the dinner so well, was re-elected social secretary, and Paul Lipscombe has taken over the road racing chair. The dinner, as mentioned above, was organised extremely well at the Elephant and Castle, Lewes, with about sixty people enjoying a good meal and a five million watt disco' to follow. J.R.D. made the biggest hole in the table of trophies; and it was nice to see the Ladies Cup getting a new lease of life with Hilary. In fact this was especially so as Chrissie Watts, the lady record-breaker, proposed the toast to the club in a very amusing speech: one wonders what conversations pass between her and Barbara; the gossip must be quite amazing! She let Geoff Boore in the cart when she announced to the assembled company that he had said "Who the --- is Chrissie Watts?" when asked to respond for the club. Anyway, his red face did not last too long! John Dutson proposed the toast to the guests, and had some dubious comments to make about some of them, especially a certain Val Baxendine, who was sporting a most revealing creation which covered very little of her anatomy - cor! The reply for the visitors came from Pete Swetman of the East Surrey Road Club, whose wit and loud voice had everyone amused. Arthur Thorpe was seen wearing one of his original fancy dinner waistcoats, and he informed your scribe that it was a pleasure to be able to get into it again, having lost weight. He could not be persuaded to take off his jacket to prove that in fact he was not lying and it had not been let out at the back! Hilary and Paul spent most of the meal cross-toasting each other; and in the opposite corner, a considerable amount of cross-toasting concerned Brian Hone's reluctance to pay for a round. Rumour has it that he did in fact end up by buying one or two drinks. The only competitive event so far completed has been the Hardriders, in which our only rider, Ron Rogers, came fourth. Preparations are under way for our own Hilly 20. Alterations have had to be made because of road works, but all seems set fair for a good event. Hilary is reported to be going to Guernsey for some Easter racing, and Brian Hone will also be visiting the island on the same 'kick'. Could they be teaming up for a two-up (and a race)? !! Paul is going to Wales.....!

Central Sussex C.C. (continued)

Elsewhere in this issue, Geoff Boore has put his pen to the first of a series of pen-portraits which we hope will interest you, and so until the next issue, see you up the kerb.

WOPPIT

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ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE ???

The answer seems to be the latter, not one person having followed up the suggestion in the Autumn 1971 edition that seekers after fitness should go on winter youth-hostelling runs with Cliff Sharp. It's just as well that Cliff decided on a policy of Hibernation and rest during the past winter. Well, you'll have to start getting some hard miles in soon, and what better than a good thrash to Hastings and back, especially if you live about forty miles up the A21. By the time you reach Hastings you will probably be longing for a cup of tea: if so don't hesitate to call at the Editor's house, he will be pleased to direct you to the nearest cafe.

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TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

- Sunday April 9th 29 miles 2-up team time trial
Organiser P.J.Crowsley Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.
- Sunday April 30th 25 miles
Organiser J.H.Southerden 22, Vicarage Road, Hastings.
- Saturday May 13th 10 miles (afternoon)
Organiser D.J.Neeves 19, East Parade, Hastings.
- Sunday June 11th 50 miles
Organiser R.Johnson 35, Park Avenue, Shoreham-by-Sea.
- Saturday June 24th 10 miles (afternoon)
Organiser A.J.Bathurst 19, Forest Grove, Tonbridge.

Entry fees....Team Time Trial 60p per team Other events 30p .

Planners in the house, Geoff Boone has put his pen to the test of a series of pen-tests which we hope will interest you and so until the next issue, see you up the hill.

NOTES

ARE YOU UP FOR HOUSE?

The shower room to be the better, not one person having followed up the suggestion in the autumn 1971. It is a pity as well that Cliff decided on a policy of liberation and that during the past winter, well, you'll have to stand outside some hard miles in rain, and what better than a good thing in Hastings and here, especially if you live nearby, you'll miss it. At the time you read this, you will probably be looking for a cup of tea. It is so don't hesitate to call at the Editor's house, he will be pleased to direct you to the nearest cafe.

THE TRIP PROGRAMME

Sunday April 27th 23 miles 8-10 am from the trial
Organiser: J. Crowley Hill Hill, Eastbourne
Sunday April 30th 25 miles
Organiser: J. Crowley Hill Hill, Eastbourne
Saturday May 15th 10 miles (afternoon)
Organiser: J. Crowley Hill Hill, Eastbourne
Sunday June 15th 50 miles
Organiser: R. Johnson 55, Park Avenue, Spelling, Hants.
Saturday June 22nd 10 miles (afternoon)
Organiser: A. J. Johnson 19, Forest Grove, Tonbridge
Entry fees... Team Time Trial 60p per team Other events 50p

MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE MEETING

The meeting was held at Hellingly on February 27th, with Ken Atkins in the chair. An unusual and very welcome feature of this meeting was that all member clubs were represented. In the correspondence was a letter from Peter Baker of Southborough stating that he did not wish to be on the panel of timekeepers because he plans to be a full-time racing man this season. Reports on the past winter's social events were presented by the organisers. Geoff Willcocks said that the attendance at the Party had been disappointing, with a drop of 30 on the previous year. He had had complaints from some clubs about the quantity of food offered, and the caterers had broken down the costs for him. After some discussion it was decided to drop the Party for 1972, the vote being unanimous. Peter Crowsley reported on the successful Childrens Party which had an increase in attendance in spite of difficulties caused by the late publishing of Bonk. The function made a profit of £2.69. John Dutson reported on the successful and enjoyable Touring Competition, which had the bonus of a superb tea laid on by Stan and Joan Shirley, and showed a profit of £1.37. The Supper and Prize Presentation had also been successful and very enjoyable: at first it had looked as if the numbers would be down, but eventually 74 persons attended, many old friends coming along to make up for lack of support from some of the clubs, who had apparently had misgivings about the caterers, who were the same firm who had handled the Party. In the event, the meal was excellent. This function was also likely to have made a profit of several pounds. The courses sub-committee reported that the RTTC had passed the new 10 course, and that there would be no hurry over the planned new 100 course as multiple road works now going on would mean that any new course which we used this year would have to be re-measured for next year. The 25 finish will be moved back to the top of the hill in the finishing lane. Roy Humphrey regretted that the Grand National Draw tickets were delayed because of the power cuts. Provisional dates were fixed for this year's social events. Touring Competition November 19th, Supper and Prize Presentation Feb 16th 73, A.G.M. December 3rd, starting at 1-30 pm. It was suggested that the trophies should be photographed, the idea being that the photos would help the police in tracing them if they were stolen. It was agreed that Brian Strong of the Eastbourne club be asked to handle this. Following a complaint from Southborough about the lateness of the Christmas edition of Bonk, and the Editor's explanation of the lateness of some of the 'copy' added to Roy Humphrey being exceptionally busy, it was decided to make this edition a New Year Issue.

HERE AND THERE

Cliff might have flogged the Sharpmobile, but it still haunts Geoff Willcocks who now sees it every day and had had to act as 'nursemaid' in two breakdowns to date.

Owing to lack of licensed transport Cliff invited Willcocks to the Belle Vue dinner. Which of them looked the bike-rider can be judged by the retiring President saying to Geoff, "Haven't you also won our 50 before?"

Dick Whittington is emulating Cliff in one respect. A caller on a recent Sunday morning at 11 o'clock found him still in bed !

During the Lewes dinner cross-toasting we learnt of one way to evade the M.O.T. test. Willcocks later admitted, "Well, when I can't join 'em I have to beat 'em".

It was also revealed that Val Baxendine was once asked to resign from a club as she was distracting the male members from their bike-riding. Hardly surprising !

Is Stan Nash getting soft ? He appeared at the Hardriders, and when asked why he wasn't wearing the usual all-weather shorts, replied, "Good Heavens - it's too early yet!"

Along with his other claims to fame, Cliff Sharp must be the only man who can fit alloy cotterless cranks in such a way that they are at 'five to six'.

DEADLINE for contributions to the Summer issue of Bonk will be June 1st.

