



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL

There was quite a flush of enthusiasm when the Association began to use G833, it's present 25 course, no doubt helped by the fact that Cliff Sharp lost no time in setting up a new Association 25 record on it. Now, some two years and several hard rides later, some people are beginning to have second thoughts, realising that a course which is perfectly satisfactory for such as Cliff is not necessarily so for lesser mortals. The trouble is that the combination of the Holmes Hill, Whitesmith and East Hoethly drags plus the stiff westerly wind that is usually blowing means that instead of 'flying' over the last five miles as everyone likes to do, the average rider is doing well to keep inside evens; in fact anyone who has not got a good time in the bag by the time he rejoins the A22 can kiss his chances good-bye. These factors, along with a general lack of fitness due to the cold Spring, made for a very low standard of times in the April 25, the average of the times working out at 1-11-24. A measure of the relative easiness or hardness of the conditions in any event can be found in the handicap times; and here we find that only five riders beat Cliff Sharp's 1-0-20. It seems then that in order to achieve respectability on their local 25 course, Esca racing men need plenty of hard training over 'lumpy' roads and an easterly breeze to help them on the 'agony' stretches in the events.

D.N.

There is no 'Gen' From The Secretary to hand for this edition. The 'gen' about the Secretary is that he is once again acting as Lord High Executioner on the Isle of Man, where no doubt some lynx-eyed Escabod with camera at the ready will get the usual candid pic. of Roy paddling in the sea with his trousers rolled up to the knee. Some folk believe that the real reason why Roy goes to the Isle of Man every year is that it is the only place where people call him "Mr Humphrey". Still on the subject of our worthy Hon. Sec. a number of Escabods are still being treated for shock as a result of what happened a few weeks ago when, while watching an apparently innocuous Southern ITV item about local council elections, they were suddenly confronted with a close-up of R.H. holding forth. Roy, it transpired, was one of a 'ginger group' trying to shake up the Establishment at Framfield: some of the group were successful but not Roy. And we always thought that TV companies were supposed to warn viewers if a programme is unsuitable for people of a nervous disposition! Roy rode in the May Association 10 as one of the riders invited to do battle for the Chainwheel Creek trophy. He accepted, got his racing kit out of mothballs, and with the help of some fast wind-assisted miles riding back from the Isle of Wight after the Easter holiday, plus one or two more training runs, clocked 31-18 in his first 10 for about fourteen years.

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Is This A Record? Robin Johnson of Brighton Mitre promoted the June 50, rode in the event and took first place. Robin thinks that he could be the first Esca event secretary to win his event, and to the best of our recollection he is right.

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DEADLINE for contributions to the Autumn edition of BONK will be September 6th. This will give the Editor the chance to get his breath back after the Bank Holiday rush, and give press secs the chance to include the great news if one of their clubmates wins the Bath Road 100.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

A look through the window does little to convince your scribe that he is writing for the Summer edition. Unless there is a great improvement, the windblown, soggy bike-riders of the first half of the season will finish up in October just as windblown and soggy, and disillusioned into the bargain. We must be a wicked lot in this island to deserve such purgatory; a view shared by Amparo, who says she'd be in Spain every week-end if it were a little nearer.

Despite all this we've had riders in most Sussex events, Steve Myatt continuing the good work and showing that he's 'The Guvnor' so far. Burbery did a '7' in the S.C.A. 25 in mid-March, while Steve took on the field in the Rovers' road race at Rushlake Green. In conditions fit only for penguins and seals he lasted three laps and then said he'd got no feet and hands left! Still, the following week he got down to 1-5 in the SCCU, so it's annill wind..... Burbery/Andrews got fifth with a 1-16 in the 2-up 29, then Pete dragged Mick Hills away from his 'jerry-building' and they did a '6' in the S.C.A., walloping Kilby/Andrews by 1½ minutes, with Savage and Burgess on a '11'. Pete shook everyone in the club 25 when his 9-37 was 22 secs. too good for Steve, and Andrews's 10-3 was enough to snatch the handicap. Of the others the less said the better, although Hills came in waving a shoe which he'd nearly lost when he came off halfway back from the turn. Steve's '6' in the Association 25 crushed the rest, the nearest being Whittington with a '12' ("I didn't know I could go so slow"), while Andrews collected a 'kipper' and recorded a 'personal worst' 1-24! Steve decided to ride the Division road race championship and lasted five laps before departing from the scene. His absence from that morning's club 30 meant a win for Burbery with 1-21-25 (which also beat private triallist Ron Ewart's 22-57), with the Copper rising to an unexpected and exalted second place with a '29', Andrews being DNF and Kilby doing a '30'. The Rovers' 25 saw Steve narrowly beating Burbery by ½ min. both did '8's, with Andrews on 9-20 and Whittington's morale at zero with a '13'. To date Steve has made a clean sweep of the club 10s, although Cliff Sharp put in an appearance on one occasion and indecently exposed everyone else with 23-57. In the S.C.A. Team Championship Steve did another '6', Burbery another '8', and Andrewa was back to a '12'. Down among the dead men, Savage, Kilby and The Copper crept away happy that they had not been walloped by Val Stringer as was thought possible earlier on! Hills was DNS here due to an accident involving his knee which we hope isn't too serious as his infrequent appearances are always good for a bit of speculation as to his habit of pulling off an 'out of the blue' ride and shaking them all.

It's always pleasing to record new members, and we've been joined by Ian and Alison Burgess, 50% of the Copper's family, and Ben, who is Peter Sharp's youngest, as well as yet another Richard, who for clarity is known as Rik Pearson, ex Kenton R.C. Rik made the mistake of choosing the S.C.A. Team Championship for his first ride in Sussex, and afterwards said "Blimey - nobody told me this was a mountain time trial: I'm used to flatter courses than this". He was assured that they aren't all as bad as that, although Sussex is definitely not the area for drag-strips - as we all know! In April a rumour had it that Jack and Judy Goldstein were coming back to Sussex; and lo and behold they turned up together with Sarah and a new addition in six-months-old Ben, who, as was pointed out, proved that they hadn't been wasting their time! Judy soon realised that she was back to reality when Willcocks observed that the nipper was chewing the nose of a toy penguin and said, "It looks as if he's fond of the birds already - still, I suppose he finds it a change from Mars". Her cry of "Oh, NO! not already" was adequate comment. They're running a cafe in Islingword Road, Brighton, and invite all Escabods to look in, (Suggested motto "If you're fed-up drop in and be properly fed-up"). For the benefit of a certain denizen of Edenbridge, Judy is serving in the mornings and is allowed to start work, by a considerate husband, at 7-30 am: he presumably takes over when she has worn herself out. There are no immediate plans to provide a hostel for itinerant cyclists a la Commercial Road, as no out houses are available!

Around 9-30 one evening the silence of a certain Seaford workshop was interrupted by a frantic hammering on the door accompanied by the faces of Rovers Sharp and Stevens pleading to be admitted. Immediately on the defensive, and fearing a grave default by the Sharpmobile 14, your scribe gingerly opened up and prepared for the worst. However, Cliff's complacent smirk was followed by "Nothing wrong at my end, but we've got Sharpmobile type trouble with the Stevensmobile". Ken then took over and recounted how he'd been about to shake the dust of Lewes off his wheels when "There was a sudden thump and everything came to a stop". After a lengthy exchange of theories it seemed that the main problem was to rescue DWE from dereliction, stranded in a garage forecourt. Cliff mischievously suggested that if Fred (the Irish plumber) were agreeable, it would be a good idea to use the Sharpmobile 1 as a recovery vehicle. At this Ken gave vent to a horrible groan and choked, "No! Anything but that". I'd never live it down once that got into BONK". Fortunately Fred was out anyway, and the problem was resolved on more dig-

nified lines, Ken breathing gasps of relief that the final ignominy had been averted! Incidentally, fans of GJK 263 will be interested to know that after the two initial incidents mentioned earlier, it has been behaving itself despite carrying prodigious loads, and has led Fred to say "I like this old kiddy, it just keeps going". Back in the winter he decided that a bit of comfort wouldn't come amiss, so fitted a luxury unknown in its former days - a heater. This is roughly suspended on wires and sways to-and-fro like a pendulum! Evidently Fred didn't want to spoil the decor by doing the job properly. While on the subject of motor transport news filtered through that Hugh Gander (who seems to have forgotten how to ride a bike) had bought a van. The next thing we knew was when he sidled up to yours truly, at a club event, and asked where he could get a new front end. He'd wrapped it round a tree! Peter Sharp recently acquired nothing less than a full grand piano; so if ever the Editor is in the Kingston district he might care to drop in and pass an opinion. Tony Andrews, though hardly in the Art Tatum class, didn't seem very impressed and tersely described it as "No good". (Must be a Broadwood. Ed.) It was suggested that Sharp should counter this by passing on his packet of Pro-Plus tablets in view of the occasion when Andrews dodged off during a committee meeting and had to be jerked back to reality by the chairman! Due to penury Simon Myatt sold his bike to Steve and is now trying to buy another one in order to get going again. Jack offered to sell him his Honda moped ("Goes like the clappers and never lets me down") for £15, but Simon declined. The next night Jack rode it out to a club 10 where it promptly 'sat down' and defied all efforts to start it until he'd humoured the carburettor, a task that wasn't helped by a gale-force wind. In any case we hear that he only paid a tenner for it in the first place, an echo of the notorious 'Abraham Mac Russell' whose motto was "No sentiment - business is business"!

The Association 'Chainwheel Creek' 10 caused some laughs particularly when a certain very high official peeled off into racing kit for the first time for years, and a wag was heard to say, "I didn't know he'd been in Belsen". One disappointment was the non-appearance of the defending champion, who was expected to make 'em all sit up. A good win for Mick Robinson, who assures us he'd hardly touched a bike for seven years, and a satisfying second place for Eddie Wright ensured the popularity of holding this as an annual event.

The Division Road Race Championship saw the sort of turn-up that Winston Churchill described as "Warming the cockles of the r".

British heart". On paper the result was a foregone conclusion for the experienced Don Awcock of the Central ; but in the event a sterling performance, capped by a dazzling final sprint, saw George Matthews home and dry after the Worthing lad had refused to be overawed by Don's company on the last lap. Some very good work by Central's Bob Prunty in the latter stages was cruelly marred by mechanical trouble that meant three stops for attention when he was away alone. Another surprise was seved up by Alan Hale of Crawley, who finished despite never having ridden 77 miles, and over such a course. All in all a very good race indeed despite forebodings of a runaway win leading to a negative event.

Despite a smaller field than usual we've got quality in the evening criterium, with two current division champions and other leading luminaries who should make a fair battle of things on the Laughton circuit. Let's hope this discouraging weather gives us a break on those evenings at least.

Well, tugs, that's it for now ; so all the best and keep wheeling regardless.

ALSORAN

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Anyone who is prone to indulging in alcoholic beverages well rather than wisely had better take note of the following piece of advice which is inscribed on a wall at Kirdford, West Sussex.

Depredation Of Drunkenness

There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than drunkenness : it disguiseth a person and doth even urman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity and the murder of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body ; the cup kills more than the cannon. It causes dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies, it fills the eyes with fire and the legs with water and turns the body into a hospital.

In order to fill the long gap between the Esca Hardriders and two-up, the club arranged weekly Sunday morning 10s through March. These did not meet with much success, the first being rained off, the second (a combined effort with the Rovers on the Pevensey course) had a wind so strong and cold that such people as Maurice Colburn were doing '28s', the third was in the freak March 'summer', while the last one had to be called off because of road works traffic lights on the course. Jack and Robin teamed for the 2-up, and turned in a reasonable time in view of the fact that Robin had a top gear of only 82 and Jack punctured. Our next club event was a 25 on the Rye-Camber-Dungeness course, which saw Romney Marsh at it's cruellest, with a strong cross wind reducing Jack and Robin to evens, while Dennis, having his first competitive outing since last July, folded up at 20 miles and limped in with a 1-24, his personal worst 25 by several minutes. Since then Robin has not been too keen on racing as he has had exams looming up, but having got them over, is now planning to make a serious start. Meanwhile Jack has been hammering away every week-end trying like so many to extract some fitness and speed from the past un-spring-like spring. He was eventually rewarded for his efforts with a great 2-23 in the Esca 50, giving him first handicap and the club it's first League points of the season. Our share of this year's Esca promoting chores has been the April 25, with Jack as event sec. and the May 13th 10, handled by Dennis. The latter person should have been defending his Chainwheel Creek trophy in this event, but strained chest muscles, possibly caused by a strenuous game of table-tennis at the Rovers' clubroom, kept him from starting, though he admitted that as he was short of fitness due to the continual cold weather, he was unlikely to have beaten Mick Robinson's great come-back 28-55. Mick's ride showed that, even after about seven years off the bike, some of the old under-the-hour speed is still there. Stan Shirley kindly provided the 'cuppas' at the 25 ; at the 10 we had to have soft drinks and were hoping for some real May weather to boost sales of same ; instead it was more like February and Sid and Barbara did not have much luck on the refreshment stall. The only club member to have enjoyed fine weather recently was our President Ernie Spray, who managed to track down some sunshine in Majorca. A pity he couldn't have invented some method of bringing it back with him ! Finally, if you fancy a ride on a real man's 10 course, with lovely clean fume-free air, come to Broad Oak, Brede (400 yards towards Rye) any Wednesday evening at 7-15 pm. Au revoir - keep well wrapped up .

HASTINGER

"Hire a bike ? See the laddie out the back". Out the back was a large room filled with bicycles of every description, none of them faintly resembling a lightweight. The young lad presiding over this motley array looked at my six foot, thirteen stone figure, reached amongst the pile of bikes and produced a Raleigh roadster of definite pre-war vintage. "Bring it back when you've finished with it and pay then" he said : so within minutes I was on my way pedalling off on a holiday I had promised myself for twenty-eight years. I was in Lerwick, principal town and port of the Shetlands, that remote group of islands one hundred miles off the north coast of Scotland, and world renowned for it's knitwear and ponies. Serving with the RAF during the war I took a radar operators course, and on passing out expressed a preference for a station on the South Coast. My posting duly arrived, the island of Unst, the most northerly of the Shetland group ! Stationed there for a year the solitude and simple way of life made a deep impression on me, and I vowed that one day I would return and explore the islands under happier circumstances.

So here I was mounted on a creaking machine several sizes too small but determined to see as much as possible in the next seven days. My first trip took me over the hills at the back of the town and down to the west side of Mainland to Scalloway, the ancient capital of Shetland. It was from here that the famous 'Shetland Bus' operated during the war, fishing boats making the dangerous trip across the North Sea to Norway taking arms and agents. I stopped by the slipway to see the plaque commemorating the visit of Prince Olaf of Norway in 1942. Scarcely touched by the twentieth century Scalloway slumbered on in the faint September sunshine. I saw few people in the streets, most of the menfolk being "away at the fishing". Thirty miles west of Scalloway lies the clear-cut silhouette of the island of Foula, for much of the year inaccessible owing to the tremendous seas that rage round it's shores. A crofter told me that the one hundred hardy souls who live there recieved their Christmas mail that year at the beginning of March ! One of the finest views I saw in this part of Shetland was from the top of Wormadale Hill some miles north of Scalloway. Here the Atlantic has driven inland in three long, deep, narrow and parallel fjords, Whiteness, Stromness and Weisdale Voes. There are a few scattered crofts on each finger of land and a rowboat connects one neighbour with another. I was up early next morning as a longer ride was planned, heading north from Lerwick to end at Eshaness lighthouse situated in superb rugged scenery. The district of Eshaness

lies on the north-west side of Mainland overshadowed by Ronas Hill at 1475 ft. the highest point in the islands. On the way the road passes Mavis Grind, a spot where the Atlantic and North Sea are barely 50 yards apart, the mainland being almost cut in two. The roads, although narrow throughout the islands, are in the main well surfaced and traffic free ; and raising the 'bars and saddle made for easier progress. A strong S.W. wind helped me to arrive at the Hillswick Hotel, a building erected completely from Norwegian Pine standing on the shores of Ura Firth. The remainder of the ride was interrupted several times to stop and feed a number of 'Shelties' (Shetland ponies). These sturdy creatures, no more than 42 inches high, fetch from £5 to £300 in the annual sales and are exported all over the world. The lighthouse keeper at Eshaness showed me over his tiny kingdom where he lives for fifty weeks of the year with his wife in splendid isolation ; unperturbed by wind and weather and overlooking a coastline that abounds with such names as the Villians of Hamman-voe, the Grind of Navir, the Holes of Scrada, the Bruddens, Gerbie, the Drons and the Heads of Grocken.

I rose even earlier the next day, and leaving my bike behind, boarded the inter-island steamer 'Earl of Zetland' for a trip to the island of Unst, calling at the isles of Yell, Whalsay and Fetlar en route. The voyage was uneventful, with a calm sea and bright sunshine. Eventually we tied up at Baltasound jetty, Unst, once the principal herring fishing harbour in the British Isles. After fixing myself up with accomodation at the only hotel I set off to walk the five miles to Lamba Ness. Half forgotten landmarks showed up on the way from my service days until I stood high up on the headland of Lamba looking out at the notorious Holm of Skaw. This is a giant rock surrounded by treacherous seas and currents where several years before a local fisherman was decorated by the Queen for the part he played in rescuing the few survivors of a Russian herring drifter that had gone aground and broken up in a short while. Sheep occupied the crumbling remains of my old RAF camp, and I was glad of a lift back to the hotel from a passing crofter. After spending a boisterous evening there with a dozen cattle buyers I staggered off to bed and was woken next morning with a cup of tea at 5 am as I had to catch the return steamer to Lerwick. This time however I experienced the full force of some 'proper' Shetland weather and for six long queasy hours I sat trying to look unperturbed whilst most of my fellow passengers succumbed to seasickness. In the days that followed I visited many of the lonely and beautiful coves and voes that abound in Shetland, all of them completely unspoilt, each with it's

Shetland Re-Visited (Continued)

own particular charm. On my last day I returned the bike, paid the small hiring fee, and boarded the bus for the tiny airstrip at Sum - burgh Head to catch the south bound plane, taking with me scores of memories and the intention to return again before another twenty-eight years could elapse.

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CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

"Good heavens" cries the Editor as he sees Woppit's type, yes TYPE written notes: and only a few days late ! The one finger expert (typing that is) has foraged around for a typewriter to save Neevo the four week job of deciphering Woppit's handwriting ; so there's no excuse for a late issue. Well, you may ask yourself, what is Woppit doing rambling on about his bad writing and typewriting ? The fact is that he is very short of news and requires some extra drivel to fill up his page - so there.

A somewhat dismal start to the season with just the odd spark of form, possibly caused by the absence of a serious B.A.R. competition between members as last year. Paul and John have both done '2s' to date, and Paul has ridden one disappointing 50. John rode the Hounslow 100 on the Bank Holiday week-end in the wet and the wind, and turned in a creditable 4.30.44. Paul and Brian are both road racing regularly, and Paul has picked up several placings. The best club effort on the road so far was Don's first place by a handsome margin in the East Sussex Road Race a week after a second placing in the local Division event. As reported in the previous edition, our lady rider travelled to Guernsey at Easter and is reported to have "Got mixed up with the Worthing bunch" ?????? She picked up several places so we hear, together with the odd Worthing cyclist. Brian was unable to ride the two-up with her because of a hangover (not his). The young lady now seems to be in Majorca, but no one seems to know who with ! The Goodmayes four-up event saw a club entry of Dutson-Rogers-Lipscombe-Hone. There is some divergence of opinion regarding the collapse of the team effort which came after 14 miles, and everyone is at present blaming every-one else. Considering it's the first time they'd ridden together as a team, without so much as a couple of miles up the road training together I should think they were all to blame. One member of the team even suggested that the psychological strain of wide Essex

Central Sussex C.C. (Continued)

roads was the cause of the team's dismal display. Wide roads - I ask you. Honest Ginge is taking a somewhat easy life this season - did I say easy ? Half of his garden seems to have been removed bodily to large dumper containers. Could this be a new fiendish training plan called 'garden digging' to get fit for the end of the season ? Seen frugging wildly at the 'Ball Of The Year', a very posh 'do' that Woppit was inveigled into attending, was Dennis and Celia Webb. Rumour has it that they were suffering the next morning, Dennis with a strained and strapped-up knee from twisting, and Celia being violently sick. (Shades of Uckfield High Street parties?). When in - formed that the revelrys had gone on into the wee small hours and resulted in husband/wife swopping and nude swimming in Michelham Priory moat, Mrs Webb said "Oh, why didn't we stay on?"

Well, that's just about it for now, except to convey Oz's regards to Escabods, expressed the other day when Woppit saw him for the first time in yearsand so, see you Up The Kerb.....

WOPPIT

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HERE AND THERE

Best excuse we have yet heard for a late start in a club 25 : - "I had to wait until one of the cows had finished calving".

At a recent road race a well-known Lewes official was seen entering a date in his diary. On it being noticed that he was using a 1966 diary, he commented, "I never buy a new diary until the old one is full."

A certain Mitre member on being informed that she had entered the wrong end of a one-way street, promptly drove all the way down the street, still the wrong way, to turn at the end.

An Eastbourne member who visited his town's Flower and Vegetable Show noticed that several of the exhibits had won prizes for one R.J. Eldridge of Peacehaven.

The recent Worthing open 25 was run in heavy rain, and when competitor Eddy Mundy was asked his opinion of the conditions, he said, "I thought the tide was coming in".

TIME TRIAL RESULTS

2-Up 29 Miles T.T.T. Sunday April 4th

1. C.Sharp/M.Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	1	10	11
2. B.Hone/R.Rogers	Central Sussex	1	12	17
3. M.Wyatt/A.Limbrey	Brighton Mitre	1	15	5
4. A.Morris/K.Chandler	Brighton Mitre	1	15	18
5. P.Burberry/A.Andrews	Lewes Wanderers	1	16	5
6. K.Stevens/K.Griffiths	Eastbourne Rovers	1	17	27

25 Miles Sunday April 30th

1. C.Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	1	0	20
2. R.Johnson	Brighton Mitre	1	4	3
3. R.Hughes	Brighton Excelsior	1	5	27
4. R.Rogers	Central Sussex	1	5	51
5. S.Myatt	Lewes Wanderers	1	6	48
6. M.Wyatt	Brighton Mitre	1	7	17

H'cap. S.Booth East Grinstead (15) 56 40

Team. Brighton Mitre (Johnson,Wyatt,C.Miller) 3 19 8

10 Miles Saturday May 13th

1.C.Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	22	47
2.T.Leach	Eastbourne Rovers	24	37
3.M.Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	24	52
4.R.Rogers	Central Sussex	24	54
5.K.Stevens	Eastbourne Rovers	24	59
6.R.Laker	Central Sussex	25	36

H'cap R.Laker Central Sussex (9) 16 36

Team Eastbourne Rovers (Sharp,Leach & Colburn) 1 12 16

In this event six of the riders, namely A.Wright, R.Humphrey, M.Robinson, A.Bathurst, D.Neeves and Mrs I.Stevens, were eligible for the Chainwheel Creek trophy put up by the Rovers for competition among 'clapped-out' old racing men. The winner was one time 'Grinstead fast man' Mick Robinson who clocked 28-55.

TIME TRIAL RESULTS

50 Miles Sunday June 11th

1. R.Johnson	Brighton Mitre	2	7	48
2. M.Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	2	8	57
3. A.Morris	Brighton Mitre	2	9	40
4. D.Hook	Eastbourne Rovers	2	11	8
5. K.Chandler	Brighton Mitre	2	11	20
6. R.Rogers	Central Sussex	2	12	45

H'cap J.Southerden Hastings & St.Leon.(23) 2 00 6

Team Brighton Mitre (Johnson,Morris,Chandler) 6 28 48

Of these four events, two were run in good conditions, the other two far from good. The two-up enjoyed one of the two days in April without strong winds, and the 50 was a repetition of last year, with warm sunshine and a westerly drift. The April 25 had a gusty west wind which, the riders said "Seemed to come at you all ways", while the afternoon of the 10 was a most dismal time, cold and overcast with spatters of rain. Not surprisingly sales of refreshments at this event were very low.

ESCA LEAGUE

	H.R.	25	2 up	10	10 ld.	Tot.
EASTBOURNE ROVERS	.21	8	11	29	2	71
Brighton Mitre	.11	16	12			39
Central Sussex	.5	7	7	13	1	33
East Grinstead		6	2	4		12
Brighton Excels.		7		2		9
Lewes Wanderers		4	4			8
Southborough Whs.	.5					5
Hastings & St.Lds.						7
Crawley Wheelers						7

Forthcoming Events 10 Miles Sat. June 24th 100 mls. July 2nd
Open 25 mls. July 30th 50 mls. August 13th

Having returned from holiday to find a note from the Ed. amongst the post, I suppose I had better get scribbling. On the racing front, our first event since the last issue was the G.Hill Cup 25 on G935 with a northerly gale blowing, and Robin Johnson struggling round in 1-9-48, with Adrian second in 1-11-4. The last mile to the turn on the Horsham by-pass reduced me to using 66, and only just getting that round! The week after saw the S.C.A. 25 on a near perfect morning with Adrian gaining first place with 1-4-3 Robin second and the club gaining first team and first Vet, Maurice Wyatt in his first Vet season keeping in front of Alan Limbrey. The club's Open 2-up T.T.T. on March 26th gained an increased entry from its move from September. First place was taken by Pete Crofts and Mick Humphrey. Following last season's complaints from a resident near the G935 start, it was decided that something would have to be done about toilet facilities at the Washington start. This led to several rather illuminating statements at club committee meetings, but led to the purchase of Elsan toilets which we shall be using at our open events. The 2-up was followed by the ESCA 2-up in which our 'old men's' team of Maurice Wyatt and Alan Limbrey just beat Adrian and Keith Chandler for third place. The second club 25 was the Tom Boniface event, won by Robin, with Maurice second and Alan Limbrey third. We thought that with the return of Alan, at least for a time he would be involved in battles with the slower brigade, but he has rapidly given notice that he belongs back with the fast men. At the moment Maurice Wyatt has had the edge in most of the events, but as I write these notes I hear that Alan did a 1-4-42 to Maurice's 1-5-10 in the Sussex/Surrey VTTA 25. Adrian and Keith, with Brian Morris, have given the club more representation in road races this season than for some years; so far without much success, although Adrian and Keith got among the prizes in the Jersey 2-day, with Keith getting second place on the time trial stage and ninth overall. Our current crop of schoolboys is doing very well. Colin Wood was second in the first S.C.A. 10, and we had seven entries in the London South GHS 10, with teams from Nevill and Kings Manor schools. The Nevill boys won the team event, and are through to the final, Colin Wood being third overall. John Pears, in his first-ever event, recorded 26-37 for sixth place. Graham Cadsby just made third team counter for the Nevill boys, beating Martin Leigh by four seconds in spite of falling off at Lowfield Heath. Our open road race collected a disappointing entry, but was quite a good event on the day.

However, as in several recent years the local entry was small, and must pose questions on future promotions. We will endeavour to promote what is best supported: if the locals don't want a road race perhaps we would be better off putting our efforts in some other direction. As we go to press the Tyffes meeting is all set to be the biggest track meeting in Brighton since the Dunlop promotions in the early fifties; with the top pro' sprinters in the world engaged, as well as an excellent amateur field. All that is wanted now is a little summer. (Editor's note. I am handling the Mitre notes just as the aforementioned meeting is due to start, and the sun is shining brightly on the South Coast.) Going on to the track front, we have gained a notable recruit in the person of Terry Chambers, who should strengthen our track team. Finally, in common with others I have met, I was disappointed in the entry for the Sussex C.A. Team Championship 25, which used to be the premier T.T. event in the county. In the event the Mitre took first place for the first time for many years; but it would have been nice to have seen teams from all Sussex clubs represented.

K.M.W.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

What they say about cycling is very little indeed, with a magnifying glass usually necessary to find the time trial results. The Daily Mirror will always feature any form of freak bike-riding; in recent months they have had illustrated stories about a bicycle - made - for - twenty one, a bike with a frame about six feet high, and a recumbent bicycle (students of cycling history will know that this has been done before). However, the Milk Race, which attracts fair sized crowds, has been covered pretty well by the national dailies; and of course, if anything interesting happens on the local scene, the Brighton Evening Argus is always good for a report complete with picture of the rider concerned.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

Complaints that there hasn't been a decent morning, afternoon or evening this season will doubtless find many sympathisers among the readership of BONK. However, the successive soakings

Southborough and District Wheelers (Continued)

and or buffetings seem to have no deterring effect ; in fact Clive Ashby's 'unbeatable' 10 mile record fell on May 18th on the new Southboro' super drag-strip course. The new record holder is Mick Hartley, who appears to be Southborough's Golden Boy for the 1972 season. Actually Mick has been racing for quite a while without achieving anything special, but the guidance of BCF coach Tony Peachy has made him rise phoenix-like to new heights, doing his personal best 25 of 1-4-47 in the De Laune 25 in March and improving from there. Harking back to the Hardriders our team members weren't as unfit as they thought ; Royston and Malc tied for 7th place, with Geoff 10th and Crow 11th, so we were well out of the team race. 'My' ESCA Team Time Trial 29 in April found one of the few reasonable mornings this year, and the new course seems to have found favour with the riders. It wasn't a Southboro' day. Robin ran out of puff near Ringmer so we ambled round while other teams whizzed by at regular intervals and Cliff and Mo went on to their umpteenth win. The Association 25 was worse, due to a clash with the K.C.A. the writer was the only S.D.W. entry, and having arrived home six and a half hours before the event with a two-way freewheel, was a non-starter. Thus there was the first ESCA event without a Southborough rider since Heaven knows when. Even Central Sussex could not invoke the superb weather of their '70 hilly event to return, and in a biting cold gale Withers M and G and Mick Hartley clocked a '3', '5' and '6' respectively for the tough 22 miles while the writer stopped at home. Wind and cold were the main enemy of our open 10 on the exposed north Kent A2 course, where Mick led our team and Geoff beat Malc by 8 secs. for a change. Strong winds (have they ever abated ?) were a feature of the Rovers' 25 in which several Southboros were DNS - still recuperating from the Esca 10 on the previous afternoon. Royston led our team with a '6' Crow crept in with an '8' (one of the few riders apart from Cliff on fixed that morning), Jacko was rather appalled with his '10', Spider did an '11' and Dave Joyce a '13'. The ride was worth it just for the tea and cherry cake afterwards.

Easter found us back at Bracon as usual - well almost, as Lou's roof rack had come off at speed and there was some wheel unbending to do. For the first time the weather was unkind throughout and the mileage lower than customary : even so as a holiday break it was enjoyed by all who went. You may have heard that the club is planning to buy it's own club-room . We already have the buiding, and negotiations with Southborough council for the lease

Southborough and District Wheelers (Continued)

of the land are going ahead favourably. This can't be done without money, and many fund raising schemes are in action at the moment. Following the Rovers' example we have had a most successful jumble sale that raised £85, which means that we won't have to resort to hi-jackings nor drug trafficking to obtain extra cash. Dave and Joyce who ran it recieved so much jumble that it was rumoured that they had to camp in the garden during the week preceeding the sale ! An invitation run brought out ten prospective members, all school boys. Danny worked out a brilliant route that dodged all the heavy showers that fell that afternoon. Expecting the worst I brought out a saddle-bag full of tools, spares and first-aid equipment : happily none was needed.

One snag of doing this report well before press day is that the big news comes in when you are half way through. In this case it's Mick Hartley's sensational eight minute improvement in the Bexley 25, which brought his time down to 56-48, a time which is within twelve seconds of the club record. I gather it was quite a float afternoon on the Q25/3, with Jacko down to a '4' and Lou on a '12'. No holding Mick H. now as he won the following club 25 with a '2' and Roy Harrison is finding himself relegated to No.2 spot just ahead of Geoff W. on current club event form. Brother Malcom has ridden fewer evening events but got down to a '2' in the Becontree Wheelers 25 and was our best placed rider (11th) in the Kent Division championship on the Chilham circuit. Robin Howard organised our club road races which enjoyed better weather than last year. Terry Leach (Eastbourne Rovers) put some spirited riding into the 3rds and Juns. event, gaining the first lap prime, but wasn't able to sustain the power and finished a bunch 8th, the winner being W. Avis of Epsom C.C. Don Awcock looked a likely winner of the senior event but crashed with a lap to go : the large bunch finish saw Rolly Crayford winning with Malc Withers a commendable 5th. The club birthday tea was held after the events and was enjoyed by 49 members and their families. Mick and Sue Hartley made a superb cake for the club's 40th birthday. I seem to have omitted to say that Lou's 29-36 in the ESCA 10 earned him 4th place in the 'Chainwheel Creek' Trophy section . A contributing factor to Lou's recent rides has been his new bike which is of eye-catching appearance. Spider has also got a new one. I suppose we must expect this sort of thing when the club starts to make a profit ! Welcome is offered to two experienced cyclists who have joined the Southboro' ranks. They are Arthur Smith of the Edge-ware CTC and Tony Rafe of Finchley CC. Finally, one week before my holiday, I ask "Has anyone seen summer ?"

CROW

As told to G.P.B. over yet another glass of beer

My first contact with cycling was in 1948 when I watched the Olympic Games Road Race in Windsor Park with some members of the Lion Road Club. I started club riding with the Lion R.C. in 1949, rode some evening 10s doing '28s' and '29s' and one 25 in 1-12. Took part in all club activities and especially remember the winter club runs, following the warm glow of the pre-war carbide lamp on the club captain's bike. 1950 and 1951 were spent riding time trials and circuit races at Matching Green and Willingdale aerodromes, with a few places but many punctures on the bad surfaces. Also got my 25 time down to 1-2-22 to break the club record. I received a three year deferment from National Service to complete my apprenticeship as a lithograph printer and also avoid any chance of being shipped off to Korea where the war was in full swing. During the summer of 1951 I was in Brighton to see the start of the Brighton-Glasgow six day B.L.R.C. road race, and open road racing really caught my imagination. At this time Keith Parslow was talking about breaking away from Barnet C.C. and forming a League club, and I decided to join him in Barnet Road Club. After training hard all through the winter to make a favourable impression as new boys in a new club, I started the season with a win and several places and gained my 1st category license by May. About this time Vic Humphrey, who was Managing the London team in the Brighton-Glasgow, wrote to ask me to ride and I said yes, although I was a bit apprehensive as my previous longest race was 65 miles. I decided to ride a 100 miles time trial to see how I lasted riding alone, and did 4-35 to give me a lot of confidence to ride 600 miles in six days. Riding in the Brighton-Glasgow was a real eye-opener as I had never ridden in anything like it before. I eventually finished ninth on general classification, including a 40 miles T.T. between Wolverhampton and Derby in 1-49-2. Derby to Bradford was the hardest stage, climbing Holme Moss the 1,800 ft. prime point. I also managed third place on the last stage to Glasgow (145 mls) after being in a five-up break for 80 miles. The first twelve on general classification were invited to ride in the Tour of Britain sponsored then by the Daily Express, and I accepted. After taking a packet on the fifth stage from Aberystwith to Blackpool (180 miles) and taking full advantage of the rest day that followed it, I never recovered and retired on the tenth stage. The T.O.B. was then a September race and I didn't ride anything else that year.

Central Sussex Pen Portrait (Continued)

The 1953 season gave me three wins and eleven places in the first six. I rode Brighton-Newcastle again but punctured on Kirkstone Pass in pouring rain on the fourth stage, didn't enjoy the view of Lake Windermere at all and abandoned. The start of two years National Service caught up with me at the beginning of 1954. Two weeks basic training at Aldershot were followed by three months at Blandford as a driver in the Royal Army Skirt Chasers - sorry, Service Corps. I was then posted to Regents Park as a staff car driver and rode all army events, mainly time trials, with one road race win and two or three places; also got my 25 time down to 1-0 and rode my first 50 on the Catterick course, doing a 2-3. Towards the end of the summer of 1955 I was posted to the Intelligence Corps depot at Maresfield Sussex, where soon after I arrived I met Mary and cycle racing took a back seat for a while. I was demobbed in February 1956 and spent most week-ends travelling backwards and forwards to Sussex, finished my apprenticeship in May and changed my job. Got married Sept. 1st so didn't do much racing that year. I continued racing for the next three years, but having lots of distractions, house hunting, buying a house and decorating it, gardening, and the arrival of baby daughters in 1958 and 1961, eventually retired about 1960 and moved to Sussex from London in 1964. Almost forgot all about cycling until 1969 when after a lot of kidding at work I was finally goaded into racing Ray Pilcher from Crawley to New Malden. After that I decided to have another go in 1970. The first three months were very hard due mainly to backache, but finished the season with a 1-4 at 25 miles and won a road race. For 1971 I decided to buy a new bike as the one I was using was sixteen years old; and it paid off as I improved all my time trial times except the 50. I was particularly pleased to get under the hour for the first time to win a Clarence Wheelers 25 on the Bath Road with 58-12 and to knock nine minutes off my best 100 with 4-26, finishing runner-up to John Dutton in the East Sussex B.A.R. and also Central Sussex club championships. I will be a veteran this October and am looking forward to it. I would particularly like to do a good ride in the Veterans Road Race Championship in 1973 as my first love is road racing.

Thank you Ron - we too hope 1973 is an even better year. G.P.B.

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Just as a contrast to this racing-orientated report, I'll start this time by recording the consequences of the past social season, namely that Jane Lade is pregnant and that Brian Guy marries Rosie on July 8th; and there was I thinking it was a mild winter. There does seem to have been a bit of bad planning by Graham, in that the baby is due on the August Bank Holiday week-end, which seems to have become a traditional N4 25 week-end for Graham: perhaps he took an overdose of Ribena! As regards Brian, he has spent the last two months house-hunting in the Teignmouth area, having been 'gazumped' for the only property they could afford in the Hailsham area; and it now seems certain that they will be moving to Devon to await completion of a new house. I'm sure we would all wish them a happy future together: Maurice has been overheard muttering to Cliff about a great new venue for a winter week-end bash!

Getting down to racing, the club road race in March continued the alternation of good and very bad conditions, with this year cold, wind and rain. Not surprisingly the tough experienced riders came out on top, Clarke, Sergeant and Jewell taking the first three places. Just to prove that every cloud has a silver lining, Jane and Iris's catering efforts produced a profit double last year's, due largely to the weather and early retirements; thus giving an unexpected boost to the event finances. The weather next day for the club 10 had improved in that the sun was shining, but Maurice's effort, though good enough to beat Ken by 46 secs. was not enough to prevent him achieving a personal worst of 28-6. In these circumstances, Terry's eleven-year-old brother Andrew was doing well just to get all the way round, and even without a good evening for our summer (!) 10s he has already lowered his 39-10 ride to a '32'.

As ever in these cycling reports we get round to the subject of horseless carriages. Ken's car was DNS for the Sussex 25 in March, so that Ken and Maurice missed the only decent morning of the month. Said vehicle continued to give trouble, and eventually came to rest in Lewes, whereupon it was decided that the mighty mechanic of Seaford would have to be called in to breathe new life into it. On going to arrange this, Ken and Cliff were informed that Geoff was in his lock-up garage, whither they proceeded with circumspection. As they approached, they heard the strains of 12th Street Rag, and on entering the garage found Geoff seated at the pianoforte (on a pile of old magazines actually), and hunched up under an old mac'. Reminds one of artistic geniuses starving

in slum garrets, doesn't it?

You will have noticed the superb performances that Cliff has been turning out this season; and the reason was hinted at in the last BONK - his training consists solely of laying a drive-way for the new improved Sharpmobile, and it's not finished yet! Since Cliff has already put a foot through the door sill, I begin to wonder which will be finished first, the drive or the Sharpmobile. Despite the Wanderers' efforts, Cliff has still not learnt bike maintenance, judging by his reaction of "Can I come?" when he heard Ken say he wanted to give Maintenance instruction to the club's youngsters. Perhaps Maurice shouldn't say too much, as he still can't put his track bike together without the bottom bracket falling straight out again! By using his track bike on the principle that it has the least to go wrong, Cliff has been showing superlative form week in week out. In particular he has established himself as current 'king' of the Crawley course, his 58-7 in the Bec 25 on April 16th giving him a 1½ minute victory and event record. Three weeks later he achieved his fastest 25 of the season so far, 57-36, taking second place behind Queen on the Oxford course, then duplicated it the next day on the Bath Road course, this time only giving best to the fly-ing Cotters. A fortnight later he produced the fastest 50 of the year, 1-56-37, to win easily the Ross 50 at Reading, where Maurice's 2-7-44 was only 21 secs. outside a two-year-old personal best. The locals on that occasion didn't think much of the morning at all, but to two wind-blown and rain-soaked Escabods the conditions on the Bath Road that day seemed positively excellent: they're a spoilt lot up there! Maurice tried to steal a sneaky advantage by actually doing some modest early-season training and by taking a week off at Easter to bash off to Dartmoor and back; but he still found himself in contention with Ken, only 13 secs. separating them in the Bec 25 for example where both did '4s'. Then up came our fast junior Terry Leach, roaring fit from cross-country running, at which he attained county representative level, and soon there were signs that he would leave the other two struggling in his rear. He inflicted a two second defeat on Maurice in the club Hilly 24 in April, set a personal best 10 of 24-37 for second place in the Association 10 and then went really berserk next morning in that grovel of a day for our Open 25 by lowering his 25 time from 1-6-5 to 1-3-38, which gave him fourth place as well as the handicap by a clear two minutes! I fear that Maurice and Ken will have to do some real training to catch him again!

(Continued on next page)

Eastbourne Rovers C.C. (Continued)

The promotion of an Association ~~DO~~ in May gave us the opportunity to revive our Chainwheel Creek trophy contest. Since Geoff's back troubles are currently preventing him from riding at all, let alone racing, we threw the contest open to bona fide clapped outs, i.e. the Editor plus anyone else prepared to admit to such a state. Roy's handicapping did produce some peculiar results, notably Rod Laker's nett 16-36 (Did Roy think Rod was clapped out?), but Micky Robinson was a deserving winner of the trophy with an actual time of 28-55, with Iris second (Iris clapped out - never!).

Cliff, Maurice and Robin Johnson somehow squeezed them - selves, three bikes, a tent and all the gear into the Sharpmobile and headed west for the Spring Bank Holiday week-end. After charging through gale and rain all Friday evening, they eventually gave up waiting for the weather to improve and stopped near Ottery St. Mary at 1 am, and somehow managed to erect the tent on a verge despite the gale; after which Maurice lay awake for most of (the remainder of) the night expecting the tent to float away either wind or water borne, but it just about stayed put. Meanwhile Cliff, who will have none of this camping nonsense, was snoring away in the comfort (well security anyway) of the van. Needless to say, a passing copper soon asked them to move on next morning, wanting no vagabonds on his patch! The intrepid trio then set off for Copplestone, where they rode the St. Budeaux 25 in the sun and gale of Saturday and the Exeter Whs. 25 in the murk and drizzle of Sunday, Cliff recording 1-0-1 and 59-32 and Maurice 1-5-23 and 1-4-10. Cliff was victorious but in the Saturday event had to give best to Roy Hopkins's 59-32, his first ride of the season! The globe-trotting continued with a trip to Reading, and next morning the Marlborough 25 on the Bath Road. A full field, as against low numbers in Devon, still couldn't prevent Cliff from taking a further fine victory, his 58-18 making him a full minute clear. Maurice also managed his fastest of the week-end, 1-3-19, but still lost to Robin on overall classification for the week-end by ten seconds!

Just to finish on a financial note (That always appeals, especially a £20 note), the club was lucky enough to win second prize in the lottery associated with the Olympic Endeavour Fund. The unfortunate side of this, as you may have read in 'the comic', was the low number of clubs making any donation to the fund, which we considered very worthwhile since the money was intended specifically for cycling preparation for the Olympic Games. Having already missed three deadlines with Dennis, and knowing he's

Eastbourne Rovers C.C. (Continued)

probably already waiting at Pevensey (it's evening 10 night) with an expectant look on his face, I must close and rush out into what at least looks a bit more like summer - or did we have that last Tuesday?

THE MOOR

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WHAT'S IN A NAME? by The Editor

While doing a spot of touring in West Sussex last autumn, I could not help noticing among the many place names ending with the well known Saxon suffixes 'ing' and 'ton', one name very much the odd man out, namely Lyminster. Now according to historians this village is of Saxon origin, and indeed much of the Saxon church remains; so perhaps the 'minster' (a type of name which is more common in such counties as Somerset and Devon) relates to the fact that there was once a nunnery there, founded in the reign of Athelstan. On the same ride I was surprised to find a house alongside the A27 near Somp-ting named 'Sea View'. I in fact was having a good laugh about it until I discovered that the house was on a small hill, and by looking very hard to the south one could just discern the sea in the distance. Quite a few peculiarities can be found in the names of certain cycling clubs. Years ago it was common for a club to be named after the public house where it's meetings were held, (e.g. Brighton Mitre); but nowadays with many bike-riders bedazzled by all things Continental, we get such names as Velo Club St. Raphael and Velo Club Santa Cruz etc. In this respect the cyclists of Chichester set a puzzle to anyone not conversant with the French language or the story of the Roman occupation of Britain, their Velo Club Noviomagus having one French, one English and one Latin word making up the title of the club. While on this subject I have a strong suspicion that if there is any such place as the Gordano Valley, it will be found in Italy and not in the Bristol area. Ah well, perhaps one day English cyclists will stop feeling inferior about being English cyclists, and will once again call themselves simply the Blanktown Cycling Club, or Cycle Racing Club if you like. One more odd name to conclude. Deep in the East Sussex countryside outside Northiam is a typical small country shop called, believe it or not "City Stores".

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The Editor's mother, a widow in her seventies, recently received by post a circular from a firm called Beate Uhse who specialise in goods which they say will increase one's sexual enjoyment. The letter began, "Do you want to improve the quality of your sex life"?

There was an interesting scene at the finish of a Mitre club event, where such notabilities as Bill Sladen and Ken Wells were bustling round finding a club entry form for a young lady who was thinking of joining the Mitre. This young lady was most impressed by their eagerness, but expressed her reaction in a rather unfortunate way by saying, "I've never had so many important people trying to get me in the club".!!!!

After Cliff Sharp, Ken Stevens and Terry Leach had broken the Rovers' long-standing club team record at 25 miles, former team 'regular' Mo Colburn was feeling a bit 'choked' and remarked, "It's nice to be the fourth fastest rider in the club". Whereupon a bystander sporting a short-back-and-sides haircut, looking at Mo's flowing locks, cracked, "Well, at least you're the club's fastest lady".

Are you looking for a nice fast course where you can do one or two crafty P.B.s? If you are, the new Southborough 10 course hurtles madly from the top of Quarry Hill down the slip road on to the Tonbridge by-pass, then along the fume trail for five miles, screams round the River Hill roundabout and speeds back to the finish at the bottom of the hill. It would appear to be inspired by those 'Hotwheel' toy car tracks, and we hear that they are trying to base a 25 course on the same roads. If you want to try it, Southboro' club events are on Thursdays.

Students of natural history who can never remember which is a stalagmite and which is a stalactite should find the following formula useful. Stalagmites with a "G" come up from the ground, and stalactites with a "C" come down from the ceiling.

Val Baxendine's notes came in much too late, but there's just space to mention the Grinstead's Carnival Road Race on July 8th on a E.G. - Forest Row - Hartfield - Holtye - E.G. circuit. The riders will be leading the carnival procession through the town and finishing in the carnival itself.

Definition of a sadist - a person who is kind to a masochist.

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STOP PRESS The Editor wishes to withdraw his remark about the Gordano Valley C.C. in his article 'What's In A Name'. Since going to press he has discovered that there is indeed such a place and it is in Somerset between Avonmouth and Clevedon, with villages named Easton in Gordano, Weston in Gordano and Walton in Gordano. Reference books state that the origin of this uncharacteristic but attractive name is uncertain.