



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

New Series No.41

SPRING 1973

Secretary } Mr R. Humphrey
& } 4, Ebenezer Cottages,
Treasurer } Framfield, Uckfield.

(Mr D. Neeves
(19, East Parade
(Hastings, Sx.

EDITORIAL

Although the social season just ended had many enjoyable functions, certain unfortunate trends have become apparent which seem to call for some thought. First of all comes the fact that apart from the Southborough dinner (which in any case had only one visitor from another Esca club), the East Sussex social season was crammed into six hectic weeks between January 3rd and February 17th. One looks back with nostalgia to the days when social activities began with the Tunbridge Wells Road Club dinner in mid-November and was then spread out until the Hastings Warrrior C.C. function in early March. All praise to the East Grinstead club, who (vide their current club notes), are trying to do something about it. Then there is the vexed question of musical entertainment at club dinners, which is causing a certain amount of dissatisfaction. True, there are many people today whose idea of bliss is being bombarded with heavily amplified 'pop' music; on the other hand there are also many people who, far from liking this form of music, are almost driven to distraction by it, and are unhappy at being unable to converse with other people. I feel that it is up to club committees to decide what sort of people they wish to attract to their functions, and to make it quite clear in their prospectus what is to be expected. To be fair, the East Grinstead club has been doing this for some years now. Finally, the time seems to be approaching when we will have to stand up and be counted regarding the Loyal Toast; as the mutters of "And all who sail in her" are getting louder every year. Perhaps the toast should be made before the cross-toasting begins, with the diners still in a reasonably sober frame of mind; otherwise, if we are not prepared to treat this formal toast with respect let's have the courage of our convictions and cut it out.

D.N.

MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

The last meeting of the Management Committee was held at Burgess Hill on January 11th, with Ken Atkins in the chair. The organisers of the Supper and Prize Presentation reported that arrangements were well in hand, and that they planned to keep to last year's popular format. The Grand National Draw was discussed; the meeting eventually voting in favour of Dennis Neeves's suggestion that five tickets in a book at 2p each might tempt more people to buy a complete book. The question of the Touring Competition was continued from the AGM. Mr Neeves remarked that with due respect to the efforts of others, John Dutson seemed to have the knack of running this competition, and proposed him as organiser. The meeting agreed to this, and when John Roberts sportingly offered his services as assistant, this was accepted with thanks. The date was fixed at November 11th; and it was suggested that two or three starting points be used. The proposed Film Show was discussed; but as it was thought too late to organise anything for the current social season, the matter was carried forward to a later meeting. Most of the delegates thought the idea of Association place-to-place records worth exploring; it being decided that the courses sub-committee is in the best position to handle the matter. This committee reported that the re-measurement of our courses would be finished in about a month except for the 100 which would have to await the completion of certain road works. Iris Stevens told the meeting that Hellingly Hall was only available for changing accomodation on the first Sunday of the month, which was why the Hardriders had been put back to March 4th.

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Take A Cold Bath And Go For A Brisk Walk

Looking back on the past social season, we think that it's just as well that Lord Longford and Mrs Whitehouse are never invited to East Sussex functions. Roy Humphrey's speech at the Rovers' dinner was full of sexual innuendo, with references to "...parents watching their sons and daughters in the club"; and worse still, "Lou Bathurst coupled with Pete Crowsley". At the same function Ken Stevens publicly admitted that he had spent the whole of the previous day in bed. Then there were the Southboro' members' jokes about plastic packets and backs of cars, plus certain items of news from East Grinstead. Taking things all round, it seems to us that the 1973 racing season started not a moment too soon.

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* * * * *

Len's Of Bexhill Closes

We regret to inform readers that Len's, the cycle shop at St. Leonards Road, Bexhill, is no longer open for business, having gone into liquidation in January shortly after the 1973 covers for this magazine were printed. At his public examination the proprietor, Mr Leonard Goodwin said that for a while after transferring the business from Hastings to Bexhill he seemed to be doing better; but for some time now tightening profit margins and a gradual decline in the cycle trade generally had meant that he was not making enough to cover his living expenses, and so debts had piled up.

After my dismal failure to produce the goods for the Autumn edition, I set out to make amends for the New Year issue, only to eventually discover that the only person to enjoy my masterpiece was a Cypriot restauranter on his holidays back home in Cyprus ! I should mention that the non-receipt of my notes by Dennis till too late for total inclusion was my fault in putting a wrong address rather than that of our much-maligned Post Office. With this confession I can at last return to chronicling the nefarious activities of those Rovers who didn't hibernate for the winter, unlike Sharp.

I frequently wish that all dinners, suppers etc. could be held before Christmas in order not to hinder New Year training ; but as the years go by I fear that such a step would probably cause one to hibernate till the rude shock of the Hardriders ; whereas in the present conditions there is some incentive to ride to these functions. The Sussex luncheon, this year newly situated in Henfield, is usually the first Sunday of the year yielding a respectable day's mileage, but for Graham it was the very first mileage of the year. This was painfully apparent when he was first roared off by Maurice and then had similar treatment when he joined up further along the way with the Stevens tandem, for once sans side-car. Perhaps the latter failure was more forgivable however since the tandem left a shattered trio of Ken Griffiths, Peter Coles and Maurice in it's wake on the run home. Peter's excuse was that he had spent the duration of the luncheon walking the muddiest paths round Henfield, being too impecunious to attend the function. I should have joined him and saved both money and exposure to another marathon apology from Johnson for winning the Sussex B.A.R. Perhaps Peter's walking was in hopes of fraying his legs at the ends ; at 14 he already has to ride a 'Longfellow' !

About this time Maurice, being a bit of a 'Bolshie' type at work, urged a colleague to refuse to go to Guildford on relief because of personal reasons ; and three days later found himself there for eight weeks in his mate's place ! Maurice had one slight hitch on the way up on a wet and windy morning when he leaped out of the train having seen '....ford' on the station sign only to find it was Shalford station. He was too embarrassed to get back on. Maurice soon found that cyclists and cycling connections were everywhere when he met Alun Willard of the Charlotteville, a buddy of Cliff's, on his first evening in the town ; and shortly afterwards discovered that one of his office colleagues was related to Clive Dyball, a past winner of our Open 25. Thoughts of training and fitness were pushed

aside whilst he enjoyed the livelier social life than sedate Eastbourne can offer, including rock concerts ; although after bemoaning the total absence of such concerts in Eastbourne, Maurice went home one week-end to discover Steeleye Span were to appear shortly, far and away the most adventurous booking ever for the Congress Theatre. I include this totally irrelevant information just to annoy Mr Crowsley and to provide some opposition to his regular propaganda for classical music. Incidentally, Dennis, my musical (but not confectionery) tastes cover both soft and hard rock. (Well, it makes a change from 'Roadmen v. Testers' doesn't it ? Ed.) Eventually however, Maurice's conscience, or rather the suffering at the week-end, reminded him that fitness is easily lost, so having finally picked up the lingo (Greek !) at his hotel in order to arrange accommodation for his bike, this was transported thence and training up and down the A3 commenced, in considerable trepidation after so many stories of cyclists being run down. In this connection it has long been my opinion that many motorists fail to see us, not because of faulty eyesight, but rather because they look straight through us to what other motor vehicles are doing. They assume that all cyclists are doing 10 mph or less, will not insist on right of way, and can stop dead if necessary, an attitude engendered by their finding so many cyclists on the roads who act precisely in this way because they feel intimidated by the size and relative speed of motor vehicles. Are you still with me ?

The last week-end of January saw us holding both a jumble sale and a club party. I'm sure there was less jumble (at the former anyway) than last year and more of it new rubbish, but we managed to take nearly fifty per cent more money - was Sharp the organiser really ? A good time was as ever had at the party, though I'm convinced that we have a club of beetle-drive cheats : perhaps they thought the clothes newly purchased the previous day would disguise their true identities, particularly if they wore shirts, pullovers etc. previously belonging to clubmates ! Guest of honour Ken Webb failed to put in an appearance at our dinner, held as usual at the Pier Hotel, and we still have had no explanation. (Not far enough from Crawley perhaps. Ed.) Since the dancing always seems to be over before it's really under way, this was however not altogether a loss. Readers will recall Maurice's exposure to full frontal nudity in France last summer, and certainly Iris can't seem to forget either since she presented him at the dinner with a copy of Mayfair to improve his knowledge of the subject - with what purpose, I wonder.

(continued overleaf)

Eastbourne Rovers C.C. (continued)

Alan Thatcher, who did us proud by getting '72 racing reports into the Argus regularly, attended and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself; and one result was that he turned up at our clubroom with a photo-grapher, and excellent publicity for the club has subsequently appeared in the Argus in the form of articles with photos of Cliff, and Heather with Mum and Dad. The Association supper was again an excellent function, although the 'steak' (?) would have been more appropriately used to repair the little hole in my left cycling shoe. Ken's speech amounted to a review of Esca from 1948 to 1959, so where is the second half, or doesn't he talk about anything after the year of his marriage? After insulting the Wanderers, Maurice spent the next week wondering whether he would find a couple of bouncers barring his way into the Elephant and Castle at Lewes on the Saturday but they must indeed be tolerant in the Wanderers as he got in and wasn't even cross-toasted on the subject! As ever this was a real cyclists' dinner, with excellent speeches from Chris Watts and a top form Geoff. The stabilisers presented to Simon Myatt last year should clearly become an annual presentation, with the clear 1972 winner Dick Whittington - and he's fallen off again since!

At this time Maurice was trying to sort out the club road race preparations by remote control from Guildford, being presented each week-end with ever greater problems, culminating in the loss of the Village Hall at Rushlake Green as H.Q. : the riders will just have to be like the 'time-testers' and change by the road side. With a below-full-field entry for the first time ever, and only one Sussex rider, we wonder whether it's now worthwhile, particularly remembering that we first ventured into road race promotion on behalf of the old Sussex RRF. Our club committee meeting in late February was memorable in that Cliff actually arrived for the first time in living memory before the minutes (and Maurice) arrived. However, he proceeded to use the extra time for catching up on his sleep, but did wake up in time to hear that the club dinner did not, despite all his gloomy forecasts, when we cut down his proposed ticket price, make a loss : he then returned to his slumbers.

It was gratifying to see considerably increased support for the Hardriders, but that couldn't stop us from dominating the event once again. Indeed we could have had a clean sweep if that scab Johnson hadn't intruded, or alternatively joined our ranks : I understand the Mitre don't particularly want him!
(But is he any good at selling jumble and making clubroom tea ? Ed.)

Eastbourne Rovers C.C. (continued)

These notes have been completed in something of a panic as I met the Editor yesterday (why do I look for trouble by heading out to Hastings prom' ?) and was threatened with assault with a droopy length of soft rock : I'm too young to die, especially like that!

May your spokes ever sparkle.....

THE MOOR

=====

Uncle Crow Reports On The Childrens Party

Having learnt a lot from my first try last year, this edition came a lot easier. The numbers were down, with 15 girls and 2 boys, which could be interesting in ten years time! Everyone enjoyed themselves and even the grown-ups got enough to eat; but the drop in numbers was mainly attributed to so many of the rising generation out-growing childrens parties. Do we want a change next year, if so to what?

The formula first tried at last year's Association Supper attracted 93 persons to the 1973 function, held on Feb. 10th at Framfield. Those present included many old Esca people, including Mr and Mrs Pearson, Mr and Mrs Funnell, Reg Shingleton and other old Uckfield members; also Mr Charles Lelliot, a founder member of the Central Sussex club in the early thirties. 1973 President Ken Stevens took the company for a lengthy trip down Memory Lane when replying to Basil Chilcott's toast to The Association. Pete Crowsley toasted the Ladies, Visitors and Press in typical fashion, with a reply from Alan Baxendine, husband of East Grinstead's Val. Best-all-rounder Maurice Colburn gave a neat speech of thanks at the culmination of the prize presentation, the collection of photos again had everyone asking, "who, when and where", and before and after the meal there was of course much pleasant renewal of old acquaintance. D.N.

Any Esca folk who want to keep the social atmosphere going for a little longer might like to go to the Langney Community Centre at 8-30 pm on Wednesday April 18th, when Eastbourne Rovers will be showing a programme of cycling films. Admission Free.

Change of officials. Southborough and District Whs. Hon. Secretary Arthur Smith, 7, Priestley Drive, Tonbridge. Telephone Ton. 61514

With the weather outside better than it was for most of last summer, it looks very tempting. How nice it would be if one could just leave everything and go out on the bike, but that just is not on and Bonk notes are only one of the things that have to be done by yesterday! So let's think, what has happened in our part of the world. Well the year started with the Dinner, so that's where I shall start. Our new venue the Ashdown Golf Hotel, Forest Row proved to be a good move, and everyone seemed to enjoy the evening. The hotel itself is just getting over it. I don't think they had ever had a crowd like us before, and the usual cross-toasting was not the sort of thing that normally goes on there. However they are prepared to have us back for next year's dinner, or should I say this year's as it will be on Saturday December 8th 1973. By coming forward we hope to not clash with anyone this time, so make a note of the day. There are several who would like us to have a monthly dinner not annual: we could become the East Grinstead Binge Club and give up cycling altogether....WOW!! I don't think Fred has recovered from the last 'do' yet. I presented him with binoculars for when the dancer came on; he did not need these as his eyes looked like binoculars in themselves, and when she had him on the floor....well ??? Our guests Mrs Molly Sale and husband of Woodgate Dairies, who sponsor our Carnival road race, enjoyed the evening, staying right to the end, having only intended to stay a short while. Our President welcomed the guests and thanked Molly Sale for the interest she has shown in our sport. He felt we should make the race as local as we can and get more publicity for our sponsors, bringing the race through the Carnival itself. Pete Duker, our other guest, spoke of the youngsters coming into our sport, a promising sign.

Another presentation made at the dinner was the Engagement Ring. This was made to fit an elephant and is presented each year as a 'big hint' that it is about time the recipient got married.- and it has worked! Past owners have been Dick Marchant and Bob Smith, the latter presenting it to Trevor Budgen this year. Maybe he took the hint because he is now engaged: doing his bit for the Common Market (that was not a good way of phrasing it), he plans to marry a French girl later this year. Other forthcoming attractions in our club are due to Mick and Raye Robinson and Terry and Nula Collins next month. Then later still, not wanting to be left out of things, Ann and Peter Brooker are expecting their fourth member for the Brooker 4-up team T.T. team for 1990.

We hope to be more productive this year not only with new babies but also on the racing side of things. We are very pleased to welcome back Bob Beatty into our ranks, now that he is back living in East Grinstead. Also seen out training has been Trevor Budgen. Our club has had an invite from our French twin town to ride a special Town Twinning race and stay a few days in France. Only cost being the fares. Apparently we cannot send a club team, so the invite is now open to all Sussex riders, first and second category riders that is. Roy is the one sorting out the team, and I am the one who is organising the trip: so if you are interested and eligible to ride, get in touch with Roy at once. The race is on Thursday May 31st: the town is Bourge de Peage down in the Alps right down in the South of France. The party will travel the day before and leave on the following Tuesday. Cost about £19 for your fares only. Unfortunately this clashes with my own promotions on June 3rd, so I will not be able to go. Still on racing, our other road race is the Woodgate Carnival Milk Race on the Bank Holiday Monday August 27th. We have evening 10 mile events starting on May 2nd on the Godstone course, which will be on every Wednesday evening during the summer.

We should like to send our condolences to Don Awcock who is recovering from a very nasty pile-up involving another motorist who needs glasses or something. It didn't do his car much good, but didn't do Don much good either. Only a cyclist would realise just what this means to Don; all that training, miles and miles and the season just about to start. It is heartbreaking for him and we in the East Grinstead C.C. wish you well Don and hope you will be back on the road again soon. However long it is, it is sure to be sooner than the doctors or anyone thinks, as the medical people don't take into account the determination of the cyclist to get back to his sport.

Well, I think that's all I have to say; let's hope for a summer that is better than the last one; with lots of fitness and no more accidents, and that the East Grinstead will again have the Sussex road race champion for 1973 !!!!

VAL

P.S. For my fellow East Grinstead members...Definition of SHAGGY in my dictionary is, "Hairy, rough-haired". (One track minds some of them have).

If you get fascinated by heraldry as much as I do you will know that it has a world and language of its own which is marvellous for winners at scrabble etc. Its one defect seems to be its remoteness from the present age, but as knights used to ride into battle clothed in their coats-of-arms, do we not also do battle (under BCF and RTTC regulations) bearing our counterpart of heraldic devices, i.e. racing vests? Being such a vast subject I'll limit it to the road aspect for distinctive vests have been used in track racing since the dawn of cycling in Britain.

1953 was the year when the RTTC dropped its amazing 'inconspicuous black' rule and we could all race about in our peacock finery. This was easy to effect for those clubs with a strong track (grass or hard) following, but the rest of us had to use the Holdsworth 'Heavy Cotton' racing vest which was more like an ex-Boer War T shirt. Several clubs used the standard Holdsworth colours, i.e. Uckfield C.C. black/gold band; Central Sussex, white/blue band; Rye Whs. white/red band; and later Fortune C.C. (Brighton), black/red band. East Grinstead also used the white/blue although their colours were blue and gold. Blue seems to be the favourite colour among Esca clubs. Brighton Excelsior have kept true to their blue with one or two gold bands. Brighton Mitre started with blue and white bands, which must have been very confusing for both clubs, then went to blue with white sleeves and now to blue with two vertical bands. East Grinstead changed to blue with gold quarters on their sleeves in 1957, then in the mid-sixties changed to gold, red and black sleeves while keeping the blue body but now with two gold vertical bands: the only club I know with four colours, and most effective. When the Southern Whs. (white, gold and green) attempted to amalgamate with the Crawley C.C. (blue, blue and orange bands), it was the colours that caused the major disagreement. The new club, the Crawley Wheelers, settled for blue and gold, (the gold being the upper body portion), but a younger section refused to adopt this and immediately broke away to form the Velo Club Crawley with colours of red and white. Hastings also has blue which with red bands and sleeves is also the town's colours, and this design they have kept without alteration. All the clubs previously mentioned used dark blue, but light blue with brown and white were the colours of Eastbourne Rovers. All black with red and white bands was the colour scheme of the Hastings Warriors, now alas no more. Not long after the demise of the Warriors, came another Hastings area club, the Spartan C.R.C. with a purple/gold/purple tricolour body and gold sleeves, modelled on the Mercian trade team vest, I believe.

Lewes Wanderers used to look rather subdued with brown vests with gold and green bands; but the recent change-round, after a period of variations, to gold with green and brown bands looks much brighter. The former design would be much more suitable for cyclo-cross events though. "And now for something completely different". This must have been in the minds of Howard Burrell and Ron Ewart when they re-designed the Central Sussex racing vest which had been Brighton Mitre stage one reversed, i.e. white with two blue bands. Something to show up in the bunch - PINK!; but that had already been bagged by the G.S. Europa of Southampton, so pink with one vertical black band and trim it had to be. It's certainly original. The Royal Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C. to give them their full title, were also original with a vertical division of grey with red sleeve and red with grey sleeve; most confusing when watching them track racing. After the RTTC emancipation Eastbourne Rovers came up with a blue vest with a brown band and white trim, which was all too easily confused with De Laune C.C. colours. A white phase came, with blue and brown bands, and some variations on this theme; but the mid-sixties ushered in the present design of light blue and brown with 'Eastbourne' across the back in white. The white phase, (did we have hot summers then?) also hit the Uckfield C.C. who used black and gold horizontal or vertical bands on white vests before their demise. Southborough Wheelers never settled on a standard racing vest till 1958, when the black then smaller red and yellow upper parts formed an unequal tricolour to contrast with black sleeves. This design was destined for a short stay, as the well-known South-boró 'V's came in about 1960. As a co-designer of this I feel that a gold body with red and black 'V's looks distinctive and smart, but the wind of change has blown again and from 1973 the official S.D.W. colours are gold, red sleeves, and 2" wide black and gold joined horizontal bands. The Tunbridge Wells Road Club also featured mainly black to start with, offset with two green bands: this was changed to a most attractive design of black with a filled green chevron and sleeves, with TWRC across the back in white. There was also the Brighton Premier C.R.C. affiliated to the Association for a year but never raced; plain gold with green trim and 'BP' on the sleeves. Also while the Heath C.C. never had colours, what about the Senlac Road Club and the Polegate Road Club? This article has been constructed from observation and enquiry, but is by no means infallible: the writer welcomes any comments from readers.

Having made a complete muck-up of the last quarter's notes and sent them in a month late, I had better try to rectify matters this time. Our winter season, apart from sundry social events, of which more later, has been concentrated on the club run front. Colin Leigh having been appointed Club Captain at the A.G.M. last November, together with Alan Limbrey soon got things moving. Runs have tended to resemble a road race on some occasions, and cyclo-dross on others; but a steady attendance has been achieved, helped by the mild weather. There is a lot of generation gap, with four of us, Alan, Ron Pitt, Alan Packett and myself having combined ages equal to all the rest put together and doubled. Our junior section as you might have gathered from the above is going well at the moment, several of our schoolboys having got too old for that category, coupled with several promising new members. I find it slightly odd that we have a 13-year-old just starting his third racing season, Owan Leigh who rode his first club 10 at eleven years old, and has now ridden in time trials, track, circuit and cyclo-cross events, to say nothing of the Catford Hill-Climb. Prospects for the racing season look good, time trial prospects seem to rest mainly on Robin, Keith Chandler, and Adrian Morris, plus the vets section; the youngsters seeming to be interested mainly in road racing and track; although we expect a strong representation in the GHS 10, with two finalists from last year still eligible. Social activities during the winter have been up to the usual standard, with representation at most of the local dinners and lunches, 'snake and pygmy pie', as advertised in last quarter's Lewes notes, seeming the most popular (?) menu. Some of our keener members have been attending Tony Yorke's circuit training courses at the Boundstone school gym, and apparently creeping home shattered afterwards! I don't know what effect they are having, but I seem to be getting left on the hills on club runs more than usual. As I write these notes five of our members have gone to a week-end coaching course at Crystal Palace with Tony. Five out of a total of forty-five from the rest of the district can't be bad. For those who don't know Tony, who is B.C.F. division coach, he is doing a grand job for our and other clubs' youngsters: send them along to Tony. The start of the 1973 racing season as seen at the Hardriders doesn't seem to have changed much. I don't know who was responsible for the starting order, but a spectator waiting down the road seeing Messrs Stevens, Curtis, Neeves, Wells, Boore, Griffiths and Packett all in the first dozen or so must have thought we are a pretty elderly lot; on second thoughts delete the "pretty".

Even the finishing order, with Stevens, Limbrey, Rogers and Wyatt all well up, must have made the average age of the first six a bit high. That's all for now.

K.M.W.

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HERE AND THERE AT THE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Chris Watts slipped up once or twice while toasting the club at the Lewes dinner. She described Mick Burgess as the oldest surviving member when she really meant the last active member who was in at the re-formation of the Wanderers in 1951. A visitor commented, "Blimey, he must be older than Dixon Of Dock Green". Mrs Watts also wrongly included Roy Humphrey in the Central Sussex contingent; and when she said, "I'm sorry - Roy is not a member of Central Sussex" a voice from the Rovers' table called out "Pity". Mick Burgess did a good job as toastmaster at this function: the only thing was that his deep policeman's voice made even "Ladies and gentlemen - The Queen" sound a bit like "Come along there - move along".

In the first two minutes of his speech at the Association supper, Pete Crowsley used the words Chronological, Ethnological and Astronomical. Copies of Chambers' English Dictionary will obviously have to be put on each table at any future function at which Crow is due to speak. Pete was the third speaker, and announced that he had timed Basil Chilcott at 8 minutes and Ken Stevens at 24 minutes. He himself threatened to cap this by speaking for 1hr.12 mins. but relented. Musical oddities crop up from time to time at social evenings. A few years ago the band at the Southboro' dinner played The Last Waltz With You for the first waltz of the evening; Now Is The Hour was heard about half way through the dancing at the recent Eastbourne function; and even more strange, as background music to the drawing of the raffle (a new idea in itself) the D/J played at full volume a record of what sounded like the Massed Bands Of The Edinburgh Tattoo! More music with a difference at the Southborough dinner, where the East Surrey club's buglers were among the visitors and blew various musical comments on the proceedings, including the General Salute when club president Lou Bathurst went up to the prize table to collect an award. The social whirl, of course, is getting more expensive all the time, but the Editor had a shock when, after telling Sharp and Colburn that, much as he would like to, he would be unable to be present at the Alfriston slide show, they tried to charge him fifteen pence for being there in spirit!

THE RACING SCENE

The 1973 racing season got off to a good start with a good entry and mild, though blustery conditions for the Hardriders, which exact course measurement now shows to be 16.906 miles. As usual there was wide variation in the standard of fitness between those who had obviously been training for weeks and those who, had mainly social riding in their legs. Apart from Cliff Sharp, who does more 'work' miles than many people do training miles, Robin Johnson seemed to be in the former category, while John Dutson (50-41) was in the latter, though Maurice Colburn, also with mostly social riding behind him, managed to flog himself round into third place, just ahead of his clubmate Ken Stevens, who also does a fair number of 'riding to work' miles. The ten-strong Southborough contingent showed signs of having spent more time on the building site than on the road, apart from Malc Withers, who possibly rides from home to new clubroom by a circuitous route. The Seaford Express did what was expected of him in the time that was expected of him, and with Colburn and Stevens gave the Rovers yet another team win.; while if any of these three had failed, Don Hook's ride would have been good enough to clinch matters. The event was organised by Brighton Excelsior with Val Stringer acting as event secretary.

Result

1	C. Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	41 - 43
2	R. Johnson	Brighton Mitre	42 - 50
3	M. Colburn	Eastbourne Rovers	43 - 38
4	K. Stevens	Eastbourne Rovers	43 - 42
5	R. Rogers	Central Sussex	43 - 48
6	M. Withers	Southborough & Distr.	43 - 56
7	A. Limbrey	Brighton Mitre	43 - 59
8	M. Wyatt	Brighton Mitre	44 - 42
9	D. Hook	Eastbourne Rovers	44 - 44
10	A. Hale	Central Sussex	45 - 15

Entrants 48 Starters 46 Finishers 45

Timekeepers W.J. Dunford and R.G. Porter
Recorder R. Humphrey

THE RACING SCENE

Hardriders Result (continued)

1st Team	Eastbourne Rovers	(Sharp, Colburn, Stevens)	2 - 09 - 03
2nd Team	Brighton Mitre	(Johnson, Limbrey, Wyatt)	2 - 11 - 31
3rd Team	Central Sussex	(Rogers, Hale, Hone)	2 - 14 - 28

Forthcoming Events

Sunday April 8th 2-up Team Time Trial Hellingly 8 am.
Event Secretary P.J. Crowsley, Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.

Sunday April 29th 25 Miles. Start just off A22 S. of Framfield.
Event Secretary Mrs I. Stevens, 3, Lansdowne Crescent,
Hailsham BN27 1LN

Saturday May 12th 10 Miles Start nr. Whitesmith afternoon.
Event Secretary M. Colburn, 5, Windover Way, Lower Willington,
Eastbourne.

Sunday June 10th 50 miles Start Hellingly 6-30 or 7-0 am.
Event Secretary Mrs R. Coe, 84, Dene Road, Brighton BN2 4BD.

Saturday June 23rd 10 Miles Start nr. Whitesmith afternoon
Event Secretary M. Kilby, 11, Sherbourne Road, Hove BN3 8BA.

If you have any queries regarding racing matters, contact the Association Racing Secretary, Mrs I. Stevens, 3, Lansdowne Crescent,
Hailsham BN27 1LN.

TRACK RACING Messrs Geoff Boore of the Central and Alan Limbrey of the Mitre (ex Prestonville) welcome all 'get fit quickly' addicts to Preston Park track on a Saturday morning from 10 till 12 o'clock for inter-club events, chain gangs, occasional sprints, but most of all good warm-up pre-season fast miles. Cost is 10 pence per rider, fixed wheel is preferred and crash hat is essential.

Paradoxically the brevity of this report is in inverse proportion to the amount of club activity during the past quarter. The activity has been all channelled into building the new club hut at High Brooms. Thanks a lot to the time and effort put in by the majority of the club under the foremanship of the man with the long whip, Alf Obbard, plus the clemency of the weather, the hut has gone up inside schedule, and at the time of writing now needs the specialised interior work for its completion. Just add money of course, for costs have worked out higher than expected, and another £400 is still needed. When that is viewed at £10 per member it seems a little frightening; so if any of you are wondering what to do with your pools or premium bond win..... My first visit to the site was after the Lewes dinner; and as I looked across the valley to the viaduct I couldn't help thinking that if this had been built a decade ago one could have sat on the steps on a summer's evening watching 'Schools' class and other delectable pieces of machinery as it steamed its way along the Hastings-London line. We might even have got Geoff Willcocks to join second claim.

Our marvellous A.G.M. (now, let me see - who was it that played truant? Ed.) is now published in paperback - the Jan. club magazine! There has been a grand swop round of officers, and our new Hon. Sec. is Arthur Smith late of the Edgware CTC section. We remain Southborough AND DISTRICT Wheelers (despite the heading of these notes), now have associate members and a re-designed racing vest among other things. Pete Wall's attempt to get cycle-polo going again (we were a top club before the war) seems to have born fruit. Robin, Royston, Ian and Graham Cooke attended a coaching session at the Crystal Palace on Feb 4th and have now entered a 4-a-side competition. The Boxing Day Festive 10 got amazing support. About fifty club-folk and friends came out to the Red Cow, Tudely, very few in cars I'm glad to say, and twenty-seven rode in the event. Paul Woodman was the only one under half an hour on the very sporting 4 lap course, with Malc, Alf and Alan Brockington getting within the 31 min. bracket. Prizes were distributed having little bearing on the result, ale flowed abundantly, and everyone went home saying what a terrific get-together it had been.

I often wonder why most clubs feel it so necessary to have their dinners from mid-January to Mid-February instead of spacing them out a bit. Maybe a social date-fixing conference during the racing season wouldn't be so very silly, as we had Crawley, East Grinstead and Eastbourne Rovers all on the same night.

Outside Esca the Wheelers attended the K.C.A. 'do' at Maidstone, our contingent making about one third of the total attendance despite there being about thirty clubs in that association; and all went well and enjoyably under Babs and Bryan's organisation. Lou, Babs and Bryan went along to the Hastings dinner which, among other virtues, is blessed with real live musicians. One runs out of superlatives to describe the Rovers and Lewes dinners though they are vastly different; while I for one would enthuse more about the Central's dinner if they would reduce the volume of their musical entertainment. The Esca supper showed just how unnecessary disco's can be. A happy formula seems to have been arrived at by the organisers, and this is reflected in the increased attendance. How nice to see the individual touches; the photo display, copies of Bonk from No.1. and the racing eye-shield as used by the Editor; not to mention the cross-toasting blending past and present; plus the entertaining remarks from Best All-Rounder Mo and the retiring President's speech introducing Ken Stevens. I had already had an interesting time running the childrens party, having learnt a lot at my first try last year. (Full report on page Ed.) Personally I enjoy parties for children of all ages, like the Rovers/CTC promotion.

We can now write about the Hardriders in the Spring edition without being abysmally late. Southboro' seem to have had a new year resolution as ten of us rode including our president. Malc's 43-56 took him into a very meritorious 6th place especially as he was on 81 fixed. It's interesting that six of the Southbors rode single gears ranging from 67 to 81! Brother Geoff, 46-56 and Alf, 47-27 backed him up but Central pushed us out of 3rd team spot. Dave Wright saw Barbara Atkins and went off course! (Oh well - as long as he didn't go off the rails!! Ed.) On April 7th you can ride the Southborough Open 10 on the Tonbridge drag-strip course to warm you up for my Esca TTT 29 next morning..... Why not?

CROW

P.S. After their stage appearance last September, the Esca Management Committee met in January in the plushiest of plush rooms in the Burgess Hill shopping complex, where ties and dark suits would have been more in keeping than plusses and sweaters. Where will the next one be? a. Beachy Head lighthouse b. Ashdown Forest radio station c. Uckfield signal box d. Bexhill baths shallow end ?????

It is not easy to write in an optimistic fashion when your club's best rider is lying in hospital with a broken collarbone and crushed vertebrae. Having trained every day throughout the winter Don Awcock was run over in Handcross only a few days before his first event of the season. We wish him a successful and quick recovery. Within the same week John Hillier had his brand-new blue 'Barachi' stolen at the Cyclo-Cross Championships at Crystal Palace. The fact that it was insured has lessened the blow. In spite of these slices of bad luck club spirit is at a very high level, mainly due to the fact that the majority of the club, fifteen or sixteen, will be racing regularly this year. Not that everything in the club runs perfectly smoothly, however. The old spectre of RTTC v BCF raised it's ugly head again at the A.G.M. Not having read 'Cycling' for two or three years I thought such ideas were dormant, but obviously they are not. The reliability trial was too much of a vehicle for settling pre-season scores for my liking, but the whole day was a great success particularly for Ron Ewart, who not only organised it but attacked beautifully up to Balcombe past the Ouse Viaduct and over Hullings and West Hill to finally finish off the arch enemy Boore over the Ditchling and Devil's Dyke climbs. Geoff to his credit hung on to finish within the time. A young unattached rider, Mark Jones, aged 12, failed by only a few minutes to meet the severe $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. time limit, while his father and elder sister failed to complete the course. This trio of Joneses is not related to Adrian Jones who joined us from the Crawley Wheelers during the close season along with John Hillier and Alan Hale. It is easy to criticise people who change clubs for lack of loyalty, but few people who have changed clubs have taken the decision lightly; and I know for a fact that the decision has taken Adrian three years. We all welcome him (and John and Alan) as a friend of many years standing, and hope that he is happy with us.

Now for the Editor, who last year was particularly critical of the 25 mile course. Well Dennis, you will no doubt have had time to digest the Hardriders times. The course you must regard as more difficult than the 25, I hope; so do you not feel that the most significant factor is the weather? (I think a nice easterly breeze would be a big help on the 25 course. Ed.) A near perfect day for the Hardriders as compared with some very difficult mornings, even mid-season, in the recent 25 mile events, led to some very good speeds.

However, back to the social season. The main criticism levelled at our dinner was that the Disco' was too noisy; but then

I suppose that it would have been simple to ask to have it turned down. (It's not as simple as that old mate - the whole point of disco' type music is the amplified 'wall of sound'. Ed.) The Esca dinner was inevitably an enjoyable evening. Basil Chilcott as usual didn't waste the opportunity to deliver a message in his speech; and I personally enjoyed the trip down memory lane with Ken Stevens, even if I had never even heard of half of those bygone riders. The final 'event' was as usual the Lewes dinner, which fell this year on the same day as our reliability trial. The dinner seemed better than ever, but Al Moran will have to watch his step in future, as wooden spoons don't wear out easily! Any Esca-ite who misses this function regularly should give it a try.

Alan Robinson, whose wife Naomi has just presented him with a son, is one member who looks likely to be racing regularly this year; and, as many will have heard by now, had his car keys locked in the car at the Hardriders by Robin Johnson. The door was rapidly opened by the President with the help of a piece of stiff wire, claiming that he'd done many before, with Geoff Boore standing by with a blunt instrument. Where was Copper Burgess when all this was happening?!!!

As a gentleman in (I think it was) ITMA said, "Have you studied your statistics?" I suppose most of us are aware that these can be ludicrous if used badly. How indignant an airline pilot can get when he receives a salary increase of 1% (of £10,000) when a dustman is getting a whole 10% (of £1,000). When both receive £100 of what value is the percentage? You might well wonder what all this is leading up to, but I was set thinking about my Esca B.A.R. certificate which recorded an average speed of 19.339 mph. It had nothing to do with the fact that I didn't really race last season, or that Ron Ewart threatened never to speak to me again if I didn't ride all three B.A.R. distances; but it was the statistic that was interesting. Well, a puncture in the 100 prevented the Ewart from being taught a lesson in 100 mile riding, and I suppose that average speed as such can include time spent at the side of the road at Stone Cross gazing lovingly into the eyes of Ken Griffiths as he blows up one's spare tub; but a computed time for a 25 on a short course! I might have crossed the line doing about 60 mph (or more probably 16 mph). And then the 50 - where was the timekeeper? Talking to the pigs at Boship or round the back of the RAC hut? Nevertheless, having struggled for 50 miles to keep on terms with the Ewart,

(continued overleaf)

it's abit disappointing to have to fan him for half an hour with a brandy bottle after seeing the DNF notice posted on the result board. Still, a quick word with the timekeeper, "Oh, yes - you finished before 9-15 am - I stopped the watch then - will 2hrs 50mins. suit you ? " Ron was suited and 2hrs 50 was accepted ; but then imagine what the Great White Chief's computer thought of that lot. However, in time, statistical fashion, it turned out an average of 19.339, hence claiming an accuracy of 1 part in 19339 or equivalent accuracy in measuring a 25 mile course of 2 yds. in 25 miles, or in timing a 25 mile event ridden at evens to the nearest tenth of a second. The 50 time was to the nearest 5 minutes. Best wishes to all my rivals.....

YOUNG THROPP

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How Do They Do It ?

Many Esca people have been amazed at the great form displayed by Ken Stevens, and speculated on the reason for his string of personal bests after so many years of racing. Some will have put it down to harder training or more scientific training, others to him having a contented married life ; but anyone who has been within earshot of our President recently (and of course few people who value their eardrums do get within earshot of him), will have realised that the true answer is.....Jet Propulsion ! When his wife was interviewed on the subject she said, "Oh no, I don't give him baked beans for every meal - everything he eats has the same effect".

Some people may also have been surprised to see the Editor taking part in the Hardriders and putting in a performance that bore a passing resemblance to cycle racing. Here it is a different story, the fact being that the Editor, whose motto where beer is concerned is "What We DON'T Want Is Watneys", has found that nearly all the social functions and dance band gigs he has been to this winter have had a bar selling that brew. Accordingly it has been easy to resist the temptation to over-indulge in 'wallop' (hence the cross-toasting with an empty tankard at Framfield). Also, since the regretted closure of Len's shop at Bexhill, the Editor has had to start patronising a bike shop in Ore which entails thrashing up the long 1 in 10 of Winnats - sorry, Old London Road.

This event had a veritable galaxy of past presidents supporting the 1973 'Mr President', Ken Stevens. The latter worthy was first man on the road all the way round, followed by Stan Curtis, Dennis Neeves, John Dutson, Pete Crowsley, Jack Southerden. Two more past presidents Warwick Dunford and Roy Humphrey, were timing and recording, while yet another, Geoff Willocks, was up at Heathfield encouraging the riders.

Messrs Stevens and Neeves now find they agree about two things, the second thing being that the hardest part of the Hardriders is not the much-talked-about section from Rushlake Green to Chapel Cross, but the section where the headlong gallop down from Heathfield comes to a sudden stop, and the riders are down in about '68' hauling themselves up the three 'steps' through Horam.

Isn't it funny that riders who are out of the saddle thrashing up to Chapel Cross sit down and try to look stylish when they see people pointing cameras at them ?

The after-race natter proved to be a miniature North London club reunion when John Blackman (ex North Road C.C.) found that No.12 on the card was C. Eastwood, once of the Elsyng Road Club, and now riding for the Crawley Wheelers.

The opening event saw most of the competitors' machines cleaned and polished to greet the new season. However, one Bonk correspondent rode what he described as his training bike which was so scruffy that one person was heard asking him how he had fared in the previous Sunday's National Cyclo-Cross Championships !

The start of the season also found certain riders having equipment problems. Lou Bathurst suffered from chain slip on two sprockets, while the Editor, finding that a new chain did not go with a rather old racing block, abandoned his best bike and went round on his week-day 'round the town' iron. Ken Griffiths, a recent convert to the derailleur after many years adherence to fixed, also had a few bad moments with slipping gears.

Say what you like about the Hardriders, it was a real treat to ride seventeen consecutive miles of road without a single piece of Road Up.

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Among the 'final notices' arriving on your scribe's doormat was the one that just can't be ignored, a menacing postcard (as a change from the usual ribald one) emanating from Hastings and demanding immediate delivery of this blurb, or else! Not having realised how time was bashing on (a touch of Savage-itis?), it's now a case of mad scribbling to avoid further abuse. Well, it was once again a fair old social season, and what with a mild winter thrown in, cycling types should be feeling dead chuffed. The club A.G.M. had a full attendance, bar two, and this guaranteed a lively set-te from the start. The yearly change of president resulted in Mrs Cox being chosen for the service and goodwill she has given us over the years; and all agreed that the honour was long overdue. This meeting also saw three new faces to swell our schoolboy membership; Paul Myatt (another one of the family!), Mark Wadey and Charlie Organ. With a name like that Charlie will be expected to 'pull out all the stops' when he gets going! The club was featured at several functions in greater force than usual, among them being the Eastbourne dinner where the guardsman's busby type hairdos of some of the Hants R.C. gentlemen caused one of the funniest cross-toasts heard for ages. The Esca supper was its usual bubbling entertainment, and again those 'shots from the past' caused some head-scratching, especially one which must have been taken by a rare camera indeed as it made Agg look positively handsome! Ken Stevens got a laugh that must have been heard in the next county when he revealed that no less a person than 'Mr ESCA' himself had been involved in a bit of company riding many moons ago; and had added insult to injury by winning the event! Finally we saw out the festivities with the 'do' that attracts more customers every year, The Dinner. Sixty-six people rolled up and had a ball, judging by the abundance of Cheshire Cat type smiles in evidence afterwards. It was good to see Chris Watts once more at a Sussex gathering, and her amusing toast to the club was well received. As we have had lady speakers for the last three years, and now a lady president, there have been some dark muttering about whether we're stirring up the Womens' Lib. lark in Sussex! All we can say is that the ladies mentioned, plus all our other feminine devotees to the sport, do a darned sight more for Womens' Lib. than all the tongue-wagging, bra-burning militants whose antics rarely serve a useful purpose. Once again the cross-toasting was hilarious, especially the Editor's effort to Iris Stevens in French so that Ken wouldn't know what he was talking about!

The usual great support from the Rovers was backed up by visitors from several Esca clubs, plus Tony Yorke, the Division Coach, Reg and Maureen Porter, and our old friends from the Catford C.C. whom we're always pleased to see. Again the number of raffle prizes evoked comment as to the generosity of our members who pitched in with a will to support this. Victims of the 'special awards' were Ken Savage (unfortunately not present to receive the inevitable large - figured calendar in which the date of this year's Esca 100 had been heavily ringed); Beryl Whittington who (much to Dick's delight) had failed her driving test, and now got a book on learning to drive; and Young Thropp, who scooped a richly-deserved wooden spoon as 'Esca Stirrer Of The Year'. There were many complimentary remarks and a special toast from the Rovers re the excellent meal laid on by Bill and Maureen Ryall, who certainly know how to get the customers coming back for more. Your scribe feels that he owes the Ladies and Visitors an apology as at the end of his gabble he forgot to yank his clubmates up to toast them. No impolite letters or telephone calls please, as he has been duly censored at a subsequent meeting! One absentee was Tony Andrews who deserves a copy of RTTC reg. 48 in letters a foot high. Due to a slice of carelessness he rode into an iron gate and broke his nose! Next time you're thinking of bunging that old overcoat, anorak, pair of gardening trousers or woolly hat into the nearest jumble sale, hesitate until you've contacted Jack Goldstein. With both his 'Goldsmobiles' out of action he turned up at a meeting on his famous Honda and amazed everyone by taking about ten minutes to 'de-clobber'. As the pile of coats and trousers increased, he finally managed to say, "You can always do with plenty to wear on these things on a cold night like this".

Those Esca-bods who went to the Crystal Palace to see the World Cyclo-Cross Championships will agree that it was an unforgettable experience with an atmosphere all its own. As one who had hitherto not been very impressed with 'Cross, seeing that there seems to be no local interest, your scribe had his opinions changed completely by this one meeting, as here was something more than just seeing riders ploughing along the road. He felt that the various hazards definitely added a new kind of interest, and would very much like to see something of this nature in Sussex next winter.

In case you hadn't noticed, the racing season has started, and our coureurs have been in the thick of things, with some entering the Hardriders, in which John Honeyball chose a hard morning for his debut, as did Brian Wilkins making a come-back.

A fruity comment from the Copper, in reply to a clubmate's "Now tread on 'em" just where the riders turned into the strong wind at Heath - field, was just missed by the driver of the police car just behind him ! Now what does reg. 50 say about following cars ? Steve Myatt fell apart for some reason, and was only a minute or so away from what one bloke was heard to describe as "the final ignominy", a beating by the Editor, who braved the elements in resolute manner ! Still, Steve won the Lewes-Newhaven - and back the next week after loosening up in the Rovers' road race the previous day. After a lifetime on fixed, Burbery has decided to try gears ; and is now going through the throes of beginners' luck, with accompanying language fit to buckle the chain stays, especially when his pet Huret dived into his rear spokes and cost him the Lewes-Newhaven ! He got cold comfort from one bloke who pointed out that gear manipulation requires specialised knowledge, and most important of all, experience !

Finally, who has heard of Lewes Rovers or Lewes Alexandra Cycling Clubs ? Having been given a solid silver badge of the former, by our old pal Maurice Chauncy, we'd like to know more about when these two clubs existed, as there must be a fascinating bit of history surrounding them. We'll let readers know about anything that comes to light.

Well, tugs, we'd better restore the benign smile to Neevo's features - what, you hadn't noticed it ? - so au revoir, adios, adieu, and so on . (Escribalo en Inglese, por favor. El Editor.) See you down the road, and here's to good wheeling for the rest of '73.

ALSORAN

'Last Rhumba' Can Be Seen In East Sussex

The East Sussex County Council's watch committee has passed the controversial film Last Rhumba In Framfield for public screening ; and it will be seen in its entirety with the exception of one 20 second scene which the committee described as "gratuitously offensive and corrupting". The film shows in explicit detail what takes place after seedy, middle-aged cycling official Ray Hamphrey, played by Marlon Brando, meets a girl in a tumbledown cottage in Framfield. In the cut sequence Brando flourishes a sheaf of RTTC entry forms and shouts, "Only five weeks to the Hardriders". Our film critic states that in his opinion only Brando's performance as Hamphrey gives the film any claim to artistry ; and a surprising thing is that throughout the film, Brando never takes off his blue anorak.

As discussed with the writer during a club night before Christmas 1972.

Rodney Laker, I suppose, can be truly called a 'central Sussex cyclist' simply because he lives in an area, Billingshurst, which geographically is as central in the county as one would wish to go. Both Rodney and his wife Christine are of course devoted tourists, and it is probably this side of the sport that they enjoy most. Needless to say, the writer had no easy job in extracting certain pertinent details of Rodney's racing career to date. In any event, given the opportunity and additional training and incentive, Rodney could and may well be one of the fastest men in the county in the not too distant future. Now, Rodney, the floor is yours - start talking.....

I was only mildly interested in cycling - visited Herne Hill several times - saved for bike at age of seventeen. Turned up at Horsham Unity C.C. one evening and asked whether I wanted to race at wk. end. Rode in football jersey and shorts ; 25 miles in 1-10-39. Year 1959, rode four events that year ; 1-8-6 being best time. Following year pottered round with occasional race. During 1961 rode first 100 and just missed evens ; improved slightly 25 and 50 times ; also rode first hill-climb - Ditchling Beacon - 1 min. slower than winner . 1962, took one and only first prize - Sussex C.A. longmarkers 50 , improving 8 mins. to 2-15-46 ; also got 25 time down to 1-5-09, but still couldn't beat evens for 100 in two events, once missing it due to late start ; rode first road race. Horsham Unity virtually disbanded ; 1963, with Roger Laidlaw, joined Southern Wheelers. Beginning of year rode mainly road races, usually finishing 7th or 8th due to lack of sprint. After being pushed by Ron Ewart, rode first 12 hours in Sussex C.A. - rained most of day - covered 227 miles and won first handicap, beating Alan Robinson (one of the rare occasions) - he had one of his off days). Week before rode H10 25 miles - 2½ min. improvement to 1-2-59 in a gale - this still stands as a personal best. During '63 had been riding with Central Sussex on their club runs ; and at end of year saw amalgamation of Southern Wheelers and Crawley C.C. and with Alan Robinson joined Central. During '64 rode Esca events ; finished in BAR team with K. Atkins and D. Dalziel, also 2nd in 12 hours. Travelled to events with Alan R. in D. Dalziel's Austin 7 - great fun. Rode Nat. Hill-climb - 65th place. Started track racing in '66 at Preston Park - usually managed to win lap prizes, but failed in final sprints. (continued overleaf)

Central Pen Portrait (continued)

Rode one of my hardest events in '66 - 3up TTT, with Howard Burrell and Joe Janes, Letchworth Velo - finished 3rd - last 10 miles Joe and self doing bit and bit to hang on to Howard's wheel. Really prefer touring to racing - have toured abroad - Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Germany, Austria and France. Rode up Tourmalet with French cyclist - left grovelling with 8 km. to go, and had to stop at each kilometre stone for breather. Met Chris during '68, and gradually racing slackened off! Rode only seven events during 1970-71. Eventually got married so could get out more on bike, and persuaded Chris to do same. Started serious racing again in '72, recording a personal best 24-26 for 10 miles. Rode few unisex events - 2up TT with Hilary Nickless and also Chris, thus making eleven different partners in all team time trial events. Was a member of the Esca BAR team this year - having to ride a 100 again - the last having been in '65. Looking forward to improving in '73; most certainly under no circumstances will 'The Boore' beat me. End of interview.

Thank you Rodney; but I regret that 'The Boore' will reign supreme this year.

G.P.B. Central Sussex

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HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS C.C.

The club can look back on an active winter, the members having taken advantage of the mild conditions to get in a social run every Sunday. These runs have had no pretensions to speed, though for a couple of weeks in January there were rumblings of civil war on the tandem, with the back half accusing the front half of tearing it up, and threatening to secede from the Union. The leader was also in trouble recently when he took the run down a bumpy track in Bedgebury park which led into a farm yard, resulting in Jack puncturing a racing tubular. This was one of those days, as both Robin and the tandem also punctured on the way home. We have also been active on the club dinner scene; Ernie, Sam, Sid and Barbara doing the rounds in Kent, while Jack, Dennis, Dave and Audrey attended several functions in East Sussex; the two groups combining for the Rovers' dinner and dance, where they all enjoyed the meal and speeches, but some of the party were not so happy during the rest of the evening. Club chairman Arthur Coleman was one of the speakers at the Catford dinner, while on the same night Dennis was our man at the Southborough 'do'.

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

Our own dinner at the end of January was a very happy function, not a bit like the dreary old fogies evening described by certain people who have never actually been to our dinner. Barbara Powell's hard work resulted in over sixty people attending. The food was excellent, there was plenty of humorous cross-toasting (mostly, be it added, by our own members without massive help from the Harts Road Club), Lou Bathurst made an interesting speech about 'The Sport', with a reply by Barbara, and the dancers were well catered for by a lively three piece band. Now alas, all the festivities are just a memory, and it's back to the serious business of racing. We mustered five riders for the Hardriders, with Robin, Richard Wall and Mick Ashdown well up with the faster finishers, and Jack and Dennis going round to help make up the number but by no means disgraced. A fortnight later we held our first club 10 on the Broad Oak course, and event which saw the racing debut of young John Coleman, who did well to be only 20 secs. outside evens. The following week we moved over to the easier Pevensey course but struck a harder morning; Robin doing a '25', John a few seconds slower, and Dennis took his mudguards off again and clocked 28-57, which was good enough to screw down three or four people and get one or two more worried. From serious cycling to the novelty side. You may remember an item in last Autumn's Bonk about two unicyclists. I have since found out that the young boy mentioned is the son of local cycle dealer Ray Lapworth; and he is so proficient on these machines, including the high type used on the stage, that he may well eventually turn professional. The Japanese gentleman, who met the Lapworths and became friendly with them, was doing a world tour on his one-wheeled iron; and a few weeks ago sent the Lapworths a post card from Kabul, which place he was passing through on his way back to Japan. Some of the Lewes members reported meeting this chap during the summer at a camping site at Cuckmere.

Finally we offer our sympathy to club stalwart Dave on the recent death of his father, Henry James Morris, known to any as 'Darky', who was at one time chairman of the Senlac Road Club, Bexhill, and was an active cyclist for many years in spite of the handicap of losing a leg during the 1914-18 war. At a Hastings track meeting in 1920, Mr Morris did a specially staged exhibition ride with the object of encouraging other young men similarly handicapped. It's a great pity that fifty years on, all that the majority of young men want to do with two sound legs is press down accelerator pedals.

HASTINGER

HERE AND THERE

Iris Stevens decided to get in a few solo miles ; and on her first outing had the mortifying experience of being caught and dropped by a greyhound, which was loping along on a light training run.

The Eastbourne crowd have been like a bunch of characters from Emergency Ward 10 lately, what with Bill Collins having an operation for hernia, (he's out and making good progress now), Bruce Allcorn with fluid on the knee caused by a knock at work, and Daphne Lambert (yet another victim of Zorba's Dance) laid up for a spell with a bad back.

Ray Lunn of the Grinstead seems to have the same trouble as Bill, as our E.G. correspondent reports that every time Ray turns round "it pops out".

We've heard of many servicemen keeping the pedals turning despite very difficult circumstances ; but Alec Wingrave of the Redmon must take the biscuit . In his speech at the Rovers' dinner he revealed that he used to take his bike with him in a submarine !

Young Thropp wishes it to be known that the gentleman wearing the yellow and black Pufter Boots is Ron Rogers.

The Editor craftily arranged to be picked up at Lewes station by Iris for a lift to the January Esca meeting at Burgess Hill ; and had just commenced to express his gratitude when he realised that Maurice Colburn was glaring balefully at him from inside the van !

At the Lewes dinner, Copper Burgess remarked that it was a pity that Pete Burbery hadn't been able to make a clean sweep of the Lewes club place-to-place records ; only for a voice to pipe up "No it wasn't" from the Rovers ranks ; the voice belonging to a certain hirsute lad (?) who holds that one record not snaffled by Burbery.

We all come across people who delight in name-dropping ; but how about Pete Crowsley, who sent in some Bonk material on the back of a letter which contained the names of the Ministry of Agriculture Fisheries and Food, Sir John Rogers Bt. M.P., The Kent Rower Authority, and Peggy Fenner. Incidentally, music lovers everywhere will be interested to know that Crow is taking his grade 3 double bass exam.

The scene was the Fullers Arms, Brightling, where a group of clubfolk were taking heavy punishment from the large juke-box which was going full blast. A clubmate walked in, saw the circle of glum faces, cupped his hands and bawled, "Cheer up lads - it's jolly good training for next year's Eastbourne dinner ! "

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