

BANK!

CHRISTMAS 81
THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

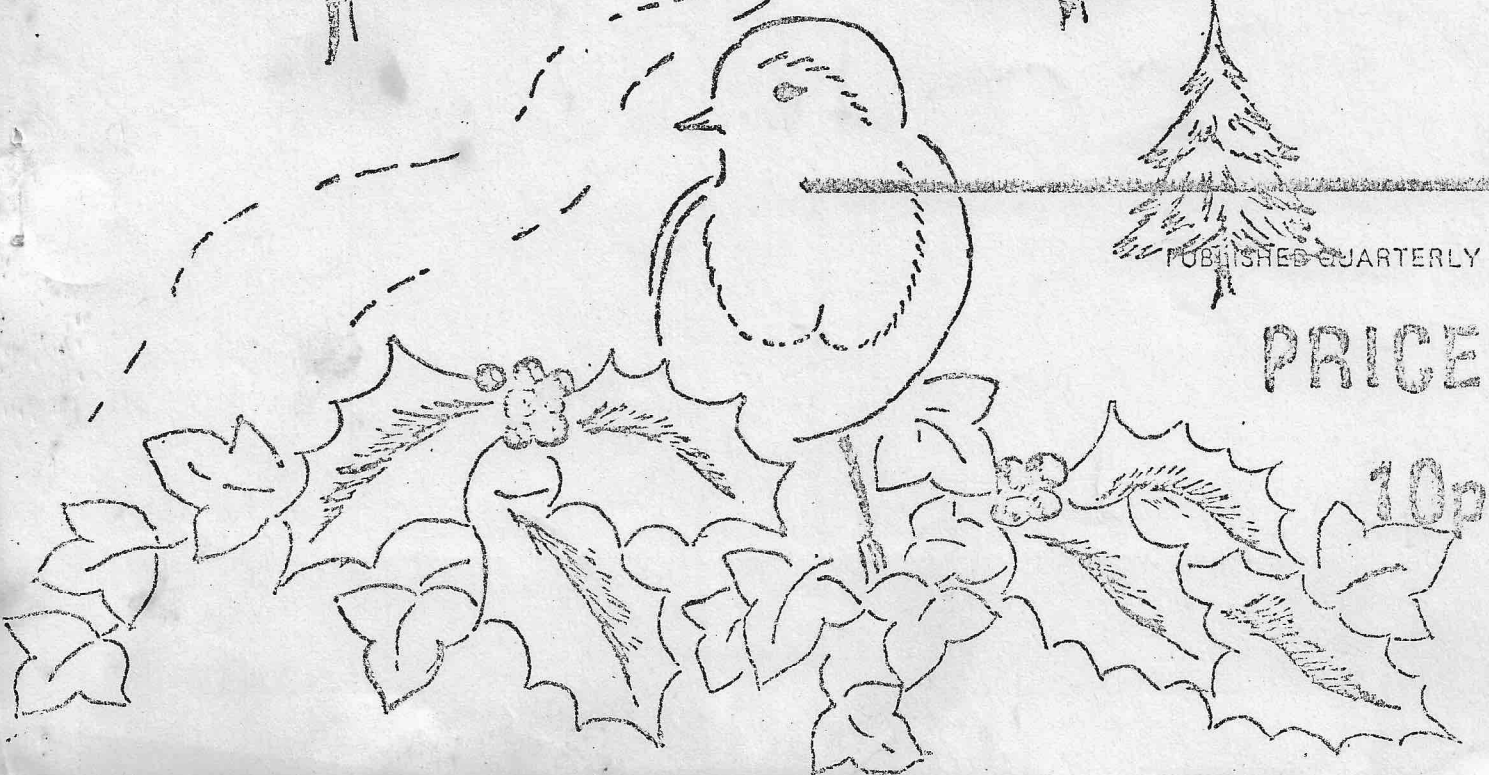


East Sussex
Cycling Association

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EDITORIAL

Writing editorials can be difficult, as we've probably mentioned before, and we spend quite a lot of time cursing the silly old Editor who started the habit in this magazine. It should be easy to think of something witty and seasonal, but we usually find ourselves falling back on the same themes - and this time is no exception.

On our way to the CTC slide show at Polegate we were very pleased to see Robin and Mary Johnson - for one thing we were lost and as they obviously knew where they were going we followed them. The reason we were able to follow them so easily was because we COULD see them; from about a mile away they looked like two runaway Christmas trees (that's the seasonal bit), and although we all know that motorists should take care not to run down other road users, there's no doubt that cyclists can be their own worst enemies. We've all seen kids out training in the dark dressed in black and the riders with silly little fluorescent bibs that aren't big enough and the nitwit with no lights. Robin and Mary have got the lot. Nice big rear lights; flashing reflectors on their ankles; belt beacons; wotsits on their wheels; whacking great reflective waistcoats and those daft orange lollipops sticking out of the side that are practically guaranteed to give you another twelve inches of road when a car or lorry overtakes you. Think about it - especially next time you're having a moan about the idiot who nearly ran you down - perhaps YOU could do with a few more illuminations.

Happy Christmas to all our readers, but particularly the event organisers and marshalls because they'll make the rest of us happy for most of 1982, and most specially, Roy Jones who won't even say hullo 'in case we twist it'.

Maurice & Esther

THIRTEEN CYCLISTS INVADE FRANCE

Friday/Saturday Dave and Audrey came over to our house around 8pm and we left home at 10pm and set off for Newhaven Docks. We arrived there at 11.30pm and waited for the other eight. Andrew, who only lived at Seaford, was nearly left behind. As we were tying our bikes to the side we met Pete Smith and a group of the Norwood Paragon who were on their way to Paris. Being first on we had a choice of seats and chose the reclining ones, and I managed to go to sleep. We arrived in Dieppe at about 6.30am, their time, and followed a scenic route until we came to a little cafe where we had big cups of coffee and I had a lemonade. We carried on through the valley to St. Vaast, then into the Foret Deawy where we had our dinner. After riding through the forest without seeing anybody we dropped down into St. Saens. When we left St. Saens we rode through open country and the weather got a bit warmer. We then joined the main road and had a nice downhill ride into Forges-les-Eaux where we stayed on a municipal site.

Sunday Last night the man who owned the campsite had obviously told the local press that there was a group of thirteen English cyclists on his camp site, and in the morning they came round to take our photographs. By the time all this had happened it was about 11.30am. We set off through pretty but rather hilly countryside until we came to the rather busy town of Lyons la Foret, which was very pretty. Climbing out of the forest we carried on over rather open and hilly countryside until we reached a little village called Ecois, where we went into a cafe and had lemonade with menthe. A lady advised us to visit the church which was quite interesting. We then carried on to Les Andelys where we stayed on another municipal site by the river Seine. After tea we went for a walk and when we came back, Graham Seymour, Cathy and the girls were at the campsite, with their caravan.

Monday This morning we rode our bikes up into the town to get some shopping and we met Pete Smith, whom we'd already met once on the boat coming over. After dinner we walked up to the Chateau Gaillard, which we could see from the campsite. There we climbed up to the viewpoint on the other hill, where there were lovely views of the Seine. When we had got back down we went and looked in the church. We then went down to the river, and several of us cooled our feet, after that we went back and had dinner, then we went for a walk and watched the huge barges go by.

Tuesday This morning we went up river through pretty lanes, until we reached the Pases Dam. To see the Dam we had to go across a metal bridge which was above all the water. It was very noisy and the water was crashing through very fast. When we came off the bridge we had a picnic in the rain. While we were having dinner three men came along on horses with all their gear, including their bedrolls, ropes and things. They had leather saddles and panniers, like cowboys. Nearby, there was a cafe, so we had a drink. Then we climbed up on top of the cliffs we had come underneath, and went along them to Les Andelys. After dinner we walked over the suspension bridge, and I waded in the river on the other side with Georgina and Michelle.

Wednesday Today we rode up the valley to Vernon, where we had our dinner by the river. During dinner, a French lady with a Russian husband started to talk to us. They were both a bit crazy. After dinner we had a look round Vernon, and I got a

pair of flip-flops and a pair of track mitts. Leaving Vernon, we climbed to the top and rode through flat and peaceful roads back to Les Andelys. We had seventeen on the ride today.

Thursday This morning we packed up our things and got ready to move on to another camp, but just before we left, Phil, who is a young 73, sprained her ankle quite badly and we had to strap it up. Eventually we set off through rather flat and peaceful countryside until we reached a pretty little village, where we stopped and had dinner in front of the church. Here we met up with Graham and family with the caravan. After dinner we carried on, but it started to rain hard and we had to ride the rest of the way in capes. The campsite was at Bosnormand; it was small but quite nice. That evening we didn't have our meal until about 9pm, and after that it was bedtime.

Friday Today we went shopping, and when we had finished, it was time for lunch which we ate on the Town Hall steps. Afterwards we followed the lanes to the Forêt de Londe, and once we were on the forestroads we hardly saw any cars at all. On the road back we had a 2km climb uphill from the river, then back through lanes to the camp site. Once again for dinner we had lovely French food.

Saturday This morning we went shopping again for food. Yub wanted to go to the Bank, and as Phil couldn't ride on the back of the tandem, I did instead. By the time we had got to camp it was dinner time, so we had our meal. After dinner we just went for a little ride around the area, stopping for a drink in a little cafe. After dinner we all went into Graham's caravan to celebrate Yub's birthday - drinking bubbly!

Sunday This morning we went into Rouen, with me riding tandem. In Rouen we had dinner with the five who had come by car. We visited the Gros Horloge and the Cathedral. Next to the Gros Horloge was a belltower where you could go right up to the top and look at the view. Mum and Susan couldn't stand on the balcony because it made them feel funny. We also went in the new Church which is very modern and dedicated to Joan of Arc. Old Rouen is very interesting. Leaving Rouen we crossed over on the ferry, then climbed back out of the valley to a late meal at camp.

Monday This morning we all got up late and had a very lazy morning. After dinner we went for a gentle ride around the lanes. It had to be gentle because Phil came out with us on the back of the tandem.

Tuesday Today the weather was very hot and sunny and we were moving on to a different campsite, at a place called Yutot. I did not ride my bike, instead I rode the tandem with Yub, and my bike went in the caravan with all my gear, while Phil went in the car as she was not up to riding. We rode through easy countryside until we reached the river, which we crossed by ferry. We had our dinner on the other side and watched the boats. The ride after dinner was fairly easy with a few hills. When we reached the campsite we found it was very small so we all squashed in by Graham. After dinner we went for a little walk and then we went to bed a bit tired after such a hot day.

Wednesday This morning early we walked up into Yutot to get our bread and we saw that it was market day. After breakfast we all went up and looked around the

market all morning. We also went in a sports shop and my mum, David Rix and Susan Jaques got themselves a pair of cycling shoes each. We watched the Royal Wedding on a T.V. in a shop window until it went on the blink. We came back and had our picnic in the shade because it was so hot. Later we went swimming in an open air pool. The swim was refreshing but the pool was rather crowded. Audrey, a non swimmer, gave us a fright when she jumped in the fourteen foot end. Afterwards we looked around the town for a restaurant with a menu that was not too expensive. We were going out tonight to celebrate Yub and Phil's anniversary and also the Royal Wedding. When we had found a place we went back and told the others about it. When it was time we all got ready and walked to the restaurant. I did not have anything to eat because I wasn't feeling very well, but the evening was very enjoyable. Michelle Seymour gave Yub and Phil a card she had made for them herself. David Rix also gave them a card and we gave them a wonderlamp for their tent. After the meal we all walked back to camp and went to bed a bit merry.

Thursday This morning we got packed up as quickly as possible so we would be able to ride in the cool. Today I rode my own bike because Phil was able to ride on the back of the tandem. We left Yutot and followed the D55 until we reached the River Saâne. We had dinner at Les Mesruls, by a watermill and ford. While we were there I paddled in the freezing cold water. Cathy managed to lose her shoe in the fast flowing river and Andrew gallantly rescued it without falling in. Leaving Graham and Cathy, the rest of us followed the flat and sometimes zig-zaggy route through to Martigny. The campsite here was brand new and we were the first visitors.

Friday Today was very hot. We left late and went up to see the old ruins of the castle, where we had our lunch. Leaving there, we had to climb up a big hill to get onto the top road into Dieppe. At the top of the hill we stopped and waited for Yub and Phil. While we were waiting the man in a house nearby gave us a bottle of cider to drink. Next minute he invited us into his garden for a drink. Eventually we had to go because we wanted to visit the big supermarket in Dieppe. On the way back from the supermarket we met up with Graham and family, so we rode back with them. After dinner we all sat in the caravan and had a drink to celebrate the end of the holiday.

Saturday This morning we packed up and rode into Dieppe. It was market day so we had a look round and four of us got tracksuit tops. Then we got on the boat, where they were selling lottery tickets and we won 50p. I also got a T shirt with the name of the boat on it, the Senlac. Yub and Andrew were allowed in the engine room. When we got off the boat we all went and got fish and chips before splitting up. Audrey and Dave had the furthest to go back to Hastings. Considering that thirteen is an unlucky number we didn't do too badly - with five punctures; one sprained ankle; and a bikehod trailer that had tyres split in two after a couple of days. Maybe the Seymours making it seventeen was a good thing.

Heather Stevens

Lewes Wanderers

East Sussex D.A. C.T.C.

SOUTHBOROUGH WHEELERS

Club youngsters dominated the racing scene right til the end of the season. Ian Sylvester capped a fine season by clipping one second off the club record with a 54.47 on the E72 in late August. Tony Peachey set a new vets record in the same event with a 55.44, which he followed a week later with a vets '100' record in 4.8.42. Meanwhile David Abraham set a fantastic '10' standard of six 21s in the season. He also followed several 59s in unfashionable events (including the Eastbourne), with a 58.5 on the N25/4 the morning after that terrific storm which flooded out the whole Southborough camping contingent. But it was Dave's older brother, Paul, who suprised everyone in the late season. After five years riding with the club which included intermittent racing he suddenly came good in the KCA 50 with a 2.4. for fourth place and 1st handicap (a thirteen minute personal best). The following week saw an '0' for a 25, a 21 for a 10 and then a win in the ESCA 25 with a 59.35. All the time he was collecting handicaps. With times these, the Abraham brothers looked set for fireworks on their first dragstrip visit - the E72 in late September. Sure enough the club had a heyday with Ian fourth in the ECCA '25' with 55.19; Dave fifth with 55.27; and Paul sixth with 55.31. Paul and Dave got first and second handicap, and of course, yet another club team record.

Other riders were not idle. John Barrows became the ninth member under the hour, with 59.05; Carole Gandy improved to 58.47 and 2.1.13, to collect third place in the BBAR; fast man of the sixties, John Lewis got down to 1.0.24, and another former fast man, Peter Baker, rode a brilliant '50' in 2.2.47. An army of youngsters are rapidly showing form. Pride of place must go to juvenile, Simon Adams, whose personal best of 1.1.27 won our club open '25' on the Dartford by-pass (slowest 120 accepted). In atrocious weather conditions half the field failed to start.

The "fun 10" at the end of the season attracted eleven ladies, several riding their only race of the season. Youngster, Clive Surman-Wells again stole the show with a 35.59 on a child's cycle with a 28" gear. He controlled the machine superbly despite pedalling at over 200 revs per minute! "His feet were just a blur" reported riders catching him.

The unofficial road races have started again under the name of reliability rides. Twenty one club members completed the KCA 100kms in 4½ or 5 hours. Several punctures, jammed gears, etc. were reported, and one unfortunate crash when Maureen Wall slid off near Challock. She has recovered well since stitches were put in at Ashford Hospital. Polo has recommenced with a match at Croydon against the Hastings, and the first winter Youth Hostel trip to Beachy Head attracted over a dozen. Circuit training at the school gym has also started again, as have the Club Dinners. Years don't change much, do they? Still, perhaps that's just as well - it's a great life for everyone who cycles.

Roamer

"BRIGHTON TO LONDON - UGH!"

"LONDON TO BRIGHTON - SMASHING"

The alarm went off at quarter to five. I reluctantly got up, looked out of the window - and saw that it was raining hard. What a day to go on a cycle ride from London to Brighton. Slowly I ate my breakfast hoping the phone would ring and Bill would say he was not coming. Still, knowing Bill, I should have guessed it would rain, as it always does when Bill goes out on his bike.

Breakfast finished, I got my bike out and my wet weather gear ready. At five fifteen Bill arrived in his car - got his bike out - and at five twenty we set off through the rain to Brighton Station. We didn't want to be forced to stop anywhere so went along a zig-zag sort of route so as to miss all the traffic lights. The rain was really heavy and I felt miserable. No one was about except the milkmen. We were very cautious at all corners and went very slowly down Terminus Road.

At five thirty five we turned into the station and a welcome sight met our eyes. There were bikes and cyclists everywhere. In the dry, under the station roof, there were many "Good mornings" and other welcoming phrases. The queue at the ticket counter stretched to the door, but as everyone was saying "Single to Victoria" we soon had our tickets.

Our train was due out about ten to six so we quickly passed through the barrier to get onto the train. It looked good - a twelve coach train - room for everyone. A guards van was opened up and about twelve bikes were put inside. Not ours unfortunately. We then moved up the platform to the next guards van and after much pushing and shoving Bill and I got our bikes aboard. One of the Porters remarked that there would not be much room for the Guard to pass through - but closed the doors, so we went to a seat in the adjoining saloon.

A few minutes later Bill noticed that some bikes were being put onto the platform. Mine was one of them. We hastily rushed out to be told there were too many bikes for the train to take. Bill removed his bike and we stood on the platform with many others contemplating what to do next. It appears they had put on an extra long train for the cyclists but had forgotten about their bikes.

At the front end of the train some chaps were getting aboard and standing their bikes in the corridor. The Guard rushed up and made them get off. By this time the same event was taking place at the rear of the train. The Guard cleared this end of the train! It was like a film comedy with him rushing up and down keeping the bikes off. This train left about twenty minutes late - nearly empty.

The crowd of us who were left off the train were instructed to go to the next platform where a train would be leaving shortly for Victoria. We rushed round and stood awaiting the train's arrival. When it came in, Bill and I were standing in a bad position as we were mid-way between guard vans. By the time we got there we were at the back of the crowd and were unable to get our bikes aboard. After a lot of arguments and shouting the railway officials allowed one coach to be used for cyclists AND THEIR BIKES. They packed in like sardines. This train left and there we stood on the platform - our legs and feet soaking wet - very miserable - too late to get to Hyde Park for the seven thirty start of the "London to Brighton Bike Ride" - wondering

if the best thing to do would be to get a refund on our tickets and go home.

Then we were told another London train would leave shortly and this time we were lucky as Bill and I were second and third to get our bikes into a very large goods van. We rushed and sat down with a great sigh of relief. Here we started to calculate the time of the train journey and how long it would take us to ride from Victoria to Hyde Park. The Guard passed through our coach so we asked him what time we would arrive at Victoria and he stated - "this train goes to London Bridge". That brought on the long faces again. We decided to stick it out and not risk changing at East Croydon.

A blast on the Guards whistle and we were on our way - Hooray! We picked up other cyclists at various stops and then came to a halt just south of Haywards Heath tunnel. Here we stayed for over half an hour, due it appears, to work on the track. Just before we arrived at London Bridge, two girls approached our group and asked if they could join us as they didn't know the way from the station to where they could pick up the cyclists route. We left the train about ten past nine. Not bad! - only about three and a half hours from when we got to Brighton station. It must be some sort of a record.

It was not raining in London and the roads were dry and the weather looked good, so you can imagine our surprise as we rode out of the station forecourt to find we were following a vehicle watering the roads. We had wet roads for the next mile.

As it was too late for the official start at Hyde Park we rode to join the rest of the cyclists at Kennington and what a relief it was to find we were not the last ones. From here on everything went well. It was amazing to see cyclists in all shapes and sizes, and their costumes and bikes were even more varied. Some were smartly dressed and riding old battered bikes, while others were in casual or sports clothing riding bikes so new they must have come out of the shop the day before. One man was dressed in a jester's outfit complete with cap with bells. He had decorated his face - one side black and the other side white. As his outfit was so thick and heavy someone asked if he was warm riding in such unsuitable clothing. He replied that he was - and suggested that no one stood on his leeward side at the end of the ride unless they held their nose - Phew!

As we journeyed through Clapham other interesting sights met our eyes. One young lady was seen riding an old ladies bike - complete with wickerwork baskets and string lacing on the rear mudguard which prevented her skirt getting into the rear wheel. She was dressed in the appropriate costume to match the bike - a long skirt, and I noticed what appeared to be petticoats, also lots of lace around her neck. As there were numerous holdups it was interesting to see how she had to keep starting and stopping. She could never have managed to ride a modern machine in that sort of clothing.

During the period of our journey the traffic was very congested. Of the two lanes going south, cars filled the outer lane and we cyclists filled the inner one - usually about four abreast. It was a very slow ride, especially when we had to cross through traffic lights. All I was doing was this. Right foot in toe clip, left foot pushing off - hop into saddle, left foot onto pedal and before I could get it into the toe clip I had to stop and put it down onto the ground again. At times we were doing this for hundreds of yards and never made one revolution of the cranks. A scooter or skateboard would have been more suitable.

One lady was riding a trike (the type with the two wheels at the front), so she didn't need to go scootering like the rest of us on two wheels. To me she was a bit of a problem as she rode too close and didn't give me room to wobble. When a gap appeared in our ranks a few yards ahead Bill and I sprinted for it (at about 5 mph) to get away from her. All to no avail as she caught us up again.

At the roadside numerous people were carrying out repairs - mostly gear trouble and punctures.

We passed a Hospital on our left and noticed the nurses waving to us from the windows, and even some small children had been brought out onto the pavement in their dressing gowns and they were waving "Union Jacks".

Up ahead I saw a big congestion on the pavement and wondered what had happened. It was only a Bakers shop with a sandwich bar, and they were doing a roaring trade. Everyone on the pavement was eating and drinking. It was now about ten o'clock and I was reminded by my stomach that breakfast was eaten a long time ago, but as the ride was so enjoyable during this period we decided not to stop.

We had Police escorts at this time and they were even controlling some traffic lights, allowing us to go through on the RED. It's not often we get this sort of treatment but as there were so many of us it was the best way to keep the traffic moving. Most of the Police seemed to be happy and cheerful. At least there was no "aggro" as they sometimes have to put up with at other sporting events.

We passed through Tooting and Mitcham and as we passed Carshalton we stopped for a snack. Trestle tables had been set up on the grass verge and one could buy almost anything. There were rolls with various fillings - cakes - Mars - Kit Kats, etc., etc. Plus tea - coffee and all sorts of cold drinks. We were to see many other such places as we continued our ride.

After our break we found the route slightly hillier and a lot of people got off to walk the hillier slopes. Bill and I continued to ride up but were often baulked by walkers and had to keep calling out for room to ride by. Some roads were closed to other traffic, it seemed, so we were safe in riding past on the right hand side of the road. One or two cars were mixed up with the bikes, going the same way, but their speed was the same as the cyclists and they made very little effort to overtake.

As a large group of us descended a long hill I noticed a smell of hot rubber. I had not noticed this before and I assumed with all the brakes being applied they must have been getting hot and in such a concentration it was so noticeable. Every time we were in a large bunch in similar circumstances I noticed the smell again.

At about this point in our ride we saw that one large pub had put up a prominent sign - CYCLISTS WELCOME. A great crowd was there. The car park was choc-a-block with bikes. Most of the people looked happy enjoying their drinks in the car park. We decided not to stop as the queue to get served was too long.

After Carshalton our route was through Woodmansterne and Chipstead and we crossed the A23 just north of Redhill. Very safely, due to the Police on point duty. Then on to Nutfield and Outwood.

When we left London the sun was shining but now it had clouded over and every now and then we could feel fine drizzle on our faces. Not enough to get out our wet weather gear - but not as nice as it had been previously.

By now we noticed more and more people were walking up the hills but Bill and I were still putting it into bottom gear and riding up slowly.

I noticed a man with a man with a child in a wicker seat over his back wheel. He was still riding the hills only ever so slowly, but after reaching the top he roared down the other side leaving us standing. This went on for some time. It also occurred with other people we saw. We would not see them for some time and then suddenly we were riding with them again. One small boy - about ten or eleven years old I should think - rode with us for a considerable time. He was riding a small racing bike, and his action was a pleasure to watch as he "honked" up the hills.

A long slog up hill and we arrived at Turners Hill for our lunch stop. The village green was covered with people and bikes and there was no room for us anywhere. At long last we found a spot to stand our bikes while we ate our lunch. Once again there was plenty to eat and drink on sale. The pub was crowded so we drank tea on the green. By now the drizzle was quite steady but didn't affect us much as we were sheltering under a tree. I said to Bill "I'll get my waterproofs out as this always frightens the bad weather away". I walked as far as the toilets and back, and lo and behold the rain stopped. As we had decided to start riding I thought "if I leave them on it will ensure fine weather" - and it did, for we had no more rain and it brightened up considerably.

On our way to Ardingly we passed some "penny farthings" and they were travelling quite fast considering the amount of other riders about.

From here on the riders spread out more and the roads were less congested and so we were able to ride at a slightly faster speed. I found that riding too slow was tiring. So onwards to Lindfield where a left turn ensured we missed Haywards Heath. We joined the main road again near Wivelsfield and on over Ditchling Common - through the village and up the lane to the bottom of Ditchling Beacon.

There were massive crowds here so we did not stop but started up the hill. Oh! what a struggle this was. I am always gasping for breath riding the Beacon but this day it was necessary to keep calling out to the walkers. "Move over please" - "Give us room" - "We're coming through", etc. A couple of times I only got through by rubbing shoulders and was thankful to get to the top only a few yards behind Bill. Thankfully he was carrying a feeding bottle and the drink he offered went down smashing. I soon recovered from the effort.

Off once again - now on the last downhill leg on a road closed to traffic in a northerly direction. We crossed "Old Boat Corner" safely - with thanks to the Police once again, and on to Hollingbury, where we made our last refreshment stop. This time it was tea and chocolate biscuits: while standing there drinking it was quite a sight to see the cyclists coming to join us from along Ditchling Road. At this point we made our contribution to the ride organisers where they were collecting money in plastic buckets. We gave generously as the ride was so well organised and it had been such an enjoyable day.

It was nearly all freewheeling now and Bill said we had to look out for his wife somewhere near the Level. We didn't see her and so rode on to the sea front where on-lookers were cheering all arrivals. Once more we looked for Bill's wife but didn't get

a sight of her - so we rode off to my home.

Here we had some more tea - but sitting in easy chairs this time. Our London to Brighton time was nine fifteen a.m. to four fifteen p.m. - about seven hours for fifty eight miles - about 8 m.p.h.

Bill's bike went onto his car and off he went, the finish of a smashing ride in such good company. Roll on next year's ride, but we must make other arrangements to get to London - rather than British Rail.

Vernon Hyde

P.S. Bill's wife phoned and said she was STILL at the seafront looking for us. I said "he's gone home". I hope he wasn't in too much trouble when he arrived. Only joking Carole!!!

THE CYCLIST'S PRAYER

LORD, thou who hast never ridden a bicycle, help those who do,

Only thou knowest the dangers we are subjected to and the difficulties we go through,

Grant our prayer.

Help us on the upward slopes. There is no need to push us downwards.

Support us when the brakes do not work.

Support us when the trouser leg gets caught in the metal chain.

Deliver us from traffic wardens, when we are on the wrong side of the street.

Deliver us also from the cars that are on the wrong side of the street, on the few occasions when we are on the right side.

Remove from our path the stones or we shall pass over them.

Remove also the nails, the broken glass and other cutting and piercing objects.

Sustain us when we go through a deep hole full of water that seemed a shallow hole.

Rescue us in the muddy streets, particularly when it's raining.

Deflect us from the mud when we are wearing clean clothes.

Deliver us from bicycle thieves.

Deliver us from dogs that like to run after us to bite the wheels.

And, above all, help us to buy a car.

Amen.

reproduced from the Westerley R.C. magazine

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Well, here it is, the East Grinstead C.C. Saga. The literary contribution of us bikies on the Surrey/Sussex border has been missing of late, due to general apathy in these remote areas. However, a mystery correspondent has appeared to reveal all. Read on.....

With a new wave of road racing interest sweeping the club the time trialling activity is somewhat low. A good start to the season saw David Brooker gaining best junior in the ESCA hardriders '16' with 42.11 and a promising ride from schoolboy John Reece with 42.55. This was followed by the ESCA two up '25' with David Bate and Chris Barnes producing the best ride which would have, had there been an award on the prize list, won the best junior pairing.

Although lacking information on members' activities during the rest of the early summer, I managed to hear that both Graham and John Reece "went under" with 59s, and Dave Brooker did a 57.57 on Q25/3. John Hutt, recovered from last year's broken arm and sporting a new ALLIN bike, was active, gaining first vet and third overall (not to mention £17), in B. Phillips' open '50'.

A new course to last year's farmtrack brought more attendances and faster times to the club 10 series. Dave Brooker recorded a 23.36 on 76" fixed in the medium gear event. Christian Yates set the course record in 22.16, which beat Brian Phillips by one second. Other notable rides were 23s by Sergio Papucci and John Reece. Sean Yates was invited to make it the fastest course in Sussex, thus denying the Central Sussex's course this honour, but a "fish 'n chipper"!!! in Czechoslovakia prevented him.

Despite our quiet time in time trials we can still boast rides in four National Championships, including a silver medal. It was Brian Phillips who won the silver with a fine ride coming second to notable long distance tester, John Woodburn. Dave Brooker and Chris Barnes rode the National Junior '25' but turned out below par performances, but John Reece managed a creditable sixteenth place in the GHS '10'. Brian rode the National '50' gaining eighth place (I think), but, despite recording 3.56.00 for a '100' gave this Championship a miss. Brian also gained eleventh place in the BBAR with 24.535 m.p.h., not to mention his winning the Bath Road '100', a time trialling classic.

The club's roadmen have been all over the country this year, ferried about by the colourful 'Brookermobile' and the 'Richardson Sag Waggon'. David Brooker spent most of his season riding the Peter Buckley events, starting off with a sixth place at Tenterden. However, inexperience at top level resulted in low placings in the Buckleyes after a lot of hard work, but he did get his picture in Cycling and won a Mountains award. Highlight of Dave's season was eighth overall (shared with Irish National Squad rider, Paul McCormack) in Britain's only junior stage race. He recently finished off his season with third places in the SCCU Championships and the Redmon Junior Trophy.

In less esteemed circles David Bate and Alan Starsmeare have also been doing well. Alan started the season well with second in our event on the Cowden circuit and a win at Offham in July. A good ride saw him finish in the bunch in the Wood-

gate Dairies Carnival Road Race won by Steve Moss, and Alan has gained his second cat. licence. However he has decided to give up cycling, but will still help with events.

David Bate had a poor start to the season culminating in a broken wrist in the Lewes C.C. Criteriums. However, undaunted he carried on cycling - sporting handlebars more suited to the roads around Roubaix than Sussex lanes. Dramatic improvement followed the removal of the plaster, with a win in the Gravesend R.R., which, together with a second, third, fifth and two sixth places gives him enough points to turn second category next season along with Dave Brooker. Geoff Richardson continued to improve throughout the year with a sixth place at Hobbs Barracks and an eleventh in the V.C. Deal R.R.

As you have probably heard we are now sponsored by ALLIN CYCLES, and this seems to have gone to the heads of our roadmen causing them to forget gravity! Dave Brooker holds the record number of crashes with a twelve man Buckley sprint crash; missing a corner at Hobbs Barracks and finding that chamois plus gorse doesn't mix; hitting straw bales at Gravesend; and mowing down his partner from behind in the ESCA two up. Dave Bate broke his wrist in Lewes; Colin Brooker crashed at Hobbs Barracks; Alan Starsmeare crashed twice at Crystal Palace and once at Cats Place, and Geoffrey Richardson found that eating Crunchie over speed bumps is unhealthy! All this led to Andy Verrall nick-naming us the 'Suicide Squad', so watch out for our entry into cyclo-cross this winter!

On the touring front, four intrepid members, Alan Bate, Dave Reed, Eric Clarke and Terry Thorn, rode a 100km Audax event in Boulogne. Despite winds, rain, hills and French road surfaces, they all completed it successfully, and we mere racing folk are assailed with lofty comments such as "We CONTINENTAL RIDERS.....".

The End of Tens Dinner was a lively affair as always, with too much cross toasting going to do any good to anybody's liver, never mind their cycling ambitions. The Rainford brothers from the V.C. Etoile took a soaking of orange juice and ice, while Chris Barnes gleefully drank lager and....(well let Chris wonder about what was in it. Rumours circulated that Dave Brooker caught the bus to school the next morning instead of riding!

Well, here closes the East Grinstead Saga for 1981, and the East Grinstead riders are already sharpening up for next season. Question: Are John Hutt's balding head and rounded belly a natural adaptation to his 'testers' environment, or a diabolical genetical experiment by sports doctors to outdo the East Germans at streamlining??

C.R. Asher

PROPOSED ESCA EVENTS FOR 1982

Sunday	28/2	Hardriders 16 miles Mrs. V. Stringer 144 Downside, Shoreham by Sea, Sussex. BN 4 6 HB	HELLINGLY	11 a.m.	75p
Sunday	28/3	2 up T.T.T. (All categories) Mr. K. Atkins Wheelers, 46 Valebridge Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex. RH 15 0 RY		8 a.m.	£1.50p team
Saturday	24/4	10 miles	WHITESMITH	2.30p.m.	75p
Sunday	25/4	25 miles Mr. R. Humphrey 4 Ebenezer Cottages, Framfield, Uckfield, Sussex.	UCKFIELD	8 a.m.	75p
Sunday	6/6	50 miles Mr. J. Hutt 90 Halsford Park Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.	HELLINGLY	7 a.m.	75p
Sunday	27/6	25 miles Mr. F. Blake 5 Suffolk Street, Hove, Sussex. BN 3 5 FN	RINGMER	7 a.m.	75p
Sunday	25/7	100 miles OPEN Mr. M. Burgess 7 Sandridge, Crowborough, Sussex. TN 6 1 JE	UPPER DICKER	6 a.m.	£1.25p
Sunday	15/8	50 miles OPEN Mrs. E. Carpenter 10, Maplehurst Road, St. Leonards on Sea, Sussex.	HELLINGLY	7 a.m.	£1.00p
Saturday	11/9	10 miles OPEN	WHITESMITH	2.30p.m.	£1.00p
Sunday	12/9	25 miles OPEN Mr. M. Burgess 7 Sandridge, Crowborough, Sussex. TN 6 1 JE	UCKFIELD	8 a.m.	£1.00p
Sunday	3/10	OPEN HILLCLIMB Mr. R. Howard 37 Forest Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.	HARTFIELD	10.30a.m.	£1.00p

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Having just spent half an hour staring at a blank page and being accused of dozing off so as to get out of cutting the grass, I had better put pen to paper.

I will start with matters arising from the last edition. The scruffy white 1100 is still being driven by AlSORAN. In order to change his appearance the tea cosy has gone and dark glasses have appeared. He will insist that it's a much better car than it looks. Just what sort of recommendation that is goodness only knows. I hear that in removing the rear bumper (to straighten same) the sill underneath all fell away. "It will require some sort of camouflage to cover that hole" said our hero.

The fact that I have a clubmate like AlSORAN is a godsend. It does mean that I have something to write about. My twisted sense of humour is amused by the letters, from Seaford's answer to Howard Hughes, to the Sussex Division BCF. While not detracting from all the work the former Secretary did for the Division, his complaint about notification of officials does just have a touch of the kettle calling the pot black.

Mid August saw the Wanderers in the New Forest. The reason for this was the Poole Wheelers '12'. This has become more or less the club '12' in recent years, the exception is Ian Landless who rides the KCA event the week before. I think he did 224 or thereabouts, anyway it was a p.b. for him. Well done Ian. Now back to the Forest. Graham Seymour provided the FERMoy Way Mobile Doss House. This comprises the Rover car, caravan and awning. Teatime on Saturday saw the Attwood, White and Burgess cars ranged alongside the van in a large caravan park. The presence of roof racks full of bikes soon produced the ex cyclists that seem to abound. Where do we go wrong that we seem to lose so many? Then it was off to the pub to eat. Melanie Attwood attacked a steak that was almost too big for her. Still no one need worry about wasting food with Crowborough's dustbin duo, Ian and Matthew, about: they will eat anyone's leftovers. Full of good food we returned to the site. The sleeping arrangements were then cause for much debate. Ian Burgess retired early in this debate and took over the back of the Rover. The Whitemobile was occupied by Martin and dad, who was still cooking at a late hour. The awning presented the most chaotic sight. Matthew Rabbetts was pounded by Hazel and Melanie's feet; the President was photographed hopping around in a sleeping bag, and Pete Burberry, the phantom photographer, found that Hazel had nicked all the bedclothes, and sleep was some time coming.

Before the crack of dawn we were awake again. With five riders well spaced through the field, the arrangements were akin to the disastrous retreat from Kabul. I find eating rice pudding cold from a tin, while enveloped in a haze of massage cream and spirits, hard work. Finally we made it to the start and the long day began. It turned out to be fine and warm, I think! There were the usual ups and downs, with hard working helpers left wondering how they would catch up with the riders to whom the Lyndhurst traffic jams were no trouble at all. At the end of the day, Ian Burgess with 235½ miles took the club championship, and with support from Martin W., 220½ and Peter B., 216, they managed a new club team record. Poor Matthew Rabbetts also did 216 (in his first 12), and missed being in the team by a tenth of a mile. In his

first season he just missed being in a new club ten mile team record as well. Yours truly had one of those really off days, the only good thing about which, is that it gives encouragement for next time, if only because you think it can never be that bad again. Nevertheless, I like '12s', the atmosphere and help from all and sundry is great. It was nice of Reg and Maureen Porter to provide a sit down tea stop on the finishing circuit, too.

After the twelve, and for a change, we rode Eastbourne Saturday afternoon '10'. Martin White was D.N.S. as he chose that week to join the ranks of the employed again. Ben Green, Charlie Bull and Paul Higginson also showed improvements on G.815. Gordon Higginson also made it well inside evens, and could well surprise son Paul one day. The '25' the following day saw some sluggish rides by our lot with the exception of Charlie Bull and Phil King, who both did p.bs.

The ESCA '10' and '25' were the next events to really attract our lot, when we managed well over twenty in each event. In the '10' our fastest six riders were all from the juniors. About time they started to earn their keep. Adrian Dalgliesh was best with 25.24, closely followed by Ben Green and Charlie Bull in 25.27 and 25.32. The "Jolly Green Giant", John Honeyball, made an all too rare appearance, but nevertheless put a few regular riders behind him. This was also the event when Ken Savage started his season. Riding his usual big gears he turned in a ride that beat evens. Dave Sims was D.N.S. when his gear fell to bits; now we know where son Gary gets it from.

On the evening between the '10' and '25' it was decreed by the man with the crown on his shoulder that I should attend Crowborough Carnival. It turned out to be a rewarding time for a Bonk correspondent. Gary McManus filled a diesel generator with petrol, and Crowborough Wine Circles Roman Orgy Float disappeared in smoke and fumes. That was before he started drinking, too! One time top B.A.R. contender, Jim Wheeler, was seen some way off the back of this float, but a swift constabulary kick soon saw him on a toga. Zonca Bradshaw was out and about; wife Brenda was missing, but our lad still had three women in tow. Pity he cannot transfer this sort of stamina to the bike riding.

The last ESCA '25' was also for a club cup, and with Ian B. out of action with a groggy knee, competition looked like being close, as indeed it was. When all had finished, Mick Burgess came off best with 1.5.5. Adrian and Charlie from the Crowborough clan were next with 1.6.22 and 1.6.31. Dave Sims managed to finish this event but was outside evens. I suspect that if a certain bearded lady from a harem on the back of a lorry at the aforementioned Carnival had laid off the booze and dancing (s)he would have been inside.

The final club event of the season was the '15' over the Cooksbridge/Sheffield Park course. This featured the return of Steve (Spiderman) Phillips in all his St. Neots/Peugeot glory, and the fastest time of the morning in 39.11. Martin White won the actual event with 39.19, with Pete Burberry keeping the vets flag flying in second place with 41.12. The battle for best junior went to third placed Ben Green in 41.41 from Adrian Dalgliesh, who was fourth in 42.16. There were only fifteen riders in this event, and that with a late start time. It has been suggested that those who did

not ride are saving themselves for the Hardriders!! We'll see.

With clubruns now in full swing it was amusing to see Ian Burgess alongside two of our newest recruits, Paul and Neil. The 'Hulks' 6'3" on a 24" frame contrasted strongly with two 4' very little and 24" wheel bikes. Little they may be, but they go great and cope with the Crowborough hills well.

In case Hazel Burberry thinks I have forgotten her!!! Oh no. I hear there is a desperate shortage of Cadburys Buttons in the Portslade area. Is the "in" training food? Knowing that Hazel and Melanie have something of a crush on a certain rider from the Antelope R.T., is it true that they now sleep with a copy of Cycling under their pillow?

My spies tell me that there were several ladies in raptures over "lovely Graham" at the C.T.C. slide show at Blackboys Hostel. It seems the photogenic part time model was in a number of the slides. Good job he was away at the St. Neots dinner that weekend - the attention might have made him blush.

In the Eastbourne's club cyclo cross our Paul Cunningham made his debut by ending up in the lake. Hope this doesn't put him off, as the club photographers want a repeat so that they can have a competition for the best picture.

Greg Cornford is in more trouble. Seems big brother Paul is the proud owner of a fairly new Opel car. On a trip for fish and chips, the Denton playboy actually opened and started to eat his fish and chips in the car. It is said that the owner spent a week cleaning it, and has barred you know who.

Mid October saw a trip to Bruges and Ghent for a bit of early Christmas shopping. Ian Landless, Geoff Boxall and I, went on the Friday night and stayed in Bruges Hostel. With a still, clear evening, the reflections and illuminations on the canals were truly beautiful. I wish I could say the same for the mussels. I suspect that visitors to the Hostel think it is haunted by a demented Englishman in Y fronts who spends most of the night running from dormitory to toilet.

The Saturday saw us ride to Ghent to meet Graham S., Andrew Attwood and Ian B. The only thing I remember about this ride in the rain was passing the Crocodile Club just outside Ghent. I think it was the croc's day off as there was a young lady in a bikini sitting in the window. We duly met the others in Plum's shop. Talk about the market place. Graham and Andrew had long lists of items other people wanted. Out came the calculators and a price list for a well known mail order firm, and it was down to business. The best part was packing it away outside the shop. We met some lads from Coventry who were on a weekend coach trip and had managed to bring bikes as well. The comings and goings of blokes buying clothing were the cause of much laughter. I reckon the Gov'ner laughed all the way to the Bank.

In the evening we found a Steak House just across the square from the Ghent Hostel. This time it was steak all round and off down the road for a few beers. It was then we saw the frogs. These frogs were in a shop window next to Plum's. We now believe that frogs have their own Kama Sutra. Photos can be seen on application.

The ride back to Zeebrugge was uneventful, except that we have some who do not like pave. The last few francs were disposed of in the Piper Bar. This bar comes highly recommended - there cannot be any barmaids in Belgium with tighter trousers. Oh yes, Ian Landless got pulled for speeding on the drive home from Dover. Wonder if

those frogs had given him ideas.

Copper

P.S. Graham (I used to be fast) Seymour has purchased a new frame. Rims for new wheels were brought back from Belgium. The lad has had to endure just a little mickey taking as to when he is going to ride it. The new winter training schedule includes the installation of central heating - it is understood that this is good exercise for the back.

TROPHY WINNERS 1981

Junior '25' Cup	Ian Silvester	Southboro' & Dist. Whs.	1.02.00
Under the Hour '25'	Clive Attwood	V.C. Etoile	58.46
Vets '25' on Standard	Wilf How	Central Sussex C.C.	plus 9.22
L. Reich '50' Cup	Paul Lipscombe	Central Sussex C.C.	2.03.40
F. March Team '50' Cup		Central Sussex C.C.	6.22.27
'100' Mile Trophy	Mark Jones	Central Sussex C.C.	4.31.40
T. Jenner Team '100'		Central Sussex C.C.	14.05.45
Rosemary Team '25'		Southboro & Dist. Whs.	3.03.30
Page Hardriders Tankard	Paul Lipscombe	Central Sussex C.C.	40.52
Rix '50' Rose Bowl	Mrs. Bloom	Crawley Wheelers	2.59.21
S. Shirley Individual Points	Alan Brooks	Hastings & St.Leonards	126 pts
R. Humphrey Team Points		Central Sussex C.C.	189 pts

RESULT OF THE E.S.C.A. SENIOR B.A.R. COMPETITION 1981

1.	MARK JONES	CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.	23.685 m.p.h.
2.	Alan Brooks	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	23.104 m.p.h.
3.	Adrian Jones	Central Sussex C.C.	23.074 m.p.h.
4.	Ian Burgess	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.907 m.p.h.
5.	John Gumbrell	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	21.761 m.p.h.
6.	Mick Burgess	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.592 m.p.h.
7.	Alan Codd	Central Sussex C.C.	21.427 m.p.h.
8.	Ian Landless	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.359 m.p.h.
9.	Jim Fuller	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	20.280 m.p.h.
10.	Matt Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	20.196 m.p.h.
11.	Ron Ewart	Central Sussex C.C.	20.180 m.p.h.
12.	Mike Bloom	Crawley Wheelers	20.175 m.p.h.
13.	Ray Gearing	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	20.017 m.p.h.
14.	Ray Prior	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	19.038 m.p.h.
15.	Jack Southerden	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	18.867 m.p.h.

RESULT OF THE E.S.C.A. TEAM B.A.R. COMPETITION 1981

1.	CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.	22.728 m.p.h.
2.	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.956 m.p.h.
3.	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	21.244 m.p.h.
4.	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	19.778 m.p.h.

RESULT OF THE E.S.C.A. JUNIOR B.A.R. COMPETITION 1981

1.	TIM FULLER	EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.	23.202 m.p.h.
2.	Charlie Bull	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.269 m.p.h.
3.	Adrian Dalgliesh	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.192 m.p.h.
4.	Ben Green	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.048 m.p.h.
5.	Greg Cornford	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.733 m.p.h.
6.	Matt Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.573 m.p.h.
7.	Martin Wiles	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.424 m.p.h.
8.	Paul Fuller	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	21.348 m.p.h.
9.	Gary Sims	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.310 m.p.h.

There were no qualifiers in the E.S.C.A. Ladies B.A.R. Competition

RESULT OF INDIVIDUAL POINTS COMPETITION. 1981

Name	H.R.	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	H.C.	Total
ALAN BROOKS (Hastings & St.L)	-	-	16	19	15	16	12	17	17	14	126
A. Jones (Central Sussex)	-	14	-	17	12	19	16	14	16	15	123
M.P. Jones (Central Sussex)	-	15	-	20	-	20	-	-	19	20	94
P. Lipscombe (Central Sussex)	20	19	-	-	-	-	20	19	-	-	78
T.M. Carpenter (Hastings & St.L)	9	18	15	11	10	-	10	-	-	-	73
G. Moore (Central Sussex)	14	20	-	-	-	-	19	18	-	-	71
C.J. Tamon (Central Sussex)	19	17	-	-	-	-	-	16	-	19	71
I.M. Burgess (Lewes Wanderers)	4	16	12	18	-	18	-	-	-	-	68
C.L. Attwood (V.C. Etoile)	18	-	20	-	20	-	-	-	-	-	58
M.S. Williams	12	12	-	-	14	-	15	-	-	-	53

RESULT OF CLUB POINTS COMPETITION. 1981

Club	H.R.	TTT	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	H.C.	Total
CENTRAL SUSSEX	23	13	30	-	20	1	18	26	22	15	21	189
Hastings & St.L	2	-	8	10	14	7	7	7	5	9	2	71
Lewes Wanderers	-	19	4	2	10	3	9	-	2	3	1	53
Southboro' Whs	-	-	-	8	-	5	-	-	-	20	15	48
Eastbourne Rovers	-	11	-	5	2	13	2	3	1	4	-	41
V.C. Etoile	12	-	-	8	-	15	-	-	-	-	-	35
Crawley Wheelers	-	-	-	2	-	4	12	14	-	-	-	32
East Grinstead	7	8	-	1	-	-	-	-	8	-	-	24
Worthing Excel	-	7	-	10	-	1	-	-	3	-	-	21
Brighton Mitre	-	7	-	5	2	-	-	-	1	-	-	15
Brighton Excel	-	1	3	-	-	2	-	-	3	-	4	13
Sussex Nomads	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Very many thanks to Frank Blake and Dave Waller, of Mainline Cycles, for their very generous sponsorship of this competition for 1981. Thanks also to Stan Shirley for keeping the score, and congratulations to the winners of the trophies.

Dear Reader(s),

Sadly these are to be the last words of slander and comfort(?) to leak from the valve of A. Tubular, so I had better make them count! The past year has been a great one for the Rovers in both time trials and road races. The club achieving six outright road victories and numerous individual and team time trial awards. Club champion, Cliff, retains the '25' mile trophy with his best this year of a 55, and has also won the overall club championship for the eighteenth year running.

Tim Fuller has won the Junior B.A.R. in the club from main rivals Jason Carey and Simon Prior, who was out of action after he introduced himself into the back of a car in August. Tim has also won the ESCA Junior B.A.R. for the '81 season. Jason finished thirteenth in the National GHS Final (the best ever placing for the club), just having the edge on Tim, who finished twenty ninth.

Charlie Robson must be the club's gladiator this year by riding three consecutive twelve hour events, finally culminating in setting a new club record of 246 miles; not satisfied with this, and in pursuit of a cup of tea, Charlie decided to break the twenty two year old '24' hour record, and did so by riding a distance of 447 miles, and to cap it all came first in the National Veterans Championship ('12' hour Championship, I think. Ed.).

Ray (Hello chaps!) Prior has now reached managerial level and is to be found in that well known Eastbourne cycle shop!!

The Brighton Mitre/Dried Fruit event was well organized by Robin Johnson, and saw a personal best ride for that legend among cyclists, Clive Edgar Willis who achieved 1.5.59, and was instrumental in gaining third team award. Kevin (I can't let Mark Williams beat me all the time) Dakin had bad luck when he entered his first ever '25' - by puncturing on the start line.

John Lehane achieved a personal best '10' time when he rode on the Portsmouth Road in Surrey, while Jim and Paul Fuller, Roly Wickham and Stu Greenway all achieved personal bests ever on the Q25/3 in Kent. Roly now actually holds the club '27' record by riding two miles past the timekeeper.

With this year well and truly over everyone is now getting down to the task of getting fit for next year's season and attending the clubruns/road races. The training groups with Dave (I was National Junior Champion) Carter should be swelled with the presence of actual racing cyclists who are studying in one of the Eastbourne Colleges and many others of whom to mention Clive Edgar Willis and John Pratt would simply be name dropping.

Mark Williams won the annual hillclimb grovel up Beachy Head from Jason in second and Tim in third.

The first official clubrun/road race saw twenty riders turn out on what looked like being a nice morning (all hoping to have their BCF licences signed at the end of it), however, twenty miles out from Polegate down came the rain and the peloton was split into two groups. The first group having a close shave with an idiot driver who left it to the last nono (10.9) second before crossing their path. Do you know her?

Registration number BHC 689V, one way of working for the Voluntary Euthansia Society!!
One of life's better maniacs.

The second official clubrun saw just twelve MEN (they don't have boys in the Eastbourne) brave the drizzle - but still at the end of it saw bodies scattered all over Sussex.

Congratulations to Dave Dunbar for retaining the Sussex B.A.R. Championship and to Charlie Robson who achieved fourth place for the club.

Also congratulations to Sue and Jerry Keen on the birth of their baby son, Paul. We wish the three of them good luck for the future.

And with that I have finally run out of tread!! Yours TIREfully,

A. Tubular

P.S. I am now prone to the dreaded reprisal of the next Bonk Scribe.

P.P.S. I hope it isn't CLIVE EDGAR!

P.P.P.S. Don't forget the CLUB DINNER, 6th FEBRUARY at the GOLD ROOM, WINTERGARDEN, EASTBOURNE.

P.P.P.P.S. Also don't forget the Rovers Reliability Trial course (RTTC) in January - it's a must.

Joke(?) told at the counter of Phoenix Cycles:

Q. How do you make an overall loss into an overall profit?

A. Buy cheaper overalls.

10 seconds.....Get ready.....5, 4, 3, 2, 1, GOODBYE.

Dear member, if you haven't been mentioned in this issue write your name in the space provided here.....

CLOSING DATE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF BONK IS WEDNESDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1982, FOR DISTRIBUTION AT THE HARDRIDERS ON FEBRUARY 28th.

CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED FROM ANYONE, AT ANY TIME.

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

At the forthcoming club dinner, which we will have experienced by the time you read this, held at the Hebe in Shoreham, we shall once again have Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra entertaining us. The prize presentation will see Joe Peake receive the novices award, and Roger Hughes, yet again, the Hillclimb Championship Cup, but all other trophies will go this year to Rick Stringer who managed the hat-trick winning the 10, 25, 50, 100 and Best all Rounder events. (He may also have taken the Clubman's Trophy Award, but the final result of this competition is not yet known). Well done Rick, not bad for a veteran, and make the most of it because some of the young blood in the club is bound to be challenging seriously next year. I am informed that some sixty or so members and friends will be attending the dinner, so we are looking forward to a good evening. As you see, it looks as if Rick has shown a clean pair of heels to his team mates, and Roger Hughes came for his annual hillclimb victory - beware, however, as several of the youngsters are close behind, especially Craig as he 'Excels' himself as he becomes more experienced.

Simon Merrix put fixed wheel on especially for the club hillclimb, but didn't ride the event as in practice he fell off on the first bend and broke his arm. He had to send his deputy - thirteen year old brother Jonathon - out on clubruns instead. Quite a cycling family this one, with another brother in the Oxford City R.C.; dad (Alun) and baby brother Benjamin now have a Peugeot tandem. Mum does cycle a bit (when she's not too busy washing out racing vests). Incidentally, we've got some smart new bright racing vests, so put your sunglasses on as the blue and old gold flashes by.

Alan and Deznie have just taken delivery of their STAN PIKE tandem frame and once again Alan is under pressure to get on with building it up. He's only just finished building up Deznie's new Holdsworth which is to be her racing machine for next season.

Chris Beckingham and Dave Hudson enjoyed a CTC tour of Corsica. They managed to cover only a small portion of this hilly island and in their spare time endeavoured to improve their all over suntan. Some of the keener racing types packed their bikes away mid-week as the local talent was so good (in contrast with the food which was poor and the drink which was expensive). Certainly a place to go again, they agreed.

Chris Peet this week will be showing us some of his Scottish touring slides, a country he frequently visits. No doubt this will bring the 'pangs' on as plans and ideas are discussed and maps displayed at this time of the year as to next year's tours, holidays, etc. Certainly there are discussions for an Easter Tour to Exmoor and a summer visit to the French Alps combining with the Tour de France. Incidentally Val tells me that hopefully we will be having our own slide show during the New Year.

Alan, Deznie, Michael, Chris B., Rick, Leon, Judi and Val, attended the Worthing Excel dinner. Neville Channin appreciated the chorus of "a Wall's Cornetto" sung by the Worthing lads prior to the super tourist's lengthy speech which kept the amplification of the band delayed as much as possible.

Unfortunately I was unable to participate in the annual visit to the National Hillclimb Championship, however Val's account of the weekend is worth reading.....

The trip to the National Hillclimb Championship brought more hazards than the snow blizzards on Horseshoe Pass! The wheel of the hired minibus all but came off on the motorway on the return trip - we are still trying to get some compensation out of the hire firm, who are defending their case on the grounds that they were victims of a con, having been told that the vehicle was being hired by the Reverend Budgen to take a party of children to see the lions at Longleat. No wonder the Worthing Wheel had a little quip in it about the Excelsior having gone teetotal. But it's all untrue. We went out for a few drinks on Saturday night in Llangollen and were finally shown out through the pub side door at 23.30 hours. Dick got locked out of the hotel when he stopped to rescue a budgerigar; he knocked on someone's door and told the chap who answered that he'd brought his Sunday dinner but I don't think the Welsh humour appreciated this very much. On knocking up the landlord of the hotel he apologised for being late but had been in a doorway with a bird..... Following morning saw a ghostly Pete enter the breakfast room at least three times and disappear twice as fast at the mention of breakfast. We did eventually get up the pass in the rustheap hired for the weekend, and stepped out into a snow blizzard. After freezing for a couple of hours the event was eventually on and we were delighted to see the local lads from the Central Sussex do so well. Due to the lateness of the hour and the suspect capabilities of our vehicle we abandoned all ideas of going on a devious scenic route home and after descending the pass by the old road made for the motorway, where within a few hours we sat stranded on the hard shoulder. We eventually arrived home in the early hours of Tuesday morning after a somewhat eventful weekend.....

Mind you, I wonder about the Hire Firm con, as I believe they mixed up Reverend Budgen (Leon) as Lion, and tried to take the opportunity which has yet foiled man... by taming fifteen examples of the untamed Excelsior creatures which freely roam our countryside...especially when one considers that on a recent clubrun the swollen waters of the river Adur had flooded the road north of Spithurst and young Craig, turning amphibian, ended up completely submerged. Frightened to go home, he had everything dried out in Alan's tumbler drier.

We were pleased to see Adrian the other weekend, home for half term from Exeter University. Some members enjoyed a leisurely ride out to Thakeham. Clubrun variety continues, and with the racing season winding down (Rick still trains on Saturday mornings), a variety of clubruns with different leaders has been finding good support from all ranges of the membership age group. On one of my recent 'jollies', some twenty one members travelled down to Lyndhurst in the New Forest, joining up with Dave Saltwell and some friends from Southampton University. We had a windy ride across some exposed stretches of the rural landscape through to Alderholt in Dorset, where we received a warm welcome from the landlord of the Churchill Arms, one of the few pubs where after the lunch we were thanked for coming and call again. So if you're in that part of the world it's worth a visit. After lunch, a puncture (we've had a lot lately, in one day no less than seven), but this puncture, oh dear, thank goodness it happened near a large puddle, for as Dick was unable to remove the rear wheel of his tandem, he spent considerable time pulling the tube through the muddy

water, whilst the 'youth of the club' were doing wheelies through the same water. I had planned some rough stuff but after this interlude it seemed pointless, so we made our way to Ringwood, Burley, Brockenhurst and back towards Lyndhurst as darkness fell (mind you, it had been one of those grey days anyway). Dave and his friends had already left us as we searched in vain for a cafe. I was pleased that we were joined by Laurie Leaney (a lifelong friend of mine, and in fact he taught me to ride, so blame him. Yes I remember thirty years ago riding wobbly along an allotment path near our home and falling some few feet into a plot of large cabbages - see, didn't even learn to ride on the road). Laurie's family have long been associated with the Excel, and we have been pleased to see him out at several ESCA events earlier this year. Living now in Uckfield, he is now a member of the Lewes Wanderers.

Most members, like myself, are looking forward to Chris B's, decorated bike ride to Amberley for our Christmas lunch venue on the Sunday preceeding the holiday. Before I finish my screed, I must thank Val for her valued assistance during the year, especially for the jottings she gives me, and of course Esther and Maurice for putting up with my late submissions (I don't too much mind you being a little bit late, but your writing does make me somewhat neurotic. It's quite a challenge getting your notes done! Mrs. Ed),* and thank them on behalf of all members for producing this magazine which unites so many of us. I'll leave you now with best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all ESCA members.

P.S. Have you heard about the members of the Irish Labourers C.C., who were donated new racing machines. Upon being told to take their pick they were all D.N.S. as they were so confused!!

See you next year. Merry Xmas.

Rough Rider

* If you refer back to paragraph five of the first page of Rough Rider's notes after you have read the following, you might have an inkling of what I mean.

Chris feet this week will be showing us some of his Scottish boring slides no doubt this will bring the 'pongs on' as plans and ideas are discussed and mops displayed.....

Since the revelation in the last issue of BONK that she once spent a night in a police station cell, Joyce Dunford wishes it to be known that a) she wasn't drunk and disorderly; b) she wasn't soliciting; c) she hadn't knocked off a policeman's helmet and d) all she HAD done was get on the wrong train.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

As usual we are again late with our notes but at least it means we are right up to date with the news.

The club dinner was held on Saturday, 21st November, with Jon Burnham and his witty wife, Jean, as our guest speaker. The cross toasting this year was excellent. Dave Dallimore had brought a wooden spoon with a blue ribbon attached, no doubt to be presented with some ribald comments, but the waitress on their table was presented with it instead, after much noise and laughter. Bill Sladen our Chairman, responded to Jon Burnham with a very good speech, short and to the point. A total of sixty three sat down to an excellent meal which was served quickly so it all kept hot. Martin Blake, our dinner organiser and now our general Secretary, had made a very good job of the arrangements. A minutes silence was taken in memory of Helen Stenning and Arthur Banks, both very longstanding members. Later in the evening the prize presentation took place with Sally Blake our President's wife presenting the prizes for the year. The main recipients were Martin Blake, road race Champion; Alan Green, Schoolboy Division Road Champion; Peter Taylor, club B.A.R. Champion; Dave Green, track Champion, and of course our up and coming youngster, Brian James, who again won the club '30' Handicap Cup. Norman and Mary Harber and Peter and Doris Rice attended the dinner this year, it was good to see them all after about twenty years.

At the recent A.G.M. about twenty five members attended, with some of the jobs changing hands: Martin Blake taking on the job of General Secretary; Jean Hill is now Social Secretary; Stephen Blake is our new Time Trial Secretary and Jacqui Taylor is continuing as Treasurer. A big vote of thanks to Peter Taylor and Pearl Wells for all the work they have done in the past. Peter Taylor is now on the London South District Committee, so will be looking after our interests in this field.

Next season we are again promoting several open events, with a new one, an open 10, on the new Lewes/Falmer by-pass course, organized by Dave Waller. We are hoping for a full field and some fast times on this course. Our four-up T.T.T. is also being run again by Frank Blake, over 50 km. We have one meeting at Hove Park run by Ken Wells, incorporating the Sussex Schoolboy Championship, and for the first time, the Junior Championship will be held as well, and of course our open '25' run by Robin Johnson at the end of the season.

The morning of our "egg and bacon" '25'ish dawned bright and clear with little wind, an excellent morning seemed in prospect as with all previous events, but for the first time over nearly thirty years rain came down after one circuit had been completed. As the eggs, beans and bacon hurriedly disappeared down throats, the spots of rain started, and Frank Blake, the last rider off was caped up. At the finish it was so wet it was agreed to present the prizes at the A.G.M. Horry Hemsley had the fastest time, with Martin Blake and Dave Waller finishing second and third.

A long racing season starting in late February and finishing late in October saw some good riding by our members, with our vet, Dave Dallimore, enjoying all of his rides and improving his times rapidly. Dave Green, Alan Green, Phil Murphy,

Andy White, Chris Hill, Martin Blake, Peter Taylor, Robin Johnson, Graham Charlton and John Pears, all improved on past performances, with young riders like Dave Reed and Darren Butcher coming on nicely. Darren had a nasty crash when riding at Portsmouth track, and we're pleased to see that he's now recovered and we're looking forward to seeing him back on his bike and training again.

John Green in his first year in office as Road Race Secretary, has done a marvellous job in getting entries into lots of road events and has also arranged transport for the boys, with the club providing some money to cover the cost of petrol for events ridden outside of Sussex. Experienced Nigel Hill, also in his first year as Track Secretary, has organised trips to various meetings, including Harlow, Leicester and Reading. Two training trips to Harlow helped the lads get used to riding a small, steep track. 1982 should prove to be even more successful after the training of 1981.

Sunday morning clubruns are now taking place, with Phil Murphy leading them once again, but at the moment we have nobody to take the SLOW runs. If anybody would like to join us, we meet at Preston Park, Brighton, every Sunday at 9.30 a.m. on the Social side.

We have a Christmas tea arranged at Ringmer early in December - contact Pearl Wells if you can come. The first Friday that the clubroom is open in the new year, Nigel Hill has organised a Slide Show, to which all are welcome. Jean Hill is also organising a Social at Albourne Village Hall in March, so a full social scene is unfolding, and it would be nice to see all of the club members attending these functions.

Perhaps 1982 will see more of our riders entering ESCA events, with maybe a chance in the B.A.R. or Points Competition. It would certainly be nice to see the Mitre near the top in these competitions.

The Beauty and the Beast

The EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON & PRIZE PRESENTATION is to be held on Sunday, January 10th, 1982, at Framfield Memorial Hall. Tickets are £3.80 each. Lunch, which will comprise a roast beef main course, will be served at 1.45 p.m. sharp! As there is no bar at the hall, please bring your own drinks - glasses will be provided. The meeting place prior to the Lunch will be the Hare and Hounds. Come along and meet your friends. It is particularly hoped that all prizewinners will be present.

Club Secretaries have booking forms, which should be returned to Roy Humphrey with names and cash, by January 2nd, 1982.

Having had my knuckles rapped yet again by the editors for failing to turn up with the goods on time, I have decided to make this a bumper edition of news and reviews from the west end of East Sussex.

The racing season is at an end and we have had time to sit and review the season's results. For the statistically minded, four club records have been broken, fourteen events have been won, nine second places, sixteen third places, and sixteen open and association team wins collected. Although this just pales into insignificance when you take into consideration the vets 'best on standard' awards collected by Wilf How and Albert Griffiths - more than twenty five between them in the course of the year, plus a few assorted vets team wins as well.

Mark Jones collected the Senior B.A.R. to add to his Association win, but in the end he was chased hard by Paul Lipscombe who finished up in second place. Paul did one of his usual efforts and left it until the end of August before making any sort of challenge. He was beaten eventually by 0.113 m.p.h. - and time. There were just no more events to ride. John Yates is the 'oldies' B.A.R. with the best plus over the same distances as the seniors, with Adrian Jones as runner up. Best rides of the season were Don Awcock's 21.14 for 10 miles; 25 miles John Yates' 56.50; 50 miles Mark Jones' 1.57.48; 100 miles Paul Lipscombe 4.8.13 and 12 hours John Yates 238.22 miles.

A bevy of beauty plus several riders went to the National Hillclimb Championship to savour the first snow of the year. After the delays, Don was fourteenth; Colin Tamon twenty second and Paul twenty third. The club also had the dubious honour of being the leading non-sponsored club, which placed them about fifth. Mike Wood went along to add a little vocal support to the group and then left for a climbing holiday in Wales - without his bike, of course, and with an apparent bout of frostbite on his return. Mike Ryall was also there in an official capacity and his yells of encouragement could be detected over all the other noise on the course. He and son Ian went for a short tour of the district during the next few days, and learnt that cycling shoes take a long time to dry out. About two weeks to be exact. Does the rain make your feet shrink, Mike?

Ubiquitous Ron Ewart has again taken the field with the famous 'rambles' leaving the foot of Pease Pottage every Saturday morning at 9 a.m. prompt. These rides vary in length and severity according to the fixture list of the Albion, and some fourteen or so riders have sampled the delights of Lewes, Mark Cross and Ashington. If you think you know the way to these places, believe me, Ron will prove to you that he knows a couple of dozen others. At the Mark Cross venue, the Bowers caff, the run was joined by a certain police official, who turned up in full regalia and arrived in a 'Noddy' motor. Gave the members quite a fright. They saw lives flash by in seconds and were resigned to a day in the local clink. Well done, Mick. Keep coppers off bikes, I say!

The dinner season is getting under way again and our annual function is once again being held at the HASSOCKS HOTEL, HASSOCKS on SATURDAY, 16th JANUARY, 1982. Tickets, price £7.50, are available from Barbara Atkins, and it is hoped that the

usual massive turnout will take place. Guest of honour this year is John Woodburn, who should be great to hear. Do try to come.

We shall of course be supporting the ESCA luncheon and SCA luncheon in some force to aid our prizewinners. The SCA function is being held our clubroom this year, and actually on the day of one of our Christmas 10 mile events. It is therefore possible to ride the '10' (11 a.m. start); get to the pub (12 a.m.) then on to the luncheon (afterwards). Quite a good day's sport for the winter.

Ronnie also asked me to tell you that next year's reliability trials will be held on February 13th and 14th. One short and one long. Make a note of the dates, full details will be sent to the clubs in due course.

Whilst on next year's promotions, the Ewart spectacular hilly events have been extended to take in a couple of extra mountains, and will take place on Easter Saturday. The course start as before, in Staplefield, and this year the ladies and junior event has been revived. The club road race will be handled by Joe James and will be on May 9th, about seventy miles of hard work I should think.

Since these notes are being written on the day of the ESCA A.G.M., I think I can release the news that John Dutson has relinquished his posts as Chairman and also that of Promoter of the two-up. Thanks, John, for many years work done on behalf of the Association and the Club. Just so there won't be any extra tasks about, Ken Atkins picked up both these jobs, and handed on his Auditor's post to Barbara so that she would have something to do after her hectic year as President.

That's enough,

Blondie.

PEVENSEY CASTLE



A LIKELY STORY

After a long day awheel, Sid the Sussex Ancient settled back in the inglenook by the fire, sipped his pint, stretched his legs and slowly dozed. In only a few days time he would be marshalling the turn of the Christmas '10'. His head nodded, his tankard went unheeded.....

Suddenly he was standing at the Boship Round-a-bout, turning a festive '10' with a difference. Yes, this was the ESCA Odd Couple Twicer '10'. He strained his eyes, peering into the mist, waiting for the first of these riders ancient and modern.

At last! here came the first pair. Could it be, was it really, yes it was... Also ran as stoker to Sean Kelly, so that at last he could get some up to date Irish jokes. Almost on their wheel came a super speed pair. The steersman bent low over the bars, his cap on backwards and pipe bowl glowing red. Roy Humphrey was being driven as he had never ridden before, with another Sean (of the Yates ilk) hammering away on the back.

Two or three minutes passed before a steadily increasing noise heralded the approach of the next pair. They should never let two women ride together, thought Sid, just listen to that chatter! The 'Vals squared' (Mesdames Baxendine and Stringer) had hardly turned when an even more frightening noise was heard approaching. This time it was two gents. It was going to be no secret that Crow and Derek Agg were abroad and swapping reminiscences.

There was a swish of tubs and Mick Burgess turned neatly with Alf Eagers (because Alf always did like riding close to the law), and then even more noise as Phil Griffiths and Pete Wall arrived, swapping excuses as they went.

Sid's eye was caught by a well turned leg as Sue Swetman swept by with a swinging crank behind her. Sorry, a chap with swinging cranks, for the Hastings Chairman was always one for following a fast girl.

A selection of famous and notorious riders then followed in quick succession. Dave Lloyd with a man on the back trying to find out about cycling. As Editor of a certain magazine the experience should be good for Martin Ayres. Eileen Gray storming away on the front, with the new President of the UCI trying to hold his position. Talking of hanging on, it hardly described the predicament of the next man, in ragged shorts, who appeared to be clinging to a Sainsbury's trolley being furiously driven by a girl in Southborough colours.

Alec Wingrave of the Redmon, whose A2 '25' gets moved by the National Committee each year, captained a tandem trike with the National Chairman on the back on the receiving end of some free advice. Carole Gandy appeared in a subdued mood with Maurice Cumberworth on the back. It may have been because he had a '50' field re-arranged to accomodate her at Harrogate then she hadn't turned up!!

Whose was the face from the past, like a rabbit peering through a loo brush? Of course, Cedric Pearson, with old Uckfield Mucker Dutson (or should it be old Uckfield mucker, Dutson? Ed) on the back. They had almost been caught by another lady front-combo with a power horse on the back. Wilf How, the pedalling machine, was driving Esther faster than she had ever been. Meantime, Ian Hallam appeared, riding in spite of his partner - the Secretary of Yorks D.C. who had suspended him!

Sid looked at his start sheet, so far it seemed that there was only one non-start-er, ol' Neevo, the Hastings recluse, but wait,....surely this was him plodding slowly across the Dicker with dainty Dotty Collins ornamenting the back of the tandem. Yes, Dotty had charmed Neevo back into society at last. Close behind them, indeed he nipped adroitly past them on the round-a-bout, was stylish Pete Crofts, the rear of his tandem burdened with nothing more weighty than his ego. No doubt about it, Pete was in serious training for the following season.

Suddenly another pair loomed through the mist. Sid rubbed his eyes in disbelief and stepped a pace forward. A voice behind him called "Sid! Sid!", he turned, half tripped on the kerb and nearly fell...off his chair! "Do you want another beer? You old dreamer", the voice continued. "Yes please", said Sid, "but I'll never know who that other couple really were".

The DTs - The Dreaming Triallists (of course)

C.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

We have had two important 'happenings' recently. The first was our A.G.M. on October 22nd, which proved to be a quick affair with the existing officers and committee members being re-elected en bloc. A conservative approach, perhaps, but we are a happy band and all seems to be going well, so there seems to be little cause to disturb things.

The second event was the Slide Show "Barney's Men" held at the end of October at Polegate. An audience of some one hundred and twenty seemed enthralled by the show so ably presented by Jack and Grace Cotton. Jack's stories caused much laughter and Grace played a major part in the proceedings by her masterly operation of the twin projectors. Several clubs were represented at the show and we would like to thank everyone who publicised the event, as well as those who attended. We staged the show for two reasons: to provide an enjoyable evening out and to aid our meagre bank balance. We hope we succeeded in the first; we certainly did in the second.

As to cycling, our pattern of rides have been much as before. Six riders on one of our more energetic jaunts were taken through Eastbourne and over Beachey Head in a gale force wind which tested to the full the ability to stay upright. It's a ride we won't forget in a hurry. The same group were compensated a few weeks later when, on a sparkling morning, Ray Wickens took us on a splendid hilly ride which had some of the less fit ones "puffing a bit". John Bainbridge was surrounded by three tandems, a trike and several solos for a modest paced ride he did recently, but alas, heavy rain fell soon after the start which caused the ride to be curtailed. Three members had a minor tour of Sussex, Hampshire and Surrey in October, when despite indifferent weather a very successful trip was enjoyed. Three of our ladies tramped along the Dorset Coastal Path about the same time and also thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Compliments of the season to all our readers.

Tourist

Greetings once again to all the faithful followers of this particular "lanterne rouge". As his appearances at the clubroom have been likened to eclipses of the sun it's regretted that he doesn't accumulate much of interest to readers of this mag. However an eagle eyed observer noticed the very sartorial jumper he was wearing and so a demonstration 'flash' had to be made to the interested audience, plus the remark, "And there AREN'T any holes in the back either". Ken Stevens had the last laugh by asking: "Is there a back?".

Your scribe did drag himself out to Polegate for another evening of superlative entertainment by Jack and Grace Cotton. This, being about the Emerald Isle and it's unique inhabitants, was naturally a laugh all the way and must have spurred some of those present to have a future holiday there. Catching the mood of the evening yours truly suggested to Cath Seymour that when they have their annual 'dance' at the club dinner, he will show her the Irish Black Bottom. A request from that lady for an instant demonstration had to be declined due to an absence of space and the appropriately coloured boot polish!

Further to the note in the previous edition re the Stevens' transport - or lack of it - the situation has now been remedied by the acquisition of a very smart Escort Estate, which presumably gets as many nods of approval from the neighbors as the other two got snorts of disgust.

Cath Seymour had the misfortune to fall off in the St. Neots freewheeling contest and fractured her wrist. Whilst sitting in the road she was passed by Brenda (Mrs. Zonca) Bradshaw who said she thought that she was a marshall!! Shortly afterwards, Brenda forgot her vow made at the start and commenced pedalling, thereby coping an immediate disqualification. Seems as if some of the Zonca eccentric influence is rubbing off on his good lady!

Can't think of any more worthwhile scandal at the moment, and even the Irish jokes, apart from the above mentioned spate from Jack Cotton, seem to have dried up. It just remains for your scribe to wish all ESCAbods a raving social season and fulfilling Christmas and New Year.

May your wheels never get cobwebby or your other vital parts fail when wanted most. Cheers for now.

Alsoran .

East Sussex Tea Drinker Extraordinaire, Charlie Robson, sent us the following news item which he spotted in the 'Sun'.

"Richard Burton, forced to give up drinking for health reasons, has now been told to give up drinking tea following ulcer trouble.

This might not be difficult for most people, but Burton downs anything up to thirty two cups a day."

Charlie comments: Thirty two cups a day! This man could surely have been one of the world's leading cyclists?

I moved down to Sussex in January and two days later went to the ESCA Lunch in Framfield where I was introduced to the 'Copper'. As Lewes colours are very similar to the Middlesex R.C. I promptly decided to join. As well as that, they were the nearest club, and cheapest.

On going down to the clubroom I saw Ian Landless's plan to see the Tour de France and put my name down with about fifteen others. I convinced a friend of mine, Eddie Reeves, ex Twickenham C.C., to come along as well.

Eddie rode down from Windsor and got drowned when he reached Ashdown Forest, and stayed with me in Framfield. We got up at 4 a.m. and rode to Newhaven early in case anything happened on the way. We were first at Newhaven and had to wait around for the rest. I am always suspicious when first in case all the others are hiding elsewhere. Ian came up and gave us all our boarding passes and then it was "Fair set the wind for France" via Sealink. Nearly everybody was a bit tired on the way over, and luckily it was calm.

We reached Dieppe and the first thing I saw was someone nailed to a cross at the harbour entrance - someone from last year's tour perhaps, or a telephone engineer who was caught slacking! I tried to fall off on the wet railway lines before we left the harbour. The first signs of how the tour would develop were apparent when the pace was wound up leaving John Hare with an attack of body failure, and Marcus with a left crank which did not want to go on holiday with the rest of his bike, way behind. After a lot of re-grouping and splitting Ian allowed us to stop and eat. Five of us found a cafe and had hot dogs, coffee and icecream. Feeling a bit better we made for Amiens and the youngsters all decided to do twenty fives to get there and disappeared up the road. They had to keep waiting for us to find out where they were going. On the way we found a monster chair outside a factory where everyone stopped to take pictures, except for Eddie, me and Geoff (that will do nicely) Boore, who took off and made for Amiens at breakneck speed - Geoff won. While drinking a litre of milk the others came in all over the road and we re-grouped for the Hostel which was away from the centre of the town. After having to change rooms, as Ian waited till we had made our beds before letting on we were in another building, we went down the town by bike for our evening meal, which was liver and chips in French. Eddie and I found a bar where the waitress looked as if she'd just got off a Christmas tree, as the cafe where we were was too hot for comfort.

I am sure my mattress in the Hostel was full of coke as I hardly slept all night, so I was well prepared for another day of hard graft to our next stop at Chauny. The weather was slowly improving and we spent all day crossing and recrossing the Worde Canal. There was a slight problem finding places to eat as northern France is a bit like Wales on a Sunday. We were either in front or slightly behind, three separate fish and chip road races all day. As we got nearer Chauny we came across more and more first world war graveyards and we had to stop John Hare trying to lay down in some of them. The Hostel was about a mile out of town, so we had to go down by bike to find our evening meal, which was a bit difficult as no-one seemed keen to take our money. We got directed to a small cafe where our group of five got fed very reasonably. John B

kept drinking something that looked like washing up liquid but a lot more expensive. On second thoughts it was Fairy Liquid as John spent most of the rest of the holiday with gut trouble. The Hostel was situated near a main road, and the French waited till we'd all gone to bed and then got their cars out and spent the night driving back and forth past the Hostel. As well as that John Hare made a bid for the loudest snorer this side of the equator. We also had our first case of sickness and had to push young Adrian the last few miles to the digs.

The next morning it started to get really hot, and our group with two sick bodies pushed off early to find a Chemist's which might sell Kaolin and Morphine. John had gone the same colour as his bike and jersey, i.e. green, whilst Adrian was deathly pale. What we did not know was that it was a French holiday and not a lot was open. I tried my French in the only open Chemist's with a piece of paper with 'kaolin and morphine' written on it and pointed at green John. The assistant promptly sold him five hundred Milk of Magnesia tablets which he consumed like Smarties. We pushed on from elevenses with our two sick riders and made for Arras, and our fit youngsters with Master Phillips in charge took off, doing bit and bit. Being a straight rode there wasn't much chance of them getting lost (unfortunately). Three of us got bored with hanging back, and seeing how it was every man for himself for a good bed at the Hostel, took off after the younger members. Eddie, Terry and I passed them in a one horse town and managed to get a few beers in before the Hostel even opened. The Hostel in Arras is set in a magnificent square, but in the case of a good fire nobody would get out of it. The French with their grasp of money even managed to pack a few more in between beds on the floor. We met an Aussie doing a tour of Anzac graves but he left us when Eddie asked his opinion on Mick Jagger's contribution to Australian culture (Ned Kelly for the uninformed). There were also two members of the Addiscombe and somehow we managed to end up having a Chinese meal. That night in the Hostel, J.R. and Gary tried for the world championship let's be sick record and woke us all up. Alan Limbrey donated his bed and slept on the floor whilst some of the rest planned at least one murder. When morning did come, trapped in a red hot Hostel after no sleep and the French having their all night Grand Prix, it was a relief to get back on the road. Adrian was now looking better. Gary held up the others as he had jumped on his bike in a fit of temper and then had to buy a new rear mech. Our group of five, Green John, Terry, Marcus, Eddie and I pushed on to Templeneuve to see the Tour riders come through the feeding station. With my superb map reading we got a bit lost and a young French cyclist us to Templeneuve. The temperature was up in the eighties and we had to wait two hours or more for the Tour to arrive. The rest arrived and we introduced John Hare to the local out of work drunk as we thought they may want to improve their knowledge of each other's language. There was a slow build up as various French vans turned up in front of the Tour-selling magazines, hats, jerseys and even miniature bikes you could walk around on a string - I still prefer a dog. All the ad wagons came through with dead beetles on top of cars, Michelin men, etc. I even saw Poulidor doing an imitation of royalty from his press car. The first rider through was the Champion of France, whoever he was, and then came all the rest split into various groups and the odd Spaniards way off the back. It was all heady stuff and made me feel like the completely amateur I've always been, I am happy to say. While Eddie was debating whether to get a franc back on an empty bottle the rest of our party, except for

Terry, had cleared off. We went off to see the riders again over the pave about four miles from Templeuve. It was even hotter and we three tried all the flavours of Miko icecream whilst watching the riders battle the grime and dust.

We then set off for Ronse in Belgium, and after Terry had a puncture we caught a few of the others up and did a three up past them (howls of rage). As it was John B's round we dropped back and waited and promptly found a small village hostelry and parted him from his money. About a mile out of Ronse I saw the sign to the Hostel and my better nature took over and I told the others. This was by far the best Hostel, as the Warden gave us coffee, sold beer and we didn't have a Grand Prix past the windows all night. We were directed to a supermarket with a restaurant which served the best food of the holiday - big steaks, icecream, strawberry flan, lobster, etc. Our party managed two sweets. John Hare came in after this haven was shut and had to miss out on all the above mentioned nosh.

The next morning had the Tour coming past the front door so we watched the riders coming up the long climb where we could see them for two miles or more. Phillips senior had the idea that we could see them again about half a mile away and needless to say we didn't make it. Apparently they don't ride with saddlebags and pressures. I took all of the party down a small lane with no tarmac where someone fell off and one of the youngsters had another puncture. They managed to have about thirty of these but seemed unable to repair any of them throughout the holiday. Normally after a lapse of about half an hour one of us had to do it for them. Ian Landless took all of the mob less our five into town to buy cycle gear, whilst we found the most flyblown bar on the French/Belgian border. The owner was a large lady with hairy armpits and a wizened little husband like Montgomery. She didn't speak any English and gave us free booze and burnt pizzas. I settled for onion soup. We told Marcus that as she wasn't taking any money and he was the youngest he would have to be sacrificed for the common good (she also fancied him). We eventually got out and made for Lille which was no distance away. Meanwhile it got even hotter and we helped to push Miko's profits even higher. The Hostel in Lille was the best for noise value being on a dual carriageway but at least no-one was sick. Getting out of town was a bit rough as it is like Manchester in the rush hour but eventually we got on a straight road like top Borough where Marcus towed us along at 22 mph as I don't think he liked Lille very much. Again we had left the other ten as a group of our size in Lille would have been more ^{than} unwieldy if not dangerous. We took to the lanes after Bethune and stayed in Montreuil, a small town perched on a hill.

The Hostel is in a Castle and we stayed in the officers quarters. These were circa 1800 or so which hadn't changed much. John B fell off his bike on the hill to the Hostel, but I put that down to the demon drink. We managed two meals in the evening and even managed to be all at the same venue at the same time. I was introduced to people I hadn't seen since getting off the boat at Dieppe. Ian managed to instil a note of panic before we went to bed about catching the boat next day and various plans were made about getting away first. We had the joy of being woken up by two fellow cyclists who had been chatting up some Dutch girls, at midnight. You can guess what we called them and also made a point of waking them up when we left at 6.30.

This last day was one of those dull ones where the sun never quite makes it and the

trip to Dieppe down the main road was incredibly boring and also hard. We spent most of the trip overtaking each other in various size groups and playing at team time trials. In fact we could have caught an earlier boat as we reached Dieppe about two o'clock. We did our Christian bit by having a small collection for a schoolgirl who had lost her spending money on a day out from Newhaven. Everybody was trying to spend their loose change before leaving France. I left some obsolete coins as a tip in a public loo when I put some warmer clothes on. On the boat I met all the rest clutching cycling and other odds and ends. We had a calm crossing coming back and managed to go through Customs without any trouble, just as well as I had a feeding bottle full of Cointreau.

Eddie and I rushed back to Framfield in a hurry as we had no lights and wanted to get an English pint, fish and chips and a cup of tea. I apologise now for not saying goodbye to any of the party I've not seen since (could they still be on the boat? I ask). I must also congratulate Ian on his patience with all of us and for his smart turn out every morning. As fast as he put on a new jersey Eddie left awful tee shirts all over France. I hope all the youngsters are doing courses on cycle maintenance, map reading and stomach control this winter ready for next year's trip. Seriously, though, it was all worthwhile and I look forward to another go if I ever recover from this one.

Bryan Rex

Attractive blonde lady requires young, virile and handsome male dishwasher as present dishwasher keeps breaking down and leaves tidemarks in cups and gravy stains on plates.

Apply in writing, quoting vital statistics, to Box 99 Bonk (Crowborough)

Ken Stevens needs about a pint of paint to finish decorating the outside of his house and would welcome donations from any other do-it-yourselfers - minimum contribution accepted is half an inch in the bottom of the tin.

When you kindly take all your old paint dregs over to Ken, Iris will offer you a cup of coffee. Don't imagine you'll be able to drink it, because Ken will have swilled it down before you can say "battleship grey", leaving you trying to persuade an embarrassed Iris that you didn't really feel thirsty anyway.

With the social season now starting to swing it seems irrelevant to mention the past racing season, but one or two of our members recorded results worth mentioning. Alan Brooks gave the '10' record it's final hiding of the season with a 22 minute dead ride, and no doubt there will be further assaults on this distance next year. The last club record to fall in 1981 was our tandem '30'. In rather unpleasant conditions on the E73 Maurice and Tim Carpenter rode to third place in the VC Braintree event with a time of 1.3.40. Our vets 'team' went up to the Kent Group '10' the following morning. Both, at their age, should have had more sense than to ride; Maurice had a puncture but Esther was rewarded with the ladies prize. Incidentally, Ron Rogers of the Central Sussex also rode this event - his first for some time - to give his back a bit of a test!! What an event to choose, I hope it did the trick! In the ESCA hillclimb held on the same day Alan Brooks rode sufficiently well to gain enough points to win the Association Points Trophy. The following week in the Ashford Wheelers Grand Prix des Gentlemen the club was well represented. Maurice, paced by Jeremy Temple of the promoting club, just pipped that dynamic duo, Charlie Robson (who looked so ill that officials at the start tried to persuade him not to ride) and Tim Carpenter (suffering with a heavy cold caught spectating the previous week). Jack Southerden and Peter Baker finished well in 42.11, with Ron and Richard Longley not far behind in 43.33. Esther won the ladies prize, with a little assistance from Julian Duckworth. The club event being held on Romney Marsh at the same time was poorly supported. The event, a revival of our Rye/Hythe/Rye slog, also suffered due to a clash with the Kent & Sussex Fellowship Autumn Meet. Thanks are due to Sandy Brooks, who held the watch for the three participants. Our Hillclimb Championship held in October was also poorly supported, perhaps because competitors were required to ride twice - firstly, in the morning, up Battery Hill at Fairlight, and then in the afternoon they had to tackle a sharp hill between Sedlescombe and Brede. Dominic Windsor just pushed last year's winner, Tim, into second place. Tim is now convinced that 81" fixed is not an ideal hillclimbing gear!!

Five of our number travelled to Polegate to see the superb slide show presented by Jack and Grace Cotton. Dave, Audrey, Esther, Guy and Maurice wish me to thank the Hailsham Section on their behalf for a most enjoyable evening. The next morning saw three riders complete the KCA 100 km reliability trial, whilst back in Sussex Alan Brooks broke a crank going up Boreham Hill with the clubrun! Thanks to the generosity of our President, Barbara Powell, we are now affiliated to the B.C.C.A., and Andrew Hillman, who regards every bike ride as a social happening, is taking full advantage. So far he has ridden three 'crosses' and finished in all of them - well done, Andrew - now all you want is a little support from the rest of us!

Our A.G.M. held recently was well attended, and at times resembled a T.V. parlour game as various items came up for discussion, with the protagonists going into separate huddles and the spokesman emerging, triumphantly, to put forward their point of view. Little changed as a result of these in depth deliberations, although John Willis and John Gumbrell replace Dominic and Ron Longley on the Committee. John W has already proved his worth by finding us a clubroom to fill the Friday evening void.

Although the CTC slide show would appear to have been the outstanding event of the social calendar so far, we have been enjoying other diversions. Two carloads of us spent a merry morning being annihilated at bicycle polo by a motley collection of Southborough Wheelers. They are always on the look out for fresh victims so if you fancy trying something new get in touch with Pete Wall. Andrew saved us from absolute humiliation with the two goals he scored and new member, Robert Sier, also got the hang of the game fairly quickly. Richard Longley and Neil seemed to spend a lot of time tripping over each others size 11 D.Ms., and it must be confessed that we were finally defeated by 21 goals to 2!! So far our members have been present at two dinners - that of the Southborough Wheelers and the Polhill R.C. re-union. Roy and Eileen Hillman attended the latter, and what an evening that must have been - a roomful of ex-Leaguers reliving their maverick youth. Roy still looked pretty rough on Monday evening! A quieter affair, we imagine, will be the Sussex CA lunch, at which some of us will be giving moral support to Ron Powell, our nomination for the Association Presidency.

Forthcoming events include a pre Christmas '10' at Broad Oak on December 20th and on the previous weekend Andrew Hillman is organising a reliability trial. The distance will be 100 kilometres to be completed in $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 hours. The course will not be too taxing, merely involving a gentle ride to Romney Marsh, a pleasant saunter through the countryside around Ashford to Biddenden, through to Hawkhurst before reaching the final destination - everybody's favourite caff - Eileen's at Cripps Corner. If you're interested, Andrew will be pleased to receive your entry at 18, Fernside Avenue, St. Leonards o/s together with a fee of 30pence. The starting point will be on the bridge over the A21, on the northern outskirts of Hastings. If you happen to live at Eastbourne or Tonbridge you could knock up a very useful hundred miles or more.

As the year draws to a close Jack Southerden is optimistic that he will reach his target for 1981 of 15,000 miles, and, all being well, should achieve his ambition of riding 400,000 miles halfway through 1982.

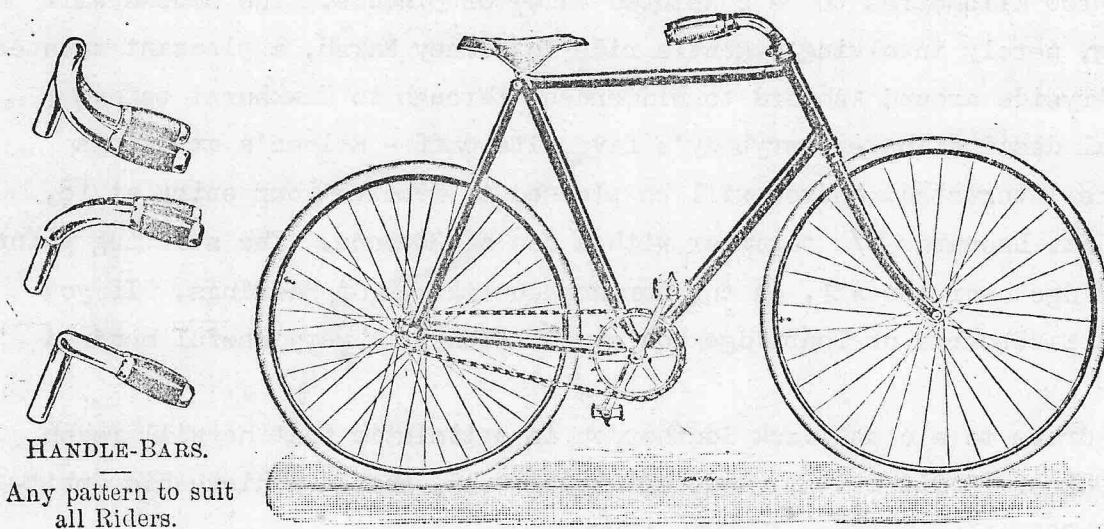
Tim Carpenter has asked me to include a reminder that we are holding our annual shindig on January 30th, 1982. Tickets are now available at the unbelievable price of £5.50 - we've changed our venue so it's a case of first come first served. We are patronising the Chatsworth Hotel this time, it's situated between Neeves Emporium and the Royal Victoria (old ESCAbods will know the place well), and there's plenty of parking immediately adjacent.

Well, I really must finish now as it's time to decorate the Christmas tree. I hope you all get plenty of tubs and Campag equipment in your stockings. I've been promised some patches for my

Ragged Shorts

FRISWELL'S "YANKEE WHEEL."

HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE.



Weight 19-lbs.
Stripped as illustration
for Road.

Price £18 18s. nett.

SPECIFICATION.—28-in. equal wheels; wood rims; pneumatic tyres; large diameter tubes; handle-bars, any shape, (see illustration at side); short head; parallel top tube; detachable chain wheel, (if Dunlop tyres are fitted, weight will be $22\frac{1}{2}$ -lbs.), can be fitted with mudguards and brake if required.

(Gear Cases extra, see Page 35.)

EVERY CYCLE GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS.

Well here we are again, sorry about missing out on the deadline for the last edition. Believe it or not these rather hastily written notes are only to arrive on time if dispatched by carrier pigeon.

Sadly I find that once again my entry for Bonk starts on a gloomy note following the sudden passing on of Theo, who was taken from us on Monday, 3rd August. All club members and many from clubs both near and far away will remember Theo's catering expertise no matter what weather conditions prevailed. His van was to be found at the finish of many events, both racing and social such as reliability or tourist trials. Theo had also dealt with the organisation of our dinner for some twenty years, and was also very involved with fund raising and with finding sponsors for our Kermesse racing.

Once again we are well into the festive season but still have plenty of racing notes to enter. The first in our case are those relating to the Clapshaw and Sherwin Trophy '25' mile event held on September 6th. The winner of both was Stephen Jukes, the events being decided on handicap. The Clapshaw Trophy is competed for by all, whereas the Sherwin is for juniors only. Stephen won with 58.39 (actual 1.7.9.) with Graham Tooley a close second with 58.42 (actual 1.1.57). Adrian Cooper and Greg Hill tied for third place with 59.1 (actual 1.31 and 1.4.1).

On September 29th a new event was added to the Excelsior calendar when the clubroom was packed for a showing of the 1979 RTTC Championships. However the quality of the film left much to be desired and most who attended were more than a little disappointed.

Recent weeks have seen a dozen or so members attending the Shape establishment on Wednesday evenings for an hour or so of weight training. The session starts with a short run around the houses. On the first, Don was heard to quip that he could now honestly say that he had been out on a clubrun. The only difference being that on this occasion he was at the back of the pack rather than at the front halfwheeling anyone who dared to take him on.

Dave Hudson and Chris Beckenham went off to Corsica at the beginning of October but little has been said since they returned; one can only assume that something is to appear in the club mag.

Back to racing now to report that Richard has lowered the club '100' record by twelve seconds to 4.15.3. Backed up by Keith with 4.22.5 and Roy with 4.36.36 the trio also produced a new club team record. All this happened in the SCA event. Betty Cox also succeeded in getting into the club record books by lowering the ladies '10' time to 27.47. Finally on this theme Greg Hill tackled the Broadwater to Findon and back to produce a new record of 15.36. Greg knocked forty seconds off the old record set by Nigel Burrows.

The weekend of September 5/6th was spent by several club members helping to run the Aspro Clear Speed Challenge run at Brighton and Goodwood. Fine weather ensured that the proceedings over the two days were enjoyed by those taking part, helping or watching, and I have a feeling that many were envious of the speeds attained by many of the machines on show. The winning average speed on the Goodwood circuit was 30 mph.

Many readers will know Joe Simpson and be pleased to learn that he has at last had the operation on his hip for which he has been waiting far too long. He is now out and about, looking fit and well. Indeed he says he feels a lot better for having had the operation, and is now looking forward to having the other side done next year.

The evening '10' series was won jointly by Paul and Adrian, with Greg third. Greg also produced the fastest junior ride with his time of 23.41 around the Washington circuit. The series saw no fewer than thirty seven different club members taking part in one or more of the fourteen events. Stuart Gibbs, another junior, was fourth with Graham Tooley fifth and Andy Lock sixth. The handicap section was won by Reg Searle, with Greg second.

On September 20th the club held a family two-up '10'. This idea was born during the summer, and was arranged by Ray with help from John, who arranged things with the RTTC. The event was decided on a handicap basis, and understandably was not an easy task for the handicappers. The result was as follows:

1st	Ron and Clive Stone	30.16 (actual)	23.46 (nett)
2nd	Val Stringer and Leon Budgen	28.14 (actual)	24.34 (nett)
	Don and Andy Lock	24.34 (actual)	24.34 (nett)
4th	Rick and Mike Stringer	25.41 (actual)	24.41 (nett)
5th	Mike and Stuart Gibbs	25.22 (actual)	24.42 (nett)
6th	Dennis and Stephen Jukes	29.05 (actual)	24.55 (nett)
7th	Judy Budgen and Chris Chapman	31.44 (actual)	25.24 (nett)
8th	Betty and Brian Cox	28.58 (actual)	25.38 (nett)
9th	Gordon and Greg Hill	28.49 (actual)	27.04 (nett)

Our club dinner took place at the Windmill Restaurant, Littlehampton on November 7th and was attended by eighty seven members and guests. Dave Hudson pulled a master stroke by getting Neville Channin to come and propose the club. This was the first time we had used this venue and will probably not be the last. In spite of the sad loss of Theo who had been dealing with all the arrangements, various committee members all contributed to the final organisation of a very successful evening.

To conclude my notes I would like to reproduce the following extracts from the latest Worthing Wheel. I'll try to include a few more in my next report.

- a) It's rumoured that Brighton Excelsior have gone teatotal. (Blame Charlie Robson. Ed)
- b) It's rumoured that John Mansell has turned down a two-up invitation from Ray Douglas!!
- c) It's rumoured that Stephen Jukes is one of the "Hazards of Storrington".
- d) It's rumoured that a certain unisex tandem partnership would have gone faster but for the little old lady who dashed out screaming "you dirty little devils" and threw a bucket of water over them.
- e) Why are Jim and Connie always "off to the forest"?
- f) It's rumoured that Don's smooth riding style is due to an overtight headset and his efforts to wrench it free.
- g) It's rumoured that Paul West is hoping for a job on the Players cigarette packet.

With the witching hour fast approaching and much more about which I could write not covered, I must end this report otherwise the deadline will again be missed. Hopefully a more comprehensive report will be available for the next edition, so till then I conclude by thanking our editors for being so tolerant towards those such as me.

If you have ridden a '25' on G834 starting just south of Uckfield, then you will have passed this Little Chef during the race. It's on the Dicker (A22) right on the corner where the B2108 comes in from Berwick, and it's open 8am to 8pm Mondays to Thursdays, and 8am to 9pm Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Nice country girls here, and it's handy for after the race revival eating and cups of tea before you go out on your bike for the rest of the day.



Just round the corner is Michelham Priory where there is a real medieval loo (to be seen but not used), and if you're keen on Priors, there's another one at Wilming-ton that's worth a visit, and you can also see the Long Man from here. You can also visit Drusilla's Zoo and have a ride on the little railway. All these attractions, and more, only a few miles from this Little Chef. And in the summer if you're on your way to the opera at Glyndebourne in your chopper and you find that Neeves (sorry, that should be Jeeves), has forgotten to put any tea in the thermos, then you can land just down the road at Boship Farm and send your man up to the Little Chef for a fill up. Not too many Little Chefs have chopper landing pads as handy as this. In case you can't read the mileages on the signpost in my photo, it says Upper Dicker $1\frac{1}{4}$, Hailsham $2\frac{1}{2}$, East Grinstead $23\frac{1}{2}$. I'm not quite sure how far it is to Worthing, but I know the lads get here on occasions as I've had a second breakfast with a young chap called Ray. The Early Starter, which is griddled egg, pork sausages, rasher of back bacon, tomato and fried bread (£1.60), always goes down well. Little Chefs are open every day of the year except Christmas Day.



I have a very soft spot for this cafe run by Eileen and her happy helpers. One reason is the tea - a huge mugful for only 10p which must be the best bargain in the south east. Another is the rockcakes (18p), homemade and the best I've found anywhere. I always have one if I'm celebrating and sometimes I have one just for sheer self indulgence. You can also have a complete breakfast for £1. I don't wonder this cafe is so popular. South London riders visit here regularly on clubruns.

Riding back from Kent after a '100' it is very conveniently placed about halfway between London Beech and Eastbourne, and on several occasions I have come into this friendly place soaked to the skin and have been revived and cheered sufficiently to make it home. One day after a partic-

ularly good rockcake I found myself wondering how Cripps Corner got it's name, so later in the week I rang Hastings Library and they very kindly sent me an extract from the Feet of Fines for the County of Sussex. This showed that in the reign of Henry VI (1432), a certain John Cryps and his wife Joan rented (for 10d!), 48 acres of land, 2 acres of meadow and 10 acres of wood in the Ewehurst, Sedlescombe and Whatlyngton areas. I reckon that this rather special corner got it's name from that country gentleman named John Cryps, and I am sure if he was around today, he would join me in wishing you all a very Happy Christmas. By the way, I should have told you that the cafe is open from 6.30am to 6pm Mondays to Fridays, closed on Saturdays and open on Sundays 8.30am to 6pm. There is no telephone, but messages can be sent by post, pigeon or cycle, and for those of you that use other weird forms of transport, there is a garage next door, and a pub the other side of the crossroads where I have seen Morris dancing outside in the summer.

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