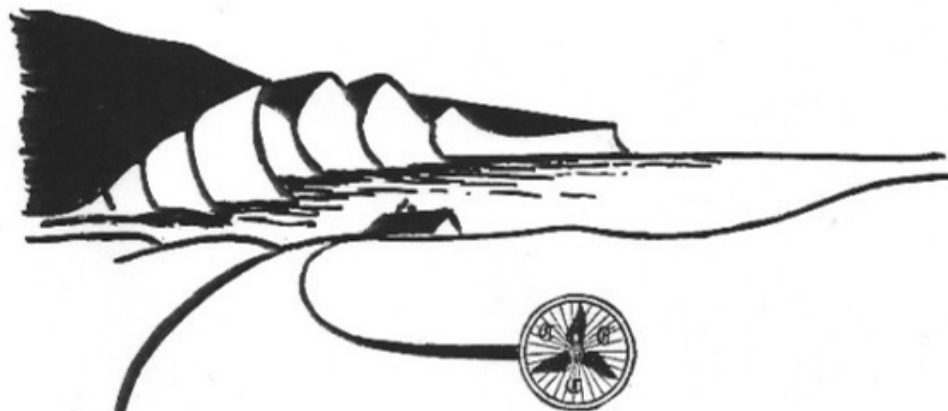


The  
**Coaster**



*the magazine of the*

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION  
CYCLIST TOURING CLUB

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EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

'THE COASTER'

ISSUE 1. DECEMBER 1980

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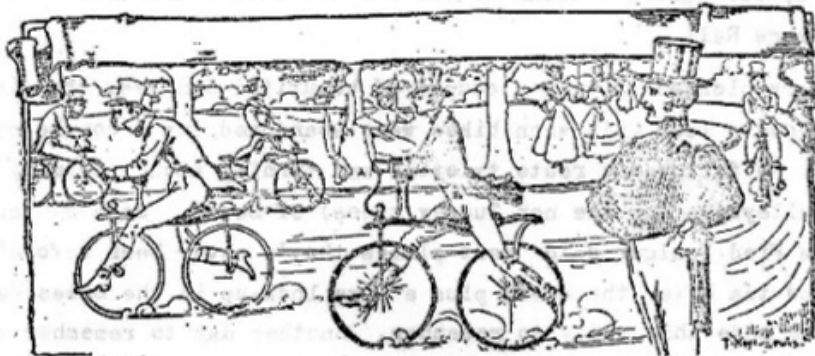
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EDITORIAL

It was your wish that last year's D.A. Christmas News Letter should become a permanent (albeit an occasional) D.A. magazine, it was therefore appropriate that we had a permanent title and cover design.

I hope you find our final choice to your liking, and the contents of this first issue interesting, entertaining and a worthy addition to the D.A. activities.

Your Committee have promoted an ever increasing and wide variety of events and social occasions over the past year to supplement the Section's Runs Programme.

'The Coaster' will complement the D.A. activities and Section's Runs Programme and offers you a medium through which you can express your views and opinions and play an active part in the D.A. by contributing to the enjoyment of your fellow members.

The future of 'The Coaster' is dependant on your contributions, let's see a response that justifies two regular issues a year.

.....DJ.....

Random Revue..... by the Secretary.

With the freewheeling (won this year by Ian Landless) sweeping us swiftly downhill from the '70s to the AGM and 1980, an air of anticipation for the coming decade prevailed.

The well attended AGM set us up with the same officers, who in turn promised that 1980 would have events for everyone, and so it has.

We started with the ever popular Christmas Lunch closely followed by another Christmas Dinner, this time at Arundel Youth Hostel, where in the company of 65 cyclists we ate ourselves to a standstill.

That fine pastime of eating continued with both sections having anniversary teas and the DA New Year Party. The latter not one of our better do's, due partly I think to the refrigerated conditions of Selmeston Village Hall.

February blessed us with a couple of beautiful Sundays, the first being the County Town Quiz when bikes were abandoned for a couple of hours while we followed a route twisting and turning among the many twittens (alleyways for the non Sussex types) of Lewes. Some 27 took part and as Fred Foulger said "went places they'd never been before". Hot soup and tea after the event plus a bike lock-up in the Lewes Wanderers Clubroom made this a day to remember. Another day to remember was the Country Lunch at Hadlow Down (eating again). The two sections meeting at Golden Cross for a very pleasant ride up through the lanes to arrive at Mrs. Osgoods with appetites sharpened, and so they need to be with the very filling fare provided.

Fred Mehew's 30 mile Tourist Reliability Trial was also blessed with a fine if rather windy day, on and around the Pevensey Levels. The event was nicely rounded off with a DA picnic lunch in Stone Cross Memorial Hall accompanied by cups of tea provided by the ladies of the Hailsham Section.

Easter had tours off in various directions enjoying the best weather we were to have for months. A dry but chilly afternoon for the treasure hunt where most managed to stay on route, saw tea at a new venue Ripe Village Hall. A small but friendly place with adequate heating!

Then we came to by far the biggest venture ever tackled by the DA, the London and Home Counties Rally which we promoted over the May Day Bank Holiday weekend. A tremendous effort on the part of all members, for which the organising committee thank you all. We could not have managed it without your great support. The DA was endlessly congratulated for

the weekend, especially the friendliness of you all. The aim proved we really are a united DA despite the differences and niggles that surface from time to time. Thirty six members registered plus the odd one or two who popped in, most camping, which out of the 200 plus cyclists attending was a large proportion, especially when you remember we are only about 40 - 45 strong.

The weather was kind again for the Hadlow Down/Blackboys camping Y.H. weekend and was enjoyed so much another was arranged for July. Another super day (we did have some) for the breakfast run. A large breakfast at Cripps Corner filling the inner man in readiness for an enjoyable day on the eastern side of the County. Another enjoyable day was the first of the two touring competitions, run by David Rix over local lanes finishing up with the inevitable tea at Ripe. It is a pity more do not take part in these as they are far from being competitions, but more of a friendly day out. A lot of preparation goes into them, as both David and our other promoter Brian Wilkins will vouch. Brian's event had us very local, with lunch at Arlington Reservoir on an October day with a definite touch of winter.

The middle of the year was marred by the untimely death of Bob Rix, a tireless worker for both the DA and the Seaford and Newhaven Section. Bob was a keen supporter of the reliability rides and with his passing the fire seemed to go out of these events. On what should have been the 100 in 8, a memorial ride of 100 kms was led by Ken Stevens over some of the most beautiful parts of East Sussex, a worthy tribute to a keen clubman.

The camping bug is beginning to bite quite a few as witness the DA weekend at Henfield, when regulars Phyl, Yub, Dennis and the Stevens' were joined by five others all who now confess they are hooked.

Mid September was the date of the first of this year's inter DA CTC/YHA weekends organised by Dennis Jakeman. Despite the rising costs 15 of the DA went across to the Isle of Wight and Dennis once again filled the hostel to capacity. We thought his forecast of good weather had gone astray when Saturday afternoon and evening set in very wet, but after a damp start, Sunday turned out beautiful. We all enjoyed a splendid ride led by Islander Brian Brodhurst, which included some fantastic roughstuff views from the Downs.

The second of these weekends at Goudhurst for the bonfire celebrations has again been over subscribed and just shows how popular they are. As well as being enjoyable outings for ourselves they also give us the opportunity to meet our fellow cyclists for an exchange of views and ideas.

Something different was the view taken about the Bluebell Railway trip. A fun day out which ought to be repeated says Yub Moore. Meeting at Sheffield Park Station for elevenses we then whiled away an hour in the engine sheds before loading our bikes, two guards vans provided, on the 12.40 for Horsted Keynes. Excellent friendly service, British Rail note; five were asked to leave the first class compartment in a very friendly fashion (they had third class tickets). We were met at our destination by Brian Cornwell who couldn't afford the 80p fare! After lunch, at Horsted Keynes, roughstuff and a watersplash to Nutley for a cuppa and then a fast descent homeward, another successful event, to be repeated we hope.

By the time you read this, another AGM will have come and gone with perhaps a change of officers, and we shall probably be in the midst of our biggest social function of the year, the Christmas Lunch.

With the feeling of well being the function gives off (something to do with the wine!) let's go into 1981 with the feeling of belonging. Belonging to the CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB and in particular the EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION, not as sometimes seems the case, small close knit groups each not interested in the other. Support your elected DA committee with ideas and comments on what you the DA member would like to see attempted in 1981.

#### Housing Problem

A married couple viewed a house in the country, but on returning home they realised that they had not noticed where the W.C. was situated; and so they wrote to the Vicar, who had shown them the house, asking if he knew where the W.C. was. Being ignorant of the term W.C., the Vicar thought it meant Wesleyan Chapel. Imagine the couple's surprise when they received the following letter.....

"Dear Sir,

I regret to inform you that the nearest W.C. in your area is five miles away; this is unfortunate if you are in the habit of going regularly.

However, it may interest you to know that many people take their lunch with them and make a day of it. By the way it is built to accomodate one thousand people, and it has been decided to replace the wooden seats with plush to ensure greater comfort, especially for those having to sit a long time before the proceeding time.

Those who can spare the time, walk, others go by bus and get there just in time. I never go myself. There are special facilities for the ladies provided by the Minister, who gives them all the assistance they require. The last time my wife went was twelve months ago, and she had to stand all the time. Children sit and sing during the proceedings. Hoping this will be of use to you, and trusting you will be able to go regularly yourselves.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

The Vicar

P.S. The Hymn sheets are to be found hanging behind the door."

(with acknowledgements to Bonk! 1963)

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH

Most of us have a sense of history and like to visit old buildings, and churches in particular figure prominently in the touring cyclist's itinerary. The best part of any village or small town is usually around the Church; some churches are situated some way from the village and it's certain that a "church-crawl" will take you down narrow lanes and byways that one might not have visited otherwise. The village church is a summary of village life for hundreds of years but to fully appreciate what there is to see - and look for - we should keep in mind the position they occupied, the purpose they served and in particular the influence they wielded in Medieval Times.

The Parish Churches were built not only for worship, on the contrary they were the centre of communal life. It was supported by all, it relieved the sick and needy, it was used as the Parish Hall, the Church House was the meeting place of the guilds and even ale was brewed on the premises, sold for church funds and drunk during dances and fairs held in the Church Yard. We must remember, too, that the church was often a place of refuge and sometimes it even served as shelter from the storms.

The Sexton, Parish Clerk and the Churchwardens were far more important in those days, for example the Churchwardens acted as bankers and pawn-brokers; they were responsible for custody of the maypole and the bells and coats used in Morris dancing, and after the reformation they carried out such civil duties as the provision of arms for the Militia and the destruction of vermin!!

Facts such as these reveal the significance of many of the features you will see that might otherwise not attract your interest.

The Medieval Church, too, was full of colour which brightened up the relatively drab existence of life in those days. Compared to their original state our churches today appear cold and drab, but if you want to experience the dramatic effect of mural painting then pay a visit to nearby Berwick Church.

There are a great number of Medieval Churches still remaining, nearly every village has a church dating from Norman or Saxon times - there are indeed no less than ten thousand medieval foundations in this country and Sussex is well endowed; but wherever you are there will be something to see - and inside there will certainly be peace and tranquillity.

'Church Crawler'



Steep hills should be walked up. The severe strain may prove injurious to a beginner, and, in any case, will cause painful stiffness. Should the rider desire, or find it necessary, to stop when halfway up a hill, he should dismount rapidly before the machine has stopped or commenced to run backwards.

#### RUNAWAYS

A day may come when your machine seems to get beyond your control, and fairly run away with you. If on a crossframe Safety, bring the right leg round between seat pillar and saddle and drop off to the left, and holding the handles, run alongside until you can pull up, or else jump off lightly backwards, taking care not to come down on the wheel. An ordinary bicycle is the most dangerous. If you find you are unable to dismount owing to the pace, and steepness of the gradient, go for the nearest hedge or hawthorn bush, and, just as you approach, throw your legs over the handles. You are sure to be hurt, but you may escape with only a few scrapes and bruises, whereas to hold on means more or less injury. If no hedge or hawthorn bush is near, throw your legs over the handles and put the brake hard on, and you will shoot forward and alight on your feet, when you must make every effort to keep on your feet and run as hard as you can, for your bicycle is in eager pursuit, and a stroke from it may place you 'hors de combat'.

"BEING A COUNCILLOR or I'M LEARNING ALL THE TIME"

Crash! A parcel comes through the letterbox. I take it to the kitchen and start to open it. "You had better be careful, Dad, it may be a bomb" - my son. Me - "Only famous people get bombs through the post." "Well you're on the Council" - my son again. Me - "Oh shut up!" My friends do not seem to realise that I do not need them to keep me from getting inflated ideas - I already have a family who make a speciality of it.

Let's return to the parcel though, what's in it? Well, at the end of the week there is a CTC Council Meeting, and the Minutes of the various sub committees - Executive, Finance, District Associations, Town and Countryside and Touring Development. Also there are reports from Councillors and Headquarters staff who have attended outside meetings, and reports on other matters of interest. At the Meeting, further papers will be distributed, dealing with CTC finances, 'Cycletouring', Legal aid cases, membership statistics and probably one or two more on other subjects. Is it all necessary? Well if the Council are to make responsible decisions on behalf of the members, they must know the facts on all aspects of CTC activities. It would, of course, be nice to concentrate on one aspect only, but each activity has a bearing on all the others, so there is really no choice.

My introduction to the CTC was on one Thursday evening late in 1971, when my once-a-week cycle ride took me into the same Public House as the West Surrey "Thursday Nighters" were using that week - if only I had listened to my father when he warned me about the dangers of drink! A couple of pints were sufficient to convince me that I must join forthwith. My riding was restricted almost solely to Thursday evenings, but after the next A.G.M. I found myself to be D.A. Secretary - at that time I had only been out on three Sunday rides, a "50" which all but killed me, a "100" in which I was second home of the four finishers, and the "Freewheeling" which I won. On the strength of that I was led like a "lamb to the slaughter" - I had a lot to learn in a hard school.

In 1978 when my six years sentence as D.A. Secretary was about to come to an end, I had the enjoyable experience of convening our A.G.M. and asking members to "behave in a responsible manner as there is a CTC Councillor present". Heads turned in all directions, no stranger was detected, eventually someone said "who?". "Me", I replied, grinning from ear to ear. So West Surrey got it's first Councillor, in it's 50th year, and I was very thrilled and proud to be elected in our Club's Centenary Year.

What difference has being a Councillor made to my life? Well for a start no club member has yet saluted me or even touched his forelock as we passed on the road, and my own D.A. members still drop me on the hills

without pangs of conscience. In other words, my relationship with fellow members is exactly as it was, except that I can now be held to blame, on behalf of the Council, Headquarters or the Club as a whole, for any shortcomings, real or imaginary. Also I am expected to have an up to the minute and accurate knowledge of all Club activities. In order to conceal my frequent inability to answer queries I usually resort to "Ah well, I am afraid that matter is confidential at the moment", and hope that the questioner will soon have his attention distracted by some other topic of the moment, such as the price of coffee at elevenses, or how to get other people to mend your punctures. Of course, there are those whose questions must be answered, they usually come in the form of a many paged letter. They are always dedicated club members who are genuinely concerned over some CTC activity - or non-activity. The strange thing is that often the very thing over which they are concerned is already in hand, if not completed. But, they have not heard. Possibly, more comprehensive reporting in 'Cycletouring', of the work of Headquarters, Councillors and sub-committees, would allay the fears of many members and make them more satisfied with their Club.

There is a tremendous amount of work carried out, of which members hear nothing. There have, for instance, this year been meetings with Members of Parliament; British Rail; ROSPA; the Cycling Council of Great Britain; the Council for National Parks; the CCPR; the YHA; the Sports Council; the British Cycling Bureau; F.O.E.; the Council for the Protection of Rural England; the GLC, etc., etc. Most CTC members will be unaware of the time and effort which has gone into these meetings, unaware in fact, of the meetings at all. The chief purpose of 'Cycletouring' is to keep members in touch with each other and informed of the activities of the Club. I often feel that the latter could well be enlarged upon, for it seems to have been the accepted practice of the CTC to sell itself short, both to its members and to the outside world. The CTC, unlike some other bodies, goes about its work in a restrained manner, and as a result has become accepted as the responsible organisation acting on behalf of cyclists. Never-the-less, a little less restraint in making public our work and achievements could well bring recognition which they deserve, and more members.

The frequency and length of sub-committee meetings varies from one sub-committee to another and, of course, according to the needs of the time. Some are all day meetings, some half day, others for an evening. Attendance sometimes means loss of work time, more often it means loss of leisure time and, therefore, loss of cycling time. The trouble is one becomes increasingly interested and increasingly involved. It might be of benefit to the Club and its Councillors, if a formula were worked out which ensured that no Councillor could do beyond a certain number of hours in committee unless he also had recorded a certain number of miles upon his bike. Thereby ensuring that he kept fit and in touch with what it is all about - Cycling.

Has my outlook changed? Yes, it definitely has. Obviously, I would not have stood for the Council if my interests had not gone beyond my own D.A., but after just a month or two on the Council my viewpoint was much wider and now I am always aware of the Club as a whole. It is so important that all CTC members should never forget that they belong to a national Club, and not just to a District Association. The celebrations of Centenary Year brought the membership together in a wonderful wave of enthusiasm. Thankfully, events such as the "Home Counties Rally", which was initiated at Godalming in 1978, do more than providing an enjoyable weekend, they bring together members who would not otherwise meet.

Being a Councillor has brought me many new friends. Firstly there are my fellow Councillors who bring to meetings the differing characteristics of our national regions and a rich variety of dialect. Secondly, Cotterell House has become almost home for me and I like to think I am almost one of the family there. Thirdly there are the interesting people whom I have met, M.Ps; Local Councillors; Road Safety Officers; Planning Officers, though some of the latter seem to have scant regard for cyclists and their safety. Being unable to turn down any task which might further the "Cyclist's cause" and advertise the CTC, I have found myself talking to local groups on various cycling matters. Reading University and BP Industrial Archeological Society both had me nervous, but I was on my favourite subject - the "History of the Bicycle". "Skilful Cycling" for a Red Cross group, and "Cyclecamping" for the Scouts, were tackled with trepidation, some hasty research and a lot of nerve. A short talk on the "History of the Bicycle" at the end of the evening, in front of the Mayor and the local Safety Officers, which was changed to "Cycling in Surrey" at the beginning of the evening without my knowledge, nearly had me speechless - if you see what I mean. After some hurried whispering the programme and my peace of mind were restored to what they had been, and by way of revenge I added on a harangue over some of the thoughtless local road schemes.

Spare time comes in small measures of late, each drop is treasured and as many miles wrung out of it as possible. The postmen between Godalming and Woking are on overtime and there's a hole in the mat where the letters land. My typing and spelling are improving - gradually. I can now stand up in front of more than two people and make louder noises with my mouth than my knees. Thank you CTC, I owe it all to you, and if I can do a little in return I am delighted.

Harold Coleman

### "Madge Returns to Yorkshire"

Sunday evening, packed new Carradice bags, 5 blouses, 1 pr. shorts, 1 pr. trousers, towel, toilet articles, put in spare pair of shoes and took them out again, as they seemed heavy. Took slippers, packed sandwiches in polythene box, half a small brown loaf, butter in container,  $\frac{1}{2}$  packet of tea, knife and spoon, also small fruit malt loaf, flask and container of milk, another polythene box for fruit malt, also a carton of orange juice.

I only ate about two sandwiches and drank most of the orange juice, the rest I later threw away, as it was unnecessary weight to carry and space taken up with unnecessary containers.

I caught the 8.20 a.m. to London Bridge from Lewes, I cycled through London to Kings X, calling at YH shop for sleeping bag. I could not get a through train to Leeds with bicycle, so I got the 12.5 to Hull and changed at Doncaster, and then got the train to Leeds. From Leeds I got another train to Keighley, and then cycled about four miles to Hayworth YH. It was then getting on for 6 p.m. It took all this time on the slow trains and having to wait at each station.

In the meantime, I started having a sore irritation at the back of my nose, and sneezing, and developed a cold by evening. I put my bike in the shed and had a nice evening meal. Hayworth was not full up. The weather was dull and cloudy, but it was a very nice Hostel with showers.

Next day, Tuesday, I pottered around Heckmondwike & Clackheaton, hoping to buy a cycling jacket, but they did not have my size in a suitable colour. I bought fish and chips at lunchtime, a bottle of milk, a custard tart and a currant tea cake! Two boys aged about twelve years joined me for a couple of miles, the children in country parts of Yorkshire are very friendly, and I got an invitation from a young woman to go in for a cup of tea. It was all so interesting and I was never lonely. In the evening I was stuffed up with the cold and "they" had to wake me up as I was snoring and keeping everybody awake.

Next day I set off for Dacre Banks, 25 miles. The way runs through some of my childhood and youthful haunts. I cycled to Keighley and then turned off at "Swine Lane" which was very apt, as it seemed to rise up nearly vertically.

I am not a strong rider, owing to advancing years, and I was weakened with the infection I had caught, so I had to walk most of the way. I looked up and thought "Christ I don't think I can haul the loaded bike up that". But I got up eventually. It went up and up. After a while it got more civilized and manageable and I got to Otley and past Tewston and Swinsty reservoirs; a bit of roughstuff through a footpath to the road, another

steep ascent for a mile or two and straight through to Dacre YH on the road to Summerbridge and Pately Bridge.

I put my bike in the shed, I appeared to be the first arrival and was joined by two children of the lady warden; they wanted to carry my bags up, so I gave them one each and I carried the other. They were investigating everything and examining my bike and they showed me to the dormitory. The warden served me a lovely evening meal, lovely soup, then meat pie, lovely pastry and meat, with veg., and fruit tart with custard. To my great sorrow I had no appetite and could not do justice to it. I still think about it.

During the night I was woken up again, as I was snoring again.

During the evening I got in a huddle with two middle aged lady divorcees with two teenage children apiece, one family walking, they had parked their car at another hostel, the other family were touring by car. They were talking about their previous holidays Youth Hostelling by car in Italy.

By morning I was feeling a lot better, but I still hadn't much appetite, but the ride to York was an easy thirty miles. A nice country road, not too busy. I stopped at Knaresborough and bought some wholewheat teacakes and at another shop got some cooked beef and made some lovely sandwiches, I sat on a seat and ate one of them with some tea from my flask; Knaresborough is a delightful little town, but rather busy with traffic.

After a while I carried on, an easy pleasant ride, I arrived in York not long after lunchtime, so I had a look around. It is very different to the way I remember it, it has grown and is very busy outside the walls with traffic. But there are a large number of narrow streets kept traffic free and also a shopping precinct. It is full of tourists mostly foreign and quite a lot of Americans.

There was a long queue waiting to get in the Hostel, I went and put my bike away and joined them. There were a lot of Egyptians, they seemed O.K. and quite friendly - they all got on a coach next morning.

A lot of us helped to wash up after dinner. The Egyptians did it next morning.

The ladies dormitories had quite a lot of Americans, two of them were walking with big back packs, travelling for six months, they were going to the Lake District and then to Scandinavia.

Another young woman sleeping above me, was hitch-hiking, she had on a very thick denim boiler suit. I think it might act as a chastity belt, a nice pleasant friendly girl.

Next morning I set off for Leeds after going round the "one-ways" twice,

before I got on the right road. There is a cycle track by the road as far as Tadcaster and then I was able to turn off onto the old road. I stopped in my tracks going through Tadcaster as my nose twitched. Fish and chips - famous Yorkshire fish shop I heard later. Lovely fish and chips 49p. large piece of fish and a lot of chips.

I arrived on the outskirts of Leeds, looked at the map for Moortown where my sister lives and carried on round the ring road. So I stayed with my sister and her husband til next day and then caught the train for home - as it was a Bank Holiday weekend I didn't like to risk the Hostel, they probably would be full. I enjoyed it enormously and cannot wait to do it again. I have learned a bit and will plan more efficiently next time and carry less weight.

#### The Sunday Club Run

Everybody is out on their bikes on Sunday getting ready for the big race on Monday. Touring bikes, racing bikes, training bikes, and even a trike.

All the wheels purr and even a rusty chain does stir, cogs going ninety to a dozen gears changing as quick as lightning

Suddenly they slam on squealing brakes and all because of two big fat drakes.

"Stopping", shouts the leader, somebody has a puncture, out comes the old puncture kit. They had better hurry up because the lamps are about to be lit.

The puncture is mended and the patch is stuck and that was a bit of luck. Then on go the lights and home they go, but some of them are so sleepy they have to have a tow.

Heather Stevens

Age 12. Our youngest contributor.

### Sussex Wun't Be Druv!

Those of you who know Sussex or rather, Sussex people, really well, will have come across the title of this article before, but I make no apologies for using it. My intention is to try to explain a little of the true Sussex man and his character, and the motto "Sussex Wun't Be Druv!" must be close to being the most accurately descriptive sentence in the English language even though you won't find two of the words in the Oxford English Dictionary.

The true Sussex man simply hates being chivvied or hurried and the more you chase him the less you're likely to get out of him. Coupled with this is his ability to say what he has to say in as few words as possible. If you should ask him when a certain job be finished, you will most likely get the one word reply "drackly" (directly) which roughly translated means "not yet but when I'm good and ready". To some people the countryman appears somewhat slow and perhaps a trifle dim, but don't be fooled by his apparent lethargy, anyone who has tried to outwork or outwit one of them will know what I mean. They also have a sense of humour unique to themselves. I well remember when I was a lad, working with an old jobbing gardener who's slow manner belied his quick wit and an ability to get through a prodigious amount of work. On one occasion the gentleman he was working for came up and said "Good morning George, I do hope you are planting those potatoes a good distance apart", and George quick as a flash and with a gleam in his eye replied, "I be doin' that orlright guv'nor, oh I be doin' that right enough", then turning to me and lowering his voice, says "Yeh! Some in his garden and some in mine".

When talking to country people you should endeavour to talk straight and say what you mean, they do not like insinuations or indirectness and whilst on the subject of dislikes they are not over fond of authority. My father who worked as a bricklayer once told me of a labourer who came along and asked the guv'nor (who was a bit of a tyrant) for a job. "Go and get me your character," (reference) said the guv'nor "and if it's good enough the job's yours". Later that day the two of them met again. "Have you got your character?" said the boss. "No I ain't," said the labourer, "but I got yours and you can poke your job." Smart Alects are likely to get very short shrift as well. In the 1940s every village had it's local roadman who's job it was to tend the verges and keep the ditches clear, he was known by, and in turn knew, everyone in the village. My own village was no exception and Tom our local man was busy clearing a ditch one day when along comes a gentleman in a car (ordinary people did not have cars in those days). The car pulls up opposite Tom, who completely ignores it. "Excuse me Tom" says

a voice "but could you tell me how to get to Uckfield?" Tom slowly unbends his back, looks the fellow up and down a minute before replying, "How did you know my name was Tom?" he asks. "I guessed it actually," said the gentleman. "Well," says Tom, "if you're that bloody clever you'd best guess your way to Uckfield."

I was born and raised in a Sussex country village and grew up with what is now referred to as dialect, although of course, we did not realise we were using dialect words at the time, words like "dunnamany", for "I don't know how many". "A furriner" was anyone not from your locality, to be quick was to be "middlin' sharp", the older people referred to the coronation as "the crownation", which still appears to me a better word. Presently was "prensly", and anything not in sight was referred to as being "over yonder". When the user was in doubt as to the whereabouts of somebody, they often indicated this doubt by saying that "they must be over at Will's Mother's", though just where this originated from I have no idea. The word "bide" was in common use, if somebody wanted something to be left where it was they would say "leave 'em bide", or as when a teacher told a boy to blow his nose, he replied, "Please Sir, I did blow her but her wouldn't bide blowed". This leads naturally to another feature of Sussex folk, this is their ability to use very descriptive language. A short coat is called "a bumfreezer", something without bend or curl is "as straight as a yard of pump water". A very bad cough was called a "churchyarder", anyone lefthanded was "cack'anded" and one of my favourites often used by an aunt after someone had had the runs or been violently sick, was that "an empty house was better than a bad tenant". If you left a door open you would be reprimanded by the words "were you born in a field with the gate open", and if you were a bad shot it was said that "you couldn't hit a barn if you was inside one with the door shut". There seemed to be a saying for every conceivable occurrence or as my father was fond of saying "a plaster for every wound".

Sussex people are supposed to be stubborn, but of course we don't see it that way, rather we see it as the ability to make up our minds as to a certain course of action, get on and do it and not be easily dissuaded from it, even we are wrong, which of course we very rarely are. The Sussex man like countrymen the world over is adept at forecasting the weather and one particular method applicable to this area, if near the Downs, which contains both humour and some truth is the one which says, "if you can see the Downs it is going to rain and if you can't see them it is already raining". This is based on the fact that often just before rain the air is very clear and the Downs seem to be extremely clear and much closer than usual, or perhaps you would prefer the simpler "rain before seven, fine before eleven".

In a local version of the traditional Mummers play a character called Father Christmas enters stage left saying, "In comes I, Old Father Christmas,

be I walcum or be I bain't!" and you may well be asking the same question. Well, all you visitors to Sussex need have no fears, you are all extremely "walcum" and I do sincerely hope the weather is kind to you and that you enjoy our lovely county.

Perhaps I should finish by quoting the poem from which the title of this piece was borrowed, it is by Victor Cook.

Some folks as comes to Sussex,  
They rackons as they knows,  
A durn sight better what to do,  
Than simple folks, like me and you,  
Could possibly suppose,  
But them as comes to Sussex,  
They mustn't push and shuv,  
For Sussex will be Sussex,  
And Sussex won't be druv!

St. Wilfred came to Sussex,  
Us heaved a stone at he,  
Because he reckoned he could teach,  
Our Sussex fishers how to reach,  
The fishes in the sea,  
But when he dwelt among us,  
Us gave him land and luv,  
For Sussex will be Sussex,  
And Sussex wun't be druv!

All folks as comes to Sussex,  
Must follow Sussex ways,  
And when they've larned to know us well,  
There's no place else they'll wish to dwell,  
In all their blessed days -  
There ain't no place like Sussex,  
Until ye goes above,  
For Sussex will be Sussex,  
And Sussex wun't be druv!

Brian Wilkins

## HOW TO START A SECTION OF THE C.T.C.

### Background

Ann and I have been members of the Cyclists' Touring Club since 1950 and 1948 respectively and during the five years of its existence, between 1947 and 1953, rode with the Seaford Section C.T.C. until it finally had to be wound up because only Ann and I were still riding! We were married in 1954.

We soon became parents, which curtailed our cycling activities somewhat but we went through the stages of Kiddie Seats on the back of our singles and later, Kiddie Cranks on the tandem. Oh, yes, we had bought a Claud Butler U.S.W.B., 23"/23" D.G. Tandem shortly after our marriage. We bought the frame and equipment separately to save on purchase tax, and built it up ourselves on a fixed gear of around 79"! It cost us about £67. By December 1958 we had three children, two boys and a girl.

A year or two later a member's advertisement in the C.T.C. Gazette caught our eye, an old Chater Lea Triplet, we bought it and fitted two sets of Kiddie Cranks. This machine was built like a tank, it must have weighed getting for a hundredweight! It had a three speed Tri-Velox gear.

Later on we bought a second Tandem, again through a member's advertisement in the Gazette. It was 22"/20" D.G. Jack Taylor with ten gears and was in beautiful condition, we paid £60 for it. After fitting Kiddie Cranks on the back Ann rode it, with me on the Claud, our eldest son John was now riding his own 19" Carlton.

As the years passed we eventually resold the Triplet through the Gazette, I was thankful to be rid of it, it is not an easy machine to handle with two growing boys on the back! But we had joined the Y.H.A., started Hostelling tours with it and over the years we have enjoyed many tours, the longest being the Cotswolds and Wye Valley, when we totalled 518 miles over 14 days, with the two Tandems and John on his single.

Eventually, very reluctantly, we also sold the Jack Taylor, via the Gazette, when the rear frame size became too small for our tall children.

The Claud Butler we still have, now resprayed Amber Flame and converted to four speed Campag Record Gears, we also had Mafac Driver brakes brazed on instead of the G.B. side pull ones originally fitted, which had proved rather "hairy" when descending very steep hills!

### Taking the Plunge!

By 1975 our children were all teenagers and getting independent, our daughter Lesley (the youngest), and John our eldest son, were not really happy going cycling with us, only David has retained his interest (and in

fact, he is today one of the mainstays of our Section), Lesley for some reason never really gained full confidence riding a single.

I had been thinking for some time it would be nice to ride with a club again but we had no local one now, so I suggested to Ann that we have a go and try to start one, another spur to our decision was that it was National Bike Week in June. Ann was agreeable to my plans so we got down to business.

We realised from the start that it would mean committing ourselves to riding every Sunday, whatever the weather, to ensure that nobody ever turned up for a ride to find no one at the appointed meeting place, but this would be better than sitting indoors looking at the rain and feeling the need for some exercise. Our garden would have to suffer a bit too.

### First Run

We advertised our first ride, a short afternoon one of about twenty miles, by asking a number of local shopkeepers if they would display a notice we had prepared in their windows for a week, only one refused. I cannot remember now if we put an advertisement in our local paper for this first run but we did tell them about the ride and they sent a reporter and a photographer along to the start. Unfortunately there was also a local Carnival on the same day so the photograph and report were never published, a whole page was devoted to pictures and reports of the Carnival.

Anyway, we had five youngsters turn up for this ride, on an assortment of machines, including one with "cowhorn" handlebars! The ride was a success, they all said they had enjoyed it and would come again, not all did of course.

We commenced all day rides the following Sunday, of thirty to fifty miles. Fortunes varied for a few weeks, sometimes one, other times several would turn up, then a young teenager joined us whose mother had once been a keen member of a Section of the West Kent D.A., he was soon joined by two of his brothers, and then his mother, her interest in cycling rekindled, joined us; she later persuaded her husband who had never ridden with a club before to join us too.

### Section Status

This was the beginning; we had begun by advertising ourselves as the Seaford Cycling Club but we had kept in touch over the years with our East Sussex D.A., and when at the first D.A. Annual General Meeting after our formation we turned up with several of our newly joined C.T.C. members, Bill Collins, our D.A. President, suggested we should become a Section of the D.A. All of our members were enthusiastic and in favour of this suggestion which was proposed, seconded and carried unanimously. We changed our name to the Seaford and Newhaven Section of the C.T.C. because we had several Newhaven and Peacehaven members by then.

In March of the following year 1976, we were joined by Dennis Jakeman who had been a member of the North Metropolitan D.A. in the forties, he has become indispensable to us now with his organisation of Y.R.A. weekends and many other ideas to increase our interest and enthusiasm for the game. In October of this same year we were joined by two young teenagers, Tim Arnold and Paul Cornford. Paul's father, Tony, we had known in the early fifties as a member of the local racing club, Lewes Wanderers. We were now firmly established; they interested several of their friends in joining us.

A chance meeting on the road in February '77 brought us another adult member, Fred Foulger, who had completed twenty years service in the Army, in his youth he belonged to a racing club and had recently taken up cycling again to keep fit.

The majority of our Section is still made up of young people though, many of whom have been with us for three or four years and are now in their middle or late teens, some have learned to drive but are still dedicated cyclists like ourselves. All now have new lightweight cycles. We have two girls in our Section, introduced by their brothers! They, along with six others in our Section successfully completed our 120 miles in 12 hours Reliability Trial last year. Our normal runs are usually of between fifty and seventy miles, winter makes little difference to attendance records, on only one occasion last year did we have to cancel a ride and this was for safety reasons, after a fall of several inches of snow. Our average runs attendance for the last two years has been twelve riders.

Our D.A. Secretary, Iris Stevens, has been a tremendous help to us with her enthusiasm and hard work, organising many interesting D.A. events during the past four years or so.

I must not finish without saying what a debt we owe to many of the parents of our youthful riders, Sally Arnold (mother of Tim) for example, organises our Annual Jumble Sale for Section funds, we all pitch in, members and parents, usually making about £80 on the day.

Among other things this has enabled us to have a monthly clubroom and purchase our own duplicator with which we print a two sheet monthly runs list and newsletter with runs reports, etc., this we sell for 6p per copy or 60p annual subscription, plus postage if necessary. Many copies we have to distribute free, for advertising purposes, etc., local libraries, cycle shops and schools and so.

#### Have a go!

Well, that is how our Section was reborn, if you are like us and feel you owe a debt to the wonderfully relaxing, healthy and enjoyable sport/recreation of cycling, how about starting a Section of the C.T.C. in your area?

Now is the time, while interest in cycling and the environment is still on the upsurge and over a million cycles are being sold each year in this country.

Bob Rix

"BRING PICNIC LUNCH"!! circa 1900

Those who find it necessary to practice economy, will find it a pleasant experience (to picnic), and a great saving of expense to prepare a light mid-day meal themselves. They should carry with them a small tin kettle, a cup, a teaspoon, and a Norwegian clasp knife; a little salt, pepper, and a bottle of Bovril. At various towns and villages passed through, bread, tea, bacon, chops, steaks, etc., can be procured. A nice shady spot near a stream should be selected, a fire lighted, and the kettle put on. From the nearest cottage fresh eggs and milk can be bought for a trifle; and seated on the greensward, if he has a true tourist's appetite, he will enjoy that meal as well as the best. In the summer and early autumn the evening meal might also be prepared similarly, but, of course in wet or cold weather this Bohemian style of living cannot be adopted. We have toured thus and enjoyed it thoroughly, and found that it made an enormous difference in our expenditure. It is quite possible to tour, and tour pleasantly, at from 5s. to 6s. a day.

### MINI TOUR IN THE COTSWOLDS

27th June: Left High Wycombe about 10.30 a.m. going towards Oxford. At Headington I turned to Woodstock arriving in time for lunch, it was very hot so I decided to spend the afternoon in Blenheim Park which I explored. It has an ornamental lake spanned by a solid looking bridge which carries one of the main drives to the palace. The palace was built between the years 1701 and 1722 and presented to the Duke by Queen Anne.

Returning to Woodstock for tea I proceeded on my way to Charlbury and the pretty villages of Shipton and Milton-under-Wychwood finishing up for the day at Burford.

28th June: Still very hot so I did not hurry. Passing through the villages of Great and Little Barrington and Great and Little Rissington, passed an R.A.F. Station between the two Rissingtons where there was a lot of activity. I expect they were engaged in the mock air battle that was taking place at that time. I left this to go to a quieter area and arrived at Bourton-on-the-Water. A picturesque place; the river Windrush flows alongside the main street and is crossed by several Venetian style bridges. In the garden of the 'New Inn' the landlord has built a model village and you can see in miniature the village you have just been exploring outside. I had a meal at the Studio Cafe in Bourton. J.B. Priestly ate here when he was collecting material for his book 'An Englishman's Journey' and mentions it. Undoubtedly it was used at one time in connection with agriculture then turned into a studio and is decorated with all kinds of antique farming tools. Quite a show place in fact.

Refreshed after my meal, I set out to explore the beauties of the Windrush Valley. Lower Slaughter like Bourton is also on the banks of the Windrush, but its bridges are not built for show as at Bourton. Even so, quite pretty, now I am on my way to Stow-on-the-Wold some nice scenery on the way, very hilly but views from the top of the hills made it well worth the climbs. I pass through Moreton on the Marsh and note that Broadway is only eight miles distant so decide to get there for tea and explore the village after in the evening.

It was some climb the first part through Bourton-on-the-Hill (no understatement this!). After a long walk I enjoyed a cuppa at a snack bar conveniently placed at the top of a hill. A good run followed along the top by Broadway Beacon and Tower, then a steep hill twisting and turning right down to Broadway. It is said that one should not miss Broadway when in the Cotswolds; WHY? - Frankly I was disappointed in Broadway. My disappointment was compensated by the good digs I found there.

Frank Howlett