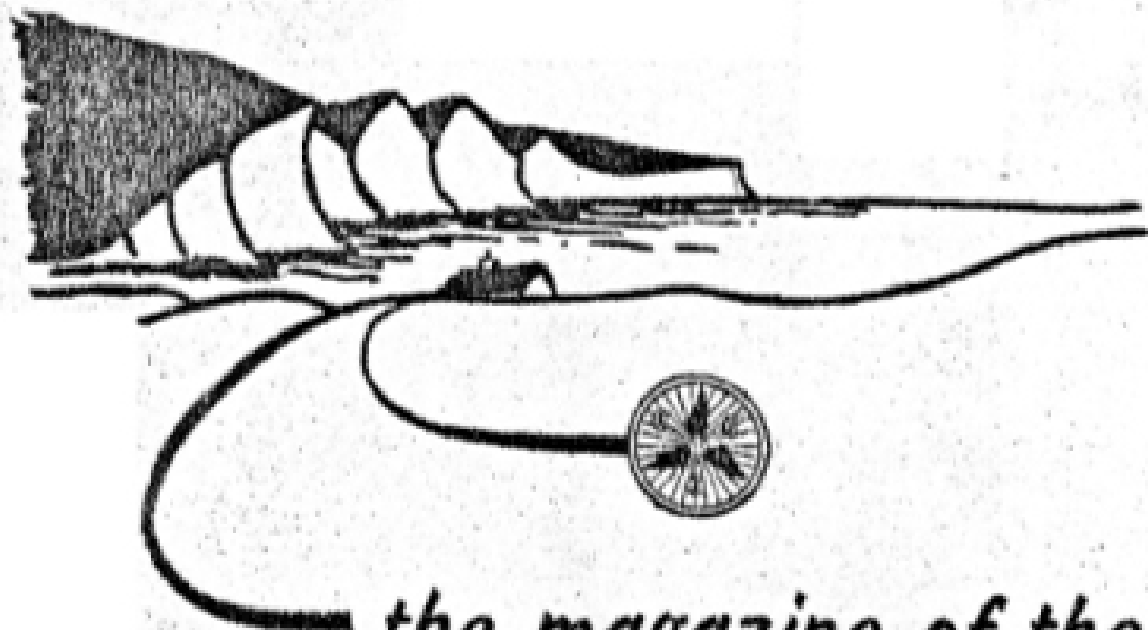


David

The
Coaster

no 11



the magazine of the

**EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION
CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB**

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CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB
EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

"THE COASTER"

SUMMER 1986 - ISSUE No. 11

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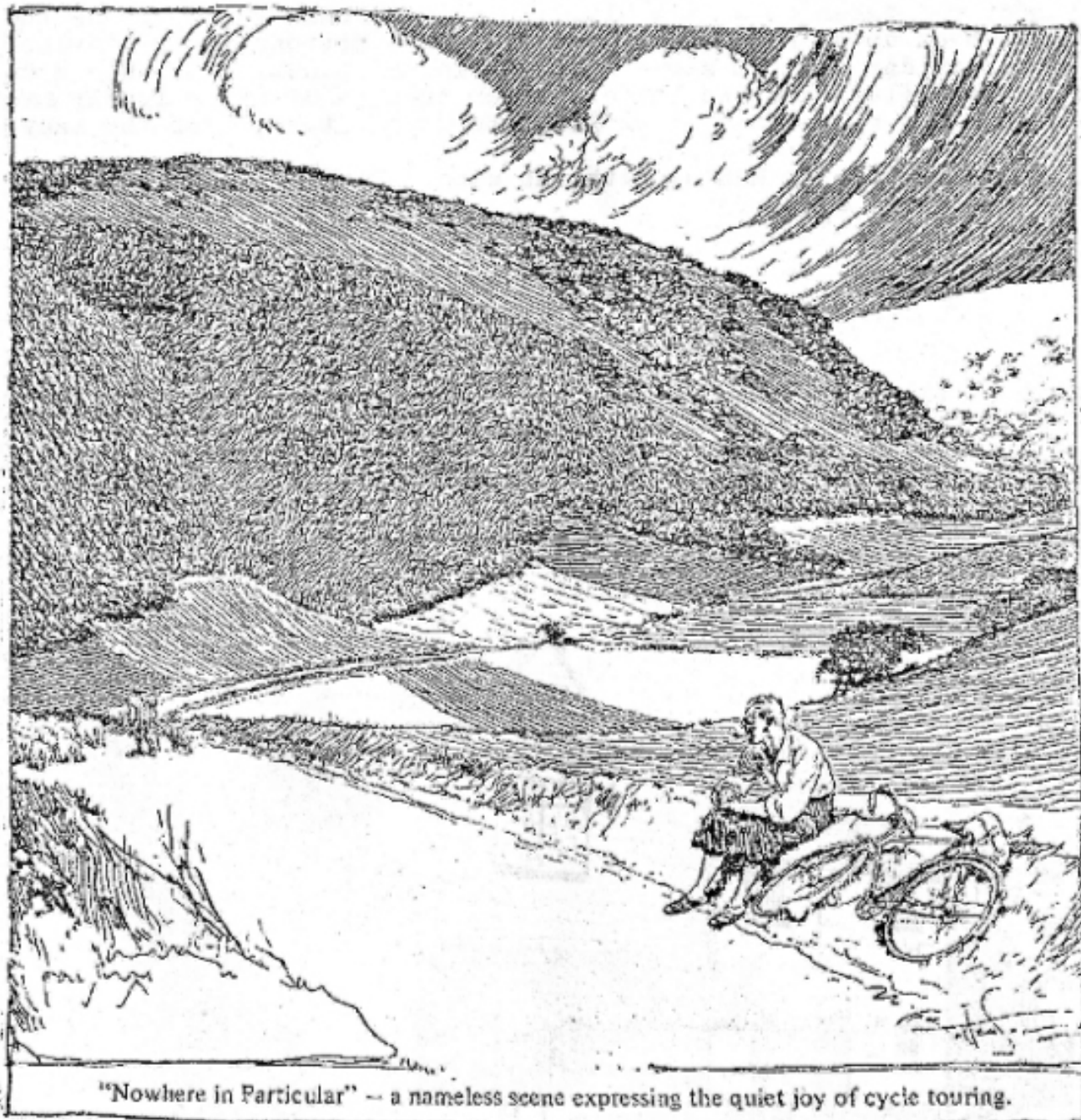
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"Nowhere in Particular" - a nameless scene expressing the quiet joy of cycle touring.

Magazine time again. Some good articles this time, including one by our friend Jack Dunn about cycling during the war years. Enjoy your reading, have a good summer (and autuma) and don't forget about those notes for the Xmas "Coaster" - deadline is the beginning of November.

David

ARUNDEL WEEKEND

by Ann Rix

Only Colin and I (from the Seaford and Newhaven Section) set forth on the last Saturday in May into a South-West wind which kept the temperature down. We visited a friend of mine at Hurstpierpoint, where we were treated to elevenses, Colin getting his favourite drink of chocolate - the only time during the weekend! One hour later we headed for Partridge Green and West Grinstead to take the quiet way through the grounds of Knepp Castle. A stop at Shipley Windmill before winding our way through the lovely West Sussex lanes to Amberley and the track over the hill to Burpham and the Youth Hostel at Warningcamp. It was after Burpham that I was having trouble with changing gear, then found that three chainwheel bolts were missing, the vibration over the track had loosened them. After supper it was out to the bike shed for repairs.

Sunday was taken up with a visit to Bignor Roman Villa to see the mosaics, then up to Petworth House to use our National Trust Cards. It was a cloudy day with no sun - until Colin had puncture trouble about 5 pm. a few miles from the hostel. From then on it was a lovely evening so we took the route from North Stoke to South Stoke, over the many stiles!

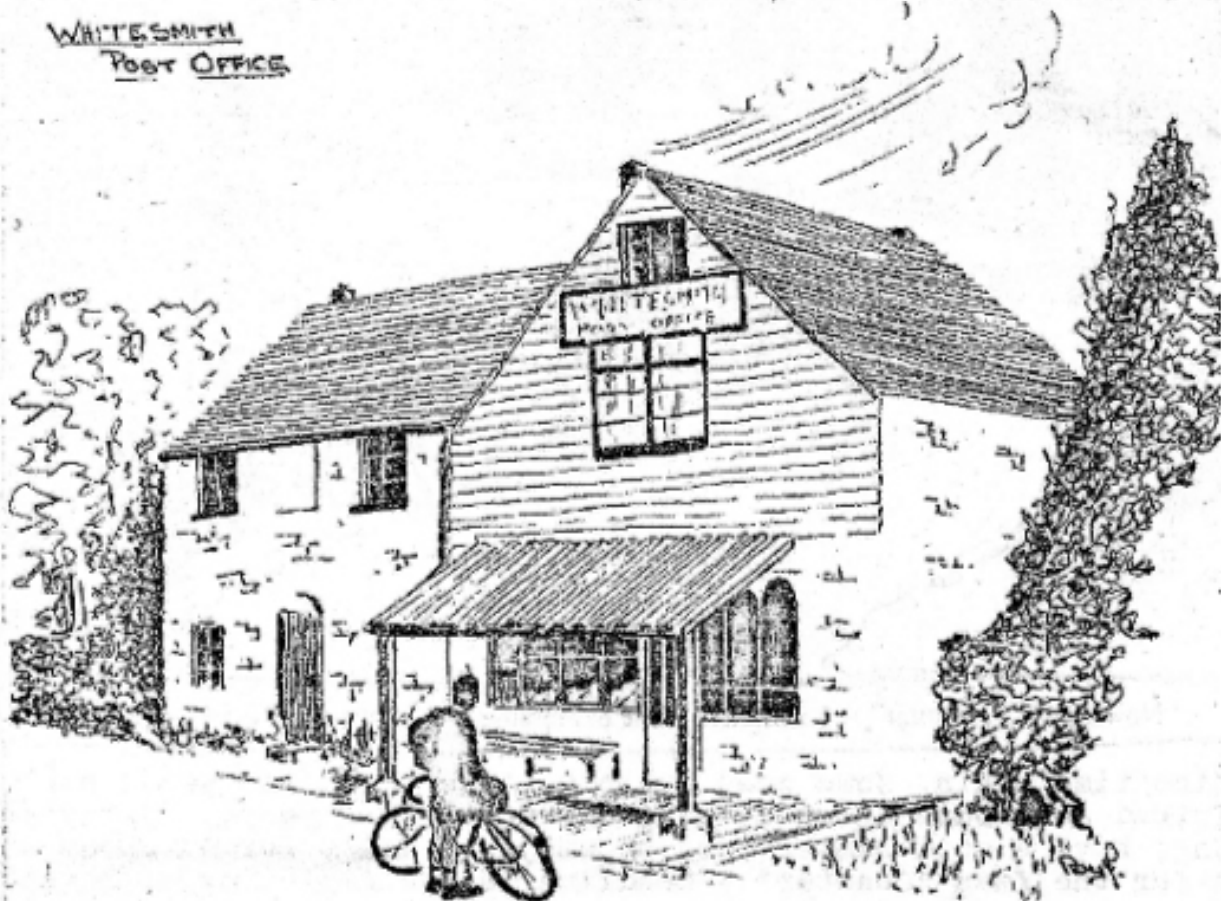
A good run home on Monday with the wind behind us, though it was quite chilly and dull.

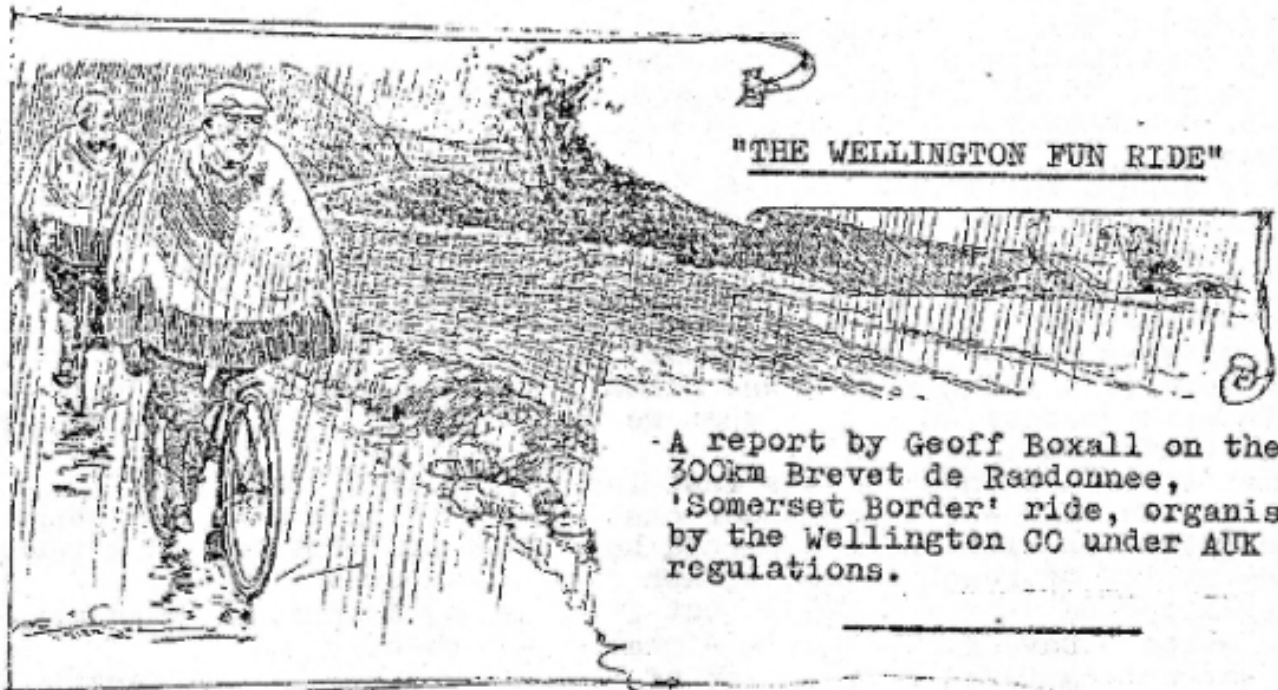
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EVERYDAY SUSSEX No. 1

This is the first of what I hope will be many sketches from the pen of Eastbourne based Roy James. It was his suggestion to call it "Everyday Sussex" - being, as he put it, "a collection of places that many of us take little notice of because of their familiarity".

WHITESMITH
Post Office





"THE WELLINGTON FUN RIDE"

- A report by Geoff Boxall on the 300km Brevet de Randonnee, 'Somerset Border' ride, organised by the Wellington CC under AUK regulations.

Before May 10th I had to look on the map to find Wellington - Now I remember it as that Somerset town which by the mile posts gets further away as you grovel towards it in the middle of the night.

Big Dave chauffeured Tony Worcester, Dave Rix and myself down overnight, arriving at the start point outside the squash club at 0300 hrs. We slept as best we could until 5 then clambered out of the kiernans-vagon as stiff as boards. Dave walked up onto the roof and started removing the bikes in his usual inimitable way. (well it's only a car!)

Come 0600 and the off. I pulled away and grabbed a likely looking wheel screaming at t'others to do likewise. We moved steadily through the gloom into the wind and drizzle. At the secret control at 18km. I took a minute or two to find my brevet card and by the time I found it the group had disappeared up a monstrous hill onto Exmoor. I rode for a bit then decided to walk - the "youngsters" still hadn't joined up. A riding figure very slowly caught me and on arrival said, "that looks like a good idea" and got off and joined me. We struck up a conversation and it turned out that Norman was a Taunton cyclist returning to the sport after a long layoff - if I tell you we were both around in the days of the League you'll get some idea of how long. As we left the first check at Dulverton (54km) the 'boys' turned up and after checking they were OK we moved on up over Exmoor proper into the clouds and the showers.

The descent into Porlock was hairy to say the least. I had forgotten just how steep it was and was relieved to get round the 1 in 4 left hander at the bottom. (Big Dave tells me it's actually 1 in 2½ on the inside of that bend. Ed.). On to Williton and the 105km control. After beans on toast - cream cakes and tea we felt bound to depart with the weather brightening and the wind now behind us. The roads became flatter and I found myself hanging on. I felt better when I realised that my mentor was thumping a gear 12" higher than my own and so I gritted my teeth and twiddled as best I could. Made good time across the Somerset levels and arrived hungrily in Cheddar.

The Penny Farthing Cafe (157km control) resembled a mad hatter's tea party with riders coming and going - ordering more tea onto tables already covered in dead teapots. I tucked into omelette and chips and 4 cups of tea. I noted that my partner was onto more beans with his sausages and chips.

Off and up through the Gorge with the wind plumb behind - all too easy I thought. Anyhow - we were past half way - who cares! It was pleasant on our shortest leg to Frome and the Wallbridge Cafe opposite

the station (198km). Another "stoke up" and the gradual realisation that we were turning directly into the wind. Well - there was only 110km to go. 110km - that's 68 miles! and I'm on my knees! There's only one way back to the finish so it's grit your teeth once again and get stuck in.

I was bushed but found strength that Norman had run out of conversation and was sitting close, suffering on the hills. The terrain rolled and we had a lot of walks and a lot of Kendal mint cake. By Yeovil we were both on a parr which didn't say much for either of us. Crewkerne came - at last - and passed and eventually after what seemed an eternity we rolled into the control in Chard. 267km covered, control in the home of a young couple who plied us with tea, food and sympathy. We left with reassuring advice that we would be turning out of the wind and the road wasn't too hilly.

I don't remember much of the last leg - it seemed to take a long time - it was dark - I do remember casting doubts about the parentage of the motorists with their undipped headlights and most of all I remember the relief of reaching the squash club bar around 1.00 am. The organiser said it was 305km, but I've got my doubts. Norman made it 200 miles - Dave K. 198 miles - That's got to be 318km!

We sat and nattered over a pint of shandy then my partner departed for home. I went for a shower - scrumping soap and shampoo from the barman - mine being securely locked up in the car boot.

At 2.15am "the boys" rolled in. I was pleased to see them for they had been under pressure all the way round with little time to spare at each check. The two Davids had also shepherded Tony round, persuading him that he wasn't really tired and he didn't need to sit down and die. One thing he did learn - lose that wheel and you'll never see your wife and child again!

As soon as the bar cleared and everyone had showered we settled down in our sleeping bags where we dropped on the bar floor. We were awakened at 7.30 by that insomniac Worcester cluttering around saying "Where's my bike, I must go on". Soon we were all loaded and homeward bound after an eventful, satisfying and hilarious weekend.

It does you good to do something really stupid occasionally! Why not come and join us? We're not really mad - well not very.

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MAPLESS IN DORSET

On the recent Dorset Coast Randonnee Tony Worcester and David Kiernan decided to let David Rix navigate for them as a search of Pools: on the Saturday evening could not unearth a shop that was open selling O.S. maps. On leaving the ferry at Studland next morning, our trusted navigator shot off with Burgess and Boxall, the well known hardriders, leaving Tony and David gazing at his retreating back in whose pocket could be seen the O.S. maps. For the next 125 miles the intrepid pair determined not to be defeated by a small matter of not knowing where they were, were seen on several occasions hanging around road junctions in the depths of Dorset beckoning to passing cyclists and asking for a wheel if the individual had a map. This way of getting round a randonnee course must be good since Tony and David finished 5 minutes before the so-called navigator Rix, who himself had been dropped by Burgess and Boxall, and yet he had the map! (Only because they took the wrong route to the finish. Ed.)

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A FEW MORE HOSTELS TO TRY

by Iris Stevens

(Editor's note: I should point out that a few of the hostels this time are a bit further afield than usual! We have not actually tried them, but Iris' write ups are based on notes supplied by our friend Fred Hall who has.)

Salisbury, Wiltshire. Good hostel, with daytime access making it ideal for a fixed centre tour. Meals good - cafeteria style. Warden Mick Latimer uses a bit of sharp practice when selling you anything. Beware he did me out of a £1.!!

Perth, Western Australia. Old building with high ceilings, plenty of room to sit under bunks. Long walk down garden to loo, but you can use the fire escape if desperate!

Adelaide, South Australia. A bit of a long ride between hostels, 1075 miles. Modern hostel with PA system issuing information. When traced, warden quite human though.

Crockham Hill. - Update - change of warden. Joan Ayres has moved from Arundel. Made us very welcome despite the shadow of Kev & Min.

Melbourne, Victoria. 581 miles along the coast from Adelaide, a little more from England. Twin bedded rooms, members kitchen as usual short on utensils.

Devonport, Tasmania. Reached by ferry from mainland. Very English with views over the Mersey. Pleasant hostel.

Stainforth, Yorkshire. Lovely old house in nice setting. Pleasant wardens welcome cyclists. Meals are OK but glad I wasn't starving. Could do with bigger teapots!

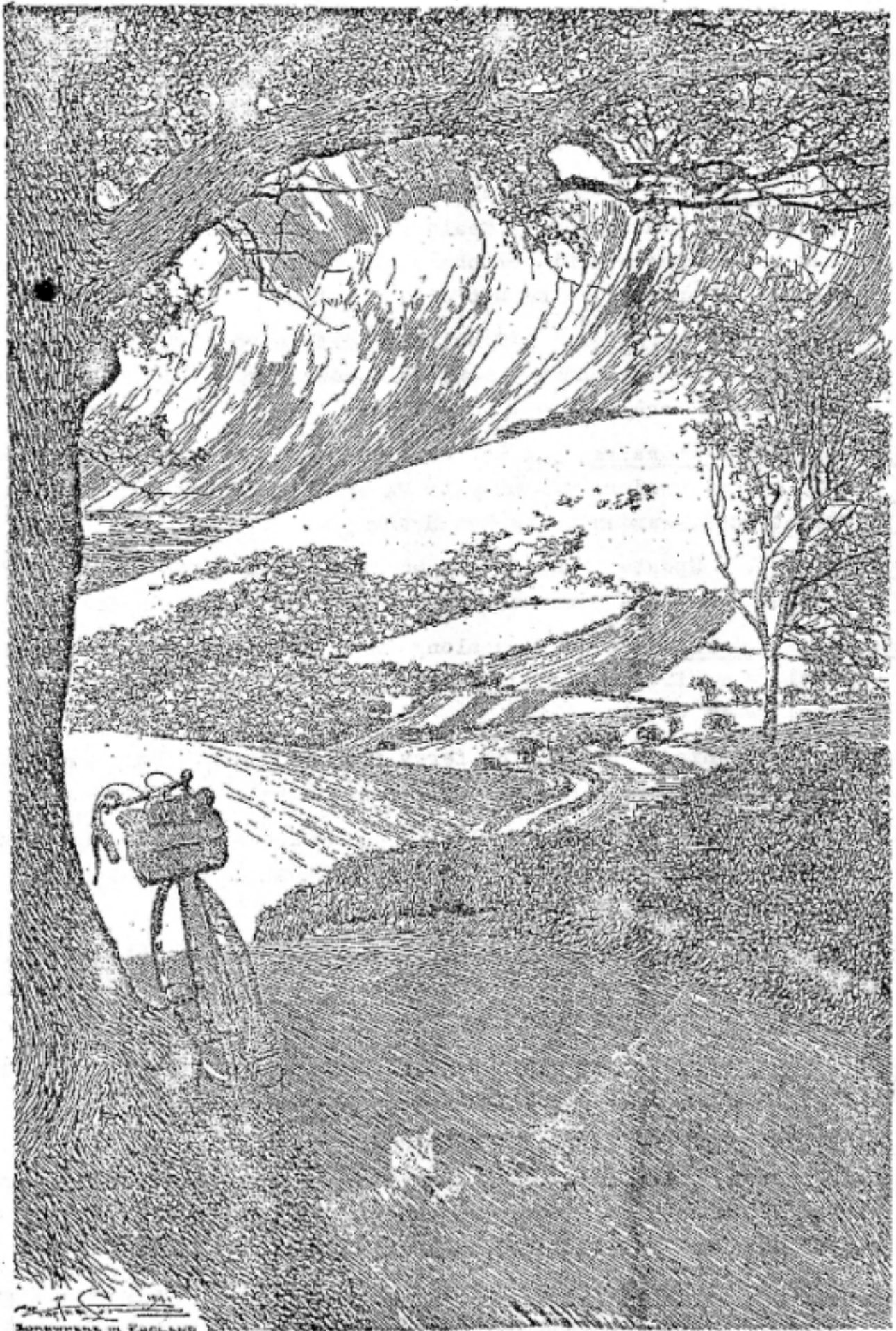
Canberra. Log cabin style, beautifully done as befits this lovely capital. Bit of a job to find in dark as set among trees. Early morning call by the currawong (bird).

Hampstead Heath. Another city hostel, set in a quiet part of London. Very impersonal with pop music blaring continuously. Daytime access. Nobody seems to be English.

Arundel, Sussex. Still dark and dingy, needs a refit. A lot cleaner than it used to be. Take your thermals in winter and keep on your outdoor jacket in the lofty(!) members kitchen.

Alice Springs, somewhere in the middle of Australia. Only seen from outside, typical inland building with fly-proof netting covering veranda which circled the building.

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SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

M E A N W H I L E

by Jack Dunn.

The following article is reprinted, with permission, from the November 1985 issue of 'The Way of an Eagle', the magazine of the Eagle Road Club.

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This past year those of us who lived through World War II have had many reminders of it from the various 40th anniversary celebrations of its close. Those who are younger will have gained a certain familiarity with the more spectacular aspects of the conflict from a steady flow of documentary and drama on films and television during the intervening years, not to mention a mass of written history and fiction. But many of the less dramatic aspects of life throughout the war have gone largely unrecorded, perhaps because none of them appeared all that important in themselves, though taken together they added up to a background of normality against which we could quickly rebuild our fallen lives once the madness ceased. So it occurred to me to relate how a small spark of one such activity, club cycling, was kept alive throughout the war, ready to be fanned into flame again when peace was restored.

As one of the minority of Eagles permitted (directed, in fact) to remain in our civilian jobs and therefore to live in our own homes (so long as they stood up) I was fortunate enough to be able to keep up my cycling to a fair extent and thereby play a small part in keeping club activity ticking over through the war years. One picture often comes to mind when I think of those times -

A summer morning, a rather grey and misty one; a small group of cyclists, most of them in black tights and jackets, are gathered by the side of an otherwise deserted country road. One black-clad figure, seated on his bicycle, tightens his toe-straps while another holds him up. A man standing on the grass verge studies his watch while counting down the seconds: 30, 20, 15... Suddenly the peace of the morning is shattered by the roar of an aircraft approaching at high speed, barely above the tree-tops. All eyes turn to it for a rapid assessment of its likely course; then, as one man, all retreat with as much dignity as is consistent with the required haste, into the ditch - all, that is, except for the mounted rider and his supporter. The count-down, shouted above the engine noise, continues from the ditch until, promptly on zero, the rider is launched on a lone and unpaced tour of Essex. By this time, the aircraft had passed overhead harmlessly, to continue its journey for a few miles yet; no one there is any longer interested in its fate.....

This scene was just beyond Abridge at the start of a 100 mile time-trial run by the East London Combins (I believe it was called) formed to organise combined club events when depleted active memberships made it impracticable for clubs to run their own. The rider was that admirable Eagle, "Pat" Beasant, sadly no longer with us, and I seem to remember that the time-keeper was Eddie Engel. The intruder was one of the V1 flying bombs (alias buzz-bombs or doodle-bugs) to which the Germans resorted after the R.A.F. had swept their conventional bombers from our skies. For the benefit of any young readers who are still reading, perhaps I should add that the V1's were unmanned aircraft, each with a ton of high explosive in the nose, aimed in their hundreds at us from across the North Sea with just enough fuel to reach their target, usually London. So their approach was a matter of some anxiety, much heightened when the engine cut out!

Though not exactly typical of the start of a war-time event, this incident, in its comic absurdity in a tragic setting, seems to me to sum up our cycling activities during the war: men at play while the battles rage, like Drake playing bowls as the Armada approaches. We were a nation in a state of total war, we were told; "We are all in the front line now" was a favourite politician's cliché. Yet among the

civilian population of London, after four years living on short rations, working long hours and deprived of sleep by night-time duties and air-raids, there were still to be found a few gluttons for punishment, perhaps two or three in a typical club, prepared to face the time-keeper on a Sunday morning in pursuit of improved 25, 50, 100 mile or even 12 hour performances.

But perhaps I had better go back to the beginning: September 1939 was a month of splendid weather in a beautiful summer; but with its advent came war. Immediate cancellation of the rest of the season's racing programmes followed - unnecessarily as it turned out - but we had expected immediate air attacks, such as Warsaw had already suffered, and wholesale recruitment of young men into the armed forces in a matter of weeks. In fact very little happened within our own shores for many months and it was a long time before recruitment began seriously to deplete our numbers. Some of us, deprived of the incentive to go out training during the week, found other outlets for energy, such as swimming or skating.

I joined in both these pursuits and remember many a cold night that winter, riding home from West Ham baths in the black-out; more vividly I remember our first evening at Harringay ice-rink. The refrigeration broke down and as we were all learners there was a certain amount of sitting down on the ice, or in the half inch of water that covered it by the end of the evening, so we all went home with very cold, wet seats!

During that first winter, as the months passed in apparent peace, preparations for the next racing season got under way and our 1940 handbook listed 40 events, club, association and open, for that season, as compared with 80 or so in previous years, though I believe only one of the club events materialised.

As the war went on and the numbers of people available as competitors or helpers declined, most clubs were forced to discontinue their club time-trials in favour of combined events and many old classic opens dropped out of the calendar. Before the war, a racing weekend always meant riding up to a suitable overnight venue near the course (the clubhouse served in later years for our home courses) for none of us were car owners in those days. This, to my mind, was all part of the attraction of the time-trial game. War-time pressure on accommodation made this difficult in some areas and many courses were moved in to give starts within easy riding distance of home on the morning. When the German occupation of Belgium and Holland brought the threat on invasion, some courses had to be abandoned because they extended into areas under military control. Eddie Engel tells the story of how he was timekeeping an open event on the Southend Road; having despatched the competitors at the customary minute intervals, he waited long after the expected finishing time and not one had re-appeared - until they all came back at once! They had been stopped at a newly erected barrier near the far end of the course, detained for questioning, then sent back in a body.

Further away from London, things were more nearly normal. On the Bath Road the classic 100 was discontinued but our friends in the Westerley stepped in with their open 100 on the same course and ran it with most commendable efficiency. They made a point of informing all the military stations in the area of the event and asking for their co-operation; I recall at least one occasion where an American Army convoy was held up at a road junction by their own military police while the cyclists passed by.

Performances were not of a very high standard but considering that most competitors were either in demanding civilian jobs plus other duties that left very little time for training, and many of them had been rejected as physically unfit for the services, I think it remarkable that performances did not decline even further. There were difficulties in getting good equipment too, especially tubulars. So far as our own club was concerned there was certainly nothing to write home

about. After the first year or so I seem to recall a total Eagle racing strength of about 4; Jack Forman, Pat Beasant, Jack Miller and myself, all in the long-marker bracket, but I remember we were sometimes joined by Gerry Lumsden, a pre-war club champion. We were seldom all available on the same weekend. The important thing was to 'show the flag' and help keep the skeleton programme going; and our reward was to see it all develop rapidly into a full programme as soon as peace was restored. The first post-war Eagle handbook listed about 60 events for the 1946 season, including our inter-club duels with the South-Eastern and the Westerley, a happy sign of a return to normality.

What about the touring and club side of our pastime? When the club was founded and until well after the war, its formal association with the C.T.C. and the North Metropolitan D.A.'s Eastern Section ensured a place for all shades of cycling tastes from the racing fanatic to the 'pure' tourist; fortunately the great majority of us could appreciate the pleasures of both worlds. The Eastern Section maintained throughout the war a full programme of Saturday afternoon and Sunday runs and the occasional weekend away. Attendances declined sadly, of course, and catering became a major problem. But a number of old favourite 'grub-shops' kept going despite the difficulties and they served us nobly. I remember with special affection the ladies of the 'Hand and Crown' at High Wych and also that heart of gold behind the formidable exterior of Mrs Riley at Honey Lane in Epping Forest.

In those days, one Sunday run each month was by long tradition a 'Kent run', although it often took us into Surrey or Sussex; but it would usually cross the river at Woolwich and pass through Kent. Here again we were up against military barriers from time to time as the boundaries of the prohibited defence areas were adjusted periodically without regard for our convenience. On one occasion in July 1944 we were riding through the Bromley area when the roads were full of convoys of R.A.F. lorries; they were moving the barrage balloons out of London into Kent with a view to bringing down the new flying-bombs before they got to London where they were intended to come down.

Whatever difficulties there were for the cyclist, whether racing, club-running or touring, he was amply recompensed by the absence of traffic resulting from the progressive rationing of petrol. And night riding was a pleasure unimaginable these days. The few vehicles about had heavily masked headlights to meet the blackout regulations so that there was no dazzle problem. On the other hand the drivers could see very little ahead of them, so compulsory rear lights for cyclists came to be accepted by most of us for the sake of our own skins after years of opposition on principle.

Difficulties in touring certainly abounded. Many of our favourite rest-houses were taken up by evacuees from the cities or billeted servicemen, but the C.T.C. handbook continued, in a thinner volume each year, to list those still offering a bed or meal to the traveller. But the best places never found their way into the handbook. From time to time one of us would discover some remotely situated farmhouse where they seemingly hadn't heard about rationing and were happy to welcome us to a well-laden table. Information about such was gladly passed to close friends but not generally advertised. Getting from one such haven to another without collapsing from starvation on the way could be a problem. If you could arrange to be in a sizeable town at lunch-time there was often a 'British Restaurant' - a municipal cafeteria subsidised by the Ministry of Food - where a suitably filling but uninspiring lunch could be had for about a shilling (5p). Commercial cafes or restaurants were subject to price control for meals; a maximum meal price of 12p and maximum meat content of one pennyworth (0.4p) prevailed for many years. It was getting something to eat around tea-time that was so difficult. In those days lunch was the main meal of the day and the touring cyclist would look for a pretty substantial tea to see him through the rest of the day. Sometimes he would look in

vain; in towns the cafes would close by the time we were ready for tea and when the pubs opened at 6 o'clock they seldom had food of any sort for the traveller.

To guard against starvation you would carry sandwiches around but not eat them as long as you could buy a meal. On this principle, when Pat and I did a tour of Devon, the sandwiches that our landlady in Winchester had provided on the Sunday morning came in useful for lunch on the following Thursday! We had found ourselves in Clovelly with not a morsel of food of any sort to be bought. What though the bread was beginning to mould and the cheese to sweat? They saved our lives!

It was on that same tour that Pat and I sat in a cottage garden at Watersmeet, that mecca of the coach-borne tripper in peace-time, and enjoyed a mid-morning pot of tea in complete quiet and solitude. This was typical of most of the popular beauty spots that previously had been so crowded that we would steer clear of them. But it was the empty roads that were such a delight and a few difficulties with bed & board were a small price to pay for that.

To complete the picture perhaps I should mention another aspect of war-time cycling: utility riding - to and from work, shopping or spare-time duties, often at odd times of the day or night. I had about a six mile journey from Ilford to Beckton where I worked. For a year or two I also did home guard duty there; later I transferred to the gunsite at Wanstead Flats. Although there were periods during the war when nothing war-like actually happened within our sight or hearing for many weeks there were other times when these journeys were constantly under threat of imminent air raids and frequently enlivened by actual attack. Like most Londoners after a few weeks experience, I rarely interrupted a journey to take shelter but rather concentrated on completing it as soon as possible. But shell splinters were another matter; when the anti-aircraft guns opened up there would be thousands of splinters raining down for every bomb, each capable of making a hole in the skull and it was well worth while finding a porch or something to stand under until the bits stopped falling.

All too often on the way to work one would encounter the tragic sight of another two or three houses missing and their immediate neighbours tottering, while fragments of slate and window-panes littered the road in all directions. A strange thing was that I never got a puncture from all the broken glass that I rode over in those days; it seems that window glass is much less a menace than the hawthorn clippings that I meet so often in Sussex lanes today.

Just one more aspect should perhaps be touched on; the mental outlook of those of us privileged to work, and play, in our home paddock while our friends endured the discomforts and perils of war service far from home and family. I can only speak for my own inner thoughts, of course, but I would like to think that most of us had much the same feelings. I was ready to join the Forces when required but by no means eager; so I was quite glad to have my call-up deferred on the grounds of the vital work that I was credited with, though I thought this wouldn't prevail for very long. So I just lived for the present and enjoyed my cycling while I could. It was in this spirit, rather than any noble motives of keeping the club going for posterity that we carried on. There was an element of guilt though, at 'dodging the column' especially when the real warfare got going in the Spring of 1940 and the casualties began to be announced; an illogical guilt, just as that which some of us feel nowadays at being well fed and housed while millions are starving and homeless. I must say our members in the forces gave us every encouragement when they wrote or came home on leave. The usual message was to the effect "Stay as you are as long as you can and keep things going till we come back - and good luck to you".

Weekends away or the occasional week's tour, were also tainted, for me, with the same uncomfortable feeling at enjoying myself while my family were in danger at home. This was particularly acute one Saturday

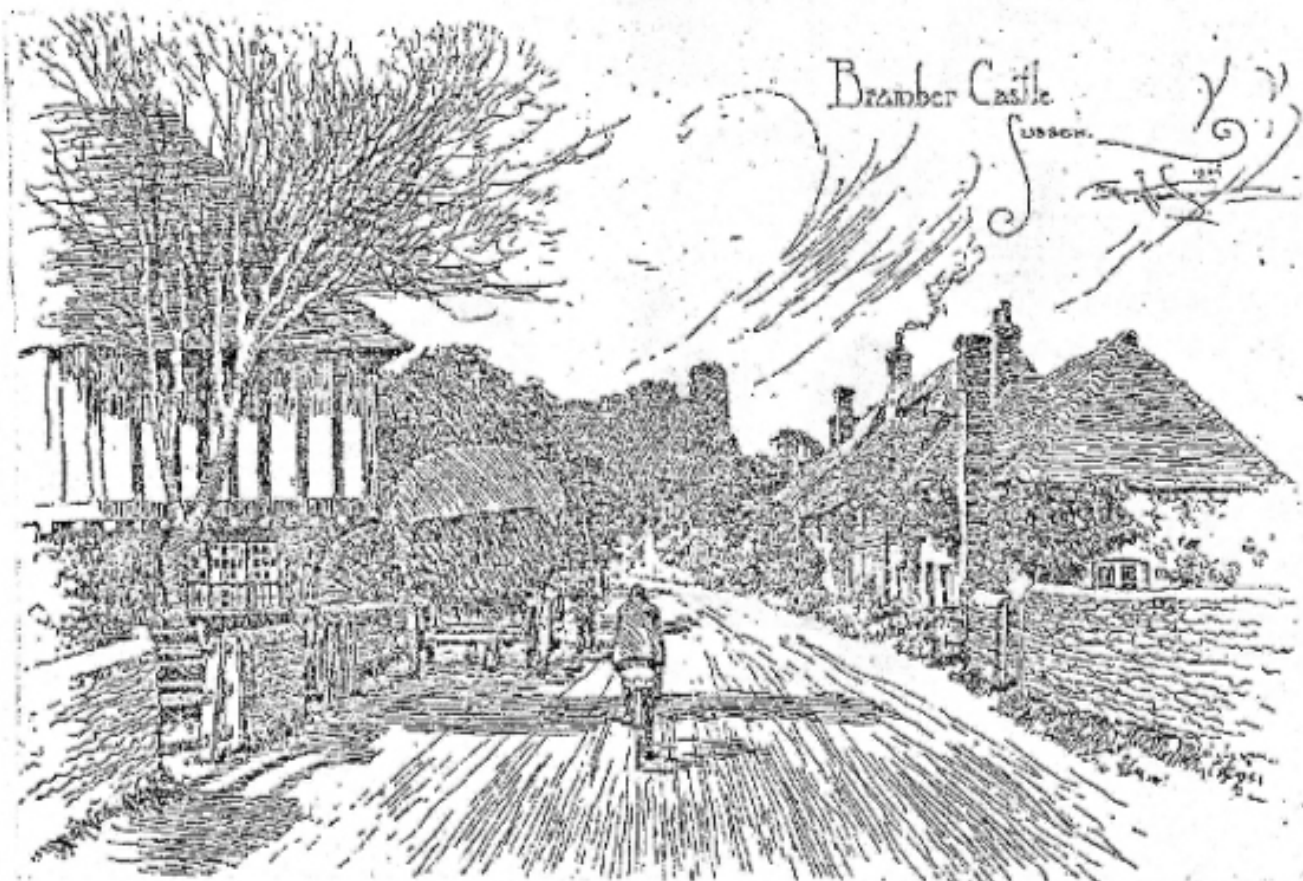
evening when we were away on a section weekend at the 'Stag' at Mentmore. This delightful spot is on a hilltop with a splendid view over the London plain. Soon after darkness fell we looked out and saw a horizontal row of twinkling lights in the sky far to the south-east. We knew this was an anti-aircraft barrage over London, though we could hear nothing at that distance, and also knew that there must be bombers about over our houses - not a comfortable thought to go to bed with! But my parents used to give me every encouragement to get away whenever I could; at least it was one of their brood out of harm's way for a day or two. At a lower level, it was one less mouth to feed from the ever dwindling food rations. And if, perchance, I could return with a half-dozen eggs bought at some farmhouse back door, they were doubly recompensed for the loss of my company for the weekend!

Well, it was all over at last and 'the boys' came home, all except, sadly, two of them. We were fortunate that, as a club, our losses were no higher. But not all came back to active life in the club; some had discovered other interests in their enforced absence; some had acquired wives and were lost to us for the time being at least. Nevertheless, within a few months of the end of hostilities we were back in business again, almost as usual.

I ought not to close the story without mentioning the part "The Way of an Eagle" must have played in keeping the club spiritually together while so physically scattered. Jack Torrance, its founder and, for so many years, its editor, publisher, printer, distributor (& principle writer!), had to relinquish those duties soon after the war started and they were taken over at various times by two or three people, of whom Gerry Lumsden was the one who had the longest stint from 1941 to the end of the war; he and the others maintained production in the face of many difficulties. They well deserved the gratitude of the club.

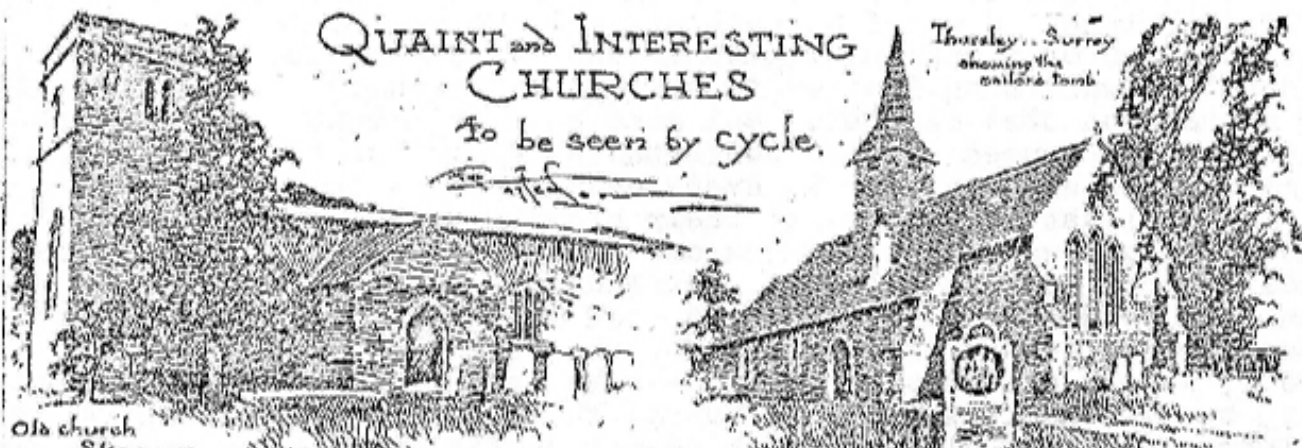
I would not want to live through those times again but I do sometimes feel wistful about those empty roads!

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QUAINT and INTERESTING
CHURCHES
to be seen by cycle.

Thursley... Surrey
showing the
sailors tomb



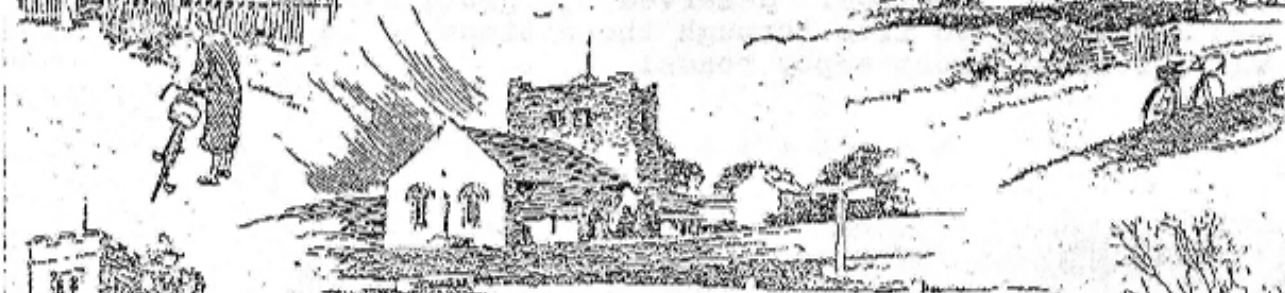
Old church
Skegness.

The Bell Tower
Brooklands Church
Kent.

Covehithe
Suffolk



Saxon Church
Warcham.



old church
Chingford.

Gouthland
Yorks.



Southeast
Sussex

Otford
Kent.

SUNDAY'S BIRD

The Elephant (?!)

The elephant is a pretty bird,
It swings from bough to bough,
It makes its nest in a rhubarb tree,
And it whistles like a cow.

Haven't you heard of the elephant bird before? Well I bet you haven't heard of the Lesser Spotted Wobbler (probably a drunken cyclist) or the Long Tailed Trike either!

More Elephants

What did the man say when he saw four elephants coming over the hill towards him?

A. Here come four elephants.

What did the man say when he saw four elephants coming over the hill wearing dark glasses?

A. Nothing - he didn't recognise them

Why are elephants so wrinkled?

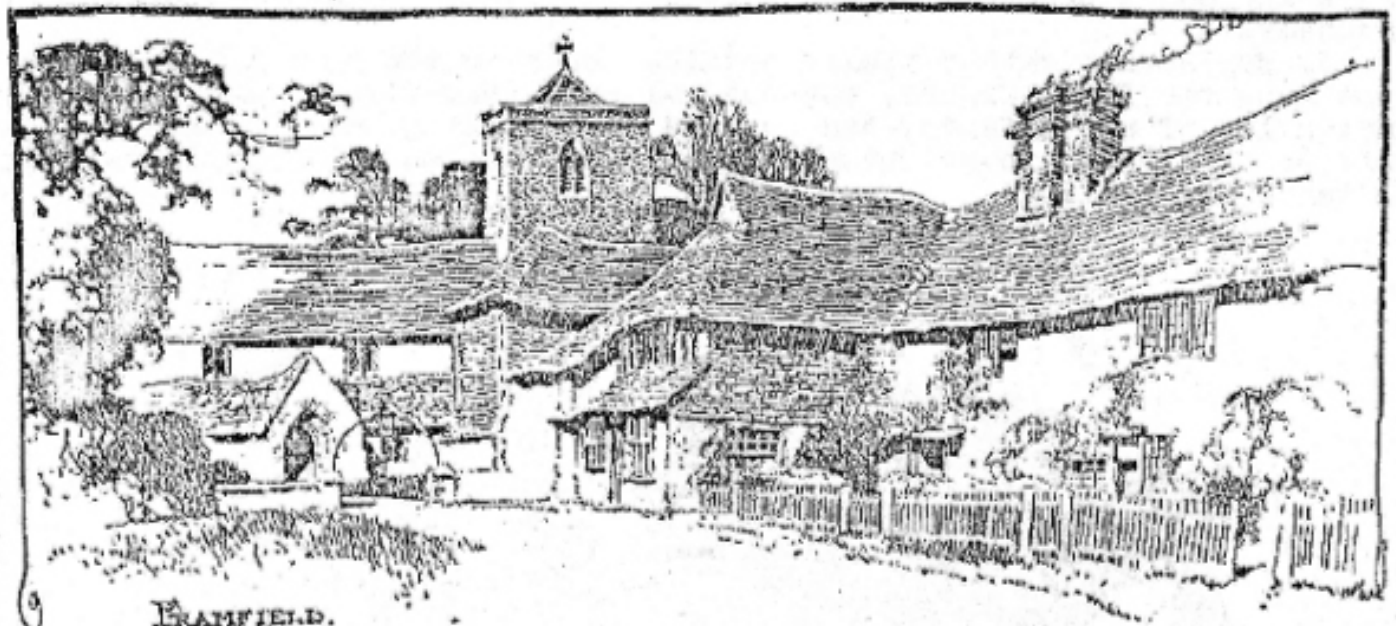
A. Have you ever tried ironing one!

How can you tell that you're in bed with an elephant?

A. By the big E on his pyjama pocket

(complaints about the above to Colin Axon - not the Editor!)

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BRAMFIELD.

ALEXIA'S RIDE

When 32 year old Alexia Franklin learned to ride a cycle, she practised in a friend's driveway that had a hedge on one side and a ditch on the other. If she wasn't in the hedge, she was in the ditch. Cycling did not come easily to someone who was born suffering from Polio, which left her with her right side seriously disabled.

Ability to ride a bike proved useful when Alexia came to work at Ditchling Museum, where she runs the catering side. She liked being able to come and go independently on an elderly "shopper"; but she had never done more than a few miles when she decided to do a sponsored ride.

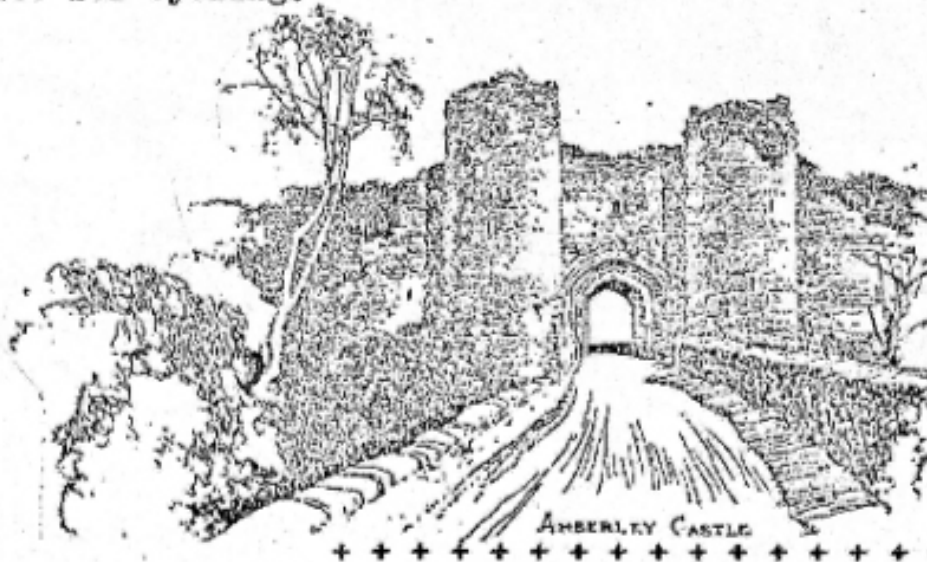
One objective was to raise money - partly for Cancer Research, partly to help the Museum build up its reserve funds. But there was also another motive; to show that someone who is registered as disabled can tackle outdoor activities. The route saw her visiting other museums, and the Norman buildings in the area (our nod to Domesday Year). It took her east to Hastings, back along the coast, west to Arundel and home through Amberley and Bramber.

The "shopper" wasn't going to be up to the ride. A special cycle was built, adapted to take as much work as possible off Alexia's weak side. But even with the new machine, hills were difficult and long runs proved very tiring. Strong winds can buffet her around, to an exhausting extent; and heavy traffic is more of a problem for her than for people who have all their arms and legs working properly. It took several months of training, helped by the Mid-Sussex club, to extend her range and get her properly fit.

Departure on May 19th saw deceptive sunshine around Ditchling. After that, she had a merry time in East Sussex, with thunderstorms followed by howling gales and downpours. But then the weather improved - a bit. Someone Up There had realised that throwing things at Alexia is no way to stop her.

Disaster almost struck near Bexhill. A car came out of a side turning without stopping or looking, and clobbered the back wheel. This didn't do Alexia much good, but luckily she came off fairly lightly, her chief concern being to get back on the road next day. A replacement wheel was found, and she made up time to arrive on schedule at Newhaven. Here she had a breather, spending the night with her mother, Councillor Kennedy.

On May 26th a rather Alexia pedalled back to the Museum. We don't yet know the final figure, but she raised a four-figure sum; she had met a lot of new friends; and she had proved her point. So now she is off on the London-to-Brighton. After that, who knows? She is getting a taste for cycling!



SUSSEX
X

DITCHLING MUSEUM

Church Lane, Ditchling, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8TB

Registered Charity

No.290075

P.R.O: Pamela Grieve
Hassocks 3086



Telephone
Hassocks 4744

Curator: Hilary Bourne

A NEW PLACE TO VISIT

Ditchling Museum opened on May 4th., 1985. The first year saw around 7,000 visitors, and this season has got off to an encouraging start; but we are holding our thumbs that the continued bad weather does not keep holiday makers at home. (Editor's note - this was before the heat wave in June.)

Housed in buildings that served as the village school for nearly 150 years, the museum lies next to St. Margaret's Church, and overlooking the village green. Permanent exhibits include items of local and national historical interest, mementos of the many distinguished artists and craftsmen who have lived in Ditchling, farm and domestic equipment, and through the summer special exhibitions are mounted, which are attracting a great deal of interest.

The Museum is reached from the High Street, and lies at the far end of Church Lane. We are not allowed to have visiting cars on-site, but cycles are very welcome! The coffee shop can provide light lunches and teas, and is a regular stopping place for some of the neighbouring cycling clubs.

Opening hours are : Monday to Saturday 10.30 am to 5.00 pm.
Sunday 2.00pm to 5.00pm.

After Oct. 26th - Open Saturday & Sunday afternoons only.

Admission - 90p for adults, 60p for OAPs, 50p for children,
with a reduction for parties of 10 or more.

Our Programme of exhibitions is as follows:-

July 26th to September 4th.

"Eyes to See" - the wildlife around us, with competitions for children.

Sept.6th to Oct.2nd.

"Peasant Skills" - Ancient and modern fabrics, embroidery and handicrafts from eastern Europe.

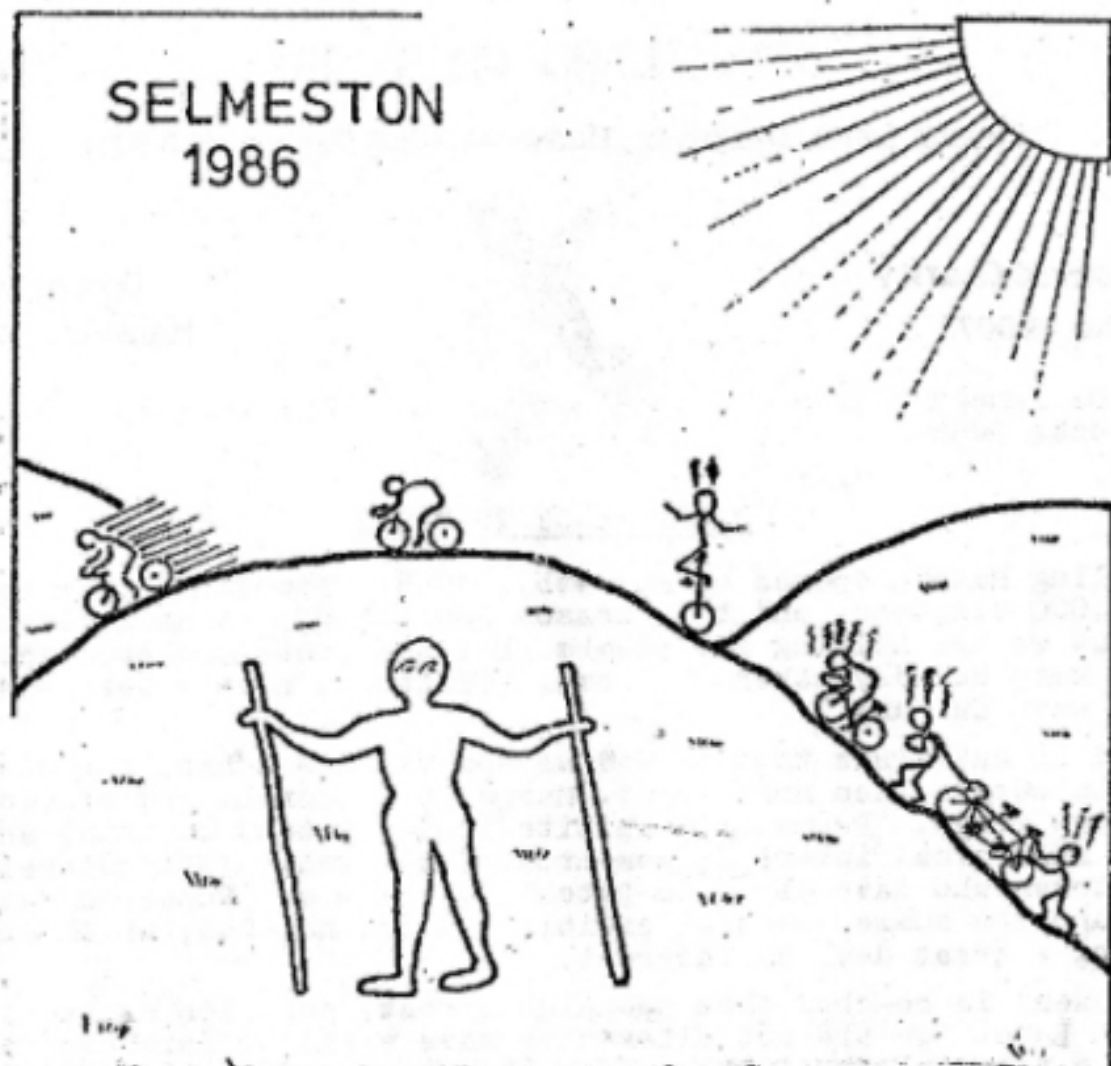
Oct.4th to 26th.

"Electricity in Infancy" - Early electrical appliances.

Why not make Ditchling your objective for a run? The village has much to offer to visitors, and the Museum is proving a great added attraction.

+ + + + +

SELMESTON 1986



A REPORT ON THE 9th HOME COUNTIES' RALLY

by Iris Stevens

Despite all the bad weather beforehand and last minute panics, like the visit to Argos Mill being cancelled, it all came right on the day, as they say.

We thought we had a scoop when the Mayfield Historical Society had agreed to give us a special viewing of the mill, but because of a dispute with the owner of the land that it rests on this had to be cancelled. This gave David Rix a job rerouting his windmill ride, only to find his chosen tea shop closed. (And the alternative one had closed down the month before, Ed.) However the latter problem was overcome when Polegate Windmill Preservation Society made 30 cups of tea at a few minutes notice.

The Cricket Club gave me a few palpitations when they said we would not be able to use the ground if wet! Well, with one week to go it was like a sponge - however a week of comparatively dry weather solved that problem.

By the time I arrived early Friday evening David R. had quite a few campers installed and was busy brewing tea for all the early arrivals. People kept arriving till quite late and an inspection early Saturday morning showed that about half of those registered were already pitched. Altogether 175 people registered over the 3 days - plus those who didn't pay the fee. I am pleased to say that a good number of the DA supported the event, working hard and enjoying themselves (I think!). We could have done with a few more competent riders to help out on the 10 rides, but we managed. I don't think the visitors noticed as those out worked very hard to get everything running smoothly. Slow and inexperienced riders we coaxed along and bike repairs were attended to either by one

of the DA or by John Law of Stubberfield's.

Away riders came to the rescue of two of the DA, when first Heather's chain jammed between crank and bottom bracket, then on Monday David R's front tyre blew up. Luckily for him one of the ladies on his Beachy Head run was carrying a spare 700c (jammy eh? Ed.).

All the rides were well supported including Ken's downland roughstuff. The Cuckmere Valley was well and truly covered over every possible route. Ann had the added bonus of the Long Man Morris, who gave her group a special welcome. On Ken's 1066 ride the Bed's DA tandem developed trouble with a tyre and Barry Ruffle was seen sewing it together at lunch time. After having a puncture just before lunch my run to Sheffield Park disintegrated and I found myself just with the DA. However a quick chase round and we gathered most again after lunch for the ride home. David K. was indispensable in the bike repair dept. that day.

Back at HQ Phyl and Sheila were doing stirring work dispensing tea by the gallon and home-made cakes by the dozen. The tearbar was open every day from about 8 am onwards. This proved very popular and many did not bother to brew up in their tents. First customer of the day was usually Brian Curle of the Willesden CC, who put the kettle on, made the tea, and paid for it! Every afternoon Heather opened up the Club Shop and £150 worth of goods were sold. Stubberfield's also did a roaring trade.

After the evening meals the floor was cleared. Firstly for the Barn Dance, where the caller worked them into a frenzy - which was very profitable for our tea bar. Sunday night the hall was packed for John Tobin's superb slideshow on Southern Turkey. His account of a family cycling-camping holiday coupled with beautiful slides had many adding Turkey to their list of places to visit.

Monday morning threatened to ruin what was up till then a very pleasurable weekend. It rained! A few with a distance to travel packed up their wet gear and bade us farewell. Others decided to hang around the tea bar in the hall to see if it would ease up. The hardy set out on one of the three rides on offer, determined not to let the wind or rain get the better of the weekend. The, hurrah, the rain stopped, the sun came out, and tents steamed in the warmth of a dry afternoon.

The clearing up was done in the dry and, most important, our tents had dried out by mid-afternoon. By 5 o'clock everything was tidy and shipshape and the last of us prepared to leave. Two tents stood out in the middle of the otherwise empty field. It was the West Kents having their monies worth and enjoying the now superb sunny evening somewhere. Apparently they went out when it stopped raining and were side-tracked by the Sunday Market at Arlington Speedway. However even they went home eventually, at least they weren't there the next time I passed the ground.

One member, new to the DA, enjoyed himself so much that he asked when the next one was to be!! My reply was - in 6 years time! It'll take me that long to recover. As it was I wondered about for the next couple of days like a zombie, with my brain disconnected. Alright, I know, I usually act that way.

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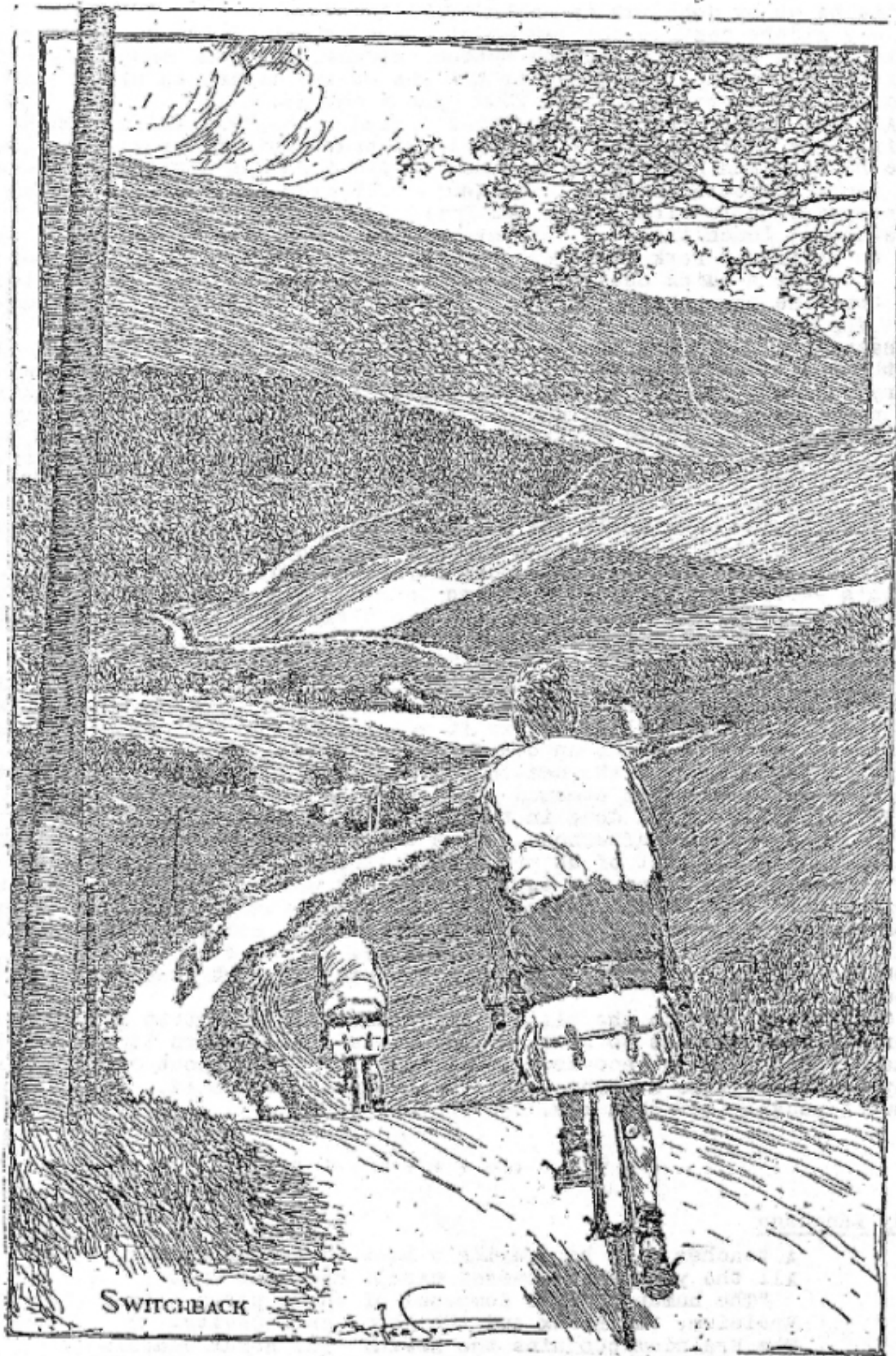
Body Language

A teacher gave her pupils a test on the human body.

All the youngsters passed except one, who wrote:

"The human body is composed of three parts - the Brainium, the Borax and the Abominable Cavity.

The Brainium contains the Brain. The Borax contains the lungs, liver and the living things. The Abominable Cavity contains the bowels, of which there are five: A E I O and U."



SWITCHBACK

C & H OUTDOOR SURVIVAL COURSE, YORKSHIRE DALES

A REPORT FROM A SURVIVOR (Your Editor)

When we first saw 'Camping Holiday - Yorkshire Dales' listed on the Runs List for Spring Bank Holiday week we thought - that sounds nice - little did we know what the elements had in store for us. David K. was heard to refer to it as the CTC/SAS survival course for sub-aqua campers. Floods, gale force winds, they even forecast snow but luckily we didn't get any of that! And that was just in the first three days! But I'm getting way ahead of myself, perhaps I'd better start at the beginning.

An early start for Sue and I, and a good journey up the A1, saw us arriving at Muker in Swaledale at about 4.30 on Saturday. Ken, Iris & Heather, along with Pete Burbery, had arrived just ahead of us. The Kiernan clan, big Dave, Russell and Ali. had already arrived, at about mid-day, and gone out for a ride. The point they had chosen to pitch wasn't what we would have chosen; off the main site and about 100 yards down the road beside the river. The site itself proved to be full, so we decided to pitch on the lower bank near David K. and hope to move after the Bank Holiday. So we got the tents up and the site was soon full of the smell of frying dinner, only to be damped down slightly when it started to rain. A short walk down the road after dinner and then we retired to the sound of rain on fly sheets.

6.45 in the morning, rain, the sound of wind in the trees, the rushing of the river, and a strange cry. Ruddy birds, I thought, then a tapping on the fly-sheet and I realised that the strange cry had been a voice - "are you awake?"

"Hello", I called.

"The river's risen!", came the voice of Mrs. Metcalfe the camp site owner.

Half dressed already, I was out of the tent in seconds to find the river level with the bank and about 5 feet from our tent! It had risen a good 3 feet over-night. I called to Ken & Iris - "how high is it" asked Ken's voice. I explained that if it came much higher they'd have a water bed, and their tent suddenly jerked with motion as they rushed to get clothes on. Pete also emerged at this point and noticed our predicament. Amid much noise and haste boxes and bags were moved to the higher bank where the Kiernan's slept blissfully on. Then inners were dropped, bundled up and deposited in cars to keep them dry, and finally fly sheets were dropped and bundled into ground sheets and shifted to higher ground. An old chicken house at the end of the bank was called into service as a store, and as we were moving stuff into it Mrs. Metcalfe re-appeared and invited us to go over to the farm for a cup of tea and to dry off - by this time our trousers were sticking to our legs. Just before we started across to the farm, someone said, "considering the noise we've made you'd think we would have woken the Kiernans", and, as if on cue, David's head appeared from his tent, he looked blearily around then said, "I thought that might happen", and then disappeared again.

An hour and a half (or more) later, after plenty of tea and biscuits a lot of chat, and a tour of Mrs. Metcalfe's home we returned to the scene of battle. The rain had just stopped and the river was just running across where one bell end of our tent had been. We decide to take a walk down into Muker for coffee before seeing what could be done about re-pitching.

On looking at the site later we realised that even though the weather had driven some campers home we were going to have to try and pitch on the top of the bank near David - everywhere else was too wet. We eventually found space to pitch all 4 tents, trying to find the least lumpy bits, before having lunch. David and his brood had gone

out in the car, and we decided to forsake the bikes and go walking. Following the footpaths we made our way to Thwaite and then Keld, with a scramble down to Kisdon Force, quite spectacular after the rain, then back following the Penine Way high route round the summit of Kisdon to drop back down to Muker - the views from the top looking down the Swale were magnificent.

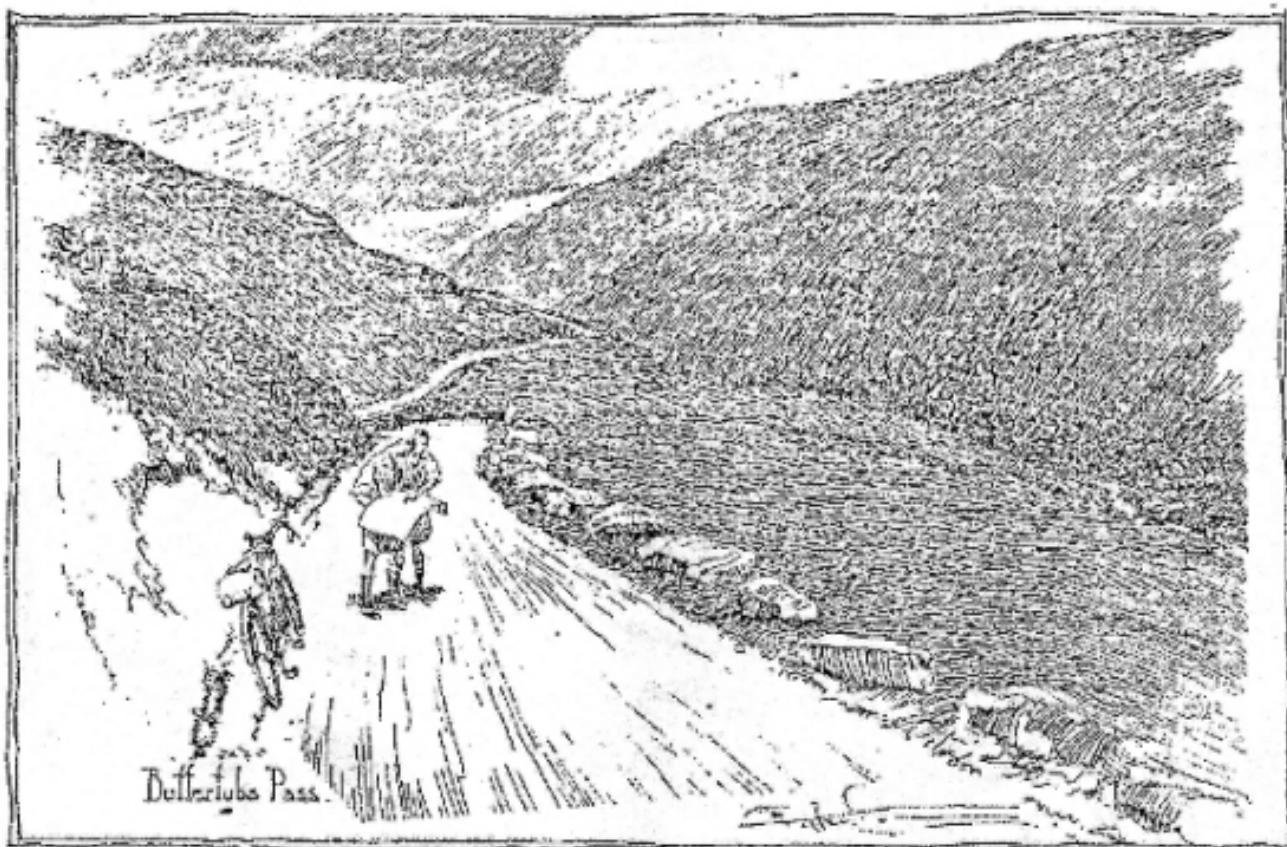
That evening the smell of food and frying was wafting from a little chicken house near Muker - well it kept us dry and warm!

Monday and we finally got on our bikes. A ride up to Keld, and then the long climb up from West Stonesdale over Stanesdale Moor to Tan Hill - home of the highest pub (reputedly) in England, where we had magnificent views out across the moors and fells. Then nearly 6 miles down hill to Langthwaite with the wind behind, including about half way down a hump-back bridge over which Ken, Pete and I took off - about 2 inches according to Pete! Lunch was had in a shady spot by the river reached by bridleway from Langthwaite - but we had to climb a footpath up the hill and through a cemetery to get back to the road. Just before lunch we had come on a group of ladies who were following a 3 mile walk based on Reeth - but they must already have done 5! We pointed them in the right direction, and when after lunch we climbed the hill to drop down into Reeth, we were rewarded by seeing them just reaching the edge of the village.

In Reeth it was straight into a nice tea shop for Passion Fruit tea and chocolate fudge cake, before the last 10 miles up the Dale to Muker - with a slight delay at Low Row where the Bank Holiday traffic was held up by cows on the road. It seems the locals have common grazing rights and the animals are allowed to just wander up and down the road!

During the night the wind increased slightly and by the next morning it was quite strong. Our route for the day took us out of Swaledale, south over Oxnop Common and Askrigg Common to drop down into Askrigg. As we climbed to the summit the strength of the wind was more noticeable with first Iris and then others of us being blown off the road, at one point we found it difficult to stand and cars were giving us a wide berth! The descent was a little hairy too, with two 1 in 6's and a 1 in 4. We were relieved to get into the little village and find a nice tea shop, very good, with an old CTC sign on the wall - Pete had been there before and recommended it. Then after Pete had inspected the metal ring in the cobbles where they used to tie up the bulls, we fought our way into the westerly wind up to Hawes. A look around the shops, buying food for the evening and a few other odds and ends, then into the church hall for a cup of tea - but we found teas meant sandwiches, cakes and tea, and at 6Op we decided not to bother with our own lunch that we had carried with us. A quick look upstairs at the bring and buy stalls before we left Hawes to tackle the Buttertubs Pass.

What can I say? You had to be there. We didn't ride very far before we were off and walking, leaning sideways (at a considerable angle!) into the wind. Iris claims that at one point both her wheels were lifted off the ground by a gust! We even walked down into one dip and then up to the summit - sitting down when coaches passed us because of the buffeting we were getting. Over the top it wasn't quite so bad, but it was still blowing enough to make us keep on the road and observe the actual Buttertubs (a group of irregularly shaped pot-holes some up to 20metres deep - for those of you who don't know. Ed.) from a safe distance, unlike one motorist and his wife who walked up the edge and looked in danger of being blown in as the wind pushed them around. We were told by a lady later in the week that the radio reported that the winds were gusting up to 70 mph.! We took it slowly at first down the other side, speeding up a little as we turned away from the wind slightly and dropped down into Swaledale and back to the campsite. Several tents on the main site had suffered - one collapsing almost completely - but luckily ours were more sheltered and had all stood up quite well. Meals that night were cooked and eaten in the

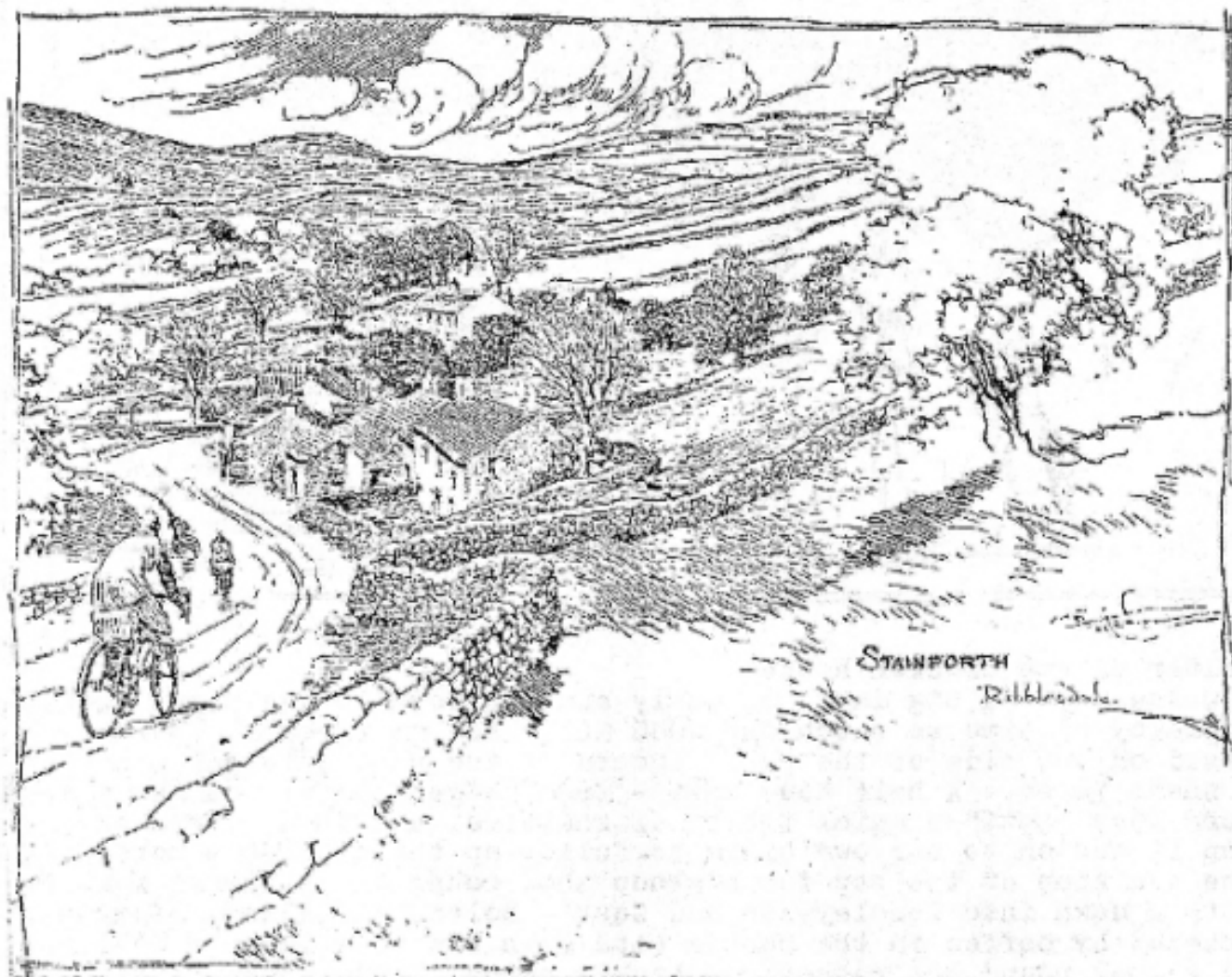


shelter of the chicken house!

Wednesday - a big day - up early and off down to Reeth and Grinton in plenty of time to watch the 1986 Milk Race go through. Heather poised on the side of the road, camera at the ready, to get a picture of Shaun Yates. A half hour wait - free badges and programmes - then "here they come!" a quick flurry of shutters, and then "there they go!". Then it was on to our own bikes to follow up the hill at a more sedate pace - a stop at the top for a group shot round the National Park sign - then down into Wensleydale and Castle Bolton for lunch. This was preceded by coffee in the Castle (its main business is as a restaurant) and a look round the rather ramshackle ruins (50p), though there were excellent views of Wensleydale from the top. After lunch it was on for the regulation visit to Aysgarth Falls, and then Thoraby and the field centre that Heather stayed at in March. Then it was on South for the long climb of 4 miles up through Bishopdale to Kidstones to tackle a bit of Pete's rough-stuff. We reached the summit and turned onto the track, walking after the first 100 yards when it became steep and rocky, but once on the top it was plain sailing for about 3 miles across Stake Moss to drop down to Stalling Busk above Semer Water. Back onto roads again at this point and down to Bainbridge, where fish and chips was had from a van by the green and tea was brewed in the bus shelter. Afterwards it was across the valley to Askrigg and the steep climb up onto Askrigg Common and the long run down into Swaledale and back to camp.

On Thursday we turned our backs on the tents to have a night out - hostelling at Stainforth, in Ribblesdale. We started by going over the Buttertubs Pass again, stopping to have a good look at the Butter Tubs this time, then on down into Hawes for coffee. Leaving Hawes we climbed up to join the old Roman road out of Bainbridge, and to follow it for 3 miles of rough-stuff over Wether Fell, half a mile of tarmac, and then back onto rough stuff for another 5 miles of it, culminating in a magnificent view of Ingleborough and the Ribblesdale Viaduct (marked as Batty Moss Viaduct on the map). It was at this point that Ken got everybody going by saying, "there's a tea shop just up that road".

We told him that he couldn't possibly know that. But some people have the luck of the Devil - we got down to the junction by the viaduct and there was a snack wagon parked on the grass! After a cup of tea and a chocolate bar it was a gentle run down through Horton-in-Ribblesdale to Stainforth and its well kept Youth Hostel (see Hostel Notes, Ed.).



The day finished with a walk round Stainforth and a walk down to Stainforth Force. I must just add that on arrival at the hostel everybody took advantage of the showers to get a good wash!

Next morning we headed down into Settle to do some shopping, have coffee, and also to visit Settle Cycles, where Heather's freewheel - which had been giving trouble - was replaced. Once finished we headed back to Stainforth and then turned through the village for the hilly ride across past Malham Tarn to Street Gate and the start of Mastiles Lane, the nearly 5 miles of track across Kilnsey Moor and Mastiles to Kilnsey and its famous crag. The surface was all good going, mainly grassy and reasonably dry, though there was a river to cross - which Pete rode through while we went across the extremely narrow bridge. At Kilnsey we crossed the river to Conistone and then made our way up Wharfedale to have lunch in a recreation ground at Kettlewell. We then continued on through Starbottan and Buckden to Hubberholme, where a stop was made to search out the carved mice on the church pews - trademark of their maker, Robert Thompson of Kilburn.

We now left Wharfedale for Langstrothdale and climbed slowly up through this picturesque river valley. Something like 6 miles later we reached the summit and Fleet Moss, with views in all directions across the Dales. Crossing the Roman road of the previous day we had an exhilarating 2 mile downhill run - starting with a 1 in 4 - into

Gayle. Peter excelled himself here, he had been making a point of avoiding bridges on the rough-stuff and going through the fords, and had already told Iris of his intention to go through the ford at Gayle. The first that Ken, Heather and I knew of it was when we stopped and looked back from the bridge to see a figure ride out from behind the buildings and promptly slide over to land on his side in the water! A few minutes later a rather sheepish, dripping Pete emerged from between some buildings. We wouldn't let him have tea in Hawes until he'd changed, and later when Ken lifted Pete's bike over the wall back at camp, water poured out of the pannier all over him! But first it was tea in the nice little tea shop we had found in Hawes, where we were joined by the Kiernans, before the climb back over the Buttertubs Pass again to return to Swaledale.

On Saturday the only bikes to get any use were those of Pete and Iris, who went to do a little shopping. Heather was busy finishing her study of Muker for her exam work, Ken was having a look at his car and the Kiernans had disappeared off somewhere in theirs, so Sue and I decided on a short walk down the Dale. We walked as far as Ivelet bridge - a steep almost v-shaped pack-horse bridge, with a coffin stone at one end where they used to rest the coffins on the long "Corpse Way" from the upper dale to burial in the only church at Grinton. (Two days wrapped in a linen sheet in a wicker basket must have left the corpse pretty high!) We returned for a late lunch and then followed the others who had gone down to Reeth by car, for a look around the village craft shops and the Swaledale Folk Museum, before having some more passion fruit tea in the tea shop. (I could get a taste for that.)

Sunday morning came all too soon and it wasn't long before we were all packed up, had settled our bill and were on the road home. The drive was uneventful and contrary to Dave K.'s expectations we had no delays at the Dartford Tunnel - coming or going. He went through London.

The first few days of the holiday had us worried, what with the flooding and the winds, but once that was past we found ourselves enjoying it more, and I for one would like to return at some time - but preferably not during the monsoon season!

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NOTICE

THIS PLACE REQUIRES NO PHYSICAL FITNESS PROGRAMME:
EVERYONE GETS ENOUGH EXERCISE -

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

FLYING OFF THE HANDLE

RUNNING DOWN THE BOSS

KNIFING FRIENDS IN THE BACK

DODGING RESPONSIBILITY

AND

PUSHING THEIR LUCK!

+ + + + +

1 MUDGUARDS WERE NOT CONSIDERED THE THING ON A SPEEDY BICYCLE. WE WOULD RATHER BE SEEN LIKE THIS



THIRTY YEARS AGO.

AND SOME OF OUR FOLLIES

2 BUT IT WAS PERMITTED TO TIE A BUNCH OF BRACKEN UNDER THE SADDLE TO CATCH THE DIRT - OR SOME OF IT!



3 AND THE REAL CYCLIST WOULD NOT BE SEEN WITH A CAPE



5 I REMEMBER LOSING CABYE COMPLETELY WHEN I FITTED A SMALL BRAKE TO A RACING SWIFT - OF COURSE IT WAS A 'BLUNGER' ACTING ON THE FRONT TYRE.

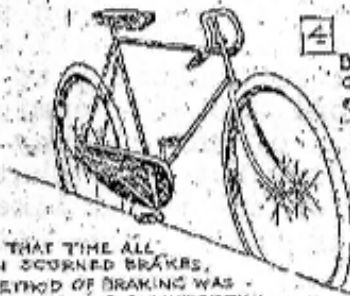


FORTUNATELY THE TYRE DIDN'T BUST AT A CRITICAL MOMENT OR I MIGHT NOT BE DOING THESE SKETCHES NOW.

6 YOU SEE, AT THAT TIME ALL SPEEDY MEN SCORNEED BRAKES. THE ONLY METHOD OF BRAKING WAS BY BACK-PEDALING OR BY INSERTING THE TOE BETWEEN THE FORKS AND PRESSING ON THE TYRE - THUS



4 BUT THE LAWS OF THE ROAD GRACIOUSLY ALLOWED A SBARCASE TO BE FITTED TO A SPEEDY BICYCLE AND ALSO RIDICULOUSLY NARROW AND UNCOMFORTABLE HANDLE BARS.

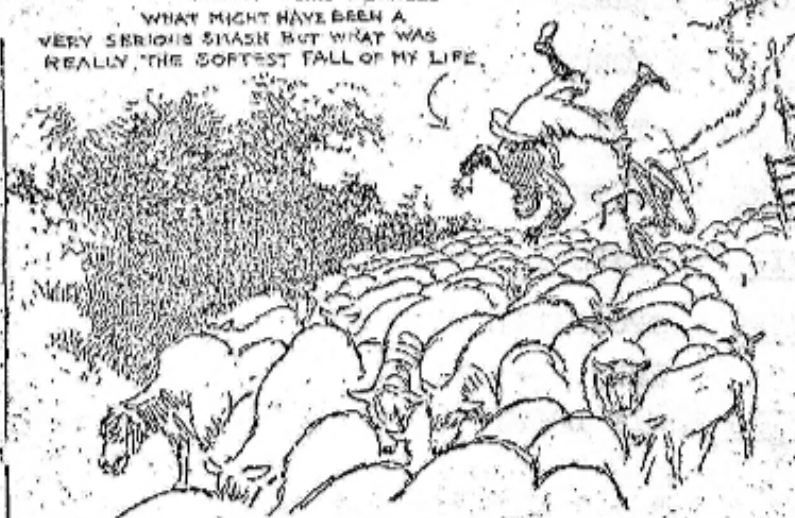


8 THE PUMPS OF THOSE DAYS WERE FUNNY - LITTLE HA-PENNY SQUIRT SORT O' THINGS ALWAYS SUSPENDED BY RUBBER BANDS AND ALWAYS WITH A KNOT TIED IN THE EXTENSION.



7 SOME OF US BECAME VERY CLEVER AT THIS FORM OF BRAKING - OTHERS, OF WHOM I WAS ONE, NEVER GOT THE HANG OF THE TRICK. THIS RECALLS

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VERY SERIOUS SNASH BUT WHAT WAS REALLY THE SOFTEST FALL OF MY LIFE.



A BAG WAS NOT CARRIED AND ODDS & ENDS, SPANNER AND SO ON WERE CARRIED LOOSE IN THE POCKET.

YET, AFTER ALL, WE WERE A HAPPY CROWD - NO CAR TRAFFIC NO POT HOLES AND LITTLE ELSE TO WORRY US. BUT PERHAPS CROWD IS NOT THE WORD TO USE... SOME OF OUR YOUNGER READERS WILL NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT I ONCE RODE FROM LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH AND MET ONLY ONE BICYCLE ON THE JOURNEY OF 72 MILES!

1922
 TRIP OF

THE SEAFORD & NEWHAVEN EASTER TOUR TO DORSET

(& WILTSHIRE)

by Colin Axon

The weather was fantastic, we had an excellent journey down, we had good long rides each day, the group kept together and we saw and visited lots of interesting places and things.... Well if you'll believe that you'll believe anything. Yes folks - another disaster. In fact going and coming home were the only times that we rode as a group. (And I expect that was on the train, Ed.)

The weather wasn't too bad, it did rain heavily several times, but it was the wind that got us. Whilst walking up a particularly nasty hill Jon Parr remarked, "You realise that we will have to rename the Section don't you?"

"Oh?"

"The Seaford & Newhaven Pushing Society."

Ann and I said nothing.

In fact it didn't work from the word go really. Martin Saager (my German friend who came with us again - heaven knows why) and I woke up on time but fell back to sleep again. Mum woke us up again with $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour to spare before the train left Seaford, so she took Martin and his bike and our stuff over by car, leaving me to ride - I got there with 6 minutes to spare only to find that we were the first!! Ann was next closely followed by all the others except for Joe & Alec, who only made it by the skin of their teeth - and Alec had the tickets! Anyway we did manage to get to Brighton to connect with the Salisbury train. Whilst waiting Steve Allen and Adrian Campbell turned up, so finally all 11 of us were together in one place at the same time, but not for long.

As soon as we reached Salisbury, Alec and Joe disappeared off somewhere. Adrian, Ann, Jon, Martin and I headed towards Stonehenge and the rest looked around Salisbury. The wind was horrific. We made it to Old Sarum (where we ran into Ken & Iris), and decided to head back down towards Cranbourne - except for Adrian who went for Stonehenge. Lunch was had at Wilton, the first of many. Ann, Jon and Martin went into the pub for hot potatoes, leaving Adrian and I to look after the bikes. They emerged from the pub as Dave Kiernan and others of the C & H turned up, so while they nattered I made some repairs to my bike after various bits either fell off or at least threatened to.

Alec and Joe had rejoined us by the time we reached the hostel and we all joined in to block up the hostel hall along with about 50 million other hostellers. The lads were designated the very top dorm., up what seemed like about a thousand stairs. In the evening only Ann and I didn't go to the pub, which was almost next door.

On Saturday Jon headed for Street, as he had decided (wisely) not to stay with us for all 3 nights. The two Steves, Nicki and Richard went by BUS, if you please, to Bournemouth. The Cyclists in the group decided that Alec's idea to go to Devizes was a good one, but the wind put a stop to that, although it was sunny. It soon clouded over and the inevitable happened, so we stopped to put our capes on, but the hail stones got heavier so I just sat down on the ground with my cape on, deciding to ride the storm out as it were. Joe and Alec did the same - but only used one cape! I wondered what the heck was going on when smoke started to rise from the top of the cape. It seemed Joe had lit his pipe up! How they could stand it in there I don't know.

The storm passed and we carried on, and guess where we ended up - Wilton again. This time we locked the bikes to a substantial looking tree and Adrian went into the pub as well. Alec, Joe and I found a fantastic little cafe called "The Kettle". Alec had double helpings of everything, while Joe was unable to finish his omelette and chips because it was so generous. We went back and found the others outside the pub, had a look around Wilton, and then went back into "The Kettle" for afternoons! From there it was back into Salisbury, and the A338

to Fordingbridge with Alec leading all the way! At Fordingbridge we found the others, looking rather dejected, frustrated and generally lost. They had stayed in Bournemouth too long and missed the last bus from Fordingbridge to Cranbourne - 4 miles or so away. They started to walk but managed to get a lift part of the way. Adrian and I had a tear up back to the hostel, "I" needing the loo! The hostel was nearly full of cyclists that night - most of them not having a clue as to how to stack bikes. I got them to unlock them again and then Ann and I directed operations so as to make room for 11 more. We did it in the end.

On Sunday it was raining so we decided to go to Wimbourne Minster. Somehow during the night my gear levers had got moved and when I started off they tried to jump through the block and change chain wheels at the same time - the chain snapped. It was a good thing really, because the others had all hared off the wrong way. Alec and I soon repaired it and we set off in the right direction. The group soon split up again; Steve Whitehead found that first gear all the way was necessary; I had waited for Joe and we soon caught the tail enders and then I left to catch the front group - they were at least a mile ahead after only 4 or 5 miles. It stopped raining in Wimbourne and Joe and Alec disappeared, we were thinking it was strange to have a sewerage farm in the middle of a town, but then realised we had just found Joe and Alec again.

We all went our separate ways around Wimbourne. The Minster was beautiful and there was much interchanging of photo lenses and flashes. Again the group split to go home. Steve W., Richard and Adrian went the same route back, the rest of us took a much longer and more interesting way. We stopped and looked at a couple of churches and still got back before them! In the early evening we were up in the dorm. talking when Jon walks in looking very annoyed.

"Where's your stuff?", I asked. He plonked his jacket and personal stereo down on an empty bunk and said, "That's all that's dry."

"Oh, what happened?"

Apparently, when coming back from Street, he had found that there was $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch of water on the road in places. That was alright, it cleaned the bike off. He went up over and a low hill and came across a hump-backed bridge on the other side, up and over - splash! into several feet of water. He had low rider panniers on and of course these filled up, only his top half and saddle bag just missing. It must have been a sight to see a dripping cyclist tip water out of his panniers by the side of the road. The panniers, being water proof of course, held gallons. Jon wrung out as much as possible but his jeans were a lost cause! At the end of the day his bike must have weighed many times more than it did at the start - and he still had 40 miles to ride into the wind. The warden was fantastic; she lent Jon her spin dryer and he proceeded to get rid of what seemed an endless stream of water. He spent the entire evening spread over the Aga to dry off! The others went to the pub, leaving Ann and I to polish off a packet of Homewheat. At about 10.0'clock Richard comes in screaming with pain. Don't ask me how, but he managed to impail himself on the railings around the hostel.

The next morning there was sunshine for us to go home in. We rode as a group until lunch time at Combe Bissett, where Adrian decided he had to see Stonehenge before he left Wiltshire. This left yours truly to look after the bikes again while the others descended upon the watering hole.

We reached Salisbury not long after lunch. Again we split up, some going around the town, others heading for the Cathedral. In the event we all ended up there, including Adrian who, alas failed yet again to reach Stonehenge. The Cathedral was impressive and interesting, but 'cold', not as nice as Wimbourne. Ann, Adrian and I then went into Mompesson House, a National Trust property, though were slightly dis-

appointed it. There was nothing really of great interest, only its builder, Thomas Mompesson and he was buried in the Cathedral which was a stones throw away.

We all met up at the station and caught the train OK - but we only just caught the one to Seaford.

Dispite the weather etc. we all had an enjoyable time. The hostel and warden at Cranbourne are great.

A late news flash, Jon Parr's mobile laundry, using the new Karrimor low rider twin tubs, has gone into voluntary liquidation - and the recievers have been called in!



On
TOUR

A CURE FOR THE HERO

A certain cycling club had set its sights on the Audax UK Club Championship. The Club Secretary had entered everyone for every 200km event in the area, the Club Hero and his Best Mate were entered for every 400, 600 and 1000 in the calendar, and the Chairman had cleared a place on his shelf for the Len Phipps Eagle. All through the winter they all trained together but as the 200 season started it became obvious that there was a cloud on the horizon - the Club Hero wasn't riding.

The Secretary visited the Best Mate and found him in tears, "He doesn't want to ride any more. Cycling brings on his headaches." The Chairman called a Committee Meeting and the secretary sent the Clubmen out to the four corners of the earth to find a Cure for the Hero.

The Best Mate returned with news of a new Clinic for sports injuries. The Chairman called an Emergency Committee Meeting and the Treasurer was ordered to hand over the Club Funds so that the Best Mate could take the Hero for a Cure.

The Hero was persuaded onto his bike and led to the Clinic, acquiring a splitting headache on the way, by the best mate. Doctors spent a day with the Hero employing every test known to medical science and in the end delivered their verdict, "We can cure you in time for the South Wales 400. It's just a simple operation to remove your manhood."

The Hero thought for a moment of his Club and the AUK Club championship and then signed the consent form. The Best Mate handed over the Club Funds with a sigh of relief and left the Hero to his fate.

Two weeks later the Hero and his Best Mate rode the 400, the Chairman started to prepare his speech for the Club Dinner, and the Secretary thought his troubles were over. Then another cloud appeared on the horizon - the Club Hero had been sitting at the back of the bunch and his Best Mate had helped him up a hill. The reports began to trickle in.

The Secretary again visited the Best Mate and again found him in tears, "He hasn't got the heart any more. He doesn't like his bike."

The Chairman called an Emergency General Meeting and the Treasurer sent the hat round. The Clubmen donated £1000 and the Secretary ordered the Best Mate to get the Hero kitted up with the best equipment money could buy.

The Best Mate took the Hero to the Best Bike Shop in the World and handed over the £1000. They were led down innumerable passages to where a little old dwarf was at work.

"I'll build you the Best Bike in the world," said the dwarf, "but you're wearing size 41 shoes you must have 42 - and you're in size 3 shorts...."

"No. I always wear size 2."

"Don't be silly. They'd give you a headache."

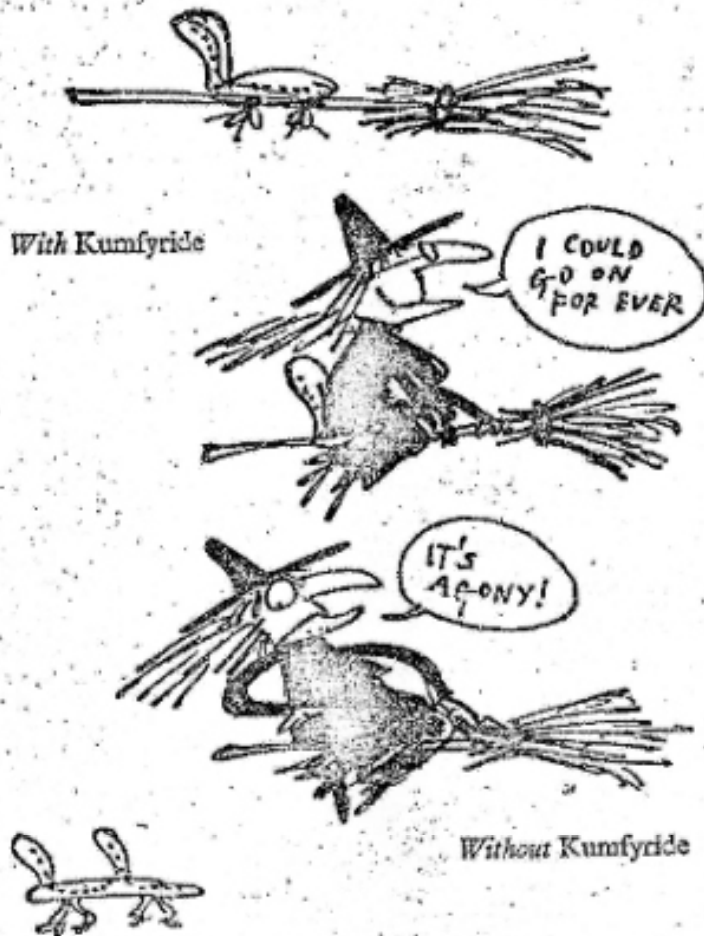
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JOIN SAM

Who's SAM? SAM is the Society for Abolishing Mondays.
What's he doing? He's trying to GET RID OF MONDAY.
How? SAM's plan is simple. In future there will be LEAP WEEKS, like Leap Years. This means that except, in August, the week will go STRAIGHT FROM SUNDAY TO TUESDAY! There will be no more Monday Mornings ever again. It's just common sense. When you think of all those centuries of Monday Mornings that no one's ever wanted - why should we put up with them any more. A little clear thinking and - whoof - they're gone for ever. (Like slavery and thumb-screws.) As SAM says: What a short step, from Sunday to Tuesday, but a giant LEAP for mankind!

After months of ceaseless searching we believe that we have finally found the answer to all of Iris' saddle problems. I am told by experts that this is cheaper and better than the Madison anatomic, and it's British.

USEFUL INVENTIONS OF DAYS GONE BY



With Kumfyride

I COULD GO ON FOR EVER

IT'S AGENCY!

Without Kumfyride

Extra pillion seats suitable for cats, toads, etc.

No. 3 The Kumfyride Upholstered Broom Saddle

+++++

WHERE THERE'S A WILL...

A Mr. Braker of Melbourne, Australia, stipulated that the proceeds from the sale of his expensive car were to go to his former girlfriend. His widow, Mrs. Jill Braker, sold the car for £5.

A doctor, Jean Berthier, of St. Maude, France, bequeathed everything to his wife, saying: "I do not know her present whereabouts, but she once did me the great favour of deserting me."
"I leave her everything, on condition that she marries again. I want to make certain that at least one human being will be sorry I died."