

The  
**Coaster**



*the magazine of the*

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION  
CYCLIST TOURING CLUB

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CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

THE COASTER

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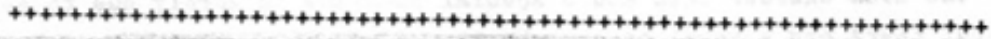


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Mockbridge House . . . HENFIELD, SUSSEX.

Here Michael Fairless wrote "The Roadmender"

OLD SUSSEX WINDMILLS.

By DAVID RIX.

In our travels around Sussex we have seen many windmills, either working or unused, though mainly the latter. Some have even been converted to provide homes while others have almost completely vanished apart from a few remains, such as mill stones or posts, which gives a clue to their one time existence.

At one time windmills were a major means of milling corn for flour, and Sussex with its rolling downland was well stocked with them. According to the early Ordnance Surveys there were approximately 190 mills in 1823 although the actual peak in following years is thought to have been well over the 200 mark. Of these hundreds, there are now only 89 windmill structures and remains, and only 28 of these are still standing in anything resembling their original state. Most of the latter are well known to anyone who travels widely and has an interest in the Sussex landscape, mills such as 'Jack and Jill' at Clayton, Beacon Mill at Rottingdean and King's Head Mill at Battle.

My intention here is not to go into detail about such as these, but to bring to your notice the existence of some mills, (or remains I should say) that you may not previously have been aware of. The first of these is still standing, well the tower at least, as a private house, just on the Seaford side of Alfriston; it is a tower mill which was built in 1834 and was then worked continuously until 1905 when one of its sweeps came to a rather sudden end at the hands, or should I say horns, of a cow. The mill can be seen with difficulty from the Litlington road, situated in the trees on the rising ground opposite Deans Place; unfortunately, although there is an access at this point the land is private, and one may not venture close enough to see the mill clearly.

Moving inland to Wilmington and the Long Man there is the site of Arlington (or Windover) post-mill on the summit of Windover Hill. Remains of the roundhouse walls and a millstone can still be found buried under the turf. This was only a small mill which suffered disastrously at the hands of a gale about a 100 years ago, the terrific winds caused the sweeps to turn so fast that friction ignited the shaft and the mill was burnt to the ground.

One mill that we have probably all seen, though some may not have realised it, is Glyndebourne Mill at Ringmer on the hill above Glyndebourne Opera House.

At one time there stood here a small white post mill, but all that remains today is the original post supported by 'reproduction' quarter bars. The mill was built around 1706 as can be seen by a clear inscription on the post, and was being worked up until 1921. It finally collapsed at 4 p.m. on June 6th. 1925 when the local inhabitants were greatly alarmed and likened the noise to a crack of thunder. Ringmer Post as it is seen today was re-erected in 1968 by the Glyndebourne Estate Trust.

Lewes as County Town did not lack for windmills, especially in its situation between the Downes, and did at one time have seven mills in its local area, though only three of these have any remains that can be found easily today. The first of these is Malling Mill of which only the converted round house can be seen today, as a residence which has been re-roofed and extended. The site on Malling Hill Estate off the A26 has been recorded as having a mill since 1625, though this was rebuilt many times, its final form being as a large white post mill. This mill like Arlington burnt down near the end of 1908, the fire brigade was sent for, but by the time they arrived there was little that could be done. The other two remaining mills, Town Mill and Shelley's Mill, were really one since the former was moved and re-erected on a different site. Town Mill was situated along the little alley known as Pipe Passage and the base still stands below the keep of Lewes Castle. A plaque informs visitors that the mill was built in 1802 and then re-erected close to the north wall of Lewes prison on Race Hill, where the three storey base can still be seen today being used as a tack store by Lewes Stables. Shelley's Mill was unusual in its last days as it had a double base, one built on top of the other to allow for the building of Lewes Prison, which would otherwise have taken a great deal of wind from the mill.

Many other mills can still be found in the Eastbourne- Lewes area, including Hurst's Mill and Pashley Down Mill at Eastbourne, Dicker Mill, Golden Cross Mill and Harebeating Mill. Anyone interested in learning more about the history and location of windmills in the country would be well rewarded by reading Martin Brunnarius book 'The Windmills of Sussex'. This book has chapters on the types of windmill, and workings of windmills, gives details on standing mills and remains as well as listing all mills known to have stood during the last 170 years, and is probably the best source of illustrations of Sussex Mills both as they were and as they exist today.

TAKING TO PEDALS

By Linda Stevens.

It all started when we went to the New Forest for a long weekend. "We ought to have cycles," said John, "we would see far more of the countryside and less traffic." Well in the months that followed I was to hear these words many times, until one day I said, "Oh, for goodness sake don't keep saying we should get bikes - let's get them." We spent the whole of one Saturday going from one shop to another, and finally settled for two in Cycleland in Bexhill. As we had to have one or two minor adjustments made, we were told our new cycles would be ready the following Wednesday. "How on earth are we going to get our cycles from Bexhill to Eastbourne?" said John. "Ride them," said I. "Are you sure?" said John. "It's a long way for you especially as you haven't ridden a bike since you were a kid." Being the big, brave Yorkshire woman that I am, I persuaded John that I would be able to manage the ride from Bexhill to home perfectly well, and pointed out that we had to start somewhere.

Wednesday came, it was a lovely warm day in May, and John's brother, bursting with admiration at our 'guts' as he called it, offered to drive us over to Bexhill and we could then ride our new cycles home. Oh the lovely feeling of being daring and adventuresome, (a lot of our friends and family thought us either silly or mad, or both,) as I rode my new cycle along the seafront at Bexhill towards home. The sea smelt so salty, the grass in the gardens so fresh, everything felt good. I think I died in Hampden Park, and even now I remember how good the cup of tea tasted that John made after he'd picked me up from a collapsed heap by the kitchen door. I started very slowly, five miles being my limit as I got terrible pains in my knees, and the thing I seemed to enjoy the most, was the excuse to stop for 'bonk' food. (I love chocolate so our stops were many.)

Our longest ride took in about 22 miles and I enjoyed it thoroughly. It was after this ride that John persuaded me to go on a cycle-camping holiday in France. I was rather hesitant until we landed on French soil and then I knew I just had to get on with it, and I must say it was one of the nicest holidays I have ever had. We covered about 300 miles in all and I can't wait for my holidays to come this year, when we go back to France.

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FREE PRESS EVENING BULLETIN, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Wednesday, October 6, 1920.

**11,759 PEDAL PUSHERS TAKE OUT BIKE LICENSE IN CITY;  
OTHERS SOUGHT.**

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Winnipeg has 11,759 registered bicycle owners, and several hundred more are expected to take out licenses in the coming month. Officials of the city bicycle department said today, 650 were recorded in September.

Many more are using bicycles without having bought a license, it was said. Six were convicted in city police court in September. Officials of the department have inaugurated a drive to prosecute all owners of unlicensed bicycles, it was announced today.

105 bicycles were reported stolen during September, and 36 of these, representing a value of 3,288 dollars were recovered by the department. Owners of stolen bicycles are slow in reporting the fact, officials said, and make recovery more difficult. One alleged bicycle thief is now awaiting trial at the coming assizes.

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What do you think of Bicycle Licenses? I would be interested to hear your views.

Send your letters to the Editor for future publication.

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**NEWSFLASH !!!!!**

The keeper of a private collection of animals in Sussex reports the disappearance of his African mammal the AARDVARK. There is no need for panic if you discover this animal, as the keeper assured us that a little AARDVARK doesn't hurt anybody.

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LOVELY MUD!

By Brian Wilkins.

When our new editor approached me at the anniversary tea and asked for a contribution, I at first thought that he was collecting for some charity or other and was somewhat relieved to find that all he wanted was something for the magazine. Now as most of you know, on these occasions one tends to say yes first and worry about what to write later. This is exactly what I did and after a good deal of thinking (no rude comments please). I was still absolutely stuck, and that's when it hit me, why not write about getting stuck or rather the stuff we get stuck in, I.E. good old fashioned Sussex mud. Now I realise that some people will think mud a weird subject to select but as most of you know there are one or two in our midst who are very attached to the stuff, (or should that be the other way round), and there is one person in particular who can't seem to get enough of it and seems to revel in seeking it out on every possible occasion, and an innocent remark like, "I know where there is a good rideable bit of rough stuff", should be treated with the utmost suspicion. We can forgive these people on the grounds that this love and obsession with mud is probably hereditary. I say this because for centuries Sussex was renowned for its mud. Country people referred to it as "loving mud" because, "it do cling so", and in the first month of the year it was called January butter, presumably because it spread well. People from outside the County had a few nasty things to say about the stuff. In 1749 Horace Walpole wrote, that if you love good roads never go into Sussex, and in 1751 another scribe wrote that the reason why Sussex women and cattle had such long legs was through continually pulling their feet from the mud. I'm not sure that things have changed all that much!. A story concerning one of the Kings of Spain who in the eighteenth century took six hours to travel nine miles in the Pulborough area, unfortunately they don't say what he was doing in Sussex. Eventually things got so bad that something had to be done and one of the solutions tried in 1585 was an act of Parliament compelling the Iron Masters to contribute to the roads of which they were the major users at that time. This act provided that for every six loads of charcoal or one ton of iron transported, one load of cinder, gravel, stone, sand or chalk should be laid upon the highway. Unfortunately this was largely ignored and things got worse rather than better, but did eventually lead to the turnpike system. The mentioned act was the first attempt in this country, to make the user of the roads contribute to their upkeep in direct proportion to his use of those roads. The subsequent Turnpike act made things even fairer by making everyone pay by a system of tolls. Some of the toll houses many of which were purpose built are still to

be seen today. The tollgate cafe is one such example.

There are inevitably a lot of stories about the days of the muddy roads and one of the best concerns a man who was riding his horse one day when he spots a hat lying in a particularly muddy patch, he dismounts and bends to pick up the afore mentioned hat and is taken aback to find that the owner is still wearing it. "Good lord" remarks the man, that mud must be very deep indeed for you to be standing in it like that, "I am not standing in it" says the man in the mud, "I am still sitting on my horse".

So if you are out rough stuffing one day and you chance to see a blue and white C.T.C. cycling hat lying in the mud, take care, it's just possible that Ken Stevens might be under it, bike and all.

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SOUNDS FAMILIAR

The following is taken from a book about Ditchling which was published in 1937.

' And then there is the traffic, the Borstal has been tarred, and London and Brighton crowd in upon us. On fine Sunday mornings the space by the dew pond near Ditchling Beacon is infested with cars. Some motorists even have the impudence to drive their cars right onto the Beacon - Eighty yards or so off the road - and have been seen sitting complacently behind closed windows to the accompaniment of a portable wireless set - to which, incidentally, they were probably not listening.'

Things do not seem to have changed much in 45 years. The tarring of the Borstal refers to the Beacon road on the north side, which previous to this was just a rough track, but was nevertheless regularly used by coaches and horses on their way from London to Brighton and coming via Turners Hill. It must have been quite an experience.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

On Sunday, the 28th. March, 1982, I took part in an E.S.D.A. 30 mile reliability ride. Accompanied by Neil, my 12 year old son, we duly arrived at Arlington Reservoir, one hour before the start. We put this to good use, by watching the inhabitants of the water, and taking some photographs, having been inspired by listening and watching Brian Hoath's slide show the previous evening. Soon the rest of the members started to arrive. The usual repartee passed to and fro, and several also started to take pictures. For Neil and I there was a feeling of anticipation in the air for the coming event. I hadn't experienced this since my time-trial days, way back in my'teens. Everybody was busy deciding on whether to do the 30 miles in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Neil and I decided on 3 hours. We thought, or should I say I thought, this was within our capability. We soon realized this was the most popular time, and the groups started to take shape. We tagged onto the main group, hoping that their experience might help us to get round the course, and also to supply us with words of encouragement if our spirit started to flag. So armed with our route card, a check with the time-keeper, and at 10-16am. we started off.

There must have been at least ten in our group and for a 30 mile in 3 hours I thought the pace was a bit on the quick side. Having timed ourselves on the way over to the event, I knew we were going too fast. How right I was. After no more than a mile and a half Neil and I were unceremoniously 'shot off the back'. I believe that is the correct racing term. Apart from the odd glimpse of the tail of the group, on distant bends in the first few miles, we never saw them again. I thought this rather odd, for according to my recollection we had all stated we intended to do the 30 miles in 3 hours. Had the group, with all their experience, decided after only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles that Neil and I had no chance of completing the course in 3 hours? Or was this the way members, new to the pleasures of club life, were treated. Not one person bothered to wait - to encourage - or even ride with us. It was a shame really, because I was very confident that our pace was sufficiently fast enough to get us round the course in good time.

We both found the course very interesting, taking us over ground, some new to us, but on most of it we just renewed our acquaintance. We even managed to go shopping at Blackboy's, for the usual Mars and Yorkie bars. Neil also found time to swig down a can of fizzy drink. Several hills were walked in the middle section, but we were still within our set time. On reaching the top of Grove Hill

and checking the number on the post box, I said to Neil, 'it's all downhill from now on, so put a big gear on and lets go.' Neil, as you know is only twelve years old, and despite his young strength, he still needed the odd word of encouragement to help him round the course. The last seven miles became more of a time-trial for us, but we were still very confident. In fact at no time did it occur to us that we might not do it in the stated time.

As we approached Ripe Village Hall, Knowing we had a few minutes in hand, the smile on the face of my wife, Linda, made it all worthwhile. You would have thought we had just won the Tour de France. She alone, apparently, shared our confidence.

You might ask why I took the trouble to write this account of that morning at all. Well, I shall tell you why. I was very disappointed with the lack of interest and consideration shown by very experienced riders in the club, towards much less experienced newcomers. I feel if Neil and I had been two people with less grit, the despondency they would have felt at being left 'for dead', after so short a distance from the start, would have resulted in the club possibly being two members less.

Belonging to a club means far more than just riding a bicycle. The experienced should look after the inexperienced, thereby nurturing a feeling of club spirit in the young, who hopefully will pass it on to others when their turn comes.

My congratulations to the Seaford Lady, who also took the role I took, and helped a youngster to get his much prized certificate.

Yours sincerely



GHOST STORIES.by R.A. MARCHANT.

Alfriston has its full quota of ghost stories. Not far away were Blatchington Barracks, reported in December 1795 to be haunted by those executed after the mutiny of the Oxfordshire Militia earlier that year. The mutineers marched on Seaford and Newhaven but being without ammunition were easily subdued by a combined force of Lancashire Fencibles and Horse Artillery. Six of the leaders were severely flogged, one being sentenced to 1,500 lashes, and four were executed. The Highlanders who moved into the barracks claimed to have seen the ghosts.

In Alfriston itself there was a ghostly Black Dog said to run across the town field, peer over the flint wall and then run back whence it came. Another ghostly dog made its appearance every seven years on the strip of road between Dean's Place and Burnt House. Dean's Place boasted two phantoms, both of which haunted the old kitchen. One was a disembodied and bejewelled hand and the other a beautiful lady in a bright silk gown, who would come in at the door and walk part way across the room before vanishing.

The most celebrated phantom was the Whiteway Ghost, a young man, described as the 'lost heir' of Burnt House, who always vanished at the same point in the hillside. There was a song, one verse of which ran:

When evening closes in with shadows gray,  
 And ghostly vapours overhang Whiteway,  
 And th' crescent moon hangs gloomy in the west,  
 'Tis then the spirit of young Chowne can't rest,  
 But walks abroad, with melancholy stride,  
 Adown the path that skirts the chalk hill-side.

Later, men employed to cut away the chalk of the hillside, which had encroached to such an extent that two carts could not pass each other, found a skeleton of a young man. The jaw and the skull were broken so that it was plain that the young man had been murdered. Local opinion was undecided whether to settle on the uncles who had inherited the estate as the villains, or on the smugglers, whom he might have surprised running a cargo inland.

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RARE BIRDS

Seen in parts of the Sussex countryside the very rare and rather shy Pow Bird, first discovered by Sir Edward B. Blowd, late of Selmeston. This bird is rather drab in appearance therefore rarely seen. Its habitat is usually in gorseland, but can be found in dense woodland. Their number is very few, due to the fact that they are unsociable birds, even amongst their own kind, therefore mating is quite rare. In fact in his description of the Pow Bird Sir Edward said that he thought mating only occurred about once every six years, and when it did, then POW !!!! Hence their name.

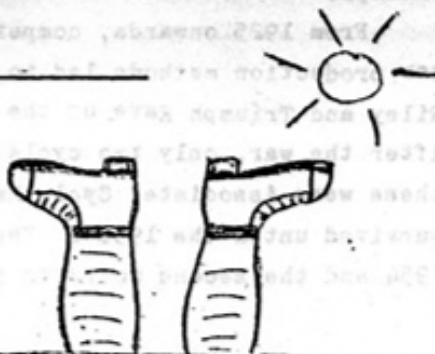
Sir Edward Blowd was a well respected ornithologist and made many astonishing discoveries and I hope to bring more of his work to your attention in later editions of the magazine.

HOBBIES

I always like to hear from members about their hobbies apart from their obvious interest in cycling. It does tend to give you more insight into their personality etc.. For instance, I have recently discovered that several male members have taken up meteorology. When questioning them about this I was told they had a foolproof method. Apparently they only have to look into their better half's eyes to tell weather.

If any of you have other hobbies that you think might interest your friends please write to the magazine for our next edition.

SO MUCH FOR SKY-DIVING !!!!!!!



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APPRECIATIONS

I was pleased, as I am sure you were, when at the last Annual General Meeting of the District Association John Stevens accepted the editorship of 'The Coaster'. We are indebted to John, and I for one have been impressed by his gentle but persistent persuasion to obtain material for the magazine. Now you have before you a collection of your articles put together by the editor and I hope you will agree that it is an excellent production. We must not 'Rest on our Laurels' however, material is constantly needed if the magazine is to flourish, so please keep sending contributions to John.

I would also like to pay tribute to all those who in one way or another give of their time and talents to ensure that the D.A. and Sections function efficiently. The D.A. Secretary has undoubtedly the most onerous task and a special accolade is surely due to her, but there are several others who in one way or another make valuable contributions. We are indebted to them all and, if you don't already say it, what about an expression of thanks to the organiser when you have enjoyed a ride or social function. I know it would be much appreciated.

Finally may I wish you happy and safe cycling.

Fred Mehew President.

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I should like to thank all the members of the E.S.D.A. who have contributed to the magazine, with a special thanks to Esther and Maurice Carpenter who arranged all the printing. There is no doubt in my mind that we have some hidden talent in our midst, apart from the obvious one of riding 'bikes'. My only hope is that your interest will not dwindle and your articles will keep on coming in for future editions. If you have anything to say, whether it is an opinion, a grievance, a hobby, a tour, funny stories, recipes; anything you think your friends will find of interest, write it down.

Remember, it is your magazine.

John Stevens

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CYCLE INDUSTRY IN COVENTRY.

Having lived in Coventry, Warwickshire for some years I returned recently for a visit of many of my old haunts and also some new ones. I knew that there had been some sort of cycle industry in Coventry, and whilst visiting the local museum I came upon the following information:-

The cycle trade in Coventry grew out of the Coventry Sewing Machine Company, founded in 1863, which was finding it difficult to expand and decided to diversify. In 1868, their Paris agent obtained an order for 400 velocipedes to be exported to France, but the Franco-Prussian War forced the company to build up a home market instead; the name was changed to Coventry Machinists' Company in 1869.

At this time James Starley was foreman of the Company and was instrumental in helping to bring about several improvements to the basic velocipede; however, in 1870 he left to set up in business with William Hillman. The first important bicycle they produced was the Ariel, an attempt at making a light-weight all metal machine. Other small firms came and went in the next few years, and in 1873, H.J. Lawson made the first safety bicycle in Brighton, followed by the improved version of the Coventry Lever Tricycle, seven years later.

Starley's nephew J.K. Starley introduced the modern type of bicycle with a triangulated frame, wheels of the same diameter and chain drives. This bicycle, known as the "Rover" first appeared in 1885. The following year Humber opened a factory in Coventry, and by 1871, 70% of the cycle industry was concentrated in the Midlands. Coventry's Premier Cycle Company, with an annual output of 20,000 machines claimed to have the largest cycle works in the world, but after 1896 a depression set in, which continued into the twentieth century. Birmingham took over as the centre of the industry, and the number of Coventry firms dwindled to a few well-established ones, such as Bayliss and Thomas, Coventry Eagle, Rudge-Whitworth, Swift and Triumph.

From 1925 onwards, competition from the motor industry and new production methods led to a further decline, and Singer, Swift, Riley and Triumph gave up the cycle side of their business. After the war, only two cycle manufacturers were left in Coventry; these were Associated Cycle Manufacturers and Coventry Eagle which survived until the 1950's. The first was taken over by Raleigh in 1954 and the second moved to Smethwick in Staffordshire in 1959.

By: Linda Stevens.

"SENT TO COVENTRY"

Do you know what it means "Sent To Coventry"? The following version is what the Coventry people are brought up to believe and it is even taught in the local schools:-

During the reign of James 1 and Charles 1 there was an interesting growth of puritanism in Coventry and when the Civil War broke out between Charles 1 and Parliment, Coventry took the side of Parliment against the Crown, even to the extent of refusing entry to Charles 1 when he appeared with an army outside the walls of Coventry and demanded admittance. Although Ceventry did not become involved in the fighting again, it remained a garrison under military rules, during the years of the Civil War. Royalist prisoners who were sent to Coventry did not like the welcome of Parlimentary stronghold, and referred to their experience as being "sent to Coventry". This is one of several interpretations of the meaning of the phrase.

Again it is possible that Falstaff commenting on the beggarly lot of soldiers he had raised, expressing his shame of them "I'll not march through Coventry with them", may have had something to do with the modern phrase.

By: Linda Stevens.

The Editor would be interested to hear you're version of "Sent to Coventry", for future publication in 'The Coaster'.

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BRIDLEWAY-EAST CHILTINGTON- PLUMPTON RACE COURSE.

I have been in correspondence with the East Sussex County Council over a misleading notice that has been erected at Chilmington Ferrers on the western end of the bridleway. The notice states that it is a bridleway but also says NO CYCLES. This is of course incorrect but unfortunately everytime the E.S.C.C. go there to check the notice has been removed. The last time it was observed by us was on the 30th January. Members are reminded that the 1968 countryside Act, section 30, gives cyclists the right to use bridleways, and if stopped should quote the Act and then report to me as soon as possible.

By Iris Stevens

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YOUNG BOYS and FIT GRANNIES CAN DO IT!!!!

By Dot Collins.

The above statement was in an article I read, and refers to the walk and scramble to the summit of Ben Nevis, at 4406ft. (I think) Britain highest mountain. Well I proved it on a camping holiday in July 1980 In Scotland, when this reasonably fit Grannie did it without undue effort, in the company of Ray and Joyce Wickens and son Paul, and a very fit Grandad, Ted Jarvis from Horsham.

We found a good site at the foot of Glencoe, and were able to pitch well away from other campers - who tend to cluster around the amenities anyway - we are rather anti-social on campsites.

One doesn't go to Scotland expecting fabulous weather, so the good days are a bonus, and on the whole we were fortunate. Mornings tended to be wet, but cleared by mid-morning, so we were able to get seven or eight hours out as it kept light until 10 o'clock.

We headed for Fort William and the 'Ben' late one morning, the road runs along the shore of Loch Linnhe, and the scenery looking towards the head of the Loch is superb. We left the car at Fort William and headed off up the track which soon becomes rocky and steep and interesting. The skies cleared and by the time we reached a grassy plateau, with a small lochan, the views around were beautiful. The sun was hot and it was warm work, but while we had our shirt-sleeves rolled up, and every button undone that decency allowed, one woman was panting her way upwards in a full set of nylon wet weather gear! We could only think she had been told not to venture on to the mountains unless properly clad or was trying to slim with her own Sauna!

It was a pleasant spot for a 'breather' and it seemed several folk called it a day there, and had their picnic before going back down, one could certainly have gazed around for hours.

From there on, the track zig-zags up through rocks and scree, and as we were getting up into the mist, we had our lunch break, while we could still admire the scenery. Having made a late start we met more people coming down (including children) than were on the way up, which suited us. Almost at the top we found a gully filled with snow. Someone had left a piece of tarpaulin and in no time Paul was skilfully whizzing down on it. Joyce had a go and started well but made an undignified finish on her back with her feet waving wildly in the air.

Eventually we reached the summit, but what must have been wonderful views were blotted out by the thick mist. From what we could see, the top is a litter of old masonry and iron posts, remains of the old Observatory. There was nothing to tempt us to linger, and it was cold so we soon made our way back down the track. I believe it took us about seven hours, four up and three down. It's a long haul but any fit person could manage to do it with a bit of determination.

One other really enjoyable day I must mention, was when we walked up through 'The Hidden Valley' -very beautiful- and up onto a ridge walk over Bidean nam Bian, next highest to Ben Nevis. It was a glorious, sunny day and to be able to see the surrounding mountains stretching as far as we could see, was a delight. We only met one other person once we left the valley, which made the day that much more enjoyable. There were other good days and I could 'rabbit on' for ever.

All I need is reasonable weather, like-minded companions and mountains; and to me that spells a perfect holiday.

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STEP by STEP

When you find you have to take a road that winds uphill and you don't know whether you possess the strength of will - to struggle on and struggle up

and come out at the top.

The whole thing looks impossible.

You feel you're going to drop -

but somehow you'll be helped and given strength to tackle it -

if you take it slowly and you do it bit by bit -

resting now and then to strengthen up and to renew -

the faith and fortitude required for what you have to do.

Patience Strong.

WINTER CYCLINGBy: Ann Rix.

When Autumn comes and we feel that nip in the air we cyclists know that its time for another layer (or a thicker one or both!) of clothing to keep it out. Not too much though as cycling keeps us warm, apart from our hands and feet which can get very cold, so two pairs (one inside the other) of gloves and socks are a help. A jacket or cagoule to slip on when stopping for a while in the cold helps to keep the warmth in, and prevents feeling as though you have nothing on when starting off again.

Cycling all the year round has its attractions, for some of us anyway. I like to watch the changing seasons, notice what has appeared, or disappeared, since last time we cycled there. The flowers, plants and trees along the hedgerows, ditches and streams; the pattern of the different kinds of trees against the sky, the colour of the willows; these are some of the many bonuses there are if folks are aware of them.

One February as we returned from our usual Sunday club run, earlier than usual as it was beginning to snow, we turned the corner by Exceat farm and there before us was something I shall long remember, swans, swans and yet more swans. We stopped and gave them the last of our sandwiches, while trying to count how many there were. We made it about sixty on the stretch of the dead river by the road, with yet more further along towards Cuckmere Haven. It was a lovely sight, all those swans with the winter sun going down behind Seaford Head and reflected in the river.

One of the main attractions though is the companionship and light hearted banter you get when riding with like minded folk, through all weathers and trials and tribulations. Riding home with the section in the dark after a club tea, the swish of the tyres on the road, the whirr of the dynamos, occasional snatches of conversation, (less now than earlier in the day), perhaps fog to slow us down, or cold frosty air to keep us moving.

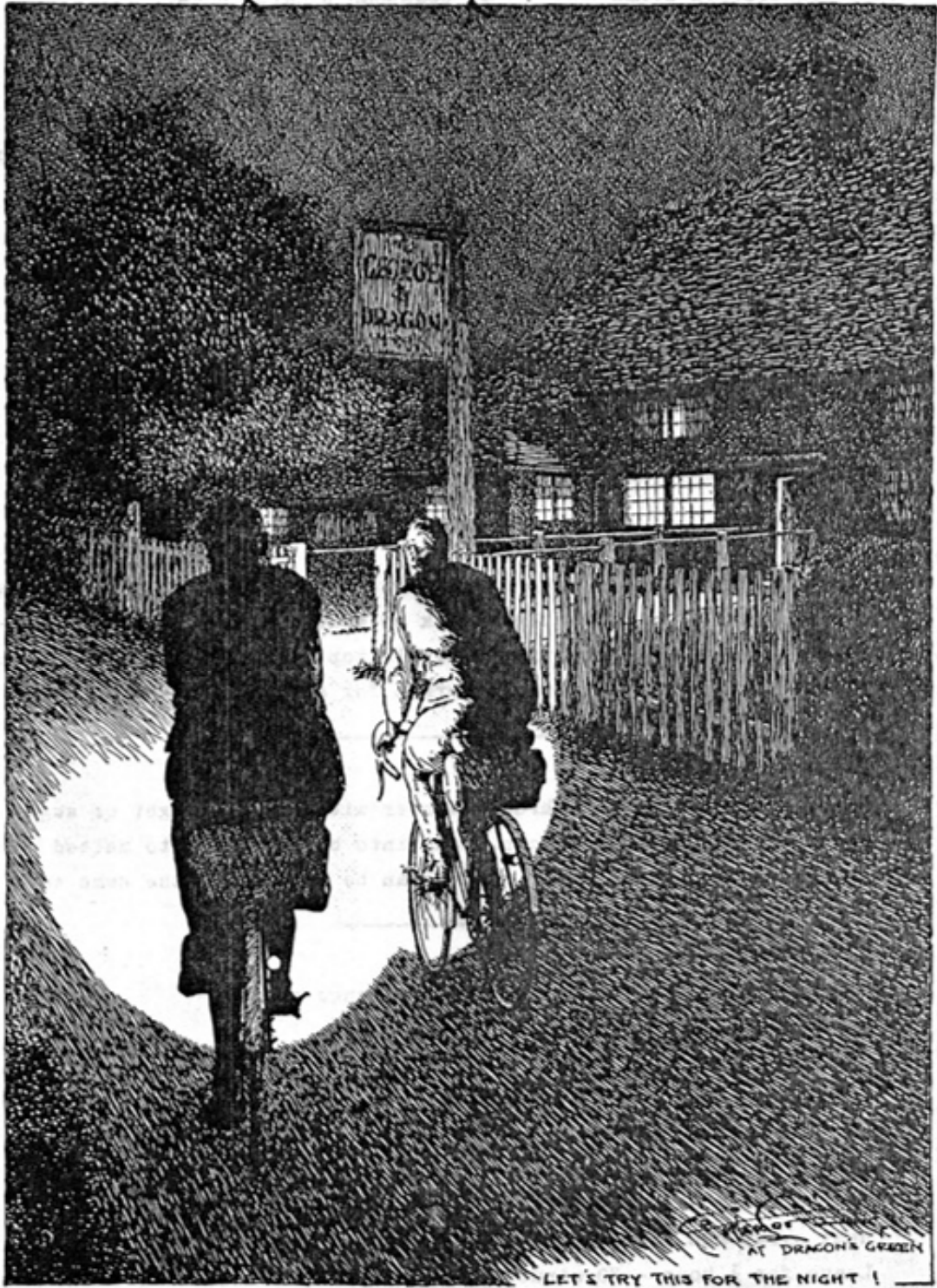
One January it was cold enough for one member to have icicles on his beard! And I remember well riding home after tea at the 'George and Dragon' at Dragons Green in the early '50's with our clothes white with frost.

It is the companionship too that helps the miles along, and is something you have to experience to appreciate, so if you haven't tried it, how about it.

\*\*\*\*\*



IN WINDING SUSSEX LANES



LET'S TRY THIS FOR THE NIGHT!

## RECIPE CORNER

### Iris's OAT BISCUITS

(Well tried by visiting cyclists)

3 ozs. plain flour	3 ozs. porridge oats
3 ozs. demerara sugar	3 ozs. margarine
1 tablespoon syrup	½ teaspoon bicarb. soda.
rum essence	.....
.....	.....

#### method

Melt margarine and syrup together over a gentle heat. Add flour, oats, sugar and bicarb. soda plus a few drops of rum essence. Place small rounds on greased baking trays and bake at gas mark 3 or electric 325F for approx. 20 minutes or till golden brown. Remove from tray after a couple of minutes and cool on wire rack.

---

### Linda's YORKSHIRE BUN LOAF

10 ozs. S.R. flour	2 tablespoons marmalade or jam
4 ozs. margarine	3 ozs. sultanas
3 ozs. caster sugar	3 ozs. currants
2 eggs.	little milk.
.....	.....

#### method

Sieve flour into bowl. Rub in margarine and add sugar, beaten eggs, jam and fruit. Use sufficient milk to make a medium stiff mixture. Place in a greased loaf tin, sprinkle top with caster sugar and bake in electric oven 375F. or gas mark 5 for approx. 1 hour.

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### CHOCOLATE PRUNES

Stone some prunes, put through mincer with 1/3 by weight of sugar. Roll out and cut into pieces. Make into balls. Dip into melted chocolate and allow to set. Dates can be treated in the same way.

---

### RUM TRUFFLES

12 ozs. stale cake (fruit, ginger, sponge etc.)  
3 level tablespoons syrup.  
2 level tablespoons cocoa  
1 little bottle rum flavouring.

#### method

Pour flavour over crumbled cake and leave for ½ hour. heat syrup and cocoa until bubbly, keep stirring. Pour over crumbs. Leave for ¼ hour - 20 minutes, then mould into balls and roll in chopped nuts, icing sugar or chocolate strands.

Phil's CHOCOLATE FRIDGE CAKE

4 ozs. Butter or Margarine  
 4 ozs. Plain or Milk Chocolate.  
 8 ozs. Digestive Biscuits.  
 Small tin of sweetened condensed milk.

method.

Put butter or marg. and chocolate (broken into small pieces) into a saucepan and melt over a low heat. Remove from heat and stir in the condensed milk, crumbled biscuits and chocolate mixture. Lightly oil a square baking tin and press mixture into the tin. Place it in a fridge until set. Cut into Fingers. (Mmmmm good)(I second that)

Christmas Wine Cake

6 ozs. Sultanas	4 Standard eggs.
6 ozs. Raisins.	Pinch of salt.
4 ozs. Currants.	1 oz. Ground almonds.
3 ozs. Glace cherries.	$\frac{1}{4}$ pint Sherry.
3 ozs. Mixed peel.	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice.
6 ozs. Butter or Margarine.	
6 ozs. Dark soft sugar.	
4 ozs. S.R. flour.	
4 ozs. Plain flour.	

Method.

Soak dried fruit in sherry for one week, stirring each day. Drain the sherry before making the cake and when the cake is cooked prick the underneath and pour over the rest of the sherry. Now prepare the cake in the usual way. Line an 8" cake tin, greased bottom and sides and bake on the centre shelf, for 1 hr. 325f or Mark 3, then change to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. 300f or Mark 2.

## MAKING A TYPICAL COUNTRY WINE

BY: Yub Moore.

ELDERFLOWER WINEINGREDIENTS

$\frac{1}{2}$  pint elderflowers  
 1 gallon water  
 3lbs. white sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins or  $\frac{1}{4}$  pnt.  
 grape concentrate (white).  
 The juice of three lemons,  
 yeast, yeast nutrient.

1. Cut off florets and press down lightly.
2. Put sugar, flowers, raisins or concentrate, lemon juice in a bowl, pour on boiling water, stir, allow to cool to 70°F.
3. Add wine yeast starter or one level teasp. granulated yeast and yeast nutrient, (very important).
4. Cover closely with thick cloth or polythene, secured by elastic, leave for 4 or 5 days in a temp. of 65°- 70°F.

STIR DAILY.

5. Strain through fine nylon sieve or muslin, into 1 gal. jar and fit trap. Fill to one inch below bottom of trap.

6. When wine clears, rack into clean storage jar, refit trap. Repeat when ferment ceases, syphoning into bottles. (this about two months later) For topping up: 3ozs. sugar in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water.

7. Bottle the wine and cork with cylindrical wine bottle corks and fit capsules.

RACKING

Syphoning the wine off the lees to clear and stabilise it.

LEES

The deposit of yeast and solids formed during fermentation.

SOME DO'S AND DONT'S IN WINEMAKING.DO.

- Keep all your equipment spotlessly clean.
- Keep your first ferment loosely covered,
- Keep air away from secondary fermentation.
- Always use fermentation traps.
- Keep all bottles full to within  $\frac{1}{2}$ " of cork.
- Strain liquor off 'must' slowly and thoroughly.
- Make wine too dry rather than too sweet.
- Use yeast nutrient regularly.
- Keep detailed records.
- Rack at least once, preferably twice or thrice.
- Taste the wine you are making at intervals.
- Always use new corks, or sterilise or boil old ones.
- Keep red wine's in dark bottles or they will lose their colour.

DON'T

- Sell or distil your wine.
  - Allow a single vinegar fly access to your wine at any time.
  - Use any metal vessel, if the wine will be long in contact with it.
  - Use any tools or containers of resinous wood.
  - Omit to stir twice daily.
  - Try to speed a fermentation by too high a temperature.
  - Be impatient, making wine takes time.
  - Let your wine stand on dead yeast or sediment.
  - Filter unnecessarily or too soon, most wines will clear of their own accord.
  - Put your wine in unsterilised bottles or jars.
  - Bottle your wine while it is still fermenting.
  - Use screw-stoppered bottles.
- DRINK TOO MUCH!**
- .....

KEEPING YOU IN THE PICTURE

by Iris Stevens.

Well 'spring is sprung, and the grass is riz,' so now is the time to take stock of the future events and revue activities of the past winter months.

The A.G.M. went off quite well, though attendance was down slightly. A few jobs swapped round and some fresh faces came onto the committee, which can only be a good thing.

Our next D.A. event was perhaps the most popular of the year as it entailed eating and consuming large amounts of homemade wine(hic). John and Anita did the organising, right down to making sure we had a warm hall. This proved to be an essential point with sub-zero temperatures and a raging blizzard outside when it was time to depart for our homes.

Celebrating the arrival of the New Year at Blackboys Youth Hostel was again well supported and looks like being a firm fixture in the calendar. In fact all the hosteling weekends were a great success and we have managed to visit eight of our local hostels to date, with the Easter tour to Kemsing and Goudhurst still to come. The biggest success was without a doubt Alfriston, when twenty-two D.A. members stayed the night, and a large number came for the evening slides by Richard Nicholl (with promptings from Margaret). Our visitors included the veteran hosteler Ron Butt, and a large contingent from the Portsmouth D.A., with of course 'our Marion'. The wardens, Mike and Sheila, were very pleased with the weekend and we hope to have another next winter.

Working came to a halt at Blackboys Y.H., due to the lack of funds; the Southern Region it appears is very, very broke. Also disappointing news is that the warden, David Payne, is leaving Blackboys and the Y.H.A.. This was not totally unexpected, as we know David has been disappointed with his living accomodation and quite rightly so. I am sure we shall soon set up a good rapport with the new warden.

Photographic Competition and members slides ????????

Well a large question mark must hang over this event. With only five entries in the competition, three from one family, there is certainly doubt as to whether the interest is there. All sections hold slide evenings with members giving plenty of support, in fact the average attendance at the two section evenings was more than the support given to the D.A. one. Are the other two killing off the D.A. event or is that what the members prefer? Perhaps you would like to comment on this and any other event to your section representative on the D.A. committee.

HAWTHORNBERRY WINE

INGREDIENTS

- 1 gall. Hawthornberrys
- 3lbs. sugar.
- 2 lemons.
- yeast & nutrient
- 1 gall. water.

METHOD

1. Wash berries well under running tap and then place into a container and bruise with a wooden spoon or piece of hardwood.
2. Pour on the water (cold) and the juice and then peel of the lemons (no pith). Cover and leave for 5 to 6 days stir daily.
3. Strain onto sugar and stir to dissolve. Add yeast & nutrient. place in gallon jar, filling only  $\frac{1}{2}$  full, until initial ferment subsides, then top up. When clear ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 months), rack into clean jar then again into bottles two months later.

SLOE GIN

THIS IS A VERY EXPENSIVE LIQUEUR TO PURCHASE.

Take a preserving jar. Fill with sloes, make sure they are well washed and prick them with a large darning needle.

Add 4ozs. sugar and cover with polish spirit and water. Leave for six months. Now drain off the liqueur into small bottles, and discard the sloes.

QUANTITIES

1	pint	preserving jar	6	ozs.	sloes.	Extract,	Polish Spirit	2	ozs.
2	"	"	"12	"	"	"	"	3	"
3	"	"	"16	"	"	"	"	3	"

Preserving jars are essential to form a complete seal.

.....

MARIGOLD WINE

INGREDIENTS

- 1 quart marigold flowers (no green)
- 1 gall. of water.
- 3 1/2 lbs. sugar - 1 lb. wheat - 1 oz. yeast & nutrient.

METHOD

- 1 Put water & flowers into big bowl or bucket (plastic), stir daily for 8 days then strain & throw pulp away.
- 2 Add sugar & wheat & then stir until sugar is dissolved, sprinkle the yeast on top & let it ferment for 21 days.
- 3 Skim & bottle.

.....

POTATO WINE

INGREDIENTS

- 5 lbs. potatoes - 1 gall. water.
- to each gallon of juice:
- 3lbs. demerara sugar, 8 ozs. pearl barley, juice of 2 lemons, juice of 1 orange, yeast & nutrient,
- 4 ozs. raisins & 1 oz. ginger.

METHOD

1. Wash & slice the potatoes (do not peel) & put into a pan.
2. Add the water & boil for 2-3 minutes.
3. Add the ginger & leave for 4 days to infuse.
4. Measure the liquid & add the sugar, yeast & the fruit juices.
5. Leave in a warm place (65 F.-75 F.) to ferment.
6. When bubbling has ceased the wine should be stirred.
7. Leave for a further 3 days to settle.
8. Strain through flannel or very thick muslin into a cask (jar) cork & leave for 6 months.
9. Pour into bottles.
10. Cork & Store in a cool dark place.

TO CLEAR WINE

If, after straining, your wine does not look clear, carefully check that you are using a fine enough filter. It may well be that an extra two thicknesses of muslin, etc. will immediately make a difference.

If, after fermentation & straining it is not clear, then you must use a wine clearant (from Boots, or local wine-making shop) & follow the instructions exactly.

.....



BOOKS IN THE D.A. LIBRARY

Winged wheel - the history of the club.  
 A Centenary Route - details of the round Britain ride.  
 The Great Bike Race - an account of the Tour de France.  
 The Penguin Book of the Bicycle - a history of bikes and cycling.  
 England by Bicycle - a springtime tour.

Available on loan to members, apply Iris Stevens.

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Seaford and Newhaven Section Library.

C.T.C. British Road Book Vol. 2.- South Midlands, Wales  
 and East Anglia 1898.

Vol. 3.- Northern Counties 1897.

Vol. 4. - Scotland 1897.

Vol. 2. - South West England 1922.

The Cyclist's and Automobilst's Road Book 1907.

Short Spins around London 1907.

The Contour Road Book of England - Western - Northern - 1913-1914.

Cycling Scrapbook, Cuttings from Cycling and C.T.C. Gazette 1922-28.

C.T.C. Gazettes - Most years from 1928 to present Cycling Tourings.

Available on loan to members, apply David Rix.

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Sale of C.T.C. Goods.

A selection of goods, Tee shirts, saddle covers, water bottles etc., are held by your secretary, Iris Stevens. Why not purchase from her and help D.A. funds. She is also willing to order any goods you require. This not only saves you postage but donates 5% to our funds.

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SUPERTIPS

A few grains of uncooked rice put into the salt pot will absorb any moisture therefore keeping the salt dry.

.....

A couple of lumps of sugar kept in the biscuit tin will stop the biscuits going soggy.

.....

Candles last longer if you put them into the freezer about half an hour before you want to light them.

.....

Avoid broken boiled eggs by popping a safety pin into the egg water.

.....

If you can't open a bottle top or jar with your bare hands, try:

- 1 Gripping it with a nut cracker;
- 2 heating lid under a running hot tap, to expand the metal;
- 3 winding rubber bands around the lid tightly in order to get a firm handgrip.

.....

Save old toothbrushes for fiddly jobs like cleaning round tap bottoms, patterned silverware, carved furniture, tops of skirting boards and of course bicycle spokes etc.

.....

Cut flowers keep longer and the water stays clear if you add a teaspoon of bleach to it.

.....

To scrape new potatoes, put in a bowl and cover with boiling water for two minutes; then the skins come off easily.

.....

Have you a supertip that you would like to pass on to the readers of 'COASTER'? Then letters to the Editor please.

A laugh a day keeps the doctor away.

- SUNDAY Overheard outside a London club: two men talking,  
"I've just been to EVITA" said one. To which the other  
replied: "You don't look very brown!"
- MONDAY I hear Margaret Thatcher is doing the work of two men.  
Laurel and Hardy !!!!!!
- 
- TUESDAY Seen in a local loo: Arsonist of the world -----  
IGNITE.
- 
- Wednesday As I passed by a bus queue I overheard one young lady  
telling her friend: " My mother lost hers at a garden  
fete in front of the Vicar." ????????
- 
- Thursday Overheard: " Oh! I do like my bidet, you don't have  
to have any blankets on the bed."
- 
- FRIDAY Overheard whilst on holiday: " My sister-in-law's  
marriage was never consummated, but I don't know the  
' Ins and outs' of it."
- 
- SATURDAY Overheard in a cafe - a foreign gentleman, well  
versed in the English use of euphemisms, asked  
a harassed waitress for "the cloakroom ". She replied:  
" We 'aven't got one, you'll have to use the 'atstand."
-

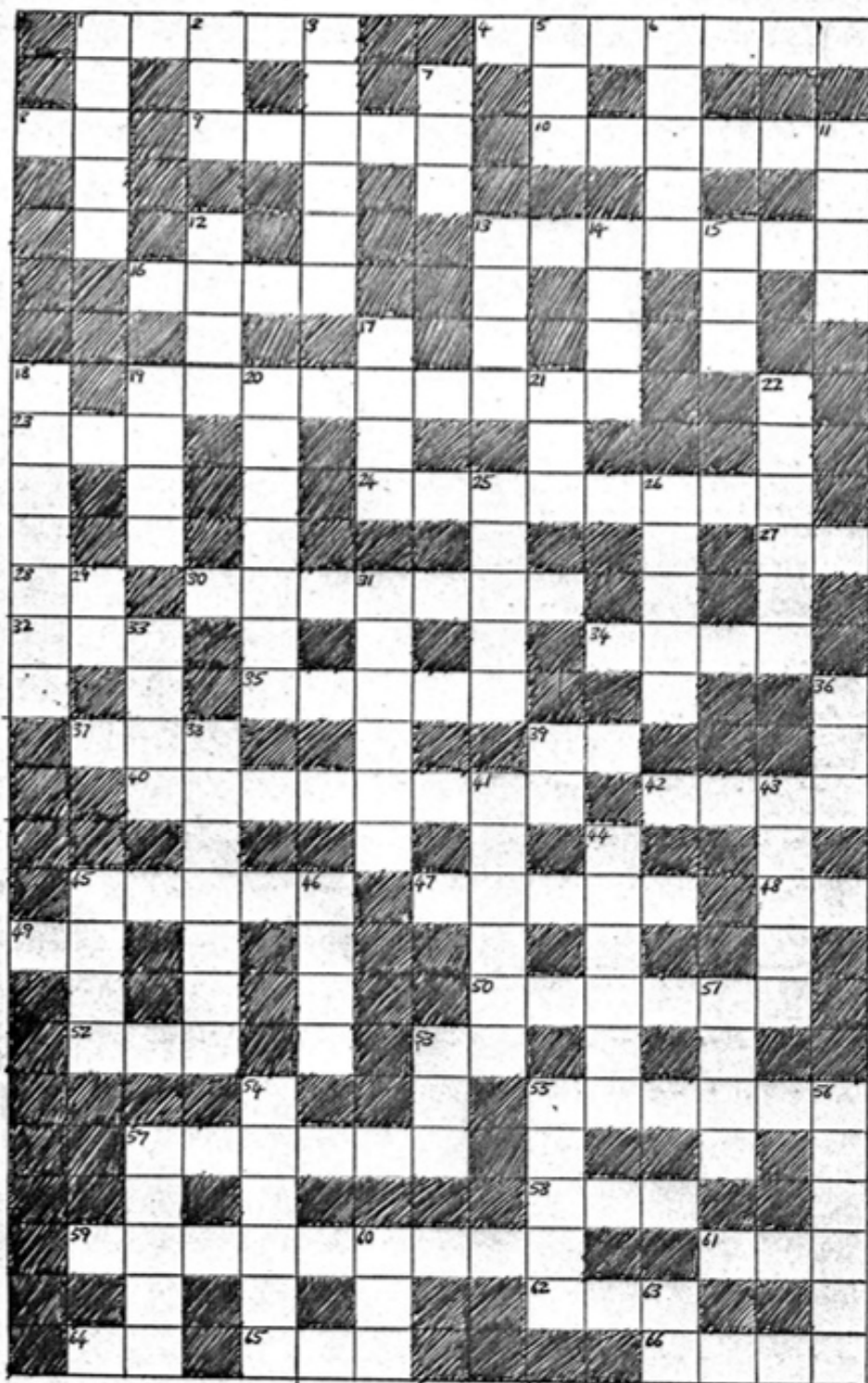
David Rix's - CYCLIST CROSSWORD.CLUESACROSS

- 1&10 Marketed by Holdsworth (5,6)  
 4 Japanese parts manufacturer (7)  
 8&20 DOWN. Largest cycle producers and manufacturers in the world (1,1,7)  
 9 Essential items for campers (5)  
 10 see 1 across  
 13 Member of 13 DOWN. (7)  
 16 Cause of inflation. (4)  
 19 Yorkshire town, well known to cyclists (9)  
 23 see 12 DOWN.  
 24 Cycle bag manufacturer (8)  
 27 Hub gear maker (Abbrev. 1,1)  
 28 see 46 DOWN.  
 30 What we all ride (7)  
 32 You should do this little & often when cycling (3)  
 34&50 One time World Champion, retired in 1978 (4,6)  
 35 The South Downs could be described as this (5)  
 37 Bath used by racing cyclists (3)  
 39 see 51 DOWN.  
 40 Most lightweight bikes use their product (8)  
 42 see 5 DOWN.  
 45&57 only woman ever to break the 12 hour record (5,6)  
 47&14 DOWN. You're advised to carry a spare one (5,4)  
 48 see 33 DOWN.  
 49 see 63 DOWN.  
 50 see 34 Across.  
 52 It strengthens the joint between two tubes (3)  
 53 see 61 Across.  
 55 A major cause of punctures (6)  
 57 see 45 Across.  
 58 --- Harris, famous cyclist (3)  
 59 see 51 DOWN.  
 61,53&65 Across. First done in 1885 in 6½ days on an ordinary (3,2,3)  
 62 see 51 DOWN.  
 64 see 43 DOWN.  
 65 see 61 Across.  
 66 It goes between the rear drop out and the seat tube (4)

DOWN

- 1 You put your toes in these (5)  
 2 International cycling body (Abbrev. 1,1,1)  
 3 Developer of the first successful inflatable tyre (6)  
 5&42 ACROSS. Usually with 3 or 4 speeds (3,4)  
 6 Brighton club (5)  
 7 They do standards for bikes now (Abb. 1,1,1)  
 11 We have them regularly on Sundays (4)  
 12&23 ACROSS. Product of 4 ACROSS. (4,3)  
 13 Racing club for over 40's (Abbrev. 1,1,1,1)  
 14 see 47 ACROSS.  
 15 Usually 27" in diameter (3)  
 17&25 Annual gathering of C.T.C. members in July (4,5)  
 18 Carried on the front and rear (7)  
 19 Tube the badge is fitted on (4)  
 20 see 8 ACROSS.  
 21 It sticks to tyres in hot weather (3)  
 22 see 31 DOWN.  
 25 see 17 DOWN.  
 26 Roughstuff may turn out like this (5)  
 29 Chainring manufacturers (Abbrev. 1,1)  
 31&22 Worn by the Tour leader (6,6)  
 33&48 ACROSS. &54 Down. Started in 1903 by Henri Desgrange (4,2,6)  
 36 Award for coming best over all (1,1,1)  
 38 see 45 Down.  
 39 Map makers (Abbrev. 1,1)  
 41 Type of lighting (6)  
 43&64 ACROSS. They run randonees (5,1,1)  
 44 You don't need this on a bicycle (6)  
 45&38 You can fit this in a race (4,7)  
 46&28 ACROSS. What you should do when you leave your bike (4,2)  
 51 Down &39,62&59 ACROSS. Prize for the best hill climber (4,2,3,9)  
 53 Usual number of gears with two chainrings (3)  
 54 see 33 Down.  
 55&60 You may need this after an accident (5,3)  
 56 Most cyclists' day out (6)  
 57 Your sprockets are fitted on this (5)  
 60 see 55 Down.  
 63&49 ACROSS. Publishers of this mag (Abbrev.)

NOTE Where a clue has been numbered 1&10 this means 1&10 in the same direction i.e. across, unless otherwise stated.



Your correct solution to David, who will announce the winner or winners at Club night on the 28 th. July.

This could be a great help when trying to compile the yearly programme.

The committee is endeavouring to have one combined meeting a month to enable all members to link up for a social event. Please come along and support it in some way or other. We do not expect everyone to ride reliability trials but do come along to the finish for a companionable cup of tea.

The main D.A. social evening is the club-night, held on the 4th Wednesday of each month at Alfriston Youth Hostel. The first was a very successful and enjoyable evening. We had a common room to ourselves and use of the members kitchen, where coffee and cakes were dispensed. Everyone voted it a successful move, when despite the cold evening there was a good attendance. This was an encouraging start and can only get better with the coming of the lighter evenings.

Looking ahead the committee has several ideas in the pipeline but would welcome any suggestions from you.

\*\*\*\*\*

Since receiving this article from Iris another club-night has taken place. The attendance was not a good as the first and I found this quite disappointing. The D.A. committee is formed from members of all sections, chosen by all members, to look after the running of the D.A., and promote events to keep a united D.A.. It was the decision of the committee to have a club-night for all members. Surely with all the members within the sections, we should be able to muster more than 15 on one night a month.

Please don't let this club-night die, I happen to think it is one of the most essential parts of club life. All of us might not be able to participate in all of the cycling events, but surely we can all take part in our club-night. I look forward to seeing you all at the next one.

)Editor

Whitehorse and Long Man

By Rex A. Marchant

Near Alfriston are two hill figures, the White Horse and the Long Man. The first is quite modern, having been cut by some young men named Pagden, who lived at Frog Firle. It was apparently done to mark the Coronation of Queen Victoria, but some say it is a memorial to a girl who was killed when her horse bolted down the hill and threw her.

About the Long Man there are many legends. One has it that there were once two rival giants, one on Windover and the other on Firle Beacon. They hurled rocks at each other, the giant of Windover was killed and lies above Wilmington to this day. Another story is of a giant killed by pilgrims making their way to Wilmington. Alternatively, it is claimed that the figure is a memorial of a visit paid to Sussex by St. Peter. Antiquarians have variously supposed it to be a site for prehistoric sacrifice, a tribute to an ancient chieftain, who may be buried in the barrow above the giant's head, a mutilated version of King Harold's 'Fighting Man' device or simply a medieval direction sign telling pilgrims that they were nearing Wilmington Priory.

More romantic theories have identified it as Boewulf or even Balder. The most romantic theory of all links the Long Man with the legend of the Holy Grail, identifying the vanished and mysterious Burlough Castle that was nearby as the Castle of Wonders. The long held belief that Burlough Castle was the home of the Sussex fairies is a reminder of the awe in which the district was held for hundreds, even thousands, of years. It has even been suggested that Wilmington was one of the great religious sites of prehistory, the place that earned for Sussex the adjective selig, or blessed.

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Yub Moores Vice Presidency Year 1982By Iris Stevens

"Hello Phyl how are you both?" "I'm very well dear. Yubs not here. Guess where he is?" "Over the garage?" "No, toboganing on the Downs. He's gone for the day".

Well at 74 nothing Yub does surprises anyone. After all he regularly shins up trees when camping and anyone who saw him steam across the swimming pool at Yvetot in France knows he is no mean swimmer either. The question is what bits to leave out when describing this energetic, some would say eccentric, septuagenarian. Starting cycling in the twenties, he is now well into his half century on bike/trike/tandem, whatever appeals at the moment. Married to Phyl for 42 years, he told her quite plainly from the start she either cycled or he wasn't interested in her! So Phyl, unable to balance on sole, quickly adapted by joining Yub in the stokers seat on a 'twicer'. A position she has held for ever after.

A spell in the Navy fighting for King and Country did not deter Yub, for on demobilisation it was out with the tandem, a tent and away. The addition of a family did nothing to slow our couple. For first a sidecar was added, then a triplet purchased. By now Youth Hostelling was another deviation to touring days.

Soon the family years past and it was back to the tandem and more serious camping with the Camping Club. In a short number of years four new tents were purchased, each one better and more comfortable than the last. From what we hear there are plans to improve on the latest. Is number five in the offing?

On reaching three score years and ten, our intrepid tandemist decided they still had a lot of dreams to realise. The first being a custom made Jack Taylor tandem for a Ruby Wedding present to themselves. This was followed by a new Dutch tent of the latest design and quality. Well, the old one was a bit faded! Then came 1981 and it was France, and the D.A. tour which took priority. "We're saving for France" became a catch phrase. A first cycle tour abroad for them both, they had always declined going when son David asked them, on the grounds they were too old! All of us who went with them look back with fondest memories of this immacuately turned out couple on a tandem with trailer, bowling along those quiet French roads turning quite a few heads in disbelief.

Born and bred in Lewes in the early years of this century, both Yub and Phyl can quote many a change and improvements. Keenly interested in veteran cycles, owning a tandem and a Dursley Pedersen cycle made around the turn of the century, not to mention a folding Dursley. "Which I'll restore when I have the time" (quote) Yub has

taken part in several veteran rides with David his son. All this knowledge is put to good use when once a month Yub helps to run the Lewes safety committee's repair centre. The best mechanic they have ever had so I was told by the chief officer.

Another of his hobbies and Phyl's for that matter, for by now their interests are so interwound one can not part them or would wish to do so, is winemaking. We all well know their expertise in this field. I have wended many an unsteady way from 30 Turnpike Close, after just dropping in for five minutes! Not for Yub and Phyl the packs of concentrate but all the natural ingredients winemakers seem to be able to make that delicious stuff from. At various times of the year they are out gathering the fruits of nature from the hedgerows and come the next Christmas lunch we are all helping to drink it, wheee! Of course it doesn't stop at wine, there is, beer (packs quite a punch, ask Ken S.), liquers, and even champagne in that Ruby Year.

Phyl as many of us know is a prolific baker of tasty goodies and bread, not to mention many pounds of jam and preserves. Any one visiting their tastefully furnished bungalow never leaves empty. "Have another cake dear". Or emptyhanded for that matter such is the generosity of Yub and Phyl.

Not always in the best of health over these latter years they have had their fair share of lifes kicks but their philosophy is keep going and don't give in. Pack as much as you can into each day, living for the moment. Whether it is away visiting less able (and younger) friends or relaxing at the theatre, they are keen members of Lewes Little Theatre, every hour of the day is used up to the full, and long may they continue to do so. Friends of young or old, our glasses are raised to you in the year of your Vice Presidency "Yub" Moore and of course to Stoker Phyl too.

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MY SUSSEX DOWNS.

Oh! majestic sweep of down-lands,  
 Restful green meets the heavenly blue:  
 And your billowy slopes stretch down to the sands,  
 Where ageless time is for ever new,  
 And your beauty, like time, exceeds all bounds:  
 How I love and revere you, my Sussex Downs.

I have climbed your slopes in winter,  
 And the scene's been fairy land:  
 And the gaunt old elms and hawthorn,  
 Clothed all in white, looked grand:  
 And glancing along the whitened slopes, in an undulating line  
 Your peace and beauty over-whelmed, but ah! the strength I found  
 In gazing, merely gazing, on my beloved Sussex Downs.

And then, in the heat of summer, 'neath a canopy of blue,  
 When the bees are busy 'honeying' from flowers, and sipping dew,  
 And the golden gorse (oh heavenly smell) an earthly paradise,  
 And the quivering wind-swept grasses, and the dainty butterflies,  
 And that penetrating silence, broken only by such sounds  
 That I have learned to love and know, from you my Sussex Downs.

And then when the trees are shedding their leaves of autumnal brown,  
 And 'Jack Frost' has been busy on his early morning round,  
 And I tread the turf so joyfully, real glad to be alive.  
 A sense of peace steals over me, lost ambitions all revive,  
 This exhilarating presence, which in the Fall, is found  
 Comes when I am walking my beloved Sussex Downs.

But my Sussex Downlands, when winters had her sway,  
 Comes a call from grassy headlands; a call I must obey;  
 For who would miss the Spring's triumphant coming to the Downs?  
 The birds too-are rejoicing! It's farewell to winter's frowns.  
 Besides, I've learned so many things, and I know where happiness  
 is found:  
 It comes from just revering you-my beloved Sussex Downs.

G. F. BREACH.

Mrs. Gladys Munday wrote this poem under her maiden name around the 1930's, at that time she was also a C.T.C. member and we are hoping she just might join again.