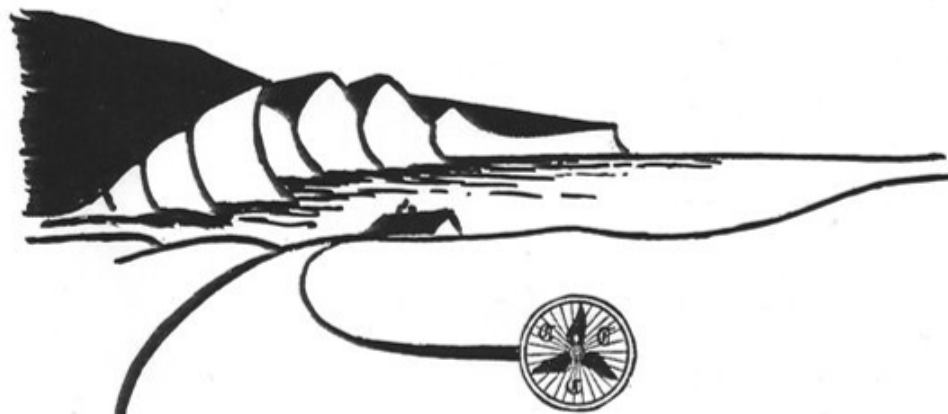


The
Coaster



the magazine of the

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION
CYCLIST TOURING CLUB

4

CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

"THE COASTER"

ISSUE 4.

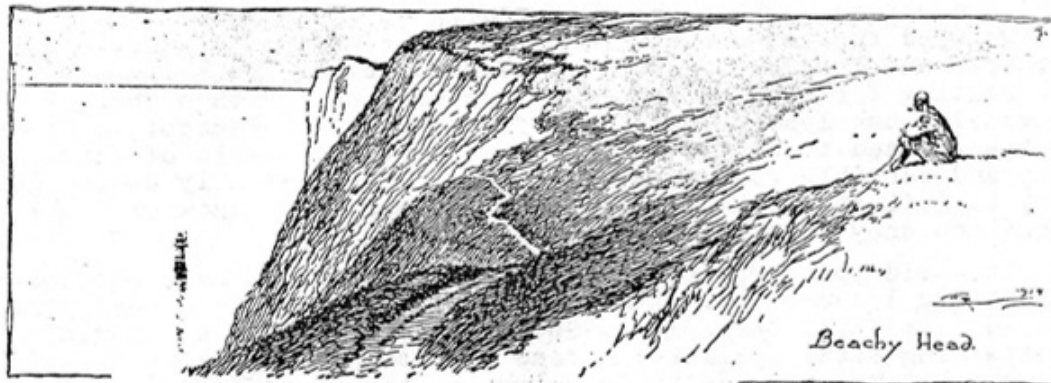
CHRISTMAS 1982

PRESIDENT FRED MEHEW

Secretary: Iris Stevens, Pedlars 3, Lansdowne Crescent, Hailsham.

Treasurer: Ann Rix, 3 Sutton Drove, Seaford.

Editor: David Rix, 72 Lewes Road, Newhaven.



EDITORIAL

It is now 2 years since Dennis Jakeman edited the first edition of The Coaster and I am sad to say that since then publication dates have been rather intermittent. I for one would be sad to see our D.A. magazine disappear, so that is why I volunteered to take on the job of editor.

The aim in future will be to produce two editions a year, one at Christmas and one in the summer (about the end of July), on a regular basis. As always this will depend upon your willing(?) contributions, and I am always ready to accept them; so if you have been on a tour let's hear about it, or if you have another interest that other members might like to read about, this is your chance, poems, odd comments on cycling, old articles, illustrations if you have any talent in that direction. The deadline for the next issue is 26th JUNE.

I would like to thank all those who contributed to this issue; especially Jack Dunn, whose article on his American tour, the first part of which is printed here, was held over from the last edition;

also all those who made suggestions (mostly helpful ones) about things to include. Contributions to the Did You Know items, which I hope to make a regular inclusion, would be especially welcome.

The majority of people who read this magazine will be cyclists and so will no doubt agree with all those who complain about the treatment we receive from some other road users; I am at times absolutely staggered at the actions of some motorists, but I was reading an editorial in Bicycle Times recently in which Steve Gill asked a rather thought provoking question - "...are we not guilty of turning a blind to poor behaviour by cyclists, sometimes preferring not to see the arguments pressed against us?" I was so struck by this thought that I would like to repeat Mr. Gills comments here for those of you who may not have read them, since after all, even in a C.T.C. D.A. there may be some of us who could look at our own conduct and say - Am I really right or am I really no better than the motorists that I complain about?

"Have you never seen a cyclist making himself a hazard, to himself and others on the road? By not riding with the lights? By swerving or braking without warning, looking or signalling? By making a mess of turning right or entering or leaving a roundabout incorrectly? By refusing to allow traffic to pass by cycling two or more abreast? Obstructing by riding on a pavement?

We need to keep our own house in order before we start accusing others, and I think we are sometimes guilty of not doing so.

Waiting for road sense with experience rather than through education can lead to fatally unfortunate consequences. As cyclists we need to do two things. First set an example of considerate and sensible road behaviour. Second, as tactfully as possible, try to influence other cyclists who either don't know or don't care how they 'let the side down'."

It would not surprise me to find that some of those who complain the loudest about the road manners of motorists, are just as much at fault themselves. So next time you here a motorist complaining about cyclists, defend our wonderful pastime by all means, but try and see their viewpoint since, as no one can be perfect, their hostile reaction may be justified.

....DR....

BITS & PIECES OF SUSSEX IRON.

Ashburnham - Last parish in which iron was manufactured. As late as 1826. Work stopped because of bad drinking habits of workmen who obtained large quantities of spirits from smugglers of Pevensey Bay.

Heathfield - Said to have one of the largest canon foundries, and in the 16th Century majority of English ships were armed with the guns of Heathfield.

East Grinstead - In the Church dated 1789 the chancel has a 16th Century Sussex iron tombstone.

SELF-CATERING TEA PLACES FOR CYCLISTS

by Ken Stevens

First of all we will deal with materials needed to produce the much needed cuppa. You will of course need Tea, this should be in those little perforated bags, the highest quality makes the best cuppa, Earl Grey or Keemun, These are taken without milk, one thing less to carry. We can recommend these, but you may take any other variety o tea that takes your fancy. Water can be carried in the usual way as other drinks or collected en route. Lastly the stove to boil the water, any small backpacker's stove will do.

Now we come to the essential part, where to Brew up, we have a list of places and will name but a few as the list is endless. All brew up places have to have the right little corners, out of all the draughts, preferably South facing so as to catch what little sun we get while waiting. The first one that comes to mind is the concrete and brick blockhouse of a bus shelter by the Church at Westmeston; snug and dry but will only take about 5 or 6 adults. Over the other side of East Sussex we have Catsfield Rec., this does not face the sun at all but has plenty of seats under the cover of the pavilion. Another with a wide but open verandah is Wadhurst Rec. where a bunch sheltered en route to Goudhurst Y.H. (it has the added services of toilets without lights).

Of course you always have the seafront shelters of Eastbourne, Bexhill, Hastings and Freshwater I.O.W., all sound and dry places. Beware of Winoes and enjoy a chat with the elderly natives.

The church porch of Shipley must come way up the list ,it has nearly all the requirements though can be a bit draughty if windy, but has a nice outlook across the Church grave stones to the river and open country - with John Ireland's grave to be seen. Cora's Corner has good cover and seats but i will tell you no more, see if you can find it.

Wittersham Road Station has picnic tables with fine views of the Isle of Oxney and the steam trains, but unfortunately no seats.. A high pitch can be found above the rocks of Weirwood Reservoir, very dry underfoot with the added entertainment of the climbing bods. Still in the north of the County, various stopping places can be found on the Forest Way - Linear Country Park - Which runs from Forest Row to Groombridge, where a good picnic spot by the river will be found. This route can be ridden practically all the year round. Knole Park at Sevenoaks has a route through the Park

with plenty of space to picnic but Beware, the deer are very tame and will steal your lunch. Another high point with good views is Frant Village Green with Pavilion for cover.

These are but a few that we have tried and put to the test, we have many more as you will find out in the next issue.

NOTES ON INHABITANTS OF SEAFORD AROUND 1874

As a community of smugglers and wreckers the Seafordites were famous, one local writer goes so far as to impute a certain lack of civility on the part of the natives to the survival of the habits and to the moral corruption due to political bribery in days gone by.

An article published in London in 1874 says - "There is still discernable among the people of Seaford a mixture of cringing servility and vulgar bullying, inherited from ancestors who would have licked the dust of the boots of the candidate who offered them £5 apiece for their votes, and would have licked their own boots in the face of the candidate who only offered them 5 shillings.

Few communities contain so large a proportion of non-workers, I will say this for them, that their indolence overpowers their avarice. Work above all things is abhorrent to them, they cannot dig, but to beg they are not ashamed.

One reason the Seafordites shun hard work is that labour is scarce and there is no competition.

Employers are only thankful to take such labour as they can obtain, a sure way to aid idleness, and the people of Seaford make good use of the Knowledge by doing occasional strokes of work to suit their fancy or convenience and by lounging the rest of the year with their hands in their pockets all day and a glass at their lips all night.

When is kissing said to be in season in Sussex?
What happened to the Long Man of Wilmington in 1873?
Who was Stanton Collins?
Where did the Ypres Tower in Rye get its name from?

Turn to the back to find out the answers.

A HOSTEL MEMORANDA

by Iris Stevens

Alfriston Beautifully kept real 4 star and a friendly welcome from Mike & Sheila. This is a superior.

Guestling Watch your hats, Mad Hatter about. Not an inspiring place, but a good welcome from Barry.

Matlock Bath Not so much the well kept Hostel but the amusement of being in a run down Victorian watering place like an inland Seaside.

Winchester Disappointing, run down, despite attraction(!) of mill race alongside you as you wash.

Whitwell I.O.W. Well kept hostel. Good supper.

Hindhead Terrific. A real hostel but recommend Summer as rather primitive.

Salisbury Bright clean hostel run by a cyclist. Good range of snacks.

Blackboys Well what is it about this group of sheds? It's 'our hostel'.

Streat Members kitchen in a cupboard! Swiss chalet with lovely views from Polden Hills. Men sleep in a shed.

Goudhurst Rambling old manor. A good welcome. Freezing in winter; slept with woolly hat on in November.

West Lulworth Brand new wooden bungalow. Only ones there under own steam. Unable to see Cove, too misty.

Beer Well kept, on top of hill. Pleasant to sit in garden with views down to the sea.

Telscombe Nice if not too full, but great if they are all your own crowd. Common room a bit too small.

Kemsing Another well kept friendly hostel.

Sheringham Very large and impersonal. Warden sociable gave us a family room. Too professional.

Ewhurst Green Nice hostel though members kitchen badly designed. Warden could be more agreeable.

Nedging Tye

Rambling old mill where the warden let us in hours before time and lit the huge oil burning stove for just 6 occupants. Steep ladder between floors. Restorations by the local cycling club.

Martham

Norfolk Broads. Like a home with everyone living in the kitchen. Self cookers cooking supervised by warden, who took the men outside to look at the night sky. Great atmosphere.

A guide to some further hostels will be in the next Coaster.

The following item was produced as a piece of English homework. Can you guess who the Dad can be?

MY DAD

If he was a dog, he would be an alsation -
a police alsation.
As a fire, he would be roaring and blazing
then gradually dying down.
If he was a book he would sometimes be a lecture book,
other times a joke book.
As a haircut, going bald on top.
He can be like an animal,
a teddy bear or a tiger.
If he was a vehicle he would be a bicycle.
As a plant he would be rough moorland grass.
He can be like a river in full flood,
breaking as it hits a rock.
As a television programme he would be
a programme to do with sport.
If he was a pair of shoes he would be boots,
with steel toe caps.
He is like the weather - stormy with sunny periods

SOME TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELS

by Jack Dunn

One afternoon in mid-september, Marjorie and I set off on a weeks tour, without capes or mudguards and with very little in the way of warm clothing. Our touring instincts rebelled against such folly but this was California and Charles and Nancy Adams, our hosts in Berkeley, had convinced us there would be no rain before October and the temperature would not fall below the sixties. Moreover, there would be no hawthorn clippings and it was hardly necessary to take pumps and patches, but I couldn't bring myself to follow that suggestion (fortunately, for we had one afternoon of repeated punctures due, not to hawthorn, but to some species with even sharper and more slender spikes!)

Perhaps I ought to say that we were here, so far from home at great expense, to start a week's tour. I had met Charles the previous year when he stayed with me for a couple of days riding in Sussex on his way from Gatwick to Plymouth for Brittany and the Loire. On hearing that I had married he and Nancy invited us to their home overlooking San Francisco Bay for a "belated honeymoon"; they also offered the loan of their bikes should we wish to do some touring without the complications of transporting our own machines. It was these offers that triggered off our visit to the States, but the plan developed to take in Florida, Arizona, North Carolina, Washington D.C., New England and New York - a grand tour of over 12,000 miles (by air, bike, car, bus, train and walking boots, in that order) and nearly six weeks duration. A day-by-day account would be wearisome and will not be attempted. I hope just to convey some impressions, mainly from a cyclist's point of view, of the places and people that made up our very small sample of that vast country, the U.S.A.

Our first landing on American soil was in Tampa, Florida. It was raining; apparently it rains there most afternoons. One of Marjorie's old Surrey Bicycle Club friends, Frank Powell, was there to meet us. It was pleasantly warm but airy in the airport building but what a shock when we got outside! Stifled by steamy heat, we were glad to get into Frank's air-conditioned car and shut the windows! It was like that throughout our 40-odd hours in Florida; warm but bearable indoors but no escape from debilitating heat outside other than immersion in water. Frank's flats had a swimming pool and we made use of this, rather than the popular beaches, at every opportunity. Clearly this was no place for cycling at this season of the year, if at any time. Florida seems to be entirely flat and what we saw of it made no obvious appeal as a touring ground.

A ten hour flight over the Gulf of Mexico, Texas and the southern Rockies brought us to San Francisco. My impression of California from the air was of a countryside burnt by months of drought to a pale khaki colour - which is exactly what it was except for wooded and irrigated areas - and I wasn't too sure I was going to like California all that much.

Berkeley lies on the Eastern shore of San Francisco Bay but its residential suburbs climb up a precipitous hillside by a network of zig-zagging roads and the Adams' house stands at about 1,000 feet above sea-level with a wonderful view over the Bay. Charles never takes his bike down into the city for it would mean a walk back, whereas by climbing a little further you come out into rolling plateau country with two or three State Parks within easy reach, some admitting bicycles but not cars.

We spent a couple of days with the Adams', getting to know about some of the local hazards such as rattlesnakes and poison oak, and adapting the bikes to our special needs; we also got our scenic standards adjusted to our parched surroundings and soon found ourselves enjoying the shapes of hills and woods and lakes in spite of the scarcity of green fields, just as we can enjoy our own winter scene without green leaves on the trees.

Then one morning we lashed the bikes on top of Charles' car and he took us about 50 miles north, past the sprawl of suburbs, main roads and toll bridges that surround the Bay cities, and into the Napa Valley, one part of the principal wine growing country of California. Before parting we went round one of the wineries at St. Helena, tasted their free samples, then brought a bottle at the supermarket for a picnic lunch in the local park. Soon the bikes were unloaded and we were off along the road to Calistoga where we had accommodation reserved for us until 6 p.m. Calistoga was only some 15 miles away and with over 3 hours to get there, we soon decided to leave the direct valley road for a not very long detour to take in the nearby Lake Hennessey. This very soon taught us a lesson - how badly you can get caught without a good map, a thing you can't get in America. We had the usual "gas-station" map, about 12 miles to the inch and also Charles' Napa County map, 2 miles to the inch, with all the roads in detail but no indication of the heights, except on mountain summits! At 5 o'clock we were slaking our considerable thirst at leisure outside a village liquor store, keeping a wary eye on our drinking companions, Mexican labourers of somewhat brigand-like appearance, but with no anxiety about covering the remaining few miles in good time. We had reckoned without the intervening Caliocca pass, which kept us walking uphill for the next three miles, so that we had to phone the hotel to hold our room for another hour. Our half inch map made no reference to this obstacle!

Calistoga is a small tourist town which aspires to be a spa with hot springs and (its speciality) mud baths! It was R.L. Stevenson's shopping town when he came with his bride to live up at the deserted Silverado mine in search of health in the bracing mountain air. Stevenson seems to have endeared himself to his Californian neighbours as there are affectionate memorials to him not only locally but also in the centre of San Francisco. The town is somewhat reminiscent of the one-horse towns of the West. We liked it and spent the first two nights of our Californian tour there and stayed again for our last night. In the meantime, we crossed into the Sonoma Valley, the other half of the main wine region and from there down the Russian River (the only river we saw with water in it!) to the coast. California's Highway No. 1, a comparatively minor main road, follows the rocky coast more closely in places than any road I have ever seen - only inches from the cliff edge. It is a popular road with American cyclists, preferably taken in the north-south direction for the north wind prevails on this coast and this is what keeps California relatively cool in summer. We were on this road on a Sunday and traffic was plentiful but tolerable. The rest of our week was spent mainly on minor roads, mostly like our B roads but with a few more lane-like, and we had little to complain of in the traffic we met. The through roads usually have a hard shoulder wide enough for riding two abreast, unmolested by passing vehicles, though its state of repair might sometimes demand more than ordinary care. When we had to mix with motor traffic we were almost invariably treated with patience and courtesy, perhaps because of our evident age, but I think not

for the standard of courtesy extended by drivers to other drivers was also impressive. There were the few notable exceptions of course as anywhere.

Our main problem was food and drink during the day. You can't rely on getting refreshment by the time you need it and we soon took to loading up with a few cans and fruit and bread well before the need arose. In some places a road would be lined with signs competing for attention for attention to restaurants, bars, supermarkets galore for a mile or so, but on our sort of route it might well be a days ride before these opportunities recurred. The weather was hot but bright and dry, splendid while we were on the move, but hot enough to demand shade for our rest periods and frequent drinks, neither very easy to come by at times. More than once the strength of the sun in the late afternoon deceived us into ignoring the evidence of our watches until suddenly it was sunset and time we had a bed fixed! This wasn't easy sometimes. Some towns, quite sizeable ones, were entirely without overnight accommodation it seemed, while a similar town 10 miles away would have a street full of motels. We never slept out - though it would have been no hardship if we had.

Motels (which are rather soulless places and fairly expensive if you are travelling alone) we found suited us very well. For one thing, we could take the bicycles into our room without difficulty and be sure of their safety. We had to check that there was somewhere to eat nearby but we never missed a good evening meal - more often than not based on a steak, which is often a cheaper dish than the alternatives offered; lamb, for example, is expensive and so is fish.

The wine valleys are dominated by a low range of mountains rising to Mount St. Helena (a bit higher than Ben Nevis). The valleys themselves are clothed in vineyards, with a little mixed farming, all depending on irrigation for survival. The grape harvest was getting into its stride while we were there, with groups of Mexican labourers working industriously at it. Much of the road traffic consisted of trailers piled high with the gorgeous black fruit. (Labourers of all kinds in California are often Mexicans and it is quite common to see notices posted in Spanish as well as English for their benefit). Fruit of all kinds was good and fairly cheap; with plenty of it with us we could cheerfully survive the shortage of drinks.

This is not really a tourist area in the sense of tourism being a major industry, but it has its showplaces here and there, apart from the "wineries". There is a petrified forest still taking dollars, as in Stevenson's time, for a view of huge tree-trunks lying around in the forest, their original wood structure replaced cell by cell, with volcanic minerals. There are geysers (pronounced guy-zers) one of them "Old Faithful", claimed to be one of only three intermittent geysers in the world which erupt to a fixed time-table. There is an enormous water-mill, its 85 foot wheel unfortunately dismantled for repairs when we were there.

As for the people we met, these were mainly other travellers (very few of them cycling), the various people who served in shops, bars and motels and those we approached for directions on the way; incidentally, there are few signposts in any part of America I have been in yet. Almost without exception they were friendly, helpful and interested to talk about our travels and our country. Many of them had been in England at some time or knew about a corner of it from some family connection; some were over-awed at the modest distances we cycled and fearful for our safety on the roads - a fear that we never had occasion to feel for ourselves.

To sum up our tour in California: we had enjoyed dawn-to-dusk sunshine, easy riding among the vineyards varied with excursions

into the mountains and coast, quiet roads, good food and good beds - and just sufficient anxiety about the latter items to make it interesting! We wished we could have spent longer there and we also wished we had our own bikes!

Back at Berkeley we had two days left to see San Francisco itself before we started eastwards on the next stage of our air tour. We spent one day with Charles, eventually crossing the Golden Gate Bridge and going on to the Pelican, an English country pub kept by an Englishman, for a glass of genuine John Smith's Yorkshire bitter! The second day we spent on our own in the city, with its skyscrapers, its antique cable-cars and fascinating wharves - and distinguished ourselves by getting caught in the rain, with September now out yet!

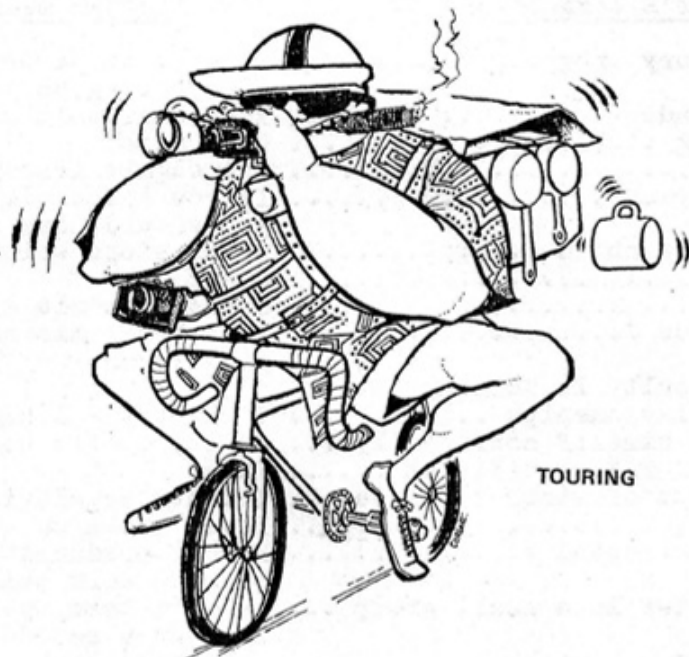
It was raining next morning too when Charles drove us to the airport, but soon after we were up and away from the coast into clear skies. Our destination now was Las Vegas, not for its own much publicised attractions, but merely as a convenient point to pick up a hire car to reach our next objective, the Grand Canyon of Arizona (only 300 miles away!). Las Vegas stands in a vast area of more or less flat semi-desert extending eastward through Arizona where the Colorado river and its tributaries run in the bottoms of the incredibly deep gorges they have carved for themselves. This was not a journey were we wished we had the bikes; the distances between places of any sort, let alone towns, are enough to make even driving seem never-ending at times and the heat of the sun, even at the end of September, was more than I could care to be out in all day. Vegetation is sparse, mainly clumps of greyish-green sage-brush and the occasional prickly pear dotted over bare soil. But as we got to higher altitudes near the Grand Canyon village, there was more woodland about and the air was good to breathe - and clear as a bell; mountains 70 miles away were as sharp in outline as the downs seldom are from our home.

Well this is not the place to go into descriptions of the Grand Canyon; it must suffice to say that it was all that I had dreamed of seeing there for many years, long before I had ever thought of going to America as a practical possibility. There were cyclists there, among the many tourists, though whether they had actually ridden the long desert trails to get there I know not. We spent two nights at the "village" on the South rim (the only point along the 250 miles of the Canyon where there is any significant catering for tourists) and spent the intervening day walking down into the Canyon by the winding mule-track, descending from about 7,000 feet to about 4,000 feet at Plateau Point; here there is a tremendous view of the Colorado River, still 2,000 feet below. To get down to the river and back in a day is more than most people can manage, since it means starting the climb back in the heat of the day (the temperature at the bottom was reported to be 100°F while we were there) and the authorities discourage attempts to do so.

We left the Canyon with regret and headed back for Las Vegas with brief calls at various tourist attractions such as the Wupatki Indian Village. The Americans seem to have a sense of history to an extent that surprised us, and in this area, which still abounds in Indians, there is a great deal of archaeological activity; several villages have been unearthed and opened to the public, with little museums (manned by enthusiastic staff) attached. The Hoover Dam is another tourist objective, but here, for the first time, we felt there were too many tourists about for comfort and so we stayed only long enough to get a drink. Then it was back to Las Vegas to get a good dinner,

hand in the car and board the plane for our overnight flight to the east.

And at this point I would suggest that the Editor gives his type-setter (and his readers) a rest and saves the rest of the story for another issue. (Part 2 of Jack & Marjorie's American travels can be read about in the next issue. Ed.)



A Piece From "The Bicycle" Magazine

"Some of the many misconceptions Americans have concerning bicycling :- bike riding is considered a dangerous, dirty and difficult business".

Have they heard of Ken Stevens' rough-stuff runs, I wonder.

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS

How many times have you complained that school reports don't actually tell you anything, with phrases such as "he/she is making satisfactory progress". Well now you need be in the dark no more! In response to a large amount of correspondence in the pages of the Times Educational Supplement, both from Teachers and parents, Philip Jenkinson produced the following guide to cracking the report code.

<u>Teacher's comment</u>	<u>Actual meaning</u>
Satisfactory progress	I can't think of anything interesting to say about him/her
A born leader	Runs a protection racket
Easy going	Bone idle
Lively	Thoroughly disruptive
Good progress	If you think this work is bad you should have seen it last year
A sensitive child	Never stops whining
Helpful	Creep
Reliable	Grasses on his mates
Adventurous	Will break his neck before the year is out
Has difficulty in forming stable relationships	I can't stand him either
Expresses himself confidently ...	Cheeky little bastard
Enjoys all P.E. activities	Thug
Has had lot of minor illnesses ..	Truants regularly
Friendly	Never shuts up
Easily distracted	Hasn't produced a single piece of good work this year
Works better in a small group ...	Daren't take my eyes off him/her for a second
Imaginative	Lies and cheats regularly
Needs praise and encouragement ..	Thick as two short planks
Expresses himself clearly	Foul mouthed
Keen to do well	Egotistical
All his work is of a high standard	Has ambitious middle class parents
Does not accept authority easily.	Dad's doing time
Is easily upset	Spoilt rotten
Often appears tired	Stays up till all hours watching T.V. or is into glue sniffing
Better at practical activities ..	Totally illiterate
Good with his hands	Light fingered
A rather solitary child	Smells or has nits
Independent-minded	Totally illiterate
Enjoys extra-curricular activities	Flogs cigarettes
Determined	Completely lacking all scruples
Inclined to daydream	In one ear and out the other
A good sense of humour	Teases other kids unmercifully
Reads well aloud	In love with his/her own voice
A quiet child	Lacking any individuality whatsoever.
Easily influenced	The form fall guy

cont./

Popular at Play Centre Sells pornography
 A vivid imagination Never short of an excuse
 A very inquisitive mind Often caught playing Doctors
 and Nurses
 Does not give classes his
 full attention Smokes in the lavatories
 Often needs guidance Never out of the Head's study

DID YOU KNOW No. 1

BENCH MARKS.

Bench mark's are to be found in all sorts of places - cut on milestones, on the corners of buildings, on posts, under bridges and even cut into living rock. But how many know their origin?

Bench marks were placed in position by Government surveyors and consist of a broad arrow with a cross piece along the top, while below are usually the letters B.M. and various numbers. This mark is the Ordnance Datum and is put there to show the height of that particular spot above the Ordnance Datum Bench Mark (or official sea-level).

The Ordnance Datum of Great Britain is taken as the mean level of the sea at Liverpool. The cross-piece along the top is the "bench" or ledge from which the exact height above sea-level has been measured. The broad arrow below it is simply the Government's official mark, the use of which dates from the reign of William III, in the seventeenth century.

DID YOU KNOW No. 2

MILE STONES.

Each British milestone is said by some to be a monument to our obstinate disregard of the metric system, and I am afraid that the accuracy of many old milestones is very much to be doubted. One choice example, for instance, is to be seen outside the Red Lion Hotel at Atherstone, Warwickshire, which calmly states that London, Lincoln and Liverpool are each 100 miles away. Lincoln is less than 70 miles away, London is 102 miles, and Liverpool is few miles over the 100.

In days gone by there was a decree that the king could not travel more than 50 miles away from London without a minister. In the Georgian era this restriction was such an annoyance to royalty, that although Brighton was fifty-one and three quarter miles from London, all the milestones stated that it was less than fifty!

But before we smile at the above variations we should remember that although the English ordinary mile contains 1,760 yards, the English geographical mile has 2,096, the Admiralty mile 2,027, and the nautical mile 2,026.

Both of the above have been taken from "The Wayfarer's Book"
 by E. Mansell



OVER A FRUGAL CITY MEAL WE DECIDE ON A CAMPING WEEK-END



JIMMY - WHO THINKS HIMSELF A CHEF, HAD CHARGE OF THE 'KITCHEN'



I DID ALL THE WORK WHILE BILLY MESSED ABOUT, AS USUAL, DOING NOTHING



TOWARDS NIGHTFALL WE HAD PECULIAR SENSATIONS ABOUT OUR MIDDLES.



JIMMY (SILLY ASS) FORGOT BREAD AND BISCUITS SO WE HAD SARDINE SANDWICHES - SARDINES WITH JAM BETWEEN



AND HE CALLED THE TEA 'CEYLON' BUT WE CALLED IT MANY OTHER THINGS. AND I'M CERTAIN IT WAS BOILED INSECTS!



WITH NIGHT ALSO CAME THE CREEPING LIFE OF THE WHOLE COUNTY TO VISIT US.



BUT WITH SUNRISE AND A CALL AT A FARMHOUSE FOR BREAD BUTTER MILK AND EGGS THINGS TOOK ON A MORE ROSY HUE

OUR 1ST CAMP.



AND WE'RE GOING AGAIN WHEN JIMMY KNOWS A LITTLE MORE ABOUT HIS JOB

Experience Teaches: By Frank Patterson.

The above drawings by Frank Patterson first appeared in the 1920's and the Editor wishes to point out that they bear no relation to the Camping and Hostelling section's weekends. Prospective members of the section may find the advice on the next page of use!

CAMPING IN DOWNLAND - An extract
from SUSSEX PILGRIMAGES by R.T. Hopkins (1927)

And what better way is there to seek the kindly gods of health than by spending a week or so of your holiday under canvas?
..... An army bell tent has many very painful associations with war for some of us, but it is not a bad shelter for the camper who decides to remain in one place. Of course, expert campers are inclined to ridicule it as a clumsy old-fashioned piece of impedimenta; however, it will stand up well against wind and rain.
..... An army bell tent can be obtained for about £4. A good oil stove is one of the essentials of camping. Cooking on a wood fire is quixotic and smacks of gipsyism, but it is not agreeable in wet weather - when you have cooked a dinner over damp wood your eyes are often to inflamed to see to eat it. Do not scorn a camp bed, but if you are determined to sleep close to Mother Earth just remember that you want a dozen good blankets - you require more of them under than over you.

In England the heavy rains come from the west and south-west, and you must have your door-flap facing south-east. Always pitch your tent with its back to the wind and rain. Your first task when the tent is up should be to cut a gully all round where the curtains touch the ground in order to run off the water that may drip from the canvas. One must let out the ropes when it rains, for when the canvas is damp it will force out the pegs or tear the canvas. To avoid tramping round the tent at night it is a good plan to place the pole on a block of wood about five inches high, and when the rain comes along this can be taken away, thus relieving the rope of too much pressure.

People say some unkind things about the devotional posture one is forced to adopt in a tent. It is true that the low walls of the tent force the camper to his knees only too often. However, extra headroom can be secured in a bell tent by digging out the floor to a depth of 18 inches, and standing the pole on a large block of wood. In this manner more room for baggage is also obtained.

The cups and plates should be enamelware, and a square biscuit tin is a good receptacle for food. Don't forget your tin-opener, corkscrew, canvas bucket, ground sheet and pair of slippers. Other useful camp outfit items are hurricane lamp, cycle-cape, felling axe and bowie-knife.

Always avoid depressions and hollows, sticky clayey soil, and stagnant water. Damp ground, of course, is fatal to the success of camping, so is thick undergrowth. Avoid them like the plague.

A notice was erected by a farmer in Surrey, who was much troubled during the nutting season by trespassers in a wood bordering the roadside. He ascertained from a botanical friend the scientific name of the Hazel and then put up the following notice:

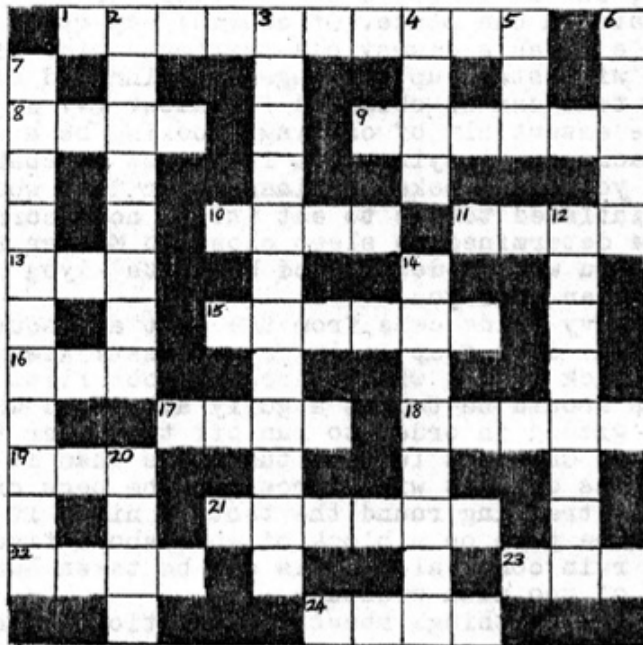
TRESPASSERS TAKE WARNING!

All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for
CORYLUS AVELLANA abounds here in company with ordinary
ENGLISH SNAKES.

The wood was soon given a wide berth by everyone, and the farmer is now searching for the Latin name of the common edible mushroom!

SUSSEX CROSSWORD

With the exception of a few the clues are all to do with things in Sussex. Good luck and, if you get stuck or want to check your yourself, the answers are at the back.



ACROSS

- 1. County town of West Sussex (10)
- 8. House more common in Kent than in Sussex (4)
- 9. Where they stitched up William and Harold (6)
- 10. & 13. Alfriston drinking place (4,3)
- 11. Village - East or West (4)
- 13. See 9.
- 15. Built in 1385 it commanded the upper reaches of the Rother estuary (6)
- 16. One time source of fuel for lighting (3)
- 17. & 21. He saved Bodiam Castle from becoming a quarry (4,6)
- 18. Common building material in Sussex (5)
- 19. Type of tree (3)
- 21. See 16.
- 22. He drew the plans for the Brighton Pavilion (4)
- 23. Old form of yes (3)

- 24. Highwayman said to have been killed near Heathfield (4)

DOWN

- 2. Where you can see the Conqueror's castle (8)
- 3. This 15th Century castle was restored in the 30's (12)
- 4. Form of transport in large towns before buses (4)
- 5. Member of the Cinque Ports (3)
- 6. What England was before the Norman conquest (5)
- 7. A decaying village? (11)
- 12. The show here is not for Northern England (8)
- 14. FLY I MADE (anagram, 8)
- 20. It may hang in low lying areas (4)

A TALE OF THE UNEXPECTED

by Ann Rix

There was I, minding my own business, which happened to be pruning the fruit trees, when my mother called me to speak to someone on the phone. I thought it was odd that she didn't say who was calling, but soon found out why. One of the organisers of the inner light club (for the blind and partially sighted) had phoned mother asking how she was and said that if she was alright then to phone the Evening Argus number in Brighton, as he had heard on Radio Brighton that they needed a 91 year old for the 'Record of the Century', also it would be to her advantage to do so. My daughter had phoned them at mother's request and they wanted to speak to me.

Not having heard anything previously about it this all took a little while to sort out, but the outcome was that as mother said she would like to go, and they agreed that her marriage certificate would do as she said she hadn't seen her birth certificate for many years, go we did.

A car arrived at 8.00am the next day, 5th January 1983, to take us to the Brighton Centre. There we were welcomed by the Evening Argus girls in their red costumes, with white bands with their papers name on. Up in the lift, welcomed again, left our coats, then taken to a large room, at the entrance to which mother handed in her certificate. The Registrar for Brighton was there to check all the certificates and make sure that all were correct. People were arriving from villages and towns around the area, as well as from Brighton and Hove.

What the organisers hoped to do was have 100 people there from 1 to 100, one for each year, to get it in the Guinness Book of Records. There had been many anxious moments, with people falling ill etc., and reserves having to be called in, and some of these not being able to be there either. We were shown to some seats and settled down to listen to Radio Brighton commentators as it was broadcast live from the room.

Suddenly Max Le Grand (the organiser) rushed in and said something to John Henty (commentator) who then asked if anyone knew a 51 year old living near. I put up my hand, he asked where I lived and if I had my birth certificate, I said Seaford but no I hadn't my certificate with me but my daughter was home and could find it which she did and brought it in. So we were all sitting there except a '57' and wondering what they would do, then nearly at the deadline for the photo she appeared, one of the reserves. A sigh of relief all round as there had been many attempts before during the last 60 years, but these had all failed.

10.15am and photographers galore, after lots of photos a break for coffee, then back again for another session and this time dazzling bright lights as BBC Television were there too.

We were all given lunch, those under 16 had someone with them as did those over 70, so there were quite a few of us. Then we were all treated to seats for the Ice Revue in the afternoon. Brought home again by Taxi so ended at 5.30pm. a day to remember and certainly unexpected.

P.S. A few days after writing the above article I recieved a very nice letter from the man who should have been the '51'. He had understood that they wanted someone in their 51st year, but they had put him down as being 51, so of course when he showed his birth certificate they realized he would not do as they already had a 50.

His name is Raye Du-Val and he is triple winner of the World's

non-stop Drumming Marathon Record Contest. (Once for the 'National Jazz Federation', twice for 'The Guinness Book of Records' and officially recognised by both concerned.)

He sent me a copy of the above details, signed and with his congratulations for getting in 'The Book'.

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR CYCLISTS - 1890.

Weather-Proofs

A thorough wetting is generally looked upon as a serious matter when cycling. The rider is exposed and gets wet through and at the same time he is heated from his exertions.

Should he stop for refreshment or some other reason he does so at the imminent risk of catching a cold which may go to his lungs with most serious results.

This is not so with the wool wearer, he is almost weather-proof. The cyclist if he has been a wool wearer for some little time, does not incur the slightest risk of catching cold.

Drawers

If possible these should be dispensed with, but in the case of many it will be found necessary to wear such during winter. They should be of a very light woollen stockingnet and they should not be left off in the Spring until the East winds go and the weather becomes decidedly milder. The Jaeger combination of shirt and drawers in one piece is a very convenient garment for cycling as nothing can get out of place.

A Belfast physician says :- Nothing rouses the nervous system and elates the spirits like a rapid ride on horse back, but the next best thing is a rapid run on a bi- or tri- cycle. The mind is engaged and lifted from worrying and distressing thoughts.



UNLUCKY FOR SOME - 13 CAMPERS IN FRANCE

by David Rix

"Who else would take a party of 13 cyclists on their first camping tour abroad?"; this was the thought going through the mind of Iris Stevens as twelve of us stood on the dockside at Newhaven waiting to board the midnight boat, and wondering whether Andrew, the 13th member of our party, was going to make it in time. Our party consisted of Ken, Iris and Heather Stevens, Phyl and Yub Moore, Dave & Audrey Morris, John Eastwood and his sister Susan, Brian Wilkins, Susan Jaques, myself and, last but not least, Andrew Wadey, who caught the boat by the skin of his teeth and a little assistance from his fathers car.

On the boat we were rather surprised to see an old friend of ours, Pete Smith from Croydon, with a group of riders from the Norwood Paragon, who unlike us had boarded from the foot passenger side rather than the car side. General abuse was hurled on both sides and news was exchanged before we all settled down to try and get some sleep on the four hour trip. Pete and his friends were probably off the boat and settled in some local cafe before we even got our wheels onto French soil. We met them again two days later, at Les Andeleys on the River Seine, where we were all doing our shopping in the same supermarket.

Their pace was not for us, as we slowly made our way out through the streets of Dieppe by the flattest route. Nearly two hours later at 8.00am. we were disturbing a french lady, who was just sweeping out her cafe, for cups of strong French coffee to keep us going. Our route took us through the Foret d'Eawy, with six miles of the quietest roads that I have cycled on for some time, including one spot where we could see for probably two miles back down the road we had just cycled. From St. Saens at the edge of the forest we made our way via the quiet lanes down to Forges-les-Eaux, where we spent our first night. Ken kept us going with the comment that we only had five miles to go, until an hour later we reached a sign that read Forges-les-Eaux 8km.! We all felt shattered by the time we got there, and Yub told us that instead of the 35 miles that Ken had said we would be doing, we had in fact done 52! It was as much as we could do to put our tents up, cook a meal and drop thankfully to sleep. All of us were probably dead to the world until about 8.00am., with the possible exception of Ken, who claimed that Iris had kept him awake with her snoring!

Lunchtime found us all sitting by the roadside and being waved at by the few motorists who passed, before we pushed on through the Foret de Lyons to the Seine Valley and Les Andeleys where we were making our base for the next three or four nights. It was here that we were joined by Graham and Kathy Seymour and their two daughters, Michele and Georgina, who had come over with their car and caravan (they did bring their bikes - on the roofrack - otherwise we might have disowned them).

Monday was spent shopping and the bikes never got any further than the town and back; in fact we probably spent more time walking than cycling in the next few days. One place we definitely could not avoid visiting was the imposing structure of Chateau Gaillard on the hill overlooking our campsite by the river. The views out over the Seine Valley and surrounding countryside were magnificent. Here we were afraid we might lose Andrew, who at 15 was still a bit on the reckless side, and was climbing all over the place - into spots the rest of us would have considered inaccessible.

Rather a dull day greeted us for our first ride out, which was down-river to look at the Poses Dam, one of the major water control

points on the Seine. One or two needed a bit of encouragement and assistance as we walked out across the metal framework bridge high above the river, and they could hardly believe it when Ken, our intrepid leader, climbed up on the railings to photograph the torrents of water coming through on the other side 30 or 40 feet below us! Later while eating lunch and recovering, we were treated to the sight of three gaucho type horse riders, in proper "cowboy" gear, all kitted out with their bedrolls (and even a coffee pot slung from one saddle) who had stopped at the nearby cafe for refreshment.

The following day saw us taking a leisurely ride in the other direction, up-river to Vernon, where lunch by the river was followed by a walk round the shops and a look at the local church. Lunch this time was interrupted by a Russian gentleman (now a naturalised Frenchman), who spoke French but very little English, and who came over to shake hands with Yub as if he was an old comrade.

Though the days seemed to drift passed us, it was not long before we had to consider moving on again, and then tragedy struck Phyl fell and twisted her ankle. It was felt that we should still have to move on and hope it was not too bad, but we had to reduce our intended distance, reaching the little village of Acquigny on the River Eure (a tributary of the Seine), where Graham and Kathy met us with their car for lunch. Phyl's ankle was still giving her trouble in the afternoon, even though the tandem's weight was greatly reduced by Graham taking the trailer in his caravan. Our pace was therefore much slower than usual, so you can imagine our relief when we eventually reached our campsite at Bosnormand - with a little help from a passing French motorist, who stopped to ask if HE could help US!

For the next few days we generally took things easy again, with Phyl and Yub pottering round the campsite, while the rest of us went out for short rides round the local villages and even managed a little bit of rough stuff. On one day young Heather was given the chance to stoke on Yub's tandem, when Phyl was given a lift by Graham, so that we could all go into Rouen for the day. We ate our lunch under the trees by Rouen Cathedral before spending about four hours wandering around the city centre, with its beautiful old houses and cobbled streets. Most of us climbed the steps to see inside the workings of the Gros Horolge (the horological clock), and to see the view out across the city, before going to look over the new Church of St. Joan of Arc, built in the old market place. The ride back through the Foret de Roumare was very nice, then we crossed the river by ferry at La Bouille where we had a cup of coffee before heading back by the most direct route to Bosnormand.

Moving on again after four days, Phyl travelled in the comparative comfort of Graham's car, while the rest of us struggled along with loaded bikes. Dave, on the other tandem with Audrey, struggling more than most and sweating profusely, continued to ignore the comments about over-gearing and must have lost a good stone by the end of the tour. He was not helped by his bike hod which, half way to our next stop at Yvetot, developed a split tyre and in fact caused a great deal of drag even though only loaded to about $\frac{2}{3}$ of its recommended carrying weight.

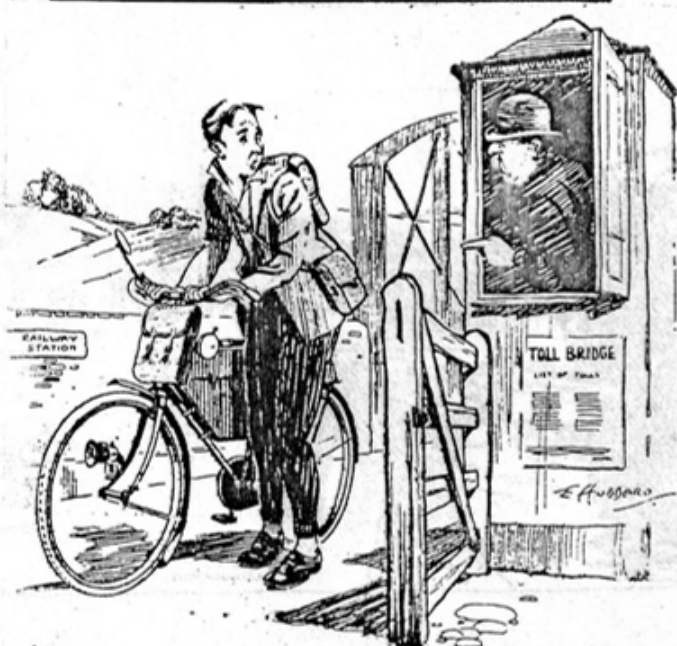
Our two night stop at Yvetot was spent 'sans bicyclette', visiting the local market in the morning and going for a swim in the afternoon, when the temperature soared into the high eighties. Audrey even ventured into the Hostel adjoining the campsite, much to our amusement, so that she could have a warm shower. Our evening meal was rather a special affair, with all of us going

out for a meal, to celebrate not only Yub's birthday, but also his and Phyl's 42nd wedding anniversary; it was marred only by the fact that both Heather and Susan suffered from slightly too much sun and were unable to eat much - it was lucky that we had Andrew with us, he must have eaten almost three meals!

The following day saw us roasting in the heat again, as we made our way towards our last stop at Martigny, (about eight miles from Dieppe), so we were all glad when we found a nice shaded spot by a quiet stream for lunch. The camp site at Martigny we could recommend to anyone, though it will probably be a lot busier than it was when we were there; we were the first people to use it and 'Monsieur le Plombier' had to turn on the water for us before we could use the washing facilities! Our last full day in France was spent visiting the large Mammouth supermarket outside Dieppe. On the way there we looked over the ruins of the 12th century castle at Arques-la-Bataille, and were slightly delayed by an invitation from a young Frenchman and his mother, to go into their garden for a drink of cold cider from the local chateau, a thing that would never have happened at home.

Next day saw us up bright and early, to pack up ready to go into Dieppe for the ferry home; but first we said goodbye to Graham and Kathy and their daughters, who were moving on for two more days and were ready and gone almost before we realised. Saturday is market day in Dieppe, so we couldn't leave without a look round the stalls, four of us picking up new jackets at a bargain price, then it was onto the boat for the four hour trip home, and finally fish and chips back in Newhaven shopping precinct before we all wended our separate ways home.

Despite Phyl's ankle we all had two great weeks in France, I don't think any of us will forget in a hurry the sight of Yub, looking thoroughly at home, sailing down the road on the tandem and calling out 'Bonjour' to the local French people. In fact before we even got back discussions were under way concerning where we could go another year.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Toll-keeper (collecting does): "Twopence for the bicycle, guv'nor!"
Fed-up "tourist" (ultra-heavy-weight, over geared and unfit): "Right - it's yours!"

A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY

by Brian Wilkins

A few years ago, I had the pleasure of working with a rather likeable little north country character. Who, in a broad Geordie accent would tell all sorts of weird stories, one of which it would be difficult to forget. Briefly what he said was - "Have you heard about the metamorphosis of the Tadpole, it turns into a beautiful Butterfly"; now try as I might I could never convince him of his error, and after a while it dawned on me that there wasn't any point because, after all, the reality is no less extraordinary. Truth as they say is stranger than fiction. The road travelled by each individual on the way to becoming an adult butterfly is unusual, fantastic and hazardous in the extreme. So much so that only about two in every one hundred ever make the whole journey. Perhaps it is just as well that this is so, for if it were not they would soon crowd us off the Earth.

One single pair of Cabbage Whites could if unchecked, produce three million more in the course of one summer, and when you consider that there are something in the order of one hundred thousand species of Lepidoptera (Butterflies and Moths) in the world, you begin to realise that the dividing line between Butterflies being creatures of beauty or downright pests is very narrow indeed. Consider also the fact that many caterpillars increase their weight one thousand times (an 8lb baby would end up at 572 stone on that scale). A Caterpillar is after all just a feeding machine, and has no other function at that stage. It is only after it has pupated that the real miracle occurs; the cells of a not very pretty creature are broken down into a kind of soup, to rebuilt into that beautiful Butterfly. In some cases this only takes fourteen days. So the next time you see a Butterfly or Moth just ponder on the fate or luck or chance, (call it what you will) that brought the two of you together.



ANSWERS

CROSSWORD

