

The  
**Coaster**



*the magazine of the*

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

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EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

"THE COASTER"

SUMMER 1985 - Issue No. 9.

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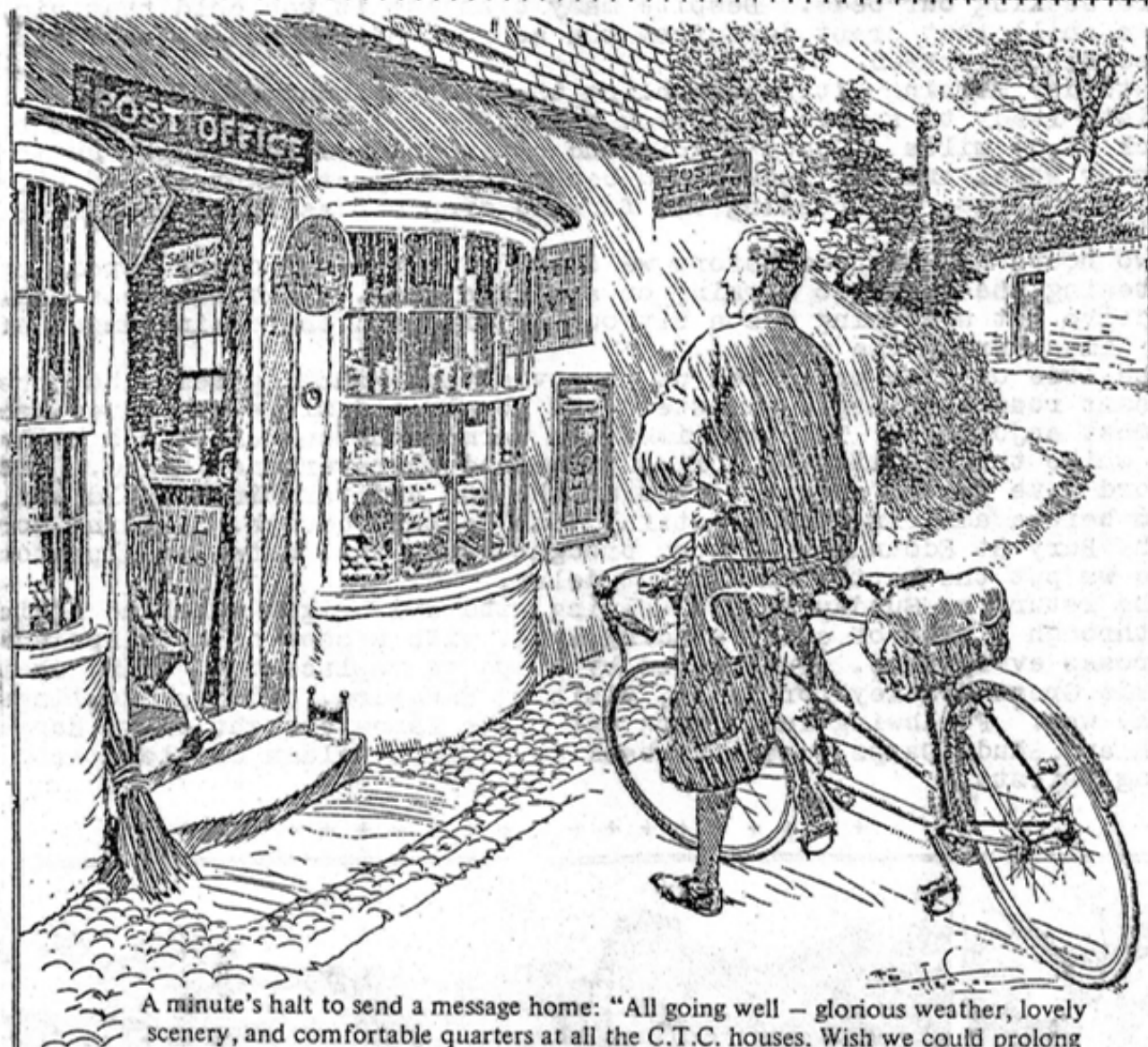
PRESIDENT FRED MEHEW

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

Editor & : David Rix, 11 Park Drive Close, Denton, Newhaven.

Assistant Sec.

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A minute's halt to send a message home: "All going well - glorious weather, lovely scenery, and comfortable quarters at all the C.T.C. houses. Wish we could prolong the tour!"

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EDITORIAL

Magazine time again and plenty to interest you, we hope, in this edition. Iris' article on our first locally run Randonnee, a piece about Mad Jack Fuller (topical since one of the Birthday Rides will be in that area), a comment on anatomical saddles and plenty more. As always I've tried to get in plenty of illustrations, which I hope are liked since I've had no adverse comment, and Roy James has even sent in an original cartoon. Thanks to all those who took the trouble to put something on paper for us, and to Maurice & Esther for the copying. The deadline for the next issue is the beginning of November.

*David*

A WEEKEND AWHEEL IN SURREY

by Vic Elsdon

In May 1983 I arranged a Youth Hostel weekend with my son-in-law Michael, my grandson James aged 13 and his friend Nick, however an important family gathering clashed with the selected date and our proposed trip had to be postponed.

People are so busy these days that a whole year elapsed before we were all free. A Friday night came and by 7.30 two cars each carrying two cycles set off from Kew via the North Circular Road to sample some of the M11 Cambridge road. Leaving the M11 at Great Chesterford gave us a few traffic-free miles before reaching the Youth Hostel at Saffron Walden. It was 10 o'clock by this time, but a pleasant warden welcomed us, and we were able to heat up, and dispose of, a prepared beef stew before seeking our beds. Despite many blankets it was cold that night with a chill that crept down from the network of ancient beams which arched high overhead.

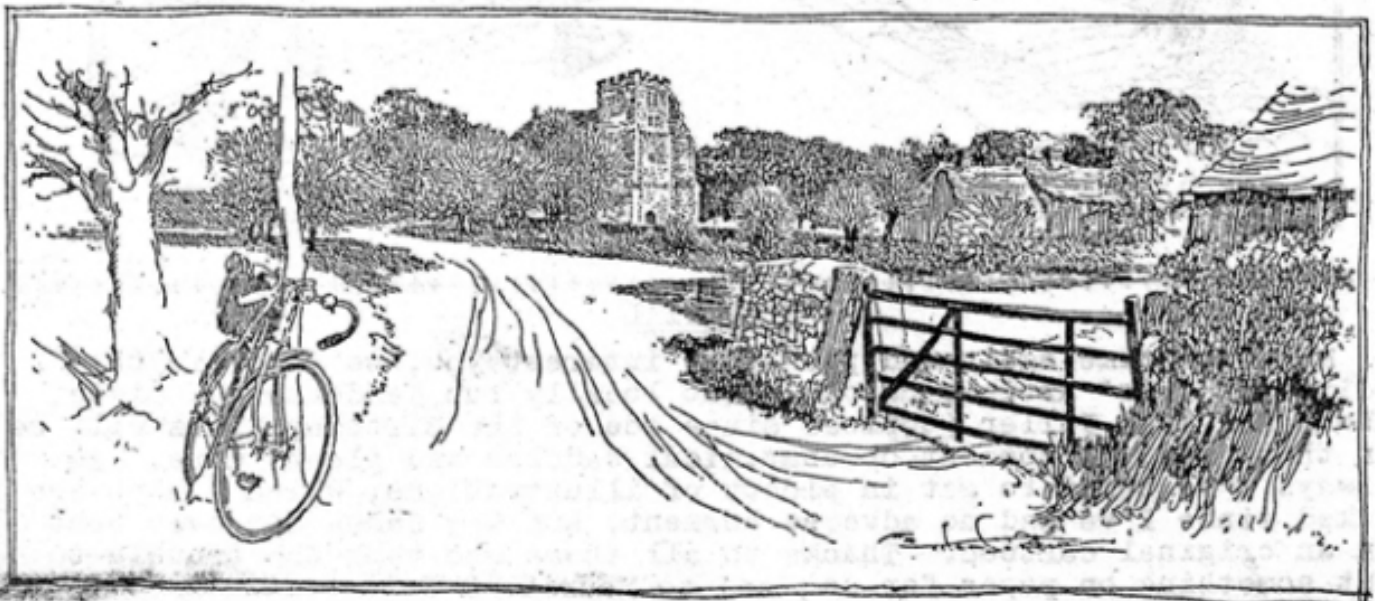
Saturday morning after assembling the cycles found four eager cyclists ready to sample the Essex and Suffolk lanes. Alas disaster struck at 1½ miles - James's gear and chain got somehow caught up in the rear wheel and the jockey arm bent itself up at right angles ripping out a spoke, and bending the forward drop out as if it were made of aluminium.

Two hours had elapsed before we could effect a temporary repair by shortening the chain to working on a single gear. This was reasonably effective but something was a bit out of line and the chain jumped off many times during the weekend.

The loss of time prevented us from visiting Finchingfield, but the pleasant road to Steeple Bumpstead and lovely old Clare and Cavendish was most enjoyable. The brilliant sun warmed the centuries old buildings while the new life of Spring burgeoned wherever one looked. Long Melford gave us the excuse to sit in the sun and take in its old world charm before admiring the beautiful 15th Century church. Heading North on the Bury St Edmunds road soon brought us to the hostel at Alpheton where we put the kettle on without delay.

The return on Sunday with a helping wind and bright sunshine again was through a maze of quiet winding lanes with masses of cowslips and primroses everywhere. Punctuated by stops to replace the ailing chain we made Great Bradley for lunch, visiting Hawkedon, Rede and Cowlinge on the way. Following lunch more car-free lanes brought us to Horseheath and Shudy Camps to arrive back at Saffron Walden complete with raging thirsts.

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## A STOKER'S VIEW OF THE 200km

by Iris Stevens

My stars the day before!(sat.) -

Sagittarius A hard-working weekend, but with good results for efforts. Make an early start, however, for energy will flag fairly quickly.

Saturday night saw most of the field of 55 assembled at Crockham Hill viewing the falling snow with disbelief. However Sunday morning dawned sunny with a sharp frost and we all checked in for the 8.00am start. Some looked very experienced with Audax badges decorating their jackets, while us greenhorns in the D.A. tried not to look too worried at the prospect of 130 miles, which included some of the highest points in Sussex.

At 8.05 our two tandems were the only ones left, so with Heather on the Roberts and me on the Tony Oliver we swept down the first hill eyes streaming in the cold air, soon overtaking the stragglers. Although there were 48 starters it was amazing how soon they split up. The fast group was away and we never saw many of them again until the finish.

Just past Four Elms we came upon David & Susan and big David, nicely tucked in the bunch. Then it was over the railway at Penshurst Station leaving Alec to go up the hill and around; he should have read his course details. On the climb up towards Penshurst we were overtaken by Alan Cooper on his 64" fixed, Jon Parr and William Sim.

After the climb up through Fordcombe towards Groombridge we were steaming, so clothing was shed in readiness for the long haul over the Ashdown Forest. Speeding down into Groombridge we very nearly had a BMX rider who was kerb hopping, as he leapt out between the two tandems. Ken's timely 'holler' must have scared the daylights out of him. We then settled down for the steady climb up to King Standing. The air was crisp and the view magnificent. Where the overnight snow had laid it glistened in the sunlight. Before us was the panoramic view of the South Downs like a giant backcloth & our route West was clearly visible as we picked out Chanctonbury Ring.

Suddenly a group of riders came into view. The secret check, manned by the proprietor of a Crowborough Motorcycle-cum-Cycle shop. Here we met up with a peugot, the third of the four teandem pairs entered. Swooping down to Fairwarp we soon outstripped the solos. Those rumble strips are not so good for the rear rider when hit at speed! A gear fluff by us on the climb up to the A22 from Cackle Street had us off the back of a fast moving bunch. The chain wouldn't drop onto the small ring and caused a lot of bother during the day. The Roberts realising we weren't there came back to look for us and on the descents towards Piltdown we soon made contact with the bunch again.

At Offham the sight of some cyclists drinking tea in the garden was too much and the Roberts and Tony Oliver were soon parked against the fence. The riders along with Jon Parr were soon inside drinking tea. Just as we were leaving the S & N Section arrived to wish us luck followed by Alec, so Jon returned into the cafe whilst the two tandems rode off.

Quite a few riders had passed on by now (I'm not surprised it nearly killed me too, Ed.), and we started to tick them off as they plugged on into the North-west wind under the hills to Ditchling. Here was Alan playing the gentleman, escorting a rather slow Canadian girl. I don't think she realised what she had entered as Alan found out she had hardly done any cycling since she left Toronto. Ditchling Beacon had us walking practically all the way. We were passed by puffing solo riders including Audax UK chairman Mick Latimer, that very bearded warden from Salisbury Youth Hostel.

Three hostel wardens had entered, Arundel, Salisbury and Tanners Hatch. Graham Peddie from the latter being a non-starter when his

Beeding



FULKING  
and  
the Downs.

In  
SUSSEX  
with a  
Bicycle

Changonbury Ring



Some of the places passed on the section along the South Downs.

relief failed to turn up.

Looking back from the Beacon we spotted Susan and the two Davids plodding into the wind towards Westmeston. David K's D.A. Jersey (see advert on page 19, Ed.) showing up bright red, enabling us to identify them.

We swept down Carden Avenue into Patcham, overtaking the riders who had passed us on the Beacon, and turned towards the Dyke, smack into the wind! I thought we were never going to make it to Reg & Maureen Porter, bravely manning the check in the Dyke Cafe car park. They were passing the time watching the hang gliders extricate themselves from the barbed wire fence bordering the road. As we neared the check we spotted the fourth tandem, an Argos with a very fit Bristol D.A. couple aboard, leaving towards Poynings. They were about 20 minutes ahead of us. A quick munch on the knock rations and we were hurtling off the Dyke in the wake of the Peugeot, giving a quick wave to Sue and the two D's.

Bramber and Steyning were soon passed and we were on the outskirts of Storrington. Here my stomach started to growl and a quick check of the watch found it was 1 o'clock. Looking across at the other stoker I couldn't see a smile so she was obviously feeling the same. The Greensward of a sunny playing field beckoned and Geoff announced a 20 minute stop.

Having replenished the inner man we felt a lot better going towards Amberley. Suddenly there were voices behind us that I thought I recognized. A funny midland accent said, "These East Sussex D.A. people have got some posh tandems", and Paul Holmes drew alongside. He had been waiting for us at the Dyke Cafe, which we had given a miss, but he had met up with William Sim who had persuaded him to ride the rest of the route (about another 75 miles!).

As we passed through Bury towards the Roman Villa at Bignor we had another rider with us who a few minutes later hit a raised water board inspection cover and slid all over the road. Fortunately for us he was about 25 yards in front and as we swept towards the bend he had scrambled into the bank looking very dazed. Stopping we could see he was badly grazed and had a nasty cut on his head, which we persuaded him needed stitches. He wanted to continue to the next check but the back wheel of his Flying Gate was badly buckled which was a good thing since he was in no condition to continue. Paul went to the nearest house to get them to phone for an ambulance and elected to stay with the rider till it came. He would short cut the route up the A29 to the check at the Toat Cafe north of Pulborough (131 km.) and meet up again there. Thankfully we left Paul in control and along with William did the detour towards Fittleworth, William finding riding with tandems very erratic as we dropped him on the downhills and he caught up again going up.

Climbing out of Pulborough we dropped Geoff and Heather so eased up at the top for them to catch up, only to have them come thundering by to outrun us into the check. Jenny & Nicola and Pete Burbery were waiting, along with Paul, to stamp our cards. We made into the cafe for 2 cups of tea each and a bowl of jelly. Collecting our cards we enjoyed a few minutes chat and heard that the rider had been taken to Chichester Hospital, also that one rider was over an hour ahead of anyone else! We were riding to a nice schedule and were about 1½ hours in hand.

On our own again the two tandems settled down over gentle country to Rudgwick and a walk over the top of the hill. Continuing through Ewhurst we were caught by a lone rider who was soon honking away from us up that nasty 12% climb onto Leith Hill. As like many others we walked. A word of encouragement to Heather that we were near the last check and it was down hill to North Holmwood. Here several faces leered at us out of the window, amongst them Mick Burgess gesticulating at us for cutting across the central reservation instead of going to the sliproad. Did anyone go the right way round I wonder?

With our Brevet cards signed by Audax member Simon Dowty we were

soon tucking into tea and pancakes and exchanging words of encouragement with different riders as they came and went. Geoff said we could afford to wait for the slow service as we had nearly two hours in hand. The flag pole outside indicated that we just might have a tail wind through to Blindley Heath.

A few miles later Geoff decided we needed more miles and took us off route! We were heading ominously for Box Hill. It had also started to rain. A quick check of the map and Ken says we must retrace, luckily it was down hill! Emerging back on the route we met Alan who told us the tale of his chivalry and how he had bombed through the field after leaving the Canadian lady below Devil's Dyke. He said, "I'll stick with you as I don't know the route". "That could be a mistake!", says Heather. A few minutes later near Horne a left instead of a right put us North of Blindley Heath instead of South. Down the busy A22 and onto the correct road. By now the bumpy roads were taking their toll on the two stokers rear ends. The legs aching could in the main be ignored, but the saddle part was a different matter and much daylight was being shown between rider and saddle.

A ten minute stop for food and to give Alan a chance to remove his water-proofs at Arden Green then it was under two railway arches to reach the B2026 about 1 mile south of Crockham Hill.

"I didn't mean us to come out here", says Geoff.

Happily we had made it at about 8.20pm. taking 12½ hours for the 130 plus miles.

Kev & Min had the teapot going continuously as much chewing over the days ride was taking place in the members dining room. Everyone voted it a super day out with some magnificent scenery. Several suggestions on the route were made which Geoff noted for next year.

Eleven D.A. members took part in the ride and all completed well within the allotted time. Not bad when you consider that most do not class themselves as very energetic riders. Club runs usually average about 50-60 miles in a day and here we completed 130 (or more according to Alec). Bravely Susan completed despite a lack of miles and by now she will be proud of her achievement, as was Heather who's longest mileage ever had only been 80 miles.

Thanks Geoff, Jenny & Nicola and all the checks for giving us all a really good day out. Also to Kev & Min at Crockham who made us all very welcome. Even getting up to give the riders a 7 o'clock breakfast before the start!

Me? I must start training for next year!

Ken's Stars the day after! (Mon.) -

Leo No good trying to force the pace today - vitality won't be at its usual peak and you might not get the co-operation you are hoping for.

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#### DID YOU KNOW?

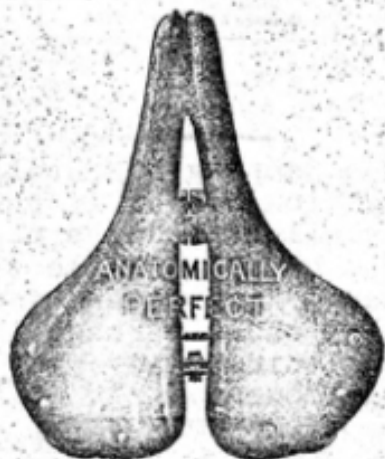
The Shoulder of Mutton and Cucumbers (which could probably tell a story on its own) at Yapton is a village inn that shared in one of the most extraordinary stories to come out of Sussex. At the turn of the century a thatcher named Marley lived in a cottage close by with his wife and four children, while in the Shoulder of Mutton and Cucumbers lodged a man called White, the local rat-catcher. Now White favoured Marley's wife and all the village was wondering what the outcome of this situation would be. They were soon to be enlightened. A meeting was arranged in the bar of the inn, and eventually the thatcher faced the rat-catcher. It was decided to resolve the affair with a sale, if the rat-catcher was really interested then he should pay. Then and there a deal was made binding and forever. The rat-catcher took the thatchers wife, children and furniture, while the thatcher became richer by 7s 6d and a quart of beer!

by Iris Stevens.

Whilst kitting out my new Tony Oliver, I gave great thought to a part which I hold most dear. That piece of animal I sit on.

What on earth was I going to choose - a Brooks Professional, a B17 or one of these new-fangled things called an anatomical. "Ladies or Gents". Well up till then it hadn't occurred to me that they were different. Saddles I mean!

On studying various books and catalogues I find these are not new but were around in 1895 called a hygienic saddle - the mind boggles!



84 Hygienic saddle, c. 1895

(see also facsimile advert on following page. Ed.)

In my er, er, years of cycling I have ridden many saddles, some of which make me shudder at the thought. Now on the first bike that I purchased (on the never never at 10shillings (50p) a week) I had a hard leather Mansfield. Remember them, they were as popular as Brooks in their day. Later on I graduated to a Brooks Swallow, a narrow cut away job, which I managed to survive on for a number of years despite the previous owner having rejected it.

Then came the horror of horrors, riding Ken's track iron with a sprinter saddle. Bitter memories of a long Bank Holiday weekend away on this. I followed this with a plastic Unica which was used for racing, but these get a bit hard and uncomfortable touring. A second-hand B17 narrow came my way, nicely softened by someone else, and I rode it till it practically fell apart. Thelma once likened it to a well worn boot. A scrabble around in Geoff Willcock's junk, sorry equipment, and another B17 narrow came to light. Ah bliss.

Then came the first Tony Oliver, the tandem. "We will have to have Brooks Professionals", says Ken. They arrived, at a special price, non treated Selects, and as hard as rock. Warmed in the oven and anointed with oil they were declared fit for use. Well Ken's might be (the oil keeps seeping through onto his trousers) but mine is still as hard as ever. Halfway through the day one has a great desire to honk, and Heather complains every time she rides it.

So it's back to decision time, what do I buy? "I can't put that ancient tatty leather one on a new bike, can I?" "NO!"

I looked at a B17 in Bill Rayment's and it felt like a lump of oak. Must have been a very old cow. So I have settled for one of these anatomic ladies saddles, just a cheap one in case I don't like it. I must admit it does feel strange but at least it's not hard. Perhaps it will get used to me.

In a recent magazine it said that a leather saddle was preferable as it could be moulded into your shape.

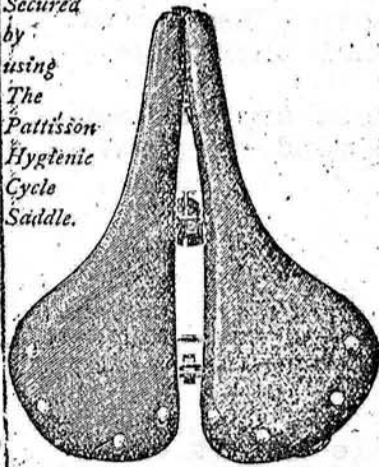
Or is it preferable to have our bottoms reshaped to suit the saddle?

\* \* \* \* \*

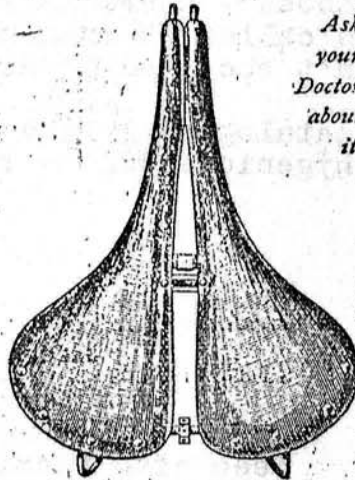
"The Pattisson Hygienic Saddle will do for the Pneumatic Tyre what the Pneumatic Tyre has done for the Cycle."

# HEALTH ALWAYS

Secured by using The Pattisson Hygienic Cycle Saddle.



Model A.



Model B.

Ask your Doctor about it.

# COMFORT NOW.

THE LANCET, October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1896, says :- "Undoubtedly, from a medical point of view, that accessory of the cycle which chiefly stands in need of improvement is the saddle. Much has been said and written on the subject of perineal pressure, and not a few inventions claiming to obviate the injurious effects of the ordinary saddle have been placed on the market. But none, we think, so nearly approaches the ideal as the Pattisson, two of which (one designed for men and another for women) have been submitted to us. \* \* \* From a trial we have made of the saddle, after careful adjustment of the interval, we are inclined to agree with the claims of the inventor, and we note that excellent authority on cycling matters, Mr. E. B. Turner, F.R. C.S. Eng., is cited as being of opinion that 'this saddle is calculated to obviate entirely the injurious effects caused by the unavoidable pressure on the perineum which an ordinarily-shaped saddle produces.' \* \* \* We think the saddle is one well worthy of the attention of the medical profession."

Write for Descriptive Pamphlet to the Depot,

200, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

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## ODD CUTTINGS

**DANGEROUS** - The hunt is on for an escaped prisoner from Grampian Police headquarters in Aberdeen. The wily fugitive is described as being elderly, deaf, nearly blind and toothless - and would answer to the name of Perry if he could hear it.  
(Aberdeen Evening Express)

A police spokesman yesterday reminded motorists that the windscreens and windows of their vehicles must be transparent.  
(Hong Kong Standard)  
(Perhaps they should do the same here! Ed.)

Garden Gate Tips by Terry Underhill :  
Produce a whopper and surprise your milkman.  
(Unigate Dairies newsletter)

Below, an advert by Gamages from the Cyclists' and Automobilists' Road Book Circa 1907.



The "OZOEZI" Saddle. The most perfect Saddle made. Scientifically correct. Automatically correct. Practically correct. Gamage's Speciality, 21/-.

The Camping & Hostelling section wonder if these excellent saddles might not be of more use to David Kiernan and family than those strange looking things they ride at the moment.

Left, an advert from the C.T.C. Route Guide, vol 4 1897.

## 'MAD JACK' THE SQUIRE OF BRIGHTLING

by David Rix

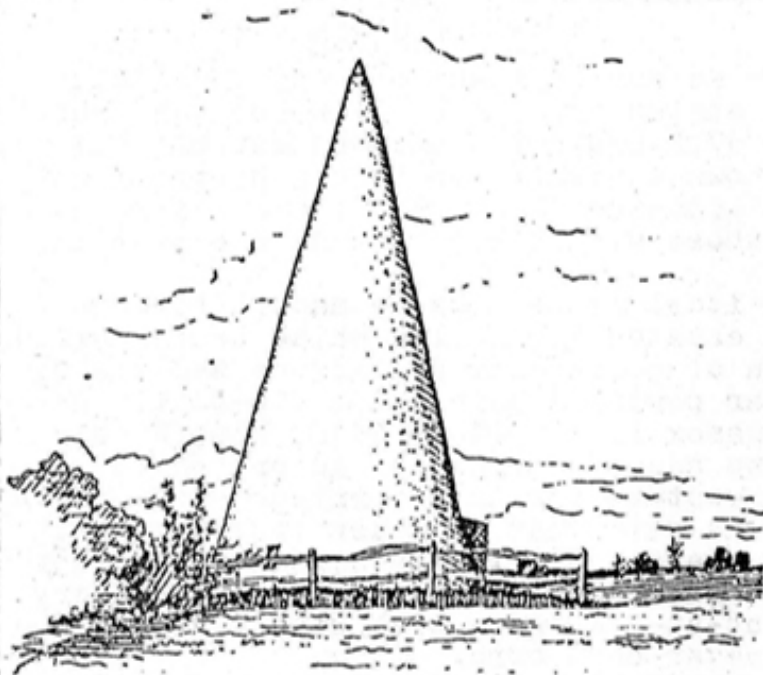
The Brightling area carries the eccentric stamp of John 'Mad Jack' Fuller (1757 - 1834), member of an ancient family of iron-founders who lived at Heathfield in the 16th & 17th Centuries and who established the foundry at Waldron. He was known variously as 'The Hippopotamus' because of his size, 'Honest Jack' (his own name) and 'Mad Jack', but though he was undoubtedly one of those who attract the name eccentric, he was actually far from mad.

Fuller was the only son of the local rector and he made a fortune out of Sussex iron and out of his estates in Jamaica which he inherited. He was well known in Sussex, a man of commanding appearance and one of the last men in this county to wear powdered hair and a pig-tail. He sat as Member of Parliament for Sussex from 1801 to 1812, though only after allegedly spending £50,000 to secure the seat. According to tradition he had himself drawn to Westminster in a carriage pulled by a great team of his own horses; it was said that he never travelled without 4 horses, a coachman, a footman and a man inside armed with a sword and pistols. It has been recorded that when he was delivering a fiery speech in the 'House', the Sergeant-at-Arms grew sick with fear and the Clerk-at-the-Table wished he had never been born.

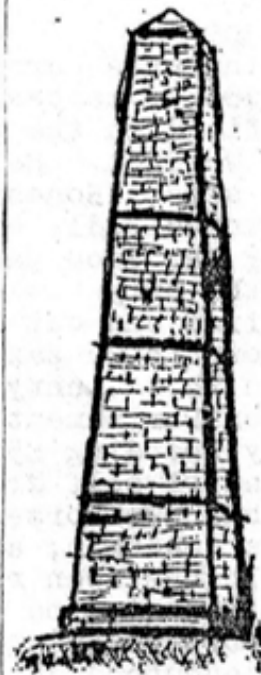
Fuller was denounced during the 1807 election for his interest in slavery, by his opponent Warden Sergison. It appears he was reluctant to defend his seat, but his successful defense was undertaken by some Sussex freeholders. It was pointed out that the Crown gained valuable revenue from British interests in the West Indies, and Fuller tried to brand Sergison with Popery, anti-Popery being very strong in Sussex (as witnessed at Lewes). It was over this election that Fuller had to be carried from the Chamber and placed in the Tower, after refusing to give way in a debate in which his West Indian slave-trade interests were deprecated and which ended in his abusing the speaker and calling him an insignificant little fellow in a wig.

For all his faults, Fuller was a patron of the Arts and Science, and it is to his credit that he encouraged the young J M W Turner and commissioned him in 1819 to paint a series of pictures under the title of 'Views of Sussex' including 'The Vale of Heathfield', 'Battle Abbey' and 'The Vale of Ashburnham', and Turner stayed at Fuller's home while he was working on these. He also gave £10,000 to the Royal Institution, resulting in the setting up Fullerian Professorships, one of which was held by Faraday. He also helped in the local community during a time of famine, employing hundreds of local men to build a wall around his estate of 'Rose Hill', later known as Brightling Park, so that they could afford the high price of food. Perhaps the most outstanding benefit bestowed on mankind by Fuller was his timely purchase of Bodiam Castle, which he gave to the nation, in order to save it from being sold as a stone quarry. There are undoubtedly quite a few houses near Bodiam built from stone that was once part of the castle, and who knows the castle might not exist today except for Fuller's intervention.

But 'Mad Jack' Fuller is probably best known in Sussex today for his follies. Some built for no apparent reason, others with an obvious purpose. Two catch the eye of passersby immediately, these are the 'Sugar Loaf' and Brightling Needle, standing out incongruously on the hills. The 'Sugar Loaf' near Woods Corner (map ref. 669196 marked as a monument) was built in the early 1800's (the name is of local and uncertain origin). Made of stone and cement (see picture over page), it represents the steeple of Dallington Church which, according to tradition, Fuller, during a rather drunken gathering in London had wagered that he could see from his dining room window. Fuller was proved wrong and, calling himself 'honest Jack', he duly paid up; then, to satisfy a whim, he caused an exact replica of the spire to be built, so situated that from his window it appeared to be rising from the ridge between there and Dallington. "At least I can see it now," he said,



The 'Sugar Loaf'



Brightling Needle

"and no one can tell one from t'other." The building stands about 35 feet high, inside is a beaten earth floor some fourtenn feet in diameter and sockets eight feet up the walls reveal where an upper floor was supported on joists. In the early days it served as a cottage, and was lived in up until about 1880, though it must have been a bit of a comfortless place, having neither fire-place nor chimney, with its door facing north-east and its sole window facing due north. It fell into disrepair but was finally restored by public subscription in 1961 and presented to East Sussex County Council by Mr. D. Baker of Christmas Farm. Brightling Needle, a 40 ft high obelisk, is a short distance away on Brightling Down (map ref.670213), which at a height of 650 ft. above sea level affords tremendous views over the surrounding countryside. The reason for its construction is unknown and it serves no obvious purpose, other than to arouse the curiosity of the passing stranger. The Needle has in the past few months undergone extensive restoration work to replace the stone facing broken away by the weather.

Two of 'Mad Jack's' so called follies had obvious scientific value, they were both observatories. One still known as The Observatory and now a private dwelling, was built on the site of Brightling windmill and is within sight of Brightling Needle on the road from Woods Corner to Burwash (at map ref. 671207). It is a one storeyed building with a Greek temple is in Brightling Park, it is a two storeyed pillared structure with a dome and is visible from certain sections of the B2096 ridge road. Both observatories and possibly other of Fuller's follies were designed by Sir Robert Smirke, the architect of the British Museum.

John Fuller died in 1834, but even then he did not easily relinquish his hold on Brightling. In 1810 he had had erected in the churchyard a monumental pyramid (it can't be missed) which was to be his mausoleum. It was built only after an agreement had been reached with the vicar. The house across the road was once "The Green Man", the local inn, but the vicar disliked the competition and in return for allowing Fuller to build his mausoleum, he made him agree to close the inn and build a new one some distance away outside the village. This he did and the inn, the 'Fuller's Arms', still stands about a mile away, its rooms having pictures of the life of Fuller and the village in the 19th Century. Fuller had also requested that he be buried in his mausoleum, sitting upright in a silk top-hat with a bottle of claret in one hand and a leg

of chicken in the other. Though it was later claimed that the vicar refused to do this when the time for burial arrived and that he was actually buried elsewhere (possibly under the pyramid) in the normal prone position. This appears to have been proven, since when the pyramid was opened in 1982 it was found to be empty. There is no date on the tomb only the inscription from Gray's Elegy:

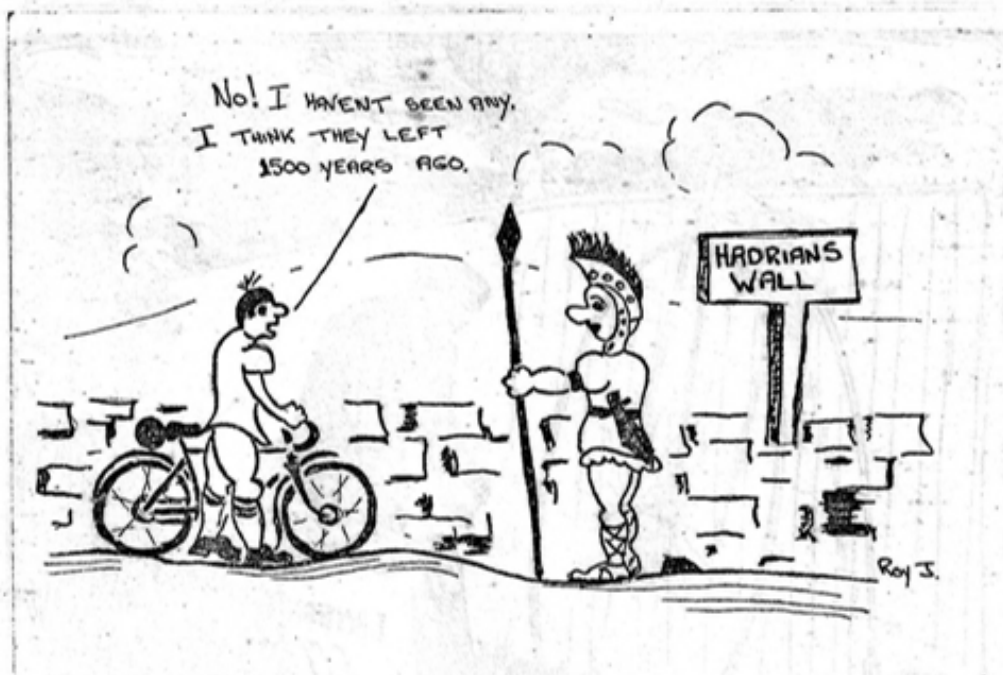
"The Boast of Heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

This echoes his claim that he was a simple Sussex man, and it is characteristic of him that, when offered a peerage by Pitt, he bluntly refused it. "I was born Jack Fuller," he declared, "and Jack Fuller I'll die."

Further reminders of Fuller can be seen inside the church; the barrel organ in the gallery and the plaques around the walls were donated by him. The barrel organ is the largest in Britain in full working order. When it was installed, Fuller presented the male members of the choir with white smocks, buskin breeches and yellow stockings and the girls with red cloaks. One of the plaques (by the door) is a memorial to Fuller himself, with a bust by Henry Rouw. The memorial bears the family coat of arms and their motto "Carbone et Forcipibus" (by charcoal and tongs) an allusion to their trade of Iron Master.

He may have died just plain Jack Fuller, but in his time he managed to leave enough reminders of himself that it is likely to be a long time before he is forgotten in this part of Sussex.

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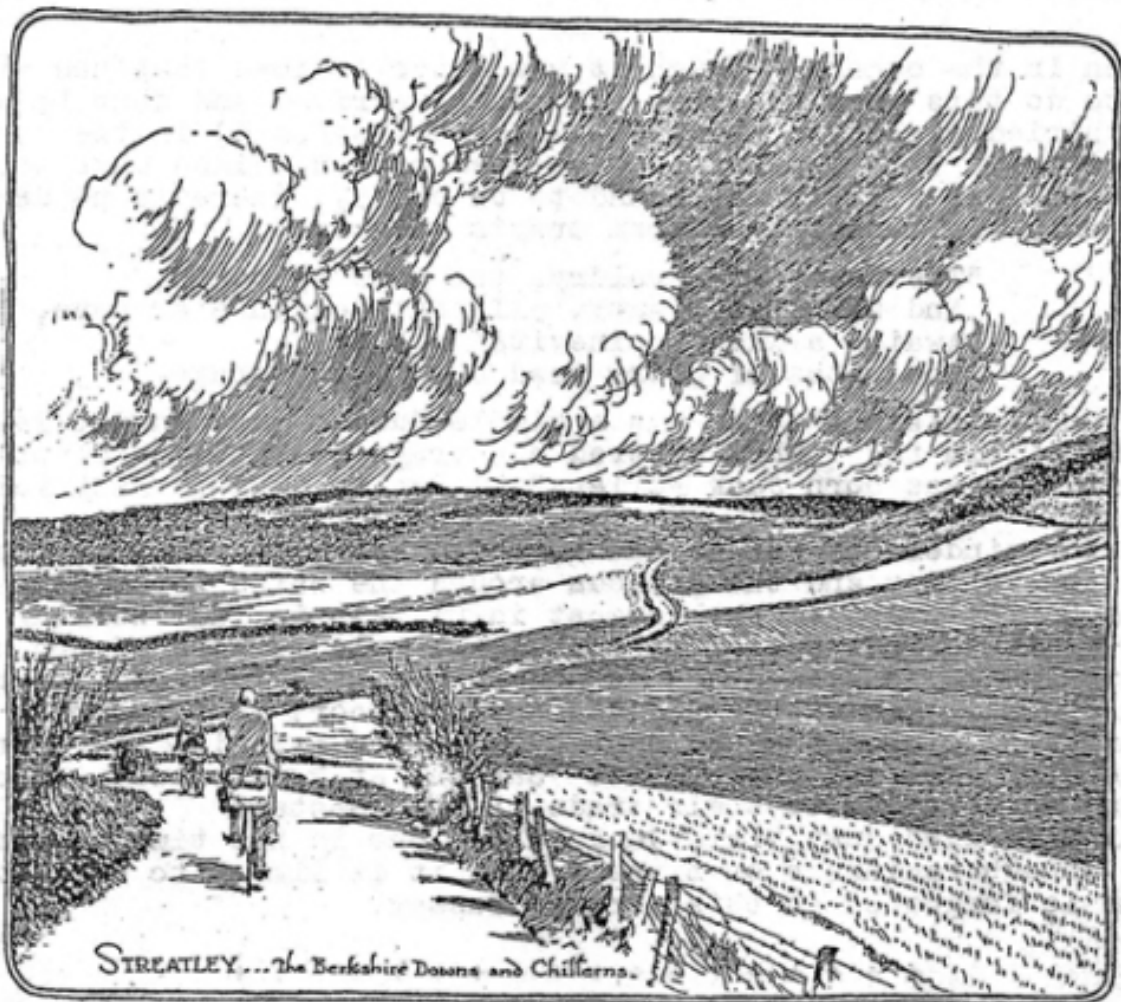


Thanks to Roy James for the above cartoon.

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#### DID YOU KNOW?

Naughty goings-on in the park led to the moving of Cross in Hand mill which, like many others, has had several homes and has answered to many names. It was built at Framfield in 1806, but it's said Squire Huth objected to its overlooking Possingworth Park where unseemly happenings were rumoured to occur. Having been Mount Ephraim and then Kenward's mill, it was moved to Cross in Hand as the New mill. In 1969 one of the sweeps broke, damaged another and ended its working life.



STREATLEY...The Berkshire Downs and Chilterns.



A Roadside Repair... A.D. 1875.

It's time Alec did something about his bike, see article right, Ed.

## EASTER IN THE CHILTERN

The Seaford & Newhaven Easter Tour '85

by Colin Axon

After many weeks of deliberation and hot blooded argument, at the last count I think there were seven different tours and different people refusing to do this and that and wanting to go somewhere else, I was at my wits end. It was finally decided (with only a couple of weeks spare) to tour the Chilterns, staying at Streatley-on-Thames, Ivinghoe and Jordans Youth Hostels, using the train to Reading.

So ten of our motley crew assembled at Seaford station, including my friend Martin Saager from Isenhagen in West Germany, to catch the 9.02 to Lewes. At 9.01 Ann said, "Why don't we put the bikes on the train", it left only a couple of minutes late. Adrian boarded at Newhaven, we changed at Lewes and again at Gatwick and finally arrived at Reading at about 11.30. Many bikes sustained damage during transit including Jon's brand new frame having an inch square of paint removed, my own frame obtained a new scratch and dent. Steps and laden bikes are not a good mix.

Reading is a pretty drab place as far as large towns go. On the way out along a stretch of rough-stuff Alec found gearing changing difficult, we stopped not far from Mapledurham Manor

to find that Alec's rear mechanism had collapsed, the same one that collapsed on last year's Easter Tour! Here we wasted an hour and a half, then further along Adrian had his first puncture. Afternoonses was had in the rain by the Thames, then we found a nice bridleway where - I got our next puncture. Then, when back on the road, Stephen found that he had SIX in one tube at the same time!

Later we came across Aldworth church where there are nine effigies of the De la Beche family in stone, called the Aldworth Giants. Also at the church was a 1000 year old tree.

We reached the hostel at Streatley to find that the members kitchen had been taken over by an army of women all fussing around doing nothing, and using the gas rings to warm up plates, and boy did they make a fuss when asked to remove them for more practical purposes, so eventually we moved them by force - the plates not the women! It was Alec's birthday, so he, Jon and Joe went for a drink in the evening and arrived back to find a birthday cake ready and waiting (Stephen donated a swiss roll but unfortunately there were no candles).

Saturday brought sunshine after the previous days rain. There was much deliberation as to which way to go, but eventually Alec found a beautiful route; a climb to start with but a lovely long sweeping descent. We eventually came to Ewelme and a stop at the church revealed that it was a central part in a television programme that was being filmed there.

Further along the road I had a puncture and Ann, Adrian and obviously myself stopped, the others pottered on. I changed the tube. It went



down again. Ann checked the tyre and found a thorn. We then caught up with Joe and Alec, who thought that the others were with us, but no, Martin had said that he would wait for us and he stopped. So we now had 2 groups and possibly a foreigner without maps. Our only choice was to go on and hope. The wind really became strong now and the going got tough. By the early evening the group had split, with Joe, Alec & I reaching the hostel via a different route before Ann and Adrian. We had to wait until 8.00pm before the others turned up. Fortunately Martin was with them. Apparently Martin had told Jon and the others that Alec and Joe had turned right, but he didn't say that they then turned left almost immediately, so they carried straight on. They ended up somewhere near the next night's hostel! Back via the Ridgeway long distance path, then Jon decided to buy a map - a walkers' map/booklet!

Day 3 started in the rain and the wind. After only 400 yards Adrian turned back because he thought he had left something behind. Eventually he found it in his pannier. We struggled on only to discover that Alec had a very noisy bearing (I've always found him a bit raucous, Ed.). He took it apart in a bus shelter and repaired it. Ann dished out Cadbury's cream eggs to the children, then on we went and so did the rain.



MILTON'S COTTAGE  
at  
Chalfont St. Giles  
Bucks.

All in all it was rather wet, with the group splitting many times, only managing to visit churches and with a grand total of 18 punctures between us, but we enjoyed it!

The rain eventually stopped for lunch time and stayed off for the rest of the afternoon. We found ourselves passing John Milton's cottage so Ann and I thought it merited a photo. Then the group split again but we all ended up at the hostel. The next morning was spent mending punctures, it then started to rain again. Alec blamed the weather for taking us round in circles and the wrong way, but we did end up at Reading station to catch the train. Whilst waiting for the train from Gatwick to Lewes the porter asked us if we would like a cup of tea, we accepted and he supplied the hot water!

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ODD CUTTINGS

M.P. HURT - Tory MP Peter Bruinvels was knocked down by a cyclist outside the Commons yesterday. Nursing a bruised back and ankle, he said later: "There should be a zebra crossing at this spot which is used regularly by M P's at division times and secretaries too."

MR. MICKEY MOUSE ARRESTED - (from The Times no less) Wellington, Nov. 5th. Mr. Mickey Mouse a candidate in the New Zealand general election on Nov. 25th was arrested here today after a Guy Fawkes day revel in the grounds of Parliament House ended in violence. Mr Mouse, who changed his name by deed poll from Christopher Lawrence, is leader of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party and has been campaigning on a platform of Free Cheese.

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## TWYSSENDEN MANOR

(A Youth Hostel gone, but not forgotten)

Many of us stayed at Goudhurst Youth Hostel before it passed from the YHA's hands, but very few of us probably now much about its history, we now intend to put this right with the following short history.

Twysenden Manor is situated in an ideal position. The site was chosen evidently for the water supply and for its sheltered position from north and east winds. Its withdrawal and general seclusion from the main roads, no doubt influenced its selection as a refuge for victims of religious and political persecutions. In a later period the manor was used as a resort for smugglers in the conveyance of contraband from the coast to the metropolis.

The manor was built in the reign of Edward I (1272-1307) by Adam de Twysenden and early in the 15th century became the property of Roger Twysden. This old Kentish family represented the county in Parliament, one of their descendants was a captain of a troop of Kentish Gentlemen formed at Tilbury to oppose the hostile corrupters of the Spaniards in 1588. During the reign of Henry VI the estate was sold by Roger Twysden to Roger Riscocolin (Riseden). A part of Kilndown is now called Riseden. After that the manor was in the possession of the Austin family for several generations before passing, in the time of Charles I, to Anthony Fowle of Rotherfield. It was he who built the Oak Room and the central stone tower, and his arms are over the fireplace of the Oak Room, as well as over the door in the courtyard. It is noted that Fowle covered the beautiful charming Ladies Room with oak panelling, covering the painting of a very graceful design and harmonious in colour - containing verses of the marriage psalm.

The estate changed hands again, being bought by the Bathurst family, a younger branch of the Finchcocks (there are some beautiful monuments to them in Goudhurst church). At the beginning of the 18th century, Twysenden became the residence of Chief Baron Gilbert of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer and Fellow of the Royal Society. John Norris, the eldest son of Admiral Norris, was the next owner. After a short time the estate was sold to John Cartier owner of the Bedgebury Estate (1790) with which it has continued to be incorporated.

When Mr. Beresford Hope (the step-son of Lord Beresford) came into the possession of Bedgebury, Twysenden was in a very ruinous state and with his usual liberality he spent a very large sum of money on its reconstruction; members of his family lived at Twysenden until it became the property of the Crown. The Beresford Hope coat of arms is in the designs over the common room fireplace, and also at the Globe and Rainbow Inn, Kilndown, which he also restored. In 1947 the Crown Estate Commissioners leased Twysenden Manor to the YHA, and many thousands of hostellers have stayed during their travels through the Garden of England.

It was unfortunate that when the Crown Commissioners



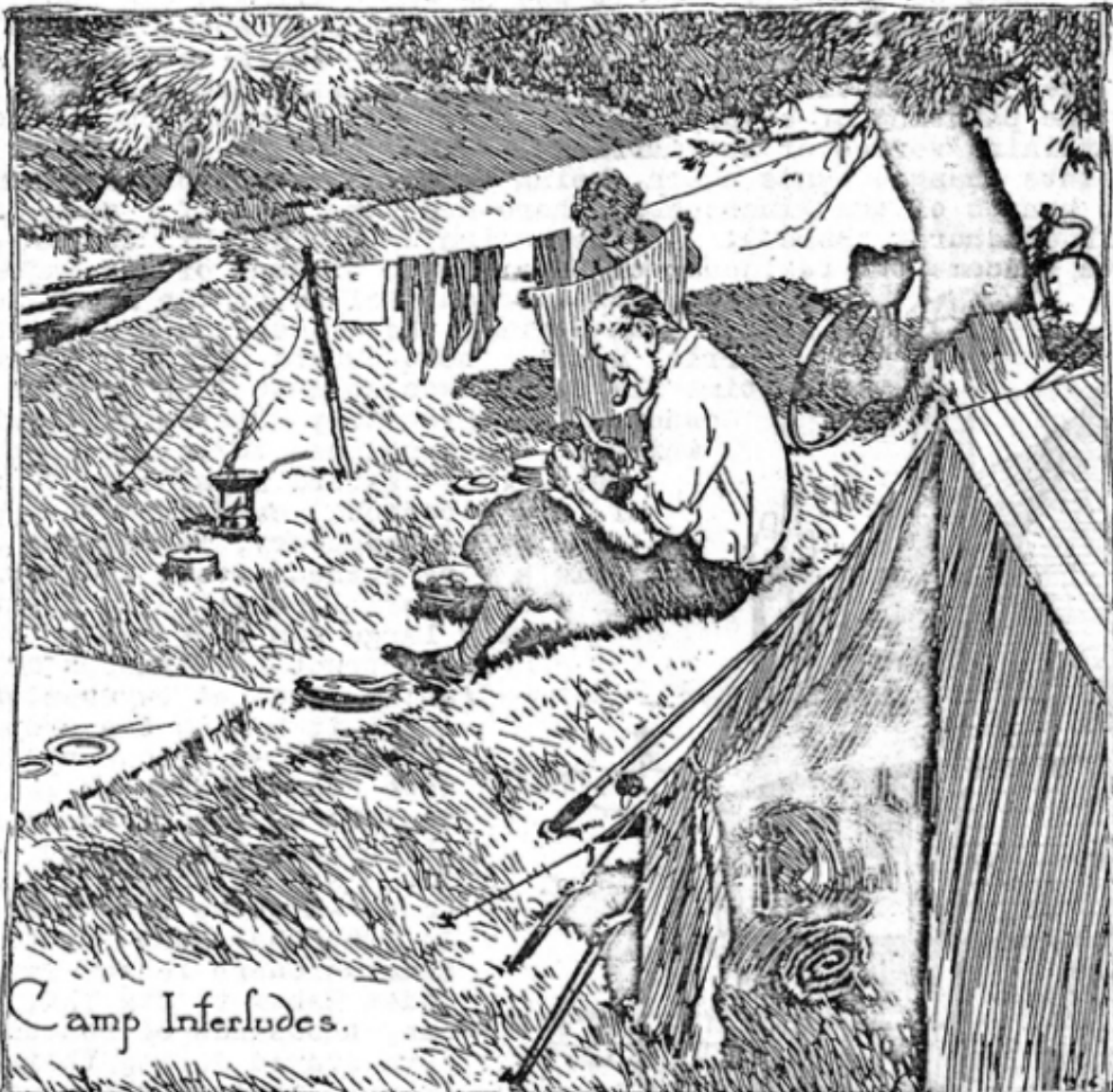
decided that certain portions of the Bedgebury Estate, including Twyssenden Manor, would have to be sold off that they were not willing to negotiate with the YHA as sitting tenants and the Manor passed into private hands. I am sure many of us have happy memories of our stays at the hostel, even those who stayed in the annexe (or Frigidaire test centre), and will be sorry that it is lost to us.

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### A LITTLE STORY

Once there were four people called Somebody, Anybody, Everybody and Nobody. Now it happened that there was an important job that needed doing. Somebody said that Anybody could do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody said that he would do it. Everybody thought that Somebody ought to do it even though Nobody wanted to do it. Anybody was capable of doing it but eventually Nobody actually did it. In the end Everybody blamed Somebody because Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

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Camp Interludes.

The perfect way to spend a Summer weekend - organised laziness, especially with the East Sussex DA Camping & Hostelling Section. (Layabouts division.)

AN EXTRACT

by Rivoli

Unlike most I usually work on Sundays, sleeping all the week in the dark, amongst my associates. Occasionally though I get out to remove a stretched chain and join a new one, this is a pleasant job as my employer keeps all the chains in good order and I keep fairly clean. But, oh dear, those nasty ones, oil blackened, thick with mud, that we encounter on Sundays, ugh, makes me shudder to think of it.

Every Sunday we travel around the countryside, sometimes it's very peaceful, this went on for some time one year till I was nearly left at home for good and those dreaded words 'made redundant' were a possibility. Then Roy James came to my rescue; riding with my employer one day he disappeared, we found him coming along the road with his chain in his hands after his Super Link lost its superness. A quick use of my special powers and all was well again. (He has since given employment to one of my friends.)

On our way home from Lewes one Sunday we found a racing cyclist having trouble so asked if we could help, he said he didn't think so as his chain had broken! We soon changed his mind about that and he was able to continue his ride.

From then on I've been in great demand as my employer has had some new companions during the past year, so my expertise is often needed. We came to the rescue of two riders on the London to Brighton Bike Ride last year and the day before on the way to London when a chain had to be shortened.

Oh, I nearly forgot, my place of work, well usually by the side of the road where it is invariably hot, windy and dusty, or wet and cold, unless there is a convenient bus shelter to work in. In the early Spring one of my friends went missing at Barcombe Mills, a sad day for his owner who had to get another, for to be without one of us is unthinkable - especially with Seaford & Newhaven Section.

(No prizes for guessing the author, Ed.)

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SEAFORD ODDMENTS

Town records began in 1562. In 1577 Joan a Wood, accused of being a witch, was sentenced to the pillory, which stood in Broad Street. In 1597 the servants of one Thomas Elphicke were charged with throwing a dead dog into the public highway. They were fined 2d for the untidy act. A shopkeeper in 1582 was fined 6d for selling bad meat, and Mr. Robert Hyde (who became the incumbent of Sutton-cum-Seaford) had to pay 12d for failing to mend the common highway. A couple of 'bootleggers' were fined 20 shillings each for selling beer without a licence - with whipping as an alternative. The ducking stool was never short of customers, apparently. Quick-tempered women and nagging wives were strapped into it and lowered by ropes and pulleys into a muddy pond.

Among local tragedies is one listed in the parish records of 1773 : "Buried, James, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Stevens, killed by a sweep of Mr. Wisser's windmill." Storms, it seems, were very severe and frequent. In December 1809 no less than seven ships ran aground at Seaford Bay.

Around 1832 the town was becoming popular as a resort, and by 1861 poets and novelists were finding romance in its coast. George Meredith wrote 'The House on the Beach' while living in Marine Parade, and he sang the praises of the bracing air. Moreover, he used in his story the great floods which caused such devastation - and, incidently, great inconvenience to the novelist himself. While the wind whistled, the storm howled and the water crashed, he wrote: "Sleep was impossible, black nights favoured the tearing fiends of shipwreck."

## THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE

After the 200 km. in April the subject of the Devil's Dyke came up on a club run. Several different versions of the legend were mentioned. Since then I found amongst my Sussex leaflets the booklet once published by the proprietor of The Devils Dyke Hotel. I therefore present for you there own version of the Legend. The Editor. (Abridged!)

The Devil's Dyke is amongst the most popular viewpoints in Sussex. If visiting the hill for the first time, it will prove something of a revelation when, from about 700 feet above sea level, you discover a panorama of the Sussex Weald spread before you like a huge map. The view extends for over 100 miles in length and from 20 to 30 miles in breadth, taking in most of Sussex and parts of Hampshire, Surrey and Kent. It is said that parts of 6 counties can be seen and over 60 churches, and that on a good day the Isle of Wight may be discerned. The steep and deep chasm known as the Devil's Dyke is unique in the South Downs range; it curves round from the village of Poynings and runs far into the chalk formation, virtually cutting off Dyke Hill from the main and lower range of Downs to the south. Geologists tell us that it follows a line of fracture in the chalk, due to a massive landslide when the chalk hills were formed. But Sussex people still like to tell you of the legend that it was the work of the Devil himself.

Sussex being Sussex it is not surprising that the Devil should come into it. At the time the county was almost entirely cut off by the dense forest which then covered the Weald, good roads were few and it didn't take much to start a legend.

Tradition has it that St. Cuthman, the man who pushed his mother to Steyning in a wheelbarrow, was on friendly terms with the daughter of the Norman lord of Bramber Castle. (The possible difference of a century or two is neither here nor there.) But the course of true love did not run smoothly - a saxon paying court to a norman noble. So it seems the daughter took to religion also, became Sister Ursula, and went to live in a lonely cave high up on the Downs.

When she realised that she had not long to live, she sent for St. Cuthman asking that he visit her for one last time. St. Cuthman therefore set out on foot from Steyning. Reaching the top of the Downs he understandably stopped to rest and looked out across the Weald. As he looked across the dense woods he could see, here and there, the towers and spires of churches, which he counted with ever growing contentment. He was interrupted by a polite cough. A splendidly dressed young man was sitting only a few feet away. St Cuthman noticed that he wore most unusual shoes, that were very high in the instep and short in the toe. Round his waist was a black belt which looked rather like a snake with an arrow-head for a fastening. But was there not the chance it might be a tail? And the hat. Very fashionable, but weren't those horns sticking out of the top. Also the stranger had a huge spade and pick-axe.

St. Cuthman exclaimed, "The Devil," and the stranger said, "Exactly so, at your service". Which was all very polite, but what was the Devil doing in such a place and carrying those outsize tools.

"As soon as I saw you counting the churches I came to a definite conclusion," said the Devil, "you see that sea over there, well I don't like all those churches of yours, the pious people who go to them and all the folk in the villages, so I'm going to spend all night digging a dyke through these hills to the coast. When I finish the sea will flood into the Weald and all the villages and people will be drowned. What is more I will start as soon as it is dark and have it all finished by dawn."

St. Cuthman then had an idea. "As you know," he said, "I am not a betting man, but I am sure that if you give your word that you will do it in one night and I say that you can't, then you will, without making a wager, agree that your attempt shall be at an end and you won't come

back tomorrow night to finish the work." The Devil, always willing to bet on a certainty, agreed.

The saint then left and made his way to Sister Ursula's cave. It was obvious that she was close to death. "One last penance," said the saint, "when darkness comes on take your hour glass and turn it. Do this until six hours have passed and then take this candle, light it & put it in the entrance."

When St. Cuthman finally left her Sister Ursula turned the glass for the first time and, far away near Poynings, there was heard a roar of pain as the Devil, hard at work, felt a stab of anguish go right through him. Every time Sister Ursula turned the glass a shocking spasm of pain shook the Devil and made him slow down his work.

Eventually Sister Ursula turned her glass for the last time, and then had only just enough strength left to light the candle and put it in the entrance before passing away.

"The sun is rising," said the saint.

"It can't be," said the Devil.

"Look up there, the sun is rising and you have lost."

The Devil looked up to the eastern hill, yes, the light was there and spreading too - or so it seemed. Cocks in Poynings began to crow, and the light and noise convinced the Devil that he had lost. "I'm sorry I gave you my word," he said, "I could easily have finished it in another night's work." Then, since even the Devil will keep his sworn word, with a great rush of his huge black wings and a swish of his tail he was off, never to be seen in that part of Sussex again.

That in its essence is the Legend of the Devil's Dyke, you are welcome to believe it or not as you please.

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\* \* \* \* \* EAST SUSSEX D.A. JERSEYS \* \* \* \* \*

Recently you may have noticed certain members of the D.A. resplendant in posh new jerseys, with East Sussex CTC across the back. Well if you haven't already you can join the elite. These jerseys are now available to anyone in the D.A. who wishes to purchase one, and tailored to individual sizes.

They come in red with blue sides and, of course, the legend EAST SUSSEX C T C blazened across the back. They also have back pockets and a choice of long or short sleeves. (The short sleeved ones may be purchased with arm warmers, thus giving the best of both worlds.)

Prices are around £13 to £14 depending on requirement.

If you are interested then contact Iris Stevens (address at front). She will need to know the chest size and back length required.

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DAFT DEFINITIONS

(Complaints to Colin Axon, not the Editor.)

Out of bounds - An exhausted Kangaroo.

A wooly jumper - cross between a sheep & a kangaroo.

Lemon sole - something that leaves yellow footprints on the sea bed.

Air - a balloon with the skin removed.

Metronome - a little man in the French underground.

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CAPTION COMPETITION



Your editor in a mad fit of generosity has decided to offer a small (knowing him it will be!) prize to the person who, in his opinion, submits the most humorous caption for the picture on the left. The editor accepts no responsibility for loss ... etc., etc., and his decision will be final.

It is hoped to have a crossword puzzle again in the next issue, it's just that this didn't involve any brainwork!

Entries to the editor, at the address at the front or by hand if you see him. Deadline is the end of September. Result in the Christmas issue - due out at the D.A. Christmas Lunch.

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DID YOU KNOW? - NAN TUCK'S LANE.

The name of this lane at Buxted comes from the fact that it, and Hadlow Down Road as well, is the site of a haunting by the wraith of someone the church turned away. The belief is that in the 17th century, when Buxted was a smaller rural community than it is today and more interested in ironwork than chickens, there lived a teenager called Nan Tuck. Like some youngsters of today she was terribly shy, appeared morose and could even have been considered 'simple'.

As a result of this individual nonconformity she had to be an out-cast or a 'probable witch'. An incident in the village started people talking. Perhaps the harvest had been poor or there had been an inexplicable accident at the forge. Whatever it was made the superstitious villagers look askance at Nan and murmurings grew to threats. Finally, aiming at giving her the traditional 'witch treatment' of ducking or worse, a militant group made their way to the girl's home.

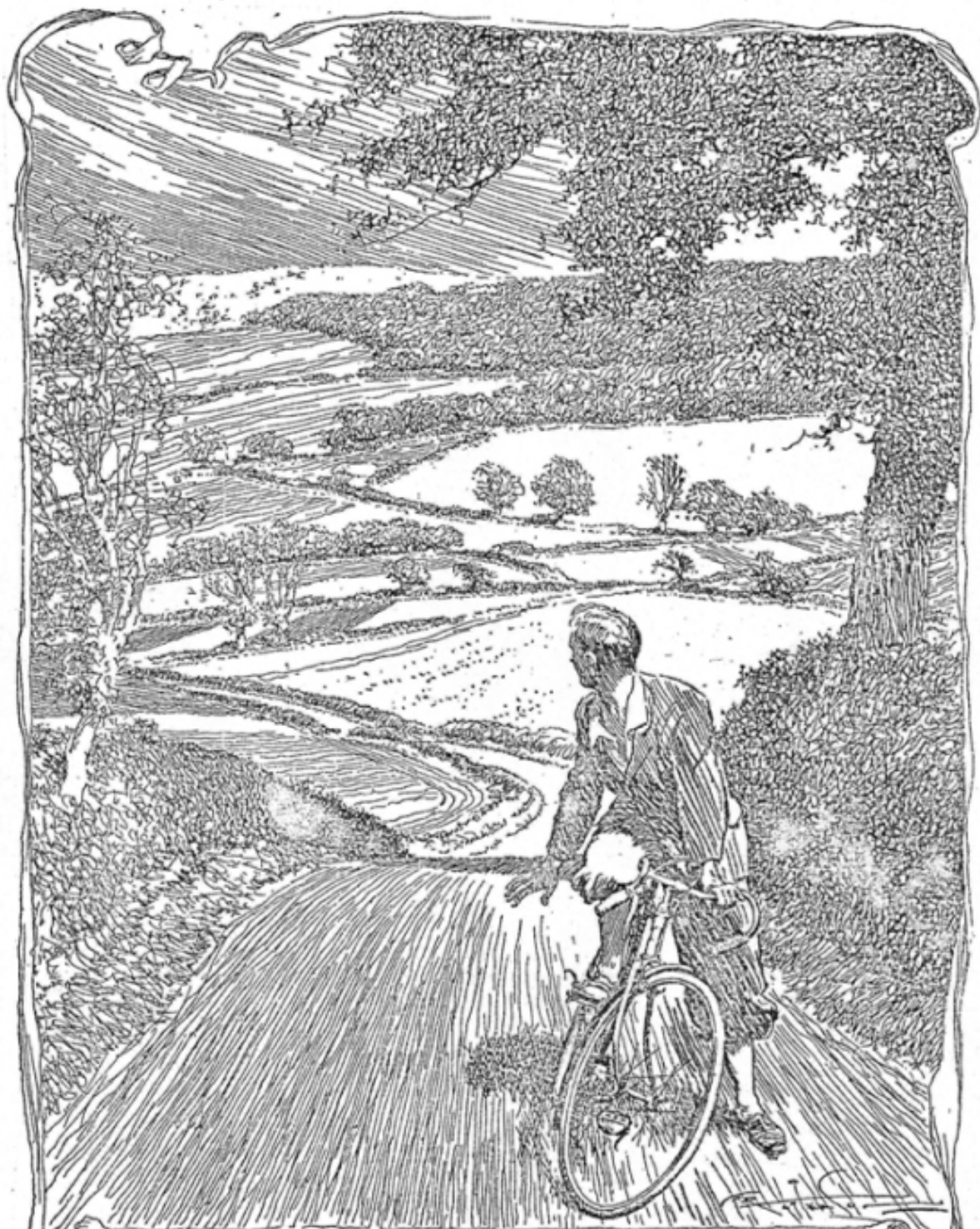
Realising that for some unknown reason the village had turned against her, Nan ran to the vicar pleading for sanctuary and help. However, the representative of the church, no doubt scared by the raging mob, turned her away and into the arms of the furious villagers. They grabbed her and began the frightening trial, but Nan was able to escape by running down the narrow twisting road which now bears her name.

The partially satisfied crowd eventually dispersed and returned to their homes, perhaps intent on getting even with the lass in the morning. The following day, however, their rage was thwarted by the discovery of the girl's body swinging from the branch of an oak tree in the wood. The conscience of the group took over and she was cut down and buried in the hope that her death and the incident which caused it would be forgotten.

Unfortunately it cannot be, for a dark grey figure has been seen flitting along Nan Tuck's Lane and occasionally gliding through the hedges of Hadlow Down Road at dusk on September evenings.

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DON'T FORGET, DEADLINE FOR XMAS ISSUE - BEGINNING OF NOVEMBER



*Farewell to a Favourite View*

*"WISH ME LUCK AS YOU WAVE ME GOODBYE,  
CHEERIO, HERE I GO ON MY WAY."*