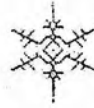
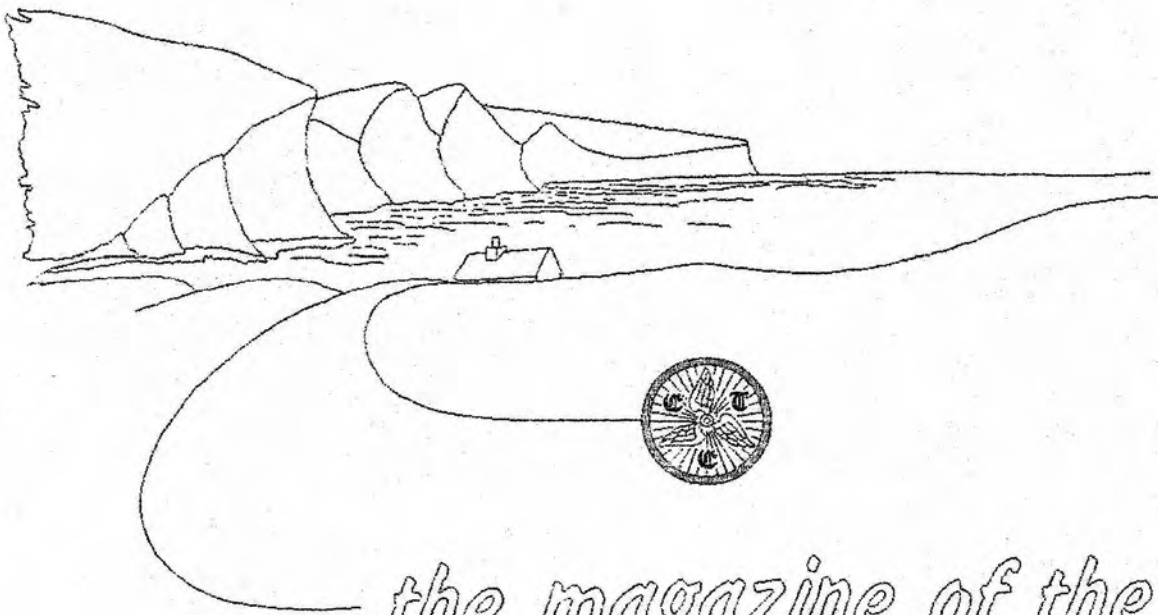


The



# Coaster



*the magazine of the*

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION  
CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

No. 20 Christmas 1990

25p

East Sussex District Association  
Cyclists' Touring Club

PRESIDENT MR BRUCE ALLCORN

Secretary

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"The Coaster"

Christmas 1990

Issue No.20

Editorial

Another Christmas, another Coaster, and my thanks to those who put pen to paper, or found little snippets to help fill the gaps. As you will probably know my mother, Ann, has just stood down after 4 years as D. A. President and I am sure you will all join me in thanking her for the good work she has done. I would like to congratulate Bruce on election as President and am sure that he will fulfill his duties in the best tradition of past Presidents.

All the best to everyone for Christmas and the New Year,

David Rix.

## Improving Cyclists' Safety

### CTC Commissions Important Research into Roundabouts.

The CTC, Britain's national cycling association, has appointed Allott & Lomax Consulting Engineers to study the problem of cyclists' safety at roundabouts. Statistics reveal that cyclists are nearly four times more likely to be involved in an accident at a roundabout than at a junction controlled by traffic signals, and the CTC is alarmed that this situation shows no sign of improving.

The Government's Transport and Road Research Laboratory (TRRL) among others have undertaken much research into cycle accident rates at roundabouts, yet there is still little guidance to the highway authorities on the problems of their use and on the design factors affecting cyclists' safety. Meanwhile, owing to their perceived traffic benefits, the Department of Transport and local authorities continue to install roundabouts in preference to traffic signals which are safer for cyclists.

The CTC hopes to tackle this problem by researching two related issues:-  
- why cyclists are particularly vulnerable at roundabouts;  
- which design measures could reduce the number and severity of these accidents.

The purpose of the research is to produce practical guidance for highway planners and engineers about the appropriateness and design of roundabouts where cyclists are involved.

The CTC's Planning Officer, Johanna Cleary (now moved on unfortunately, ed.), explained: "Roundabouts affect the safety and enjoyment of cyclists. The danger they represent influences the route people take and may even deter people from cycling altogether. With the growth of environmental concern, more people than ever wish to cycle - the CTC believes this research is a vital part of the Club's campaigning to improve conditions on the roads for all cyclists."

#### Notes.

1. Figures for reported cycle accidents for 1988 were:

Killed 227      Seriously injured 4652      Slightly injured 20970

Provisional figures for 1989 are:

Killed 295      Seriously injured 4682      Slightly injured 22468

2. Allott & Lomax Consulting engineers are a leading firm of transport consultants based in Manchester with a network of regional offices in the UK and abroad.



### Syd's Slide Show

Geoff Newey has been booked to come to the Heathfield Community Centre on 16th March 1991. He is going to show his three month tour 'North to Alaska', a unique 4,700 mile cycle tour. Anybody who came to the Home Counties Rally at Overton will remember his style when showing 'Island Magic'.

The show will be held at the Community Centre, Sheepsetting Lane in Heathfield, off the A267. As the hall can seat 200 easily I'm looking for support from the D.A.

Tickets will be available at the D.A. lunch on 9th December or from me - Syd Richardson, 'Millside', 7 Wealview Road, Heathfield. Tel. Heathfield 3580. Hope to see you there.

Sketches of Corsica  
by Roy James

Snippets taken from my diary written during a cycle ride in Corsica - to call it a tour would be pretentious - with my son Andrew last May. We left England on the same day but with different airlines and arrived at separate airports on the island. Our plan, made somewhat optimistically, was to meet in the small seaside village of Sagone the next day.

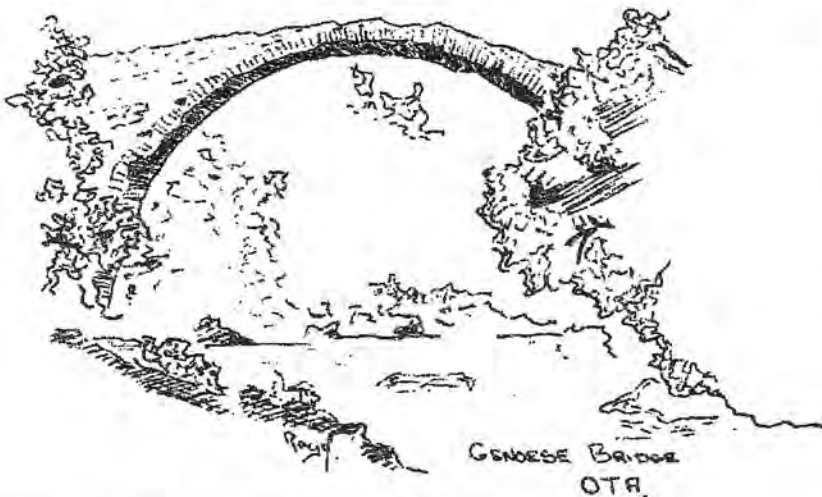
Wed. 16th May. Piana.

I left the youth hostel at Ota early this morning, determined to make a good start for Sagone and my meeting with Andrew. About a kilometre out of the village the back tyre blew off with disastrous results. Tyre and tube split, so a four kilometre walk into Porto. Approached tiny garage with very little hope and asked owner if he had a tyre. Without turning a hair he went into his workshop to return seconds later with a brand new Michelin Select. Fifteen minutes later I was on my way.

Arrived Sagone at mid-day. A tiny resort village with a long strip of sandy beach and a modest hotel. Best of all, there was Andrew, waiting at a cafe at the far end of the village. Ten minutes later we were having a swim.

Thurs 17th. Evisa.

We arrived at Piana about seven o'clock yesterday evening and easily found



a very comfortable hotel on the edge of the village. Left about nine-thirty and after a superb ride through the red rocks of the Calanques de Piana we swooped down to Porto and shortly found ourselves at the Genoese bridge spanning the river Porto near Ota.

Stopped for a couple of hours during the heat of the day, swimming in the cold, fast running mountain water.

Then, feeling much refreshed, a long steady climb

through the Gorges de Spelunca in warm sun and clear air to the tree lined village of Evisa, at three thousand feet "tra mare e monti".

Fri. 18th Vico.

Evisa was a delight and once again we were lucky in our choice of hotel. Prepared to make our ascent of the Col du Vergio, the highest road pass in Corsica. Patron of hotel suggested we leave our bags and collect on our return. Climbed for about two hours with low gears and numerous stops. Still snow on the tops, wild pigs, chestnut trees, larcio pines, roadside fountains gushing cold mountain water. Finally, bare rock and scrub on the Col du Vergio, the farthest and highest point of the tour. Steady return to hotel to collect bags and with a friendly "bon route" from the patron we turned towards Vico on the other side of the Col du Sevi.

Sat. 19th Sagone.

A storm last night. Awoke in the early hours to thunder and lightning filling the air. Vico nestles in a valley with mountains all around. The sort of village the guide books mention but briefly. But it has a comfortable hotel and a friendly bar on its 'place'. For Andrew and me that was enough last evening and we passed a pleasant hour over coffee and calvados before going to bed early again. A little rain as we left the village and turned on to the lane for Arbori and eventually the coast road back to Sagone and the Hotel Cyrnos.

Sun. 20th Ajaccio.

Breakfast on the hotel terrace, then a swim before leaving in hot sunshine for Ajaccio. Stopped at cafe on the Col San Bastiano and were ripped off over two bottles of Vitel (the only time). Up and over the Col, turned on to the D61 and a quiet, pleasant route into Ajaccio. An al fresco meal in a quiet street near the citadel gave us pizza cooked outside in a wood burning stove. Later, a quick whiz back to the hotel in the fading light. Took bikes up to the bedroom as Andrew had to prepare for his return to England tomorrow.

Mon. 21st. Ajaccio.

A sense of loss this morning as I sat on the beach and watched Andrew's plane fly over the bay. But it quickly passed and I cycled out of the town towards the Isles Sanguinaires and a lazy day on the beach.

Tues. 22nd. Eastbourne.

A hot but overcast morning. Arrived Ajaccio airport at ten thirty. Only two other people on the return flight. Left on time at eleven-thirty and in two hours I was back at Gatwick.

### Post Script.

Other peoples diaries, unless one is Samuel Pepys or Lord Byron, are nearly always a bore, but prices never are. So to end I give below a few sample bills, always for two people, in the hope that it may reassure anyone thinking of something similar.

Hotel Horizon.	Piana.	Chambre and petit dejeuner	229 Fr.
Hotel Cynos.	Sagone.	" " " "	260 Fr.
Hotel Aitone.	Evisa.	" " " " & Dinner	515 Fr.
Hotel Spunta di Mare.	Ajaccio	Chambre only	209 Fr.
Resaurant 'A Stonda'		Four course meal with wine and coffee	180 Fr.
Youth Hostel.	Ota.	Overnight, one person	37 Fr.



### Bike Ban Leaves City Fuming.

(this was the last article written by the late George Gale.)

It is 40 years since I left Cambridge, but bikes then, as now, were the basic means of getting about. You biked to lectures, to other colleges, to boat houses and to cricket fields. The bicycle kept the cars, fumes and visitors at bay.

Now, in its infinite unwisdom, Cambridgeshire County Council has decided to ban bikes from the city centre for six hours a day. No more bureaucratic nonsense could ever have been devised.

By all means ban cars and tradesman's vehicles and even taxis from its centre. Above all, keep coaches at the city limits, leaving the tourists who choke the city and turn the university and its colleges into sights they tick off on their diaries, to walk the last two or three miles in.

But let the students and dons keep their bikes. Cambridge is for them, not for the tourists. If one of our old universities is to have tourists, let it be Oxford which is far more publicity-inclined and might even welcome Cambridge's excess tourist rubbish.

## Uses for old wheels



This is an interesting idea, to make use of an old bicycle wheel as a revolving bird-table.

Fix it up with wooden "forks" wide enough at the bottom to allow the passage of half coconuts and pieces of fat tied to the rim. The food should be arranged so that the wheel is still balanced more or less and will revolve when a tit alights. But have the cones tight enough to prevent excessive turning.

Placed in the garden out of reach of cats this will give a good deal of fun and interest to the children. Where there are no youngsters in years, there will be some young enough in heart to appreciate the wheel more than when it was lying in the shed.

And if we do get that "White Christmas", don't forget that birds like water when things are frozen up.

(from "The C.T.C. Gazette" Volume 73, No. 12 - December 1954. Ed.)



Everyday Sussex No. 9

by Roy James

Night Ride to Canterbury - Summer 1937  
(This report appeared in the local Press in 1937)

A fine night last Saturday favoured the club's first night ride of the year. Leaving Ratton at 12.20 a.m. on Sunday morning, the party was accompanied by a strong cross-wind, which fortunately met them more to the rear than in front. Turning right at Polegate crossroads, they went through the village of Pevensey and so out across the marshes towards Battle, where the airport lights of Cranbrook and Bethersden became visible.

Passing through Battle and Tenterden, the cyclists were attracted at High Halden to a watchman's brazier, where they stopped for a warm up. Continuing at about quarter to four they passed close to the air beacon at Bethersden, and then on to Ashford. As dawn began to break matchsticks grew popular for keeping the eyelids apart; so as soon as it was light a stop was made for a couple of hours by the wayside, and in spite of the chilly atmosphere, one or two managed a little sleep.

Just after 7.00 a.m. the party moved into Canterbury, only eight miles away, where they sat down to breakfast. Afterwards the runs leader, Mr. Charlie Attree, who had led the way all through the night without the aid of maps or signposts, conducted the party round the Cathedral and town.

Leaving Canterbury at 12.30 p.m. by the old Roman road the party cycled until 1 o'clock, when it was decided to stop for lunch and another hours sleep. After keeping to the Roman road for about 12 miles, a turn to the right was made into some pleasant Kentish lanes, leading through Brabourne, Smeeth, Bonnington, Bilsington, Ham Street, and so into Appledore for tea.

After tea came five miles of "rough stuff" to the outskirts of Rye. A hilly route was continued through Winchelsea, Ore, Hastings, Bexhill and across the marshes, where a stop was made at the Lamb Inn, arriving back in Eastbourne at 10.00 p.m., after a most pleasant 128 mile tour.

Tomorrow's run will be a short one, leaving Ratton at 10.30 for Barcombe, where it is suggested boats be taken on the river. Tea will be obtainable at the Railway Hotel, Isfield.

The Pedlar.



Traffic Calming.  
by Iris Stevens

On a recent visit to the New Forest I found that the County Council had introduced some measures for calming the traffic on the open northern part of the forest.

In an attempt to slow the traffic on these narrow open roads a series of chicanes have been introduced which in effect reduce the road width to single lane with passing places. This has the effect of virtually halting the traffic before it enters the chicane.

Large notices requesting drivers keep their speed under 40 miles per hour, plus '40' painted on the roads serve as reminders that this is a place to savour the beauty, not hurtle through.

The reason for this is probably to reduce accidents amongst wildlife, cattle, ponies and deer, etc. It however also gives a more pleasant ride to the cyclist. Oh, another thing, if the motorist tries to force his way through the artificial bends he finds that some very stout tree trunk posts have been erected to impede his progress!

## Advice to Tourists

The following items of advice for British tourists travelling abroad have been sent to me and I print them here in case they may be of use to members. Ed.

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A lay member of the Sisters of Mercy is stationed inside men's toilets in Switzerland with a saucerful of change for Brits who have run out of cash.

In Athens, be sure to ask to be shown the famous Turkish Baths.

Unmarried couple who would call themselves Smith in Brighton are expected, according to Spanish Tradition, to sign hotel registers in Spain as Mr and Mrs C.O.JONES.

In Rome there's a fountain in which you throw coins; in Paris, a place where tourists 'spend a penny': go to the Arc de Triumphe and have a go at putting out the flame. No prizes, but great fun in true Rabelaisian style...

French people find the English language easier to understand when it is spoken very loudly.

While in India take the chance to drink the famous spa-waters of the Ganges.

The traveller in the Middle East should make a point of going to the main entrance of any mosque to collect a free pair of locally made sandals.

When visiting the Parthenon, ask your guide to direct you to the memorial to Lord Elgin.

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AND the following may be of use to foreign cyclists visiting our shores.

Few Britons can afford a transistor radio. If you have one, do take it everywhere and turn up the volume so that others may enjoy it too.

Gay visitors will recognise male prostitutes by their cropped hair, rolled up jeans and large boots.

British trains are supplied with telephones. Pull the communication cord and an attendant will bring you one.

Show your love of a Royal procession in the English fashion by firing off a toy pistol.

Visiting Muslims should confine their prayers to those buildings marked 'Mecca'.

The flowers at the Cenotaph are for sale, but there is no attendant: we trust you to leave an appropriate sum.

Have you tried the famous echo in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

Parking is made easier if you remember that a single yellow line permits single parking, while a double yellow line permits double parking.

Offering tips to taxi drivers is an offence carrying severe penalties.





UBI - The Anglo-continental randonnee group, affiliated to the C.T.C.

The UBI encourage British cyclists to venture abroad and take part in continental randonnees and co-operate with UBI France and local groups to assist foreign cyclists to enter events in the UK. Entry details are usually available 3 months in advance of events and can be obtained along with details of UBI associate membership by sending a medium (minimum 4"x9") s.a.e. to UBI at UBI Gt. Britain, 120 Kings Road, Walton on Thames, Surrey, KT12 2RE. Tel. (0932) 222437.

UBI have been organising trips for fellow cyclists since 1981 and specialise in arranging combined discounted ferry and accommodation packages, in the case of major events such as the Paris-Roubaix and Tour of Flanders we provide coach transport from the UK, entry, accommodation and support during the ride.

#### UBI Calendar of Events for 1991.

- May 12th, 'Sur les Traces de Napoleon', 50, 100, 150 Km, Boulogne.  
3 routes to suit cyclists of all abilities around the charming countryside of the Artois, the aim of the VC St. Joseph is to show visitors the many historic sites linked with Napoleon in the Boulogne area.
- May 19th, The 18th Paris-Roubaix Cyclo, 265 Km.  
For the first time the 'Hell of the North' randonnee follows the route of the professional race from the start at Compiègne to the finish on the Roubaix velodrome via the dreaded 'black hole' of the Forest of Arenberg, are YOU tough enough?
- June 9th, London- Portsmouth-London, 200 Km.  
A superb route, arrowed throughout, refreshments and special medals available, the one the French ride! AUK, randonneur and cyclosporitif groups starting at 7, 8 and 9 a.m. respectively from West End Village Hall, near Esher, Surrey.
- Mid-June, (date not finalised), Ghent-Wevelgem Classic, 225 Km.  
Ride in the wheeltracks of the stars in this well known one-day classic, includes the climbs of Mont Noir, Mont Rouge and the Kemmelberg.
- July 7th, F. W. Evans - UBI Off-Road Randonnee.  
An off-road ATB ride starting and finishing at Newlands Corner, Surrey.
- August 11th, Super Grimpeur, 100 Km., Surrey.  
Based on a circuit of Leith and Holmbury Hills the event includes 2400 metres of climbing and has AUK and cyclosporitif categories, special medals and refreshments will be available.
- August 17th, Tour of Flanders, 225 Km., Ghent.  
A firm favourite with UBI, superb scenery, atmosphere and hospitality, the route follows that of the professional race and includes such climbs as the Kwaremont, Koppenberg and the Mur de Grammont.

September 15th, Boulogne, The Audax Club Boulonnais present  
The 14th International Randonnee

'En Haut Pays d'Artois'

30 - 50 - 100 - 150 km. and ATB routes  
The biggest British randonnee and it's in France.

The 1990 event attracted 457 British riders along with numerous French, Belgian and German participants.

In addition to the above trips we are arranging a transport, accommodation and back-up package for the Paris-Brest-Paris randonnee at the end of August and are planning a similar trip to the Milan-San Remo classic in early September.



Summer Journeys  
by Maggie Jakeman

Our summer holidays this year were spent more in trains and planes than on bicycles as we made our way to and from Australia by way of India, Thailand and Canada.

We certainly saw plenty of bicycles in India, but in the three busy cities we were in - New Delhi, Agra and Jaipur - it would need a very brave cyclist to risk life and limb in the seething mass of bikes, rickshaws, cars, buses and assorted animals all jostling noisily for space on the road. The closest we got to being on a bicycle was a ride in a cycle-driven rickshaw through the streets of Old Delhi, and we were torn then, between knowing that it was the man's livelihood to do this and worrying at the incredible demands it was placing on his strength. These men have a very short life span as the work they do, often bearing heavy loads of goods through the streets, places a heavy strain on their heart.

Other than that we usually chose to get around in a motorised rickshaw, which is a converted moped with covered seating for two at the back, or the cheaper of the available taxis. We tried walking briefly but were so harassed by the drivers of these various vehicles offering to drive us that we gave up and got in.

Travelling between cities we chose the train. Our first was reasonably comfortable and air-conditioned so we were totally unprepared for the second where we had to leave all the windows open - to all the air and dirt and smut - as we rattled along the countryside. Our final journey back to Delhi was probably the most comfortable and the most interesting, spent as it was in the company of an official of the Indian Railways whose high standard of English enabled us to carry on a most interesting conversation throughout the trip.

Our day in Bangkok was somewhat curtailed as "Delhi Belly" had caught up with Dennis. I spent time spending money in the busy downtown area and had no need of transport at all. What we did see on the tedious journey from the airport was endless lines of largish cars stuck in traffic jams and the smaller aforementioned motorised rickshaws in the centre.

A plane to Australia and it was a train journey again, this time a memorable two days and two nights covering 2,000 miles across the southern Australian desert from Perth to Adelaide, on the longest straight stretch of railway track in the world. We wonder how the engine driver kept himself awake!

Whilst in Australia we had a couple of smaller train journeys between Newcastle

and Sydney and then a number of flights on small twin-engined 8 seaters up and down the coast of New South Wales and Queensland visiting friends and relatives. The view from these planes is quite stupendous, travelling at about 5,000 feet on a clear sunny day revealed a fascinating scene of woodlands, open land and endless lakes and inlets just behind the white-edged Pacific coastline.

We noticed a number of interesting cycle paths being promoted in various brochures but unfortunately visits to family and friends did not leave us with enough time to hire a bicycle and try them.

Next a very long journey to Toronto, Canada, where we really lost track of time, when by crossing the International Date Line, we were then back in the day we had just left behind. It was here, in the last week of our holiday and whilst staying with my brother and his wife that we finally got into the saddle.

We were most impressed with provision for cyclists in this bustling, modern lakeside city. There were a number of publications outlining routes for commuting cyclists and we had the pleasure of riding on two traffic-free cycle paths. My brother had borrowed two bikes for us to use - off-the-peg lightweight road bikes, a bit hard on the saddle and a bit high on the gears but more than adequate for our purpose.

Our first ride was from the door of their waterfront apartment about 5 minutes down the road to board a ferry which took us on a mile trip from the lakeside to a small, flat, off-shore island which is traffic free. The island is about 8 miles in circumference and the asphalt paths are for both cyclists and walkers and a vehicle called a "people mover" which quietly takes visitors around. The island is really like a large park with plenty of areas for people to enjoy the open spaces. After our ride we had a barbecue on one of the fixed sites provided and then pedalled back to the ferry and home.

Our second ride was longer. This time we again pedalled from the front door along the dedicated cycle path which runs alongside Lake Ontario. After about 2 miles we crossed the busy main road at a special cyclist crossing and then entered a wooded area, the Humber River Valley, through which there was another dedicated asphalted path for the use of both cyclists and walkers. We were at the beginning of 25 mile long "Tommy Thompson Trail".

Our ride took us through an attractive variety of woodland and parkland, mostly beside the river. We passed quite a number of fellow cyclists as well as walkers enjoying the open air only a few miles from the noisy, busy city centre. As on the island, there were places to picnic, this time solid wooden tables and benches, as well as drinking fountains and immaculate public toilets. The end of the trail, which included a brief section back on city streets, was proclaimed by a suitable sign, beneath which we were photographed like successful winners of the Tour de France.

Our final journey was the flight back to the UK. For this we had a much appreciated finishing touch - an up-grade into Business Class, where we enjoyed the luxury of space and a champagne breakfast to conclude an eventful six weeks.

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### Fair Cop?

The entire state police force in New South Wales, Australia, found itself driving illegal cars after an enthusiastic computer deregistered them. The police were instructed to book themselves or each other. The problem was caused by a high ranking officer (not named) who failed to pay illegal parking tickets. His unmarked car was registered to the police department. After statutory warnings were ignored, the computer program deregistered all cars belonging to the offender: that is, all cars belonging to the police department.

A Ride in Sussex  
by Geoff Gilbert.

(Reprinted from the 'Souwester' the magazine of the S.W. London Mid-week Wayfarers' Section.)

19th Sept. 1990. This was the day of the train/car assisted Run to East Sussex at the invitation of the Mid-week Section of the D.A. who paid us a visit last May. This Run, in spite of all the odds, turned out to be probably one of the best of the year - but more of that anon. Before proceeding any further with this report I am bound to say that our Editor is a master of the arts of craft and guile! as when I told him how much I had enjoyed the day and what a success it had been he replied "Oh good, I'm very glad about that, perhaps you'd like to express your appreciation in the form of a 'write-up' for the 'Souwester'", or words to that effect anyway; I don't fancy myself as a reporter but how can one refuse Don anything really?

Returning to the Run itself, it was a gloomy trio (Don, John Dee and myself) who met at East Croydon Station to catch the 9.08 to Cooksbridge, as it was raining quite hard and with no apparent prospect of it letting up. The train arrived and with thoughts of a day 'caped-up' we stowed our 'irons' in the guards van and found ourselves seats in the adjacent carriage.

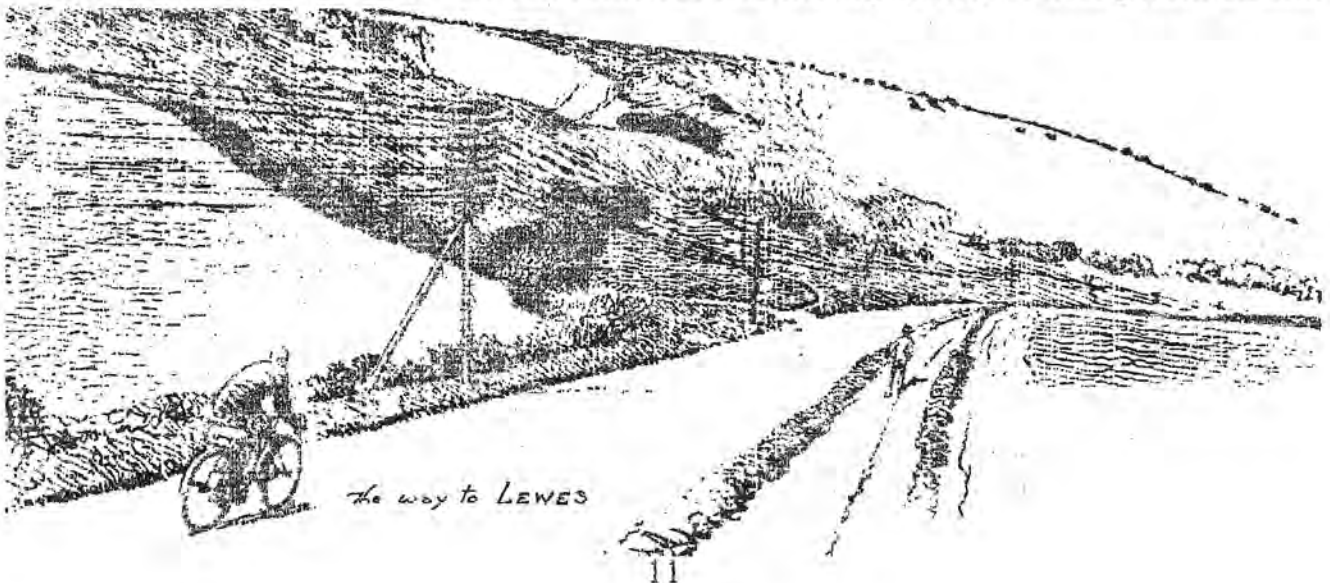
The journey was uneventful and quite swift; we arrived (I think) at about 09.50 to find the area shrouded in grey mist and drizzle blown along by a stiffish breeze. Things did not look good.

Having recovered the bikes with the help of a friendly guard, we set off to find the rendezvous at Barcombe Station. This did not prove to be difficult as it appeared on the map, and assisted by the aforementioned breeze we made short work of the three-odd mile trip.

The weather was still horrible and when we found that we were the only ones there it seemed that all our forebodings were only too well founded, and that the event would be literally a 'damp squib'. What we needed was a moral raiser. Delicious hot coffee and toast provided by the Station Cafe/Tea Rooms nearby proved just the answer. Incidentally this establishment consists of the old buildings of the now defunct Barcombe Mills Station which have been beautifully restored.

During the ensuing half hour or so others began to arrive, several of the East Sussex 'Brigade' as well as our fellow section members, Ernie and Bobbie Barnard, Dennis Sloan, Eileen and Arthur Clarke, Etc., followed a bit later by Geoff Avis and Honor, with Geoff breathing 'fire and brimstone' over the dreadful journey they'd had down from Kingston due to the roadworks on the M23 and having to trail along 'B' roads behind a couple of tractors (the joys of motoring). However the cafe refreshments worked their magic and before long everyone was more or less restored to normal.

Due to all the travelling problems, we were somewhat adrift getting away from 11's (it was ever thus) and the leader, Dennis Jakeman from Seaford, decided to curtail the Run to the Lunch stop as he had made a booking in advance for about 13.00 and it was then around 11.30. Anyway we got under way and it was a heartening sight to see thirty-odd cyclists bowling along the lovely Sussex lanes. At about this stage, wonder of wonders, the sun came out and the sky cleared, turning from dismal



grey to a glorious blue. Like Hoopdriver (in H.G. Wells 'The Wheels of Chance'), none of us would have swapped places with a city dweller for a hundred pounds!

We were guided along the lanes and then a fairly long stretch of 'rough-stuff' on the south side of Plumpton Race Course with magnificent views of the South Downs to our left, although we were not really able to fully appreciate them as it required a lot of concentration to remain upright on the loose gravelly surface. Fortunately we all made it without mishap and regained the road to Lewes, which runs under the Downs and looks just like a 'Patterson' drawing come to life - wonderful - Sorry to enthuse perhaps unduly over Sussex, but I am a Sussex man (so is God and He was born there too!).

It was gone 13.00 by the time we arrived at 'The Jolly Sportsman' at East Chiltington, and with so many of us to serve, I, for one, felt a bit anxious as to the pub's ability to cope, but surprisingly they did and we all enjoyed a very convivial lunch out in the garden at the rear. Both the food and the beer were good and, with such grand company, what more could a cyclist ask for?

Refreshed and ready for the second 'leg' of the Run, we set off, again through splendid countryside to see Barcombe Mills. These are a series of waterways, locks and lakes from the River Ouse and were at one time used to generate electricity I was told. There is a notice there proclaiming that there are sea trout in these waters and we saw several large examples swimming around in the lock walls.

This is a beautiful spot and worth more time than we were able to give it, as we had to be back at the Barcombe Station Tea-Rooms for 3's and the sands were running out!

It is not far to ride from the Mills to Barcombe Village and we were soon all seated round about three oblong tables out in the garden and being regaled with cake and tea and generally having a splendid time 'nattering' and taking photos. These occasions are to me timeless and if one discounts the ravages of the years, the scene could have been 1938 or '39, or, indeed, any period since cycling clubs were born!

All good things have to end though, and it was with regret that Don, John & I had to depart on the three mile ride to Cooksbridge for the 16.26 train home. (We made it with about six minutes to spare.)

As I stated at the beginning, this had to be one of the best runs of the year, and I am sure that I speak for all when I say how grateful we were to our East Sussex friends for their kind efforts to ensure that we enjoyed ourselves - they even provided the weather!



Extract from a letter written by Edward Lear to Henry Grenfell, M.P. for Stoke on Trent, on Oct. 10th 1862.

"Did you ever see Beachy Head? It is one of the finest chalk cliffs in England, and when gray with clouds and mist is about as comfortless a place as one can wish to see."

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From 'British Forces Newspaper'  
Wanted - adult tricycle for unbalanced lady.

## August Bank Holiday with S & N

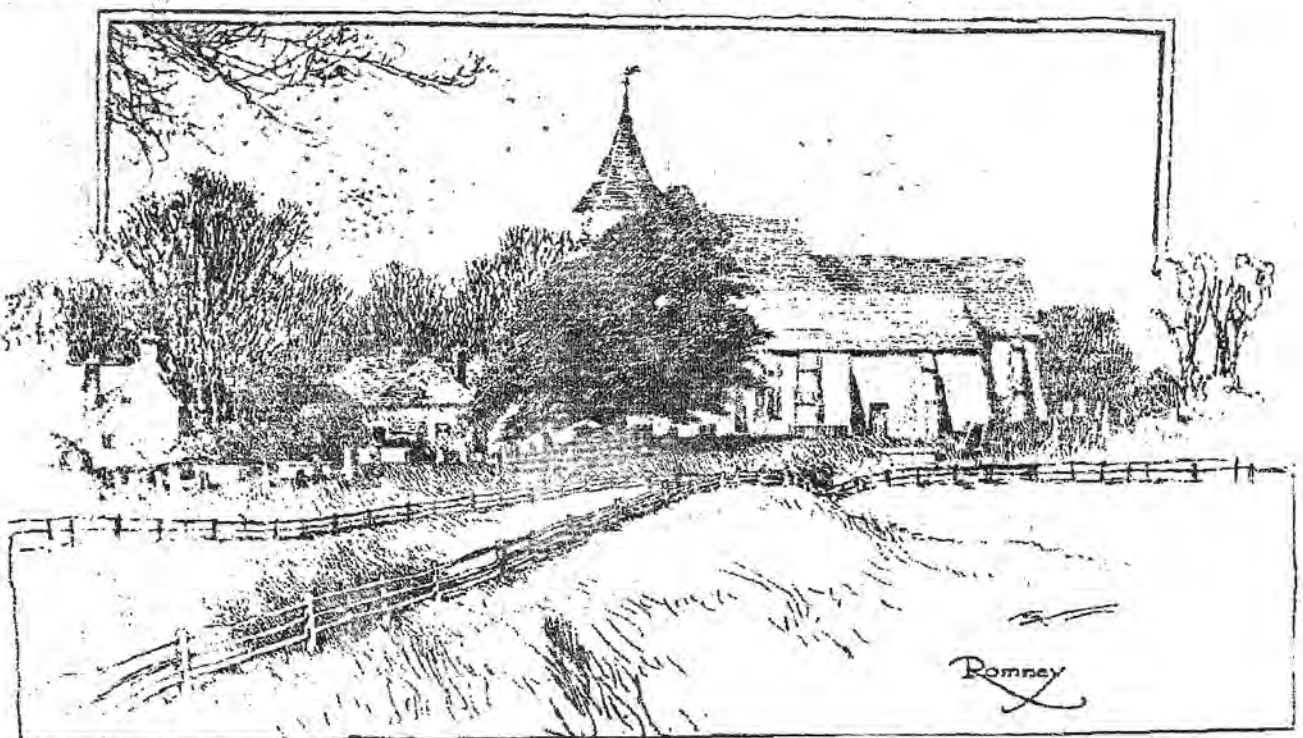
It was a hot and humid morning as Colin and I rode to Pevensey Bay on the Saturday, John had to do emergency repairs to fix Colin's water bottle cage first though, the bolt had sheared, so for once it was me ready first and worrying that we would be late to meet up with the others. It turned out they were running late as well because we arrived first, ordered our elevenses, thought where are they? then David and Marion arrived so our party of four for the Hostel Weekend at Guestling was complete.

Across the Pevensey Levels by the quiet, old road, with the fast race track the other side of the trees, up the road from Hooe to Ninfield and the back lanes to Catsfield. Passing 'Willy Woodpecker' timber yard, down and up to Battle and the area where the Saxons and the Normans fought in 1066, with the view of Battle Abbey on the hill to the left. We parted company here for lunch, two to find a Pub for a ploughman's and two to eat their sandwiches in the shade by the cricket field.

Very hot by now as we made our way via Whatlington and Cripps Corner to Bodiam for afternoonses. The problem here was wasps but we survived, David was intent on killing them but Marion and I were against it, as it would attract even more. Clouds were beginning to threaten now so it was back up the hill to find the narrow quiet lanes to take us to the Hostel. Not far along the rain started, we made a dash for shelter, then the storm broke in the valley behind us. It was so humid under our capes and jackets and that was just standing still so were not going to move until the rain stopped which fortunately was not long. It was fine for the last few miles which was good as we had to climb the hill at Doleham Halt (climbed it before in pouring rain with the water rushing down and traffic coming the other way).

We settled into the hostel, made our beds, had a shower then some food and could relax. A very hot and humid night and with the hostel full, left us feeling like another shower, after breakfast we were ready to leave. Barry and Maggie Mockridge were joining us for the days ride, no sign of them at 9.30am. so after a while we went up the hill to wait at the junction and they soon appeared. We headed for Winchelsea Beach and the road through the Nature Reserve to Rye Harbour with elevenses in Rye. David was leading and had promised to take us to a favourite spot of his, St. Mary in the Marsh, on Romney Marsh. We arrived while the service was still on so waited a while and imagined the desolate place it must be in winter. Many times the floods have covered the fields around the church and the only way to reach it was by boat. There is now a causeway, a word of warning though, it is covered with sheep droppings and around the church as well. The pews are unusual, white with black edging, a small low altar as befits a small church is surrounded by a low altar rail.

Lunch at a pub took a long time as they were very busy but it was very pleasant there and we were on holiday. Then it was meandering along the Marsh lanes until



time caught up with us, and with Barry and Maggie who had a deadline to get back by 6pm. we therefore stepped the pace up and got them back to Rye and the station to find a train was due in 15 minutes which would get them back in time and save the journey over the hills.

For the four of us it was enjoying afternoons at Marion's at Winchelsea and then back to the hostel. Another long ride back, as it had been going, with Colin having trouble with his front changer. Elevenses this time at Bodiam, lunch at Woods Corner then a stop at David's in Hailsham for refreshments before Marion headed back to Winchelsea in her car and Colin (who hadn't any lights) and me who hoped we would make it in time. It was a near thing but managed to reach Piddinghoe with me riding behind, Colin though had to traverse the track to Peacehaven in the dark.

Three days good riding and good company made a very enjoyable weekend.



### Mail-Eating Snails

On 3rd October 1980, no less a bastion of the establishment than "The Times" newspaper published the following letter from Mr. Harry Greenway, Conservative M.P. for Ealing North:

"Sir, My nine-year-old daughter posted a letter in a small post box in a hedge, deep in the English countryside last month. To our surprise, the postman who had collected the letter early next morning brought it to us saying that snails had eaten both the stamp and a large part of the envelope: replacements were necessary, but he would not pay.

I took the matter up at the local post office whose head postmaster immediately supplied a new stamp, apologized and accepted my offer to pay for a second envelope.

The snails concerned must have moved and eaten their prey unusually quickly. Has any reader had a similar experience and is this particular gastropod alone in these destructive habits?"

The letter provoked a long-lasting correspondence which persists to this day. Readers learnt, for example, of marauding molluscs devouring computer printouts, and a notorious letterbox set in a stone post by the shores of Llyn Llywenan in Anglesey, which was renowned for the voracious appetites of its inhabitants. An especially edifying note on the roosting habits of snails was supplied by a Miss Prudence M.F. Raper. Snails, she wrote, are particularly fond of country postboxes set into ivy covered walls. But Mr. Greenway did not need to fear for the safety of his letters if he learned the countryman's snail post code:

"First, establish the presence or otherwise of snails by putting your hand through the slot and feeling around it inside for a knobbly row of shells. Being nocturnal creatures, the snails roost at the top of the box during the day, descending at night to munch their way through any letters posted by innocent townees after the last collection of the day. When the postman opens the box the next morning, hey presto, no snails: they have returned aloft to sleep off a surfeit of stamp gum."

Readers further asserted that a multitude of snails in a postbox was a sure sign of coming cold weather. More than 200 snails were discovered in Mr. Greenway's postbox prior to the hard winter of 1981; the following September, only one gastropod was found to have slipped in for a meal. The postman prophesied a mild winter for 1982.

As a footnote to the saga it should be noted that the winter of 1982/83 was exceptionally mild - the snails got it right.

## D.A. History

The following is extracted from two Press Reports on the 21st Anniversary Lunch of the Sussex D.A. on 2nd November 1947.

A Luncheon to mark their coming of age was held by the Sussex District Association of the Cyclists' Touring Club, at the Ship Hotel, Newhaven, on Sunday. Eighty-three members attended and among those present were Mr. Neville Whall (Secretary of the CTC), Mr. E.T. Bannister (assistant secretary), Mr. P. Aris (founder member of the Sussex D.A.), Mr. W. Collins and Mr. Clutterbuck (Vice-Presidents), Mr. E. Nealon (D.A. Secretary), Mr. A.E. Wren (Secretary of the CTC Eastbourne Section) and Mrs. Wren. There were also representatives from the Lewes, Eastbourne, Horsham, Eastern and Western Sections, and the East Surrey District Association.

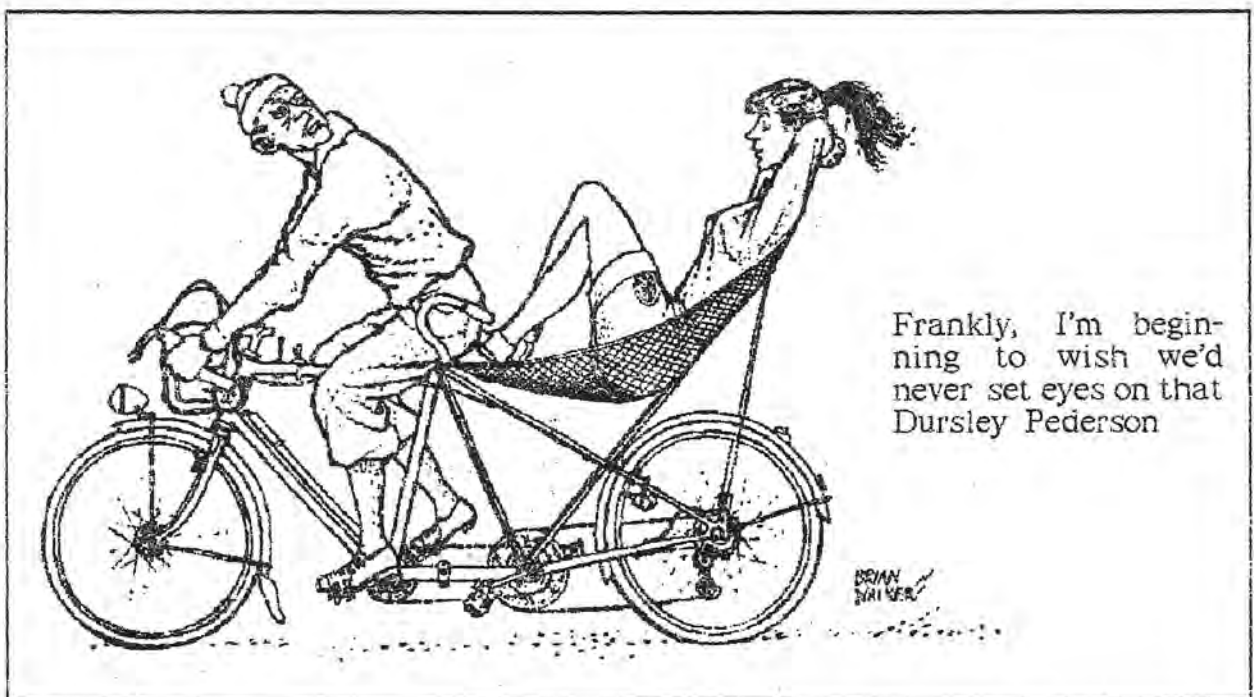
Mr. Wren proposed a toast to the visiting Secretary, assistant secretary, Mr. Aris and members of the East Surrey D.A.

In his speech Mr. Neville Whall spoke of his pleasure at being able to attend the Anniversary Luncheon, Sussex being his home county. He deeply regretted that this meeting was one of the last few functions he would be able to attend, as he was compelled to resign due to ill health reasons. He would continue to take great interest in the CTC. Mr. Whall went on to stress the importance of District Associations. Although they represented only 10 per cent of the total membership, they were enthusiastic members and were doing valuable work.

Mr. Aris gave a short summary of the history of the D.A., referring to "Night Hawks" and "All night runs" and drew the members' attention to the fact that the first D.A. meeting was held at the Gildredge Hotel, Eastbourne, in 1926.

Mr. E. Nealon welcomed the guests and members of the East Surrey D.A. He referred to the future of the D.A. and encouraged younger members to play more active parts and accept D.A. jobs and responsibilities, finally thanking all members for their assistance in arranging the Luncheon.

Certificates of the 100 in 8 and 50 in 4 Tourist Time Trial were presented by Mrs. Wren to all successful riders.



Little England Beyond Wales.  
by Anony Mouse.



St. David's Cathedral

There are so few districts today where one can spend a quiet restful holiday away from motor traffic and other disturbances that the wilds of Pembrokeshire, that little piece of 'England beyond Wales' are a boon to the jaded and weary. Here one can have the freedom one longs for, coupled with beautiful rugged scenery - both inland and along the sandy beaches of the iron-bound coastline.

There are no large towns to attract the conventional holiday maker, just a few scattered country villages - mainly along the coast where clean lodgings are obtainable. It is an ideal area for a leisurely ten days cycle touring or maybe 14 days just as you feel. One enters this charming paradise of isolation at Haverford West: the only important town of the area north of Milford Haven.

There is a choice of several routes: to the north lie Fishguard and Goodwich, to the west is St. David's and the beautiful coastline of St. Brides Bay, while to the south are Broad Haven, Little Haven and many other secluded sandy coves. Solva and St. David's, which is just a handful of cottages plus two pubs, a strange location for a magnificent cathedral.

White Sand Bay approached by a lane from the north of the village is well worth exploring - ideal for camping. There are places hereabouts where one can hop out of tent and bathe on a deserted beach.

There is so much to see in Pembrokeshire, why not spend time cycling around the county.

St. Bride's Haven



## North To Alaska

A Slide Show by Geoff Newey

on the **16th March 1991**

at

Heathfield Community Centre,  
Sheepsetting Lane, Heathfield. Off the A267.

**Starting at 7.30pm**

Tickets £1.50 from:- Syd Richardson,  
7 Wealdview Road, Heathfield, East Sussex.  
Tel. Heathfield 3580.

Two for the road.  
by Roy James.

The joy of cycle touring is that one need not go far for it to be completely satisfying. In fact, the two or three day ride can often be the best of all. No preparations are necessary, except perhaps a phone call to the Youth Hostel of your choosing for an overnight stay. Then get the bike out of the shed and off you go.

Such were my lack of arrangements last August when Daniel our grandson came to stay with us for a week. Four years ago, he and his brother Jeremy had joined me for a week long tour of Sussex. At that time he was only twelve years old and responsibility weighed heavily upon my shoulders. This time however I could maintain a 'laissez faire' attitude, leaving much of the decision making to him.

"Let's go down Peelings Lane" was almost his first remark and it pleased me that over the years he too had remembered the hazy, dusty scene of Peelings in high summer. Pevensey, Rickney, Stunts Green, Bodle Street. The well worn route that never fails to please soon took us to the manor house and church at Penhurst. Here we rested, got out the stove and had a brew up, another obligatory part of any cycle ride. And what a year for blackberries. The hedgerows were heavy with them. We gathered and ate a few, savouring their wild sweetness, filled up the water bottles at the neighbouring farm and continued lanewards towards Brightling and that wonderful swoop down to 'Batemans'.

"Bateman's was the home of Rudyard Kipling.", I said by way of explanation, "Do you want to visit?"

"Only if Mr. Kipling is in.", he replied, tongue in cheek.

So it was that in a few minutes we were in Burwash buying cans of drink, 'Batemans' behind us and probably forgotten already.

Mid-afternoon found us at Bodiam Castle. The car park was full and crowds were flocking around the moat and entrance to the castle, but we cycled into a far corner where all was quiet and settled down for another brew up.

How quickly time passed on that summer afternoon. For by the time we reached the bridlepath from Hayes Farm to Udimore and then across Brede Level to Broad Street, the hot sun had subsided into a glowing ball of red, giving us an evening of such enchantment that we could not bring ourselves to go straight to Guestling hostel. Instead we chose to take the lane to Guestling Green and a visit to the 'pub' before dragging ourselves up the final hill to the youth hostel.

How Daniel missed taking a dive into a flock of sheep that suddenly emerged from a field entrance I shall never know. We had left the hostel quite early the next morning and I must admit were indulging in a bit of a burn up on the lanes and their sudden appearance was a heart stopping shock. Fortunately his brakes and reflexes were good and when the shepherd said, "You won't grow any more now boy.", we steadied down and took the bridle path from Icklesham to Float Farm and then the lane to Winchelsea. In peaceful Winchelsea I asserted myself for the only time on the ride, by insisting we visit the church of St Thomas with its magnificent stained glass windows. The interior is, to quote Pevsner, "Rich and grand. Grand architecturally, rich decoratively. The scale is almost that of a cathedral". It is a building to which I am constantly drawn and my enthusiasm for it was transferred to Daniel who shares my love of stained glass.

More cans of drink before we made a quick trip to Rye, about which I shall refrain from comment. We all know what this particular cinque port is like in August. The visit was worthwhile however, if only for the ride back from Rye Harbour along the beach road. Banned to cars, it is a pleasant track with the nature reserve on one side and the sea on the other. We stopped for a swim and lunch in the sun before the struggle to Fairlight and a visit to the church of St. Andrew, from whose tower we had an astounding view of the Sussex and Kent countryside. It is said that at one time you could see 70 Martello towers, 66 churches, 40 windmills, 5 castles and

3 bays from the top of St. Andrews tower.

"Not another hill all the way home," I called to Daniel as we sped down the long hill into Hastings, stopping for a cream tea at 'Relics' in the Old Town to celebrate the near completion of our ride. Half an hour later we were relaxing with a swim at Normans Bay. As I said at the beginning of these notes, it had been a completely satisfying two days.

Bridle Path to Udimore.      Grid Ref. 858 204

Bridle Path to Broad Street      Grid Ref. 865 191

Bridle Path to Float Farm      Grid Ref. 881 165



Cycles, Parcels and Shed Codes.  
by Jonathan Dalton.

I recently met an elderly gentleman who once operated a cycle parcels service between Hastings and Portsmouth. He ran a club and many cyclists gave their time freely to operate it. He had about 150 bikes, all pre-war, which he had built himself, and these were allocated to various addresses on the route. As a railway enthusiast his service had many similarities to the railways - Each cycle was numbered, and carried a shed plate, later replaced by a paint code as this rusted, denoting its home depot. Some of the bikes were named after locomotives. A cycle carrying a parcel, say, from Hastings to Portsmouth would work right through, with riders relieving at various points, using their free time in the evenings (about 6 o'clock to 9 o'clock) and the consignment taking about 4-5 days for the journey, which compares favourably with other carriers. Cycles and riders had railway type diagrams and worked out and back to their home depot.

The gentleman did a number of experiments with bicycles, such as fitting them with snowploughs and he also tried an experiment with a water scoop which picked up water from a trough, filling a container on the rear rack. The parcels service ceased about 1970 and he now owns 3 of the bikes, but still cycles about 10 miles a week around his home town of Bexhill.



Daft decision.

A twice convicted drink-driver Maurice Foy, 29, won his licence back in Llandudno after claiming that cycling five miles to work could cost him his job through being late.

\*\*\*\*\*

That's different!

Unmarked police cars have been introduced in Leicestershire to help catch unruly motorists. They will have blue flashing lights, a 'police stop' sign on the back, and an optional blue light for the roof.

Cycling Policy in East Sussex  
by Jonathan Dalton (D.A. Rights Officer)

There is a need in East Sussex for a more positive cycling policy. Present proposals seek to assist cycling, but tend to give an impression that it is dangerous, and do not encourage it or provide significant funds for facilities.

The County obviously needs a better transport strategy: present policies tend to concentrate on road building to provide for ever greater volumes of motor traffic at the expense of cyclists, pedestrians and users of public transport, and to the detriment of the environment.

The real solution to the problem lies in changing the 'Modal split'; i.e. getting people when travelling to cycle, walk or use public transport rather than cars, and getting freight onto the railways and waterways, using small battery powered or horse drawn vehicles for road deliveries. Also planning should be for the need to travel to be reduced, and the length of journeys, thereby encouraging the use of cycles and feet.

Although it might appear difficult to reduce the usage of motor transport, building more roads, car parks and out of town shopping centres only worsens the problem by encouraging and increasing dependence on it, especially as it makes conditions for walking and cycling worse and causes further deterioration in public transport. A very large number of people who do not cycle would like to but are frightened by dangerous traffic conditions. (see article on CTC survey in this edition. Ed.)

Much of the problem is caused by present National Policy - for instance the transport and supplementary grant, given by Government (the Taxpayer) to local authorities is only permitted to be spent on major road schemes, although it is now also available for local safety improvement measures. Previously local authorities were able to use this money for public transport improvements and cycle facilities. Investment in road and rail is not on an equitable basis - Railways must show an 8% return on capital whereas expenditure on roads is encouraged by using cost benefit analysis, and paid for by the taxpayer - Nearly all railway investment must come from their own resources, either through fares or 'asset stripping': selling land, closed trackbeds and goods yards, which will be needed for an expanded network as part of a green transport policy. A comprehensive rail network would encourage cycling, both by reducing traffic on the roads and putting railway stations within easy cycling or walking distance of places which closures have left far from a railhead. Use of bike and train would again encourage more people not to bother with the worry and expense of a car.

Ninety percent of car journeys are less than 5 miles and could be cycled more efficiently - the remainder could mostly be made by public transport, especially if this were expanded to a truly comprehensive and coordinated system. This would leave the roads for light local traffic, enabling the bicycle to come into much wider use. This is what our local authorities should aim for.



From 'Cycling Weekly' 1986

In answer to Ian Ross's letter, I have not heard of my team mates for many years. For myself, I am still reasonably active and get on the bike quite often. However, the years have taken their toll and although I have moved my saddle down I am finding it increasingly difficult to get my leg over. - Harry J Burvill, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

## The Way We Were - General Knowledge Quiz.

Here's a little quiz to take you down memory lane and get you arguing over Christmas. Just how good is your memory? Colour TV started in 1965... or was it 1967? And in 1957 whisky cost 25/-... or was it 37/6d? A few answers may surprise you. Okay? Pens and pencils at the ready. Why not test yourselves against your friends? Score 1 for every correct answer. Answers over next page.

### Prices.

In 1957 how much did the following cost? Try hard - in OLD money.

1. A pint of milk? (a) 4d ; (b) 8d ; (c) 1/2d
2. Six eggs? (a) 4/8d ; (b) 3/3d ; (c) 2/7d
3. A pint of bitter in a pub? (a) 1/4d ; (b) 2/6d ; (c) 3/3d
4. A bottle of whisky? (a) 37/6d ; (b) 25/- ; (c) £2/3/0d
5. A television licence? (a) £3 ; (b) £5 ; (c) £1
6. A (basic rate) stamp for a letter sent within the U.K?  
(a) 2d ; (b) 2 1/2d ; (c) 3d
7. What was the inflation rate in 1957? (a) 3.7% ; (b) 7.6% ; (c) 10.1%
8. What was the average price of a new house in 1957?  
(a) £2,330 ; (b) £4,640 ; (c) £10,770

### Politics.

9. Who was Prime Minister in October 1957?  
(a) Eden ; (b) Macmillan ; (c) Home.
10. When was the first U.K. Ombudsman appointed?  
(a) 1957 ; (b) 1961 ; (c) 1967
11. When was the law passed to lower the voting age from 21 to 18?  
(a) 1959 ; (b) 1966 ; (c) 1969
12. Who was the first Minister for Consumer Affairs?  
(a) Sir Geoffrey Howe ; (b) Shirley Williams ; (c) John Fraser
13. When was the Common Market founded? (a) 1957 ; (b) 1960 ; (c) 1962
14. When did we finally become members? (a) 1960 ; (b) 1968 ; (c) 1973

### Transport.

15. When did the QE2 make her maiden voyage? (a) 1965 ; (b) 1968 ; (c) 1969
16. When was the breathalyser introduced? (a) 1965 ; (b) 1967 ; (c) 1959
17. Who was Minister of Transport then?
18. When was the 70 mph speed limit introduced?  
(a) 1974 ; (c) 1969 ; (d) 1965
19. Who was Minister of Transport then?
20. In which year did Beeching report on BR (recommending closure of half BR stations and two thirds of track)? (a) 1959 ; (b) 1961 ; (c) 1963
21. When was Concorde's first scheduled flight? (a) 1966 ; (b) 1969 ; (c) 1971
22. When did BEA and BOAC merge to form "the world's favourite airline" (British Airways)? (a) 1964 ; (b) 1972 ; (c) 1968

### Money.

23. When did the farthing cease to be legal tender? (a) 1958 (b) 1959 (c) 1960
24. What about the sixpence? (a) 1975 ; (b) 1978 ; (c) 1980
25. And the halfpenny (old 1/2d)? (a) 1965 ; (b) 1960 ; (c) 1969
26. When did Britain change to decimal currency? (a) 1969 (b) 1971 (c) 1973
27. What was the first new decimal coin to be circulated?  
(a) 50p ; (b) 10p ; (c) 5p
28. When was the first premium bond draw? (a) 1961 ; (b) 1957 ; (c) 1958
29. How much was the first prize? (a) £1,000 ; (b) £5,000 ; (c) £10,000
30. By how much was the £ devalued in 1967? (a) 6.4% ; (b) 11.3% ; (c) 14.3%
31. Who was Chancellor of the Exchequer then?  
(a) Jenkins ; (b) Callaghan ; (c) Wilson
32. Which is smaller the new (reduced size) 5p or the old sixpence?
33. When was VAT introduced? (a) 1968 ; (b) 1973 ; (c) 1975
34. What was its basic rate then? (a) 8% ; (b) 10% ; (c) 12 1/2%
35. When did the Post Office first introduce its two-tier 1st and 2nd class post system? (a) 1966 ; (b) 1968 ; (c) 1971

### Entertainment/Arts

36. When did ITV start broadcasting? (a) 1954 ; (b) 1955 ; (c) 1961
37. When was the Open University founded? (a) 1960 ; (b) 1965 ; (c) 1971
38. When was the first British colour television programme broadcast?  
(a) 1965 ; (b) 1967 ; (c) 1959
39. When did BBC 2 start? (a) 1959 ; (b) 1964 ; (c) 1971
40. In which year was British radio reorganised into Radios 1, 2, 3 & 4?  
(a) 1967 ; (b) 1964 ; (c) 1971
41. Which did the Home Service become?
42. When did local radio begin in Britain? (a) 1962 ; (b) 1966 ; (c) 1967
43. When was the first Sunday colour supplement published?  
(a) 1958 ; (b) 1962 ; (c) 1965
44. And by which Newspaper?
45. When was the Queen's Christmas broadcast first televised?  
(a) 1957 ; (b) 1960 ; (c) 1961

### Medicine/Health.

46. Which drug was withdrawn in 1961?  
(a) Thalidomide ; (b) Debendox ; (c) Opren
47. A new vaccine was introduced in the UK in 1968. Was it against:  
(a) measles ; (b) German measles ; (c) whooping cough?
48. When was the first ever heart transplant performed?  
(a) 1962 ; (b) 1964 ; (c) 1967
49. Who performed it? (full name if possible.)
50. When were cigarette ads banned on commercial television in Britain?  
(a) 1965 ; (b) 1968 ; (c) 1970

FINALLY - when did the following items become generally available in the UK?

- |                         |                    |                           |
|-------------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Digital watch        | 2. Felt pen        | 3. Non-stick cookware     |
| 4. Golf-ball typewriter | 5. Food processor  | 6. Pocket calculator      |
| 7. Video recorder       | 8. Microwave ovens | 9. Ring-pull cans         |
| 10. Instant coffee      | 11. Tea bags       | 12. Instant mashed potato |

## QUIZ ANSWERS

- |                           |                   |                           |
|---------------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. (b) 8d                 | 23. (c) 1960      | 45. (a) 1957              |
| 2. (b) 3/3d               | 24. (c) 1980      | 46. (a) thalidomide       |
| 3. (a) 1/4d               | 25. (c) 1969      | 47. (a) measles           |
| 4. (a) 37/6d              | 26. (b) 1971      | 48. (c) 1967              |
| 5. (a) £3                 | 27. (a) 50p       | 49. Dr. Christian Barnard |
| 6. (c) 3d                 | 28. (b) 1957      | 50. (a) 1965              |
| 7. (a) 3.7%               | 29. (a) £1,000    |                           |
| 8. (a) £2,330             | 30. (c) 14.3%     | AND FINALLY Those years.  |
| 9. (b) Macmillan          | 31. (b) Callaghan | 1. 1975                   |
| 10. (c) 1967              | 32. the new 5p    | 2. 1973                   |
| 11. (c) 1969              | 33. (b) 1973      | 3. 1955                   |
| 12. (a) Sir Geoffrey Howe | 34. (a) 8%        | 4. 1976                   |
| 13. (a) 1957              | 35. (b) 1968      | 5. 1974                   |
| 14. (c) 1973              | 36. (b) 1955      | 6. 1971                   |
| 15. (c) 1969              | 37. (c) 1971      | 7. 1976                   |
| 16. (b) 1967              | 38. (b) 1967      | 8. 1972                   |
| 17. Barbara Castle        | 39. (b) 1964      | 9. 1965                   |
| 18. (a) 1974              | 40. (a) 1967      | 10. 1938                  |
| 19. Fred Mulley           | 41. Radio 4       | 11. 1953                  |
| 20. (c) 1963              | 42. (c) 1967      | 12. 1967                  |
| 21. (b) 1969              | 43. (b) 1962      |                           |
| 22. (b) 1972              | 44. The Times     |                           |



### The Menace of the Sulo Bin - the saga continues. by Iris Stevens

I too have noticed these ominous black figures standing (on guard?) at gateways. Some plain black whilst others, as witnessed in Berwick, are highly decorated. A few bear numbers, of rank I presume.

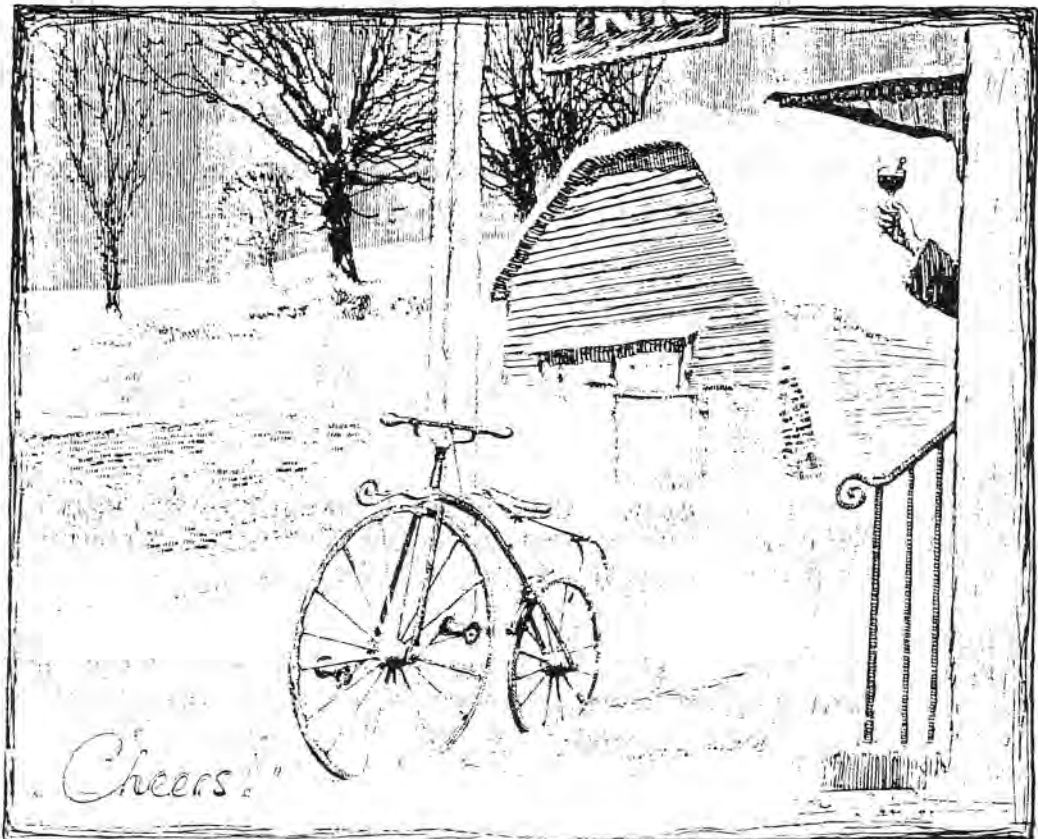
In my own area they appear mysteriously around dawn on a Friday and disappear by 12 noon. Where the majority go to I know not, but one in particular takes up station opposite my back door. Once a week it makes a short journey to the roadway where it obviously gets its weeks orders from a much larger machine with a large cavernous mouth emitting loud crunching noises. Two figures in orange appear to be trying to placate the 'thing' without much avail.

What ever you do don't get too close to these creatures. I had a rather unpleasant experience whilst trying to feed it. I know I shouldn't have done so, but I am a bit of a soft touch with stray animals.

However, back to this terrifying experience, as I tossed a morsel into its black gaping mouth its jaws snapped shut and I was trapped head and shoulders inside the mouth (it had shocking bad breath!). I struggled for some minutes to free myself, managing to wrench clear before it gobbled me up completely. From then on whilst feeding the brute I creep up quietly snatch the top lip back toss in 'food' and let go quickly.



HERE  
Surrey.



Cheers.

Return to the Falklands  
by John Gallsworthy

Having lived and worked in the Falkland Islands before the conflict I naturally was interested in how the Islands have developed in the years since those days. I was therefore very pleased when the opportunity arose to visit the Islands earlier this year.

I must confess that my initial impression was one of disappointment as Port Stanley, the main town, was rather messy with old cargo - 40 ft containers, mobile homes and various vehicles in all states of 'dead' jammed into many gardens. I was later to learn that these were all from either the army or contractors and were sold at auction. Being Islanders with difficulties in getting equipment the magpie syndrom took over. Efforts are being made to tidy these up, and now the Islanders feel their future is more secure they have more enthusiasm in restoring the town to its former state.

The other noticeable change is the expansion of the town. The original main part of town has changed very little, most of the new houses being built at the East and West ends. During and immediately after the war the roads became in a terrible condition due to all the heavy vehicles. There is, at present, an extensive road building programme and most of the main roads have now been re-built.

The vehicles in town are now becoming a major problem both in size and numbers. Years ago six Land Rovers constituted a traffic jam. Now it is genuinely difficult driving around town and one often gets jammed in.

The last immediate impression was the lack of military personnel. I had expected the town to be swamped with squaddies but since the completion of the Mount Pleasant Airport most military activity is in and around that area.

The islanders themselves have not really changed at all with all the trauma and change they have been through. There are, of course, changes brought on by all the extra people and the ease of transport within the islands. When I lived in the Islands a trip to Goose Green could take two days, a journey of 60 miles. Now with the new Camp roads being constructed it is only a three hour trip. The ease of being able to travel around obviously has its benefits, but it is a matter of personnel opinion as to whether it has actually enhanced the life of the people living on the farms.

There is no doubt that the local population are eternally grateful to the British for rescuing them from the Argentinians and there is a real sense of working to the future.



#### Rural Delights

From a Devon Parish magazine: 'After much deliberation the judges decided that the joint winners of the best cook competition were Mrs. . . . . (an old English Tart) and Miss . . . . (a surprise hot dish).'

#### A Plump Bird?

Staff at a poultry firm in Haverfordwest must have been in two minds about entering its recent beauty contest. The winner, 20 year old Christine Morgan, has to spend next year trying to live down - or, indeed, live up to - the title of Miss Wonderbreast.

# Summer Prize Crossword Answers

by David Rix

The first correct entry drawn after the closing date was Debbie Springett's.



WONDER  
NUTRACK  
SPECIALIZED  
MICHELIN


BENOTTO  
BIKE RIBBON  
DUEGI SHOES  
CARNAC SHOES

PARENTINI  
TUDOR SPORT  
LOVELL  
SPENCO

CINELLI  
FAG  
HURET  
STRONGLIGHT

VITTORIA  
WOLBER  
AZTEC  
BINDA  
ESGE  
CLEMENT

OAKLEY  
RUDY PROJECT



# PHOENIX

## CYCLES

HOLDSWORTH  
CLAUD BUTLER  
FALCON  
ROBERTS  
RALEIGH

SANYO  
SENTINEL  
VELOX

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Eastbourne  
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England  
BN22 7NR  
Tel: Eastbourne  
(0323) 29060

AGU  
KARRIMOR  
CARRIDICE

TA  
TANGE  
T  
EDIS  
S  
S  
S  
R

SHIMANO  
MAVIC  
LOOK  
CAMPAGNOLO  
SUNTOUR  
MAILLARD  
REGINA

UNIFIT  
SPORTS BALM  
MUSCULOR  
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