The Coaster

the magazine of the

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION
CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

No. 34 - Christmas 1998

50p

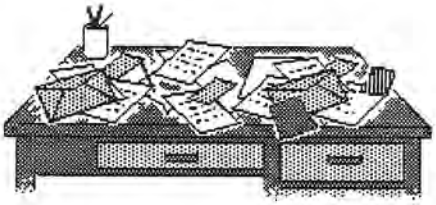
East Sussex District Association
Cyclists' Touring Club

President - Ted Haynes

working for cycling

Secretary & Editor: David Rix, 27 Fullwood Avenue, Newhaven, E. Sussex. BN9 9SP

"The Coaster" **Issue No. 34, Christmas 1998**



From the Editor's Desk.

Sorry if this issue's been slightly delayed, but I've had a few problems with the computer, amongst other things; hopefully most of you have received this before Christmas. Not so much in this issue I'm afraid; some articles from Bill Whiting and Roy James, and some local history on Glynde, but otherwise it's a few bits and pieces I've found to fill up the space. I'm sure there must be people out there going away on interesting holidays and tours - surely someone else could find the time to put pen to paper and let us all know what you've been up to. I've heard people like the magazine, I just hope you like it enough to contribute some articles to keep it going - I'm not fussy, we'll print almost anything.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone and may your wheels turn well in 1999.

David Rix

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen

The Cyclists' Touring Club (originally known as the Bicycle Touring Club, the present title being adopted in 1883) was founded at Harrogate in Yorkshire on August 5th 1878 by Stanley Cotterell. It is Britain's national cyclists' association, devoted to the encouragement of cycling for recreation and as a means of transport, and to the protection of cyclists' interests.

The C.T.C. was the first Touring Club to be formed in the world. Membership details may be obtained from:-

C.T.C. National Headquarters,
Cotterell House, 69 Meadrow,
Godalming, Surrey, GU7 3HS

or from the local District Association (D.A.) Secretary or one of the Section Secretaries whose addresses are listed below.

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

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ON THE MOVE

45 The Bancroft
ETWALL
Derby
DE65 6NF

Surprise, surprise, after 39 years here, we are moving to the above address in early January.

The reason for this decision is that Heather, Robert & Isabelle moved to Winshill, near Burton-on-Trent in June. Robert took relocation when the company he worked for sold out.

We decided to give up the delights of driving round the M25 and the other motorways to be a lot nearer to them. Also to get away from the overcrowded South-east and enjoy some fresh cycling country.

We started to get itchy feet after our trip to New Zealand last Winter. Although it was not on bikes, it was a pleasure to drive out there and it made us realize just how overcrowded we were in this part of the country.

We shall, of course, miss all our cycling friends, but hope to meet up with you from time to time.

Our best regards,

Ken & Iris (Stevens)

I think I can speak for most of the D.A. when I say that we shall all miss Ken & Iris, and hope that they will pop back from time to time to see us. Iris was D.A. Secretary for about 14 years before I took over and I have always appreciated her assistance and advice. Also I think all those who have attended our D.A. Lunches over the years will miss Iris's catering - she and her team always did us proud, as those who attended the 50th Anniversary Tea earlier this year will appreciate. Good luck to both of you, and to Heather, Robert & Isabelle, in your new homes.

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CHICHESTER WITH CHEMISTRY

by Bill Whiting

The phone rang. "Hello, Bill, have you sent that application form to the YHA yet?" It was Robin, phoning me from Ewell.
"No," I said, rather guiltily.
"Well," he said, "you had better do that as soon as you put the phone down or you won't have anywhere to sleep tonight."
Not wanting to run that risk, when he had rung off I completed the form, packed my saddlebag and a signal's satchel I used when trekking with the Scouts, and set off for the Post Office. Postal Order and stamp duly purchased, tonight's 'roof over my head' was shot into the letter box outside, knowing it would reach St Albans after the 'event.'

I hopped on the bike and rode over to Robin's house, a matter of a dozen miles or so, right through central Croydon (avoiding the tram lines), Sutton then Cheam. This was to be a special ride. After two years of swotting and exams, I had been 'let off the hook' for ten days. It was also my first 'long' tour and first hostelling experience.

The date was June 1954. Robin and I were in the Sixth forms at school. We were both keen cyclists and had pottered around the Surrey lanes (yes, even Pebblecombe) for several years in our spare time. Now we had just finished our last 'A' level written exams. It was ten days to the final paper, Chemistry, practical, and no-one wanted to know us at school until it was all over. We were still governed by school rules that insisted that no dropped handlebar machines were allowed at the school. We therefore both rode sit up and begs - Robin's a wine coloured Rudge and mine a black Raleigh sport; neither was light, but both sported Sturmey-Archer FW hubs and Dynohub lighting. In those days the tram system was being dismantled, but the tarred over rails were uncovering themselves at busy junctions, prior to being dug out. There was so little traffic in those days that the quickest way through Croydon was down George Street, Crown Hill and out along Stafford Road, following (and trying to race) the trolley buses on their way to Sutton.

It took just under the hour to reach Robin's house near Ewell East station. Robin's first comment was "don't carry that satchel on your back; put it on your bike somewhere." Now Robin was 18 stone and you didn't argue with him. It was also lesson Number 1 in the art of touring.

About 11.00 a.m. we set off, heading along the quiet main road through Kingswood, down to Reigate and along to Dorking. Who would risk that route these days? How things have changed. We stopped in Dorking to see what was lurking in the bus garage (Robin was a bus enthusiast) - mainly recently delivered double-deckers, but there were a couple of old, rare, vehicles used on the narrow lanes around Leith Hill and Coldharbour.

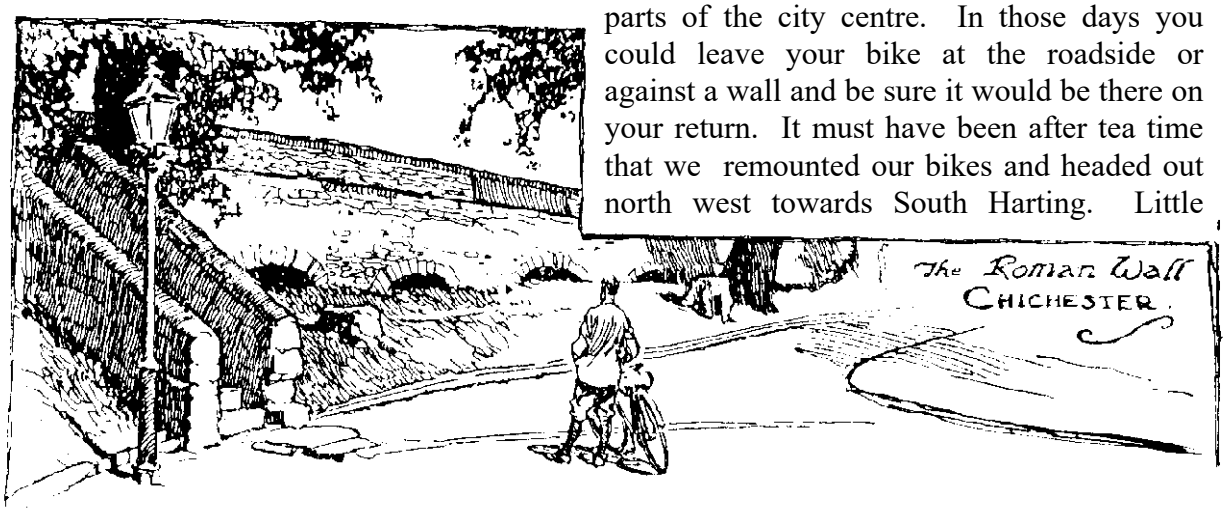
We now headed off south, through Holmwood, Capel, Ockley and on to Billingshurst. Until the last named was reached, it was new country to me, with the rolling

wooded hills forming a backdrop either side of us. I knew Billingshurst from a visit I had made eight years earlier, to stay with my very first girl friend (she was 9, I was 10). I think it was here that Robin and I stopped to eat our sandwich lunch, probably in the bus shelter in the middle of the village. The weather was splendid. Indeed, I look back on the English summers we enjoyed then with a feeling of "they don't make them like that any more!" Our laden bikes ran well, the roads were smooth; we didn't have to beware of potholes - there just weren't any.

The A29 is a long straight road, so we pressed on towards Pulborough. Few cars passed us. In those days a family saloon was hard pressed at 50-55 mph. So far the gradients had been easy, but Bury Hill was looming up - our steady top gear pace dwindled as the road became steeper. Thank goodness for a wide ratio four-speed hub! A steady pedalling rhythm soon put paid to the hill - we were young and fit. Then bliss of bliss, the run down to Fontwell! Gravity, Which had been working strongly against us, now powered us down the hill, through, the lovely wooded, sloping valley. We must have kept pace with the cars easily (the few lorries there were, were limited to 20 mph, so there could have been a few startled faces as we sped past them). I seem to remember the sense of anticlimax when we reached the hill towards the edge of Slindon. Though shorter than Bury Hill, it appeared much steeper after our charge down the valley.

Much of the time Robin and I rode two abreast - why not? We didn't create a hazard. We repeated the analytical tables to each other. Our final exam centred on analysing an unnamed chemical compound and we were not permitted access to text books. By now we had it off by heart.

Chichester Cathedral spire soon appeared in the distance, across the flat land to the West. We were now on the A27 'trunk' road (the map said) heading towards the city. It seemed no time at all before we were exploring the Cathedral, the Market Cross and other parts of the city centre. In those days you could leave your bike at the roadside or against a wall and be sure it would be there on your return. It must have been after tea time that we remounted our bikes and headed out north west towards South Harting. Little



could we have guessed that both of us, at different stages in our later careers, would have returned to Chichester to work and, in Robin's case, to live. There was a Youth Hostel at North Marden (long since closed) and there was plenty of room for us. Just before we reached it, however, I remember stopping to look at two closely growing oak trees whose upper boughs had fused together. We were not self catering, but we enjoyed a reasonable meal (having first persuaded the warden that I had joined the YHA, but that I was still waiting for my card!) There were less than a dozen staying there that night. They were highly amused (and educated) as Robin and I quizzed each other on chemical analysis.

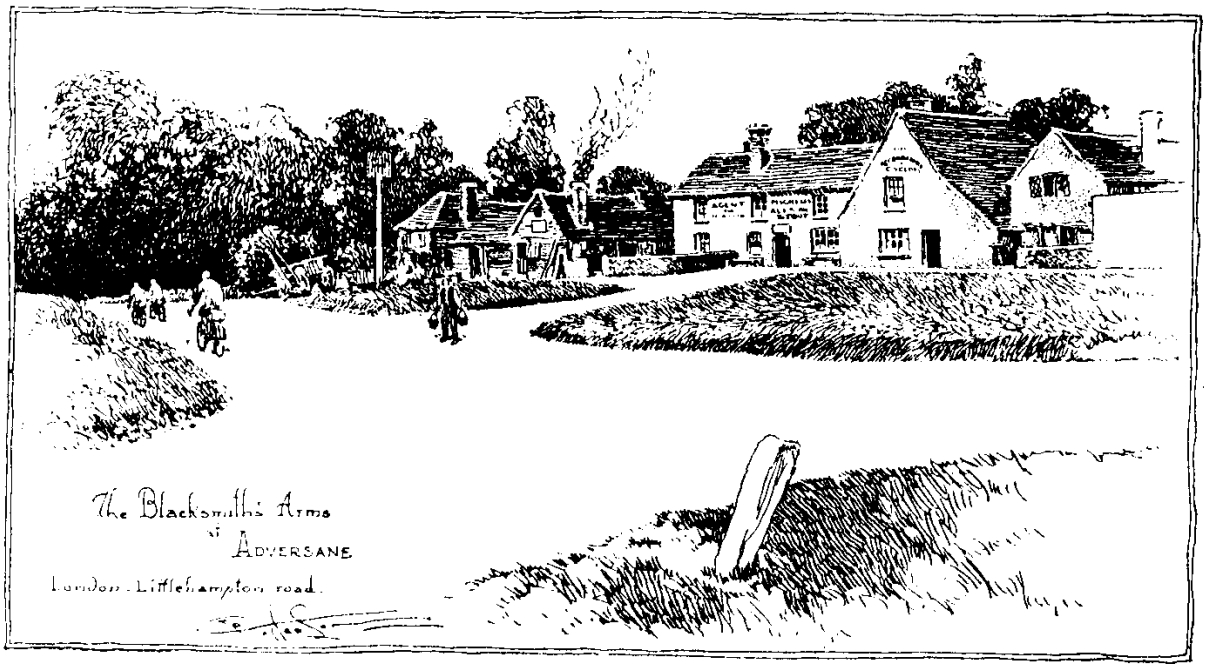
Later that night, in the dormitory, I pleaded with Robin to let me have the upper bunk, but to no avail. The thought of 18 stone crashing down on me at 3.00 a.m. did not encourage a speedy loss of consciousness but even so with memories of the sights and achievements of the day (not to mention a level of physical weariness), sleep.

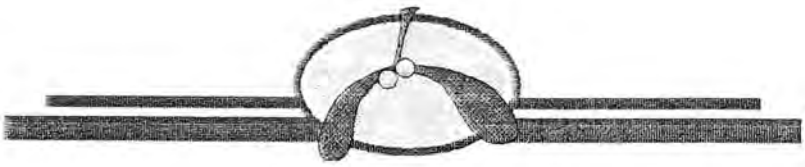
When I awoke In the morning I was relieved to find I had not been flattened and that the day was as sunny and bright as the previous one. Breakfast and packing completed, it was now time for our task - tidying up the garden. We got off lightly - others had to wash up the dishes - while after 10 minutes with the shears, attacking the lawn, we were 'dismissed', duty done.

The ride back into Chichester at 9.30 in the morning gave one that 'good to be alive' feeling. The dew on the fields and hedges gave a new, clean, fresh feel to the air. In Chichester we found a baker's shop and stocked up with pasties and pies for our lunch. Heading east, we dropped down to Bognor, Littlehampton and Worthing. We sat on the shingle at Worthing and dealt with our lunch, accompanied by the sound of the sea and the smell of seaweed! It was a delightful run (hardly an adjective that is suitable today!), largely because it was flat. The gentle breeze eased us on our way past boat yards and, near Shoreham, just in sight of the power station and across a rather rustic bridge, we turned north to Upper Beeding. Up the Adur Valley in those days was a cement works, and I remember the surroundings being a rather pasty white. Small Dole and Henfield came and went, our pedals spinning easily; the miles seemed effortless that day. It was a hot day and by the time we reached the bottom of the hill to Lower Beeding (at a higher altitude than Higher Beeding - a feature that has always puzzled me), we felt in need of liquid refreshment. As luck had it, a house half way up the hill offered Hovis teas, (long since turned into a family home, though the cottage is still there). The good lady took one look at us and brought out two bottles of cool Lucozade and put them on the counter. As schoolboys we couldn't afford a cream tea, but my that drink went down well! We had learnt the hard way earlier that fizzy cider and cycling don't go well together when you are young, as the collapse of the stout party demonstrated a year or so before!

Beeding hill put behind our wheels, our next target was Horsham. Nowadays a complex one way system, but then a quiet country town, we processed through the

town and up through Dorking. Robin (still 18 stone) decided that, after such a flat day (in the gradient sense), we needed a challenge. Pebblecombe was the name of the game, yes, and we both pedalled it! What a relief when Headley Heath appeared over the top. It was now mainly down hill, through Banstead to Robin's home where his mother had prepared tea (they call it carbohydrate packing now in athletic circles). I phoned home to say we had made it, and, after supper, ridden back home thankful and pleased by our achievement. That day I had ridden 104 miles (plus about 80 the previous day). Some eight days later Robin and I entered the lab where our exam was to take place. In August we learned that we had both passed with flying colours. It was a great pity that from then on we were both too busy studying to be able to find time for another adventure such as this.





ODD CUTS -HOW TO KEEP YOUR OXEN HAPPY

The ploughman must drive his oxen evenly, neither smiting, pricking nor grieving them. He should not be melancholy or wrathful, but cheerful, jocund and full of song. By melody and song, the oxen rejoice in their labour. He should bring fodder with his own hands, and love his oxen and sleep with them by night, tickling and combing and rubbing them with straw.

(Thirteenth Century Manorial Rules.)

CELEBRATIONS IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II

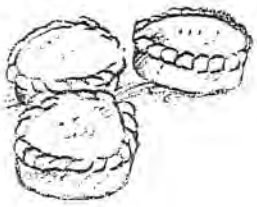
excerpts from the Diary of Samuel Pepys

25th December, 1662

(Christmas Day.) Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the family, but I came a little too late. So I walked up into the house, and spent my time looking over the pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry VIII's voyage to Bullen *[Boulogne]*; marking the great difference between their building then and now.

By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the Angels, "Glory to God on high, on Earth peace, and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long; and reprehending *[rebuking]* the mistaken jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularised concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds serves but for a second rather in a duel, meaning the groom-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a Bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their illl actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality; but one that stood by whispered in my ear that the Bishop do not spend one groat on the poor himself.

The sermon done, a good anthem followed with viols and the King came down to receive the sacrament. But I stayed not but.... walked home again with great pleasure, and there dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess *[serving]* of brave plum-porridge and a roasted pullet for dinner; and I sent for a mince pie abroad, my wife not being well enough to make any herself yet.



24th December, 1667

By coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonies, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal of patience stayed from nine at night to two in the morning in a very great crowd; and there expected but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high mass. The Queen was there and some ladies.

But Lord! what an odd thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous Papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the show. I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the Papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mighty troubled to kneel.

All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missed what I expected, which was to have a child born and dressed there *[a nativity scene]*, and a great deal of do; but we broke up and nothing like it done... So took my coach, which waited, and through Covent Garden to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who came thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this *[Catholic]* religion.

Drank some burnt *[hot]* wine at the Rose Tavern door, while the constables came, and two or three bellmen *[night-watchmen who called out the hours]* went by.

25th December

Being a fine night, light, moonshine morning, home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane *[the cookmaid]* and the maid making pies. So to bed. Rose about nine, and to church.... Wife and I alone at dinner - a good Christmas dinner. My wife reading to me... a strange story of spies, and worth reading indeed. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and he sat and supped with us...

6th January, 1668

[After surviving a muddle that had brought friends to dinner instead of supper, they all went to the theatre; afterwards] with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary music, two violins, and a bass violin, theorbo *[rather like a lute or harp, fashionable at the time]*, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's music, the best in town, sent me by Greeling, and there we set to dancing.

By and by... to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good music playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset *[a mixture of white wine, hot milk, sugar and spices]* for them, and an excellent *[Twelfth Night]* cake, cost me near 20s., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing...

And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning.

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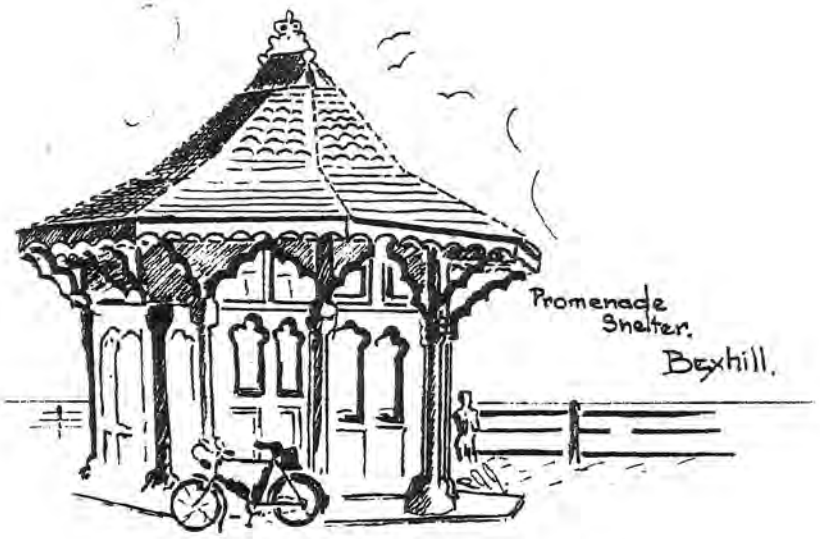


Everyday Sussex by Roy James

THE LITTLE CHURCHES OF ROMNEY MARSH. Part 1.

by Roy James

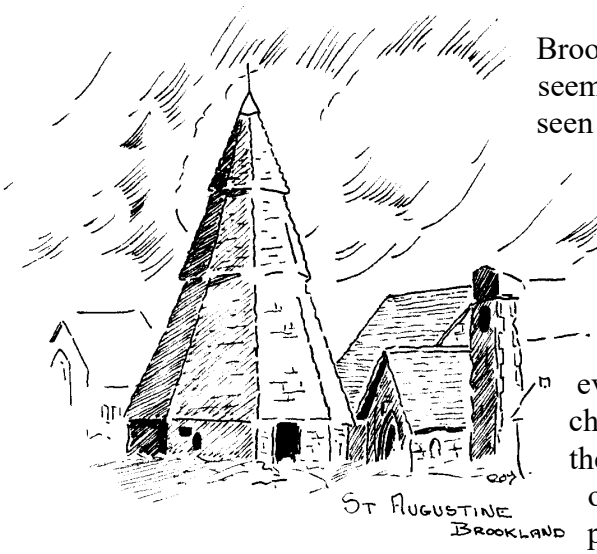
The day I decided to make the first part of my tour around the little churches of Romney Marsh was far from perfect. As I struggled to remove my bike from the tiny guards van at Appledore station I began to doubt the wisdom of making the visit in November. My decision had not been taken lightly, for I wanted to capture the marsh in Winter mood and as I cycled along the empty B2080 I would not have wanted it otherwise.

I had made Appledore my starting point as I reasoned that, with the wind coming from the N.E., I would rarely have to ride against it and with luck be blown back to Rye at the end of the day. After only a couple of miles I had reached my first destination and was leaning my bike against one of the trees that protects the church of St. Dunstan, Snargate from the worst of the marsh weather.

Few churches are left open these days and most visits are reduced to a wander around the churchyard, a possible peep through a clear window and perhaps a few moments in the porch reading the flower rota. St. Dunstan was an exception and, as the old door yielded to my pressure, I found myself in its dim interior. By no means a scholar of church architecture, indeed I can hardly tell my corbels from my crockets, I wander around hoping to find some thing of little importance overlooked by the guide books. Today I was lucky. In the bell tower, framed in cheap bamboo was a list of eight men of the village who in 1940 were recruited for the L.D.V. to "man the church tower and observe for enemy airborne troops". One of them I discovered later was 70 years old and had a wooden leg. He was heard to murmur, "never again", as he descended the tower for the first and last time. On the North wall and opposite the main door is a terracotta painting of a sailing ship, discovered under a layer of whitewash only twenty years ago. Of the several theories as to why it was painted, I like best the one that suggests such a portrayal to indicate the church to be a safe place for hiding contraband. For here we are in the heart of smuggling country. Did not the legendary Dr. Synn himself have a parish on these desolate marshes.

The church of St. Thomas Becket stands alone on a mound above flood level. Some distance from the road, there have been times in the past when parishioners have had to reach it by boat. Only a few miles from Snargate, I arrived there after a ride along a narrow road across windswept marsh. A notice near the road reminds visitors that 'The church tiles have been marked and the police informed'. A sorry reflection indeed of present times. More happily, the church key hangs outside the front door of nearby Becket Barn Farm and it was only necessary for me to lift it

from its hook and set off across the turfy causeway that leads to the church. Alarmed snipe flew up from the shallow pools on either side of the path and as I rested my bike against the brick mounting block built into the wall of the church, inquisitive sheep edged nervously towards me. This place is really something. Tiny in the extreme, Fairfield church is a gem. White painted box pews edged in black and perhaps best of all, a rare, complete three-decker pulpit, hard up against a clear North window. Outside, a wooden seat, facing a watery sun and out of the wind, gave me shelter while I picnicked and made a review of the day so far. Already it was afternoon and I wanted to make a few more visits before turning for Rye.



The church of St. Augustine, in the village of Brookland, was but a short distance away and seemed to be the next obvious choice. We have all seen this attractive building with its detached wooden belfry. Indeed, the main road to Dover used at one time to sweep by its gates, but thanks to the present bypass the church and village have been left in peace. Built in the middle of the thirteenth century, it has much to interest even the most casual visitor. Lucky again, the church was open and the first thing I noticed was the perilous leaning of the arcades on either side of the nave. The circular lead font is the best preserved of only thirty in the country and is deserving of close examination. Around its sides are castings of signs of the Zodiac and country occupations from March to October. I left the church still not sure why the belfry is detached from the main building. Refusing to believe the tale that the architect, not having room for the tower on his plan, had put it on a separate sheet and the builders had assumed that the two must be built apart. I decided that, like the leaning of the arcades, a tendency for subsidence was the most probable reason.

A minor road leaves the A259 at Brookland and this took me through quiet marshland to the village of Brenzett, where the small church of St. Eanswyth - a saxon princess - lies hidden by trees. Here I had my first disappointment, for the door was locked. I wandered around, half hoping that someone would come along, but visitors here, especially in November, are probably rare and after a few minutes I left. Passing a lady cleaning a car outside a remote cottage, I enquired the way to the church of St. Augustine - yes, another one - in the village of Snave.

"It's just up the road," she told me, "but the church is a bit away from the village and you will find the door locked. Go around the back and you will find a little door that will open".

At the end of a grassy avenue, which they do say is lined with daffodils in the Spring, was the church. The exterior of St. Augustine's is wonderful and standing before it one seems to go back in time. Going to the rear, there was the door. I gently pushed it open. But there is a feeling about any building that no longer serves a purpose - for St. Augustine's has been declared redundant and the heart has been plucked from it. In a dusty corner I found a curious sentry box affair that I knew to be called a 'hud'. Popular among the marsh clergy when conducting graveside services during the often wet weather of a Romney Marsh Winter. That seemed to be the limit of my discoveries and I stepped out to the fresh air without regret.

The light changed as I cycled along the A259 to Old Romney and, as I needed to be back in Rye before dark, I knew I had made my last visit for the day. After Old Romney it was lanes most of the way and that N.E. wind helped me on my way. In the middle of a ploughed field loomed the ruins of Midley church and I determined to find out more before my next visit. As I rolled into Rye the sun finally dipped out of sight.

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THIS MADNESS

by Winova

They call us mad, these dwellers in the town
Who do not know the joy of speeding down
A long, smooth road, nor yet the breathless thrill
Of rising to the steep crest of a hill;
The freedom of open spaces, and the song
Our humming tyres sing, travelling along.
If this be madness, let us ne'er be sane.

Reprinted, with permission, from the "Book of Verses" published by the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers.

WHY DO WE SAY THAT? 2

Being more explanations of well known sayings or phrases.

I could sleep on a clothes line.

When people are really exhausted and tired out, they sometimes say 'I could sleep on a clothes line'.
They are lucky they don't have to. In the last century in big cities like London, poor people had to do just that.
Landlords of inns used to charge people twopence a night to sleep sitting up on a bench, leaning against a line stretched tight in front of them. It was known as the 'twopenny rope'. Often, callous landlords would wake their guests in the morning simply by cutting the rope.

To strike while the iron is hot.

If you act at exactly the right time, then you strike while the iron is hot and things work out just right. It is a saying that goes back hundreds of years and refers, not surprisingly, to the skills of the village blacksmith.
His experience and knowledge enabled him to know just when to start hammering on a horseshoe to form the right shape. It would work only when the metal was just at the right temperature. He had to strike while the iron was hot.

Teddy Bear.

The teddy bear is the favorite toy of millions of children. When they grow up, Teddy is still remembered with affection and even passed on to children's children. But how did he get his name?
Oddly enough, an American president is responsible. Theodore Roosevelt, whose nickname was Teddy, was invited on a hunting trip in Mississippi in 1903. His host, wishing to ensure that the President bagged something, caught and stunned a small bear and left it at a prearranged spot. Roosevelt, however, discovered the trick and would have nothing to do with it.

When the story emerged, the Washington Post published a cartoon of the scene. This was too good an opportunity for toy manufacturers to miss. They immediately renamed their line in cuddly stuffed bears as teddy bears.

To Stonewall

The Stonewall is well known in Politics, business and cricket. He stands unmoved, resolute in his defensive efforts to thwart the proceedings.
The name goes back to a Confederate general in the American civil war, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, and his defense at the Battle of Bull Run in 1861. Someone in the heat of the fight was heard to shout, 'Look there's Jackson standing like a stone wall.' His troops promptly became

known as the Stonewall Brigade and the nickname stuck with the general.

A sad footnote: Stonewall Jackson was accidentally shot and killed by his own side in another battle two years later.

Eating humble pie.

To eat humble pie means to be humiliated, to admit others know best or are superior in some way.
The saying comes from the days when the Lord of the Manor and his fellow huntsmen feasted on the spoils of their day's hunting. They ate prime venison, while the servants and others of low standing had to make do with a pie made from the umbles of the deer - its entrails, liver and heart.

Bring home the bacon.

To 'bring home the bacon' is to return home triumphantly, having achieved some plan or objective, perhaps a pay rise or promotion at work,
The saying refers to the custom of the Dunmow Flitch which dates back nearly 900 years. Any person kneeling at the church door in the village of Dunmow, Essex, who swore that for a year and a day he had never had an argument with his wife or wished himself unmarried, could claim an award. It was a flitch (or side) of bacon. But only eight people won it in more than 500 years.

Hobson's Choice.

When you have no choice at all, this is known as Hobson's choice. Back in the seventeenth century, Hobson was a carrier of goods and packages in the English university town of Cambridge. He also hired out horses. But customers were never allowed to pick and choose.
If they wanted one of Mr Hobson's horses, they had to take the one standing nearest the stable door or none at all. So they had Hobson's choice - or nothing.
Despite this idiosyncrasy, Hobson was a valued citizen. He helped to provide Cambridge with a badly needed clean water supply in 1606. To this day he is still remembered with a street, a fountain and a stream named after him.

Can't hold a candle to him.

Soccer fans discussing their heroes might well say, 'Smith? He can't hold a candle to Jones.' This means the talent of Smith is nowhere near that of Jones.
The saying goes back to the seventeenth century when link-boys carried torches to show travelers along London's streets after dark. They hired themselves out by crying, 'Have a light, gentlemen?' The task did not require much intelligence and was a very subordinate position. So, if you wanted to insult someone, you would say, 'He's not fit to hold a candle to anyone.'

THE HISTORY OF THE TRICYCLE

by Bill Whiting

Rushing a rise

Before the advent of the safety bicycle, if you wanted something other than an ordinary, you chose a tricycle. For the ardent rider, membership of a cycling club was 'de rigeur'. It was almost considered to be a crime not to ride with a club. Therefore in the 1870's and 1880's the market divided itself into two - the young bloods rode with a club on an ordinary, while the more mature (and better heeled) members of society - doctors, ministers and perhaps the local squire's family rode tricycles. The exceptions were those young clubmen who relished the challenge of racing tricycles. Indeed, at this time, it was fairly common to find quadricycles housed in the stable block!

The early machines were distinctly heavy, as the following figures indicate:

The Coventry	107 lb.
The Flying Dutchman	74 lb.
The Humber	92 lb.
The Princess	78 lb.
The Special Salvo (46")	96 lb.
" " " (54")	104 lb.
The No. 1 Salvo (50")	121 lb.

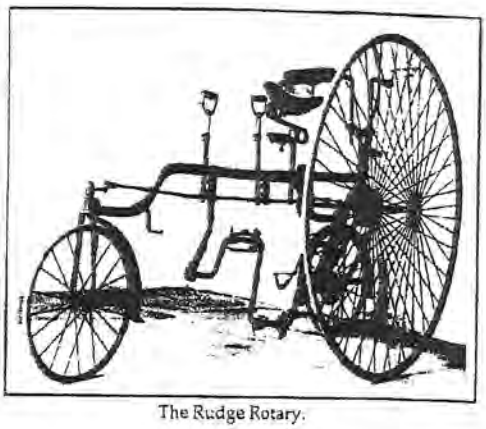
Racing tricycles were probably a little lighter. T. R. Marriott won the London Tricycle Club's 24 hour race in 1883 on a machine weighing 59 lb. Equipped with 32 inch wheels, 5½" cranks, it was geared to 54 inches. The distance is unknown but may have been around 200 miles. And that on grit, mud and chalk roads, not the tarmac of today! From 1886 the North Road Cycling Club offered 3 grades of medal to riders who had achieved certain distances within the 24 hour period. The Class 1 for trikes required 220 miles to have been ridden, Class 2: 170 miles and Class 3: 150 miles. These 'standards' were higher for bicycles and tandem trikes. Such standards were not easy to be gained. In 1889 the Butterfield brothers achieved 204 miles in the N.R.R.C. 24 hour race, which included 4 ordinaries, 6 trikes, 1 tandem trike (theirs) and 24 safeties. M. A. Holbien, the winner on a safety, rode 324 miles. In 1891, in the 24 hour race of that year, F. T. Bidlake was 3rd on a trike, at 304½ miles, in heavy rain. For the first time ever, all the riders in the 1891 race rode on pneumatic tyres - one factor in Bidlake's greater distance. In 1892, Frank Shorland and M. A. Holbein rode the London to York route on a tandem trike in 13 hours 19 minutes. They were accompanied by F.T. Bidlake on a single trike. For much of the way Bidlake was holding on to the Shorland/ Holbein tandem! Not surprisingly he recorded the same time.

Tandem tricycle. 1880s.

One final feat of trike racing should be mentioned, but to be fair it was on the boards at Herne Hill during 21/22nd July 1893. The occasion was the 2nd Cuca Cup race (Cuca was a brand of drinking cocoa, the manufacturers, Root and Co., offered a 100 guinea Challenge Cup to the N.R.C.C. who chose to use the '24 hours' as the sponsored race each year). That year F. T. Bidlake on his trike was second to Frank Shorland, beating all the other safety riders in the race. He achieved 410 miles 1110 yards, a distance which still stood as a record 60 years later. (believe it may have been broken in the early 1950's.) Shorland's distance was 426 miles 440 yards.

So much for the racing trike. What machines were available to the utilitarian rider? Early machines - trikes and three-wheeled boneshakers were often treadle-driven. Only small numbers were built between 1850 and 1870. It was in 1877 that a practical three wheeler became available. It was James Starley who pioneered it, Haynes and Jeffreys who built it - the Coventry Lever by name. It was a radical design. A 50 inch diameter driving wheel was to the left of the rider, and two 20 inch wheels, in longitudinal line to the right. A bath-chair handle steered both small wheels. It was pedaled by a type of crankshaft connected to a pair of foot levers. These were soon replaced by pedals and a chain, enabling the gearing to be changed to meet the riders needs (by replacing sprockets). Later models had rack and pinion steering.

Other designs rapidly followed - H. J. Lawson's Coventry Rotary, (with bottom bracket, cranks and pedals) was an early example. With development, it became known as the Coventry Rudge and in 1880 as the Rudge Rotary. Another notable machine was the Dublin Tricycle, with two small steerable front wheels and a large driving wheel behind the rider. The other design, by R. L. Burkett was hand propelled. This involved pushing and pulling a handle, connected by a long rod to the rear crank. The rider must have looked like an ataxic oarsman, wobbling erratically in his progress, one small wheel in front and two large ones behind.

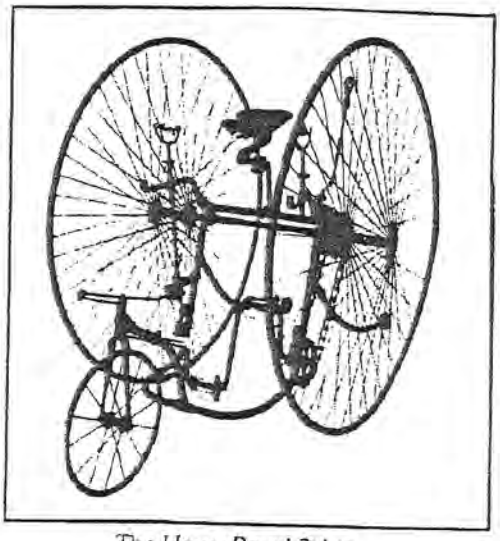


The Rudge Rotary.

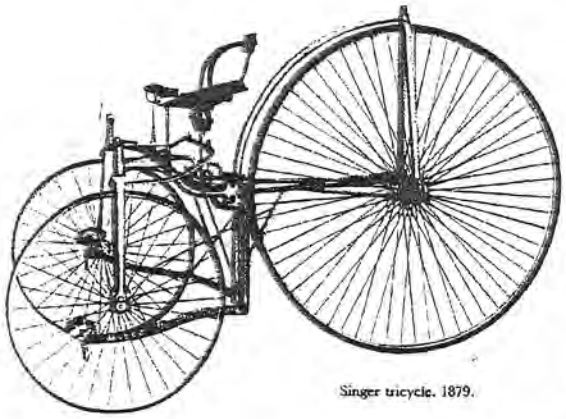
The tricycle, being self-supporting, was also seen as a sociable means of transport. The Beaconsfield sat five riders. Other machines could take up to eight. However, such contraptions were hard work to pedal and slow in progress.

Later Starley modified the Coventry Lever by the addition of a fourth wheel and a second seat beside the rider. Not long after the small rear wheel was removed and the machine became a front-wheel steering, two seater trike. The snag was that the drive to each large wheel was independent of the other, giving rise to veering across the road when one of the riders 'put his feet up'! Starley overcame this bit of excitement by fitting a bevel gear differential (of his invention, and which is used on virtually all road vehicles today).

Tricycling became the in-thing when the then Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) ordered a Starley two seater. The model was immediately after renamed the Royal Salvo (it weighed 120 lb.!).



The Howe Royal Salvo.



Singer tricycle. 1879.

Many diverse designs appeared during that same year (1879). The Coventry Machinists' Company produced the Cheylesmore (related to the Coventry Lever). Another design came from Singer (later to make cars), this one having two small rear wheels in front and a large, rear driven wheel. The Excelsior, because of its wheel arrangement and size was nicknamed the One-two-three (or Penny-Half-penny-Farthing). The Gnat, from Uxbridge-based Garrard, was similar to the Singer but all wheels were of equal size.

Over the next few years, designs came and went. In 1881, the first box tricycles for goods delivery appeared. But in 1884, the Cripper first saw the light of day. Designed by R. Cripps and manufactured by Humber, this was at last a direct steering, single front wheel, inclined fork design, that set the shape of tricycles to come. It was driven by pedals and an enclosed chain to the rear wheels. It gradually ousted all other designs (including the Humber) with its all-equal 28 inch wheels. Others followed and by 1888 Singer had introduced a fine tricycle, with inclined head and curved front forks, having mastered the secret of sensitive and responsive steering. Few eccentric designs after that made the grade, thus it can be said that Cripps created the trike, as we know it now.

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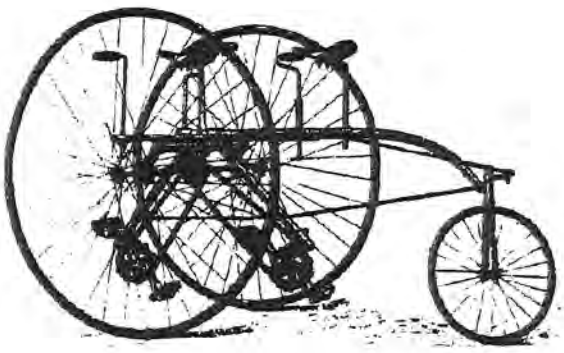

BRIEF BITS OF CYCLING GOSSIP (1898 Edition)
from Bill Whiting

The following 'gems' were filched from an issue of the Rambler (of 1898)

Punctuality is the thief of time.

A puncture best shows how the wind blows.

The first velocipede to be propelled by foot power, was a rear driven, made by a Scotchman (sic.) named Peter Patrick in 1840.

Shark skin has lately been tried for tyre coverings, with a view to preventing side-slip; it didn't.

The first racing man to distinguish himself on the pneumatic tyre was Alexander, of Belfast.

There are seven miles of excellent roads in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and they constitute one of the finest cycling grounds in the world.

Continual riding is encouraged in America, where many of the clubs offer prizes for the members who accomplish the greatest number of centuries.

Someone says that the lady riders of Florence are incensed because they are required to carry bells on their bicycles. In this country all dropped frame safeties carry two 'belles' and the ladies don't complain.

For 1877 England held all the world's cycling records, from 1 mile up to 24 hours.

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THE ELECTRIC TELPHERAGE RAILWAY

A little known type of 'railway' was first introduced at Glynde in the 1860's and was known as Telpherage, apparently it did not last long, though examples are still in existence - the one for the gypsum mines near Brightling being an example from recent years. The following article outlines the events surrounding the building and opening of the Glynde line.

Trevor Gardens were built as a response to the development of the chalk and lime-burning industry in Glynde and Beddingham. The quarrying works in Glynde were made possible by the arrival of the railway and both Balcombe's (Newington's) pit and Brigden's pit had their own rail systems linked to the London, Brighton and South Coast line at Glynde Station.

According to "South Coast Railways: Brighton to Hastings" by V. Mitchell and K. Smith, Newington's pit had two standard gauge and two narrow gauge lines and the steward's day book of the Glynde Estates show that between 1860 and 1863 the Estate paid first Rickman and Co. and then Newington and Co. a total of £100 for "a New Arch way" with £256.13/6d "allowed for Tramway". This sum is for the tramway to Brigden's pit, the archway presumably being the bridge taking Ranscombe Lane over the tramway.

The final development of the pit industry in Glynde was the opening of a clay pit in an area east of the Decoy Wood and to the north of Glynde Reach. This pit was to supply gault clay to the new Sussex Portland Cement Works at South Heighton. The Hon. A. Brand, son of Viscount Hampden, was one of the directors of the new company and both the cement works and the clay pit were sited on land owned by the Glynde Estates. The works at South Heighton were a far larger undertaking than anything in Glynde and a description of the new enterprise appeared in the East Sussex News of 11th September, 1885:

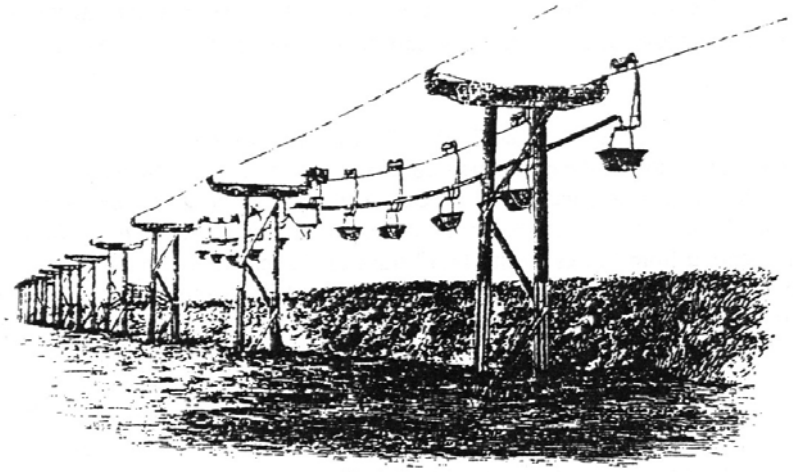
"SUSSEX PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

An official inspection of the works of this new company, situate close to Newhaven. was made on Friday by the shareholders and others interested in its success, at the invitation of the directors, viz., the Mayor of Eastbourne (Mr. G.A Wallis), the Mayor of Lewes (Alderman Thorne), the Hon. A. Brand and Mr. Robert Crosskey. The party started from Lewes by the 11.47 train to Newhaven Town. A special train was here in readiness to convey the party over the Cement Company's special line to the works. Amongst those present were Mr. W.L. Christie, M.P., Hon. A. Brand, Mr. G. Whitfield, Captain Luckraft, Mr. R. Brown, Professor Perry, Mr. W.L. Wallis, Mr. J.H.C. Coles, Mr. Jes. Farncombe, Mr. J.G. Blencowe, Mr. R. Crosskey, the Mayor of Lewes, Mr. F. Merrifield, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Smythe, Mr. J. Adames, Mr. J. Eggar (solicitors to the company), Mr. H. Card, Mr. G. Stone, Capt. White (traffic superintendent at Newhaven), Mr. Bull, Mr. W.J. Williams, Mr. Councillor Hack (Brighton), Mr. Ernest Crosskey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. T. Simmons, Mr. F.A Hall, Mr. AE. Carey (managing director and engineer), Mr. A.J. Jack (secretary), &c.

On arriving at the works a general inspection took place, and the majority of those present expressed themselves surprised at the extent and substantial character of the buildings and plant. The various points of interest were explained by Mr. Carey, the following being a brief outline of the undertaking: After a preliminary meeting, to consider the advisability of establishing Portland Cement Works at Newhaven, the formal registration of a company took place on August 4th, 1884. No time was lost in forming the company, and, as soon as the preliminary arrangements were completed, the works were actively commenced, nearly 200 men having been employed for some months. The chalk which had to be excavated on the site of the kilns, was utilised for the construction of the siding, and also for raising the level of the works, which are connected with the railway and river by means of a narrow gauge double line of tramway. The company hold altogether, in Heighton and Glynde, 18 acres of land, on a 99 years lease. The total area of clayland, for which the company have the monopoly of digging, is 90 acres. The collective rentals for these properties is, for the first year £50, for subsequent years £250, in each case merging in the royalties, which are 2d a ton on chalk and 3d a ton on clay. The total number of kilns erected is 16, the output being reckoned at 300 tons of cement per week. The buildings include a store capable of holding over 2,000 tons of cement, wet mills, dry mills, engine house, boiler house, wash mill and a convenient range of stabling and outbuildings. The

main shaft is about 100 feet high. standing upon a concrete base 20 feet square. The works are fitted with the most modern and economical plant in all respects. There is an ample supply of excellent water on the premises, which is a great advantage to the process of manufacture. The estimate for the construction of the works was £29,000 and the actual cost will be under £28,000. It is believed the works will be able to turn out cement at a cost comparing most favorably with that of other establishments and one large field of business which the company hope to develop is the foreign and export trade, for which there is probably no port so well situated as the port of Newhaven. At Glynde, where the gault clay is obtained an electric railway has been erected by the Telpherage Company, who contract for conveying the clay from where it is dug to the railway trucks standing in the siding. This overhead railway is quite a novelty and attracts considerable attention on the part of passengers by rail to Eastbourne, as it runs almost parallel with the permanent way for some distance near Glynde station. It is confidently anticipated a large trade will be developed. as arrangements have already been made for large sales of the company's cement.

The tour of inspection being completed the company were invited to luncheon in the building known as the cooperage, where a substantial repast was partaken of, kindly provided at the personal expense of the directors. At the conclusion of the luncheon, Mr. J.G. Blencowe proposed "Success to the Company," and expressed the thanks of all to the directors for giving them an opportunity of inspecting their works and for entertaining them in such a hospitable way. He was sure all had been very gratified with what they had seen and heartily wished every success to the undertaking (applause). - Mr. R. Crosskey, in responding, said the directors had every confidence the company would turn out, riot only a financial success, but be the means of developing a new industry in the South of England and employing a large number of people. Every precaution had been taken to have the plant of the best and most modem manufacture and complete in every respect, and it was very satisfactory to know that the cost of erection and fitting up the place was within the original estimate. The cement which they would be able to manufacture had been thoroughly tested and found satisfactory in every way, and there was every reason to 'believe there would be a brisk demand for it. - The company returned by the special train to Newhaven and were thence conveyed back to Lewes, where they dispersed "



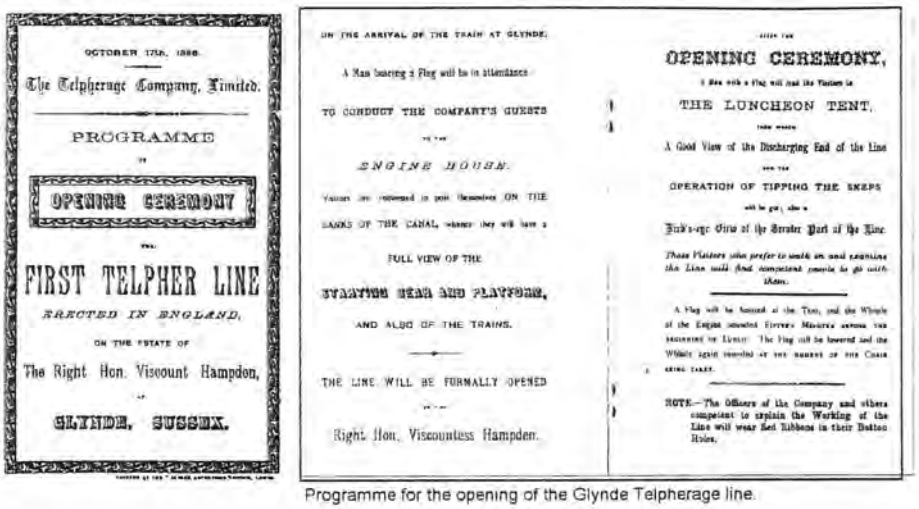
Glynde Telpherage Line.

Although this article mentioned that "the overhead railway" was working and proving quite a novelty in September, the East Sussex News edition of Friday, October 16th noted that “The Telpherage Railway, the first in England, will be formally opened on Saturday, when a luncheon will be given, presided over by Lord Hampden. The object of the railway is to convey gault, dug on the Glynde Estate, to the railway station, for transhipment to the recently constructed Portland Cement Works at Heighton, where it is used in combination with chalk for producing cement. The railway is a most ingenious contrivance and its economical and successful working are looked forward to with great interest.”

The official opening on 17th October, 1885 was well covered by the local press, with the East Sussex News giving the best account of the working and economics of this strange new rail system:

"TIIE GLYNDE TELPHERAGE RAIL WAY

A numerous company of scientists assembled at Glynde on Saturday to witness the starting of the electric railway for some time past in course of construction on the estate of Viscount Hampden. The company arrived by special train from Victoria shortly after one, and soon after Lady Hampden ascended a dais erected outside the engine house to perform the initial ceremony. On pressing a button protruding from the table the loaded "skeps" began to move and they continued their journey in a most satisfactory manner, the loaded vehicles reversing and depositing their load in trucks standing in the railway siding. The proceedings throughout were watched with great interest. A luncheon took place in a tent erected on the rising ground near the Trevor Arms, supplied by the host thereof in a very creditable manner. In consequence of temporary illness, Viscount Hampden was unable to preside and his place was filled by Mr. Pryor, chairman of the Telpherage Company. Complimentary speeches were made and "Success to the Undertaking" was heartily pledged.



OCTOBER 17th, 1888.

The Telpherage Company, Limited.

PROGRAMME

OF THE

OPENING CEREMONY

OF THE

FIRST TELPHER LINE

ERECTED IN ENGLAND,

ON THE ESTATE OF

The Right Hon. Viscount Hampden,

AT

GLYNDE, SUSSEX.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT GLYNDE,

A Man bearing a Flag will be in attendance

TO CONDUCT THE COMPANY'S GUESTS

TO THE

ENGINE HOUSE.

Visitors are requested to join themselves ON THE BANKS OF THE CANAL, whence they will have a

FULL VIEW OF THE

STARTING GEAR AND PLATFORM,

AND ALSO OF THE TRAINS.

THE LINE WILL BE FORMALLY OPENED

BY THE

Right Hon. Viscountess Hampden.

AFTER THE

OPENING CEREMONY,

A Man with a Flag will lead the Visitors to

THE LUNCHEON TENT,

FROM WHENCE

A Good View of the Discharging End of the Line

AND THE

OPERATION OF TIPPING THE SKEPS

will be got, also a

Bird's-eye View of the Greater Part of the Line.

Those Visitors who prefer to walk on and examine the Line will find competent people to go with them.

A Flag will be hoisted at the Tent, and the Whistle of the Engine attached thereto, whenever the Machinery is Started or Stopped. The Flag will be lowered and the Whistle again sounded at the moment of the Train being taken.

NOTE.—The Officers of the Company and others competent to explain the Working of the Line will wear Red Ribbons in their Button Holes.

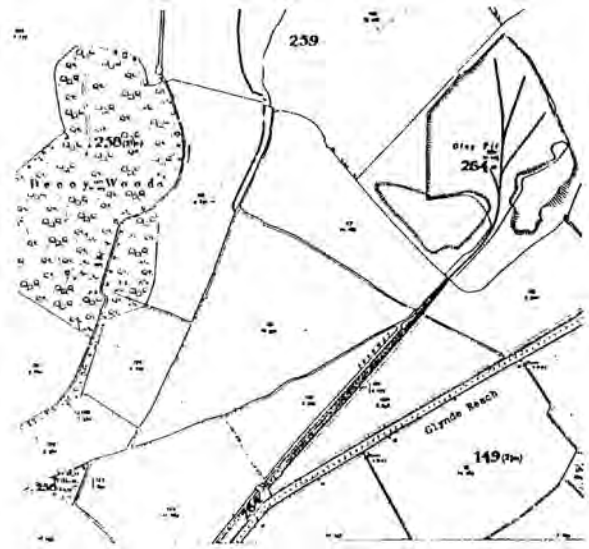
Programme for the opening of the Glynde Telpherage line.

Telpherage is a conception of the late Fleeming Jenkin, one of the best of our electricians, and, therefore, naturally arrests attention. The automatic transport of goods by electrical means is the object of the system to which this name has been applied, and the design of the road and rolling stock specially suited for the employment of electricity in the transmission of the power required has been the outcome of the late Professor's genius. The idea was first made public at the British Association at Southport in 1883 and several experimental lines have since then been constructed. The Telpherage Company have now completed at Glynde, their first commercial line, of nearly a mile in length, for the Newhaven Cement Company. This is constructed that each train shall carry 150 tons of gault clay per week from tile pits on the estate to the siding at the railway contiguous station. The Telpher line is a double one, of steel rods, each 66 feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. These rods are attached to posts of an average height of 18 feet from the ground, each post having a cross saddle atop, to the ends of which the steel rods are secured. In this way an up and a down line is formed. Each alternate section on either side is insulated and all the insulated sections are joined by cross-overs. The electrical locomotive and the carrying skeps are suspended on the steel rod line, and are constructed on the bob-weight principle, with grooved rollers on the line, and the motor and skeps attached to rods hanging down from the pulleys. The skeps are kept at 10 feet distances apart by light rods; and the electric current being supplied to the line, the suspended locomotive can be started or stopped by a switch connecting its motor to, or disconnecting it from the current. A train of ten skeps, each containing 3 cwt. of clay, was used in the opening ceremony. This train conveyed one ton nett. The details of the system have been worked out with great care, there being automatic arrangements for regulating the current to the locomotive all along the line, and for assuring uniformity of travel for the trains, whether one or many be running at the same time, or whether descending or ascending the "swag" or catenary curve formed in the rods by the weight of the train. It was a particularly interesting sight to see the electric locomotive crawl up the steepest gradients and surmount the posts one after another with perfect ease and steadiness. The great practical feature of the system is that such a line could cross any district without interference

with its fields, rivers or roads. No ground is required to be purchased as for tramways. Commercially it will have to compare with the wire tramway systems, in which a continuous wire rope is driven over the whole circuit - a mode of action very trying except for short distances. In the Telpher system the line is fixed, is erected at a minimum of cost, and the current flows along it as required by the electric locomotives working the suspended trains.

The cost of the Glynde line is stated at £1,200, including steam engine, dynamo, permanent way and five trains, with locomotives to carry over 100 tons daily. The working cost, including coals, stoker and electrician. and 121 per cent for depreciation, it is stated, will be under 3d per ton, the skeps being empty on their return journey. A double line like that at Glynde, but ten miles long, would it is calculated carry the material at 2d per ton per mile. One very important feature in respect of the Telpher lines is the fact that the larger part of the cost is due to plant, such as locomotives, trains and dynamos. This plant can be increased in proportion to the work required thus there is a very moderate increase of cost in the rate per ton per mile for a small traffic as compared with a larger one. And on the other hand a line laid down for a small traffic will accommodate a much larger traffic with no fresh outlay on the line itself. A single engine and plant of dynamos and trains might work many circuits radiating from one centre, and under these circumstances it would pay to erect lines intended only to be worked to their full capacity for a couple of hours each day or for one day in a week. In fact, the function of the Telpher line is not to compete with railways. but to do cheaply the work of horses and carts." Presurnably the electricity was generated by the dynamo which was powered by the steam engine. The water for the steam engine is thought to have been raised by a windmill, the base of which can still be seen at the Glynde Station end of the Telpher line.

The Sussex Express gave a lengthy account of the opening and a list of the people who had come down to Glynde on the special train from Victoria. These were mostly engineers, military officers and "scientists" but also included "Mr. Chang (Chinese Embassy)". These people witnessed the starting of the railway from a position by the engine-house, near the bank of the Glynde river. However, at the end of the account the Sussex Express correspondent gave a prophetic judgement, "As an experiment, the telpher line is a decided success, and little doubt is entertained that the company will be able to carry out their engagement to deliver 150 tons of clay per week at Glynde station for the cement company; but whether "the work could not be done in this flat country cheaper with an ordinary tramway and trucks, drawn by a horse, is another question. In a more difficult country, where chasms, rocks and rivers have to be crossed, the telpher line may be adapted with advantage."
Indeed, the telpherage railway does not seem to have been a great success. I have been unable to find anyone who can remember it in operation in Glynde, or even to have heard an account of its success or failure as a commercial venture. We do know that by 1899 the Ordnance Survey Map shows that the telpherage line had been replaced by a tramway which had been constructed on a causeway built to the east of Glynde station and running north to the clay pit with a wooden bridge spanning Glynde Reach. Some of the sleepers and metal pins for fastening the rails can still be seen on the north side of the river although the wooden bridge and the sleepers on the southern side have since gone (used, I believe, in the 1935 jubilee bonfire on Mount Caburn). The expense of building a causeway across the marsh and laying down a permanent way for horse drawn trucks was obviously thought to be more economical than the telpher line which appears to have lasted little more than a decade, if that. The clay pit itself had a short life of perhaps thirty years and is now an unworked and deserted haven for birds and plants.



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DEADLINE FOR NEXT COASTER MID-JUNE

D.A. JERSEYS AND BADGES

Don't forget that jerseys (short or long sleeve, full or half zip) in the D.A. colours can be ordered via Ann Rix - who may even be persuaded to model one for you. Prices start at about £16. All made to order.

Ann also has D.A. Badges & Anniversary badges for sale at £1.50 each.