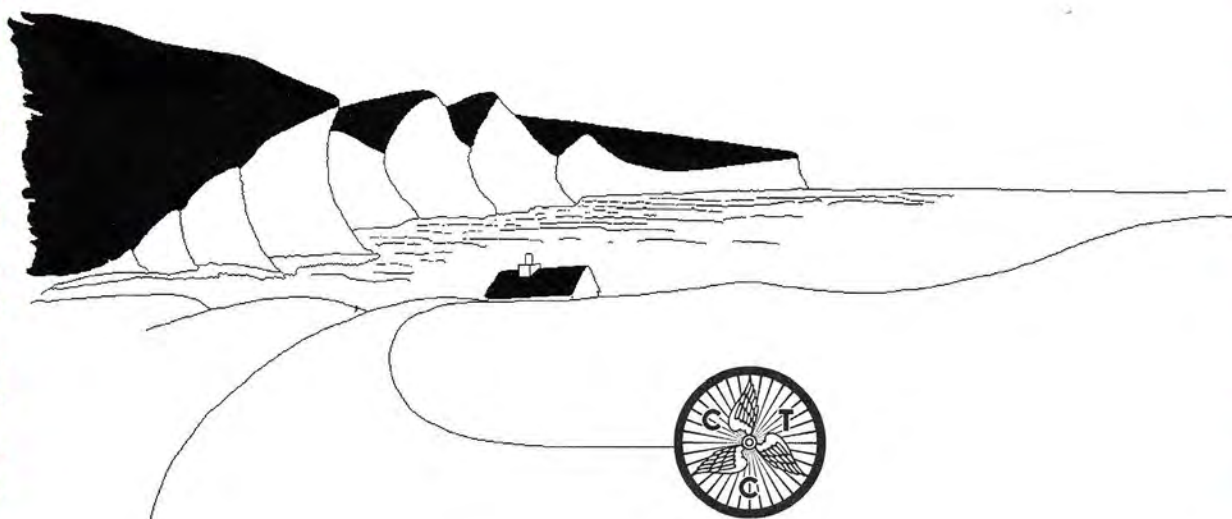


The



Coaster



the magazine of the

**EAST SUSSEX
CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB**

No. 51 - Christmas 2009

£1

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:-

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or from the local CTC Secretary or one of the Section Secretaries whose addresses are listed below.

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Contributions on any matters relating, even vaguely, to cycling (or on any subject of interest) are always welcome and should be sent to the Editor at the address on page 1.



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"THE COASTER"

Issue No. 51, Christmas 2009



From the Editor's desk.

Welcome to the 2009 Christmas edition of "The Coaster". Not really any seasonal items this time round, mainly cycle-touring articles with the odd general item thrown in..

Amongst others there are contributions from: Richard Thatcher on another C2C (sea to sea) route, Norman Eastwood on a ride from Eastbourne to Edinburgh and a, rather long, write up from me on our trip to the Semaine Federate at St. Orner.

There are a few pages from "The Anzac Book", which I came across while side-tracked when doing some family history and, as well as Roy James' usual contributions, there are a few drawings from New Forest Week by Geoff Boxall.

So, I hope there's plenty here to keep you interested while you're stuck by the fire this winter on the days when it's too wet or too cold to go out on your bike.

Take it easy in the ice and snow and happy cycling.

David.

CYCLE RIDE EASTBOURNE TO EDINBURGH 9-17 MAY 2008

By Norman Eastwood

When my 8 month old grandson, Colton Lucas Godwin died with Spinal Muscular Atrophy (SMA) in August 2007 I decided there was a need to raise awareness and at the same time to raise funds for research into the condition. For me the best way was through a charity cycle ride but because cycling is my sport I felt the need to challenge myself which I hoped would maximise the support. It was for this reason that I decided to ride a "fixed wheel" cycle which meant I would not only have to peddle every inch of the way but I would not have the benefit of lower gears to climb the hills.

Monies Raised

With the generous support of family, friends, colleagues and all those that have listened to my story I have raised £4175 to be passed through the Jennifer Trust for research into SMA, my heartfelt thanks go to all of you.

A Summary of the Ride and my Experiences

The total distance covered from home to Princes Street, Edinburgh was 610.7 miles in a time of 47hrs. 51min. in the saddle over a period of 9 days, equating to an average speed of 12.76mph. My longest day was from Shimpling, Suffolk to Boston, Lincolnshire, 88 miles in 6hrs. 23min. My shortest day was the last from Coldingham to Edinburgh, 47miles in 3hrs. 35min.

The Route

The route I chose took into account the fact that I was riding a fixed wheel and my age(66 years). Although meant to be a challenge, riding a fixed wheel up hills is not as easy as when I was 20 years old, so I planned to go via East Sussex, Surrey, East London to Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk as far as Kings Lynn. Once into Lincolnshire I planned to stay as near to the coast all the way to Edinburgh, avoiding as many hills as possible. I knew that this route would be reasonably flat as far as Scarborough but then it would be hilly until I reached Middlesbrough. My wife, Valerie drove the support car.

Weather Conditions

The first 3 days were pleasantly warm, even hot, but they are conditions I enjoy cycling in. Once I got to Lincolnshire the wind came from the North East, straight off the North Sea, it was cold and got progressively colder. These conditions prevailed all the way to Edinburgh.

Looking after the Body

It is essential when exercising to eat and drink sensibly. I have found over the years it is best to eat little and often. I had a good evening meal and breakfast and always carried cereal bars, dried fruit and bananas to eat on route. In addition I had glucose tablets for an emergency boost if required. I carried either a carbohydrate or isotonic drink and always drank plenty of water each time I met Valerie, a sandwich at lunchtime completed all my dietary needs, I never suffered from lack of food or drink.

The Hardest Day

My 6th. day was always predicted to be the hardest. We had stayed in Bridlington and my route was to take me over the edge of the North York Moors between Scarborough and Whitby, a distance of 20 miles. We had agreed that over this section Valerie would stop more frequently to check on my progress, she also managed to take some photographs of me climbing the hills. In the event it was not as demanding as I had anticipated, it was the next 20 miles, after lunch between Whitby and Saltburn-by-the-Sea that were the most demanding. There were a number of short steep hills each taking its toll so I was pleased to reach a lovely Bed & Breakfast Valerie had found. The landlady, Anna provided a welcome pot of tea and homemade cake and took a great interest in our venture.

Edinburgh - The Destination

I had averaged 70 miles each day for the past 8 days so with less than 50 to go I was looking forward to an easy morning ride. Although it was raining, the first since leaving home, this did not bother

me. Much of the route took me along the A199, the old A1 which was now a quiet and flat road. I rolled into Princes Street at 1.10pm on a busy Saturday to see Valerie, reliable as ever with camera at the ready, objective completed.

In Conclusion

I am satisfied with the effort made in undertaking this challenge and I am confident that many more people are now aware of SMA. I am delighted with the sum of money raised which I hope will go some way to finding a treatment for the effects of the genetic condition, Spinal Muscular Atrophy.

Acknowledgements

As well as thanking the contributors, I wish to acknowledge the following:-

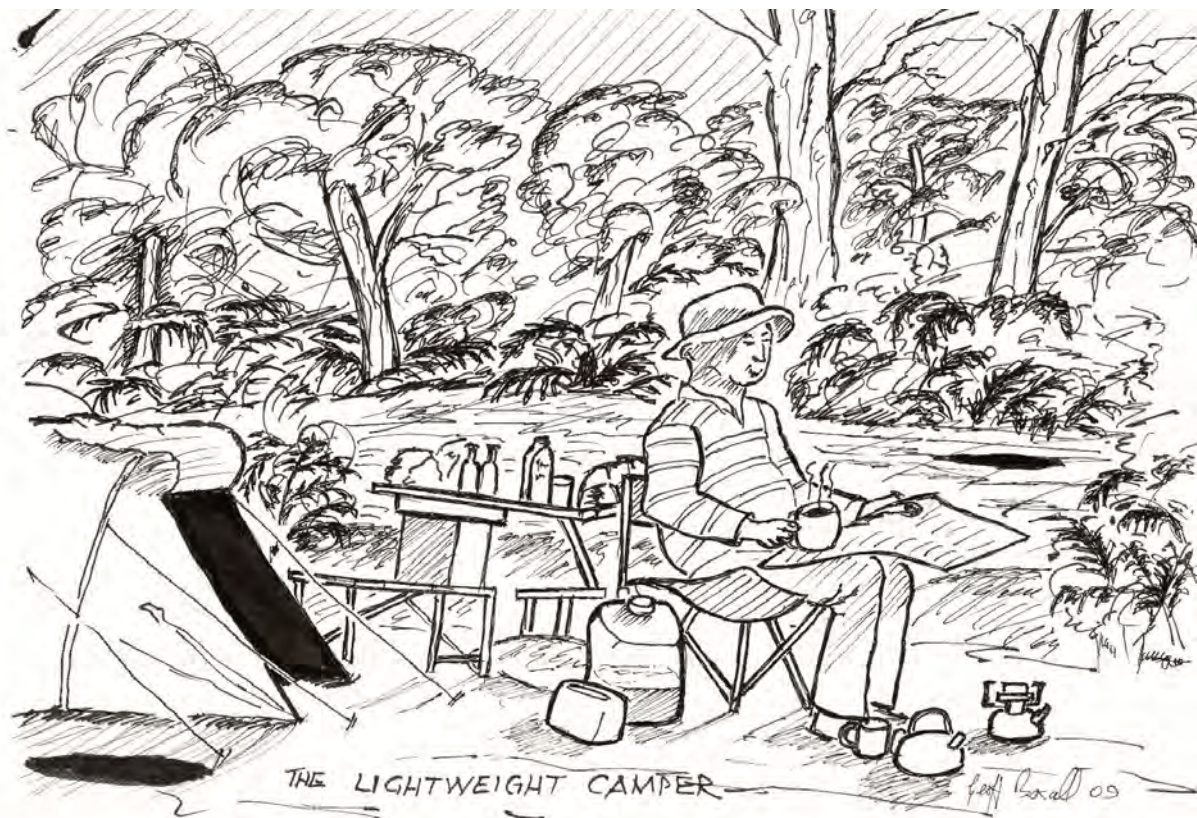
Friends, Gwyneth & Gordon and Jenny & Ted for their kind hospitality in providing food and accommodation on the 1st. and 2nd. nights respectively.

My wife Valerie, who drove the support vehicle, met me each day at 2 or 3 locations on route, found accommodation and gave me continuous support and encouragement. She never let me down even though it was a challenge for her driving through unfamiliar parts of the country.

Dedication

I wish to dedicate this ride to my grandson, Colton who gave such joy during his short life and to his parents Louise and Chris who gave total love and dedication to his every need.

Footnote for cyclists: fixed gearing, 62" for days 1,2,3,4,5,8,9, 59" for days 6 & 7.



New Forest Cycle Week 2009 (No.1) by Geoff Boxall

Remembering Dad - The Life of John Seviour (1935-2009)

(The following eulogy was written and read at his funeral by
John's son Andy)



Seviour - sieve makers originated from France in the 1750's, Artisan's.

Edward John Seviour was the only son of Gilbert and Edna Seviour.

John was very lucky to make a start here on Planet Earth. His father Gilbert Alexander Seviour who was 18 at the time, was a stretcher bearer in the 1st World War in the Somme and, whilst retrieving a wounded comrade in a bomb crater, he was nearly bayoneted by a German paratrooper, quick thinking on Gilbert's part was to point to his red cross armband, luckily the paratrooper stopped in his tracks, nodded and then moved on to his next victim! Gilbert served in many theaters of the 1st World War and was even buried alive. So he was lucky to have been spotted and dug out.

When John was a wee lad his mother Edna used to stay with his aunts and later when she became too ill, John was brought up between his aunts in Hampsted in London and his aunts in Whickham Brook in Suffolk, (there were 9 aunts in total). Here he lived in a cottage which later burnt down, so they had to move to the local pub The Grey Hound, which Johns Gran ran.

When he was placed outside in a cot, he would be guarded by Bonzo, the pubs Old English Sheepdog and when passers by used to have a look at dad in the cot Bonzo would start growling and they would jump out of their skins!

John's 1st childhood memory was at two and a half years old, and playing with a tin steam roller, which he later swapped for a tricycle, but was subsequently made to take it back by his Mother. So he took an interest in bikes from an early age.

During the 2nd World War John remembered sitting in the pub and was treated as a mascot by the local RAF air crews. They used to spoil him rotten and also, without the aunts noticing, ply him with booze and the Aunts used to have to carry him to bed singing at the top of his voice - John said he got that out of his system from 8 years old! The local air crews used to do low level test flights in their Lancaster Bombers and, using the Pub for target practice, they blocked out the Sun and frightened the life out of the pub when all the glasses vibrated and every one would take cover! John remembered sitting on the outside khazi as a V1 exploded in the village, he was sent scurrying into the pub screaming with his trousers at half mast, much to the amusement of the regulars!

He remembers watching a Mosquito plane get into trouble and the navigator bail out and open his parachute. John started running faster and faster after him, but just could not go fast enough as the wind took him off. He also saw what looked like a silver cigar at very high altitude, higher than anything could have flown back then, it later transpired that this was one of the first of the V2 rockets. Back in London in Hampstead Heath he remembered that his favorite Paddling pool was a target for the Luftwaffe as they missed the railway by 100yds; the pool made of tarmac was blown up and now in the shape of a Tulip.

Other memories as a teenager, were back in London and finding old 303 cartridges with his mates and holding them in a vice then hitting the ends with a hammer! Also getting some hessian sacking, wrapping it around the rear wheel of some old veteran bike, soaking it in petrol or what ever he could find and setting it on fire and belting off down the road much to the amusement of his mates. He and his mates would also scrump apples and would generally muck about from dawn to dusk!

John found that he needed to go further afield and his first long ride was when he was 13, where he rode from Hampstead to Enfield, to see another aunt, and back again in a day. It was not long before

he was going further and when he was 15 he did his 1st 100 miles back to Wickham Brook to see the aunts at the Greyhound, for no doubt a swift couple of pints of lager and Lime! Johns 1st Club was Park Hill CC in Hampstead, and then he later joined Venture RCC, where he was involved in time trials and road racing.

John met Eve in a youth club in Kilburn, London, and within 6 weeks he was called up for national service with the RAF. Being a dental technician by trade, this he continued and carried out duties as a dental nurse within the RAF. John was given exemplary discharge notes from the RAF, which they had never seen the like of before. John was a Master Dental Technician and manager of a large Dental Laboratory at some point and later worked in Harley Street, London developing the Mc Claim Sced technique and gets a mention in the then top dental journals. He also was to import aluminous porcelain. He ran his own business both in London, Wales and here in East Sussex.

John and Eve were married in July 1958 and had us two lads, Robert in 1962 and Andy in 1965. He gave up cycling for 23 years whilst he brought up the family. He was a keen gardener and had much pride in growing prize winning Dahlias. Robert and Andy would run in and out of the plants and would sometimes damage them, Eve would then have to remove them as if nothing was amiss, but John knew every plant and would go mad at us! He won best in show in 1960.

John would take great pride in providing all the food on the plate for the family, as he was a keen fisherman too, and when we were in North Wales he would catch these lovely Brown Trout for dinner. John's market garden was massive and he got fed up digging it by hand so he bought a Merry tiller, this was a petrol driven rotovator that made light work of it. The local farmer would drop a load of manure at the field entrance and the boys had to wheel barrow it and spread it on the ground; they soon got board with this and started throwing it sometimes targeting John, he was not amused, but had a laugh and the job got done in the end. We called this flinging the ding!

John had two properties in Wales one where we lived and the other a farm, which was in need of a total restoration, John would spend a long time there and was a keen DIY'er and would put his hand to anything.

The family moved to Burwash Common in the summer of 1978 and have stayed here in Sussex ever since. John again purchased another property this time a Wild fowl reserve with 12 acres where we bred exotic species and rare and endangered species and would sell to collectors around the UK. John kept bees too and the 1st hives were vicious and from an old monastery, they produced 100lbs of honey per hive which was better than that of the commercial apiarists.

John was the Chairman of the Wealden Cuckoo's Rambling club, alongside being the footpath secretary for Burwash.



Helping out on an Audax event

John fell off a ladder whilst clearing a rook's nest from a chimney. The ladder slipped on some ice and he fell heavily breaking his leg twice, and his wrist and arm, the specialist said he would not work again. He found it was more comfortable to cycle than walk. He re-discovered cycling and we both joined Eastbourne Rovers CC where we managed to time trial and do general cycling, and later in addition the Lewes Wanderers and the CTC. In 1986 John and Andy rode End to End (lands end to John O'Groats) a 1000 mile version in 10 days, using the sleeper train to get us to Penzance then the return from Wick to London then back home.

John discovered Audax riding and qualified with SR (Super Randonneur) status in 1989 and later doing London-Edinburgh-London with the infamous the A68 original 1st epic route, some say it was to hell and back, he did this twice and also the centenary Paris-Brest-Paris 1200 Km event in 1991, which he said was a doddle. His long distance cycling companion was David Kiernan who was, according to John, a 1st class navigator and they would ride as a successful team.

John and Eve divorced and John soon met and married Gwen.

John and Andy attended many Semaine Federales together throughout France, he would also go on early season camping tours with Les Springett and friends. John and Andy rode from Bordeaux to the Pyrenees camping en-route to attend a Semaine Federal in Olorion, Santa Maria, where we met up with Les, Christine, Ian and John for a fantastic event and some classic mountain col bashing again.

John was elected the president of the East Sussex DA of the Cyclists' Touring Club in 2006.

John would take Alex and Ella, the grand children, out for day trips and pilot the tandem, with Andy also with a tandem, John was always proud of the fact that three generations were out on the bikes together and we all spent many a happy mile together visiting various cafes and generally touring. We toured with Alex in northern France camping and being self-sufficient in that respect..



Celebrating his 70th birthday at the DA Lunch in 2005

John and Andy rode some classic events together and the last real ride and memorable 200km event, in June 2008, was riding to Bardsey Island and around Snowdon in North Wales, the return climb up past Llan Ffestiniog was a 7 mile col, some 600mtrs of ascent from sea level, John stopped half way and I fed him out of my saddle bag as the last cafe control on this permanent event was no longer open. We finished in good time and I bought John his usual at the Eagle PH and treated myself to a local brew which was enjoyable. We also went off road riding in the local mountains and foot hills of Snowdon on some purpose built off road sections and tracks with lots of bike handling skills required, Dad was not fazed by anything there was out there, we later found out that if you get it wrong, the only way out is to be air lifted!



Great memories, see you "up the road" Dad. R.I.P
Fondest love for always, Robert, Andy, Alex and Ella

‘This England’
by Margaret Owen,

First published in 1926 by Fowler Wright Ltd in a collection called “County Series III”.

Oh, little roads of England
They have me in their spell.
they only share their secrets
With those who love them well
The little roads are gracious.
They have a happy smile,
They give you lasting beauty.
With every twisting mile.

I do not mean the great roads.
The Roman roads, the straight roads.
The can’t-stop-cos-Fm-late roads.
But the little roads, the by-roads
The just-the-you-and-I roads
The find-us-for-we’re-shy roads
That run below the Downs.

Where’er you go in England.
The little roads you’ll find,
But only those who love them
Can find their peace of mind
Their furry folk will greet you
Their birds sing loud and clear.
And you will hear them always
Till last **night’s** shape draws near.

For I do not mean the fast roads,
The clear-my-way-and-blast roads,
The why-must-you-get-past roads,
The no-respect-for-caste roads.
That make this land hell.
But the little roads, the clear roads.
The bread-and-cheese-and-beer-roads.
The come-and-love-me-dear roads.
The never-mind-you-are-here roads.
That hold me in their spell.



New Forest Cycle Week 2009 (No.1) by Geoff Boxall

The Road to St. Omer – The Semaine Federale 2009

by David Rix

Our daughter, Emma, had been asking if we could go cycle-camping in France again and we had already agreed that we would do this and instead of going to the New Forest Cycle Week. Several cycling friends suggested we attend the Semaine Federale at Saint Omer, so we decided to combine the two - we would cycle camp up to Saint Omer, stay the week and then cycle-camp back. Our son Martin had decided not to join us, so it was just going to be me, Susan and Emma.



We left home at 9.00 p.m. on 28th July for the short ride down to the port, where we had to wait on the quayside for over half an hour, but then were almost the first on. We parked our bikes and found ourselves some comfy seats and settled down to try and get a bit of sleep on what turned out to be a fairly good crossing. The ferry left ½ an hour late but was on time arriving in Dieppe and by 4.00 a.m. we were off the boat and riding out of the port.

With little traffic to contend with we rode into Dieppe and picked up the D1, heading West in the dark to Martin-Eglise, where we joined the D54 and then the D920 to Envermou. At about 5.00 a.m. we stopped in a bus shelter for a snack of pork pies, before turning left on the D149 and continuing for another hour to Bailly-en-Rivier, where in the breaking dawn we stopped by the church and ate bananas for breakfast. After fairly flat riding we now turned left again on the D58, heading towards

Sept-Meules, and started climbing. As it was after 7.00 we also started looking for bars, but were not having much luck. We continued on through several villages to Guerville, where we found road works and closed signs barring our way. Looking at the map showed that the diversion would take us miles out of our way, so we went on through the village, finding that no work was actually going on and eventually descended into the large town of Gamaches where, just after 9.00, we found plenty of shops and bars and enjoyed coffee and cakes in the sunshine.



Our coffee stop in Gamaches

We stocked up with baguettes, etc., for lunch and also food for our evening meal before pushing on. We

took the D22 to Toeffles, where we turned off on the D86 to Miannay where we found a nice little garden with seats to have lunch and a bit of a rest. We had passed our first choice of camp site before lunch-time so decided to carry on to help cut down the following day's riding. We continued on the D86 to the Somme Canal, where we turned left along the canal cycle path for several miles into the wind to Pinchfalise. Here we turned off to find our campsite – Le Picardy. It was now about 2.30 p.m. and we were feeling very tired, but unfortunately for us the sign outside the site said “complet” and there was no sign of anyone.

Checking my campsite list showed another site about another 2 km from the canal. So we rode on to Drancourt and “Camping le Castel”, which turned out to be a big Eurocamp, Keycamp, etc., site, with all facilities – shop, swimming pools, entertainment, golf course. We realised it was probably going to be expensive, but they had space and we really didn't want to ride any further. In the end it cost us €39.20 when all we wanted was somewhere to pitch our tents, eat and sleep! We put our tents up, had a wash, found the site shop to order bread and croissants for the morning and then had a short sleep before dinner. We finally went to



The cycle path by the Somme canal



The entrance to the Chateau Drancourt campsite

shopping. We then descended into a river valley at Ponches-Estreval and rode down through several little villages to Saulchoy and “Camping Le Gardon”, which was very simple – at the other extreme from Drancourt – and only cost us €8. We found a reasonable spot at the back of the site near a little stream. Despite the listing details there was no shop and we had to ride 3 km back along the valley to find a shop to buy croissants for the morning and a few other things. In the evening Susan and I had a short (½ hour) walk along the road the village of Argoules. (30 miles).



Our pitch at the back of the site at Saulchoy

Friday started cool, but turned hot and sunny with almost no wind. We walked along the stream bank from our pitch to the neighbouring road to avoid a climb out of the site entrance, then headed North on the D137E1 towards Campagne-les-Hezdin. It was at this point that Emma complained that her pedal felt loose and, on checking, we found that her bottom bracket fixed cup was unscrewing! Not having any tools to tighten it I did it up as tight as I could by hand and we continued (slowly) to Campagne. We bought cakes and baguettes from a patisserie and went into a local bar for drinks where I enquired if there was a cycle shop nearby (“y’a’til un marchand de velo pres d’ici”). After some discussions amongst the locals they informed us the nearest cycle shop was about 3km away at Beurainville. Luckily for us this was on our route and nearly all downhill, so we thanked them and set off. We spotted the cycle shop, just off to the right as we entered the town and soon explained our problem to the proprietor. He hunted around but couldn’t find a spanner to fit and eventually used a spike and hammer to tighten it, refusing all offers of payment and wishing us a “bon journey”.

We carried on through Beurainville following the D130 up the valley for about 12 miles to Fruges, where we found a supermarket to stock up for dinner and breakfast, before continuing for about 5



Camping by the entrance at “Le Vieux Moulin”

miles to the little village of Matringham. At first we saw no signs for camping, but then dropped down past the church and found “Camping le Vieux Moulin” on the left. On enquiring some residents told us they only took caravans because it was stony, but then another man asked us if the grass area by the entrance would be OK. We said yes and he took me to see the Patron to explain and, to our relief, everything was alright. Susan did some washing, but ended up getting paint on her shorts because they had been decorating – it also turned out they had painted the showers, so we just had a wash. The washrooms were in part of the



The old mill at Matringhem

old mill with a great view out of the window of the river water pouring into the pond. We had our evening meal, took a short walk round the village and along the little river, and then sat and chatted before going to bed just before 10.00 p.m. with a clear sky and calm weather. (26.5 miles.)

Saturday dawned fine and sunny as we packed up and prepared for our final day on the ride up to St. Omer. I found the Patron, by going through the old mill to the house opposite, and paid our campsite fee - €10. We then rode up the valley to Coyecques and joined the D157 to Briquetterie, where we turned off on Theroanne and stopped to buy cakes and then have coffee at a roadside bar. Leaving Theroanne we followed the D198 North for several miles towards St. Omer and eventually reached the aerodrome to check in and collect our "Dossiers". (17 Miles.) We were pleased to see Midweek Section member, John Taylor, who had been detailed to meet the rest of his group and assist them checking

in – which is quite a process when they have about 13,000 people attending! Having collected all our papers we bid John goodbye and headed for campsite B at Tattinghem – about 2 miles away, but also about 2 miles out of St. Omer. We found the campsite easily, on a field beside the local sports centre, and were soon checked in. The site was all cycle-campers – apart from a few vans for the French volunteers – and the majority were British. There were tables and a bar set out under a marquee, and we quickly took advantage of the tables to eat our lunch out of the hot sun before we put our tents up on the slightly bumpy ground. The next order of the day was to find the Permanence, where the trade stands were and the evening meals and entertainment took place. As we left camp we noticed there was a small mini-mart less than 100m below the campsite, but only stopped to check the opening times before heading down hill into the town. We followed the 'Permanence' signs through St. Omer to a fenced off section of the Jardin Public and then spent a couple of hours looking round the stands. Susan and Emma bought shorts, but most stuff was quite a bit more expensive than we had expected. On the way back we found a large Carre Four supermarket to do our food shopping before heading back up hill to our campsite. (26 miles for the day.)



Floral display welcomes cyclists at Tattinghem

The following morning we didn't rush to get up as the sign had said the boulangerie didn't open till 8.30, and then we found that they were opening at 7.00 all week for the cyclists. So, after a breakfast of croissants and baguette and jam, we rode down into St. Omer at about 9.00 to join the



The bike park at Air-sur-la-Lys

hundreds (or rather thousands) of cyclists heading out on route P1 to Air-sur-la-Lys. It was a fantastic experience being on the road with so many club cyclists and even when we stopped at a bar for coffee there seemed to be an endless stream of riders passing. Arriving at Air-sur-la-Lys we were directed to a massive cycle park in one of the town square car parks, before walking through into the main square which had been completely taken over with tables, seating and food stalls, to provide lunch facilities for several thousand cyclists. We had brought our own food, but took advantage of the seating and tables while we ate it and soaked up the atmosphere and enjoyed the

musical entertainment. The cycle park had thinned out a bit by the time we left, but there was no lack of cyclists on the road as we headed back to St Omer. We parked our bikes at the Permanence and then joined loads of others at the nearby Jacques Anquetil Velodrome for the official opening ceremony. This should have started at 4.00 p.m., but was about an hour late starting and finished at 6.00 p.m., after which we headed back to camp for our evening meal. It was colder in the evening and we sat at one of the tables and looked through the other routes before turning in. (39 miles.)



Feeding the 13,000 at Air-sur-la-Lys

On Monday morning we shopped at the little mini-mart before joining the day's ride near the aerodrome and, once again in the company of hundreds of others, heading South to Fauquemberg for lunch. This ride was quite hill in places with several long climbs and we found it quite tiring. On the return we stopped for a drink at the campsite at Nielles-les-Blequin and took the chance to enquire about camping and book a pitch for our first stop on the ride back on the following Sunday. We once again stopped off at the Permanence, where Emma and I bought souvenir cycling tops, and were back at camp about 6.30 p.m. One advantage of being next to the sports centre was that we had full use of the toilet and shower facilities there, and in the hot weather we were really glad of the showers – apparently we had the best facilities of all the temporary sites. (41 miles.)

Tuesday was hot again, with a slightly SW wind, but luckily the ride was mainly flat. We headed North with hundreds of others, passing the Chateau Tilques (now a golf hotel) and then turning back down by the AA river before heading East towards Rubrouck and then the lunch stop at Nordpeene.



Lunch with Pat & Roger at Nordpeene

Just as we had stopped for morning coffee at a bar Pat & Roger Bacon came up the road and joined us. They then rode with us to the lunch stop at Nordpeene, where we entertained by local dancers in traditional dress, before leaving to take a more direct route back to their campsite. Our return route took us through Arques, where we crossed the Canal de Neufosse and saw the remains of the old boat lifts. We then went to the local retail park to visit Decathlon, where Emma and I both bought shorts, before food shopping at the Carre Four again, and eventually arrived back at camp about 6.30 p.m. We had salad for dinner and then sat at the tables and chatted with some of the other campers until bedtime.

Another hot and relatively flat day on Wednesday, that is until we reached our lunch stop at Cassell. You could see Cassell for miles, as it stood up amidst the surrounding flatter countryside, and we approached the town up a steep narrow road which had been closed off to ordinary traffic – many were walking but a few, including the 3 of us, managed to ride. Emma didn't fancy the walk up into the main town so stayed with the bikes while Susan & I went up, though only I did the extra bit up to the Jardin Public and the windmill which were some way above the main square, with amazing views over the surrounding countryside. We then had to drop down again to the 'Accueil' or feeding control below the town. After lunch we decided to cut off the end of the route, by heading straight back via Arques, to avoid the hills to the South of St. Omer. We stopped for drinks outside a bar in Arques and then bought cakes which we ate in the nearby Jardin Public, before we headed back through St Omer to camp for a well earned dinner. That evening we again sat and chatted with other English cyclists at the bar area. Our immediate neighbours on the campsite were 4 elderly

gents from Essex, one of whom celebrated his 81st birthday while there, and another who told us he had been cycle-camping since he was 9 years old – they had no shortage of conversation and we eventually went to bed about 11.30 p.m. (37.5 miles)

Thursday was very hot and calm. We were up a bit later, about 8.00 am, after our late night, and had already agreed this would be a “rest day”. First thing after breakfast we headed across town to Decathlon to get camping gaz cylinders, then had a look around a few of the other stores before heading down, parking our bikes at the Permanence, and walking into town to find a bar – lemonade and mint (orange juice for Emma) this time, as it was far too hot for coffee. Then it was time for a walk round, visiting the impressive cathedral and parts of the old town, before heading back to the Jardin Public for the Semaine Federale Picnic. We were glad we had followed Mick & Rose Hills’ advice and taken our own, as the gardens were absolutely



Just managed to find a patch of grass

packed, with queues 100m long or more to collect the pre-booked picnic food.

It took us a while to find a free patch of shady grass to sit on (it was really hot by now) and we were pleasantly surprised to actually be able to meet up with Pat & Roger again amongst all the thousands of cyclists. We sat and chatted for a while before going back to the Permanence to get brochures for 2010 and also buy the souvenir pack of beer and glasses – getting that back home with loaded bikes was interesting! (12.5 miles.)



St. Omer Cathedral

We had a little rain overnight and Friday morning was overcast, but dry, though the sun was out again by mid-morning. We had decided to avoid one of the hilliest rides and explore the local area on our own, including visiting the World War II blockhouse at Eperleques. Pat & Roger had suggested we take our lunch and join them at their campsite, which was quite close to there. So, leaving about 9.30, we rode up the canal to Watten for coffee, where we found it was market day and took advantage of the opportunity to buy a few things to take home with us. Then we rode a few kilometres, taking a tunnel under the main road, to visit the blockhouse.

Hidden away in the edge of the Eperleques forest, the Blockhaus d'Eperleques is a very evocative and moving testament to the horrors of war. It is a massive concrete building nearly 100 m square and 33m high that was designed to launch both V1 and V2 rockets for Hitler’s planned invasion of Britain. Thousands of deportees and prisoners were brought in to build it and they and the locals were told it was to be a power plant. Luckily for us it was heavily bombed by the allies and was never used. There is an excellent commentary in different languages, including English, at key parts of the site, along with detailed explanations on panels. The site remains just as it was in 1945, complete a V1 rocket, vehicles and cases of bombs that were dropped. They say the average length of a visit is 1½ hours and you do really need that to fully explore and take in the real atmosphere of the place.



The Eperleques Blockhouse

When we finally wandered back through the trees to

exit we found Roger waiting to guide us to their campsite, about 1½ km from the bunker. From a distance there was hardly any sign of the bunker among the trees. Pat & Roger were on a very nice site at le Ganspette and we spent a pleasant hour and a half sitting in their motor-home and eating lunch and chatting, before we finally decided we really ought to get back. Bidding them farewell we headed back to the canal and followed it back down to St. Omer, stopping at a bar for a drink and then having a look around the ruins of the Abbaye de St. Bertin, before heading home. This time we shopped at Lidl for dinner (chicken) and the following day's lunch (salmon), though decided that overall we preferred Carre Four. After dinner we sat and played cards till 10.30, hoping we might see some sign in the distance of the firework display promised in the programme – John Taylor later told us it didn't start till 12.30! (24 miles.)



A drink by the canal



Baton twirlers entertain at Coulomby

Saturday was another up and down ride and the weather was fine again – cloudy, not too hot, but sunnier in the afternoon. No need to go to St. Omer as the route came past the campsite, so we just joined on riding across to Lumbres for coffee and then down the valley to Coulomby. We visited the church, watched some local baton twirlers and viewed models in the local hall but, as it was still too early for lunch, we pushed on. We climbed steeply for about a kilometre and then continued for a short way across the top until we found a nice grassy spot beside the road to eat our lunch and watch the other riders go by. After lunch there was a bit

more up and down, passing a couple of old windmills, before we finally came back past our campsite. Here we cut off and dropped down to the Carre Four for supplies, picking up meals for several days as we were unsure about getting anything on Sunday or Monday. After a dinner of beefburgers we sat at one of the tables and looked over the route home. (33 miles.)

Sunday was the final day of the Semaine and it was again warm and sunny. We left early to ride down to the velodrome for the “Defile de Cloture”, the official closing parade, arriving about 9.00 a.m. We lined up with the other “etrangers” amongst the thousands of French cyclists, all in their club colours, fancy dress or traditional costumes – we, of course, wore our East Sussex jerseys. Leaving at 9.30 we rode slowly in procession for 6.5 miles, in and out and up and down the streets of St. Omer, past crowds of cheering townspeople – the town was completely taken over by cyclists!

There was a good deal of stopping and starting and it was after 12.00 by the time we eventually got back to the Permanence on one of the slowest rides we've ever done. After this we had a last elevenses in the town square then headed back to camp, to eat lunch, pack our tents up and say a final farewell to fellow campers and our French hosts. The volunteers helping on the camp site really helped to make our stay go well, they always seemed to be up before us and last to bed at night, doing everything from emptying bins and cleaning the toilets, to serving drinks and answering queries. Without all these volunteers such a massive event would not be possible.



Taking over the streets on the closing parade

Heading South from St. Omer, we climbed a little and then followed the valleys for about 12 miles to Nielles Les Blequin and our next campsite – “Domaine du Blequin”. A pleasant little site, beside a large stream which had been dammed here to form fishing ponds, which we took a walk round in the evening. Unfortunately, there was no bread delivery at the site and the nearest village was 2½ kilometres away, so after dinner I took a ride down to check what shops there were. I reported back that there was a Boulangerie that opened at 8.00 and also a small store. We had some cereals bars, so decided that we could have those with our tea in the morning and then pack up and ride to the village for croissants, etc. (22.3 miles all day)



A pleasant pitch at “Domaine de Blequin”

It was misty early, but soon cleared becoming sunny, and we had soon packed away our tents and then made our way across the stream and along a back lane back to the road and down to village. We bought baguettes (no croissants) and with butter and jam had a late breakfast (about 9.50) sitting



Closed roads don't usually worry cyclists!

in a little memorial garden beside the road. Our route from here was rolling, but not too hilly. At the little village of Bourthe we stopped at a bar for coffee and also cakes from the nearby shop. A sign told us that the road to Hucqueliers was closed 1 km ahead, but decided to take our chances and, as on the way out, rode through with no trouble. Shortly after this we turned South towards Montreuil and the last 14 km which ran down along a picturesque valley. Part way down we turned in at the little village of Beussent and found a nice spot opposite an old mill to sit and eat our lunch, before continuing on for the last bit into Montreuil. Susan and Emma, seeing the town rising up on the hill ahead of us, were quite pleased when we turned right at the bottom and rode along to the campsite below the old walls. We checked in, put our tents up and then walked up into the town, seeing signs of the Semaine Federale ride that had visited the previous week. We passed through the massive gates and walked up through the old town to the narrow cobbled shopping streets and the squares at the centre. Here we found a bar for a drink and a Shoppi to buy dinner, etc. Following a leaflet picked up earlier we walked back round the top of the old walls, passing the old citadel, now the Youth Hostel. Later, after dinner, I took a stroll along the bottom of the walls and found a passage through into the moat of the old citadel and steps leading from the main wall all the way back down through the campsite. We had a little rain, about 5-10 minutes, around 8.00 p.m. but it was dry when we went to bed. (25.2 miles.)

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Walking back round the town walls

It rained on and off during the night and we awoke to light rain the next morning. We had tea (coffee for Emma) and packed our bags, without getting too wet, but when I collected the bread and croissants from the van at reception at 8.45 it tipped down. Luckily it eased off as we had breakfast and we eventually took down slightly damp tents and left at about 10.00 a.m. To avoid going up through Montreuil we round around the bottom, but still had a bit of a climb as the land rose to the South, taking us up onto a plateau that we had to cross before dropping down towards the Somme area. We bought cakes at the first patisserie that we saw and rode on looking for a bar. With no luck

we eventually ate the cakes by the roadside several kms further on. Shortly after this we dropped down and passed through a village, Colline-Beaumont, and just after we had left it found a little bar, “Café Therese”, tucked back off the road. The elderly lady owner, presumably Therese herself, informed us in broken English that she had worked for 4 years in London. By now the weather had improved and, having quenched our thirst, we finally removed our wet weather gear and continued on across the flatter land to the large town of Rue. Here we found a charcuterie and bought crepinettes (sausages) for dinner and then topped up with other supplies at a Simply Supermarche just after the town centre.

Heading out of Rue on a big main road we soon turned off on the smaller D140 to follow the lanes across to the Bay of the Somme. Just before the little village of Favieres we stopped, fearing the worst, as there was a rattling noise from Emma’s bike. It turned out that 1 strut had come un-welded and dropped out of its socket at the bottom of her carrier, but with some tape and a couple of cable ties it was soon repaired and we were moving again. After stopping for lunch by a little wayside calvary we continued on to join the cycle path alongside the D940 around the Bay of the Somme to St. Valery. From there we retraced our outward route along the Somme canal and down to Miannay and the camp site, “Le Val de Trie”, which we had passed on our first day out. This was quite a nice 3 star site, with good facilities – it cost us €20.80 and for an extra €3.80 we were able to order our baguettes and croissants to be delivered to our pitch the next morning. By the entrance a man was offering pony and trap rides round the village, and I persuaded the others we should have a go. It started off quite sedately and we were clip clopping along, but then suddenly he sped up, turned a corner and dropped down through a water splash, splashing those of us in the front and almost drenching Susan and Emma in the back! Luckily it was warm and they soon dried out. (38.5 miles.)



The water splash at Miannay

Wednesday – our last morning – we were up just after 7.00 a.m. and had most of our stuff packed away before our bread and croissants arrived, as promised, just after 8.00 a.m. The weather was dry and sunny, but our tents were still slightly damp from dew as we took them down, before moving off just after 9.00 a.m. Our return to Dieppe retraced our outward journey, and mid-morning found us back buying cakes in Gamaches, before climbing the long hill we had descended on the way out – it seemed much longer going up! We stopped for lunch by the church at Bailly-en-Riviere where we had had breakfast on the way out, then continued, following our outward route, back to Dieppe. At least now in daylight we could appreciate the countryside! The last 13 miles or so were fairly flat and, even with a slight head wind, we were back in Dieppe by about 3.30 p.m. (39.5 miles.)

We had plenty of time to shop for a few presents to take back and have a meal of burger and chips, before riding round to the ferry terminal at around 5.15 p.m., where we were kept waiting on the quay in a cold wind for over $\frac{3}{4}$ before they eventual let us on at the back. The ferry left on time for



once and after a reasonable crossing we arrived back in Newhaven at about 9.30 p.m. with just 1 last mile, finally reaching home just after 10.00 p.m. It made a change for us to have a trip where the ferry had not been delayed or cancelled. We all agreed that we had had a great two weeks. We had really enjoyed the Semaine Federale and would like to go again, the weather had been generally good, and we had seen some great places and beautiful countryside. We had ridden a total of just over 492 miles, some of it rather hilly, and would gladly have stayed longer if we could. Ah well, anyone fancy Verdun in 2010?

Thomas Turner - A brief glimpse into the life of unique Sussex man.

by Roy James

Glance at the group of cottages half way along the village of East-Hoathly and on one of them you will see a commemorative plaque to 'Thomas Turner, Diarist, schoolmaster and general trader. 1729 -1793.' I had seen the plaque often when the A22 used to stagger its way through the village but I gave it little thought until I found a book of his diaries in a second-hand bookshop.

Born in the year 1729 at Groombridge in Kent, the surprising thing about the diaries is that they are so unsurprising. For instance;

Wednesday 23rd July 1755

At home all day. Paid for bread 3½d. For butter 3d. For a sheep's heart 1½d. Paid John Jenner hatter at Hailsham for three hats at 18d.

Thomas was the eldest son of his father's second marriage to a girl from Rotherfield. When he was six years old the family took a shop in Framfield, remaining there until his Father's death in 1752 when Thomas took over a shop in East-Hoathly. Of his father he wrote "In him lost the best of parents. He was to me a parent, friend and brother.' In 1753 Thomas married Margaret the daughter of a farming couple from Hartfield, but the marriage was not a happy one.

Monday 25th February 1754

John Richards called at my house and told me of a malicious report at Lewes of my wife and I not agreeing. Hired Elphick's horse and made straight to Lewes and found Mr. Madgewick of that opinion.

Margaret was often ill and after five months of marriage, pregnant.

Wednesday 19th August 1754

My wife safely delivered of a son about half an hour past 7 o'clock in the morn.

Sunday 25th August 1754

My wife very bad. Sent for Dr Stone to see her.

Death was never far away in the 18C and when it called it was met with a stoicism we can only marvel at.

Wednesday 15th January 1755

At home all day. My wife and little boy both very bad. Read the 10th book i.e. chapter of 'Paradise Lost' in the even.

Thursday 16th January 1755

This morning about 1 o'clock I had the misfortune to lose my little boy, Peter, aged 21 weeks 3 days. Paid for flour and other small things.

Saturday 18th January 1755

Went to Framfield and buried my little boy. Mr. Collinson came there to me and came home with me and lodged at my house.

On a perfect April day I visited East-Hoathly parish church. For after reading the diaries I was keen to find the diarist's grave. I put my question to a lady who was arranging flowers at a graveside. "Never heard of him," was her reply and, not wanting to pursue the subject with her any further, I left and walked toward the sound of some one cutting the grass. This time the answer was straightforward, "It's the middle one of three graves on the north side." Was he sure? I don't know, but I was happy with his assurances.

After the death of his wife Thomas went on to become schoolmaster in the village and to marry again. His second wife, Molly, bore him seven children. He died in 1793.

His obituary in the Sussex Weekly Observer on Monday, 11th February, 1793 records that, "Last Thursday died at East-Hoathly Mr. Thomas Turner, many years a shopkeeper at that place"

Thomas Turner was no Samuel Pepys, Parson Woodforde or Gilbert White, but his diaries left a clear picture of 18th C village life. Sometimes sad, sometimes mundane and occasionally very funny.

Wednesday 22nd February 1758

But about 3.30.a.m. finding myself to have as much liquor as would do me good, I slipped away unobserved, leaving my wife to make my excuse. For sure it was rude but still ill manners are preferable to drunkenness (though I was far from being sober). However I come home without tumbling or any other misfortune.

Thursday 23rd February 1758

This morn at 6 o'clock, just as my wife was gladly got to bed, we was awakened by Mrs. Porter who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar. But as soon as my wife got out of bed she found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife with lighted candle, part of a bottle of wine and a glass. Then next thing must be to have me downstairs. I being appraised of, fastened my door, but upstairs they came and threatened to break open my door. As soon as ever it was opened they poured into my room. As modesty forbid me to get out of bed in the presence of women I refrained. But their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed 'tipsy turvey' (as they say) and allowed me to put on my breeches, (though it was no more than to cast a veil over what undoubtedly had before that time been discovered) instead of my clothes they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoat and made me dance with them without shoes or stockings until they emptied their bottle of wine and my bottle of beer. They then contented themselves with sitting down to breakfast with a dish of coffee.

Friday 24th February 1758

Sadly indisposed.



Blackberry Time.

by Winova.

It's blackberry time, it's blackberry time,
There are roads to follow and hills to climb.
The white mist clings to the meadow still
And the bracken is brown on the slope of the hill,
And you may follow if you will,
For it's happy blackberry time.

Oh, blackberry time is the time for me,
There are red hips thick on the wild rose tree,
Dry leaves patter and whirl and scatter
And skip and trip in a dance of glee.



It's blackberry time, it's blackberry time,
And a soft wind wakes with a hairbell's chime.
There are bushes down in a lane I know,
Where the ripest, sweetest blackberries grow,
And you'll pick till your baskets overflow
In happy blackberry time.

Oh, blackberry time is the time I love,
When the birds are glad in the boughs above,
And you're with me and I'm with you,
And the day's all gold and the sky's all blue.
And the warm air throbs with a lilting rhyme,
In happy, happy blackberry time

Verse courtesy of 'Fellowship of Cycling Old-Timers'. Pictures by Roy James

The Book of ANZAC

These 4 pages are from "The Book of ANZAC" published by Cassell Ltd. In 1916. The contents of the book were produced in the lines at Gallipoli in the closing weeks of 1915. Practically every word in it is written and every line drawn beneath the shelter of a waterproof sheet or of a roof of sandbags - either in the trenches or, at most, well within the range of the old est Turkish rifle, and under daily visitation from the smallest Turkish field pieces. It was planned to have been a New Year Magazine to help this little British Australian fraternity in Turkey to while away the long winter in the trenches. As it was, the evacuation order came before it could be produced and the decision was made to publish the book as a souvenir/memorial of the campaign. Throughout the pages the the humour of the troops in adversity shines through

ANZAC FASHIONS. SUMMER

By Bom^{de} A. H. SCOTT 4TH BATTERY. F.A



1. Australian sharpshooter disguised as a bush deceives a bird
2. First signs of summer: discarded puttees. Infantryman down from the firing line
3. Water-carrying in hot weather is hard work and requires few clothes
4. Sun-flaps on caps and shorts had quite a good run



5. Officer (incog.) armed with stick and bullet-pierced periscope. (No periscope complete without bullet holes testifying to hair-breadth escapes)
6. Gas helmets will never be as popular as home-made shorts
7. The English-made slacks (for the "Australian giants") were much too slack except under the armpits
8. Slacks and a roll of blankets give a very Australian appearance

THE REMINISCENCE OF A WRECK

It may be necessary to explain that wood—for the roof-beams of dug-outs and the shoring up of trenches in wet weather—was priceless in Gallipoli. But whilst this book was being compiled Providence sent a storm. In the morning the beach was littered with portions of a wrecked schooner, stranded lighters, pieces of pier—all strictly the property of H.M. Government as represented by the officer commanding the Royal Engineers. “A gift from Heaven,” one Australian was heard to remark as he looked at the desolate scene next morning. Nor were his British brethren less grateful.—Eds.

The storm had ceased, the sea was calm, the wind a trifle raw,
 And miles and miles of wreckage lay upon the sandy shore;
 And every time the waves came up they brought a little more.
 The Sergeant and the Junior Sub. in contemplation stood,
 They wept like anything to see such quantities of wood—
 And then they smiled a furtive smile which boded little good.
 The wood lay round in lovely heaps and smiled invitingly.
 “Do you suppose,” the Sergeant said, “that this is meant for me?”
 “I doubt it,” said the Junior Sub. “Here comes the C.R.E. 1
 “If fifty kings and fifty queens and fifty C.-in-C.’s
 Presented fifty indents and bowed low upon their knees,
 I hardly think that they would get more than a few of these.”
 The Sergeant and the Junior Sub. walked on a mile or so,
 Until they found a shelving bank conveniently low;
 And there they waited sadly for the C.R.E. to go.
 “Oh, timbers,” quoth the Junior Sub., who spoke with honeyed speech,
 “I hardly think it *safe* for you to lie upon the beach.”
 And as he spoke he stroked the backs of those within his reach.
 The timbers leapt beneath his touch and hurried plank by plank;
 They crowded round to hear him speak, and lined up rank on rank—
 But one old timber wagged his head and hid behind a bank.
 “The time has come,” the Sergeant said, “to talk of many things—
 Of bully beef and dug-outs, of Kaisers and of Kings,
 And why the rain comes through the roof, and whether shrapnel stings.
 “Some good stout planks,” the Sergeant cried, “are what we chiefly need,
 And four by fours and spars besides are very good indeed—
 So if you’re ready, sir, I think we may as well proceed.”
 “Oh, C.R.E.!” remarked the Sub., “I deeply sympathise.”
 With sobs and tears they sorted out those of the largest size,
 While happy thoughts of days to come loomed large before their eyes.
 Next morning came the C.R.E. to see what could be done;
 But when he came to count the planks he found that there was none—
 And this was hardly odd, because they’d collared every one.

Lieut. A. L. PEMBERTON, R.G.A.

TAYLOR’S HOLLOW, 8.12.15.

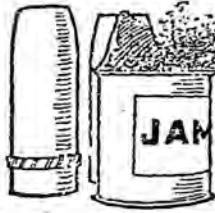


“OUR REPTILE CONTEMPORARY”



“AT THE LANDING AND HERE EVER SINCE.”
 Drawn in blue and red pencil by David Barker

The Happy Warrior



(A SOLILOQUY)
SOMEWHERE IN THE
ANZAC ZONE



I

In my sandy dug-out by the sea
Of Saros beyond Samothrace,
I'm as happy as happy can be,
And I'm bent upon washing my face
Before I go into my tea;

But the water's so scarce in this land
That we do all our washing with sand—
And we always have sand in our tea.



II

In my fly-filled dug-out by the sea
Near Anzac, beyond Samothrace,
Both the cook and colonel agree
That you must have some semblance of grace
At breakfast, at dinner, and tea,

To prevent you from damning the eyes
Of the savage and pestilent flies—
For you always have flies in your teal

III

In my shell-swept dug-out by the sea
Of Saros, beyond Samothrace,
I'm as happy as happy can be,
Tho' the shrapnel comes flying apace
Over moorland and mountain and lea—
For I wish you to quite understand,
Tho' the hens have vacated the land,
Yet we always have shells with our teal

M.R.



PUBLIC NOTICES

NOTICE.—The Turkish artillery is requested to refrain from wasting ammunition whilst our meals are being served.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Electric Elevator will not be working up the gullies for a while. Some cook stole the current to make a pudding.

KABA TEPE MUSEUM.—Come and see! A piece of long extinct Australian butter now being exhibited.

Admission.—One slice of bread.

BENEVOLENT HOME.—The Editor has established a home for lost newspapers and books. Any books or papers may be left there and no questions asked.

MEDICAL.—Men suffering from a feeling of fullness after eating, are requested to state where they got the extra rations from.

WARNING.—Men are advised to keep their eyes open for an individual wearing pink pyjamas, green glasses, straw hat and khaki mackintosh. It is thought that this is a spy in disguise.

**PERSONAL, MISSING FRIENDS,
etc.**

LAST seen two months ago in Scotland, at the Duke of Buckingham's grouse shoot. Pte. Bert Backblocks. Left Gallipoli with serious wound in fingernail early in May. Any information as to present whereabouts of above will be gratefully received by Adjutant, 101st Battn.

CHARLIE.—Come back, dearest. A warm welcome is prepared for you. Loving arms will enfold you.—SERG.-MAJ. BAWLER.

OH how we missed you, dearest Bill,
On that famed August nine,
We think about you, Billie, still
In Cairo drinking wine.

MISSING.—A little tot. It's rum where it's got to.

MISSING FRIENDS, ETC.—Will the girl who smiled at William Tomkins last Boxing Day please write to him at once?

LOST BY A POOR PERSON.—A strong pipe, last smelt in someone's pocket up Monash Gully.

LOST.—Pair of field glasses. Finder please return same to our Champion Optimist.

WANTED

WANTED.—The address of a good barber. One able to cut hair and shave preferred. Apply any platoon.

WANTED.—Section commander requires pair of good field glasses to find his men when there is shrapnel about.

Q.M.S. requires a man who can even partly satisfy mess orderlies.

EXCHANGE.—Corporal would exchange a wristlet watch (not going) for a spring mattress or a tin of MacConochie's Rations.

WANTED.—Some nice girls to stroll with on the Engineers' North Pier.

WANTED.—Fifty thousand Turkish prisoners for wharf-lumping, road-making, and building officers' dugouts. Plenty of permanent work for men of right stamp. Apply any beach fatigue party—Australian N. Z. Army Corps.

FULL private wishes to buy guide book to London. Places safe from Zeppelin to be marked with a cross.

TO LET.—Nice dugout on the skyline. Owner leaving for field hospital.

MISCELLANEOUS

MAN with good memory would like the job of taking messages from the troops to friends in Cairo.

WANTED TO BUY.—The 2nd Brigade will buy large or small quantities of old beer. Fresh beer not objected to.

READ Prof. Fire Trench's book on the killing of insect pests with a shovel.

BUSINESS FOR SALE.—Mess orderly will sell goodwill of a flourishing business for a box of fags.

COMPLETE SPY OUTFIT FOR SALE.—Including pair of blucher boots, sombrero hat, two cutlasses and a yashmak. Owner having failed to be discovered for two days is going out of business.

SERG. NOONAN, 6TH BATTN.

Walney to Wear June 2007

By Richard Thatcher

Accompanied by my friend, the intrepid David Abbott, I once again set off for the North of England to try yet another variation of the Coast to Coast ride.

After an uneventful drive we checked in at the Station Inn at Oxenholme, Just south of Kendal. After dinner and a briefing from Dave Noblett, the head of Lakeland Holidays, we went for an evening walk, the sunset still being some time off. The views towards the Lakes were splendid as the sun sank in the West, a few hot air balloons hanging suspended over the high fells.

Day 1

A minibus took us to Walney Island to start the ride. After the usual photos we were away at 11.30, rather late I felt. We made our way past the ship yards at Barrow-in-Furness with their massive cranes. A long steady climb took us past Furness Abbey, now a beautifully romantic ruin. After 16 miles we stopped for a Midday snack before tackling a horrendous climb to Cartmel at mile 25. Unfortunately, stopping to get my breath back, I was savaged by horse flies from an adjoining field. Thereafter riding became easier to Grange over Sands. The day was very hot and we noticed that in fact the tarmac was melting in places. At mile 40 we missed a turning thereby adding another 5 or so miles to our run. In addition to our woes I had had trouble changing chain rings and it was discovered that the rivets holding the front mech. had worked loose. Shortly after our arrival back at Oxenholme, a thunderstorm broke - at least we had avoided that. (Total 46 miles)



The ruins of Furness Abbey

Day 2

I left my bike with Dave to fix and continued the ride on his Dawes mountain bike, a good example of its kind but a lot harder on the steep and frequent climbs which now faced us. The weather had turned damp and misty, robbing us of the expected spectacular views. We skirted the edge of the Howgill Fells. Later, Dave N., who was cycling instead of driving the backup van for a change, joined us at the spectacular viaduct near Tebay where he kindly took our picture. Sadly he soon had to abandon his ride, as his trusty assistant, Pete, put his back out moving our luggage, and had to go home in great discomfort. Lunch was taken in a cafe adjoining a chocolate factory in Orton.



At the viaduct near Tebay

The afternoon took us across open moorland at an easier pace to Kirkby Stephen, with only one slight diversion of a mile or so. (Total 34 miles)

Day 3

We awoke to the sound of steady rain. A procession of Romany caravans pulled by sodden horses with dispirited drivers made their way through the town having left the annual Appleby horse fair some distance away. Full rain gear was donned before undertaking the climbs that would eventually bring us to Tan Hill (1,732 ft), with the highest pub in England at the summit. I was again on my own bike, Dave having effected a temporary repair with a large jubilee clip. Frankly I didn't think it would hold for long. We had lunch at the inn where we met up with a group of squaddies on racing bikes who were out for a quick spin from Catterick. It's good to know that they still make our sol-

diers tough. After lunch the rain reached a new intensity as we made our way down hill. A couple of miles further on, we turned off the road onto a steep farm track the surface of which was mostly loose granite chips. As these were wet, the going on narrow tyres was rather dangerous, but nothing daunted we carried on until at last the track levelled out by some farm buildings. Strangely we met some walkers at this point who looked as wet and miserable as we were. Following this the ride to Barnard Castle was easy, made more acceptable by a hot cup of tea, served up from the backup motor home, about four miles from the town. (Total 28 miles)



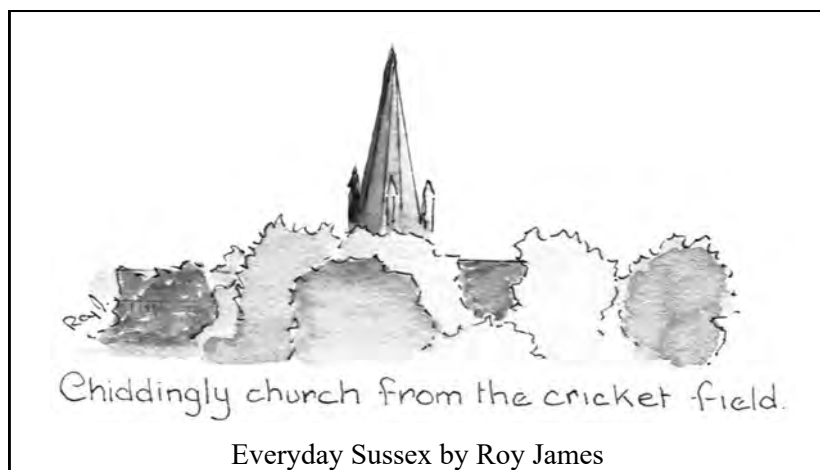
Outside the famous Tan Hill Inn

Day 4

Wet and windy again. We managed to miss a turning, but quickly found the intended route only for David to puncture (rear wheel of course!). Our Journey then took us on cycle paths through the lovely Hamsterley Forest, at least it would have been had it not rained so hard (I gave up trying to take photos). After a stop for coffee we left the path whereupon my front mech. finally broke, leaving me with only the bottom three gears. Fortunately, it was only a short distance to a rendezvous with Dave and the chance to borrow the Dawes again. After lunch, taken on the hoof, more steep hills took us to a cycle path leading into Durham. After a change of clothing we explored the city with its majestic cathedral and river walks. (Total 36 miles)

Day 5

With only 18 miles to do we thought the ride would be a doddle. The wind, which we were heading into, had increased to seemingly gale force. We made our way along muddy cycle tracks and lanes. At one point we were amazed to see two ferrets playing in the middle of the path. Sadly, one look at us and they were off. As we entered the outskirts of Sunderland, the paths became strewn with rubbish, including broken glass. David got another puncture, but as the conditions were so bad we decided it was easier to stop every half mile to pump up the tyre rather than to effect a repair. Just before we finished the ride we passed the National Glass Centre, with a rather posh cafe, but seeing a couple of our fellow cyclists inside we decided to follow suit. The girls who agreed to serve us deserve medals as we were absolutely filthy and soaked to the skin (I spent several minutes just warming my hands under the dryer in the loo). Sadly the ride was now all over. A quick change of clothing was followed by a warm, dry trip back to Oxenholme in the Minibus. (Total 18 miles)



A Scottish Tour in 1949

Reg Eldridge was a member of the CTC and the Lewes Wanderers and often toured in various parts of the country, sending daily postcards home and he also corresponded with friends about his tours. The following copy was found among his papers by club mate Peter Burbery.

Manor House, South Heighton
Newhaven, Sussex
1st January 1949.

Dear Jimmy,

I was delighted to receive your letter this morning and to learn of your promotion at work. I had intended to send you a Christmas card but was not able to place my hands upon your address at the appropriate time, for this lapse my apologies.

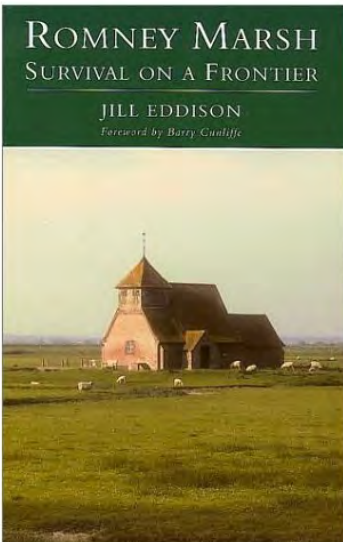
I will detail a few personal happenings since I wrote to you in May 1947. I soon resumed my cycling again after getting rid of the plaster on my left leg at the end of May and it certainly helped to improve the flexibility of the ankle joint so as to make walking easier. As I started work immediately upon return home from the Army at the end of August 1946 I felt fully entitled to a longer holiday than normal in 1947. I had planned to achieve a long-standing ambition of mine which was to cycle-tour around the North coast of Scotland, from Ullapool – Cape Wrath – John-of-Groats – Inverness.

I left home on Wednesday evening 10th September at 10.00 p.m. and rode up to King's Cross to catch the 4.25 a.m. train to York. I was using the Youth Hostels throughout and stayed at Barnard Castle that night and the next night at Acomb, near Hexham. The next day to Newcastle, to call on some relations near Wallsend, with whom I stayed until Monday lunch-time and then northwards again to stay at the Fenwick hostel, 10 miles South of Berwick. Then on to Inverness, with stops at hostels at Edinburgh, Birnam (near Dunkeld) and Tomintoul. The day's ride which took me from Birnam to Tomintoul was one of the longest and hardest of my tour. I had tea at Braemar and tackled that rough up and down going between Crathie and Tomintoul in the evening, if ever I am that way again I shall devote an entire day to this stretch.

Soon after getting away from Tomintoul I ran into the rain which I feared I should encounter when I had reached the Highlands. Trouble with a capital T came my way the next day when going through Dingwall, my rear tyre had let the tube poke through and a replacement of the cover was the only way out of the difficulty. Dingwall could not supply a tyre of the required size (26" x 1 ¼") and the only thing to do was return to Inverness. I limped out to the hostel at Strathpeffer and stayed there the two nights until Monday morning. Then a bus journey to Inverness to obtain the necessary tyre. As it was raining heavily in the afternoon I decided to stay another night at Strathpeffer and gained a better crossing to Ullapool than I should otherwise have had. I left Ullapool on Wednesday morning with the intention of getting as far North of Lochinver as possible in the prevailing weather conditions and the poor state of the roads. Owing to the lack of a signpost at the turning for Lochinver I continued on what I thought was the road and eventually arrived at Auchilitibuie. The 25 miles from Ullapool had taken me 5 hours and this indicates in some measure the rough state of the roads between the two places.

I stayed the night at Achininver hostel and the next day retraced my steps and took the correct turning for Lochinver. After tea at the hostel at Inchnadamph I toiled over that up and down road to Kylesku, where I arrived at 7.15 p.m., 15 minutes too late for the ferry that day. As I was unable to find accommodation a local road repairing contractor was good enough to give me a key to a hut used by his men when it was not possible for them to get home. As it was raining the next morning I decided to scrap my plans for covering the Cape Wrath – John-of-Groats stretch and return southwards, for I was completely fed up with the rain which had prevailed for most of the time over the last seven days.





For Your Bookshelf – A Review

Romney Marsh: Survival on a Frontier by Jill Eddison
ISBN 0-7524-1486-0

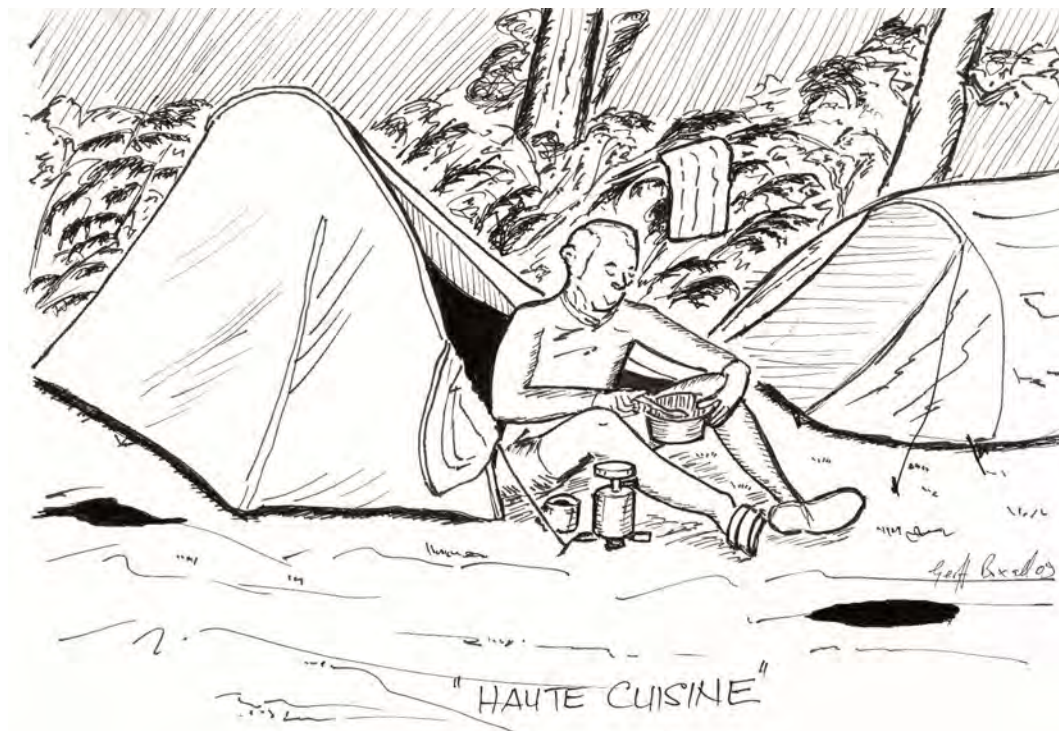
For all those who love quiet and lonely places, which Romney Marsh certainly can be, this is a riveting read. Covering the history of the Marsh since its formation some 20,000 years ago, the book details the many changes both dramatic and sudden but also the slow and gentle ones that have taken place over aeons of time up to the present day. This is a book which will appeal to many cyclists who love the varied qualities the Marsh has to offer - broad open skies, quiet lanes and a flat landscape. Written in an extremely easy to read style, embracing geology, archaeology and geography, the book contains a wealth of fascinating information.

Published in 2000, it describes the detailed work undertaken by the author since 1985 and the enormous strides made in the understanding of the formation and developments in the Marsh since the end of

the last ice-age.

Reading this book gives a fuller appreciation of the history of the Marsh, whilst raising enthusiasm to 'get back on the bike' and explore new corners and features of the Marsh. How many cyclists know, for instance, when riding away from the Woolpack Inn on the A259 toward Fairfield, why the road near the Phillipine Village craft centre describes an almost 180 degree arc? Reading this book will of course provide a full answer. The simple answer is that, in time past, the line of the Great Wall was breached by the sea and the ensuing 'scour hole' was too deep to fill. The wall repair was carried out around the hole and, in time, this became the base of the present day road. Happy reading.

Chris Cade - Eastbourne & Hailsham Section



New Forest Cycle Week 2009 (No. 3) by Geoff Boxall

SWEETS – AND WHEN THEY WERE INTRODUCED

Fry's Chocolate Cream – 1866

Toberlone – 1900

Cadbury's Dairy Milk – 1905

Cadbury's Bournville – 1910

Mars Bar – 1923

Crunchie – 1929

Terry's All Gold – 1932

Rowntree's Black Magic – 1933

Kit-Kat – 1935 (although for the first two years of its existence it was known as 'Chocolate Crisp')

Aero – 1935

Quality Street – 1936

Dairy Box – 1936

Rolo – 1937

Milky Bar – 1937

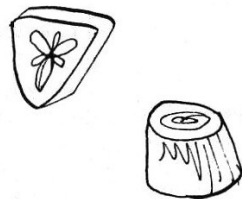
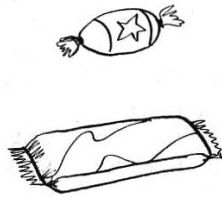
Smarties – 1937

Cadbury's Roses – 1938

Bounty – 1951

Galaxy – 1958

Picnic – 1958



...and sweets for all tastes!



After Eight – 1962

Toffee Crisp – 1963

Twix – 1967

Yorkie – 1976

Cadbury's Eclairs – 1974 launched nationally in the UK (around non-nationally since 1960s)

Cadbury's Caramel, Double Decker, Yorkie and Lion Bar – 1976

Drifter – 1980

Wispa – 1983

Boost – 1985

Twirl – 1987

Cadbury's White Buttons – 1989

Timeout – 1992

Fuse – 1996 (40 million bars sold in the first week)

Maverick – 1997

Cadbury's Miniature Heroes, Cadbury's Giant Buttons, Kit-Kat Chunky – 1999

Cadbury's Brunchbar, Dream, Snow Flake – 2001

Kit-Kat Kubes – 2003

Fruity Smarties, Kit-Kat Editions – 2004

