

Cyclists' Touring Club

The President's Editor's Column

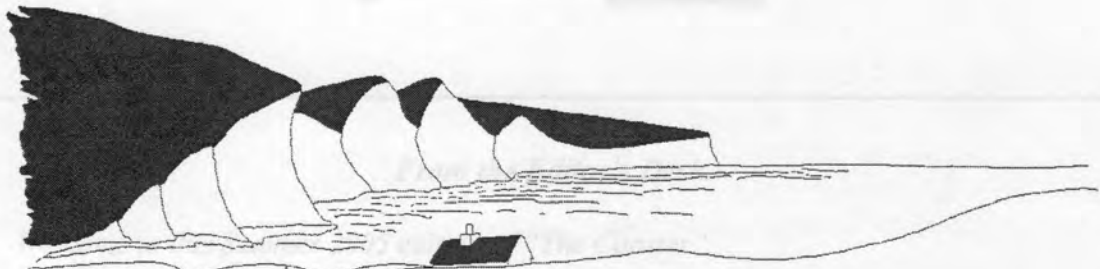
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# Coaster



*the magazine of the*

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

No. 44 - Summer 2005

£1



working for cycling

*East Sussex  
Cyclists' Touring Club*

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**" THE COASTER "**

**Issue No. 44, Summer**



***From the Editor's Desk.***

*Welcome to this Summer 2005 edition of "The Coaster".*

*This time around we have another cycling adventure from Richard Thatcher, this time a tour of the Outer Hebrides with Norman Eastwood, and also a report on the Seaford & Newhaven Easter Tour and a cycle-camping trip in France from Ann Rix. There is also an extended version of Peter Crowsley's obituary for Dot Collins, which gives just a small insight into her extremely full life and interests.*

*There is an interesting item on the history of the CTC's winged wheel and also an article from an 1887 edition of Bicycling News about taking bikes off-road for military use.*

*So, I hope there's something there to keep everyone interested. If you have a story to tell or a holiday memoir then why not send it in for the next edition?*

*Happy cycling.*

*David.*

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

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## Will Ye No' Come Back Again?

By Richard Thatcher

In June last year Norman Eastwood and I embarked on a tour of Lewis and Harris in the Outer Hebrides. I had suggested this area following an 'epic' end-to-end in 2003 with David Abbott which gave me my first taste of the wilder aspects of Scotland.

### DAY 1

Norman and I met up at Heathrow and flew to Edinburgh where we changed planes for the flight to Stornoway. On arrival I was sorry to find a slight dent in my top tube and that quite a lot of paint had come off. This certainly happened at Heathrow because we saw the bikes carefully transferred at Edinburgh. The airport at Stornoway is but a short ride from the town and we were soon checking in at our B&B.

As it was still quite early we decided on a short acclimatization ride along the east coast to a place called Back. You might say we went there and back (and again you might not!) By the time we arrived at Back the local weather had decided to introduce itself and we were soon pretty wet. Fortunately the local bus shelters are quite substantial and provided much needed protection. It was Sunday evening so we were able to observe the rush hour to church with ladies in smart hats. The Hebrides must be about the only place where new churches are being built. It had been a long day so we finished with an excellent meal in a hotel and turned in early. (19 miles covered.)

### DAY 2

Our next stop was at Barvas on the western side. We set off fully laden. It was the first time I had done this on tour, give me supported rides any day. The route took us up over moorland. It was a bright sunny day but with a strong wind. At Barvas we left our panniers at the B&B and headed north to Ness, the most northerly point of the island. In the harbour we watched gannets fishing. They hit the water at up to 70 mph. After lunch, which we had some difficulty in finding, we visited the Butt of Lewis, a superb rocky headland with a lighthouse and a wonderful colony of fulmars. One of these birds, which are like miniature albatrosses, gave us a flying display the likes of which I have never seen equalled. The ride back against a strong headwind to the B&B really took the stuffing out of me, though it seemed to leave Norman unruffled. (53 miles covered)



### DAY 3

From Barvas we cycled to Aird Uig initially along the coast, which afforded splendid views. We stopped to look at some black houses, the original crofter's cottages and watched butter being made the traditional way. I noticed in one room the forks and front wheel of a bike which had been adapted to wind wool. At

Callanish we stopped for lunch after visiting the famous stone circle. On leaving the cafe we were thrilled to see a pair of golden eagles soaring high above us.

Our destination was formerly an RAF early warning establishment from the cold war days, much of it lay derelict, however some brave souls were turning the outbuildings into holiday homes. We were to stay at a gourmet restaurant run by a Frenchman. On the track leading to our goal

we were dive bombed by oystercatchers that had young chicks to protect. The evening meal fully met our expectations. (46 miles covered)

#### DAY4

Rain greeted us as we set out from Aird Uig. To begin with the road took us through a gully between crags above which hovered another eagle, much lower down this time. We saw little of the coast all day as our route took us over undulating terrain back to the eastern side. Later the sun came out but alas the wind got up. Our destination was Balallen, a village set high on a hillside with a magnificent view over a large sea loch. (44 miles covered)

#### DAY 5

As we were unable to find accommodation at our preferred destination at Tarbert we did a circular tour round an area called Park, so called because the Laird decided to banish the inhabitants during the 19th century so that he could use the area for field sports. This, of course, was known as the clearances. There were some good hills and fantastic views over lochs; we also had some rain but nothing to trouble us. The bird life was again exceptional. In the evening, rather than stay at the B&B we cycled to a local pub, about 3 miles away. This was a big mistake as our landlady was a far better cook. However we met up with a German couple who were from Wiesbaden, which is the twin town of Tunbridge Wells (40 miles covered)

#### DAY 6

We set off for Tarbert against wind and rain. (It is perhaps worth noting that the rest of the UK was in the grip of a heat wave while all this was going on!) The ride included the ascent of Clisham (799m) and for the only time on the trip I was forced to walk just before the summit. Norman of course waited for me with his usual patience. We arrived at Tarbert at lunchtime and so, not wanting to waste the afternoon, rode out through hilly coastal scenery to the island of Scalpay. Conveniently the local authority had just built a bridge to enable us to do this without using a ferry. (38 miles covered)

#### Day 7

The next stop was Leverburgh named after the famous Liverpool soap family. A lovely ride took us along coastal roads with seemingly endless golden sands, with the island of Taransay in the distance. Despite this we saw few people. The sun shone for once. At Leverburgh we looked up an old girlfriend of my son's who now runs a bunkhouse with her partner. Originally she lived at Tudely near Tonbridge but Andrew met her in Mexico of all places. After a cup of tea we cycled to Rodel, partly to see a lovely old chapel, but also to call at the local hotel to get some drinks for Sunday, it being impossible to buy alcohol on the Lord's day. We had the evening meal at the cafe by the ferry terminal, which was run by a brave young couple who had just started up with no previous experience of catering. (35 miles covered)



#### DAY 8

This was our worst day. The rain never let up and we had really nowhere much to go before

riding on to Cluer. To start with we rode to Renish Point and back to Leverburgh. The ride across to Cluer was interesting, the whole area being like the surface of the moon interspersed with small tams. At Cluer we were unable to raise the landlady so concluded that she was out. To pass some time we took a stroll but with low visibility all round the only things we saw were sheep. We decided to wait outside the B&B to await the lady's return. To our delight a seal popped up in the small cove in front of the cottage. Eventually we noticed movement within the cottage and were surprised to discover that the good lady had been there all the time, but had been asleep after taking a tablet. She was very apologetic and served us a splendid meal, which went some way to restore our spirits. (23 miles covered.)

#### DAY 9

Our last full day of touring. A strong wind greeted us as we cycled back towards Stornoway, largely over roads we had already ridden. Coming out of Tarbert we hit a terrific wind head on. Luckily we soon turned east and so obtained some shelter. We also encountered some heavy showers as we climbed up Clisham again. On the decent I was blown across the road by a terrific gust of wind. Fortunately no one was coming in the other direction. We stopped at a garage that sold food and hot drinks as we were feeling a bit battered by the elements. The owner was surprised when we told him where we had come from. He told us that a couple of young motorcyclists had turned back - they don't make them like they used to. We arrived at Stornoway early afternoon & spent the rest of the day wandering around the town, before our final evening meal in the hotel we had used on the first night. When we got back to the B&B a Scottish gentleman with a large bottle of 'The Famous Grouse' asked us to join him. It transpired that he used to race motorcycles at the same time as I did so we had a lively conversation aided by liberal quantities of scotch. (41 miles covered)

#### DAY 10

In the morning we visited Stornoway castle on foot. Sadly this proved to be a big disappointment as it turned out to be a 19th century pile in a very bad state of repair, though the grounds made the trip worthwhile. After lunch we cycled to the airport, eventually arriving back at Heathrow after a smooth journey. I was met by a friend with a car, whereas poor Norman had to re-assemble his bike and ride it to Croydon. For me it was just as well since I discovered that my front tyre had split at the point where it joined the valve.



\* \* \* \* \*

## My Adventures at Dover

by M. D. Rucker

(a view of off-road bicycle use for military purposes from *Bicycling News*, May 7 1887)

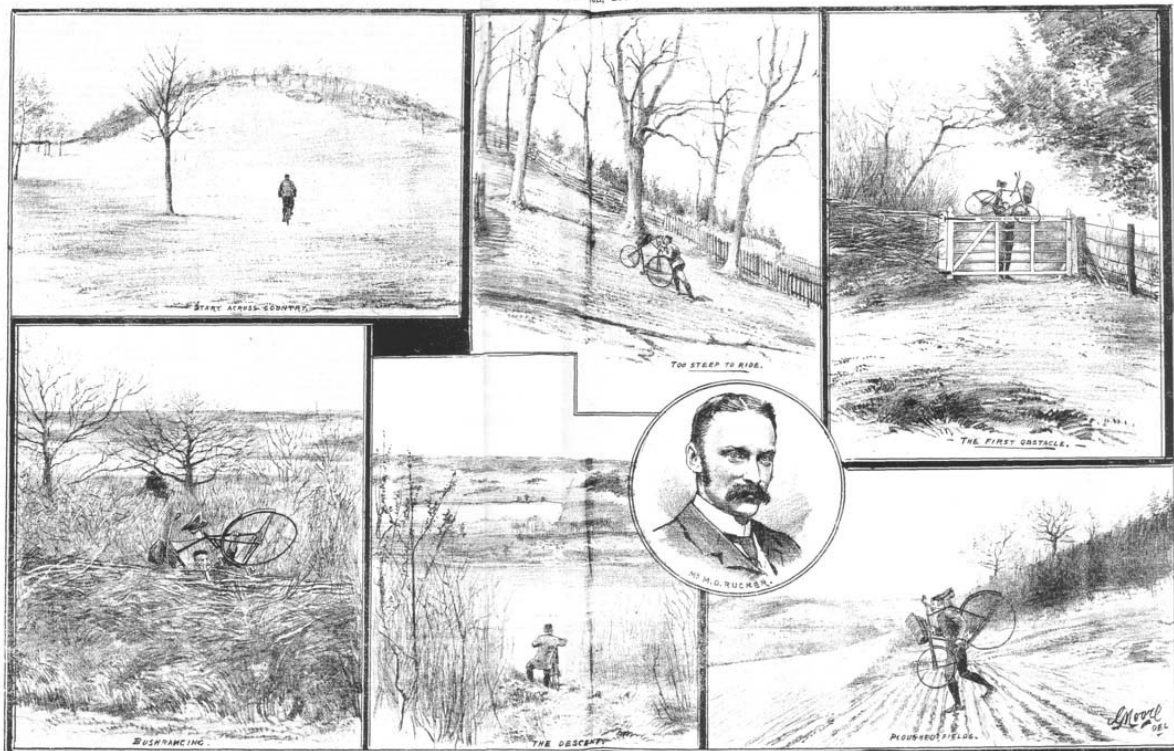
Mr. Rucker forwards us the following interesting description of his experience with a safety bicycle during the recent volunteer manoeuvres:--"I fear," he says, "it is somewhat presumptuous of me to attempt to write upon the subject of cycles for military purposes, as I am not a military man myself. The experience I have I gained at the Easter manoeuvres. This, however, is, I think, sufficient to enable me to correct some of the erroneous opinions expressed by cyclists upon this subject.

"A good deal of diversity of opinion exists upon the cross-country test performed by me under orders from HRH the Duke of Cambridge. Some say that the test had neither 'rhyme nor reason'; that it was ridiculous to expect that a cyclist would ever be required to leave the road, and that if he were, he would find it easier to deposit his machine and cross the country on foot. You, Mr. Editor, compared me to Kaufman, and asserted that no other member of the scratch corps could have succeeded in surmounting the obstacles. I must beg to differ from you. I honestly believe that any one in the corps could, with very little instruction, have gone over the ground. Very few cyclists have ever had occasion to go across country, and therefore the majority of them have no idea what can be done in this way. My experience in this sort of riding has told me that there are very few obstacles that can be surmounted on foot, which cannot be overcome on a bicycle.

"In order to give your readers an idea of the kind of country chosen for the test made, I have recently gone over the ground with your artist, and the sketches given are in no way exaggerated, as you can see, sir, from the photos I enclose for your inspection. In order to prove that any rider could get over the difficulties encountered without either being able or willing to ride over the whole of the ground, I induced a local cyclist and reader of the 'B. N.' -- Mr.

### "Bicycling News" Cartoon.

MAY 14, 1887.



MR. RUCKER'S CROSS-COUNTRY RIDE (See page 70).



Hambrook -- to accompany us on his bicycle. He has been a rider for less than one year, and succeeded in following without any assistance. He said he should not have thought it at all possible to take any bicycle over some of the places. But he had had no occasion to go across country before, and had no idea a cycle was for this work, and I think it would take a very stiff obstacle to stop him now.

"When I left the Duke I had half-a-mile of road to traverse before pushing became necessary. A similar extent of good road lay at the other end. So in spite of the delay caused by having to lift the machine over gates &c., I think I should have beaten any infantry, though impeded, too, with accoutrements, and no horses could have gone over the ground at all.

"No doubt, sir, some will remark, 'What good can this do to the cause? Is it likely any work like this would be necessary?' I think it is quite likely. The notion that cyclists should act as cavalry and oppose cavalry is, on the face of it, absurd. The cycle can only be used to convey men quickly from one point to another, and when it comes to actual fighting, cyclists would be no better off than infantry, excepting that they would be able to retire rather more speedily (if any British soldier ever resorts to this method of extricating himself from danger).

"My notion is that cyclists would be of immense value as messengers or scouts. Suppose a message had to be sent from the commander of one regiment to another, and the cyclist found that, to reach the desired point, he would have to leave the road, and, in order to deliver the message quickly, would have to cross ploughed fields, and climb several gates and hedges. Would it not be better to take the machine with him than leave it behind, even if he had to carry it all day? I think it would. It might be necessary for him to return by another route, or proceed with the regiment some distance, before he could get the reply.

"Then again, when scouting or sharp shooting, he could not always remain on the road, as it might be necessary for him to take shelter in some wood or building, and he must have his machine with him.

"Whilst tricycles might be useful in some ways, I think bicycles would be preferable for many reasons. They require only a few inches to run on, whilst tricycles require about three feet in width, and unless the roads be fairly good, tricycles would be only encumbrances. Safeties, I believe, will be the machines chosen, though if riders in this country, as in America, are not allowed to attempt a journey until they are able to do such things as in this country constitute an exceptionally clever rider--in other words, till they are thoroughly masters of their steeds--they will not, on this account, be very profitable, certainly. Moreover, if a theatrical effect be desired, that is to say, if the machine most readily adapted for drilling is to be selected, there can be no two opinions.

"Not knowing what kind of work I might be expected to do, I took a 'Beeston Humber' safety. Nor did I regret my choice. An ordinary bicycle would not have been so handy for carrying about. I heard, too, that I might have to sleep in barns or such-like places, so I carried with me a large bag containing a complete change of clothing, and also a large waterproof coat. These could not have been stowed on an ordinary. From the sketch of the ploughed field it will be seen how easily a safety is carried. The cross-bar comes over the shoulder, and with one hand steadying the front part, good pace might be made. I may say I have in this way carried a machine comfortably a mile in 7 ½ minutes.

"I fear, sir, that this letter has over-run your limits, so, much as I should like to relate some of my experiences on a cycle, I must conclude these notes with assuring your readers that we had a 'real good time,' and that everyone derived considerable benefit from the first attempts at making use of the cycle for war purposes."

**Easter tour March 2005**  
**Ivinghoe Youth Hostel, Buckinghamshire**

By Ann Rix



The five Rixs (myself, my son David, his wife Susan & children, Martin & Emma) left Newhaven at 7.30am on Good Friday 25<sup>th</sup> and had a good journey up via the A23/M23 to the M25 then the A41 to Tring and on to Ivinghoe reaching the Youth Hostel at 9.40am. Amazingly the other two cars arrived in the next five and ten minutes, Geoff & Jenny Boxall with Ron Street, then Christine Thomas and Ian Mountford, finally Joan Sheriff (by train and bike) who arrived just after 10am. Now with eleven of us, we set off down through the village for the two miles to the Bluebell Cafe at Startops End for (rather expensive) 11's, a lovely spot by the lock on the Grand Union Canal.

This prompted Emma to persuade her father to lead us along the canal path; it didn't look too bad, so off we went. Some stretches were better than others, so when the newly renovated canal came to a dead end and we had to climb up steep steps to the road some found it a nice relief. Along one

stretch of the path we saw lovely patches of white violets at the sides. David intended to pick the path up again after the dried up section (about ½ a mile), but having missed the turning we continued by road for a couple of miles and eventually re-joined the canal for the last stretch into Wendover where we had lunch in a local Park. It had been cloudy all morning till about 12pm but came out really warm on and off at lunchtime. Having gone out via the canal meant we had to do the hilly route back, eventually reaching the Bucks. Goat Centre at Stoke Mandeville and the Naughty Nanny cafe for welcome afternoons. Joan had to have her picture taken outside there before we left, the Naughty bit I'm sure didn't apply but the Nanny part certainly did. The last ten miles were easier, David leading us in and out of pleasant lanes till we finally joined up with the route we had gone out on. Back to the Hostel to unload the cars and book in, make up our beds, have a shower, then think about getting our evening meal. Not long after, Les Springett and Marie Shephard arrived with Joyce Wickens (whom they had collected from Stansted Airport after her week of walking), so now we were up to fourteen and ready for what the next days would bring.

Saturday 26th - Leaving the village and passing Ivinghoe Beacon, David took us off into the quiet country lanes away from the busy B road, even managing to find us a water splash, before we eventually climbed up to rejoin the B road at the edge of Dunstable. Then it was a route on side



roads through the edge of Dunstable, stopping from time to time to re-group. When the ones ahead stopped for us all to gather up at the top of one rise, to our surprise a man came across to see if any of us were interested as he had some bikes for sale. This ended up with Geoff and Les leaving a deposit and promising to go back that evening to collect two of them – a Hobbs and a Cinelli. Then it was across the A5 for late elevenses at Wyvale Garden Centre at Caddington, before continuing on to Stockwood Park for our picnic lunch (we five had been to both of these when we stayed at Milton Keynes Youth Hostel the previous Easter so knew what to expect). The Park was, I think, enjoyed by all, a nice area for picnics, several craft rooms around the courtyard, a carriage museum (including some veteran bikes), lovely gardens, all of which were free, to top it all a good cafe where we had our afternoons before heading back.



Jenny hadn't been feeling too good so Geoff had nipped off back to the Hostel after lunch for transport while we strolled around – he arrived back just as we were about to go. He had had an interesting time on his ride, first he followed a route marked on the map that David had lent him and found himself going along a rather muddy track. (He should have known better! Ed.) Then, as he was passing near Ivinghoe Beacon he saw a mobile phone on the road rang which rang just as he picked it up, it turned out it had been left on the roof of a car and they didn't miss it till they were home. The man said to Geoff "you must have my phone", Geoff explained and the man came to the Hostel in the evening to pick it up, he was very lucky that it hadn't been crushed on the road. David managed to find us a nice route back, without any mud, but with a few up-hills, though fortunately, it seemed, even more down hills. We had some light showers on the way back, though not too bad - it seems we were lucky, as in some places the roads were awash and we passed two soaked cyclists coming the other way.

Easter Sunday - a raw cold day - mist hanging round the hills all day. Of our group of cyclists, seven (David, Susan, Martin, Emma, Ron, Ian & Christine) were heading for Milton Keynes - the main ride - the others decided after two days cycling already they needed an easy day so had a more leisurely start. Joan and I had been undecided about which to do but really wanted to attend the church service next door. The problem was it was at 9.30am, the time the others would be leaving. Just after 9am the bells started calling the worshippers - perhaps a special reminder - the clocks had sprung forward that night so we'd lost an hour.

That did it, we made hurried arrangements with the other five easy-riders to meet for lunch, exchanged mobile no's, unlocked our steeds - locked to others in the cycle shed - and just made it to the church on time. We were made very welcome, it was a lovely service, several children were there in the side chapel occupied with things to do, they came out later to hear a story sitting in front of us all. Then it was our turn as the woman priest spoke about the + and its various uses. The Easter Garden - which the children had made - was blessed and the service progressed with Joan and I fitting in. What was unusual was the communion rail, it was in three sections with two pillars in between, fortunately a sideslady indicated to

everyone which one they should go to. After the service there were cups of tea and biscuits served at the side, which was much appreciated and interest was shown by many as to where we were from, what we had done and where we were going.

We set off, me following Joan, down through the village and over the hills to the canal to follow it the other way this time to Berkhamstead. We came across two cyclists, one with a puncture, which the other had stopped to help with. We asked - are you OK? - as cyclists do - they said, well, do you have any patches? This was the start of an interesting time, we both said yes, much to their surprise. The one with the puncture had gone for a ride with no tools at all, the one who stopped first had some but forgot to restock his patches. I had left my pump at home so had to rely on others when I had had a puncture the day before. This was definitely a day of helping others - what better - Joan provided the pen to mark the hole - the chap used his sandpaper to roughen the tube, Joan supplied her glue and me the patch, two of us felt inside the tyre but couldn't find anything - the outside of the big chunky tyre was thick with mud etc. so no help there. Three of us helped replace the tyre, the chap pumped it up and we all sped the victim on his way with me telling him it would be a good idea if he joined a cycling club. He said he'd learnt a lot that day.

A bonus for us was seeing a kingfisher flash up and down over the canal when we'd stopped to answer a mobile call from Jenny. Following instructions we caught up with them at Berko's Cafe in Berkhamstead, very reasonable, 50p a mug of tea and very nice food. They had been delayed with punctures themselves due to thorns along the towpath. We rode on to the Castle and had a walk around the ruins. Cups of tea at Aldbury, a lovely old village on the way back, arriving at the Hostel by 4.45pm so had a walk round the churchyard.

The main ride meanwhile had been led north by David, passing Mentmore Park, to Stewkley, where they had hoped to get elevenses. Unfortunately the tea shop was closed and they had to go on a further four miles to Swanbourne, where they were relieved to find the café open.

A great find, an old-fashioned village tearoom that could almost have come out of Patterson drawing. After filling up with coffee and cake they continued a mile north to pick up National Cycle Route 51, which they followed all the way into Milton Keynes and then onto the red ways. David then took them on a winding route along the famous cycleways, in and out of the houses, until eventually stopping for lunch beside Caldecotte Lake.



The return journey saw the original route abandoned, after David realised how hilly it was going to become, and instead, after a short retrace, they found themselves riding, on surprisingly quiet roads, through the middle of Leighton Buzzard. Tea was taken at the Mead Open Farm, just Southeast of the town, where they kindly allowed them to use their tearoom despite the fact it was supposed to be for visitors only. The final few miles back were made



more interesting by taking in a short stretch of canal path and watching the narrow boats passing through the locks. They arrived back to find our bikes locked up outside the bike shed, but no sign of us until we returned moments later from our walk round the churchyard.

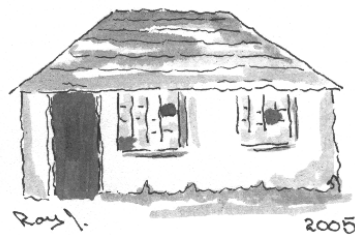
Monday - we packed up then rode North out of the village, this time heading the short distance to Slapton and coffee at

the Buffalo House, home to over 400 buffalo. We turned into the farm and parked our bikes outside the fairly new looking visitor centre, but there didn't seem to be much sign of any buffalo. We went into the visitor centre and enjoyed very reasonably priced drinks and cakes, with all products using buffalo milk. Coming back out we went in search of the buffalo. The farmyard was very mucky, but we crossed it carefully and found the buffalo corralled in the big barns. Their state and conditions didn't look particularly good and we have heard since that the Buffalo House has closed down. We then rode back to Ivinghoe and through the village to it's neighbour Pitstone, where we visited the Pitstone Green Museum, a rural museum housed in the buildings of an 1831 farm. We spent several hours looking round, had a cart ride out towards the windmill, a late lunch in the sunshine then it was back to the hostel to pack the cycles. We five Rixs decided to make a stop at the Bridgewater Monument for a cup of tea, which delayed us a while as it was packed with cars and people, obviously drawn out by the nice weather. Luckily the queue at the tea hut moved quickly and we were soon enjoying our refreshments before heading for home after a very pleasant weekend.

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THE TOLL HOUSE  
A popular tea stop for cyclists in the 40's and 50's. Now reduced to a forgotten shell on the LEWES road.



Everyday Sussex by Roy James

## **DOTTIE COLLINS 1911-2005**

This is an enlarged version of the obituary that appeared in the April/May Newsletter.

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I realise how inadequate will be my attempt at this obituary as Dottie's life span was so long and her interests were so many.

There is a photo of the Eastbourne Rovers C & AC with a 21 year old Dorothy Martin, almost certainly the last surviving person of that group of 45, it was taken in 1932 before most of us were born. Bill Collins is also there and it would be another 4 years before they were married. The club scrapbooks record their wedding in Eastbourne and their leaving for their honeymoon on a tandem, their destination was a tent in Alfriston which they had set up the day before. On arriving there they discovered that a goat had eaten a fair portion of their "Hotel". That was in pre-nylon days!

Dottie told me of cycling in the 30's and how they were unique, in that Bill was the "stoker" and Dottie steered the tandem. Club runs in those days used main roads and annual tours to Cornwall and the Lake District were never train assisted.

During the war Dottie lived at Wartling while Bill was in the R.A.F. and their only daughter, Val, was born there in 1943. In 1947 Dottie rode the first post-war CTC tour of the French Alps, unfortunately I've no details of what must have been a pretty tough holiday.

With the arrival of the post-war cycle boom Bill and Dottie, with Val in the side-car and later on her own bike, became leading lights in the East Sussex scene and their home in Commercial Road, Eastbourne became a stop-over for many club folk. Many a weary rider in the ESCA 100s and 12 hours had their spirits lifted by seeing Dottie handing up drinks and sponges. During these years she and Bill, along with a few friends, toured many areas of Britain - the South and West being preferred.

When I started riding with the D.A. in the mid '60s Dottie was largely instrumental in organising the rambling/climbing holidays in the Lake District and those memorable Christmases at Blackboys Youth Hostel. Both are well recorded on photos and slides. This era was a leaner time for club cycling and I wonder where we would have been with out Bill and Dottie's enthusiasm for hostelling, being out on Sunday club runs whatever the weather and the weekly high-light of the club tea.

In the early '80s they moved to a modern house in the centre of Eastbourne, by which time they were playing a less active role, most of their contemporaries having retired years before. Bill died in 1993.

"Why didn't Dottie race?" was something speculated on over the years, undoubtedly her amazing natural fitness and energy would have been great assets, but I think that a competitive streak wasn't part of her make-up.

Dottie told me that if she had her time again she would have spread her activities much wider, but Bill's main focus was cycling. We might have remembered her more for mountaineering - or even skiing. Remember that for years she looked after her sister with Downs syndrome and worked doing garment alterations for several fashion shops as well as

a string of private clients. Even so she didn't do badly. She was a founder and very active member of the Eastbourne branch of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, which she continued well into her '90s.

Her passion was the great outdoors and nature, and living at Eastbourne gave her easy access to the beach for swimming and the Downs for walking and camping, and she would have liked to have brought the Lake District further South to complete the picture! The beach was Dottie's second home and she would be meeting up with "the beach gang" as soon as it was warm enough (and even before) and swimming until - well I can remember a good swim we had on a November morning. If not on the beach she was walking the Downs, which she knew well, and a stroll with her was an education for her knowledge of the local flora and fauna was vast.

When weather or darkness prevented those activities Dottie's greatest love was reading - usually biographies containing action and adventure. Also a love of music, especially ballet. Her views on ballet, as with many other things, were very forward looking and she felt that the Congress Theatre and most ballet enthusiasts were far too traditional. She once ruefully observed to me, "If it hasn't got a swan in it they don't think it's real ballet."

In latter years camping at Graffham allowed her to enjoy the outdoor life and good company. She climbed Ben Nevis in her '70s and walked the White Peak Way in Yorkshire and several other treks in her '70s and maybe beyond. It was largely through the help and encouragement of her daughter Val and son-in-law Pete that Dottie kept so wonderfully active and had a fulfilling Indian Summer.

What impressed most people was that Dottie exuded a joy of living and a positive enthusiasm for life that is all too rare. Her saying that "everything is a sign of good luck", may have been a trifle over-the-top but that didn't imply an uncritical acceptance but rather the discrimination to try and see the best in people and I can't recall her being disparaging about anyone and her assessment of others was accurate and fair. I did know Dottie had some things that got her down, but they never seemed to last long and even her migraine attacks didn't lose her more than 2 to 3 days. She said that with eating feverfew and passing 70 she grew out of them.

Maybe it was her sense of enthusiasm and adventure that was the secret of her youthful vitality or maybe it was the other way round. Or possibly it doesn't matter much anyway; those of us who knew her were fortunate and illuminated by her presence.

In looking for a brief epitaph I recalled drawing up her horoscope in 1978 and a most interesting one it proved to be. Part of the assessment said, "A unique appreciation for life is effectively communicated to others." I reckon they got it about right.

Peter Crowsley.

I opened by stating my inadequacy for the task and feel there is so much more to say. Dottie deserves a book rather than an article. If anyone can add any insights, anecdotes, stories or additions I'm sure the editor would be happy to receive them.



## CYCLING HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

by Ann Rix

On the very hot Sunday after the Southdowns Randonnee, when some had helped and some had ridden the 60 km, Les Springett and I spent the night at Geoff and Jenny's to make it easier to get away early on the Monday. It was slightly cooler when we left at 7.30 am, following a good route through interesting villages, into Kent then joining the M20 to arrive at Dover by 9.40am. We were



in good time to check in, get a drink, visit the excellent facilities, and be back to the car in time for one of Jenny's flapjacks before loading at 11am onto the Speed Ferry. We moved off at 11.30am having a good view of the White Cliffs as we left. There was plenty of comfortable seating, tables and seats for four, six or eight on the higher area with a small open deck above. We had our picnic lunch on the trip over, which only took fifty-five minutes, arriving at Boulogne at 1.25pm French time, seeing parties of children enjoying themselves on the sandy beaches.

We wound our way out of the port, round and round, following the All Routes sign, to find the N1. Traveling through farm lands with fields of various crops we arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer about 3pm. We were trying to see a camping sign as the map Jenny had showed two sites on either side of the town, then Les spotted a sign in the center as we drove through so back we went. It directed us up a small road which looked interesting, between old buildings, to La Fontaine des Clercs. The site was in a valley with paths winding upwards amongst the trees - looked very promising. Jenny went to book us in and it turned out very well at £3 each a night - our three tents and the car on two pitches, in a corner between the caravans. Backed by hedges and a fence - excellent for locking the bicycles to - with the river running along beyond.

We were just about to get the tents out - Geoff had already removed our steeds from the rear carrier with Les's help, standing them alongside the fence - when the men arrived to say could we wait five minutes for them to cut the grass - no problem. It was soon done and we set up our tents in a circle facing in. It was still very warm, Les got his stove going and made tea, very refreshing. Sorted out our belongings into the tents then went exploring, Jenny asked for a map at the office which he couldn't find. We ended up with a magazine about a grand event the following Saturday for the Pompiers (firemen), which she thought Roger Bradgate would like, (minus a map though) which we used to find our way around the twisty routes of the town. Armed with this we set forth climbing up and up very narrow paths, very hot, to reach an area around the outer gate of the fortified town. This then led us up steep cobbled roads to the center above, with a War Memorial for the 1914-18 war, seats in the shade (thank goodness) and some shops and restaurants around. We then meandered back as it was very chilly up there with a cool wind blowing - about the only time we had one - feeling it was about time to think about cooking. Down, down and down, winding our way back, it had been worth it though for the views over the surrounding area, making us realize the town was more extensive than we had previously thought.

Our meal over Les had a short sleep, he was still recovering from ten days cycle-camping in France with a group from the D.A. after which he had ridden the 60Km and still managed to come with us. Jenny then suggested a gentle stroll, ha, ha; it started off like that, exploring the area around us, we had a look at the river further along then, oh dear, we started up to see what lay beyond, passing several small flat pitches very well placed on the hillside then what should we find but a long flight of steps, going steeply up the hillside. I said, "Oh no, well alright, as long as I run up them." I

waited till the others had made it up one flight then followed. It was worth the effort for, to our surprise, at the top was another area for caravans with two small trailers, which turned out to hold washing machines plus a tumble dryer, in a large tented area. Jenny thought one of the washing machines would be ideal in the New Forest, but I don't think the Verderers would approve. We wandered on, down and then up around the Gate again but this time took a different route which eventually led to the Citadel (X – XVc) and also the Youth



Hostel. They were still working on the new building we found out later. The Citadel was a very impressive area, huge walls some six feet thick and what looked like a large moat. It all reminded us of the forts above Portsmouth, which may have been modelled on this, and how they enticed their enemy in then bombarded them with all sorts of nasty things. Back through the center, down the cobbled roads, under the Gate, narrow with one-way traffic in the middle, a path on one side and with a sentry recess either side facing the town. We dropped down to the campsite and were soon tucked up in bed, regulations were to be quiet from 10pm to 7am which suited us fine. The river lulled us to sleep.

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> Awoke at 5.30am to the dawn chorus and to catch up on my report. 7am nobody moving yet, all still recovering from the busy Sunday and the heat. 7.20am - better get moving - we



General de Gaulle Square

had a leisurely breakfast then eventually headed up, on our steeds this time - not easy on the cobbles - through the Gate again on some roads then cobbles once more to the Information Center to try and find a better map of the town. Not much help, but found one or two that gave us the history of the fortifications. 11am and time for refreshments so we headed for General de Gaulle Square, finding a patisserie on the way for delectable cakes. There are several bars in the square, we decided on Le Douglas and found it

so good we used that one each time we were up there. Ordering hot chocolate we sat and ate our cakes while watching the world go by. We took the main road out, the N1, then the D113 to Beaurainville, over quiet rolling hills along the Vallee of the Canche, to have lunch at the Place de Liberte at 12.40pm. We had ridden along beside the Canche for the latter part, a lovely clear river. Had a look at it further on and watched a mother duck with her tiny brood as she shepherded them across the fast flowing river, the little ones keeping close to each other. We returned via the N39 which, though hotter, was not so hilly to arrive back at Montreuil to do some shopping at the Shoppi. Back to the campsite by 4pm, where Les made cups of tea and we all sat in the shade and relaxed. After our evening meal we went exploring again, this time we wanted to find out how to get on what looked like a cycle path on the other side of the river from where we were pitched. There was no way from our side, so we had to go out to the road and cross the railway line, to find a no through road that looked promising. It did lead us to the track and we found a fisherman who assured us we

could cycle on it. It looked very good so, after a sit down, we retraced our steps and were soon back at the campsite and thinking of bed at 9.30pm.

Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup>. Les woke early, forgot about the time difference, went for a wash and wondered why there was nobody about. I woke early, turned over and went back to sleep, too much wine the night before for both of us I reckon. We all managed to leave by 9.30am though. While deciding where to go Jenny said “no problem, it’s Rene’s BBQ for the Midweek”. Unfortunately we couldn’t manage that, so agreed on Le Touquet. We headed out on the track, then joined the road to St.Josse where we found a patisserie for our cake then round the corner was a restaurant/hotel where we had a grande chocolate and he kindly let us eat our cakes, very swish. On we went to eventually find a lovely cycle track down into Le Touquet to end up on the sand for our picnic, taking advantage of the beach huts stone steps - it was the only place with a bit of shade and we hoped no-one would turn up. Fortunately we hadn’t used the first one, for just as we’d got settled a young woman came along, opened her door, got out her sun lounger, and sunbathed just in front of us. Not in the altogether I might add, though there was one nearer the sea who was halfway there (Geoff was asleep and Les wasn’t interested). We rode along the promenade then inland through shady roads, past superior houses to find a quiet road, then an even quieter one, a cycle route through wheat fields, etc., to climb the steep hill up to Montreuil - after I’d taken a shot of the town walls from the previous hill.

At the bottom Les had the bad luck to get a puncture - back tyre of course - Geoff stopped to help and sent us on. Jenny and I arrived at Le Douglas in the Square and collapsed with iced tea to await their arrival. Shopping followed, then back for a rest in the shade before getting our meal. Still recovering from the hot day, it was a while before we moved, so just walked along the path by the other stretch of la Canche. Here they have the canoes and kayaks, unfortunately not in use, hoped to see something another day, back to bed by 9.30pm again.



Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup>. A very calm, warm night and in the morning this was the start of our mole watching after Geoff saw one burrowing about near their tent, with it’s snout out of sight. Les and I did some washing and strung a cord from the car to the fence. It began to get very hot early in the morning so we didn’t need our jackets to start off - it didn’t help that my watch battery was on the blink so I was running half an hour late. Not realizing this meant we were delayed and I had to put a spurt on with us eventually leaving at 10am. Headed out in another direction this time – flat, though that didn’t last long, and we got our cake on the way. Couple of miles and half an hour later we stopped for chocolate at a restaurant in Estree, on the D127, in the shade with la Course running along opposite, very pleasant. This was a good move on Geoff’s part as he said we wouldn’t find anywhere else on our way. While there we saw cyclists going by, we kept seeing others as we rode on and found out they were on an eighty-mile ride - we were glad we weren’t, as it was getting very hot. We rolled on with one or two steeper hills and then found a lovely shady spot at 12pm. with picnic tables, so stopped for a rest and to eat our cakes. Lots more cyclists passed while we were there, looking very hot, bet they wished they had time to stop.

Riding on to Doudeauville, where we found a lovely spot by a stream - with a picnic table, we wondered whether it was for passers by or not as it was outside houses with large gates. We decided to risk it and while we were eating one of the owners came round, Jenny enquired and he replied that it was alright and wished us bon appetite. Just about to leave when Jenny said “puncture!”, rear tyre

again, of course, so out came Geoff's apron and he soon got it sorted. Very hot now and unfortunately we were now starting to climb, up, up and up we went then down finding a bar at Enquin-sur-Baillons where we refreshed our selves with iced lemonade. Up again and it was even hotter so Jenny and I were beginning to suffer. Down through Foret de Montcavrel on a bumpy track where we were attacked by 'vampires' - horse flies that drew blood. Fortunately Les came to the rescue, his antihistamine tube was handier than ours. The hills got worse and so did we, but eventually made it back to Estree again, this time for iced tea. Recovered somewhat while watching the young boys stripping off and enjoying themselves in the river - even tho' there was a 'No Bathing' notice, but we didn't blame them. Back to the site, on the flat again, to sit in the shade before having our meal and to take in several much needed drinks. No walk tonight, the evening was taken up with eating, washing, showering, washing up and mole watching. After several tries with the camera I did manage to get a shot - but not of its snout. Bed at 10pm - still hot.

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> A very hot night, didn't need the sleeping bag until early morning. It was decided we would visit the Citadel and walk the walls, so took the car up to General de Gaulle Square. It was too full in the car park, so we left it nearby then walked round to the entrance about 10am, paid our 2.50 Euros, then in we went. It was very impressive; we had seen the huge walls from below as we rode out and back from different routes to the fortified Citadelle. The white tower was interesting with its pepperpot top and complicated woodwork inside to support it. We climbed up the spiral staircase to the top of St. Berthe's tower - lots of steps but worth it for the view. We had late elevenses at Le Douglas, iced tea again, we found theirs was definitely the best, from the bottle (Lipmans) plus three lumps of ice, just what we needed. On to the patisserie, for a cake to take with us to eat up on the outer walls - delicious. We had a snooze in the shade for a while then carried on round the outer wall to find the part that looked down on the caravans we had seen the first night and could see our tents and the site below. It was very, very hot, so soon after, when we were near the Gate, I left them to go shopping and headed for the site getting shots on the way. It was very hot still, tried to sleep, but too hot in the tent. I opened



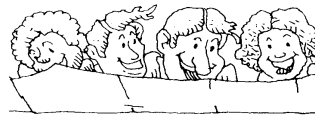
The White Tower

the others tents to get the air through and kept drinking lots of water. It stayed fine for our meal, then rocks and towers began to appear, then very dark ones came along, about 8.15pm the lightening and thunder started and rolled round and round. Sometime before this a car drove in next to us at pitch No.20, unloaded, and managed to set up their tent before the rain came down. They told us they had driven down from Scotland with rain all the way and that the streets of Dover were flooded as they came through. I had to dash to the loo's when it eased off a bit, then it came down harder so I had to wait to return to find Geoff was just about to come and rescue me when I scampered back. Later the storm got worse right overhead, with torrential rain, and went on for about three hours altogether.

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>. Woke at 6.30am feeling cooler - it was very misty, the tents were damp and we got up about 7am. Breakfast over after the early morning tea - in bed - as I'd had all week, very nice, thank you Jenny. Started on the packing up which was always a long job, tents were still a bit damp though and we left them till last. Packed and away from the site by about 10am for Geoff to park just outside the gates of La Fontaine. We then walked up the slope inside, up the long flight of steps

once more to see the caravans and washing machines were still there, managing to get a picture this time. We went left and then right to go left into the wall, finding our way through in the dark to come out in the castle area. This was a much easier route up the hillside, which Les had found coming back on his own one day. It did save having the steep roads with cobbles that were tricky walking (and cycling). We made our way towards the Square, buying our cakes on the way and taking them to eat at Le Douglas for the last time with our hot chocolate.

The fire engines were arriving for the Pompiers Convention so we wandered round them on the way to the Artisans area, which was interesting. We wandered back, seeing the market on the way then looking for a café for our meal. Found the Why Not Café, where we had omelettes and a very nice salad, delicious with iced lemonade for 9Euros, good value, all to the accompaniment of a tape of an Irish band and singers. Back via the castle walls, down past the Citadel, through the tunnel and down the steps for the last time and back to the car. Water bottles refilled and we were away, leaving Montreuil at 2.15pm., heading out on the N1 to Boulogne. We arrived at the car park about 3pm and went for a drink at a bar before going to book in, only to hear that the ferry was running one hour late owing to trouble in Dover that morning, so had to wait. Les had a snooze while we three read the newspapers the Scotsman had given us that morning, lucky he did as it helped to pass the time, doing the crossword as well. Started to move about 6.45pm. The sea was a bit more choppy than when we went, more white horses and spray, with a swell at times in the middle. We got in at 7.30pm, changing our watches to 6.30pm. before leaving at 6.45pm to arrive back at Jenny and Geoff's at 8.35pm for cups of tea before Les kindly brought me home. A super holiday with good company, many thanks to my companions.



## CTC Warning Signs & Winged Wheels – A Short History

(This article arrived anonymously together with a disk of pictures, Ed.)

For the inquisitive cyclist, our British countryside is overflowing with a wealth of clues to our history and heritage. In addition to our rich flora and fauna, each town and hamlet bears witness to lifestyles long since past.

Consider the situation in the late 19th century, when the majority of country roads in this country were composed of unbound stone surfaces and presented a considerable hazard to the emerging breed of cyclists on their high centre of gravity machines with primitive braking systems. Sign posting was haphazard and consisted of milestones and finger posts found only on the busiest highways. Disaster awaited the unwary cyclist if a steep hill was encountered in unfamiliar territory

Faced with these conditions, J. George Jnr. wrote to the newly formed Bicycle Touring Club in 1878 on the need for signs to warn cyclists of hazardous conditions ahead. It was later through the efforts of the Earl of Albemarle, who became President of the National Cyclists' Union, that a start was made in erecting a definitive system of warning boards. A rare example may be found at North Rode, Congleton, Cheshire.



Rare example of a pre-1893 sign

In 1883 the Cyclists' Touring Club agreed to share the cost equally with the NCU of purchasing a stock of Danger boards. These remained the common property of both bodies, with local enthusiasts assuming responsibility for their erection and maintenance. The boards read 'To Cyclists this hill is Dangerous. National Cyclists' Union, Cyclists' Touring Club'. Rare examples still exist.

Ten years later the NCU found itself unable to meet its share of the costs, so that in 1894 the CTC assumed full responsibility and all new signs thereafter bore only the subtitle 'Cyclists' Touring Club'. These signs were originally white lettering on a red background. In 1897, on less severe hills, boards with 'To Cyclists Ride with Caution - Cyclists' Touring Club' were brought into use and had black letters on a yellow background. Other forms of danger signs were later proposed but never saw the light of day.



In 1902 smaller stamped steel plate signs were introduced. They were of two kinds: 'Danger - Cyclists' Touring Club' (White letter on a red ground) and 'Caution - Cyclists' Touring Club' (white letters on blue ground). Examples were to be seen at Dial on the Cape Wrath road, and in Richmond Park, Surrey. The latter still exists and local CTC guidance has recently been sought on its original colouring.

A survey in 1902 revealed that 2,331

Danger and 1,989 Caution boards were in existence.

With the Motor Car Act of 1903 the demanding work of erecting warning notices was transferred to county councils, but completion of this process did not take place until 1909. Even after that time applications were being received from local officials for new signs, replacements, or repair. New standard road signs were introduced with the Road Traffic Act of 1930; the CTC still provided a few new style signs with an inlaid club badge below a warning triangle.

One such sign was at Tattle Bank, Claverton, Warwickshire, and was replaced with a modern triangular sign. Another ingenious move was made by some Lothian DA members, who replaced a rusted 'Caution' board with a facsimile in aluminium. This may be seen on the south side of Holyrood Park, Edinburgh.

In 1956 the CTC did not contest the removal of its name from the list of organisations permitted to erect road signs. In 1981 the concession was restored, since when new signs have been used on several occasions. Permission has been gained to erect a sign at London's Albert Gate crossing.



Erected around the country in the '30s

Entering into agreement with hotel proprietors for fixed and moderate charges was not one of the CTC's original objectives, but was suggested in Stanley Cotterell's letter of August 1878 to those signifying their intention to join the Club. It was a great attraction to join the club as no list existed of recommended hostleries.

By the issue of the Monthly Circular of February 1879 it had been decided to list what were termed 'headquarters hotels' in important towns in 'England and elsewhere'. Within two years 785 hotels were under contract with set tariffs such as bed (two shillings) and breakfast with eggs (one shilling and sixpence); some even provided special day rooms for the exclusive use of Club members. Indeed some private signs were erected, some of which were misleading, but until the CTC became incorporated in 1887 little could be done to stop this infringement of the Club uniform and badge.

Probably the most elaborate private sign, shown in the book 'The Romance of the Cyclists' Touring Club', was at the King's Head, Kirkby Stephen, Cumbria. It is believed this was possibly lost in the 1930s.



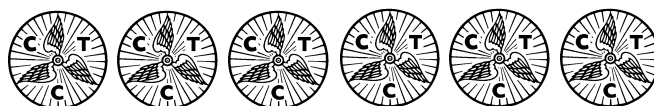
In 1883 large iron signs based on the club's winged wheel badge were first issued. These were supplied on payment of a deposit and therefore remained the property of the Club. In 1889 two distinct classes were introduced: 'Headquarters', and at more moderate charges, 'Quarters'. Signs were supplied with these descriptions added above the badge. Repairers' signs were also issued. There is a register of these being compiled by Keith Mathews on <http://www.wingedwheels.info>

In 1895, because of the disapproval of some proprietors, discrimination between caterers was abolished but was not completely removed until 1899, when existing contracts expired. New signs were issued without the type of establishment being marked.

Between the two World Wars 20" square embossed CTC plate signs were provided. Interestingly, during this period, which saw the growth in importance of the motorcar, motoring organisations also began to install road signs. Indeed in the 1920s the Royal Scottish Automobile Club erected signs, made of wood for economy, which aimed to remind motorists to warn of their approach. It comprised the word TOOT, cut out from a board, and reading the same from either side. This meant that only one sign was necessary for each location. But unlike CTC signs, few, if any of these, are likely to have survived.

After the Second World War, CTC continued to use enamel signs. Self-adhesive plastic signs for windows began to be introduced, however; but as late as the 1970s a 16" diameter circular enamelled metal sign was still replacing the square one.

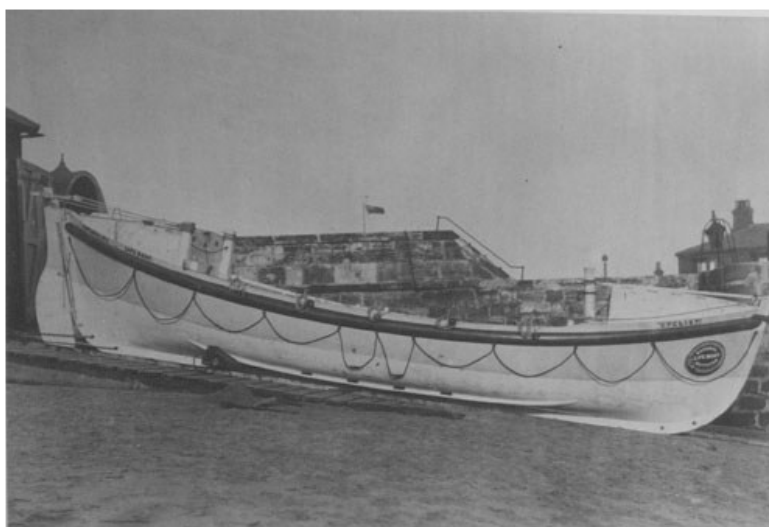
In recent years the official CTC logo has changed, although such is the affection for the old 'Winged Wheels', it continues to be used in special circumstances. The original cast iron signs were made to last, but there are few places now where the large ones can still be seen. One of these is the Smugglers Inn in Alfriston, where the proprietors have made a feature of it, although not quite in the original colours.



### Launch of The Cyclists' Lifeboat

24th December 1887

In weather dry and boisterous, the new lifeboat subscribed for by the cyclists of the United Kingdom was launched on Saturday in the presence of a large and thoroughly representative gathering. A strong breeze from the north west had prevailed during the whole of the morning, and had made the water exceedingly choppy at sea, but had interfered very little with the harbour entrance, where the ceremony took place.



Numbers of men were astir shortly after daybreak engaged in erecting flags, banners, festoons, &c., upon various available coigns of vantage in the vicinity of the boathouse, which also had been appropriately decorated. Upon most of the vessels in the two harbours, flags of numerous colours, shapes, and makes, floated on the breeze, whilst most

of the yards and works on the docksides were appropriately festooned.

Trips from Whitby, Leeds, Lotus, Bishop Auckland, Darlington, Hawes, Newcastle and South Shields were run to Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool and East Hartlepool, bearing a large number of cyclists, together with their friends and numerous patrons of the Lifeboat Institution. Long before the time announced for the commencement of the procession large crowds assembled in the vicinity of the borough Hall at Hartlepool, whilst on the sands at Middleton numbers congregated near and about the lifeboat house, on the breakwater, the Quayside, Town Wall, ferry landings, Messrs. Withy and Co.'s yard, upon their newly launched steamer – the Melbourne, upon the piles of timber, and in fact wherever there was a chance of catching a glimpse of the proceedings, many thousands being the aggregate number. As we have already described the boat, we need only say that she cost £650, that Messrs. Iliffe and Sturmev founded the subscription to defray her cost.

Just before the time for the ceremony had arrived, the new tug steamer William Gray brought alongside Hartlepool Quay a number of ladies from West Hartlepool, relatives and friends of the gentlemen invited to take part in the proceedings. The Blanche was crowded with Hartlepool ladies. The Conqueror, which had previously taken on board the orchestra, composed of well-known amateurs from both the Hartlepoons, and the choir of ladies and gentlemen, lay to the south east of Middleton Lifeboat House. The channel was dotted with boats of various shapes and sizes, conspicuous amongst which were two steam launches.

There follows a very lengthy discourse, which includes the order of procession. Noteworthy that the Mayor of Hartlepool, Alderman T. Richardson, is mentioned by name. The Mayor of West Hartlepool is not.

Mr. Sturmev addressed the vast audience in presenting the lifeboat and said there had been 6,000 subscriptions to the fund and that Messrs. Iliffe and Sturmev had defrayed all the costs of the fund so that all subscriptions had gone towards the cost of the boat and that the boat was presented by the cyclists of the United Kingdom in honour of the Queen's Jubilee.

The new lifeboat was then christened by the Mayoress of Hartlepool "The Cyclist" and after the traditional breaking of a bottle of wine the boat glided down into the sea.

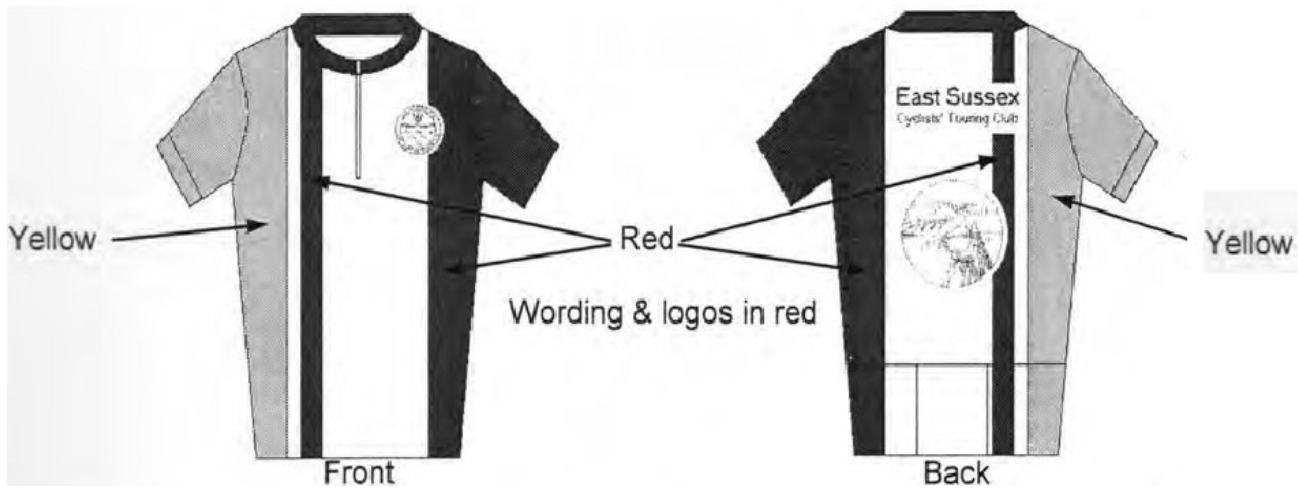
Under the direction of Lieut. Beddoes arrangements were then completed for buoyancy and self-righting testing. The vessel performed these tests to perfection.

After the conclusion of the launching ceremony a large number of gentlemen lunched at the King's Head Hotel, Alderman Thomas Richardson JP, Mayor of Hartlepool, presiding and many toasts were drunk and in particular a telegram was read out from the London Social Cycling Club, who were the largest single subscribers. The day's affairs were concluded by recitations and other entertainment.

Cyclists were present from London, Leeds, Newcastle, Coventry, Birmingham, Stockton (the banner of the Stockton Club was displayed), Middlesbrough, Sunderland, Shields, and from West Hartlepool and Hartlepool, the members of the Cycling Club of the 4<sup>th</sup> Durham Artillery Volunteers, appearing in uniform.

It is also worthy of note that the cycling delegation was led by Mr. Sturmev of Coventry, who presented the lifeboat, and was editor of "The Cyclist".

Order Form for East Sussex CTC Uniform



Airtex Jersey -Lightweight material	IA	Short Sleeves/Short Zip	£19.00
	IB	Long Sleeves/Short Zip	£25.00
	IC	Short Sleeves/Long Zip	£21.50
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	3C	Short Sleeves/Long Zip	£25.50
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Garment No. .... Size ..... Cost ..... Payment with order.

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DEADLINE FOR CHRISTMAS 2005 ISSUE MID-NOVEMBER  
 See front for Editor's address.