



Editor's Thoughts

The last "Editor's Thoughts" started with the following comment "One day I'll be able to open this column without talking about the weather, but not yet." And so it continues with a fantastic spell of hot ("too hot" many complain) and sunny ("too strong" some complain) and dry ("too dry, we need the rain" some complain), weather !

Nevertheless, I made good use of it and managed to get away quite often, either a long way away, or just locally, and my sun tan is the living proof of that. I have a typical bike rider's tan that only covers my legs, arms and face, so look like my limbs have been dipped into a bucket when I look in the mirror after a shower. I have almost forgotten what mudguards are, but will no doubt soon be reminded.

On a recent CTC tour, I was surprised to see some newer members didn't know how to safely park their bikes, so have added a small item to give advice on how to do it. See my piece inside.

Also in the last edition of Cycle Chat I asked if the continued interest by the general public was going to do us simple leisure cyclists, all that much good.

Peter Hopkins has penned a very interesting but somewhat lengthy reply and the first part is reproduced inside.

I am in the fortunate position of having too many items to publish in full this edition, so if you have sent me something and it hasn't been published, or only in part, fear not, I still have it and will publish it in a future edition.

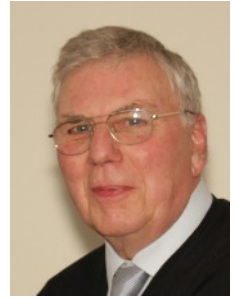
Dave Binks

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From The President and Secretary

Ray Clay



This could be one of my last reports. I've been doing the job as secretary of the Leicestershire and Rutland CTC for over 20 years. The job isn't too arduous now that we have an excellent minute taker in Jean Deacon. However, I feel now that I've done my stint and reached a certain age (nearly 80), I would really like to hand over the job to somebody else who has enthusiasm and fresh ideas. The crunch time will be our AGM in November.

Members at the last AGM also elected me President for a two year stint. The embarrassing thing is that I should be leading a President's ride in September. But with my dodgy knees and other aches and pains, I can only ride about 5 miles now. John Catt has kindly stepped in and sorted a ride out for me which he will lead. We are starting at the School Lane playing fields car park, Birstall at 10am. Details of the route are on our website.

I've been enjoying the Tour de France and didn't Geraint Thomas do well. I marvelled how fast the cyclists went up the steep mountain hills. I also watched an number of the World Cup football matches. Unfortunately, one match was notable in that I was so engrossed in the game, I didn't notice a wasp was swimming in my beer. I nearly swallowed it but it had its revenge by stinging me on my lip!

I enjoyed the day out to Meriden with John and Ivy for the cyclists' memorial service. I was privileged to place our wreath at the memorial to remember the cyclists who perished in the two world wars. The weather was kind to us this time and it was good to meet up with our friends from other clubs. The event was well quite well attended and the weather was kind to us. I thought the band was terrific.

Our AGM this year will be on Saturday 17th November. When you consider we have some 700 members in Leicestershire and Rutland, the attendance last year was disappointing to say the least, only 13 members turned up. We only just made a quorum. This year we hope to entice a bigger turnout by

holding the AGM at the Soar Bridge Inn PH, Barrow upon Soar complete with a **free buffet**. We are asking members to indicate their attendance prior to the AGM to help with the catering required. The photo competition results will also be displayed at the meeting.

I'm having another go at arranging our carol service at Norton Juxta Twycross this year on 9th December. Let's hope it doesn't have to be cancelled again at the last minute because of the snow!

(Continued P4)

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PS. In case anybody is interested in taking over from me as secretary. The job is not too onerous, particularly now we have an excellent minute taker. (See next page)

- Basic computer skills are really necessary.
 - Support other members in arranging events, such as the annual prizegiving.
 - Book venues for the committee meetings.
 - Prepare the agendas for committee meetings to distribute with the minutes that I have been given by the Minutes Sec.
 - The biggest job is the preparation for the AGM which is quite time consuming, but no more than a few hours spread over about a week. However, this is only once a year.
 - Deal with returns to National Office.
-

Technical Topics

by Peter Witting

“Fill That Hole”

I’ve finally started using the CTC’s smartphone App to report highways defects. It’s easy to find on the App store for both iOS and Android devices. While local authorities operate their own reporting systems, they are limited to their own area. The Fill That Hole app will record details wherever you are on the bike; very useful if you regularly cross county borders. I stop to photo the defect, making a note of the location, then ride on to complete the reporting process when I next stop. You then receive an acknowledgement for your report, followed by confirmation that the Highways Authority have been notified. You can update that report later including those duly completed – yes it does happen!



Cycle “DashCams”

Last year one of the Thursday Club riders was hit by a car wing mirror while on his way to meet us. The overtaking car was travelling maybe 55 mph causing significant injury to the rider. Yet the driver escaped prosecution. The Northamptonshire police failed to get sufficient evidence despite a number of witnesses. That was when I decided to invest in Cycliq camera-lights! Their Fly12 front and Fly6 rear combine lights and cameras in the same units. Their latest CE versions are expensive, with additional cost for the storage data cards and for additional brackets for each bike; they use Garmin or Go-Pro brackets. How do they compare as lights? The front lamp output is 600 lumens, while the rear is 100 lumens. So no compromises for night riding or as daylight flashers. Weight-wise the front is lighter than my Cateye Volt1600, while the rear is heavier than the Cateye Rapid X3; the overall weight is almost identical. Is it worth the cost? Well you hope you’ll never need to show the evidence from the cameras, but it’s there just in case! For me it’s a vital safety feature, both as a daylight flasher and as a source of evidence to counter police apathy and incompetence.

Neoprene Gloves

These are something of a niche product, for use in temperate wet weather. Not when it’s cold as there is no intrinsic warmth and your hands will be chilled. And not for warm summer weather as they’ll be too hot and sweaty! My old pair from Ozzo had worn out, which proved how much wet weather we endure! I replaced them with a pair by Endura, but I’m sure other brands work just as well. Aim for a size larger than suggested as it makes it easier to get on and off. (For the very coldest winter weather in the wet I use Sealskinz Skiddaw mittens with Damart liners).



Typical neoprene glove

**The deadline for the Winter issue of
Cycle Chat is 1st November 2018**
That edition will cover December 2018, January and February 2019

Charnwood Generals' Report.

Lyn Gale writes

BCQ* and beyond ...

Our annual club cycling holiday week in May was, this year, in the rolling countryside of Dorset. Since we started our annual break, the numbers attending have slowly grown. This year 11 people came along, seven of whom were cyclists. Due to accommodation requirements we occupied three of a complex of six cottages at Winterborne Stickland, which were set around a courtyard garden, four miles outside Blandford Forum.

We all arrived at various times during Friday afternoon, with Dave and Sue bringing a large gazebo which was promptly pitched on the courtyard lawn by Jim and Dave, creating an excellent communal space that was to prove really useful during the week, especially for Pauline, Sue, Ayardi and Jeanette. That evening the evening meal was eaten under the gazebo and plans were made for the week ahead.



Gold Hill

Saturday was my lead with a trip to Shaftesbury to see the “Hovis Hill” and hum the obligatory excerpt from the New World Symphony after the 1973 Hovis bike advert. But before that we visited Sturminster Newton, as one of our number (Jim) was seeking answers for the BCQ (British Cycle Quest) and so this was the first of a few destinations that were determined by this. After dropping down from Winterborne to Stourpaine, we followed the rough cycle path along the route of the old North Dorset railway line to Sturminster Newton, for Jim’s first question, breakfast at a café that bizarrely had chips even

**For anyone reading this who does not know what the BCQ is, in the words of Cycling UK, “It is a unique cycling challenge with 402 checkpoints scattered across the UK. You can collect certificates and medals for visiting the checkpoints and recording the answers to prove you’ve been there.” We managed to accompany Jim to four of them, who knows how many we’ll accompany him to in the*



within the bacon sandwiches, and Keith nursing the first of a few cycle malfunctions. A picture was taken of us all outside The White Hart, proudly displaying the old CTC wheel with Headquarters above it, before climbing Foyle Hill into Shaftesbury. At the bottom of Foyle Hill is a signpost saying St James 1 Very Steep Hill – first time I have ever seen this warning on a signpost, and it wasn't wrong! Lunch was at Ye Olde Two Brewers, then some cycled and some walked Gold Hill (of the Hovis fame mentioned earlier) whilst Keith found the very helpful hope2cycle charity, before we followed cycle routes back to the café we had spotted on the way out at the old Shillingstone Station. This is where volunteers are trying to restore steam to a section of the old North Dorset railway, at present they have a station with a café, a small museum and aspirations to become an operational heritage railway. After refreshments (well we had to help the cause) we climbed Okeford Hill from Okeford Fitzpane in the blazing sun, before dropping back down the valley to the cottages.

Sunday was Jim's lead, with the lunch destination being Broad Chalke (another one for BCQ), quite a distance for the terrain – and in Wiltshire rather than Dorset. This time we dropped down in to Blandford Forum and then climbed, and climbed, up to Compton Abbas airfield. Now Jim was lucky at this point, as the road up to the airfield was very, very busy, the



traffic was not polite, and the wind was against us, but the café, whilst being busy, was excellent, with many light aircraft taking off in the glorious sunshine to keep us entertained. After breakfasts were consumed we dropped down to the River Ebble and followed the very pretty valley to the Queens Head at Broad Chalke. With the BCQ duly found in the village, we headed out through Bowerchalke, where the hill that then climbed out of the valley was hidden by a building and a turn in the road. Up we climbed and then followed the Ox Drove along the ridge. This was partly tarmac, partly compacted gravel, and partly just

rough. By the time we got to Win Green Dave had an exploding puncture, Keith had broken the bolt in his saddle, Martin and just had enough, and Jim showed no repentance! Dave replaced his tube, Keith rode his broken Brookes saddle on the rails, and we returned back past the airfield and down the long hill into Blandford Forum. A quick stop at the co-op for some snacks before climbing back up to Winterborne Stickland.

Monday was a day off the bikes, Jim and Pauline went off to visit relatives in Bournemouth whilst the rest of us went by various vehicles to Poole for a relaxing boat trip round the harbour. This allowed us to see, and hear, the history of Brownsea Island, which was the location of an experimental camp in 1907 leading to the formation of the scout movement and now owned by National Trust, admire Brownsea Castle, now run as a hotel by John Lewis Partnership for their staff, and be astounded by the prices of the large (and not so large) houses of Sandbanks. We followed this by some general sightseeing, before returning to Blandford Forum for a visit to their Mayday celebrations.

Tuesday, and Nick's lead. This time we went down the valley through the Winterbornes Clenston, Whitechurch and Kingston, skirted the tank training area near Bovington, before dropping down to cross the beautiful River Frome to reach Moreton's Walled Garden, with its beautiful flowers, and its Dovecote café. Moreton churchyard is the resting place of Lawrence of Arabia, and whilst we didn't visit on the day Nick and Ayardi went back later in the week. After refreshments were consumed the route continued through

Puddletown to The Oak at Dewlish. After some had succumbed to Banana Splits, with the excuse that there were hills to come, we climbed out of the valley, and dropped down to, Milborne St Andrew before following another valley to the old estate village of Milton Abbas. The village was constructed in the 1780's on the orders of the first Earl of Dorchester who didn't like the nearby town of Middleton as it disturbed his rural view and decided to have it demolished! The village is picture postcard pretty with 36 almost identical white thatched cottages and a lovely parish church. Keith, Nick, Pete, Dave and I took in the views from the seats provided half way up the hill, Martin visited the pub further up, and Jim went to find his BCQ question at the abbey. Once we were all reunited we continued up the hill before dropping back down to Winterborne Stickland and so on to the cottages.



Another day off on Wednesday, this time it was Martin and Jeanette that chose to go their own way, whilst the rest of us had a ride on the steam train on Swanage Railway from Norden station. A meander round Swanage, Nick and Ayardi enjoyed the views and the seascape from the luxury of beach deck chairs, lunch at various cafes by the group and then on the return Dave, Sue, Keith, Pete and I visited Corfe Castle before going back to the cars. On our return to the cottages we went via Tolpuddle to see the memorial to the Martyrs, who were tried, convicted and transported to Australia for swearing an oath to the Friendly Society of Agricultural Labourers. Friendly societies of that time had elements that are the basis of current day trade unions.

Thursday, and Martin took the lead. By now the legs were getting a bit weary, but was that going to stop us climbing hills or searching for those BCQ questions – no indeedy. We left the cottages, turned right and went straight up the hill to Bulbarrow Hill. A short detour to admire the view from the view point before immediately descending down the other side and round Rawlsbury Camp. Across the valley via Mappowder and Duntish before climbing up Ridge Hill, along the ridge and dropping down into Cerne Abbas. Now were we here to see the Giant, the obligatory BCQ question or

for breakfast – probably a different answer for each of us, but all were fulfilled. So, because we had come down, and the way back was in the same direction we just climbed a different hill out of the village before once again dropping immediately back down to the village of Piddletrenthide. Then, you’ve guessed it, up East Hill to The Brace of Pheasants in Plush. This pub has an extraordinary pub sign, being a stuffed brace of pheasants within a glass case.



Once ale, sandwiches and crisps had been consumed we continued out of the valley, climbed up to High Ansty and dropped back into the village of Milton Abbas. This time we all stopped at the pub, with some of us partaking of the cream tea, some just had tea, and some just had beer. The route back was the same as before, up the hill before dropping back down into the village.

That evening we all went out to the Gurkha restaurant in Blandford Forum, a lovely little restaurant with a great choice of curries, and a really nice place to swap tales of the week, all agreeing that with the glorious weather, brilliant scenery and beautiful villages it had been a great week away.

Lynn Gale

NEW MEMBERS



Peter Witting reports:-


Regular readers will know that we welcome new members and list them by their location. However, due to “Data Protection Issues”(!) National Office are unable to supply any info. for this edition. However we still welcome them to the Group and hope they will join in our local activities.

By virtue of your CTC/Cycling UK Club Membership, there are no additional fees or subscriptions to pay for riding with your local group, so why not go along and try one of our group rides? Contact the ride organiser first so that he/she can welcome you on the day. You won’t regret it.

The ‘New Cyclists’ of the 21st Century

Peter Hopkins


In the last issue, Dave’s Editorial posed the question “Is the world of big cycle races necessarily going to do us, as simple leisure cyclists, much good?”



Back in July 1955, like most club cyclists, but unlike the rest of the British public, I was eagerly scanning the Tour de France reports in *Cycling* each week. In those days this was the only way we could follow the fortunes of that year’s Hercules Cycles sponsored GB team of 10 riders. Sadly, it was like Agatha Christie’s *And Then There Were None*. One by one, our riders dropped out until, in the end, just two made it to the finish: Brian Robinson was 29th and Tony Hoar was *Lanterne Rouge* (last man) at 69th. It was a very modest result – yet we were delighted! Why? Because, for the first time EVER, two British riders (out of a team of 10, remember) had actually managed to FINISH this most gruelling cycle race of all! But here in the UK, outside the cycling club world, it created no stir whatever. The Man in the Street had never even heard of the Tour de France, let alone the Giro d’Italia or Vuelta España.

Now fast-forward to the 21st Century. What a huge contrast! Nowadays Joe Public is familiar with these Classic races, and huge numbers follow them keenly on TV. We have neighbours who don’t even possess bikes, but they wouldn’t miss watching “the Tour” every year. They know what a *peloton* is, and what the polka-dot jersey is for, and what is meant by a ‘lead-out man’.

And of course the names of Chris Froome, Mark Cavendish, Geraint Thomas, Laura Trott and many others are as well-known to the British public as those of top footballers and Wimbledon stars. How come?



Well, 6 out of the last 7 Tours de France since 2012 (the exception being 2014) have been won by British cyclists: four wins for Chris Froome and one each for Bradley Wiggins and Geraint Thomas. On top of that, Mark Cavendish has clocked up 30 TdF stage wins over the years – a number second only to Eddy Merckx’s record 34. And that’s just the Tour de France. The Olympics of 2008, 2012 and 2016 saw medals for British cyclists on a scale which dwarfed the performances of all other nations (and most other sports, if it comes to that). Naturally, all this was featured heavily on TV and in the Press. And all of it was

unimaginable even 20 years ago, as was the string of cycling Knighthoods and other honours.

So it's very clear that the publicity given to "the world of big cycle races" has boosted cycling in this country enormously. Nowadays there are tens, even hundreds, of thousands more cyclists on our roads than, say, 25 years ago. But this huge boost, welcome though it is, has unfortunately done very little for traditional leisure/recreational cycling. It's even possible that TV coverage of the Olympics, Tour de France and other Classics has actually *reduced* the numbers who enjoy those two staples of traditional cycling: the holiday tour and the relaxed weekly club run, with its miscellany of bikes and ages.

The newcomers to cycling often form groups of their own, apparently unaware of long-established local clubs (which tend to offer an eclectic mix of cycling activities). They are dressed and equipped just like professional *coureurs*, and don't see their bikes as being for 'pottering' or touring. Their models are Geraint Thomas and Chris Froome rather than celebrated tourists like Ian Hibell or Anne Mustoe. Significantly, even the 117-year-old *Cycling Weekly*, after almost a century of all-round cycling coverage, rarely features touring nowadays. And it no longer has regular touring columnists like Rex Coley and Peter Knottley. It's all about racing and fitness training.

“at the
first
corner...
14 people
crashed.”

So, if they're not touring or on CTC runs, what are all these thousands of extra cyclists actually doing? Are they perhaps racing? Well, not really – or perhaps Yes and No!

Just consider this extract from an eye-opening article by Robert Garbutt, former editor of *Cycling Weekly*. He is describing a London-Paris "sportive" which he had been persuaded to ride. The participants were NOT traditional clubmen and women of the kind we have known for decades, but wealthy youngish men from the City, where cycling is booming. All were fully kitted out with expensive, top-of-the-range bikes and clothing.

It was extraordinary. At the first corner, a left-hander in Esher, 14 people crashed. In the Ashdown Forest in Sussex one guy hit a pothole and fell. I was 20 riders behind him and I was the first one who didn't hit him. It was insanely competitive and aggressive. If you warned someone not to ride through a gap because there was a hole in the road, they took it as a personal insult and rode through it to prove they knew more than you did. Then they crashed and took five others out with them. It was mayhem . . . I gave up at Dover and went home. It

was probably the only group of cyclists I've met in 40 years who I didn't feel I had anything in common with.

Garbutt's last sentence above is particularly significant, coming as it does from an experienced clubman. Who were these embarrassing "Wiggins Wannabes"? They certainly don't sound like members of the many London area clubs I remember from my National Service days in the capital, such as the Catford CC, Addiscombe CC, Bec CC, Redmon CC and the 34th Nomads CC.

Clearly, those cowboy cyclists had come late into cycling, so had never learnt the discipline of group riding, which most of us first picked up as impecunious teenagers on Sunday runs with the Wobbly Wheelers or local CTC. And in spite of their impressively professional appearance, they had none of the bike-handling and reaction skills you acquire in road-racing and club runs. In fact, they were bad examples of what *Cycling Weekly* journalist Michael Hutchinson calls "New Cycling". The bike has become fashionable in the 21st Century and the new enthusiasts, mostly middle-class, have taken up cycling long after their teenage years. Some beginners are even middle-aged, and most of them can afford the

Bilstone Gibbet

Seeing the photo of the Bilstone Gibbet in the Summer 2018 Cycle Chat brought back a few memories.

I remembered cycling there in the mid 1970s with the Loiterers and Photographic Section, and had a photo somewhere to prove it.

After a good hunt around I managed to find it.

Left to right; my son Richard Smith, now aged 54; Janet Gabbitas being strangled by Bill Seager; myself, David Smith; Sid Panther.

Photo taken by Alan (Buster) Haywood.

Those were the days.

David Smith



latest high-quality equipment. They follow the Tour de France and they know all about Bradley Wiggins and Chris Hoy – but even the older ones have never heard of Ray Booty, Eileen Sheridan or Jacques Anquetil. Or Reynolds 531 for that matter, as their bikes are carbon fibre, alloy or titanium.

“New Cyclists” are visible everywhere, sometimes in groups which look like rather smart chain-gang training runs, with not a mudguard, saddlebag (or young teenager) in sight. All their bikes will be top-of-the-range ultra-lightweights, and you won’t see any eccentric variants such as trikes, tandems, Bike Fridays or Rann trailers. On their handlebars, sophisticated digital devices will enable them to monitor not only time, mileage and average speed, but possibly also pedalling cadence, altitude and even pulse rate. The riders themselves are unlikely to be pottering steadily along, chatting, in the relaxed manner of a traditional clubrun. They will usually look committed and purposeful, and the pace will be very brisk, *but not flat-out*. They look like *coureurs*, and no doubt they are mentally in the *peloton*, but they will never enter a real race.

It’s very easy to link the phenomenal growth of “New Cycling” to ‘the world of big cycle races’. For most of the 20th Century, the British general public knew almost nothing about cycle racing and cared less. Before Chris Boardman’s success in the Individual Pursuit at the Barcelona Olympiad in 1992, the UK’s last Olympic Gold had been more than 70 years earlier: the Tandem Sprint at Antwerp – in 1920! For many decades, the only British cyclist the Man in the Street had heard of was Reg Harris (two Silvers at the 1948 Olympics in London and four World Sprint titles between 1949 and 1954). In 1967 Tom Simpson did briefly hit the front page headlines, of course, but – sadly – it was for all the wrong reasons.

Then look what happened so dramatically after the turn of the Century! The UK’s disastrous overall performance at the Atlanta Olympics (1996) provoked a sudden massive influx of lottery money into those sports which seemed to show promise. This included £2.5m for cycling. Thanks to brilliant coaching, first by Peter Keen and later Dave Brailsford and their teams, by 2016 the tiny handful of 20th Century Olympic cycling medals had leapt to 24 Gold, 24 Silver and 23 Bronze. At Beijing alone (2008) cycling’s 14 medals included eight of the UK’s Gold total



of 19 (plus four Olympic records). And three of the four top Olympic scorers *of all time* are cyclists: Chris Hoy and Jason Kenny have six Golds each; Bradley Wiggins shares third place with rower Steve Redgrave (they both have five).

To be continued

The Skeggy Grand Tour.

An Epic Tale of “Derring Do” from the Wednesday Cyclists

Words and photo by Eric Bradley.

19th June 2018 will be a date to be remembered when there comes a time to write the chronicles of the Loughborough Wednesday Cyclists. Firstly you will note that it is NOT a Wednesday but secondly that the event that took place on that day was so significant it should never be forgotten. What happened from 8am that morning and in the subsequent 38 hours was the stuff of legends. Such is the popularity of the group, such is its influence and such is its force for good, it can now not only boast a weekly turnout of 15 or more on a regular basis but it has taken to having an incremental summer tour. This group takes in the elderly, the unfit, the lame and even dare I say it the overindulged. It turns out highly motivated highly tuned athletes prepared to take on great feats of human endurance. Last year there was Ventoux which proved to be such clamour was for more ... in true further, higher, faster! Well got and possibly, faster. Higher

“the lure of a vibrant night-life”

the day trip to Café a success that the Olympian spirit, further we certainly would be stretching it.

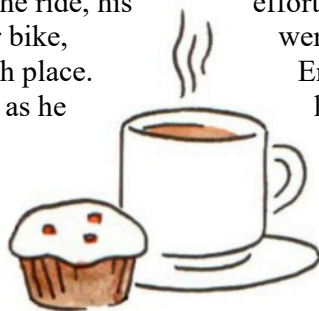
It was in the minds of Derek and Howard that this tour was conceived and it is on such tortured souls we must heap our praise, admiration and thanks. Thanks firstly, for its conception, planning, recruiting and execution. A sub-group of 7 had been recruited, cajoled and persuaded with promises of a lot of cake and beer. Skegness was to be the destination, chosen for its proximity to the sea, it's largely flat route to get there, and the lure of a vibrant night-life. It was Howard of course who planned the route in meticulous detail, even giving the tourists an option of 4 routes at a meeting he convened in The Apple Tree in Quorn. Route 4 was chosen ...it was shorter at 146 km, only climbing near the beginning and good rest stops available. Derek had organised the accommodation. More of that later.

The chosen day finally arrived and three met at 8am at Outwoods Drive, and two in Quorn, picking up the final two in Barrow at the Fossil roundabout. An apt place for this group to meet was the cruel remark. We set off out of Barrow on a familiar route up to Six Hills, very rapidly passing one of our regular haunts, the Race Hub. There was some twitching of handlebars towards the left by those with a Pavlovian disposition, but the first stop was a long way yet. We

had many miles and much more climbing to get under the wheels and into our legs before we could afford that luxury.

A long slow steady climb until we crossed the A606 and beyond, which was thankfully quieter after the crossroads. We finally turned right and down Ironstone Lane and onto Scalford. Through this pretty village and moving on to Waltham on the Wolds via Wycomb and the Goadby Road. The set up during these early stages was interesting. Howard's leadership has been questioned in the past but you can now see the dividend has paid off, with all those years of tutelage under John. He allowed the peloton to be led out by the two power houses in the pack, Vic and Phil ably assisted by Jeff. At this stage we must make special mention of Jeff. Jeff had turned up at Outwoods Drive as an extraordinary sight. Firstly in his lurid lime green shirt and what can only be described as casual khaki trousers, he looked like he was turning up to a Jamaican beach party rather than for a 90 mile bike ride. Secondly he came on a fold up Kansi bicycle with 2 gears and a back brake that worked by back pedalling. Concerned more about the train journey home than his own health and welfare on the ride, his efforts that day, on what is essentially a commuter bike, were nothing short of titanic. Howard slotted in at 4th place.

way along near the tail as he beer, released from the how far Skegness was shortbread and cream kept him motivated were no laggards as



Eric had to be encouraged all the had only come for the cake and diet for a day, he was unaware and cared even less if teas were allowed. Derek and Clyde ensured there back marker.

We crossed the A607 and into Waltham village and onto our first stop. The Waltham deli sold good coffee and lovely confections. The 2 girls serving were lovely and obligingly listened to our nonsense chatter and refilled our water bottles. We stood outside in the sunshine and contemplated there was still more than 75% of the journey to go.

Back on the bikes we got and off we went waving a fond farewell and a big thank you to our hosts. Through Stonesby, Sproxton and Buckminster we went on a splendid ride. We felt good, the sun was out and the roads were quiet. As we past The Tollemache Arms, a middle aged woman in a canary yellow Mustang took exception to our riding and roared by with blaring horn. A rude gesture and a harsh word was exchanged but Derek quipped "what's Mustang

Continued p18

SEE YOUR PHOTOS IN PRINT !

Your pictures needed for Cycle Chat.

Any reasonable shots illustrating an article are accepted.

However, if you want to increase your chances of a cover shot, bear in mind that a group of people actually riding is much more interesting than a row of static people. Faces should be visible, bums disappearing up the road are not very attractive!

In order to go on the front or rear cover, they also need to be in vertical (portrait) format, so that it is the correct way round, or at least able to be cropped so that the interest is within a vertical A5 or 4 border. I can do the cropping, don't worry about that.

I show some examples of good and bad shots that could be used on the covers.

In order to save anyone's embarrassment, all the shots below are by the Editor.

Possible cover shots; vertical, people actually cycling.



Not really suitable as a cover shot; horizontal, not actually cycling.



Sally's problem?" The Stainby road proved to be busy and full of trucks heading for the A1. After Stainby we headed for Colsterworth and had hardly passed the sign to Isaac Newton's gaff, and were still on conversations of falling apples when there was a crunch from Howard's bike as we climbed a hill. Helped by Jeff and Vic, Howard dug his chain out from whence it had jammed itself and we headed along the busy road across the A1 and an unpleasant stretch beyond.

Fortunately it was not too long before we came to Corby Glen and more importantly an early lunch. The March Hare tea rooms was the excellent venue. We sat at the tables outside and a variety of doorstep sandwiches, baguettes and toast was ordered and consumed. Entomologists from around the globe would have flocked to see the wildlife that was attracted to Jeff's shirt, some of which clung on for dear life for several miles later. When the regulars on motor scooters turned up for their lunch, bikes had to be moved, so we took the opportunity to move on. We carried on through the beautiful Irnham and Bulby. We crossed the A15 and headed on the long slog to Boston. There was a wardrobe malfunction and Eric needed to remove uncomfortable undergarments. If anyone is on that road to Boston in the near future and sees a pair of green Slazenger briefs in the hedge, he asks if they could be returned as they are likely to be dry by now. For a while at this stage we were joined by a new honorary temporary member Brian who had been riding out from Spalding with his Grandad when the latter had a



Boston Stump

mechanical breakdown. Saying goodbye to Brian we finally entered a rather down at heel Boston. Into the town centre we took root next to The Stump in the nearest café, Seventh Heaven. That's where we certainly seemed to be when the tea and cakes arrived. The two nice Polish girls behind the counter looked after us well and once again kindly filled our water bottles. We got going again and once out of a rather dull town we were into the badlands of the fens. What this country lacks in exciting features it made up for in ideal cycling topography. Straight, flat and fast and we certainly got some speed up with Vic and Phil driving the pace up to 17 miles an hour. Tiring legs still coped with the pace even if pain in other areas was increasing. With about 20 miles to go Phil decided that the hitherto slow pace for him could not be borne any more. Either that or the call of the pub was insisting he made a breakout. Off he went into the distance.

10 miles out we stopped for a roadside pit stop at a conveniently placed dung heap. Fluid was taken on board and Derek even got out the motivational

emergency jelly beans. Eventually we came through Burgh le Marsh and joined the A158, a very busy road taking us into the centre of Skegness. We passed our hotel and on to the clock tower for photos.

We arrived at 5.25pm nearly 9½ hours after setting off. More photos by the Jolly Fisherman. The physical side of the tour was over, the relaxation was to follow.

We went back to the Grand Hotel, run by our German host Andreas and his wife from Hamilton in Leicester. They were both very pleasant and welcoming. Bikes were locked in a secure shed.



Skeggy !!

Once shown to our rooms we sat in the bar to await our support team with bags. Rosalind who had been on secret government business all day, kindly broke off to drive to the coast with the necessary gear. Once showered we walked down the front and the 8 of us indulged in what we had all come for ...Fish and Chips. After dinner Rosalind drove Clyde and Phil home with bikes on the towbar rack. The rest decided that the hostelries had to be sampled. The Red Lion, The Lumbly and Churchill's were all checked out and found to be very satisfactory. The evening was finished off with an entertaining trip to Yates Karaoke bar. Here several songs were butchered by Derek and Eric to the bemusement of Howard and Vic. Eric decided what he lacked in talent on the microphone should be made up for in quantity, whilst the locals did their best to keep him off. Video evidence exists but negotiations are taking place for how much money would need to change hands to keep it from the public domain. Jeff had sensibly retired early. Finally we returned to the hotel at approximately 2am for much needed rest.

The morning saw an excellent breakfast at The Grand and a parting of the ways. Jeff caught the early train to Nottingham. Eric and Vic, catching the later train, went for a stroll on a deserted beach. The train was a 2 hour journey followed by a 20 mile grind home into the wind carrying bags that were brought by car on the outward leg. It was tough after 90 miles the previous day and the celebrations of the evening.

However once the amateurs had all gone the hard core remained. The two men who had originally conceived this plan did not think trains should be part of it. "Trains are for wimps, if you don't cycle back then you haven't done the tour" was the attitude. Into what is best described as a very stiff south westerly these two men of steel set off on a longer journey home. Mallory and Irvine or Scott and Oates spring to mind except they perished in the attempt. These two battled through and survived to tell the tale. Frontiersmen of the Hillary and Tensing or Carson and Fremont variety, to whom giving in is not an option. Only they can tell that tale but 12 hours and 17 minutes later they arrived home. They had travelled 108 miles into a brutal wind and burned four and half thousand calories in the attempt.

Massive respect to Derek and Howard for their Herculean effort and massive thanks to them for their time and commitment in the organisation of the tour. Also thanks to Rosalind for her support because carrying bags would have made the trip a less pleasant experience.

Hopefully next year we can do something similar. I am sure there will be much discussion over coming Wednesdays what that may be. A great day out guys - thanks.

Eric Bradley

For Sale



Orbit tandem.

frame size is 22 inch front and 18 inch back.
It has 21 gears.

Offers please, but note that this is advertised elsewhere.

Luggage trailer with cover, **for use with a car**

A 4ftx3ft Erde trailer which I used to transport the tandem £30



*For both items, contact Ray Clay, 109
Holywell Drive, Loughborough LE11 3JX
tel 01509 261068*

Picos de Europa and French Alps 2017

Dave Binks tells of his early summer holiday

All photos by Dave Binks

Dave continues with his story of his trip. He is left the Picos and is making his way across to the Alps, but has stopped for a few days in the Basque area near Pamplona and is out for a day ride.

Wednesday 21 June. (Continued)

After climbing from the 400 m of Estella to the top at Mirador del Puerto del Lizarra at 1031 m, a short tunnel through the rock took me out the other side looking down into the next valley. This was classic limestone country with a steady climb up one way, and a very steep descent down the scarp face the other. A great descent on sweeping hairpins dropped me 500 m down to the valley floor at Aranatz (or Etxarri if you are a Basque). There is a motorway running along the valley and obviously I neither wanted to, nor could, use this, but fortunately the original main road, now almost deserted of traffic, is still there. This took me to Alsasu (or Altsasu) and a bar for a cold drink and a small baguette. The town's ladies were out in force looking for bargains in the street market but, suitably refreshed, I left them to it as I sought my exit route which would take me back over the hill but via a different route.

Once I got off a small connecting lane which was roughly surfaced, the climb was great. The gradient wasn't very steep, the surface smooth and the hairpins and shade from the trees made it quite enjoyable. I emerged onto a lovely plateau which was also a categorised open air park, quite rightly so with the varied trees, small rocky outcrops and cool air. A cafe in a campsite looked too good to pass, and the slab of apple cake was very tasty with yet another cold drink. I really enjoyed the next few miles as I rolled easily along enjoying the pretty scenery and occasional small herds of semi-wild horses standing near the road. Bells on cows I have seen aplenty, but never bells on horses!

All too soon I was increasing speed and descending back down to the heat of the Estella valley, but not before taking a few



shots of the horseshoe shaped mountain valley from which I had just come.

Having enjoyed my midday meal the other day, I kept my eyes open as I neared Estella and right on cue a restaurant come cafeteria appeared. I didn't actually want a 3 course job, so opted for ham, egg and chips- just like home!



The swimming pool at the campsite was a great way to cool off before household chores such as washing some clothes warmed me up again. I got talking with a couple of middle aged cyclists camping near me. They were from Australia and nominally doing the pilgrims route, but happily taking detours as they felt like it, having already ridden the route last year. The man even had the tattoo on his shoulder to prove it! When I said how hot it was, 34C, they both said that where they come from it gets hotter and with near 100% humidity which means your perspiration doesn't evaporate and you think you're going to die, but when you realise you're not going to, you're disappointed!

62 mls, max height 1026 m, total climbed 1556 m

Thursday 22 June

I was going to move on today, but also wanted a ride before it got too hot, so woke early and packed away before going out, thus hoping to avoid sweating too much at either task. I paid my fees and parked the car in the outer car park so that a return after midday would not entail more money. I planned what was basically an out and home route using quiet roads marked in green on the map, denoting “scenic”.

My full route was 40 mls, but the heat and the climbing meant when I passed a cafe bar not long before the turn point, I couldn't resist a cold drink and an ice cream.

After a quick shower back at the campsite, I dialled in “St Jean Pied de Port” on the car sat-nav and let it guide me on another 38C day. Prices are cheap in Spain, so I stopped in a village bar and bought their 3 course Menu de Dias (menu of the day) for €10, although the fish course was a bit bony and undercooked, the starter salad was sufficient in itself.

On 2001 I had ridden up from St Jean Pied de Porte on the north (French) side of the Pyrenees to see the enormous pilgrim's hostel and place of religion at Ronscevalle which is in Spain, but at the top of the climb from

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Ronscevalle

France into Spain and of great religious importance, and that was my choice of route today. The air conditioning in the car, that I thought was so unnecessary when I bought the car, but was included as part of the build, really took a beating as I drove, sweltering along the plains towards the foot of the main climb, the Col de Ibaneta at 1057 m. I had only come from the French side before, so was quite surprised how long it

took to get up to the top from Pamplona, where the climbing starts in Spain. Although not very steep most of the time, the inside of the very tight hairpins occasionally forced me to change down into first gear just for a few yards. I stopped at Ronscevalle just below the road's summit and where the major religious settlement is located. Being on the major route for pilgrims to Santiago de Compostela (790km away!), and at the top of one of the highest points, a large pilgrim's hotel and rest complex was built in mediaeval times and is still in great demand today. I felt a cold drink was in order before dropping down to my destination, St Jean Pied de Port in France. The descent was as tricky as the climb, even in the car, and full concentration had to be maintained at all times if I wasn't to hit the crash barriers that seemed be everywhere.



I knew where there was a campsite and booked in there for a few days. It was cooler than Spain, but still very warm and even though I had thought about going for another ride, lethargy overtook me and I just sat around for the evening and watched the very light drizzle drift by. 34 mls. 895 m climbing to 685 m max height

Friday 23 June.

I awoke to an even lighter drizzle than last night and a cooler temperature of 20C. The cloud cover was low, so I decided to put off climbing the mountain

on the bike until later when the sun was due to come out and I would get some views.

Shopping and just slobbering around filled the morning but by 12.30, I decided to go cycling, despite the lack of sun. Having ridden up the Col de Ibaneta in 2001 when I was on a mega tour, I wanted to do it again despite the chance the top would be in mist. So I did and it was. It's not that hard a climb, because large lorries do sometimes use it, but at 18 mls, it's a long one. I couldn't believe how quiet it is, very little traffic goes up or down, but I suppose because it's such a long way to anywhere from there, the need to use it just isn't much. Although there are quite a few hairpins to make life interesting, there aren't many views, so as I predicted, when I went into mist near the top I wasn't over bothered. At the top, which was deserted, I stopped long enough to stuff an energy bar down my throat, pull a windproof jacket on and, because tradition demands it, throw a pebble at the bell hanging in a frame beside the little chapel. No sooner had I got going on the descent back to St Jean than the rear tyre went flat! No big deal, I always carry a spare tube and pump and was soon pumping air into the replacement tube. But the tube really didn't want to go hard! Had I put the punctured one back in again? No, the pump wasn't working properly! Eventually I did get enough in to get me home, but I was worried. Later, a drop of light oil down the pump barrel cured what was obviously a dry seal within the pump barrel. The tube was repaired later, but the flint couldn't be found, just the small hole where it had been.

39 mls. Max height 1057 m, total climbed 1209 m

Saturday 24 June

Another overcast, slightly humid but not cold day, despite the forecast being for sunshine later.

Because of the promise of sun later, I went into St Jean Pied de Port for a look round. I had been there 16 years ago, but my memories were hazy. The town nestles at the foot of the climb through the Pyrenees and was strategically important in the middle ages and later. A fortress had been there for a long time, but in the 17th and 18th centuries it was greatly increased in



The bell hangs below the cross at the chapel.

size and strength, and incorporated the town itself within the fortified area. Much of this remains today and you can wander freely amongst most of it, although the central area still houses a school. In its heyday, 500 men were garrisoned there. The town is now most famous for its connection with the pilgrim route to Santiago de Compostela in Spain, and many hostels still cater largely for these intrepid travellers, often in the original buildings dating back to the 1600s. The local stone is a slightly dark pink colour and this, together with the variety of shops catering for all sorts and needs, makes the place quite attractive.



A Pilgrim's pack

I was getting peckish, so stopped at a cafe bar, but the hamburger and chips were very average, so I went back to my tent and decided I would see if I could cycle to the top of Col Bagargui at 1284 m, but expected it to be in cloud. I have ridden many mountain roads and passes, but this one really creased me. By the time I had reached 900 m I was already in mist and was struggling badly. I was soaked with sweat, the gradients were, according to my Garmin, typically between 1 in 6 and 1 in 12, and I still had another 384 m to go in the mist which was now getting

colder as I rode up through it. Stubborn I can be, but not today, so I put my windproof top on and turned round and back to the town and its warmer temperature.

36 mls, 901 m max height, 905 m total climbed.



Cycling Pilgrims

Sunday 25 June

Awoke to the realisation that it was only 6 months to Christmas and I haven't done any shopping yet(!). It was grey and overcast again, so I packed up and moved on.

I still had some unfinished business from my last trip to the Pyrenees in July the previous year when I turned before the top of the Port d'Espagne due to thick mist and

heavy drizzle which made me ask why I was bothering. I also had to abort a ride over the Tourmalet due to a mechanical problem. These had both been on an organised tour based at Argeles Gazost, a nice little town conveniently sited for rides up many of the famous Cols in the area. So Argeles Gazost was my target for today, just over 3 hrs drive away non stop, but I always take longer because I don't rush and do stop when I fancy it. However, the forecast for Argeles wasn't brilliant so I did consider going further, possibly into the flatter areas, in the hope of better weather. But the forecast for the other areas were not much better, so I stayed with "Plan A". The boredom of the drive was broken with a coffee and cake stop en route and I checked into a campsite mid afternoon. It wasn't the one I had in mind, but was much more central to the town centre, meaning I would be able to stroll in for a coffee etc.

After setting up, the sun was out and I kitted up to tick off the Port d'Espagne ride, the one I abandoned in the mist last time. All was going well until I got near the point of turning last year when it started spitting with rain! Well, this time I was "up for it" and carried on, despite having to put a windproof jacket on, this being the closest thing to a rain



Argeles Gazost

jacket I had with me. The rain never really got going and when I finally reached the top, which is just a ski station from where you get a cable car to go higher up the mountain, it had stopped, and a hint of sunshine was present. The lower part of the climb was easy, but as I neared the top it got steeper, such that it had taken me 2 hrs to do just 18 mls! There was no point in dwelling at the top because, what little there was there, was closing down due to the lateness of the hour, 7 pm, so after a couple of photos, I made sure my windproof jacket was fully zipped up, and set off back down the way I had come. Although it had rained on me a bit, it had obviously come down heavier further down because the roads were awash, and my shoes, legs and bum quickly got soaked with spray. My mudguards we're back in the car, so not much use really. 2 hrs to get up, 50 minutes to get down! I was almost shivering when I got back to my tent, but a quick hot shower and dry clothes got me warmed up nicely.

36 mls, 1109 m climbed, max ht 1455 m from 414 m base

To be continued

We need YOUR contribution

Cycle Chat is written and edited by volunteers, not paid correspondents. Your 75p per copy hardly even covers the cost of printing and posting, it certainly doesn't leave enough to pay anyone.

Without sufficient input from our members and readers (you), Cycle Chat will just fade away. Don't just leave it to others all the time.

We need items from you, yes **YOU!**

Anything with a loose connection to cycling is welcome. Your best/worst ride; your best/worst route/cycling holiday; your favourite or worst bit of kit; a recipe that would be particularly appealing to other cyclists; tips; things to avoid; photos with a cycling content (not just views); reminiscences of bygone days; letters of praise, or complaint; requests for info; etc, etc; or anything else that springs to mind.

Don't worry about your spelling or grammar; that is easily corrected by the editor who will also do the layout and make it look really good on the printed page.

With most having access to a computer, writing a story is easy, you don't have to do it all in one go. A good technique is to write down the bare bones, then go back and gradually fill in the details over the space of a week or two, thus letting your subconscious work away in the background.

Yes, we ARE interested in what you have to say.

Please send whatever you have to the Editor. Address etc inside front cover.

Cycle Chat is the quarterly magazine of the Leicestershire & Rutland Cyclists' Touring Club

Editor: Dave Binks, davebinks@ntlworld.com tel; 0116 2296015
92 Balmoral Rd, Mountsorrel, Loughborough, Leics, LE12 7EN

Advertising and distribution: Aileen Andrews - tel: 0116 2865738

All contributions are welcome, send them to The Editor who reserves the right to amend copy for legal or production reasons.

Contributions should be in "MS Word" or similar, or neatly handwritten. Typed copy, CDs or flash drives are also welcome (CDs and drives will be returned). Please ensure Excel tables and PDF files are legible on an A5 page size. Photos, in .jpg format, with the photographer's name and permission are welcome.

All contributions should be accompanied by the writer's name, address, telephone number or e-mail. If not stated, the photos are by the article's author. We try to acknowledge photo copyright whenever possible. If there is a problem, we apologise and ask you to contact us immediately.

Views expressed in letters, articles or editorial are not necessarily those of the Leicestershire & Rutland CTC.

Printed by Teamprint, Loughborough 01509 261425

The Phil Allen Memorial Rides

Over 25 miles and 16 mile off road events
Sunday October 7th 2018.



The Phil Allen Memorial Rides, in memory of Phil who worked tirelessly for years to help bring about the Trail. He could see the advantage of the trail as soon as the Derby to Ashby railway line was lifted, he never did like riding Melbourne Hill!

It was a proud day for Phil when he and Sustrans Officer Patrick Clarke were invited to officially open the trail and unveil the plaque denoting the co-operation of Sustrans and our CTC.

In the 1950's, Phil who was the founder of Charnwood CTC, organised Saturday afternoon rides as working parties to Staunton Harold, then a Leonard Cheshire home. The Cloud Trail and Staunton Harold Trails will feature on the routes.

Event HQ: Beth's Kitchen, Breedon Priory, Breedon-on-the-Hill DE73 8AT. Better than Grandma's food, a very cycling friendly establishment. Beth's partner Jeremy is a former CTC member.

Start: from 10 am to 11. am, enjoy a drink or a breakfast before you start.

Routes and entry form: On County CTC web site (www.ctclr.org.uk) from early September. These will also be available at the start.

Entry fee: £3, Juniors £1. Juniors must have parental/guardians consent.

After the ride enjoy Beth's wonderful cooking, please support our hosts for supporting us.

Awards for oldest gent, lady and youngest junior. Certificates for all successful riders, hopefully all the riders.

Come and enjoy the former County CTC presidents "Vision", all welcome.

Contact John Allen, 01530 243384 supported by Ian Hill, Jean and Keith Lakin and the Allen family.

Your last chance for a 2018 County CTC medal !!

Parking your bike safely. A tip from Dave Binks.

Don't prop it against the kerb with the pedal because that could bend the spindle, leading to a sore knee. It also blocks the kerb for pedestrians trying to cross the road, so is anti-social. 4 bikes lined up like this take up 24 feet of kerb!



Risky



Best - against a wall

It's very easily tipped into the road by someone walking past who just happens to catch it with their coat or shopping bag etc, or by a gust of wind or the blast from a passing truck.

I have seen this happen and the bike fell into the road and got flattened by a passing car – the result being a seriously damaged bike, a long walk home, a damaged car with an irate driver demanding the bike's owner pay for the damage to his vehicle because, correctly, it wasn't his fault.

Just lean the bike against a wall or something, or against another bike "top to tail", or simply lay it flat on the floor somewhere out of the way (but gear side up to avoid upsetting the gear tuning).

Trike riders don't have this problem, although trikes have been known to move in a strong wind!



Top & Tailed

This year's Theme for the Annual Photographic Competition is

WILDLIFE

Deer in Bradgate Park, animals in Twycross Zoo, birds in the garden, butterflies, seabirds at the seaside..... Any of these or anything else you can think of.



Judging will take place at the Annual Photo Competition being held in conjunction with the AGM later in the year on November 17, 2018. More details of how to enter will follow later, but in the meantime, get snapping.



New Leics & Rutland DA Jersey Design

Update

Following the recent competition for a new design of jersey, the committee has been considering the designs and options, but really needs some feedback from members as to whether or not people would buy them. The cost is thought to be in the region of £40 each, possibly more.

The Committee would be pleased to have your thoughts and comments, good, bad or indifferent, before they commit any further resources into this.

Please let one or more of the main officers listed on the front inside cover know your thoughts.



Leicestershire & Rutland CTC Events 2018

20 May	Meriden Service	
9 June (Sat)	Challenge Rides (see advert)	Neil Dixon
2 Sept	East Midlands Region CTC Audax UK “Forests of the Region” 200K and 100K, Moira Village Hall, Ian Hill	
15 (Sat) September (note date change)	President’s Ride	
7 October:	Phil Allen Memorial Ride (25 & 16mls off road)	
	Cloud Hill Trail.	John Allen and Keith Lakin
30 Oct	LCA Over 60s Reunion.	Eileen Johnson
17 November	Photographic Competition	John Catt/Keith Lakin
17 November	CTC AGM	Ray Clay
18 Nov	Leics & Rutland CTC AGM, Botcheston, Leics	
9 Dec	Carol Service. 1.15pm Holy Trinity Church, Norton Juxta Twycross CV9 3PU	
23* Dec	Mince Pie Meet, E Mids Region event, Belton VH, Leics* from 10.30am (date to be confirmed)	

Ferienhaus Blekes

(Accommodation in Germany)

A fabulous base for touring and mountain biking in the Vulkaneifel region of Rheinland Pfalz, Germany 3 bedrooms, sleeps 5, self catering. From around €19 pp per night. -10 hrs by car / HHN airport 40 mls.

Contact Martin Ayling (tel 07956 827649) email

ayling.martin@gmail.com for exclusive LR CTC reader link to Flickr pictures.

<http://vulkan.bike/touren-planer/>

<http://www.gesundland-vulkaneifel.de/en/region/towns-resorts/daun.html>



"It's all downhill from here"

Old Timers Reunion (Leics CA)

This reunion of old cycling friends will be held at lunchtime on Tuesday 30 October 2018 at The Bradgate Arms PH, Station Road, Cropston.



Unfortunately, at the time of going to press, the menu and prices are not available. However, expressions of interest to be phoned through to Eileen Johnson (01530 230476) by 30/9 and she will post the menu choice and prices to you.

Bookings, with full payment, must be with her by 19/10/18 and must be posted to

Mrs E Johnson, Rosedene, Park Lane, Bagworth, Leics, LE67 1BB,

Cheques to be made payable to Mrs E Johnson.

Leicester Easy Riders

Contact Dave Smith 0116 2417908

Date	Start	Meet	Destination	Leader
Sept 9	9.30	Gcup	Cosby, Wood Farm, Saddington	A. Tokeley
Sept23	9		Presidents Ride	
Oct 7	9.30		Phil Allen Memorial Ride	
Oct21	9.30	Bxr	Greenacres/Market Bosworth	D. Smith
Nov4	10.00	Smbs	Rearsby	R. Bilston
Nov 11			Remembrance Day Loughborough	
Nov18	10.00	H.p.	Thrussington	R. Barber

WANTED - Your Photos

As I hope you have noticed, more photos are appearing in Cycle Chat but we constantly need more. The advent of digital photography has made taking, manipulating, distributing and reproducing the images easy these days, so there is no excuse for not giving your work a wider audience.

If you have some cycling related shots (not views) that would be suitable for publication and you would like to share, email them to davebinks@ntlworld.com

Images must be in .jpg format (every digital camera does that automatically) and I must have both the name of the photographer and his/her permission to use it. I am particularly keen to see work that has been shot in vertical format because then it can be used on the front cover!

To keep costs down, only shots printed on the outer covers are in colour, but I can convert any others to black & white.



NUNEATON					
		Rides Secretary Chris Taylor		Thursday rides meet at 10.30am. Saturdays 10am.	
		https://www.facebook.com/nuneaton.cycleclub			
		www.nuneatoncycleclub.co.uk			
CYCLE CLUB					
<u>Date</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Distance</u>		
2nd Aug	Thurs	Upton Barn	Half day	Mick Cooper	02476 371409
4th Aug	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Long day ride	Bob Percival	7921258927
9th Aug	Thurs	Hill Top Garden Centre	Half day	Mike Paterson	7551805957
11th Aug	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Les Proctor	02476 395079
16th Aug	Thurs	Heritage Café	Half day	Roger Payne	7757103139
16th Aug	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Ann Jenkins	01455 212565
23rd Aug	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	Half day	Bob Allen	02476 748688
25th Aug	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Anne Taylor	02476 741276
30th Aug	Thurs	Ansty Golf Course	Half day	Gill Lord	01455 456708
1st Sep	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Chris Steiner	01455 213927
6th Sep	Thurs	Morrisons	Half day	Terry Pittam	02476 328748
8th Sep	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Kath Proctor	02476 395079
13th Sep	Thurs	Dobbies	Half day	Eric Rowland	02476 371687
15th Sep	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Mick Cooper	02476 371409
20th Sep	Thurs	St Marys Hinckley	Half day	Jim Gerrard	01455 823787
22nd Sep	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Bob Percival	7921258927
27th Sep	Thurs	Makins	Half day	Bill Hayward	02476 370087
29th Sep	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Ann Jenkins	01455 212565
4th Oct	Thurs	Upton Barn	Half day	Morgan Reynolds	01455 844883
6th Oct	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Chris Steiner	01455 213927
7th Oct	Sun	Anniversary Ride	Half day	Mike Paterson	7551805957
11th Oct	Thurs	Hill Top Garden Centre	Half day	Brian Griffiths	7748262809
13th Oct	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride	Anne Taylor	02476 741276
18th Oct	Thurs	Heritage Café	Half day	Mike Paterson	7551805957
20th Oct	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride		
25th Oct	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	Half day	Chris Taylor	02476 741276
27th Oct	Sat	Nuneaton Library	Short ride		

South Leics Runs March - end June 2018

Contact is Neil Dixon 01455 209700 or 0789 985449

DATE	TIME	START	ELEVENSES	DESTINATION
02-Sep	09:15	BA	Market Harborough	Welford
09-Sep	09:15	BA	Brandon Marsh	Long Itchington
15-Sep	10:00	Birstall		President's Ride
16-Sep	09:15	BA	Hallaton	Foxton Locks
23-Sep	09:15	BA	Great Glen	Market Harborough
30-Sep	09:15	BA	Tur Langton	Keyham
07-Oct	09:15	BA	Thornby	Lillborne
14-Oct	09:15	BA	Draycote Visitor Centre	Grandborough
21-Oct	09:15	BA	Catthorpe	Welton
28-Oct	09:15	BA	Snaresone	Church End Brewery
04-Nov	09:15	BA	Great Glen	Market Harborough
11-Nov	09:15	BA	Crick	Stretton on Dunsmore
18-Nov	09:15	BA	Brandon Marsh	Long Itchington
25-Nov	09:15	BA	Thornby	Foxton Locks
02-Dec	09:15	BA	Market Harborough	Welford
09-Dec	09:15	BA	Snaresone	Norton Juxta Twycross
16-Dec	09:15	BA	Naseby	Shearsby
23-Dec	09:15	BA	Welford (Mini Meadows)	Lillbourne

BA = Broughton Astley

CHARNWOOD RUNS LIST

Date	Start	Eleven's	Lunch	Leader
02 Sep	Moira VH	East Mids Audax	See Cycle Chat	Ian Hill
02 Sep	9.00 M	Rosliston	Alrewas	Jim
09 Sep	9.00 W	Broughton Astley	Shearsby	Martin B
16 Sep	9.00 S	Findern GC	Hatton	Pete
23 Sep	9.00 H	Dobbies GC	Ansley	Nick
23 Sep		Presidents Ride	See Cycle Chat	Ray Clay
30 Sep	9.00 A	Fradley Junction	Whittington	Jim
07 Oct	9.30 B	Phil Allen Memorial Ride	See Cycle Chat	Keith Lakin
14 Oct	9.30 M	Alrewas	Elford	Pete
21 Oct	9.30 W	Thurlaston	Stoke Golding	Martin B
28 Oct	9.30 S	Swarkestone GC	Newton Solney	Jim
04 Nov	9.30 H	Swadlincote	Edingale	Nick
11 Nov	9.30 A	Willington	Burton on Trent	Lyn
17 Nov		Leics CTC AGM	See Cycle Chat	Ray Clay
18 Nov	9.30 B	Red Hill Marina	East Leake	Martin B
25 Nov	9.30 M	Barton Marina	Lullington	Jim
02 Dec	9.30 W	Broughton Astley	Newbold Verdon	Nick
09 Dec	9.30 H	Shenton Wharf	Carol Service Norton Juxta Twycross	
16 Dec	9.30 S	Stenson Bubble	Hartshorne	Jim
23 Dec	9.30 A	Belton Village Hall	Peggs Green	Lyn
30 Dec	9.30 B	Ruddington	East Leake	Pete

A – Ashby HSBC
M – DFS Measham

B – Belton Church
S – Lount X Roads

H – Heather Church
W – Bagworth Village H0all

Secretary: Keith Lakin, 12 Thornborough Road, Coalville, LE67 3TH 01530 451573
Runs contact: Lyn Gale 07779 794317

For a ride of a gentler nature, between 20 and 30 miles, please contact Pearl on 07980 755226 or Brenda on 07837 562487

Leicestershire and Rutland CTC Annual General Meeting

To be held on Saturday 17th November 2018 at The Soar Bridge Inn, Barrow upon Soar, LE12 8PN starting at 12.30pm.

Any Notice of Motion to be submitted to the secretary, Ray Clay (01509 261068) or email secretary@ctclr.org.uk at least two weeks prior to the AGM.

A free buffet will be provided, but in order to assist the catering, please contact Keith Lakin (01530 451573) at least two weeks prior to the meeting to confirm your attendance.