

Cycle Chat

75p

Leicestershire & Rutland CTC

Since 1897

Summer 2021



www.ctclr.org.uk

*Colin Gray's photo of UK club riders in Spain,
January 2020*



Editor's Thoughts

What's that noise I can hear in the distance?

It sounds like a bunch of keys being jangled. It can't be, can it? Now I listen harder and look at the news I'm beginning to think it may well be exactly that, and the Covid Prison we've all been in for so long may well be unlocked by later this summer. Some lucky folks (myself included) have already made a break for it and "gone over the wall" where they can access self contained accommodation. I have already managed a week in Norfolk in my caravan and will soon be off for another 2 weeks in Wales.

Group rides with up to 6 people are already back, and more cafes etc are starting to offer takeaways, and of course, pubs are keen for you to drink a pint and eat in their gardens.

Overseas holidays are still very "iffy" and the only one I had booked has been cancelled by the organisers, and I can't say I'm sorry, the last thing I wanted was to be quarantined in a hotel at my expense when I come home because of a surge in infections again.

Knowing the typical age of many of our readers I expect nearly all have had at least one vaccination, and many have had two, so things are looking up and the danger to our individual health is now pretty low.

It will take a while for larger gatherings to get going again, but I think we will be enjoying seeing larger groups meeting very soon.

Bring it on!

Dave Binks

INDEX

Secretary's Page	3
President's Notes	4
Technical Topics	6
Meriden	7
Photo Competition	8
Scottish Tour	9
Charnwood Chatter	11
Memory Lane	17
A day Out in S. Kesteven	18
Bulgarian Cycling	21
Gears	30
Cafe News	34
Club Runs etc from	35

From the Secretary

Neil Dixon

As in the last issue, there has been very little activity for me to do over the last 3 months except prepare for our AGM on 17th May, which hopefully has taken place by the time you read this. All Cycling UK members in our area should have received an invite to this, providing they have elected to receive e-mails from Cycling UK. Please note that this is the only means we have of contacting members directly, so there may be members out there who have no access to e-mail or choose not to receive any. My apologies if you would have liked to attend the AGM but were unable to.



Since there has been very few DA events in the last year, it has been decided that there will be no Prize Presentation event this year(2021). The Photography Competition prizes for 2020 will be inscribed and presented at the 2022 Prize Presentation, along with the 2021 winners.

See the Group website for the latest information www.ctclr.org.uk

New Cycle Chat Administrators

After many years of faithful work, Aileen Andrews, our Administrator, the person who organises the finance and distribution side of Cycle Chat, has handed over to the willing hands of Pete & Lyn Gale.

They will be handling all subscriptions and finances as well as actually posting your copies out to you (when we can!), as and from now.

Pete & Lyn's details are : -

Phone 01530 271665

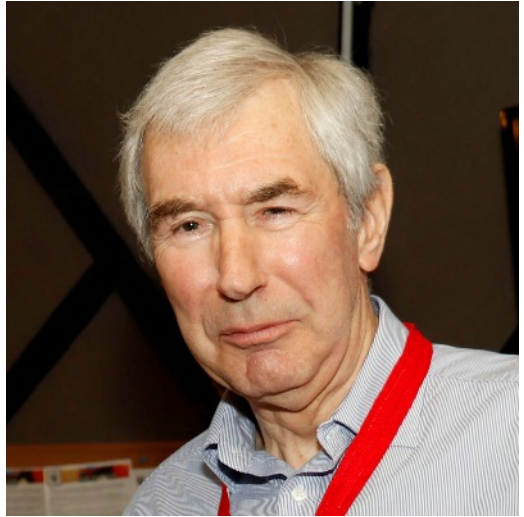
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President's Notes

Jim Gerrard writes



Thankfully, we can now start meeting in our groups again as well as enjoying alfresco coffee stops and a pint. By the time this issue is published we should be able to eat and drink indoors as well, whenever the weather dictates. With the bright sunshine being experienced at time of writing most venues offering outside service have been terribly busy with people keen to get out again. This has meant a few recent intended rest stops have had to be skipped as no capacity being available for us.

We have been fortunate with the weather since the last issue and although it's been cold, we have enjoyed some sunshine and dry conditions over March and April. I do however recall getting caught in a snow/hail shower at Swarkestone which wasn't very pleasant. Fingers crossed for the summer although the gardens are looking very dry at the moment.

I am looking forward to a short cycle break with a few friends in Essex, hopefully to collect a few B C Q's (see earlier editions). This is now timed to happen after the May date for opening of B & B's after having to cancel last year and rearranging to suit the lockdown easing dates for this year. Again, this will have happened by the time of issue and I will have a brief report for the next issue.

As no information has been given for the Birthday Rides, it must be assumed they will not be happening again this year.



Since the last issue I have been out on my 'e bike' and must admit I think it is great. Whilst I know a lot of people think its cheating, but not taking part in any competitive event and cycling purely for pleasure it certainly adds to my pleasure. I do tend to ride without assistance on the way out but

find it is a great help coming home after a day in the saddle. I try to remember when riding with non-assisted riders not to set the pace! With the easing of restrictions, events are starting to be resurrected starting with the AGM which should have happened by the time of issue.

The President's ride will be combined with the Memorial Ride in memory of John Allen, Keith Lakin and Howard Naylor, all past presidents and long serving members of the Charnwood group and Leicester and Rutland CTC. This will take place on September the 12th, the week after after the Meriden Service which celebrates the centenary year of the Cyclist's War Memorial being erected. Details will be in the Autumn issue as the Meriden service has still to be confirmed (Now confirmed as 5th September - see separate notice).

Hopefully we shall also be able to hold our Annual Carol Service which will be on the 5th December at St Giles Church, Barlestone. With luck, by the time of the next issue most restrictions will have been relaxed and we can enjoy our cycling again with our groups and friends albeit following the Covid rules which will probably be in force for some time to come.

As usual please see the www.ctclr.org.uk website for up-to-date information.



Technical Topics

By Peter Witting

“Suits you sir!” or knowing your ISO from your JIS

Remember the tailors in the Fast Show sketch? “Does Sir dress to the right, Sir, or to the left?”. I was recently asked whether I wanted my bottom bracket to have an ISO taper or JIS! Like the customer in the fast show, I’d never really thought about it!

Standards have been set for the manufacture of engineering products, including cycle kit, by the International Standards Organisation – the ISO. But now much of our cycle kit originates in Japan or other Far Eastern countries. They have their own organisation for standards – the Japanese Industrial Standards or JIS! And it turns out their square-taper axle standards are different! Is your Japanese square-taper chainset going to fit an ISO bottom bracket axle? Or will your JIS bottom bracket correctly fit a chainset with the ISO taper?

This isn’t likely to be a problem if you stick with the same brands when parts need replacing; or indeed by avoiding square-taper units altogether! But with Brexit and Covid-19, some supplies have run out. When forced to mix & match, problems might arise. Things are not always what you



might guess. The English firm of Spa Cycles supply a square-taper super-compact chainset of their own brand, which I use. But the cranks are designed to fit the Japanese JIS taper!

I had to refer to the Sheldon Brown website for guidance. If you install an ISO crank on a JIS. axle, it will sit about 4.5 mm farther out than it would on an ISO axle. But if you install a JIS crank on an ISO spindle, it will wind up about 4.5 mm farther in, which could be a problem. After a few services of the bearings, and repeated tightening of the alloy crank onto the steel axle, there is a risk that the crank could become loose even when the securing bolt is fully tightened. Not easily fixed on tour at the roadside, especially if you've no idea how it happened! I now know my ISO from my JIS, but as for dressing to the left or to the right

<https://www.sheldonbrown.com/bbtaper.html>

Meriden 2021

An update for the revised plans



The Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden was unveiled in May 1921 to commemorate the cyclists who died in the Great War. An annual memorial service has been held there ever since – except last year, due to Covid-19 restrictions. 2021 was therefore to be celebrated as the centenary of the memorial's unveiling. At the time of writing (mid May 2021) a new date has been set for

Sunday September 5th, 2021,
starting at the usual time of 11.00am.
But you are advised to check again
before making a special journey, the
virus has it's own timetable!

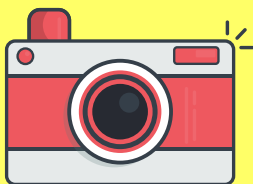
NEW MEMBERS



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 Theme for the 2021 Photo Competition is

WATER

Last Year (2020) because of Covid, we ran this competition on line instead of with hard prints at the AGM. At the time of going to press for this edition of Cycle Chat no decision has been made how to run the 2021 version.

However there is no reason why you can't start now on getting your shots.

CATEGORIES :-

Class 1: Pictorial (Smith Trophy)

Class 2 Club Life - to include at least three cyclists (Alan Haywood Rosebowl)

Class 3: Humorous (Sue Greaves Shield)

Class 4: Novice (member who has not previously entered a photo)

Class 5: Junior (under 18 on 31st December 2021)

Class 6: Theme of the year: “Water”. (George Clownes Tray)

**Last date for entries still to be decided, but it will be late in the year
(October/November) 2021**



A Tour of Scotland With a few Taxi, Train and Ferry Trips

By Judy Dawson

We planned the tour in February with a number of train journeys to add variety and restful scenic joy. It was also a great way of moving north in stages avoiding busy bits of road. Leicester to Inverness or Fort William on the train starts to get a bit boring if you do it all in one go.

Their trip continues.....

Day 8 Lochcarron to Kinlochewe (34.5 miles, 1808ft ascent)

Our plan had been to cycle from Lochcarron to Applecross where we had booked places in the hostel. The route would have taken us a fairly short distance but climbing Britain's highest pass, the Bealach na Ba, was not to be underestimated so we had planned to ride only a short distance and then enjoy the unique character of Applecross. We were also unsure if we would have to walk the steepest section. The forecast was for rain all day. After breakfast we headed off in a brief window of no rain. We followed a large group of cyclists clad in shorts. We were soon wearing all our clothes including winter longs, the rain got worse and we were glad that we had gloves as well as track mitts. At the bottom of the Bealach road there's a cafe but beware it is closed on Mondays. It was 4 degrees C at the bottom, which implied sub-zero temperatures at the top, so we decided to change plans and ride the easier A896 to Shieldaig. In a strong head wind and heavy rain it was grim. The excellent cafe in Shieldaig was packed. We tried to find bed and breakfast in Shieldaig but failed so with some reluctance we ploughed on in the rain to Torridon. Another cafe and another failed search for bed and breakfast. It is a fantastic ride with wonderful scenery on every side but it was wet and we could see from booking.com that there were no vacancies within miles. We dried out again at the cafe in Kinlochewe and eventually found the last two bunks in the bunkhouse attached to the Kinlochewe Hotel. The food was good and the bunkhouse adequate if not great.



Day 9. Kinlochewe to Contin (341 miles, 1250ft ascent).

It was a relief to see a dry day and knowing the A832 east from Kinlochewe is tough we set out, glad that we weren't doing it in the rain. There are no rest stops except the Ledgowan Lodge Hotel at Achnasheen until you get to Garve.

Ledgowan Lodge is a weird place and on principle we cycled past. Achnasheen is a dying community in the middle of nowhere. We had stayed at the bunkhouse at Ledgowan Lodge on our first Scotland tour and never again! A head wind and a long straight road and next time we will take the train from Achnasheen to Garve. We recovered in the hotel at Garve and rode on to Contin where we had booked a B&B.

Day 10. Contin to Tore on the Black Isle (27.5 miles, 1440ft ascent).

We cycled from Contin to Beaulay for coffee, bought a picnic and then cycled onto the Black Isle to stop for lunch at a lovely monument at Culbokie. Sir Henry Archibald MacDonald's mates erected a tower in his memory. It has fantastic views. The riding on the Black Isle was quiet, full of little lanes massed with wildflowers, challenging climbs and had superb views of the Cromarty Firth. Our planned route had just been sprayed with wet tar and the new gravel was deep and dusty so a quick replan was required. We had booked beds in the Black Isle Berries Bunkhouse at Tore where we packed our bikes into plastic bags ready for the flight home from Inverness airport. We booked a taxi to take us from Tore to the airport the following morning.



Day 11 Tore to Inverness airport by taxi. Inverness to Birmingham by plane then taxi home to Leicester

Flybe operate a service at a sensible time of day from Inverness to Birmingham and our booked taxi took us home from Birmingham airport to Leicester. We left the bunkhouse at Tore at 10am and we were home for 3.30pm. It avoided a twelve hour train journey. The only problem with Flybe is that they don't guarantee that your bike will fly with you, but we had no problem.



Charnwood Chatter

Paul Hand

We first joined the Charnwood Section in December 2019 after moving up from Essex and having ridden with the South East Essex Group for over 25 years. I must say that my wife Karen and I were both made welcome and have settled into riding with the Charnwood Section and have started to get to know the area.

Christmas 2019 came and went but we still managed to get out during the colder months even if we only went on a short ride on our own. But then the world changed in a way that I'm sure no-one expected or has experienced before.

We couldn't go out, we couldn't see friends and family, we were lockdown in our homes, almost. There was a glimmer of hope, we were allowed out for exercise and cycling was being actively encouraged by the government. Although we couldn't meet up during that first lockdown, we took the opportunity of going out on our own and exploring the lanes in the local area, ensuring we did not put ourselves at risk. I had worked out a loop which I



tried ride against the clock in an effort to keep fit. This was great when there was nothing on the road. The summer came and restrictions started to be lifted and we were able to get out again as a group, albeit some facilities were not fully open and we were restricted in numbers.

Unfortunately, that was short-lived and we had to go into lockdown once again, but we were still able to ride our bikes, I

think that was one of the few things that kept me and my wife sane. The 1st November 2020, the last ride before the lockdown, saw us having the last pint at the "Gate Hangs Well" at Carlton. How long before the next one? Christmas 2020 was another strange situation, with lots of arrangements that had to be cancelled, but still we could ride our bikes.

So 2021 arrived and we were allowed to meet up with one other person, socially distant of course. Why they didn't call 'physical distancing' I don't know, as you can still be social 2 meters apart.

We aimed to keep the traditions of the club alive by riding on a Sunday wherever possible, even if no-one else was out. Although we didn't have much idea where we were going, I had a map and a GPS, so we plotted some routes. We had no idea what they were going to be like, but the adventure of exploring new lanes and areas certainly proved interesting. Every ride was new to us. During this process I have learned some interesting snippets of information that I will share.

During the summer of 2020 I had noted locations of some of the tea stops we had been going to and where these were open, I was able to work them in to some of my routes.

Unfortunately there were precious few places open even for takeaways, and it was certainly character building riding in the cold, having an 11's stop whilst trying to find a sheltered corner and drinking a rapidly cooling cup of hot chocolate.

January saw us heading to mainly Market Bosworth and Sutton Wharf where Cafe Torte and the Floaty Oakey were open.

Some rides during January were thwarted by the heavy rain we had experienced and many roads were closed due to extensive flooding, which necessitated some back tracking and finding alternative routes home.

The adjacent photo is taken on the bridge over the Sence Brook in Shenton.

This is usually no more than a small stream about two or three feet wide, clearly the heavy rain had taken its toll and the river was heavily swollen

During February we became a little more adventurous and headed out towards Grangewood where we understood the Trough Cafe was open. This became a regular haunt as they were welcoming and the fare was good.

On a ride out towards Rosliston we came across a 'pop up' cafe opposite the Forestry Centre in someone's driveway. Clearly they had seen the

opportunity, as the Hub Cafe was not open. This seemed to be very popular with cyclists, as two bacon butties and two hot drinks came to the princely sum of £6.40.

Rosliston is a small community dating back to Anglo Saxon times and now hosts the Forestry Centre.

As February ended and March began, the weather started to improve, well at least I think it



did, we had exhausted most of the routes going to the cafes that were open, whilst trying to remain 'local'.

The Government published the 'road map', showing us the way out of Covid, and on the 29th March we could meet up in groups of six. But even more exciting was the prospect that we could take advantage of the sporting event relaxation and meet up with up to 15 people. It seemed like normality was finally appearing over the horizon. The most important fact was we could still ride our bikes, which of course were all cleaned and polished and maintained with the spare time we had over lockdown!

So the first group ride after "Lockdown 3" was to Atherstone on 4th April. It was quite strange riding in a group again although there were only six of us. Our ride that sunny morning started at Heather and took a leisurely pace out through Shackerstone and Bilstone, both of these villages featured prominently in the English Civil War. Then through Twycross to Orton on the Hill. 'Twycross' is so named because it lies at the intersection of three roads. Twycross Parish Church is also interesting as it contains some of the oldest stained glass in England. There was a lot of chatter going on about experiences during this lockdown and how people had found it more difficult. I guess because the novelty had worn off.

We were resigned to taking refreshments at Costa; it was the only place open. After 11's at Atherstone the group split due to various commitments, but the main group headed off on the return journey via Ratcliffe Culey, Sibson, Upton (home of the Leicestershire Handmade Cheese Company), Shenton and Market Bosworth before returning to the start at Heather. It was clear there was some serious cobwebs in the legs of those that had not ventured out during the lockdown.

The following week the section met at Lount Crossroads for a trip out to Stenson Lock. This was a milestone for me as it was the first route I had planned and led the section. Thank goodness for GPS as I hadn't a clue where I was going. We headed north via Melbourne (birthplace of Thomas Cook, travel agent) and then looped through Repton (a significant location in Viking history; also home to Repton School where Roald Dahl and Jeremy Clarkson once studied) and Findern (famous for the Findern Flower) before finally arriving at the Lock Cafe.

It was quite busy as people were now finding the new freedom. Having had our sustenance we were just about to leave when this white stuff started to fall from the sky. Snow in May!!'

Fortunately it didn't amount to much, so we set off. However, soon after we found ourselves riding through a hailstorm with large lumps of hail bouncing off the bike and the road. Again it was short lived and, looking like

snowmen (and lady) on bikes, we continued through Ingleby towards Ticknall (known for the water pumps installed by Sir Harper Crewe), Smisby and then home.

The 18th April saw the section venture out to Fradley Junction, yet again following one of my routes, not having a clue where it would take us. It was a bright sunny day, in much contrast to the week before, so much so, it was quite astounding the number of cyclist we saw on the road.

Meeting in Measham we set off towards Netherseal (burial place of Sir Nigel Gresley, railway engineer) riding through Chilcote and Clifton Campville. Roads from Chilcote, which is in Leicestershire, only lead to Derbyshire and Warwickshire. It is therefore not possible to travel by road from Chilcote to any other part of Leicestershire without first leaving the county. Shortly after passing through Whittington we arrived at what appeared to be a busy Fradley Junction. However, we were able to find a table at the cafe where we had breakfast in the sunshine, whilst doing some gongoozling.

Our return was via Alrewas, Edingale and Lullington, which, together with Netherseal, is the southernmost village in Derbyshire. Note the winged wheel on the wall of the George and Dragon Pub in Alrewas.

We decided on an impromptu diversion to Donisthorpe as Jim had heard the Halfway House may be open. He was right and we were lucky enough to grab the only table left. After enjoying a pint in the afternoon sun we returned home via Measham. It was almost feeling like life was getting back to normal, and we were still riding our bikes.

Sunday 25th April, the start was at Bagworth. Although it was Martin's ride unfortunately he could not make it, but kindly prepared a route and sent it out to the group. The route duly loaded on the GPS, off we set. After a few miles it was apparent that we seemed to be riding uphill quite a lot. Was this the reason Martin didn't come out?

We did take a couple of detours en route, the first was to Kirby Muxloe castle. It was built for Lord Hastings, but he was seized and executed by Richard III in 1483, so it was never finished. The Hastings' descendants still believe they have a direct line to the throne of England.

Before we suffered the same fate we continued the ride, through Enderby, towards Countesthorpe where we were assured the garden centre was open.



Not only was the cafe open it had a rather pleasant veranda where we enjoyed our 11's stop.

Our journey then took us via Broughton Astley and Frolesworth before stopping at Nemo's in Stoney Cove for lunch. Again we were lucky to be able to get one of the last

remaining tables over looking the lake. The next challenge was ordering. A mobile phone "app" had to be downloaded and set up and then the order could be placed.

By the time we sought assistance, because the codes for the App on the table didn't work, they could have taken the order manually.

But we are in a brave new world.

The return was via Earl Shilton and Kirkby Mallory, where Jim and Dave peeled off, and I continued home.

It does seem that we are returning to some normality and hopefully after the 17th May we should have got over the worst, so long as people remain sensible.

It was not the start that we had planned when we moved to Leicestershire, but we have enjoyed riding with the Charnwood section and have been made welcome for which we are grateful. We are enjoying exploring the area, and every ride has been a new adventure and learning about the area which is our new home.

The pandemic has shown us many things, and probably realigned some peoples values, but without cycling and being able to ride, for us it would have been a very different

situation.

So whatever happens in the future we must keep riding our bikes; don't forget the Worlds Biggest Bike Ride on 30th May, I hope you have registered.



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A trip down memory Lane

Peter Hopkins has dug up an old photo he took on a self timer in 1978 (over 40 years ago!) of a “Round Britain Ride” that the CTC (now branded Cycling UK) had organised to celebrate the 100th year of its existence. It shows some local riders gathered in Philip Ennis’ garden in Uppingham. Sadly, some of them are no longer with us.

1 Joe Upton, 2 Eric Neale, 3 Morgan Reynolds, 4 ???, 5 ???, 6 John Allen,
7 Janet Neale, 8 Tom Bailey, 9 Mrs Ennis, 10 Philip Ennis,
11 Frank Holden, 12 Peter Hopkins (who took the photo), 13 Joy Reynolds
14 Margaret Hopkins, 15 Colin Hopkins (3), 16 Rhona Brittain,
17 Julie Allen (6), 18, 19 & 20 Ennis daughters.

If you can name the people with a “???” Please let the Editor know.

A day out in South Kesteven

Jeffrey Eaves

After a succession of articles of various cycle ephemera, I thought I ought to offer one which actually shows that I do still ride a bicycle, so here follows the adventures of an 80+ year old, one overcast morning in April.

For those who do not recognise the title location, this is the area that forms the southern acres of Lincolnshire, indeed, part of the Lincolnshire Wolds, though there is a need on this ride to include part of the Leicestershire Wolds as well! Some may think this ride is a 'bit of a cheek' for a Leicester Cycle Club, BUT our title does include Rutland, which is where I live. So where did my wheels take me that chilly, cloudy April day?

I chose to leave the home patch by using the B676 from near Melton Mowbray as a starter, still quiet as we worked our way out of the 'lockdown,' and I made a reasonable pace to cross the great A1, where the same road changes into the A151 on the opposite side. The next few miles I have always disliked as merging heavy traffic have ruined the surface in places, however it is mostly downhill, and passes Twyford Woods Country Park, (with an opportunity to ride your bike along disused former aircraft runways). At Corby Glen I turned off onto proper lanes again. (The parish church here has wall paintings for those interested), before coming to Irnham with bluebells just coming out for company. The church here has one of those 'treasures,' for it has on display a copy of the medieval Psalter belonging to them, but now kept in the British Library. This would have been the only book they then held, and is a gem of illuminated hand written/drawn pages/script). (When I first came to live in Rutland there just happened to be a CTC Veterans triennial 100 miler, so I joined them, and we stopped in this village for elevenses).

The road drew me ever onwards, now with countless cowslips, and a choice of lanes via Hawthorpe, or Bulby where the ford has a perfectly good metalled bridge alongside, and soon I was riding adjacent to Callans Lane Wood, (where once I plus dog Heskey stopped and as we ate my sandwich a deer crossed the track: fortunately behind Heskey).

Let's ignore the cluster of radio masts here, one of which resembles a church tower with a spire. Less than a mile later I was brought to a stop – someone had pinned three laminated notices to a gate post which told me I was at 'The Pingle.' Several times I have sat on a bank here for a flask of tea, not realising I was back in days of yore. I was in an ancient enclosed piece of land with a history – now with an array of wild daffodils, for this was probably the former site of Kirby Underwood which was just at the top of the next hill. I will leave The Pingle for you explore, but the notices gave hints of fractious borders of Daneland and The



Folkingham

Wappentake, (think Alfred the Great) and regular finds of stone axe heads when ploughing. It also explains why the church, which has some Anglo Saxon masonry, is a short distance from Kirby. Thence onwards via a delightful back lane to join the A15 going north. Now I am not boasting, and I do not voluntarily cycle along trunk roads, but there was no other way, and I found my wheels fairly buzzing as I passed a couple of blue signs advising a speed restriction ahead, and as I rounded a bend I passed the 30mph signs with my computer showing me I was doing 27mph as I entered Folkingham – an ancient market town with an old prison (still marked on some maps). [This was also a stop on the aforementioned Vets ride, but that time the afternoon tea stop]. I had a sandwich and coffee on the green and as I moved off decided to take a photograph, only to bump into a man behind me who asked if I ever took my dogs a ride on the carrier? “Yes but they died a few years ago”. He then explained that one occasion we had shared the same bench, whilst Heskey explored by himself as I had yet more coffee!!!

(If you visit this township you could extend the ride by going east, and taking some designated bridle tracks to Sempringham church and abbey ruins, miles from anywhere in the fields. The ruins were the first ever combined men and women’s monastic foundation, though a wall separated them. A few hundred yards away is a memorial to a young princess, who had been captured and taken there for safe keeping, so that the last medieval Prince of Wales couldn’t find her -probably about an extra six miles added to your ride).

Back to the lanes and easy riding still following the bluebells/cowslips to Ingoldsby, passing through Lenton. (I must find out if it has any connection with Raleigh Cycles and the Lenton cycle they used to make, in my much younger years).

Here I had to make a choice: I had planned to go next via Boothby Pagnel and cross the A1 at Great Ponton (usually via a stepped footbridge) but it was getting decidedly damp and chill, so I opted for a more direct ride along what in better weather would have been more quiet gorgeous lanes via Bitchfield and Burton-le-

Coggles to Woolsthorpe-by-Colsterworth, and crossing the A1 using the old railway bridge (now a metalled road) – with yet more memories of a dog sitting behind me.

Newton's Birthplace (N.T.) is at Woolsthorpe, but was closed, so on back onto the Leicestershire Wolds to Skillington, and memories of last year finding an armoured tank parked in the square, thence Sproxton after a seemingly endless uphill bit (and lots of wild flowers again for company), before



Newton's birthplace at Woolsthorpe, Lincs

an all too brief downhill swoop. (If around here follow the signs to Saltby Airfield. There is a memorial to those who were airlifted in canvas and wood gliders from here during World War II, and taken to fight in the Normandy Invasions). There is also a possible club ride here as the Viking Way runs north south for many off road miles – again travelled by self and at least three of my dogs.

Nearly home now, and soon I was back on lanes so well known the bike new where to go by itself as I crossed the Wolds yet again, and a choice of (1) on the tops and via Wymondham, or (2) via the valley and Coston Ford (a favourite local lane) and home via Stapleford. Incidentally, the main road at Coston climbs through a cutting with thousands of aconites and snowdrops earlier in the year. I chose the former as I had briefly ridden a tiny bit of the latter on the outward journey, which passes Garthorpe cross country horse course – today advertising a forthcoming meet, and ticket only to comply with the pandemic, and so after about fifty cold cloudy miles, and it had been so sunny but bitter cold yesterday! But lots of enjoyable cycling and reminiscences.

CTC Tour of Bulgaria in 2019

Dave Binks continues his story

Sunday 14 July

21 mls, start and finish at 588m, max ht 105m, total ascent 739m.

Another non-moving on day.

We awoke to leaden skies, cool temperatures and the threat of rain.

The plan today was to have a short ride to a historic village called Kovachevitsa, which was only just over 10 miles away, and have lunch there at midday before returning. Whilst the rest of the party set off at 9.30, I decided 8 didn't need 2 ½ hrs to do such a short ride, so said I would leave later and see them there. So I spent the morning writing my diary and catching up on emails etc. During this time the rain came on quite heavily, and the cloud cover was low on the hills, so I was of two minds about going at all. However, the rain stopped and the clouds lifted enough to encourage me, so I set off at about 11.30, knowing I wouldn't be there by



“Just needs a tidy up”

noon, but it wouldn't really matter, knowing how Bulgarian restaurants work. However I had forgotten that the day involved over 700m of climbing, so would be a slow ride. As the route left the start town it ran through an extremely poor area, with rubbish, scraggy dogs, street urchins and very dark skinned youths and men standing around in the road. I felt rather uneasy as I passed through, but other than a glance, I was ignored, except for one kid who ran beside me for a while seemingly begging. I later realised that this was a Romany Village and very poor. The next few miles saw a stiff, but steady climb up through the trees giving

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Here's one we did earlier

no views. If I had gone into cloud, I had made a decision to turn back, but this didn't happen. A larger, much less poor village, Leshten was passed through until I reached my destination, but then had to find the restaurant.



Inside our restaurant.

This was up a steep roughly paved track that saw me pushing the bike then carrying it up the final steps until I saw the rest of the bikes. I had found the restaurant, which consisted of various levels of covered areas, but couldn't find my party and spent a few minutes wandering around until they spotted me and told me where to go. I finally arrived about 50 minutes after them but there was sufficient food left for me to have my fill. No meat, just vegetables, no drinks, just water. After lunch I wandered around the Kovachevitsa village which was very old but had been nearly abandoned until declared a National Reserve, after which renovation had lifted it. According to the blurb we had been given, it was founded by refugees from different villages who wanted to escape Ottoman assimilation in the 17th C. In 1905 there were 1740 inhabitants, but then the population fell rapidly and the abandoned buildings began to fall apart until spotted by Bulgarian cinema. It is now a popular tourist attraction, but many of the old buildings are in poor repair. Others look old, but have been extensively renovated. On my way back down through Leshten I came across hundreds of sombre men on their way back from what I think must have been a funeral. Strangely, there was not one woman amongst them. I detoured around the village with the begging children. The evening meal was not quite as chaotic as usual, although the Spaghetti Bolognese I ordered had turned itself into Spaghetti Carbonara by the time it arrived! It was still quite tasty though.



Monday 15 July

Ognyanova Spa to Dobrinishte Spa.

41mls, start at 588m, finish at 841m. Total ascent 1583m, max ht 1275m

Not having sampled any of the facilities at this spa, I can't really say much about it, except that the hot water in the bathroom stinks of sulphur because they use the thermal springs for free hot water!

We left and immediately climbed 650m continuously for nearly 10 miles up through the trees in increasing warmth, such that a good old sweat was experienced by everyone. There were a few views looking back over the last hotel, but because of the trees, not many more. The road was well surfaced and very quiet, so the climb wasn't a trauma.

We regrouped at the top, where there were a few views across the valley to the Pirin Mountains, before starting a short descent to a poor mountain village. Straight through, and we climbed again, up the steep streets of that village, where horses and donkeys were in use pulling small trailers over the very rough surface. Lunch was in an extremely unlikely looking restaurant cum sports (as in gambling) bar in the village of Mehana Ribnova. This was actually very good with meatball and spicy sausage plus salad, followed by a delicious red apple. I admit I couldn't eat all my

dinner, but wrapped the meat in a paper napkin for the stray dogs of which there are always some not too far away.

When we emerged, enough rain spots made us cape up, but it came to nothing, so they were soon back in our bags. The village rubbish tip was smouldering well at the roadside (no weekly bin collections up here) as we made the short climb away. A great descent with lots of twists and hairpins and good views of the Rila Mountains dropped us down to Filipovo, where some ladies were sweeping the road with Hazel twig brushes. At this point I realised I wouldn't even have done 40 miles and would arrive at the destination hotel pretty early, gritted my teeth and turned back up the hill for 2 ½ miles, so as to get the day's total up to 40. The others saw me as they came down, but assumed I was just mad. By the time I had done the extra distance, everyone had gone through, and I rode the final 9 miles along the valley floor to Dobrinishte on my own. At the point where I joined the main valley road again, there was a round, strange coloured rock on the road and I made sure I didn't hit it. But it wasn't a rock, it was a wild tortoise crossing the road. Whilst it had chosen to cross on a pedestrian crossing(!) I still didn't think it was safe. So stopped and lifted it across to the edge of the road. The others were enjoying a drink in the hotel and I joined them. The cold pint (£1) went down well. My room, which I would



have to myself because of the vagaries of the hotel layout, was great, with a big balcony overlooking a small square.

My evening meal was pretty good by Bulgarian serving standards. The salad openers were on the table fairly quickly, and then I ordered pan fried trout with a plate of chips. The chips were delicious, but nearly all eaten by me and the others by the time the trout came!

Desert was a caramel and chocolate ice cream, but obviously bought in complete.

Tuesday 16 July

49mls. total ascent 1317m, max ht 1626m, start and finish at 841m

Today was supposed to be a rest day, but Sue persuaded me to go for a ride with her. Big mistake.

It wasn't very warm when we set out, but did warm after we got going. The route she and the tour leader (who didn't come!) had devised was a loop with a dead leg up to a ski station at 1527m, where it was hoped we would find a cafe. The first few miles were pleasant and fairly easy as we followed a river valley and narrow gauge railway line on an excellent surface with little traffic. When we got to Nelitsa, at about 15 miles, the road surface started to deteriorate and also steepen, but both by not too much. This was the beginning of the dead leg part of the route, and also the start of the major climb. We were for a few moments, stuck in a horse and cart jam, where two individual horses and carts were so close behind one another the rear horse's nose was actually over the tailboard of the leading cart, thus making a long slow convoy cars found it difficult to pass in the narrow village street. From then on it just got harder for me, but Sue

seemed to just skip over the bad surface and have no difficulty with the 1 in 12 and 13 gradients for the next 10 miles. As we climbed, despite working very hard, I was getting cold and had to put an extra layer on for the last few miles. When we



got to the planned top, there was nothing there but an abandoned building. However, there was the occasional car going up/down, plus a sign had advertised a restaurant, so she persuaded a reluctant me to continue climbing a bit more. We did reach the ski station after another 100m or so of climbing and did manage to find a hotel which had a restaurant. And it was open!

By now I was pretty tired and cold, plus it was spitting with rain so we gratefully went in and I ordered omelette and chips, whilst Sue was happy with a salad.

Like last night, the chips came long before the omelette but I didn't care. The rain came on very heavy whilst we ate and the thought of freewheeling down 10 miles in cold rain was not appealing. But it had almost stopped when did set off, carefully because of the poor surface, back downhill. It stopped and warmed up as we descended back to Nelitsa and turned onto a different route back to the hotel.

By now I was "dying" although my legs hadn't "gone" and struggled in Sue's wake for most of the way back. The return also had some minor climbs, but not too bad. Unlike other, Muslim, areas, this one was predominantly Christian Orthodox religion and we passed a small church all on its own



on the top of a small hillock and we just had to take its picture against the still troubled sky. Fortunately for me, the last run back was easy and I stumbled into the bar to enjoy a beer with some who had done other, more restful things that day.

Wednesday 17 July

44mils, total ascent 1492m, max ht 1275m, started at 841m, ended at 1032m

When I stepped out onto the balcony first thing, three kittens were slumbering in the warm sun on one of the chairs. Being feral, two



disappeared quickly, leaving just one it's own. I noticed its eyes were stuck shut, so it was blind. This is a result of some viral condition I understand. I could do nothing for it, so left it and went down for breakfast. When I returned later, there were more kittens, but not the blind one. They disappeared again, but only the other side of the balustrade, so I placed the uneaten pieces of ham omelette from my breakfast on the floor and left them to find it.

Our route today was a retrace of a couple of days ago, so downhill back along the main road to Filipovo, then left, past where I had helped the tortoise across the road. Then it was a long, hard, hot slog uphill for 600m, but occasionally pausing to admire the views which were clearer today. We regrouped at one particular viewpoint just before the top of the first major climb, and watched an old man scything the wild grasses by hand.

A short descent and we were back at the same restaurant in Mehana Ribnovo, although the food, bean soup with a piece of spicy sausage, bread and a banana, was not quite as good as before. The poor village was no

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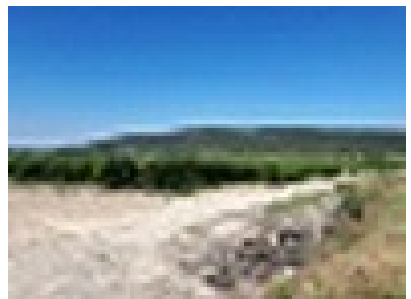
The house has 2 lounges, a large kitchen, 4 bedrooms & a bathroom. In addition to the large garage, the former bakery & shop, there is a secluded courtyard with barbecue & outside furniture.

It is in the village of Argeliers with restaurants & local shops. There is a newly opened supermarket on the edge of the village. The village is surrounded by vineyards, the products of which may be bought at the local Cave Co-operative.

To the north of the village are quiet roads leading up to the Montagne Noire. For off road cycling there is the towpath of the Canal du Midi (165 miles long), tracks through the vineyards & into the hills.

Nearby historic towns include Narbonne (13miles), Beziers (17m) & Carcassonne (31m), apart from historic sites they have large supermarkets & other useful shops such as Decathlon. The nearest Mediterranean beach is 22 miles away.

For more information call Chris on 0116-230-3274, 07982-021559 or access the web site in Google enter 'La Vieille Boulangerie Argeliers'





wealthier as we began the long descent back past the Spa Hotel where we had spent 3 nights at Ognyanova.

A long, hot run down a bumpy road had me looking for a shop selling ice cream, but it wasn't until I was at Gotse Deltsev where I saw a modern petrol station that sold them.

I had just finished it and was about to head off up the final 500m climb to our Guest House in Delchvo. When the others arrived, all with their tongues hanging out, so I sat down again with them and sank a cold drink. The route through the town was part cobbled, but tolerable and I was soon through and settling in for the 500m climb. Fortunately, this was not as steep as the first half of this morning's climb, but, on tired legs, still hurt. A terrific view out over the plain and some of the areas through which we had ridden in the last few days presented itself just about 150m below our destination. Our accommodation was in a "Guest House" that was really just a set of refurbished rooms in an old house. The village was incredible. It had been nearly completely abandoned but has revived over the past 20 years due to tourism and having 27 of the houses declared as "architectural monuments of National importance". Being too tired and having insufficient time before dinner, I only had a short stroll as it was going dark, but decided to have a proper look in the morning.

To be continued

Gears – Some thoughts!

Jeffrey Eaves talks about gears. You'll soon be very confused!

Do not ever look up 'gear' in a dictionary, for you will find it has a multitude of meanings, ranging from 'accoutrements' to 'tool or mechanism for some particular purpose'! In my particular case it was prompted by my losing something called a 'grub screw.' I was repairing my best bike and somehow managed to drop the minute screw on the shed floor, so I suppose I hadn't actually lost it, more like misplaced it, and several days later I still could not find it – but more on that later*. However, this started my thinking processes moving, even if I am in my eighties.

So, where do we start? Probably in my pre-infant school years and with my first bike. It was the second world war period, and like countless youngsters before me I wanted independence, and my tricycle was just that. I had a younger brother, and he had one as well, but they were different. Mine was solid cast iron (probably Victorian), save for the saddle and wired on rubber strip tyres, and the pedals were attached to the hub of the front wheel, whilst Michael's was *posh painted* steel with 'blow-up' tyres, AND his pedals were connected to the rear wheels with something our father called a chain! Mind you I had the last laugh, nowadays mine would fetch a premium price to a collector! I suppose they both went as fast as each other as the wheels were about the same size, but I had an instant 'stop' whilst my brother had to use some lever things on the handlebars which took time to work, and I could also cycle backwards.



Loss of that aforementioned screw did start a chain of thought though, for I was at the time fitting a new derailleur gear mechanism, and back in the 1940's I would have been having my first ever lesson in *mechanical physics*, and unknowingly learning that the English system of sizing a bicycle's gears, was that it is directly linked to the diameter of a wheel; on my tricycle one turn of that wheel by my little legs would take me thirty seven inches forward (*or backwards*), the wheel being twelve inches across. At four years old I was even learning mathematics as well!

Now just consider: as a toddler my tricycle took me thirty seven inches for every revolution of the tricycle wheel, whereas with my now best bike (cost *now about* £3,000), I would have travelled only 63 inches for a single wheel revolution, (or 69 inches using its lowest gear - or 377 inches in the highest one), and you might guess where I am coming from with this article? Truth to tell, on my last tour in the Outer Hebrides I had hit a snag, for when I changed down to the easiest gear for the bigger hills there, my chain got stuck, and I had to stop and use fingers to move the greasy chain back into a working position - I had worn out the derailleur gear changer bearings!



My second cycle was a cast-off from my godmother. It was post-war time, so cycles were hard to come by, but she gave me hers – wait for it – an upright black single speed Sun, with 28inch wheels, [and a saddle so high I could not sit on it and turn the pedals], and something called a ‘string dress guard’ over the rear wheel! That kept me mobile around the village until I passed the 11+

exam; mind you it was hard going as one turn of the pedals took me nearly ninety inches forward. About the same time my father had to cycle to work, and had a conventional Raleigh cycle, for the 3 or so miles each way, and when he had a day off, I would borrow it as it was easier to cycle – especially as that had something called a Sturmey Archer 3 speed hub – that is until curiosity one day made me take it to pieces, to see how it worked and why when the lever was forward it either was harder to ride/went further, than when the lever was right backwards, and the bike was so slow I would fall-off, if not going fast enough? I hadn’t learned or discovered that those little cogs inside the gear hub had to be set correctly in relation to each other (one tooth on each was marked with an almost invisible dot), and when I put it back together it no longer worked – something I now know as *timing*.

I was given a second-hand restored Dawes cycle for passing my scholarship to the grammar school, and that kept me going with its three speed hub (never knowingly

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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. Cycling related photos, in .jpg format, with the photographer’s name and permission are particularly welcome.

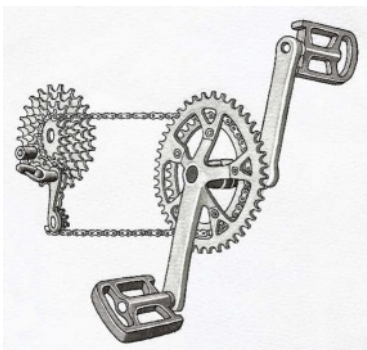
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dismantled to see how it worked), until I rode into the back of a car that suddenly stopped in front of me at an approaching road junction on the way to work one day, (it made a nasty bend in the bike frame). But by now I had read the magazines, and was starting to appreciate what variable gears were, so I wanted something better, especially as I was starting to move on from commuting/day rides to proper touring. I still could not afford or work out what/how/which derailleur gears worked best, (Michael had a set, but regularly asked me to dismantle them and fit replacement internal hair springs), so I chose a bike with a four speed dynohub. This took me many, many miles, I even had it when I served with the Royal Air Force for my chosen compulsory sport, and then flown out to Germany and although I was stationed near the Dutch border, it even got me through the Rhine Gorge, Black Mountains and into Austria on several periods of leave, not to mention untold miles in the Germany/Netherlands/Belgium area, with seldom a hill walked up, and when back home more visits to the Peak District and even Southern Ireland.

Now back home and again a civilian, I saved, then lashed out on a hand built, made to measure Jack Taylor bicycle which came with Campagnolo Gran Sport derailleur gears. The front was a conventional three chainring, whilst the rear had a



frame welded bracket, with a rod mounted parallel to the rear axle, along which the derailleur mechanism freely slid, with a double cable to move it so that the chain came into line with the chosen sprocket. I was studying physics and chemistry and mathematics, at work/college but at home I was also learning what changeable gears were and how they worked! My first variable derailleur gear, though ugly looking was a distinct improvement which enabled me to cycle around England, and Wales with comparative ease, though I had problems remembering where certain gears were when I hurriedly needed them.

Well, to cut a long story shorter, with my increasing age and arthritis now making itself known, I opted for a cure-all bike, and with my cycle dealers' advice had a new bicycle built to my specification. It has something called a "Duo-matic Hub," This quite simply is a rear hub gear with an integral nine speed block, and no need to fit an additional front chainring set-up. This beautiful combination gives me the best of both gear systems, as I have an instant gear change, when required, --and this saves problems when you leave it just that bit too late when the unexpected hill is discovered just around a blind corner, together with a selection of normal derailleur changes. I can even change down approximately the equivalent of three/six derailleur gears with an instant quick thumb click of the hub shifter! Not only that, none of the twenty-seven gears are duplicated, and they are all in a memorable order. On tough days all I need to do is change down to one of the hub gears, and I still have a range

of nine or eighteen gears to use, and vice versa and all at considerably less cost than some of the more complex hub gears now available! Mind-you, you need to be competent in mathematics to work out the size of gears in inches! (I chose 120 to 22 inches in near equal steps).

Just to conclude, some simple notes on gears: The “English system of gear inches” goes back to the original High Ordinary cycles (i.e. the ‘penny farthing’), and represents the diameter of those wheels, to which the pedals were affixed, and solely for comparison purposes.

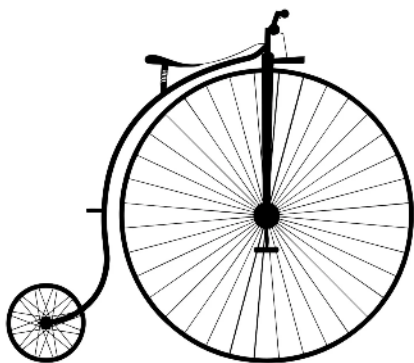
Later, when cycles had sprockets and chains, “inches” was still the way of comparing gearing, and were calculated by multiplying the wheel diameter by the teeth on the chainwheel, and dividing this by the number of teeth on the rear sprocket. For the distance travelled, multiply your answer by π (3.142) (answer in inches). By making adjustments here, we can adapt our bike to our own individual needs/tastes.

There is also an alternative comparison system where gears are expressed as percentages (%). This perhaps more correctly should be known as ‘gear developments’. This metric system (usually) compares the distance travelled for one turn of the pedals in each different gear of a cluster.

And one final gearing related formula: Multiply the gear size in inches by the number of revolutions of the pedals made in one minute (which is called cadence) and divide the answer by 336. Hey Presto the answer is your speed in miles per hour! (example:

A 100 inch gear turned by pedals at 60 revolutions a minute, means you are moving at nearly 18 miles per hour).

Hub Gears require a little mathematical juggling. The respective manufacturer will let you know which is the *normal* one, i.e. that which connects the pedal directly to the wheel without any gearing (as in the original High Ordinary cycles) – thence you can calculate the others from the (also) given percentage increases or decreases. (It is easier to use published tables for this).



I hope this has been interesting, even informative, and demonstrates that even pedal cyclists have a modicum of mathematical knowledge to make their lives that little bit easier -after all we are all have different personal preferences!

* Incidentally, that dropped grub screw – I never did find it, and had to resort to visiting an engineering supplier, who sold me several for one new pence each, and without the *misplaced* one I could not have used my spanking new replacement gear changer which had cost £55!

Cafe News



With the ongoing Covid situation the opening hours of Cafes and Pubs is very fluid, so if you are planning to go somewhere in particular, check first that you will be able to

go in and ensure you have a face cover to wear whilst inside, or take your own emergency rations and accept the situation when you are there. Shops selling sandwiches and Greggs etc plus takeaway businesses, are still able to sell food for consumption off their premises, but all proprietors have to comply with Government guidelines and can be fined heavily if they do not comply, so will apply the rules as they see fit.



It's just a grub stop to you, but to them, it's their livelihood!

WANTED - Your Photos



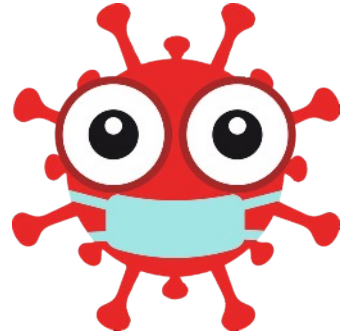
As I hope you have noticed, more photos are appearing in Cycle Chat but we constantly need more. The advent of digital photography has made taking, manipulating, distributing and reproducing the images easy these days, so there is no excuse for not giving your work a wider audience.

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.

CLUB RUNS LISTS



At the date of going to press we are being allowed to go on group rides again, but with restrictions. As this is a dynamic situation and can and sometimes does, vary almost by the day, you must keep up to date with the news and what the group leader(s) are saying, but the good news is we do seem to be getting somewhere!

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.:- davebinks@ntlworld.com

NUNEATON					Thursday rides meet at 10.30am. Saturdays 10am.
 CYCLE CLUB					
		https://www.facebook.com/nuneaton.cycleclub			
		www.nuneatoncycleclub.co.uk			
<u>Date</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Distance</u>		
6th May	Thurs	Sutton Cheney Wharf	half day	Paul Kutchta	7414474233
13th May	Thurs	Peoples Café Bedworth	half day	Chris Turley	7971289464
20th May	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	half day	Bob Allen	02476 748688
27th May	Thurs	Morrisons	half day	Jim Gerrard	01455 823787
3rd June	Thurs	Dobbies Gdn Centre	half day	Paul Kutchta	7414474233
10th June	Thurs	Hill Top Nursery	half day	Anne Taylor	02476 741276
17th June	Thurs	Upton Barn	half day	Dave Greening	07544 802602
24th June	Thurs	Heritage Café	half day	Angie Fisher	7824808788
1st July	Thurs	Makins Fishery	half day	Gill Lord	01455 456708
8th July	Thurs	Sutton Cheney Wharf	half day	Chris Taylor	02476 741276
15th July	Thurs	Peoples Café Bedworth	half day	Angie Fisher	7824808788
22nd July	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	half day	Chris Turley	7971289464
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PEOPLES CAFÉ BEDWORTH CV12 8NF					
ST MARY'S HINCKLEY - LE10 1DW, MAKINS FISHERIES - CV11 6QJ					

Charnwood Runs List

These are subject to Covid 19 Restrictions, so check first before travelling

CHARNWOOD RUNS LIST

Date	Start	Eleven's	Lunch	Leader
06 Jun	Car assisted Bakewell 10.00	Monyash	Hassop	Keith
13 Jun	9.00 M	Kingsbury Water Park	Nether Whitacre	Jim
20 Jun	9.00 W	Hoar Park	Monks Kirby	
27 Jun	9.00 A	Findern	Branston	Dave
04 Jul	Car Assisted Lutterworth 9.30	Husbands Bosworth Flying Club	Naseby	Nick
11 Jul	9.00 H	Atherstone	Stoke Golding	Martin
18 Jul	9.00 M	Barton Turn	Elford	Lyn
25 Jul	9.00 W	Thurlaston	Stoke Golding	Paul
01 Aug	Car assisted Desborough	Fermyn Woods	Oundle	Jim
08 Aug	9.00 A	Shardlow Marina	Melbourne	Dave
15 Aug	9.00 B	Cossington	Old Dalby	Keith
22 Aug	9.00 H	Battlefield Centre	Ridge Lane	Pete
29 Aug	9.00 M	Alrewas	Whittington	Nick
05 Sep	Car assisted Oakham 9.30	Rutland		Paul
12 Sep	9.00 A	Willington	Dalbury Lees	Martin
19 Sep	Bellingham	Cycle Holiday		Lyn
26 Sep	9.00 B	Wymeswold	Sutton Bonnington	Dave
03 Oct	Presidents Ride	Memorial Ride	See Cycle Chat	Lyn, Pete & Jim

A – Ashby HSBC
M – DFS Measham

B – Belton Church
S – Lount X Roads

H – Heather Church
W – Bagworth Village Hall

Assistant Secretary: Martin Bulmer, 2 Ashdale, Thringstone, Leics, LE67 8LW. 07719 875167
Runs contact: Lyn Gale 07779 794317

Leicester Easy Riders

Due to lack of members and old age, if any one is interested on a ride on a Sunday please contact David Smith on 0116 2417908 who goes out most Sunday mornings.

**The deadline for the Autumn 2021 issue of
Cycle Chat is 1st August 2021
That edition will cover September, October & November 2021**



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