

# Cycle Chat

75p

Leicestershire & Rutland CTC  
Since 1897

Summer 2023



[www.ctclr.org.uk](http://www.ctclr.org.uk)

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## **Editor's Thoughts**

The Spring weather continues to be rather cold and very wet, unless you are in Spain, where they are experiencing the hottest temperatures ever for this time of year.

I recently spent a week in Norfolk, with my bike, staying in my caravan based at Norwich. On the first full day, I set off to ride to Cromer, on the north coast, but it was so cold in the northerly wind that I turned round halfway and hid in a cafe at the narrow gauge rail station in Aylsham. I thought I would give them some money and enjoy a train ride part way home, but having just missed a train and with 2 hours to wait for the next just rode back with the tailwind.

A day or two later I did actually get to Southwold on the East coast on a relatively warm and sunny day, but about a mile from the coast, ran into a cool sea mist called a "haar". This is when warm air blows over the colder sea and causes the moisture to condense and form a mist. I had a similar, although worse, experience many years ago, and it seems it's quite common on the east coast when the wind blows from the east. Although I could hardly see the sea, it wasn't too cold, but then when the sun came through the mist, and it should have warmed up, the temperature actually dropped!

My cycling trip to the Italian Maritime Alps has been cancelled for lack of numbers, so am having to wait until June when I join a group cycling in Bavaria.

I don't know what you've got planned, but I hope it involves the bike and you have a great time.

*Dave Binks*

## **INDEX**

<i>Secretary's Notes</i>	4
<i>President's Page</i>	5
<i>Technical Topics</i>	6
<i>North Yorks in April</i>	8
<i>Photo Competition</i>	10
<i>Long Mynd Holiday</i>	11
<i>It's Not Cheating</i>	13
<i>Bucket List</i>	17
<i>CTC Gazette Article</i>	20
<i>Early Cycling</i>	24
<i>Lincs &amp; Notts Ride</i>	26
<i>Cafe Ventoux</i>	31
<i>Sulley rides</i>	32
<i>What's On, etc from</i>	33

# From the Secretary

**Alan Hartshorne**

Well, fellow members I hope you are well and now in June, and are putting the winter behind you but we must look at the good days we had. After the snow in the early part of March it looked as though the Sulley Memorial Ride wasn't going to happen but it did. One rider Tracy left Oswestry the day before with 4 inches of snow and in a blizzard, she got to Quorn to stay with her sister overnight and no snow she said she enjoyed the day and remarked about the lovely villages as did other riders and I think we should say "Thank You" to Robert Sulley for running the event and our president for his article in cycle magazine.



I didn't manage to get my camping weekend at Easter because of a physical problem I am still suffering from. But I hope to be at the York Rally. I think back to the days when I and other members would leave work at 4.30pm after work Friday night for the ride to the York Rally arriving at about 2.00am to put the tents up and leaving with the Notts DA on the Sunday to ride home. It was great, but I can't do it now. 2018 I rode home in the day took me 13 hours. But it's unsafe to ride major roads as we did then.

I hope to ride down to Watlington for the birthday of the ALC (Association of Lightweight Campers) again this year with my trailer. As you get older getting on your bike over panniers is hard and the trailer is the answer. I hope there will be a good turnout for the President's ride on September the 3rd, and most important we have good weather, I hope we have a good summer and we all enjoy it getting the most from longer the longer daylight hours with fellow club members and holidays at home or abroad.

See the Group website for the latest information  
[www.ctclr.org.uk](http://www.ctclr.org.uk)

# President's Page

Neil Dixon writes

“I'm sitting in a railroad station, got a ticket for my destination...”

Unfortunately I have a two hour wait, so time to write something informative. I'm actually on my way back from riding the Way of the Roses. Details of my ride will hopefully appear in this issue of Cycle Chat. It's AGM season for many organizations again, including our own. I'm sure you were all chafing at the bit to come along and volunteer. But seriously, those three letters seem to strike fear into the members of any voluntary organization; the fear being that “if I attend I'll end up being cajoled into having a job to do”. You need have no fear, just stay strong and say NO. Strangely, that was my attitude at the LAST AGM, and look what happened to me...



The weather is finally warming up, so I hope you all have a good and activity-full spring and summer.

The President's Ride will start from Lutterworth Town Hall on Sunday 3rd September, at 9:30am. The destination is Thornby Buddhist Centre for coffee, followed by lunch at the Wharf Inn, Welford. If you intend to ride and go on to lunch, then please let me know in advance, so I can book sufficient space at the pub.

***Come and join me***



## Technical Topics

By Peter Witting



### Just One of Those Days!

First ride on my new rear wheel and I was getting a kicking! With each rotation of the wheel my saddle was giving my backside a thump. I'd never experienced the sensation in all my life of cycling. The reason was simple: The 700x25 wired-on Gatorskin cover hadn't seated properly on the rim – and I'd failed to spot it.

I stopped, deflated the tyre, gave it a few tweaks to try to even up the seating of the tyre on the rim (it was a tubeless-ready Ksyrium), then re-inflated the inner tube. Still the same uneven problem. Oh well, only 20 minutes to coffee.

While the others enjoyed their morning cakes, I removed the wired-on cover and fitted the spare fold-up Gatorskin from my saddlebag. Alas it made little difference to the ride. Must be a problem with the rim? I'd have to fix it later at home, and suffer a kicking for the rest of the ride!

Once home I tried the trick recommended for fitting tubeless tyres – liquid soap! It was a struggle but the old fold-up cover finally popped over the rim and seated evenly after inflating with the track pump.

Alas next morning the tyre was flat! In my frustration I'd pinched the inner tube! Try again with a new tube, then inflate to 7bar. The result was a loud **BANG!** This time it was a shard of glass that was in the old cover which had penetrated the inner tube! Whatever next? Finally, after fitting a new folding cover plus a new inner tube, I had success!

### Measuring Rim Wear

If you use disc brakes, then read no further. The rest of us rely on our wheel rims as the braking surface – and they eventually wear out. Back in 2006 in Cycle Chat I repeated a warning from Chris Juden who was then Technical Officer for the CTC. If your rim falls below 1mm thickness, then get the



wheel rebuilt with a new rim. If the rim fails you could be in big trouble! The tool currently available to do the measuring is from Axminster Tools; it's their "workshop thickness gauge 0-15mm" for a tenner.

The reason I had to use a new wheel, as mentioned earlier, was that the rim on my old wheel had become downright dangerous! Thanks to my LBS for the warning! It had worn down to 0.75mm, no doubt due to the record wet and filthy weather we had endured over winter, wearing down the rims under braking. The replacement Mavic Ksyrium SL wheel rim was measured at 1.4mm thickness when new. I'll keep an eye on future wear!

*(See picture of gauge)*

### **Castelli Winter Under-helmet Cap**

Their Estremo WS Cap is Castelli's warmest, using GoreTex on the front to block the wind and a warmer material on the back which allows moisture to escape. It sits comfortably under a helmet and provides optional fold-down coverage of the ears for additional protection. The peak is key both to keeping the low winter sunlight from your eyes and keeping the rain from your eyewear.

### **Graphene anyone?**

It's nearly 20 years since Graphene was discovered. 7 years ago, it was forecast to halve the weight of our bikes! Today what do we have? Vittoria are using various forms of Graphene in their Corsa folding tyres, and EKOï are using it in race jerseys to dissipate heat. I believe it also reduces road rash in racing crashes! Not too much happening yet.

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# North Yorkshire in April

By Linda

A week spent near Hovingham in North Yorkshire provided an opportunity for some interesting rides in the Yorkshire Wolds and Howardian Hills in addition to some walking and bird-watching.

We hadn't spent time in this area before and fortunately were blessed with some very good weather. It was a wonderful area to explore by bicycle, with some lovely quiet lanes, and also the opportunity to see and hear a variety of birdlife, such as larks and yellowhammers.

One ride went from Malton through the beautiful landscape of the Wolds, with its dry valleys, visiting Kirkham Priory and Thixendale, where the ladies in the village hall were providing welcome tea and homemade cake on Sunday afternoons.

Another ride went from Hovingham through the Howardian Hills, visiting Ampleforth, Byland Abbey, Kilburn (with its white horse on the hillside and the mice carved into the wooden pews in the church) and the lovely little town of Easingwold.

A somewhat less hilly ride went via Helmsley on the edge of the North York Moors and the National Trust's Nunnington Hall.

The final one was to visit a turf maze and Castle Howard (used for the original TV series of Evelyn Waugh's, "Brideshead Revisited").

This is rather expensive to visit, so perhaps should be visited another time when not cycling and more time is available.

Overall, a delightful area to explore by bicycle, especially in spring with all the daffodils in full bloom everywhere.



*Helmsley*



# Charnwood in the Spring Audax.

*This was the event advertised in the Spring Edition of  
Cycle Chat.*

The Notts CTC “Charnwood in the Spring Audax” attracted a full entry of 200 riders and raised approximately £1300 for the Air Ambulance.

Their next Audax is 150 km “Autumn Day Out” on 14 October 2023. Details can be found at [https://www.audax.uk/event-details/10400-an\\_autumn\\_day\\_out](https://www.audax.uk/event-details/10400-an_autumn_day_out)



## Cycle Chat Administrators

Pete & Lyn Gale manage the role of Cycle Chat Administrators. They handle all subscriptions and finances as well as actually posting your hard copies out to you.

Any queries re subscriptions, advertising etc, should be addressed to them.

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## 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.



**This year's theme for the  
Photographic Competition is  
CYCLE PATHS OR  
TRACKS**



This year we will repeat the method used in 2021 when we were unable to hold the AGM in other than a "Virtual" form via Zoom.

Instead of requiring entries to be in print form, which would usually be on display at the AGM, we are asking for entrants to submit digital entries "on line" in .jpeg format (the usual type for digital cameras). They will then be posted on the internet for all to see, in Google Photo Albums. However, recognising that not all have access to digital cameras and the internet, hard prints can be sent to John Catt at 32 Bramcote Road, Loughborough LE11 2SA who will scan them into digital form. In this case you must include a note giving him permission to include them in the on line album. If you want your prints returned, enclose a self addressed stamped envelope.

There is no entry fee but a maximum of 4 images per category will be accepted from individual members.

The Google Albums will contain the warning that copyright remains with the photographer and unauthorised reproduction is not permitted, but there is no way that we can prevent anyone from copying the images, so entrants must be prepared to accept this risk.

**CATEGORIES :-**

Class 1: Pictorial (Smith Trophy)

Class 2 Club Life - to include at least three people cycling on their bikes  
(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 is yet to be decided. (George Clownes Tray)

**Last date for entries extended to 31<sup>st</sup> January 2023**

Send your entries in .jpeg format (including your name and membership number) to : - [photocomp@ctclr.org.uk](mailto:photocomp@ctclr.org.uk)

**PLEASE MAKE IT CLEAR WHICH PHOTO GOES INTO  
WHICH CATEGORY.**

# **The Long Mynd CTC Holiday**

## **by Barry Bogin**

On the weekend of 27 - 29 September 2013 I took part in a CTC Holiday tour of the Long Mynd, Shropshire. Some of our readers will know the leader, Paul Rogers from Bishops Castle, which is just on the English side of the border with Wales.

Paul had organised a mountain biking weekend on the open moorland tracks and a few woodland sections of the Mynd. The Long Mynd, which means 'long mountain', lies about 10 miles south of Shrewsbury. The Mynd covers an area of over 8.5 square miles, most of which is owned by the National Trust.

The Mynd is made up of geologic deposits that date back for than 560 million years. Sometimes the region was below the sea and at other times it rose to form the Scottish Mountains. Today the area consists of a very 'lumpy and bumpy' series of steep hillsides and deep, long valleys. There are spectacular views, which are a reward for gut-wrenching climbs up gravel or dirt tracks. If the climbs were not sufficient for heavy-breathing, then there are breath-taking descents into hidden valleys. It is some of best cross-country mountain biking in the UK.

The riding started on Friday afternoon at about 2PM. I took the train from Loughborough on Friday morning and arrived in time to cycle the 11 miles



to Bridges Youth Hostel. But I did not follow my map, instead taking a 'short-cut' which added about 8 miles to my travel! The route did take me to a hawk feeding area south of Shrewsbury and I did about 2 miles on bridleway through that area. I finally arrived at the hostel at about 4:30pm.



Bridges Hostel is in the village of Ratlinghope, on the western side of the Mynd. It is only 5 miles from Church Stretton, on the east side, which is the largest village in the Mynd. In the winter, the narrow steep lanes over the Mynd are impassable and even in the summertime the people of Ratlinghope consider the drive to Church Stretton to be 'a long one'. The hostel was built in the mid-1800s as a village school by the wife of a local wealthy landowner. This woman had been in the theatre in London and she was not accepted into the polite society of the Shropshire aristocracy. Even her sons snubbed her. As a widow, she took her late husband's money and built the school and cottages for the tenants – leaving as little money as possible for her heirs.

We had two guided rides each day. On Saturday we rode directly from the hostel, taking in the local area of the Stiperstones and Eastridge woods, covering about 25 miles. The Stiperstones are an outcropping of granite rocks that rise to 536 m (1,759 ft) – second highest point in Shropshire. On Sunday we rode from the hostel over and around the central and eastern Long Mynd, about 15 miles. The descents were challenging for me and I walked down some sections. After lunch we all departed. I rode back to Shrewsbury. This time I did not lose my way and covered the 11 miles quickly as there was only one serious uphill and then a long descent. I hit 40mph – on a mountain bike with knobbly 2.9 inch tyres and rear panniers! Sadly, CTC no longer organise cycling holidays, although it's never been fully explained why, but there are other organisers, in particular "Bikexplore" who are mostly ex-CTC tour organisers.

# It's not cheating...

## protests Neil Dixon

### *Prologue*

Back during lockdown, Judy decided that she'd like to try an e-bike, with the hope of doing some more adventurous rides, particularly in Scotland. Much time spent searching the internet revealed that this was easier said than done, as everyone else wanted one, and global supply problems meant that there was no stock anywhere of anything suitable: something that looked and rode like a normal bike, but with a bit of extra help. Eventually we found Cairn Cycles, a branch of the same company as Hunt Wheels. Cairn offered a 60-day money back deal if she wasn't happy with it. Their E-Adventure model looked ideal, so an order was placed and money paid. Unfortunately, a lack of synchronisation in Cairn's IT system meant that the one she ordered was also sold to someone else at the same time. Cairn apologised but offered to sell her a new and improved model for the same price, but it would not be available to her until winter 2022. At this time, I decided that I'd also order one, given the usefulness of the 60-day return offer. Of course, those global supply issues have not disappeared, so the bikes were eventually not delivered until Spring 2023.

Having taken delivery, I spent a couple of weeks trying out the e-bike, customising it to suit me. However, to ensure it was what I wanted, I decided it needed a proper test for it's intended purpose, so I took the opportunity of Judy being on a walking holiday in Cornwall to schedule riding the Way of the Roses, a coast to coast route of about 170 miles from Morecambe to Bridlington which is regarded as one of the best routes. I knew that this would be a good test, given the steep hills that would need to be completed when riding across the Pennines.

### **Day 1 – Morecambe to Clapham**

*30.8 miles, 2169ft climbing, 31% battery used.*

I took a train from Leicester, via Birmingham to Lancaster, arriving mid-afternoon. From Lancaster I then rode out on the flat ex-railway cycle-path to the coast at



*Morecambe*

Morecambe. It's not a great distance, but unless you're a "complete start to finisher" like me, hardly worth doing. Apart from nice views towards the Lake District, the town didn't seem to offer very much as a destination. I returned via the same route, and then continued on the quiet path as it followed the River Lune for several miles. This was a much more attractive section, with pleasant views of the River. Eventually, the route passed the village of Halton, before it diverged from the railway line, to start the



first climb of the day as it passed through Halton Park. Up until now the motor had been switched off, but now it was required on the lowest setting to ease my passage up hill. I would probably have been able to ride this hill on my normal tourer, so the main work of the battery was to overcome the extra weight of the bike.

From here, the route continued in rolling countryside, motor off, with pleasant views of the looming Pennines in the distance, until I reached the village of Wray. This was a notable location, as the village was having a Scarecrow Festival the following evening. But this was a festival on steroids, with many extremely elaborate examples on show, many about 10 feet in height. I certainly wished I'd time for a proper look, and some photos, but I'd already had a long day, and I wanted to make sure I got to my accommodation and booked meal in time.

The ride continued its rolling route, with occasional battery aid, until I made it to my destination for the evening, The New Inn at Clapham (recommended).

## Day 2 – Clapham to Ripon

*52 miles, 5356 ft climbing, 63% battery used.*

This day would be the big test of the e-bike, the route being about 50 miles with several long, steep climbs of up to 20% gradient, so I went to bed early on the previous night. I had ridden these climbs previously, but I guessed that I may have had to walk a few sections nowadays.

After a hearty breakfast, I set off in slight drizzle, following mainly quiet valley roads to Settle. The town was reasonably busy, and I was pleased to see that the Naked Man Cafe, still existed; a cafe I had first visited in the early eighties. I was not in need of lots of facilities, so I made a small detour to the Railway Station, to get the BCQ (British Cycle Quest) answer. Then a return to the route at the back of the square, over some cobbles, as the road started to bend upwards. Motor to Level 1, I continued as the gradient rapidly increased to 20%. This was not enough assistance, so it was up to Level 2 quite quickly. This kept me moving fast enough to maintain balance, but I was working very hard by now. The steep section continued for a serious distance, and just before the slope started to lessen, I had to go full power in order to keep moving. The visible crest of the climb was still at least a mile away, and I expected the climb to continue beyond that point. Indeed it did, but at least I was able to reduce the assistance to the basic level. Eventually the climb topped out, and I could enjoy a fast, long descent to the valley below. The route continued in rolling fashion, and I finally stopped at a cafe in Cracoe for an early lunch, as I needed fortifying for the route ahead.



Some more rolling terrain, followed by a valley road, followed, until I reached the charmingly named village of Appletreewick. From here the next challenge of the day followed, the five mile climb up to the highest point of the entire route, at Greenhow. By now I was confident that my battery would last the entire day, so I could share the effort between myself and the motor. At first the climb was a steep but quiet lane, but after a couple of miles I had to turn right onto the B6205 to Pateley Bridge. This road did have some traffic on it, and I got it over with as quickly as possible, as I continued to climb towards Greenhow. After Greenhow, there was a long descent to Pateley Bridge, with a warning sign “Cyclists Take Care” as the descent became very steep. I remember the last time I was on this bit of road, there was an old-fashioned sign telling Cyclists to dismount on the descent, but bike brakes have certainly got a lot better since that sign was erected.

After more food in Pateley Bridge, I continued. I later learned that I had missed out, as the town is well known for two very good pork pie shops. Next time I’ll have to compare them against Melton Mowbray’s finest. More climbing ensued as the route went past Brimham Rocks, an area of landscape owned by the National Trust. Then I descended through the parklands of Fountains Abbey and Studley Park, before



*Fountains Abbey*

reaching the town of Ripon. The official route ensured that I got a good view of the Cathedral, and if I’d had a little more time I’d have had a wander around it. But I was now eager to reach my Air B&B accommodation, and to check out the town for my evening meal. The town was buzzing, as this was now the Friday evening of a Bank Holiday weekend, but fortunately there were plenty of places to eat.

### **Day 3 – Ripon to Pocklington**

*51 miles, 965ft climbing, 0% battery.*

Day 3 would be diametrically opposite to the previous day, with virtually no climbing at all as I crossed the Vale of York. Quiet rural lanes were followed to Boroughbridge, where a second breakfast was enjoyed, as I’d left my Airbnb quite early, I last visited the town when spectating at the Tour de France visit to Yorkshire, and it still had the air of being a popular location for cyclists to visit. From here, there was a deviation to the original route, as the toll bridge at Aldwark, over the River Ouse, was closed for repair. The first part of the diversion was a little busier than I would have liked, but a turn off soon brought me back to quiet lanes. A tail wind was now blowing, and this was thoroughly enjoyed, as my legs were

suffering from the previous day's efforts. Soon the outskirts of York were reached, and the official route continues into the centre of the city by various cycle-specific tracks, some rather annoying, and some very nice. I also deviated from the route just enough to pick up the York BCQ answer. Lunch was enjoyed alfresco, with a full view of the side of the Minster, unfortunately a large part of which was covered by scaffolding, but at least I could keep an eye on my bike. From here, I rode some cycle-paths of various quality, passing over the A64, before turning off to the village of Dunnington. From here, the official route goes off-road for a couple of miles to avoid the A166. I toyed with the idea of sticking to the main road, but decided that, as my e-bike is a 'gravel' bike, I should also test that feature. As it turned out, the track was dry and solid under tyre, so was not a problem. Eventually the track returned to tarmac, before reaching the A166, with a cycle-path running along it, that I followed to Stamford Bridge. Here I could pick up another BCQ answer, before enjoying an afternoon pint at the Railway Club. This housed a locally-made Tapestry of the Battle of Stamford Bridge, which was very interesting. This was the battle in 1066 where King Harold defeated a Viking invasion, just prior to the Norman invasion. I wonder what would have happened if the Vikings had won?



*York Minster*

From Stamford Bridge it was a quiet ride through nice lanes to Pocklington. My accommodation for the night was at the Feathers Inn. When I arrived, there was already a sizeable group of cyclists from the Royal Marines Cycling Club, enjoying a pint. Of course, being military, they were all dressed in their club kit. What was more unusual was that the barman was dressed in full Mandolorian armour. It turned out that there was to be an 80's themed disco that night. Couple that with beer at £3/pint and I thought there was a danger of my not being at my best the following morning, but I guess I'm old enough now to appreciate an early night, no matter what the attractions are.

## **Day 4 – Pocklington to Bridlington**

*41 Miles, 1181 ft climbing, 23% battery used.*

I did have an early night, but did not sleep well due to my room being too warm. Therefore the day's ride started in restrained fashion. Additionally I had a soft rear tyre, and found that the pump I was carrying happened to be

*Continued on page 30*

# Bucket Lists, Past and Future.

Jeffrey R. Eaves

I was given for Christmas a book entitled “The Great British Bucket List” [a National Trust imprint (ISBN 9781911358732)], where the writer described the many places he has visited in the UK, and suggests that others might like to follow in his footsteps – well Richard, I have been to many of them on my bikes, but it did plant the seeds for an article for ‘Cycle-Chat,’ so let’s recall where I have been, then hope to go to.

I have cycled for most of my life, but also for sheer pleasure from about 1954, where my log-books tell me that on 5<sup>th</sup> April that year self and school pal cycled from South Staffordshire into Birmingham, then all the way around the (then) outer ring road, simply because we had found a map and wondered what we would see - in a journey of some sixty miles! Since that start I have cycled in six countries (and walked in a few more), and thoroughly enjoyed the adventures unfolding, so here are few recollections between 1954 and 2022:

The first ‘proper tour,’ as such was at the age of sixteen when my parents let me *escape* on my own with my bike, and I visited the Cotswold Hills and back home via the Beachley ferry (now the old Severn Road bridge), and Newport Monmouthshire where my grandmother lived – some 375 miles of high adventure and exploration. I survived even though I had heat-stroke when turning back home – something always in the back of my mind still. The previous year I had ridden my first 100 mile day, (to Nottingham), wearing a gaberdine raincoat most of the way as it rained, so I was full of enthusiasm for adventures to come. A year or two later I was encouraged to ride in the CTC British Cycle Tourist Competitions – so an introduction to Club Riding, even though my points were on the lower side!

Perhaps the next notable rides were the “Birmingham Evening Despatch” cycle rides, where in each day’s newspaper for a week, the CTC’s Bill Oakley would give directions for sections of a day ride out on bikes, with clues to be answered, culminating somewhere for a tea-party for all riders, and a CERTIFICATE, perhaps even a PRIZE! This was an annual treat, and one year we ended up at Dunlop Tyres works canteen for tea (where I then worked), and I gained a prize of five shillings!\*! (25 new pence), for identifying all the photo clues.

Next memory came when I finished my full education and had to do deferred National Service, in my case with the Royal Air Force, where there was a compulsory sports afternoon each week. Needless to say I chose pedal cycling, so enjoyed cycle-touring around the Chiltern Hills, then abroad in Germany, Holland and Belgium – usually by myself as my mates preferred football on the base’s sports field. Memories come, of near Köln am Rhein (Cologne). I stopped for



a lunchtime bite and pint, and found in the bottom of my vegetable soup a large sausage, hidden like a submerged submarine! And of the Cathedral's stained glass at Aix le Chapelle, and in the crypt at Salzburg. Of course, when on leave there, I also went cycling: once along the Rhine Valley another time to Bavaria and Austria. I even attended a joint International Youth Hostel break, riding with cyclists from many countries.

Back home and a private person again, cycling continued, with most Saturday afternoons riding somewhere around Staffordshire, then with a girlfriend who lived in Warwickshire, for days out. In 1975 I cycled to a funeral – that of the Queen of the Gypsies. She lived in a horse drawn caravan, to be set on fire the next day – not a relation of course, but an excuse to ride my bike. Another incident was on a tour of Southern Ireland where our hotel was over-booked, and I opted to sleep the night in a nearby thatched cottage roof space with a peat fire on an earthen floor below me. There were also happily recalled visits cycle-camping in a sheep-fold on the Corrieairack Pass, and parking my bike half way up, then climbing Ben Nevis, (and of a split tyre on the



last day near Stirling where I caught the train back home). Brief mention must be made of many 'reliability rides – you know 100 miles in eight hours, the Meriden rides, The Great Whychavon Ride, cycling around county boundaries, and so on, or of riding the Land's End to John o'Groats (the long way with extra days in Cornwall and the Scottish Highlands - a mere 1,400 miles), and not forgetting my longest day ride of 190 miles:- out to the coast, up into Lincolnshire and back home for lunch the next day.

Belatedly I married, and could not afford to buy a replacement bike, even though the old one was literally worn out, (my house mortgage was at 8% interest then), so a few years later when I did, the one I chose I fitted a kiddy-seat on the rear carrier, and our three daughters were duly taken out (one at a time) with the South Worcestershire CTC riding group. One memory is of a club run listed as "Follow the Arrow," which I thought would amuse Johanna (on the rear seat), BUT the joke was on me. It should have been listed as "Follow the Herefordshire River Arrow," (there is another on the Worcester/Warwick border) so not only did I have to cross the Malvern Hills twice, but almost went into Wales, a ride of eighty six miles on the hottest day that summer, and where at one stage a helpful club mate reached out to push us up yet one more hill. Sadly my wife never learnt to cycle.

The list of old bucket memories goes on, cycle-camping for example, and much later having a new Dawes Galaxy bike, and a 180 x 2 miles ride to Sussex where my parents-in-law lived, only for me to have catastrophic wheel problems all the way and having to return the last few miles on a train. (The rear wheel was wrongly spoked, and when back home I learned how to build wheels myself of a necessity). Then there were nine different Veterans Triennial rides – one where I put the others hill-climbing into



shame - I was the only rider on a twenty seven speed Moulton, which put their pre-start “tut-tuts” into perspective. I’ve never lost experiences of rides in the Welsh Borders, especially over the Gospel Pass and along the mid-Wye Valley or annual trips to see wild daffodils in their thousands in Gloucestershire. One year I also rode what was billed as the Worlds Biggest Bike Ride (London to Brighton) as one of over a thousand just cycling, (370 miles for me and my companion), and of course I have great memories of island cycling (Shetlands, Holy Isle just to recall two). Mention also has to be made of my replacing my children on the rear kiddy seat with one of my dogs. Four hunt terriers each rode with me about a thousand miles (separately) in their little enthusiastic lives – cycling loved by them perhaps more than me, but then they were not the ones turning the pedals! (On two occasions I had sheer panic, when one of them went exploring by himself whilst we walked a bridleway, but the bike drew them back). Two of them had a litter of puppies, and I took one parent to visit their offspring at a farm near Lutterworth – and she didn’t recognise her grown-up daughter - I was almost distraught!

*Ditchling Beacon, which many find too hard to ride, on the London to Brighton Bike Ride.*



One last memory: Our club celebrated its centenary in 1978, and I was able to give back some of my delight in cycling, when I led a well supported club-ride of 100 miles to the Wye Valley (with an iced cake break, mid afternoon) to celebrate, and later that year, arranged/compiled a celebration service of thanksgiving for all cyclists at Worcester Cathedral where we paraded bikes (of different types) up the central aisle. Even the preacher was a cyclist.

Well, what about the future ‘bucket list?’

First I need to regain decent knees to push the pedals and get my health sorted\* (Covid delays are still causing problems for me, even though I never had the illness itself), then if I can still do my annual return ride Rutland to Lincoln in a day, to re-plan a pandemic abandoned tour to visit my last few British Cycle Quest checkpoints in Scotland and hopefully gain the platinum medal. I would relish another century ride as well (I have only got up to the 90+ miles in the last few years), and if the good Lord permits it, I would really enjoy climbing the Gospel Pass once more – even seeing the Forest of Dean and those daffodils would be nice. On the list remains crossing the Bealach na Ba (I think I might be mad at my age?). Then there is a revived Bulb Festival, to be held this year at Spalding, (13 May).

Once a cyclist, always a cyclist.

*\*One result from my health laboratory checks is that my ancestors were probably CELTS, who were prone to my condition - I’ve just got to blame someone who never had a bike!*



## From the CTC Gazette of May 1933

John Catt has been into the  
CTC Archives

It is surprising that, in these days when all sorts of weird and wonderful costumes are seen on the roads, and girls in shorts or trousers, either cycling or hiking, rouse no comment from passers-by, the sight of two women riding tandem together should cause so much consternation in villages and small towns, It is now some twelve years since I started tandeming with a partner of my own sex, and in those' days I was not so much surprised at our attracting some attention. During the last few years most of my tandem riding has been with Milord for a companion, and my opportunities for riding with a woman partner have been less frequent, Such an opportunity, however, came my way on the occasion of the Council meeting at Manchester, when a friend wrote offering her services as crew. To take advantage of her offer meant delaying my start until after tea, and then tackling a ride of almost a century before reaching the hotel where my room was booked ; but I had an unusual craving for company on the ride, and so waited with, for me, somewhat exemplary patience.

And it was worth it. What a ride! My friend had the common impression of Staffordshire being all "Black Country," and in order to disabuse her I took her over Cannock Chase, and through some of the picturesque villages thereabouts. Between Stafford and Stone she admitted that her impressions had all been wrong, and vowed that never again would she say anything derogatory about my native county. A comfortable inn at Darlaston provided us with delicious ham and eggs and a cosy fire, which inveigled us into staying considerably more than the hour I had allotted, so that the dusk was upon us as we once more resumed our journey. Through Newcastle and on to Holmes Chapel; and there my partner, noticing the signpost, decided with a true woman's whimsicality that she wanted to see Middlewich, so a turn to: the right took us through that town, along the old King Street, on to the Watling Street, and by Altrincham into Manchester. We reached the city just as the clocks struck the witching hour of midnight, and another half hour later saw us, having duly discovered its whereabouts, being received into our hotel. The ride had not been particularly easy; we had had a head wind most of the way, and the setts (cobble) during the last half hour had jarred my wrists and arms somewhat, but we had thoroughly enjoyed it all, and retired to bed still in that mood of exhilaration which is cycling's choicest gift to its devotees.

Saturday was filled with meetings and social engagements, and it was not 'until Sunday that "Jimmy," my tandem, once more emerged from his resting place, somewhere in the bowels of the hotel. Then, having decided to pay one more visit to the Goyt Valley before the damming operations are completed, we took the train to Disley (I was having no more of those setts) and rode through Whaleybridge to the gate leading into the valley. It is a marvellous thing to be able to watch the progress of such an undertaking, to see geography, in the making as it were; and one cannot help but admire the mentality of the man who conceived such a tremendous scheme, as well as the people who are carrying it out without spoiling too much the amenities of that beautiful countryside.



Only the entrance to the Valley is spoiled by the light railway and the building materials scattered round about. The Valley itself is still beautiful, and should be even more so, when its hollow is filled by such a lovely sheet of water as it will be. So anxious were we to retain our impressions of the place, and to fix the picture of that beautiful spot in our minds, that we walked the whole six miles through and up to the Cat and Fiddle, where we took the moorland road that leads on to Axe Edge. It had been raining now for some time, and the wind was growing more and more boisterous. The driving rain and mists shut out our view, only lifting now and then to give us tantalising glimpses of rolling moorlands, and holding the tandem against the sudden gusts of fierce wind while steering over the rough, loose surface became such a penance that soon we were glad to walk again, and this time we did not resume our saddles until we reached the tarmac of Axe Edge.

But Oh! The exhilaration of that struggle against wind and rain; the wild ecstasy of that buffeting; the glorious sense of freedom and delight that took hold of us until we shouted aloud from the sheer intoxication of beauty. Swooping down a hill on Axe Edge, with the rain stinging our



faces, whipping them up to a rosy glow, and the wet wind blowing in our hair, and having to shout at the top of our voices to make ourselves heard one to the other, we came across a man wheeling his bicycle, and answered his "Cheerio" with "What a glorious day!" We were past before his reply could reach us, but the expression on his face showed that he understood and appreciated how we felt - even that he felt something of the same emotion himself. But for the full enjoyment of a ride like that one must have a tandem, a light little thoroughbred like mine, and a companion who is en rapport. Only a free-wheel tandem can afford those glorious Swoops, and only with a companion who is "simpatico" can one attain that feeling of exhilaration which is so glorious.



All too soon we were in Leek, and as I had promised to take my crew through the lovely little Churnet Valley and to Alton Towers, we made our way through Wetley Rocks to Cheadle, then branching off towards Oakamoor until we came to the path leading through the Valley. As we entered the wooded vale the rain, which for some time had been a mere drizzle, finally stopped, and the hush of a Sabbath evening seemed to be all around, holding everything enthralled in its spell. Somewhere over the distant hills a church bell tolled, and quite close at hand a thrush, perched on the bare branch of a tree, carolled a welcome. Slower and slower we progressed, and we grew less and less inclined to talk, as the peace of the evening entered into our souls. That mood remained with us as I showed my companion the unique beauty of Alton Towers\* (for once, thanks be, guiltless of charabancs), and while we rode the remainder of the journey through Uttoxeter, Abbots Bromley and Lichfield, finally to arrive home almost sated with beauty: and with the joy of self impelled motion; with complexions made smooth and clear by the kiss of the rain, and with bodies happily and healthily tired by long hours in the open air. What marvellous gifts these are; health, a bicycle, this England of ours, and a congenial companion, and how marvellously lucky the person who can enjoy all four at the same time! What more could one reasonably ask of life?

*\*Editor's Note.*

*At the time this article was written in 1933, Alton Towers was purely a stately home with beautiful gardens. It wasn't until 1980 that it became a massive Theme Park "Experience". The gardens are still there, but ignored by many of the thrill seekers visiting today.*

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## An Early Account of Cycling

*Edmund Hopkins*

Lark Rise to Candleford (*The popular TV series*) was written in the 1940's, but mainly describes a period around the turn of the century and is essentially autobiographical. The author, Flora Thompson, gives an account of cycling at the time in chapter 35, and here are a few quotes from that: "The sound of a bicycle being propped against the wall outside was less frequent than that of a horse's hoofs; but there were already a few cyclists, and the number of these increased rapidly when the new low safety bicycle superseded the old penny farthing type. Then, sometimes, on a Saturday afternoon, the call of a bugle would be heard, followed by the scuffling of dismounting feet, and a stream of laughing jostling young men would press into the tiny (post) office to send facetious telegrams. These members of the earliest cycling clubs had a great sense of their own importance, and dressed up to their part in a uniform composed of a tight navy knicker-bocker suit with red or yellow braided coat, and a small navy pill-box cap embroidered with their club badge. The leader carried a bugle suspended on a coloured cord around his shoulder. Cycling was considered such a dangerous pastime that they telegraphed home news of their safe arrival at the farthest point in their journey. Or perhaps they sent the telegrams to prove how far they really had travelled, for a cyclist's word as to his day's mileage then ranked with an angler's account of his catch.

*"Soon, every man youth and boy whose family were above the poverty line was riding a bicycle. For some obscure reason, the male sex tried hard to keep the privilege of bicycle riding to themselves .... The wife of a doctor in Candleford was the first woman cyclist in that district. One character said " 'T'ood break*

*my heart if I saw my wife on one of they', which those acquainted with the figure of his middle aged wife thought reasonable.*

*"Their protestations were unavailing; one woman after another appeared riding a glittering new bicycle. In long skirts it is true, but with most of their petticoats left in the bedroom behind them...*

*"And oh! the joy of the new means of progression. To cleave the air as though on wings, defying time and space by putting what had been a day's journey on foot behind one in a couple of hours! Of passing garrulous acquaintances who had formerly held one in one sided conversation by the roadside for an hour, with a light ting ting of the bell and a casual wave of recognition."*

At first only comparatively well-to-do women rode bicycles but soon almost everyone under forty was a wheel, for those who could not afford to buy a bicycle could hire one for sixpence (2 1/2p) an hour. The men's shocked criticism petered out before the *fait accompli*...

*This article appeared in the February-March edition of "Cyclonda", the bi-monthly magazine of Nottingham CTC, and is reproduced with the author's permission.*



# A ride in Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire

Jeffrey R. Eaves

Elsewhere you may have noted that I have health issues, however this has not stopped me trying to go for a bike ride from time to time, so recently I thought I might chance a ride to see some-one who was suspected as having mental health issues and whom I had been keeping “an eye on.” His father died about a year ago, and then he sold their five bedroom house, and moved to a single person bungalow near Newark upon Trent. When I saw him shortly after moving, he seemed to have re-gained his health and was as we might say, ‘like a pig in clover.’

Anyway, when I phoned and asked if I could drop by on a Monday, I was met with, “Oh I can’t see you then, I just could not cope with two visitors in one day.” In a way I was pleased as it transpired that day turned out to be a wet one – but what should I do? Things just didn’t seem quite right some-how?

A week or two later I found myself with a desire to go cycling (for pleasure) so opted to visit Matthew, BUT, I would not tell him I was aiming to see him until I got about ten miles from him, when I would ‘phone and ask if I could drop by for a cup of coffee and an hours rest? So I set off on an overcast but warm morning – if you would like to follow my cycle-tracks just join my route at Melton Mowbray – about 20 minutes on the train from Leicester, and no need to book your bike (BUT only three bikes allowed per train).

Join the NCN 64 northwards from Melton to Scalford, passing Twinlakes Country Park, about five miles gently climbing, thence turn left and right into more lanes to the hill top at Cranyke Farm – and don’t panic, yes you have just crossed two railway lines. These are now merely track-beds, but once were



*Belgrave road Rail Station, Leicester as it was.*

mineral lines transporting the local stone and ironstone, whilst the southwards running one (from Melton) had a passenger service direct to Leicester’s Belgrave Road former station. A couple of little turnings more, but going northwards still, to where you might like to re-gain your breath and take in the seemingly endless view into

Nottinghamshire, before dropping down a mile long 1 in 5 hill, into the Vale of Belvoir, following the road signs to Hose. This is one of the lanes I try to use when coming homewards, as it avoids other long monotonous climbs up out of the Vale on other roads.

Personally I am not keen on cycling in the Vale, save for the occasions I avoid the lanes and ride the canal towpath instead, but it often makes a change to put this in perspective, and ‘have a go.’ Next aim for Harby and Langar passing the old airfield, where you can take a private flight and do a parachute jump (that is, if you get fed-up of cycling), or perhaps call in at the Wild Flower Farm, where there is a chance for good coffee and cake.

From Langar, turn right and re-cross the railway bed which earlier you crossed at the **top** of that big hill, thence to Granby, and turn left to join the A52, which you can cross CAREFULLY to join the cycle lane on the opposite side. A couple of hundred yards and turn left by the prison, then back into the lanes. I once upon a time brought my dogs here exploring. At Aslockton you can find a relatively modern church, which in the 1600’s was where Thomas Cramner was the priest, (or at Whatton-in-the-Vale, where his father had this duty). For those not in the know, Bishop Thomas was responsible for the Church of England Book of Common Prayer, and later was burnt at the stake for his theological views! Today instead, though, I proceeded



northwards to Scarrington and sought out one of Britain’s curiosities – (I first came across a mention of it in “Cycling” in my youth). It is the biggest known stack of used horse-shoes, in the world -50,000 of them, constructed between 1945 and 1965, by the blacksmith of the smithy to the side, into a steeple like structure -it is seventeen feet high and nineteen feet six inches around the base. In 1972-3 it was for sale, and Nottinghamshire County Council purchased it as a local curiosity to stop it going to America – such is its fame!

Not quite time for my lunch sandwich yet, so I carried on north-easterly to Sibthorpe. Curiously, across the fields on the left is Car Dyke – when I get home I must see if it is the same one as that is in the Fens far to the south? Approaching the village is another curiosity, a massive Dove-cote. At the

side is an information board which explains that inside are 1,148 nesting holes, and that this supplied the meat for an adjacent College for Priests which was suppressed in 1540, the complete site and groundworks being now a national heritage site. Its tiny door is to stop poachers taking baskets inside to steal the pigeons!

My route took me on through more villages (seeking exploration), but I continued on to cross the new A46 (flyover), before turning right at Elston then, north easterly along the old (Roman) road to Farndon. (Newark on Trent is only a couple of miles further on, there you can find meals and a real riverside castle with Civil War history and an interesting museum. The Market Place is also well worth a visit.) It always seems eerie riding along a former trunk road, having previously done so a few times before - on the End to End twice for example. There's this massive four lane road, and you have it all to yourself. (Here I diverted to visit my 'sick' friend to find him at home, comfortable, but dare I say 'friendless.')

A change of maps, and from Farndon (Newark) I sought out Hawton where I encountered one of those road surfaces that loosens a cyclist's teeth and I was unable to signal my right turn out of fear of losing control of the bike, thence back towards home along southerly going lanes. (If coming from Newark seek out a cycle-track along the old railway from a bridge on the B6326). Both routes join at Coltham village where the sun came out, thence pleasant enough cycling south-wards in the warm sunshine to Staunton in the Vale, whence left and right and right once more. It has long since gone, but a few years ago there was a large oak tree here in the hedgerow marking the site where Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire meet. Proceed to Bottesford. Here you can explore; there is a British Cycle Quest checkpoint; a tomb in the church for the Dukes of Rutland, (known as the witches tomb); or a pub with a plaque to the old, old circus hall act of Laurel and Hardy (their sister once was licensee); or a refreshment stop. You are now just back in the Vale of Belvoir, with views of the castle on the hill directly in front.



*Belvoir Castle*

I hope you not think you are lost around here: think of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who's home is Belvoir Castle, located in Leicestershire, yet with a Nottingham post code!

There is from here a choice of lanes back to Melton Mowbray. The easiest is via a south easterly 'white road' (now a footpath) crossing the A52 (on foot), to Muston, thence south to Woolsthorpe By Belvoir, Turn left for Denton where you turn southwards to cross the A607, before a mile or so of climbing up and out of the Vale proper with a few wriggly turnings southwards for Saltby. (Nearby is the airfield where planes took off in the Second World War towing gliders full of soldiers to fight in Europe). Next comes Sproxtton, crossing a ford and passing a little known horse racing course still in use! All apart from the hill, just nice easy pleasant cycling country, and four more miles or so direct south westerly along the 'B' road into Melton Mowbray.

I chose (silly me) instead to leave due southwards from Bottesford into the Vale of Belvoir following lanes along the join in the Ordnance Survey map sheets, passing Redmile (anyone remember Dorothy's Cyclist Café?), and taking a left turn up and over the Vale top-edge into Branston. I am sorry to have to relate I HAD to get off and push for a mile or more, along this glorious lane as I was still suffering from post winter unfitness. Next came another biggish hill then the main road into Waltham on the Wolds, home to our local TV transmitter (which is one the tallest), from whence it is almost all downhill to Melton Mowbray along the cycleable main road. Many years ago I cycled this road on my journey from Worcester to the York CTC Rally as the trains were on strike. (I actually turned off part way along to my home in Rutland). Today was my first ride this year in shorts

Approximately 65 miles there and back.



*Melton Mowbray*  
Cycle Chat 29



*Continued from page 16*

missing part of the valve end. Fortunately I was also carrying a couple of CO2 canisters, which restored the pressure, but only for a short time. I then found that the presta valve core on the tyre was slightly loose when it contracted due to the low temperature of the CO2 gas. A bit of tightening and some more gas and I was back to proceeding normally.

Immediately on leaving Pocklington, the route proceeded to climb up onto the top of the Yorkshire Wolds via Millington Dale, a very steady climb up a steep sided valley, much like a dale in the Peak District. Once the top was achieved, I then had the pleasure of a long and steady descent dropping off the Wold towards Driffield. The official route near Driffield gets rather circuitous as it circumnavigates some very large prairie-like fields of no great charm, before I reached a garden centre cafe at Hutton Cranswick. From here, the route descended to Driffield itself, which appeared to be a bit more attractive than I thought, given that it is surrounded by plenty of industrial agriculture facilities. By now the sun had come out for the first time in the trip and I was keen to get to Bridlington early, to ensure I could get my bike on the train before the day-trippers to Bridlington started to return home to Humberside. I continued on past some very large potato fields where the crop was just being planted. At Nafferton I avoided the official route which went off-road again and continued to the final climb, which took me from the village of Burton Agnes up to the Roman road which descended in a straight line into Bridlington. Through the town I finally descended to the North Sands, where I had some celebratory chips before making my way to the train station and a long, slow journey home.

Neil Dixon



**Bridlington**

# Cafe Ventoux, Tugby

The existing cafe has been closed for a while but has now re-opened. **Terry Scott** from Notts CTC has been to visit and gives his impressions.

This is situated slightly to the north of the previous building, but on the same site, at Tugby Orchards, Tugby, Leics.

A larger building with room with seating for 50 inside and 80 outside.

The day I visited it there were about a dozen people inside, only three of whom were obviously cyclists.

It's table service by the waitress who brings a menu and takes your order.

Food on the menu starts from £7.95, but no simple things like things on toast or cobs, but everything with long flowing descriptions.

I had a pot of tea £2.65 and a Lincolnshire Poacher which was a Brioche filled with hot cheese, chutney and some "green stuff".

Next time I will have a pot of tea and have one the cakes which I did not see until I was paying.

More expensive than the usual cyclists' cafe but with Ventoux, its all about location, a great area for cycling with its quiet, hilly, lanes.



# 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Sulley Rides

Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> March

The 32<sup>nd</sup> annual Sulley Rides were held on Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> March, 2023 starting and finishing at Lutterworth Town Hall. The rides are reliability rides held each year over a choice of four distances. Thankfully the weather was dry and the sun broke through from time to time, although there was a cool south-westerly breeze. This year 45 participants took part in the rides, with three helpers and two visitors who came along to support the event, so 50 people in total. Neil Dixon's article in the *Cycle* magazine generated quite a lot of interest, as did the Facebook page suggested by John Catt which was set up in January.

18 people rode the 100km route, 7 rode the 70km route, 16 rode the 50km route, and 4 rode the 30km route, so a reasonable spread across the four distances. In addition to local riders we were joined by participants from Birmingham, Nottingham and as far away as Salisbury. Several people who had travelled from farther afield to ride the event commented on how enjoyable and picturesque the routes were, and several hope to be back next year. Tea, coffee, cake and biscuits were served all day at the Town Hall which proved to be very popular with all the participants!

Thank you to everyone from Leicestershire & Rutland who rode this year, and we look forward to seeing everyone next March for the 33<sup>rd</sup> annual Sulley Rides.

Robert Sulley

*Robert and Fiona Sulley, standing behind the table, serve a welcome cuppa at the finish.*





## Ride & Stride Event

Although not a CTC activity, the following may be of interest to some.

On **Saturday 9th September**, the LeicesterShire Historic Churches Trust is planning a “Ride+Stride” sponsored event for cyclists, walkers, joggers, runners, horse-riders and mobility scooter drivers.

The idea is for participants to visit as many churches and chapels as they choose to in Leicestershire on a single day. By getting sponsorship participants help raise funds that are then split equally between a church chosen by the participant and the LeicesterShire Historic Churches Trust.

Routes are planned individually using the list of churches and chapels that is published on our website from late August.

There is more information available on the LHCT website:

<https://www.lhct.org.uk/ride-and-stride/>

## 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](mailto: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.





# Cafe News



> The **Kingfisher Cafe** at Portland Fishing Lakes (near Sibthorpe, Notts) has re-opened, under new owners. I haven't been myself, but have been told they are as welcoming to cyclists as the previous owners. The entry is up a long rather bumpy drive off Longhedge lane, just south east of Sibthorpe village.

> A new (to me) cafe is open in the **Hardys Farndon** - Farm Shop and Café, at Farndon, Notts NG24 3SD. This is in Main Street, just SE off the old A46. The entry off the main road is blocked to cars, but bikes can pass through the bollards. Car entry is via Hawton Lane, immediately south of the Main Street entrance.

> **Cafe Ventoux**, at Tugby, has finally re-opened and by all accounts, on a larger, grander scale. Their website [www.cafe-ventoux.cc](http://www.cafe-ventoux.cc) has more details. See Terry Scott's report elsewhere in this edition

>The tea bar in the car park of **Belvoir Castle** has also re-opened, but under new management.

*If you have anything of interest to other readers, please let Cycle Chat know so that it can reach a wider audience.*

## ***Cycle Chat is the quarterly magazine of the Leicestershire & Rutland Group of Cycling UK***

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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.

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 Group of Cycling UK

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## Forthcoming County Event Dates

**Sunday 3rd September**, President's Ride 9:30am Lutterworth Town Hall. See President's Report elsewhere for more details. Advance booking for catering, please.

**Sunday 17th December**

### **Mince Pie Meeting**

The famous Mince Pie Meet will again be taking place at Belton Village Hall (10.30am to 12-30pm). Tombola in aid of Rainbows Children's Hospice.

## 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](mailto:davebinks@ntlworld.com)



<b>NUNEATON</b>					Thursday rides meet at 10.30am. Saturdays 10am.
					
<b>CYCLE CLUB</b>					
<u>Date</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Distance</u>		
4th May	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	Half day	TBA	
11th May	Thurs	Morrissons	Half day	Paul Kuchta	7414474233
18th May	Thurs	Dobbies Gdn Centre	Half day	Jim Gerrard	7876457146
25th May	Thurs	Peoples Café Bedworth	Half day	Anne Taylor	2476741276
1st June	Thurs	St Marys Hinckley	Half day	John Andrews	1162865738
8th June	Thurs	Hill Top Gdn Centre	Half day	Jim Gerrard	7876457146
15th June	Thurs	Sutton Cheney Wharf	Half day	Chris Turley	7971289464
22nd June	Thurs	Heritage Café	Half day	Paul Hands	7414474233
29th June	Thurs	Makins Fishery	Half day	Angie Fisher	7824808788
6th July	Thurs	Astley Book Farm	Half day	Roger Payne	7757103139
13th July	Thurs	Morrissons	Half day	Paul Hands	7414474233
20th July	Thurs	Dobbies Gdn Centre	Half day	Eric Rowland	7768396806
27th July	Thurs	Peoples Café Bedworth	Half day	Chris Taylor	2476741276
POSTCODE KEY - NUNEATON LIBRARY - CV11 5DR, HILL TOP GARDEN CENTRE - CV7 9LH					
HERITAGE CAFÉ - CV11 4LU, ASTLEY BOOK FARM - CV10 7QB10 7QB					
PEOPLES CAFÉ BEDWORTH CV12 8NF					
ST MARY'S HINCKLEY - LE10 1DW, MAKINS FISHERIES - CV11 6QJ					

# South Leicestershire Section

Contact Neil Dixon for more details on 0788 9854459

<b>DATE</b>	<b>TIME START</b>	<b>DESTINATION</b>	<b>COMMENTS</b>
2/7/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Elevenes at Ellie's Field pop-up cafe
9/7/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Elevenes at Rural Relaxing
16/7/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	
23/7/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Bowden Stores
30/7/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	
6/8/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Lunch at Rosliston Forestry Centre
13/8/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	
20/8/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	
27/8/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	venue Northern Cobbler
3/9/23	09:30	Lutterworth	President's Ride. Luinch at Welford
10/9/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Elevenes at Ellie's Field pop-up cafe
17/9/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	
24/9/23	09:30	Broughton Astley	Lunch at Rosliston Forestry Centre

## CHARNWOOD RUNS LIST

Date	Start	Eleven's	Lunch	Leader
04 Jun	9.00 A	Bretby	Melbourne	Paul
11 Jun	9.00 W	Broughton Astley	Barwell	Nick
18 Jun	9.00 B	Rothley	Kegworth	Paul
25 Jun	9.00 M	Amington	Ridge Lane	Martin
02 Jul	9.00 H	Polesworth	Snarestone	Dave
09 Jul	9.00 S	Swarkestone	Repton	Jim
16 Jul	9.00 A	Fradley Junction	Elford	Nick
23 Jul	9.00 W	Enderby	Newbold Verdon	Paul
30 Jul	9.00 M	Barton Marina	Coton in the Elms	Pete
06 Aug	9.00 B	Wymeswold	Kegworth	Dave
13 Aug	9.00 H	Sutton Cheney	Austrey	Martin
20 Aug	9.00 S	Elvaston Castle	Barrow upon Trent	Lyn
27 Aug	9.00 A	Swadlincote	Appleby Magna	Jim
03 Sep	9.00 W	Hinckley	Ridge Lane	Martin
10 Sep	Langworth	Cycling Holiday		Lyn
17 Sep	9.00 B	Shardlow Marina	Sawley	Nick
24 Sep	9.00 M	Newton Regis	Newton Burgoland	Paul

A – Ashby HSBC  
M – DFS Measham

B – Belton Church  
S – Lount X Roads

H – Heather Church  
W – Bagworth Village Hall

Runs contact: Lyn Gale 07779 794317

### **Leicester Easy Riders**

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

**The deadline for the Autumn 2023 issue of  
Cycle Chat is 1<sup>st</sup> August 2023**

That edition will cover September, November & December 2023



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[www.cyclinguk.org.uk](http://www.cyclinguk.org.uk)**

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I enclose a cheque for £5 payable to "Cycle Chat" - includes postage.  
Overseas rates on request***

Name .....

Address .....



**Cooling off in the shade in France on a CTC tour**

**photo Dave Binks**