

# Cycle Chat

75p

Leicestershire & Rutland CTC

Since 1897

Autumn 2024



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

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## **Editor's Thoughts**

There is an interesting letter from Peter Hopkins on the Readers' Letters page about the disappearance of formal Cycling Clubs and shrinking membership of those still in existence. I don't know if it's limited to cycling clubs, but the very nature of cycling is that you don't actually need anyone else with whom to do it, nor any particular facility (not even a road - you can ride off road). Team sports (football etc) need other folks and specific facilities (pitches, golf courses, tennis courts etc). Thus the need to actually join a club is not there, you can do it totally on your own.

I think cycling as a social thing has changed tremendously, and in my opinion, for the poorer. What do YOU think? Write and let me know.

My holiday travels have continued unabated, with a tour to Germany, then south through Austria, and then into Italy before returning back to Germany again.

We used trains to carry both us and our bikes partway. We had to pay for the bikes, but this meant we could get on. What a contrast the "bikes on trains" situation is to that in the UK. Anyone who has tried to travel by train with a bike here knows how fraught it is with different rules between trains, operators and routes.

I can't help but think the CTC has made the situation far worse by insisting that bikes should go free. This removes any incentive the operators have for carrying bikes. Most Continental operators charge, just like the old British Rail did (1/3<sup>rd</sup> the adult fare) before privatisation thus providing an incentive to provide space.

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*Dave Binks*

# From the Secretary

**Alan Hartshorne**



Hi Members as I write this the weather seems to be improving, as I am pleased to say, it was for the York Rally. This year was the most successful since Cycling UK dropped out. It was nice to see the grass track racing return. Each visit brings back memories. I think I am the only member still cycling up, we used to ride up after work on a Friday night arriving about 2 am. One particular year on the Saturday afternoon I went to my tent for a rest but in the next tent two ladies were having an argument. The younger one came out and rode away, the other emerged and it was Beryl Burton! Some years later I rode in a group with Beryl & found myself talking to Nim Carline, a formidable long distance time triallist. In 1977 brother John and I went to the New Forest Week. One evening we stood to talking to a young man who had just become editor of Cycletouring, the CTC bi-monthly magazine. Over the years we heard of his exploits and saw him on TV as the Map Man & "Coast". It was of course Nick Crane. I have ridden with Audrey Hughes on the Birthday Rides and later her husband Tim. I don't suppose many know that we had a young lady ride with the Loughborough group who became National Sprint Champion; Faith Murray, but we did. But being a member of the club is not just about paying your membership for the insurance but becoming involved & meeting other members which you can't do on your own. I have found during the period I looked after my mum for 14 years, with help from my brother, that getting out with the groups was a big help it was and with the understanding of the others certainly helped me stay sane. So I hope some of our membership will join our groups and help us to get back to the way we used to run. I would love for some others to join the committee and join in with jobs and bring new ideas. Representing the club with City Cycle Workshop is not hard but rewarding as the council seems to think along the same lines as us and although not always right. I have been attending these meetings for so

many years but would be pleased if someone would like to take over sometime in the next few years. Cycling UK cannot know what happens everywhere so they need us local members to make a difference in our areas. So how about joining one of our groups & become involved with the club? You never know, you may enjoy it! Watching You Tube the other week I found the 1961 final of the BCTC Final and remember when we held it in Leicestershire organised by Eric Neal and I recall riding over the route with Gordon Langsford. I rode in the last but one final of the BCTC.

On the way home from the York Rally this year I camped Monday night in Nottinghamshire and was riding towards Newark along the B1164 when I found a wheelchair in the middle of the road! So I stopped, got off the bike and picked it up and carried it to the side with all traffic, mostly articulated lorries, at a standstill. I had only just put it on the side when the police turned up. Seems drivers had driven on the other side of the road to pass it, putting other drivers in danger rather than moving it themselves, and called the police. Are we getting to the state where the “It's not my job” is so prevalent?

Alan

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

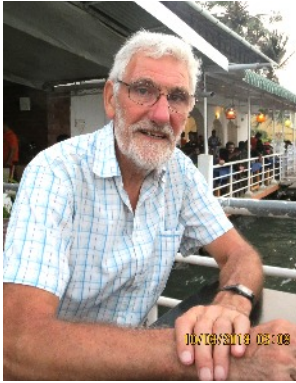
## NEW MEMBERS



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.



# President's Page

Dave Binks

I am honoured to be President of our little members group, but have to admit that I don't actually do much, at least so far.

My personal travels on and with the bike are consuming much of my time and I'm trying to cram as much in as I can whilst I still can do it.

My latest adventure was a 2 ½ week tour with a small group of 4 friends from all parts of the UK that I had

met on various other tours over the years. One of the ladies had planned it and it went very well.

We flew to Munich and a taxi carried us and our boxed bikes, to a small hotel where they stored our bikes until the return home. Knowing what to do with the boxes is always a bit of a problem, with the demands of airlines to put bikes in boxes or other packing. That really does limit the ability to return from a different area.

We were joined a day later by someone who used to work on the railway, enjoyed rail travel and got cheap travel and had thus come overland by train.

Our route nominally followed a long distance cycle route named the Via Claudia Augusta, a Roman Emperor who had made the trip many millennia ago, but not by bike of course! For much of the way the route followed very well signposted, well paved cycle routes and occasional rougher tracks, all the way down to Verona in northern Italy. On the way we stayed in pre-booked "Gasthohoffs" (Guesthouses, or small hotels) in Germany and Austria and small hotels in Italy. All went well apart from one night where check-in and everything else was supposed to be done by computer. But try as we might, we couldn't get in the front door, and with no-one around to ask, got no further. A young lady turned up who, unlike us, had paid in advance, and she also couldn't get in. We simply went to another hotel and had a comfortable night there instead. "Henry's Sleeping" as the unwelcoming hotel was strangely named, is now a joke amongst us!

A couple of rest days had been built into the schedule, and I'm glad they were, because at 76yrs old, I need time to recover. It didn't help that I started with a urinary infection requiring a week of antibiotics to clear it. On the first rest day we were at Prato at the foot of the Passo Stelvio, a MAJOR climb with many hairpins. Many years ago I had ridden to the top from the other side, but then turned back to the bottom again, and nearly froze to death on the descent because it was so cold. About 4 years ago I tried to get up from Prato and nearly succeeded, but found the road impassable because of major roadworks. So I was

keen to have another go. All 5 of us set off, but only 2 made it, of which I wasn't one. My determination and energy ran out about 1000m below the summit and I returned back to our hotel, a shower, food and a sleep. That will probably be the last time I try it.

On our next rest day, in Trento, Italy, luck was on my side. The sole of one of my cycling shoes was rapidly falling off and I had no choice but to buy another pair. Fortunately this didn't happen a day earlier when we were in very remote locations. Trento is a big place and has a Decathlon multi-sports shop where I was able to find a suitable pair, the old ones going in the bin as soon as I exited the shop. Having already slashed the side of a tyre on a flint that required a new tyre, and also having to buy a better waterproof, I was having to hit the credit card hard.

Interestingly, Trento is where Francesco Moser, famous racing cyclist from the 1970s has a cycle manufacturing business. I was last there the year after he had broken the 1 hour track record on what was to be the first of the "funny" bikes with disc wheels and strange positions. At that time he had a big shop, with his 1/4hr distances covered whilst breaking that record, painted on the 4 steps leading up to the shop. I don't think the shop is there now, although I didn't go looking for it.

A few days later saw us having to ride up the Grossglockner Pass, a truly massive climb, one of the highest roads in Austria. The lady planning the route had cruelly booked our accommodation at the top, so we had no choice but to ride the full climb, with our luggage on our bikes. I had ridden this once before, but as it was nearly 50 years ago,



*Grossglockner Pass, looking south*

when I was much fitter and stronger, and without luggage, there was no comparison to the effort needed this time. I have no shame in admitting there were some sections I had to walk on my way up to the top of this 2504m pass. The road is actually a toll road, with motor vehicles having to pay, but not pedal cycles. Personally I think pedal cyclists should be *paid* to ride it!

One thing I have noticed over the years I have been cycling in the big mountains in Europe is the increasing numbers of big, powerful motorcycles being ridden

over them. Their numbers are getting to the point where they are becoming a nuisance (to me anyway) with the speed at which they are ridden, and of course the noise they bring with them. At one time, it was young men mounted on them, but nowadays, probably because of the high purchase and insurance costs, it's middle aged and older people, many with large bellies. Perhaps that's why they need such big bikes, to carry their weight? Moan over.

The furthest south we got was to Verona, Northern Italy, and our route took us beside a man made waterway that ran perfectly straight for long periods, with nothing of interest to see but the wire fence beside it. This, plus the fact it was very hot and humid, was probably the low point of the entire trip. Our sightseeing day in Verona was so hot it was distinctly unpleasant, with one of our group actually getting mild heatstroke. Whilst the other four had a quick walk round the outside of the famous Roman Amphitheatre, she had to go and sit in the shade next to a fountain that was cooler. Fortunately she recovered without any lasting effects.



Roman Amphitheatre, Verona

## **President's Run Sunday 8 September. 10.00am**

### **You are all invited**

#### **Meet:-**

at the entrance to Kirby Muxloe Castle,  
Oakcroft Avenue, Kirby Muxloe, LE9 2DH,  
OS Grid Ref SK522045  
what3words:- excuse.shunts.blame

#### **Destination:-**

Tithe Barn Cafe, Bosworth Battlefield Heritage Centre, Ambion Ln, Sutton  
Cheney, Nuneaton CV13 0AD OS Grid Ref SK402000  
what3words:- since.hockey.label

Full refreshments available at cost in the Cafe.

No need to book, just turn up, either at the start or at the Visitor Centre.



# Just for fun

## A mini touring quiz No. 4

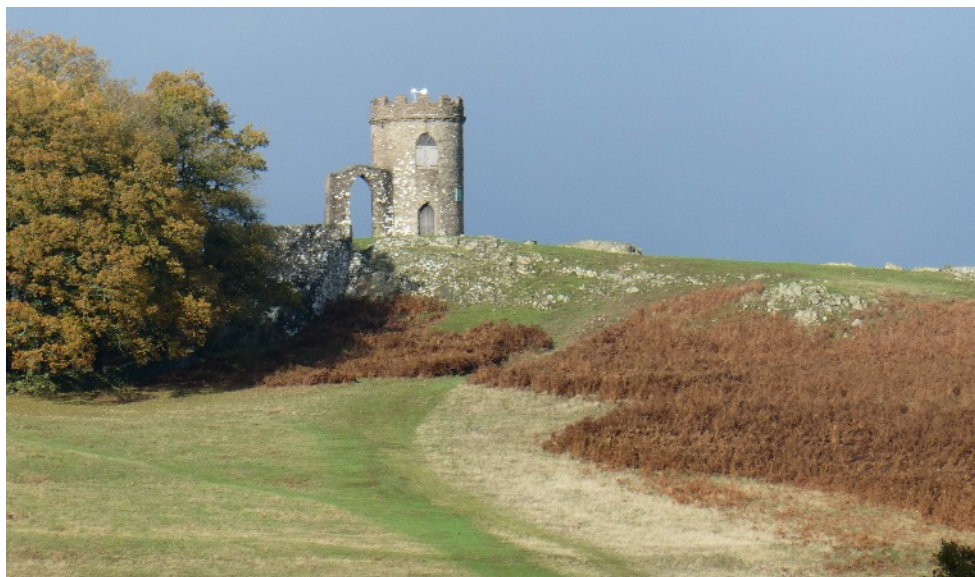


### Rutland Jeff asks how observant you are

When out cycling, do you keep an eye out for curiosities?  
Here is one that Rutland Jeff. has found .  
Do you know the answer?

**Bradgate Park**, east of Leicester, always has something to see, but try to go when it is not busy. We (nearly) all know that this was the former home of Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England for nine days, in 1554, but who/what was 'Old John' also commemorated here?

Answer below



*"Old John"*

*photo Dave Binks*

Another test to come in the next edition

*'Old John,' was possibly an old windmill shown on a map dated 1754. However, the origin of the name is uncertain.*



## Technical Topics

by Peter Witting



### Tubeless-ready rims hazard?

If you've bought new wheels in recent years, chances are that the rims are "tubeless-ready". I have 3 pairs of Mavic Ksyriums, all tubeless ready. But you don't have to buy the special tubeless covers, use the special valves and fill the tyre with sealant gunge, and then remember to refill at intervals during the year. You can carry on with standard tyres and inner tubes. But I had a wake-up call when on holiday in the hot and sunny Algarve.

Having left my bike in the shade during lunch, I returned to find the front wheel fully exposed to the sun. I soon realised the tyre was soft; but there was no sign of damage to the cover. To be on the safe side I fitted a new fold-up cover and inner to return to base. It turned out the puncture was due to some imperfection in the metal of the rim.

Obviously, that would be no problem if I'd been tubeless, but it was enough to puncture an inner tube. So how common is this issue? Do I now have to fit a rim tape to all those wheels sold as tubeless ready, so as to protect my inner tubes from punctures?

### Finally - leg warmers that stay put?

I've tried various brands of leg-warmers over the years. They have all failed – they slide down the leg as I ride! Maybe I've finally found a pair that stay put, using "active compression" material from "Skins" brand. Time will tell of course, after multiple washing cycles. Their Leg Warmers cost £80, while the lighter Leg Sleeves are £55. I think the latter are aimed at sun protection. The compression is grade 4 (while some products reach 6 on their scale), and proved perfectly comfortable.

### Replacement lenses for your "Sunnies"

There are several ways to ruin a good pair of cycling eyewear: Maybe a lens gets scratched if the glasses fall to the ground, or maybe some nasty chemical on your

fingers leaves a print on the plastic of the lens that can't be removed. If the sunglasses are cheap, then OK, just replace. But what if you have multiple lenses to fit the frame – clear, very dark and something in between? You are dependant on a shop, an online retailer, or the importer from a foreign manufacturer stocking the required shade of lens for the particular model of sunglasses. From experience it's a nightmare!

I've discovered The Sunglass Fix! Based in Australia, Billinudgel NSW, they seem able to manufacture replacements even better than the original specifications! My original Tifosi lenses were photochromic, but the Australian replacements offered the choice of adding polarising and protective coating to the photochromic. Not cheap, but it seems you specify the brand, model and size etc, then they do the rest. I think mine took around a week to arrive, but could take up to 6 weeks they warn. Not cheap at £60 but a lot less than a full replacement set.

### **20ml refillable sunscreen spray dispenser.**

In the last Cycle Chat, I explained my need to always use Factor 50 sunscreen. My choice of Nivea's "Protect & Dry Touch" warned of the need to reapply frequently. But on a day ride, one would not want to carry the 200ml bottle around all day, especially if full. The solution came via Amazon – a set of 20ml refillable spray dispensers, not much bigger than a lip sunscreen tube (see pic).



### **Tent-pole repairs on our doorstep!**

I know our club secretary, Alan, is still an active cycle-camper, though my camping is now motor-assisted! A potential problem we share is damage to the tent poles. It's wise to pre-empt a fracture by carrying a temporary repair kit. But you then need a permanent fix. When I tried my tent manufacturers, Vaude in Germany, they unhelpfully said they only supply spares in Germany!

I then discovered that the "UK's No. 1 Tent Spares Specialists" is based at Hinckley - Tentspares Ltd. Not only do they carry stocks of tentpole sets and repair packs, they will do custom repairs, which I needed for my 14-year-old German tent! Being on our doorstep, it's better to drop in and confirm what needs fixing. A very friendly and obliging outfit I found. I did however have to order a Vaude Pole-Doctor repair sleeve for any future issue from Hardloop in France, taking over 2 weeks for delivery. It seems that's one thing Tentspares can't supply.

# Letters Page



Dear Editor

You expressed concern in your last editorial about the future of what used to be Leicestershire & Rutland DA and its constituent Sections. It's a subject I wrote about in an earlier *Cycle Chat*: National Boom & Local Decline. At the time I wondered whether it was a problem peculiar to Leicestershire, or whether it reflected a tendency throughout the country. I now have a bit more evidence pointing towards the latter explanation. It's limited, but (I think) significant.

Like many local publications, our free bi-monthly *Stone Gazette* always has a "Looking Back" local history feature. In the May/June issue there was an item (photo clipping attached) about the Stone Section of the CTC, dated 1962-65. The Section was clearly flourishing, with an annual dinner and prize presentation. Now the 1960s was a dreadful decade for cycling in general (probably because of the rapid spread of first-time car ownership). By 1968 CTC membership had plummeted to only 18,000, yet Stone Section was nevertheless prospering as part of North Staffordshire DA, and I should think Leicestershire was the same – with the likes of Ken Pepper and many others.

I've now lived in Stone for 16 years, and during that time have never heard of any local Sections – or a North Staffs. DA. Yet CTC national membership is now 70,000+. Googling to find local groups seems to produce only CTC/Cycling UK *affiliated* clubs like Stafford RC. I cycle with the 'Easy Cycling' group of Stafford U3A, which has no CTC connection.

I'm still not clear why the District Association/Section structure was deliberately dismantled in favour of numerous small independent autonomous groups. It seems unlikely to have been the result of charitable status.

Nationwide, there are lots of mini-clubs like the Poplar group in Loughborough, or my U3A group, which run on an 'ad hoc' basis. Perhaps some of these include a few CUK members.

I think there *has* been a 21<sup>st</sup> Century change in cycling habits, as you suggest, with people preferring to do their own thing – yet tens of thousands have obviously taken the trouble to join Cycling UK. There must be plenty in the area where I now live, but I have no means of getting to know who they are, because there's no longer an organised structure.

Peter Hopkins. (Peter lives in Stone, Staffs)



\* Annual dinner, Stone Branch, Cyclists' Touring Club, Stone, 1962-65. Annual dinner and awards presentation of the Stone Section of the North Staffordshire District Association of the Cyclists' Touring Club, formed in 1962 by Gordon and Irene Smith and Dave Steele. The venue is probably the Darlaston Inn, near Stone. Standing far left are Irene and Gordon Smith.

# Way of the Roses

Tony Davis reports

## Day 1 Morecambe to Settle 60k 770m of climbing

Every year Jayne and a group of her friends go for a short tour. Sometimes it's a route they create for themselves and other times they choose a recognised route. A couple of years ago they rode the Way of the Roses from Morecambe to Bridlington.

Their enthusiasm for this route rubbed off on one of our regular cycling friends who decided to use it as a first cycling tour for his grandchildren. Practice rides were undertaken and hotel rooms booked. Jayne and I plus another friend, Peter planned to provide cycling company and to use our campervan as a support vehicle for rest, recovery and bag carriage.

Unfortunately our friend became ill and was unable to ride. After much discussion it was agreed that as we already had the accommodation booked Peter and I should go ahead and ride the route unsupported. We also used the opportunity to raise money for a charity which supports research into prostate cancer. This is something I'm not really comfortable with as you always seem to be asking the same people for donations. However I haven't done this for so many years and as the issue affects so many men in my age group I agreed to be sponsored.

We took the train from Rugby to Morecambe which required multiple changes of train with one missed connection due to late arrival of our train.

Our accommodation for the first night was a traditional seaside B&B with a very warm welcome and secure bike storage.

The route starts from the Eric Morecambe statue on the promenade in Morecambe. From there the route heads inland on a tarmac cycle way using a disused rail line. It was impossible to tell where Morecambe ended and Lancaster started. We left Lancaster on a riverside cycle path which passed under junction 34 of



*Peter, Eric Morecambe, Tony*

the M6. This path then joined another old railway climbing gently up the Lune valley. After a couple of kilometres we turned sharp left for a short climb before turning through Halton Park. This seemed very benign until a turn took us up Monkley Gill. On the sharpest part of the climb we met two farmers walking down the hill and a pickup truck and trailer, not what is needed when you're struggling to maintain forward motion.



After that first shock the route then rolled gently up and down along the Lune valley. We passed through Hornby with its octagonal church tower which I remembered from a church bell ringing tour. By the time we reached the Bridge Farm tearoom we felt like we'd earned a coffee and cake.



The route climbed in steps from Wray as we skirted the northern edge of the Forest of Bowland before descending to our lunch stop at the Old Sawmill in Clapham. On this section we got glimpses of Ingleborough and Wharfedale, two of the Yorkshire Three Peaks.

Despite having covered the lion's share of the distance the route still had some climbs left with views towards Pen-y-Ghent. We finished the day with a lovely descent to Giggleswick where we stayed at the Hart's Head Inn.

Giggleswick is only separated from Settle by the River Ribble. We went for a walk and a beer in the afternoon sunshine. Many villages seem to have scarecrow festivals but Settle had a flowerpot festival with a huge number of flowerpot figures scattered about the town.

## **Day 2 Settle to Ripon 70k 1400m of climbing**

This was the hilly day where we climbed out of Ribblesdale, into Wharfedale then Nidderdale before dropping into the Vale of York. Spending the night in Giggleswick meant there was no time to warm up before the climb out of Settle.

The first kilometre out of the town climbs 150m with the steepest sections at 20%. The first climb tops out at High Side at 388m before dropping into Airton where we crossed the Pennine Way. The steep climbs and descents continued through some very pretty dales villages before a welcome coffee stop at Burnsall in Wharfedale.

The route climbed steadily after Burnsall with the soft dales landscape gradually giving way to moorland. We took the opportunity to cool off at Stumps Cross Cavern before the final grind up to the high point of 404m on Greenhow Hill.

The descent from Greenhow to Pateley Bridge was steep, winding and busy with traffic. There were a number of enormous warning signs asking cyclists to go slowly. It felt a bit nanny state like but I was told that there are a number of cyclists every year who lose their life on that hill. It was after that descent that Peter realised that his front brake had little effect.

Shortly after Pateley Bridge we turned left, and up, towards Brimham Rocks. The road had a Road Closed sign so apart from a few other cyclists we had the road to ourselves. As we began our descent we stopped so that I could adjust Peter's front brake, but there was very little pad left. We rolled gently towards Fountains Abbey and Studley Royal National Trust cafe for a late lunch. From there we searched online for bike shops in Ripon and found one who had the right pads in stock.



We pedalled the last couple of kilometres into Ripon to find our accommodation at the Unicorn Inn on the town square. Once we had checked in Peter took his bike to Bikemonger, which was about 20m from the hotel. They changed both sets of pads for a very reasonable price.

That evening we had a very enjoyable meal with Peter's nephew and his wife who lived locally.

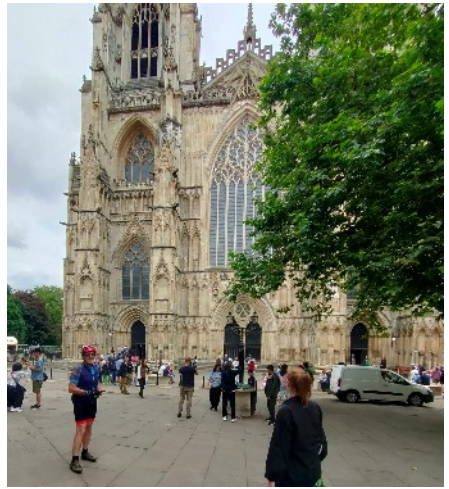
### **Day 3 Ripon to Pocklington 80k 310m of climbing.**

This was a day traversing the Vale of York on almost pancake flat quiet country roads.

When I had let our Tuesday cycle group know what we were doing Andy Kerridge had said that he would be in York when we passed through. So on Thursday morning I let him know when we were leaving Ripon. Peter and I

headed to Boroughbridge for a coffee and by the time we were ready to leave Andy arrived. Andy rode with us to the outskirts of York where he turned off to his in-laws home. The only notable point on the route other than the extremely quiet roads was passing through the grounds of Beningborough Hall.

The Way of the Roses route goes through the centre of York right past the Minster. After two and a half days of hardly seeing a soul it was a culture shock to see the crowds around the Minster. We stopped for a lovely lunch of avocado on toast before escaping back to our natural habitat.



Out of York I had planned a slight deviation of the official route as I had been told that the section between Dunnington and Stamford Bridge was rough stuff which wasn't in good condition. The final part of day from Stamford Bridge to Pocklington was easy going to reach the Feathers Inn.

#### **Day 4 Pocklington to Bridlington 70k 530m of climbing.**

Starting from Pocklington we climbed gently but steadily alongside Millington beck up a stunningly beautiful valley. After a last steep ramp we popped out on top of the Wolds. The next few kilometres passed very quickly with a howling tailwind and gentle rolling countryside. The route weaved around a bit to get us to Hutton Cranswick where we had very generous portions of cake with our coffee. Peter said it was a bit much, but he still ate it all.



After Hutton Cranswick I had planned a short cut from Skerne to Nafferton to avoid passing through Driffield. Unfortunately the river bridge at Wansford was being completely rebuilt



and the signs said closed, even for pedestrians and cyclists, which a local confirmed was true.

We crossed a number of level crossings over the railway before passing Burton Agnes on a short climb to the Roman road known as Woldgate. The wind pushed us along until we dropped into the outskirts of Bridlington. We passed through the Old Town before the final drop to the promenade at North Sands. On the seafront we took photos by the Way of the Roses Start/Finish board then had lunch.

Bridlington station was very pretty with lots of plants which are tended by the station staff. They were very helpful with changing our rail tickets and cycle reservations to an earlier train.

In summary, the Way of the Roses route is very well planned on quiet lanes through varied topography as you traverse Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Cyclist's Cafe Map app was very useful for finding places to stop for food and drink. We finished each day in early afternoon which gave us time to relax and explore the towns we stayed in, and to drink a few local beers.

*PS. We raised about £2600 for Prostate Cancer research.*



## Sorry I missed you!

### (A 'Rutlander' by-passes Leicester)

I suppose since the age of about seventy five, my health has slowly been becoming a little more suspect. Since I was 'in arms' I have always been cursed with having to avoid sunshine and always seemingly swim in sun cream before going out anywhere, but since that aforesaid age, matters have become worse and I don't seem to have been able to escape NHS. Consultants. Indeed since the pandemic they seem to have been my regular companions -if that is the right word? First it was sunlight, then eyesight, now my breathing is literally stopping me really enjoying my cycling – as I write this I am awaiting a hospital telephone consultation prior to a two hour surgery slot (already cancelled once), now due in August, but as I have already hinted, it is my cycle-touring that keeps



me active. So how have I managed to work around my health issues? Perhaps a clue was given in a recent copy of 'Cycling' magazine, where the doctor commenting on a correspondent's letter suggested that the more cycling he did, the better he would be health wise, and in managing his condition. Earlier this year, I nipped out to nearby nature reserve – to see if the snowdrops were in bloom – only a bike ride of five miles away, and after all it was a lovely sunny afternoon, but on the ride home I was literally brought to an unavoidable stop for I just could not ride my bike up a baby of a hill, I couldn't get my breath. Do I leave my bike in the hedge and walk the last half-

### 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.

Pete & Lyn's details are : -

Address: 6 Bluebell Close,

Donisthorpe, Swadlincote, Derbys DE12 7RW

Phone 01530 271665 email [lyntian@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:lyntian@hotmail.co.uk)

mile home? Anyway to cut the matter short, I eventually worked out that if it was cold and when the air pressure was low, I MUST be extra careful and stay at home as my old man's lungs will no longer cope. That has been the controlling force behind my cycling this year, and we all know how poor the weather has been. This has its advantages though – for I have on shorter rides been made to seek out those near-home places I might not otherwise have found- or indeed all those wild deer/butterflies/dragon flies I have spotted for example! On the better days I was able to ride some longer journeys, once or twice assisted by the electric bike.



Towards the end of June, on a windless warm sunny day, I just had to get out, so took proverbial flasks of coffee, sandwiches and so on, and set off to just simply enjoy a bike ride, (leaving the electric bike at home) and on getting back home found I had accidently pedalled a little over eighty miles! So where did I go and why!

From my home betwixt Melton Mowbray and Oakham, steadily the bike knew its way and took me via Queniborough and Rothley to Bradgate Park, where I was amazed at just how many 'Bambi's' were sheltering with their mothers beneath shady trees this year, and as it wasn't quite lunch time yet, I carried on to perhaps stop near Groby Pools.....still a bit early there so a glance at the map had me carrying on to Kirby Muxloe. I'll write the next bit in smaller writing so as not to boast. I remember coming here once before as a lad, when my school mate and self used to go on Saturday bike rides. We lived in the vicinity of Walsall, Staffordshire, and my log-book tells as 14/15 year olds we rode 100 miles on that 15 th May 1954 to do so on our ride into Leicester itself. Here I found a bench in the car park and ate my lunch, and reveled in somewhere almost brand new to visit and enjoy. (Even the castle itself has an eventful history).

It was now going to be a bigger adventure than when I set out, so where to next? To turn left would take me through the built-up Leicester suburbs, so a glance at my oldish map, and I opted to circulate right around the built-up area and made for Croft, only to find my way barred



by a police car – The overhead electric power lines had come down across the road, so “would I go extra carefully and ride on the footpath, and take the alternative parallel residents road pass the obstruction” – motorists will have to go via another route further to the west? I seemed hereabouts to be cycling with new housing developments just spilling out to my nearside, and near Dunton Bassett I didn’t spot my turning, (now lost in an industrial estate) before coming into proper countryside again and Ashby Magna. “I know where I am now,” I thought to myself and duly continued following an anti-clockwise direction, around bigger nastier Leicester.



*Burrough Hill*

The next obstacle was crossing the main railway line – hold-ups again as they were installing overhead electric cables under a road bridge over the railway track, so as there was a climb I pushed gingerly up the rise, and was on my way again with the next stop at Great Glen for a short break, before continuing on to Billesdon, (and a mug of tea and biscuits). At Billesdon Coplow I was back on those lanes where my dogs used to ride in their box behind me, and all was plain cycling back home – even in my ‘unfit’ state riding all the way up (literally) the Burrough Hill road, perhaps a continuous mile or more climb. I was even able to view from the saddle a proposed new combined country park and solar electricity park, before crossing the unfortunate home of Badgers, who had dug their home actually beneath the metalled roadway with entrances on both sides of the lane!

I had set out only for a short day’s escape, and thoroughly enjoyed (celebrated) my unfitness, with a better medicine – CYCLE-TOURING. I even felt somehow healthier for having done so!

Whilst writing this, and at the third attempt, I got that telephone hospital conversation, (and a congratulations for having achieved that distance at my age), and am deemed well enough for surgery, BUT, I have to keep on nagging my doctor to be checked for an as yet possibly undiagnosed condition, which would involve a third Consultants’ diagnosis. So; is pedal cycling good for me, or am I slowly making myself worse? As I am now the oldest living member of my family, I am just going to keep on turning those pedals.

Rutland Jeff.

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# California Coast Cycle Tour 03-20 March, 2018

By Barry Bogin

The Autumn 2020 issue of Cycle Chat included my ‘Memories of Big Basin Redwoods State Park, California’ based on my cycle camping tour of 2018. In August 2020 a fire provoked by a lightning storm burned 97% of the Big Basin State Park and destroyed all its buildings, including the historic Park Headquarters building. Today, the park is open for daily visits in limited areas – no overnight camping. The redwood trees are sprouting new growth, trails are being restored and new buildings are being planned.



In this essay I recall a few more adventures from that tour of six years ago. My tour began in town of La Jolla, where I had attended a symposium on ‘The Role Of Hunting In Anthropogeny’. The word ‘Anthropogeny’ was first used in the 1839 edition of Hooper’s Medical Dictionary and is defined as “The study of the generation of man”. Today it means, ‘the study of the origin of humankind’. One of my colleagues there is a cyclist and surfer. He helped me to arrange purchase of a bike from a local cycle rental shop. The shop owner kindly added a pannier rack at my request. This was a Fuji road bike, with a triple crankset, but only a 25-tooth ‘granny gear’ on the cassette. This proved a bit over-gearred for the tour – I carried at least 15kg of kit, including tent, sleeping bag/pad, laptop and clothing for both cycling and academic events! The bike held-up well for the tour. The tyres were worn and light-weight. After a week on the road the rear tyre had a disastrous blowout due to a cut. The small tyre



boot I had with me could not cover the damage, not even with added folded dollar bills. I was about 20 miles from the nearest source for a tyre. As I walked north on California State Route 1, a kindly gentleman, driving a pick-up truck, passed me. He must have taken pity on me because two minutes later he returned, asked me where I was going, and drove me to Santa Cruz, where I had planned to stay at a colleague's home. That lift of about 70 miles cut my cycle tour short by two days, but I did not complain. Here are some highlights of the first half of my trip, before the tyre blowout and before reaching Big Basin Redwoods State Park...

03 March - Sunday morning and 30 minutes out from hotel in La Jolla. Flying down the big downhill after Torrey Pines State Park, I realized that about \$200 of my cash was still in the safe of my hotel room. AAHHH!!! I braked hard about half-way down the hill and pedalled back, got the key to the room, got the cash, made a cup of tea, used the toilet in the room, set off again. Lost 1 hour. Made good time to Oceanside, about 25 miles north. I do not recall much of the scenery along the way -- ocean to the left, dry grassland to the right, but covered in beautiful flowers at times.

My destination on that Sunday was the university town of Irvine – about 80 miles north of La Jolla - to stay the night with friends. It was a totally sunny and warm day, and I arrived with a sun-burned face. I was given a very effective, and expensive, French-made after-sun cream – ahhhhh ?? But, there was more adventure earlier that day. My simple plan (more accurately, simple-minded plan) was to ride the coastal road SR1 as much as possible. My maps consisted of...well, I did not have a map. I had my first 'smart phone' but so little understanding of how to it, and so little data, that I used all the data in few hours. Wikipedia says that CA1, "...is a major north–south state highway that runs along most of the Pacific coastline of the U.S. state of California. At 656 miles, it is the longest state route in California and the second-longest in the US...". I knew there were some places where CA1 either no longer exists or is not a suitable road for bicycles. Even so, all I had to do was head north – what could go wrong? Well...I had not considered the United



*US Marine Corp Badge*

States Marine Corp. Just north of Oceanside is Camp Pendelton, a Marine base with an area greater than 125,000 acres that includes the coastline. Motorized and non-motorized vehicles must enter the main gate of the base, where every person must show government approved ID. Motorized vehicle must then use Interstate 5 (I5) to travel north. Bicycles must use a bike trail that passes through a small section of the base and then parallels I5 north to San Clemente – about 20 miles. After the main gate I saw no signs for the required left-turn. After 15 miles riding the road curved to the east. I realized that the sun was in the ‘wrong’ place, but carried on. After 30 minutes more I came to the East gate of the base and was told I must exit. This command came from a very large Marine armed with a 45 calibre pistol and sawn-off shotgun. I chose not to argue with him and began the loop back to Oceanside to re-enter the main gate. Along the way I found good food at the Waba Grill, a chain of California-cuisine fast food restaurants. The required detour loop added at least 18 miles. I re-entered the base, took the first left, and soon saw a “bike trail” sign that led me to the path along I5. About 25 miles later, with the sun sinking into the Pacific Ocean, I arrived to the southern edge of San Clemente, called my friends, and begged for a lift to their home (still 28 miles north). Good friends are a blessing. All was well after that. Total miles for day 1 = 70+.



04 March DAY 2 - I rode to Malibu that day and camped at Malibu Beach RV Campsite -- \$45, even for a cyclist with backpacking tent!!! The State campground, which would have charged only \$10, was closed.



Most of the visitors to the RV campsite arrive in vehicles worth \$200,000 or more. Not sure what they pay for a site. I had the shower block to myself, there was no good food in the shop (just microwave packages), and the concrete-like ground bent my tent stakes. I met the only other tent campers in the communal kitchen cabin and they invited me to share some of their very tasty supper – so all ended well. Day 2 mileage = 78 miles.



The ride from La Jolla until Malibu is not worth the energy, especially going north, as a strong southerly wind picks up at about 1pm everyday. Very depressing to ride into that wind. The scenery is urban, or dry scrub. The Pacific is there, and some vegetation is beautiful, but overall it is monotonous. Too much traffic, except for the section in Camp Pendelton, but that 20-mile section has a high chain-link fence on both sides of the bike trail.

05 March, Day 3,

Malibu to Santa Barbara – good coastal scenery, but too many places that I had to ride Highway 101 because SR1 just no longer exists. Some of 101 was labelled ‘Highway, no bikes’ but I rode it anyway as the shoulder is usually more than wide enough. One just worries about an articulated lorry careening onto the shoulder at 80 miles per hour. The official bike route goes east, into Los Angeles, and then back to the coast. I stopped in the town of Oxnard to eat at another Waba Grill and to buy fig bars and other

## Following the recent AGM, the following awards were made for Group activities



Best Allrounder; Peter Witting 44 points

Club Rides Attendance; Jim Gerrard 38 points

Peter Witting 34 points

Sulley Rides,

Oldest Lady; Gill Lord

Oldest Gent; Ian Spence

(Some riders never gave the name of their club so we were unable to award points)

Clubperson of the year; Peter Witting

The Hames Trophy; Jean Deacon (best Lady contribution)

supplies. After a few miles I stopped at a coffee place to use their internet to Skype with family and look at Google directions north. The Google route was good, hugged the coast and was pleasant to the town of Ventura, and then the bike route seemed to merge again with 101. But, I saw the sign for Amtrack – the US National Railroad Passenger Corporation. This rail line runs along most of the West Coast of the United States. Following the signs to the station I read that a train was due any minute – what luck.

Forty-five minutes later the delayed train arrived. The conductor said I could not board because passengers with bikes must have an advance ticket. I panicked a bit and lied to the conductor that I must get to Santa Barbara for a family emergency and that my knees were painful after riding all morning. As I was



preparing another barrage of moaning, with a raised voice, the Conductor told me to let her speak. She let me on, and said that I could make an online reservation using the Amtrak internet on board. I thanked her profusely and apologised for my rudeness. The train moved north and I tried to connect to the Amtrak website, but no luck. I called the Amtrak phone line but no answer. I noticed that the conductor had a fancy-looking phone and after I stared at it for a while she got the message and called for a reservation. She called a ‘special number’ but after being on hold for 5-10 minutes she hung-up and said, “We tried.” I offered a cash payment for a ticket, but she said that cash was too much hassle. Safely, and freely, on board I noticed that I was the only passenger in the carriage and one of perhaps 5 on the entire train!

Santa Barbara is another university town and I arranged to stay at the home of colleague who lived an easy riding 1.8 miles from the train station. I asked if could stay 2 nights and that was cool. His wife was in Bolivia doing field research, and he was happy to have company. He seemed nervous and reserved at first, but that was due to having suffered a collapsed sewer line from his house to the main in the street. My colleague was worried that we would not be able to use the bathroom, even to shower. We checked and shower water drained well. I waited until we went

to a restaurant to make good use of a toilet! The house was built during World War II and during those 'iron is for bombs' times the builders used creosote-soaked paper tubing for sewer pipes. Sooner than later these disintegrate. Help arrived later that day in the form of a bloke who began to hand-dig a trench from the house to the street. He explained that the mechanical trencher was being used on another job. To be a good house guest, and to speed things up, I worked with this bloke for a while until the mechanical trencher arrived.



Next day all was well ?? Day 3 = 47 miles

06 March, Day 4, rest day. We met with my colleague's students and talked about sex, sports, growth hormones, and strategic growth in height (my areas of knowledge).

Day 5, 07 March, I purchased an advance ticket, with bicycle, and took the train to San Luis Obispo – lovely travel. Then rode 17 miles to Morro Bay State Park. Good ride, the village is lovely, and there is a big rock in the bay – sort of a mini Gibraltar. I camped that night at the State Park and ate supper across from the campground – green chilli clam chowder in a sour dough bread bowl – the speciality of the house. It all worked well.

Day 6, 08 March. I rode north on SR1. Often it was 65mph for motorized vehicles, but with a wide shoulder. During conversation at a café, I was told that the road is closed further north due to a mud slide. That slide was about 5 miles north of the entrance to the Big Sur area, the most scenic part of my planned bike ride. The mud slide happened about two years earlier and the road was still being restored. I decided to ride on and deal with the closure when I got there. Along the way several people give me wrong information about how to get around the final section of closed road. Even on my little smart phone I could see that some suggested routes are wrong and that the correct detour would add about 50 miles and force me to ride on HWY 101, which is dreadful, dangerous and boring. A police officer told me that I can go as far north as Ragged Point. Then it is illegal to venture onto the roadworks in progress. He added that while illegal and



some people have been arrested in the attempt, the crossing is possible. I take that as a sort of blessing to continue on my way. On SR1 north of the detour point there is almost no motorized traffic and I have all the normally busy tourist sites to myself. I stop at the elephant seal rookery – they are big critters – see photo. I eat at San Simeon, Skype family,

pass the Hearst Castle – 2 miles inland on the high hill so I give it pass. A few more stops to look at the sea and then I ride on.

There was heavy Cloud and mist that day and most of my time along this section of SR1. At the end of the day I am about 5 miles south of the road closure, at Ragged Point. This is the official southern entrance to the Big Sur area. You have seen the Big Sur coastal road in films, TV shows, and adverts. It is the hilliest and curviest part of route SR1 south of San Francisco. I could have pedalled on and crossed the ‘forbidden zone’ of the roadworks at night. But, Ragged Point has a hotel with a good restaurant and there is a petrol station with convenience shop. All my needs for a night are here. I ask about a room, but the hotel wants \$200 for a night, even with few customers. So, I decide to camp at the nearby ‘free camp’ spot. It is lay-by where many camp, or so I am told by staff at the petrol station. My plan is to leave at dawn to sneak through any barriers before workers come.

After supper and before cycling to the lay-by I meet another cyclist who got through the ‘forbidden zone’ from the north. He says that he crossed after the work stopped and that it was easy, with only 1/4 mile of pushing his bike.

Day 6 = 45 miles.

Sleep was fitful that night, even with the sound of Pacific Ocean waves pounding the shore somewhere below the lay-by – too much mist to see the ocean. I was worried about being arrested, or worse, in the ‘forbidden

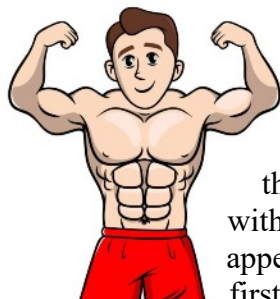
zone'. But, I came on this ride to do Big Sur and Ragged Point is the gateway. I was not going to ride inland and on a concrete motorway to detour around a measly ¼ mile of possible danger or disaster. Before falling asleep for a few hours I wrote in my journal, "So, let's see if I make another entry, which means I survived tonight and got through the barrier".

Day 7, 09 March, Survived!!! I awoke at 4:45am. There was either rain and/or heavy mist overnight as my tent fly was soaked. I packed the now water heavy tent and other items as quickly as possible. I left just before dawn and morning light came quickly. I needed a toilet – I mean really needed a toilet -- but all the toilets were locked at the Ragged Point lodge/mini market. Gritting my teeth, the urge abated and I rode on to the barrier about 5 miles ahead. No one was there or in site in the work area – happiness. I saw a Portaloo, more happiness. This portaloos was for use by the barrier guard. I was told that she arrived about 06:30 every day. I was crossing on Saturday, it was only 06:20, and I hoped that the guard would have a 'lazy weekend



morning in bed'. With needs completed I opened the portaloos door to be greeted by a car with woman driver arriving at 6:28am. She was a middle-aged woman, with a kind demeanour, but was obliged to tell me that I could not ride through. I stayed calm, explained that I came from the UK, then San Diego, just to ride the Big Sur, that I spoke with a cyclist the day before who came through and said that there was less than 1/4 mile of rough-stuff, easy to walk over. The woman softened, thought a moment, but said no. I said that a return would take 60 miles and that I was expected in Santa Cruz for important work (a lie), that I would be careful (the truth), and that if I had not used the loo she would have never seen me (also true). More thought, more no's. Then she took the handset of a land-line phone out of her car, walked to a box on a post at the barrier and plugged the handset into a phone jack. She is calling someone. I said, "If you ask, the person at the other end of the line will be obliged to say no." She ignores me and I shut up. There is no answer to her call. She allows the phone to ring for another endless minute. Still no answer. She was calling the guard at the other end of the 'forbidden zone' to ask if it was safe for me to pass. His name is Foster – like the Australian beer. She said that Foster would certainly stop me if I got that far. She said that the State Game Warden

might arrest me. She worries that I might die in a landslide. I sense that she is almost ready to let be pass. I reply that I will be very careful and take my chances with Foster and the Warden. She says she feels terrible because I might get hurt. I say that I will be very careful and that I have experience walking my bike over rough terrain (true). I assure her again that if I am apprehended, I will say that she did not see me and I did not see her. I add that there is no road work taking place at this hour and I will be super cautious. She looks down and says “OK”. Elation! I say thanks and take



off. No one was in sight anywhere. The first part of the ‘forbidden zone’ was a paved road, perfectly smooth, and I rode through the beginning of the work area, with lots of big machines, then some caravans. But no lights were on in the caravans, there was no noise, there was not a soul in sight. I rode with determination and some dread that someone would appear – nothing. I got to a dirt road section, rideable at first then too rough and I must walk. I see a pile of large,

rounded stones ahead, then the north barrier and then paved road on the other side. The rounded stones – mini boulders – are being placed to reinforce the hillside before new road is laid on top. This section is not ¼ mile, rather about 300 yards. By this point I am full of the stress hormone cortisol, which allows me to lift the bike, with panniers and camping kit attached, over the roughest stones, and glide it over piles of smaller rubble. Other bike tyre tracks are visible and some footprints. In what seems a flash I am over the pile and onto the road again. I pass the north barrier and enter the tiny historic whaling village of Gorda. There is a restaurant-hotel-petrol station and not much else in Gorda. Few people visit Gorda since the landslide two years ago. But, the restaurant is open and I intend to eat a lot, have a restful pee, have a cuppa and calm down. When the guard at the south barrier allowed me to pass I told her that I would say a blessing for her. I said it in Gorda and I say again in 2024 -- be blessed and be well.

#### Postscript

At the café in Gorda I ordered banana-nut-pancakes, \$15.00 for a 3 stack, plus \$4.00 for a tea. Those



prices were extra high for the year 2018, even though the road allowed for little business. But, these pancakes were worth every penny – both due to my experience and due to the chef creating thick, banana infused pecan syrup; walnut garnished hotcakes, with sliced, twisted fresh orange on top. Honey, maple syrup, and butter added the finishing touches. I was afraid of not getting enough, but I was stuffed. I ate slowly, schmoozed with the staff and a couple of locals. Then a pick-up drives to the barrier and I assume Foster gets out. It was about 7:45 AM Foster sleeps late on Saturday, thanks! I rearranged my panniers, used the café bathroom to wash, brush teeth and hair, and started north.

My next stop was at about 11am to finally finish my burrito from Morro Bay - ~45 hours in my bag, but cooled by the coastal mists. I heated it in a microwave at a mini-mart, sat on their veranda, chatted with a Chinese Mongolian born physicist who works for Dow Chemical Corporation, and told her how she could drive around the rock slide, using the ‘official’ Nacamiento Road detour. Rain started, but lightly. I rode on – rain increased and kept raining the rest of the day.

Day 7 = 45miles

Two day later I have the tyre blow-out and five days later my adventure in Big Basin Redwoods State Park – but you already know about that.

## **Charnwood Says Goodbye**

**An Off Road Event to Remember Recent Losses**

**Sunday 6th of October**

Meet at Staunton Harold Reservoir Car Park  
6 Caulke Road, Melbourne, Derby DE738D.  
10 am Start

Distance: Choice of 16 or 25 miles

Organiser for Charnwood; Alan Hartshorne  
0116 2314891 and 07858 583188 email [alanhartshorne@gmail.com](mailto:alanhartshorne@gmail.com)

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## *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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### **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 92davebinks@gmail.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



Nothing new to report this month, but if you have anything new, let us know.

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

## 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.:- [92davebinks@gmail.com](mailto:92davebinks@gmail.com)

## President's Run Sunday 8 September. 10.00am

### Dave Invites you to join him

**Meet:-**

at the entrance to Kirby Muxloe Castle,  
Oakcroft Avenue, Kirby Muxloe, LE9 2DH,  
OS Grid Ref SK522045  
what3words:- excuse.shunts.blame

**Destination:-**

Tithe Barn Cafe, Bosworth Battlefield Heritage Centre, Ambion Ln, Sutton  
Cheney, Nuneaton CV13 0AD OS Grid Ref SK402000  
what3words:- since.hockey.label

Full refreshments available at cost in the Cafe.

No need to book, just turn up, either at the start or at the Visitor Centre.

## Ride & Stride Event

Saturday 14th September 2024

Although not a CTC activity, this event may be of interest to some. 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 the website from late August.

There is more information available on the LHCT website:  
<https://www.lhct.org.uk/ride-and-stride>

<b>NUNEATON</b>		<b>Nuneaton CTC Cycle Club – Rides List - 2024</b>			Thursday rides meet at 10.30am. .
					
<u>Date</u>	<u>Day</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Distance</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Tel</u>
1st Aug	<b>Thurs</b>	Morrissons	<b>Half day</b>	Jim Gerrard	7876457146
8th Aug	<b>Thurs</b>	Dobbies Gdn Centre	<b>Half day</b>	John Andrews	1162865738
15th Aug	<b>Thurs</b>	Hill Top Gdn Centre	<b>Half day</b>	John Heggie	7785984662
22nd Aug	<b>Thurs</b>	St Marys Hinckley	<b>Half day</b>	John Andrews	1162865738
29th Aug	<b>Thurs</b>	Peoples Café Bed	<b>Half day</b>	Angie Fisher	7824808788
5th Sept	<b>Thurs</b>	Sutton Cheney Wharf	<b>Half day</b>	Paul Hands	7941508045
12th Sept	<b>Thurs</b>	Cheese Farm Upton	<b>Half day</b>	Anne Taylor	7779997764
19th Sept	<b>Thurs</b>	Pingles Café	<b>Half day</b>	Eric Rowland	7768396806
26th Sept	<b>Thurs</b>	Burton Fisheries	<b>Half day</b>	Jim Gerrard	7876457146
3rd Oct	<b>Thurs</b>	Astley Book Farm	<b>Half day</b>	Paul Kutcha	7414474233
10th Oct	<b>Thurs</b>	Morrissons	<b>Half day</b>	John Heggie	7785984662
17th Oct	<b>Thurs</b>	Dobbies Gdn Centre	<b>Half day</b>	Paul Hands	7941508045
24th Oct	<b>Thurs</b>	Hill top Gdn Centre	<b>Half day</b>	Anne Taylor	7779997764
31st Oct	<b>Thurs</b>	St Marys Hinckley	<b>Half day</b>	Ann Jenkins	7921822378

## Mince Pie Meeting

**Sunday 22nd December 2024**

The famous Mince Pie Cyclists Meet will again be taking place at Belton Village Hall (10.30am to 12-30pm). Teas, refreshments and chat

Tombola in aid of Rainbows Children's Hospice.

## South Section

Contact Neil Dixon for more details on 0788 9854459

Before attending any of these rides, please confirm that they are actually taking place as-is, or if they've been changed. The best way to do this is to send me an email at northneil@gmail.com. Someone will hopefully be at the start at the appropriate time to lead the ride, but anyone wishing to ride to the destination separately are quite welcome to do so.

Date	Time	Meet	11's	Lunch
Aug 25	9:30	BA	Bosworth	Coffee at Battlefield Centre
Sep 1	9:30	BA	Brandon Marsh	
Sep 8	9:30	BA	Ratcliffe Culey	11s at Ellie's Field pop-up cafe
Sep 15	9:30	BA	Thornby	
Sep 22	9:30	BA	Crick	
Sep 29	9:30	BA	Fleckney	
Oct 6	9:30	BA	Twycross	
Oct 13	9:30	BA	Market Harborough	
Oct 20	9:30	BA	Kelmarsh	Stoke Golding
Oct 27	9:30	BA	Thornby	
Nov 3	9:30	BA	Tur Langton	
Nov 10	9:30	BA	Welford (Mini Meadows)	Swinford
Nov 17	9:30	BA	Bosworth	Coffee at Battlefield Centre
Nov 24	9:30	BA	Thornby	
Nov 24	9:30	BA	Crick	
Dec 1	9:30	BA	Welford (Mini Meadows)	Swinford
Dec 8	9:30	BA	Fleckney	
Dec 15	9:30	BA	Twycross	Gill Lord
Dec 22	9:30	BA	Tur Langton	
Dec 29	9:30	BA	TBD	

(BA = Broughtn Astley)

Neil Dixon Tel:07889854459 E-Mail:northneil@gmail.com

Web:<http://slctc.org.uk>

## CHARNWOOD RUNS LIST

Date	Start	Eleven's	Lunch	Leader
1 Sept	9.00 H	Fradley Junction	Elford	Jim
8 Sept	Hay on Wye	Holiday		Lyn
15 Sept	9.00 M	Tamworth	Baxterley	Martin
22 Sept	9.00 W	Atterstone	Mkt Bosworth	Dave
29 Sept	9.00 A	Sutton Cheney	Ratcliff Culey	Paul
6 Oct	9.00 B	Sawley	Melbourne	Nick
13 Oct	9.00 H	Atterstone	Carlton	Pete
20 Oct	9.00 S	Swarkestone	Ticknall	Jim
27 Oct	9.30 M	Rosington	Coton in the Elms	Lyn
3 Nov	9.30 W	Thurlston	Stoke Golding	Martin
10 Nov	9.30 A	Market Bosworth	Shackerstone	Dave
17 Nov	9.30 B	Swalkestone	Heath End	Paul
24 Nov	9.30 H	Sutton Cheney	Shackerstone	Nick
1 Dec	9.30 S	Melbourne	The Milking Parlour Calke	Pete
8 Dec	9.30 M	Twynford	Market Bosworth	Jim
15 Dec	9.30 W	Thurlston	Newbold Verdon	Lyn
22 Dec	9.30 A	Castle Donington	Pegs Green	Martin
29 Dec	9.30 H	Sutton Wharf	Heather	Dave

A – Ashby HSBC (Bdg)

B – Belt on Church

H – Heather Church

M – DFS Measham

S – Lount X Roads

W – Bagworth Village Hall

Runscontact: Jim Gerrard 07876 457146

## **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 Winter 2024 issue of  
Cycle Chat is 1<sup>st</sup> November 2024  
That edition will cover December 2024, January & February 2025**



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Windy Corner, Snafell Mountain, Isle of Man

photo Dave Binks