



PRICE 20d





THE JOURNAL  
for  
NORTH YORKSHIRE DISTRICT ASSOCIATION  
of the  
CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB

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ISSUE ONE : APRIL 1980

## IT'S THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

Many who receive this publication will already be members of the C.T.C., but others will probably not have had the urge to join a national association or indeed, any other cycling club. Whichever category you come under, there is a standing invitation to take part in any of our rides or other events. You do not need to be an expert or excessively athletic to enjoy our riding or social activities, and all are welcome whatever age, sex or sphere of interest. This is a touring club and all our Sections exist to provide those activities, which will cater for the broad interests of those who enjoy leisure riding, exploring the countryside, and visiting historical or architectural features.

Do not be deterred because you may not have ten gears, dropped handlebars, massive muscles or flamboyant clothing. Enjoy your pleasures more by sharing them with members of the friendly Club.

Here follows a selection of events organised by both the District Association and local Sections. If no activities are listed for your area please contact the D.A. Secretary or any other official.

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| Sunday, April 20 | COUNTY CASTLES CIRCUITS - a selection of rides varying in length from 30 to 100 miles to mark the D.A. 5th. Anniversary. Centred on various N. Yorkshire towns. Details from R.Healey - tel. York 54114. |
| May 3-5          | Inter D.A. Holiday Weekend - see page 21   |
| May 18           | Standard Ride, 100 miles in 8 hours<br>Cyclists' Service, Coxwold Church   |
| June 8           | B.C.T.C. Local Heat - see page 20  |
| June 14-15       | Inter D.A. 'Meet' with Hull & ER at Thixendale   |
| June 22          | C.T.C. Triennial Veterans Ride, 100 in 12 – Leeds  |
| June 28          | York Lord Mayor's Parade - D.A. participation  |
| June 28-29       | Standard Ride, 240 miles in 24 hours; see p.8  |
| July 19-20       | C.T.C. York Rally, Knavesmire  |
| November 2       | D.A. Annual General Meeting, Hovingham 13.00   |

## YORK SECTION - RUNS LIST

(For further details of rides, contact J.Hessle, Tel. 792547) All runs start York Station, with lunch (L) at destination except where stated. Intermediates leave 8.30am.

### INTERMEDIATE SECTION    EASYRIDERS SECTION (10.00am)

<u>Apr</u> 6	Ellerburn	Huggate
13	Nidderdale (Brimham)	Aldborough
20	D.A. County Castles Rides and G.H.S. Rides.	
27	Kirby Malzeard	Boothferry Bridge
<u>May</u> 4	W/E meet with West Riding & Teesside D.As.	Studley Park
11	Hornsea	Fairburn Ings (L:Sherburn)
18	Rosedale/ 100 in 8	Helmsley
25	How Stean Gorge	Wharfedale
<u>Jun</u> 1	Drovers' Road (Picnic)	Derwent Valley (L:Malton)
8	British Cycle Tourist Competition, N. Yorks. Heat	
14/15	Thixendale (Meet with Hull & E.R. D.A.)	
22	Silsden Moor	White Horse (L:Sutton Bank)
29	Masham/ 240 in 24 hours	Harrogate

### Provisional list for rest of summer

Intermediates now start 8am. Easyriders still 10am.

<u>Jul</u> 6	Hayburn Wyke	Burnby Hall Gardens
13	Trollers Gill	Carlton (nr. Helmsley)
19/20	York Rally (no runs)	
27	Egton Bridge	Howden (Vale of Pickering)
<u>Aug</u> 3	Sewerby Park	Thirsk
10	Beamsley Beacon	Nidd Valley
17	Coverdale	Leavening
24	Great Ayton	Kirklington
31	Scalby Mills	Howardian Hills
<u>Sep</u> 7	Easby Abbey	Knaresborough
14	Barden Moor	Millington Pastures
21	Beck Hole	Harewood Park
28	Dallowgill Moor	Thornton Dale

### Wednesday Evening Runs

Starting on May 21st, an easy-paced run leaves from York Station at 7pm. each Wednesday until the end of August.

## SELBY SECTION

Support is sought by a small group of members in the Selby district, covering the South Milford, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Selby and Tadcaster area. A series of "pilot" runs has been arranged on a three-weekly basis, with mileage of around thirty, and catering particularly for families. The group will meet at alternate starting points, and the current programme is as follows:

- |            |  |
|------------|--|
| April 13th | Hazelwood Castle<br>(Start:South Milford,Southlands<br>Service Station, 10am.) |
| April 27th | Thorganby<br>(Start: Selby Abbey, 10am.)                                       |

For further information contact:

Howard Haynes, tel: Camblesforth 358

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## THIS MAGAZINE

"Riding North" is a new venture of the North Yorkshire D.A. of the C.T.C. We hope that you enjoy this first issue, and will value your comments and suggestions for future issues. Much of the information contained in this magazine is necessarily limited - we hope next time that, with your help, we can give much more comprehensive guidance to the cycle tourist in North Yorkshire. We would like information about repair shops within the county, catering facilities, bridleway routes ..... the list is endless! If you would like to contribute to "Riding North", please contact the Editor:

A.J.Leng 155, Windsor Drive, Wigginton, York  
Tel: (0904) 760225

## A DAY OUT WITH FRIENDS

It began pleasantly enough. For once, I wasn't late, and we met at the station as usual. Not as many of us as normal, and somewhat quieter. We cycled over Lendal Bridge and stopped again at the Art Gallery. There was a filling of forms, a 'chink, chink' of money, and we set off again. The time 8.00pm., the object 200 miles before 8.00pm. struck again.

The first few miles passed beneath the wheels easily; a pleasant evening, good company - what more could one wish for? The organisers of this Standard Ride answered that one by routing us onto the gated road through Snargate Farm and up to the top of Brandsby Bank. Left after Oswaldkirk and we were soon passing through Nunnington and the quiet lanes towards the A170 at Beadlam. It was in these lanes that the first check on our progress was made: a corner seemingly miles from anywhere, a lone figure and his dog, and the first time check. The A170 soon led us to Helmsley, and eight cyclists invaded the local 'chippie' and put away a few hundred calories, to be called upon later.

Togged up with extra jerseys and trousers, we paraded across the square under the watchful eye of a P.C. who took an interest in Ian's back light. By this time Ray Thompson had left us, saying that he would "push on a bit" - a typical understatement, for it was not until Scawton Bank, having first climbed the road to Rievaulx Terrace and dropped down the inky black bank to Rievaulx Abbey, that we caught him. The A170 was reached, and at the Hambleton Hotel we had, we thought, another check. Plenty of cars but no people at the roadside. Perhaps we were up on time a little, but there was no sign of anyone interested in talking to a bunch of mad cyclists who should have been in bed long ago.

We pushed on and negotiated Sutton Bank with some trepidation. It was getting towards the small hours as we rode through a Thirsk deserted except for a group of party-goers who shouted encouragement - or something! - at us. So far so good. The party was a little quieter now, except for Ian who babbled

on. Masham was the first break since Helmsley, and a sandwich or two, a mars bar or two, and a banana or two were duly dispatched. Ray "pushed on a bit", and ten minutes later so did the rest of us, until John realised that his gloves were still keeping the wall we had rested on snug and warm rather than his fingers.

Between Masham and Jervaulx we passed the results of careless and/or drunken driving, and received one or two stares from the attending constabulary. It was a pleasant night, the moon shining through patchy cloud every now and then, and as yet no rain.

East Witton, Middleham, Leyburn, West Witton - the villages rolled by almost uneventfully. There was the clatter of a front lamp, and Gary was left to grovel in a Bainbridge gutter with the aid of Andrew's lamp, to try and reconstruct his own. It was surprising how noises carried at this hour, and a few 'shushes' were necessary from the Captain to avoid rousing the sleeping populace.

Hawes was the next destination, and it was during this stretch that I didn't feel 100 per cent; but a 'natural break' before Hawes, when we considered a 'short cut' to Gayle, had me fighting fit for the climb ahead -Fleet Moss.

At an earlier stop in a bus shelter (for a sandwich or two, a Mars ... etc, etc,) Ray had "pushed on a bit", and he could now be seen in the dawn light in front of us, halfway up the fell. Our tight group became more and more strung out, but by one means or another we all made the top, donned our wind- and waterproofs, and sat down for a sandwich or two, a Mars ... etc, etc. Somewhat replete, we freewheeled, or rather flew, down the other side, and on through Buckden and Starbotton. A wash and brush up in Kettlewell, a Mars or two in Grassington, discussing the bank and how to break in, and we turned towards Greenhow, and beyond it, Pateley Bridge and thoughts of breakfast: eggs and bacon, and sausage and fried bread, and tea and toast, and ..... But Greenhow had to be reached first. Still, if you went up you must come down, and the

descent to Pateley was fast, or in Mark's case very fast!

The café was open, the orders were quickly met, and the feast began. As the last plate was wiped clean and the last dregs of tea drunk a few nodding heads were noticed. Andrew and Steve were on their way to places other than Ripon and Easingwold, and it was a rather torpid lot who piled out of the café. A wash, or an apology for it, soon had the spirits awakened - as they needed to be, for within 50 yards we were climbing to Brownstay Ridge. Ray had "pushed on a bit", and was walking the hill in the company of our check marshal at the café. To listen to them talking of Chater Lea and Harden hubs and Asps bought for what today is loose change made one aware of the age difference between them and our fifteen year olds. Yet there we all were, enjoying, (or something:), the same events. How many sports have such a wide age span?

The run to Ripon was uneventful, the weather good, the chatter pleasant. Five minutes in the square and we were off again. This time the destination was Easingwold, which we reached well ahead of schedule, although Andrew might have preferred it about two miles nearer.

It seemed strange to have lunch only about fourteen or so miles from York, having ridden for sixteen hours, but we were in good spirits, we ate well - (a sandwich or two, a Mars, ... etc, etc.) - and the slight rain as we made towards Crayke didn't deter us. Ray had "pushed on a bit", and we weren't to see him again before Malton. Alan's and Ron's route managed to find most of the hills between Easingwold and Malton, including Brandsby and Dalby, but no matter: the talk was now of those famed mugs of tea at the Station Café, and these, together with various snacks, set us in good heart for the final leg.

There was still the odd kick left, (out of North Grimston, for example), but these were met and overcome. The track down to Burdale and Fimber was now the next obstacle, and one or two feared for their tyres on the gravel. At Fimber, our next control point, John went in search of a signatory for our cards and found three men dredging the pond to do the honours. Ray "pushed

on a bit", and the rest of us sat or stood around. We were well up on schedule. Out of Fridaythorpe a lone cyclist passed us, and in a spirit of bravado, or foolishness, I repassed him, only to realise that I could not let him overtake me again without losing face, so like Ray, I "pushed on a bit" and joined Ray on the drop from Millington Wold and on into Pocklington. There we realised that only John knew where the checkpoint was, so we had to wait. Steve felt a bit queer but soon recovered, and John found a shopkeeper to sign our cards, then we were away.

Alan Leng rode out to meet us and 'escorted' us back through Stamford Bridge and Dunnington, where John Dodds kindly "marked our cards", then we were away once again via Tang Hall, to finish well within our time. A few minutes natter, a dispute over recorded mileage between Alan and John, and we were all homeward bound, for a bath, something more than a sandwich or two, a Mars, etc, etc., and an early night.

Our thanks to Alan and. Ron - I hope their ears didn't burn too much around the time we were climbing Fleet Moss and one or two other gentle gradients! Thanks also to the marshals they had bullied and cajoled into checking our progress, and to the wives and parents who let us go. Nothing very spectacular achieved, I suppose -just eight cyclists, regarded as a crazy bunch anyway, who had shared a day in each other's company. For Ray, John, Keith, Steve, Gary, Ian, Mark and Andrew, truly "a day out with friends".

KEITH BENTON

Anticipating that the foregoing account may have stirred up some interest in others, the D.A. is promoting a further 'night ride' this year. Plans for this 240 in 24 are well in hand with choice of starting points being catered for, at Harrogate, Malton, Scarborough and York. The route will link a number of Roman settlements and take riders as far north as Hadrian's Wall. They will cover a distance in 24 hours that used to take the Roman legions ten days, if they marched for eight hours a day.

## A LIGHTWEIGHT PIECE

"L++k +t th+t j+st l++k +t th+t ..." implores Sid Mickleth (he had shortened his name, shaving off excess waite) pointing to his latest drilled-out, Supaliteaminium seat bolt, on his already super super-light machine.

"F+nt+st+c!"

"T+rr+f+c!"

Echo the small group of fellow enthusiasts, (note the lack of vowels when speaking: a great weight saver, this!), drooling over the drilled out, filed down, sawn off components adorning the special 863 Supaliteaminium frame of this featherweight. They gaze lovingly at the drilled out bottles and tubs, the silky smooth chainset (all those heavy teeth neatly filed off!) and the sawn off handlebars. They gaze in awe at this paragon of lightweight engineering; lost in thought, they imagine the scales' scant response to its touch.

Seeing them so engrossed, let's consider these men, standing bodies completely shaven, wearing spray-on shorts and vests. Their tiny forms, (none an ounce over five stones), a living testimony to diet and dedication, jockeys of the bicycle saddle.

What makes these men live on pack-ups of thinly sliced rye wafers separated by see-through films of cheese, and small cubes of dehydrated water (just add water!)? What drives them to lay out in the blazing sun, hoping to peel just a few more patches of skin? I fear none but the dedicated can answer these weighty questions.

And what of tactics? Consider that most common ploy of getting everyone else to carry your essential tools and spares; recall if you will the time when Sid had the misfortune to puncture - remember how he delved into his 2"X 2" bonk bag and after rummaging for some time amongst the Slimcea sandwich and ready-peeled banana announced quite brazenly

"W+ll f+lks, +t s++ms +v+ f+rg+tt+n my t++lk+t +nd sp+r+s. C+n +ny +n+ h+lp m+?"

And how, like fools, we did. Recall also how in cafés he always changes copper into notes or if necessary 50p pieces - no heavy numismatic burden for him.

But hold! I detect a disturbance in our little group. Oh..ho.. it's big heavyweight Bill, pushing his all-steel roadster, saddlebag stuffed with home-workshop, spare dynamos, hubs, axles, oil, etc,etc... and that bike... mudguards, lights, pannier frames: a real beast of the road. The jockeys sag at the sight.

"Hello, you lads. Where's the run to today, then?" "H+y,... wh+t's th+t?"  
The lads look startled if not alarmed. "W+'re n+t g++ng ++t t+d+y."

"What, on a day like this?"

"W+ll ..... w+ d+n't +ct++lly r+d+ th+s+ b+k+s +nly w++gh th+m!"

'TOE STRAP'

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### MAP REVISION

Regular users of Bartholomew's Maps are the ones most likely to be able to spot the small omissions or inaccuracies which the publishers seek to eliminate. Whenever you notice any such defects, it would be appreciated and acknowledged if you were able to notify John Bartholomew, Ltd., Edinburgh.

Alternatively, for local maps such as sheets 32, 33, 55 and 36, our local members responsible for coordinating this revision would be glad to pass on the information.

They are:	Bob Boyd	Harrogate 870498
	Alan Leng	York 760225
	Ron Healey	York 54114

## RIDING TO RULE

Standard Rides of the North Yorkshire District Association, not to be confused with Reliability Rides, are ten in number, and are as follows:

50 miles in 4 hours	100km. in 6 hours
75 miles in 6 hours	100 miles in 7 hours
100 miles in 8 hours	100 miles in 9 hours
130 miles in 12 hours	150 miles in 12 hours
200 miles in 24 hours	240 miles in 24 hours

- \* Only members of the C.T.C. are eligible to enter, and a 30p. entry fee must be paid beforehand.
- \* Each ride has to be carried out as an organised run.
- \* Each group shall be led by an appointed person who shall ensure orderly behaviour and good road conduct.
- \* Riders shall be attired in ordinary touring costume, not in any way which could draw attention to the nature of the ride.
- \* Each machine must be equipped with mudguards and be in sound condition mechanically.
- \* Checkers must not be entrants in the ride.
- \* Where a checker is absent the leader is responsible for securing an alternative check which is acceptable to the organiser.
- \* The actual finishing time must not be more than 15 minutes before the scheduled finishing time for rides up to 12 hours duration, or 30 minutes before, for rides over 12 hours.

Full copies of Standard Ride rules can be obtained from your Section Secretary.

## PEDAL POWER PENSIONER

The year 1978 being the Centenary of the Cyclists' Touring Club meant that it was a popular time for many cyclists to attempt the 'End to End' - Land's End to John o'Groats. I didn't jump on the band wagon that year, but as 1979 was my fiftieth year of membership of the Club I thought that would be an appropriate time to have a go. Should I join a party of kindred spirits, or should I do it alone? When I suggested the idea to the Officials of the Northallerton R.A.F. Association, saying that I was prepared to do it as a sponsored ride for the annual Wings Week, ie: raising funds for the R.A.F.A. Benevolent Fund, they decided that it was a good scheme if I was prepared to attempt it. The 'wheels' were soon set in motion by notifying the R.A.F.A. Branches along my selected route; to quote the man who did this, County Councillor Arnold Pearson, a war-time Squadron Leader, D.S.O., D.F.C., "Not a single refusal all the way." In addition to the offers of help by the R.A.F.A., the R.A.F. helped me in no small way by promising to circularise all home units and requesting sponsors, and even offering to take me by plane from R.A.F. Leeming to Cornwall before the start of my trip north.

My first real training ride was the G.H.S. Memorial Ride, Northallerton to Pocklington and back - about 94 miles in eight hours. This was on 22nd April and in the company of about a dozen Tees-siders. During May I continued a steady build-up of miles, then on Friday, 1st June I completed a hundred mile trip covering Leyburn, Wensley, Masham, Ripon, Helperby, Tollerton, Haxby, Easingwold, then home to Northallerton via Topcliffe. The following day added another sixty miles, to attend the D.A. Committee Meeting at Hovingham.

So to the ride itself! On Thursday, 14th June I boarded a "Jet-Stream" at R.A.F. Leeming at 11.45am, and reached Culdrose R.N. Base at 1.20pm, to be conveyed to Land's End by car. At 4pm I drew my pension at Land's End Post Office, and twenty minutes later set off for John o' Groats. I was to be hosted that night at R.A.F. St. Mawgan, which meant only 45 miles along the A30, with a helpful westerly wind, as far as Fraddon.

Friday, 15th June was a cool morning, but it was warm work climbing over Bodmin Moor, and at about 12.30 I crossed the River Tamar into Devon. The wind was quite troublesome on my left - a head wind would have been much worse! After a pleasant bar lunch at Lifton I rode on towards Exeter, arriving at 4pm, to be the guest of the Chairman of the Exmouth Branch of the R.A.F.A., spending a very pleasant evening chatting with a fellow second world war veteran.

The following morning I left Exeter at 10am with the weather much improved: the slight wind was favourable on the ride to Taunton, where I was to meet our son, Martin, and family, who had travelled from R.A.F. Henlow to stay with his in-laws for the weekend. A long lunch halt gave me a late start that afternoon, and it was 3.15 when I set off again, facing a fairly steep climb on the fringe of the Mendips, followed by a drop down to Bristol and so on to Shirehampton, to be hosted by one of the Officials of the Bristol Branch. I was invited to visit the Headquarters and Club, and introduced to the Chairman. He in turn introduced me to a large assembly of members, who all wished me well on my journey, and in fact they were subsequently to send me a cheque for £22 on completion of my ride.

Despite a rather late night the previous evening, Sunday 17th saw me on my way by ten past ten, riding alongside the Severn Estuary and then after about eleven miles rejoining the A38 for Gloucester. I had arranged to meet Martin and family at Coombe Hill, six miles north of Gloucester, at about half past one, to have a picnic in the car, but as they arrived some 45 minutes after I did, this was another long lunch break. I left the family just after three and headed northwards, admiring the lovely view to the Cotswolds on my right. After passing through Tewkesbury and beyond the Malvern Hills, I rode on to Worcester and Kidderminster, enjoying the relatively light traffic for a Sunday afternoon. The M5 just a mile to the east was coping with those in a hurry: people in their "glass-cased coffins", as Kuklos called them.

When I approached Bridgnorth at about 7pm I was met by my host for the night, Ron Smith, landlord of the New Inn. After a warm welcome and an invitation to a can of beer I was directed to the New Inn, HQ of the local R.A.F.A., for what was to be a very pleasant evening with members and regular customers.

The following day opened with an interview and photo for the local press, then, after saying goodbye to Ron and Pauline Smith, I was on my way northwards by 10am. I stopped for a bar lunch at the Bear Inn, Hodnet, then it was on through the Shropshire and Cheshire countryside, in perfect weather, until I met the industrial areas of Warrington, Wigan and Preston. The traffic was heavy, especially during the tea-time rush in Wigan, but the discomforts of the latter part of my day's ride were soon forgotten when I reached Preston R.A.F.A. The welcome and applause from the assembled members was wonderful, and this was followed by another very pleasant evening and yet more photographs.

On Tuesday, 19th June I had another press interview and photo, then my host Bill Woodruff escorted me out of town and on to the A6 by 9.30am. I made good progress to Lancaster, then it was on to Kendal for 1pm to meet our elder son, Ian, on leave from R.A.F. Fylingdales, who was to act as 'back up' for the remainder of my ride. After a picnic lunch sitting in the car I set off for the ascent of Shap. This was the first day with a really helpful wind and I made good progress to the summit, but my legs and neck were very sore: this was the hottest day of the ride. I was due at Penrith for the night, but I arrived at 4pm., so after having afternoon tea I pushed on to just north of Gretna Green for 6.30, took the front wheel out of my bike, put the cycle in Ian's car, and drove back to Penrith for the night. I was greeted by members of the local R.A.F.A., but also by four friends from Northallerton Branch who had travelled over for the evening to wish me well.

On Wednesday 19th my ride started at 9.10am, just north of Gretna Green on the A74. The wind was again in my favour but the traffic was very heavy and quite nerveracking at times, so I was pleased to turn left onto the A726

and head for the Erskine Bridge, which I reached by about 4.30pm. I then carried on to Luss, on Loch Lomond side, making a grand total of 115 miles for the day. I returned by car to East Kilbride, to be greeted by the Provost of East Kilbride and the officials of the local R.A.F.A. The welcome was overwhelming: I was presented with a small plaque to commemorate my ride, Miss R.A.F.A. brought in a birthday cake (I was 68 that day), and one member even recited a poem he had written about my ride. Certainly a day to remember!

The following day I returned to Luss by car, with rain all the way. I started riding in heavy rain, which continued as I passed along Loch Lomondside and on to Crianlarich, Tyndrum, and Black Mount. The wind was favourable until I started the descent to Glencoe, and I stopped for lunch at half past one, having covered 58 miles in four hours. This was the day I had hoped to get a big mileage in, so as to make John o'Groats by Saturday noon, since Ian was due back at Fylingdales on Monday. The rain had stopped by mid-afternoon and I reached Fort William by 4.20pm, just seven days from Land's End. It was a pleasant ride alongside the Caledonian Canal to Drumnadrochit for 8.30pm - 131 miles in nine hours riding time. My overnight stay this time was with a service friend of Ian's at R.A.F. Kinloss - another pleasant evening.

On Friday 22nd I left Drumnadrochit at 9.45, but I was only on the bike for ten minutes before I dismounted to walk up my first hill, which happened to be a 1 in 6. I walked for some twenty minutes, then was able to ride on to Bonar Bridge for lunch, enjoying lovely views of Dornoch Firth. The weather was a bit cooler now, but it was warm enough for tackling Helmsdale, which goes up and up! Shortly afterwards there was another climb, at Berriedale, but I carried on riding until 8.30pm, Ian having gone on ahead to book dinner, bed and breakfast at the Portland Arms Hotel at Lybster. For the last night of the trip we were guests of the Scottish Area Office of the R.A.F.A., having completed a ride of 110 miles.

On Saturday, 23rd June I embarked on the final thirty miles of the ride, which took me until 11am. with the end in sight I didn't mind the rain! I drew

my pension at John o' Groats Post Office, and also received two telegrams, one from my wife and the other from the Parochial Church Council of Ainderby Steeple. My total mileage was 890, and the results of sponsorship was a magnificent £1200. I am indeed grateful to all who helped me by offering accommodation, sponsorship, and encouragement, not forgetting my wife, Peggy, for the packing, preparation, extra washing after training rides, and for letting me go. Leaving home was rather like a war-time goodbye.

ARTHUR RODGERS

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### AWARDS TO BE WON

Catering for those of its riders who like to do something which is considered to be an achievement, the D.A. has organised Standard Rides for the last two years, for which certificates are awarded. Bronze medals are also presented to riders who complete three such rides in one year, and a progressive system has now been introduced, enabling higher awards to be obtained by those whose performance remains consistent over a long period. Six rides completed in two years earns a silver finish medal, while three rides completed in three successive years brings a medal of gilt finish.

The programme of rides aims to provide something a little different from a full series of Standard Rides, and a rough-stuff ride is again included this year.

The D.A. is indebted to Peter Danby for artwork on the certificates, and to Joan Barton who carries out the painstaking work of inscribing them.

## WHITHER PNEUMATICS

The pneumatic tyre was patented by Robert Wilson Thompson, a Scotsman, in 1845 when he was aged 23 and already acknowledged as a brilliant engineer. Thompson's main interest at the time was steam locomotives but he did foresee that the potentials of his patent would be in the field of road transportation. Legislation concerning the Red Flag and general safety affected development of road vehicles in the 1860s and this caused Thompson to put his energies into other fields.

Some years later, in that period sometimes called the Great Bicycle Age, the principle of pneumatic tyres was revived by another Scotsman, John Boyd Dunlop, at that time practising as a veterinary surgeon in Belfast. This was 1888 and Dunlop's son had been complaining to his father about the perils and discomfort of cycling on tracks and cobblestones in that city. Boyd Dunlop applied himself to the problem and after initial experiments was convinced of benefits in the pneumatic principle. The idea was developed by Dunlop in partnership with others who formed a company to manufacture and market their product for the cycle industry. Soon the tyre industry expanded with entry into the field of others with more experience of rubber technology.

However, it was an Englishman, C.K. Welch, an inventor of some reputations, who patented in September 1890 a detachable tyre with high-tensile steel wires and this principle has been continued in tyres for all purposes to the present day.

In France it was a problem with an English pneumatic tyre that led the brothers Michelin to also develop this invention into more practical terms. In 1891 their efforts brought success, for a cycle equipped with their new tyres won the Paris-Brest-Paris cycle race by a margin of eight hours.

Today the research into tyre development tends to be mainly for motorised vehicle use and the cyclist, as in many more fields, seems to be the poor relation. Are cycle tyres any better value for money than car tyres? Is there any scope for more innovation in design or materials? Perhaps a visit to a cycle tyre factory would give us the answers to these and any other questions you, the reader, may think of. If you are interested in such a visit or wish to pen your own views on the subject-please contact the editor.

## TRAINING: THE EASY WAY OUT

It takes little imagination and only slightly more initiative to unite those most civilised forms of transport, the cycle and the train. It's no surprise, then, to find, early on a bright, cloudless March morning, a couple of heads poking from a guards van, giving considerable verbal encouragement to two latecomers nonchalantly pushing bikes along the platform seconds before the train leaves. Incidentally, why don't trains now 'diesel' out of stations the way they used to steam out?

Five of us settle back and relax, discussing routes and possibilities, fine spring countryside unfolding quickly around us, inducing excited anticipation of a day's cycling in new country.

All change at Leeds for Skipton and Carnforth. Long Preston - a deserted platform and bus station waiting room greet us as we offload the bikes, whilst across the tracks Andrew and Mark look to no avail for a buffet, after cycling from York. (Up at four, off at five .... ah, such is youth!)

"Well, I fancy a cup of tea now." suggests our intrepid leader, and no pedal yet turned in anger, though with 60 miles in already, the suggestion is not unreasonable. A promising start, this. We ride into town, café hunting. No luck, but thirsty cyclists won't be denied, and at our third attempt in five miles (all uphill) we find a café at Tosside. Normally not open till Easter, but how, on such a glorious morning, could they refuse? We sit on a rickety bench in the garden overlooking The Ribble valley and Pendle Hill (Witch one's that?), indulging in characteristic good humoured banter until, after knocking over an empty cup, I'm threatened with being left behind next time.

We ride off along wall-edged roads and after a steady climb (alright for those cunning folk on gear-clad summer bikes!) we allow ourselves a detour down the hill to Stocks Reservoir, a gamble, this, since if we can't find a path around its head we face back-tracking, but no matter, we are amply rewarded

by superb views over the dark blue lake nestling amongst the green folds of the Forest of Bowland. Riding on through the forest, we stop by a pile of newly sawn pine logs, awakening another sense with its resinous aroma. Unfortunately a glance at the country ahead confirms information gained at the tea-spot: no path exists. We retrace, stopping briefly to look around the small church, rebuilt overlooking the reservoir which drowned its former site and community.

Dropping into Slaidburn we negotiate (just) the hairpins, cross the river, and climb through the village for dinner. Buying coffee, we sit outside the pub on the stone steps leading upstairs, watching the motorists leaving cars, slipping on coats and hastening inside. After eating we look around the shopping centre (or fifty per cent of it, since the general store is shut). I buy a can of peas from the Post Office (well, what do you expect - stamps?) having fixed up a weekend pass, I regret this additional burden several hills later.

Leaving Slaidburn we followed the Hodder to Newton and Dunsop Bridge. John, in the cause of art, almost sacrificed himself on the bonnet of a passing Pontiac as he stooped in the road to take a photo of us and the fells around the Trough of Bowland... and I'm not sure which was the prettiest! Indeed, we made another detour to ride to the summit of the Trough, through the narrow cleft of a valley carrying road and stream with little room for much else. I was then forced to stop for another cup of tea at the caravan at the foot of the valley.

From the Trough, John exercised considerable skill in selecting the hilliest route to the parting of the ways at Gisburn, chuckling before each one "You'll enjoy this one, John!", or at the top, "It'll be a great freewheel down here!"

At Gisburn we stop for a cup of tea (what else!) before I swing north to Ingleton and the others make their way to Skipton and home, to complete a perfect day.

Reading this through, I realise you may be disappointed that I haven't waxed lyrical about the country we rode through. I suppose I could have

told you of the drifts of new-born lambs, white against the grey stone walls, or the sun-splashed lake and gold, bracken-fringed roads dappled light and dark. I could have mentioned the constant bubble of contented chatter and laughter.... but would you have believed me?

So remember, whenever you feel the need for a hard day's training .....

JOHN GREEN

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### BRITISH CYCLE TOURIST COMPETITION

The B.C.T.C., as it is more commonly called, is devised with the aims of raising the general standard of cycling, encouraging good road conduct, and increasing knowledge and appreciation of the countryside and our heritage. This may sound somewhat highbrow, and the competition admittedly finds a good deal of favour with those cyclists of a more academic nature, but is also very appealing to those of any age who do more than just ride a bicycle for its own sake.

A local heat of the B.C.T.C. has been held in North Yorkshire for the past four years and has proved a popular event. Competitors are tested in map-reading, speed-judging, road safety, observation, touring knowledge and other aspects of cycling during a day-long excursion which does not exceed forty miles.

The event always provides great enjoyment for both the participants and those involved with the organisation. This year's heat will be organised by Alan Leng, a finalist in the competition on two occasions, and is to take place on Sunday, June 8th. Entry forms and start details will be available towards the end of April, and the organiser will be glad to hear from anyone prepared to assist with marshalling, though of course he would be even happier to receive your entry!

## MAYDALES

A unique and most enjoyable gathering is promised for the May Day Holiday when members of three northern D.As join forces in Wensleydale and Swaledale. On the initiative of this D.A., West Yorkshire and Teesside riders will join us at Aysgarth youth hostel on Saturday, May 3rd where a slide show will be given after the evening meal. Sunday will be the day for cycling together in the Pennine dales with alternative circuits planned to meet the diverse capabilities of those present.

The rides will embrace the high crossings of Oxnop Head and Summer Lodge, visits to Castle Bolton, Nappa Hall, Kisdon Force, Tan Hill and Maiden Castle, culminating in an overnight stay at Grinton Lodge youth hostel.

Riders depart their separate ways on Monday though doubtless, there will be the opportunity still for a few to ride together, whether making for Halifax, Harrogate or even Hartlepoons. At the time of writing there is ample space at both hostels but we advise you to book soon if intending to join us for the long weekend. Please write direct to the hostel wardens - at Aysgarth for Saturday evening May 3rd., and Grinton Lodge for Sunday evening May 4th. Meals will be available at both hostels.

## WOLDSMEET

The sleepy Wolds village of Thixendale will be busier than usual on the weekend of June 14-15 for that is the date of our 'Inter-meet' with Hull & East Riding colleagues. The tiny youth hostel which registers 40% of its overnights from cyclists - highest such usage in the Yorkshire Region - will be fully booked that Saturday night, though there will be opportunity to camp nearby. Overflow hostellers can doubtless be accommodated at Malton, 10 miles distant.

A programme of events has yet to be formulated, but we can again be sure of a weekend having much of interest and great enjoyment with our Humberside friends.

## PLANNING HOLIDAY TOURS?

The 1980 C.T.C. Handbook lists accommodation recommended by cyclists and a good deal of other useful information is included - ferries, lightweight campsites etc. Copies from stock of D.A.Secretary, price £1.30.

## CATERING LIST

In this, our first magazine, we publish this list of some of the pubs, cafés, etc., used by regular riders in and around North Yorkshire. We hope very much that the list will be useful to others, and especially that if you find an omission - an idyllic country cottage serving buttered scones and tea at five pence a pot (!) - you will get in touch, so that our list will be all the more complete next time. Equally, it would be helpful to know of any address included where cyclists are no longer welcomed, though hopefully there won't be too many of these!

Where possible, the symbol \* has been included to show that children are welcome and you can take your own food in, and 't' indicates that it is possible to buy 'tea only'. Please remember that the use of these symbols does not give you a right to insist on the proprietor providing you with the service we have indicated!

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ABERFORD (A1)	- Walton's Diner
ACKLAM	- Half Moon Inn
ALDWARD BRIDGE	- Caravan E. End of Toll Br.(seasonal)
BARDEN TOWER	- Howgill Farm
BISHOP MONKTON	- Lamb and Flag (t)
BLYTH	- White House Café (t)
BOLTON ABBEY	- Cavendish Pavilion (t)
BOLTON BRIDGE	- Forge Café
BOOTHFERRY BRIDGE	- Mayphil Café (t)
BRIMHAM ROCKS	- Kiosk (t) (no inside shelter)
BROTHERTON	- Norman's Café (transport)
BYLAND ABBEY	- Abbey Inn (t)
CHOP GATE	- Buck Inn *
COXWOLD	- Fauconburg Arms
DRIFFIELD	- Zanzibar Café
EARBY	- Youth Hostel, Birch Hall Lane (t)
EASINGWOLD	- Jug Café, Market Place
ECCUP	- New Inn
EDWINSTONE	- Forest Information Centre (t)
ELDWICK	- Fleece Inn (Dick Hudson's)
FADMOOR	- Plough Inn
FEARBY CROSS	- King's Head

FOUNTAINS ABBEY	- Studley Park Restaurant
FRIDAYTHORPE	- Coastways Garage Café
GARGRAVE	- Dalesman Café
GLAISDALE	- Angler's Rest; Mitre Tavern
GOATHLAND	- N. York Moors Railway Station
GRINGLEY ON THE HILL	- Cross Keys
HARROGATE	- Station Café
HAWORTH	- Café, Bridge Ho.(Surgery St.)
HELMSLEY	- Nice Things; Old Police Stn.Café
HELPERBY	- Oak Tree Inn
HOLME ON SPALDING MOOR	- Beechwood Café (2m.E., on A614)
HORSEHOUSE	- Thwaite Arms
HORTON IN RIBBLESDALE	- Penyghent Café (t)
HOTHAM	- Hotham Arms
HOW STEAN GORGE	- How Stean Café (own food outside;
HUGGATE	- Wolds Inn *
HUTTON LE HOLE	- Crown Inn
KILHAM	- Bay Horse (t)
KIRBY MOORSIDE	- Antique Shop Tea Rooms
KIRKLINGTON	- Black Horse *
KNARESBOROUGH	- World's End (pub), High Bridge*
LANGSETT	- The Café (t)
LAXTON	- Bricklayers Arms
LEYBURN	- Siddal's Cafe,Mkt.Pl.(closedSun)
LOFTHOUSE	- How Stean Gorge Café
LOTHERTON HALL	- The Stables Café (t)
MALHAM	- Beck Hall
MALTON	- Railway Station Buffet *
MARKET WEIGHTON	- Griffin Inn , Mkt.Pl.
MIDDLEHAM	- Steve's Snack Bar
MIDDLETON ON THEWOLDS	- Rose Crown
NAFFERTON	- Café on A166, 2½ m. E. of Driffield
NEW MILLER DAM	- Beulah Café
NORTH FRODINGHAM	- The Star
NUNNINGTON	- Royal Oak *
OSMOTHERLEY	- Queen Catherine
OTLEY	- Tommy's Café
PATELEY BRIDGE	- Garden Coffee House, High Street
PICKERING	- Railway Stn.Buffet; Fleece Inn
RILLINGTON	- Coach and Horses
RIPLEY	- The Rest Café
RIPON	- Cornbell Coffee Ho.; Cosy Café
ROSEDALE ABBEY	- Milburn Arms
SANDTOFT	- Blackstone Café
SCAWTON	- Hare Inn

SHERBURN IN ELMET	- Kirkgate Milk Bar
SINDERBY (A1)	- Quernhow Cafe; Little Chef
STAMFORD BRIDGE	- Pam's Pantry
STARBECK	- Cobana Coffee Bar
STOCKTON ON T.FOREST	- The Fox
STRENSALL	- Campside Café; Hazelbush (A64)
SUTTON BANK	- Info.Centre (t) (no inside shelter)
TADCASTER	- Bus Station Snack Bar
THIRSK	- Melody Café
THORNTON WATLASS	- Buck Inn
THORP ARCH	- Buywell Café (Trading Est.) (t)
THORNTON DALE	- Various cafes
WALKINGTON	- Three Tuns
WEAVERTHOPE	- Blue Bell Inn
WELBURN	- Crown and Cushion
WENTBRIDGE	- Corner Café
WETHERBY	- Bluebell Café; Turnpike Motel; Riverside Restaurant
WRELTON	- Buck Inn
YORK	- Cafeteria, Priory St.Community Centre (closed Sun.) Bay Horse, Monk Bar

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### ARE YOU WELL PROTECTED?

In wet and slushy weather the wise cyclist is glad to have the benefits of a cape, leggings, sou'wester, mudguards or spats.

But in all weathers he or she would be equally wise to seek the protection and benefits available through C.T.C. membership. We all hope that the necessity of seeking legal aid or claiming on insurance will not arise, but how much more satisfying are our cycling activities with the knowledge that we have this backing.

### BARGAIN LINES

Bikes go free (generally) on B.R., but so do friends if you take them with a Persil ticket - valid to June 30. This effectively enables groups to travel at half-rate for rail-assisted daytrips, tours or weekends. Other bargains to look for are the Nerrymaker excursions to distant places, on which cycles can usually be taken, giving a day outing at low cost. Drop in at your nearest train enquiry office tomorrow.



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NORTH YORKSHIRE DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

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SHOP WITH US

Members who wish to order goods from the C.T.C are urged to obtain them through the D.A. The benefits of doing so will be felt by both the individual and D.A.

The member will be saved the trouble of-buying postal orders and stamps or waiting in the house for the arrival of parcels. The goods can also be examined before one is committed to their purchase. The D. A. receives a small commission on the items sold and also keeps in touch with the members involved.

A small stock of transfers, badges and other small items is usually held by the D. A. Secretary or section officials but any item can be obtained fairly quickly through a telephone call to him on York 54114.