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RIDING NORTH

The Journal of the North Yorkshire D.A.
of the C.T.C.

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EDITORS' NOTES

We apologise for the slight delay in publishing the fourth edition of Riding North. Unfortunately it is a fact of life that you can't publish a magazine if you don't have enough to fill it, and it was only during September and the early days of October that contributions flowed in.

Your new editors used to wonder why that keen cyclist Alan Leng seldom rode with the local section. Now that we have some experience of what producing the magazine entails, we can understand if his official duties interfered with what ought to be first priority - riding a bike! Having burned our share of midnight oil over a typewriter, we hope you won't be too disappointed with the result.

As to our next issue, (Spring 1982) contributions are welcome from anyone. You don't have to be a Dennis Wheatley or a John Creasey to have a few words accepted by your new editors - we are not too fussy about style or subject matter -so long as it is remotely connected with cycling it will do. Why not try your hand yourself and send us a page or two before the end of February.

Anne and Mike.

* * * *

CALLING ALL MEMBERS

A countryside venue has again been secured for the D.A's Annual General Meeting to be held on Sunday, November 15th commencing at 1.15 p.m. This is the Village Hall at Brandsby where tea will be available at lunchtime.

The Annual Report and Statement of Accounts will be presented and it is hoped that a representative gathering of Members will be present and that sufficient of them will come forward to form an effective D.A. Committee for 1982.

Members of the current D.A. Committee are reminded that its final meeting will be held at 11.30 a.m. on that day at the same venue. It is a rule of the Club that all membership cards must be produced to obtain entry to the meeting.

To reach the Hall turn from the B1363 at the foot of Brandsby Bank on lane to Yearsley for 200m then left through gate into car park. Please note there is no other catering establishment at Brandsby, not even a pub!

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ROAD

There were tracks through the countryside, up hill and down dale, long before there were human travellers; these were the tracks made by mammals who used regular paths between their breeding and sleeping sites and the places where they went to feed and drink. If you explore the area around a badger sett you will see how easy it is to trace their nightly meanderings from the sett through the undergrowth and worn earth.

Early man found these ready-made tracks useful; after all, he would probably been hunting these animals, or using the same water supply and he would have followed other naturally levelled routes such as high dry scrub-free terrain and dried-up river beds. However, man soon became more ingenious than the mammals; he made himself tools of stone and, later on, of metal so the forest and other obstacles could be cleared and a more ambitious path could be cut. Many of these pre-historic tracks kept for safety's sake to the higher ground and there are still relics of ridgeways in parts of the country.

It was the settled communities of the Celts and, later, the Saxons that laid the pattern of the roads as we know them today, with the familiar pattern of trackway and edging. The social and administrative system at the time meant their tracks were not only regulated by the land itself but by the complex details of land tenure. If the boundary between two settlements or estates twisted and turned in all directions then the track would also twist and turn. This respect for land boundaries survived right up to the parliamentary Enclosures Act and accounts for many of those sharp bends and corners that we cyclists know all too well.

The Romans, being the conquerors and occupying power, were not bothered about anybody's territorial arrangements. Their roads were functional, military and trading routes, and were cut along the shortest practical paths between the points they serviced. They had to be able to move troops quickly from one part of the country to another, and a straight line was the quickest way. We have only to look at our maps to appreciate their legendary straightness. Their roads had quite a number of features a modern

road still retains; they were built on embankments four or five feet high in places and were shaped to allow the water to drain off the main track with gutters left at the side to get rid of this water.

Between A.D.40 and 80, the Romans laid about 6,500 miles of highway, which makes one wonder was this the origin of the word 'highway'? There was plenty of labour available and local materials were quickly quarried, dug or chopped for the road with this labour. No unions in those days - a good hide whip was a good incentive to work hard so the Romans had a valuable network of highways built in forty years, and at one time there were 40,000 troops moving continually along these roads, carrying their imported food crops and cattle fodder with them.

The Romans went, and soon their roads were in shocking condition for want of maintenance; there was nobody left with the skills of road- or bridge-building, so when a bridge collapsed it probably formed an obstruction in the river, causing flooding at times. The crossing of a small stream by embanked viaduct, pierced with culverts, was the breeding place of many a marsh, which altered large areas of country and destroyed miles of Roman road. It takes very little neglect for a culvert to become blocked - the stream overflows - becomes a pond. The pond water undermines the viaduct which sinks and becomes a dam, so in a short while whole areas become marshes and travellers must take a lengthy detour to pick a drier passage - and so again we have the curves and bends in the road and have lost parts of the straight Roman road for ever.

As the Roman roads fell into decay and large sections of them disappeared altogether during the Dark Ages (the 5th to 11th centuries), traffic reverted to the ancient trackways, or made new ones, but these were only suitable for man and horse. During the Middle Ages these tracks were widened and improved, making it possible for wheeled traffic to use them, from the 16th century onwards, but Britain can be said to have been without trunk roads for about a thousand years.

The condition of the roads, or tracks as they really were, was appalling - deep mud in winter and deep, hard-baked ruts in summer - and they got steadily worse as more heavy wagons began to use them. Traffic would try to by-pass the worst stretches of road and go off the road, going further and further away from the original road. There were no hedges or walls in those days, so the tracks may eventually have been a mile from the real road, and in time it became the established way, causing still more curves and bends on an otherwise direct road. Those responsible for the upkeep of such roads tried to stop all wheeled traffic using them at all as the wheels played such havoc with the road surface, such as it was.

It was this unsatisfactory situation that brought about the Turnpike Trusts, random groups of local people who, in return for building and maintaining a section of highway, were given the right in 1663 to erect gates and charge a toll on all travellers. A few made a good job of it and this speeded up travel, but as always there were the wise boys who ran the turnpike as a private racket rather than a public service. It was not until 1832, when Parliament handed over responsibility for road upkeep to the newly-formed parish councils, that things began to improve.

It is hard to believe that it is only 150 years ago that the roads came under the jurisdiction of some responsible authority. The older members will remember the situation when each parish and, later, County Council had its own idea of road maintenance - you would be cycling along a very good road with decent curbs, then you came to a boundary stone and the road was in a shocking state. You can see these boundary stones in the hedge bottoms at the roadside today - they mean very little to the cyclist nowadays, but before the Ministry of Transport took over they could mean all the difference between a good road and a very bad one.

(To be continued)

PENTUR.

* * * *

PINK AGAIN

Congratulations to our new National secretary, Alan Leng, and Judith on the safe arrival last month of Susan, their third daughter.

THE CYCLIST AND OTHER ROAD USERS

Antagonism between different kinds of road users, even apart from cyclists, is quite common. It is understandable too - many traffic situations are frustrating, and it is natural to lay the blame on the other chap, especially if he is using a different kind of vehicle from your own.

To the cyclist, this is all too familiar - we have all experienced unexpected abuse from pedestrian and driver at one time or another. What causes this phenomenon is anybody's guess. Maybe others are jealous of the cyclist's ability to enjoy the countryside, freely, in the fresh air, and with gentle (hopefully) exercise as a bonus. Maybe the pedestrian envies the cyclist's better speed and economy of effort. The motorist may resent our using the roads which he mistakenly believes are financed by motor taxation.

Whatever the reason, this attitude to our kind has existed ever since the bicycle first took to the roads. Indeed, one of the underlying reasons for the formation of the CTC was the need for cyclists to be protected from the physical violence offered by other road users.

Friends, do not get caught up today by the infectious atmosphere of antagonisms There is no future in giving yourself an ulcer or high blood pressure by taking part in petty argument or worse. It is more healthy to do all you can to encourage peaceful co-existence on the roads. A cheerful smile is a wonderful ambassador - it can bring some sunshine into the life of those whose conduct often suggests that their day so far has been a bitter disappointment.

It is a rewarding maxim to give the other chap the benefit of any doubt as to his intention. For example, try assuming that the driver who blasts his horn at you may have mistaken you for a friend and is trying to attract your attention - give him a smile and a cheery wave. Even if that was not his intent, think how much more goodwill you can create with that response compared with the more common (in both senses of the word) V sign.

Who knows, by showing what friendly, cheerful people cyclists are, you may secure thousands of converts, in time, to the benefits of cycling. We have so much to offer, after all, that we should try to share with others.

MUDFLAP

BRAIN OF BRITAIN

How many questions can you answer correctly?

1. Which city lies almost exactly half way between London and John O'Groats?
2. Where do Watkin's Path, Llanberis Way, The Pigtrack and The Horseshoe lead to?
3. Whereabouts in England would you find Wales?
4. What are Morel, Chantarelle and Blewits?
5. Which city in Pembrokeshire is the smallest cathedral city in Great Britain?
6. For which festival is Nottingham famous?
7. What is the name of the hills which are on the border of England and Scotland?
8. In which county is the royal residence of Sandringham?
9. What are Kerrys, Dexters and Galloways?
10. What is the more common name for the tree Ulmus Procera?
11. Which is nearer to London by road, Edinburgh or Glasgow?
12. Which is the largest natural lake in England?
13. Which of the Channel Islands is nearest to France?
14. What are Fritillary, Grayling and Brimstone?
15. To the nearest mile, how long is Hadrian's Wall?
16. Which cities are involved in the Three Choirs Festival?

* * * *

SHOP EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS

A wide range of goods is available from the CTC shop. The full range of books, maps, clothing and miscellaneous et ceteras is listed on the centre pages of the Oct/Nov issue of CYCLE TOURING. You can save on postage and help D.A. funds by ordering through your local "shopkeeper", Keith Wray, 59 Hawthorne Terrace, New Earswick. Tel: 769117.

RANDONEES

At the A.G.M. of the North Yorks D.A. it was agreed that these type of events would count towards the D.A. medallion scheme and a few lines on their format and purpose will possibly be of some interest to members.

The term randonee is French and means, according to my French/English dictionary "a ramble, a trip, a tour". It has in cycling terms come to mean something more than that through the system of Randonee rides introduced by Audax Club Parisien. This club has over the years set up a system of regulations for these "rambles" and it is under these rules that all events, commonly known as Audax events are held.

The regulations begin by stating that any person may take part and go on to ensure that for those taking part the event does not become one glorious "burn up". Whilst there are not the strict (or some may say the over simplistic) time limits of the well known "standard ride", there are rules setting down maximum and minimum speeds to be maintained on the ride.

The variation between these limits is generous. To quote a few examples:-

	Maximum time	Minimum time
100 km	10 hours	5 hours
200 km	14 hours	6hrs 40 mins
300km	20 hours	10 hours

As can be seen there is no need to dash and indeed there are checks at roughly 50km distances to ensure that there is no racing. That is not to say that there is no particular achievement. Anyone completing a 300 km ride at an average of 30 km per hour or in British terms riding 185 miles at an average of 18½ miles per hour is no mean cyclist.

The non-competitive side is emphasised in various ways. No results are published. The medallion awarded at the end of an event simply indicates the distance and it is only the rider's own Brevet or control card which shows the time. No advertising material can be worn except normal club colours and normal club or touring clothing must be worn (sorry- no TI-Raleigh skin suits).

The cycles too have the non-racing aspect emphasised. Full mudguards must be included in the equipment as must full and efficient lighting. Close support vehicles are not allowed and riders must be self sufficient, there being penalties for accepting feeding or other assistance from accompanying vehicles.

The whole object of the regulations governing Audax rides is thus to stimulate long distance riding rather than racing. The events can go up to 1200 km or 750 miles but in Britain the longest organised have been 600 km by the Wessex D.A. and by Audax U.K. in their Chester/Windsor/ Chester event. In this D.A. a 200 km Audax event in September augmented the conventional Standard Rides and helped members towards their D.A. medallions.

D.K.Benton.

* * * *

AT THE HOSTELS

Good reports are being received about Wheeldale and the improvements since the arrival of warden Mrs Sally Heath. Despite being a simple hostel there is electric light, hot water, a log fire to huddle round in the evening, competitions on the wall to keep you occupied, and plenty to read. Excellent meals are also provided but it must be noted that they have to be booked in advance.

A cycling weekend has been arranged in October at Westerdale Hall, another North Yorks Moors hostel, and some details appeared in August Cycle Touring. It is worth repeating the date here noting that it is necessary to arrive Friday evening to take part in all the activities planned. Bring a Bike Weekend, October 30/31.

At Ramsgill, in Nidderdale, on November 7th, there will be a bonfire with fireworks. All bookings should be made direct to the warden. Also on November 7th. there is a Bonfire Party and folk night at Boggle Hole with late night refreshments and fireworks. Might be a good idea to turn your wheels in

that direction for an eventful weekend. No need to struggle over the moors past Ealcon and Flask - instead use the permissive bridleway from Cloughton, through Ravenscar to Robin Hood's Bay.

A STIRLING OCCASION

This was our first visit to Scotland, my furthest point North previously being Berwick-on-Tweed. As the train passed the sign marking the Border, the scenery changed noticeably. Rugged coastlines and hills that seemed to rear up from nowhere, unlike anything I had seen before. Arriving in Stirling however, nothing was different to England. The ticket collector didn't wear a kilt, we rode on the left, and the view was blocked out by torrential rain. Despite the confusing traffic situation normally encountered in a strange town, we managed to steer a straight course for the University - our base for the weekend being rooms on the top floor of one of the halls of residence. As we sorted out our gear and brewed up, Mike and Anne arrived and offered a lift into town, an invitation that was gratefully accepted. A pleasant social evening followed with a visit to a "chippie", a drink at the Station Hotel, and back to the University for coffee.

Saturday dawned bright and clear with a breathtaking view from our kitchen window of the University grounds, the lake in the foreground towered over by the imposing Wallace Monument, Stirling Castle in the middle distance, backed by dark hills. Breakfast was a short walk away through the grounds where we met some of the other competitors stoking up in preparation for the coming ordeal. Feeding over, it was on with numbers and a ride into Stirling to climb to the Youth Hostel directly opposite the Castle entrance. With the arrival of the Benton family, blue and yellow jerseys seemed to be everywhere, something that was to gain comment more than once during the weekend.

I collected my map and first set of baffling instructions, then was sent on my way by Brian Young of the CTC Council. The route took me around the Castle and out of town to a footbridge over the motorway where there was an equipment check, I was glad I had a rivet extractor. Just a little further on and the first quiz - how was I to know the largest lake in Hungary? The next part of the route was marked by arrows and consisted of some very rough-stuff. I appreciated the humour of the organisers in placing a "You may walk" sign at the foot of a steep muddy bank surmounted by a fallen tree. I just had to photograph someone there. Back on the road again there were more questions and then on into Cambusbarron for lunch. As I ate my sandwiches,

some competitors were ploughing through a massive meal laid on by the WRVS. I hoped they would all fall asleep after that, but no such luck.

Back into the competition and climbing the hill out of Cambusbarron, a sudden shower threatened, so I stopped to stow away the camera. This was to my advantage as I spotted an unaccompanied bicycle lurking up a side turning, enabling me to set off and complete the hill-climb without loss of points. Just a little further on was the point to leave the road and cross Bannock Burn. Here was a gathering of confused cyclists trying this way and that, re-reading the instructions and trying again. A decision was reached and I was following a reasonably good rough track only to meet cyclists returning. However, logic persevered and I continued. (It transpired that this was the wrong route and a quiz was missed, but allowances were made as nearly everyone interpreted the instructions this way.) The pace judging section was next, back along the same track, mostly uphill and into the wind. I took 14 minutes less than I'd estimated!

More questions, more puzzling instructions and forward to the next check-point where Mike and Anne were being ably assisted by Mollie and the other Keith. Of course I had a first-aid kit and means of identification. On now for a short way in the company of Tim Hughes chatting about cameras, and then another quiz below the impressive monument to the Battle of Bannockburn and statue of Robert the Bruce. Waiting my turn to answer, I heard hilarious laughter and was greeted by a marshal who was practically rolling on the floor. Apparently one N. Yorks contestant (as a gentleman I won't name the lady) thought that the national emblem of Scotland was a haggis!

The way now was back to Cambusbarron, but before I could enjoy that marvellous tea there was a map reading test and a slide quiz. Where was that town with a cobbled street and a hansom cab? After tea we rode as a group again back to the University for a quick freshen-up and a night out which included a slide show of old buildings in Stirling. We were joined by Peter Lumley and Colin Quemby for coffee and a chat to round off the evening.

Off to another brilliant start was Sunday with a look at that view from the kitchen while drinking early morning tea. We rode down to breakfast then

direct to Stirling Youth Hostel for the last leg of the competition. following instructions, I made my way through the town centre, crossed the river by the footbridge to Cambuskenneth, and rode alongside the river enjoying the beautiful clear view of Stirling to the left. Passing beneath the Wallace Monument and turning into the University grounds I encountered Anne and Mike again, this time with observation questions on the previous day's ride. Leaving the University I rode towards Stirling, crossing the river by the old bridge and on to the finish.

Lunch was again a lavish affair provided by the WRVS and was a real social event as we wandered around, discussing the weekend and waiting for the results. It was difficult to break away, but we had to return to the University, pack and head for home. We had a talk to Peter Knottley at the station (he was dashing back with his report for "Cycling"), battled with the Edinboro Road Club for guard's van space, then settled down to reflect on a really enjoyable weekend.

Keith W. Wray



CIDER MEET AT ST. LO, EASTER 1981

On Thursday 17th April, we left York on the 8.20a.m. train to Taunton complete with tandem, pannier bags, clothing for all weathers, spares, passports and foreign currency. It was a fine, windy morning with a cool nip in the air, more like Autumn than Spring. The weather gradually improved during the journey and we arrived at Taunton at 2.00 p.m. in beautiful warm sunshine. Proceeding via the towns of Chard and Bridport through the undulating country lanes, we arrived at Litton Cheney which boasts a good simple hostel where we spent the night. The place was scrupulously clean and obviously the warden took great pride in keeping it so.

Friday we rose at 6.30 a.m. in order to get a good breakfast to set us up for the day, and left the hostel at 7.45 to cycle the 16 miles to Weymouth to catch the early ferry to Cherbourg. It was a very bright, but extremely cold windy morning as we rode over the hills, meeting a herd of cows, the postman and the dustman on the road (they must work on Good Friday in that neck of the woods.)

The ferry was very busy and I suspect that the majority of passengers were French schoolchildren returning home from exchange holidays in Britain. It seemed a long breezy crossing, being my first, and I observed adults and children alike turning various shades of green. Ron (my better half?) decided it would be a good idea to have a decent meal in the restaurant and I was persuaded, against my better judgement, to join him. I felt fine until I entered the restaurant and got the aroma of the cooking. I ordered turkey salad, so I expected turkey off the bone, but what I got was plastic turkey, very salty indeed, and if I'd felt up to it I would have complained, but I had to beat a hasty retreat!

After sitting quietly for a time I began to feel better and we arrived at Cherbourg about 3.45 French time. About 30 cyclists of various sizes, shapes and descriptions disembarked and all except we two went off in the same direction, I presume the direct route to St. Lo.

Taking the route to La Vaste (remembering to ride on the right hand side of the road, my first experience) we travelled through the scenic valley route which is marked in green on the Michelin map sheet 54, following the river Saire to Valognes for Quettehou on the coast.

Following the coast road in high cross winds and sand-storms we

passed along the beach-head to Ravenaville, pausing to look at Lecler's Monument. It is quite easy to imagine the conditions the troops suffered along these beaches in the last war, it brought a lump to my throat and I was very young indeed when the 39/45 war was declared. The outlook was very bleak indeed with the sand blowing in the gale. We rode along the coast to Utah Beach where there are still remnants of a tank and anti-aircraft gun and a military museum which of course was closed. Turning inland now we rode to Carentan (twinned with Selby) via St Marie du Mont and Vierville, and found an hotel by the railway station where we obtained an excellent room with bath etc. for 86F. This was indeed luxury as we were covered in sand and in great need of the bath and shower fitment.

Now it was Saturday and we were due to arrive at St. Lo for lunch and to register at the H.Q. of the Cider Rally, so we departed at 9.00 a.m. via St. Hilaire, Isigny, Neauilly and Ariel (being somewhat lost in this area.) A little way along we asked directions from a farmer who was burning stubble in the fields. From the gesticulations I understood that we were pointed in the right direction, that it was very hilly and the hills were long. This proved to be very true, and I can't speak a word of French!

We arrived at St. Lo and registered at H.Q. which was the local cycling club's club room, received all our meal tickets, a glass of cider and a "crepe" (pancake) and were informed that we were entitled to a bottle of cider each at any time during the meet. We were guided to our hotel by one of the local youngsters on a bike, and, after leaving our surplus gear and having a wash and brush-up, we left for a 20 mile organised ride around the locality.

The afternoon was sunny, windy and fine, and the countryside very beautiful and unspoilt with lush vegetation, wild hyacinths, primroses and pansies flourishing in the hedgerows. The terrain was very hilly but all rideable. After arriving back at the starting point of all activities, we were taken on a conducted tour of the town. The town has been completely rebuilt since the devastation of 1944 in which three-quarters of it was destroyed. It was here that the Canadians were stationed, and a big monument commemorating their dead stands under the castle walls. The church of

Notre Dame which stands on the castle hill was ruined by the allies as well as the enemy, but has now been completely restored.

In the evening a supper of cold cooked Normandy meats, salads, bread, "fromage", fruit, "crepes" and cider had been organised for what we estimated to be 600 people. This was followed by Folk Singing and French Country Dancing to round off the evening.

On Sunday we set off in warm windy weather for a 74 km ride. Up the hill out of St. Lo we met Marie-Claire and other French friends who had been staying in the dormitories. We didn't come across too many cyclists on the road that morning so we were overwhelmed by the spectacle we beheld on arriving at the picnic spot. To see at least 1200 cyclists en masse with bikes propped up all over the place and groups of people sitting eating and chatting together was fantastic. This was a masterpiece of organisation by the local cycling club, the Director (or chief steward) being only 19 years old. The meal consisted of grated carrots, boiled rice, crisps, cheese, French bread, barbecued sausages and pork chops, apples and cider. All this with only a handful of helpers, the barbecue was like a production line.

During the morning we had met an old Bradfordian who was cycling with our French friends. We enjoyed his company immensely; he was just getting back into the saddle after retiring and nursing his wife through illness. He had a fund of stories to tell as he was once a buyer for C & A and had travelled abroad quite a lot. He said later that he was surprised to hear the "dulcet tones" of the tandem stoker saying "for heaven's sake get out o't gutter" to the man in charge (of the tandem, that is) who was doing his best. This riding on the wrong side takes some getting used to, it seems as if you are falling off the side of the road. During this ride we had a superb view of the Roches du Ham from high up above the valley and many photographs were taken from the viewing point.

Arriving back at St. Lo after doing 97km instead of the 71+km intended, we were just in time to dive in to the reception, which consisted of dinner for 1200 held in two schools and arranged by the same people, thick soup, fresh salmon steaks in mushroom sauce, chicken, chips, cheese, fruit pear tart, wine and cider. We were entertained by a Belgian couple and some young people from London. (cont. on page 20)

PEAKLAND CALLING

Selby and York riders can take advantage of the cheap fares offered on rail services in South Yorkshire to reach the Peak district, which often seems so out of reach. It is a level easy ride to Doncaster and from there to Sheffield by train will set you back a mere 50p* thus cutting out a somewhat unattractive ride. If you wish to cut the riding time even further, it is possible to entrain at Thorne North, the fare to Sheffield being still only 80p*, departure times are 8.22 a.m. Sunday and 9.01 a.m. Monday-Saturday, pay on the train.

Having arrived in Sheffield there are a number of ways out to Derbyshire, easiest being that through the Abbeydale valley on A621. There is a convenient cafe at a garden centre about four miles on the left side before Dore station. From here the road climbs stiffly through Totley and then levels off a little towards Owler Bar. At this point is the Peacock Inn and a choice of routes. By keeping on A621 along a ridge giving extensive views eastward, Baslow is reached after a sharp descent to join the A619. The alternative is by B6054 descending past Froggatt Edge to Calver or Curbar. This gives fine views of the Derwent valley and either way gives access to nearby Chatsworth Park where deer roam freely. To the west is Peak limestone country with its deep dales, many ridges, high plateaux and pleasant villages such as Eyam, Hassop, Edensor and Ashford- in- the- Water. Several roads lead to the town of Tideswell, in reality a large village with a prominent church known as the Cathedral of the Peak.

Another way out of Sheffield is by the Rivelin Valley, A6101, but to reach this from Midland station it is necessary to cross the edge of the central area using Langsett Road. This leads to the A57 and Ladybower Reservoir as well as giving access to the famous Strines road with its testing switchbacks.

Those who may not have the stamina for long climbs could take the easy way from Sheffield using the New Mills train for a 16 minutes journey to Grindleford.

A favourite return route to Sheffield is by Stanage Pole and past Redmire reservoirs. This starts from Yorkshire Bridge, climbing steeply below Bamford Edge then winding along the contours to S.H.327m. At the corner keep ahead on a very rough track which becomes more stony as it climbs

past the rocks. From the reservoirs it is easiest to continue past Lodge Moor hospital to join the A57 if heading for the rail station.

Forsaking rail assistance it is then most convenient then to turn left at a crossroads beyond the hospital, dropping very steeply to the A57 using the utmost caution. turn right, then immediately left and soon right again on A6101 down the valley to Owlerton. Here turn left on A61 to climb past Wadsley Bridge on the dual carriageway, but near the top, turn right on B6087 to Ecclesfield. After passing the church turn right in 250m, crossing A6135, under the railway then right on A629. Turn left immediately after the M1 interchange and continue forward to Wentworth Woodhouse joining the B6090. Soon fork left (S.P. Brampton) and continue northwards crossing B6097 and A633, then by B6273 through Great Houghton to Brierley Common. Now descend to Hemsworth joining the A628 Pontefract Road. Soon you will be in more familiar territory and will be able to choose a route back to York or Selby, possibly calling for tea at the Corner Cafe in Wentbridge.

This latter route, though it does cross a number of built-up industrial areas, is generally pleasant, fairly direct and certainly avoids the larger busier centres which a main road route would encounter. It can easily be traversed in an afternoon by those returning from a weekend in the Peak District.

*Note - Rail fares are to be increased in November.

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D.A. AWARD SCHEME

With five rides carried out so far during 1981, eleven riders have qualified for medals. They are mainly from the York Section, gilt medals going to J.Hessle, I.Sellars, M.Thompson, G.Myers and K.Benton. Silver medals are due to A.Kirby and E.Clarke whilst P.McCormick, D.Benton, A.Sellars and H.Haynes have earned bronze medals.

With two qualifying rides still to come, at time of writing, R.Murphy only needs to complete one to earn a bronze award, whilst 13 others have still just one ride to their credit. Support for the rides has been generally encouraging, a total of 41 members having turned out on at least one occasion.

ON SAFARI

I understand the editor has been inundated with a postcard requesting information concerning my identity. I'm surprised at this, since I'm related to an extremely active cycling family who have gained, may I sat, a certain notoriety; though reference to my genealogy I feel will not come amiss.

From the outset I wish to deny any connection with the Scottish clan of similar name, called the Jock MacStrap. However I am proudly related on the chainwheel side to the Toestrap-Smythes whose coat-of-arms incorporates the cyclist rampant and whose motto "Num puncturum ad corrus holdum" translates as "May you never puncture nor your cotter pins work loose". Mark you, like every noble family we do have our skeletons, my cousin Quick Release is ours. I'm afraid she deserves her mane and has developed, how shall I put it, into a cyclist of doubtful moral integrity.

Coincidentally, talking of the Toestrap-Smythes reminds me of a splendid weekend spent with my uncle Fortesque Toestrap-Smythe, at Toe Clip Hall. Relaxing with a rather fine port after dinner one evening, the ladies (and Quick Release) having retired, I could not but admire his prominently displayed trophies.

"A fine collection of old handlebars and stuffed frames you've got in here, Uncle, quite a display, what?"

"Eh, my boy... Oh, those.... memories of Africa." he paused, "What times we had; what sport. A tale attached to each." His arm swept the collection. "Take those." indicating a spectacular set of mounted handlebars in pride of place over the fireplace. "A curious tale behind those, though few have heard it. Major Cecily, my companion on the trip, swore me to secrecy, but as he's dead now I don't suppose it matters much. As I remember it, we were after big game and our small expedition had been out for a couple of uneventful weeks. Then one day as the sun burned through the afternoon sky and we trekked across blistering grassland seeking the infrequent shade of stunted giraffes, pedalling mechanically our high ordinaries (shipped from home) a shout suddenly rang out.

"Bwannana, Toestrap-Smythe Bwannana, a rogue tandem!" one of the boys cried, slipping his spear neatly through my front wheel in excitement,

causing me to execute a neat somersault into the veld. On regaining my feet I spied, shimmering through the heat haze, the largest rogue tandem I've ever seen, also the most decrepit. It struggled rustily onwards, stumbling and lurching every few faltering steps. We watched in fascination for some time.

"I do believe we're in luck, Cecil, old chap." I remarked to Major Cecily. "I fancy that beast is dying. Saves a chase in this heat, eh? I'm rather taken with those handlebars though, what, Major!"

"Just hold fire, Fortesque, forget those bars a moment. I think we're on to something."

"Come, come Cecily, let's get it over with and back to town. We've had little enough sport this trip."

"A moment, Fortesque. You've heard the boys tell tales of cycles anticipating death undertaking one last great trek to a vast communal graveyard."

"Oh, come now, Major, you don't expect me to believe those old legends, do you?"

"Legends or not, that old rogue is moving purposefully enough despite its unsteadiness. I propose we track it."

And track it we did (against my better judgement). Day after day crossing the grassland and climbing through foothills relentlessly upwards till the grass gave way to scrub, which gave way to bare rocky mountainsides. After a particularly long desperate climb we topped a ridge and stopped in our tyre-tracks, staring in disbelief at the sight which lay before us. The old rogue tandem continued its lurching descent into the desolate valley, the floor of which was littered with the decaying remains of cycles, tricycles, tandems, triplets, quadricycles, boneshakers and hobbyhorses of all makes, shapes, descriptions and sizes. We had reached the cycle graveyard of legend.

"What price that legend now, eh Fortesque." cried the Major, cycling on to investigate.

All round lay skeletal rusting frames, saddles and saddlebags eaten by termites, tyres vandalised by vultures, paintwork of once proud mounts pitted and peeling. Alone amongst the decay lay the precious handlebars, their hard

gleaming chrome resisting the onslaught of insects and weather.

Major Cecily already had visions of a vast export business supplying insatiable collectors, (but I digress. The Major's "Cycle Curio and Collectables" export business is another tale) for our old rogue tandem had reached the valley floor. As we drew near it gave a final creak, inched forward and toppled sideways, the wheels spinning slowly as the tyres hissed their last. The gear mechanism twitched convulsively for a few moments, then all was still.

I ran forward with the boys, and staring into the solitary acetylene lamp, its once bright polished lens now clouded over, I cut the magnificent bars off by the stem.

And those, my lad, up there, are the very same."

"I say. What an absolutely ripping yarn, Uncle."

Toestrap.

* * * *

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Next came a rush down to another reception and prize-giving for the participants of the Meet. There had also been a Randonee with checkpoints during the day. All the entrants and winners received a good round of applause and we were surprised to receive a medal ourselves for the greatest distance travelled from overseas. There were 36 entrants from Britain, mostly from the south.

Monday commenced in torrential rain (just like the stuff we get here). It started in the early hours and continued until after lunch. Most of the British contingent were making haste back to Cherbourg for the ferry in readiness for work on Tuesday. We saw our French friends off on a 45km ride which was the culmination of the weekend. They tried to persuade us to go on the ride with them, but we intended to cross over to the Cotentin and continue our round tour. This was the end of a glorious three days of friendship and conviviality.

The Stoker

CABLE CARE

An important element of the bicycle is its various cables, upon some of which the life of the rider may depend.

The Bowden cable, as such multi-strand cables are generally known, is a strong flexible wire of tempered steel having a nipple at one or both ends. It is a simple and most effective means of transmitting motion being used on brakes, gear changers and occasionally to actuate a dynamo. To be effective the cable must work in tension and be adequately lubricated, unless it is one of the rather more expensive cables treated with a non-friction coating.

A thin oil is adequate for injection into the cased portion of the cable and is best sealed at the ends with vaseline or graphite grease to hold the oil inside. Uncased lengths of cable can be smeared with vaseline or coated with one of the anti-corrosion media. Some cables are of stainless steel and will resist corrosion without the latter treatment.

Problems with Bowden cables often occur at the ends, the plain end may tend to fray and one way to prevent this is by fitting a plastic or nylon protective cap. Ends which have frayed will often mean replacement of the cable. If there is ample spare cable then the frayed portion may be cut off. This is achieved by applying solder initially to the adjoining portion of unfrayed cable. The frayed portion is then removed easily by placing the cable on a piece of brass and chopping it with one sharp blow from a keen-edged cold chisel at the soldered portion. Using pliers or wire cutters is not usually satisfactory though they can be used to shorten the casing if necessary. After doing this, check that the aperture has not closed at the end due to squeezing of the coils. If it is closed, then grind off one coil until the end is square and smooth. A ferrule should then be fitted.

The nipple end may also suffer from fraying due to friction or misalignment in the lever. Individual strands may be removed but this weakens the cable and replacement is preferable. Sintered nipples on gear cables are prone to pull off if the cable is not lined up correctly. The best nipples are of brass, generously sized and properly hard-soldered to the cable. Take care when clamping cables that damage is not caused by overtightening or sharp edges.

CATERING LIST

By popular request we are including this updated list of the catering establishments of all kinds recommended by members.

Remember it is good manners not to take your own drink into any of these places, and certainly not to take your own food into any cafe, or hostelry where food is served. Other licensees may allow you to eat your own food on the premises but appreciate being asked first!

ABERFORD (A1)	- Walton's Diner
ACKLAM	- Half Moon Inn
ASKERN	- Lakeside Cafe
BARDEN TOWER	- Howgill Farm
BISHOP MONKTON	- Lamb and Flag
BLYTH	- White House Cafe
BOLTON ABBEY	- Beamsley Mill
"	Cavendish Pavilion
BOLTON BRIDGE	- Forge Cafe
BOOTHFERRY BRIDGE	- Mayphil Cafe
BRIMHAM ROCKS	- Kiosk (no inside shelter)
BROTHERTON	- Norman's Cafe (transport)
BYLAND ABBEY	- Abbey Inn
CASTLETON	- Shop-tearooms
CAWOOD	- Cawood Park Caravan site
CHOP GATE	- Buck Inn
COXWOLD	- Fauconburg Arms
DANBY LODGE	- National Park Centre (snacks)
DRIFFIELD	- Zanzibar Cafe
EARBY	- Youth Hostel, Birch Hall Lane
EASINGWOLD	- Jug Cafe, Market Place
ECCUP	- New Inn
EDWINSTONE	- Forest Information Centre
ELDWICK	- Fleece Inn (Dick Hudson's)
FADMOOR	- Plough Inn
FEARBY CROSS	- King's Head
FOUNTAINS ABBEY	- Studley Park Restaurant
FRIDAYTHORPE	- Coastways Garage Cafe
GARGRAVE	- Dalesman Cafe
GLAISDALE	- Angler's Rest"
"	- Mitre Tavern
GOATHLAND	- N.Yorks Moors Railway Station
GRINGLEY ON THE HILL	- Cross Keys

HARROGATE	- Station Cafe
HAWKSWORTH	- Mews Tea Room
HAWORTH	- Cafe, Bridge House, Surgery Street
HELMSLEY	- "Nice Things""
"	- Old Police Station Cafe
HELPERBY	- Oak Tree Inn
HOLME ON SPALD. MOOR	- Beechwood Cafe (2m. E, on A614)
HORSEHOUSE	- Thwaite Arms
HORTON IN RIBBLESDALE	- Penyghent Cafe
HOTHAM	- Hotham Arms
HOW STEAN GORGE	- How Stean Cafe
HUGGATE	- Wolds Inn
HUTTON LE HOLE	- Crown Inn
KILHAM	- Bay Horse
KIRBY MOORSIDE	- Antique Shop Tea Rooms
"	- The Trivet, 2 Church Street
KIRKLINGTON	- Black Horse
KNARESBOROUGH	- Kiosk Cafe, York Road
"	- World's End, High Bridge
LANGSETT	- The Cafe
LAXTON	- Bricklayers Arms
LEALHOLM	- Shepherd's Hall Tea Room
LEAVENING	- Jolly Farmers
LEYBURN	- Siddal's Cafe, Mkt.Pl. (closed Sun)
LOFTHOUSE	- How Stean Gorge Cafe
LOTHERTON HALL	- The Stables Cafe
MALHAM	- Beck Hall
MALTON	- Railway Station Buffet
MARKET WEIGHTON	- Griffin Inn, Mkt. P1.
MIDDLEHAM	- "The Nosebag"
MIDDLETON ON THE WOLDS	- Rose and Crown
NAFFERTON	- Cafe on A166, 2½m. E of Driffield
NEW MILLER DAM	- Beulah Cafe
NORTH FRODINGHAM	- The Star
NUNNINGTON	- Royal Oak
OSMOTHERLEY	- Queen Catherine
OTLEY	- Tommy's Cafe
PATELEY BRIDGE	- Garden Coffee House, High Street
PICKERING	- Railway Station Buffet
"	- Fleece Inn
RILLINGTON	- Coach and Horses
RIPLEY	- The Rest Cafe
RIPON	- Cornbell Coffee House
"	- Cosy Cafe
"	- The Old Post Office

ROSEDALE ABBEY	- Milburn Arms
SANDTOFT	- Blackstone Cafe
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 (no inside shelter)
TADCASTER	- Bus Station Snack Bar
THIRSK	- Melody Cafe
THORNTON DALE	- Pickering's Cafe
THORNTON WATLASS	- Buck Inn
THORP ARCH	- Buywell Cafe (Trading Estate)
WALKINGTON	- Three Tuns
WEAVERTHORPE	- Blue Bell Inn
WELBURN	- Crown and Cushion
WENTBRIDGE	- Corner Cafe
WETHERBY	- Bluebell Café
"	- Turnpike Motel
"	- Riverside Restaurant
WRELTON	- Buck Inn
YORK	- Cafeteria, Priory St. Community Centre (Closed Sunday)
"	- Bay Horse, Monk Bar

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Solution to the puzzle in our last issue.

The quotation from "Winged Wheel" should read:

"Hostility from drivers of carts and other horse-drawn vehicles was often encountered. Cycles sometimes frightened the horses, and some drivers were resentful of being overtaken by cyclists."

* * * *

Answers to Brain of Britain: **1.** Newcastle-upon-Tyne. **2.** The top of Snowdon. **3.** In Yorkshire, south-east of Rotherham. **4.** Mushrooms. **5.** St. David's. **6.** The Goose Fair. **7.** Cheviots. **8.** Norfolk. **9.** Cattle. **10.** Elm. **11.** Edinburgh: 372 miles (Glasgow 389 miles). **12.** Windermere. **13.** Alderney. **14.** Butterflies. **15.** 73 miles. **16.** Hereford Worcester and Gloucester.

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The D.A. Committee would be pleased to hear from any member who may be prepared to play an active role in the formation of C.T.C. Sections in any other parts of the D.A. area, notably Harrogate, Richmond, Scarborough or Skipton. Please contact the D.A. Secretary initially.