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WHELDRAKE LANE.

RIDING NORTH

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

Issue 5 - Spring 1982

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EDITORS' NOTES

With this Spring 1982 edition, we are delighted to introduce some drawings (inside cover) by the DA's latter-day Frank Patterson. For personal reasons, our artist wishes to remain anonymous, though he is well-known as a cyclist to many of our readers. We hope to include many more examples of his work in future issues.

We very much appreciate the response to the request for copy for this fifth issue - we even have had to keep some contributions back for no. 6, and already have a flying start towards it. Do please keep it coming, so that we have a choice of contents and are not forced to have too many things of the same kind.

Regretfully, we cannot include articles sent to us without the author's name, even if (like our artist) he prefers that his identity is not revealed. If such a writer suggests a nom-de-plume for publication, we will respect his privacy, but we must know who he is.

Riding North is getting to be read outside the DA's area. We already have a growing mailing list to members in other DAs. Have you got a friend in Outer Mongolia, or even possibly Manchester, who would welcome a regular copy?

Anne and Mike.

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YORK RALLY 1982

York Rally will be held on Knavesmire on 17-18 July.

Chief Steward this year is Keith Wray who will be pleased to hear from anyone who is willing to help in any way with setting out the Rally area on Friday and/or acting as Steward on the field over the weekend and at the Social Functions on Saturday evening. Volunteers are also needed to lead the runs which are being organised for Saturday and Sunday.

You can contact Keith on Tel: 769117

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ROAD (part 2)

To get an idea of how roads developed, perhaps we can look at an area we all know, - Wharfedale. It is hard for us to imagine just how difficult it was to travel around the countryside before the advent of the railway engine and the motor car. We tend to think of our roads as having always been there, but when the Leeds to Thirsk railway was opened in 1849 the people in Wharfedale still called the OtleySkipton road 'The New Road'. That was begun in 1760, only eighty years before the railway. The present road between Addingham and Skipton was made in 1820, replacing an old road along the side of Droughton Moor. The road from Leeds to Otley was built in 1777 as a link in a chain of roads from Leeds to Kendal.

Before these roads were made there were only rough tracks fit for horses from town to town and village to village, especially to places which possessed markets or fairs. Before railways the only means of travel for the poor was walking, but everyone who could afford it kept a horse of some kind; even a donkey was better than nothing. Goods were carried on pack-horses, ten or twelve in a line, one man leading them with another man or a boy at the rear. The main traffic was carrying goods to and from fairs held once or twice a year in many villages. Shops were few and far between; Cloth from Leeds or Bradford would be carried to these fairs and markets and the horses would return loaded up with wool, hides and farm produce.

There was a great fair at Ripley, and we can still follow the old tracks with the ancient milestones 'To Ripley' all over the hills between the Wharfe and the Nidd. There was another important fair at Boro'bridge on St. Barnabas Day in June, called Barnaby Fair. A fair or market was a useful asset to a village or town as it made the exchange of goods and produce easier.

So the object of travelling then was not to get about the countryside sight-seeing but to go to a market. Other than this people stayed at home because travelling was dangerous. Practically all travel was on horseback and it was quite common for two or even three to ride on one horse. A man on a good horse overtaking an acquaintance would ask him to get up behind. Sometimes two men going on the same journey would share a horse by 'riding

and tying'. One would ride a mile, tie the horse to a gate and walk on, the other man walking would mount the horse in his turn and so on, riding and walking a mile at a time for the whole journey. When a woman travelled with her husband it was customary for her to ride behind him on a pillion made like a mattress in soft leather and she held on by her husband's belt.

The old roads usually kept to the high ground; you will find the milestones of an old track from Otley to Skipton high up on the moorland above Denton, Middleton and Langbar. Another from Otley to Bingley goes over the ridge of Burley Moor. The reason for these high tracks must have been that the uplands provided firmer going for the horses. The valleys were marshy before the landowners started to drain their land in the late eighteenth century.

In the sixteenth century with the developing cattle and sheep trade vast numbers of animals were moved about the countryside between farms and the great fairs and town markets. Most of them kept to the traditional drove roads and tracks, such as Mastiles Lane, that we all know. The new roads, particularly those run by the turnpike trusts, were avoided because the animals would have become entangled with the other heavy-wheeled traffic and horse riders, and the drovers would have been in the grasping hands of the toll keepers. Even if the animals could avoid being run down by a coach-and-four, there was not much for them to graze on, so they kept to the more gently worn drove roads that had wide verges of turf, grazed and fertilised by generations of migrating cattle. There was fodder, too, for the drovers -many of the old inns which appear to be stuck on the edge of beyond were established to sustain the hungry and thirsty drovers - think of Tan Hill and many more like it. When the railways came the drove roads were no longer required and fell into disuse. Some formed routes for modern roads. Very few are left, but we cyclists know where they are and we enjoy riding them in peace and solitude.

It took a political and military crisis to start any improvement of the Yorkshire Dales roads. In 1745, Prince Charles Stuart with his brave highlanders had taken over Edinburgh from the troops of George II and he started off on the march to London by way of Carlisle. The King's army, which was in York and Newcastle, intended to stop 'Charlie' from reaching

London. Between the two armies were the wild dales and Pennine hills. The distance was not great - it looked easy for the King's troops to march across, intercept the highlanders somewhere in Lancashire, and send them packing back to Scotland. But when the King's generals surveyed the ground they found not one road up the dales or above the dales that could be used for an army wagon, much less artillery. So Charlie and his highlanders got to Derby, unpleasantly near to London before he could be stopped.

The Government said this must not happen again, and so roads began to be made East to West, from Otley up Wharfedale to Skipton and Colne, and then from Skipton by an older track which was turnpiked in 1756 to Settle, Lancaster, Kendal. From Leyburn, up Wensleydale and by Kirkby Stephen to Appleby and Penrith. The system for making and maintaining these roads was that of Turnpikes so we had good and poor stretches. As we saw earlier, these turnpikes had been in common use down south and as far as York since the seventeenth century but it needed a Scottish rebellion to bring them up the Yorkshire Dales, and so for the first time since the Romans left Britain the dales were provided with carriage roads - until then rough tracks for horses or very rough carts had been the only highways.

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MONEY SAVERS

Black's Camping and Leisure - Club Discount Policy.

The basis of this is a 10% discount on all sales in excess of £10 provided the goods are not special promotion or sales lines. This new discount is now available to CTC members on production of their Club Membership Card.

Black's Camping and Leisure North Yorks branch is at 21/22 Grand Arcade, Leeds.

On the same theme -

Alan Pocklington (N.Yorks D.A. and Roughstuff Fellowship) will give 15% off maps, panniers etc. on proof of Club membership.

Alan's address is 24 New Street, Pocklington.

SETTLE TO CARLISLE RAILWAY

The famous Settle to Carlisle Line - one of England's most spectacular railway lines - is seriously threatened with closure. Ribbleshead Viaduct needs repairing or replacing at an estimated cost of £6 million.

If you would like to join the Friends of the Settle to Carlisle Line Association in trying to keep the line open, write to Graham Nuttall, (Secretary, F.S.C.L.A.), 37 Bar Street, Burnley, Lancs. BB10 3BA.
(Subscription is £2 per household. S.A.E. appreciated)

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MORE COMPETITION

A Tourist Competition is being inaugurated this year by the Club with a view to promoting multi-D.A. participation by CTC members. A combination of tourist events and Standard Rides will form the basis of the scheme and points will be awarded for participation in nationally approved events in all areas. Entrants will have to pay a 50p administration fee for an identity card which must be produced at the start of each event. BCTC heats, map reading competitions and rough stuff events are included, and bonus points can be earned for achievements in competitive events. Medallions will be awarded to those with the highest number of points on 30th September.

North Yorks D.A. events which have been submitted for inclusion in this Tourist Competition are as follows:

March 21	50 miles in 4 hours Standard Ride
May 2	Map Reading Competition
Nay 16	100 miles in 8 hours Standard Ride
June 6	B.C.T.C. Yorkshire (North) Heat

BORED WITH A TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS?

Shortly after returning from the October Youth Hostelling weekend, I proposed a similar outing over the Christmas period but with a slight variation - we were to camp.

Boxing day saw John and myself at a deserted railway station. The frost quickly formed upon our heavily loaded machines as we left the Christmas spirit behind, destination Aysgarth. An hour and a quarter saw us through Ripon and making excellent time. The conditions on Boxing Day - just in case your memories are failing - were somewhat frosty and by now only the main roads were clear.

Apart from meeting a friendly snowman at the bus stop in North Stainley the journey was uneventful.

The conditions at Aysgarth were akin to those at Huggate when we rode the fated 50 in 4. Snow filled the sky and we soon found ourselves waist deep endeavouring to clear a space for the tent. An extremely comfortable nights sleep was promised as six to eight inches of snow remained under the groundsheet.

Many hilarious tales have been told about the results of cooking in the dark, but to cut a long story short, the primus subsided sending the red hot roarer sizzling downwards through the snow, closely followed by the risotto. Torchlight revealed a red patch about one inch in diameter with, by the searching hand of John, a roarer at the bottom. We now had a good excuse for a visit to the pub so we abandoned the tent in search of a meal.

Next morning, after a breakfast of porridge, bread and coffee, we set forth on the Hawes road. Snow was already across the road in places but in search for more a trip over the 'Tubs' was a must. I have to admit that we both cheated and walked a few stretches - with the snow over the walls and leaving only the top 3 inches of a cattle grid triangular sign protruding what do you expect?

On the descent a walker stepped out in front of me. He apologised, saying that he hadn't seen me. I didn't know that two multi-coloured cyclists could blend into the snow covered scenery so well!

Muker was closed because the Buttertubs were blocked - so the road signs said. We returned via Oxnop in silence, for John had a 'bonk' battered lain as companion. Even an Oxo cube and a handful of snow to wash it down

did little to help. To recall the ride back to Aysgarth would be repetitive, but it can be summarised in two words - never again.

The following morning the unique problem of packing a frozen tent, together with carrying the heavily loaded bikes for about 600 yards up a 1 in 8, waist deep in snow, created a late start to the homeward trek.

IAIN SELLERS

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"SAVAGE AMUSEMENT, THAT."

(To be intoned to the tune of "Good King Wenceslas")

Setting out on Boxing Day, happy cyclists are these.
Stopped at Masham on the way to eat cold turkey sarnies.
Soon arrived at Palmers Flatt to find the campsite snowbound,
Had a go at shovelling that but still could find no ground.

John's solo

So pitching tent atop the snow, we hung our decorations,
Spread our sleeping bags just so; perfect preparations!
Then cooking food upon the stove, I knocked it with my elbow,
And down the melted hole, by Jove, we saw our dinner flo-o-ow.

Iain's solo

Climbing Buttertubs at last, through biting wind and snow-drifts,
Not a lot was getting past, except intrepid cyclists.
Tackled Oxnop late that day, the weather was not easing;
Marker posts just showed the way, and still my feet were free-ee-zing.

Both together

Landlord nicknamed us 'snowmen', and won himself five pounds,
Betting with his wife that men were camping in the grounds.
Later, in his cosy pub, we overheard some chat
Of cyclists over Buttertubs - "Savage amusement, tha-a-at."

TOUR OF NORMANDY 1981

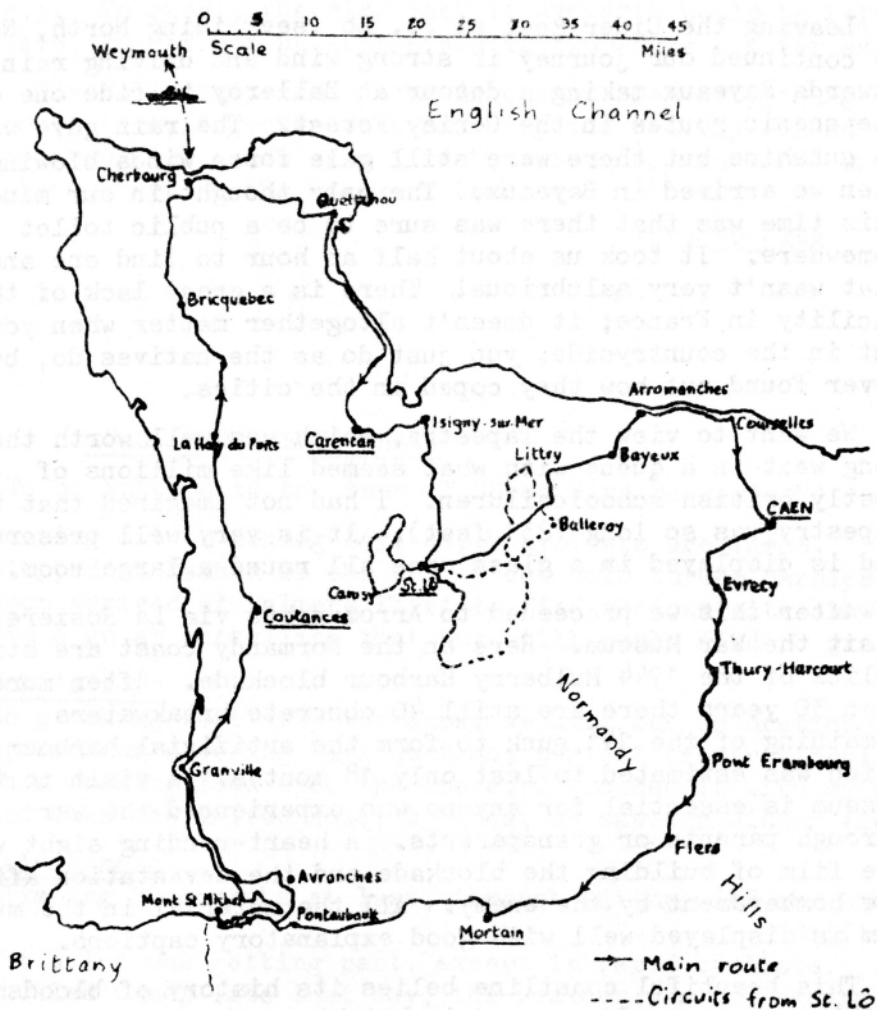
Leaving the Cider Meet at St. Lo (see Riding North, No.4) we continued our journey in strong wind and driving rain towards Bayeux making a detour at Balleroy to ride one of the scenic routes in the Cerisy Forest. The rain gave way to sunshine but there were still gale force winds blowing when we arrived in Bayeux. The only thought in our minds by this time was that there was sure to be a public toilet somewhere. It took us about half an hour to find one and that wasn't very salubrious! There is a great lack of this facility in France; it doesn't altogether matter when you are out in the countryside, you just do as the natives do, but we never found out how they coped in the cities.

We went to view the Tapestry, which was well worth the long wait in a queue with what seemed like millions of mostly British schoolchildren. I had not imagined that the Tapestry was so long (231 feet). It is very well preserved and is displayed in a glass case all round a large room.

After this we proceeded to Arromanches via La Rosiere to visit the War Museum. Here on the Normandy coast are still relics of the 1944 Mulberry Harbour blockade. After more than 30 years there are still 40 concrete breakwaters remaining of the 141 sunk to form the artificial harbour which was estimated to last only 18 months. A visit to this museum is essential for anyone who experienced the war through parents or grandparents. A heart-rending sight was the film of building the blockade and the devastation after the bombardment by the enemy. All the material in the museum is displayed well with good explanatory captions.

This beautiful coastline belies its history of bloodshed and the ravages of war, and in bright sunshine we set off to Caen. We rode along the coast to Courseulles where we turned inland, arriving at Caen at 8 pm to find a good hotel and good food at an Italian restaurant. In France in the Spring the best part of the day is between 3 o'clock and 8.30 pm, when the locals are out to take the air. The gangs of youths that bedevil this country were not to be seen in this area, and the young people seemed to go out for a meal rather than hang about on street corners.

Caen is the capital city of lower Normandy and has been rebuilt since the Second World War. By a miracle the three churches in the city remained standing and virtually unscathed during the onslaught, and now they create



SHORT TOUR IN NORMANDY - APRIL 1981

a contrast to the modern buildings. Worth a visit is the Church of St Pierre which stands behind the market stalls in the centre of the city where shellfish and flowers are sold. We also visited the Abbaye aux Dames where Queen Matilda is buried, and the Abbaye aux Hommes. Here we found the living church going about its daily business, with two funerals in progress. We returned later to walk abbey and found that it was here that the citizens of Caen took refuge during the war.

Leaving Caen we rode towards the Cotentin via Thury Harcourt, getting somewhat lost on the way. Here we bought a picnic lunch and ate it sitting on a bench at the roadside, closely observed by the local roadsweeper. It must have been the afternoon siesta as there was no-one else about. We next traversed a long wide valley riding beside the river Ome for about 6 km before the road began a long steady climb. The following descent was fast but soon we had to stop and consult the map for there was a turning we must take for Pont Eramburg. This lane took us through St Denis de Mere and we passed two schoolchildren on bikes who greeted us before turning off to a farm. The descent to Pont Eramburg was steep and winding, a real test for the brakes and my nerves.

Our way now passed through a pretty valley but further on there were extensive quarry workings and a string of small mills and chemical works. This was the Val de Vere and we passed some old cottages at the Pont Chat which we stopped to photograph. Soon we joined the main road to Flers, a bustling place at teatime, so we passed through without stopping. Our objective was Mortain, some 35 km ahead and, as the route proved to be rather undulating, it was around 8 o'clock by the time we arrived. Here we booked into a small hotel where we were given a newly-decorated room for 42F. After drinking a Perrier we spent the rest of the evening over a meal, being the sole occupants of the restaurant.

Wednesday was cool and fair with little or no wind compared with the previous days as we cycled up the road out of Mortain to visit the Cascades which are situated just off the main road and down a steep wooded slope with steps cut out to make the going easier.

Setting off again up the road it was not long before disaster struck and I found my handlebar stem adrift in my hand. Luck was on our side and we hadn't far to go before we came across a garage where a young lad was persuaded to weld it as a temporary measure. We remounted and set off along the road to Bartelemy where we turned on to a scenic route to Pontaubault, then along the long causeway to Mont St Michel. On this western side of Normandy it was noticeably warmer, the countryside was not typical, being much less lush, the soil very stony and the fields surrounded by stone walls.

in great contrast to the hedges and ditches seen for the greater part of our journey.

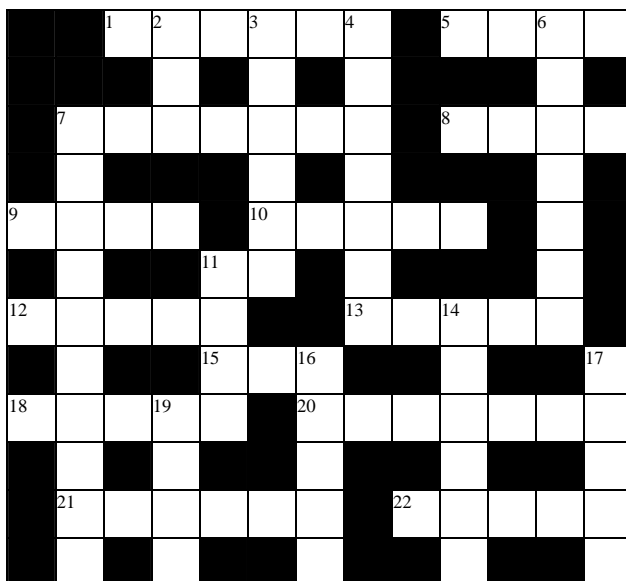
Le Mont St Michel can be seen for many miles, ethereal looking, rising out of the sea and mist, a beautiful sight. The steeply winding streets inside the walls are degraded by the tourist trade of tawdry souvenirs, hot dogs, candyfloss and ices. There was a modernised Post Office inside one of the old buildings; the cafes and restaurants looked good and catered for all tastes and pockets, most of them having views of the sea and coastline. A little gem just off the main street was the church of St Pierre, unnoticed by the multitudes, with beautiful stained glass windows and a silver altar dedicated to St Therese. The altar, studded with jewels and embellished with a simple flower arrangement, tells of craftsmen of a bygone age; the pews are of a simple but well crafted design. Emerging from the peace and tranquility, we joined the throng and climbed halfway to the Abbey to enjoy the splendid coastal views. Time being short, we had to leave without seeing the Abbey in order to make our way to Coutances for the night, which we reached at 9 o'clock. After trying several hotels which were closed for the proprietors' holidays, we finally found one open in the town centre almost opposite the Cathedral.

Thursday was a beautiful day, the best we'd had, and we faced a long hard slog on dead straight roads, uphill most of the way, to Cherbourg. We rode round this bustling, traffic-ridden place until we found the market to buy bread and apples to take with us. The vegetables and fruit in this market were of exceptional value and quality, and it seemed obvious that the poorer quality Golden Delicious apples are sent for export. We embarked at 4 o'clock and the crossing was very calm and pleasurable, with people sunbathing on deck. A warship off Portland Bill caused a lot of interest among passengers and crew. Before long we could see a stretch of white cliffs and, coming into Weymouth, the harbour was busy with craft of all kinds, canoes, yachts, rowing boats and fishing boats. Before us was a long ride to Bridport Youth Hostel for our first night back in England after a very pleasant tour of Normandy.

THE STOKER.

Across:

1. (and 3 down) North-South link near Hessle.
5. River at Pateley Bridge.
7. 1792 ft above sea level.
8. Yorkshire river with no source and no estuary.
9. Plan your tour with these.
10. System of matching effort to gradient.
11. Exist.
12. Glide over ice.
13. Reservoir near Bramhope.
15. Essential component of 10 across.
18. (and 4 down) Saves time and spanners.
20. Does Sir Walter come from Notts?
21. Togetherness on two wheels.
22. North Yorks Cathedral city



Down:

2. Container for tea.
3. See 1 across.
4. See 18 across.
6. Keeps the dirt out.
7. Useful garments for sportswear.
11. Stream.
14. View point overlooking Otley.
16. Spoils the appearance of your machine.
17. Gleaming after removal of 16 down.
19. Pedal-, Hub- or fir-?

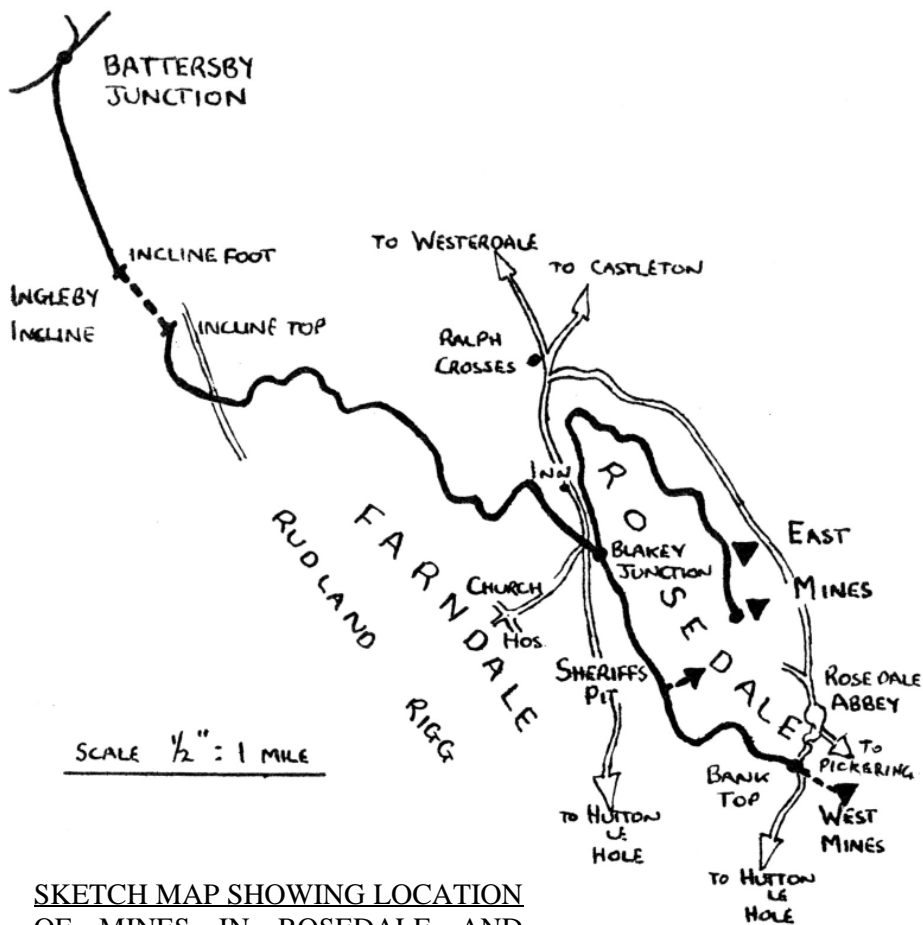
ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Many of you enjoy (or endure) the lure of tracks and green roads, yet often we ride them ignorant of their origins and history (perhaps when so concerned with staying on we have little time for such considerations!) I would like in this series to look at a selection of these ancient and not so ancient by-ways, hopefully whetting the appetite of those who haven't yet ridden them, and providing for those who have at least something to reflect on other than hurt pride or bum as you fail to negotiate that unseen hazard.

I've chosen as my 'introductory offer' the old railway line around Farndale and Rosedale, partly because it will ease you gently into rough stuff and partly because its brief existence mirrors faithfully the development and decline of mining operations in Rosedale, providing a complete and coherent history.

Mining operations began in 1856, if we ignore smaller medieval works, when a group of businessmen discovered high-grade iron ore to the south of Rosedale Abbey. The partners forming the Rosedale Mining Co. Ltd. (incidentally including George Leeman) later negotiated a further 60 year lease in 1859 and expanded these West or Hollins Mines. A second mine was opened by the Company shortly after the first in 1857 some two miles to the north-west, named Sheriff's Pit, after another of the partners. Initially the ore was hauled to the existing station at Pickering by road, which quickly proved inadequate, becoming "a bog from end to end; full of clay holes 2 ft deep".

The Rosedale Branch Line, constructed by the N.E.R., was opened in 1861 to alleviate pressure on the road and provide an efficient method of transporting large quantities of ore to the northern iron towns such as Consett. Using cuttings and embankments the line maintains an easy gradient (albeit in a circuitous manner) across the tops of Spaunton and Farndale Moors for a distance of 11 miles from the Bank Top at Rosedale to the incline top at Ingleby before dropping down the escarpment a further 3 miles to link with the railway at Battersby Junction. Most of this stretch now provides an excellent hard shale surface for cycling and walking, a small section forming part of the Lyke Wake Walk. The many cuttings proved snow traps and in one area a hut was built to house snow clearing equipment, and, after 1888, two



SKETCH MAP SHOWING LOCATION
OF MINES IN ROSEDALE AND
THE ROSEDALE BRANCH LINE

snow-ploughs were permanently located at Bank Top. Despite these precautions the trains were often halted, particularly in severe winters when drifts of over 30 feet were recorded, burying trains and houses alike. Possibly the most impressive feature of the line (especially when riding up!) is the Ingleby Incline; the N.E.R. incline replaced an earlier, though smaller, incline which served mines near the top of the escarpment. The new incline was 1430 yards long and climbed at an initial gradient of 1 in 11 before increasing to a maximum 1 in 5 (pew, puff, puff, is that all). Three loaded trucks at a time

descending the incline hauled up sets of empty wagons on steel ropes 1650 yards long passing round fourteen foot diameter drums. The journey took three minutes and speeds reached 20 mph; needless to say, accidents were a frequent occurrence as descending wagons ran out of control. At the top of the incline were sidings, railway buildings, including brake and drum houses, and cottages, though life in this exposed spot was hard and it soon earned the nickname 'Siberia'. Very little, apart from cleared areas and scattered masonry, remains today.

The Bank Top terminus at Rosedale became a thriving community with sixteen cottages (one of which served as a Youth Hostel between 1933 and 1950) as well as the railway sidings and engine sheds which housed the five 0-6-0 tender engines employed on the line. Kilns were also constructed to process the ore, water and carbonic acid gas being driven off to reduce weight in a process known as calcination.

That famous landmark, Rosedale Chimney, demolished in 1972, was the engine house chimney for the winding gear used on the incline tramway which linked the West Mines with the railway terminus. Its height being a 'demand by Mr Darley, the landowner, that the smoke should not upset the grouse.'

Two miles back along the track, further sidings were built to serve Sheriff's Pit where a shaft had been sunk to the ore bearing strata and where iron ore was loaded directly into wagons without being calcinated.

The line was extended in 1865 with the construction of the Rosedale Branch East, a 14¾ mile single track branch from Blakey Junction, where another small community developed, to the East Mines at High and Low Baring which the Rosedale Mining Co. Ltd. had opened in 1859/60. This line has a considerable gradient, dropping some 350 feet from the junction to the mines and requiring considerable engineering works. The ore was calcinated in nineteen kilns which can still be seen alongside the track.

After initial development, mining operations in Rosedale expanded rapidly throughout the 1860's reaching a peak between 1870 and 1877 when the line carried a daily average of between 1,000 and 1,500 tons of ore. This activity is reflected in the population of Rosedale which rose from 558 in 1851 (pre-mining days) to a peak of 2,839 in 1871.

In 1879, The Rosedale and Ferryhill Iron Co. Ltd. (formerly The

Rosedale Mining Co. Ltd.) failed and mining operations were disrupted. After briefly re-opening, the West mines finally closed in 1885 after a life of 29 years. The Carlton Iron Co. Ltd. took over both Sheriff's Pit and the East Mines, continuing mining until 1911, when difficult ground conditions and the increased incursion of water into Sheriff's Pit forced its closure in that year. The East Mines again changed hands and re-opened in 1912 operating profitably throughout the First World War after which foreign competition and increasing production costs created problems. The mines struggled on through the early 1920's before closing in the General Strike of 1926 never to re-open.

The railway survived the mines by three years, after the calcinated waste, deposited in great tips below the kilns, proved to be of commercial value, leading to its removal in an operation which prolonged the life of the line until 1929. The line had no chance of remaining in operation after the closure of the mine. Throughout its working life it had never run a passenger train (although passengers were carried on wagons) and traffic not connected with the mine workings was limited, consequently in June 1929 the line was officially declared closed after the removal of all salvagable materials. Its closure terminated a fascinating period in the history of life on the Moors.

So remember, when next on this track, as you lie sunning yourself in the heather or eating sandwiches, think of the engine driver who was known to stop his train to pursue game, or think of the miners grafting beneath the moor, or of the small isolated communities on the bleak moor tops in winter. But, whatever you do, as you are blown off the embankments at the head of Farndale soaked to the skin by driving rain, whatever you do don't curse that "Damned John Green" for inducing you on to this Right Track.

J.G.

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BRITISH CYCLE TOURIST COMPETITION

The Yorkshire (North) heat is to be held on Sunday, June 6th, and is being organised by Keith and Pauline Wray. The entry fee is 50p for adults and 30p for juniors (under 18). Anyone who would like to ride or who is willing to act as a marshal should contact Keith or Pauline as soon as possible. (59 Hawthorn Terrace, New Earswick. Tel:769117)

AUNTIE TOESTRAP'S AGONY COLUMN

(or have you got your saddle on back to front)

Problems, anxieties, difficulties? Write to Auntie Toestrap for sound and sympathetic advice.

Bikeshop Blues

I have a phobia about bikeshops. I enter the shop knowing exactly what I want but the assistants seem determined to blind me with all the latest technology until I'm utterly confused and helpless. Last week, for instance, I went in for a pair of wheels. This is what happened:

"Yes, sir."

"A pair of wheels, please."

He said "Quick Release?"

I said "No. My zip's broken."

"Narrow section?"

"Well, I've been on a diet."

"Spokes - stainless, rustless, chrome, butted ?"

"Err.... Yes please."

I came out with a strip of patches. Can you suggest any solution?

Ian Diot.

Auntie T: Yes, certainly, - try Dunlop, ha, ha... no, seriously, I appreciate your problem and would suggest that you persevere with a pogo stick.

Calamity on a Clubrun

".....then it dropped off and everybody started to laugh."

Anxious (Acomb)

Auntie T: Thank you for your interesting letter (we all had a good laugh at it in the office) only part of which we have room to publish. However, should your left pedal ever drop off again, ignore the laughter and abuse from your friends and just slip your left leg into your saddlebag and hop off home.

Frigid Hubby

After Sunday runs in Winter my husband often comes home with frozen assets and extremities, his proboscis being particularly susceptible, which upsets me as you can imagine. He says some of the other lads wear old tights to stay warm, but I'm a bit worried about this idea.

Concerned Spouse (Scarcroft)

Auntie T: I understand your fears, but what he suggests is feasible and may help. However, if he ever asks to borrow your suspender belt or frilly knickers then please write again, quickly! In the meantime keep your fingers crossed that he is not involved in an accident. Regarding his proboscis; since he is obviously into tights he could try wearing a pair over his head, though not when he is going to the bank!

That Sinking Feeling

During the recent floods cycling activity in this neighbourhood was severely curtailed. Have you any ideas how I can continue cycling in such circumstances. Please don't suggest rollers as I've already tried them but they keep falling out of my hair.

Selby Sid.

Auntie T: Rest assured the the North Yorks C.T.C. has not been idle. We have initiated a two legged attack on this issue.

As an immediate response to your plight we have convened a Flood Relief Sub-committee to allieviate distress and unde: its auspices a Flood Relief Sub-committee Sub-committee (Fun, Raising) is actively involved in raising finance for the purchase and distribution of essential supplies. We are about to launch a massive advertising campaign and if I may 'leak' the text of a forthcoming poster:

Next Winter, when the waters rise,
And Selby cyclists all forlorn
Sigh heavy sighs on Sunday morn
And curse their stiffening thighs,

We'll send you all the best of luck,
And parcels full of useful things,
Like blow-up rafts and water wings
And a ten foot rubber duck.

Please give generously.
Inflatable dolls welcome!

It is hoped by this aid to keep the Selby section bouyant and their heads above water.

On a long term basis we are undertaking a research programme based at York University to investigate the problems of underwater cycling. At present plans have been prepared for the conversion of a tricycle to carry a complete life support system, incorporating oxygen bottles and face mask,

periscope/snorkle assembly and waterproof lunch box and tea making unit. We are hopeful that a Government grant will be available to fund construction of a prototype. Meanwhile negotiations are proceeding with cycle manufacturers for the production of these C.T.C. Patented Submersible Cycles should trials prove successful.

On a design note, some of the major obstacles already overcome include pedal and toeclip design to accommodate flippers and an underwater repair kit.

Bye for now, and keep writing.

AUNTIE TOESTRAP

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TRY THE GREEN ACRES

If you are looking for a bargain holiday and like mountains lakes, antiquities, coast roads and solitude, then Eire may fit the bill.

Though the Republic suffers like ourselves from inflation and the prices of many goods and services are above our own, you will find that your pounds will buy 25% more than the Irish 'punt'.

Most spectacular, and therefore popular, part of Ireland is the south-west and its climate benefits from the gulf stream that touches its coastline. There are many high passes such as the Tim Healy, Tunnel Pass, Connor Pass and Ballaghbeama Gap. This area includes the various peninsulas of Kerry and the Killarny loughs. The southern coast is also attractive from Mizzen Head through Kinsale to Youghal and Waterford. The Wicklow Mountains is a very compact area with excellent coasts at hand and numerous sheltered valleys. Connemara, too,, has some excellent mountain and coastal scenery.

Roads are generally good and easily graded. The folk are friendly - if simple in outlook - and have great respect for tourists who often provide the whole means of their existence. You will need the 4" to 1 mile Bartholemews Ireland in 5 sheets since the Irish Ordnance Survey is not to our accustomed standard, and is also difficult to obtain.

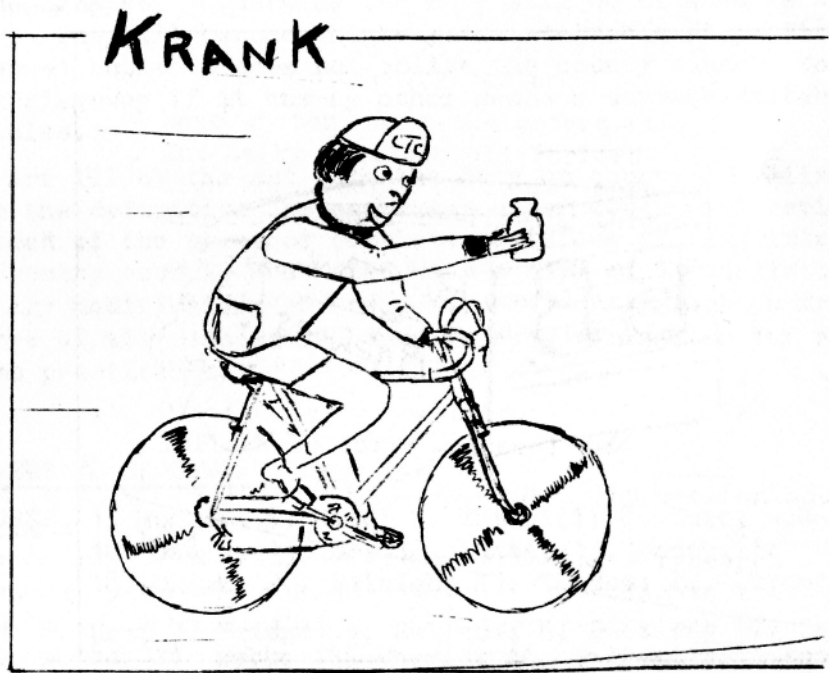
Accommodation is generally in bars or bed/breakfast and small private hotels as listed in the CTC Handbook. The youth hostels of AN OIGE (pronounced Ann Oagy), the Irish YHA, vary a lot but are all self-cooking. There are 52 throughout the 16 counties and the overnight charge is only £2.00

for seniors in July and August, less in other months. Hostels in Cork, Killarney, Limerick and Dublin are a little dearer. Members must provide their own 'eating irons' and tea towels, but crockery and cooking utensils will be found at the hostels which all have a resident warden.

The Club's touring department can supply you with routes for your tour and an information sheet, or you can refer to the CTC Route Guide. Passports are not required for travel to Eire and you should have no language problem, for the Irish use gaelic only when they do not wish you to know what is being said! You can travel by rail and sea to Dublin via Liverpool or by air to Dublin from Leeds or Manchester, where connections are made for internal flights to Shannon or Cork.

However and wherever you go in Ireland, it is fairly certain that you will enjoy an unforgettable tour and vow, like the writer, to return again - soon.

R. AITCH.



EASTER CAMP

An Easter camping week-end has been arranged from Friday, 9th April to Monday, 12th April at Dent in Dentdale. Site fees approximately 75p per person per night. Milk is available at the farm and there is a small store in the village. Leave from York railway station at 8.15 am Friday.

We are told that activities will be arranged on camp -(the mind boggles!)

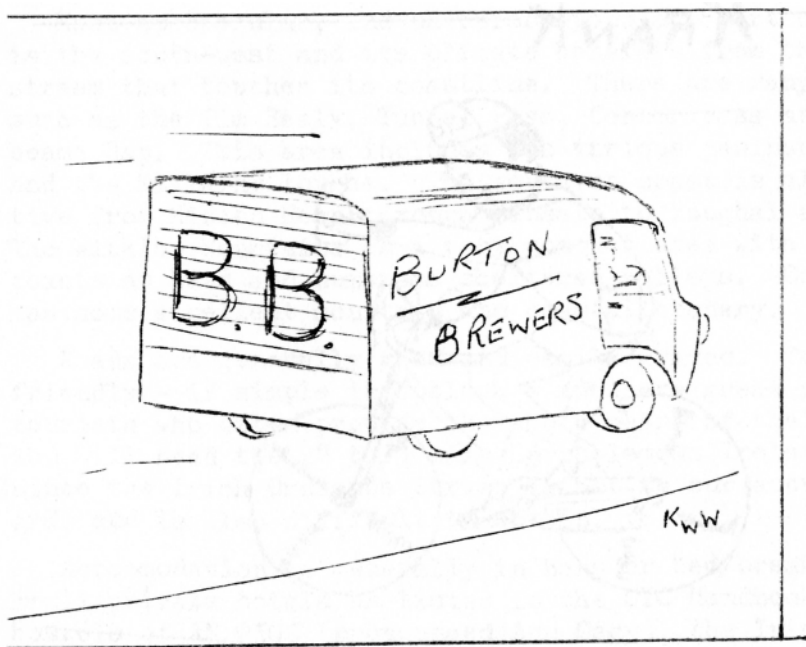
Anyone wanting to go on this camp should have their own tent, sleeping bag, stove, etc., although if anyone is really stuck for a piece of equipment they may be able to borrow it.

For further information please contact Gary, Tel: 792439.

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FAREWELL TO RUPPS

In a previous issue reference was made to the Wildlife and Countryside Bill which has now become the Act of 1981, having taken around twelve months to pass through Parliament.

We spoke before of the proposals concerning bulls in fields crossed by public paths, and the position following implementation of this Act is that nationally it is an offence punishable by fines up to £200, to keep any bull in a field crossed by such paths or byways open to all traffic. BUT, if the bull is not over 10 months old or is not of a recognised dairy breed (Ayrshire, Guernsey, British Friesian, Jersey and Dairy Shorthorn are examples of dairy bulls) and is at large in a field with cows or heifers, then no offence is committed. It seems advisable to swot up on animal husbandry, for the beasts are unlikely to be labelled with age or breed.

RUPPS (roads used as public paths) which are usually unsurfaced and may or may not carry vehicular rights - such as Mastiles Lane or the Ridgeway - are to be gradually reclassified under the Act. If a public vehicular right of way can be proved the RUPP will become a byway open to all traffic or if bridleway rights can be proved then a bridleway it will be designated. Otherwise the RUPP will be classed as a footpath. They all become 'highways maintainable at public expense' but this does not oblige the county council to provide a carriageway if it has by other means a surface suitable for vehicles.

Part III of the Act puts the duty on county councils to keep the definitive footpaths map under continuous review instead of the previous complete revisions at long intervals. The county council must also keep a copy of the definitive map and any modification orders available for inspection free of charge at all reasonable hours in each parish, so far as it seems practicable.

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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD (Page 13)

<u>ACROSS:</u>	1. Humber;	5. Nidd;	7. Tan Hill;	8. Ouse;
	9. Maps;	10. Gears;	11. Be;	12. Skate;
	13. Eccup;	15. Cog;	18. Quick;	20. Raleigh;
	21. Tandem;	22. Ripon;		
<u>DOWN:</u>	2. Urn;	3. Bridge;	4. Release;	6. Dust cap;
	7. Track suits;	11. Beck;	14. Chevin;	16. Grime;
	17. Shiny;	19. Cone.		

CATERING LIST – additions

ABERFORD	- Little Chef (A1)
BLAXTON, nr.Finningley	- The Cafe
BRAMHAM CROSSROADS	- Little Chef (A64)
CAWOOD	- Anchor Inn (tea only)
GREAT OUSEBURN	- Crown Inn
HARLOW CAR	- Birk Crag Cafe (open Easter to
INGLETON	- Country Kitchen Sept)
MARKET WEIGHTON	- Buttered Bun (closed Sunday)
MILLINGTON	- Ramblers' Rest
NORMANBY	- Sun Inn
OTLEY	- Leeds House Cafe, Mkt.Pl.(Closed
SAXTON	- Greyhound Inn Sunday)
SEDBERGH	- The Tea Rooms
SHIPLEY GLEN	- The Cafe (top of Glen)
SUMMERBRIDGE	- The Village Bakery
THORPE IN BALNE	- Robin Pottery

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AN "ORDINARY" RIDE

A sponsored ride (not another, you will say) is to be held in June 1982, the destination being York. This event is to commemorate the ride in 1876 of H. Stanley Thorpe from Archway, Highgate (London) via the Great North Road on an old Ordinary.

The ride is being organised by the Pickwick Bicycle Club to raise money for the Sports Aid Foundation and anyone with a penny-farthing who can find his/her own sponsors will be welcome to participate. Thorpe's time was 22- hours and no doubt the weather will determine whether or not this time can be bettered by his modern-day counterparts. We can be sure that they will have a dickens of a ride!



ALMSCLIFF CRAG

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Section Secretaries:

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York - John Hessle, tel. 792547

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.