

ISSUE No. 8

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RIDING NORTH

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

Issue 8 - Autumn 1983

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Copy deadline for the next issue - 29th FEBRUARY 1984.

EDITORS' NOTES

At the risk of sounding monotonous, we make no apology for the late appearance of this eighth issue of RIDING NORTH.

When the deadline for copy came and went with less than half the requisite twentyfour pages filled, your editors had either to dig out additional material by fair means or foul, or write it themselves. Preferring the former (as we believe so will our readers) we can claim only moderate success so have had to resort to the latter here and there.

What a contrast with the situation a couple of years ago when we were able to put aside enough for half the following issue because material had come in so generously.

The plain truth is that the D.A. magazine does not write itself - it needs contributions from members. Without these, it cannot continue, so if you want to see issue no.9 next Spring and haven't yet got the message - get writing!

Anne and Mike.

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LEISURE ROUTE PROPOSAL

In conjunction with other organisations, the D.A. is actively pursuing the aquisition of now redundant rail track from Riccall north to Bishopthorpe. The immediate aim is to persuade North Yorkshire County Council to enter into negotiations with the National Coal Board, the current owners, for the track and its strategically important feature - the bridge at Naburn.

A petition is circulating and any member who can help with obtaining signatures from supporters in Bishopthorpe, Acaster, Naburn, Riccall and the Selby area should contact the Secretary immediately.

It is planned to present the petition at the Council's quarterly meeting on November 9th.

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A DANGEROUS AGE

I'd been told that 50 was a dangerous age for a man, especially if he was married. It seemed that big strong men, who had never had a day's illness, could go out like a candle, and that wives were apt to run off with the milkman.

Well, I'm not a big strong man, and my wife couldn't run off with our milkman because we have a milkwoman. So apart from the everyday hazzards of being run over or struck by lightning, I felt pretty safe at 50.

It was in that year that some friends of ours who were movng to another town asked us if we would like their old tandem bicycle. Before I had time to think, my wife Joan had me bundled into a coat and out into the street to collect it.

When I arrived at the friend's house, I found him trying to dig the tandem out of the pile of rubbish at the bottom of his garage, where it had been stored for some years. It looked an awful mess, covered as it was with thick grease, but he assured me that it would clean off easily. So holding the handlebars at arms length, I wheeled the tandem home.

Joan wanted to start cleaning it right away, but it was getting a bit too dark by then, and I wanted time to think where I could park it for the night. It would have gone in the shed, but like all garden sheds ours was full of things that might come in handy, like broken chairs, old buckets and jam jars.

In the end we had to park it for the night in the hall, having first taken up the carpet and covered the bike with newspapers and dust-sheets to keep it from spoiling the walls.

After spending a day clearing the shed out, we set to work cleaning the bike. But once clean, it looked a real flyer. Three-speed gear, and North Road handlebars, caliper brakes and an emergency foot brake. We hadn't done much cycling for years, and as neither of us had ridden a tandem before we wheeled the bike to a cul-de-sac at the bottom of our avenue and did some practice.

Apart from a bit of wobbling at the start, we did surprisingly well. After

passing ourselves as fit to ride a tandem, we ventured on to the Malton Road.

It was great, "Get into top gear and let's see how fast we can go," said Joan and, like a fool, I did. We went like the wind for about a mile, then I remembered that I was 50 and gave the order to slow down. Joan heard me, but my heart didn't; it kept on racing away long after we had stopped to rest.

Joan said: "Not to worry; it'll stop soon." But I didn't want it to stop, I just wanted it to slow down, which it did eventually.

Turning off Malton Road, we came home over Strensall Common where we rode over a cattle grid. If you've never ridden over a cattle grid on a tandem, my advice is don't. It's like riding over a corrugated iron roof. My teeth were still chattering when I took them out that night.

I'll never forget the next ride we had. We went down the Hull road for a few miles, then turned off down a country lane. Everything seemed to be going fine, when suddenly the bike started to sway from one side to the other.

I was about to give the order to stop when my eye caught our shadow on the road. I saw the reason for our wobble. My mate was sitting bolt upright with her arms folded, looking around at the country as if she was riding on the top of a tram.

Just about then the sun went in and it started to rain, so we stopped and put on our capes. No sooner had we set off again than the rain stopped, but as it looked dull we decided to keep our capes on.

Rounding a bend we came face to face with a herd of cows being driven towards us. Cows! yelled Joan, and stood on the emergency brake. The back wheel slewed round and we fell off into the wet grass on the roadside.

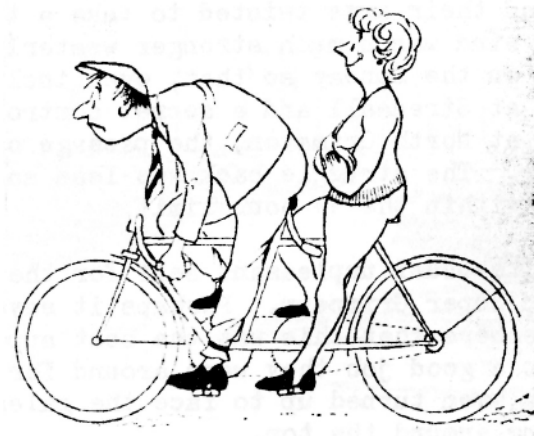
Joan was too frightened to move, and I couldn't. The cape was fast on the handlebars and my feet were still in the pedal straps. There we lay like a couple of oven-ready turkeys until the cows had passed.

Our next stop was at Stamford Bridge. Here we de-caped, and I made plans to cross the bridge, which is very humpbacked and narrow and controlled by traffic lights. The plan was to pedal like mad to the top, so giving us time to clear the bridge at our ease.

As the lights changed to green, we shot up that bridge like a rocket, but right in the middle of it - and without a word to me - Joan stopped pedalling. The next thing I knew was that I was hanging over the handlebars with my nose nearly on the front wheel. Had it not been that my feet were strapped to the pedals, I would have been on the road and run over by my own bike. How we managed to get safely down the other side I shall never know.

But it all goes to show that 50 can be a dangerous age for a married man, especially if he rides a tandem.

J.S.VARLEY



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D A AUDAX EVENTS 1983

The D A organised four events under Audax rules this year. Three were organised as part of the Harrogate Festival Week and the fourth was the now well established York-East coast-York event held the second weekend in September.

Support for the longer Harrogate events was almost non-existent from D A members, only three starting the Dales event and only one the mid-week "200". The Dales event was held on a breezy day with the clear skies providing some of the magnificent views for which the Dales are justly famous.

All entrants this year opted for the 200 km distance, although there was a 150 km standard which cut out the legs from Harrogate to Otley and Middleham to Richmond. Only a handful were unsuccessful, mainly with mechanical problems. (Andrew Kirby will tell you that it is difficult to ride up Greenhow with spokes flapping about in your rear wheel!)

The mid-week ride was to Flamborough Head and, interestingly, this course, as opposed to a new course over the Moors, was preferred by twenty of the twenty-three entrants and so the other three had their arms twisted to take a trip to the seaside. The wind was a much stronger westerly than had been the case on the Sunday so that, even including the stops for tea at Strensall and a secret control manned by Gerry Boswell at North Grimston, the passage out was quite a rapid affair. The struggle back was less so, but all managed to be within the 14 hour limit.

Greenhow was its usual unpleasant self for the riders in the masochistic Super Grimpeur. Perhaps it says something for our D A members that this was the best supported event. In fact it was a good job they were around for few of the other entrants even turned up to face the gales and low clouds swirling around the top.

One entrant packed up after the first climb, another complained of the "Siberian conditions" and out of the twelve starters it was the York section which provided five of the six finishers, the sixth being Harry Catlow from Blackburn.

The weather was again unkind in September. After the beautiful spell the gales and rain were the last thing wanted.

The statistics tell the story: York - 42 starters, 18 finishers; Beverley - 6 starters, one finisher; Sheffield (done as a 400 km) - 4 starters, one finisher.

So here's to next year. Remember the revised dates for Harrogate, and that there are events on both the Sundays and mid-week (12th, 15th and 19th August). Remember too the York event (9th September) but forget the weather. It can't be as bad in 1984, or perhaps.....

D.K.B.

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WINTER FLOOD, LOWER FALLS, AYSGARTH

RUNS AROUND THE REGION

YORK SECTION have a full programme of runs planned, all of which leave from York Station (Tea Room Square).

<u>Date</u>	<u>Inters. leave 9.00am</u>	<u>Easyriders. leave 9.30am</u>
Oct 16	Hunmanby	Grimston Brow
" 23	Bolton Abbey	Dob Park (Timble)
" 30	Bilsdale	Helmsley
Nov 6	Yorkshire Wolds	North Dalton
" 13	D.A. AGM at Minskip	D.A. AGM at Minskip
" 20	Bedale	Kirklington
" 27	Ilkley Moor	Wharfedale

Joint runs Dec. to March 1984. Start 9.30 am

Dec 4	Thixendale	Feb 5	Surprise View, Gillamoor
" 11	Hutton le Hole	" 12	Lotherton Hall
" 18	Nidderdale	" 19	Ripley Woods
" 25	NO RUN	" 26	Helmsley
Jan 1	First Footing run	Mar 4	Almscliffe Craggs
" 8	Melton	" 11	North Dalton
" 15	Wharfedale	" 18	Lower Wensleydale
" 22	Ride-out Luncheon	" 25	Thirsk
" 29	Over Garrowby		

SELBY SECTION have an impromptu run each Sunday starting from Selby Abbey at 10.00 am.

For further details ring Howard Haynes, tel 618358

HARROGATE. A number of members in the Harrogate area are meeting for social rides and hostel weekends.

For more information contact Alan Pocklington, tel 887003

SMALL ADS (charge 20p per advertisement)

EXCHANGE Michelin map, sheet 55 (Caen-Paris) unused, for any one of the following in good condition - sheet 66, 68, 69, 75 or 72 in the same series.

R.Healey. Tel: 54114

ODE TO A "24"

On an evening in June, 'twas so warm and so bright,
Our group pedalled off for to ride through the night.
Eleven there were, or just ten at first,
'Til No.2 caught us up with his usual burst.

The roads they were clear, the air like warm wine,
And Northallerton reached in double quick time.
Here were revealed, to much cheer and hoot,
Purple leg-warmers, with tassels to boot!

Phil suffered our jokes and not a few quips
As we headed for Richmond and hot fish and chips.
These were soon downed in the cool, still night air,
And jerseys and socks went on by the pair.

And whilst I am noting all this night-time gear,
A quick word of question re Johnny Green's rear.
If he goes so well with balloon on his steed,
Should we all have one to keep up our speed?

Bowes Moor at midnight by a half-moon's beam
Was a thrill in itself, and completes Captain's dream.
Of course he was right, and he's in our good books
Giving night rides like this (and his barley sugar sucks.)

We stopped before 2 under the A66,
And while most had sarnies, their drinks and their bics,
Rice pudding and chicken, not run-of-the-mill,
Were scoffed by those gourmets, young Iain and Phil.

A jam sandwich (but not like the ones that you eat)
Was seen in Penrith and, not one to be beat,
Captain requested "Your names on our cards, clear."
To be met with the famous "What's going on here?"

We quickly replied "'Tis for our Uncle Ron,
To tell him this part of the course we have done."
"Say no more," says the Cop, (he's quite on the ball)
"I want no Ron trouble, so I'll sign them all."

We knocked off our lights 'tho' the sun's not quite through.
Phil going to extremes his back light did strew
Over the road down Ullswater way
As we were all thinking "What a beautiful day."

Now I an no poet, no Wordsworth or Keats,
To do even this is a difficult job, (see what I mean?)
But the peace and the still of the lakeside that dawn
Will remain in my thoughts for many a morn.

The wreaths of the mist fingering up from the lake
A lasting impression on me it did make.
That is until with shouts of great glee
Five thousand starving midges descended for tea.

"The Captain's at fault." No.2's cry was heard
As he rushed for his bike with crumbs still in his beard.
But we all know the truth of his sudden depart
For Kirkstones ahead he'd got a head start.

We toiled to the top, it seemed such a chore
'Til we stopped and looked out at the vista before,
With the sun kissing gently the sides of the fell.
Was this just Heaven? Alas, who can tell?

We lay in the road, what a right load of nutters,
And we thought of milk lorries knocking us to the gutters.
But Breakfast and Eggs and Bacon and Beans
Stirred us to action and to our machines.

Replete then we rested at the "Little Chef Caff"
While Andrew the younger gave us all a good laugh.
A little kid's lolly was given him free,
And Phil saw his chance and begged thirty-three!

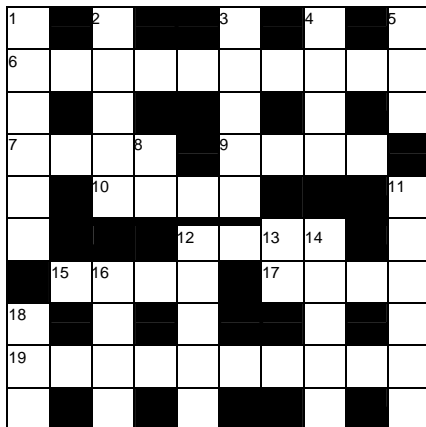
The rest of the run, there's not much to tell.
The weather was perfect, the company as well.
And that includes Richard, that racing man tough,
Who managed our speed without calling "Enough!"

The Wensleydale passage, air clear as a bell,
Hawes, Bainbridge and Aysgarth and Leyburn as well,
Were gone, not forgotten, as we headed for home
With a quick stop at Ripon for a Mrs H. scone.

And so on to York, and with final respects,
Many thanks to the Captain and all at the checks.
I just hope that next year can be just as good.
Are you coming too? I knew that you would!

ANON

CYCLISTS' CROSSWORD



Across

- 6 Audax Rider
- 7 Cider , Face to face
- 9 Byland Bank
- 10 Trees' juices, uphill effect
- 12 Old Woman's residence needing a plate
- 15 Ensnare pedals
- 17 Sky or Rim
- 19 Rough track's top

Down

- 1 Result of no salt
- 2 Cyclist's Big Ends
- 3 They seem more likely in Winter than in Summer
- 4 Captain and No.2 (or Messrs Herriot and Farnon)
- 5 Famous frame from famous firm
- 8 The little and large in rings
- 11 Bikes by medieval name
- 12 3rd tub/tube
- 13 Any of this at end of AGM?
- 14 Choose before No. 13
- 16 Headstrong in Wharfedale Park
- 18 Fixed or T

(Answers on page 21)



SILVERDALE ROAD AND PEN-Y-GHENT

HIGH SPEED TO GLEN LYON

The desire to see the Rough Stuff Fellowship's acquisition of a cottage in the Highlands was just irresistible. In spite of the lateness in the season, on 20th November, after a busy Saturday morning in the bike shop, at five minutes past mid-day delayed by a last-minute customer, I was in the saddle with 13 miles to go to York in a race against time to catch the 1.06 p.m. train to Edinburgh. A strong westerly wind almost thwarted my chances but, thanks to having already bought a ticket, the ticket collector letting me through the barrier without seeing my ticket and the train being four minutes late, I caught it. Four hours later at 5.30 p.m. after changing at Edinburgh and Stirling I alighted at Dunblane in drizzle and darkness.

With three sets of recharged batteries I did not intend pushing the Miller dynamo if I could help it. I soon found the A820 to Doune and Callender an easy undulating road, with little traffic on a Saturday night in winter. One hour to Callender, then over the fairly easy pass of Leny. I stopped after one hour 40 minutes to change batteries and have a bite to eat to keep up my energy and keep the "bonk" at bay. The drizzle eased and I glimpsed a quarter moon, but not for long. The drizzle came on and off but just not enough to make it worth caping.

As the road turned north I received a lift from the south-west wind and sped on in the black night, seeing only the glint of light from isolated farms across Loch Ludnaig, then through Strathyre and at last I was in Lochearnhead. Hotels tempted, but resolutely I tackled the long drag of Glen Ogle, Marvelling how trains used to manage to climb this steep incline. The exertion of the climb caused me to remove gloves and woolly hat, made me very warm, the heat countering the effect of the rain and drizzle.

Over Glenoglehead and downhill to the junction, where I turned right down the A827 for Killin. There the Falls of Dochart were in tremendous spate and, seemingly, illuminated for my especial benefit. Passing Killin Hostel with a coach and mini-bus parked outside, I was tempted to stop as it was now 9 p.m. and the route to Glen Lyon was hard and unknown. Stopping for a bite and a thirst-quencher at the Glen Lochay road end, I was lucky. A passer-by told me the road marked "Private" on Berta map (on O.S. as bridle path) from Glen Lochay to Loch Lyon was rideable, but I needed to lift the

bike over two gates. A distance of 16 miles. A marvellous road up Glen Lochay, twisting and turning, until after 8 miles I saw the lights of the farm at Ken Knock, and in the pitch-black night saw the black tarmac going right up the hillside. Even with my T.A. 28 tooth ring and 34 tooth rear I had to stop twice to walk and recover my breath on the steep twisting and turning ascent. Still the wind was really strong behind me and I had to remove gloves and hat again to keep cool, yet, as I reached the 1700 ft contour, snow appeared but vehicles had kept two wheel tracks clear.

Then I reached the col and sped down the other side of the hill to Glen Lyon, with dynamo on for the descent. Two gate were on the dam of Loch Lyon and open. In 15 minutes I saw the B & B sign at the farm road entrance to Dalchiorlich. Up a rocky ramp and over a huge girder bridge across the River Lyon on slippery wood, it was but a few minutes to the gleam of lights at the farm. Although I had telephoned to book only 12 hours earlier, Mr and Mrs Peter Conway gave me a real welcome, and dinner was waiting for me. They said that, down at Stronuich Cottage, their son and the Strathclyde group were in residence, and yet I had been told that the cottage was nothing but a ruin!

Next morning I awoke with the pleasant expectation of seeing with my own eyes this Shangri-la of the Scottish Highlands. After a most excellent breakfast I ventures out into the most foul conditions of wind, sleet and rain, with snow on the hillsides. Quickly, with a following wind, I cycled past Stronuich Reservoir, much less than a mile in length but very important to the Hydro Electric Board as it diverts much of the River Lyon plus the water from Loch an Dhamh (a tributary of the River Lyon, after it had passed through a power station on the side of the road near Stronuich dam), through a tunnel under 3410 ft Meall Ghaordie to a power station in Glen Lochay. Then, after passing the dam, I looked across the river and there was Stronuich Cottage. Scaffolding was up, it is true, also parts of the east end chimney and roof were removed, but essentially it looked fine. A splendid fire was burning in the hearth of what is to be the lounge, and in the room next door the floor was almost entirely covered (temporary, of course) with interior sprung mattresses and divans - comfortable quarters indeed! The week-end tasks were making the cottage fast for the winter and putting plastic sheeting over the roof of the kitchen to prevent further rain damage. Those who like to get their hands dirty

can look forward to two years enjoyable work at Stronuich.

I returned to the Conway's for evening dinner and had a most enjoyable evening learning about Glen Lyon and its farming. How much more one learns from staying with people working the land than being isolated in hostels, hotels or tents. I learned that Stronuich Cottage was occupied until 1959, when the shepherd was moved because of danger from explosives whilst building the dam. Needless to say he never returned to the primitive conditions landlords expected their shepherds to live in. Peter said he was amazed the cottage had not fallen into absolute ruin, and that the two groups (RSF and Scouts) were only going to save it in the nick of time. The landlord himself is very pleased that they are going to prevent it falling into ruin. I also learned that when Loch Lyon dam was built a footpath was made along the south shore (nothing marked on O.S. or Barts) to replace the track the reservoir covered. This path had now almost disappeared. There is a good track from Innerwick over to Rannoch to the north. The possibilities for rough-stuffians are enormous. One feature of west Glen Lyon, I was told, is that not many tourists find their way there as it is over 30 miles from Aberfeldy and the road is narrow and tortuous. Organised parties of mainly foreign cyclists come over en route to Killin Hostel from the hostel lower down the valley.

On the Monday I decided not to venture over the hill into a westerly gale and probably much snow, so I cycled down the valley to Aberfeldy, then over Glen Cochin (where I got absolutely soaking wet through) to Dunkeld, where I changed and cooked a meal in the derelict waiting room.

Never have I seen anything as impressive as the mighty Tay between Dunkeld and Birnham. Fed by waters from Rannoch, Tummel, Glen Lyon and the Tay, the river must be a quarter of a mile wide and at least 20 feet deep.

I came back to York on the non-High-Speed train, changing at Newcastle, as I could not be bothered to dismantle the bike.

A.E. POCKLINGTON

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(Details of membership of the Rough Stuff Fellowship can be obtained from the Secretary, F.E. DOLMAN, 51 Hurst Drive, Stretton, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. DE13 OEB)

WINTER CLUBROOM

CTC members and friends are invited to join York Section for their Winter Clubroom evenings in Priory Street Community Centre, York. They meet once a month on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

The dates and attractions this winter are:-

October 19th:	Bring, Buy or Barter.	Room 4
	(Used but serviceable bike parts, etc.)	
November 9th:	Members' Slide Show.	" 3
December 14th:	Table Tennis Championship.	" 4
January 11th:	Slide Show (details later)	" 4
February 8th:	Fun With Maps.	" 4
March 14th:	Slide Show, "Awheel in France"	" 3
April 11th:	Technical Topics.	" 3

A small charge is made to cover the cost of the room, and light refreshments are usually available.

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C.T.C. SHOP

Have you seen the smart CTC sweater with embroidered club badge (as modelled by Keith Wray at the York Section AGM), the useful tool roll and seat cover, the badges, key rings, and CTC diaries?

All these items and many more are available through your D.A. Shop, so why not save on postage by ordering through your local "shop keeper", Keith Wray, 41 Hawthorn Terrace, New Earswick, York, YO3 8AP. Tel. York 769117. A full list of items is printed in each edition of CYCLE TOURING.

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YHA YORK DISTRICT GROUP

Meetings are held on alternate Monday evenings at 8.15 pm at Guppy's Enterprise Club, 17 Nunnery Lane, York.
Meetings for the rest of 1983 are on October 17th & 31st, November 14th & 28th, and December 12th.

Further information can be obtained from
Gerry Boswell, 5, Invicta Court, Foxwood Lane, York.

THE 1983 B.C.T.C. FINAL

On Friday, 2nd September, Anne and I drove down to Essex. We had arranged to stay at the event H.Q., Felsted School near Great Dunmow. The school was founded by Henry VIII, but the buildings the Club used were rather more modern. We were met by some very friendly people from Essex D.A. and shown to our room, about 20 ft square with four beds and two wardrobes but no other furniture. Catering was not available on Friday evening so we gravitated to the village pub for chicken and chips - and very nice too.

I was quite looking forward to riding the final in Essex for I was almost back on home ground, having done a good deal of boyhood cycling around my home in Romford until just after the 1939-45 war, though I rarely ventured to that part of Essex, and it was so long ago that it would be no advantage to me in the contest to come. Anne had volunteered to help in checking, marshalling etc., but that didn't give me any unfair advantage either, curse it!

After sleeping fitfully through a gale-blown night, with doors and windows rattling incessantly, we rose to find black ash from stubble-burning had infiltrated almost everywhere, loos, showers and wash-basins in particular. After breakfast in the school refectory (no complaints on quality or quantity) we nipped down to Dunmow in the car (it was raining heavily) to seek victuals for a packed lunch - the Final was due to start at noon - and found a pleasant home-made sandwich take-away which couldn't have been more convenient.

At just after 10 o'clock we set out on our bikes, the rain having stopped (but not the gale) to ride the dozen or so miles to New Hall, Boreham, just outside Chelmsford, where the event was to start. Shunning the direct, main road route, from time to time we saw other cyclists crossing our path, and since signposts were rare, constantly doubted my map-reading ability (shades of things to come?), but duly approached New Hall from the planned direction.

At the start Anne reported for duty and I chatted to other competitors - in between fixing competition numbers, final adjustments, checking shoes were polished, bike free from dirt etc. Phil McCormick arrived with his dad and brother John, having driven down that morning.

All too soon it was time for off, and first came an equipment check - pump,

bag, mudguards, brakes, lights as required by the rules. No problems here. Next, route instructions, both written and (presumably for those that couldn't read) marked on a map pinned to the wall. After time to take this in, my number was called and off I went down the drive to the main road. Right turn here, so signal and - there's a hidden marshal and I hadn't looked behind - oh well, no prizes this year again. Off the main road to the left after a mile or so, nearly blown into a factory gate by the gusty cross wind, and a little further on a queue for the first of the inevitable quizzes. Do you know what a Hogg Hole is? Neither did I, but apparently it is a hole in a wall for sheep to get through.

A little further on, instruction to walk over a footbridge made of two lines of planks with a gap between, obviously designed to trap high pressures, and the way blocked by two fishermen and a lady onlooker. Could this be a courtesy check? Playing safe, I enquired if the fish were biting and chatted about this and that for a minute or two, and when there was no sign that their rods would be moved, said "Would you mind awfully if I squeeze past, please" when on home ground I might have been tempted to express myself more concisely. (Subsequently it turned out that if this was a courtesy test, not only I but all other contestants passed with flying colours for no-one lost a single point under this heading).

On then to the next quiz, via a hill with marshals in evidence (was my style impeccable?) and a ford (a good one this, with the stream flowing along the road for twenty yards or so). Our old friends Chris Jennings and Bob Riddell among the inquisitors - where IS the only Cape in England? (No, not Cape Wrath, you clot, that's in Scotland) Sorry, time's up said the marshal - another penalty point says I.

Off we go again, and round the next bend out steps a fellow brandishing a STOP board (upside down?) I'm not going fast, fortunately, so I brake gently to a halt about three feet before reaching the marshal, (N.B. It turned out this was wrong - you should stop as quickly as possible under control-so four more penalties were added to my score.)

Soon after came the rough stuff. A horrifying steep descent (about half a mile of 1 in 4 it seemed) on loose gravel, then a "You may walk" sign in the background (what a relief) but first one was required to perform a

manoeuvre akin to kerb jumping at an angle. Valuing my Super Champion rims more than BCTC points, I dismounted early and thankfully walked up the hill. Regaining tarmac eventually I found two Norfolk D.A. members with a 1:25000 map asking me to pin-point my location with the aid of a knitting needle! I shut my eyes, pretended I was picking the winner in Ebor week and put my trust in the Almighty.

After a thrilling descent through Little Baddow (was that a fellow competitor just leaving the pub? Goodness, they are still open, it's only 2.15!) I passed a field where 38 years ago I experienced my first camping holiday - a Whit weekend in the Boy Scouts - takes you back a bit!

A mile further on, yet another quiz - nothing memorable here, can't remember the questions, not to mention the answers -and on to the tea stop. More route instructions to study over a cuppa - that's one way of ruining enjoyment of a cup of tea without adulterating the liquid itself.

Keep your eyes peeled after crossing the railway, they said, and the village of Terling will repay careful exploration. You never saw so many cyclists milling around a peaceful Essex village on a Saturday afternoon - even waiting for a wedding to finish in the church so the interior could be inspected!

The inevitable observation quiz next - two non-MOT road signs were easy (I'd seen them!), but I won't mention the rest of the questions (since I couldn't mention the answers) Next a cycle control test with a vengeance. Another ford, approached down a sandy bank and up another, with crowds of spectators (and photographers) around waiting for someone to have a wet disaster. I don't know whether their wait was worthwhile but I disappointed them, - true enough I put a foot down, but safely on dry land just after the main danger was over.

Hand over your watch, said the attractive highwaywoman (alias pace-judging marshal). About 7 miles I reckoned or 35 minutes at my normal pace - add on 10 minutes since it's dead against the prevailing gale - so 45 minutes I told the marshal. 100 yards and 15 seconds later I realised I'd overlooked my lack of miles awheel this year and ought to have allowed a bit longer, so I just pushed on as I could.

Pace judging over, it was the bike-check next, and no serious defect could be found. Only a mile to Felsted School and two more tests - Observation (Ugh!) and a novel one - examine a bike and find what's wrong with it (in two minutes flat;) - preceded by a miscellaneous equipment check - means of identification (CTC membership card), first aid kit, spoke key, link extractor (you don't lead York Easyriders for five years without needing these!)

Saturday's ordeal over, it was time for the evening meal in convivial company, followed by the social gathering, including a light hearted touring quiz and one of the most entertaining slide shows you could ever imagine, called "Oh No, Not Another !!** Slide Show". Half time results - joint 10th -not too bad with only the map-reading to come (ONLY!)

The wind had dropped so we spent a quiet night, but Sunday morning came with a hint of rain. Phil and Co. having not ordered breakfast nor brought any with them, feasted on jam sarnies, crisps and coke, while we made do with just cornflakes, boiled eggs, toast and marmalade.

We then reported for the map-reading test - unusual in that it combined theoretical and practical tests all in one. I'll draw a veil over my own performance here for I made a stupid mistake which eventually cost me almost half the available points. However, I enjoyed the ensuing tour of the check-points, at least until the threatening rain came down.

Another splendid meal in the school and then the results were announced. Ah well, fourteenth was three places better than last time and best North Yorks effort since Alan Leng's third. All in all, a very enjoyable week-end, despite the unwelcome weather, among friends in pleasant countryside.

MICHAEL HASELTINE

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Answers to Cyclists' Crossword:-

Across:	6. Randonneur,	7. Meet,	9. Wass,	10. Saps,
	12. Shoe,	15. Trap,	17. Blue,	19. Unsurfaced.
Down:	1. Cramps,	2. Knees,	3. Snows,	4. Vets,
	5. R.R.A. (Raliegh Record Ace),	8. T.A.,	11. Steeds,	
	12. Spare,	13. O.B. (Other Business),	14. Elect,	
	16. Rash,	18. Cup.		

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! It is too easy for a thoughtless few to ruin for all the goodwill built up over many years.

ABERFORD

"

ACKLAM

ASKERN

BARDEN TOWER

BISHOP MONKTON

BLAXTON, nr Finningley

BLYTH

BOLTON ABBEY

"

BOLTON BRIDGE

BOROUGHBRIDGE

"

BOOTHFERRY BRIGDE

BRAMHAM CROSSROADS

BRIMHAM ROCKS

BROTHERTON

BYLAND ABBEY

CASTLETON

CAWOOD

"

CHOP GATE

COXWOLD

"

DANBY LODGE

DRIFFIELD

EARBY

EASINGWOLD

"

ECCUP

EDWINSTONE

ELDWICK

FADMOOR

- Walton's Diner

- Little Chef (A1)

- Half Moon Inn

- Lakeside Cafe

- Howgill Farm

- Lamb and Flag

- The Cafe

- White House Cafe

- Beamsley Mill

- Cavendish Pavilion

- Forge Cafe

- Easdale House, Horsefair

- Farndale Guest House, Horsefair
m/coffee, lunches, teas, snacks
open winter all day.

- Mayphil Cafe

- Little Chef (A64)

- Kiosk (no inside shelter)

- Norman's Cafe (transport)

- Abbey Inn (not always winter Suns)

- Shop-tearooms

- Cawood Park Caravan site cafe

- Anchor Inn (tea only)

- Buck Inn

- Fauconburg Arms

- Old School House Tea Rooms

- National Park Centre (snacks)

- Zanzibar Cafe

- Youth Hostel, Birch Hall Lane

- Jug Cafe, Market Place

- Chuckwagon, Long Street

- New Inn

- Forest Information Centre

- Fleece Inn (Dick Hudson's)

- Plough Inn

FEARBY CROSS
 FOUNTAINS ABBEY
 FRIDAYTHORPE
 GARGRAVE
 GLAISDALE

"

GOATHLAND
 GREAT OUSEBURN
 GRINGLEY ON THE HILL
 HARLOW CAR
 HARROGATE
 HAWKSWORTH
 HAWORTH
 HELMSLEY

"

HELPERBY
 Holme on Spald. Moor
 HORSEHOUSE
 HORTON IN RIBBLESDALE
 HOTHAM
 HOW STEAN GORGE
 HUTTON LE HOLE
 INGLETON
 KILHAM
 KIRBYMOORSIDE

"

KIRKLINGTON
 KNARESBOROUGH

"

LANGSETT
 LAXTON
 LEALHOLM
 LEAVENING
 LEYBURN
 LOFTHOUSE
 LOTHERTON HALL
 MALHAM
 MALTON
 MARKET WEIGHTON

"

MIDDLEHAM
 MIDDLETON ON THE WOLDS
 MILLINGTON

NAFFERTON

- King's Head
- Studley Park Restaurant
- Coastways Garage Cafe
- Dalesman Cafe
- Anglers' Rest
- Mitre Tavern
- N.Yorks Moors Rly Station
- Crown Inn
- Cross Keys
- Birk Crag Cafe (Easter to Sept)
- Station Cafe
- Mews Tea Rooms
- Cafe, Bridge House, Surgery St.
- "Nice Things"
- Old Police Station Cafe
- Oak Tree Inn
- Beechwood Cafe (2m E on A614)
- Thwaite Arms
- Penyghent Cafe
- Hotham Arms
- How Stean Cafe
- Crown Inn
- Country Kitchen
- Bay Horse
- Antique Shop Tea Rooms
- The Trivet, 2 Church Street
- Black Horse
- Kiosk Cafe, York Road
- World's End, High Bridge
- The Cafe
- Bricklayers Arms
- Shepherds Hall Tea Room
- Jolly Farmers
- Siddal's Cafe, Mkt.Pl.(closed Sun)
- How Stean Gorge Cafe
- The Stables Cafe (re-opens 1984)
- Beck Hall
- Railway Station Buffet
- Griffin Inn, Mkt.Pl.
- Buttered Bun (closed Sun)
- "The Nosebag"
- Rose and Crown
- Rambler's Rest - soup, snacks,
 meals if ordered, Tel;Pock'ton 2567
- Cafe on A166, 23m E of Drifffield

NEW MILLER DAM
NORMANBY
NORTH FRODINGHAM
NORTH DALTON
OSMOTHERLY
OTLEY

"

PATELEY BRIDGE
PICKERING

"

RILLINGTON
RIPLEY
RIPON

"

ROSEDALE ABBEY
SANDTOFT
SAXTON
SCAWTON
SEDBURGH
SHERBURN IN ELMET
SHIPLEY GLEN
SINDERBY (AI)

"

STAMFORD BRIDGE
STARBECK
STOCKTON ON FOREST
STRENSALL

"

SUTTON BANK
SUMMERBRIDGE
TADCASTER
THIRSK
THORNTON DALE
THORNTON WATLASS
THORP ARCH
THORPE IN BALNE
WALKINGTON
WEAVERTHORPE
WELBURN
WENTBRIDGE
WETHERBY

"

WRELTON
YORK

"

- Beulah Cafe
- Sun Inn
- The Star
- "Mitred Corner"
- Queen Catherine
- Tommy's Cafe (close 4pm Sunday)
- Leeds House Cafe, Mkt.Pl. (not Sun)
- Garden Coffee House, High St.
- Railway Station Buffet
- Fleece Inn
- Coach and Horses
- The Rest Cafe
- Cornbell Coffee House
- Cosy Cafe
- Milburn Arms
- Blackstone Cafe
- Greyhound Inn
- Hare Inn
- The Tea Rooms
- Kirkgate Milk Bar
- The Cafe (top of Glen)
- Quernhow Cafe
- Little Chef
- Pam's Pantry
- Copacabana Coffee Bar
- The Fox
- Campside Cafe
- Hazelbush (A64)
- Info. Centre (no inside shelter)
- The Village Bakery
- Bus Station Snack Bar
- Melody Cafe
- Pickering's Cafe
- Buck Inn
- Buywell Cafe (Trading Estate)
- Robin Pottery
- Three Tuns
- Blue Bell Inn
- Crown and Cushion
- Corner Cafe
- Bluebell Cafe
- Riverside Restaurant
- Buck Inn
- Priory St. Comm. Centre (not Sun)
- Bay Horse, Monk Bar

OFFICIALS OF THE
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Social Secretary: Miss P.Wray

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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.