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## RIDING    NORTH

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

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Issue 10 - Autumn 1984

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Copy deadline for next issue - 28th February 1985.

## EDITORS' NOTES

Once again this edition is a little late, a state of affairs made unavoidable when those who provide copy do not observe deadlines. Not that we are complaining - far from it, we are grateful to those few members who make the effort to provide copy - we would only wish for more of them and a bit earlier, please! You don't have to wait for the deadline - we will accept copy for the next issue now or at any time, preferably before the end of February. After all it is YOUR magazine, members, and it can only be as good as you make it. (Unless of course someone else would like to take on the Editorship?)

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### TAKE CARE!

Unnecessary advice for club riders, you might say, but all too often we read of experienced cyclists being killed on the road. Recently, tragedy struck near home, when a veteran member of Clifton C.C. was killed and others were injured on a club run on a road we all know well. Experience then is no guarantee of safety.

Nor are the quiet lanes free from danger, which can exist whenever visibility is restricted - round the next bend in the road, for example, or from behind. Your paramount maxim should be to be able to stop within the distance you can see the road to be clear.

Don't be tempted into recklessness by the sheer numbers on a club run. Take pride in riding tidily - no more than two abreast, 12 to 18 inches between shoulders of adjacent riders, and the front wheels of the following pairs directly in line with the rear wheels of those in front, avoids the "all over the road" appearance from behind or in front of less orderly groups. Be prepared to "single-out" when appropriate, riding as close as practicable to the near side.

Follow these simple rules and not only will you have a better chance of avoiding trouble but you will set a good example to other road users as well.

## SUMMER IN SPAIN

A week before our holiday John was still building the tandem on which he and Annie would ride. He was assisted by comments from Andrew, Iain and Chris, who came round each night to watch the progress. We arranged to meet at our house at 1pm on 1st August to cycle to Plymouth but it wasn't until 2.30pm that we left owing to the late arrival of Iain and Chris. Apparently they had been up until four that morning building Chris' bike!

Our journey to Plymouth was, for the most part, wet and on main roads, but was highlighted by our stops at various relatives' homes for overnight stays or for tea. We arrived at Plymouth on the evening before the ferry departure and, due to the closure of the terminal, joined other passengers in our sleeping bags outside. Knowing the high cost of food on Brittany Ferries we bought in food at Plymouth before we left, and were blessed with a microwave on board enabling us to have a hot Weetabix breakfast the next day.

Having arrived in Santander and passed through Customs it was still only 9am, so we meandered through lanes to climb out of Santander. The maps we used were Firestone and by lunchtime that first day we realised that they were fictitious and we were lost! Getting back onto the 'B' roads we made better progress, and, as these roads were not busy, we tended to stay on them. That afternoon we climbed our first pass of the holiday through beautiful forests. As we dropped into Conconte it began to drizzle and we camped with other holiday makers amongst the trees surrounding a lake. That night we ate tea around a campfire feeling that our first day had been both enjoyable and successful.

After another pass the next day we began to cycle through flatter scenery. The roads stretched for miles between golden fields of corn and there was evidence of new field irrigation programmes. Farming was primitive and machinery was scarce in the northern part of Spain. Further south, even in the Extremadura, machinery became more plentiful and farming richer.

It soon became evident that between 1pm and 3pm each day it was too hot to cycle. During these times we usually managed to find shaded areas where we took a siesta, or a café where we could sit with one drink for over

two hours. Here we would talk of the holiday, how the bikes were standing up and, occasionally, the geography of the country.

Our mileage varied considerably. Some days we would arrive at a particularly beautiful spot and spend a great part of the day sightseeing - especially if there was a chance of a bike shop being there. Other days we seemed to cover 40 or 50 kilometres before lunch. Occasionally, though fortunately less frequently, we had so many punctures or mechanical troubles that we hardly got on our bikes at all.

We had a rota for buying in meals so that we rang a few changes and although we were limited according to the area we were in, Chris usually managed to find a selection of meat, especially sausages.

Sometimes we ate out. None of us spoke good Spanish and it was pot luck as to what we received. We would attempt to order a variety of dishes and then sample a little from each; this way, if we picked a dish that was unpalatable, no-one went hungry. However, like true cycle tourists, we never handed in a dish that was not empty.

At the end of our first week in Spain we were confronted with our first bullfight. As we waited for two of the group to buy in food a J.C.B. with a scoop front came past holding the first victim of the day. Before our shoppers returned two sore victims had been driven past us, one still having nervous spasms. We were not tempted to return to the village as we camped that night.

Camping in Spain was so simple as permission was readily given to camp outside the villages but near enough to use the facilities of the village if required. Some nights we didn't bother to put up the tents, sometimes because of the hard ground we couldn't. Often we put up only three tents, but the weather was so mild that we usually left the doors open.

We had the usual camping difficulties with wild life, and some unusual. Mosquitoes were apparent by sunset and, if the ground was too hard to get the tents up, we suffered the consequences. One night while sleeping out Iain opened his eyes to find a scorpion walking not four inches from his nose. He attempted to blow it away but the scorpion obviously liked the breeze and began advancing. With one swift movement Iain swung round in his sleeping

bag- a movement never accomplished before and probably never again.

It took sixteen days to cycle the length of Spain in this leisurely fashion, and as we ate our lunch in Algeciras on that seventeenth day we wondered what we would encounter during the next part of our tour in Morocco.

JACQUIE GREEN

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### EASY RIDERS' DIARY

An interesting and successful season for our riders, making the most of all the good weather.

May, and the Coxwold Church service; a good ride, plenty of tea at the village hall then up the road to the Fauconberg Arms. Sat outside enjoying the sun and talking, when approached by a Teesside rider looking for volunteers (myself and then Jane, Lucy and Noel before they had time to object) to ring the church bells. The result of our talents (3) was given an honourable mention in Cycle Touring.

Next event of note was held in high summer - July 8th. After the success of 1983's long run to the coast, the best Easyrider brains went to work on a sequel for 1984, and the Humber Bridge was suggested. The day dawned bright and sunny and a motley crew assembled early at York Station and off we went. First stop Holme upon Spalding Moor (we are not like the Inters, we do stop at cafes and drink copious amounts of tea!) then onwards. North Cliffe, South Cliffe, North Cave, South Cave came and went. Around midday we rode over the Bridge into foreign territory - Lincolnshire - and had lunch at the southern viewpoint of Boston on Humber, nice gardens and two huts selling tea, food and souvenirs. After a look at the Bridge, with photographs taken and souvenirs bought to show unbelievers that we had got there, it was time to start for home. An uneventful ride home except for a lens dropping out of my glasses, which was efficiently repaired by John Hessle with a bit of insulating tape (amazing what you can do with that stuff!).

Then came the Fruit Picking run. Another nice day dawned, and off we went with LARGE lunch boxes and other containers, plus more saddlebags and panniers than usual. The target for the raid was the "Pick-your-own" fruit farm on the Malton - Pickering road. Out via Strensall, Castle Howard and Amotherby to lunch at Kirby Misperton at a very nice tea rooms with home baked cakes (how is it that the Easyriders always seem to find these places?) After that, on to the farm where, to our delight, there were strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries. Quickly, raiding parties disappeared in all directions, baskets in hand. No fruit bush or plant was safe! The fruit, of course, had to be tasted, but only Noel got bellyache. Laden down with fruit we set off for home stopping, (of course) at Kirkham Abbey for refreshments, this time ice cream by the river. I should think there will be more than enough jam and frozen fruit at certain houses this winter!

Most of us took part in some easy (and some not so easy) Standard Rides and gained medals come February, so we have had a good summer.

Finally, thanks to all Easyriders and others for all help this season, special thanks to Jane, Lucy, Noel and John Hessele.

Gerry Boswell.

Gerry's Thought for the Month - if Easyriders can, as looks likely, win more medals this year than the British Olympic Cycling Squad, will we be picked for 1988?

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### CALENDAR 1985

About the time that this tenth issue appears, the popular Riding North Calendar for 1985 will be available. For the price of 50p you get six pen-sketches by our local artist, only some of which have featured in Riding North, each mounted on card with two months of the 1985 calendar. Be sharp, though, the 1984 version was quickly sold out and we have printed only the same number this year.



AROUND THE D.A. from our Roving Reporter.

Plans are well advanced for the proposed York to Selby cycle link - the Railway Path Project - for which the cost will be met by grants from the Manpower Services Commission and the Countryside Commission.

It is understood that neither ratepayers nor (more importantly for most readers of this journal) users of the path will have to pay towards its provision and upkeep.

The major part of the route (from Bishopthorpe to Riccall) will be along the old railway line, and it is hoped to link this with the centre of York and from Riccall to Selby in a mainly traffic-free environment.

It is hoped that the work to complete the 14 mile track will be accomplished within two years.

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Readers of the Yorkshire Post were astonished this summer to learn that Mr Harry Hall-Bowen, licensee of the Bull Inn, West Tanfield, does not regard cyclists as properly dressed if they are wearing shorts and refuses to serve those dressed in this way, or if they are wearing jeans. Perhaps if you are in West Tanfield and feel like a drink, you ought to take off your shorts or your jeans before entering the Bull. To be safe though, and to avoid embarrassing others, maybe you should give your custom to another establishment!

\*

The proposed A O N B designation for the Howardian Hills stands a good chance of receiving approval. Both Ryedale and Hambleton District Councils support the Countryside Commission's idea.

The A N O B will share boundaries with the North Yorks Moors National Park from Coxwold to Helmsley, then its 77 square miles will include Nunnington and Hovingham, along the B1257 to Melton, Huttons Ambo, Kirkham Priory, and the valley south of Whitwell, Terrington and Brandsby to Hushwaite and back to Coxwold.

Grand cycling country this, truly an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty.

## OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

For cycling on the Isle of Skye, you need either Barts sheet 54 or, particularly if you are going to mix cycling and hill walking, O.S. Landranger sheets 23 (north) and 32 (south).

Choose your point of departure from the mainland between Mallaig (on Bonnie Prince Charlie's Road to the Isles) and Kyle of Lochalsh (both served by rail).

There is a SYH just south of Mallaig, at Garramor, and just across the Sound of Sleet by ferry another at Armadale on Skye. Others on Skye are at Broadford (15 miles from Armadale), Glen Brittle (32 miles) and Uig (41 miles).

From Kyle of Lochalsh - reached either by rail or via either Glen Garry or Glen Moriston, and Glen Shiel, where there is a SYH at Ratagan, 22 miles from Kyle - a mile on the ferry to Kyleakin on Skye and 8 more to Broadford.

It is said that one of the best views in the British Isles is of the Cuillin Hills from Loch Coruisk. The tricky bit is getting there to see it. From Broadford, cycle to within 1½ miles of Elgol, leave the bike in the car park there and take to the paths. At Camasunary (3½ miles) where there is a farm house and several ruins, the path divides. The western route takes in a footbridge (after another mile) and then goes along cliffs to Bad Step from where the loch is less than a mile. In the 1930s I did this route (the footbridge was a ford in those days), but couldn't get beyond Bad Step. This year I took the alternative route to the north into Glen Sligachan via Strath na Creitheach - a wonderful view of Sgurr nan Gilleann here. At the Glen the path divides again, north down the Glen, or left over the Hain to Loch Ceruisk in another 3 miles. Another way to the Loch is to keep to the main Portree road from Broadford until Sligachan Hotel (16 miles) and walk up the Glen to the fork in the path and take the right-hand track over the Hain.

Is the view worth all this toil? Only those who take the trouble to get there can say.

Walter Lee

## HARROGATE 1984

The DA's involvement with the Festival and the AUK events at Harrogate continued this year and attracted more support than ever.

On the first Sunday, DA members were in evidence both on the 200km Grimpeur Dales event, regarded by many as the toughest course in Britain, and on the shorter 150km ride. The 150km ride was an innovation and was generally well received. It will be re-timed next year so that controls for both distances will open and close at about the same time enabling more contact to be made between riders of the two events. The mid-week event, too, saw innovation with the first running of the Moors and Wolds event. This turned out to be a "little" longer than planned (210km) due to the omission of the stretch between Rosedale Head and Wrelton in the calculations (sorry about that!) The riders on this course missed the rain which the East Coast riders met but in general, both enjoyed reasonable weather.

On the subject of weather, the final Sunday on Greenhow was unbelievable. In previous years there has been wind, rain, hail, mist and low cloud. This year it was perfect, so much so that the 'bus ran out of water for the bike bottles. All our DA entrants successfully completed the course.

A new trophy presented to the youngest rider completing the Super Grimpeur and either of the Dales events has been instituted. This year Phil McCormick, one of only 2 DA members to take part in all the Harrogate events, takes the trophy. I hope we can look forward to an even younger member getting his name on the trophy next year.

Many thanks to all who supported the events and in particular to the unpaid marshals who turned out. If you didn't try one of the events this year, note the dates for 1985 given below and remember there was free transport to Harrogate this year, so no excuses please.

21st July	200/150	Dales Grimpeur
24th July	220/210	East Coast/Moors and Wolds
28th July	100	Super Grimpeur

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PUZZLE PAGE

write the answers to the clues in the first grid. When completed, the initial letters of each answer, when read down the first column, will spell out the title of a book and the name of its author. Transfer each letter to the second grid by means of the reference number in each square to find a quotation from the book.

- A. It isn't - a bad taste!  
B. Bar to grab on.  
C. LXXX  
D. Laced with warp and weft.  
E. Fence of bushes.  
F. Way out.  
G. As good as a feast?  
H. Dynamo or battery?  
I. Remnant of cigar.  
J. Province & lake of Canada.  
K. Dried food for cattle.  
L. Untidy and confused.  
M. Trent + Ouse =  
N. Egg far from fresh.  
O. Perceived.  
P. Rubbing uncomfortably.  
Q. Miss Blyton?  
R. Language of North India.  
S. A virtue.  
T. Shape stick with knife.  
U. Native of Addis Abeba.  
V. Luck of the draw?  
W. Collection of books.  
X. Austere.

50	37	107	128	8					
30	41	129	5	75	141				
28	130	86	35	79	104				
73	7	126	62	6					
56	87	21	136	2					
112	40	54	138						
127	135	96	78	34	1				
103	70	55	114	139	58				
29	43	105	131						
115	22	102	14	118	33	91			
142	119	65	121	100	25				
47	116	98	110	24	89	9	72	3	
149	92	53	77	18	31				
122	19	63	76	39	124				
108	83	145	86	42	74	11			
52	140	32	13	134	66	46			
125	38	10	84						
111	49	123	27	51					
109	143	23	71	88	81	15	93		
113	61	4	148	57	94	117			
12	30	17	64	144	97	20	147	101	
133	67	16	36	85	69	95			
99	44	132	48	59	82	50			
106	146	137	90	68	120	45			

1	2		3	4	5		6	7	8		9	10	11	12		13	14	15
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90	91	92	93	94	95		96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104		105	106
107	108	109		110	111	112		113	114	115	116	117		118	119	120	121	
122	123	124		125	126	127	128		129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136		137
138		139	140	141		142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149					

The answer can be found on page 24.

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## ADJUSTMENTS TO THE CATERING LIST

**STILLINGFLEET** - "Viewlands", Escrick Road  
Tea Room open Sundays, March-Sept. Other times by appointment.

**EASINGWOLD** - Jug Cafe, Market Place ) These two ) are now

**KNARESBOROUGH** - Kiosk Cafe, York Road ) CLOSED

And one to avoid unless you are sartorially correct is the Bull Inn at West Tanfield where people in shorts or jeans will not be served.

Please let the Editors know if you find a cafe/tea room/pub where cyclists are made welcome so that we can include them in our list. Also let us know if you find that any of our listed establishments have ceased trading.



A CROSSROAD'S NEAR LANGTON

## BIRTHDAY RIDES 1984

To start at the beginning - I went down to the Leicester DA Carol Service as usual in December 1983 and enjoyed myself pedalling round and visiting friends. Peter Witting of Kibworth Beauchamp near Leicester, who is a DA official and won second place in the 1984 BCTC final, showed me a map with destinations marked in for the Birthday Rides for 1984, and gave me one of the Birthday Ride invitations and touring leaflets before I left that weekend. I looked at them on the train home and it seemed quite interesting.

This year, my brother Stuart was to come on holiday with me, so, come early New Year, ideas were discussed and I thought the Birthday Rides might fit the bill - plenty of cycling for the two of us, good accomodation, food and other social activities, so more information was sent for. When it arrived we got down to choosing our rides and social events, each of us planning seperate rides each day. Accomodation at the College (Scroptoft Hall) was the single rooms students use in term time, nice because it would mean each of us had our own room to come and go as we pleased. So we booked and paid for everything, and all we had to do then was get there by train in August.

August came and we duly packed our bags and journeyed down to Leicester, pedalling the four miles or so from the city centre to Scroptoft Hall which we found to be a very old building with the modern college campus behind. We signed in at the main hall and got our room keys, runs details, route sheets and tickets for our meals and other things like dances and museum. Just off the main hall was the large refectory where our meals were to be served, and our rooms were in Hall just across the lawn. Nice rooms. Across the corridor from our rooms we found the usual offices and a small kitchen provisioned and equipped for tea making, so we could brew up any time we liked. All this was included in the accomodation costs. The evening meal that night set the pattern for the rest of the week, good food, plenty of it and plenty of choice. We were told that each day a van from a local cycle shop, Beacon Cycles of Loughborough, would call at the site so we could always get any spares we required.

On Sunday we established a routine that was to last for the week. I got up first and wandered across to the kitchen and brewed some tea, took Stuart a

cup, first banging on his door to wake him up, and sat discussing that day's rides and what we were going to see, and the social events for that evening, then we would go across for breakfast, - sausage, bacon, egg and tomatoes, or beans, fried bread, cereal, toast and tea (start as you mean to go on!) That was usually the last we saw of each other until the evening meal. The rides set off from a nearby site and went all over the place to all kinds of interesting places. One day I visited a brewery at Burton on Trent, another Rutland Water, whilst Stuart had a ride on a Steam Railway and visited a Bell Foundry in Loughborough. On every ride we would stop about 11 o'clock for morning coffee (booked beforehand like most meals) usually in a village hall. Lunch usually around 1 pm, the best ones buffet style prepared by the local W.I. and ladies of the DA, tables usually piled with salads, meat, cakes and bread, again in village halls. Afternoon tea was usually a smaller version of lunch, and then of course, evening meal back at the college. Very good food.

The rides were well organised and interesting, getting to many places in Leicester and surrounding counties off the usual Tourist Track, always plenty of leaders to help on each day's 4 rides of varying length. On an evening after changing, washing, eating and telling each other what we had been doing, Stuart and I went out to the evening events, always a choice of two or three. There were slide shows, a jazz concert, Hoe Down 'Barn Dance), Brass Band Concert and a Barbecue amongst other things, all this happening on the Campus or the Rugby Club next door.

To sum up, both Stuart and I had a great time. We started the week by not knowing many people, at the end everyone was one big family. It was our first Birthday Rides, but it certainly won't be our last!

If you want a good week's holiday cycling with plenty of good company, give the Rides a try!

Gerry.

Note: 1985 Birthday Rides will be based on Tunbridge Wells. If you are interested contact Brian Barrett, 71 Dornden Dr., Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells, TN3 OAG as soon as possible as B & B accomodation is likely to be in short supply.



## THE MARCH OF PROGRESS?

As the years have gone by, most manufactured articles have become cheaper in real terms - that is, the length of time one needs to work to earn enough to buy them. The bicycle is a case in point.

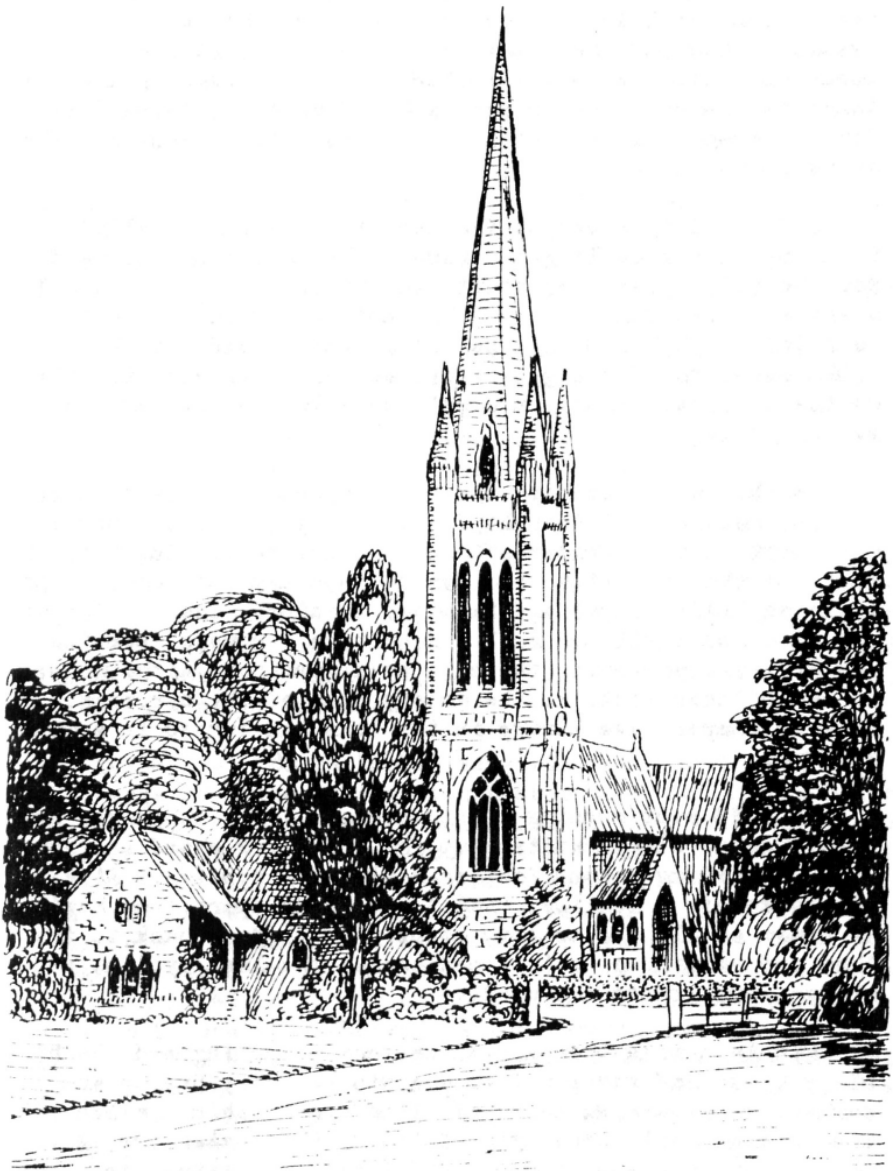
When I left school just after World War 2, the ultimate in off-the-peg bikes was the Raleigh Record Ace at just under £40, or between 4 and 5 weeks at the average wage of the day. Nowadays a similar off-the-peg machine would cost around £300 or some 2 weeks at average wage levels, which have increased about 20-fold. The improvement in value is due mainly to economies in manufacturing methods.

It hasn't happened with everything though - maps for example. In 1947 the O.S. offered a choice in the 1 inch series, at costs of two shillings and three pence (= 11½p) on paper, and three shillings (= 15p) on cloth. Barts used to produce a special CTC edition of their ½ inch maps, on cloth, at half a crown (= 12½p).

Forty years later all choice has disappeared, the Barts CTC edition is a thing of the past, and the OS cloth version has been discontinued (did they last too well?). The Common Market and Metrication have taken over (why, I wonder, are the changes inspired by our becoming 'part of Europe' - as if we previously were in Asia! - inevitably for the worse?). The 50,000 (or in words we can understand, 1¼ inch) OS maps cost about 20 times as much as the old 1947 paper version, so the average man has to work just as long as he did then to be able to buy one, but the quality is much inferior. Gone is the good quality cartridge paper - I still have some of the maps I bought in 1947, well used but whole - to be replaced by rubbish which soon tears at the folds. Barts 'metric' maps are quite unspeakable.

Little wonder then that old OS 1 inch maps command good resale prices. It is unusual for second-hand goods, other than antiques, to command a higher price than when they were new, but in Harrogate during the Festival of Cycling this year I saw some cloth 1 inch maps, originally 3/- (= 15p) at a second-hand bookshop with an asking price of £1.50 - ten times the 'as new' price.

Perhaps that is what is known as the march of progress.



SOUTH DALTON

## A LONG RIDE

It was with some trepidation that I forwarded my entry fee to John Nicholas for the 1984 Windsor-Chester-Windsor event. I had had the entry forms and route details for some weeks and whichever way I looked at it, it seemed a long way there and an even longer way back. However as 'Audax' (which for the uneducated is Latin) means 'Be Bold' I sent off the entry form and fee.

I decided to start at Chester (Warrington actually) since it meant that I could get across on Friday afternoon ready for the 6.00am Saturday start and, hopefully, be back early evening on the Sunday. As I had not done much riding this year (although Mrs B will say different) I did the Sheffield 300 km event the fortnight before and went out with the Club on the previous Sunday on a wet and cold visit to Stokesley and Pickering.

In the week preceding the WCW I spent a couple of evenings jotting down what I thought I would need by way of food and equipment so that Friday afternoon found me filling the bike bags and the 'bus with food for the journey and food for the meals on Friday night and Saturday morning. The start point was at a local village hall and quite a few were spending the Friday night using the hall as a dormitory although one or two pitched tents in the grassy area of the car park. I felt in comparative luxury in the 'bus and turned in around 10.00pm.

By 5.30 next morning the area was alive with people doing bike cheeks, others kitting up for the hours ahead and yet others standing around feeling a bit apprehensive. At a minute to six I realised that I was ready apart from having no money at all and so this meant a quick dash back to the 'bus and returning to the road to see the last cyclist pedalling away around the bend!

Within a mile the calm of the early morning and the high wispy cloud had given way to a south easterly breeze and darker, mere ominous banks of cloud and, within 5 miles, it was raining quite heavily. Of the 25 or so starters, most decided to stop and cape up, and five of us either in capes or Gortex already decided to press on. The five became four as a few hills came up, and then three as Andy from Sheffield punctured.

The first control was at 55km and it was a quick bacon butty and tea to leave just as the main group came in. The breeze was beginning to get up and was blowing straight into us as we headed towards Kidderminster. Andy caught up only to pucture again on the outskirts of the town and so only three rode into the Kidderminster Control at 135km. The Control was being run by the Kidderminster Section of the CTC who were in for a busy weekend.

Kidderminster was a starting point and riders from there were heading down towards Windsor (Beaconsfield actually) some 6 hours ahead of us. The CTC were manning the Control right through until 10.00pm on Sunday and just for good measure thay were hosting their heat of the BCTC at the same time. The food and service were excellent. Andy asked for spare tubs and help was despatched to find some while we tucked into baked beans on toast and rice pudding. Jeff from Leicester had been having a spot of bother with a loose brake lever, having built the bike from scratch on the previous Wednesday. He was lucky that these were his only problems! No-one had a Campag T spanner but without further ado, a helper guided us to the local shop where Jeff bought a Y socket - "£1.00 reduced to 80p for you WCW lads". Our guide brought us round some back streets and back to the Control hall and we were away again on the next leg to something called Fish Hill Summit Control - we didn't like the sound of that but, while the wind was still there, it was now sunny and warm.

Evesham at 180 km looked very pleasant in the sun but the range of hills coming even nearer didn't. At the bottom of Fish Hill was Broadway, which looked very touristy and we decided to push on to Moreton in the Marsh. Push we did, for whilst Fish Hill didn't have the steepness of Sutton Bank, it was long and winding. Our mistake was to stop at Moreton. There was a pleasant little cafe, a pleasant cup of tea and pleasant beans on toast but a rather unpleasant bill. Have you paid £1.45 for beans on toast!!! We dashed out of Moreton before they charged us for parking our bikes. Francis from Marple who had been riding with us had decided to ride on to Bicester before stopping. The Little Chef was the Control there and without his guidance we spent far longer negotiating the town centre and one-way system of Bicester so that when we reached the Control he was just leaving. You will be pleased to know that the honour of the York CTC was upheld and we refused to let our cards be stamped before we had downed a fruit pancake. a glass of milk and

a mug of tea. I think the pancake must have been what Francis called 'Rocket fuel' for I had a purple patch down to Aylesbury, but even so, it was the very outskirts of Beaconsfield before we caught Francis again which must prove something about hares and tortoises.

Beaconsfield Control was again a Scout Hall manned by local bikies. They had decided that since they would be there until Sunday night, they would run 100 and 200 Audax events.

Again we were made most welcome with beefburger and beans, bread, rice pudding (2 helpings) all served quickly and with a smile and it was within the half hour that we had downed the food, donned the clothing and were away back to Warrington. It was a beautiful evening but the wind had died away. However, at least it was not raining - that is not until we reached Chipping Norton at 329 km.

We had been told that there might be a hot-dog stand in Moreton (and I had £5 or so to spare!!) but there was no sign when we arrived so onwards we pressed.

The descent of Fish Hill was decidedly tricky with heavy rain falling and surface water running down so much as to make a fish feel at home. Francis had decided to have a rather longer stop in Moreton and so again it was only three of us who splashed onwards to Kidderminster.

By now we were beginning to see the Beaconsfield starters on their way back from Warrington. How we had envied them when we had passed them on the way down as we battled against the wind. Now we felt better. Whilst the first of the riders were some 30 km and a control stop in front of us, at least we had the benefit of what little wind there was on our northern leg.

It was still raining at Kidderminster and by a majority decision of three riders and one bike (Andy's chain was in desperate need of lubrication) we decided to have a couple of hours at the Control. I was amazed how short an hour is. We dined or rather breakfasted on spaghetti, trifle and the inevitable rice pudding and lay down at 6.07. In what seemed like a couple of minutes it

was 7.07 (who's got a digital watch?). Half an hour later having toggled up again -yes, it was still p..... down - we were away with 135 km to go and if we needed it, 14½ hours to complete the ride.

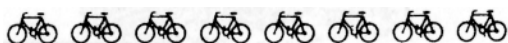
Francis had caught us while we rested at Kidderminster and had decided to push on to a Little Chef outside Bridgenorth for some more 'Rocket fuel' and by the time we passed the cafe we could see him tucking in heartily.

Over this stretch the sun and rain played with us. The sun burst through, hot for five minutes or so and just as we decided to stop, down came the rain for another half hour and so it went on until our penultimate control at Preesheath at 55 km to go. Most of the Beaconsfield riders had passed on this stretch and we had seen a couple of the Kidderminster starters hammering home for a sub 30 hour ride. We sat in the cafe at the Control talking with other Kidderminster riders and debating whether to have an apple pie and custard to go with the bacon butty and cups of tea when Andy said that "If we left now and did 20 kph, we would just make 32 hours". For some reason the other two of us followed him out of the cafe and into the rain.

It was but a passing shower this time and we were soon pedalling home in warm sunshine until the last 4 miles. We could see the heavy shower approaching us and the temperature dropped, the wind turned and the rain came down, so we ended the ride soaked yet again.

The difference this time was that we had now finished and we sat down to a delicious meal of roast chicken and a sweet (yes, you've guessed - rice pudding). The cups of tea were downed almost as fast as tales were recounted and it was with some measure of satisfaction that we received from John Nicholas the small badge with the 600 insert. That was another long ride over.

Keith Benton



## PLANNING A TOUR?

Following a suggestion made by one of our members, we are including in the magazine a list of maps which may be borrowed in order to help you plan your overseas tour. If you wish to use this service, please contact the map owner.

J.Green, 22 Scarcroft Road, York. (Tel 37187)

Maps of U.S.A.-

California	1": 21 miles
Idaho	1": 22.5 miles
Oregon and Washington	1": 27 miles
Colorado and Wyoming	1": 26 miles
Arizona and New Mexico	1": 20 miles
Nevada and Utah	1": 20 miles
Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi	1": 17 miles
Kentucky and Tennessee	1": 15 miles
North Carolina and South Carolina	1": 17 miles
Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia	1": 14 miles
Missouri	1": 13.5 miles
Oklahoma	1": 14 miles
Yellowstone	1": 3 miles
Grand Teton	1": 2 miles
Kansas, Nebraska	1": 20 miles
Oklahoma, Texas	1": 27 miles
East Coast Bicycle Trail, Boston to Virginia	1": 4 miles

Maps of France:

Michelin (all 1cm: 2km) Numbers: 51, 53, 54, 56, 59, 60, 61, 65, 68, 69, 71, 73, 76, 78, 80, 83, 85, 86.

Bretagne

Pays de Loire

Maps of Spain:

Firestone (all 1 cm : 5 km)

Cordoba and Ciudad Real.

) These maps give a complete route

C 2, C 4, C 7, C 9.

) from North (Santander) to South (Algeciras)

Walter Lee, 16 Berkeley Terrace, Poppleton Road, York.

Various maps of Normandy, Brittany, Southern France, Alps, Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Iceland, Victoria and New South Wales, Australia, and small scale maps of Canada. (Also a wide selection of maps covering most of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, scales from -1/4" to 2 1/2": 1 mile)

## CYCLISTS, HOT AND COLD

A recent book, *Bicycling Science*, threw some interesting light on heat losses of cyclists. It set out to throw the weight of the Laws of Physics behind the truth known to cyclists that it is harder to travel fast in a sweaty cagoule and over-trousers and that on the bike a winter's day does not seem as cold as when you are standing around.

An 'Under-the-Hour' man is considered to produce one-half horse power over the 25 miles and yet, when the same cyclist produces that output on an ergometer (or training rollers) he can only maintain it for about 10 minutes before giving up perspiring profusely. Airflow can be seen, therefore, to have a marked effect on performance.

Whilst we don't ride at 25 mph on our runs (well, not all the time) and most of us don't have access to ergometers, these findings are relevant to our rides.

The body can tolerate a rise in body temperature of something like 2°C before collapse begins to set in, and to cocoon it in a nice windproof plastic envelope whilst dashing along does not seem like good sense. So if it is pouring down with rain and you have to don cagoule and over-trousers, a reduction in speed is essential if you are not to 'blow up'. Interestingly, it would seem to bear out the opinion that a cape is better since it does not restrict airflow as much, but against that the cape can act as a sail in crosswinds, making straight-line riding more uncertain, and into a headwind the cape can be a positive liability.

If it is only a drizzle that you encounter, the question is whether to cape-up or not. At higher speeds, probably not! The body is probably producing sufficient heat and the air speed is sufficiently high to evaporate the drizzle and sweat at a faster rate than the weather can produce.

You can of course stop the rain by the old medicine man's trick of putting on your waterproofs. Unfortunately no-one seems to have mastered the trick of preventing the rain starting again when you take them off!

A fairly common experience on a winter Sunday run is that you are sweating (overheating) whilst the temperature is only around freezing and



whilst your feet are numb with cold.

Cold air has its effect intensified by wind speed and this 'chill factor' is one of the important considerations when looking at the effects of temperature on the cyclist. One weather authority has computed that in still air at 0°C, a cyclist travelling at 18 mph is being cooled as if he were standing still on a day when the still air temperature was around -12°C. (No wonder your cheeks feel rosy!) The poor old feet fare even worse for, as the pedals spin round, the feet travel both faster and slower than the rest of the body relative to the outside air, and since the lowering of temperature effect is greater at faster speeds than slower ones, they lose a greater proportion of their heat.

Heat to the feet is of course a matter of circulation and the temptation to put on extra socks can lead to a restriction of circulation which is doing more harm than good. Socks over the shoes and the proprietary overshoes are a partial answer but the size of toe clips is a limiting factor. Some of our older riders make covers for the toe clips and these too afford a fair degree of wind protection.

If none of these factors help you, you can get off and walk. Walking will help the circulation and reduce the speed of air over the feet. So, the next time you walk up Garrowby Hill, tell them that it's because your feet were cold!

DKB

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### ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE

A. Taint.	B. Handle.	C. Eighty.	D. Woven.	E. Hedge.
F. Exit.	G. Enough.	H. Lights.	I. Stub.	J. Ontario.
K. Fodder.	L. Cluttered.	M. Humber.	N. Addled.	O. Noticed.
P. Chafing.	Q. Enid.	R. Hindi.	S. Goodness.	T. Whittle.
U. Ethiopian.	V. Lottery.	W. Library.	X. Spartan.	

Quotation from "The Wheels of Chance" by H.G.Wells

"He did not ride fast, he did not ride straight, an exacting critic might say he did not ride well - but he rode generously opulently, using the whole road and even nibbling at the footpath."



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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.