

EXILES GAZETTE

or

No. 5.

DERBY D.A. NEWS.

February, 1943.

Well Exiles, you've not sent us much "gen" this time but we hope that no news is good news. In lieu of your news, therefore, it has been decided that I - Mrs. Fletcher, better known as "Doris" should give you an account of Club life here at home. I hope you will find it equally interesting. But first, a little of your fellow exiles.

David Cross has been moved to Palestine and is enjoying walks by the blue Mediterranean. He has visited Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Naifa and Jaffa.

George Clapton and Jim Cole have contacted each other at last - by post, and are "swopping" copies of the "Derbyshire Countryside" and the "Bicycle" for "Cycling". What tales they could exchange if perchance they meet one day! At the moment, so vague are their Middle East addresses that neither can locate the other.

Cyril Johnson is now living up to his reputation for being lucky; he has completed his course for the Army Film Unit and the last time we heard from him he was showing films to soldiers at a training centre in the Lake District. Trust Cyril to get a "cushy" job!

And now the Home Front takes over. The D.A. is in excellent fettle, practically as good as it was in peace time days. There is a noticeable absence of members between the ages of 18 and 30 but this of course is to be expected. Several pre-war stalwarts still turn out regularly - notably Ted Benton, Don Pogson, Tom Brown, Geoff Rogerson and Charlie Beard. Ben Holmes and Andy Kelly also pop up occasionally. The newer recruits hail from all parts of the Country and Nottinghamshire. There are several from the Mansfield and Ripley districts and others from Long Eaton and Belper. The prospect of a long and lonely ride home after tea does not deter these hardy riders from attending our organised runs, in fact they appear to thrive on it. A very small percentage can enjoy the leisurely ride back to Derby.

Mud plugging has been our favourite pastime of late and Derbyshire's characteristic Winter weather has made it a simple matter to find suitable runs. Stydd Hall, renowned for its mud even in Summer, was a veritable quagmire when we visited it a month or two ago, to the dismay of Arthur who had cleaned his bike the previous day. Highlands Park in Staffordshire is a good second best, or worst. Staley Moor and Shirley Park tie for third place. The black enamel on my own bike hasn't seen daylight for weeks - I can only regretfully say "How clean was my Raleigh".

The Christmas party held at Whatstandwell on Boxing Day was a great success. Thirty members were present - this in spite of the twenty-odd members now in the Forces. We had a good feed and a very enjoyable evening afterwards. We hope that you too spent a pleasant Christmas and that soon you will all be able to join us at a grand re-union dinner.

May I gently remind those of you who have not yet acknowledged any of these "News Sheets" that if you wish to receive further editions please send your latest address to me at 170, Wordsworth Avenue, Sinfen, Derby, and if you care to contribute a short article, something like the following which flowed from the pen of the articulate Cpl. Hinds, R.A.F., it will be very gratefully received. Members at home may contribute too if they wish.

Cheerio,

The moving spirit to whose bright originality is due the production of this welcome link between the D.A. at home and its members who are scattered about the world in their various uniforms, has asked me to submit something interesting by way of literary contribution. His idea is that, this being a "Gazette" for the benefit of Service members of Derby D.A., it would be fitting that Service members should have their own representation, so to speak.

But of what is an erstwhile cyclist, now in the R.A.F. to write? Of cycling matters? Or Service matters? On first thoughts there would seem to be little that is reconcilable in the two spheres of activity. But the more service I "get in", the more I value my memories of my cycle-touring days, and the more I appreciate the influence for good which I believe my cycling has had on me.

For instance, my particular Service job entails a good deal of road travel on duty. Now, these duty journeys would become very irksome and monotonous were it not that I have learned, through cycling, to regard all journeys as something of an adventure, and to seek sources of pleasure in the everyday things of Nature, the countryside, villages, and people. With the aid of a little philosophy, plus that facility for seeing the funny side of even the most unpleasant circumstances which is the peculiar attribute of the touring cyclist, it is never difficult to combine "business with pleasure". I have even succeeded occasionally in persuading myself that I liked doing an all-night guard duty, because it enabled me to enjoy the calm stillness of night, to listen, maybe, to the eerie pitter-patter of raindrops falling from the trees upon the dead leaves of Winter, and to watch, at the Nation's expense, the slow unfolding of dawn across a lonely common. Of course, the unavoidable necessity of yelling, in stentorian and menacing tones, to any late reveller who chanced my way: "HALT! Who oes there?", rather detracted from the sublimity of the occasion, but was where my little philosophy came in. And when the C.O. (his pride of unit efficiency greatly flattered by his having been so abruptly jolted from his reverie) calls to me, as he passes my post towards home and bed, Officer's pattern!, "Good-night, Corporal, a pleasant evening, isn't it?", with what zeal and fervour am I able to reply: "Good-night to you, Sir; it's a GLORIOUS evening"! And I mean it too, though probably the C.O. goes away mildly wondering what manner of man is this, who apparently so enjoys doing guard?

There was that never-to-be-forgotten night, when "the Lady April" cast her spell over a Southern English countryside, that I did a "Camp patrol" in the small hours, and, my route taking me past a quiet little copse, well away from the inhabited part of the camp, I heard the nightingale! For many nights after that sublime experience, I startled my colleagues by taking midnight walks, though I have regretfully to add that the aforesaid colleagues steadfastly refused to believe that it was a feathered bird I was interested in!

Winchester Cathedral, pre-historic monuments on the Wiltshire Downs; the rugged Yorkshire coast; and the equally rugged Yorkshire moors; the dales and rivers of North Yorkshire and Durham; all these have been placed at my temporary doorstep by the Royal Air Force, and because I was wont to enjoy such things in my D.A. riding days, I am the better able to accept my exile.

Continued.

I am adding every week to my growing store of topographical knowledge; adding every week to the storehouse of memory on which I may have to draw, should I "go overseas", in default of having the real and incomparable English countryside to explore. And I find in these simple pleasures a perfect antidote to that universal Service bugbear, "browned-off". This is the contentment which I hope comes to all my old friends and acquaintances of the Derby D.A., wherever they may be. And may we all have a grand re-union before very long.

"Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
The memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

- "Rotavia".

CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.
DERBY DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

No. 6.

Exiles' Gazette.

April, 1943.

Easter greetings to you all! To Exiles in particular and to D.A. members in general.

Unfortunately we have to begin this issue more seriously than usual. We have the unhappy task of announcing the death of Reg. Redfern, who was killed in a flying accident over this country recently. Older members will remember Reg. riding with the D.A. in the middle '30's.

News and gossip have come in a little more freely during the past month - including a letter direct from Ken Tomlin from his Prisoner-of-War Camp in Italy. Naturally Ken isn't able to say much but we gather that he is "comparatively comfortable" and living for the day when he will be free to ride with the lads again. We all most emphatically endorse his plea to "get the war over quickly" when we can all ride peaceably together again.

Our "Overseas Section" is still growing. Edwin Hazelhurst has now gone out to swell the number who are using the Sphinx as a meeting place! Edwin has hopes of meeting David Cross out there. Incidentally David's "holiday" in Palestine is ended and he is now back in Egypt, and David is not very pleased about it. We haven't heard from George Clapton this time but we know our George to be quite capable of taking care of himself - he is becoming quite a veteran member of the Middle East section and should have some very interesting runs to tell us about when he comes home.

The Home Front has seen some very momentous events during recent weeks, namely two more weddings; this makes five marriages in the D.A. since the War began! We are almost tempted to perpetrate the old newspaper query and ask "Is this a record?" Two of our members whom we all thought were the staunchest adherents of bachelorhood have renounced all their previous beliefs and have bin an' gone an' got married - attaining wisdom at last! Now, grab your 'bars while we give the details. The first to startle us was the redoubtable Ben who wedded Ethel, the girl of his choice, at Beeley Church on March 13th. The second broadside was delivered by the irrepressible "C.A." Cyril was married to Miss M. Belfitt of Burton-on-Trent at Penrith on February 27th. Both Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Johnson are energetic outdoor enthusiasts, so that the D.A. is strengthened and invigorated by the two new "family" members. Quoting Cyril - "Mary is a keen cyclist as well as an ardent camper, hosteller and walker and will be a keen addition to the D.A." (Mrs. Johnson is also the Hon. Sec. of a Rambling Club in Burton - Ed.). Ben has invested in a tandem, so we hope the runs will also be graced by Mrs. Holmes in the near future. We are delighted and honoured to welcome the two ladies into the D.A. All cycling friends of Ben and Cyril are with us we know when we extend to them and their ladies our very best wishes for their future happiness and for long years of successful cycling "in tandem". Here's to you, people.

Cyril is still educating the Army in the Lake District, though at Penrith he is not so conveniently placed for exploring that lovely area as he was at Keswick.

We received word from Harry Forman the other day. He remarks that he is one of the lucky ones in that he has remained in the same unit (Maintenance Electrical, R.A.F.) in this Country for over two years. Harry continues to cycle whenever he can. His best time for riding was when he was stationed in Hereford when he was able to "collect" such places as Symond's Yat, Ludlow, a

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scramble over the Black Mountains to Hay and a weekend in the Rhayader area. Harry concludes his letter by wishing the best of luck to all the members who knew him before the war. We too wish you all the best Harry and we hope to hear from you again soon.

Next is a letter from L.A.C. Moseley, better known as "Bill". He is also in the R.A.F. as a Flight Mechanic in a Bomber Squadron, somewhere in Suffolk. We'll let Bill speak for himself - "I have my Dawes with me, and wouldn't be without it for worlds. I'm situated in a remote corner of Suffolk and during off duty hours I have enjoyed many delightful jaunts through the lanes and quaint old villages of this pleasant country". There speaks a true cyclist and a man after our own heart! Keep up the good work Bill - we wish you "good cycling".

Trooper Atkin, E. sends a missive for Morpeth, Northumberland. Eric writes cynically but cheerfully of his life as an Inniskilling Dragoon Guardsman. He is planted in a village miles from anywhere, set in 6 inches of mud of various colours and consistencies, no pub. or cinema and the proud possessor of one shop! We know those delightful hamlets - delightful when encountered on a peace-time tour, but not so pygmalion delightful after several months of military hibernation in one. In spite of everything, Eric has enjoyed several rambles over the impressive Northumberland moors and an occasional glimpse of the North Sea. Keep smiling Eric, there won't always be mud in Morpeth.

We have lost another Club Official to the Services recently. Bernard Bloor, our Chief Consul, is now in the throes of the Infantry Training Course, at Warwick. We haven't heard directly from Bernard since he was called up but no doubt we shall when he's settled down to life in khaki.

Jack Hinds is still policing the R.A.F. in the Darlington area. He has been the guest of the civilian police at Wakefield for a short time, where he was receiving a course in C.I.D. procedure. Jack is as fit as ever and is still able to use his bicycle occasionally. He wishes to be remembered to the D.A., particularly to the remaining "Old Guard".

The report on the progress of the Club continues to be satisfactory - of course. An average of 10 has been maintained on the runs (attendance, not M.P.H.) which is quite good in these times of trouble. A peculiar feature of the present day runs is the automatic revival of the "meet at the lunch place" idea. In the carefree days of peace it was purely a matter of choice, but now it's a necessity caused by the scattered membership, fire-watching, overtime, Home Guard, N.F.S. duties and the like. It's quite usual for three members to make the official start from Derby, and for 16 or more to arrive at the lunch place - with our warbling impressario usually last! Anyway, a good time is always had by all before the end of the day.

The liveliness of the D.A. is shown by the fact that the Runs Secretary was heard to say that he had a list of runs made up to July!

May the D.A. continue to so prosper, right until the boys come home again.

There won't always be mud in Morpeth. Keep smiling Eric!

Cheerio - G.S.F.

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CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

DERBY DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

No. 7.

Exiles' Gazette.

July, 1943.

Hello exiles, here we are again. We hope you are all fit, fat and fortified, as Don says, and enjoying this lovely (?) Summer weather.

We received a welcome letter from Cyril Pitchford the other day who is with the R.A.F. way in the wilds of India. Cyril writes - "I still cycle, a case of necessity, to work. It's not too good at times like this, when we have a shade temperature of 110°! Cycling as a hobby seems non-existent here, though I find my "old iron" useful for hunting up local historical buildings etc. But it's warm work - I'm afraid the complexion of our friend Ben Holmes would suffer greatly". If you care to send us a few degrees of your excess heat sometime Cyril, we would be very much obliged, and you wouldn't have to pay custom duties.

Once again we have the pleasure of announcing a wedding in the Club. Andy Kelly was married to Miss Olive Morton of Derby at Littleover Church on April 22nd. I am sure that all D.A. members past and present, will join us in wishing Andy and his wife every happiness. Olive is not a cyclist but Andy is still hoping. I wonder what has happened to our bachelor section these days. Is it the war which has had such a disastrous effect on its members? And don't say "You should know".

My own better-half has recently been engaged in making news for this "Gazette". He has put up a stripe now and woe betide anyone who addresses a letter to Pte. G.S. Fletcher. He is stationed on the South Coast and what he is doing is very much "hush, hush".

Bob Ostall, our old-timer, has recently had a spot of trouble. He was knocked down by a careless cyclist who failed to stop at the "Halt" sign at Sawley cross roads. Bob was off work for a month but is well again now and hopes to meet us soon "on the road".

Eric Atkin has written to notify us of his new "home" - a small town in Yorkshire from which he can get to the sea-side every week! He adds "We have some first class theatre shows to entertain us, but the theatre is small and you are lucky when you get a ticket". Ah well, keep on trying Eric, we wish you lots of luck.

That's all the news for the present folks, and now, here is that jovial little fellow who used to entertain us so capably and free of charge, in pre-war days - Cyril Johnson.

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This is "C.A." greeting all members of the Derby D.A., old and new. To the older element, who by their attendance and interest are still keeping the wheels turning, I extend my grateful thanks, for only by surmounting war time difficulties can we "Exiles" hope to find a really "live" club on our return once Schickelgruber and Co. are in their rightful places. To the newer members to whom the initials C.A. convey nothing (mercifully perhaps) I can only hope you extract as much fun from the club runs as I did in time past.

It's now 19 months since I became "Government Property", and though my army career hasn't been flowers all the way yet there have been occasional bright intervals, and the "browning off" stages have been largely overcome by a keen (if at times somewhat perverted) sense of humour. I wonder how much my "style" will be cramped by the presence of Mrs. Johnson (acquired February, 1943), on club runs after the war. Did I hear someone say "How are the mighty fallen!?" The only solution that can be reached will be to organise "stag-party" runs at least once a month, or all the "Exile's" army stories will go to seed! I suppose the reprisal will be the ladies organising "hen parties", so that the failings of their respective husbands can be freely and publicly discussed!

On many occasions I have fitted a few monologues into our Army concerts since I've been called up, and they go down extremely well, but I question if I've ever had a more appreciative "audience" than the Derby D.A. How I long for the return of those happy evenings - you remember, when tea was over and we sprawled round the fireside singing lustily (if a trifle tunelessly) and yarning an hour or two away before making the homeward trek.

In the past 19 months I have been stationed in many picturesque corners of Yorkshire, in Lancashire, in London and in Cumberland, to mention just a few. Being an army cinema operator does have distinct advantages, not the least of them in finding most week ends clear of duties. I've recently spent 4 months in Cumberland and each week end found me "thumbing" my way into territory I knew so well in "civvy" days. A pint in the "local", an occasional hostelling week-end, or a long walk over a mountain pass helped, in no small measure, to give me a comparatively contented mind. Now I'm back in London - still "fighting to the last sprocket-hole of film", but in the words of the song "Where do we go from here" I shall one day get a "movement order" assigning me to report to some remote corner of England, Scotland, Wales or even Timbuctoo, and the fun will begin all over again.

In conclusion I should like to extend my heartiest greetings to all my fellow exiles, in whatever corner of the globe they are, and may we get a speedy return to those glorious week-ends we've had to shelve "for the duration" ere long. To the personnel who are responsible for publishing the "Gazette" let me assure them that their efforts are really appreciated, for it forms a link with our past activities that could not be found in any other way. Cheerio, and happy wheeling!

Pals Everywhere,

Owing to pressure of business on the Better half, this edition is being edited by the Worser half - so you have been warned!

Greetings of the times to you all, from Surrey to Samarkand; we really have spots of news from Yorkshire, Durham, Devon, Hants and Middlesex, and of course Derby, on the Home Front, and overseas, from Tunisia, Italy, Palestine, Egypt and Persia - the D.A. does get around somewhat, doesn't it?

We have quite a budget of news and information concerning Ken Tomlin. At the time of writing Ken is still a P. of W. in Italy. No doubt Ken in particular and his family and friends in the Club in general are closely watching events in Italy these days. Probably by the time this edition gets around Ken's situation and status will have considerably improved - we all most sincerely hope so.

Conditions in a P. of W. Camp are never very congenial, and to such a liberty loving cyclist as Ken they must be particularly galling, but we hope he is sustained a little by the knowledge that all his old friends of the Club have him constantly in mind. These thoughts recently took concrete shape, in the form of a gift of 20s. from the D.A. to Mrs. Tomlin to be used in Ken's welfare. From her reply we learn that he may receive a clothing parcel every three months, a food parcel every week, through the Red Cross, and tobacco (duty free) through a tobacconist. On behalf of Ken may we make an editorial appeal? When you have a few minutes to spare - in fact do it now - send a cheerful line to Ken's address -

T/2018976 Spr. Tomlin, K. P.G.54. P.M.3300. ITALY.

(forms obtainable at any Post Office). We know from personal experience, even on service in England, how precious letters are - imagine their worth in the P. of W. camp in Italy! So pals, don't forget -

After many moons we have received an Airgraph from Herbert Arnold, from the Persion and Iraq Force. Thanks very much 'Bert - we are delighted to remember you to everybody. Bert informs us that Persia is hardly a cycling country - its best roads are much inferior to Derbyshire's worst, even in the dry season - what happens to 'em in the wet season Bert is dreading to find out! Keep cheerful Bert, the roads in Derbyshire are just the same - you'll still be able to "bat" down the Gellia when you come back.

We have also heard, through his Mother, of our other old soldier - George Clapton. George's enthusiasm for cycling is as keen as ever - he is constantly enquiring if his bike and tent are in good condition. George has sent home a good and varied collection of photos of his travels in Palestine and Egypt, including Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Ismailia, the Pyramids etc. His passion for rough-stuffing has stood him in good stead when tackling camels! Good luck George, let's hope it won't be long before it's "M.P. at times stated" for you and us again pretty soon.

Our other overseas correspondent, by Airgraph, is one-time D.A. Treasurer David Cross. David has favoured us, by letter, with an article for the "Gazette". We are hoping it arrives in time for the next issue. We take pleasure in remembering you to all the lads David, and thank you for your good wishes towards the Club. I know you will be pleased to hear that owing to the Club's continued success we shall still have need of an "Hon Treas." after the war is over. Keep smiling David, and remember all the tales you'll have to tell us.

Cont'd.

News of another of the Old Gang has come through. Jim Cole is now in Tunis, as part of the Eighth Army. Jim says it's a pleasant change after the "blind" from Cairo, to be able to go to concerts and the cinema again. He compares Tunisia with the wilder parts of North Wales, provided one uses a hell-of-a-lot of imagination! He also remarks that he would give anything in the World for a sight of one English green field. Jim has only had 11 days leave in two years, but he is hoping to wangle 14 days leave in England in the near future, and promises to turn out on a Club run if he is so lucky. We shall be more than delighted Jim, to see you with us on the tandem again. We're hoping hard for you that your wangling is as successful as you deserve. Good luck Jimmy boy.

Turning to the Home Front, the news, if less spectacular is just as welcome. Jack Hinds is still acting-guardian-angel to A.C. Plonks and other celebrities in the R.A.F. in Yorkshire and Durham. Jack has just spent another short "vacation" at the Police School at Uxbridge and secured a "Pass with merit" and he hopes soon to be feeling the weight of a third tape - nice work Jack.

Cyril Johnson hasn't been feeling too happy lately. Cyril is awaiting an opportunity to appear before a medical board - he has been suffering from tummy trouble recently, a result of the wonderful cooking in the Army. Since being in the Army Film Unit, "C.A." has done quite a bit of touring at H.M.'s expense, from Perith to Bere Regis, in Dorset. He is now at Wembley, Middlesex, waiting for his fate to be decided. Members will be reassured to know that the worst the Army Catering Corps can do to Cyril hasn't impaired his sense of fun or dimmed the lustre of his wise-cracks. Keep hoping lad, that ticket mayn't be far away.

Eric Atkin writes from Keighley, Yorks, saying that in spite of seeing some of the best scenery in the Northern Counties, he hasn't found anything to beat old Derbyshire. We agree Eric, there's nowt anywhere to beat the old home county. Eric ends his letter with a devout hope that there will be a few bachelors left in the Club at the end of the war! We admit that the casualty rate among the "elegibles" has been rather high during the war - even Don is in danger of encirclement (sorry Don!) but like the Italianos we surrender becoss' we like it! Keep smiling Eric, you may have to fight your own rear-guard action yet!

And that's that, of the personal news this month. Don't forget to drop us a line you other Exiles, and let us know, and so everyone else, how you are getting on and where you are getting to these days.

The D.A. continues on its successful way. Good turnouts on a series of interesting runs are being maintained, all the usual haunts being visited in turn. The restriction of catering facilities has affected the activities of the D.A. to a surprisingly small degree. The regular old-timers still stand by us - Mrs. Higton, who constantly enquires after our Exiles, Mrs. Higginbottom of Waterhouses, who is as garrulous as ever!, Mrs. Bassett of Hulme End, Miss Stevenson at Carsington and Mrs. Faulkner at Ticknall. Repeating these names revives many happy memories, doesn't it? Who will ever forget those glorious weekends at Woolley Moor - particularly the Stag Party, or the occasion of the Youth Rally at Overton Hall in 1939? Ah well, let's get the "Paper-hanger" out of it as quickly as we can, and then back to the fun and feeds together again.

The Club has been assisting officially with the Holidays-at-Home campaign of the Government, to the tune of 50 odd amateurs on a Sunday run! - ask Geoff. Rogerson! All day runs have been taken on five consecutive Sundays and four evening runs on Wednesdays by the D.A. Officials and members in turn. The riding styles and road manners on these stunts have to be seen to be believed, but quite an improvement has been noticed in those who have turned out on all the runs. We haven't space for details here but maybe one of these brave runs leaders will give us a short article on their experiences on these "free-for-all" runs for inclusion in a later Gazette, which reminds us - if any member, home based or exiled, has an interesting yarn to tell, such as of a war-time tour, or your C.O.'s reaction to your request to wear civies while cycling - send it along

for inclusion in the Gazette and help us to maintain this as an efficient and happy link between all the members, old and new.

Thanking you all - sub-editors, contributors, printers and everybody with a finger in the pie - on behalf of the Club.

Good luck, people,

G.S.F.

EXILES' GAZETTE.

How-dy Oldtimers and others -

The items on the agenda are not very numerous this time but the few are fairly comprehensive; we hope you will derive as much pleasure from reading 'em as we have in editing 'em.

First, we have acquired through the courtesy of our long-suffering Runs Sec. ("Ted" to you) a long letter from Jim Cole. We wish you could all read it but we'll endeavour to give you the pith of it.

Jim is quite fit and well after his long motor tour from Egypt to Tunis. In his first paragraph he talks of the enormous pleasure he derives from letters from home and begs people to continue writing even if he himself is debarred from answering as often as he'd like. It's now almost two years since Jim was astride an iron, not counting an incident 40 miles from Tunis where he discovered a super French racing model, sans tyres and tubes, but which provided all the thrills of the Tour de France in a local "Tour de Farmyard"! Jim points out that unfortunately a racing iron can hardly be packed in a kit-bag so very regretfully the super super job had to be left behind. At all times Jim tries to maintain a "tourist" outlook on his travels but wryly admits that it's rather difficult at times! He experienced quite a few thrills and saw some magnificent views among the mountains and passes in Tunisia, but he would hardly describe it as the Tourists' Paradise. A short stay in El Hamma gave him an opportunity of studying the traditional and ancient methods of sale by barter in that ancient land, his description of the equally old method of clothes-washing is very funny - Jim will have plenty of material with which to entertain us on Winter Club runs when all these world tours are over. Good luck Jim, may your tour be not unduly prolonged.

Next, Mrs. Editor has had a chatty letter from Raymond Cross, younger brother of our illustrious pre-war Treasurer - David. Raymond tells us he still manages an occasional bike ride, but unfortunately his present district is so flat "stretching for hundreds of miles everywhere", and provided with such atrocious roads that these rare rides are enjoyed more in imagination than fact. The brothers Cross have established contact and so are able to swop experiences and literature including stray copies of "Cycling" for their mutual pleasure. Raymond is writing an article for this Gazette - we shall be delighted to print it Raymond, so let's hope the censor and the G.P.O. "buck up" their ideals somewhat. Next month we hope to include an effort by Comrade David which arrived this week, pressure of time and space prevent its appearance in this issue David, but next time we'll do 'ee proud lad. Raymond informs us that David has met Edwin Hazelhurst out in the M.E. We are pleased to know that Edwin too is able to maintain old D.A. contacts over there. Drop us a line Edwin whenever you can.

No news has come through of Ken Tomlin yet - we hope that by the time of the next issue we may know something definite.

Turning now to Home News - we had a quiet word from Matt. Martin the other day. He is at Petersheld, Hants, for the moment "resting" after being on the coast for sometime. We know these "rest" periods! We hope you aren't resting too strenuously Matt.

Continued.

Eric Atkin writes us a long and interesting epistle from Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Eric, too, is resting for a while after a spell near the coast. We agree that after crashing a 'carrier over the Battle Ranges for six wet and muddy weeks you've earned a real rest. We hope that your rest also isn't disturbed too much.

The last we heard of "C.A." he was still awaiting the medical board at Wembley. Have patience Cyril - "All things come to those who wait".

Jack Hinds is still pursuing (sometimes literally!) his daily round and common task. By a fortunate circumstance he was able - as was your humble editor, to attend a recent D.A. Committee Meeting at Whatstandwell. Old Committee men will be interested to know that under the "new management" Committee Meetings these days are most efficient and expeditious affairs - all the business of this one was quietly and capably dealt with in under an hour! Shades of Little Eaton! As the "other half" of the present Hon. Sec. I have to be very careful what I say concerning arguments, gossiping, yarning and such. Still, those long lively Committees were enjoyable affairs, weren't they lads?

To introduce a personal note - Mrs. Hon. Sec. and I have recently enjoyed a leave spent in the Lake District. In spite of the limitations of "centre touring" we saw the best Cumberland has to offer - Keswick, Skidda', Saddleback, Borrowdale, Honister, Buttermere and Crummock, Kirkstone, "The Struggle", Rydal and Grasmere and much more. There is music in such names. When the Exiles return home again may I suggest your first tour be to these Northern hills and waters, so honestly English. A few days amidst their beauty and magnificence would amply repay all the time of stress and turmoil in furrin' parts. May such a project be possible for us all in times not so very distant.

Of the D.A. generally, affairs are going quite satisfactorily, with regular turnouts and continued enthusiasm. The old hard core is still as sound as ever - Ted Benton, Tom and Joe Brown, Charlie Beard, Geoff Rogerson, and of course our Hon. Sec. Doris Fletcher, to mention one or two. Civil Defence, Home Guard, overtime and other war duties absorb a great deal of spare time but people turn out surprisingly often in the circumstances. A fair number of younger members also rally around enthusiastically, so you exited old timers may rest assured that the old D.A. (nearly 20 now) will be very much alive when we all come marching and sailing home again.

We hope to give you a few more intimate details of present D.A. life in our next issue, meanwhile brother Geoff. obliges with a Summer idyll.

Good luck folks, till next time,

G.S.F.

When you read this the "Holidays at Home" programme, organised by the Derby County Borough will have faded into the dim past.

The cycle tours were arranged and undertaken by our worthy D.A. on Sundays, and evening tours on Wednesdays. I would like to give you my impression of one of these runs.

A run was published under the title of "Charnwood" - L. East Leake, T. Wilson. I will now take you to a Sunday morning in July. A cloudless sky and little or no wind. A cyclist approaches Derby Market from Exeter Bridge. Casting his eyes lazily towards the Town Hall he gives a sudden swerve, for congregated there he sees about fifty riders of cycles (please note I have not put cyclists). This number is no exaggeration as subsequent counting made it fifty-three. I was the "poor wee laddie" scheduled as leader. Speaking of the bicycles, every type was represented - even a butcher's, without the basket, thank goodness. I must have "looked good" for quite a number asked - "Are you the leader?". Pleading guilty, I looked around for other clubmen to assist, but alas, none were present. The ages of people present ranged from ten to fifty. The Town Hall clock struck 10, so not wanting to add any latecomers to the number I shouted time and off the procession started. There was about half a mile of wobbling bicycles. The journey to East Leake was via Draycott and Sawley (and here Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fletcher caught up with us, counted the participants of the run, then left us again). East Leake was reached without mishap and then I had to order tea for fifty. Half way through this ordeal Fred Benton arrived and I breathed freely once more. Dinner being over, Ted and I decided to split the party up. I went on with part of them and he followed after a short interval. I would like to add that the apples and pears in the East Leake garden suffered during dinner. Our way lay through Loughboro' and Nanpanton - the hill here had a steadying effect on the "blindners". We called at St. Bernards Monastery, where many postcards were bought. Pushing on, a halt was made a mile away at Cademan Wood to see the ruins of 'Grey Rudolf's Tower' and a small Chapel. From here we proceeded to Breedon and gathered round a pump, doing our best to drink it dry. Wilson was eventually reached about 5 o'clock and Mrs. S. Fletcher was here to help with the tea. Ted Benton arrived with his party ten minutes afterwards and Wilson has never been so busy before. Everyone appeared to have had a good time and we all left Wilson in good spirits.

The only mishap of the day occurred at Melbourne where a boy's chain broke, but I overcame this difficulty by pushing him home.

The whole run had been fifty miles, and being a hot day this was just right. A few thanks were extended to me, and I feel sure many of those people realised the amount of enjoyment which may be obtained by cycling the C.T.C. way.

Geoff.