

## CYCLIST'S TOURING CLUB.

NO. 1.

DERBY D.A. NEWS.

DECEMBER 1941.

Hello, everyone, this Derby D.A. calling all Members, Past, Present and Future, wherever you are, from the Orkneys to the Pyramids, from the depths of rural England to the deserts of the East. We now have a score of members scattered around the Empire, serving in various branches of the Forces, disguised as Gunners, Footsloggers, Policemen and Aircraftsmen (have we any Sailors?) while on the Home Front we have turned ourselves into nurses, firemen, wardens, munition workers and Home Guard. But, 'once a cyclist, always a cyclist' in spite of Bicklegruber and Co., and so we have decided to try to keep the old enthusiasm alive by providing a vehicle for the exchange of news, information, personal experiences gossip etc between members, wherever they are. We hope to do this via the Derby D.A. News.

Under the present restrictions it is obviously impossible to produce an elaborate affair, but we plan to issue this sheet about every two months. To make it a success, it will require the enthusiastic cooperation of every member, at home and in the Forces, so send along your news etc; tell us where you are (Censor willing) what fun (!) you are having, and anything that is likely to be of general interest to the D.A. We've repealed the libel laws and perpetually wear our respirator (anti-gas) at the alert, so fire away my lucky lads, and let's see what happens.

The Hon. Sec. Mrs. D. Fletcher, 170 Wordsworth Avenue, Salford, Derby is acting as intermediary and postman for the purposes of the News, so send your copy to the above address, and we'll shove it in the News for everyone to enjoy. If you are already writing regularly to a member here at home, they will be able to pass on your news to the Editorial Staff.

We hasten to state that this venture is entirely self-supporting. When the idea was first mooted on a recent run, it was very enthusiastically received - to the tune of 16/6 in hard cash - to cover the initial expenses. Our Social Secretary, Miss Craig, immediately volunteered to have the necessary typing and duplicating done (we hope the donors don't mind). From now on, it's up to you, so come on.

Those people who have been away some time will be pleased to know that the D.A. is progressing very satisfactorily under wartime conditions. We were fortunate enough to scrounge a weekend pass recently, and took advantage of it to ride for a morning with the boys and girls. Twelve of us had a very enjoyable time under the able leadership of 'Geoff'. Old traditions were religiously observed in that we started out due north for an objective in the fourth, and we only covered three miles of main road during the whole of the morning. There was just sufficient rough stuff to provide an enjoyable climax before lunch.

In the light of our own experience, we strongly recommend fellow exiles, when on leave, to snatch a ride with the Club; it makes for an efficient antidote to the inevitable depression that sets in, on the return to duty.

It is pleasing to note a steady influx of new members during the war, and we can rest assured that the future of the D.A. is in enthusiastic and capable hands.

Now for a more personal note. In recent weeks, two tandem crews have gone into permanent partnership. Mr Jim Cole and Miss Gladys Kennerley were married very quietly at Derby Registry Office on Decr. 2nd. 1940, by special licence. On Sept. 27th. at St. Giles Normanton, Miss Doris Whiteley was married to Mr. G.S. Fletcher. They were favoured with a perfect day, and the presence of a goodly number of members at the service. The short honeymoon was spent at Rose Cottage, Kissingington.

We are sure we are expressing the sentiments of the whole membership, albeit somewhat belatedly when, on behalf of the Club, we offer the sincerest of congratulations and the best of good wishes for the future happiness of both parties.



Our whistling impresario, Don Pogson, met with an unfortunate accident some weeks ago. While he was gently clipping the velo' towards home in the blackout, he collided with a woman strolling in the middle of the road! Don collected quite a packet, sustaining severe concussion. At the time of writing he is convalescing slowly. We hope he will soon be back in the saddle again, to enliven the runs in his usual inimitable way.

One of our oldest serving members, Herbert Arnold, meets the Club whenever his rare spells of leave allow him. The last time we heard of him, he had been banished to the wilds of Devonshire, and the last time he came on a run, he was muttering darkly of muzzle velocities, trajectories, and schemes and things, for of such is the life of a gunner.

Jack Hinds, D.A. Secretary for several years, is now a 'copper' in the R.A.F. After a few halcyon weeks among the delights of the Yorkshire coast, he is now learning how to spell 'discipline' at the Police School in Uxbridge. No doubt the next time we see him he will have grown a couple of stripes, and an intimidating glare (official).

George Clapton, one of the most regular attenders of Club runs, is now engineering somewhere in the Middle East. On being called up, George was rather fortunate in being billeted at home for a time, while he was receiving instruction in Derby. No doubt he will be able to spin some interesting yarns concerning such hot spots as Cairo and Alexandria. We shall hear more from George later on.

Also chewing sand and swatting flies around Egypt is our old friend and Alfretton stalwart, Ken Tomlin. He, too, is now an engineer. He tells Ben Holmes that the Pyramids are 'alright'; but that he much prefers such pyramids as Thorpe Cloud or Chrome Hill, in good old Derbyshire.

The older members will remember our old friend, Cyril Johnson. He is now entertaining the Artillery in Yorkshire. The last time we heard from 'C.J.' he was recovering as slowly as possible from a mild operation, in a palatial convalescent home in Leeds. When fit for duty again, he hopes to wangle a transfer to a Photographic Dept. of the R.A.F., where his undoubted flair for photography will be most useful.

It is obviously impossible to mention every member in this first issue, but we appeal to everyone, at home or in the Forces, to send in your copy, and help to make No.2 really interesting.

This may be somewhat premature, but we make it an opportunity of wishing all members and friends all the best of the Season's greetings and may Amas 1942 find us all at home again, celebrating with a 'slap-up' Club dinner and reunion party. Here's hoping, anyway.

Cheerio everyone !,

G. S. P.