



AWHEEL

**CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB
DERBY DISTRICT ASSOCIATION**

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Price 2d.



HADDON HALL



EDITORIAL

Success! I have managed to farm out the major part of the production of "A wheel". Sam Fletcher has undertaken to cut the stencils, and Stan Peat has promised to do the duplicating and stapling. I am very grateful for their help, but the rest will depend on my receiving contributions on time. We are allowing a week for the cutting of stencils, and another week for duplicating, etc. This means that if any Runs Lists do not arrive by the date specified, it will not be possible to print them. If Runs Secretaries will do their bit, aided and abetted by constant reminders from other members, we can make the scheme work.

The closing date for items for the February issue will be Sunday, January 15th. This gives me until the following Thursday to type the master-copy, on which day I hand it to Sam, collecting the finished stencils on the next Thursday (26th.) and passing them to Stan. He in turn will give me the finished copies on February 2nd., and all copies will be in the post on the Friday morning. That is the timetable for the first month; we may alter it later if necessary, depending how things go. You do your bit, and we'll do ours!

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A R T I C L E S S T I L L W A N T E D

- U R G E N T L Y !

ALFRETON ASSORTMENT

Attendance at the Clubroom at 31 varies each week, due to shift-work, night school, etc., but is averaging nine or ten each Wednesday.

The Section attended the Annual Dinner in full strength. One member began to wonder where her badge had got to, being the last person to go to the table. Tom had left his box of chocolates to be opened at the Section Party on December 17th.

We were pleased to see Don Pogson on his trike at Hollington on December 11th.

WHAT'S BREWING IN BURTON

Let me first say how pleased I am with the support the Section has had during the last few weeks; the numbers have steadily risen since November 6th., and it's a pleasure to be out with you.

We give a very big welcome to John Wooding, who, I believe, has done some cycling before, but has only just joined us. Let us hope that his stay with us is a long and profitable one - to himself as well as to us all.

There have been a few requests for a Fanto trip, so I am making enquiries as to what's on, and where.

The Inter-Section Dinner with Charnwood has been fixed for Saturday, 18th. February at the Flaxdresser Inn, Ashby. The charge is 5/-, but unfortunately they cannot do a hot meal.

It will be noticed that we are introducing Captains to the runs again this month. If any member has a run he would like to take during February and March, let's have the details please.

Here's hoping you all have happy wheeling in 1955 - and don't forget to

renew your membership!

T'PLOUGH PARAGRAPH

Only four members were present at the D.A. Dinner and Social from this Section. I do hope that we shall see a few more another time. We had a very good dinner, and the social was quite enjoyable.

Sunday the 27th. saw us out with the Paragon, with Croxden Abbey as our objective. Despite near-disaster when a fowl broke loose from a man's arms at a bus-stop at Spondon, we managed to reach the Abbey and include Dimmingsdale in the route. Robin's lamp-bracket broke on the return journey, but Brian had a spare, and we soon put matters right.

Lighteen members were at the Christmas Party at Southwell Hostel on December 3rd. Charlie had a bilious attack, but the rest enjoyed themselves, getting to bed around 2 a.m. Vic had to unpick the stitches that had somehow attached themselves to his sleeping-bag, and Robin had to rescue his pyjamas from the ceiling. Five of us bored a hole into a headwind all the way to Bonsall on the Sunday, arriving when the A.G.M. had nearly finished.

We are getting a fair number at the Clubroom, and at the moment are renovating some table-skittles and a large bagatelle board, which we hope to put into commission very shortly.

The Section Dinner, Dance and Social will be held at Therm House, Long Eaton, on Saturday, 4th. February. Tickets for the Dinner and Dance will be 12/6 and for the Dance only, 2/6d. Mrs. Lander will accept small sums each week from those who would like to pay that way. A Licensed Bar will be available.

NEXT MONTH'S ITEMS BY THE 15TH., OR ELSE!

DARBY DOINGS

Thirty members managed to stagger out of bed in time for the run on November 27th. We were quite surprised to find the going down Wolfscote Dale fairly dry, although Keith had to give up the idea of going down Dovedale owing to lack of time.

25 members were at the Section Party at Bonsall, and 15 stayed the night. The tea was first-class, and the fun and games afterwards certainly provided some laughs - have you ever tried writing your name on a flour-covered balloon by means of a hatpin held in your mouth? The run on the Sunday was spoiled by the wet weather, but the Section was again out in strength.

Apparently the Tombola session at the Clubroom again attracted a large number of people, and there was again a good crowd for the Quiz on the 15th. Len had sorted out the questions, and his final effort sorted us out a bit; we had five minutes to write down as many names of places in Derbyshire ending with "-ton" as we could think of. Yours truly won with 59, but I have since sorted out 95.

The Christmas Cards sold so well that George had to have some more printed, but Tickets for the New Year Social are not going too well at the moment.

We are pleased to see Allan Bate back from the army, although he is finding the weather a trifle grim after a year or so in Hong Kong!

During a run with a Notts. Section, mention was made of a twenty-five mile freewheel near St. Bernard's Abbey.

"That?" asked one member quite seriously, "on Charnwood!"

(From the Bumper Fun Book - Rosier Edition)

D.A. DINNER

Ninety-six members were present this year at the Annual Dinner. George Clapton, Horace Weston and George Fletcher took a record amount at the Bar, and the Raffle also brought in a record amount. Cyril Johnson was again in top form with his monologues, and as for the rest, well, you took a heck of a lot of warming-up!

Several people were dashing about with cameras at the ready, so we are expecting a large number of photographs when you get round to the printing stage. Fred Johnson has already produced some contact prints, and they certainly demonstrate the usefulness of HPS film.

D.A. A.G.M.

About sixty members made their way to Bonsall for the 1955 A.G.M. - despite the news in the "Derby Evening Telegraph" that lunch would be at "Nora's", while the Meeting was to be at "Mrs. Ingledew's"!

The main items of interest were the farming-out of the production of "Awheel" and the decision to hold Standard Rides in alternate years, the 100 in 8 and 50 in 4 to be held in 1956 and the 200 in 24 and 240 in 24 in 1957, and so on.

D.A. COMMITTEE MEETING

Members of the D.A. Committee are reminded that the next Meeting will be held on Saturday, 21st. January, at 6.30 p.m. at the Druids' Hall, Burton Road, Derby. (I understand that the usual inquest has now been transferred to the "Saracen's Head" in the Wardwick!)

ARTICLES ARE STILL WANTED FOR NEXT MONTH
- YOU WRITE 'EM, WE'LL PRINT 'EM!

RUNS LISTS

ALFRETON SECTION

Hon. Sec., H. Weston, 31, Manvers Street,
Ripley, Derbyshire.

START: Alfretton Market (AM); Ripley Market
(RM); Ambergate (AG); or Buckland
Hollow (BH) at 10 a.m.

CLUBROOM: 31, Manvers St. Wednesdays.

Jan 8 AG. NEW YEAR PARTY. M. Hagues.
L: Over Haddon. T: Matlock.

Jan 15 BH. UPS & DOWNS. Tito Tallor.
L: Ashover. T: Winster.

Jan 22 RM. CALKE ABBEY. P. Nicklin.
L: Ticknall. T: Chaddesden.

Jan 29 AM. RATHER ROUGH. A. Beasall.
L: Matlock. T: Derley Dale.

Feb 5 AG. "ONLY ENG'S". T. Brown.
L: Hollington. T: Tissington.

BURTON SECTION

Hon. Sec., E. Hill, 110, Ferry Street,
Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent.

START: Public Baths, Trent Bridge. 10 a.m.

Jan 8 HALTER DEVIL CHAPEL. Baz.
L: Hollington.

Jan 15 ABBEY MOUND. Trevor.

Jan 22 CHARTLEY PARK. Mick.
L: Church Leigh.

Jan 29 DOVEDALE. Harold Smith.
L: Ilam.

Feb 5 NORBURY CHURCH. John Wooding.
L: Tissington.

DERBY SECTION

Hon. Sec., G. R. Clapton, 22, Kew Gardens,
Mackworth Estate, Derby.

Assistant Sec., R. Cholerton, 41, Otter
Street, Derby.

Runs Sec., D. T. Weston, 383, Osmaston Park
Road, Derby (Tel: Derby 43606).

START: Derby Market Place.

- CLUBROOM:Druids' Hall, Barton Rd., Derby.
Thursdays. 7.30 to 10 p.m.
- Jan 8 9. "CHASE ME CHARLIE". Brian.
L:Milford. T:Rugeley.
- Jan 14 NEW YEAR SOCIAL. Trent Social
Club, Cockpit Hill, Derby.
- Jan 15 9. DEVIL'S DRESSING ROOM. Elsie.
L: ? T:Alrewas.
- Jan 22 9. STANTON MOOR. Stan Peat.
L:Darley Dale. T:Bonsall.
- Jan 29 9.15. THE WEAVERS. Bert Brown.
L:Alton. T:Ilam.
- Feb 5 9.30. SNOW ON THE WOLDO? Phil.
L:Newtown Linford. T:Wymeswold.

LONG EATON SECTION

Hon. Sec., G.E.Scott, 41, Kirkleys Avenue,
Spondon, Derby.

Runs Sec., R.Wadsley, 1, Clarke Drive, Old
Sawley, Long Eaton.

START: College St., Derby Rd. Corner.

CLUBROOM: Plough Inn, Town St., Sandiacre.
Fridays. 8 to 10 p.m.

Jan 8 9.15. DOVEDALE. Joan Blackford.
L:Thorpe. T:Kniveton.

Jan 15 9. BIRTHDAY RUN. Robin Wadsley.
L:Newtown Linford. T:Wymeswold.

Jan 22 9.30. BACK TO OUR FOREFATHERS.
L:Ticknall. T:Repton. George.

Jan 29 FROM HARTINGTON Y.H. Joe Searcey.
L:Waterhouses. T:Farnah Green.

Youth Hostels Subsection. Hon. Sec., C.V.
Needham, 31, Curzon Street, Long Eaton.

Jan 7 WHISSELINE - New Year Party.

Jan 28 HARTINGTON - Joe's Birthday.

HEANOR SECTION

Hon. Sec., L.C.Farmer, 11, Springfield Ave.,
Loxco, Derby.

Runs Sec., P.Lawrence, 15, Fair View, Heanor.

CLUBROOM: As Alfreton Section.

START: Codnor Market Place at 10 a.m.

Runs List not received on time.

LEADING A TOUR

Most years I have led a tour which usually consisted of fellow club-mates. This has certain advantages; you generally go where you want to go, and although you are expected to iron out any snags which might arise, you can at least turn round and tell your companions to try and put matters right if you feel that he or she should have a whack at organising things.

This year, I led a Y.H.A. party on a trip which started at Salzburg, went over the mountains into Italy, on to Venice for a three-day sightseeing visit, then back again to Salzburg. With a club party, you can advise on gears, tyres, etc., added to which you know the abilities and limitations of your party. The Y.H.A. party came from various parts of England, and, excluding myself, was made up of six girls and eight boys. They consisted of good, bad and indifferent cyclists, and this also applied to the cycles and gears.

The first two days were the only difficult ones; in that time, everybody got to know everybody else, and every screw which could come loose, did so. The third day saw the organisation of a daily working task force, and this did away with any further mechanical trouble. It also marked the day when we fished one of the boys out of the Affritzersee unconscious and served as a warning that greater care should be taken when swimming in any of the lakes.

The whole of the tour was graced by the most wonderful weather, and most of the places we visited were a cameraman's paradise. Probably most people have heard of salt-mines, but how many have visited one? I can say that the one we visited was nothing like those we have heard of in Siberia; this one at Hallein, in Austria,

was, to put it mildly, a most exciting experience, and although I should be delighted to take anyone else on a visit to one, a team of wild horses wouldn't get me down there again. Among the many unusual experiences are going down the "shutes", a trip on an underground lake, and the final journey into the sunshine (which I never thought I would see again) on a runaway train.

The three days in Venice were really wonderful, and we paid visits to the Lido (minus the scantily-clad film stars), a glass-blowing factory, gondola trips, and the constant beauty which confronts you at every turn.

On the way back, we stopped at a hostel several thousand feet up the mountains at Nassfeld. We arrived in pitch darkness at about 9 p.m., and I began to think we were lost at one time. Then for a return visit to Gemona del Friuli, where the church bells rang to warn us of an impending tempest. The tempest lasted only for a short time, but it turned dried-up water-courses into torrents very quickly - to be followed by torrid sunshine, and all too soon we were back in Salzburg, and I thought that things had passed off fine - but my relief was short-lived!

One of the boys got sunstroke, one girl lost her return ticket (it cost £9 to replace it), and worst of all, one of the boys lost his passport two hours before the train was due to leave the station for home. A wild taxi ride round the shops he had visited failed to produce it, and so to the police bureau, where they were most cool, calm and collected over the matter, and gave him a temporary pass. No-one expected this to take him very far, but with a bit of subterfuge, it got him back to England.

Would I take a large party again? I certainly would. This crowd were really grand, and all did their share of the chores which had to be done each day. There was no falling out, and apart from the fact that I made fourteen new friends, I gained an awful lot of valuable experience.

TED BLANCHE

"YOU MUST BE MAD!"

This was the verdict of my office colleagues when I announced that I was going to ride from Kettering to Doncaster at Easter.

Thirty-six years old is a bit late to become bitten by the cycling bug, and I don't quite remember how it took hold of me. I bought a 'tourist' type of bicycle, trusting to the manufacturer's description. It had the usual wide spring seat and "allrounder" bars. Its redeeming feature was the 531 tubing, but I didn't know what that meant when I bought it.

After a month or two of hack work to and from the office - four trips of four miles each way per day, I ventured on a Saturday afternoon and evening run of about 50 miles. After two or three of these, it became quite apparent that the super-comfort saddle was darned uncomfortable after a few hours on it. I have a vivid recollection of two bolts at the back which seemed to bore upwards, yet if you prodded with your fingers, nothing could be felt through the half-inch of thick wadding between them and the cover. The bars were too wide for comfort, and the sponge "Shockstop" grips too thick, the sprockets of 15, 17 and 19 with a 46 tooth chainwheel were far too close for my liking. After experimenting, I settled

for a comfortable Maes bar with a short extension, a L15N saddle, and had the Benelux sprockets changed to 14, 17 and 23 - not everybody's cup of tea, but they suited me very well. Some experts called them a lazy devil's gears, others called the '23' a skid kid's sprocket!

Thursday arrived, and the dismal rain and murky darkness which persisted all day made me wonder if my friends in the office had been right after all. After a quick tea in town after the office closed for the Easter Holidays, I prepared to set off on the first stage, as far as Oakham. I did not at that time have the nerve to do 100 miles at one stretch, so planned to do 20 or so the night before.

A quick check of lights, which I would need later on, tools and personal gear, and off I set. After riding two or three miles along the Rockingham road, I was attacked by a peculiar feeling of inertia which seems to come at the same stage of every long ride. Doubts flooded into my mind - "Why have I come on this caper?" I asked myself several times. As usual, it passed quickly. The rain stopped soon after, and the sky cleared from a dark inky mass to a light grey. The wind changed its mind and was now following, instead of hindering.

The outskirts of Corby came into view, but as the road only touched the rim of this phenomenal mushroom-like growth, I was quickly into the open country again, reflecting that only about twenty years ago, Corby had been a village of a few houses, a church and a green. Now it sprawls over a large number of square miles. New houses are springing up every day, and the giant works are turning out steel in huge quantities day and night.

The steep descent into Rockingham

village demanded full attention, and interrupted the daydreams. This village is of the picturesque old-world type, and lies only a few hundred yards on each side of the road. Contractors had carved wide trenches at about ten yard intervals across the road, and filled them in without levelling off - they had done the job with "a knife and fork" as I once heard a builder say.

Shortly after passing through the next village, Caldecott, I caught sight of the Corby reservoir in the falling dusk, and taking the excuse of a hill to dismount, I enjoyed the view for a minute or two whilst eating an apple. It was now time to light up, and the remaining few uphill miles into Uppingham made me doubt the wisdom of dynamo lighting.

I turned from the narrow main street into the Market Square, where I bought spare bulbs, which I had forgotten before starting out. Fortunately, the local C.T.C. repairer was open and had the right type in stock - I wonder how common is my experience of certain so-called repairers who try to talk you into accepting any type of bulb, "All six volt, there's no difference". There was no place open for a cup of tea, so with no further excuse for stopping, I pressed on.

Uppingham to Oakham is rather a switchback type of ride until Manton is reached. From there it is straight and level, and it was here that I saw strange red and green lights in what I thought was a field by the road. Closer inspection revealed them as signals on the main line which runs parallel to the road at this point. Once in Oakham, I sought out the Railway Hotel, where I had booked bed and breakfast. (To be continued).

RAY LICKLEY (Bakewell).



