

Here is No. 2, a little late, but, we hope, better for that. Our excuse is the old hoary one 'Owing to the exigencies of the Military situation -! We hope you liked No. 1 and grasped the idea behind it. The flow of copy hasn't been exactly overwhelming, but enough to justify us carrying on with the good work.

Since the birth of this Gazette three months ago, dire events have overtaken our fighting services abroad, and our anxious thoughts have been with our old friends who are serving with the Forces in the areas of conflict. We at home pray and earnestly hope that all our members abroad may come through these difficult times safely and well. They can be sure that when we cycle about our beloved home country in comparative safety and comfort, our thoughts are always with them, hoping and longing for the return of happy and carefree days, when we can all enjoy the old game together again.

Everyone will be pleased and interested to know that the D.A. is still very much alive and kicking, as evidenced by the A.G.M. held at the Outdoor Sports Clubs' Centre, Friargate, Derby, on Sunday, Jan. 21st. Fourteen Members attended, which is a goodly number in the circumstances. Apart from the business side of the occasion, it was a happy social affair too. By some really astute wangling on their part, the meeting was graced by the attendance of three fighting(?) members - at least they were wearing uniform. Jack Hinds timed his leave to coincide with the A.G.M., thus maintaining an unbroken record of consecutive A.G.M. attendances. Mrs. Hinds accompanied Jack to the meeting; although Edna was known to only a few of the older members, everyone was pleased to see her, and made her very welcome. Your humble Editor was also among those present. I, too, successfully wangled my leave in order to attend the meeting. The third member in uniform was Matt Marting who was loaned by the Derby N.F.S. for the day.

Proceedings opened at 2.45pm, '15 mins. after time stated'. Cpl. Hinds was unanimously elected to the Chair, and under his customary expert guidance, the business of the meeting was expeditiously and smoothly despatched. The Agenda carried nothing controversial.

The Hon. Sec. presented a highly satisfactory report, showing that the D.A. had every reason to be proud of the progress made during the year. The main points were (1) practically every run had been carried out (2) there was an average runs attendance of 10 for the year (3) the usual high standard of runs had been maintained in spite of all wartime restrictions.

The Treasurer was able to report a profit on the year's working, which is quite an achievement in these abnormal times.

Officers elected for 1942 were:- President - Mr. G. Jeffreys. Vice-Presidents Mr. J. Hinds. Mr. E.C. Benton and Mr. G.S. Fletcher. Hon. Sec. - Mrs. G.S. Fletcher Hon. Social Sec. - Miss D. Craig. Hon. Treasurer - Mr. D. Pogson. Hon. Auditor - Mr. L. Pipes. Hon. Runs Sec. - Mr. E.C. Benton. Committee:- Messrs. D. Kelly, G. Rogerson, R. Ostoll, C. Board and B. Holmes.

These people are determined to make 1942 as successful a year as was 1941 - Hitler willing.

After the close of the Meeting, a very pleasant little ceremony took place - the presentation of wedding presents from the D.A. Membership to the two couples who had entered into permanent partnership during the year. The Chairman first presented to Mrs. Jim Cole (née Gladys Kennerly) a beautiful set of wine glasses. Unfortunately Jim is somewhere in the Middle East, so Gladys replied very charmingly for them both. The other presentation was of a clock to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher suitably replied.

It may seem highly improbable, but nevertheless, we do hope that next year's A.G.M. may be preceded by a happy reunion dinner, and all our exiles returned to play that game peculiar to cyclists - 'Do you remember'.

Meanwhile, here is a little further gossip; Harold Rosier is now undergoing preliminary disciplinary training at Redcar, before being trained as an Electrician by the R. F. He writes to say that he doesn't think mile long queues for breakfast are much fun. George Clapton has had an interesting seven days leave in Cairo, there among other things he visited a cabaret, (George is disconcerted about this) the Zoo, King Farouk's Palace, the Sphinx and Pyramids. He enthuses on the change of a good bed and decent grub as against desert fare. George wishes the D.A. success - good luck, George.

Herbert Arnold has moved from Devon to Lincolnshire; he finds the Wolds rather tame after Dartmoor.



As we go to Press, we hear that Jack Hinds has been granted embarkation leave, making yet another exile. In whatever part of the world Jack finds himself, he will carry with him vivid pictures of this land he knows so well. His years of cycling will stand him in good stead when meeting new and foreign climates and peoples.

David Cross seems to have dug himself in near Stratford; he complains that he only moves from Dispersal 2 to Dispersal 3 and back again. Mrs. Cross provides the excitement in their ménage, presenting her husband with a fine daughter on Feb. 9th. To Nora and David we extend our sincere congratulations - incidentally, has the Hon. Sec. any entrance forms?

We hope to include in our next number news of other exiles - send along the dope boys, don't be bashful, let's all know how you are getting on.

On the Home front, Club runs recently have had more than a modicum of fun and games, provided by the wintry conditions - Dorbyshire variety. Our worthy friend, Ben, on one occasion made a very close investigation of a snow drift, the Hon. Sec. being reduced almost to hysterics by Ben's efforts to retain his dignity and balance; as always, Ben came up smiling. Considering conditions meteorologically and politically, attendances on winter runs have been remarkably good, the Club making a round of those old and favourite tea-places still doing business.

At one time there seemed a danger that the D.A. would lose the services of its charming Hon. Sec., but her new status as a Matron (sorry Doris) ensures her staying at home in the ranks of the Reserved, for which the D.A. (and her husband) are very thankful.

Spring is in the air, Comrades, better weather is ahead - we hope - so may we suggest that the best antidote to 'Service Blues' is still a bicycle. Beg, borrow or steal an iron from somewhere, and get in a spot of fast novving, if only to keep fit for those jolly runs we are all going to have together when Shickelgruber and Co. get theirs.

Cheerio, Pals,

Keep smiling.

G. S. F.



DERBY D.A. NEWS.

or,

"EXILES' GAZETTE".

Since No. 2 saw the light of day, news of our various and widely distributed exiles has come in very slowly and sparsely; after all there is a war on, so that this No. 3 will probably contain more domestic chatter than records of doings in "them thar furrin parts". None the less, we hope this home news will be interesting and refreshing. Being part time exiles ourselves we know how supremely important the one-time insignificant details of home-life can be. We make this an opportunity of reminding our home based correspondents that our wanderers are not particularly interested in what Churchill said in 1943 (anyway Bruce Belfrage and Co. will supply all that), but look eagerly for those intimate details of everyday life, which help to keep one in touch with home affairs.

Here endeth the first lesson.

We are again pleased to report that the D.A. is still going strong, in fact, Summer weather has produced the usual crop of butterflies, swelling numbers on runs to the 20 average. The executive of the D.A. never anticipated that the peacetime problems inseparable from big turnouts would ever worry them unduly during wartime, but such has been the case on recent runs.

In spite of various restrictions, annoyances and shortages, runs continue to be exceedingly interesting and enjoyable.

If Raeder, Goering and Goebbels could have peeped into Rose Cottage, Tissington one Sunday tea-time recently and seen 23 hungry D.A. members enjoying a well-earned tea (13 full and 10 tea only) they would have had some queer ideas concerning their so-called Blockade and victorious Battle of the Atlantic.

The number of tea-places in Derbyshire has been reduced, but not the quality. The remaining stalwarts - Mrs. Higton, Tissington, Mrs. Higginbottom of Waterhouses (still grumbling!), Mrs. Young of Woolley Moor, Hulme End, Alrewas and "Frank's" at Ambergate continue to supply the necessary whenever and as frequently as required.

Occasional Y.H. week-ends continue to afford their customary variety to the runs programme. Hostelling is so popular that bookings have to be made well in advance. Cyclists as a whole are not given to handing out boquets but one of our Serving members has written saying how much he appreciates the efforts of the D.A. officials in "carrying on" so enthusiastically in the absence of so many regulars. We are sure all our exiles echo these sentiments, and our thanks are particularly due to those who carried on through the lean Winter time, ensuring that when the snapping is finished we shall return to a healthy and well organised D.A. in which to enjoy again the pleasures of unrestricted cycling.

Continued.



Although Ben will probably deny it, we believe him to be a valuable asset to his Home Guard unit - his years of cycling and rough stuffing have endowed him with a useful eye for country and an intimate knowledge of his own stamping grounds.

Members riding in '38 and '39 will readily remember Dallas Ride of Mickleover, the "Gadget Enthusiast" - we are relieved and pleased to learn that Dallas was fortunate in being evacuated from Singapore to Bombay, just before the Japs took over the Naval Base. Good luck, Dallas.

Ken Tomlin sends another cheery salutation from the Middle East. The Censor dosen't allow him to be explicit, but we gather that Ken in waging war on flies as well as Rommel! George Clapton is also still sand-bashing and is fit and well. A third exile, Jim Cole, has now arrived safely in the Middle East - we shall soon need a Section out there!

Eric Bettison, another old Alfretonian member is now receiving the usual grilling in the R.A.F. at Redcar.

Jack Hinds has moved to Darlington, attached to the Provost Marshal's mob - Jack is becoming quite a pukka copper. Our most recent "loss" is Eric Atkin, who has volunteered for the R.A.C. We hope he enjoys being a "fast merchant".

We haven't heard from any other members during the past month, but if anyone requires the address of any Serving member, the Hon. Sec. will gladly furnish the necessary information.

Several fellows have expressed their pleasure at being remembered semi-officially by means of this humble "Gazette", so if anyone has a spot of news or gossip which would interest our Serving men, please send it along to the Hon. Sec. and help us to maintain the regular issue of these sheets.

Best of luck,

G.S.F.

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or

Exiles' Gazette.

Achtung !! Fanfare for No.4., thanks slaves. You may now relax -

News has been coming through a little more freely recently, so we hope this issue will make pleasant reading for everyone.

Reports from the Home Front continue to be satisfactory. The boys and girls have been suffering from the effects of a typical English Summer (!), (almost bracket deep on the Rowsley road one Sunday night) in spite of this however attendances on runs have been very good indeed. The Club has been co-operating in the Government's "Holidays at Home" scheme, and as a result of the extra publicity many new faces have been seen on the runs. Apart from this boost though the number of regular riding members has been gradually increasing. The Club is now stronger numerically than at any time since Sept. 1939.

Affairs of state are being efficiently managed by the remaining Old Guard, Tom Brown, Charlie Beard, Andy Kelly, Geoff Rogerson, Ted Benton the runs digger-up, the faithfully Ben (incidentally its been noticed that Ben has been anxious to get back early recently, so what - ?), also our Hon. Consulting Engineer Don Pogson A.M.I.M.T. and others headed by two lady secretaries, Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. T. Rhead, oh yes, Mrs. T. Rhead nee Miss Doris Craig. Doris and Tom were married on Aug. 8th at the Congregational Church, Victoria St. Derby. All of us who have ridden with these two in the happy era before the outbreak of war, render our most sincere congratulations and well wishes for their future happiness. Tom is now a 2nd Lieutenant in H.M. Army and is stationed near Peterborough. The short honeymoon was spent at Grasmere in the Lake District amid weather typical of that land of hills and water, particularly water !

The younger elements in the D.A. are becoming ardent Y.H.A. enthusiasts and get away to the fringes of the D.A. stamping ground practically every weekend, joining up at the Sunday tea-place.

Exiles can rest assured that the D.A. is more than holding its own in spite of war-time restrictions, and they will return to a D.A. as healthy and virile as it has every been.

There is quite a spot of "Gen." to hand out from pals overseas. Jim Cole is calling from Egypt, when he wrote on 13/1/42 he was fit and well, although he would welcome a spot of English January weather as a pleasant change. Jim gets rather bored with waging war on huge spiders, lizards, scorpions and chameleons, as well as Old Man Rommel. In April he had just received the first January issue of "Cycling" ! He sends his good wishes to all his old friends in the D.A. Good luck Jim, we'll be thinking of you.



Also still in Egypt is George Clapton. For a time we were rather worried about George, but his silence is explained by the fact that he has changed his job and is now living under canvas (we can guess where) in rather primitive conditions. George also sends greetings to all old pals and best wishes for the continued success of the D.A.

News of Ken Tomlin, who has been in the Middle East for a considerable time, is not so good. Ken, unfortunately, is now a Prisoner of War, somewhere in Italy. We have little more news than that at the moment. Ken is trying to get in touch with him, and as soon as he does he will let us know, meanwhile, if this does reach you Ken, take heart from the knowledge that we are all thinking of you, here at home. Good luck, Ken and stick it lad.

News of Cyril Pitchford has now come through. He is at New Delhi, India. Cyril is still cycling except when it is too ruddy hot! He says the roads leave something to be desired, but then he always was a rough-stuff merchant. Let's hope you'll be roughstuffing again soon in the cooler climate of Derbyshire Cyril.

David Cross has now landed safely in the Middle East. He writes enthusiastically about a month's stay in Durban, a land of boundless hospitality complete with oranges, bananas, pineapples and unlimited chocolate and cigarettes! Mrs. Cross tells us that the infant is progressing happily and well. We shall have more news of David when next we write, if all goes well.

In spite of threats to the contrary Jack Hinds is still in England. We recently spent a day touring Swale Dale in Jack's company. He is still a cyclist even if he does wear the brassard of an R.A.F. policeman, and occasionally wangles duties which require the use of his iron.

Our other orator Cyril Johnson has moved again for a short time he is taking a course of instruction under the army film unit, at the Polytechnic, Regent St., London. After much persuasion the army has finally recognised Cyril's photographic skill, resulting from his cycling travels.

We have no other news of exiles at the moment more letters will have trickled through by the time No.5 is ready. Before writing finis to No.4 may we again remind all and sundry that the addresses of our fighting men can be obtained from the D.A. Secretary Mr. D. Fletcher. When on active service letters are often worth their weight in gold, so use H.M. mails as much as you can people, and let us all keep in touch with each other, ready for the time when we can all meet on the road again.

Keep smiling chaps,

G.S. Fletcher.