



Eden Valley

Newsletter

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issue 50

Editor's notes

Thank you everyone who has sent material for this edition of our Newsletter.

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Please feel free to send your photos, thoughts, news, views and accounts for the next Newsletter.

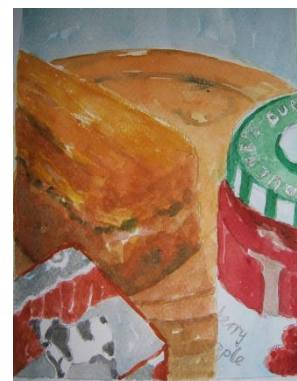
Please send material to news@edenvalleycyc.org.uk.

I hope you enjoy this Edition. Nigel L

1. The Jam Sandwich

Some years ago I attended a lecture delivered by a member of our hillwalking club who was a professional nutritionist. She was asked: What are the best energy-giving foods to be eaten whilst still exercising?

The recommendation was a combination of fast release carbohydrate, slow release carbohydrate and a small amount of fat (which we do need). The perfect answer to this is, of course, the humble jam sandwich. This *must* be made from wholemeal bread for slow-release carbohydrate, the jam providing the fast-release



carbohydrate in the sugar. Simple (even I can make them!), easy to carry, travels well (much better than bananas) and fits almost exactly in your back pocket (unlike bananas). Also, and most importantly, it is PROPER FOOD as distinct from gels and high-energy bars which can resemble chemistry sets! Flapjack is nearly as good but the fat content is rather high; this means it is harder to digest and more blood supply is diverted from leg muscles to stomach after eating – not good!

I once did the Across Ross Walk, 62 miles over two days, and all the food was supplied by the walk organisers. They really had no idea and provided sausage rolls, meat pies and haggis! These foods would provide energy well after the walk finished (probably about the following Thursday!) and were severely detrimental on the second day, diverting what little energy resources I had left into digesting all that fat.

I have to say that once I ‘discovered’ the virtues of the jam sandwich, with wholemeal bread and home-made jam or marmalade, and have consumed large quantities of same for 11s and/or lunch, I have not suffered from the cyclists enemy ‘The Bonk’ for some time, nor have I ‘Hit the Wall’. Eating well before one feels hungry or lacking in energy is the secret.

So that just leaves encroaching old age and cramp to find answers to!

As a footnote, a friend of mine has a theory that it is absolutely impossible to put too much jam in a jam sandwich. Great fun can be had testing his theory!

Peter K-O

2. LE TOUR IN PARIS 2015

‘Images’

**Bradley in yellow leading Cav on to the Champs-Elysees in 2012*

**Lemond (using tri - bars) and beating Fignon (two time winner) by 8 secs*

**the breakaway cycling at speed in the gutter to avoid the cobbles on the Champs-Elysees*

** the podium and backdrop of the Arc de Triumph*

** the incredible beauty of Paris from the helicopters shots*

All unforgettable images – unmissable. We just had to go.

So Sue, Anne (the pocket rocket) and myself flew to Paris on Friday of the last weekend of the Tour. We flew to Beauvais on the north side of Paris and took the shuttle bus to our hotel near the Gare du Nord. (Very convenient for the Metro and central

Paris.)

We did the usual expensive things - sat outside on cafe terraces drinking coffee and people watching. At the Opera we visited the gift and book shop and sat and watched a colourful brass band on the Opera steps. Then we headed off to the Tuileries to find a viewing spot for the next day. We needed a place in the vicinity of toilets and a cafe. The junction of the Rue de Rivoli and Place de la Concorde gave us a long view down the Rue to the Louvre and in front of us. We just had to make sure we arrived early enough the next day.

That Saturday afternoon the tour was climbing Alpe d'Huez and Froome was going to be attacked by Quintana so we needed a cafe with a TV. After much searching and very much a last resort, we gate crashed a cafe that had closed but which contained a small group of avid Tour watchers, with half an hour to go and just 12k remaining. We just made it. Nail biting stuff as Quintana attacked and steadily pared seconds from Froome's lead. But not quite enough. At the finish Froome had a lead of 1min 38). Close!

Sunday - a very grey overcast cool day. At the Gare du Nord we took the Metro to the Madeleine and walked to our chosen spot. It was 10am and someone was already in place - comfortably seated in one of those folding chairs with receptacle for glass/cup (*already in use, a glass and bottle of red to hand*). We sat on our folding chairs and watched the tour vehicles dropping off barriers, posters and assembling them. A lot of the assembly work is done on the morning of the Tour. There were no TV screens in place on the Saturday. The TV camera suspended on a catenary wire traversed back and forth across the Place de la Concorde and large TV screens appeared in the distant hospitality areas.

Gendarmes were out in force and police motor bikes patrolled the routes (later we heard a car had attempted to crash through the barriers and shots had been fired).

As the morning drew on more people started to arrive and fill the barrier alongside us. We had New Zealanders, the Asian guy who was there when we arrived. He was seated in the same location in 2012 and showed us a photo of Brad in yellow taken from the same position. Jean a young French cyclist from Fontainebleau whose English was excellent (he translated the p.a. commentary from the race for us.)



'an American in Paris' ?



when in Rome'

A large group of cyclists in matching tops (the Etape) cycled by and up the Champs Elysees - a special dispensation - everyone else was stopped by police. Sue and Anne decided to enter into the spirit of the occasion. After all when in Paris!! Sue came back with a bottle of Chablis in a bag of ice cubes, plastic glasses and posed for photos. Anne re-appeared with some mouth watering strawberry delicacies from a patisserie. (See the attached photos)

The first event was the women's race La Course by Le Tour - 13 laps of the circuit of the Champs-Elysees. Meanwhile the sky was getting steadily greyer and blacker and the rain started. The resulting deluge soaked us as well as the cobbles opposite on the Place de la Concord making for dangerous racing conditions.

La Course -The women's race started in the rain (approx 190 riders). Then the crashes began. One involving a very large group of riders in front of us on the wet slippery cobbles just before the bend leading to the Champs E. So someone just touched their brakes and the whole group came down. Support cars screeched to a halt 'mechanics with wheels in both hands jumped out and most of the riders re-mounted. Bikes replaced and then re-started all at break neck speed.



La course - The Women's Race

And so it continued -riders limping back with damaged bikes and injuries (one suffered a broken collar bone). Others draughting behind team cars trying get back in contention. (*Real toughies the men's race was neutralised after the first lap*). The eventual winner – Anna Van Der Breggen of Rabbo-Liv a Dutch team partner of Marianne Voss - was only one of the 60 or so from the 190 to finish. Lizzie Armistead came fourth. *Chapeau*.

The men's race started much later at about 4-15. We could follow its progress through the wet outlying districts of Paris on the big screen across the square (albeit with binoculars). There was tremendous applause for Froome and the Sky team. Fortunately the course was drying out. By the fourth lap the clouds were clearing and the roads and we were drying out nicely. We took lots of photos and videos as they came down the Rue de Rivoli towards us. We could make out Quintana, Contador and Sagan in his fluorescent green Jersey. Several breakaway groups got chased down. The French red arrows streamed overhead in vivid red white and blue smoke plumes.



The Mens' Race

The sprint was won by Greipel with Cavendish sixth. The general classification positions were based on the first lap (the wet cobbles deemed too dangerous – the women's race!)

So it was left to Froome and team Sky to link arms and cycle to the finish in a broad line behind the peleton.

Paul C

3. A chat with Dallas B

What is your favourite cycle holiday? A difficult one that; I've had so many great cycling holidays.

Cycling in the Languedoc during the grape harvest was pretty idyllic, all the holidays in the Netherlands have been good- and no hills!

Perhaps the most rewarding was the Camino de Santiago de Compostella.

Who is the most interesting cyclist you've met? My husband!!!

What is the funniest thing that has happened to you when cycling? When we were cycling along the Camino a youngish Belgian cyclist came up alongside and put his arm round me and Ian said he bet he got a nasty shock when he saw my face! Such a charmer my Ian



What is your favourite day ride? My cycle to town along the Caldew Cycleway.

What do you do as well as cycling? I play tennis 3 times a week, weather permitting, I go to an art group and a book group and I write to my MP a lot.

Where do you recommend for a good coffee or lunch break

when out cycling? I like the Coral Room because Jane is so welcoming but the bacon and egg butties at Morland take some beating.

Tell us something that not many people know about your



cycling past? I don't really have a cycling past.

If you could purchase any bicycle what would it be? My steel Spa tourer, I love it.

Sum up what cycling means to you? It would make no difference to my life if I lost my driving licence and I don't mind not being able to walk very far but if I couldn't cycle I'd be off to Zurich!

4. LUDO LIKES HILLS

Due to lead a jaunt of 70 miles to Sedbergh and rarely riding that far these days, so methinks good plan to join some of Aug 16th ride led by Ian L (aka Ludo) for a bit of training! Start delayed at Lazonby Bridge where parking blocked by a strategically abandoned recycling wagon. Sunny up Hartside, surprisingly few bikers belching noise and exhaust fumes, as sylph-like Sue Bland powered past on a mission to better her previous best. Mind you, couple of 40 mph time trialers left her for dust (and swore at her for taking up too much road) on the descent to Alston.

Plan was Dick Philips' at Nenthead for 11's, but after Garrigill and the steep climb over Dowgang Hush (this is the first of many times where Ludo confesses to liking hills), evolved into noon brunch. Dick and Liz generously dished out delicious soup, bread and lovely cakes – thanks you two, it was delightful. CJ rode independently to Nenthead to talk (a thing that CJ's do well) to Dick about his forthcoming CTC Birthday Rides Iceland talk, but sensibly declined to join us – just as well, reckon his 'Unnecessary Hills' would have gone into overdrive! Tearing ourselves away with Dick's challenge to see if the rough Sustrans off road route was quicker than dropping back to Nenthead and staying on tarmac, it was with great delight that I rode all but 200m of the uphill (Ludo does like hills) rough track on 28's and beat the carbon clad 23's, despite their lame excuses. Ever uphill towards Allenhead over the highest NCN point in the UK (Ludo likes hills) – tell me, why after ages of slogging up, are the downs over so quickly - perhaps braking should be mandatory to prolong the pleasure!

My plan was to return from Nenthead, but the group dynamic (think that's the in-word these days) amazingly suited my pace, so decided go for the lot, not realising going across the grain of the land equals roller coaster! Ludo (who likes hills) could have whizzed, but happily accommodated the group pace, confirming that, like most of our faster riders, when leading they modify pace to suit the group. This implies, gentle readers, that although slower bods struggle to keep up with a faster leader and get knackered, faster riders don't struggle to stay with a slower leader, but may get frustrated!

Could this be a record – we breached 30 miles at 2 pm nearly 4½ hours after starting – and 35 miles would only be half way! South into Weardale, east towards St Johns Chapel, no cafes and a never ending granny climb (Ludo really does like hills) over Harthope Moor to Langdon Beck. Cockermouth Paul saw a sign to Alston before this climb and suggested some take it, wish we'd listened in hindsight! More up to Yad Moss, down to Alston before 5pm just in time for a well earned cafe where CJ was languishing. Final climb back over Hartside (amazingly didn't seem too bad) for a 6.30 pm finish. 7500 foot of climb in 70 miles and maybe a ride (low) record of just 10.6 mph moving average. Yes, many of us moaned in jest about the climbs, but in reality it was a superb ride - thanks Ludo!

Les M

5 FAMOUS

We understand that Ivan gets about a bit. On a cycle tour to Scotland recently Ivan rode back from Edinburgh to somewhere in the Borders on a notable day when even Royalty was present. Obviously Royalty was not going to set oneself up with one so famous as our Ivan so another Notable seemingly stepped in. It is to be assumed that the Notable knows of Ivan's cycling prowess and hoped a little might spin off on her direction.



Was Ivan Eden's official ambassador...?

6 WHO?

A year ago John W wrote saying 'If you're running short for the next newsletter how about:-

Spotted near Sunbiggin Tarn enjoying all that Eden Valley winds can throw at you:-
Guess who??

All the best, John W.



My apologies for delay in printing. I don't know the answer. Answers Nigel L

7 A Note on the Tour of Britain

Alison and I are lucky enough to have had the excitement of the Tour coming through our village this year. We did not hear of this happening until early in the year, when in some ways it seemed a long time away and in others 'not much notice'.

Our village took to the idea and we have had a lot of fun preparing for it. Several residents took the lead and others of us followed. We had our bus stop



'yellowed',
cycles
started to

appear, also suitably yellowed.

Businesses, particularly the pub, the cafe and the Bakery looked at what victualling was going to be needed. The Emporium produced a couple of remarkable 'personned' bikes (one French and the other bear bearing). The local sawmill provided stakes to anchor the bicycled statues to the ground. Signs welcoming the Tour appeared. There was car parking offered in abundance, including by farmers who raised monies for local charities.



On the day the local businesses as charities set themselves ready to entertain, feed and 'water' locals and visitors alike. Many, many stopped on the way up the hill and / or on the way after the finish. Our village was not alone in celebrating the day, apparently our Cumbria villages achieved commendations from the Tour organisers as well as from Eden District Council and the County Council.

8. A quiet day in Corsica

Here's a 110 km (69 miles) circuit – not far, but remote and mountainous. A good starting point is Piedicroce in the Castagniccia, where Le Refuge hotel provides food and accommodation with views (see <http://www.hotel-le-refuge.fr/photos>) over the Orezza valley, home of the famous Corsican mineral water. After this, there are no

shortcuts, no shops or restaurants, but a bar at Pietra-di-Verde provides nice coffee. There are also fountains every now and again, all with excellent drinking water. As with all high routes, a missed turning could cost hundreds of metres of height plus tens of kilometres in the wrong direction; a painful situation to retrieve.

First climb is through the chestnuts to the Col d'Arcarotta, 819 m on the D71 towards Cervione and the coast. A right turn shortly after the summit takes you down to Piobetta, wooded and very narrow, so look out for cars. But here, cars are much rarer than the goats, pigs and cows who freely enjoy the miles of linear roadside grazing. The road soon opens out, hanging on



the hillside overlooking the deep Alesani valley with the sea beyond. Soon after the bar at Pietra-di-Verde the descending is over and a right turn leads to the Col de S. Gavino, 697 m on the D117 towards Moita.

This is harder than the Arcarotta, but typically of all Corsican climbs, it seems a lot easier when the weather is not too hot. It is better to avoid the hottest months (June to mid-September) where 40° C is not uncommon. I did it at the end of September and the conditions were perfect with sunshine, rarely more than about 25°, a light breeze and the first signs of Autumn touching a few of the trees.



Next up is the Col de Casardo, 1094 m on the D16 - a long, steady climb with the tiny village of Pianello providing a good picnic spot on the ascent with benches under the

trees and a nearby tap for water. There's a war memorial at the front of the church with a fine statue of a Corsican soldier. The Col de la Foata is barely noticeable on the way up and though claimable under OCD rules (for what OCD is, see <http://www.ocd.org.uk/info.htm>), my conscience won't let me add its 834 m to my claim. The Casardo is my favourite of all cols; it is very open and provides never ending vistas of the central mountains above and around Corte, as well as of the distant Mediterranean.



On the way down, a right turn (don't miss it) towards Mazzola and Bustanico leads to

a steep and rough descent on single-track road with pigs and trees a-plenty. Just near this junction is another great picnic spot. It's a simple fountain, dedicated to Napoleon, in the middle of nowhere and with seats, shade and a fence round to prevent unwanted porcine intrusion.



After Bustanico, there's a mean climb to the Col de St. Antoine, 996 m on the D39 towards

Carticasi. At least I think it's mean; I'm a bit tired by now and it's hard to judge. Gentle undulations follow through more chestnuts. The route is now back on the edge of the Castagniccia which is well known for its chestnut forests. On the D639 (another turning not to be missed, signposted for Salicetto) there's a substantial climb between San-Lorenzo and Salicetto but no col name or height appears on the road or my map. The good thing about





this, apart from it being rather pretty, is that it gains height before reaching Morosaglia. There's a bar at Morosaglia where coffee and drinks may be bought (but it's not always open), but nothing more substantial. Turn right here and it's fairly easy to the Col de Prato, 985 m on the D71. Then comes the lovely finish - a long sweeping descent back to Piedicroce with frequent views over the steep valleys that the road skirts.

Most of the route is single track, a bit rough in places, and the traffic was negligible. It was so quiet I was able to count the cars; 30 encountered in 69 miles. If you "do the math" as they say over the pond, this averages out at 1 car every 2.3 miles; even quieter than Cumbria?

9. A Ride in France, June 2015

I had not been cycle touring with camping gear before. At my age it was about time, if not past time.

Ian B, my leader over some Alps last year, offered me the chance of riding in his wake again, how could I refuse? Alison encouraged me to go with the comment 'you never know, I might want to come with you sometime in the future'. How could I resist, knowing she really meant, 'if you think I might go cycle camping with you in the future, you had better be competent then ...'



ready to go

I had to take it seriously when Ian produced 'France en Velo' 'The ultimate cycle journey from Chanel to Med – St Malo to Nice'. Reading this end to end was looking

like something of an endurance feat. I did not achieve it before we left for France at the beginning of June.

We travelled from Cumbria by train to London without mishap. We even cycled across London from station to station without my getting lost; this was achieved by my not knowing where we were going, so how could I get lost?



We caught the boat from Portsmouth comfortably starting boarding at 1800 hours, a good first day.

After this, it now being October, things get a little hazy, is this called perspective? I did keep my diary up and even did two sketches on the first day but thereafter we were cycling. Our mileages built from 32ish to 78ish over the first 13 days towards Nice.



Mt Ventoux

We reached Villes sur Auzon. We had Mt Ventoux in our view. We had moved from a somewhat chill St Malo to genuine heat. We had booked the Bike Bus back from Orange. We decided we had come far enough. I had a rest day the next day and

Ian went for a ride. After this we had a few days of leisurely riding including Mt Ventoux from Sault.

We had done (even I, who had had a rest day) over 1,000 miles. The cycling was great. The countryside constantly changing and often magnificent.

The Book was an excellent guide.

I am extremely grateful to Ian for his guidance and company.

10 NEWS:

AGM will probably be over before you read this as it is (to be) on Saturday the 24th October 2015. Hope you enjoy(ed) it.



The end, Orange in Deep Shadow, Bright sun.