



Eden Valley

Newsletter

September 2014



issue 48

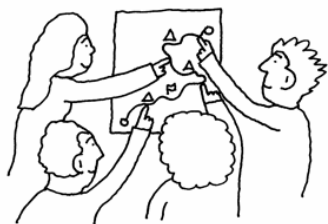
New Assistant Editor's first and last words???

What a great summer we've had. May, June and July provided warm breezes and dry tarmac for some great club runs and of course 'Le Tour' passed through our neighbouring Yorkshire valleys in picture perfect weather. Some August weather forecasts were not ideal but at least they were reasonably accurate enabling leaders to use the blog to suggest alternative routes to suit the conditions. And ... at the time of writing (17th Sept) the forecasts are looking good for the autumn ... famous last words?

Lance ☺

THE TOUR DE FRANCE

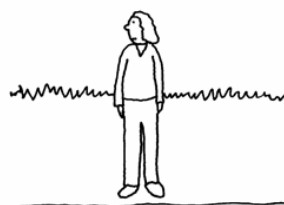
HOW TO GO AND WATCH IT



DOWNLOAD A MAP AND TRY TO
DECIDE UPON A VIEWING SPOT



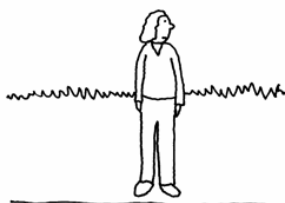
ARRIVE EARLY, CARRYING
EVERYTHING YOU WILL NEED



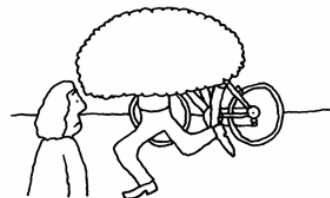
WAIT



FIGHT FELLOW SPECTATORS FOR
A SMALL PAPER FLAG THROWN
FROM THE PUBLICITY CARAVAN



WAIT A BIT LONGER



HOPE THAT, WHEN THE RACE FINALLY
ARRIVES, YOUR VIEW ISN'T OBSCURED
BY A MAN RUNNING ALONGSIDE
THE RIDERS DRESSED AS A
GIANT SPRIG OF BROCCOLI

The Best of Britain?

Do we, in the Eden Valley, live in the best location in the UK for cycling?

At risk of stating the obvious, I think it is worth taking a few minutes to consider this question. Rosemary and I were, in 2006, in the fortunate position of being able to choose where we wanted to live; the availability of suitable cycling and hill walking on our doorstep was very high on the list. (Given the state of some parts of the world isn't this a great privilege?) Indeed, living in Edenhall is the first time in my life that I have lived at other than the top of a hill!

Let us consider the geographical attributes of our area. We enjoy one of the lowest population densities in the UK, certainly in England. This means less traffic; and most of what traffic there is passes through on the M6 and A66 plus the comparatively few other main roads. This leaves our huge network of lanes largely traffic free. The rural nature of our environment and the many small villages ensured the development of these roads from older farm tracks. This is in contrast to areas of low density of population in Scotland, and indeed Wales, which are comprised mainly of M.A.M.B.A. (see footnote) and therefore do not generally support a network of lanes (most roads are 'A' class roads). Though here lies the best wilderness mountain biking in the UK.

So, given our beautiful local scenery, why are we not overrun with tourists? Well, most seem to go to the Lake District National Park and a handful of the really adventurous ones explore the High Pennines. The Eden Valley is therefore in the equivalent of a 'visitor rain shadow' and bypassed by most tourists; we are at the lee side of seemingly greater attractions.



Add into this fortuitous background the undulating nature of the Eden Valley byways; the flatlands of the Solway Plain; the coastal roads of the Solway; the 'lumpiness' around Caldbeck; the Lake District passes; the C2C and other long distance routes; the long climbs of the High Pennines and the steeper climbs of the Yorkshire Dales and we have cycling to suit all tastes and abilities. All

this is accessible without recourse to driving to the start of rides (my pet dislike!).

I think the answer to the original question is an emphatic YES, we do live in a cyclists' utopia! I would challenge anyone to suggest a better area in the UK!

Footnote: M.A.M.B.A. = Miles and Miles of Bugger All.

Peter Koch-Osborne

ESCORTING IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES JULY 2014

The plan was that I should drive our camper van for Alison and her niece, Kat, to do some cycling. There had been thoughts of cycling from Barra to the Butt of Lewis but this was discarded in favour of more leisurely pace and greater enjoyment of the area to be cycled. So, it was to be from Castle Bay on Barra to Berneray.

We drove up to a campsite by Loch Creran (north of Oban) on Thursday the 10th, a pretty uneventful journey. The next day we had excitement as a motorcyclist passed the front of our van, his bike passing the front of another camper in front of us. They were reunited on the pavement, neither bike nor rider being visibly damaged, though we did not carry out close inspection being reassured by the presence of workmen who helped right his bike and the rider himself. We took the ferry over to Castle Bay on Barra from Oban. Alison opted to drive so I cycled with Kat to Vatersay just over 5 miles; the roads were damp there was mizzle in the air; the few cars we encountered were from behind, discovery of their presence almost certainly delayed, be it from courtesy of holding back or not being in a hurry to pass. Even the hills were not big. It was a lovely gentle introduction to the holiday.

We parked close to the Village Hall on Vatersay where there was free access (voluntary contribution) to the loos. The next morning I drove through to the ferry terminal on Barra for Eris-kay leaving Alison and Kat to set out on the bikes. Having parked I cycled back towards Kat and Alison meeting them just as the rain set in; we tucked our heads down and arrived at the 'Airport' for coffee; the rain by this time was torrential and we decided that the wait for the ferry was best undertaken by a protracted coffee / lunch stop at the Airport. No-one seemed to mind. The plane was an hour late coming in but was worth waiting for - landing on the wet sands of the beach and coming to rest right in front of the cafe. A small fire in a tractor on the sands had led to the Fire Engine (Landrover) being called out providing interest in the waiting time. Back out in rain, after the plane had flown away, we cycled through to the ferry.





On Eriskay Kat and Alison disembarked onto wet roads; I drove through to South Loch Boisdale where we were parking for the night. Alison and Kat arrived dampened. The shower in the Bunkhouse there was welcome and we were able to watch some World Cup football (Kat asked, honestly) through the generosity of the owner. Alison and Kat rode about 27 miles that day.

Sunday the 13th: Alison and Kat set out for Loch Boisdale to a service while I drove through to our B&B for the night. Once I found the 'Angler's Retreat' I was able to leave the van and cycle back to meet Alison and Kat at the Museum (cafe) at Kildonan. Dry roads, very little winds, considerate motorists, lovely cycling; this was marred by a puncture

that I got at Kildonan; it took me a long while and 3 tyre levers to get the tyre off my Moulton; it took the help of another cyclist, I providing the third hand by this time, to get the tyre back on. Still it was a nice day and we cycled together from there around the coast back to the Anglers. We were fed extremely well and slept well. Alison and Kat did 30 miles in the day.

Monday morning I drove through to Carinish campsite in the rain. Alison and Kat cycled with the wind and the rain going north. We met at the Stepping Stones cafe on Benbecula where I felt reassured to find Alison and Kat sitting comfortably dripping. We were fed well in the full cafe. Then it was back in the rain retracing my steps to the campsite where the world was beginning to dry out. We entered Kat in bunkhouse for the night and had hot showers before Kat engaged with a family in a game of rounders. Kat and Alison's was 15 miles for the day.

Tuesday morning I drove through to Berneray, missing Alison and Kat for first coffee as they had taken a detour to look at some sculpture and our scheduled cafe had not opened when I passed. I parked in the dunes and cycled back to meet Kat and Alison. We met at Sollas where there were lovely soups and an art exhibition. We cycled then to the van where there were other vans tucked in in the dunes. Mileage for Alison and Kat was 35.

Our Plan was to leave from Lochmaddy (North Uist) to get the ferry over to Uig on Skye. We had a lazy day on Wednesday and time for a little cycling on Thursday before the return (arriving home in the early hours of the Friday morning). Cycling miles for Kat and Alison 12.

A gentle cycling outing.

Nigel L



Flag conundrum Answer on back page (or ask Dallas)**10% Makes All The Difference**

If my other article written 3 months ago is also in this Newsletter, you may be thinking I'm becoming fixated about faster riders! Not true, just observations

As a bear of very little brain (for those who know Winnie the Pooh), I carefully read neither the runs list nor the blog properly, thus turning up at 9.30 in KS for Ernest's Wensleydale & Swaledale August ride. Lonely and unloved, I phoned Ruth who confirmed the KS start (relief) and the 9 o'clock start (far from relief); everyone else of course had turned up at the earlier time.

Undaunted, I set off on the route up Tailbrigg (Lamps Moss), flogging slowly up into a headwind, arriving in Reeth 22 miles later literally as the group was departing. Having copped inevitable flack from the seven riders and needing cafe sustenance, I declined to carry on with the group to Jervaulx or try to catch up, especially as they comprised a pretty fit bunch.

Did a shortened version of their ride, 66 miles instead of 80 and a most enjoyable route it was (thanks Ernie), aided by a tailwind all the way from Leyburn to KS. Exchanging emails with Ernie afterwards, his group averaged 13.2 mph against my 11.9, so exactly 10% faster. And that paltry 10% would have left me struggling at the back to keep up and knackered instead of pleasantly tired. So what a difference 10% does make and my late start worked out well – plus the group benefitted in not having to wait for me or putting up with my burbling company!

Les

As others see us

Two grey-haired men arrive stoop-shouldered on expensive bikes and, in neon Lycra which faithfully highlights every contour of slackening bodies, bounce up the steps and onto the sea wall. One day I too will no doubt lever myself onto a crotch-partingly narrow saddle, grasp a pair of drop handlebars and try to pedal away from the inevitable flood tide of old age. I too will look ridiculous. As things stand, there's no need of death-defiance. At forty-three, for another couple of years my twenty-fifth birthday is still nearer than my sixty-fifth.

From "Bred of Heaven" by Jasper Rees, a book I can thoroughly recommend. The title is intentional pun, not a typo!

Paul H



THE SCORCHER

He tumbled from his weary wheel and set it by the door;
Then stood as though he joyed to find his feet on earth once more;
And as he mopped his rumpled head his face was wreathed in smiles;
"A very pretty run," he said 'I did a hundred miles!"

"A hundred miles! I cried, "Ah think what beauties you have seen!
The reedy streams where cattle drink, the meadows rich and green.
Where did you wend your rapid way - through lofty woodland aisles?"
He shook his head. "I cannot say - I did a hundred miles."

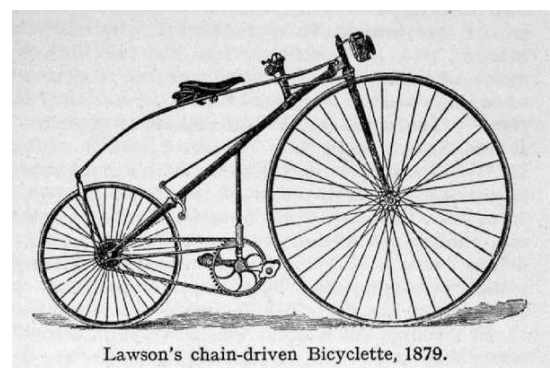
"What hamlets saw your swift tyres spin? Ah, how I envy you!
To lose the city's dust and din beneath the heaven's blue.
To get a breath of country air; to lean o'er rustic stiles!"
He only said, "The roads were fair; I did a hundred miles!"

From "THE HUB" for 26 June 1879

Paul H

Editor: Was this the bike he rode 100 miles?
The first bicycle to be called a "safety" was designed in 1876 by the English engineer Harry John Lawson the first efficient chain driven safety bicycle anticipating the revolutionary Rover by some years. To read more about Lawson's fascinating life story follow this link.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harry_John_Lawson



Birthday Riding at Askham Bryan College York

Nine stalwarts from the EVCTC went Birthday Riding in York this year. Four out of County members, Maurice and Anthea, Nobby and Shauna plus Jen, Chris Reed, CJ and Ian and Dallas. It was interesting as it was in Askham Bryan which is the same organisation as Newton Rigg which was unable to put them up this year but may well be a choice for the future. Jen, Shauna and Dallas joined the Truby's who lead their Groupies on some of the C rides, with alterations from Maurice, these were about 40-50 miles, while Ian, Chris and CJ did the Bs, 60-70 miles. Ian's Garmin proved invaluable and worth the many hours spent trying to program it.

The weather was good, occasional showers but mainly fine except for one incredibly windy day when Jen and Dallas decided the 12 mile round trip to York was all they could cope with and also enabled them to get value from their National Trust cards. York Minster has a very much more enlightened attitude to cycling than Carlisle Cathedral! It was a great relief to find our tents still standing on our return. Not everyone's was! CJ, Chris, Nobby and the Trubys had no worries as they were in comfortable inside accommodation, some even en suite! The Vale of York was great for those of us not too keen on hills with more taxing terrain to the West.

We still think nowhere beats the Eden Valley for the quality of riding. It makes you really appreciate how lucky we are.

Dallas

Photos: Chris Read; Pre dinner drinks outside the Brewis tent on one of the few occasions when it rained. The Obelisk commemorating the Battle of Marston Moor, The bike store. Karen Eaglesfield; Minster Piazza



Flat, but no punctures

I thought of this title while we were riding in Holland. After 9 days riding and about 500 miles, Ivan finally broke the record, puncturing on a rough bit of Sustrans near Consett. And the Netherlands is not entirely flat, either, as we discovered in the Veluwe. Nevertheless, I'll stick with it.



Meeting at Lanercost, we trundled off to the Bowes Hotel (not as expensive as it sounds) at Bardon Mill. This left an easy ride on Sustrans routes to North Shields for the ferry the next day: sun, tailwind, cafes; what more could you want?

After an evening of over indulgence in the ferry buffet, we woke the next morning at IJmuiden in unsettled weather and spent rather too much time trying out Dutch coffee and going the wrong way. Eventually we gave up trying to reach our Vrienden op de fiets accommodation and found a

hotel (<http://www.vriendenopdefiets.nl/en/>). What a relief to get hot showers, beer and food after being out in the cold, wet and descending darkness. Neil and Ivan nearly missed out after being locked in a hotel corridor and finally escaped via the balcony of a young lady's bedroom. I'm sure they'll only be too willing to elaborate on this if requested.

Next day – lots of miles to catch up to get to our next Vrienden op de fiets.

Think this was the best day; 91 miles of sun and tailwind all on cycle tracks and very minor roads (see <http://www.nederlandfietsland.nl/fietsrouteplanner> for the amazing network of Dutch cycle ways). We passed through the Veluwe a wild area of undulating heathland, dunes and forests which creates the illusion that it is much higher than it really is. More unsettled weather followed, again mostly tailwind but finally a deluge.

Highlights of the day were an unmanned electric ferry just for bikes where Neil proved he could walk on water and seeing Dutch cyclists in yellow cycling capes, thus making Janet and me look slightly less eccentric in ours.

We then turned west towards Dokkum and



discovered that when we discussed the weather with Dutch cyclists they always wanted to talk about the wind; contrasting with the Cumbrian cyclists' preoccupation with rain. Another weather-induced curtailment of a cycling day followed and an unscheduled stop in the best Vrienden op de fiets of all. A small house with mum, dad and three young children; they apparently all piled into one bedroom so they could accommodate us. The neighbour had a very interesting bike shed for us...

A train ride followed, so we could get back to Ijmuiden in time for the ferry. The last day – 85 miles trans-Pennine via Sustrans Waskerley Way, Allenheads and Hartside. A late start from the ferry meant we finished our evening meal in Allenheads at 6.45 p.m. and got home after 10.00. Six days later, we were sufficiently recovered to have a reunion, with fine dining, at Neil's house. Ivan issued the following statement: "Aye, I was more knackered after that last day than on the Fred Whitton".

Paul H

Club Ride 10 September 2014

The idea for a long ride at the end of the summer season is, for me, historic. Many years ago I lived near Bradford and we had a cottage at Blennerhasset near Wigton. Our end of season 'last blast' was to do a return trip on Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday (I had a job then!). A commitment to a long day at the end of the season is a good incentive to keep the mileage up over the summer months. That's my excuse anyway! This was to be my first run as a leader for EVCTC.

Sally - joining us next year



James R, Cee Jay, Ian (Ludo) Ludlam and I set off in the chill air at exactly 8.30 from Langwathby, Geoff A joining us at Culgaith. A steady ride to Appleby followed where we were joined by guest member Sally who will be joining the club next year. Arrival in Kirkby Stephen coincided with meeting up with several others; Ernest, Keith and

Cathy, Steve Johnson and Richard Hall. We dived into the café for caffeine and food to sustain us for the climbs ahead. The various excuses for not doing the full ride were duly ridiculed, and not accepted by those doing the full distance!

An easy spin to Nateby and then the fun started. Lamps Moss rises in three 'lifts' with a slight respite between each. The top one is of course the hardest! An undulating high road with great views took us to the head of Swaledale into which we descended. Swaledale was looking its best as we swept along the valley looking forward to lunch at the Gunnerside cafe. Despite calling in only a week before to confirm the café would be open for the run, it was firmly closed. The plan was to have a three mile warm-up after lunch and before the next climb. We rode on to the pub at Low Row instead. Guest ride Paul caught us up here, I should have met him at Kirkby Stephen but a combination of him being held up in traffic and my own incompetence meant we missed each other. Humble apologies!

A ten yard freewheel is not a good post-lunch warm-up before the steepest hill of the day. Some sensibly walked part of the thankfully short climb from Low Row before the gradient eased for the magnificent ride over the unfenced road to

Crossing the border



Akangarthdale. The next hill was visible across Arkengarthdale as we descended; this was The Stang. This proved another superb climb with the added bonuses, extensive views and a 40 mph plus descent to the A66 on which we were obliged to cycle for a death-defying quarter mile.

On to Middleton in Teesdale and the rumblings of mutiny were now stirring! Indeed, all but four opted to ride over the hill to Brough rather than face both Yad Moss and Hartside. Numerous excuses were offered and begrudgingly accepted

Cathy and me (with me looking particularly gormless!



by Geoff, Ludo, James and me who continued to Middleton for yet more food. (Well, having dreamt up the whole thing I could hardly back out now, could I?) Geoff and Ludo shot off up Yad Moss and I stayed with James who was suffering. However a Magic Banana did the trick (I forgot to ask what he'd injected it with!) and we met up at the top for the fast run down into Alston. Straight through Alston and onto the last climb of the day, Hartside.

Ian (Ludo) Ludlam went ahead and got to the top about five minutes ahead of me whilst Geoff rode with the now recovered James (just what was in that banana?). They were only five minutes or so behind me; and I was pleased enough with my ascent from Alston in just under 40 minutes. We rode over Hartside summit to face the setting sun. A 30 mph descent in the now cool evening air took us down to the Eden Valley, Geoff peeling off at Melmerby. As we descended into Langwathby the red orb of the sun was just touching the horizon of the Northern Fells, a perfect end to a great day's cycling.

Peter Koch-Osborne

Quiz - nicked by editor from t'internet <http://www.outsideonline.com/outdoor-gear/bikes-and-biking/How-Much-Do-You-Know-About-Cycling.html>

Q 1: How many racers have died competing in the Tour de France?

- a) 12
- b) 1
- c) 0
- d) 4

Q2: Who has the most Tour de France titles now that Lance Armstrong has been stripped of his seven straight wins?

- a) Miguel Indurain
- b) Jacques Anquetil
- c) Eddy Merckx
- d) Bernard Hinault
- e) All of above

Q3: The first bikes had only a single speed and fixed gearing. True, False

Q4: A cyclist's kit includes: (tricky question)

- a) Bibs and jersey
- b) A spare tube, pump, and tyre levers
- c) EPO and human growth hormone
- d) An Allen key and tyre levers

Q5: Basic rules of the road for cyclists include:

- a) Signal your direction of travel at intersections, simply pointing left, right, or straight with either arm
- b) Take the centre of the lane you're riding in to force vehicles to notice you
- c) Make eye contact with drivers whenever possible and obey the rules of the road
- d) All of the above

Q6: Who invented the first mechanically-driven bicycle in 1839?

- a) Comte de Sivrac
- b) Baron Karl von Drais
- c) Kirkpatrick MacMillan
- d) Ernest Michaux

Q7: Cyclocross races frequently include which of the following elements:

- a) Barriers that riders must bunny-hop or jump over
- b) Beer hand-ups
- c) Sand pits
- d) Bike washing stations
- e) All of the above

Answers: 1: d) Four cyclists have died racing the Tour. Adolphe Heliere drowned during a rest day in 1910, Francisco Cepeda plunged into a ravine in 1935, Tom Simpson died of heart failure climbing Mont Ventoux in 1967, and in 1995, Fabio Casartelli died from injuries sustained after crashing on a 55 mph descent.

2: e) All four riders have nabbed 5 wins each, though only Miguel Indurain won all 5 consecutively,

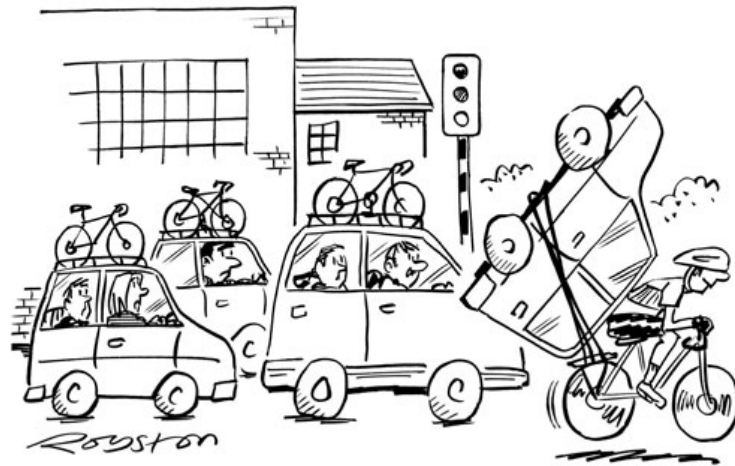
3: False. The first bikes, like the one built by Baron Karl von Drais in 1817, had no gearing at all and were foot-powered.

4: a) The term most likely came from 18th century military slang. Officers would carry their possessions in a "kit bag."

5: c) Making eye contact is your only guarantee that drivers are aware of you. Otherwise, assume they don't see you. When signalling turns (no need to signal straight) use the left arm so drivers going either direction can see your signal, and bend the arm 90 degrees to signal a right-hand turn. Ride with traffic a foot or two out from the road's edge—far enough right so cars can pass, but far enough left to avoid any roadside obstacles.

6: c) Though earlier foot-powered models existed, Kirkpatrick MacMillan, a Scottish blacksmith, made the first mechanically-driven bicycle, which used treadles that moved up and down to turn the back wheel.

7: e) Think of cyclocross as a combination of road and mountain biking wherein riders must dismount at full speed and carry—or bunny-hop—over barriers and stairs. Bike washing stations, sand pits, mud, and beer figure prominently in the action.



Club Notices

Eden Valley Cycle Group AGM takes place on Saturday 25 October at 2.00pm.

As in previous years there will be an opportunity to have a fabulous lunch before the AGM for £5.00. And what's more Neil Bryson has very generously agreed to organise and provide the lunch. If you would like to have **lunch** please email Neil on neilbryson1803@gmail.com before 18 October to let him know and whether you have any dietary requirements. Helpers on the day would be very welcome.

If you have any items for the AGM agenda please email Karen on karen.eaglesfield@btinternet.com

Watch out on the blog to find details of a short ride before lunch and the AGM. Also we are thinking that if there was demand for a wee technical bike workshop on specific problems eg: fixing index gears, we could run one before the AGM lunch. So please let me know of any such topics that you would like advice on.

Annual Xmas Lunch

After the great success of the Annual Xmas Lunch held at Mrs Millers Culgaith last year we have booked again for this year on Saturday 13th December at 12.00 for 12.30 (Rough cost £20 for three courses - see details later) Menus Prices and Booking Forms will be available at the AGM or on the Blog soon.

Enquiries to Geoff A

Answer to Flag Conundrum:

Clockwise from the top left. Scotland, Ireland, Spanish Galicia, Brittany, Wales, Isle of Mann and Cornwall. It is the **flag** of the Celtic nations.

