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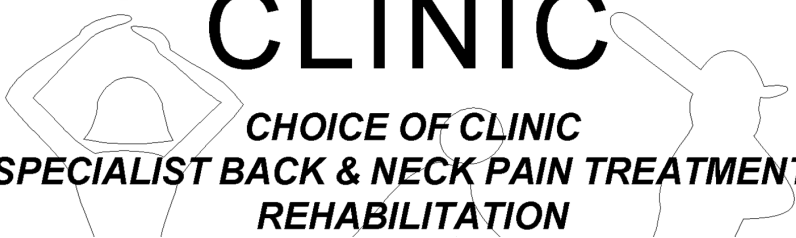
THE BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CTC



June/July 2020

THE NOTTINGHAM

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Cyclonda is the Bi-Monthly magazine of Notts CTC, the local group in Nottinghamshire of Cycling UK.

The views of the contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of Notts CTC.

The Notts CTC Committee meetings normally take place every two months, in the *Vat & Fiddle* PH, 12-14 Queen's Bridge Rd, Nottm, NG2 1NB. Due to the Covid 19 pandemic, these are currently 'on hold'.

We welcome your contributions to the magazine.

Copy for the next
Cyclonda by
1st July please.

Well, what a difference from the last issue of *Cyclonda*, where I did the editing, it went to the Printers as normal and then ... life was put on hold because of the Covid 19 global pandemic.

Some of you will have received a printed copy of the April/May 2020 *Cyclonda*, but distribution coincided with the start of lockdown, so apologies if you missed out. We've put up a PDF on the Notts CTC Website (although in printed format sequence, so it's a bit difficult to read online - OK if you actually print it off and assemble).

We won't be able to get this issue to the Printers etc, but it will be put up on the website in an easier to read format. If you have friends who don't have access to the Internet, perhaps you could print off a copy for them?

This issue contains a variety of thoughts on cycling under lockdown - thank you to everyone who has sent me these articles!

A light-hearted quiz:

"Who is the young lady on the 'Cover' of this Cyclonda?"

*Keep cycling, keep safe,
Cathy*

Diary Dates

As I am sure you are aware, all the usual events, club rides etc. have had to be cancelled until further notice, so there are no Evening Ride/Pub Nights, Wednesday Pub Meets nor Club Runs advertised in this issue. **York Rally** has already been cancelled for 2020 and the '**Charnwood in the Spring**' **Audax** transferred until next year (see below).

The **Raleigh Rally** at the Nottingham Industrial Museum (Wollaton Park) has provisionally been moved to Saturday October 3rd 2020.

In the (looking rather unlikely) event that things improve sufficiently to resume group activities, there will be something put up on the Notts CTC Website, Facebook and Google Group.

An update on the Charnwood in the Spring Audax

The Charnwood in the Spring Audax has been rearranged to take place next year on April 24th 2021. I have been heartened by the positive responses to the necessary change. The vast majority of entrants have decided to transfer their entry to the event next year. A lot of people are happy to pay again and want their entry fee for this year to go directly to charity.

I have therefore been able to donate £400 to the Lincs and Notts Air Ambulance on May 6th 2020 and hopefully should be able to donate a further amount in 2021. They have thanked everyone for this donation which will enable them to continue to support communities during this time of uncertainty.

The Hall at Trowell is booked for next year and funds are available to run the event. Fingers and legs crossed this should all work out successfully. Thank you to all those who agreed to volunteer and to the people who have helped me to organise the event.

Keith Barton

Best Wishes to **Reg Tuckwood**, **Ruth Chambers** and **Ian McAllister-Hewlings**.

Reg had to spend some time in Kings Mill, having contracted the Covid 19 virus. After being released from hospital, he was having a carer look after him at home once a day for a while. He is very glad to be well again, and says it was the worst time he has ever had with illness, and he never wants to be in that state again.

Ruth had issues with her vision, was referred for an MRI scan resulting in an operation to remove a tumour attached to the lining of her brain. She is currently recovering and awaiting her sight returning to normal.

Ian is awaiting an operation at present, so not able to get out cycling as much as usual.

*Wishing them all "Get Well Soon" from Notts CTC
and a speedy recovery.*



Bob Chadwick

It is with sadness, I have to report the death of Bob Chadwick at the age of 92. He passed away in his sleep at the Manor Care Home in Radcliffe-on-Trent on March 27th. He had a very quiet funeral on April 15th, with just me and my sister with our respective partners. We do hope to have an event to celebrate Bob's life, at a later date when circumstances improve.

Cycling was always a very large part of Bob's life and he was very actively involved with the CTC Notts DA in his time. I noticed in *Cyclonda* that he was still a Vice President. When he stopped cycling, a very pleasurable part of his life was closed to him. He took to walking more and still kept in contact with some of the older members, meeting for Pub Lunches.

Bob was still living at home with his wife Joan, also a former member, until last summer, when they both needed to go into a care home. As his sight failed and his body refused to do what he wanted, he became more frail and was eventually bed ridden for his last weeks, though happily not in discomfort.

I would like to pass on his best wishes to all those he knew at the CTC, as he was unable to contact them during his last six months and clearly missed the comradery. I know Reg and Philip Orme have been to visit Joan and I shall try to keep in touch with them regarding Bob's celebration and any others who he knew well.

On a related note, I have been trying to track down some poems and articles that Bob contributed to the *Cyclonda*, including a piece called 'Bus Shelter'. (See Pages 21 and 22, later in this issue, *Ed.*).

Please could you pass on the above to those who may need or wish to know.

Peter Chadwick (Bob's son)

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TOP TOURING	Jeff Burton (details above)
INTERMEDIATE	Jeff Burton (details above)
SPORTIVE	Terry Scott (details on page 7)
THURSDAY RIDES	Stewart Foster (details on page 7)
“D” RIDES	Position vacant. Enquiries to the Group Secretary, Terry Scott (details on page 7)
SATURDAY RIDES	Iris & Eddie Foweather, Tel: 0115 986 3656 <i>E-mail: iris.foweather@gmail.com</i>

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Newark Notes

Welcome to the new normal

Mid-March, and I was looking forward to a couple of days away, expecting it to be my last hurrah before more stringent measures were made due to the Coronavirus pandemic. Saddlebag packed...check, routes downloaded to Garmin...check. What's this on the radio? Boris telling me not to travel unless it's urgent, Oh ****! Part of me wishes I'd gone anyway; the YHA were still accepting bookings and this was before the enforced shutdown of pubs and cafés, so I'd probably have got away with it, though I have to admit the busy international Youth Hostel I'd planned to stay at might have been a pretty good place to pick up any virus going around.

I don't normally include my private trips in this column but I think that sums up something similar to most of our experiences. On the club front, I'd already cancelled the annual holiday, which we'd been planning for mid-Wales in June, fortunately before I'd made any bookings: once again, I know I'm not alone in having to do this. March had been a pretty lean month for group riding: we had a poorly attended ride on the first Sunday, East Leake again, but with no added loops due to worsening weather. Ray led the intermediate ride to *Ramsdale Golf Club* (good cakes in the clubhouse!) the following Saturday, but other commitments and yet more poor weather put paid to the following two Sundays, though I think the Saturday rides did a bit better. And then the instructions came through; no group rides.

So, perversely, after several months of, frankly, rotten weather it was then that the sun came out. You'll all remember seeing TV footage of the authorities trying to enforce 'social distancing' to a public who were only too pleased to have some sunshine for a change. A couple of months back, when it seemed that half the county was under water, I'd joked that we'd be having hosepipe bans by July, and after a few weeks of fine weather it looked like that wasn't such a remote possibility. But, for the moment at least it seems that, like most good things, the dry spell has come to an end.

Like most of you, I expect, I kept calm and kept on cycling, though with much reduced distances so as not to be seen to be taking advantage of the rather indefinite allowance for 'exercise'. What little contact I've had with the others shows they've been doing something similar. Jon has set up a 'virtual pub' on *Zoom* so we can at least have virtual Friday night chinwags. The first one showed we were all still on the road and seeing many more people out on their bikes, maybe because it's one of the few things we're allowed to do at the moment. Let's hope that some of them decide they like it and keep on riding even after the lockdown is over.

On a sadder note, we said goodbye to Trevor Sowerbutts, who passed away in March. I only knew him from when he came on our tour of Scotland a couple of years back: the dementia that would eventually take him was already having an effect, but it was plain from talking with him and his wife Sandra that he was a very experienced touring cyclist. Unfortunately, due to the restrictions, a formal funeral was not possible. My condolences go out to Sandra and his family.

Mike Graham

Camping in Covid Lockdown

Mother was born in a caravan behind her grandfather's stables so perhaps camping in the garden was hereditary.

I set off through the Lupins, Hollyhocks and Dahlias for my first camp with Bruno the bear, a pint of gold top milk and a box of coloured chalk. The 'tent' said Royal, and Swedish Made on the inside and was held at the top with three internal door hinges which opened outwards as far as the jute string stretchers at the bottom would allow. One Royal hardboard side was painted in chalkboard green, an innovation not encountered on any future dwelling.

An individual blend of the curious working habits of the adult animals that surrounded me and my own build quality meant that I grew into a second tent in blue cotton canvas almost oblivious to the existence of children of my own age. Finally arriving at Infant School a year late, my Polish-born teacher benevolently overlooked a total lack of alphanumeric skills. My 'spastic' shoes and splint honed the social distancing so appreciated at the time of writing.

The blue tent in the garden acquired a Crystal Set, built on the back of a wooden tea box so everything from the *Navy Lark* to *Just a Minute* and *The Devil's Gallop* came by way of my single earpiece. Here was also plotted a trip to Africa and a trip to New Zealand.

When I was six, the tent left the garden for Anglesey, this most memorable occasion was the only time I saw my Grandmother camp under canvas (see post script).

The two most important events took place at the age of eight, mastering the bicycle and visiting the last fragment of my father's family just south of Paris. From that time I tried 'the magic carpet' in the corner of my grandfather's garage weekly until, with the aid of a thick wooden block on the right hand pedal, I could ride it.

The blue tent saw many more seasons in the sun and despite its weight and size left the confines of the garden for one last time to cycle camp. My head had been turned by a Saunders Space Packer tent speedily pitched in Graham Lansdell's front garden.



At my own first house I sometimes slept in the shed, as my neighbours were active both in the oldest profession and dealing: unfortunately, it was many years until they were invited to stay at Nottingham Prison.

Well over a decade ago, we reconnected with camping in the garden. As we write these notes, by Tilley light with Burmos stove roaring, we are taking part in 'The Great British Campout for the

NHS'. Reflecting that we have camped in gardens for work, rest and play for well over half a century, bats are flying and our resident owl is, as ever, disgruntled by our presence.

Namaskar, John & Pippa

Post Script

Mum was evicted from the caravan when the family business folded due to the death of her grandfather. Mum and grandmother lived in a tent near Wittering aerodrome during the 'phoney war' until a D R's wages rented a brick house in Bobber's Mill. Said D R then took his G3L to North Africa and on to Italy living under canvas until the end of the war.

Bruno retired to the settee in the 1970s, since then we have had generations of tenting animals, including a Kiwi and a Mouse.

... Incidentally, riding a tandem in bright pink, hand knitted woollen socks, tweeds and a woolly hat is excellent PPE for visiting the CoOp.

À Bientôt

This is Timeless ...

The poem was said to be written in 1869, but it turns out it was penned in March 2020 by a retired US teacher and 'went viral'! However, still worth a read ...

And people stayed at home
And read books
And listened
And they rested
And did exercises
And made art and played
And learned new ways of being
And stopped and listened
More deeply
Someone meditated, someone prayed
Someone met their shadow
And people began to think differently
And people healed.
And in the absence of people who
Lived in ignorant ways
Dangerous, meaningless and heartless,
The earth also began to heal
And when the danger ended and
People found themselves
They grieved for the dead
And made new choices
And dreamed of new visions
And created new ways of living
And completely healed the earth
Just as they were healed.



Trees

I've been lucky enough to spend much of my life in the tree business, on the tools for around 20 odd years then another 20 as a council tree officer. So, I cannot help but look at trees as we go past them on our rides. I have a little project, which is to map some notable local trees within cycling distance onto GPS, take a photo and write a bit of text, and make all this available on the website for CTC members.

Last year I led an Inters ride to the Parliament Oak, near King's Clipstone, but I'm afraid most of us spent more time looking at the Information Board than at the tree itself, which you could say is a shame. Nottinghamshire is famous for its Oaks and has more than its share of named trees. Trees with names are rare everywhere and they always come with a known or supposed history. I've got the Pilgrim Oak at Newstead Abbey on my list but not the Major Oak because everyone knows where that is anyway.

Parliament Oak, 1790



There is no right way to look at a tree but for an Inspector it is fatal not to view the thing from all angles. We have to consider the overall foliage, then direct our scrutiny a bit further in to look at branch structure, then perambulate around the trunk. All these observations tell us stuff about the roots hidden from view. Most tree inspections are mainly about health and safety which is prudent and proper, although the chances of anyone being killed or maimed by a tree are vanishingly small. That is why, when it does happen, it is news.

The trees on my list are mainly very old and even decrepit. They may be centuries old and bear the scars of numerous storms, all of which add to their appearance and magic. These old trees are also the best for nature conservation and the wildlife they support, and they are called in the trade veterans. The very oldest are referred to as 'ancient', that is to say way beyond their expected life span. Ancient trees are very special and the Woodland Trust has been logging them (if you will forgive the expression) on their website for years. In my experience, the oldest trees I see are Limes, with Oaks a close second. Yews get to be ancient of course but the only ones I have so far are at Sibthorpe church and, though notable, they are barely middle aged.

Several years ago, Jeff led a top touring ride to the Bowthorpe Oak, near Bourne in Lincolnshire. It's just short of 50 miles by the usual CTC back roads. This is acknowledged to be the biggest Oak in the country, at least by girth, something yellow bellies always mention if you refer to Notts' Major Oak. It is far better than the Major Oak by reason of where it is, behind a working farmyard, rather than in a tourist or visitor context. It has chickens scratching around it and is absolutely not managed by a practising arboriculturist. The farmer charges a small fee to view it and all the proceeds go to the Air Ambulance.

Many of my trees are inside a 20 mile radius from Trent Bridge so well within reach of most of us. They can all be seen from the road and quite a few are immediately accessible by bike. There is something very gratifying about a photo of a tree trunk with a bicycle parked up against it, as most of my photos are. Among others there is an ancient Lime at Car Colston and a Monkey puzzle on the Belvoir Estate. The



latter can be seen for miles from certain parts of the Vale below, something I've pointed out many times to fellow riders who are polite enough not to reply that's what you always say. One of my favourites is a Horse chestnut at Bottesford or Easthorpe and we often go past it. It's not huge nor is it ancient but I find it very impressive, particularly when it is leafless and caught in sunlight. It has a massive low limb and regular colleagues will forgive me mentioning this yet again to the point of tedium.

If the editor allows it I'll follow up this piece with another one for Cyclonda going into a bit of detail about the trees I've listed; I know she's always short of copy...

Edmund Hopkins



Ride a Bicycle And Keep Well

As a precaution against the influenza, keep out of the crowds; ride a bicycle to and from your work. Just look at the ruddy-cheeked delivery boys riding to and fro. They demonstrate what a Bicycle will do for YOU. Every man who lives a sedentary life NEEDS a BICYCLE. One will give you fresh air, new blood, a new lease on life. We've a model that will please you and on

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Advert from the time of the Spanish Flu pandemic, by the Roanoke Cycle Co. (they forgot women, though).

At this point, it is worth noting that social distancing was non-existent and this pandemic killed 50 million people worldwide in a period of some 18 months.

In short - keep on cycling, but stay safe one and all.

Stewart Foster

Covid-19 From Afar

Whilst cycle touring in South East Asia during January and February, we couldn't help but be aware of the Coronavirus that started to feature in the news from shortly after we flew into Laos. Soon, we were reading about the lockdown of Wuhan - the city in China where the virus first surfaced. Then, as our trip continued, we were increasingly hearing that tourist numbers at the main sights were well down on normal levels - because so many fewer visitors were coming this year from China.

Nevertheless, our only real concern for ourselves was when we read that Vietnam was closing its land borders with countries where the virus had become widespread. By then, we were in Cambodia and our plans would have become impossible if we weren't allowed into Vietnam for the last week and a half of the trip. Fortunately, it was only their border with China that Vietnam closed and our trip was unaffected. In



Laos and Cambodia, children going to and from school had been a common sight. Not so in Vietnam, where it seemed that schools had been closed after the Chinese New Year holiday - as a precaution which would reduce the chances of the virus spreading. Other than that, however, we saw little real impact from the virus. Even the reportedly lower numbers of visitors wasn't always obvious to us.

By the time that we returned to the UK on February 21st, spread of the virus was still fairly limited and we were simply advised on our flight that we should self isolate when we got home - if we were exhibiting any symptoms of the virus. That wasn't the case, and we arrived home safe and sound - and ready to step back into our normal lives.

At no time during our travels, or on our return, could we have imagined that less than five weeks after our return well over 10,000 people would have died in Italy from what we now call Covid-19 - and that the UK would have declared its own countrywide lockdown, something totally beyond any of our previous experiences.

Interestingly, and probably contrary to many popular perceptions, all three countries which we visited have since reported only a relatively low incidence of Covid-19 - and, at the time of writing, none of the countries has recorded any related deaths whatsoever.

My Lockdown

Despite living on my own, my normal lifestyle includes various activities that usually provide me with some form of social contact on most days. In one fell swoop, however, the lockdown has taken away not just my normal activities but all of my social contact.

Like everyone else, I've had to invent a totally new lifestyle and also try to find some ways to replace my normal sources of social contact. It's not the most exciting

existence and I'll certainly be grateful when we do start to see some relaxation of the lockdown. For now, however, my daily shot of outdoor exercise is probably the one thing that is making the whole experience bearable. Thank goodness our government didn't follow the example of Italy and Spain - where such excursions from the house weren't permitted - and that I don't suffer from a condition that would require me not to leave the house at all.

So, what does my new 'Lockdown Lifestyle' look like:

- Most importantly, I've made sure to get outside for some exercise absolutely every day. No turbo trainer for me. The fresh air and the change of scene are far too important for that. Rather than have a bike ride every day, I alternate between a walk and a bike ride - in roughly equal numbers. I'm lucky and I can get into pleasant countryside almost directly from my house, for either activity.

Walks typically vary between 4 and 6 miles, whilst bike rides have varied from 15 miles to as much as 45 miles on occasion - with roughly 30 miles being most common.

- I've also been making slow but steady progress with various DIY tasks around the house. Without someone to nag me, such tasks normally seem to slip down in priority - when compared to more enjoyable and more sociable activities.
- Technology has helped with the social contact and I've learnt how to make video calls via *WhatsApp* and how to use *Zoom* for video conferencing. The latter has provided the only fixed point of reference in my week - apart from 8pm on a Thursday evening. Each Saturday evening, we've been having a four-way family quiz - courtesy of *Zoom*. It's just a bit of fun that helps to keep us in touch with each other, with no-one taking the quizzes too seriously. That's probably just as well, since I'm at a distinct disadvantage as the only team of one!
- I must admit that I've also been watching a bit more TV than usual - courtesy of *Catch-Up* and *YouTube*. It's still just evening entertainment though and I certainly haven't succumbed to Daytime TV.
- Whereas it seems that everyone else has taken up baking, I'm afraid that a lack of yeast and flour has forced me to cut back and I've had to supplement my own bread with more bought bread than usual. In an effort to add a bit more variety to life, however, I have been experimenting with a few more new mealtime recipes than normal.

Dave Griffiths

Caroline's Lockdown

I wanted to try and keep some structure to the week, so I've generally followed my pre-lockdown routine. A long cycle ride every Sunday and a shorter, faster one every Thursday with a 2 mile run on Tuesdays and a 5km (not a) Parkrun on a Saturday morning.

The library of GPS tracks that I have built up from recording all the club rides on my eTrex has really helped in planning rides, with no ride leader to do it for me. Planning routes is easier when you don't have to build in café stops at appropriate distances, but I really miss my coffee and cake stops (I've had to resort to providing my own when we get home).

I also miss the company and encouragement that comes with a club ride, but at least I'm not on my own. I'm

lucky to be able to enjoy my rides with Tim. We've had some great weather and found some lovely places to stop for our sandwiches, it's surprising how many benches there are in the middle of nowhere. One advantage of cycling on our own is that we are noticing more, we can stop at places of interest that we would usually just cycle past and we've even learned to identify some new wild flowers. One of our rides down towards Loughborough coincided with Tim's sister's 50th Wedding Anniversary: their planned family get together had obviously been cancelled, but we were at least able to congratulate them in person (at a distance). We are appreciating the quieter roads and have seen far more cyclists out than usual, including lots of families out together. I've heard that bike shops are busy and bike sales are up;



hopefully people will continue cycling when this is all over.

With shopping trips restricted to once a week, my trailer has been put to good use, so I can still get my daily exercise while shopping.

At least the garden has benefitted from our cancelled cycle tours. I have no idea what I'm doing, but I've cleared a load of weeds and planted bedding plants and peas so far, even the neighbours have noticed.



We're lucky, we're healthy and financially secure, we're still allowed to cycle and the weather has been kind. My heart goes out to those who are not so fortunate, for whom this is much more than an inconvenience.

Caroline Smith

Covid 19 – but Probably Not

On St George's Day (April 23rd) I had my first cycle ride for six weeks.

I've been cycling with the Notts CTC for about three years now and have found it to be not only very beneficial for my health, but it is also a good indicator of the onset of health problems around the corner. This is what happened to me back on February 29th. The Saturday group's destination should have been Elavaston Castle: however, the weather was such that this was altered to East Leake. I'd noticed that I was struggling more than normal (I'm not a strong rider) however, on the return back to Nottingham I had to 'drop off the back' being unable keep with the pack. I was low on energy and felt uncomfortable in the lung department.

I didn't think too much about it, and the next week it was my turn to lead the group out to Bingham. By this time I had developed an annoying cough and was still feeling a general lack of vitality, but not being a person to let folks down I still attended and took on my task. At the lunch break (*Wetherspoons*) I sat at the table end - as far away from the rest of the group as seemed appropriate. I still didn't think there was much wrong with me other than a cough. On the way back to Nottingham, we cycled along the Grantham Canal towpath and came to a point where a tree had blown across the path in the recent storms (remember those ?). This left a small gap between the obstacle and a watery dip and whilst concentrating on where my wheel was going I caught a protruding branch with my shoulder which tore a huge hole in my Gortex cycling jacket. This was upsetting – the jacket had been a birthday present from my beloved 'voice in the kitchen'.

Two days after the ride I returned to the fallen tree with a bow saw and cleared the path of the obstacle. By now my condition had deteriorated and the action of cutting up the tree was a real effort.

The country was now starting to become aware of the impending threat from our latest Chinese import, although I had already decided that the best thing I could do to help with my infection was rest. By now my cough had turned into something that was not just annoying but was really troublesome. It was keeping me awake (nothing normally keeps me awake) and my chest and throat were struggling to perform. I was in fear of my teeth dropping out because of the constant sucking of cough sweets. I was getting a slight rise in temperature and also a mild headache, although I think there is a possibility that these two last symptoms were caused by being poisoned by cough linctus of various brands – I was desperate: however, I must report that nothing worked. Several days rest didn't seem to be improving the situation, so I decided to get out and about doing some gentle walks in remote locations and try to get my lungs working. Over the next few weeks my condition improved.

I didn't believe that I was infected by Covid 19, but was desperate to avoid picking up the virus with fear that an infection on top of whatever was ailing me could have dire consequences. For this reason, I had no intention of going anywhere near a Doctor's surgery – even if that had been possible – which I doubt would have been.

My recovery is now well under way and as reported at the start of this article yesterday I managed to get out into 'The Vale' for the first time in a long time. It

was great to be back out there again and I was very gentle and kind to myself although anything like a hill required me to dismount.

I don't think that what I have suffered is was Covid 19 for two reasons:

1. The onset didn't really fit the reported diagnosis, particularly with respect to the slow speed with which the infection took over.
2. However, the main thing is that my infection started before Covid 19 was reported as entering the country. That's if you believe anything our Government tells us!

Stay safe – Bob Harvey

Visual Storyteller

Dave Jones has been documenting his daily cycling on Facebook - you can read his exploits on the Notts CTC - Open Forum Club Page. Here's a couple of extracts:

Friday 8/5/20. What used to be probably the smallest café I've ever been in and a section of River and Canal (Sawley to Shardlow) that I've never ridden before. Still just 22 miles though.

Sunny Saturday 9/5/20. before the weather changes? Saw Helen Hubbard on her new bike, brief distanced chat! 26 miles, 146 for the week. More pleasingly, 55 cycling days on the bounce (admittedly one was turbo only). 1,042.5 miles - no great distance, but fair consistency!



Dave Jones

Cycling in the Time of Covid-19

I am one of the lucky ones with space at home with a garden. I have a heart condition and my GP has told me that I'm vulnerable in the face of the virus and I am scared.

I am spending the days encouraging my non-cycling wife to cycle and she's currently up to a minimum of ten miles every time we go out (which is four or five times a week). She has done 17 miles three times. I have done some gardening and a lot of sawing of firewood.

I have bought an exercise bike from a company which sells ex-gym equipment – gyms are struggling. I've set the bike up in front of the TV and I'm watching *'The Thick of It'* which I didn't watch when it was popular and also enjoying *'Twin'* on iPlayer. I recommend *'Twin'* if you're looking for recommendations. On Netflix I'm enjoying *'The Unorthodox'* which is an insight into a Jewish sect from New York City. And finally, there's *'Better Call Saul'* which is fantastic.

I greatly miss the long rides on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays because I really enjoy the companionship. It's great being in our group because we can chat or be silent and we can move from companion to companion as we wish – it's very special and I hope that aspect of my normal life will one day return.

I have a problem with riding the exercise bike. I do it for an hour on effort setting 6 or 7 out of a possible 25. I always finish as tired as if I'd ridden 120 miles. Part of the reason for this is I can't take it easy – and I'd love it if somebody can help me to put less effort in! I normally ride in a high-ish gear; my medication doesn't let me do spinning for very long at all. So, I cycle long distances but I freewheel very frequently so that means I rest at least every minute.

On the exercise bike I pedal for the whole hour. If I put the effort setting on a lower resistance I will be spinning and I cannot sustain that at all. If anyone can advise please e-mail me on: withdeanbike@hotmail.com.

Thank you for listening.

Michael Jackson



Nant-y-Glyn

Such pretty, shapely green valley.
I saw it on the Snowdonia OS map.
It's just a few streets from home,
Our new home for the shutdown
In Colwyn Bay.
Not a bad shutdown venue eh?
Here to support the frontline troops
Against Coronavirus 19.
So I stumbled across this beauty.
Neither Anna nor Dave
Whose home we temporarily share
Have been here before me.



A few pleasant houses and a couple of small farms.
Fields populated with ewes and their new-born lambs
Inquisitive, playful or lying down
Lazy in the spring sunshine.
And warmth and sunshine there is!
This pandemic isolation would have been
So much worse on dreary wet winters days.

Copse of oaks, shapely in their naked,
About-to be-clothed outlines.
Daffodils happy outside the farmstead
On the steep single track road.
Today is maybe my sixth sortie
On son-in law Dave's bike
Undersized, under geared Bi-Twin racer.

Stop for a brief taking in of the view
The garden bank today is a forest of primroses.
Now to hit the 1 in 6,
The tarmac a little rough
(requiring dismount the one day the road was wet
with no traction standing on the pedals.)
But got it today in the dry
The full two mile climb
Thankfully not all 1 in 6.

Bryn-y-Maen tops the hill.
It's a small hamlet including
Two large sandstone houses
And the 'Cathedral of the Hills'
A significant stone church
With wide, squat, castellated tower
As if in defence
Though now the only defence is to keep away
And stay home!



That might be enough,
Turn right and descend pretty well all the way

On a good B road home.
 But today I turn left and on
 Into the hinterland a few more miles.
 Another climb past a farmer's field bank
 Sporting, is it manicured? a 'garden' of gorse.
 Shaped by green borders - is it a bull?
 Full out in it's glorious soft yellow hue.

Minor road descent and check
 The local free range 'Eggs for Sale'
 box.
 They're good, and only £1 a box!
 None today. Maybe I'm late this time
 Or the hens are lazy.
 Usual route would give my
 Beautiful Snowdonia mountain vista
 From the North East.
 I know Moel Siabod to the left
 And Carneddau to the right
 But still confused about what's be-
 tween.



Today I'll try another route
 I've not seen yet
 Heading back towards the sea.
 There's a field of solar panels to the fore
 And the wind farm out to sea.
 Climb to the high point again
 Ready for the long fast B road descent.
 Oh slow down, there's a rough section
 I've not met before!
 I know most of them now.

The light bike flies downwards
 And needs restraining on the bends
 And known bits of rough.
 Sharp bend in the trees.
 The magnolia in full bloom
 And the simple call of the chiff-chaff
 Welcome my return along Old Highway
 The pretty old minor road
 Beneath Pwllcrochan Wood.



The hinterland is hardly explored
 But the hints Lois and I have begun to find
 Are full of wild spring beauty.
 It seems a whole wilderness
 Of hilly minor roads, farmsteads, hamlets and villages
 Lock me down here and I'll never be bored
 If they let me out!
 Even 10 or 15 miles
 Is a good workout with the climbs!
 Colwyn Bay grows on me by the day.

Richard Wilson

The Bus Shelter - a Bob Chadwick Classic!

This is one of Bob's articles, written for the "A Hundred Years of the CTC's Nottinghamshire DA" booklet produced in 1997.

Over fifty years of cycling, lunchtime eating habits have tended to change due to several factors but mostly due to changing circumstances, not only of us cyclists, but the public at large.

When I first started, soon after the end of the War, money was tight as far as most of us were concerned, and almost universal car ownership was a far-off dream for the man in the street. In those days, in Lancashire at least, many private households were happy to provide pots of tea to drink with one's own packed lunches. Pubs served drinks only and the best places to buy meals were transport cafés, which were basic, cheap and much more common than now.

As with many other aspects of life, the motor car began gradually to influence the lunchtime catering scene and the changes were seen as beneficial by many cyclists. Pubs jumped onto the bandwagon and began to provide Sunday lunches and bar snacks. Many fast food establishments sprang up, such as *Little Chefs* and so on, which were basically aimed to the private car driver, presenting a more upmarket image, yet much more expensive than the transport cafés that they were replacing.

The current vogue in non-cycling families, where in many cases both husband and wife go out to work, is to drive out for a Sunday lunch - and why not? After a week's work, who wants to spend Sunday mornings cooking a meal? This is potentially big business and the drive to go upmarket to attract customers now unfortunately tends to discriminate against cyclists. I know of two examples where our members have been refused service. Whatever our personal resentment of such treatment, there is little we can do about it - boycotting the offenders only produces the result they are after.

Throughout all these years however, there has been one place where dress matters not at all, eating your own food is allowed, there's no waiting for ages to be served, you are not eating in a smoky atmosphere and nobody is hustling you to make room for the next customer. You've guessed it: the common or garden bus shelter. As with other catering establishments they can be graded according to their amenities and I will quickly attempt to do just that.

Unclassified: At the bottom of the pile we have the glass-sided urban monstrosity, open fronted with no seats and very often used by people actually waiting for buses. Useful only for mending punctures in wet weather.

* Next we have the wooden rural version, not much better but usually with a nicer outlook and less likely to be used by bus commuters.

** As above, but with seats. This represents the minimum standard of comfort for the partaking of food and is also the most common, being found on virtually any country road on which there is a bus route.



*** These include more substantial brick- or stone-built structures, some of which are buildings of considerable character: for example Caunton, with its two windows and the stone planters set with alpines, and Lonthorpe with its unique Romanesque architecture.

**** Only one shelter qualifies as four star and that is the one at Colston Bassett, which in addition to a roomy indoor

section, has also plenty of capacity for outdoor seating.

***** Still waiting to find one with central heating, upholstered seats and double-glazed windows - anyone know of one?

During the summer the motoring Sunday lunch business is certain to escalate, resulting in more problems and loss of cycling time due to frustrating delays in service. So come on you buyers, think again and join the happy eaters in and around the bus shelters.



Bob Chadwick

Cyclonda's Continuing Articles...

Thank you to everyone who has sent in material for this out-of-ordinary Covid issue of *Cyclonda*.

The continuation of the three on-going articles:

- The Camino de Santiago by Bike
- Tour of the Sierra
- Coast to Coast by Bike June 2001

will be held over until we are able to produce a printed *Cyclonda* again. Not everyone has access to the Internet, so I feel it would be unfair on those readers who are unable to read the next instalments on-line.

*Cathy Melia,
Editor*

The Pandemic and the Bicycle

Letters to the BBC and to Parliament

To the BBC

I have written to the Prime Minister and Transport Secretary concerning the real missed opportunity I perceive in this Covid pandemic crisis of active promotion of cycling, especially to work, in the lockdown while city roads are quiet and public transport needs to be avoided if at all possible.

I hear nothing on the subject on BBC and have not received any reply from parliament. I think are definitely missing a trick here since strong promotion of "active travel" right NOW and urgent movement of investment into walking and cycling from the motor car, especially in cities, benefits everyone and the environment.

- Reduction in air pollution
- Reduced greenhouse gases
- Improved physical and mental health.

I believe many more would take up cycling if it was made safer by proper investment into suitable infrastructure.

Also e-bikes and e-scooters could encourage those who are not necessarily cycle enthusiasts to catch the joy of cycling.

I know the government has made declarations about "active travel" but have not committed the finance to achieve significant change. Nor is there any really positive promotion of the idea.

I wonder if people in power are too close to the oil/petroleum tycoons or have significant investments in these companies.

France loves its cyclists, England doesn't. I think the relationship between drivers and cyclists here in the UK has to change.

There is a real danger that we slip back to status quo with all it's attendant risks unless active change is seriously considered and promoted and supported BEFORE we come out of this pandemic crisis, however far away this ends up being.

I think the BBC could consider its part in this.

Yours Sincerely
Richard Wilson

To the Government

Are we missing a trick at this unusual time of life and society?

I wonder why the bicycle has not been heavily promoted as a means of travel to work and essential visits to shops etc. instead of using the tube, car, bus and taxi? This would promote the present sweetness of the air we are experiencing in our cities, reduce greenhouse gases and increase our physical and mental health at this stressful time. It might also reduce the spread of covid19.

Also I challenge you not to allow the status quo to return at the end of this present crisis but to take a once in a lifetime opportunity to make major changes that could benefit the whole of society.

With active promotion and active investment into safer travel by bicycle e-bike or even the newer electric scooter RIGHT NOW more people might be less keen to revert to the old internal combustion engine where a healthier alternative is available.

I think a major push from politicians at this time with urgent investment could change things. We need to be looking beyond the present crisis NOW if we are to capitalise on the unusual time our society is in and perhaps a real desire for positive change.

Maybe this should be the AGE OF THE BICYCLE.

Yours sincerely
Richard Wilson

Note from Richard:

It's nice to see Grant Shapps has taken notice of my letter at last and the BBC taken notice of my letter to them too! The Transport Secretary's speech was virtually taken out of my letter!

Boardman and the AA Man both had conciliatory sensible comments too. Maybe we need to try and make peace with motorists, as far as possible, too and foster more positive relationships.

I do hope the active promotion, as well as funding by government continues and common sense takes off. Even electric scooters!! I can't wait to try one out!

I guess a lot more people had a hand in this, especially the cycling organisations and especially our beloved Cycling UK!

Happy cycling, even if for some it is in the garage!

Richard Wilson

Answer to the quiz!

It was Iris Foweather on the little tricycle on the 'Cover' of this *Cyclonda*. Here she is, again, on a tricycle a little later ...



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