

Hallo Everybody I hope that this finds you in good health and COVID free (oh gosh, that awful word already!) but, anyway, isn't it great that the warmer weather is well on it's way?



We had a fantastic ride yesterday when we visited Ashfield, one of our favourite coffee stops, where it really felt that things were getting back to normal with over 30 members there! We then had lunch at Saxtead where we actually chose to sit outside, oh happy days!

Thank you to everyone who has contributed articles for this issue and, if that doesn't include you, perhaps you could think about doing so next time?

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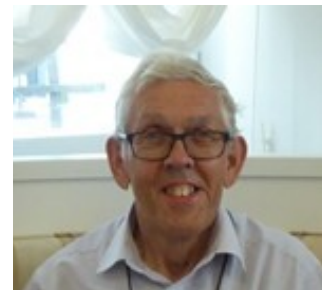
RESIDENT'S PIECE MARCH 2022

It is now almost exactly two years since covid first took hold in this country. In some ways those two years have passed in a flash and yet things that happened immediately prior to the pandemic seem a lifetime ago. I feel my sense of time has been turned upside down.

Just as we have come to accept that covid is something that we have to live with, much like flu only worse, a terrible and totally unjustified war has erupted in Ukraine, with knock on effects throughout Eastern Europe and beyond.

Despite the doom and gloom Judy and I are enthusiastically planning trips and holidays, with or without the bikes, with the feeling that there is a strong probability that, unlike the last two years, they will go ahead as planned. For me one of the joys of cycling, particularly round our quiet country lanes, is that I can totally relax and enjoy the surroundings and, for a time, forget the outside world exists.

Turning to local club matters, our AGM is coming up in a few weeks' time and a number of our long-standing committee members and officers are standing down this year or next. As with most organisations relying on volunteers we have a small hard-core of committed and enthusiastic (and it has to be said, ageing) members who circulate between the various committee posts and may not necessarily represent the views of the wider CTC Suffolk membership.



There are over 1000 Cycling UK members living in Suffolk who, by virtue of residing in the county, are automatically members of CTC Suffolk. I would like to see a more inclusive representation on our committees etc. both geographically and in terms of cycling interests.

As covid has proved, with modern technology available, geographical location is no longer a barrier to effective and timely communication. If you feel able to make a contribution to maintaining a thriving and forward thinking CTC Suffolk for the future, please consider putting your name forward for one of the posts becoming vacant at the AGM.

Whatever your reasons for cycling keep the wheels turning and, above all, enjoy the healthy exercise and fresh air that comes as a bonus.

Michael

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Secretary's Notes

By now you will have received notification of our AGM. It will be held at 8pm on Tuesday 10th May in Rushmere Village Hall, Humber Doucy Lane. This is a slightly later time than intended, due to the Hall administrators' requirement for Covid-cleaning between bookings. However they haven't stopped us using the kitchen, so refreshments will be provided.

We had originally planned to extend some of the voting on AGM motions and committee posts to the whole membership rather than just those present at the meeting. However a perusal of our Constitution revealed that this is prohibited. The Constitution was last revised 10 years ago and is now out of date in some respects. For instance, "Cycling UK" had not been heard of then. So my expectation is that the Committee will review it once this year's AGM is out of the way. Any changes we propose will need to be approved at the next AGM, in 2023.

You'll also have seen a communication from us about the new Highway Code, in particular the "hierarchy of road users" which puts cyclists in between motor vehicle drivers and pedestrians. Including this in the new code is a big win for Cycling UK and other lobbying groups. But I'm sure most of us recognize that this change in attitudes that will take years to bed in. In the meantime I will continue to ride defensively when riding in traffic. This is second nature to those who have cycled for years, especially when commuting to work by bike on busy roads. If you are looking for tips, there is lots of advice out there. Here are some links ...



[Top ten tips for cycling in traffic | Cycling UK](#)

[What is defensive cycling? | The Edinburgh Bicycle Coop](#)

[Tips for defensive cycling - \(cyclinguphill.com\)](#)

I like the picture illustrating the Edinburgh Bike Coop piece.
Safe cycling,

John.

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Sunday Rides Report March 2022

The Covid-related restrictions have eased progressively and we are poised for all formal restrictions to cease in the very near future. The rides continue to be supported by a good number of club members. We experienced a period of foul and dangerous stormy weather conditions and had to cancel two Sunday rides on 6th and 20th February.

As the weather has improved there has been an increase in the number of easy riders. The number on Medium rides has remained steady but is less than on easy rides.

Over the final weeks of the winter period, the Easy rides have an elevenses stop and a picnic lunch. The Medium rides have an elevenses stop and usually a cafe for lunch.

British Summer Time (BST) commences at the end of March and we will then revert to rides that include an afternoon tea stop.

Both rides, on the vast majority of occasions now ride out from Crown Pools. A number of members ride out independently to elevenses.

Some potential new elevenses venues do not open on Sundays and some pubs restrict the Sunday menu to full carvery-type Sunday lunches.

Fortunately one or two places are re-opening after winter closure eg Munnings museum cafe.

A few new cafes/farm shops have opened up, giving fresh opportunities. This quarter we have used the refurbished Regal Cinema cafe at Stowmarket, which was very favourable.

It will be interesting to see what will be on offer when the Museum of East Anglian Life reopens as The Food Museum at the beginning of April.



Once each quarter we aim to visit Ashfield Village Hall and also the home of Ken and Maureen in Hadleigh. These rides are particularly popular.

Ride Leaders:

There remains an issue with getting sufficient ride leaders.

A relatively small number are regular volunteers and I continue to be grateful to them.

Rides have sometimes gone ahead, without a leader volunteering beforehand. On the day someone will lead; this is not ideal but it has enabled rides to take place.

Derek Worrall

Sunday Rides Coordinator

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THURSDAY RIDES

Last time I reported to you in Winged Wheel about Thursday Rides, I tempted fate by saying that so far this winter no rides had had to be called off because of the weather! Ice then promptly killed off a ride to Levington in early January (although several of us made our way there for lunch all the same) and later Storm Dudley stopped us experiencing a new start point, a new coffee stop and a new pub stop, all on the one day.

We did, though, have another successful and well- attended Christmas Lunch at the Cretingham Bell, although Paul Bass's quiz had to be delivered by proxy as he had succumbed to Covid, poor thing – since fully recovered.

Currently Thursday Rides are in a happy state of equilibrium; there are plenty of elevenses stops, the shortage of pubs is something we are at present able to manage, the numbers out riding are still high and there are (just about) enough leaders to manage every ride.

Last week we had the first Confirmed Sighting for the year of several pairs of cyclists' exposed knees, and I trust we have now seen the end of the cold and bad weather and we can look forward to long, warm days in the saddle, under clear sunny skies – or am I tempting fate yet again?

Richard Watson

What (some) cyclists do when they're not riding bikes

One of the advantages of cycling regularly with the club is that you get to know other people who share similar interests outside cycling. In my case that's principally history and art. A small group of us regularly share days out, or even short breaks away, to visit exhibitions and events, often leaving the bikes at home and travelling by train. Needless to say, there are regular breaks for coffee, tea and lunches even when we haven't expended much energy – except in talking!

A particular local favourite with us all is the Time and Tide museum at Great Yarmouth. In fact, after several visits, we've discovered that Yarmouth has far more to offer than fish & chips and kiss me quick hats. For instance, did you know the town boasts what is thought to be the country's 2nd most complete medieval town wall after York? Our most recent visit to the museum was planned to coincide with a brilliant temporary exhibition of photographs focussing on women working in the fishing industry. It included beautiful images and short biographies, not just of the 'fisher girls' who followed the herring fleet down the coast from Scotland, but one amazing female trawler skipper, and three generations from one family still preparing and selling crabs in a local shop.

By sheer chance our visit took place a few days after Banksy enjoyed his 'Spraycation' on the east coast. As you'll see from the photo we just had to walk along to visit his famous 'bus stop' mural.

With or without Banksy's or special exhibitions, the Time and Tide museum is well worth a visit. It tells the history of Great Yarmouth from the Bronze Age to the 1980's and even has a reconstructed 19th century 'row' or street. However, the main focus is the story of the herring industry. It is housed in an old fish curing works, originally built about 1850 and enlarged in 1880, so the lingering aroma of the smokehouse remains to this day. Developed with the help of a large HLF grant it opened in 2004 and two years later was a finalist for the European Museum of the Year award. It is open all



year round so if the weather's too cold for cycling we would thoroughly recommend a day out in Great Yarmouth.

Margaret Hancock

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SUFFOLK'S LOST COUNTRY HOUSES NO.2 - EASTON PARK

By Michael Scott

When cycling in the area between Wickham Market and Framlingham I often pass the "crinkle-crinkle" wall in Easton. This is Suffolk dialect for what is more correctly known as a Serpentine Wall, said to originate in Suffolk, which is where most of the remaining examples are to be found. According to Historic England the Easton wall was built in the late 18C and what remains stretches for 300m. along the north side of The Street around Pound Corner and along Framlingham Road. The original wall stretched for two miles and enclosed Easton Park.

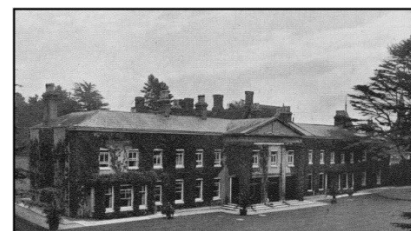


The first record I could find about the Easton Estate was in the late 15C and early 16C when it was owned by the Wingfield family of Letheringham. In 1627 Sir Anthony Wingfield dismantled his fine Palladian style mansion in Tacket Street in Ipswich and re-erected it at Easton Park. In the early 1700's Sir Henry Wingfield returned from diplomatic service in Flanders to find that those he had entrusted to look after the estate had misappropriated most of his wealth so he was forced to sell up.



In 1708 the Estate was bought by a Dutch born cousin of William of Orange (later William III) who was made Earl

Rochford on William taking the throne. Then followed a succession of Rochford diplomats until the last Rochford died, without an heir, and the Estate passed by marriage to the 10th Duke of Hamilton. The Hall was subsequently rebuilt in the early 19C.



All went well until the spendthrift 12th Duke inherited the Estate. He carried out extensive modifications to the House, including the addition of a third floor, and built the Estate Village much as we know it now.

Among his many projects were:

A new road to improve access to the railway station at Campsea Ashe - New cottages for Estate workers - A new school - The Easton Harriers Hunt set up in 1875 - In the same year a model farm for his wife, now Easton Farm Park - A stud farm at Martley Hall, adjoining the Estate, on the Framlingham road.

On his death the Easton Estate passed to his 10 year old daughter Mary, whose mother

looked after the Estate and ran a Red Cross Hospital in the House during WW1. Eventually, in 1919, the land had to be sold to cover death duties. However the House and 150 acres of the park remained unsold, but the park was subsequently bought by the owners of the adjoining Martley Hall. The house was finally demolished in 1924 and in recent years houses have been built behind the crinkle-crankle wall.



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Hadleigh

Jersey Break by John Thompson

The Isle of Jersey was another destination that had been on my to-do list for a long time.

Cutting a long story short, I at last managed it this year (2021)

My ferry was from Poole to, of course, St Helier. I travelled to Poole by train on Thursday 16th September, The journey from Waterloo to Poole, while stopped at Brockenhurst, brought back the happy memory of my first cycling tour with Mike Horne (we were Lowestoft Wheelers' members). We spent 3 nights at Norleywood youth hostel (now closed) to explore the New forest. It included a day spent loco-spotting on Brockenhurst station bridge.

With the combination of a Google map and help from a local, I found the Antelope hotel reasonably easily.

After checking in, I strolled into the town centre and sat outside a café with a light bite and enjoying the sunshine. Poole is quite nice, especially around the harbour. The Antelope hotel was also nice; friendly staff, good beers and I remember being especially impressed with my meal. I can't, however, remember precisely what I had, except the exceptionally big chocolate sundae for dessert! Breakfast was also good.

The ferry was about twenty minutes late into St Helier. Combined with having to queue for a lateral flow test and struggling to find my b and b, the other side of town, (Google wasn't very helpful), I didn't check-in until 8.00 pm.

My first impression of St Helier remained. It's okay but nothing exceptional. The pedestrianised town centre (with some old-world buildings) and seafront are nice, but generally it's just a typical busy town. Although it's the logical place to stay in many respects and I was happy, it wouldn't be for everyone.

I was, however, satisfied I was bang-on with my accommodation choice: Alister House b and b. I admit I chose it because it was the cheapest (£40 per night). However, as the breakfast is bordering on too big it's the classic case of valuing guests' satisfaction more than making as much money as possible. That said, I expect it works to their benefit profit wise.

The other thing I found interesting on arrival, which is the case all over the island, was that although the French influence is there in some of the architecture and the road names (the vast majority begin "Rue de... rather than "...Road.). lifestyle wise it's very much British. Food includes Sunday roasts and full English breakfasts (there is, however, a French market in St Helier every Thursday) and I didn't spot one French-type bar. The pubs have English-type names and real ales. Google indicates three breweries on the island. As I was quite

late arriving, my first meal was fish and chips from the local chippy.

Afterwards, I went into the Robin Hood Inn. It's arguably more like an old-type English pub than the vast majority on the mainland now. 'Spit and sawdust' is unfair, but it doesn't do food, has a darts board and a karaoke was in progress – perhaps the third is a bit more 'modern mainland!' I enjoyed sampling Liberation bitter from the brewery of the same name, which nicely leads to my next observation.

As well as the brewery, a lot of public buildings have "Liberation" in the name. For example, St Helier bus station is Liberation Station and an office block is called Liberation House. That is, of course, in memory of the island being liberated on 9th May 1945 from Nazi occupation. It's celebrated every year.

Day 1: Two Points and a bay, - with difficulty! (33.26 miles)

My original plan for day1 was the complete circuit of the coast, so I could then concentrate on the many inland lanes. The coast circuit, including detouring to the bays, would have been about 65 miles with a lot of climbing. Although within my capabilities, after a long day travelling plus the difficulty finding the guest house, I was pretty tired the night before and psyched myself out of any thought of a challenging ride. As it worked out, it was a blessing in disguise. If I had done the full coast in one day, visiting the bays would have been a quick look and away. Also, seeing them over a number of days didn't really restrict my experience of the inland lanes.

Due to navigation difficulties however, I didn't visit everywhere I intended on day1. Those difficulties made that 'staggering' 33.26 miles the highest daily mileage of the trip.

The start involved retracing to the south end of St Helier. Thanks to directions from the son of the Alister House proprietor, it was reasonably easy, unlike the struggle I had the evening before. It was predominantly through the town centre pedestrian area, which allows cycling.

To get out of St Helier westwards, I had the option of riding on the busy A1 (are you chuckling?) or the parallel cycle path along the sea front. Unusual for me, I opted for the cycle path. It wasn't because of safety fears about the road, busy as it was. In my campaigning capacity, I was interested to see how good or otherwise the cycle path is. Also, I accept being away from noisy traffic makes for a far nicer ride if the facility is good. There was, however, another pertinent point in this instance. There are some lovely sea views, with white beaches, not visible from the road. Near the start of it, I was interested to see some parked hire bikes. A bit further along I was amused as I approached a café called "Nude Food" (I later discovered it's a small chain). I wondered what to expect but customers and staff were clothed!

The many stunning sea views of the day were all the more so because it was a lovely warm, sunny day, luckily the case for the whole trip.

I followed the path (it was quite good. Obviously, on a seafront it's shared with pedestrians but it wasn't a problem) for about 4 miles to St Aubin, which is picturesque, especially the harbour, albeit touristy. I checked the map to ensure I took the right road and got help from two local riders. They advised I had "a really steep hill to climb." They weren't kidding! It wasn't long before it had me in my bottom gear of 34 x32. I'm not sure now if I decided that soon to just stay in the 34 ring. Perhaps it was after the next climb. Once at the top and out of St Aubins, the road becomes a pleasant wooded lane to junction with the A13 (chuckle again), which I followed for a short distance to the B57, for the descent to Noirmont Point, the island's most southerly point. I spent a few minutes there taking in the lovely sea view and taking photos. I then retraced to the A13 and, again, 34 x32 was required. It might be when I decided to stay in the 34 ring. Certainly, once at the top, I decided it was too warm for longs. My initial intention was relatively ambitious. To ride from the most southerly point to the most north-westerly (Groznez Point). I mean "relatively ambitious" humorously. The distance is just over 9¾ miles and that is using the longest route. The most direct, using the...wait for it... A12, is exactly 9 miles. Note, I stated it was my intention...read on!



Starting on the longest route, I included a detour to Corbiere Point, but that would only have increased it to just under 12¾ miles. On rejoining the A13, I followed it to the junction with the B83. I stopped at the junction to double-check on the map that I would be taking the correct road. Not only did a helpful girl utility (I think) cyclist stop to ask if I needed help, a lady driver also did. I mention it because I was struck by the number of times drivers stopped when I was studying the map. Jersey drivers seem tolerant and happy about cyclists. While negotiating a one-way system in St Helier a driver approaching from the left, realising I wanted to pull over left into the lane she was entering gave way even though she wasn't obliged to.

The detour to Corbiere Point can be straight out and back on the B83 or a slightly longer one by returning on the B44 to rejoin the B83. I chose the slightly longer for variety. Corbiere Point is another great sea view – it will be a repetitive theme! Back on the A13, I followed it to join the B35 to ride alongside the west coast. There is a sharp descent on a right-hand bend into La Palente, where there is a car park for yet another lovely sea view. The car park

was busy. While there is probably less traffic on the B35 than the A12, nevertheless because it follows the scenic west coast it is quite busy, but not uncomfortably so. Now riding directly north, I had a quite strong headwind, which it seemed would be the case all the way to Groznez Point. However, I'm getting to why I said "read on!" Just north of Les Laveurs, the B35 temporarily swings east. I passed a narrow road on the left without a signpost. I didn't bother checking the map because it struck me as a road that just went to a farm or whatever. You've guessed, I should have turned left! Ironically, just after the left turn there was a brute of a hill (named Le Mont Pinel), which, of course, on the correct route I would have avoided. Even now and even with the help of the map, I'm not sure where exactly I went and what the correct sequence of events was. What I can simply say is, I was completely lost. If I remember correctly, I got concerned when the signposts stopped indicating the places I expected to go. I think I thought I should turn left onto the C114. A little way along it, I came to a crossroads in a hamlet to study the map, now even more concerned. I really struggled to work out where I was, especially as the minor roads left and right weren't signposted. I thrust the map at a lady dog walker. When she pointed out where we were I was pretty shocked! As she started explaining two leisure cyclists, father and son, came along. I think, having now realised where I was I decided Groznez Point was now out for today so I asked for directions to the north coast generally, I jovially commented on how confusing it is with such a maze of roads and they seemed to agree. I think, therefore, I can be assured it's not a reflection on my map reading abilities. Yes, I know, I've said that in other articles! It's not implausible they were just being tactful!

I joined the north coast, after a steep descent, at Grève de Lecq, another beautiful place, albeit busy. The climb out on the B40 was a long drag rather than steep. Groznez Point now out of it, I decided to make for one of the other north coast bays: Bonne Nuit. The B40 took me to the big(ish) village of St Mary, where I got concerned again. The signposts for the B64 were not helpful and again there were no signposts for the minor roads. I looked at the map for what seemed an eternity, unable to figure it out, even where I was. I asked a young lady pedestrian (another shock when she pointed out where we were!) whom after pondering the map, said, "Yes, I THINK (my emphasis) you need to go that way." Well, I THOUGHT so too! I now think it was a little further along in the also big (ish) village of St John that I got concerned again. Fortunately, two cyclists came along who were not locals but come to Jersey every year and they gave good directions. I had the same jovial conversation I had with the earlier cyclists. The male of this two said, "It's ironic how on such a small place you can so easily get lost. I've been coming here 13 years and still do sometimes." I was now fully reassured! Shortly after I came to a t-junction somewhere. It was lunchtime



and, nicely, there was a Spar for a sandwich pack, sausage roll and Lucozade. Whatever busy road it was, I only had to ride a few yards on it before turning right onto the road to Bonne Nuit bay. There are two roads in and out of the bay, the C98 and C99. The gps track indicates I retraced on one of them. That is also in tune with my memory. I remember passing a view point car park and spotting an ice cream van. From what I remember, realising I would be retracing I resolved that on return I would stop to experience real Jersey ice cream. Bonne Nuit Bay wasn't so busy when I arrived but it's obviously popular as it has a café (which I didn't use) and toilets. I won't repeat the theme but the view fully enjoyed and photos taken, I set about tackling the climb out. It certainly was a tester, especially in the heat. I rode into the car park to, hopefully, enjoy Jersey ice cream at its best.

I wasn't disappointed. It did seem to have a certain kick about it other ice cream doesn't.

Then it was onward to the picturesque village of Trinity, where I paused to take photos and had a short respite on the village seat with the drinking bottle. That is despite it being just 4¾ miles to St Helier – I was touring! I could have made it slightly longer by using lanes. I studied the map, (it suddenly clicked that the way to navigate Jersey lanes was by the road names. It explained why my map had all the road names. Yes, I should have realised it sooner- doh! They are all in the "rue de..." or "Mont..." formats. The second in effect means you've got to climb!). However, as I would be returning to the north coast, I felt it better to save them for the forthcoming rides. I, therefore, returned to St Helier direct on the A8 (chuckle, yet again), which wasn't uncomfortably busy. The nice thing was it brought me into St. Helier on the north side, close to Alister House, so I didn't have to retrace through the town. I did walk a short stretch of one-way rather than negotiate the one-way system.

For evening meal, the proprietors son had recommended the nearby Portuguese style, Barros Bistro. Unfortunately it was fully booked so I strolled a little further to the Best Western hotel, it's restaurant being open to non-residents. I forget what I had but I was happy with it and there were some good ales, which I relaxed over reflecting on a great days ride, despite the stressful navigation difficulties. Being positive, I probably rode more lanes than I otherwise would have and perhaps I wouldn't have had that Jersey ice cream.

Day 2: More bays – now without difficulty(21.53 miles)

Today's plan, which didn't go wrong, was to visit the east and north-east coasts. Again, it initially involved getting to the south end of town. This time, I did it with no hesitation, having realised it was simply all straight-ahead. Heading east out of town, I was 'spoilt' with the choice of...wait for this...the A3 or A4 or A5!. The A3 is the most direct. the A4 is the next, but the A5 follows the south-east coast, so that is what I chose, At the start of it, I was passed by a group of riders on a slight climb. It was Sunday so a I saw a number of groups as well as solo riders. Even before leaving St Helier the road offers lovely sea views with white

beaches. It passes a number of named Points and the Royal Bay of Gourville, where the A5 ends and you join the A3, to Gorey, which leads to another repetitive theme: another picturesque coastal village, especially the harbour, and with a castle overlooking. I stopped to take photos.

It's a short but quite steep climb out of the village on the B30, which I only followed for a little way to turn right onto the B29. It hugs the east coast, through Anne Port and passing St Catherine's Bay and Belval Cove. The views are stupendous and on this sunny day, with a clear blue sky and sea, it was glorious. Being so close to France, it's perhaps corny to say it was like being on the continent but it was. At the end of the B29, I turned left, continuing north along a minor road, still hugging the coast, although slightly more distant, through the picturesque hamlet of Fliquet. Just north of it, I admit I went against all my principles by ignoring the right turn along the loop lane to the bay of the same name. A little further on, at the north junction of the loop lane, I stopped because my conscience was pricking me. I admit I felt lazy about having to retrace up a steep climb. However, as it was a ridiculously short detour and the day's overall distance was very short, I reprimanded myself for being pathetic and potentially not fully achieving all the objectives of the tour. The descent was very sharp on a very narrow lane with bends, requiring firm brakes' application. It said everything about what the retrace would be like! However, when I saw the bay I was glad I had done it. Photos taken, I set about tackling the climb. Yes, it was the 32 sprocket again. Remember, I had decided the day before to stay in the 34 ring. At the t-junction, the more major lane swings east to junction with the B91, which was just a spurt for me to turn right onto another minor road, which I followed to join the B38 to its end, to turn right onto the road into the village of Rozel and the bay of the same name. Both repetitive themes apply. It's also another popular spot with a café and toilets. Again I didn't use the café. I could claim I was disciplined on this tour but, in this instance, I was partly influenced by the length of the queue. Photos taken, I sat enjoying the sun for a while, studying the map for the nicest route back to St Helier.

I climbed out of Rozel to the C93, where I turned right to follow it to the crossroads with the B31, where it was straight across to follow an idyllic lane route to St Helier. You might know Jersey has a "Green Lanes" network with a 15 mph speed limit. This lane was my first experience of one and I rode a number of them over the following days.

Despite the French-style architecture and road names, I felt at home in the inland lanes. I would describe them as like a nice mixture of east and west Suffolk lanes. The hills are perhaps a bit steeper than those in west Suffolk, but I think it's debatable. Many of the lanes are gently undulating or even flat, i.e. much like east Suffolk. The scenery is also very similar, through picturesque woods and past arable fields. The severe hills are coming away from the bays and the coast generally.

The route goes through picturesque Maufant, where I stopped for photos, including of a tree in someone's garden of a type you don't see in mainland gardens. Onward from there, I stopped to take several photos along this lovely wooded lane. There is quite a long drag of a climb into the village of Victoria and for a little way out before starting an enjoyable long descent into St. Helier, passing the picturesque Grands Vaux reservoir (another photo stop). This route also brought me in close to Alister House. On this occasion I negotiated the one-way system, which is when I experienced the considerate driver I mentioned.

I was back at Alister House around 4.15 pm. I strolled to the Spar for a light bite and relaxed for a while, reading and planning the next days route

The Barras Bistro is closed on Sundays so I went again to the Best Western hotel.

To be continued in the next issue of Winged Wheel (Ed)

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Over the Hedge

When we first moved to Suffolk in the 1980s I was working for the RSPCA and I had a call to a stranded dolphin at Aldeburgh beach.

It was winter. The animal was clearly exhausted and couldn't help itself from being washed up and down the shingle. A group of us carried it over the beach to the calmer water of the river in Slaughden whilst we waited for specialist veterinary assistance.

It lay calmly in the shallow water, but sadly there was no happy ending to this story. When examined by experts, the dolphin was too weak to be treated and was already at the end of its life, so they decided to end its suffering humanely. I had never handled a dolphin before. I knew that it was not a porpoise but was surprised to discover that it was a Striped Dolphin, a species that is usually found in much warmer water than the North Sea in winter.

What was it doing at Aldeburgh? No-one will really know, but it was clearly far from its usual waters in the European Atlantic, unable to feed and badly ill. Perhaps it had left its group and wandered away or had become separated, disorientated and made a wrong turn, becoming trapped in the North Sea.

The North Sea has a good population of Harbour Porpoise who can often be seen from the shore at Landguard Point by Felixstowe, for example and are regularly seen from boats and ferries. However, other more surprising animals are sometimes seen. In 2017 a female Fin Whale was washed ashore at Felixstowe, between the Pier and Landguard. She had already died and the carcass measured 9m in length. Fin Whales are the world's second largest species of whale, after the Blue Whale.

A young Minke Whale carcass was seen a few days earlier off Orford and another carcass was washed ashore in Lowestoft in January 2021. This species has become more common in

the northern North Sea and regular whale-watching trips are now running from Whitby and Seahouses, which are probably our closest opportunity to take part in an organised whale-watch.

In August 2020, during the Covid pandemic, a very rare Sowerby's Beaked Whale died after being washed ashore at Lowestoft North Beach. It had been seen off Brancaster and Blakeney in North Norfolk a few days earlier. They are only rarely seen, usually in deep water in the Bay of Biscay.

Many people will remember the "Beleaguered Beluga" – a white arctic whale that appeared in the Thames Estuary off Gravesend in the winter of 2018/19. However, in 1949 two Narwal Whales also appeared in the Thames. Sadly the female was washed ashore dead at Rainham in Essex although the male is thought to have escaped. Historical records show that many others have been recorded in Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire in the past.

So perhaps it is less unusual to have visits from Arctic species than those who are more likely to be found in warmer water. Thinking back to March 2021, the first sighting of a Walrus was reported off the Irish coast in Co. Kerry. The public took the story that built up around this animal to their hearts. "Wally", as he was named, was followed to Pembrokeshire in Wales before hauling out on the lifeboat slipway at Tenby where he stayed for two months.

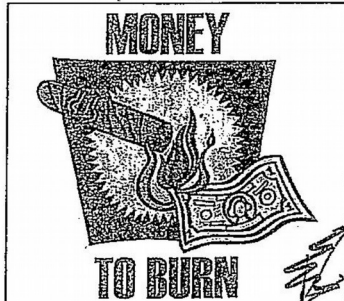
His travels then took him to Cornwall and to France and possibly to Spain before returning to the Isles of Scilly where he stayed for a time and punctured many inflatable boats trying to climb aboard. He was next recorded in Ireland where he stayed in West Cork for a while. He had a very distinctive mark on one flipper and in September, he was photographed in Iceland, clearly on his way home. However, another Walrus was also seen in 2021 touring in Denmark, Germany and Holland before briefly visiting Seahouses in Northumberland in November. She was named "Freya" and was next seen off Shetland heading north. In 1981, another Walrus was seen in the River Ouse near Downham Market. So keep a close look out along our shores.

As I write, twelve sightings of swallows in the southern counties of England have been recorded in January 2022. Global warming is perhaps persuading them to stay. Will it deter our Arctic visitors?

Hedgewatcher

ooo000ooo

Some of you may remember John and Cindy Blackmore who used to cycle with us back in the 1960s and then moved to live in Scotland. You might have met them when they visited Suffolk a few years ago. Cindy sent the following to Maureen who thought it may be of interest.



Up In Smoke!

In the USA (hopefully this could only happen in the USA), a Charlotte, North Carolina, lawyer purchased a box of very rare and expensive cigars, then insured them against fire among other things. Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars and without yet having made even his first premium payment on the policy, the lawyer filed a claim against the insurance company. In his claim, he stated the cigars were lost "in a series of small fires". The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason: that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion.

Unbelievably, the lawyer sued and **won!**

In delivering the ruling the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The Judge stated that nevertheless, the lawyer held a policy from the company in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be "unacceptable fire" and was obligated to pay the claim. Rather than endure a lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the lawyer for his rare cigars, lost in the "fires".

Now For The Best Part!

After the lawyer cashed the cheque, the insurance company had him arrested on twenty-four counts of **ARSON!!!!** With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used against him, the lawyer was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to two years in jail and a \$24,000 fine.

This is a true story and was the first place winner in the US 'Criminal Lawyers Award'.

Alan Gillespie

Today's poem

ANOTHER MEMORY FAIL

My memory is not as it
once was,
I forget the silliest things.
But the microwave is
my friend -
When things are done
it pings.

I forget the toast is under
the grill,
It happens on most days.
Protests from the
smoke detector
Declare the error of
my ways.

I forget that I've made a
cup of tea
Until it's gone stone cold.
I go outside to wash the car
Then remember that it's
been sold.

When I do the
weekly shopping
I always forget to write
a list.

Then on my return
I remember
An appointment I
have missed.

I'm settled down to tackle
the crossword
in the Daily Mail,
Only to find that I'd done
it earlier -

Yet another memory fail.
I phoned a friend to
ask him

What time we were due
to meet.

He told me that was
last weekend,
And his name isn't Pete.

My daughter phoned to
tell me
She'd pick me up at five.
I couldn't remember
what for

As she pulled into the drive.
She said: 'Why haven't you
got ready?

'They're all waiting at
the pub.

'We've been there most of
the afternoon

'Preparing all the grub.'

She could see that I was
somewhat confused

And not sure what to say.
'It's your birthday party,
Dad,' she said.

'You're 95 today.'

*Norman J. Myson,
Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex*

Whilst on the subject of past members, you may also remember Mike Moody who cycled with us before going off to university. He and his wife Linda visited Maureen and Ken back in February and here we are at Kersey.



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Another Christmas with CUK Suffolk by John Thompson

I might seem to be starting somewhat off-topic but the relevance will shortly be clear. One positive point about the situation since March 2020, at least for me, has been that travel restrictions have led me to discover a lot of new lanes and picturesque spots relatively close to home, (around 25 – 35 miles) both in Suffolk and Norfolk (bear in mind I live at Oulton Broad). In Suffolk, they have been mostly in the south, so they are probably lanes most of you will be familiar with (for the record, ironically, I recently rode one new lane less than 15 miles from home and some in Norfolk around just 17 miles from home). It made me feel a bit of a hypocrite. I am one of the worst (or perhaps best depending on how you look at it)

for saying those who jet off to the various Costa's every year don't even know their own county, never mind country. I suspect some of you as cycle tourists say the same. In my case, however, perhaps I have myself been somewhat guilty of overlooking my home county and it's neighbour. In my slight defence,

What that all leads to is that two of my best rides in that respect were around the section's 2021 Christmas meets. Firstly, the Sunday rides one at Campsea Ash. Initially, I was going to ride there and back. It then struck me if I caught the train to/from Wickham Market (I refrain from the debate about the station's name!) it would give me the time to ride some new lanes. In particular, while I've visited Bawdsey plenty of times (the route of my "Silly Suffolk" 200 km audax goes there) I still hadn't done the little semi-circular detour to/from Ramsholt. I will be honest. I probably partly persuaded myself to have a train-assisted ride because I had suffered a heavy cold for 10 days and was still quite tired. However, as much as I enjoy long-distance riding, I'm not obsessed with it and I believe there is a time to switch off. Whatever, even if there was partly a subconscious reason it worked out for the better.

My train arrived at Wickham Market (okay, Campsea Ash if you prefer) at 09:01 (might as well state the precise time!). Initially, I followed the lane toward Loudham, which I was familiar with and then to Ufford, which I wasn't familiar with, so a good start. I then followed the B1084 for a short distance to Eyke. From there, I was really adventurous – ha, ha! There was an unsigned lane left, that I had never ridden, which was also one of the official "Green Lanes." I checked the map to see where it went, which was Friday Street, where I turned right to follow another lane to junction with the B1084, where right and shortly left for another spurt on the A1152, then turning left at the roundabout onto part of my "Silly Suffolk" route along the B1083 through Sutton and Shottisham to turn right onto the lane to Ramsholt. As most of you probably know, it's a semi-circular lane bending left from Ramsholt to Alderton. As I've indicated, it was a first for me and I really enjoyed it. It was a windy and quite cold day but the sun had now broken through making it really nice. From Alderton, it was onto another part of my "Silly Suffolk" route through Hollesley. The road between Alderton and Hollesley, with the sea just about visible, is one of my favourite Suffolk lanes. On sunny days, as this now was, it's especially nice. I deviated from my "Silly Suffolk" route at Butley High Corner, along a lovely wooded lane, now in Tunstall (or is it Rendlesham?) forest, to turn left onto the B1084 to shortly turn right back through Friday Street, but this time to Rendlesham, crossing the A1152, back to Campsea Ash.

I only did around 33 miles but it was one of my most satisfying rides for some time. The pertinent point, of course, being that it was so relatively close to home. Also, it was rounded off with good company – no, I'm not being patronising! I also don't hide that being able to get on the train was a nice option as I didn't have to leave the socialising too early. I was far more relaxed, not having to keep checking the time. The satisfying ride made up for the disappointment (I doubt I was the only one) that the proprietors of The Bell at Great

Wenham have partially retired so are no longer offering Christmas events. That said, from what was explained to me, it seems their partial retirement is well deserved.

Now the Thursday rides Christmas meal. I was pleased it was able to return to the Cretingham Bell. For me it's a nice, still somewhat old-world, traditional looking Suffolk pub, with the Adnams tasting as it should. Again, I usually ride there and back, a round trip of approx 70 miles. However, even before I caught the cold, I pondered whether for a change I could return by riding to Woodbridge to then catch the train. It would probably include some new lanes, plus, again, I wouldn't have the edge taken off the pleasure of the socialising by having to keep watching the time to leave early. Possibly the cold sort of semi-consciously (I think that is the most accurate analysis!) finally decided it, but I'm unconvinced.



I took my usual route out, which is via Hulver, Uggeshall, Halesworth, Walpole Peasenhall, then along the A1120 to Earl Soham, where left for the final approx 2½ miles (it always seems more. Perhaps it's the three sharp hills!) to Cretingham.

I was privileged to sit at the same table as Mr President, the *Winged Wheel* editor and Ken and Maureen Nichols. I think I was of some use for the general knowledge quiz!

I was pleased I had three to ride to Woodbridge with: Maurie Parish and two others. It worked perfectly as Maurie's route, via Debach, had me along several new lanes, all very pleasant. That was very pleasing even though I'm pretty sure it was the hilliest option! Also, Maurie's 'running commentary' was informative!

The final short stretch, on part of the route of one of my other audaxes (the "Suffolk Coast and Back 200 that starts/finishes at Carbrooke, Norfolk), was to the A12 toucan crossing on the Woodbridge bypass, just south of the Grundisburgh Road roundabout. We split up there, Maurie heading south on the cycle path alongside the A12 and one other going north. The third followed me straight across toward Woodbridge town centre for a little way before going to his car.

Thank you again CUK Suffolk for providing me with two more very pleasing rides and good company.

I finish by digressing to, hopefully, make you chuckle. I've more than once commented about me not being one to rush out to buy the latest technology. I think it was an article in the winter 2020 edition that I mentioned I had "at last" got a smartphone. It was, however, a while before I downloaded any apps. I acknowledge it was reassuring to be able to check

on the Greater Anglia (GA) app that the trains were running okay. That said, the GA app is the only one I've downloaded so far and I refuse to become obsessed with downloading them!

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Safety Camera footage and reporting to the Police

Hi all, many of you will know I now have cameras on my cycle. After my recent experiences with the reporting of incidents to the Police, I thought I would have a go at explaining the process in case others are thinking of being a bit more pro-active about improving road safety for all.

I bought my camera in late November and have had approaching ten incidents that I felt needed to be reported. Being in the dark about how, it was only recently I begun to explore process.

Surprise surprise it was not easy! In my view mostly because the Police website is not geared up for cyclists, but furthermore the website is not very user friendly.

In bullet points

Firstly you need to report like you are reporting "Dash-Cam" footage, because there is no facility to report cycle camera footage.

(Go to <https://www.suffolk.police.uk/contact-us/report-something/report-crime> from the ribbon menu on the right side of the screen (start off blue and turns grey lower down) select "Dash camera report form and complete. Fill in the first couple of questions and click "Continue". Complete the rest of the form and submit. **Warning** when you press submit it will return to the top of the screen, page back down and you will find you are being asked to confirm you are not a robot !! tick and submit, only then you will get a "Thankyou" screen.

Now you need to wait for a secure link to be sent to you via the email you used in the report. When you get this click on the link and it will take you to a log-in to a sub program called "Egress". Beside the log-in box is a create account box. Use this to get your account and note the login/save it to load automatically. This process involves the emailing of an activation code, which can be copied and pasted for ease. There is a delay between putting in the code and your account becoming active, but you only need to create an account once.

Now you have an account, on opening the app using the link sent to you, you will find a folder for each of the report you have submitted, (usually just one, but if you have had a really bad day, who knows) Clicking on the entry will display 4 files, I suggest you down load these and save for future reference, or at the very least the proforma statement. You will need to complete this proforma statement for every report you make, and although it is sent to you via the link every time you will need to download it onto your computer complete it,

rename it, save it, and up-load it to the "Egress" app. Much of the form is standard so I suggest you save a partly completed form as a template.

When you have created the relevant statement and sorted out the video file or files, click on up-load. (Top ribbon above the folders) This action produces a secondary window with the instruction to "Click and Drag" files to the box displayed. If you are working "Full-Screen" "restore down" and open the file store area, select/drag the videos, and the statement files, together or separately to the box.

Click upload within the secondary window to complete the reporting process.

Maurie.

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Members enjoyed the annual lunch and prize presentation in January at Ufford Park. Congratulations to all trophy winners and here are some of the photographs.



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CTC Suffolk

we are
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