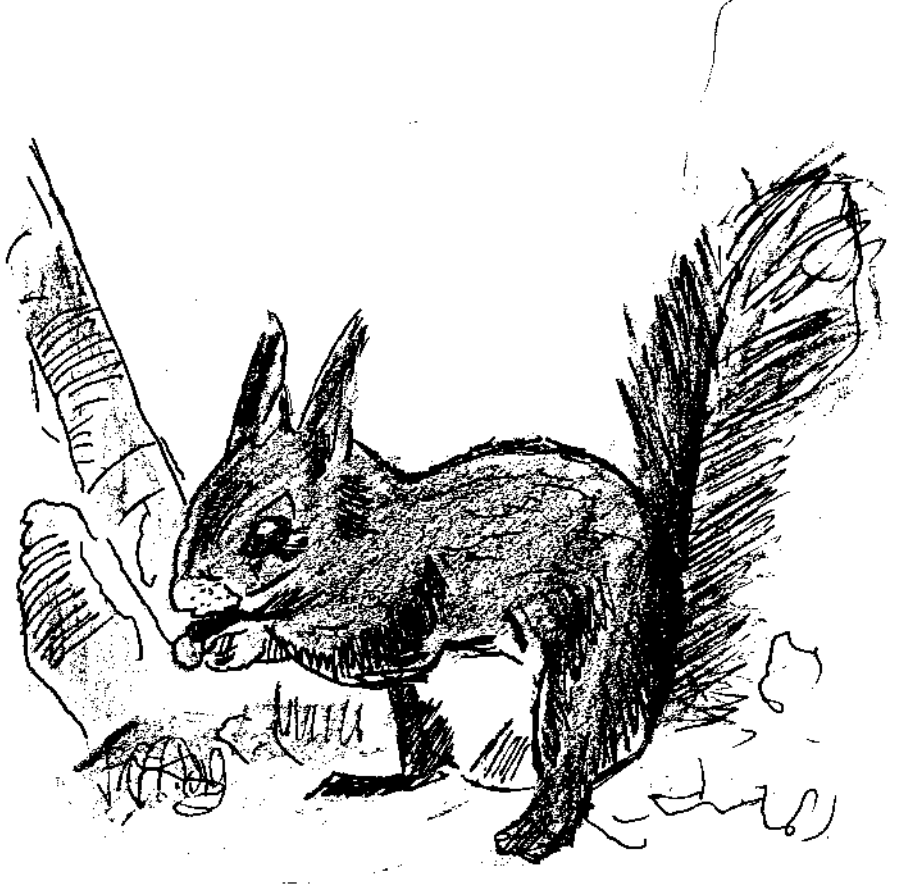


1989

# The Squirrel



President  
J.K.Pardoe (092575-3299)

Officials 1989

Chairman  
K.W.Stacey (969-1919)

Secretary  
P.K.Vernon (969-5831)

Treasurer  
D.Barker (962-3261)

Time Trial Secretary  
R.Morton (962-3831)

Road Race Secretary  
P.Morley (747-7782)

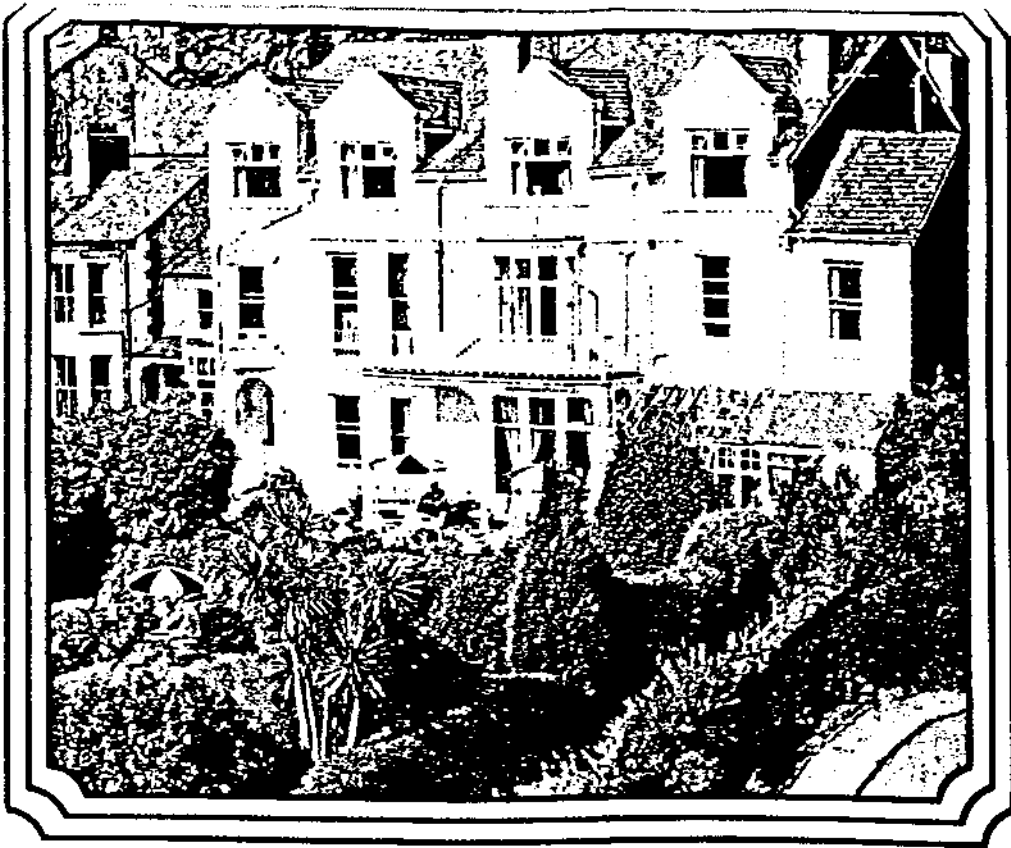
Runs Secretary  
J.C.Coles(865-1575)

Social Secretary  
Mark.A.Stacey(969-1919)

P.R.O.  
R.Chapman (973-8772)

Junior Representative  
M.Butterworth (976-1733)

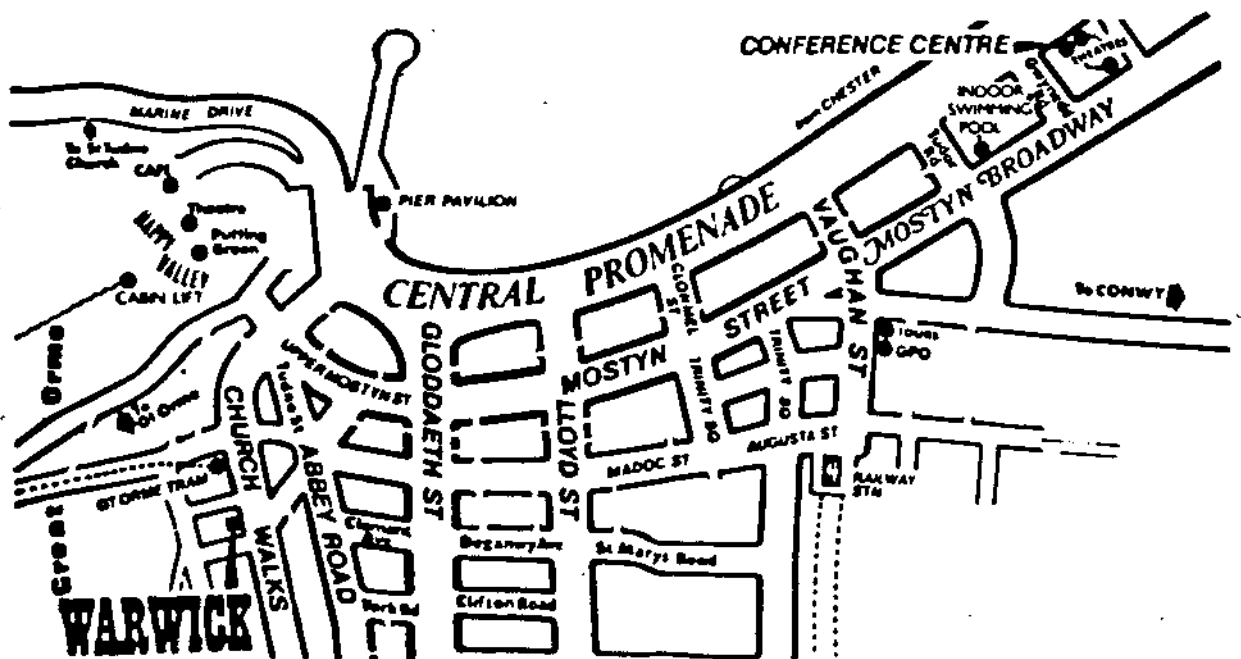
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**CHURCH WALKS  
LLANDUDNO, GWYNEDD  
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**Resident Proprietors:  
Mrs. N. GEORGE  
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# Time Tria

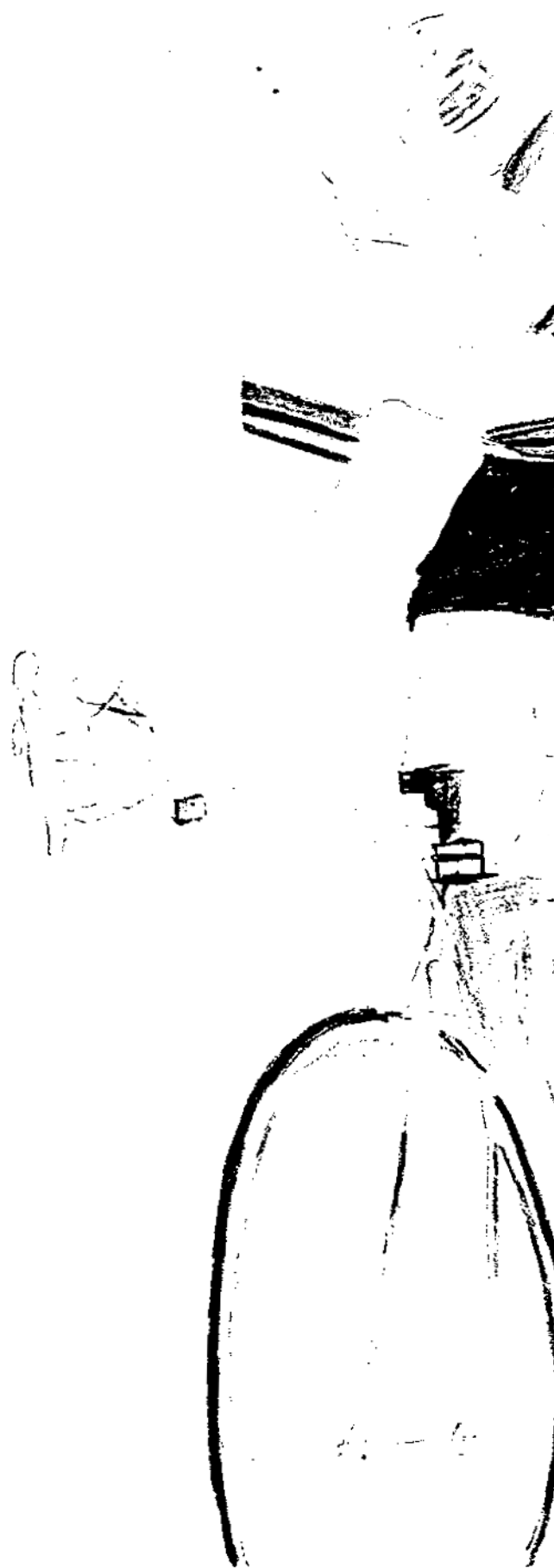
1989 has been quite a good year for the club members who have competed in club and open events.

As most of you will know I have been involved in the running of the club 10 series of events, which were reasonably supported at first, but averaged only 9 club riders in the 17 events that were held.

The younger members of the club were very active in the club events, but the veterans really shone in the open events. Rider of the year was undoubtedly Brian Bailey he raced at 10, 25, 30, 50, and 100 miles and also completing 12 hour and 24 hour events finishing a superb 10th in the national 24 hour championships. Brian is the winner of the 'George Arstall' best all rounder and 12 and 24 hour champion. Bev Chapman and Wyn Clarke both represented the club well with great distinction as our oldest racing members. They gained 4 age records riding their tandem in Veteran Tandem races. Bev also won 2 1st Veteran standard awards.

Matt Butterworth is the Junior Best all rounder for the second successive year as well as holding onto the junior hill climb champion. Keith Mabbot is the Juvenile Champion and Juvenile Hill climb champion. The first year rider trophy was won by Colin Hale with Keith Mabbot second and Steve Simpson third, with 51 seconds seperating all three riders.

Unfortunately I have decided not to continue giving a first year rider award. This year only three riders competed in the club events. Over the past seven years that I have given the first year rider award only Matt Butterworth and Darren Buckley are still racing and only Mark Stacey who has won the 10 mile series for the past two years, completed in more than 12 of the 17 events, which has prompted me not to promote the series in 1990. Mark Stacey was a run away winner of the 10 mile series, by almost two and a half minutes, with Roy Myers, Graham Phimister and Paul Mcallister only seperated by 6 seconds, with Rob Lanning 5 th



# Round-up 1989

Dave Barker, Keith Bailey, Mark Frost, Fraser Thornber, Alex Arch, Phil Harrop, Mike Smyth, Steve Green, Bob McParland, Andy Brocklehurst, Bill Jackson, Colin Redmond, Peter Deveraux, Dave Gibson, Keith Stacey, Roger Haigh, Dave Williams, Jim Grace, and Bob Richardson all represented the club in time trials during the season. Don Andrews also competed in events but only on courses down south where he now lives.

Brian Bailey is the Best all rounder, veteran, with Geoff Horrocks second. The ten Mile Champion is Mark Stacey Beating Last years winner Alan Heggs with Simon Ogden third.

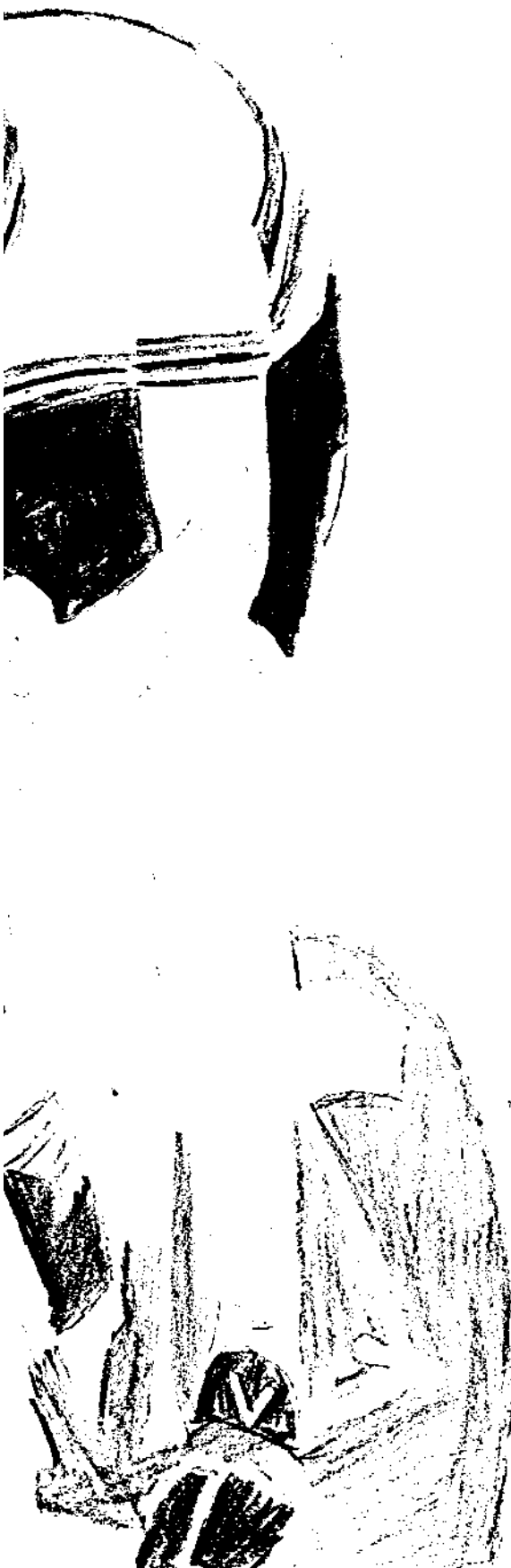
In the 25 mile championships Alan Heggs got revenge over Mark Stacey who put up a brave challenge to defend his championship, with The immortal Dave McIlroy riding strongly as he did all year in the open events to finish third. Simon Ogden was a worthy winner of the 'Bob Richardson' handicap trophy.

Mark Stacey was again a convincing winner of the 50 miles championship with Malcolm Judge just beating Brian Bailey by 18 seconds for second place.

Mark Stacey also retained the 100 mile championship with Brian Bailey second and Neil Walton third.

Brian Bailey is the 12 hour champion, beating Neil Walton and Geoff Horrocks in the Manchester and District Time Trials association, Jon Clements Memorial event. Brian is also the 24 hour champion being the only club rider in the Mersey Roads Club event.

Mark Stacey is the 'Doug Hartley' club champion with rides at 25, 50, and 100 miles. Schoolboy Keith Mabbot was a surprise winner of the John Pardoe Hill climb winning by one second from Chris Lea, with Matt Butterworth a further two seconds behind. 23 riders competed on the shorter Withenshawe hill, outside Macclesfield on a bright and sunny day which was very encouraging to see indeed and a fitting end to the time trialing season.



After the postponed weekend that had been proposed in March a run that was going to Festiniog there had been no weekend away in the year, in fact the last hostel weekend was that of Hawes 1988. The Festiniog weekend that was cancelled because of cold weather and snow drifts, came as a big disappointment to the likes of Mark Stacey and Johnny Pardoe. So in one weekend they had to get a run that made up for the big disappointment in early March and from hearing reported afterward the weekend lived up to its reputation. The first day was going to be tougher than that of the Bala weekend the year before. Fifteen riders set off, well all but one El Presidente Mr Johnny Pardoe had gone off in his car with all the riders bags and other belongings Johnny would be riding around the glorious mountains in North Wales by himself although he might of been glad of his own company as Mark Stacey and Keith Mabbot battled it out for the overall lead of the weekend. As in all weekends mechanical problems or punctures were bound to occur and the first victim was a Peter Ledwith what a lucky person, luckily he was to have no more punctures he was a stranger to many in the club and proved a force to be reckoned with on some of the climbs.

And so the first day came a small but toughish hill it was situated in the middle of nowhere this was typical Johnny Coles tactics he knew where he was going but no one else did and so if he was having one of those bad days then the first riders up the climb ended up getting cold waiting for there runs leader to come. On the first climb little Paul Mcallister the Luis Herrea lookalike began to wind it up and then Keith Mabbot and Mark Stacey followed. The two riders rode away from the rest of the group and this was to be the pattern set for the whole of the weekend but who was going to win

the the coveted position of number one rider from the weekend. The first climb was won by Mark and so he went straight into the Polka dot jersey but how long was this going to last. The sun was shining and it was warm. The two riders waited for the others to follow some of the riders were not up to the likes of Little Luis Herrea and so came the descent. It was a fast descent where the first real incident of the weekend took place Mark Stacey and the powerhouse (Graham Phimister) hit a cattle grid Graham swerved and nearly brought Mark off. The tall Time trialist ace was not to pleased.

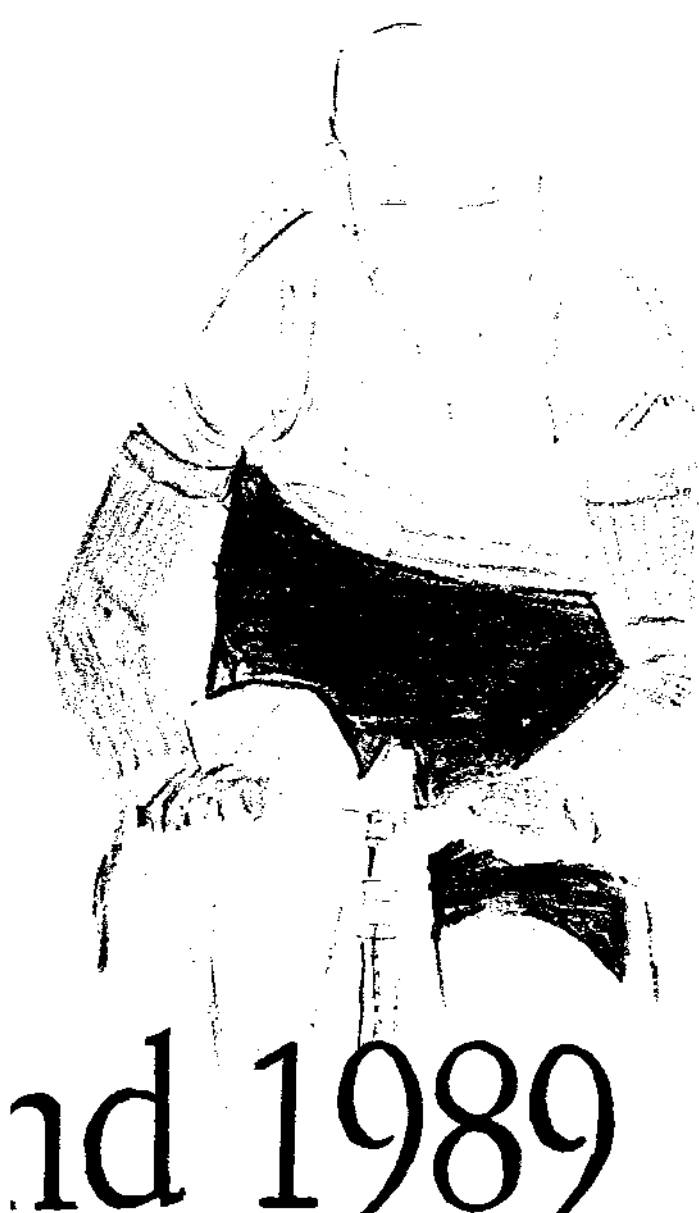
As the day went by more climbs came and went the group travelled through the most beautiful scenery in North Wales but within all this scenery there were vicious climbs the worst being a 1:4 climb it was short and steep. This was where Keith Mabbot showed his true form, he was to repeat it the following week and win the club hill climb, he is a force to be reckoned with in the 90's lets hope he gets better with age.

The roads were typical John Coles roads they were winding hilly roads, roads in which John usually know where he was going but nobody else did. With three quarters of the day gone Mechanical problems hit again. The problems were well timed for most of the riders especially Keith Bailey one of the oldest members of the group who kept on winding it up and always was up there when there was a split, he was showing form of the late 1970's early 80's when he and Robin Haigh used to smash everybody in club runs and events. The mechanical problems came at the right time as everybody needed a rest.

Five miles on and the dreaded hunger-knock came. John Coles quickly found a shop and all the riders went on there way. Its a good lesson the hunger-knock as once you have had it you will never want it again. So you always remember to take some sort of food and drink.

And so at about 5.0 o'clock 14 riders hit

# Llandudno Weeke



nd 1989

Llandudno all the riders were shattered but not that tired to have a night out on the town. They all enjoyed a delicious meal and they then went to an amusement arcade where most of the money was spent. It was reported that John Coles laughed for the first time hardly surprising really. Do you know any man that tortures himself that much that he is virtually speechless or breathless after one of his own runs the man is a hero.

As most of the lads were under 18 they could not get into a pub and have a few drinks, so good old Mark Stacey bought some cans of lager Graham and the boys smuggled them into the bedrooms and got a little giddy well you only live once.

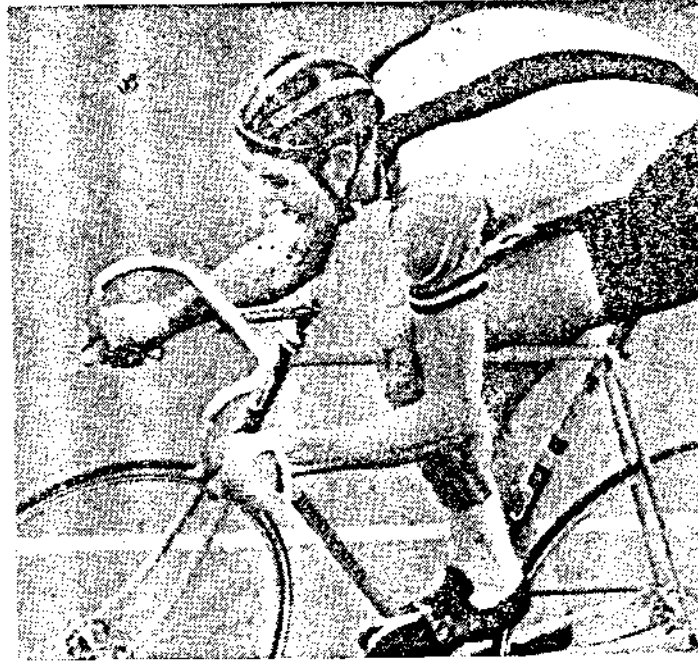
Going back the following day wasn't as bad. Mark did his posing bit by doing the old Circus trick which was to balance on his bike without falling off. John Pardoe went half way with the boys and then dropped the bags of at my house (Matt). So at the end of the weekend 214 miles had been covered and there were 15 bodies that were virtually dead but they will all want to do it next year. People will have different views of the weekend but all in all it turned out to be a good event and maybe there will be one next year.

# Stacey The Cheshire Cat

The most famous year in the history of Seamons Cycling club was 1965, a year in which the older members of the club would know. It was the year of A Mr 'Keith Walter Stacey. In the cold days of January 1965 Keith set about the season with one aim this was to be National 25 champion. The best way to win a championship is mentally he made a very famous statement saying that 'Every is an enemy to me'. Although Keith did not win the 1965 National 25 Championships he made up for it in the National 50 where he rode a superb race. Jim Boydell his best friend and training companion said that he wanted revenge so much so that he came over from the Isle of Man called at home just long enough for a cup of tea and fall down the step, bruising his legs badly and then he was off to Lincoln.

Keith was definitely Determined His sister was once heard saying that he joined the Seamons in 1961 equipped with Scout Beret trousers and ordinary shoes and a battered old sibbit. He fell off his bike every Sunday the boys on the club run issued him an ultimatum he was either to get better at riding a bike or he was to stay at home. Good advice for members of the all-day run on a Sunday these days. This was the turning point for Keith.

When Keith won the BAR in 1965 he was only 20 years of age he was 6ft 1in and he weighed 11 stones 8 pounds not a weight that he could hold today. In the War Years this would have been considered physically incredible but in the mid-60's it was not so remarkable. His Diet was nothing special he tried to stay of Fatty foods but he had a liking to Fish and Chip supper the night before an event, would Kelly or Fignon do this before an event these days. In a 12 hour race he had Rice pudding pears cheese an tomato sandwiches on Wholemeal bread fruit salad and coffee room for improvement I



In training Keith had only one method and that was to train hard and travel far. His training partner was a Jim Boydell. He rode to work with his best friend and then in the evening he rode a '10' he did little weight training did a little roller riding and a deal of thrashing around on 67in fixed with pressures and saddle bag.

Natural ability must have been there the first private trial late in 1961 when the bug bit was was 10 miles in 24-53 on fixed and pressures in high and windy weather along with the old outbursts of rain. The very first open was the Withington Wheelers Novices '25' in April. Keith had just turned 17 he won by nearly 2mins in 1-4-54, his son Mark in 1988 did 1-1-19 in his first time-trial. Is Mark Better than the Old Keith of 1965 Ill leave you to judge that one. Later after the Novices event he went onto 58-59 and 1-10-35 for a 30. It was obvious that he shone on hard days and stiff courses-the mark of a *Natural*. Mental approach then went with natural ability Stacey was born to be a cyclist. After winning the BAR Keith took a shine to the business world. He drives around in a Mercedes but he can



still ride a bike as fast as anybody I know he loses none of his speed on the old club runs on a Sunday. My only Claim to Fame is Dropping him up the Cat and Fiddle on a club run a few weeks ago He said he was ill only jokingly though. If Keith Stacey wanted to take the time-trialing up again he would be unstoppable but he leaves the racing to his Son Mark. Many people ask is he as good as his Famous Father he has a lot to do but if his has grit and the determination that his father has then he could go along way, but not so long as there are other members in the club that would like a hand in a few trophies.



Getting up every Sunday morning from February to September is no easy task it makes it more difficult when you have to be up at 5.00 a.m because of an event being so far away. I was getting used to the idea getting up at 5.00 every Sunday became a habit the body had become accustomed to getting up at this time every morning. Today was different though it was the biggest day of the racing calendar for me, it was the Manchester Divisional Championships this year to be held at a tough course in the Yorkshire moorlands. As it was my first Road race I met it with great anticipation and yet the thought of riding with 60 fellow juniors frightened me a little.

Nervousness, frightened, scared you can call it what you like it was awful. In my head I could hear people who had been advising me to just sit in and use my head, it was my first road race and probably the most toughest race that I would cover all year. The race started at 10.30 a.m, 30 minutes after the senior race. At 8.30 a.m I filled my stomach with a couple bowls full of Quaker oats porridge followed by a Banana with a couple cups of coffee. At 9.00 a.m we set off for the event headquarters I can remember my Dad chatting away my heart was pumping ten to the dozen, "Whats up son" my dad said "Are you nervous?" "just a little Dad" I replied.

Arriving at the Headquarters was a big relief, I could see somebody I knew it was some fellow Club Members. They were in another race but it did not seem to matter I was in a better and more relaxed state of mind. Martyn a fellow member came up to me and gave some racing advice he said "Some sound advice Matt watch the two Centreville riders Numbers 1 and 2 there good riders" Some helpful and formal advice at last.

I went back to the car got the bike off the roof I went through my gears checked my brakes and everything that was not right I then signed on and got the bike checked. It was now that the nervousness tension started to sink in. I got my kit together and then made my way to the changing room got changed put the Baby lotion on the legs to make me look like a pro and then made my way to the bike.

I got on the bike and then warmed up going up and down passing fellow riders psyching each other out. By now it was 10.25 a.m and the riders were beginning to line up outside the headquarters. I joined them at the back, and came along side the famous 2 Steve Whittington (national Juvenile Criterium champion) and Steve Calland Successful rider of the Peter Buckley Events, These two boys were

class. "Don't go to fast" one rider replied, the bunch riders laughed and the two Centreville riders smiled. The Commissaire then made an appearance he then started talking most of what he said went in one ear and out of the other one thing that did stick in my mind was that he said no rider must go over the white line. The bunch then set off and the race that I had been waiting for had finally come around. In the pack you could hear the clicking of shoe plates going into the look pedals. I was in my first road race and was just about to go to hell and back in a small amount of time three hours to be exact.

The race started, straight away riders started to go over the white line. Somebody I think it was Dave Dyer from Oldham Century attacked the language from the bunch after this outburst of attack was terrible most of it unrepeatable. Listening to Peter Vernon before the race he told me to stay close to the front of the bunch this was because if a break went then I would be up there and be in a position to do something full of useful information is our Peter is ashamed it didn't work. So there we were climbing



# To hell and Ba

Saddleworth Moor travelling at speeds of 17 miles an hour, a big change to the club runs when the average speed up the climbs was about 14 miles an hour. I fought sweated and gave everything up that first climb and at the top who was there but my father my only supporter the hard bit was now over for now all I had was just hang in there. I looked down the hill and I could see riders still climbing, the group was now down to twenty-ish. I was one of them and I was happy. Then an attack went. Trouble was brewing.

Steve Calland and Steve Whittington attacked I was at the back of the group at the time recovering from the climb I was not in the position that Peter told me to be and so I just sat in and let others do the work. The gears went up and we all got out of the saddle and began to start the chase. Trouble is we did not get anywhere riders were to busy trying to get across to the three breaking riders, so there we were just loosing time. Then came the descent, I was a bit wary on the descent but I still managed to clock an excess speed of 60 miles an hour. The group was now down to ten with three ahead. It was now that I decided to go to the front. I was on the tops and felt like Sean Kelly in the mountain stages of the tour. I came down to earth prity quickly when about three Manchester Wheelers riders went by and did some work they were flying too. This was the second climb up the hill from Marsden up to the top of the climb to Delph. Another climb followed the Snake Pass, it then

descended into Green field and then went through the town and then back onto Saddleworth Moor to start the circuit again. In the town I saw my dad again at was at the front at this time this brought a smile to his face as well as to mine. By the first lap we had covered 25 miles and the group had wittled down to the three breakaways were still away but they only had a lead of 1.21mins. Up Saddleworth the second time around I started to fall back I decided to hang around the back of the virtual non-exsistance bunch I was not bothered where I finished as long as it was in the first ten that would have been something to boast about. At the top of the climb I was really beginning to suffer and as we hit the summit riders began shouting at me to do some work the trouble was I had no strength to do any work. As we hit the top Dave Dyer the lad who had attacked got out of his saddle and then brought down Altrincham Ravens rider both riders came crashing to the floor, I swerve managed to stay up. The group was now down to 5. On to the descent into Delph I could feel the old legs going, I was now in hell. The legs were cramping up and I was desperate for some food but I had not got any. On the descent we got stuck behind a bus as the bus went up the steep bit the riders went after it to try and get some wind resistance because of the pace I could no longer hold on, I had nothing left I had blown for the first time in a race it was not a nice feeling and hopefully I will never go through what I was about to again. My aim now was to get back to the finish on the top of Saddleworth Moor a task which proved to become very difficult.

In 5 miles I lost over 22 minutes to the three that had broken away I had well and truly blown. I worked it out that if I was to stay where I was and no riders would catch me I would finish 9th a respectable finish for my first and probably toughest race. Three riders passed me that put me down to 12th. As I hit the final climb I began to get my rhythm again and at the top I could see the banner over the road.

As I reached the top of the climb I saw my Dad shouting for me. Other club riders were there too Mark, Matt and Martyn as I crossed the line I virtually collapsed and then my dad reserected me from virtual collapse. I finished 12th and was proud I slept in the car going home and then fell asleep at home. Next year I'll hope to win it you never know I went to hell and back I'll never forget it it's something I'll remember for the rest of my life.

ck in 3 hours



Good old Stephen Roche known as a Quiet Chubby faced man, who was soft, gentle and kind. But this Chubby faced choir boy turned into a devil on one thursday afternoon in july 1987. Stephen Roche the quiet man from the world of cycling pulled himself from near collapse to overall victory in the greatest cycle race ever seen in the Tour De France.

That was the first of some thought last three late dramatic moves that gave him overall victory in the Tour 1987. The Irishman who could not even hurt a fly became a villain showing no remorse as he set about destroying a spaniard called Pedro Delgado.

But it was on the climb of La Plagne on that hot thursday afternoon of july 23rd 1987 that impressed everyone as Delgado attacked and then dropped the small Irishman and took One Minute five seconds out of him. However Roche somehow amazingly produced heroics, for in the last ten kilometres of the up hill sprint to the top of the climb, he came back to finish only seven seconds behind the spanish ace rider. Roche the frail looking rider from Dublin ended up collapsing at the finish of La Plagne and everyone knew who had won the Tour de France 1987 it could have been only one man an irishman.

After the climb up the mountain Roche said that his collapse was due to stopping to soon at the finish line and suffering from oxygen debt at high altitude. However doctors would and did not take any chances and he was rushed to hospital where he was given a full checkup and then was passed with a clean bill of health. He was ready to give Delgado some more torture for the following day.

On the climb of L'Alpe D'Huez the day before his heroic efforts the irishman had lost his yellow jersey to Pedro Delgado the race was between two men as Roche and Delgado were way ahead of the rest a field including Laurent Fignon and Luis Herrea the Columbian mountain rider. The spaniard had left Roche one minute forty four behind and was in yellow by twenty five seconds. Roche had a bad day in the french mountains. Afterwards Roche stated that if he was to loose that amount of time again then it would be virtually be impossible to gain overall victory and win the Tour, Delgado had heard this and in doing so his confidence soared.

And so on the next morning Roche set about getting back his twenty five seconds that he had lost the day before. He was involved in a fifty kilometre breakaway with seven other riders over the Col de la Madeleine. The break failed and Delgado saw this

# 7 sec



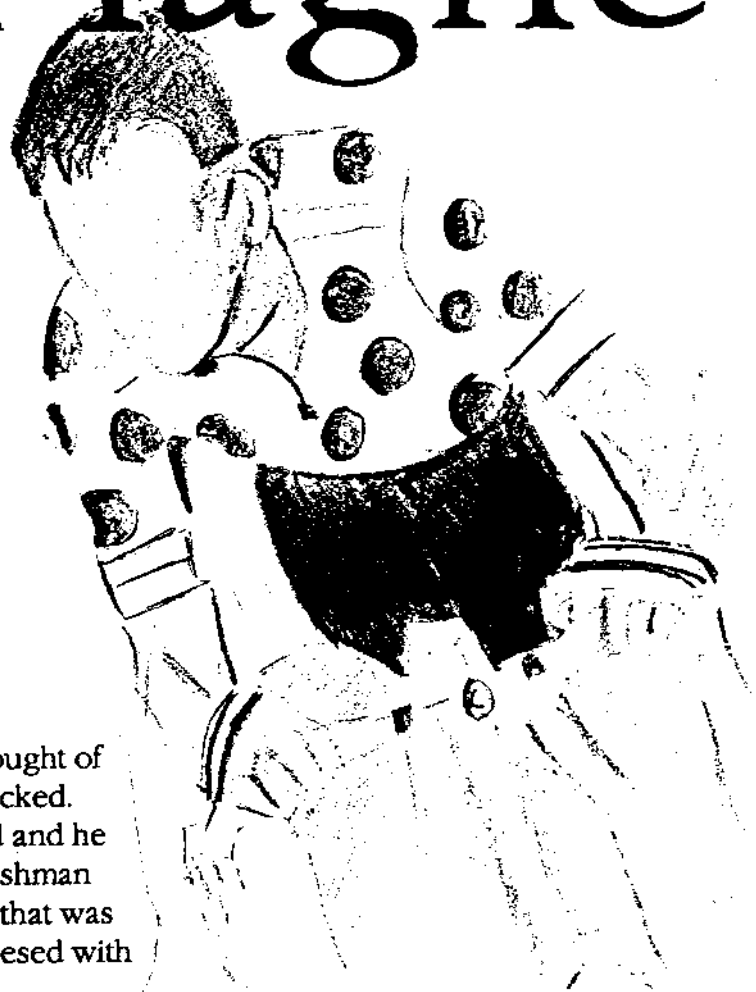
# s at La Plagne



and was in a good state. In his mind he thought of another twenty five seconds and so he attacked. Delgado hammered Roche into the ground and he took one minute five seconds out of the Irishman His lead was now up to One minute thirty that was uncapturable the spaniard was a man possessed with winning the tour for the first time.

Nobody knew how much pain he went through up the climb of La Plagne, nobody witnessed Roches courage as he went up the climb because the french were following there hero Fignon was ahead and the French cameras were following him. As Roche burst into view with 100 metres to go the crowd went in uproar he had pulled a deficit of fifty-eight seconds he was now seven seconds behind Delgado.

On this day he won the Tour de France two months later he went on to win the world championships in Belgium and a few months before the Tour de France he went on to win the Giro in Italy this being done without any help from his team mates not only this but he was made a freeman of Dublin and became a national hero as he had done what only the great Eddy Merckx had done the treble all in the same year. The last two years have been a disaster for Roche as he has had A reaccuring knee injury he took a year out in 1988 and made a comeback in 89 only to have trouble with it again, lets hope Roche has a good year in 1990.





## Seamons Cycling Club Altrincham

Well Christmas and the 1980's have past and where did they and all the money go?

But before we finally say farewell to christmas 1989 spare a thought for those members of the club and committee who contributed in anyway to what has been proved a very successful christmas dinner run. I think everybody enjoyed it and it was nice to see so many members and friends on their bikes. Rumour has it that Mavis had been in secret training for some considerable amount of time and the same goes for Sue who turned up on a Tandem with Geoff. A special note of thanks should however go to our super chairman Mr Keith Stacey who was at Marthall Hall from very early on in the morning preparing what was a superb spread of food and consequently missed out his own club run thankyou Keith.

We now look forward to 1990 and our 41st Annual Dinner and prize presentation on saturday 3rd february 1990. Bob Richardson has put a lot of work into the organising of the function realising only too well it is always hard to follow the big one...We had approximately 235 tickets out at the moment that was when the magazine went to press mind you but we need 250 mark to be comfortable so please do your best to sell loads of tickets and please remember to collect any monies due to me before the prize presentation night.

Before I close we should be very grateful to Matt in his efforts to reproduce the Club Magazine this is a trial run and if it comes off then it could be produced every 2-3 months however volunteers are had to come by and he should be supported by the members by letting him have items of interest. Please offer him your support as he cannot produce a magazine all by himself.

I will close by wishing all members a happy and prosperus and safe New Year AWHEEL!!!!.

John K Pardoe  
President

# Club Runs 1990

## Half Day Section

January 7th Astbury  
January 14th Beeston  
January 21st Eagle and Child  
January 28th Hassal Green  
February 4th Hayfield  
February 11th Meerbrook  
February 18th Astbury  
February 25th Hatchmere  
March 4th Llangollen  
March 11th Buxton  
March 18th Beeston  
March 25th Eagle and Child

## HardRiders All Day

January 7th Southport  
January 14th Two Mills  
January 21st Whitchurch  
January 28th Farndon  
February 4th Treuddyn  
February 11th Bakewell  
February 18th Stone  
February 25th Ashbourne  
March 4th Llangollen Thrash  
March 11th Alton  
March 18th Hebden Bridge  
March 25th Whitchurch

Club Nights Friday 8.30pm-10.30pm  
St Georges Church Schoolroom (opposite the Cresta Court)  
Club Runs Half Day and Hardriders all day meet at 9.00a.m  
Touring all day meet 9.30a.m  
All Runs On Sundays With Some club members doing runs  
on a saturday for newcomers  
All runs Start at Rackhams Altrincham.



**Matt Butterworth**