



THE SQUIRREL

Summer 2013



Seamons on track



Photos: waiting (above) at the velodrome for Seamons' track night; ready to roll (below right).

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Answer to page 21:
Pott Shrigley, at the foot of the Brickworks
climb.

Meet your clubmates... Tom Towers

This edition's clubmate is a demon in the hills and can happily bat along for miles on the flat... Step forward from the shadows ace navigator, Tom Towers.

1. When and where were you born?

48 years ago in Morecambe.

2. When did you start cycling and what was your first club?

I cycled quite a bit in the '80's mainly as a way of getting to the crags for climbing. First cycle club, well that would be Seamons, of course.

3. What is your favourite training/ touring route?

Some where in the hills, with a few miles thrown in, say the Etape du Dales route.

4. What was your first race, and first win?

Win, a race, now you are having a laugh...

5. Which performance do you rate as your best?

Any that are faster than the previous time, and still arrive home in one piece.

6. What is your favourite meal?

Probably a Madras.

7. What were you like at school?

By the end, different.

8. What kind of books do you read?

Either ones on cycling, yawn, or French literature.

9. What kind of music do you enjoy?

Punk, New Wave or Ska.

10. And your favourite type of TV programme?

Coverage of "Le Tour"

11. Which newspaper do you read?

Beeb or Guardian apps.



Tom (left) and son Ben somewhere hilly and sunny (near a coastline?)

12. What is your ideal holiday destination?

Somewhere sunny but not too hot, with "proper" mountains and a coastline.

13. Do you have any hobbies?

Cleaning my family's bikes.

14. Who would play you in a film of your life?

Bela Lugosi.

15. What is your greatest fear?

'Puncturing' going fast downhill.

16. How would you describe yourself in a Lonely Hearts column?

Happily Married.

17. What is your most unpleasant characteristic?

Cycling too much, isn't that right Sue?

18. Which characteristic do you most dislike in others?

Impatience especially when accompanied by a horn.



Photos: *the Kent estuary, Arnside (above); the Tourists outside Arnside YHA (opposite), left-to-right, Dave Barker, Pete Devine, Gordon Peake, Pete Coles, John Carberry, Gareth Blease, John & Sheila Craig (opposite).*

Meet your clubmates...

19. Who would you most like to have met and why?

Edward de Vere, to ask him, did you do it?

20. What was your most embarrassing moment?

Trying to add a bit of humour to an interview presentation by telling people that I'd spent a year tea picking.

21. Four words to describe yourself.

"Steady on the front."

Photo: *Bela Lugosi (right) in "Mark of the Vampire" (1935); sadly, "Bela Lugosi's Dead" (1979) .*



Arnside - that's Cumbria, just!

By Gordon Peake



With the track record of the weather, or more precisely the never-ending rain over recent 'years', it may not seem wise to plan a weekend in the Lakes! However that was the suggestion Sheila Craig came up with and offered to follow up and organise. In late April it's wise to find accommodation under a proper roof and Arnside YHA would fit that bill. This was an area we had not explored before as it was out of reach from our previous destinations of Dent and Sedbergh. It's in Cumbria but only just; the Lancashire border is only down the road.

A dozen Seamons gathered outside the YHA about 11am on the Friday morning. Bikes unloaded and Lycra layers adjusted (added) as it was on the cool side, and off we go!

Arnside is midway between Morecambe and Kendal on the east side of the River Kent estuary. Grange-over-Sands, our destination, is all of two miles away via the railway viaduct over the estuary or boat of course. By foot, car or pedal power it's about a 17-mile loop

north. Leaving Arnside we get views across the Kent and our first glimpse of the Lake District fells. Even in unsettled-looking weather the panorama never fails to impress. Signposts signal typical Cumbrian place names such as Whasset, Milnthorpe and Witherslack – place names you can chew on! We find ourselves on Marsh Road. Straight, flat and treeless alongside the estuary, it is levied up slightly from the surrounding fields. Great views in all directions. Whilst avoiding the main road, when joined for short periods it was notably quiet and rideable. Potholes are still a novelty in these parts.

Grange-over-Sands has a Victorian seaside/spa town feel and is a magnet for day-trippers and south lakes holiday accommodation. The small town is cut off from the estuary by the railway embankment and the 'sands' have long since become marsh grass as far as you can see. Lunch is at the Commodore Inn. Chosen purely because it was the

Arnside...

first pub we found. Sheila had joined us for lunch by hopping on the train at Arnside and reaching Grange in about ten minutes, without breaking sweat!

As rain started to trickle down the window panes I pondered on what a 'Commodore' actually does? A naval rank we know, but where in the hierarchy? A well-timed question can divert the conversation away from 'Ribble verses Wiggle', 'Shimano v Campag', or similar well-trodden trivia. I had needed diversion once before whilst sat in the Albion pub in Chester. "What's an Albion?" I enquired, thinking it was a variation of Union Jack. Turned out 'Albion' is the oldest known name for Britain. Usurped by Great Britain and United Kingdom etc etc. A Commodore, by the way, lies between Captain and Admiral (I Googled it!). I digress.

The ride back was cool but dry (ish). A quick, late-afternoon reconnoitre of the Arnside hostelrys (both of them), preceded a good evening meal at the YHA. The hostel was now officially 'Full' with the bike shed bulging with more than 30 bikes squeezed in! As night fell the estuary showed another beautiful side with moonlight reflecting off the incoming tide.

Saturday began in the usual hostel style with an orgy of a help yourself breakfast bar, plus plates of 'full English' appearing from the kitchen. My stomach's inability to ever join this British tradition leaves me somewhat jealous. A glass of orange juice and a slice of toast will do me. The toast often wrapped in a napkin to appear roadside an hour later when my body has woken up.

Saturday destination: Kirkby Lonsdale. Never been here before! Out via Arnside Knott, Silverdale and Leighton Moss. Officially designated an Area of Outstanding Beauty; and it

certainly is! The mix of fields, woodland with rocky, moss-strewn outcrops is magical. Not dramatic but green, lush and beautiful. One of the highlights of the weekend for me!

The sun kept peeping out as we headed across Leighton Moss Nature Reserve with the constant cry of geese in the background. Glimpses of Morecambe Bay and the Lakes appear and disappear albeit, over our shoulders. Kirkby Lonsdale looked worth an explore but a bunch of now hungry (again!) cyclists are not to be distracted. Never easy to get an organised consensus on where to eat as wheels go vying off in all directions. The first cafe was ignored on the unfounded premise "there'll be somewhere better"! If you can avoid it, never give a bunch of hungry cyclists any options or choices. It results in chaos. We pass the Red Dragon Hotel and the Sun Inn. I quietly despair outside The Snooty Fox with head in my hands. Around the corner and out of sight (naturally!) the more assertive (ie bachelors) have hidden in the Kings Arms. We settle for this royal embrace and once fed, regain some decorum.

After a great run back, we call in the Arnside Albion Hotel to refresh and negotiate feeding a dozen or so later on. No room at the inn! Fortunately the Olde Fighting Cock just down the promenade is happy to accommodate. Turns out there is an old cock fighting pit beneath the floorboards. Saturday wasn't all eating, it was interrupted by some 50 miles of lovely pedalling!

Sunday started with a repeat chaos in the breakfast area. Not our doing, may I add. The Rohan and sandal brigade who think 'one item at a time'. Bless! I went mad and had two cups of tea and one Weetabix! The YHA is up for sale. That's not our doing either.

Bottles filled and computer reset, we brave a cold windy start. Again out via Silverdale, a place I have marked down for further explo-



ration in the future. Charming spot. Onward through Carnforth. A request to do the station cafe is ignored, unfortunately, as it wasn't part of the plan! (What plan?) Mr Carberry informs me Carnforth Station buffet is a 'must'. Well not today apparently! We pick up a cycle path/old railway line for seven miles of flat riding into the outskirts of Morecambe, safely dodging through hundreds of joggers on a fund-raising run around Lancaster.

On to the promenade (like you do!) As English seaside resorts go, Morecambe seems to be "doing ok" and looks reasonably prosperous. We head for Eric Morecambe's bronze statue which is rather impressive, and where else but Eric's Cafe of course! Right opposite. Surprisingly it's quiet and as we lunch we notice a procession of twits posing with Eric. The classic pose of one leg up and opposite arm behind the head – as per the statue. A reminder of the days before comedy needed 'effing and jeffing', just talent!

John Carberry wasn't going to persuade any of us to pose in front of his camera like all the daft day-trippers. Not likely! Definitely not in club kit. What would the Chairman say? (Ed - judge for yourself. I think it's a lovely picture!)

With assistance of a canal towpath and a cold tailwind we ventured back. An impromptu diversion where the sea had now encroached over the road was a first. Back at Arnside we dispersed late afternoon with about 140 miles over the weekend. Another enjoyable break in a different area with plenty to smile about. Big thanks to Sheila for organising. I'm not sure where you and Vera Blease went walking but can't imagine a pleasanter area. Where next?

Photos: *Morecambe Bay (top); Pete has a mechanical (middle); Dave Barker and John Carberry take in the sun (bottom).*

An A to Z of cycling

By Jeanette Barber

In May this year, Bob McPartland was chatting to a golfer and realised how many phrases and expressions used in golf were unfathomable to a non-golfers and thought that perhaps non-cyclists or novice cyclists might be just as confused by all the cycling terms/expressions that we use. He, therefore, suggested on Facebook that we would have a letter a day....

Well, this idea managed to keep many Seamon's members busy for 26 days! (Obviously lots of us have far too much time on our hands)! I rather rashly offered to pull it all together and produce a sensible article for the Squirrel at the end. Initial cleaned up version was still over 30 pages long so apologies if your comments aren't in this but I had to be VERY selective.



AUDAX - a long distance cycling event organised by Audax UK. These events are timed but they are not races.

Seamons organise the Tour of the Berwyns Audax.

ATTACK - When a rider accelerates hard to try and get away from the main bunch of riders in a race.

AEROBAR - Extension of the handlebars used on time trial bikes so rider can assume a more aerodynamic position.

ALLEZ! ALLEZ! - a term of encouragement usually delivered by a drunk in a Borat mankini as he runs at the side of an un-smiling Wiggins as he nears the top of a French mountain.

ALL ROUNDER - A rider who can time trial, climb and ride hard on the flat...

AUTOBUS - A group of riders who are huddled together at the rear of a race when the

road goes up hill. In a stage race usually the sprinters and non climbing domestiques will be found here....

AHEADSET - modern threadless type of headset.

ALL UP - a shout from the back of the group indicating that riders who were dropped have now caught up again. Rarely heard on a Seamons ride.



BELLOW LEFT - is what you shout when you see a pot hole on the left side of the road. Be prepared to move out to the right. Same for below middle, below right.

BONK - is a word to describe when your body is drained of fuel (carbohydrate) and your legs feel like rubber.

BIDON - water bottle.

BOTTY BUTTER - aka chamois cream - a cream applied to one's nether regions before riding a bicycle.

BIOPACE - Shimano's short-lived ovalised chainring folly from the late 80's.

B.A.R. - stands for Best All Rounder, a season long Time Trial competition contested over distances of 50, 100 and 12 hours.. The rider with the highest average speed wins. Keith Stacey won the National BAR in the 60's.

BOTTOM BRACKET - the part of the bike that attaches the cranks to the frame. If you hear a creaking or crunching noise it's either your knees or the BB that are knackered.

BUNNY HOP - jumping one's bike over pot-holes and other dangers in the road. Not just for MTB riders.

BREAKAWAY - What the 'cafe racers' do

when they want to show how hard they are on a Sunday club run!

BEAD - in tires, the edge along each side's inner circumference that fits into the rim.



CAKE - The real reason why some people ride....

CASSETTE - Cogs on the rear wheel, 5-11 cogs with different numbers of teeth.

CRANKSET - The levers and big rings that are the connection between the pedals and the chain...

CAR UP/BACK - is what we shout when a car approaches the bunch from behind. Be prepared to move in a bit.

CAR COMING THROUGH - what we shout as car starts to overtake.

CTT - Cycling Time Trials, organisation that governs TT's .

CYCLOCROSS - a sport that involves cycling running and lots of mud.

CAMPAGNOLO - Italian manufacturer of bike components.

CLINCHERS - wheel which uses tubes and **tyres, as opposed to tubs... .which are, of course, the true path to enlightenment.**

CHAINGANG - rapid rotation of cyclists from back to front of pack, usually at high speed for training.

CLEATS - them things that keep you attached to the pedals and make you fall off at traffic lights.

CHECKING - also known as marshalling.

CADENCE - refers to the speed at which a person twirls their pedals when riding / the number of times per minute that the crankset is rotated.

CHICKED - when a woman overtakes a bloke on a bike.

CORNERING - take it tight and you'll stay up-

right, (unless some Cyclist cuts across you).

CRAMP - that lovely muscle contraction that hits you 20 miles from home!!

CHOPPER (1) - an inherently unstable iconic Raleigh bike designed & built before Health & Safety rules saw to it that changing gear with your groin was a bad thing. Comfortably seated 4.

CHOOOPER (2) - an inherently unstable cyclist that find riding in straight lines a problem. Usually seen in 4th cat bunch sprints.

CARBON - runny non metallic material seemingly used for bike parts...

CHAMOIS - where would we be without it?

(Please see C for Chafing...)

CHAFING - Ouch!

CLIPLESS PEDALS - since 1984 changed the way most of us turn the 'cranks' - 2 'c's for the price of one there!

C2C - a long distance cycle ride from the west coast to the east coast (or vice versa).

COMPACT CHAINRING - Front chainrings outer with 50 and inner with 34 teeth to give large range of gears.

CRITERIUM or CRIT - a form of road race usually held on a short circuit in a town centre and lasting about an hour.

COMMISSAIRE - person at the end of a road race that all the competitors shout at.



DIG IN - a term of encouragement. Just don't say it to Sally Cowan.

DNF - Did not finish.

DNS - Did not start.

DURA-ACE - top of the pile Shimano component group.

DERAILLEUR - the rear gear (also known as mechanism or rear mech) on your bike. It moves the chain up and down the sprockets

A-Z...

on the cassette and so changes the gear you are riding.

DIRECTEUR SPORTIF - the manager of a pro cycling team, decides which rider will be in which race and the tactics to be used.

DRAFTING - riding closely behind another rider to take advantage of the slipstream.

DOMESTIQUE - rider in a team that does all the hard work and crappy jobs for the benefit of the team leader.

DROPPED - when the elastic band snaps & you are unceremoniously dumped out of the back of the bunch.

DROPOUT - bit of your frame that the wheel joins on to.



CHELON - a term used in road racing to describe the way the riders fan out across the road when the wind is coming from the side. a bit like geese flying in formation.

END TO END - Lands End to John O'Groats.

EASE OFF/UP - frequent cry from the back of the pack.

EPIC - a ride where weather and other issues conspire against you so that you suffer like a dog!

ELITE RIDERS - bit like our half day section.

ELECTROLYTES - found in sports drinks. Stops cramping up.

ERGOMETER - stationary, bicycle-like device with adjustable pedal resistance used in physiological testing.

L'EROICA - Italian sportive on white gravel roads. Bikes must be steel (pre 1989) & have toeclips & straps, no integrated shifters & absolutely no carbon. Pasta at the food stops & a choice of red or white wine. What's not to

like?

'ERGOPOWER' - Campag's name for their STI levers

'ENDO' - When you go over the handlebars! ('End over end')

ELLIPTICAL CHAINRING - compensates for the squareness of L-shaped cranks. :-)

ESPOIRS - competitors in a bike race aged 19-22.

ETAPE DU TOUR - An organised mass participation cyclo sportive event that allows amateur cyclists to race over the same route as one stage of the Tour de France.



FIRST CATEGORY - British Cycling categorise their races according to abilities of the riders. Everyone starts as a 4th cat but you move up as you win points.

FRED WHITTON -Demanding sportive in the Lake District.

FRAME - without which we wouldn't have a bike to ride, usually made of steel, aluminium, titanium or carbon but can get bamboo)!

FRONT CHANGER or MECH - it sits on your seat tube and moves your chain from the big chain ring to the little chain ring.

FLAMME ROUGE - A red flag displayed with one kilometre remaining from the finish line of a race. Maybe we should have one put up on the road back into Hale.

FREEWHEEL COMPETITION - run after the Seamons' hill climb, normally won by someone who eats all the pies, but not always!!

FEEDER - someone that throws rice pudding and drinks at riders during longer races, when said riders get stropey and start to demand doughnuts and eggs and other food that you haven't got and have no chance of buying in the middle of nowhere on a Sunday morning.

describe a good climber

GRANNY RING – The smallest front chainring on a triple chainset

GILET - the very useful garment i remember to pack when the sun decides to show its face and forget when the wind and rain start.



ARDMAN - a cycling Hardman loves it the wetter, nastier and more insane a ride gets. Notable examples are Jens Voigt, Fabien Cancellera etc.

HC or HORS CATEGORIE - mountain climbs that are so difficult they are or of categorization.

HOUR MAN (or WOMAN) – the title bestowed to anyone who's ever raced a 25 mile TT in one hour or less.

HURET - early French groupset manufacturer, bought by Sachs - now SRAM.



ROUPSET - is what we call all the bits on your bike such as brakes, gears, chainset - Most riders like to have the groupset from the same manufacturer such as Shimano.

GURNING - the distortions of the facial muscles when riding under extreme effort. A good place to see this is during the club Hill Climb, or at the end of the club 10.

'GRUPPO'- Italian for groupset

GEL - fast consumption energy substance for your pocket, like liquid fruit pastels without the black ones. :-)

GRIMPEUR - French word used in cycling to



INTERVAL TRAINING - a method of raising the Heart Rate a number of times in a short period of time. Best done on a turbo trainer. Benefits are that it triggers physical changes to the heart (bigger and stronger) and improves your bodies capacity to deal with lactic acid.

INDEXING - made gearshifts easier & more precise.

INNER TUBES –go inside the tyre to hold the air.

ISOTONIC - 'sports' drinks containing 6-8% carbohydrates plus electrolytes are isotonic and can be absorbed by the body more rapidly than water. Water's a lot cheaper though!

A-Z...



J-COURSE - Time Trial Courses all have a unique reference number and are arranged according to which district they are in. Manchester courses are all prefixed with a J. If you hear someone say " I did a 1.1 on the J2/9" it means they recorded 1

hour 1 minute for the 25 miles on course J2/9, which is near Chelford.

JERSEY - e.g. yellow one, leader of Tour de France.

'JOCKEY PULLEY' - Top small wheel on a rear mech.

JUMP - sudden acceleration or sprint as in "I jumped away from the group on the last climb."

JUNIOR - British Cycling age category for 17-18 year olds. Restricted gearing applies (I think max 52/13 or 53/14).



KOM - King of the mountains, a category in a stage race. Leader of KOM usually wears a special jersey In Tour de

France it's a red polka dot pattern

KSYRIUM - (Mavic) Bomb-proof race wheels.

KOPPENBERG - cobbled climb used in The Tour of Flanders.

KNACKERED - a temporary condition, marked by physical and mental exhaustion, usually evident when returning home on a Sunday afternoon.

KILOMETRES - the standard distance for measuring race distances under UCI jurisdiction... It's psychologically good to use km on

the computer... to see that you are doing over 32... is great... even if it is evens! And the club 8.75mile TT could actually - and correctly - be called the 14km TT...

KILO -1000 m track event.

KEIRIN - Weird partly derny paced track event.

KEVLAR - tough material sometimes used in tyres, bullet proof vests and racing K1s.



LANTERNE ROUGE - the last man in a race, in years gone by, this was coveted as it gave greater appearance money in

the end of season races, so there would be competition to secure it.

'LEECH'- sitting in and not doing any work in a group.

LAST MAN/WOMAN - last starter in a time trial usually the fastest rider in the entire race as the start order is seeded.

LANDS END TO JOHN O'GOATS - classic long distance cycle journey. Also know as 'LEJOG' and 'End to End'.

LUG - sleeves used to join frame tubes. The tubes fit inside the lugs and are brazed (sometimes bonded) in place. Lugs reinforce joints and also make it relatively easy to disassemble the joint should a tube need replacing after a crash.

LEADOUT - helping someone win the sprint at the end of a ride/race by getting in front and working hard until you're close to the finish line, when you move to the side allowing your friend to sprint past for the win.

LINK - chains made up of these, can carry a spare (called a powerlink) in case of broken chain.

LOOK - who brought us race usable clipless

pedals winning the TDF with Bernard Hinault in 1985, believe or not clipless pedals were first invented in the 1895 then reinvented in 1971 by Cino Cinelli before the versions we use now being brought out.



AGLIA ROSA - The Pink jersey-leader of the Giro d' Italia.

MASS START - a strange form of cycling competition that testers like me have nightmares about! (See 'Road Racing').

MECHANICAL - the shout from a rider with a bike problem during a group social ride/club-run who needs the group to wait or lend assistance. You can spot the attention seeker in the club who shouts this most frequently due to leg warmers rolling down, needing to apply sun cream, blow their nose, etc.

MALC JUDGE TROPHY - awarded to the Seamon's rider who does an epic or several long distance rides. They can be any sort of ride, not just races, so sportives and Audax rides are all considered.

MADISON - track race where numerous pairs of cyclists race over many laps, all on track at same time, one rider per couple racing whilst other "rests" and swap using a hand sling. Very exciting to watch.

MASH - peddling action favoured usually by bigger riders who hammer down hard on the pedals without thought of fancy theories about dead spots and/or odd shaped chain rings. Inconveniently for the theorists such riders often win races...proving that you can spout BS as much as you like, but usually the best rider wins!

MUSETTE - feedbag handed to riders.

MARSHALL - someone who indicates to riders where a turn in the course is. They are not there to stop traffic or tell you if the road

is clear. Don't forget to shout thanks as you speed past.

MAXED OUT - means to reach the upper limit of your heart rate, usually when climbing a steep hill. Can also be achieved when you take your credit card into a bike shop.

M&DTTA - a local time trialling organisation whose competitions have recently been dominated by the Seamons.

MAMIL - "Middle Aged Men In Lycra" - enough said !!!!

MARMOTTE - read Allan Blackburn's account in the autumn 2012 Squirrel, of this classic sportive which takes riders over some of the best climbs in the Alps.



TO



To follow...



National Cycling Museum



“**The museum** has been based in the delightful Art Nouveau Automobile Palace building in Llandrindod Wells, Mid Wales since 1997 and it is the leading bicycle museum for the UK.

“**There are over 200 bicycles on display** of all ages and types spanning nearly 200 years of bicycle history. Our newest display is the new Sinclair X-1, of very futuristic design. The museum has undergone many display changes this spring and our most popular display is proving to be the camping display. There are many unusual and unique bicycles including a 10ft tall Eiffel Tower bicycle, a Kangaroo bicycle and even a bicycle with a steering wheel! **Chris Boardman’s** 1992 Olympic bicycle is very popular with children especially when it is taken out on

school visits. There is also much cycling memorabilia on display. You will be amazed at what there is to see.

“**The museum is run as a charitable trust** and is normally manned by 2 trustees who job share as volunteers to keep it open most weekdays and occasional Saturdays. Best to check before visiting; tel. 01597 825531 or www.cyclmuseum.org.uk/

“**Mid Wales is a beautiful area of Wales**, it's cycling country with many places of interest to visit including the quaint Victorian town of Llandrindod Wells. Come for a day or a few days and visit the museum during your stay.”
- Freda Davies, National Cycling Museum

Photo: *the Kangaroo bicycle, Victorian engineering gone bananas. And that flap's not long enough.*

My favourite road...

By Bob Mc Partland



What is it that makes a road your favourite? Do you go back to a particular road because of the views? The speed you can reach? Is it good for training or does it trigger a particular memory, such as your first time under the hour? In the first of this series, Bob Mc Partland describes his favourite road, Wildboarclough.

Wildboarclough

Being a cyclist enables you to experience something that many other people seldom do, the thrill of discovering a new road. New members of the Seamons may have been surprised at the beautiful countryside on our doorstep, that's one advantage of being in our club, our members have a vast knowledge of roads which are off the beaten track.

It was back in the 70's that Dave Mc Ilroy and Malc Judge showed me a road that I have enjoyed riding down ever since, it never fails to delight me even in winter. The road through Wildboarclough runs for 4 miles from the Stanley Arms to the A54, but in that short distance it packs a lot in.

Turning into the Wildboarclough road at the Stanley Arms (you will have come off the Cat and Fiddle Road) the road starts to unfold ahead of you, it follows Clough Brook along **it's entire length, gradually dropping down so it's a nice fast stretch. The brook ducks under the road in several places but it's never far away.** After heavy rain the water has a hypnotic sound quality, chattering away to **itself on it's way down the valley.** Kingfishers, yellow wagtails and dippers are some of the

My favourite road...

colourful birds that can be seen near the water.

On the right side of the road, whenever you look up you'll see Shutlingsloe, with its distinctive peak, the 2nd highest point in Cheshire. In spring the sound of new born lambs carries through the valley and as the weather warms the rhododendrons in Vicarage Wood give a display of vivid colour. In Autumn the fir trees change to the colour of rust before winter takes over.

Halfway down you come across Edinboro Cottages, with their cathedral arched win-

dows with a lattice top. Pass the Crag Inn and the road continues towards the junction with the A54. Turn left here for Blaze Farm and enjoy a brew. I usually try and avoid retracing along a road whenever I go out, but in this case I always make an exception, it's too good to miss.



Photos: seated on a bench you'll get a deep impression of Wildboarclough's poetic majesty (above); the scene across Wildboarclough (below); the Peak District in its full winter grandeur (previous page).



Hola! Greetings from Madrid

By Rob Morton

Well I have been here for over 1 year now and I'm sure you're all dying to know what the cycling's like over here... because I know I am!

For a start you have to bear in mind that Madrid is a bustling capital city just like any other (however not as large or busy as London) and it struggles with the cyclist/motorist relationship. The style of car driving **doesn't really help to make it a relaxing experience** to cycle on the roads, unless you really know where you are going. There are many cyclists who do take on the motorists, **but it's not for the faint-hearted!**

At the moment the Government is trying to push through compulsory helmet wearing in the city centre (its already law to wear one in the countryside) but there is a lot of opposition from pressure groups and celebrities such as Pedro Delgado (who incidentally, in a recent magazine interview, said that his most memorable ride was The Vuelta 1985 -yes, the controversial one- when he made up a deficit of over 6 minutes on Robert Millar on **the penultimate stage and won the race ... amazing** or what!!!!)

... anyway as I was saying... city riding... oh yes... **not for the faint hearted!** After saying that though, the official 'Guide to cycling in Madrid' recommends that for safety, cyclists, when riding on the road, should take up a central position to prevent not being seen by motorists and inadvertently being knocked off... **he/she who dares I think!**

There is an active community of cyclists and there are many organized events. We have a critical mass (bicicritica) on the last Thursday of every month which has grown from the original 4 people 8 years ago, into quite a **throng of many 100's who populate the streets and generally make their presence**

felt. Also we have an annual event appropriately named 'Festival of Cycling' where cyclists are invited to ride a circuit through Madrid on closed roads (20kms). **Many 1000's**



take part in this free event on machines all shapes and sizes including families with kids on bikes with stabilisers! The roads are closed for about 5 hours which causes chaos for motorists, but the cyclists have a great time! I took part last year and was handed an orange when I **crossed the line... very healthy.** One event which just took part last week for the 3rd time was "The Annual Tweed Ride". It was a small bunch of devotees who rode this but never-the-less they were all dressed in Tweed jackets and rode bikes of the vintage variety.

Hopefully from this short article, you can see that Madrid is slowly embracing the humble bicycle 'poco a poco'. Ten years ago there were no facilities what-so-ever, but now we have a network of cycle lanes, cycle parking in most places and the co-operation of public transport for taking bikes on trains and metro at off-peak times. Possibly in another 10 years Madrid will achieve perfection for the cyclist considering that between 2008 and 2011 the number of bikes in use here increased by 254% (plus me).

Next time I will be writing about cycling clubs and the best places to cycle here in Madrid... **so I had better get busy!**

°Hasta pronto!"

Cyril the Squirrel

Club mascot & agony uncle



Many thanks for all your positive e-mails and letters, it looks like last month's edition really helped solve some difficult problems for you. Apologies if some letters don't appear in this month's edition, I would like to say that it is because there isn't room but being honest when I try and open a letter (by nature of my design) it instantly shreds into hamster bedding. Please try using a Hazelnut envelope next time. Continue to send in your jokes, problems and stories, each letter is treated in the same way...e-mails make less mess.

.oOo.



Dear Cyril,

I am always being told to slow down, take it easy and stop living my life at 100 miles per hour. Why does this characteristic not transfer to my Time Trialling? - Gavin Skon

Dear Gavin, I feel your heartache and pains, try to take it easy and rest during the day and save yourself for the bike. Wear a good helmet just in-case. - Cyril.

.oOo.



Dear Cyril,

I like to keep up to date with the stars and celebrities of today by reading all the gossip magazines. When you look at Footballers, Politicians and Pop stars I've noticed that Cycling is unique being the only profession where it all goes wrong for them at the point where they STOP taking the drugs. - Bernie Tupp

.oOo.



Dear Cyril,

Sad news. When I went to watch Paris Roubaix this year I met a lovely Dutch girl with inflatable

shoes. Getting home I rang her up to arrange seeing her again, but unfortunately she'd popped her clogs.

But there is good news. I live in a block of apartments, one day thinking it might be raining hard I stuck my hand out of the window to see if it was ok enough to go for a ride... to my surprise a glass eye fell in my hand. I looked up and saw a young lady from the floor above looking down.

"Is this yours?" I said.

She said "yes, can you bring it up?" So I did, she was really grateful and offered me a drink. She was very attractive so I agreed and shortly afterwards she said "I'm about to have dinner, there's plenty, would you like to join me?" I accepted straight away and had a lovely meal.

As the evening drew to a close she said "I've had a lovely evening would you like to stay the night?" At first I was a bit hesitant and asked if she did this with every man who called round.

"No" she replied "Only the ones who catch my eye." - Colin Round

.oOo.



Dear Cyril,

I would like to warn club members to be careful of a problem dog that will chase people on a bike near the Swan with Two Nicks. - Roger Dass

Thanks Roger. We have acted on your letter by contacting the local Police. They have responded quickly and report that they have **confiscated the dog's bike.** - Cyril.

.oOo.

Seamons TLI road race



Seamons' treasure hunt

By Gordon Peake

It came as a surprise to me that this year's Seamons Treasure Hunt was its tenth anniversary, or put another way the 11th hunt of the new millennium. Initially reinvented to provide a 'family friendly' cycle-based distraction for a Bank Holiday, the format has remained very similar over the years, though the mileage has dropped by half to encourage non-regular riders out – and avoid disaster if the British weather trumps the day.

This worked with return appearances for Ros Helliwell, Sheila Craig, Karen Peake, and the family Burns, new faces: Neil & Maria, Paul and Ella/Allie and Mr & Mrs (Andy) Goodman. Planned or possibly panic, this year it fell on the second Bank Holiday in May.

How it works! – Catchy 25 clues over a 16-mile route transform an hour's ride to nearer three. Add on half a dozen treasures to find, such as a Starburst or a spent daffodil, and some navigational ponderers, and the time soon tots up. Not that this is a race, far from it!

However, it's not meant to be difficult either, more mildly challenging and a bit of fun, tinged with some local observational bits rarely noticed on a 'normal run'. Did you know (or care!) that there is a 60 metre triangulation point, normally associated with hilltops, just to the south west of Castle Mill? Did you know that the Rivers Dean and Bollin join at Carrs Country Park where pipistrelle bats reside, and a bat can consume 3,000 insects in a nights hunting? You can see it's mind expanding!

The Route – this year it took full advantage of the airport bridleways and ancient trackways across Lindow Common to reach the chequered flag at the Railway Inn Mobberley. If I have to wait two hours for the arrivals it

might as well be 'comfortable and refreshing'!

It was only as Sally Cowan set off from Rackhams just after 11am on an expensive-looking carbon steed, with very few spokes, it occurred she might not be on the most appropriate bike. Oops! Sally made it and forgave me. In fact 21 joined in the frivolities in teams of two, three or four, and all made it to the finish within an hour-and-a-half of each other. Time isn't an issue (within reason). You could get disqualified if I get fed up, but this hasn't happened yet. Most made it before the inevitable drizzle set in, except those that dallied for coffee and munchies at Ned Yates Garden Centre. (A hidden little gem of a cafe).

The last clue (26) which of course you're best to have read before setting off (as advised) is designed to be a 'decider' in the case of a tie! Not likely I know!

Clue 26: How many gates (open, closed, or adjacent, gate posts and zig zag barriers) have you encountered?

Carefully phrased but still dangerous ground I've entered here. What constitutes 'a gate' is open to debate and possible disagreement. For example, if you entered a tiny graveyard in Mobberley to collect a clue you'd pass through a little gate, in and out or 'twice'. If you spot the clue from over the wall you wouldn't encounter the gate. So you see it can get controversial. To eliminate this problem we have two rules:

1. Organiser's decision is final (Mine!)
2. In the unlikely case of any objections – Rule 1 applies!
3. There is a third rule condoning liquid bribery but I won't go into that! Unfortunately it didn't happen!

What are the chances of a tie anyway? Well it happened! For the first time ever two teams got all 25 clues and collected the six treasures. Even more remarkable they both had the same number of gates.

How would the most coveted Seamons competition of the year be decided? It came down to an age handicap. With a combined age of well over 100 years and grammar school experience (the Old Chorltonians), the team of Mike Brooks and Pete Coles eliminated themselves to a very creditable second place. (PS: One for the record book – Pete Coles – last into the pub – Now that’s a first!)

The Winners by default with a combined age of errr (no idea, but well under 100 years!), were father and daughter team ‘The Scary Bikers’, Paul and Ella/Allie. With a per-

fect score sheet and treasure hunt first-timers, we all agreed the performance bordered on the meritorious and deserved the nudge into first place! They got first choice from the chocolate bag! Better than winning some dust-collecting silverware! Only four points split the first six teams!

It was good to see the Hunt being supported by more people than ever. Representatives from right across the ‘normal’ sections. A surprise appearance of John Thorogood, out with us again after several years’ absence. Some others taking the opportunity to sack the riding and just meet up at the finish for the jollities. Sorry one or two missed out on the chocolates but pecking order robbed you!

Thanks to all for the support, it makes the planning all worthwhile. See more of you all next year?

Results - read like a pub quiz!

1. “The Scary Bikers”	Paul and Ella/Allie	31 points
2. “Old Chorltonians”	Pete and Mike	31 points
3. “Double Johns”	Carberry & Thorogood	30 points
3 “Happy Mondays”	The Craigs, Ros & Karen	30 points
4 “The Goodies”	The Goodmans?	29 points
5 “The Centurions”	The Burns’s & Co	27 points
6 “Wooden Spoon”	Sally & Verbickas	24 points
7 “The Three Stooges”	Neil, Maria & Hammond	23 points



Where is it?

Answer on Page 2

Dreaming about the Costa Blanca

By Dave Barker

I'm on a convalescence ride after a truly horrible chest infection. I'm trying to kid myself I'm going all right, but deep down I know I feel all right only because **there's a big tail wind.** The moment of truth comes when I turn **left.** Now it's a horrible cold head wind; my legs and lungs pack in just like that; **it's going to be miserable, painful, slow grind back home.** The only way to handle it is to get into dreamy mode and remember times when riding a bike was a pleasure.



John Hammond and I are on a col in the Costa Blanca. We've had a typical relaxed outdoor Spanish lunch in a square (more like a triangle) in the historic quarter of Callosa; not the best bocadillo but good enough to get us back to our favourite bar/café in Parcent. There have been ominous warning from those in the know about this climb and the lower slopes have indeed been pretty tough as the road meanders to and fro, but very up, through dense woodland in a valley. It has been difficult to get any perspective on where we are or where we are heading. Then suddenly it all becomes spectacularly and horribly clear. Ahead is a massive wall of rock and on the top is perched a village; given that there is a distinct lack of villages hereabouts, this has to be Taberna. And

where are we going? Taberna. If the lower slopes have been hard, the denouement is going to be brutal.

Appearances can be deceptive and luckily for us on this occasion they are. The gradient becomes steady and manageable. The views across to the mountain range on our left, its limestone needles silhouetted against a cloudless blue sky, are out of this world; and we can look back and down towards Callosa and then beyond to Altea and start to get some perspective on where we have come from and how much we have achieved. This is a whole lot better than toiling away in the valley. Better still the road winds its way round to the right, so it now looks like we are going to do a subtle flanking move to reach Taberna rather than a full frontal assault up that wall of rock.

We stop SEVERAL TIMES to admire the view (emphasis for the benefit of John Carberry who is somewhere up front and fondly imagines that he has managed to take ten minutes out of us on the climb; no chance, mate). We ignore the bars and fleshpots of Taberna and drop down to join the Coll de Rates road, catch up with John C and tackle the undulations to the summit of the Coll. More spectacular views, this time of the Xalo valley, the various Sierras to the west, north and east and the sea about 25 kilometers to the north east.

Parcent beckons. We had chanced on the bar/restaurant a couple of days earlier; authentically Spanish with no concessions to, or sign of, tourists; in an impressive building which had once been an Agricultural Cooperative (we're getting linguistically sophisticated) with beautifully tiled walls, a dance floor and a stage; and giving every appearance that it serves as a luncheon club for aged local residents, which means that some of us feel completely at home. We're welcomed back, order and contemplate which of half a dozen equally attractive options we'll take to get home.

We decide on Alcalali, up a mini col then down the Llosa Valley to Pedreguer, Jesus Po-bre and home. This turns out to be one occasion when we don't latch onto a German squad (complete with support vehicle) on the road towards Xalo, and John Carberry does not go past them to take the Alcalali prime, then ease back into the bunch and start chatting to them about the war (I made that bit up, but it could be true; I didn't hear what he said to them). So it's a fairly uneventful end to another fabulous day apart from the through and off session back along the Jesus road which was being filmed by John H's camera attached to John C's bag. John H went dramatically out of the back



door on the last drag and still claims that there is no cinematic record of the incident.

If you were aware of who was in our gang in Spain, you will have noticed there is no mention here of Rob Morton. This is because he has already succumbed to the chest infection which he almost certainly brought with him from Madrid and passed on to me; I go down with it that night and am still struggling to get over it two weeks later in the UK. I set off on the Transpennine Trail and get to Sinderland Tip. Dreaming about that last fabulous day in Spain is what gets me back along Cherry Lane and through Sale to Dane Road. About 4 miles.

Photos: Dave Barker mid 'through-and-off' on the Jesus road (opposite); John Hammond views the rushes (above); John Carberry, Rob Morton, John Hammond & Dave Barker (below, left-to-right)



Photo round-up

Photos courtesy of Carol & Johnny Pardoe



April: Roller night saw distance-riders vs sprinters and youth vs experience. Well done, Dave Williams!



May: Before the Llangollen Panorama & Tour of Berwyns (above, below left) and after (below, right).





June: Championship 10 (above) and championship 25 (below). Well done Chris Siepen!



Shorts & longs

Despite our clubmates' best efforts to ride flat out, time can take a while to pass for the Old Clackers stationed at Lymm roundabout to watch them safely round in the tens.

It was during one of these interludes that we fell to discussing the merits of club kit.

It was noted that Mike McConville seemed a bit over-dressed for the occasion, sporting a variety of out-of-season winter-weight wear.

He revealed it wasn't his choice but the result of not being able to find his club shorts.

"I turned the house upside down looking for those bu**ers," he said, before realising where he'd last had them on.

"No wonder I couldn't find them, they'd been surgically removed."

Now that's some hard riding right there; shorts that have to be cut off you at the end of a ride. No wonder he won the Hammering of the Year award.

Still on the subject of clothing (yes, those single minutes can stretch by the time riders have made it to the turn). Malcolm McAllister took a bit of ribbing for his longer-than-regulation sockage.

Resplendent in their old school beigeness, they travelled well past his calves to finally stop just below his knees.

"Are they compression socks, Malc?" I enquired, wondering if they were his secret weapon for a PB that night.

"No, they're just me socks," he said.

I think his answer made it worse.

My final bit of sartorial commentary concerns Keith Stacey. Mr Style when it comes to the bike, he had to confess that his super-swanky, shiny new cycling shoes were just a bit too fancy for standing around in.

He'd swapped them for a pair of flat pumps

when he was pushing off riders for the ten.

"There's no way you could last half an hour stood in those," he explained.

Lady riders who like to get glammed up for a night out will understand where he's coming from. But will have no sympathy!

John Hammond wasn't prepared to trust a run around the 100:8 course entirely to technology.

While he had the route loaded on the navigation device on his handlebars, he was also using the old Audaxers' trick of writing a cue sheet on paper, wrapping it around his forearm and holding it in place by elastic.

Not so much Garmin as just plain old 'Armin.'

This column has previously wittered on about the value of correct spelling. While I accept there is room for the view that the order of letters matters less than the sense they convey, I must also insist there is a reason words are applied to things and a reason why the chronology of the letters in those words makes a difference.

The point was made, inadvertently to be fair, in a couple of Seamons Facebook postings.

Commenting on that day's run, the post made reference to the wonderfully titled Rosé Farm. It's only an accent on a single letter but what a difference it makes, transporting you instantly from a cafe in Allgreave to somewhere far more exotic and sophisticated.

Another auto-correctism/mistyping came during online discussion about roadworks causing havoc for riders taking on the 100 course.

So bad was the situation, the HQ for the TT was renamed Carnage Village Hall. That's some serious congestion!

Cafe corner

By Cafe Queen

HMCQ revisits a couple of café's reported on in Spring, checks out victualling stations for the "12" and "24" before ending up at a hospital...

Hildegard's revisited: This was on the way to do the Tilston check in the Berwyns Audax. It is easy to find, just off the main road through Holt, on the river Dee. All cyclists get a warm welcome from Hildegard herself, there are brightly coloured table cloths on all the tables, flowers, serviettes, and individual hand towels in the toilet. What more could you want? Food! This is served in abundance, as you can see from the photo: innocent scrambled egg on toast with crunchy bacon topping arrived as a mountain of scrumptious food which took me half an hour to munch through. And sadly no room for any of Hildegard's home-made cake. It kept me going nearly all day, good job the road was flat afterwards! LL13 9YG.

Polocini's, Romiley: Route 55 will take you nearly there, just behind "Classic Carpets" on the main road. A warm welcome, with a rack for helmets and cycle locks available. Excellent cyclists' fodder and good prices. Posters of the Classics all round the walls, retro racing jerseys, and videos of the classics playing on a big screen. It is just a bit small for a big group. I went along the Middlewood Way from Bollington to Rosehill Station, but turned right instead of left and went up some massive hills through Marple Bridge and Compstall, then by mistake a big hill going out to Charlesworth, when I got that feeling that somehow this was the wrong way...I should have turned left at Rosehill and picked up the sign on the right, Route 55. It was quiet back roads and paths by a field and through a wood – all surfaced, very

pleasant. SK6 4BT.

Pemberton's, next door to Katrine's Kitchen, Prees Green, A49: handy if you are out on the "12" in August, super cakes, nice quiet Shropshire lanes.



Burwardsley: the Teddy Bears' Tearoom. It is on Harthill Lane, not far from the Candle Factory. Plenty of room for groups, good food, home-made cakes, panoramic view of Cheshire from the terrace, and you can browse in the teddy bear craft room and make yourself a teddy bear! For a bit of adventure

find the track from Peckforton, the Sandstone Trail, and follow it up – very UP – through a wood on a stony path – we walked part way (I just wanted to avoid the long drag up from Tattenhall). You come out by the pleasant Pheasant Inn which does B&B if you are feeling really tired. CH3 9HQ

Leighton Hospital: excellent restaurant, good prices and freshly prepared and cooked food.





CLUBS RUNS LIST

	Half day	Tempo	Touring	50-Mile	Social
4th Aug	Hope	Summer Trees	Whitmore	Sutton	Jodrell Bank
11th Aug	Matlock	Blaze Farm	Hartington	Goostrey	Alderley Edge
18th Aug	Congleton GC	Two Mills	WilleyMoorLock	Delamere	Whatacroft
25th Aug	Blaze Farm	Dagfields	Longnor	Jodrell Bank	Beeston *
1st Sep	Manley Mere	Buxton	Candle Factory	Cotebrook**	Pott Shrigley
8th Sep	Chester - Bob Richardson Run			Blaze Farm	Sutton
15th Sep	Audlem	Manley Mere	Hope	Rose farm	Henbury
22nd Sep	Beeston	Meerbrook	Bishops Castle	Sutton	Dones Green
29th Sep	Chairman's 100		Ma's Kitchen	Goostrey	Malkin's Bank*
6th Oct	Club Hillclimb				
13th Oct	Astbury	Elvis Cafe	Audlem	Delamere	Jodrell Bank
20th Oct	Meerbrook	Astbury	Cheddleton	Astbury	Grasslands
27th Oct	Summer Trees	Delamere	Halloween	Cotebrook**	Delamere *
3rd Nov	Prees	Congleton GC			Pott Shrigley
10th Nov	Delamere	Chestnut Cntr			Sutton
17th Nov	Buxton	Beeston			Dones Green
24th Nov	Two Mills	Rose Farm			Astbury *

* Last Sunday of the month the Social runs are longer and are not advisable for less experienced riders.

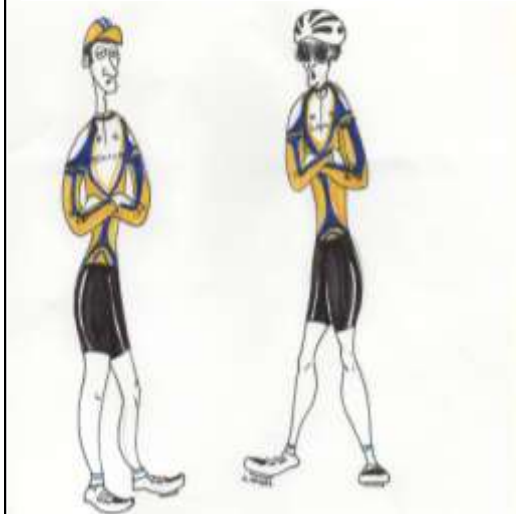
** To be confirmed.

Cover: "Bring me sunshine" Gordon at Morecambe during the Arnside W/E.

Nuts

By Lomas

I got a solicitor's letter yesterday.
Oh yeah?
It seems I've been left a rare old clock.
Oh yeah?
I hope it's not a wind-up.



I have a morbid fear of giants.
Oh yeah?
I've just been diagnosed with
Fee-Fi-Phobia.

