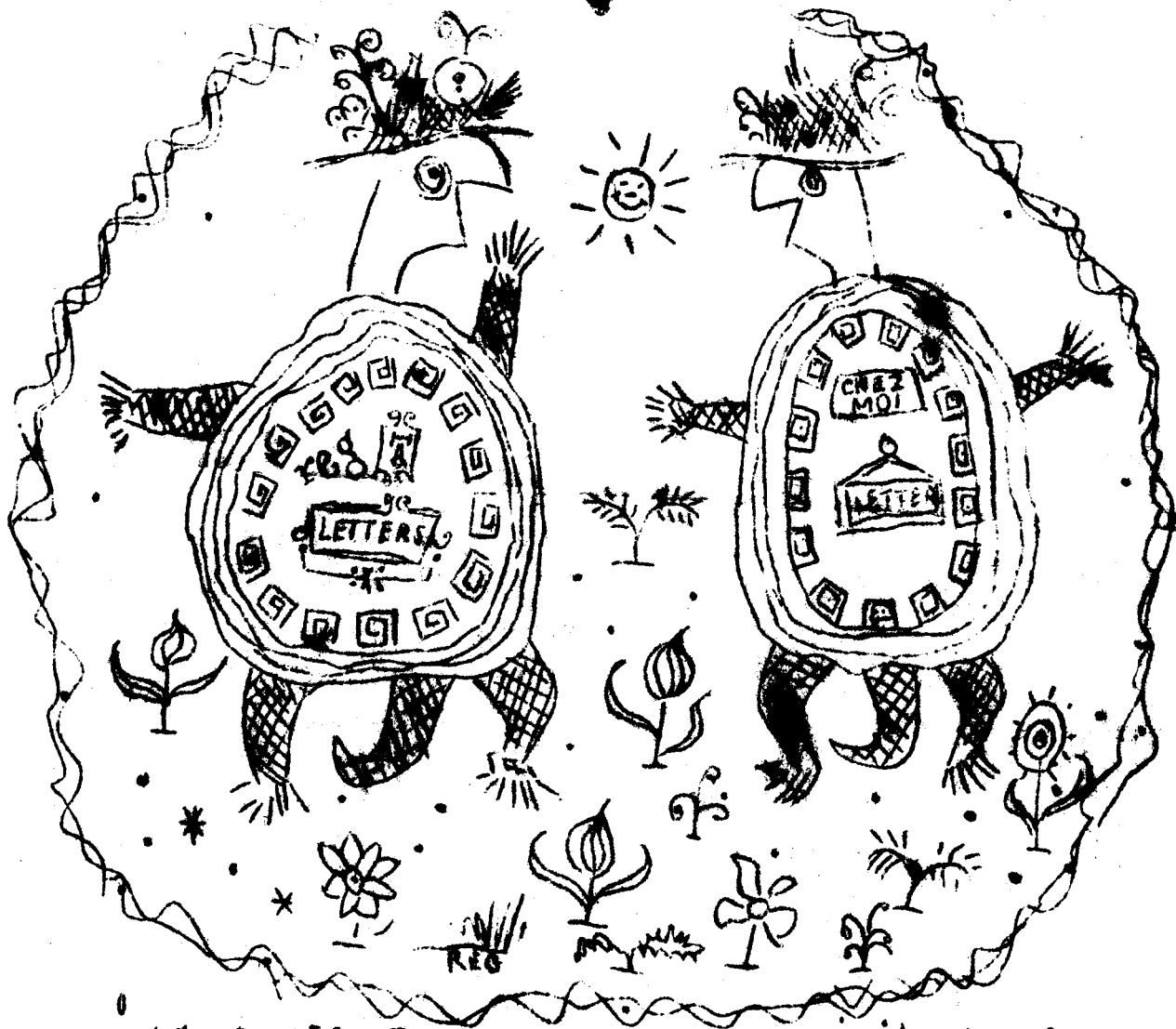


R. B. ...

April 1951

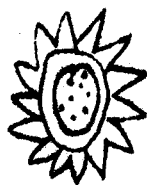
SEAMONS C.C.

THE SQUIRREL



ISSUE NO. 9.

Affiliated to R.T.C.
M.B.T.A.
N.C.U.



OFFICIAL CLUB
ORGAN
PRICE 3^d.

THE SQUIRREL.

No 9.

April

1951.

EDITED BY:- R.V.Herbert & B.S.Dixon.

EDITORIAL.

This is first attempt to carry on with "The Squirrel", and we do hope that this issue carries on where Dennis Chapman left off to become Treasurer. I think we must thank him for his efforts to keep the club informed through the magazine. Material has always been short and still is, but we think he has done a good job, and it is our aim to carry on now in our way.

Our hope is to provide interesting articles, with additional cartoons and sketches where possible. At the moment paper is still expensive so the mag must make do with three or four sheets.

A more serious matter is that of unpaid subscriptions. We think that those with outstanding Subs, are not helping the club to flourish.

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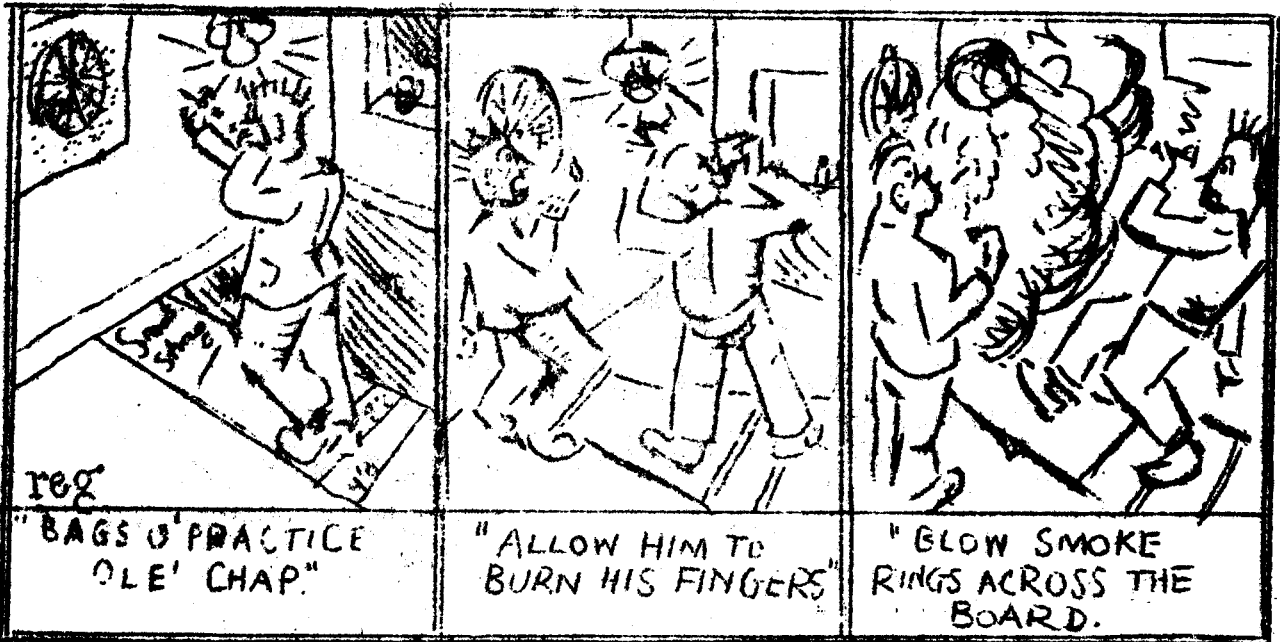
Notes

Is anybody willing to try form a cricket team to play St.Margaret once or twice this season? The matches could be played on Fridays club night. Anyone interested please speak up.

There are club badges at 3/6d and Track Jerseys at 13/6d still available.

Its proposed to start a "Womens Corner" in this magazine.

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believer in Physical Training, which in his case consists of two deep breaths every time he comes out of the flicks. Last, for a change comes George, who quite seriously, is a grand example of how a successful racing man should behave. Quiet, and modest, that's George, essentially a road-man he has had a grand first season of racing at all distances. Works as a fitter at Tilgman's, age 25 yrs. George has quite a yon chamber music, and I don't mean the sort that is played when you visit a ladies boudoir. He also confesses to a very strong liking for the fair sex, although I can find no trace of women in his past. If any of you care to ride past his home one of those wet nights you are quite likely to hear a noise like a tank from within. Don't worry this is partly the noise of rollers, and mainly George wheezing as he prepares for things to come.

EDITORS NOTE : WHY DO PIN UPS "The Memory Man" ???
 GO AROUND IN THAMES?

"TAKING THE MICK"

"Och yes", said the Irishman in a brogue as thick as a Dublin steak. "Oive done some fast ridin" in me toime. Faith, I remember tho toime I passed a polis car and got meself foined for speeding".

He paused, to let this statement sink into his circle of listerners. We were sitting in the bar of a county pub, a dozen or so clubmen discussing as clubmen will the deeds of the current racing stars. Pat had broken into the conversation when Harris was mentioned. "Sure", he said, "Patrick Mahoney could beat that man anytime". We were not, I think, merely incredulous. We just did not believe him. Pat read our faces, correctly, and it got his Irish up. "Where are you going?" he asked. "A-----," said our leader. "Alright" said Pat, "I'll come with ye and show ye what I mean".

We mounted our irons outside and started off, strapped up and heads down. Pat let us hang on for a while and then seemed to disappear in a cloud of dust, reappearing a hundred yards ahead. It was Pat's equivalent of a lesser man's jump. The onsurging tear up did us a world of good, but did not gain us a yard on him until he slowed & stopped just before our destination, after twenty of the fastest miles I've ever ridden. When recovered sufficiently to speak, we persuaded Pat to meet us at the local track the following Tuesday for a spot of training. On Tuesday evening, we took along a timekeeper, and watched Pat clock 11 secs. for the furlong, 23 secs. dead for a flying quarter, and cover 4,000 metres inside five minutes. The president of the club was amazed. He approached Pat with reverence as the Irish phenomnon dismounted, and explained with admirable calm that Patrick Mahoney was a certain world champion.

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"Now all you have to do, is to join our club, (I think MERCURY) win the National and World titles for the Sprint and Pursuit races, we can let 'em have the road title". But Pat shook his head, and said "But I can't do it". "Why not?" we all asked, Pat looked round; and lowering his voice whispered "Well I dim't want to have to tell ye --- but I find it a terrible hard strain riding at that speed"

JOCK McTAVISH.

REPORTS reaching us, say that Dennis Chapman has given up editing this Rag on account of his father being a GEN Compositor Printer at a big Manchester Firm, and Dennis says that he was getting fed up at his "Paters" professional criticism.

EDITORS.

ELOTS ON THEIR ESCUTCHEONS.

Number 1. OUR CHAIRMAN.

DETAILS:

*HE HAS
PLENTY
ELSEWHERE

- Alec: Nut brown
- Cycling: all proper
- Women: a sine
- Sparks: a la flash
- Music: Semi square
- Omnia vices (Latin)
- *Heirs: None as yet
- 3rd. in line



Motto SPARKO.CYCLO.PINTO.HOBO)LATIN)

This coat of arms is similar to others in this club

Next issue.....Major Hill
(Hon.Secretary)

