

THE SQUIRREL

OCCASIONAL

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APRIL. 1952

THOUGHTS FOR THE COMING SEASON

What is it that makes a club successful? Fast times from racing men? A hard working committee? - Though both contribute to a progressive club its success or failure depend entirely upon the full co-operation of you - it's members.

By co-operation I mean the full support of your committee & above all, the spirit of more give and less take - of putting club before self in matters that will help your friends. All of you will agree no doubt, in principle, but it is in practice where it matters.

Last year in particular, we racing men were inclined to be selfish, and it is on this account that I challenge you to give your name to Doug. Hartley as a volunteer to marshall in any event he may need you, and so start to show that spirit of co-operation & goodwill - the only way in which we can progress.

In repentance, may I offer my services first,

R. Richardson. Chairman.

AFTER THOUGHTS OF THE SOCIAL SEASON

About 900,000 tons of grain have been used for brewing & distilling each year since the war. If this had been used to feed pigs and hens, it would have given us 100,000 tons of pig meat and 1000 million eggs extra each year, 4½lbs. of meat & 20eggs extra per person. Mixed with household scraps, this would have yielded even more.

I repentance, may I offer my abstention first.

Editor.

NOTES

There is to be a club dance held at the Sale Lido on May 2nd. The more tickets sold before the dance means the more benefit to the club. May I appeal to you to do your very best in trying to sell as many tickets as possible, think of your chairmans remarks above.

Jim Hewart writes to say he has been in Ismailia during the disturbances, and is now Corporal Hewart, warder of some Glasshouse.

Latest members to leave for the country, are Roy Davenport and Brian Warburton.

Geoff Wringe reports 'Alls well' from Australia, and goes on to say that he has bought a new bike.

Alan Spence has accepted assistant editorship of this rag lets hope it is going to rouse our editor to a bit of effort.

So you'r going to take up racing, you've filled up your entry form, parted with your Half-crown, and now the great day has arrived. We see you rising at some unearthly hour in the night- and later we catch sight of your gleaming new steed upon which have been spent the whole your lifes savings - leaning, stripped, against a hedge. Maybe you are using 'Wired ons' or perhaps someone has kindly (or foolishly) lent you some sprints. There you stand trying to look inconspicuous dressed in black - "Number 33" someone calls, and you are being held up trying to stop trembling - "5 4 3 2 1" says Tom "GO", "Good luck, you'll need it.

Is'nt it hard? Should you have bought a motor bike instead? Down the road, up Bodger and then Jedrel Banks - minutes pass by and you feel a burning in your throat, are you on fire? My Gosh, whats this, no one had told you there were any mountains on this course, (Only the viaduct) you struggle to the top and give your number to some wretches grining at your discomfort, up the drag to Somerford, turning with unsteady jerks, muttering your number once again in the process, then back to Manor Lane. Wearily you fight your way past the Banks to the island where you must show how fit you are not by priming past the gallery and thundering off towards the Ellerton turn. "My number, again, well if you insist" The marshall tells him to get a move on, which you cannot - the road keeps going hazy and stands up in front of you only to lie down before you reach it. Past the island mob on to the FINISH - you croak your number for the last time and promptly fall to the ground. Experienced racing men smile knowingly inquisitively enquiring "What has he done" - WHAT WAS THAT A "NINE"? You say you thought you had beaten the hour, what conceit you must have, you were crawling along like one or two I know in our club.

Ben Johnson.

MORE NOTES.

The run on APRIL 6th. will be to Wessendale Head by kind permission of Mr R Richardson who says he will take it. What he means by 'take it' is the doubtful phrase.

An Impromptu Run is scheduled for the 13th APRIL.

WHIST DRIVES.

The Annual Summer(?) Whist Drives are to start again. The first of them takes place on

WEDNESDAY APRIL 16th.	JULY 16th.
WEDNESDAY MAY 14th.	AUGUST 13th.
JUNE 18th.	SEPT. 10th.

Try to encourage your friends or parents to support these events for the profit made on them helps the club funds.

Next club Dinner is to be held at the Brooklands Hotel on JAN 24 1953. Also Sale Lido has been booked next October 31st. for a club dance.

POTTED PIN-UPS, No 5.

Having spent some time brooding over my choice of victims for this dissection, my mind (Inevitably) strayed to Miss Sylvia West. Then to a Mr R. Hill (Why I know not), and lastly to Mr Brian Warburton (Because I am feeling thirsty) Right - on with the Lady.

Our "Sylvie", not to be confused with Mae, is now known as "Our Canteen Organizer"- and at other times as "That lovely piece in the sweater". Talk about confusing, she has had many a man in the club confused when she turned those big eyes on him. Indeed, Sylvia did this so successfully one night, that one poor bachelor proposed, & what is more, WAS ACCEPTED...and who was it? Why that lad with "Luvly curly 'air". Continuing, we find that Sylvia is an 18 year old fitter at the Lynotype. She is also an early member of the club, being one of our first lady members. Unfortunately we do not see her out on club runs now, but she is still a strong supporter and willing helper at club meetings. Perhaps Sylvia will be on the road again soon. We hope so.

Now for the men (Oh, whatever am I saying) - Robert (Mighty Atom) Hill, is often referred to as "The man with the invisible darts." Bob has had a long and colourful past which reads so- Wine, women, song- wine, women, song and bikes, and so on. He mentioned recently that he is hard up and has decided to cut out the song part of his career. His most embarrassing moment occurred in some dive in Belgium during the last war, you ask him. He has also mounted lone guard over a lorry load of Panzer Grenadiers. (The sauce of it) He is also well known for his short cuts, including roads that vanish and others that entail wading through water bike aloft. However this Timperley killers' chief claim to fame is that he is one of the five founders of Seamons C C. Not only a founder member, but a fine club worker. He has worked as hard as anyone in our efforts to build the club, and has made a first class job as Hon. Secretary, a position he has held since the clubs foundation. At 26. he is an integral part of club life, and what is more is still eligible.

Get out the man who said "What about Warby"

The name Brian Warburton will no doubt be familiar to many, more so to regulars at the Roebuck, Vine, Bricklayers, and so on. His trade, Daubing, now serving Hewas in the "League" until he saw the light and joined Seamons. He now tells me that he is convinced that it was the wrong light. A real lady killer, he is known as the "Scourge of Altrincham", apart from more obvious names. But if you do happen to see his pale complexion do not be misled into believing he does his daubing at night, it is a natural bar pall(u)r. If you ask nicely, he will show you the segs on his tummy through constant bar leaning.

Brian has found Union Time Trialing, and club burns too much for him and so is or rather has flown to the army. Mind you, they had to send for him. Yes, I think you will agree with me that in Warby we have a real aquisition, or should it be liability- anyway we have him. P.S. Good Luck Brian, and congratulations Sylvia and Roy.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO CICELY.

Miss Hinkellbaumer's letter was unfortunately lost in the post, consequently Miss Cicely Neuselheimer only received the epistle this week.....

My dearest Cicely,
here we are again at the season of goodwill and festivity. Thank you darling for the card, though you know it was rather thoughtless of you to send one that read...

"May times trials all depart
And fun have a massed start,
May every little girl & boy,
Be in league with Xmas Joy."

and a picture on the front of Father Christmas wearing a puce, orange salad green & rust coloured racing jersey, sitting in a car with no mudguards - I mean really such things are not done dear.

Well, now that Xmas is here one or two members have gone into their winter quarters to hibernate (just like the squirrel). I do think it's rather strange though that they (unlike the squirrel) choose such places as Orange trees & Vines, but there you are, nature is so strange I often think.

I'm afraid other people seemed to think so too when our club, the Downhill Free Wh. went on a carol singsong one night before Xmas, of course the funds raised were for the blind to cover the window of our mobile changing room for hard riders. Hugo our president, said it was a jolly good cause. We sang first outside Lord Fitzsnodgrass' ancestral home in revenge for his having refused to let us use his front lawn for a grass track. Then we went to the market square and sang

Johnny Beery and the Ivy 'I saw a scrubber go sailing by' and 'While scrubbers washed their socks by night'. We collected 4d. and a rupee but as Hugo is going to tour India this summer hols we gave it to him

Next on the agenda was the Xmas Party, we had a splendid time Cissy, just super dupper. WE all had to bring something to eat & I feeling jovial, took a trick rubber bun, thinking I'd have a bit fun when someone tried to eat it....Darling imagine my amazement when Hugo simply wolfed it in one go. He murmured something about nobody being able to cook like his Mother, and that he would have to get in some roller work to improve his digestion.

Next we had games - they were great fun, the first one was strongly competitive, members formed two teams and were armed with Indian clubs numbered off and when a number was called, ran to the middle of the room and belaboured each other in the jolliest way. Most of the girls lost their clubs but in recognition of their sex were allowed to scratch and bite too. We had a spiffing time darling and if you ever want to have a go its called 'weakest to the wall'.

This season it is intended to attempt to report the club racing results for each week. The first week of Seamons activities put the club into the limelight with a 3rd. place to Sam Smith in the Stone Wh. Medium Gear 25. J Oakes was 4th. and George Arstall 5th. fine team packing indeed, but not good enough to overcome Halesowen. J Oakes claimed 3rd. handicap.

Times...	D J Smith	1 3 12.
	J Oakes	1 4 25.
	G Arstall	1 4 39.

The following week, Mar. 16th we hit top gear in the Manchester R C C. Medium gear 25. Our boys took everything except second and third places. A great ride from Don Smith gave him a 2 min. win over Cyril Cartwright. Again John Oakes was second counter in 4th. place, with a new face appearing as 3rd man in Alan Thomas. George Walton in 11th. place could still have gained team prize if it had been needed. Alan Thomas, Don Smith and John Oakes claimed 1st. 2nd. and 3rd. Handicaps in that order.

Times....	D.J.Smith	1 2 58.
	J.Oakes	1 6 50.
	A.D.Thomas.	1 6 56
	G.Walton.	1 8 40.

On the same date the first club 25 was thrashed out. Your chairman Mr Richardsen, found a lease of life (Heavens knows where from) and confounded the critics....he won....what are things coming to?

Times....	R Richardsen	1 8 34.	D R Chapman.	1 10 03.
	K W Bensen.	1 9 00.	K Food	1 10 43.
	F Minshull.	1 10 C	R de Lcoze	1

Mar. 23rd. saw club members riding in the Bolton Clarion 2nd class 25. Two of our members occupied honourable scratch mark. No honours were gained though some personal best times were returned.

Times....	G Smith	1 7 34.	R Hill	1 8 18.
	R de Lcoze	1 8 56.	D Hamer	1 11 11.
	K FOOD.	1 7 21.	J Wright	1 8 36.
	R Fergusson	1 8 07.		

The team counters were 4th behind Adswood R C M/c Clarion. and M A C.

On the same day as the Stone Wh. event the M/c Clarion 3rd. class 25 was held. Won with a 1 7 25, Seamons rider Jim Rock filled second place with a 1 7 35. Most encouraging Jim.

Well Gissy, after that we played 'Musical irons' where everyone marches round, and when the music stops one grabs a bike and rides around trying to knock off as many members as poss. but do you know, one very new member suggested that we play Postmans knock to make things more exciting - we've been rather doubtful about him for some time, and its my private oppinion that he'El be black-balled at the next committee meeting.

We are having our club dinner at a ducky little place called the Waterways Hotel where some of the lads were recently mistaken for the Glamorgan County Cricket Club.

Did you get lots of presents for Xmas darling,? I had simply oodles of things but I was most delighted with that dear Hugo gave me one of the new all steel saddles, and a jar of the double purpose skin-food and chrome cleaner. I gave him a super elecrically heated wind-jammer for the long, cold winter runs.

Now Gissy darling, I must close wishing you a delicious New-Year and may all your handicaps be big ones.

Simply lashings of love

Angela.

LATE NEWS.

On Sunday last, in the Fleetwood R C. 25, Don Smith recorded his second individual success by winning the event in 1 3 58. in arctic conditions, riding into a near gale. His nearest rival was B WATKISS of the Blackpool R C. twelve seconds slower. I hope that this win will be the forerunner of more successes on the Brock course. Last year we were so near to quite a few awards.