

THE SQUIRREL

April 2005





Seamons prize winners

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Treasure Hunt

Date -	Bank Hol Monday 30th
May	
Start	Rackhams 11am
Distance	20 miles - 3 to 4 hrs
Terrain included	Bridleways & Tracks
Bike	Not your best bike - Off roaders ideal - not essential.
Maps	Not essential but OS M/ cr 109 & Stoke 118 may be useful.
Family Fun Run	Not a race. Not serious.
Teams	Groups of 2 or more
Facilities	Toilets and Cafe's on route!
Finish	Railway Inn Mobberley
Organiser	Gordon Peake 962 - 1649

Cover: New Mills Gorge Christmas 2004

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BITS AND BITS

Crash helmets

Boring, boring, boring! Yes, I know, yet but for that boring helmet of mine (now in many pieces) I might not be writing this piece today. My own conversion to helmet wearing has been made in stages. However reluctant I had been to wear one, I could at least see the sense when racing so I put my expensive aero helmet to one side and wore a proper crash helmet. I then started wearing a helmet when riding in company and when out with Peter Bell's Wednesday group I was involved in a quite minor, accident. A few of us fell off on a slippery road whilst rounding a corner, we were traveling quite slowly and suffered the usual cuts and bruises; we eventually remounted and completed the ride. Only when I got home and removed my helmet did I see that my head looked like it had been formed in a helmet-shaped, jelly mould! With the shock of the fall and possibly the pain of breaking some bones in my hand I hadn't even realised that my head had hit the kerb. Boring, it may be but all I'm suffering from at the moment is a broken hand and not a broken head!

Alex Young

The Bravado Run

The scene is set, it's Jan 23 the posse of 11 has gathered at the Rack in Alty. The sun is rising in the east. The temperature has just passed zero. The Colnago Kid and L' Presidenti have not appeared. Reason has bit the dust.

Doc Holdem and Tim Wyatt are full of bravado, talk of 4 ways, taking on the Wild Boar, and meeting Bonnie and Clyde Pardoe high in the Rockies at the Cat. The rest of the posse sit there memorized and speechless numbed by the cold wondering where they are going. No voice of reason is heard. The Iceman has been

totally ignored. Will he strike? Nobody knows.

The posse leaves Alty at 9.10 blinded by the rising sun leaving a trail of dust behind. The run is silent, only broken by occasional yelps as yet another pothole is not avoided. Concentration is high, the posse is concerned, will the Iceman strike?

Ashley, Mobberley, Chelford all pass in a blur, then left after the church and onwards, towards Siddington down the ungritted Cheshire lane.

Then out of the rising sun he strikes one blast of his mighty howitzer and the Iceman downs 6 of the band, fetlocks and bikes everywhere, ice, and pools of cold water everywhere, enough to dampen anyone's enthusiasm.

The downed riders skid and slide, bikes in hedges, pain is felt, what a mess, how much damage has the mad Iceman caused?

The 6 slowly make it to there feet, Doc Holdem is pleased to report both his fetlocks are in full working order, the others seem bruised but OK, oh no Hopalong Wetone is complaining of a damaged rump, this has happened twice before and could be serious. The air is once more filled with Bravado and gun smoke. Talk again of making it to the Cat, Hopalong Wetone is thinking of going on, technology has passed him by, so he thinks he should stay with the posse.

The lone rider decides to head back across the Iceman's path and go home. Technology has reached his pocket, and he offers Hopalong the use of his phone if he wishes to head back. Bravado is giving way to common sense at last. Hopalong and 3 others decide to head

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back, that makes 5 going back and 6 still going on. Doc Holdem and Tim Wyatt are now split.

The 6 going on have a change of plan and head for Fort Astbury on the lower slopes and make it back to Alty before 1:00pm.

The Pardoe's have used the gritted ascent and made it to the Cat for coffee and beans, a lonely stop this time. But they had a great day riding the gritted paths of Cheshire. Doc, Hopalong and the rest mount their bikes and head back, Hopalong is hurt bad. Progress is slow, past Chelford we go. Hopalong has to dismount, the broom wagon is summoned, we decide to rendezvous with it at the Frozen Mop. The Iceman's lair. Brave Col gives Hopalong a hand all the way there. On arrival hot tea is summoned and we await the broom wagon. Once Hopalong is in the wagon the rest head for Alty.

Hopalong made it for photos of his rump on Sunday afternoon and we are pleased to report that nothing was broken, as first thought. Just bruised, a speedy recovery is expected. He was next seen the following Friday, up to his old tricks handing out tea and biscuits and collecting lots of beer tokens at the Shak, from any member of the Seamons chain gang he could get his hands on. Without a zimmer frame to be seen.

The Iceman left his mark on this intrepid rider, and I for one will not be taking him on again, I will be sticking to the gritted path and not listening to all the Bravado.

Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

The Lone rider.

On the touring section run to Meerbrook recently we decided to stop at Mathews Garden centre, as it was snowing, to see what the weather was going to do. Reg and some others carried on to Meerbrook. When we left it was decided to go to Astbury, after a few miles we came across Eddy (who thought he would have caught Reg's group) coming the opposite way! A few miles further on we got a report that he had a broken chain. Dave Barker then fixed the chain with the help of Peter Devines chain tool, it was down a very quiet lane we never saw a single car the whole time we were there. After this delay we went to Goostrey for dinner, while waiting for the food to arrive Dave asked Eddy what he would do if his chain broke while on his own. Eddy said he would get his chain tool out!

LOCK YOUR BIKE

Over the past few months a number of bikes have been stolen from outside various local café stops:

Hopley House, Middlewich
Castleton
Pott Shrigley
Delamere
Scorton, Garstang
Mathews Garden Centre, Monks Heath.

It appears that there is an organized gang patrolling cyclists' cafes. They literally choose any bikes they fancy, return with one or two of the gang dressed as cyclists, then ride off, to be picked up in a van down the road. Be warned – be vigilant – lock your bike!

Mathews Garden Centre/coffee shop is changing opening times from 15th April 2005.

From then they will be open as normal Monday to Friday, but Saturdays they will close at 1400hrs. On Sundays they will be closed completely.

Meet your Clubmates

Gordon Peak

When and where were you born? July 1951 at Sinderland Maternity, Broadheath.

When did you start cycling, and what was your first club. On my first and only trike, aged 3. Joined Seamons in 1999 after 25+ years of prompting by Roger.

What is your favorite touring area? Hang on - What about my first race and best performance? OK, I enjoy exploring most parts of Britain. Favorite has to be **Shropshire**.

What is your favorite meal? Cheese Rolls at "The Six Bells" Bishops Castle on a sunny day or Poached Eggs and Spinach on Toast - anywhere.

What were you like at school? 5ft 4ins with hair - happy as Larry - Didn't take it seriously - too busy living. Hey it was the sixties!

What kind of books do you read? This year - Bill Bryson (2), Lance (2), Frank Skinner's auto. - Favourites are Tom Sharpe's very funny yarns. Lance isn't a giggle!

What kind of music do you enjoy? Love all sorts, even jazz when they all play the same tune. Roots in "Brit Prog Rock" - so it's Van Morrison, Steve Winwood, Peter Gabriel, Floyd, Santana, Jeff Beck etc etc. Definitely, No Country and Western.

And your favourite type of T.V. Programmes? Archaeological, Natural History, Comedy, Music.

Which Newspaper do you read? Guardian - Gives me illusions of intelligence.

What's your ideal holiday destination? Somewhere with Standing Stones, Bridleways, a handy beach, a good pub & some sunshine! Shropshire on Sea?

Do you have any hobbies? Lots of interests - I'm a "dabbler".

Who would play you in a film of your life? No, not Danny Devito. Charlie Drake died. Bob Hoskins - too busy! That leaves Russell Crowe !

What is your greatest Fear? Becoming a boring Grown-Up.

How would you describe yourself in a Lonely Hearts ad? Tall, dark, handsome, and prone to self-delusion!

What's your most unpleasant characteristic? Well I'm stuck on this one! Err - Perhaps a little "blunt" occasionally and not too punctual..

Which characteristics do you most dislike in others? People who sit on the sideline, do now't, and then moan!

Who would you most like to have met and why? Well I always wanted a brother! Does that count? Why? Because I had two elder sisters! ! !

What was your most embarrassing moment? Not comfortable, even thinking about them.

Four words to describe yourself. Reliable (if always late!), Blunt, Well-meaning, Human.





Christmas Hot-pot

Ship ahoy! A multi-coloured galley of pirates boarded ship in the Carberry's garage to enjoy Gail and John's mulled wine and Christmas cake, on the last club run before Christmas. The far distant horizon of High Legh was calling, so it was up with the mainsail and along the A50, in single file, 20 or more, two wheels and three wheels and tandems, all scattered around Knutsford's roundabouts. Very effective traffic-calming, with cars slowing down, giving way, waving and even smiling!

An excellent hot-pot was served to 65 merry and hungry members, courtesy of John Thorogood's now very proficient team of potato bashers and onion peelers. A big thank you to every one of them.

Drinks were on Dave Matthews to celebrate his 60th birthday, and the arrival of his first grand-child. The cabaret began with a rousing (row-sing?) rendition, somewhat modified, of "What shall we do with the drunken sailor" -

words below - led by Carol Captain Hook... er on the guitar, accompanied by Mike Brooks on the piano. Then followed the Fancy Dress Parade: Harvey, our chairman, introduced the contenders who were cheered or booed off the stage. The "scores" were measured by the pirate-ometer, which clearly indicated Peter Coles as captain of the crew, resplendent in gold-trimmed black hat, red cloak, black and white striped pantaloons, and an evil-looking blunderbuss. This outfit is being seriously considered to replace the existing club strip, especially the blunderbuss to ward off marauding motorists.

Next year is already booked, the theme already under discussion - your contributions are welcome

I like cycling because: "it keeps me off the street"



YO-HO-HO AND A NICE CUP OF TEA

Some remnants of the marauding party that invaded the Christmas Hot-Pot in the guise of Pirates of The Mersey Estuary managed it onto the starting line of the M&DTTA Christmas '10' a week later. This annual convivial event was the last to be organised by 'Santa' Derek Hodgins who hung up his Christmas stocking having passed the 'three score years and ten' marker. Now he intends to concentrate on the racing rather than promoting (isn't this a bit back-to-front?) which just goes to show how the old order changeth. Of the ugly bunch that roamed Cheshire a week earlier, only four made it onto the start sheet and of those only three made it to the start line, with Phil Holden's alter-ego going down with a nasty bout of scurvy – or something similar.

Malc McAllister as Johnny Depp (dream on, Malc!), Jim Boydell as II Kappen and Roger Haines as Captain Blue Beard got the leaky team ship round the Byley course with much cutlass waving and "A Ha me Hearty"- ing to be rewarded with times that were – completely irrelevant. What was of more concern was would we maintain our winning streak in the solo fancy dress competition and, more importantly, would Roger get his revenge over Jim after last year's event? The answers were 'yes', and 'yes' with Roger's attention to detail carrying the day. It was a close run thing as Roger discovered just how difficult it was to ride at any sort of speed whilst sporting a large

wide brimmed hat that wasn't securely fastened down. His parrot was a triumph of security however and looked as though it was quite enjoying the ride, perkily beaming at all the onlookers. The same can't be said for Jim Boydell's. Although it beat Roger's in appearance (A genuine multi-coloured stuffed parrot will always outrank the plastic variety), it's demeanour after a few yards was reminiscent of a severe dose of sea-sickness at best and of the Monty Python sketch at worst.

It's a sobering experience getting caught in a fancy dress ride. No, it's not – it's more hallucinatory actually. Well it is when a big brown bear comes hurtling past on a low profile TT bike to be followed a few minutes later by an even faster 'lady' dressed in 1940's clothes on an old sit-up-and-beg shopping bike (complete with groceries) and a notice on 'her' back stating "I am a lady, really I am". Who needs LSD – just ride the Christmas Ten!

The fancy dress judging took place in the HQ, Byley Village Hall, with mince pies and tea for competitors, and we were very impressed with the tandem pairings. Although the Shepherds from Galilee CC (very professional get-up) took the prize, I think we were hoping that Dr Who and the Cyberman (splendidly original and inventive) would get the verdict. The Ashley Touring CC pair will have to wait until next year.

The whole event was, yet again, a great success and it has become a magnet for a large number of Cheshire clubfolk to exchange Christmas greetings before heading off to the Cyclists' Carol Service at Chelford. The only blot on the day was desire of some deluded folk to ride round the course at over 25 mph. Will they ever learn?

PS. We had one other rider in the fancy dress in the shape of Alex Young's 'Harlequin'. He was down as riding for the 'Pantomime Wheelers'. The trouble was we were in a different pantomime, probably Peter Pan.



BON APPETIT!

The Annual Club Dinner and Prize Presentation was another great success, thanks to the hardworking organizers and all those who came and enjoyed themselves (115 of us). After numerous hiccups beforehand - Guest of Honour unable to come after all (3 of these), endless changes to the guest list right up to 6.30 p.m. on the night, photo-boards thrown out by the Cresta after 20 years sterling service - they now presented a health and safety risk! and a newly installed decibel monitor which would cut out everything if we made too much noise... Luckily JP managed to track down 8 brand new pin boards at the last minute for the photo display, to save the day - the display has never looked so good! The roast lamb was well appreciated again, as was the sticky toffee pudding. The President Robin Haigh announced Grace and the Loyal Toast, and smiled in relief as JP hosted the evening in his usual comfortable and enter-

taining way. (The deal was that Robin would mend his winter punctures and lead him out in the sprint on the Llangollen - ANYTHING but speak).

The Club secretary, Carol Pardoe, welcomed the visitors according to the menu. There was some concern as to who would be the vegetables. No worries; "battered, glazed carrots" became "Fine words butter no parsnips" for Harold Nelson, B.E.M. The crème-de-la crème was our Guest of Honour Lynne Taylor, 9 times winner of the Ladies "24" Hour and Ladies' End-to-End and Thousand mile record holder.

Lynne entertained us with some amazing stories from the End-to-End: 45 hours of rain; the overriding importance of the bucket for the far too frequent loo stops; hallucinating in the dark because of the rain dripping off her helmet into her eyes - 2 nights of this; her helpers persuading her they would give her an hour's sleep, but when they woke her they were still eating their fish and chips; did it really take an hour to eat fish and chips? The worst was on completing the thousand miles - 2 days 16 hours 38 minutes - Lynne then had to ride an extra 10 miles in case there had been any error in the measuring.

Lynne then presented the prizes while Jim Boydell succinctly summarised the racing year - how does he sort through all those results and achievements? Dan Mathers was our B.A.R. Champion, Nigel Harrop Club Champion, Phil Holden Vets' Champion, Dave Matthews winner of the Tourist Trophy, Sian Grainger winner of the Ladies trophy and Paul Smith winner of the Hill Climb trophy. The suspense grew as we wondered who would be awarded the Hammering of the Year. And the winner is... John Thorogood's kitchen! Apparently his kitchen takes a serious hammering every year preparing for the Club hot-pot.

Now who would be awarded the Most Meritorious? The winner is Steve Booth, for his outstanding work on the creation and upkeep of the Seamons website, and also in recogni-

tion of his loyal service to the Club running the Evening "10"s throughout the summer. Jim then made a surprise presentation: a Patterson print to Keith Stacey of a racing cyclist dragging a heavy roller - just what Jim would have wished for when Keith passed him in the "12", on his way to winning the National B.A.R. in 1965.

There was another presentation: this one for Lynne Taylor. JP produced from out of thin air a yellow bucket with blue spots on - ready for her next End-to-End? And a yellow sou-wester, just in case she gets another 45 hours of rain.

Then a final surprise presentation: for Keith Stacey again, an original Helms cartoon depicting a club cyclist arriving home in a state of collapse: "I'm improving, I stayed on Stacey's wheel for 10 miles this time." This was to mark the 40 years since he took the B.A.R. title.

And so to the dancing, to the Brotherhood of Glam. But no. A very big HICCUP. During the group's first number all the sound went off. This happened three times. Appeals to the Manager were to no avail. More raffle tickets were sold at this point, and prizes collected. We must thank Harvey Maitland for all the organizing here. Then the mini bikes were brought on. A very entertaining half hour ensued of crazy racing over the dance floor and round the chairs, a lot of falling off and hurt pride - even the waitress had a go. Then MUSIC. We don't know what happened, but we were more than ready for some LOUD music. It was brilliant, and we were still all dancing in the early hours. Well done Brotherhood of Glam. As they say, all's well that ends well. Hope you all had a great time.

P.S. Thank you letter from our Guest of Honour:

"I really enjoyed your Dinner, everyone was so friendly and a great laugh. I was impressed by a lot of the riders, especially Dan

Mathers, a good, determined cyclist - future 24 hour man perhaps? Most of all about your club is they have a great laugh and that counts for a lot." Lynne Taylor.

WHAT A SCOOP!

JP had received inside information that three previous Seamons CC Guests of Honour would be competing in the Larkhill CC 2-up 25 mile Time Trial at Broxton. A photo opportunity not to be missed.

So on my way to Tattenhall to meet the touring section I called off at Broxton (7.30 a.m. start from Allstock) to watch the action. Gethin Butler won the event with a 54 minute ride, Lynne recorded 1 hour and 2 minutes with Marina Bloom, Andy Wilkinson 57.01 with Neil Peart, who partnered Lynne at our Dinner.

Andy, in typical Andy-style, rode out from New Brighton, took his saddle-bag off, rode the event, then back on with the bag, and off to meet the Club at Chirk, and then ride home...

All three are End-to-End record holders, and Gethin and Lynne hold the Men's and Ladies' thousand mile records respectively. You could say that there's a lot of mileage in this photo!



Obituary to Arthur Thorlby

Former Club President, Arthur Thorlby, died in Bangor hospital, North Wales, on December 31st 2004.

Arthur joined the Club in the mid 1950's and was to serve on the Committee holding various posts, including Social Secretary, P.R.O. and Magazine Editor. He was our President from 1980-81.

Many members of the Club, some of whom are still riding today, benefited from Arthur's experience in the early days, enjoying Youth Hostel weekends, Easter and summer tours, all organized by Arthur.

He was a tourist at heart, and toured extensively throughout the UK and on the Continent, mainly Germany.

On the racing side he competed at all distances up to 12 hours, of which he completed six, his best being 212 miles.

He won the Tourist Trophy 3 times and was voted Best Clubman in 1979.

Arthur organized the R.T.T.C. National Championship "50" on our behalf in 1980 and also served on the M&DTTA Committee as combined Club Secretary. He promoted the Manchester and District 12 hour in 1981.

Arthur was also involved with feeding organization of the Mersey Roads 24 hour for many years.

During the 1980's he moved to Anglesey where he was to spend the rest of his life.

The funeral at Bangor was attended by many of Arthur's former cycling friends and colleagues, including and representing the Seamons: the President, Robin Haigh, Keith Wilkinson, John Pardoe, and former members Mike and Chris Siepen, and Stuart Thorley.

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SEVEN years ago Arthur Thorlby came from Sheffield to Altrincham and promptly joined the Seamons Club. Within a few months, he took on the committee post of magazine editor and has remained on the committee ever since, latterly as social secretary.

Throughout the years, touring has always been



ARTHUR THORLBY . . . a tourist stalwart

Arthur Thorlby is the second of our Seamons stars

his first choice, but he has never failed to ride in the club's 12-hour championships. Last year in the Manchester Wheelers' event he set up a personal best of 212 miles, which he hopes to improve this year.

He also started the "Tourist Trophy" competition, giving his name to the shield to stimulate the interest of regular touring riders. The new strength in this section can be put down to his efforts and he hopes to continue this drive for new members.

An ardent supporter of the Cyclists' Touring Club, he has toured extensively in this country and on the Continent, mainly Germany. This gives plenty of scope for another of his hobbies-colour photography. He also finds the two languages he studies-German and French-very useful.



Farndon and back in 24 hours! By the Unlikely Lads!!!!

Well of course it all started as an idea in Phil Holden's head!!! He wanted to ride the Mersey 24 in 2004 - he just needed two other riders [preferably over 40 years old] to stand a chance of winning the team prize in what was The National Championships event, which would be nice.

Difficult? Well of course Rob Morton will oblige. Ideal candidate in fact. Not raced for over a year, rides the occasional club run, but has got what it takes.

And then there's Dave Tickle. Dave is a strong rider and has one 12-hour ride under his belt but more importantly he is game for an adventure.

Well that's the team we just had to wait for the day.

The day dawned and I felt good - at least I seemed to be mentally prepared -or had I just become mental? Anyway the team car driven by Mike McConville, with Dave Tickle already aboard, called round at the time previously agreed at our team meeting. The amount of food packed into that car was astounding - in fact there was just about room for me!

We arrived at Farndon and met up with the other team car driven by Mike Brookes who was carrying our team captain Phil. The excitement was building as I signed on, got my numbers and bag of food [yes more!] and then finally got changed into my clothes, which I would be wearing for the next 24 hours solid. Yes I was finally on my way at 1.32 pm and felt good as I received kind applause and envious glances from the gathered crowd.

I tried not to set off too fast and just sort of

kept my effort in check, as I didn't want to run out of energy too soon. Everything was fine until my rear light fell off. I managed to retrieve the broken lamp from the road - [it was ruined of course] but instead of cycling on steadily I tried to make up lost time by going like the clappers. I caught the riders who overtook me while I was picking my light up off the road and felt happy. I was going well - I caught Dave and cycled and chatted for a while before moving on. I made the mistake of going fast and catching the next rider. This person was obviously an experienced 24-hour rider as she was going really steady, but what she thought of me I don't know. The last time she passed me was at about 65 miles and I was in contention no more. It was my first bad patch and 100 miles took an age to come up. [5 hours 45 mins]. My first proper stop came when I saw Mike and Mike [McConville and Brookes] by the roadside complete with gas burner and frying pan etc. 'do you want a sausage butty Rob?' they asked 'Yes' was the reply. 15 minutes later I was feeling great again and even phoned a friend as I cycled along [not hands free]. The time was about 8.00pm. I was not racing now, just riding but feeling comfortable. The night was coming up and rain was threatening. As I headed down to Battlefield to start the night-riding leg Malc McAllister and Dave Atwell had joined Mike and Mike at the roadside, so I stopped for a chat and Dave gave me some chocolate - not just any old chocolate he said it was the best. The sun was setting, it was trying to rain and it was time to turn my lights on. Well my front light left a lot to be desired and there was about 6 hours of darkness to come oh - oh. A pre arranged meeting point was Prees where it was planned we would take on board more

fuel for the night and put warm clothes on. The car was there but neither Mikes were inside.

I went in the diner and ate beans on toast while phoning to see where they were [the mobiles were an excellent idea]. Not far away as it happened- in the pub enjoying a nice refreshing beer.

The rest did me good. I set off again into the night with my jacket and leg warmers and the front light which wasn't perfect. It was dark out on the road. Of course I couldn't see what speed I was cycling at but still felt comfortable. I was riding on the tops at this stage. I certainly felt safer in that position than tri-bars at night but also the speed I was doing didn't warrant getting down low for aerodynamic purposes.

The front light was letting me down badly. It didn't really shine up the road ahead of me. All the other cyclists had super-dazzling jobs. I got a warning about it from one of the marshals and finally the batteries ran out. Luckily it coincided with my next visit to Prees where I found Mike fast asleep in his car. I had more batteries, which I had put in my boxes of food. By this time the temperature had dropped so I was glad of my extra layer. After another hot tea in the café and my 'new' batteries in the light I was all set again for the long leg of approx 40 miles. At my speed it was going to take some time. Of course my 'new' batteries [which weren't exactly new] were only average so battery preservation tactics had to be employed [at least it was something to think about]

One of the wonderful experiences of this night -riding was the view of the other riders' lighting systems which were exceptional it has to be said. One rider was wearing what appeared to be an illuminated vest I pointed out that is was a good way to keep warm - definitely a Ready Brek experience [if you remember the advert- Central Heating for kids]. The brightness of the headlights was also on a par with those of the cars - almost as blinding. Sorry to go on about the lighting

but mine was so dismal I nearly had a crash as I attempted to ride into the mobile feeding station-couldn't see the verge! That feeding station was fantastic - endless supplies of butties and egg custards and GO bars... and tea of course. All the riders that had to call in were invariably shattered and in a terrible mess. I must have been there about 20 minutes and then I entered the cold air of the night again and gingerly edged to the road.

A stop always does you good and I seemed to be riding quite well in patches - I seem to remember having a real burst of energy when I was actually catching and leaving riders! Gradually dawn broke and I could start seeing the riders. Apparently I didn't pick out Dave tickle even though he waved at me.

I finally reached Prees again where I started on the smaller circuit. At one point on this circuit there was some good camaraderie as there were about 4 of us together -all slow riders chatting. One of these riders mentioned how they ride every year as its such good fun! - I thought -What?

More riding, more fatigue, more sitting by the side of the road eating, drinking and trying to come to terms with sleep deprivation. I had been ok in the hours of darkness and felt pretty alert, but later on - maybe 6 or 7 o'clock I just got that light-headed feeling which was really strange. I just kept drinking my energy drink hoping that it would 'perk' me up and stop me dropping off completely. That was one big challenge.

The last big challenge of the event was when it started raining with about 3 hours to go. It was awful and to make things worse it sounded as though my rear hub was about to give up -the bearings were making an awful creaking and cracking sound.

It was about 23 hours gone when I passed the HQ at Farnden on the finishing circuit. Mike McConville reckoned that I could do at least one circuit in the final hour but I disagreed. [wow-me being assertive!]

I ground to a halt at what I thought was the perfect point on the finishing circuit. It seemed

like it was the Townswomen's Guild of Farndon who were on duty. They congratulated me, hung a medal round my neck and I was happy with my lot. Mike McConville was there so I jumped in the car and then we had to meet Dave Tickle as he was due to finish somewhere. We found him and was Dave happy? Yep...elated...over the moonhe couldn't wait to get on the phone to his wife.
It was all over, 24 hours ...amazingall those miles in one go. ...Unbelievable.

Well we had done it... the Unlikely Lads!

Unfortunately we didn't clinch the team prize but I think the achievement of actually riding the event and being in the saddle all those hours was enough for me!

A Tough Day you could say!

Rob Morton.

[With thanks to my mate Terrie Murphy for all her time and effort]

Deserted Islands

On a group of beautiful deserted islands in the middle of nowhere, the following people are stranded:

Two Italian men and one Italian woman

Two French men and one French woman

Two German men and one German woman

Two Greek men and one Greek woman

Two English men and one English

woman

Two Bulgarian men and one Bulgarian woman

Two Japanese men and one Japanese woman

Two Chinese men and one Chinese woman

Two American men and one American woman

Two Irish men and one Irish woman

One month later on these absolutely stunning deserted islands in the middle of nowhere, the following things have occurred:

One Italian man killed the other Italian man for the Italian woman.

The two French men and the French woman are living happily together in a ménage-a-trios.

The two German men have a strict weekly schedule of alternating visits with the German woman.

The two Greek men are sleeping with each other and the Greek woman is cleaning and cooking for them.

The two English men are waiting for someone to introduce them to the English woman.

The two Bulgarian men took one long

(Continued on page 16)



Picture shows Keith on the front cover of the Sporting Cyclist magazine, competing in the final qualifying event of the season: the Harrogate Nova "50" which he won in 1.53.46.

A Bit in the Dark

They say that proper Audax riders do it in the dark---and now it was my turn to give it a try.

Riding a 200k in December leaves little choice but to get some good lights and go for it.

My selected route was Lichfield-Wem-Lichfield 208 Km ridden as a Permanent from the control at Rugely. This control has the advantage of a 24 hour garage and Forte Travelodge right on site. I guessed, correctly as it turned out, that if I stayed at the Travelodge then I could get a good early start and leave my car in safety until the eventual

From the Archive

It is hard to believe that it is 40 years since Keith Stacey won the British Best All-Rounder Competition in 1965.

At just 20 years of age, a very youthful Keith took the most coveted title in the sport of British time-trialling with qualifying rides of:

50 miles:	1.53.46
100 miles:	4.05.00
12 hours:	264 miles

I know that Keith tends to play down his illustrious past, but every now and again we should be reminded that there is absolutely no doubt that Keith Stacey was to put the name of the Seamons will and truly on the cycling map for all time.

Let us also not forget that Jim Boydell also qualified for a place in the "Top Twelve" in the National titles, finishing in 5th place in the same year.

It was a great shame we were robbed of the National Team title, when Malc Judge's entry for the final qualifying event of the season was refused by the organizer. The reason why remains a complete mystery to this day.

return that evening.

Thus I arrived at the Travelodge at 9:00pm Friday night and got established. The receptionist was very understanding regarding the accompanying bike and allowed me to keep it in my room.

Next morning I got up at 05:25, ate my pre-prepared breakfast, packed up and was checking out from the garage opposite at 06:45. It was still dark, but the town lights allowed me to start out safely using just my back-up Cat Eye sport opticube led. front light. This was important as my main Cat Eye ABS-20N (6v; 10w) front light, selected for light weight and easy fit for 2 NiMH batteries behind the front

bottle cage, is limited to 2.5 hours burn time. This would be sufficient time if everything went smoothly, but left little margin for punctures, excessive fatigue or route-finding error.

Once out of Rugely it was main lights on and heading into the dawn for 12 Km down the A51 to Lichfield. At Lichfield the control was to be a 24 hour garage on the ring road---except that I couldn't find it. Eventually I accosted an early morning jogger to get directions. Once we had got through the deaf/mute show, my acquaintance took off his headphones to advise me that there was no petrol station in the vicinity. However he could give me directions to an early-opening newsagents where I could get a control stamp. Except the newsagents didn't exist either! I had no option but to continue circling Lichfield in the hope of finding some sort of control. Eventually I breasted the top of a small hill and there in the distance were the lights of a 24hour Shell garage. With a huge sigh of relief I got my card stamped up in the garage and at last could head north 43 Km to the control at Ashbourne.

Initially the route was a pleasant, flattish ride through sleepy villages as the red dawn eventually gave way to a cloudy, dull day. The character of the ride changes 25 Km further on at Sudbury where a well engineered cyclists' underpass crosses the A50. Beyond the A50 the route follows a much hillier section of the A515 to Ashbourne which I remembered as being on the main route from Manchester to London when I was a child. No M6 in those days.

No M6, but up on the moors the mirage of a tea van on the A515 turned into reality. This was a big stroke of luck as I was able to purchase a huge bacon butty and a brew which fuelled me right through to lunch at Eccleshall.

Arriving at Ashbourne the promised garage

was not obvious and it felt like deja-vu from Lichfield. Fortunately I soon found a garage on a diversion to the town centre where I could get a stamp and new AAA rear light batteries. (my batteries were brand new at the start and faded after 1.5 hours---must remember to take spares in future).

After Ashbourne the ride went smoothly enough to Eccleshall (48 Km) using minor roads familiar from the Tamworth "Marching on to the Chase" 200K last August. I got totally lost in August (the low point was arriving at Hollington, only to realise the real Hollington was 30 Km to the west) and failed to finish the ride. However the knowledge gained came in very useful on this occasion at various tricky junctions.

Following a good, if slow lunch stop in the Country Kitchen café in Eccleshall, it was on to Wem (36 Km) where I got a bomb proof control stamp at Jack Davies cycle shop on the High Street. The shop assistant told me I was the second person on the same route that day, so I hope the rider in front of me had a safe finish too.

Just outside Wem there is a local garage/Spa shop where I snacked up and then set out on the final 69 Km leg to Rugely. The time was now approaching 3:30pm and light was starting to fade. By the time I got to Newport with 30 Km still to go it was pitch dark and I reckoned I had about 1.5 hours worth of light left--less than hoped for as a result of the time spent finding a control in Lichfield that morning. Still, this should be just enough light as long as I stayed on route.

Immediately after the remote village of Church Eaton the route sheet tells you to turn 2nd L to Penkridge at signpost Woolaston. At this junction I could only find a sign that denoted "muddy road" so gambled on this being a farm track and the correct turn would be the next road left.

The Squirrel

This turned out to be a bad call and I wasted precious time and battery power until I eventually got back on track through Lapley after a fair bit of wandering around dark, anonymous lanes. During this excursion I developed my route finding technique in the dark. This became---stop bike; turn off main front lights to conserve batteries; put on reading glasses; read route sheet; correlate with map; check route sheet again; reverse steps with map, glasses etc and set off again using main lights. Time consuming, but this technique minimised the chances of further mistakes.

Once through Penkridge there was only one minor route finding error as I headed towards Cannock on the obvious B5012, rather than the “white road” to Rugely. Fortunately this error was soon corrected by cutting north on a minor road and then gaining the correct road through Cannock Chase at a T junction.

Just one last big hill climb over the Chase with failing main front lights, but sufficient back-up from the optcube, led to the big descent to Rugely and a finish inside the time limit. Distance was recorded at 220K. The extra Km was caused by touring Lichfield in the morning and the excursion through Lapley in the evening darkness.

My first 200k winter Audax had been a great experience and will live in the memory long after the recollection of similar daylight rides has faded away.



Paul Smiths
new hill
climb
bike.

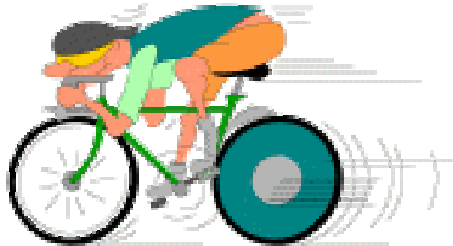
(Continued from page 13)
look at the endless ocean and another long look at the Bulgarian woman and started swimming.

The two Japanese have faxed Tokyo and are awaiting instructions.

The two Chinese men have set up a pharmacy/liquor store/restaurant/laundry, and have gotten the woman pregnant in order to supply employees for their store.

The two American men are contemplating the virtues of suicide, because the American woman keeps on complaining about her body, the true nature of feminism, how she can do everything they can do, the necessity of fulfillment the equal division of chores, how sand and palm trees make her look fat. How her last boyfriend respected her opinion and treated her nicer than they do, and how her relationship with her mother is improving, and how at least the taxes are low and it isn't raining.

The two Irish men divided the island into North and South and set up a distillery. They do not remember if sex is in the picture because it gets sort of foggy after the first few litres of coconut whiskey. But they're satisfied because at least the English aren't having any fun.



TOURING SHORTS and LONGS

The trip to Wales for the Llangollen run got off to a bad start for our inglorious leader.

Firstly, what he called "a mutiny" but others would see as an outbreak of common sense, saw the tourers split between a ride out or a car-assist.

Two words made minds up for me and Pete the Pot: "Wales" and "March".

Much to Wilk's annoyance, more followed suit and in the end there were more going by car for the weekend than by bike.

Then, having stomachached this insult to his planning, Wilkie had to take his own car anyway.

And then when he gets there and takes out his bike, what does he find? A puncture.

Well, we laughed. A lot.

Still, the weather had the last laugh. After a brutal bashing by some serious March chill on the Saturday, Sunday was a stonker with bright-blue skies and ideal for a blast back to Altı.

Typical.

Still in Wales, the touring section's male, err, members let themselves down once more.

Being one of the few to brave the showers after the Saturday ride, I suffered much derision for my apparently wanton and reckless use of deodorant.

It would appear that for some the art of cleanliness includes neither a shower, nor a nice smell afterwards!

Their excuse? It was too cold to have sweated a bead.

However, pride in appearances was reclaimed by the Pardoes. They had ridden out on the Saturday, complete with panniers and luggage.

Offered a "lift" back for the luggage on the Sunday they both refused. They did think about it, but they both refused. Good for them.

The person who didn't think about it and accepted the offer immediately shall remain

nameless!

On the subject of Roger, rumours of his getting a new bike have spread like through the touring section peloton like a bad smell after a ride.

There'll be no holding him soon, although I can't see his new Cinelli being locked up outside Booths in Knutsford while he loads up with his weekly bottles of Old Scrote and Dog's Dangler.

And yes, Eddie has just got another new bike. His 28th in as many weeks; and it's already got the usual Eddie embellishments.

Of course a new bike might have been something Tatton John wished he'd taken to Chester.

Just outside Mickle Trafford, his old machine c1970s vintage just gave up the ghost.

Pushing that power through the pedals once too often, he snapped...his seatpost. Ouch!

While Roger went scouting for an appropriate-sized bit of wood to makeshift a mend, Wilkie seized the initiative and told John to just honk to the Bike Factory and get it sorted while we have lunch.

The rest of us just sucked our teeth and failed miserably at not laughing and offering smart-alec comments.

Anyway, £14.99 later a seatpost was duly fitted and working thanks to the marvellous mechanics at the Bike Factory. Nice one lads!

John was delighted and, quite correctly in my view, pointed out that his new seatpost was the best part of the bike.

The decorum John managed to maintain in the face of such adversity was not quite so present when yours truly was left without custard on the run to Uppermill.

As any touring section regular knows, pudding is semi-compulsory. And if it's available, spotted dick has got to be favourite. And it only comes with custard.

(Continued on page 29)

RHYMELAND

The number of cycling clubs acquainted with the picturesque region around Arley Hall is now very considerable. No body of wheelmen make the trip once without booking it as an annual fixture. It is a curious case of a secluded yet easily accessible district far oftener visited by clubs than by riders unattached. There may among the latter be many who, while they enjoy a bit of exploration close to home, shrink from a solitary run of forty miles. If any such there be, they are losing many of the pleasures of cycling by not joining a club. Be this as it may, the rider who, in company or otherwise, sets off for Arley, will find much to reward him besides the mere delights of the run. Arley may be reached by a variety of ways, but it would be difficult to find one more pleasant than that turning off the main Chester road just beyond the Swan Inn, where a finger-post points to Hoo Green. We soon strike the Knutsford-Warrington road, and follow it along the south wall of Legh Park, turning sharp to the left as soon as this is passed. The way narrows and undulates, but the surface is good and the scenery on either hand of the richest pastoral. The first bearing is to the left, the second to the right, which is marked as the way to Budworth. But no one would hurry down these lanes. Lovely at all seasons, they are, perhaps, at no time lovelier than in May, when cottage walls are made bright with apple flower, when dainty ladies' smocks peep from the grass in the hedge banks, and newly-fledged goslings in pale yellow velvet paddle in the wayside pools. When we, are still some three miles from Budworth a bridle road turns off to the right. This way we must take, but not before dismounting to read the legend on the signpost that points our course. It is the first of those rhymed inscriptions that are scattered over the domain of Arley, the late squire having amused himself in his blindness with this form of composition. Instead of being curtly told

that the way leads " To Arley," we read :

This Road forbidden is to all, Unless they wend their way to call At Mill or Green or Arley Hall.

We turn through the open gateway and proceed. A pleasant lane soon leads us to the mill. It is built upon a broad dam, that has imprisoned the little stream we crossed not long before and hardly noticed, and above it the waters have risen to fill the valley, forming Arley Pool. To this extent the Pool is artificial. But Nature, with time on her side, has claimed it for her own, and all through the year, whether the blue cornflowers lift their heads near its margin, or whether its surface reflects the russet foliage of October, or the grey of the naked beech bark later still, there is ever a restful beauty about it. The coot floats lazily waiting till silver scales shall come within diving reach, and the stillness is only broken by the plash of rising trout, or the " konk " of startled wild-fowl as they fly from the sedges. The frontispiece shows a peep at this Pool taken in May-time. We pass down the avenue with the Pool on our right, and daisy-sprinkled meadows on our left. Avoiding the entrance to a carriage drive, we turn to the right, cross a bridge, where the upper waters of the Pool fall over a low horseshoe weir, and pass the cluster of dwellings at Arley Green. After this the road is to the left, and two gates must be opened as we cross the park. We are again reminded that the road is a bridle path by a signpost which is a companion to the other :

No Cartway, save on sufferance, here. For Horse and Foot the Road is clear.

To Lymm, High Legh, Hoe Green, & Mere. In the Park herds of cattle are generally browsing-Scotch cattle with great horns and picturesquely ragged hides. A glance over the left shoulder, at a point where a long avenue of saplings has been planted, gives a good view of the hall. There is in the grounds a cemetery where favourite horses are buried, a rhymed

epitaph marking the graves of several. There is an odd humour embodied in some of them, of which the following may serve as an example

SALTFISH.

For hungry worms here lies A noble dish,
Horseflesh by nature, and By name Salt-fish.

Another sample of this whimsical form of comp - position is found in the lines to Shadow; a pet pony:

In this pony the whim of his mistress was shown
When " Shadow " she named him, tho' good
flesh and bone, So her carriage whene'er it
came round to the door Like a coming event,
cast its shadow before.
Nothing left, save the bones which lie under
this clay, Like all shadows this shadow has
now passed away.

On leaving the park we traverse a lane buried between high banking. Where three ways meet, ours bends to the right, and after that we take the second bearing to the right and wind into Great Budworth, whose tower and pointed roofs and poplars make an accidental sky-line that is very prettily composed. Presently we come upon the remnants of the old stocks at a bend in the village street, and here a dismount must be made, for Budworth must not be left without a visit to the church-yard. From the path at the top of the slope two meres are visible-Pickmere and Marbury-with a wooded plain stretching to the eastward. One wonders what untoward circumstance can have led the late Lord de Tabley to say in effect in his will, "Bury me anywhere except at Great Bud-worth," for to most it will seem a pleasant enough resting-place. Nearly opposite the church stands the George and Dragon, distinguished by a sign of open ironwork. It is entered by a porch, in which, just above the doorway, one of the aptest verses of the Arley poet is inscribed upon the stone:

As Saint George in armed array Did the fiery
dragon slay,
So mayst thou, with might no less, Slay that
dragon drunkenness.

It is more serious, and perhaps less terse, than the rhyme over the doorway of the Thorne at Appleton (to which reference is made elsewhere), but the point is not less direct. The road through the village culminates in a sharp descent, with cross-roads at the bottom, and brakeless riders should go down it in very wary fashion. A steepish hill to the right has now to be climbed, and, indeed, the way here described is the most difficult by which to reach our turning-point. But the round of Rhyme-land would not be complete without a visit to the running spring of cool water at the base of the hill. Here the poet speaks again in pious measured couplets :

Blessings in never ending love
Are on us poured from heaven above : This
running stream, with ceaseless flow, Springs
from the bounteous earth below. Alike in both
His goodness shown
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own.

Proceeding up the hill, the passer-by will take note of a row of three neat cottages standing on the left. A simple precept is inscribed over each, so that the three, read in order, make this quaintly worded triplet:

Take thy calling thankfullie. Love thy
neighbor neighborlie. Shun the path to beg-
garie.

Soon after surmounting the hill the tourist comes to a building, half farm, half inn, with a spacious cobbled yard before it. A vertical dial is fixed high on the wall, and bears the motto-Sol motu gallus cantu moneat, " Let the sun be a warning by his motion, the cock by his crowing "-for this is the cock at Budworth, immortalised by" drunken Barnabee " in the dog Latin of his journal. The lane going off from the Cock towards Marbury Mere gives

an opportunity for a pleasant stroll, but cycles should be left behind. I have seen hawthorn flowering in the hedgerows here long before it was open in any other part of Cheshire, and the gated pathway through the shady dell beyond leads down to the water's margin and as pretty a lake view as one could wish for.

The home run, completing a round of some forty-five miles, may be taken past Aston Park and Tabley-street, joining the main road again at the Windmill. This route makes a capital trip for either a half day or a day, for in the latter case the time easily slips away as one loiters by the many pleasant places to be seen and remembered. Pedestrians can reach all the best parts of it from Lostock Gralam Station, returning to the same point. Those who would prefer a longer ramble, of, say, a dozen miles, not covering the same ground twice, must start from Lymm or Heatley, thence walking southward to High Legh, and, continuing in the same direction, come into the Budworth road with its Arley by-ways, and finish up at Lostock.

From ROAD and LANE by HAYDON PERRY in 1896 (originally published in the *Manchester Guardian Cycling Notes column*)

Memories of Arthur

Like many members of our club who took up the pastime, and then the sport, I have much to thank Arthur Thorlby for. As a 14 year-old paperboy in 1956, I often used to see Arthur riding home from work as I delivered the Evening News and the Chronicle (remember that?) down Riddings Road in Timperley. It wasn't long before he stopped and asked if I was interested in 'proper' cycling and a week later I was at the station clock in Altrincham to try out the Altrincham & Sale CTC. This was in the days of Mr Chapman (not Dennis but his dad), who was always addressed as Mister Chapman, and a Mr Stead. It was also the days of thick shorts, long khaki socks and stout shoes for touring. And a Greenspot Nomad

jacket. Runs were leisurely and visited places in Cheshire I had never heard of. Throughout these Arthur was an ever present, an offerer of advice and often a helping hand, literally, when things went wrong. My first hostel weekend was a case in point.

Mankinholes Hall was a convenient Friday night destination and October saw the club riding through the centre of Manchester and then hitting the pitch blackness as we left the town behind and climbed onto the moors. I hadn't a clue. Poor lights, little money, virtually no food etc, etc. Arthur rustled up a meal on the two nights we were there but by the time we reached Hollins Green on the way home on Sunday I was broke and starving. Not wanting to admit I had no money, I just said that I wasn't hungry and had to endure everyone else tucking into home made pies. They smelled wonderful and it wasn't long before Arthur spotted me watching him eat every mouthful. He cottoned on and a few minutes later one appeared in front of me. The following year we went on Easter Tour to the Dales and the weather was typical March fare. It bucketed down and arriving at Linton in Craven hostel we found a huge stove in the centre of the room. Clothes were soon draped all the way round and shoes placed as near as you dared. I dared too much and later in the evening went to see if they were dry. They were dry all right. And cracked and brittle and starting to fall apart. Arthur to the rescue with a roll of sticky tape and they were bound up for the rest of the tour.

It was Arthur that introduced a group of us to 'Le Continent'. The excitement of riding into Manchester with a packed saddlebag for the train to London, riding through the metropolis (I'd never been before) to Holland Park and the youth hostel, then next morning off to catch the boat train to Dover. The smell of garlic, forever to mean France thereafter, as we boarded the train from Calais to Lille was overwhelming and a pungent reminder that we were somewhere 'other'. We headed for Ger-

many criss-crossing the borders into Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg before reaching the Rhine and heading for Cologne. This was less than 15 year after the end of WW2, yet the city so devastated was completely rebuilt and the shops full of goods that we could only dream of. As we returned through Belgium we headed for Ghent, famous for its 6-day races, and as we strolled around the main square all the food vendors were out. First we tried the frites and mayonnaise (wonderful) and then headed for the snail sellers. Arthur was aghast. We bought a cone and each of us youngsters tentatively tried one. The overriding memory was of salt and vinegar but they were delicious. Arthur was adamant he wouldn't try one. He might have been massively fond of the Continent and its customs but he drew the line at eating snails.

Whilst one held the cone, the remaining three of us wrestled him to the ground and force-fed him a couple. He accepted the indignity with good grace and much laughter and seemed none the worse for the experience.

Like many others, within a few years I needed to stretch my wings and racing beckoned. The Seamons met outside Westwoods, within sight of the station clock, and one Sunday morning I made the transition across Stamford New Road. Whilst I mixed it with the racing lads, Arthur took over the club's touring section and the golden period started. Arthur held many positions in the Seamons, amongst them that of magazine editor. It was the first time I'd got involved in the production of a magazine and although the efforts were amateurish by modern standards, a seed was planted that was to bear fruit many years later when I took over the Squirrel in the early nineties.

Although it is convenient to remember Arthur as a tourist, he enjoyed riding the dis-

tance events and had a personal best of over 200 miles in a 12 hour and sub-five hour hundreds. Touring was his first love however and for many years the club enjoyed a succession of graduates from Arthur's academy. It wasn't all roses however and Arthur, an uncompromising Yorkshireman at heart, could be extremely single minded. Conflicts were ever present and it was no great surprise when he upped and left the club after a disagreement. There followed a succession of other ventures, either with other clubs or running his own, before he eventually made the big decision to sell up and move to Anglesey. In typical fashion he threw himself into his new life, taking Welsh lessons and becoming an ardent adopted son of the island. He attended the club's 50th Dinner in 1999 and a year or so later I visited him at his cottage in Anglesey. Health problems had started to dog him and although positive and as ebullient as ever he seemed to have lost the old fire. From conversations with Geoff Manson and Mike Siepen, it seems that there was a sad and steady decline and the last couple of years had proved very distressing for those that visited him. On New Year's Eve, 2004 he slipped away. God Bless, old son.



Tourist Trophy

Tourist Trophy 2004 (back end) - 2005 (start)

With only a couple of events to go in December the result was a foregone conclusion and Dave Matthews finished a clear winner without adding to his total. Roger Haines was on both the Montgomery week end and the Christmas off road ride, thus rocketing up second place.

The final result was:

1. Dave Matthews	15
2. Roger Haines	11
3. Gordon Peake	9
4. Sian Grainger	8.5
5. Dave Barker	8
6. Keith Wilkinson	7
7. Andy Burns	6
Peter Coles	6
9. John Pardoe	5.5
10. Reg Blease	5
John Carberry	5
John Coles	5
John Thorogood	5

So far in 2005, two members have completed counting 200km Audax events and there were excellent turn-outs on the Llangollen Audax/Cerrig week end and on the 50 in 4.

It was on the 50 in 4 that Fred Foster casually let slip that he had done the Poynton-Chirk Audax the previous Sunday. He rode out and rode back, notching up 160 miles for the day. Until then his mileage for the year was about 400! Dave Barker did the Cheadle-Eccleshall 200 at the end of January.

The combination of the Cerrig week end with the Llangollen thrash/Audax proved to be a great success with nearly 30 members converging on the cafe from all sorts of improbable directions. Thirteen members were on the week-end, six did the full Audax ride and a further five did significant bits of it. Since several of the week ends also did the 50 in 4, there is a big bunch of contenders on two points with all to play for.

Programme

1 May Club 100 in 8
14 May 204/165 km Audax Shrewsbury
21 May SEAMONS CC 'TOUR OF THE BERWYNS' 204 km, WILLINGTON HALL, NEAR KELSALL
11 June Plains 400 km Audax, Poynton
24-26 June York Rally
25 June Plains 600 km Audax, Hazel Grove
Best Clubman 2005

At the end of March, Reg Blease is top of the pile by a considerable margin.

Leading positions:

1. Reg Blease	64
2. Peter Coles	56
3. Phil Holden	52
4. Roger Haines	51
5. Mike McConville	50
6. John Coles	48
7. Tim Seddon	47
8. Dan Mathers	45
9. Dave Barker	43
10. Keith Stacey	42

Ride a Classic - Seamons CC "Tour of the Berwyns"

We are to organise this 204K event for the fourth time on Saturday May 21 2005. The start is at Willington Hall, 5 miles East of Chester.

Willington Hall is a beautiful Country House Hotel with panoramic views over Cheshire to the Welsh hills. We are very lucky that the owners remain enthusiastic to host our event providing good safe parking and a free cup of tea to start us off. This is arguably one of the finest starts to any Audax event in the UK.

The route initially follows winding Cheshire lanes until we meet the first hill over the border in Wales. For reasons that soon become obvious, this hill is known locally as "The Steps". Following this warm up are a beautiful series of lanes crossing "World's End" mountain before leading to the first café stop in Corwen.

Beyond Corwen you follow a valley road until the hills proper are reached at the Millt y Cerrig pass. This pass leads over the Berwyn hills part 1 to Llangynog. From here you climb remote but well surfaced lanes over the Berwyns part 2 before a long descent to civilisation and a café at Chirk.

After Chirk there is a "conversation piece" short hill followed by a series of undulating lanes back through Cheshire to the finish at Summertrees Café. Here we provide a free cream tea, before you

make the short descent back to Willington Hall.

Due to popular demand, taking advantage of the value for money entry fee, and the wonderful weather to date, the entry limit has been raised to 100 riders. Why not get your entry in early and join us for this classic ride. AND---this year only the Seamons CC are organising the National 10 mile TT at nearby Nantwich the next day. Could be quite a spectacle if TTs are not your riding scene. Why not indulge in both parts of the Seamons CC "Bumper fun weekend".

Hey diddle diddle the Cat & Fiddle



It's a sign of a healthy club when it's Touring section can muster sixteen riders in mid January, with a dodgy weather forecast, and a destination as appropriate for January as the Cat & Fiddle. Credit must go to Capt Wilkie, whose never wavering enthusiasm creates such magnetic ambience!! In a spring like temperature Sian led the pack out of Hale testing her new acquisition. With a matt black frame and all the shiny bits gleaming it certainly looks the business. Quote Sian, "I saw it in the Bike Shak - and just had to have it". That's proper shopping.....

Several riders were confessing to an extended Christmas lay off, and some hadn't been out for several weeks. With

Messrs Boydell and Barker on the front the early pace was a little bold for some. Andy Burns, still peddling his mountain bike, claimed he saw no one else from Ashley Bridge till he reached Warford. A rear end regroup created a second and third section. So it was that by Alderley Mill all had fragmented. Some up Artist Lane, some (three) up the cobbled lane etc etc. So Andy, Keith and myself (Gordon), entered the back way into Macc past the Hospitals. (The only three, on the “proper” leaders route). 16 riders, to 3 in about an hour! A record? However at the Tesco roundabout the main bunch reappeared and swallowed us up. All together again, a predominantly blue and gold pack set off up towards the summit. Cohesion for at least half a mile. Then, some chose the main road, most of us, right up the “Old Road”. Messrs Carberry and Barker broke off the front not to be seen again till lunch. I suspected some tactics from Mr Boydell as I crept past him. Now me passing Jim on an incline is as likely as seeing “a cow jump over the moon” ! At Walker Barn, Reg and I joined the main road. In the distance, a group of riders had branched right, up more “Old Road”. Thinking quite a few had stuck to the main road and got in front, we pursued in earnest. After two miles of purgatory, Reg and I caught up ten riders at the T-junction - all Cheshire Road Club lads. Oops! wrong club. Rejoining the Main Road at the Lamaload junction, this duo had a view up and down the snake. Not a rider in site! During lunch, having all got there over a twenty-minute period, it appeared there had been some six or seven different

permutations that morning.

The staff at “The Cat” obligingly fed us, with a double take at the “Bake potato with chips” order! (Ask Johnny Coles for the dietary advice!).

Having stayed dry all morning, a bitter wind, and deteriorating weather met us after lunch. Outside the “Cat”, a slip up resulted in one rider doing a slow motion departure from cycle, and role onto the grass verge. No permanent harm done and “we all laughed to see such fun”.

(We didn’t really PC, but I need to get the line in).

Could the group stay together going back?

No, a hundred yards from “The Cat”; half went straight down to Macc. The other half plummeted into Wildbourclough to climb out to Macc Forest Chapel. Following our fearless leader through Sutton, Gawsworth & Reedesmere we watched the build up of huge purple and black clouds. The low sun burst through across the fields and lit Mobberley in a way only an artist could appreciate, so we pressed for home.

The threat of rain forced us to take evasive action into the Old Market Tavern. (That’s unusual). Would we find a “dish running away with a spoon”?

Well we caught Tim Seddon with both, and more. We arrived and witnessed him attacking a five-course dinner. Pre season “carbohydrate loading” I think he calls it. So next week were doing “Little Timmy Tucker”.

A dry, warm, and pleasurable 60 miles in January! - with variable routes, in good company. Bodes well for year!

Meet your Clubmates

John Hurley

When did you start cycling and what was your first club? Had a bike as transport from age 10. Almost joined a club in Feltham, Middlesex, at 16 years old, but got dropped on first club run after about 7 miles. Took me 20 years to get over it – big mistake. Joined Seamon's in about 1987.

What is your favourite touring area? Haven't toured much at all. Best in UK was May Bank Holiday 2004, the stay at Dentdale Youth Hostel. Toured abroad a couple of times in Normandy cycling and camping. First time was a few days lone effort. That was great – met some nice people, superb weather. Second time was with my better half, but in the French monsoon season.

What is your favourite meal? Any kind of fish, with or without chips.

What were you like at school? Bit of a swot but only at exam times. Didn't like games or sports. School gave me a particular dislike of football, so it wasn't a complete waste of time.

What kind of books do you read? Some history, some on sport such as climbing, cycle sport. Mainly detective stories for light relief.

What kind of music do you enjoy? Some rock and pop. Some blues, which I like to think of as much like rock, but with more miserable lyrics.

And your favourite type of TV programmes? Detective programmes, anything about history particularly *Time Team*.

Which newspaper do you read? The Observer on Sunday, but I never get completely through it before the next one arrives.

What's your ideal holiday destination? Until recently France, but currently Italy.

Do you have any hobbies? Apart from trips to the theatre, I don't seem to have much time to spare for anything other than cycling. No complaints.

Who would play you in a film of your life? Harrison Ford, if he were willing to take up acting.

What is your greatest fear? Going gaga, and being aware of it.

How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad? Inaccurately.

What is your favourite training ride? I don't train. However, the touring section day run I enjoy most is the one over Mac Forrest to Algreave, returning along Wildboar-clough. Otherwise any ride on a fine summer's day, with a pub at the end of it.

What is your most unpleasant characteristic? Intolerance, and it's getting worse as I get old!

When and where were you born? July 1948, Rochford, Essex.

Which characteristics do you most dislike in others? Deceitfulness.

Who would you most like to have met and why? Horatio Nelson, to see what an average day in his life was like.

What was your most embarrassing moment? Falling off my bike at a deep pothole on the Hatchmere Cafe car park, to the hysterical laughter of a group of motorcyclists.

Four words to describe yourself? Grumpy, middle-aged cyclist.





ALL ROADS LEAD TO LLANGOLLEN - EVENTUALLY...

Following my inaugural Llangollen 2-day last year, Captain Wilky took the bait and announced a Club touring weekend to the Tyddan Bychan camping barn at Cerrig y Drudion. Twelve members signed up.

During the preceding week we all received the usual impressive Wilky-style prospectus, and we noticed that we had letters after our names: RO = Ride Out, CA = Car Assisted.

There is something magic about just getting your bike out of the shed and packing the saddle bags, then off into the unknown. It is so uncomplicated, just throw in a change of clothing and your washing kit, and off in 5 minutes - well, perhaps a little longer in Carol's case, packing her trusty panniers, property of the late Geoff Horrocks - but you get the drift.

We decided to make our own way from Allostock, and six were due to ride out from Altrincham, only it turned out to be three. We would all eventually meet up with the CA section, originally four, but now seven! Are you with me up to now?

Saturday dawned dry and cold, with a bitter wind gusting from the North. Undaunted we set off at 8.30 ish, making the ice-cream farm at Tattenhall our first stop. A great cyclists' café, this, with 10% discount and tables reserved for cyclists - honest!

Despite the conditions we made good progress, via Stretton, Tilstock, Shocklach, Worthenbury, Bangor-on-Dee, and so to Llangollen for lunch at the Country Kitchen where we are always made welcome. The

proprietor is always appreciative of advance notice of the ensuing blue and yellow army that will invade them the following day.

Suitably nourished we took the scenic route to Corwen via the Dee Valley Way, now familiar to the Tour of the Berwyns rider, via Carrog, very undulating, very narrow, with a great view down on to the A5 across the river. We took afternoon tea in Corwen Pardoe-style, that is to say, in the very ornate bus shelter, before tackling the final challenging leg to Cefn Brith, more up, arriving around 5 p.m. with 76 miles covered.

Not long afterwards Reg arrived with the other RO section, Roger in his Russian hat and SPD compatible boots, and Andy Burns on nobbly gripsters. Their route had been via Chester, Trydden, Ruthin and over the top to Cefn Brith, clocking 79 miles. Two groups from the CA section had enjoyed local rides in opposite directions - how did they do that?

Lynda Parker, the owner, made us very welcome and served us an excellent evening meal of home-made soup with plenty of bread, beef casserole, and apple crumble and custard to die for.

We were all so comfortable in front of the roaring log fire, the touring section voted on a rare "sit-in", and a claim from Roger that consuming a couple of bottles of wine does not constitute "binge drinking". Apparently I've not got to mention John Carberry's deodorant, so I won't.

Sunday morning dawned clear and crisp, with an endless blue sky and very little wind. We were treated to superb views behind us towards the snow-topped Snowdonia National Park. What a shame we had to ride away from it.

After a hearty breakfast the CA and RO sec-

tions merged for the ride to Llangollen to meet the Audax and "Llangollen Direct" groups.

As I discovered last year, riding down the beautifully surfaced A5 early on a Sunday morning is a pleasant experience at this time of year, and in no time we rolled into Corwen. Peter's mechanical problems were sorted - ish -and then it was back on the Dee Valley Way. This really is a delightful valley road which twists and turns, rises and falls through splendid Welsh scenery, enhanced by the snow-dusted mountain tops beyond. The sky was blue, the bracken a golden brown, the air filled with bird song, and the River Dee below us was glinting in the morning sun. This was cycle touring at its very best, most definitely one of my favourite roads, and at times only yards from the now busy A5.

The Country Kitchen in Llangollen made us welcome again, and it wasn't long before we were joined by the other groups, Keith Bailey having the honour of being first, closely followed by Paul Smith, Robin Haigh and Ian Udall, well inside two and a half hours from Altrincham. When the Audax section arrived we totalled an impressive twenty-seven. The Country Kitchen coped admirably with our various needs, including topping up all the water bottles. The proprietor came out and waved us off, after taking our photo outside his café.

After lunch the "Direct" section chose the Horseshoe Pass way home, whilst the weekenders took the easier option via Ruabon, Bangor and Malpas, with afternoon tea at the now much improved Lockgate café at Beeston.

I think all will agree that the Llangollen two-day was a great success, and is now set to become a permanent feature on the touring section calendar. Many thanks to Captain Wilky for making all the arrangements.



The Tyddan Bychan camping barn at Cerrig y Drudion

A HIDDEN HAMLET

There are plenty of routes for short evening spins which are comparatively unknown—a singular fact, only explainable by the nearly universal habit of sticking to main roads. By turning into byways all sorts of pleasant places may be found that are quite unknown to the majority of wheelmen. How many, for example, have even so much as heard of Poundswick? Yet, as the crow flies, it is less than eight miles from Market-street, and certainly not a dozen by road. It lies in that square of beautiful pastoral country between Baguley, Cheadie, Handforth, and Hale, the boundaries of which are well known to cyclists, but into the midst of which so few of them have penetrated. Poundswick is a mere

cluster of cottages picturesquely thrown into the bottom of a wooded hollow. A tiny brook runs past it, which might from proximity be mistaken for a feeder of the Bollin, but which is really the head water of what after-wards becomes Sinderland Brook and joins the Mersey just above Warburton. The hamlet is so secluded that it is difficult to realise its nearness to the town. All about it are old orchards and gardens plentifully strewn with strawberry flower, and bounded by hedgerows of wild black-berry and hazel. Yet Poundswick is a place of so little importance that its name is not to be found upon the average pocket map. I have found it marked on one with the alternative, and erroneous, spelling "Poundsack." Mile-

stones may be searched in vain for any mention of the village, and even those who erected the signposts of the district seem to have been unaware of its existence. To form an accurate idea of its whereabouts let the rider imagine himself at Cheadle. Proceed along the fine road towards Altrincham, but take the first turning to the left after Gatley Green, and then the first to the right. No further doubt will arise until a smithy and a group of cottages are reached, with a wedge-shaped enclosure in their midst which divides the road into two branches. Take the one to the right, and a pleasant lane, dipping down with an angle at the bottom, leads right into Poundswick. The route home may be varied by going due north through Brownlow Green, Sharston, and either Northenden. or Wythenshawe. In any case a good deal of paved lane will have to be traversed, but there is generally ally a strip of good gravel or its equivalent at the side sufficient to accommodate any single-track machine.

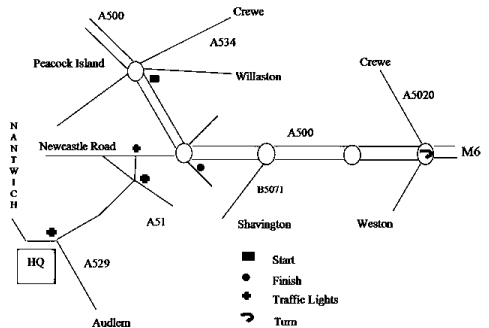
From ROAD and LANE by HAYDON PERRY in 1896 (originally published in the *Manchester Guardian Cycling Notes column*)

(Continued from page 17)

Apparently not. Presented with a custardless spotted dick I politely asked where was my custard. The server said I had not asked for custard. I begged to differ. So did he. My work often requires me to show my assertive side but I never thought I'd have to use it and include the word "custard" in my argument. I think the point at which I said: "I asked for custard, I've paid for custard, now can I have custard, please?" was a bit of a low point on the credibility front. Still, I got my custard and the honour of the

tourers was upheld. And it fuelled me all the way back to the Knott at the end of Deansgate. How does that work? 40-odd miles to get to lunch, just over an hour to get back to the pub? Must have been the custard. While Wilkie might have been complaining about the mutinous tendencies of the tourers regarding the run to Wales, he had no such qualms on the wintry rides to Alsager and Hayfield. A punishing winch up the Brickworks soon persuaded us that this early-season hardship was too much and we should instead scrap Hayfield and head for Chapel-en-le-Frith. Huzzah. Barely two weeks later and we're off to Alsager. Except we're not – it's Radway Green thanks to a fortuitously-timed snow flurry right before lunch. We're very flexible us tourers. Just don't mess with our spotted dicks.

An English cyclist, a Scottish cyclist and a Jewish cyclist went for a meal. When the waiter appeared with the bill, the Jewish cyclist said "I'll pay": The headlines the following day read "Scottish ventriloquist found dead in ditch"



Map of National Ten



TESTING TIMES



Mass Start

2004 was a quite season for Seamons riders, but the start of 2005 has seen a complete change. The open season started on 26/2/05 where Dan Mathers, Nigel Harrop And Roy Myers all took part in the M&DTTA 10. Up to 27/03/05 Seamons riders had crossed the start and finish lines on 21 occasions, with another 6 planning to take part in the Withington Wheelers 25 on 3/4/05 and Roy Myers taking part in South Lincs. 10 on 2/4/05.

February was very cold, but by 19/03/05 the weather had warmed up and so had the times. We had 6 entries in the M&DTTA 10 on J2/3 that day, Paul McAllister 23:03, Dan Mathers 24:05, John Woodhouse 24:14, Paul Smith 25:44, Roy Myers 25:48, and Brendan Coyle 26:36

Easter weekend saw 5 riders take part in Altrincham Ravens 25 on J2/9 both Dan and John broke the hour mark Dan with 58:56 and John 59:16, all the training is paying off, Brendan did a 1:06:20 and was first on handicap, well done.

Ian Udall spent good Friday chasing Gethin Butler around the Buxton mountain TT, 33 miles around Longnor 3 times, he did a very creditable 1:45:01.

Easter Sunday saw Paul McAllister winning the Crewe Clarion Wheelers hilly 16 in a time of 36:21 average speed of 26.41 mph. It has been a great start to the season, I hope we manage to maintain the momentum and not blow up, all the training is paying off, great stuff.

Please continue to keep me informed of your results, as everyone back at the club is very interested in what other club members are doing.

Time Trial Secretary.



Dan Mathers receives award at m&d lunch

Did you hear about the cyclist who used viagra eye drops? They made him look hard!

First club 8.75 will be on the 20 April, starting at 7:00pm. Usual course starting at the Kilton. PS Don't forget that a rear LED light is compulsory for club events this year



National Ten Mile Championships 2005



To be held on Sunday May 22nd 2005
on Course J7/8 Weston-Shavington By-Pass A500

O/S Landranger sheet 118 refers: Start: 670 525 Finish: 672 516 HQ: 655 512

Welcome to the Seamons CC website and the National Ten Mile Championship Information pages. We hope you will find everything you need to know about the promotion to assist you with your entry and/or spectating requirements. Should you require any more information contact details appear elsewhere.

THE EVENTS

Are being promoted on behalf of the Manchester District of Cycling Time Trials and under their rules and regulations. CTT Championship Conditions apply to all three events and will determine field selection and placing. The events for Juniors, Ladies and Senior Men will run consecutively with a gap between ladies and men of approximately ONE HOUR to allow for a prize presentation. The men's presentation will take place approximately a half hour after the last rider finishes. Although the men's event is likely to be fully subscribed, the entries for Juniors and Ladies are, to some degree, an unknown quantity. For this reason all timings given in the CTT handbook and on this website are approximate. Website information will be updated as soon as entries have closed.

Entry Details as found in the CTT National Handbook are as follows.

Entry Forms: The **standard entry form** is used, with the 2004 version being preferred.

Closing Date: **Non Standard on Tuesday, April 26th, 2005**

Send to: **Mr J L Boydell, 44 Winchester Drive, Stockport, Cheshire, SK4 2NU.**
Telephone 0161 442 6370 e-mail jim.boydell@btinternet.com

Entry Fee: **£9.00** for all events. This is fixed by CTT Nationally

Starting times: Juniors first off at 07.01 hours, Ladies to follow at approx 08.00 hrs &
Senior Men at approx 11.00 hrs.

Course: J7/8 as detailed elsewhere.

Field Selection: Fastest 150 riders for **each event** from clubs affiliated to CTT or SCU, based on times recorded in Open/Association events since **January 1st 2004**. Times recorded in club events are not eligible.

Please Note: Times recorded on the A1020 course in 2004 (including the National Championship Events) are not eligible as the course did not meet CTT conditions.

!!! VERY IMPORTANT !!!

**ONLY TIMES RECORDED SINCE JANUARY 1st 2004 WILL BE USED IN FIELD SELECTION
IN THE EVENT OF EXCESS ENTRIES. CHAMPIONSHIP RULES ALLOW NO EXCEPTIONS.**

(If there are less than 160 entries then times recorded prior to 2004 will be considered.)



CLUBRUNS



DATE	TOURING SECTION	HALF - DAY
01 May	– Whitmore	Nantwich Marina
08 May	– Paddock Farm	Buxton
15 May	– Two Mills	Astbury
22 May	– Nantwich (National 10; 7.30 start)	Nantwich
29 May	– Tilston	Meerbrook
05 June	– John Thorogoods Mystery Tour	Tattenhall
12 June	– Longnor	Hollands Nurseries – Gawsworth
19 June	– Car Assisted *	Summertrees
26 June	– Chester or York Cycle Rally Weekend	Cat and Fiddle
03 July	– The 19 Gates	Two Mills
10 July	– 100 in 8	Astbury
17 July	– Ipstones	Delemere
24 July	– Whitchurch	Beeston
31 July	– Tidswell	Hope
07 August	– Southport	Nantwich Marina
14 August	– Stoak Nr Chester **	Marton
21 August	– Holmfirth	Summertrees
28 August	– Bangor on Dee ***	Two Mills

Monday May 30th Gordon's Treasure hunt, starts 11:00am at Rackhams.

* Trough of Bowland (Meet 8..00 TGI Fridays, Sale)

** Cheshire Cycleway 2 day

*** Weekend away in Coalport Shropshire.

LAST LAUGH

A tired cyclist stuck his thumb out for a lift: After 3 hours, hadn't got anyone to stop. Finally, a guy in a sports car pulled over and offered him a ride. But the bike wouldn't fit in the car. The driver got some rope out of the trunk and tied it to his bumper. He tied the other end to the bike and told the rider: "If I go too fast, ring your bell and I'll slow down."

Everything went well until another sports car blew past them. The driver forgot all about the cyclist and put his foot down. A short distance down the road, they hammered through a speed trap.

The cop with the radar gun and radioed ahead that he had 2 sports cars heading his way at over 150 mph. He then relayed, "and you're not going to believe this, but there's a cyclist behind them ringing his bell to pass!".