

THE SQUIRREL

SUMMER 2005



Rant of the year

Testosterone levels are very high in the half days at the present time, I have toyed with the idea of EOP.

It is tradition that we sprint to the café and race to the top of the railway bridge in Hale but the Sunday morning runs are advertised as club runs and as such, we should travel at the speed of the slowest ride, wait at the top of a climb until we have all regrouped, wait and help each other when a rider has a mechanical problem, and wait when someone gets left behind at a junction. On a recent run to Two Mills at least 2 of these rules were broken, and I normally have no problem about getting dropped, but we should ensure that it is by consent and the individual concerned at least knows where he is.

On this run I was just lead up the hill and abandoned at the top, lost in Cheshire some where near Frodsham. We effectively went in a loop off the A56 up and down hill twice and back to the A56, because somebody had a not so bright idea. Sorry for the bad language that day, but if we are going to get lost then we should at least do it all together.

End of rant.

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Social Secretaries Corner

Many thanks to Gordon Peake for another great treasure hunt held last May Bank holiday Monday.

The York Rally will have been and gone by the time you read this! Another good attendance this year from club members.

A Saturday ride is planned for the end of September led by Ian Dunning to the Bike Museum at Warrington, time and date to be announced.

The fun 8 ¾ will be held on Saturday 10th for Tandems and 'Two ups' only, so get your partners now!

Yes I know, but Xmas will soon be upon us, which means the Xmas Hot Pot Run. As usual there will be a fancy dress element, this years theme is WARRIORS (thanks to Mike and Phil). So get searching for that winning costume and don't forget the Xmas 10 the week after!

Anyone wishing to watch the Video of the National 10 see Roger Haines.

Lastly anyone with ideas for activities on club nights please let Roger Haines know.

Cover: Dan Mathers

'The Squirrel' is the magazine of the Seamons Cycling Club. Editor— Pete Coles, 72 Bold Street, Altrincham, WA14 2ES. ☎ 0161 929 1462 or e-mail pete@thepot.freeserve.co.uk. Club website at www.seamons.org.uk from where the on-line version of this magazine is available in PDF format.

BITS AND BITS



What is Lance Armstrong's secret?

Matt Seaton

Thursday July 28, 2005

[The Guardian](#)

Is the Tour de France winner endowed with a supreme athletic physiology by a genetic freak? Or does he just work harder than the rest?

There is circumstantial evidence for the freak theory. Armstrong has particularly long thigh bones, for instance, making him biomechanically suited to cycling. His heart is a third larger than the average male's. His maximum heart rate is over 200bpm. His VO₂ max (the amount of oxygen the body can use in a given period, a standard measure of aerobic performance) is one of the highest recorded at about 83 ml/kg/min.

All these are factors, but relatively insignifi-

cant ones. All professional cyclists, for example, will have much bigger and more efficient hearts than untrained individuals. Most will have VO₂ max numbers in the 70-80 ml/kg/min range. Where Armstrong stands out is that he seems to have an innate capacity to train exceptionally hard, recover quickly and reap the fitness benefit.

One study found that between the ages of 21 (when he was already a pro) and 28 (after winning his first Tour), his muscular efficiency had improved by 8%. After surviving cancer, he also became more focused about managing his weight, so that this 8% was actually worth an 18% increase in his power-to-weight ratio - crucial for cycling up the Alps and Pyrenees.

And this was achieved with a workload that would make most elite cyclists break down.

Even Armstrong's own teammates, who would be continually worrying about picking up a virus, marvelled that Lance never seemed to get sick. A natural athleticism combined with a remarkable immune system and an incredible work ethic: that seems to be Armstrong's recipe for success.

Internet Cycle Web Sites from Ian Dunning

See what those crazy Germans get up to on their Penny Farthings on <http://www.pennyfarthing.hochrad.net/>

Nearer home, the Cycle Museum at Camel-ford in Cornwall have a site also, try them on <http://www.bbc.co.uk/cornwall/uncovered/bikegallery.shtml>

Six minutes of exercise 'as good as six hours'

Six minutes of intense exercise a week does as much good as six hours, according to a study.

People could cut their workouts from two hours a day, three times a week, to just two minutes a day and achieve the same results, claim researchers.

The two-minute workout requires cycling furiously on an exercise bike in four 30-second bursts.

Professor Martin Gibala, the author of the study, said: "The whole excuse that 'I don't have enough time to exercise' is directly challenged by these findings.

"This has the potential to change the way we think about keeping fit."

The study, published in this month's *Journal of Applied Physiology*, involved 23 men and women aged between 25 and 35 who were tested to see how long it took them to cycle 18.6 miles.

One group cycled for two hours a day at a moderate pace. The second biked harder for 10 minutes a day in 60-second bursts.

The last group cycled at an intense sprint for two minutes in 30-second bursts, with four minutes of rest in between each sprint.

At the end of the two weeks each of the three groups was asked to repeat the 18.6 mile cycling test. Every subject was found to have improved to the same degree.

Further tests showed that the rate at which the subjects' muscles were able to absorb oxygen also improved to the same level.

Warning---Dorothy Clive Gardens Tea Rooms (A51; S of Woore)

A couple of years ago, your correspondent visited the tea rooms at these Gardens on the recommendation of the then President. This is a pleasant location, with the tea rooms situated approximately 200 metres up a short hill just beyond the entrance. All very

pleasant and worth visiting again.

My second visit in July 2005 was not so pleasant. On arrival at the café, I was met by the local "jobsworth" who demanded a £4 entrance fee before entering the café.

Having pointed out that I only wanted to get a snack and a cup of tea, the gentleman was adamant that I must pay £4 or leave immediately. As I wasn't intending to pay a total of £5-50p for a cup of tea, I then put my helmet etc back on to leave.

The final riposte was that if I revisited the site, I would be prosecuted!

There is an alternative café at Bridgemere Garden Centre and a very good pub which serves food at Norton in Hales.

The Staffordshire Randonneur

Velodrome Dates

Saturday 22nd October 7 – 9 pm

Saturday 26th November 7-9 pm

Richard Williams has worked his charms on the lady who does the bookings at the Velodrome. We have got two 2 hour slots. All are welcome, from experienced track riders through to raw novices. An experienced coach will organise us in groups of similar experience and ability. Even if you have never ridden before on the track or on a track bike, it's pretty well guaranteed that you will emerge from your first session with a flying 200 metre time to your credit and the buzz everyone gets from riding – metaphorically – in the wheel marks of Boardman, Hoy, Queally and Wiggins.

Cost: about £5 to cover the hire of the Velodrome and the coach and £7 for the hire of one of the Velodrome Peugeot bikes, if you haven't got your own track bike.

Richard Williams and Dave Barker will be jointly organising these two sessions.

Meet your Clubmates

Bob Hill

When and Where were you born? 1926 – Altrincham.

When did you start cycling, and what was your first club? 12 years old. A small group at the local YMCA – then Seamons CC.

What was your first race? Withington Wheelers novices 25.

What was your first win? Still hoping – 2nd and 3rd on grass track.

Which performance do you rate as your best? 24 hours.

What is your favourite meal? Homemade steak pie and chips.

What were you like at school? Above average.

What kind of books do you read? Mainly countryside and travel.

What kind of music do you enjoy? Most kinds from trad. Jazz to classics.

And your favourite type of t.v. programmes? One or two soaps, travel, countryside and some comedy.

Which newspaper do you read? Mail.

What is your ideal holiday destination? Lake District.

Do you have any hobbies? Photography, trying to paint from photo's collecting wine labels.

Who would play you in a film of your life? Danny De Veto perhaps – then again perhaps not.

What is your greatest fear? My local closing down.

How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad? Tall, handsome and young. (that's after coming out of local)

What was your favourite training ride? 50-60 miles twice weekly on Cheshire lanes

What is your most unpleasant characteristic? Ask others.

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others? Bad manners.

Who would you most like to have met, and why? Alfred Wainwright – because of his great love of the countryside.

What was your most embarrassing moment? At a loss to remember one.

Four words to describe yourself: Well travelled and happy.

CAPTION COMPETITION

Please give your captions to Roger Haines.



Top of standing stones



Gated road

Tourist Trophy

Tourist Trophy 2005

It's tight at the top. In fact a varied menu of Audax rides, 100 in 8, 50 in 4, weekends and car assisted runs has failed to split our aspirants, so far.

1. Reg Blease	7
2. Peter Coles	7
3. Roger Haines	7
4. Gordon Peake	7
5. Keith Wilkinson	61/2 (short circuited the 100 in 8)
6. John Carberry	6
7. Peter Devine	5
8. Dave Barker	41/2 (couldn't make it to Llangollen)
John Thorogood	41/2 (only reached Summertrees on the 100 in 8)
10. John Coles	4
Malc McAllister	4

Tourist Trophy Programme

28th August	Wild Wales, Bala
4th September	Northern Dales Audax, Arnside, 202/110 km.
11th September	Bill Bradley Memorial Audax, Southport, 154km.
18th September	Fleetmoss Audax, Claughton nr Preston, 210/159/113km.
25th September	100 in 8 Altrincham.
** October	Delyn/Flintshire Challenge, Mold (date to be confirmed)
16th October	Horseshoe Pass Audax, Holmes Chapel, 204km.
13th November	Eurcha Audax, Cheadle, 200km.
18th December	Winter Solstice Audax, Stockport, 201km.

Club weekends (including Ironbridge and Montgomery in December)
Car assisted rides/weekends (e.g. Cheshire Cycleway 2 day)
Also see The Club notice board.

**‘Merida’ MTB Marathon Weekend –
‘Exposure Lights Big Night Out’ – By
Dan Mathers**

Builth Wells 9th April 2005-04-18

These Marathon events are organised by John Lloyd from Builth well cycles and usually begin with a massed start of anything up to around 1000 riders. They cover up to 100km of terrain ranging from the usual uphill road start, behind police motorbikes and outriders to allow the field to thin out, before hitting the rough stuff!

Riders follow the well marked route - black on yellow arrows (black on green to escape back to the event centre) around the course stopping for a banana, energy bar, water or energy drink (High 5 is another sponsor) at any of several feed stations.

For those among you more familiar with Cycling Weekly versus Mountain Bike Rider, this MTB Marathon weekend was heavily sponsored by ‘Merida’ (makers of bikes for halfords) and ‘USE’ (UK component and light manufactures).

There are 4 more races in the series to be held around the UK this year and I understand that Keith Bailey has entered all of the remaining races. Perhaps he could provide us with a race / event report for these?

I also understand that Neil Walton will also have his usual team of 3 ‘Bike Shack’ riders out, with Neil again going for fastest ‘senior’ rider.

These events are usually held in daylight hours. On Sunday the purposefully shortened 75Km was staged in the day with 500 rider starting. I covered the distance in just under 4 hours (20th) with Paul Aldridge coming in around 5 hours and another mem-

ber of our party finishing in around 6 ½ hours.

However, we couldn’t resist the first ever mass night-time staged event (300 starters) held on Saturday night beforehand.

Armed with our ‘Lupine’ battery powered lights (more powerful than USE’s offering but more expensive) to ensure we lit the way through the dark wood sections and mist covered moors we headed out in good order and returned with favourable views of this special 45Km event, despite the weather. Times weren’t bad either as I completed the course in around 2 hours 10 minutes in 8th place with Paul coming in 25 mins behind. We were greeted by tea and cake (in a free stainless steel thermal mug) from the organisers in the marquee followed by sausage sandwiches washed down with red wine in our family sized tent at midnight.



To understand what we were up to please refer to my photo - riding through a stream at the bottom of a bomb hole. Otherwise have a look at <http://www.mtb-marathon.co.uk>.

Bonjour à tous,

Je voudrais vous faire connaître une randonnée formidable à laquelle je viens de participer et qui n'est pratiquement pas médiatisée (et c'est bien dommage). Il s'agit de Londres-Edimbourg-Londres qui est un peu le Paris-Brest-Paris des anglais avec 1417 kms et 115 heures de délai.

Les paysages sont de toute beauté, non seulement sur l'Ecosse mais aussi sur l'Angleterre profonde des cottages et des castles. Pour qui redoute la chaleur, la météo est idéale ; même en plein été on dépasse rarement les 20°C et il ne pleut pas forcément (juste quelques gouttes cette année). L'ambiance est chaleureuse et les cyclos anglais n'ont aucune préoccupation de faire un temps. Ca laisse le temps de discuter et de pédaler cool.

Environ 300 participants (dont seulement 7 français) permet aux organisateurs de faire face en étant attentionné envers chacun.

C'est de la rando à l'ancienne en autonomie avec un itinéraire non fléché qui oblige à suivre à la lettre un road book super détaillé. Le couchage dans les contrôles est spartiate, mais il y a des douches et surtout une restauration copieuse à la sauce british. Ca fait vraiment du bien de revenir de temps en temps aux fondamentaux du cyclotourisme. Quant aux cols, aucun panneau aperçu et pourtant plus de 14000 mètres de dénivelé, avec quelques pourcentages gratinés. Je vais chercher sur les listes officielles, mais on a probablement passé quelques cols en Ecosse sans le savoir.

Voilà, je voulais simplement vous faire part de mon plaisir et vous inviter à y penser, si vous n'avez pas d'autre projet pour le prochain LEL en 2009.

Bien amicalement.

Alain COLLONGUES (CCC n°162)

Best Clubman Competition

Leading positions at the halfway point – end of June

Reg Blease	142	
Phil Holden	124	
Mike McConville		119
Dave Barker	110	
Roger Haines	105	
John Coles	103	
Keith Stacy	102	
John Rowlinson		99
Peter Coles	99	
Tim Seddon	97	
Malc McAllister		89
Gordon Peake	83	

Points are accumulated on Sunday Club runs (maximum 3); Friday Club Nights (2); Wednesday Tens (2 whether racing, helping or spectating).

If anyone is contemplating a challenge to our ex-vice-president, you should be aware that so far, Reg has missed one Friday Club night in April, another in May, a Club 10 in June and the Championship 25 in June. Otherwise it has been 100% attendance all the way. It is understood that he is going away in the near future!



Seamons CC Audax Event “Tour of the Berwyns”

204 Km 4th Edition. May 21 2005
(Entries 52; Starters 41; Finishers 35)

Here is a brief report on our 2005 Audax event from the Organiser's perspective, and a few thoughts on next year's ride.

Entries were down by one third this year, possibly due to the fact that the route has remained identical for all 4 editions to date. This was the likely reason that the Port Sunlight team gave us a miss this time.

We did however get a very good turn out of Seamons riders---very commendable as they had to recover from this challenging ride in time to officiate at the Seamons organised “National 10” at Nantwich the next day. For some hardy souls, this included a further ride of 100+Km to Nantwich and back.

The start as before was at the imposing and scenic Willington Hall hotel, where we are made very welcome. Whereas we have been blessed with perfect weather in previous years, the skies and forecast threatened heavy showers on this occasion.

Rider's reports indicate that, depending on your speed (or lack of) the weather experienced ranged from staying dry to being hit by hailstorms on the Mill yr Gerrig and torrential showers on the return through Cheshire.

The poor weather forced us to stay indoors at Summertrees café, rather than have our traditional outdoor welcoming committee. Returning riders all appreciated the free cream tea to help them recover and have time to reconsider ideas of assassinating the organiser for his choice selection of hills en route.

Well done to all the Seamons riders who finished. These were Don Andrews (2nd claim), Dave Barker, Reg Blease, Steve Booth, Fred Foster, John Hurlley, Stuart Kay, Dave Plant, Mike Wigley and Alex Young.

Although Audax UK do not recognise times (other than finishing events between stated time limits), Seamons CC take a different approach. Congratulations to Steve Booth who beat Dan Mather's 2004 course record of 7 h 58m with a storming 7h 57m. A really fine achievement for 204Km (127 miles) and 1900m (5300ft) of ascent. This record is now permanent for reasons given below.

Also a special mention is due to long time Seamons member Don Andrews who travelled up from Harpenden to take part. Don enjoyed the scenic route so much that he intends to return with a Verulum team next year to ride it again.

Many thanks to the helpers and marshals, without whom the event could not function. These were Margaret Matthews, John and Carol Pardoe, John Coles, Clive Rock, Graham Mills and George Adams (Audax UK), Roger Haines, Keith Wilkinson and Harvey Maitland.

Next year's ride is already pencilled in for Saturday May 20 2006, using the same start and finish points. It is the 5th anniversary of Seamons taking on the event.

To celebrate we are to revise some of the course, though the section from Llangollen to Chirk remains sacrosanct (this has always been the core section of the route well before Seamons modified the connecting start and finish). Distance remains at 200Km approximately and the amount of ascent is to be similar.

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Ask the Doctor: The dangers of drinking

By Dawn Richardson, MD, FACEP

This report filed May 6, 2005

Remember the adage, "Start drinking before you get thirsty?" Perhaps this is a medical truism that isn't. A surprising article about a study of hyponatremia among marathon runners in the April 14 *New England Journal of Medicine* may inspire Velonews.com readers to rethink how they drink.

Thirteen percent of Boston Marathon finishers who participated in the study by Dr. Christopher Almond et al suffered hyponatremia (abnormally low blood sodium), mostly caused by *overhydrating*. 1 Three participants had dangerously low levels of blood sodium. The early symptoms of hyponatremia - confusion, lethargy, nausea, vomiting and muscle cramps 2 - can mimic dehydration, and an athlete may think the solution is to drink more when he or she actually should drink less. The results can be fatal: As hyponatremia worsens, it results in seizure, coma and death.

In a *New York Times* article about the authors' findings, Dr. Arthur Siegel, a race physician, described the death of a participant in the 2002 Boston Marathon due to hyponatremia. She was five hours into the event at mile 20, stopped and drank 16 ounces, thinking she was dehydrated. She collapsed within minutes and was found to have a blood sodium level of 113 mmoles./liter, normal being between 135 and 145 mmoles/liter. She was later declared brain dead. 3 What went wrong is that the body tries to correct hyponatremia from overhydrating during exercise by transporting excess water into the cells, including brain cells, causing brain swelling.

Those most at risk for hyponatremia are low or high body mass index, deconditioned or slower athletes with finishing times of four

hours or greater; females; and those who had consumed more than 3 liters of water or sports drinks during the event. They found no difference in the type of liquid ingested, whether plain water or sports drinks.

They *did* find a strong correlation between weight gain during the event and hyponatremia. 1 Indeed, the lead author suggested to me by e-mail that the take-home message is using spot weight checks before and after a long training session or race as a simple screening tool. If you have gained weight you may have ingested so much liquid that you have given yourself hyponatremia. If you have lost a couple of pounds you may be dehydrated. He added that 87 percent of study participants weren't hyponatremic, so most athletes hydrate correctly. Elite athletes are at much less risk of hyponatremia because they don't stop and drink; if anything, they tend to become dehydrated, which is much less risky.

Hyponatremia in these athletes really worries me as a physician. It supports an opinion I've had for a long time about non-elite athletes tackling elite-level distances. Events such as the marathon, full-distance Ironman or MS150-type ride may be unrealistic goals for the recreational athlete. Frankly, I don't think it's safe for weekend warriors to be out there for more than a couple hours. It's much harder and more dangerous to run a four-hour marathon than a two-hour marathon. I suggest the 5-10K running distance, sprint triathlon or fast 25-50 miler on a bike as smarter alternatives. From a health-maintenance standpoint, it seems more sensible to train for a fast 5K instead of a slow marathon.

And if your ego won't shut up and you just have to do one of these long-distance events, you'd better not show up on the starting line fat, inexperienced and out of shape. If you haven't put in the training time, you have no

business doing these distances in a race. You have to eat your vegetables to get your desert.

Dawn Richardson retired from the women's peloton as a category 2 on the Verizon Wireless-Cervelo Women's Cycling Team at the end of 2002 after 13 racing seasons. She is a board-certified emergency medicine physician practicing at Roger Williams Medical Center in Providence, Rhode Island, and is a clinical instructor in emergency medicine at Brown Medical School.

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Our aim next year is to achieve an entry list of 100 riders ---assisted by the fact that we have been nominated as a National Audax event.

Being a National Audax event is an accolade that gives the event more status, enhanced publicity and endorses its quality---and is likely to double the number of riders.

We hope to get another record entry from Seamons. You don't have to be a racer---the max time limit is around 13.5 hours which should be lenient enough for any reasonably fit cyclist.

So when we get to next winter, why not give some thought to training for our Club's 2006 Audax event.

See you there on May 20th!

David Matthews

A NOOK BY THE BOLLIN.

Here are directions for following a charming tun, part of which lies quite off the beaten track. Since the whole makes a loop well under thirty miles, it is just the thing for an afternoon's jaunt. Start off by the main road to Cheadle, and when less than two miles beyond that village take Finney Lane on the right. It is a pleasant, unfrequented way, with dense hedgerows on the one side and here and there an old orchard on the other. Pass through Heald Green, ignoring all roads to the right until reaching the junction of Outwood Road on the left. This time bear to the right, but go sharply to the left on the next opportunity, following for a little distance the single telephone wire. Here the air is sweet with lilac, and the road is strewn with white petals shaken from the chestnut trees that shade it. At the lane end, where a smithy with a large grindstone stands on the left, take the road opposite it, going round by the Tatton Arms and running through the pleasant hamlet of Hay Head.

The road surface is fairly good. The paving, which is frequent, seldom extends all the way across, and if a patch of cobbles is encountered on passing a farmstead it is never for more than a short distance. On approaching Ringway, however, the lane becomes bad for a space, but the surroundings give ample compensation. On the right the country is broken up by bush and

tree, and the far distance is bounded by lofty poplars. The less wooded landscape on the left is formed by part of what is known as Shadows Moss, a pretty name, the origin of which I cannot discover. The region is the favoured haunt of the lapwing, to whose plaintive cry the grating note of the corn-

(Continued on page 30)



A YEAR IN THE MAKING

It certainly turned out to be an all action weekend for the Seamons members. Weekend – what weekend? Well, if you weren't around on the days in question I suppose you'll never know. For those that were however it was quite an experience. No doubt there will be a report elsewhere on the 2005 Tour of the Berwyns and that after two glorious years, weather wise, it was back to earth with a bang for the participants. Nevertheless, all those that completed the 'testing' 200Km course were out the next day to help with the club's promotion of the National Ten Mile Championship and that in itself shows the sort of spirit in the club. OK, they were allowed a bit of a lie-in and were pencilled in for the men's event starting at 11.00 am but everyone made it out to Nantwich to

carry out their duties - along with those members of the touring section who had also opted to ride out. They were meeting at 07.30 at Altrincham for the 30 mile journey on a day that had dawned threatening potential 'heavy showers'. More about those, and the definition of 'heavy' later...

Back to the beginning though – but where was the beginning? Probably in May 2004 when, one by one, the succession of clubs that were offered the Championship promotion, turned it down. Lack of members, lack of suitable course and, it has to be said lack of interest, were some of the reasons given. No doubt another was the daunting prospect of putting on the biggest event in the time trialing calendar. Several years ago, Cycling Time Trials bowed to pressure from members to put all three (men's, women's and juniors') events on the same weekend. This

makes a lot of sense because very often you will get members of the same family taking part in each event and doing it this way cuts down on the travelling. Organisationally though, it's a different story and at this point I'd given it no thought at all. By the end of August all the applications for the 2005 season have to be in so that a local and national calendar of events can be co-ordinated. By late September the CTT handbook is with the printers. It was during this period that the Manchester District committee, of which Keith Stacey and I are members, started to get a bit edgy. Still no club had offered to put it on and the embarrassing prospect of Manchester saying to National "Sorry, we can't do it." was becoming a distinct possibility. I'd toyed with the idea of doing it, briefly, then rejected it on the grounds that a) there was no course locally that you could seriously run a championship on, b) The only course that it might be possible to use was unproven in open events and was 40 miles from my home (30 from Altrincham) and c) it would be a hell of a lot of work to do it properly. And it would have to be done properly. The eyes of the cycling world are on you in National Championships – particularly at the shorter 'blue riband' distances.

Coming out of one meeting, Keith came over and asked "Do you think we, the Seamons, could put this on?" My reply was that we could, but see a), b) and c) above. There had been a lot of positive (and it turned out, over enthusiastic) talk about the new course based on the Shavington by-pass in use for club events by the Crewe Clarion. The least we could do was drive out, have a look and see if there were any suitable venues for an event HQ that could house up to 300 competitors and maybe 1000 helpers and spectators for the three events. Visiting the Cheshire Show in late June I spotted a stand for Rease Heath Agricultural College and had a word with their co-ordinator. "Yes they did

hire out" was the reply, I got a contact name and, though I didn't realise it at the time, the decision had effectively been made. Keith and I duly made an investigative visit to the college, got the details and found the new A500 by-pass. It has to be said, the road is impressive with a surface that can only be dreamed of on the Chelford based courses. It was smooth, no potholes at all (bliss!!), with no sharp bends and good visibility. Traffic was light, but fast, in the middle of the day and the busiest point on the course, the top turn, was acceptable. On the down side we didn't know where the precise start and finish points were so that a complete evaluation could be done. We came home with plenty to think about. It soon became clear that Rease Heath would not be the HQ. Expense, access for two days, and a lack of flexibility regarding catering saw to that. Keith investigated the possibility of a marquee (over £1,000 !) and I got the precise course details for the newly named J7/8. Then, a stroke of good fortune. "Try Brine Leas High School on the Audlem road" said a member of the Crewe Clarion, "It's been used before for a ladies championship."

Another trip out, this time with the Pardoes as well as Keith, saw us run our communal eyes over the high school. It seemed ideal with a good big sport's hall, plenty of parking and good access to the course without having to use it to get to the start. Not only that but the 'site manager' (they used to be caretakers) was helpful and enthusiastic and quoted us a price that would give us access over the two days of the weekend. We shook hands and went to look at the course again. Having identified the precise start and finish points we realised that the first island would, in fact, be the critical point. My misgivings were immediate. I was unhappy about the sight lines approaching from the start and the sharp turn into the finish lane with only 100 yards to go when riders would be at full speed. Both Keith and John felt the same so

I promised to do some more investigating. The courses committee that had designed and measured the course assured me there had been no problems and the Crewe Clarion themselves said the last turn presented no difficulties. Some riders felt 'exposed' going through the first island though. I allowed myself to be partially convinced but asked that another version be measured that omitted the last island and turn and finished on the clearway. Whilst the courses guys went back to the drawing board, we said "Aye" and the race was on.

Time now to get the club committee behind the venture and to do the preparatory work. I never doubted that the club would support the event but there was a complication in that Dave Matthews had already committed to the Tour of the Berwyns for the day before and those details were now in the Audax yearbook. Could we pull both off on the same weekend? We could as long as all the ten mile events were run on the Sunday and those involved in the Berwyns were used later on in the event the following day. It had been a few years since I went to a National Championship and as the Ten would be the first one in 2005, the only event to recce would be the Hill Climb up in Northumberland. There was a report on this in the Christmas edition of the Squirrel and it certainly gave me something to think about as well as the opportunity to meet up with old friends and make some important contacts. The only other thing I could do on my return was to sort out the timekeeper situation. Things had gone awry at the 2004 National Ten (and were to do so again in the 2005 '25' !) so good timekeepers were a priority. Not only that, I decided to double up with two at the start and two at the finish for both halves of the day. With intermediate timekeepers at about 5 miles, this meant 10 would be needed in total so we'd better book them early and by the end of 2004 they were all in place.

Good job too as January 2005 saw the arrival of a new (third) grandchild down in Eastbourne and we de-camped to the south coast for three weeks to help out with family duties. This also proved to be good thinking and planning time and when the 2005 CTT Handbook landed on doormats throughout the country in late January, I thought we had all the bases covered. Note the word 'thought'

It's amazing how soon some of the entries rolled in, particularly from the juniors and ladies. With no prospect of a full field in these events all entrants were guaranteed a ride so for the slower riders there was no point in holding back. It did at least allow me to try out some formats for entering details and getting used to the Excel database as well as 'addressing' my bête noir, the dreaded mail merge. Just as well, as the anticipated 300 entrants would be swelled by almost another 100 helpers, timekeepers, guests and marshals. That's a lot of envelopes to write by hand. Other decisions to be made were regarding the start and result sheets where, in CTT speak, "a certain minimum standard should be maintained." Should we have advertisements to swell the coffers? Could we run to some colour? All this had to be investigated and costed as I'd given an undertaking to both the CTT and our own club that the event would be self-financing. These planning jobs continued for the next few weeks, interspersed with getting the required number of helpers signed up. I've got to say that almost everyone I asked volunteered straight away, whether they were from the Seamons or not, and this made the job a lot more enjoyable. There was a palpable feeling that this was a once in a lifetime experience to be able to host the biggest of all championships and most wanted to be a part of it.

By the middle of April we'd had a few more

visits out to Nantwich, in the light of which we'd changed several things. The refreshments would now be split between Brine Leas PTA and ourselves and we switched from the sports' hall to the main hall for all the presentations, leaving the former to be used by competitors to warm up if we had bad weather. We were unable to gain access to the hall each time we visited though, as it always seemed to be in use for things like careers conventions and stage productions. It seemed to be just what we wanted however in terms of size and the refreshment area was a real bonus. Everything now seemed to be in place and the men's entries were rolling in – amongst them some very fast names indeed.

One of the things I've always enjoyed is opening the entries and getting some really fast high profile entrant. Not a pleasure we get on Cheshire very often, I have to say. This time it couldn't be more different and every post brought yet more top names from the columns of Cycling's racing pages. All last year's winners were there, juniors, ladies and men and we would have club representatives in both ladies and men's events. Well, at least we might get entrants in the men's event, if they were fast enough. In 2004 the event closed at 21.58 and it looked as though it would be around this figure again. Dan Mathers and Robin Haigh had been up to Levens to try and get a fast time and Robin's 21.55 looked as though he might just make it to accompany Paul McAllister's 21.22 certainty. Dan was right on the edge with his 22.05. On Sunday, April 22nd he was well in as we 'only' had 130 entries out of a possible 150 plus 10 reserves but by Tuesday the 24th it had all changed – in more ways than one.

Sunday, April 22nd, 2005. A day that will remain in my mind for a long while. Although the J7/8 course had been used for a year for club events it had never been used

for an open '10'. That Sunday, the Crewe Clarion would do just that and, with a 9.00 am start and a field of about 70 riders would give a good indication of the conditions likely to be met by competitors in the National. I drove out on the morning and took a look at the far turn first of all. Traffic was a little more than I expected, or had been led to believe, but overall shouldn't be a problem. The course itself was fine – lovely smooth roads and little traffic. I parked up near the first island and walked back to arrive there just as John Pardoe rode up on his bike. It didn't take long for us to realise that we had a problem. A BIG problem. What might have worked for a mid-week club event was plainly not going to work for an open event at that time of day. The traffic was a lot heavier than I had been led to expect, due in no small part to the advent that day of a car boot sale, and the island that I'd had reservations about from day one seemed, to me, to be totally unacceptable for a Championship. As the later starters went through it was a matter of pot luck whether they got held up or not, and this just less than a minute into their ride. By the time the last riders were coming in the same thing was happening as they swung into the finish lane. I went back to the HQ to chat to some local riders and the promoter but nothing came out of it that improved my mood. As I left one of the Crewe lads said, "I'm glad it's you promoting it and not me. Good luck." Thanks a bunch.

I decided to drive back to the finish to check out the car boot sale and if there was any doubt that we would have to find another variant of the course before, it evaporated as I found myself sat in a queue of over a dozen cars waiting to negotiate the first island. I glanced at my watch to find it was 11.45 am. – a time that would find us well into the men's event in just four week's time. The visit to the car boot sale confirmed my worst fears in that a) it was scheduled

for each Sunday and b) most people left between 12.00 noon and 1.00pm disgorging from the field gate right onto the finishing lane. The 40 mile drive home was, as you can imagine, not a pleasant one and the day was only going to get worse. The local course's secretary was unable to lift the gloom as both the course measurers were unavailable. One was injured and unable to ride his bike and the other was on holiday abroad and not due back for two weeks. In desperation I contacted Phil Heaton (National Secretary) and, despite some domestic problems, he was able to get Keith Lawton, the competitions secretary, to agree to come over from Leeds the next day. By the time I was driving back from Nantwich on the Monday, a new variant using the A500 had been identified, measured and would only need checking when our own man had returned from holiday. Until then there was little I could do which was perhaps a good job as the 130 entries had now swollen to over 170 by Tuesday and entries had now closed.

As the envelopes were opened and entries sorted in qualifying time order, Dan slipped inexorably toward the exit door, or at least the reserve list. Finally they were all in and I counted out the lucky 150.... 147, 148, 149, 150 – Mr Dan Mathers, Seamons CC. Unbelievable – but true and, we had our team. Then it was the turn of the reserves and finally those unlucky enough to have just missed the cut, each of whom received a 'sorry' note along with their returned entry. The next week was taken up mainly with getting the start sheet finalised as all the instructions, maps and general information had previously been typed up. Keith Stacey had already printed the start sheet cover and advert page in colour (and how well it looked) so 'just' the competitor's names had to be added and the layout finalised. In the meantime there was the small matter of communications. The success of National

Championships can depend, as far as spectators are concerned, on how quickly and accurately information can be got from the finish to the HQ and up on display. This was one aspect on which we dare not fall down. Keith Stacey and I again went out so we could test from the point in the farmer's field back to the car park at the HQ. We had the club's CB radios, two sets of walkie-talkies and our mobile phones. Tests showed that the CB's were best from a speed and cost point of view, that mobiles were clearest but tedious and expensive and the hand-held walkie-talkies were best reserved for emergency use if all else failed. All that remained now was to get the final, definitive version of the course with accurate measurements and we couldn't do that until Thursday, May 12th when Ian Ross, the course measurer, returned from holiday. The event was just over a week later.

Thursday dawned and Dee and I headed out for Nantwich (for the 10th time) to meet up with Ian and then finalise arrangements at the HQ. We were in for yet another nasty surprise. As we drove along the A500 and approached the climb over the Crewe sidings, I caught my first glimpse of the dreaded orange cones. On a road that had been open less than two years it was now felt necessary to replace the central Armo barriers. The position couldn't have been worse as one complete lane was coned off on what would be the slowest part of the course. The one saving grace was the provision of a 3 feet strip at each side of the carriageway, commonly regarded as a cycle lane. The trouble with this is that it is invariably filled with debris. Still, we had more pressing matters and this would have to keep until tomorrow. The course was measured, then re-measured and all intermediate points and mile markers identified. The A500 now had some interesting 'dayglo' yellow markings to puzzle its users. The finish ended up directly opposite a farmer's

field on the clearway but I knew from a previous visit that it might be possible to gain access to the field off the old A500. Farmer David Dobson was about to receive an unexpected knock on the door and an unusual request...

Friday, the 13th May. What surprises might this legendary day of doom bring? I pressed on with the start card, picked up the Penguin biscuits (courtesy of McVities) and tried to determine whether we could get the road works moved for the day of the race. We'll draw a veil over the negotiations that spread over the following days from Cheshire County Council, to Highways Agency, the railway authority, the police and back to Cheshire CC. All to no avail. In the meantime the 400 start sheets were copied and Dee and I sat there and collated, stapled, inserted parking permits, tea vouchers and final instructions in the envelopes. By Sunday afternoon they were all bagged up and delivered to the sorting office. One week to go and one more trip out to meet up with Robin and Keith Bailey to discuss the warning signs. Again we drove round the course, identifying suitable positions for the two dozen signs and arrows that would warn motorists and inform the riders. Everything was now in place and it was reaching the point where the event would reach that final stage – and acquire a life of its own. Until then, there were final preparations to be made, lists to compile, prizes to sort out and all the provisions for the first event catering to organise. That last week flew by and the garage slowly filled up with all the necessary items ready for loading on Saturday morning. It was a good job we were taking the caravan.

The weather forecast wasn't brilliant for the weekend and a hint of what was to come hit us as we turned off the M6 and headed along the A500. If it was like this in the Berwyns then some club members were going to get a

good soaking. We arrived to find the HQ already open and the CTT head office guys already setting up their kit. Between showers we got all the gear in, computers and result boards installed, a video projection unit running, signing-on and numbers organised and the refreshments set up. Then Keith and I set off to fix all the signs showing the route from the A500 to the HQ and back out to the start. By 7.00 pm we had finished and we all repaired to the nearest pub, the Globe, for an (excellent and highly recommended) evening meal. A little while later, we were joined by Roger and Siân for a convivial evening which helped to push thoughts of the morrow to the back of our minds. As we turned in the first drops of rain started to fall, getting heavier as they hammered on the aluminium caravan roof. It was to be a sleepless night for several of us, in my case down to running everything over and over through my mind.

Well, here we are. It's 5.00 am and the dawn chorus has made sure we didn't oversleep. Oversleep? How can you 'over' sleep when you feel you haven't slept at all? Nevertheless people were already arriving as I opened up the school gates and did the first bit of car-park stewarding. By 6.15 am, Roger and I, complete with brush and shovels, were off to check the course. Keith Stacey would set up the communications, check all the marshals were in position and issue them with jackets. Everyone else had their instructions, knew what was expected and I was sure would do a great job. I was not to be disappointed. As I issued last minute instructions to Graham Silcock at the start, Roger swept the area before we were off up the road looking for possible obstructions. At each island we checked the riding line and, where necessary, it was swept. As we dropped down over the railway bridge at Crewe, there was the solitary figure of Dave Atwell walking up the cycle lane in the other direction carefully sweeping any debris

away from the area the competitors would have to use because of the road-works. At Meremoor Island there were two shocks in store. There, on the island itself, an amateurish cloth sign had appeared overnight bearing the dreaded words "Car Boot Sale" and pointing up towards the far turn island at Weston Hall, plus - a road traffic accident the evening before had left glass and other evidence strewn over the carriageway.

Whilst Roger got his trusty brush to work, I had a word with the Crewe Clarion volunteer marshal. No, he'd not been aware that a car boot sale was operating at this end of the course; which in turn meant we had no idea just what the impact on the event might be. Still, it was now too late and we were in the lap of the gods. All we could hope for was that none of the potential champions were unduly impeded and that the rain, which had eased away to the east driven by a south westerly wind, would not return. Only one of these two wishes was to be granted.

As we returned towards the HQ we crossed the first junior competitors making their way out to the turn on an almost deserted road.

The whole event was underway and now, largely, out of my hands. Crossing the finish line we could clearly see the large chequered board on the banking and the CTT's Rudy-Project tent from where the number takers, clerks and communications men would operate. There was just one more job to do now before taking a welcome breather and a cup of tea. The results were going to be displayed on a conventional board for each event but I wanted spectators to be able to see, at a glance, the top dozen or so riders as the event progressed. A specially written programme loaded onto a laptop computer would do this and it was up to Ian Udall to keep it going throughout the day after I'd gone through the sequence of operations. As the results came in it constantly updated the leading riders adding to the growing sense of expectation.

The juniors and ladies, although two separate events, were run off with one set of personnel and one combined prize presentation. Running an event with 12 year-old competitors on open roads is always a worry but thankfully there were no incidents and all the youngsters rode impeccably, obeyed the instructions to stay inside the cycle lane for the duration of the road-works and none of them went off course. Pity the same can't be said about all the senior riders! The prize presentation went off without a hitch (though it would have been better for me if one of the senior "star" men hadn't tried to interrupt the proceedings with a truculent rant about the road-works instruction), Yvonne McGregor showing us that you can be a top world class rider and a genuinely nice person as well. Once this was over the hall gradually emptied and people were off to scour the car park for sign of the star riders, some to get autographs and others to get a close look at all the expensive machinery on view. It goes without saying that Graeme Obree, and his bike, were the number one attraction.

All the personnel were changed over at this point and the first of the men made their way to the start line. First of all was Dan Mathers of the Seamons bearing number 1 and it was great to see a club rider start the event for the second time that day (Claire Bridge had led off the ladies). There were now considerably more people about on the course with all the islands and the two lay-bys full to overflowing. The earlier events had got away without rain but as the men's event progressed the skies darkened and it looked as though the later starters wouldn't escape a potential drenching, bringing with it the possibility of wet roads. Sure enough, at about 12.45, the heavens opened and the first of two torrential icy downpours commenced. Those warming up at the HQ made a bee-line for shelter but those out on the course had no escape. Amongst those worst

affected was Graeme Obree, who rode out to the start during the second cloudburst and started, shivering, on roads made shiny by the hailstorm. Sadly for Graeme this was to lead, literally, to his downfall when, exiting the second traffic island, his back wheel slid from under him and he came off, hitting the kerb on his way down and badly damaging his left leg. It was a long way to come for such a lousy result and his disappointment was only matched by that of the thousand or so spectators out on the course. It was doubly unfortunate in that within minutes the rain stopped and the roads quickly dried out in the afternoon sunshine.

The rest of the event was completed without incident and attention switched to the big battle of the day between Michael Hutchinson, the pretender to Stuart Dangerfield's crown. Both had shown good form in the earlier weeks and had studiously avoided each other in open competition. Now the chips were down and there would be no hiding place, particularly on the way back into a stiff south-westerly breeze. Hutchinson flashed across the line in 19 mins 34 secs, the only rider to beat 30mph, and take the lead. We now had to wait two minutes to see if Dangerfield could turn his 16 second deficit at 5.2 miles into victory. The seconds ticked by and as the waiting crowds peered down the carriageway, it became obvious that he was not going to do it. For the first time Michael Hutchinson was to run out as winner over Stuart Dangerfield in the National Ten Championship with Zak Carr splitting the two and slipping into second place.

Back at the HQ the spectators started to return and the hall filled up for the prize presentation. By the time Derek Johnson, the compère, and Phil Griffiths, the guest presenter, got under way the hall was full to capacity contributing to a great atmosphere. First up were the age category award winners, followed by the main prizewinners of

the day and the obligatory interviews. By 3.00pm everything was over but most seemed not to want to rush away. With so many club folk from all over the north-west in attendance it was too good an opportunity have a chat and renew old acquaintances and as the refreshments were such good value and kept on coming out of the busy kitchen it was quite understandable. By 4.00pm we realised that as long as we kept serving people would keep on buying so a decision was made to shut up shop. The clearing up then started and once again I have to thank all those club members who stayed and offered their help. All the rooms we had used were checked, swept and cleaned and finally the hall emptied as people made their way home. Dee and I loaded up the caravan as John & Carol, Roger & Siân did the same with their campervans and as I finally sat in the car I glanced at my watch. It was just coming up to 5.00 pm, 12 hours since we had started, and it was the first time either of us had sat down for any period of time.

We may not have slept much on Saturday night but we would on Sunday. My sincere thanks to all those who helped out with what turned out to be the biggest promotion that the club has ever undertaken. Since the event I have received many favourable comments from a variety of sources. Extracts are reproduced below so that all those involved can see them.

From Tom Greep (finish timekeeper).... "... it was my pleasure to be involved in such well organised events.....thank you for asking me to be part of such a team!"

From Hilary Jacques Aitken (a spectator)" I am writing to thank you for all your hard work in promoting the National '10', I enjoyed the day immensely. It was a great team effort from the Seamons and a very professional job...."

From Abbie Thorington (a competitor)....." Very well organised event.....a lot of hard

work put into it... many thanks”

From Kevin Ross (a competitor).....”May I on behalf of my team mates and myself congratulate you and everyone involved on a very well run competition on Sunday. The whole day was an extremely enjoyable experience (even in the rain!) and we were still buzzing all the way on the long trip home that was made well worth it by everyone’s friendly and helpful efforts. Thanks for a great day...”

From John Morley (Tusk Store Products) “Many thanks to you and all your hard-working team for your superb promotion of the National 10 and the hospitality you all extended towards me. Please pass on my thanks to all involved.....”

From Kimroy Photography.... “Mmmm... didn’t think much of the organisation! I got a right soaking! Apart from that lapse it was a damn fine event.....”

From Phil Heaton, CTT National Secretary.....”Thanks for all your hard work at the weekend, the event was a credit to both the Club and to Cycling Time Trials...”

From Dave Whitehead, Manchester District Committee, CTT....”On behalf of Manchester District Committee, I write to thank you for all the work you and your team put in to making the recent 10 Mile Championships such a success..... it was a very great credit to yourself, the Seamons Cycling Club and all others who helped that the culmination of all the preparations was such a superb promotion....I have heard nothing but praise for the wholly professional way the Championships were run off..... together with all who were there, I had a great day out.... Thank you, and well done all of you..”

From Keith Lawton, CTT National Competition Secretary.....”Once again, many thanks for what, in my opinion, is the best National Championship I have ever attended (I have been to loads and even organised four myself). It was obvious that it was a team effort, and they all deserve a big thank you...”

MONTGOMERY 2004

It’s 9am and we have just come off the M56 Chester bypass onto the A483 heading down towards Welshpool. Monday rush hour on the 483 can be tedious and today was no exception. It’s a great feeling though, knowing that while everybody in the queue of traffic is looking stressed and miserable at the thought of going to work – all we are thinking about is three days away on the bike, good food at night, good company and – in Phil’s case – lots of beer!

I’m travelling with Keith and Alan (Blackburn) who is about to experience Montgomery for the first time. I point out Long Mountain to him on the other side of the river and say to him “You’ll be riding on top of there in an hour and a half” I can’t actually remember getting a response.

We turn off the A483 at Welshpool, taking the sign to Montgomery. I start to think to myself how many years it is now that we have been coming here. It’s an easy thing to work out – because of the indelible memories of the rides and conditions we have experienced.

The first year, now let me think, yes the ‘Magnificent Seven’ the year that Yaz came. Riding over the Mynd in the snow with the sun going down and ice forming on the road. Mike Brookes walking down the 1 in 4 from the glider club because his brakes had disintegrated! Chris Seipen descending the Kerry Ridge in the pitch black with no lights – all good stuff!

Year two, yes that was the year we went to Dylife for the main day’s ride, arriving at the pub in the wind and rain just as the landlady was about to climb in her car and go shopping – because she had had no custom-

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C2C Diary by Paul Aldridge and Dan Mathers (3/3/05-6/3/05)

We planned to ride the C2C largely off-road on mountain bikes, over 4 days in March, carrying small packs and stopping at YHA's or B&B's. Photo's are still being processed, but in case we forget - here's how we got on....

Day 1 - Thursday - St Bees - Ambleside

St Bees- the beach was accessed via the path of frozen dog toffee, other than that the village is notable for its caravan park, the cliffs at Se Bees Head and the obligatory 'here we are looking sheepish' photo.

Next was a road push out through Moor Row and then onto Cleator Moor, busily defining one horse town. A 10 mile steady climb brought us to the foot of Ennerdale Valley at height and gave us time to realise that Dan might be overdoing it with a 40lb pack.

A sluice down to Ennerdale Water was followed by a pleasant enough fire road that lead us to some great views and some appalling devastation in the form of clear felling. Well done the Forestry Commission.

On reaching the wind powered Black Sail Hut YHA we realised the pedalling was behind us and the portage had begun as, powered by Fat Rascal (Yorkshire manufactured scones each weighing about the same as Tim Seddon's TT bike) we motored up Black Sail Pass front pointing in the snow.

A quick photo call was followed by a hairy but magic descent which Paul nailed. Dan went over the bars twice as his ski-ing technique required some fine tuning.

We flew into Wasdale for tea and soup to energise for the climbs to Eskdale and Boot. This involved another brief walk, and a pedal through a bog trying to track a shifting path, with limited success. A lovely descent to Boot was the reward for some very heavy going.

With the light failing the view was taken that Coniston Old Man and the Walna Scar Road would have to wait for better conditions. Hardknott and Wrynose Passes were the 'easy option,' but only on the way down.

Apparently Hardknott is the steepest of the English passes, with an overall gradient of 1 in 3. Given there are some flat bits I think you can guess the rest – I am just astounded that the tarmac sticks.

The evening meal, laundry and a couple of pints awaited us at the rather excellent Ambleside YHA.



To the left is a rare picture that shows the true origin and nature of road cones.

Day 2 – Friday – Ambleside –Kirkby Stephen

A flurry of snow greeted us at the start of Day 2 in Ambleside YHA but the weather soon lifted and we were afforded splendid views of Lake Windermere on the battered pack horse trail over to Troutbeck. The going was tough and the weather had taken its toll on the trail, with much having washed away, a pattern that was to repeat itself through the largely frozen Eastern Fells. Again, what goes up must come down and we were rewarded with a loose flyer into Troutbeck where two sisters served us a welcome cuppa from their Post Office.

We then climbed and climbed up over the fells into Kentmere. Ice greeted us at the snowline and it was here that the granite boulders gave way to limestone and shale. The way up was punctuated by short stage of on and off over heavily eroded tracks that were for the better part un-rideable. The descent on the other hand took about 1/10th



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of the time and had us laughing into Kentmere.

The pattern of laborious up and great descending was repeated into Sadgill, a spectacular if lonely valley. The work proper of the day started with a 250 ft climb up a cobbled road with a gradient of circa 1 in 3 and then through a part frozen bog.

After passing a very lonely moorland cottage, the only real landmark, we followed the river along the valley bottom. Several thigh deep in icy peat experiences later we found some firm going and had the most exciting descent of the day down an ancient glacial moraine.

We had been without any firm going for



some 2 hrs and were pleased to get rolling again toward Shap, albeit only after the obligatory wring out of socks and donning of additional layers. By this stage Dan was on 5 layers and overgloves, Paul had peaked at 3.

All village pubs were shut as we sought the mainstay of any distance trip – tea, and we were delighted to find that the same applied to Kirkby Stephen. A kindly hotel owner took pity on us and opened especially for us, on the proviso that we didn't mind the smell of paint.

Day 3 – 'Easy Day' – Kirkby Stephen – Osmotherly.

Rising to a brightness that shouted snow and an ambient temperature of 2 degrees in the town a picturesque climb on the road revealed a distinctly progress hampering 4 inches of fresh snow on the tops. It was clearly time for the obligatory 2 hrs of off/on the bike and some more clothes.

No idea what Winton Fell was like as we struggled over it in a 'white out.'

Snow precluded the undulating off road descent and so we played the ice/water roulette into Swaledale, well pleased to be rolling again and out of a murderous headwind.

After rather a lot of tea and cake we rolled along Swaledale on the road, the conditions precluding off road tomfoolery, and were forced to reflect that whilst it's a fine and scenic spot the gale and wet snow made it properly bleak and suggested at the hardships of those making a living from the land.

After a welcome stop for more tea, cake,

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Longs and Shorts

York – a four-letter word Peter Coles dare not utter. It's become something of a bad luck charm for the bearded one. After falling off his bike and ending up in hospital the previous year, Pete didn't even bother getting on his bike this time, choosing instead to slip in the shower.

The unkind among the touring section – and there are many – questioned whether the mishap was due to lack of experience of mixing soap and water and realising just how slippery they can be.

Personally, I think it was trying not to crash John Pardoe's trike that did for him.

Either way, the resultant bruise ribs prevented Pete from getting back on his bike that weekend.

It did not, of course, prevent him from making it to the post-rally de-brief in Knutsford on the Tuesday.

Runs supremo Wilkie has clearly taken a tactical view of the Hammering of the Year award. On two occasions – a car-assisted trip to the Trough of Bowland and the 100:8 – Mr W has decided that discretion is the better part of valour and has climbed off his bike half-way round.

While he doesn't have to suffer the indignity of getting his race number stripped from his jersey like those in the Tour de France, he does appear to be trying to avoid the shame of carrying home that special hammer-shaped prize after the annual dinner. Look at the evidence: After the first serious climb of the day (and an unscheduled elevenses stop, I might add) Wilkie and John Thorogood decide the combination of the Trough and the heat is too much so take a short-cut detour back to the start. On the 100:8, Wilk manages to make it to lunch before blaming the heat, and packing.

Forget Graeme Obree's bike and whether or not it complies with the rules; the touring section needs to know: does giving up (twice) count as cheating and avoiding your just desserts?

(And when Wilkie reads this and tries to tell you that he actually encountered more chevrons than everyone else on his run back to the car in Clitheroe, remember: after three hours snoozing in the car park he had plenty of time to come up with an excuse!)

The Seamons jerseys were a credit to themselves when they took up their marshalling positions for the now-annual Cancer Research fund-raising ride from Tatton Park. More fund-raisers took to their bikes this year and the weather was much nicer than the last edition. All of which contributed to a very lively atmosphere at the start-finish. Having done our duty at the first two marshalling points, Dave Barker and myself decided to whip around the course and have a gossip with club-mates on the way.

What we hadn't banked on was the welcome we got back in the park when we completed the loop.

As we rolled up to the finish line looking for other Seamons jerseys (so we could all go to the pub together), there was spontaneous applause and a very excitable man on the PA congratulating us.

While it was embarrassing for us to be so publicly applauded – a ride like that being well within our stride – it brought it home to you how far a good club rider would have to go to face the same degree of challenge as some of those taking part in these charity runs. They properly tough it out and make their effort count. Good for them.

The touring section's pretensions of being proper cyclists looked to have become almost true on the 100:8. In a "peloton" more used to names like Malc Cowle, Arthur Caygill and George Longstaff, the sunshine suddenly brought out fancy-pant names like Cinelli, Decathlon, Pinarello, Airbourne (two of them) and Principia. As if living up to this new level of swishness, the group even had a "fast" section cracking off down the road. And a sprint for the café. But class will out: not everyone took part in the dash for glory and there was almost a crash at the end.

And the return to normal service was underlined the following Sunday as the run was to...err... Tatton Park and the Greyhound at Ashley.

I can only think it must be because us tourers ride so hard we need a rest week, not a mere rest day.

The Squirrel

(Continued from page 24)

radiator and divest of all spare kit at Catterick, Dan had a rush of blood to the head and it was through and off to Osmotherly, accompanied by the hum of 2.3 knobbles at 30 psi. As luck would have it we finished in the dark, well lit by Lupine's finest (our 16W Nickle Halide, equivalent to ~60 W Halogen lamps proved to be real hit with oncoming HGV's).

Another kindly B&B proprietor opened, despite it being the off season and took us in, welcoming us with tea and hot scones before a leisurely retreat to a local hostelry in an ice clad Osmotherly.

Day 4 – N York Moors – Osmotherly – Robin Hood's Bay

The morning of the Llandudno run dawned clear and bright. Too bright and we were in Osmotherly.

The overnight snow and hard freeze fuelled the on or off road debate. However, buoyed up by the line 'this snow is quite grippy, apart from the sheet ice' off road carried the day.

Swainby to Chop Gate started promisingly on a snowy forest track that was just rideable, but within the hour became a thigh deep wade through snow. The obligatory summit photo was followed by the poorest descent of the trip with bikes sinking up to 2 ft into the snow.

Road or off road debate thus resolved it was on across the N Yorks Moors where we stumbled across a hilly 21 mile TT and it was only a particularly elaborate lie that stopped Dan signing on, knobbles and all.

The run through picturesque snow bound villages continued, Commondale, Castleton (not Derbyshire), Anthorpe, Lealholm, Glaisdale and Egton Bridge passing in a blur. All credit to the navigator, albeit I did have a sneaking suspicion that the frustration at leaving the snow bound trails for blacktop manifested itself as a massive hills session.

Ugglebarnby had the last laugh and a substantial road climb claimed my front mech and most of Dan's rear gears. The lack of maintenance was bound to catch up sooner or later.

Finally, we caught a glimpse of the sea (North, not Irish) and got the feeling that the plan was coming together. The boggy bridleways that had been our original final approach route were eschewed in favour of a raced glorious plummet to the sandy cove just outside the main settlement of Robin Hood's bay, before retiring to the 'proper' end of the Coast to Coast for tea and cake.

Done it.

CLUB CYCLING KIT

Short sleeve top with short zip	£38
Short sleeve top with full zip	£42
Long sleeve top with short zip	£44
Long sleeve top with full zip	£45
Bib shorts	£35
Skin suits	£62

Contact Harvey Maitland :-
0161 929 6429 daytime
0161 928 6050 evening

(Continued from page 21)

ers that day. Fortunately, Dickie Williams persuaded her to change her mind and make us some dinner instead.

Year three 2001 – who could forget it. Chris Seapen descending Lindley Hill at 40 mph on a fixed wheel bike with brakes that were as much use as an eleven sprocket for riding up Gun Hill! A recipe for disaster – which ended up with a trip to Shrewsbury Hospital A & E Department!

The next year was first time out for Dan, who adapted to the Shropshire hills like a duck to water. It was the first time we had actually ridden out of Church Stretton up the Burway – always one to remember. Which brings us to last year and that unforgettable ride over to Bala. The sun shone from dawn till dusk, lighting up the hillsides into golden shades of brown. We rode around the lake at Vyrnwy being dazzled by the reflected light bouncing off the water ripples. To cap it all, there seemed to be a complete absence of cars, it was as if we had the whole place to ourselves – absolutely tremendous.....

Back to the present – we drive over the crest of the hill after Farden, and there, in the distance, nestling in the hillside on the other side of the vale is Montgomery. And so another weekend away begins.

We soon have the bikes out of the car and check into the Dragon Hotel. Steve and Dave are already there, as are JP, Phil and Mike. Nick arrives just after Chris (yes Chris Seipen – this was the man who assured me he would be out on his mountain bike – funny looking mountain bike, it looked like a full race Princepia to me, with mudguards on).

We are soon on our way and within no time at all climbing Long Mountain – a climb that

seems to get longer every time we go up it. After the descent to Westbury the group split into two, so that we don't all arrive at the Stiperstones together. It was just as well really because it took nearly 45 minutes for the second group to get their dinner. Because of this delay, Mike, Phil and Johnny set off. Hopefully we might catch up with them at the Poppy Café in Bishops Castle. Eventually we get going and head towards Bridges where we turn right on to the Wentnor Road. This soon peters out into a mud track, a quick check of the map and we convince ourselves that this is definitely the right road and eventually tarmac is found again. Arriving at Bishops Castle late, it appears that Johnny's group have already left. We are soon on our way again, climbing up the Kerry Ridge and then descending down to Mellington, from where the traditional burn up started for the Montgomery sign. Chris won the sprint with Nick coming a close second.

It's dark now as we ride through the town to the hotel – the streets illuminated by the Christmas lights.

During the evening meal, Reg Herbert and his wife pop in to say hello, as always it is good to see them.

Day Two

Setting off at 9.30am we head off down towards Newtown. It is great to see everyone together in the same group. Then disaster – Sian comes speeding to the front – proclaiming that Roger had gone past his self imposed 12 mph speed limit, and would require immediate medical attention. They turn off and head for Bishops Castle where it is hoped that the alternative remedies brewed at the Six Bells would cure him!

We climb up from Pentire towards Anchor where we turn right over Black Mountain to

Felindre. Climbing up the narrow lanes I here Phil muttering “We’re riding into the clouds – does he know where we’re going? Shouldn’t we check the map?” Something he said on a regular basis on the weekend. Before we know it we are picking up the signs for Presteigne. On arrival, Keith informs us that the café is full so we decide to try the old pub at the end of the street, the name of which escapes me at the present, but I can certainly recommend the carvery there.

The ride in the afternoon takes us back towards Bishops Castle to check out Roger and Sian. On route we come across the most amazing Yew hedge you have ever seen at Little Brampton, which Johnny thought would make an ideal backdrop for a camera shot. Arriving at Bishops Castle we ride past Roger and Sian’s bikes parked outside the Six Bells. Roger obviously needed some extended treatment. After a visit to the Poppy House, the burn up back to the Dragon commences. There are some crafty tactics – Johnny, Phil and Mike sneak off out of the café early, but with eight of us doing through and off – the ploy soon fails. Next, Dave Bates tries the ‘old jumping off the front and turning your back light off’ routine, but we are not fooled by that stunt either! Sprinting in the dark of night I come off Dan’s wheel, and just as I think I have made it to the sign – the front wheel of Chris Seipen crosses the corner of my eye – he is not a first cat rider for nothing. It is at this point that I feel I must apologise, on behalf of the club, to a young couple from Oxford on a romantic weekend away. Ideas that they might have exclusive use of the hotel sauna were quickly dispelled when they were joined by seven Seamons cyclists – it was a very cosy sauna indeed!

Night time rolled on and after the meal we all ended up at the Crown, where Keith became pool champion and Nick walked off

with the £50 prize draw.

It’s Sunday morning and a decision has to be made as to where to go. Curiosity gets the better of us as we decide to head off to Emily’s café near lake Vyrnwy. We had visited the year before on the way to Bala where observations of an item of clothing dangling from the washing line, prompted one to think ‘who lives in a bra like that!’ but Emily was not to be seen.

Only Alan, Keith, Johnny, Nick, Dan, Chris and myself were out for the last day’s ride. The café turned out to be 25 miles away – not far you might say – but it took nearly two hours to get there. Johnny’s computer indicating an average speed of 12.7 mph! Slow you might think – but I can assure you that these are not your average roads. We find the café open and Emily and her mother fill us up with numerous cups of tea, toast and cake. After a further stop at the Milk Bar at Welshpool we arrive back at the Dragon. It’s been another great year with good weather and good company.

People might say that you shouldn’t go to the same place each year and that you should try out something new – but with Mrs Michael’s hospitality at the Dragon Hotel and the Shropshire and Welsh countryside around – it might also be said that if it works – don’t mess with it! For now, I think we’ll stick with the latter.

Thanks to everyone who came !
Robin

Montgomery attendees: Dave Bates, Johnny Pardoe, Phil Holden, Mike Brookes, Sian Granger, Roger Haines, Steve Davies, Chris Seipen, Keith Bailey, Dan Mather, Nick Crampton, Alan Blackburn and Robin Haigh.



**Manchester Athletic Club (MAC) ground,
Whitworth Lane above**

The MAC ground dates from about 1891, and was originally built for field games. In the early years of the 20th century, the banked cycle track was added, and cycle racing took place there for over fifty years. The Manchester racing cyclist, Reg Harris, bought the ground about 1955, renaming it the Harris Stadium. Cycle racing continued there until — and even after — the ground was bought by the University, but eventually with the building of the Owens Park complex, and the conversion of the land adjoining the track to a car park, racing ceased. The stadium is still complete, and is used for athletics by University students.

The photograph shows cycle racing at the Ground in about 1910. In the centre of the skyline can be seen the spire of Holy Innocents church at the corner of Wilbraham Road and Wilmslow Road, and to its right the 19th century houses on Oak Drive, which were demolished before the building of Owens Park commenced: Behind the stands on the left of the picture are some of the buildings of Firs farm, the only one of the farms of Rusholme and Fallowfield which can still be seen today, although not in use as a farm.

The Squirrel

(Continued from page 12)

crake seems to make stoical answer. Continuing past a many-coloured hedgerow, the lane crosses the Wilmslow-Altrincham road by Ringway Church. Here also the surface is far from good. Do not be tempted by a cinder lane to the left, but bear to the left soon afterwards by a strip of cobbles, and after passing between some farm buildings, where the lane is overhung by a fine copper beech, turn to the left again down Sun Bank. I once saw at this corner a blackbird's nest built on a bit of hedge that actually projected into the lane. The mother bird was tending four newly-hatched young, and seemed quite unconcerned by the rumble of the heavy wain that brought its daily burden up from the mill below. There is a pretty dell to the left, with dense thickets down its sides and a tiny runnel at the bottom. The descent of Sun Bank should not be ridden unless the machine is under perfect control, for the lane bends abruptly, leading to a closed gate. Beyond it lies a broad belt of greensward skirting the bank of the Bollin.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the charm of the valley at this point. The river, now babbling across a reef of pebbles, now pausing over a quiet pool to whose lowest depths the eye can wander, winds its way through meadows of almost dazzling verdure, skirted by steep uplands clothed with wood. Walk up stream for a space, for there is only a cart track to the gate before you, which gives upon the highway as it passes Castle Mill, the old mill which for nearly ninety years has made the Bollin do its work for it. Cross the stone bridge, of which the brambles of wild raspberry have half taken possession, and climb out of the valley on the other side. At the top go to the right. The road lies upon a sort of hog's back of land, which forms the watershed between the Bollin and its largest feeder, the Birkin. Not counting gated byways, take the second turning to the left in the direction of a

schoolhouse surmounted by a miniature bell-fry. Leaving Thorns Green behind, the way leads to the sign of the Greyhound, at Ashley, standing at four of the crookedest cross-roads to be found in a day's ramble. Take the one nearly opposite, and going over the railway at Ashley Station bear to the left and cross the Birkin. The first road to the right is now the one to follow. At the first division avoid the way along which a gate may be seen in the distance, but afterwards turn to the right. The brook to be crossed is the outlet by which the waters of Rostherne Mere are carried into the Birkin. A few minutes' run from this spot is sufficient to reach the Chester main road, and the return to Manchester may be made through Altrincham by a ten-mile ride.



A short cut near roach end

Meet your Clubmates

Daniel Laffly.

When and where were you born? 28 th of October 1946 Belfort, France (for the non expert near the "Ballon d'Alsace ")

When did you start cycling, and what was your first club? At the age of 10 on my mum's bike .My only attachment to any club has been with the greatest: the Seamons Cycling Club

What was your first race? Never raced ... too fast for me !! cannot afford the "Pot Belge " (Excluding one time trial over 10 miles with the Club)

What was your first win? Never happened yet

Which performance do you rate as your best? Climbing perhaps more than 400 mountain passes all over Europe and enjoying the sufferingbut what a great experience....

What is your favourite meal? there is only one meal : "Steak , frites, salade "

What were you like at school? In a slow lane until I went to the Dijon Business and Administration School when I really had to change gear...

What kind of books do you read? Professional reviews and magazines including "Cycling " Needs to retire to find the time to read more serious books ...

What kind of music do you enjoy? Classical preferred to " noise "

And your favourite type of TV programmes? Sports events but preferred "cycling and athletics" above all. No thanks not Coronation Street

Which newspaper do you read? The Times daily but The Daily Telegraph on Saturdays ... nothing on Sundays... I need a rest

What's your ideal holiday destination? Hate "long holidays" but enjoy the USA (my wife is American) and France for cycling ...

Do you have any hobbies? Can use my hands for any purpose ...

Who would play you in a film of your life? Steve Mc Queen

What is your greatest fear? Falling off my bike ...and it has already happened

How would you describe yourself in a Lonely Hearts ad? Not falling easily for anyone. Willing to fight to win .

What is your favourite training ride? Hale, Moberley, Knutsford back to Hale "easy ride and short distance..."

What is your most unpleasant characteristics? Bossy (because of my job perhaps ?)

What characteristic do you most dislike in others? Anyone who pretends to know everything....

Who would you most like to have met, and why? John Paul II because of his historical and pivotal role in knocking down communism... out of Europe

What is your most embarrassing moment? Cannot remember any (must be the age !!)

Four words to describe yourself? Fighter , will powered, obstinate.





TESTING TIMES



Open Season

At the time of penning this, at least 26 Seamons club members have taken part in open events and we have troubled the time keepers no fewer than 150 times.

Alan Blackburn split his first year of racing between Time Trials and road racing this season. He has competed in the 10 25 and 50 mile TTs and his time of 2:12:17 in the M&DTTA 50 was very impressive.

Brendan Coyle spent a lot of early mornings in the winter training which was all paying off with some excellent early season results at 10 and 25 miles, but a glass back and an irregular heart beat brought an early end to his season. He has continued to give support to all the club events. Help which has been greatly appreciated.

Clare Bridge is one of our few lady riders who has turned out in open events this year, her most noticeable appearance was in the national 10, were she did a 28:43

Dave Bates waited until late April before he started to make his claim on as many of the Seamons Vets. awards as he can, he has done a 58:14 for 25 and 2:02:12 for 50.

Dan Mathers has got to know the J courses intimately this season. He has been constantly below 23 minutes for the 10, broke the hour 6 times for the 25, this should have been 7 times but for a gymkhana and a 30 second penalty for a late start. He broke the 2 hour mark for the 50 twice winning the club 50 championship with a 1:54:37 and has done 4:18:08 for the 100. He has picked up several 2nd and 3rd individual prizes as well as collecting a number of team awards. Dave Tickle made an outstanding contribution in the Vets team, winning the National 24 hour championship.

Ian Udall has been an excellent roving reporter as well as being very modest about his own abilities. He has done mountain TT as well as the flatter Cheshire courses, even

having some mad driver going over his foot in the Dukinfield 50 in May never dampened his enthusiasm

John Rowlinson has more courage than most, in his first season he has completed a 50, hit the kerb and the floor before finishing a 100 and was a member of the Vets team that won the national 24 hour championship.

John Woodhouse has returned to competition after doing his house up for a few years. His excellent times have been getting faster all year and he has constantly helped in the winning of numerous team awards.

Keith Bailey turned out in a 2 up with Robin in April.

Mike Brooks gave up running on several Saturdays to take part in 2 10 and a 25

Malc McAllister has returned to competition after 2 years his times have constantly improved whether he has rode a bike or his tricycle.

Nigel Harrop has managed to retire early from work, but not from TT. He has been blown around the Cheshire lanes in 10, 25, 30 and 50 mile events this season.

Paul Aldridge has gone from strength to

strength in his first season. Starting with a second novice in the Withington Wheelers 25 in April and taking part in the CC Breckland 12 hour in Norfolk.

Phil Holden likes to tell us that he is not going well, but I know that he keeps beating his own standards year on year, at all distances. He has also lead the Vets team for the last 2 years in the National 24 hour championship, winning it this year.

Paul McAllister has continually proved how good he is at 10 and 25 mile events, he recorded the best Seamons time in the National 10 of 22:22. And has had pleasure of winning a Manchester VTTA 30 in 1:09:22 with his father holding up the field on his tricycle with a time of 1:42:57.

Peter Shaw, Tim Mitchell and Paul Smith all took part in the Oldham Century Mountain TT over 18 miles, Paul has also competed over 10, 25 and 50 miles.

Robin Haigh says he has not really gone for it this season. Work and home life did not allow, but still managed to compete in the National 10, and win the club 100 championship with a 4:17:58 which was good enough to give him an individual 4th place and help win the team prize in the M&DTTA 100 on the 3rd July

Roy Myers started the season very early in February, taking part in the cold and wet, doing some excellent early season times, but he got blown off course and has decided to earn more money doing overtime at work. Richard Williams has been seen on the Cheshire course this year but has preferred to race on Merseyside. He has done a PB in a 25 of 56:23. Bradley Wiggins gave up a ride in the Tour De France so he could take on Dicky, John Woodhouse, and Dave Bates in the Wills Wheels 2 up over 25 miles, Bradley just beat them but was reported to have said that the competition was tough. Sophie Woods was the 5th member of Seamons to take part in the National 10 doing a very respectable 27:16.





Club 10

The club 10 was held on Wednesday 8 June, a field of 27 riders had gathered at the Kilton, on a fine evening. Competition was both friendly and intense, with the top 3 places going to Paul McAllister, Dan Mathers and Robin Haigh, a total of 8 seconds split 1st from 3rd, and Dave Bates won the Vets championship.

Paul McAllister	00:22:47	26.34	Pete Devereux	00:26:18	22.81
Dan Mathers	00:22:52	26.24	Dave McIlroy	00:26:38	22.53
Robin Haigh	00:22:55	26.18	Phil Holden	00:26:42	22.47
John Woodhouse	00:23:53	25.12	Mike Brooks	00:26:54	22.30
Dave Bates	00:24:01	24.98	John Rowlinson	00:27:24	21.90
Ian Udall	00:24:07	24.88	Simon Williams	00:28:00	21.43
Richard Williams	00:24:09	24.84	Mike McConville	00:28:06	21.35
Martin Wiggin	00:24:22	24.62	Sophie Wood	00:28:14	21.25
Nigel Harrop	00:25:19	23.70	Claire Bridge	00:29:01	20.68
Allan Blackburn	00:25:42	23.35	Roger Haines	00:29:28	20.36
			Dave Tickle	00:29:42	20.20
			Dave Beech	00:30:12	19.87
			Peter Julyan	00:31:02	19.33
			John Cahm	00:31:26	19.09
			Alan Thompson	00:32:25	18.51
			Malc McAllister	00:32:34	18.42
			Sarah Blackburn	00:34:03	17.62

Club 25

The club 25 on Tuesday 21 June saw 19 riders and 15 marshals turned out at Monks Heaths and various other points in Cheshire. The competition was again hotly contested with 6 Seamons riders going under the hour mark, unfortunately I was not one of these people. Dan Mathers, John Woodhouse and Dave Bates took the first 3 places, Dave also won the Vets event and the handicap.

Dan Mathers	00:57:12	26.22
John Woodhouse	00:58:22	25.70
Dave Bates	00:58:32	25.63
Paul McAllister	00:58:33	25.62
Ian Udall	00:59:41	25.13
Richard William	00:59:43	25.12
Steve Hardgreaves	00:59:53	25.05
Nigel Harrop	01:03:50	23.50
Tim Seddon	01:03:53	23.48
Paul Aldridge	01:04:45	23.17
Dave McIlroy	01:05:45	22.81
John Rowlinson	01:06:33	22.54
Phil Holden	01:06:40	22.50
Matt Viz	01:06:47	22.46
Adrian Cohen	01:11:02	21.12
Mike McConvill	01:11:31	20.97
Ronald MacKay	01:12:28	20.70
Dave Beech	01:15:28	19.88
Malc McAllister	01:22:27	18.19



Club 8.75 points championship

This event has had a fantastic level of support all season, regularly seeing more than 25 riders taking part. Times for the fast guys often got below 20 minutes depending upon the wind conditions. The weather has been great on Wednesday evenings hardly ever putting a dampener on the event.

It has been great to see the enthusiasm of Sarah Blackburn, Peter Julyan and Dave Beech who regularly take part in this event. Paul McAllister and Dan Mathers are fighting it out at the top of the table.

A special thanks must go to Steve and Vicky Booth at this point, who have turned out almost every week to take your money, and record your times.

If you wish to see a complete listing of all the results I know about, just pop down to the club on a Friday night and study the notice board, alternatively you can access the results page on the club web site, just log on to www.seamons.org.uk and go to the results database.



At the start of a Summer 10



CLUBRUNS



DATE	HALF-DAY	TOURING SECTION
04 September	Meerbrook	Cheddleton
11 September	Tattenhall	Upermill – CTC Hill Climb *
18 September	Radway Green	Burwardsley
25 September	Cat & Fiddle	Hope **
02 October	Club Hill Climb	Club Hill Climb (Withenshawe Hill)
09 October	Nantwich Marina	Buxton
16 October	Delamere	“Touring” – 100 in 8
23 October	Buxton	Meerbrook
30 October	Summertrees	Mystery Tour
06 November	Gawsworth, Hollands	Rivington
13 November	Tattenhall	Beeston
20 November	Radway Green	Cat & Fiddle
27 November	Delamere	Rodeheath
04 December	Buxton	Hayfield
11 December	Xmas Dinner run	Xmas Dinner run ***
18 December	Beeston	Dones Green
25 December	Xmas Impromptu	Xmas Impromptu ****
01 January 06	New Years Day Impromptu	New Years Day Impromptu

* Fun “10” at 2:00pm Saturday 10th September at the Kilton Inn.

** 100 in 8

*** Touring section reverts to 9:30pm start.

**** Wednesday 28th December Jonny Coles mountain bike ride, meet 9:00 at the Middle-wood Way car park Higher Poynton. (Provisionally)

ASTAUGH



CONSUMER ALERT:

If you are approached by somebody offering for sale a bike similar to the one on the left, do not part with any money!

These are bikes are cheap imports which do not comply with British Standards. The bikes are quite unstable, have rather thin frame tubing and are prone to flat tyres.

You have been warned!