

No. 1

THE SQUIRREL

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SEAMONS
~~ABLES~~ CYCLING CLUB.

WOT!
NO COVER
SQUIRREL
SEE KEN!

AFFILIATED TO
N.C.U. R.T.C. M.D.T.T.A.

DECEMBER 1949

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THE SQUIRREL.

No.1.

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Hon. Editor K.V. Benson.

Hon. Assistant Editor D.F. Chapman.

Message from the Chairman.

My friends, it is my privilege to be able to say a few words on the occasion of the first publication of our own newsheet, "The Squirrel".

Since Seamons C.C. was first formed nearly a year ago it has been very gratifying to my fellow committee members and myself to see the steady growth of our club. The reason for this development, is, I believe due to two main causes:- the true spirit of comradeship in our club, and a committee that has backed me up 100 per cent.

We have tried and will continue to try, to make every new arrival feel at home because we really want them to be one of us. It does me good when I see one of you go out of your way to be nice to a fellow cyclist, stranger or acquaintance.

I would also like to comment on the way the lads act toward the girls, and congratulate you gentlemen for your very good behaviour. I am sure the ladies will agree with me. But then, gentlemen, our ladies are so nice.

Last of all, may I offer my best wishes to Ken Benson and Denis Chapman for their venture in the publishing line, and ask you all to carry on with the good work that is fast making Seamons Cycling Club - the best.

R. Richardson
Chairman.

FOREWORD:-

The officials of the club and members of the editorial staff wish it to be known to all concerned that this magazine is in no way dedicated to those who have 'died' in time-trials or even those who crawled through hedges and ditches in their first attempts.

Anyone who criticizes any articles in this copy will be severely burnt off during the next club run.

Membership fees for the year 1950 are as follows:-

21 years and over	10/-
18 to 20 years	7/6
17 years and under	5/-

These fees include an N.C.U. affiliation of 4/-. The buying of an ice cream or mineral for the treasurer will not be counted as an installment towards subs. Treasurer.

Results of club events for the 1949 Season.

		25 mile	Time	Trials	April 24th.	
1st	F.S.Dixon	1-7-45.		H/cap	1st. A.Irving	55-50 (15)
2nd	F.R.Holmes	1-7-50.		H/cap	2nd. A.Hughes	58-3 (11)
		25 mile	Time	Trials	May 15th.	
1st	F.R.Holmes	1-4-53.		H/cap	1st. E.Furnis	58-39 (8½)
2nd	A.Hughes	1-6-45.		H/cap	2nd. R.Oldham	59-0 (9)
		25 mile	Time	Trials	Sept. 18th.	
1st	F.R.Holmes	1-6-33.		H/cap	1st. R.Devanport	1-2-51 (8½)
2nd	K.W.Benson	1-8-24.		H/cap.	2nd. F.Finshull	1-3-10 (9)
		50 mile	Time	Trials	Sept. 25th.	
1st	K.W.Benson	2-17-20		H/cap	1st. K.W.Benson	2-10-50 (6½)
2nd	F. R.Holmes	2-20-43		H/cap.	2nd. A.Irving	2-16-20 (7½)

Fastest times of the Season.

10 mile	A.Spence	25-30.
25 mile	F.R.Holmes	1-4-53.
50 mile	K.W.Benson	2-17-20.

Club Champions for 1949.

Hill climb	A.Spence	2m. 53s.	10 mile	A.Spence	25-55.
25 mile	F.R.Holmes	1-6-33			
50 mile	K.W.Benson	2-17-20			

Altrincham to Chester and back.

Starting and finishing at St. Margarets Church.

K.W. Benson 2-51-10.

The Squirrels Visit Lovely Lakeland.

By: D.E. Spoke.

A holiday in the Lakes with the Squirrels (groan). A holiday of one "blind" after another with "prizes" up every hill. If that was what you were expecting then you were due for a shock. A steady speed of 2.5/6 mile per hour. (according to big chief Loose Forks) was done.

The start was scheduled at 7.30 pm. Friday evening at the usual rendezvous as usual a late start was made, an not late enough for some members who had started their holidays inside the Wharfedale Hotel and rather unwillingly had to be dragged outside again.

At one O'clock in the morning the party were seen around a pin table in Woods Farm at Garstang; The next time they were seen they were all fast asleep in a barn near Hillside.

The third time they were seen they were washing in a horse trough near Lake Side. This was when the Squirrels entered the Lake District unobserved by "look outs" who warn everyone to lock their doors and shut their windows when such a "crow" visits these quiet valleys and magnificent mountains of lovely Lakeland.

After breakfast, such as it was, the party descended upon Lakeside, booked their seats on the first boat to Bowness, and then invaded the nearest ice-cream shop.

(continued)

you may have heard of Squirrels storing nuts up for the winter, well these squirrels store up ice-cream all the year round. By now the sun has breaking through the clouds making Lake Windermere glitter like a diamond amongst the hills. The journey on board ship up Lake Windermere is a novel experience giving the best views of the surrounding well wooded slopes of Great Green Howes, and Cartmel Fell. After about 6 miles the steamer turned alongside Belle Isle and alongside the pier at Bowness-on-Windermere.

It is here that the squirrels disembarked for a meal and more ice-cream. The afternoon was spent in a quiet manner in tearing up and down the lake in rowing boats and trying to play proper golf on a miniature golf course (Ah! happy days). The party continued to Windermere and Ambleside which lies at the North End of Lake Windermere with Wersfell Pike (1,597ft), On the East side, on the North side Snarker Pike (2,096 ft) and the West side Loughrigg Fell (1101 ft). Ambleside is a small pleasant town with an ice-cream shop and Fish & Chip shop. It was here our party stayed for Saturday night, where good meals and a good bed were found at Mrs. Stricklands.

Sunday morning awoke with the sun shining strongly giving one a feeling of great exhilaration. The feeling of wanting to move on into the unknown to fresh adventures. Out came the Squirrels 'full' OF NOISE WAKING UP MOST of the town folk who had not yet risen. Their route took them back to Windermere and then sharp left to Troutbeck, which proved to have a stiff climb and grew steeper as they neared the summit of Kirkstone Pass. On the top of the pass there is the Travellers Rest Inn, which is the fifth highest Inn in England. (1,476 ft). From here there is a good view of Ambleside down the unsafe old coach road, and the north end of Lake Windermere. The view down the other side is of Brothers Water and Pesse Fell (2,154 ft), and on either side of the road Red Screes (2,541 ft) and Stony Cove Pike (2,502 ft). Onward down to Brothers Water, and Patterdale and through Glenridding at the Southern end of Ullswater. Here is another lake of great length but with steep mountain slopes reaching onto the shores of the lake.

The Squirrels continued along the lakeside to Pooly Bridge where they obtained a light meal. Afterwards they parked their cycles and went for a swim in the lake. Another 6 mile journey took them into Penrith and to Mrs Lee, where a first rate Sunday tea was enjoyed by all. The evening was spent admiring the sights of the Penrith including the magnificent park.

continued in next issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Brooks saddle B.17 narrow \$1, hardly used.

Reynolds alloy 2" forward extension 7/6 Apply A. Spence.

Mansfield sprint saddle for sale 2/6 or will exchange for

Stallion frame Apply R. Hill.

1" alloy stem 5/- Super Olympic 4. 10/-, Cyclo 15-17-19 freewheel 7/6

Rear Cantillette brake 5/- Dynamo and lamp no bulbs 5/-.

Apply Dennis Chapman, 17, Victoria Ave, Hale.

The 1949 Cycle Show

by D.P. Chapman.

My first impression of the show was, as most other people, the gay colours of the machines on view.

First of all I made my way to the "John Bull" stand with the hope of riding on the rollers, but alas I could not "have a go" this stand caused the biggest crowd of the show.

I must give full marks to "Paris" stand only a small one, but packed with quality. They showed two trios: one in white and the other the usual Paris riot of colour, most of the solos had fancy chrome lugs, and next door, no style enamelled panels on the seat tube.

One item I wanted to see was the Cyclo Bonlux gear, and its handlebar control lever; the latter is a copy of the well tried Simplex, but just a little bit more bulky, the handlebar control on all the bikes I saw was not working I don't think this is a very good sign.

The new Dunlop light weight H.F. tyre will be very fast I'm sure, and is light as any road tubular.

The firm of Phillips have a very good range of colours, panels and linings which can be supplied on any of their machines which is a new idea for mass produced cycles.

Raleighs all alloy bike looks very thick round the head bearings and the use of alloy forks does not fascinate me very much.

Reg Harris's track iron was on show, with big lumps of enamel missing here and there, and a pair of rusty bars, even so it goes very fast.

~~It will not miss another show its cyclists paradise.~~

So you want to lead a Run.

If you take a club run, yours is a position of responsibility for that day.

You are responsible for the enjoyment and welfare of your fellow riders.

I would like to give you INSIGHT of what is expected of you. You are the LEADER of the run so be prepared to make decisions, and make them fast. Know your route. You need two steady lead riders whose job it is to set a reasonable pace, and give ample warning of road signs or changes of direction. You should also pick two reliable riders for bringing up the rear. They should know where they are going, give warning of traffic coming from behind, and keep stragglers up.

It is your place to make yourself known and sociable to one and all, especially new riders. Be sure the Run Sec. has booked for your goals, but tell him in good time where to book.

Well friends, after all that I have just said you probably think, "Is it worth it?" You can take it from me, it is. The knowledge that your friends have enjoyed themselves because of your efforts is ample reward.

So YOU want to lead a run? Well, why not!

Signed "Turkey Legs".

The Jovs of Cycling

by K. J. Benson.

This account of a Youth Hostel week-end may seem amusing to you as you read it here and I myself not so the amusing side of it but at the time we thought different.

The time was 2 o'clock on Saturday then I met at the station clock, there were five of us Albert, Alan, Dave, Fred and myself. The afternoon was fine but cold as we started our journey round by Gene Row to Haeclesfield where we encountered a few inches of snow on the roads. A halt was called in one of the towns many milk bars, after about quarter of an hour Albert and Alan departed saying that there would be more snow en-route and we should need all the time we could get, the other three of us stayed longer and then likewise departed. We trialed along the road towards Lark, after about 2 miles I dropped the other two and thrashed on to catch Albert and Alan, by this time the snow was quite deep and I was riding in car tracks, as I turned round a corner I saw Alan struggling to keep on his iron and Albert on all fours in the centre of the road I shouted for him to get out of the way but it was too late and then found myself on the floor beside him, we remounted and made slow progress as the going was very hard. We lost Albert and by the time we reached Lark a few more spills had taken place, after about 20 mins. the trio came along.

As the time was in the region of six we decided to have tea, we sent Albert in various cafe's only to see him come scurrying out again, we finally got fixed up with some sandwiches in a grocery store and then we set off again, the snow was now very deep and as we got into the country again we passed a farm from which the farmer shouted to tell us that the road was "full up bonks", when we got on there we realised what he meant, the road was not there for ~~any way in the world~~ it was just one white mass of snow.

Albert was missing again and the four of us pressed on now having to wheel our machines while the snow grew deeper and deeper and was somewhere in the region of eight feet. We stumbled on in the complete darkness, over ~~ryxxxx~~ now and then carrying our machines. While the snow thickened we could see the roofs of stranded cars and lorries, on and on we went until we came to the village of Waterhouses where the locals were asked then we told them we intended going to Ilam Hall Youth Hostel, they informed us that we would never get there as the village of Ilam had been cut off for over a week and flood was being dropped by pliers but we were mad and passed on, after more talking we came to a part of the road where the snow was not very thick and there we saw a van, then Dave suggested that we leave the irons in the van and carry on minus the irons, the idea was a hit until we opened the doors at the rear of the van it was a frosted food van with a fridge inside we decided to try and put the irons in the fridge without any success; just as we were giving up a figure loomed up in the darkness, panic struck everyone, Fred dived under the van, I ran round the front Dave tried to shut the door that Alan nearly got locked inside, then the figure got closer and we recognized it to be Albert minus iron and sandwiches tucked under his arm. continued:-

he moved on and Albert said he had left his
after about five minutes of work upon
to track the sled of shovels. Dave
shouted it up again, not only cut y
fields until he reached the village of Iisp
here once again.

Alan and I were about thirty yards in front of the others as we
went over a bridge over the river. We could not see the lights in the
hostel then there was a splash and someone shouted for us to come
back and with an effort we did so, when we got there Dave said, "It's
in the river", I asked what was in the river and was informed that he
had placed his saddle bag on the wall of the bridge and it had slipped
over the side and was not floating down the river, he asked what we
should do so we told him if he pulled the bag he would have to go in
for it, as there were quite a few degrees of frost he did not think
much of the idea then he suddenly decided to go in for it, he
climbed down the bank but as he reached the edge he discovered there was
a six foot drop into the water, he asked us how could he get in but
before we could tell him the snow crumbled beneath his feet and he plunged
headlong into the icy water, we all roared with delight at his
misfortune. By the light of our camp lamps we spotted the bag floating
down the river, the bag retrieved the next thing was to get out again,
as he could not climb up the bank Albert lay flat on the snow and tried
to pull Dave out but Dave's legs were too much for Albert, he had
Fred not grabbed his ankles he would have been in the icy depths.

Dave out in all organized again and struggled on into the hostel
at 10.20 pm. and having walked for such a distance he signed the book
as usual. The crowd said we should dry our wet things in the boiler
room, after making our beds we went down to the boiler room and left
our wet clothes to dry. One by one they drifted back to the dorm and
I was left to finish my own by track, I went up the many stairs which
were made of concrete and were very cold as I had no shoes or stockings
on. There were no lights and I kept walking into walls then I came to
a spot where the roof had been coming through the roof and then frozen
over. I did not see it and put my foot on it and suddenly found myself
on the floor, after venturing down many more feet and into many
more walls I decided I was lost so I went down again and found the
correct way this time. As I entered the dorm the others asked where
Albert was, as I was the last out of the boiler room we decided he
must be lost then a strange rattling noise went past and we realized
it was Albert. We undressed and then a loud noise came from Dave and
he pointed at the window we looked out only to see snow flakes the
size of half crowns drifting from the skies. We slid beneath the
blankets and drifted off into peaceful slumber.

Next morning dawned bright but cold. I left the hostel and
trudged back over the fields and into the road and made steady
progress towards home. I left the sleds and the grievous evening
stopping here and there to visit the Ism some ground us now in full
silence with the sun shining down upon it.

As we neared the spot where we had left the sleds we could hear
the noise of motors and Fred suggested that it was the one plough and
bullock which had been working the previous night, but he told me
him it couldn't be but sure enough it was.

(continued:-)

stranded by ... we had only just got there in the nick of time as our ... lorry was just being ... up, we rushed forward, grabbed our cycles, and told our tale to the workmen who stood with open mouths.

After putting our saddle bags on again we proceeded down the road with Albert trotting at the side of us as he had not yet retrieved his iron. As we entered the village of Waterhouses someone shouted "there here and nearly all the village turned out to see us they were astonished to hear that we had got through to Ilam.

Lunch was taken in a cottage and then we found our way homeward via Leek and Rudyard Lake to Maclesfield for tea, then on to a place known as home.

RUNS LIST.

Dec. 4.	L. Moreton Old Hall.	9 am.
	T. Coostrey.	A. Spence.
Dec. 11	T. Lymm via Lings	2 pm.
Dec. 16.	L. Hayfield	9 am.
	T. Buxton Hostel.	R. Richardson.
Dec. 25.	L. Busworth from hostel.	
Dec. 26.	Rudyard hostel.	
New Years Eve.	Stinty Arms from hostel.	
New Years Day.	L. Church Winstull	9 am.
Jan 8.	T. Pott Shrigley.	K.V. Penson.
Jan 15.	Open.	
Jan 22.	Open.	
Jan 28	Open.	

It is with great pleasure we to see the first issue of "The Squirrel" printed. As this the first issue it may seem a little feeble in paper or compared with other magazines, but all things have to start in a small way and that is what we are doing.

In the future it will show all round improvement both in size and quality. Any complaints etc. arising from the Mag. should be made to me and I will look into them. Articles for future issues are urgently needed anyone wishing to write an article should hand it in to me and I will publish it if it is satisfactory.

I have not yet received any article from any of the female members, so come do not be shy put pen to paper and let us all see the pleasing results.

EDITOR.