

THE SQUIRREL



Christmas 2005



Bob Richardson

Bob Richardson's family would like to thank the members of Seamons Cycling Club for their presence at Bobs funeral and for all their kind expressions of sympathy in their sad loss.

Mavis Richardson



SEAMONS CYCLING CLUB

*57th Annual Dinner Dance
and Prize Presentation*

Live Band! *Live Band!*

THE CINNAMON CLUB
BOWDON ASSEMBLY ROOMS · THE FIRS
BOWDON, ALTRINCHAM

Saturday 18th February 2006

Assemble 6.00 p.m.
Dinner 6.30 p.m.

TICKETS £23.00

Please order your Dinner Dance Tickets from :
Harvey Maitland Tel 0161 928 6050 or
Roger Haines Tel 0161 928 6522

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'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.

Social Secretaries Corner

We all have fond memories of Bob Richardson, who as well as contributing to the racing and touring scene, played a major part in the Clubs social life. Bob not only organised the Xmas Hot Pot for many years but also sing along nights at the Malt Shovels in the old days, brain teasing picture quizzes on club nights and the now infamous "meet your club mates" in the Squirrel. He was also the driving force behind the Annual Dinner Dance and Prize Giving. Thanks again Bob for making the Seamons the club it is today.

Forthcoming Events

As the magazine goes to press, preparations for the Xmas Hot Pot run are well under way. Thanks to all concerned especially Paul Thomason the consultant chief.

Johny Coles will be showing Slides from his Kenya expedition on Friday 27th January.

Neil Walton will be opening the Bike Shak on Friday night 3rd February to all club members, so come along and grab a bargain.

There could be another "Stretch Night", so try to make it to the club room on Friday nights.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you All.
Roger Haines

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

BITS AND BITS

Up the Alps

Thinking of going to see the tour when it returns once again to the Alpe D'Huez? Or maybe just mulling over the idea of an alpine tour of your own? I have just received an e-mail from a couple of ex-pats, Susan & Dan Cox, who met up with some of our members a couple of years ago when they were attempting to buy a property in the region. They have now completed the purchase and are the proud owners of Chalet Ribot, situated on bend 12 of the climb itself. The chalet takes 16 guests and is aimed squarely at club cyclists so if you want more details then contact the owners direct or visit their website, details below. The only disadvantage would appear to be a significant climb at the end of most days as 'lacet' 21 is at the bottom and you work your way up to 12. For some of course, this could be its great attraction.....

Contact: www.chaletribot.com

Phone: 0033 (0) 476 11 09 12

Write: Chalet Ribot, Ribot Huez

Alpe D'Huez

38750 France

"We welcome the following new members to the Seamons: Chris Scholes, Barrie Mattison, Darren Buckley, Adrian Cohen, Matt Vis, Cath Schofield, Louise Eden and Karen Blenkinsop."

Dates ahead:

1) Carol Service, Chelford church at 2.30 p.m. Sunday Dec. 18th.

2) M&D lunch, Sunday Jan. 29th, 12 noon, Masonic Hall, Middlewich - club run. Names to Jim Boydell please.

3) Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation Saturday Feb. 18th at the Cinnamon Club, Bowden. Tickets £23 from Harvey Maitland.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Tim and Julie Seddon on the birth of their daughter, Lucy, 8 lbs. 13 oz. Mother and daughter doing well. No report on Tim's condition. He has been seen on the half day run...

Obituary to Noel Mills

Former Club Chairman, Noel Mills, passed away recently. Noel joined the Club around 1979 from the now defunct Royal Oak C.C. During his time with the Club Noel was to serve on various committee posts and assisted with the organization of numerous club events, including table tennis, open "25" and "50" events, the Club Hill-climb, and the Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation. Noel suffered a stroke 12 years ago from which he never fully recovered. The Club extends its sincere sympathy to his family. **J. Pardoe**



21st Century Seamons Cyclist!



The One That Got Away

Bob Hill, Founder Member and Honorary Life Member, was featured in the “Meet your Club-mates” section of the last issue of the Squirrel – minus picture.

Just to put the record straight here is a shot of Bob taken during the Mersey Roads 24 Hour event in the late 1970’s, when the Seamons took the team award.

“See You at Rackhams” – not for long.

A saunter around Altrincham town centre recently revealed a large picture on a shop window which on closer inspection filled me with some dread. The end of an era ! An architect’s impression of the planned re-vamped frontage to Rackhams. The town planners do not seem to have taken us Seamons, or our traditional meeting place into account. I may be wrong but the “new frontage” appears completely unusable as a gathering spot. No shelter, in fact little floor area. No passage through to George Street. Now this might not be significant enough to require an AGM discussion or “passing a motion”,



-ADVENTURE CYCLING

A Chip off the Old Block

An old man on a bike makes his way to work through a bleak winter landscape. A day’s manual labour beckons and he barely notices the statue at the side of the track.

Doesn’t he realise the work is by one of the 20th century’s leading sculptors?

Probably, as it is indeed Henry Moore himself riding to his studio in Perry Green, Hertfordshire, in the late sixties.



Meet your Editor

When and Where were you born? 1951 Sale Cottage Hospital.

When did you start cycling, and what was your first club? As a teenager. My first club was Sale Model Club, I used to carry my models on my bike! (my first cycling club is Seamons).

What was your first race? A '10'

What was your first win? 1978 Chester M.F.C.

Which performance do you rate as your best? Coming second in the British National's 100" class.

What is your favourite meal? Roast beef and roast potatoes etc.

What were you like at school? Shy

What kind of books do you read? Technical

What kind of music do you enjoy? Rock and blues

and your favourite type of t.v. programmes? Sci-fi and factual

Which newspaper do you read? Guardian

What is your ideal holiday destination? Home.

Do you have any hobbies? Computing and playing first person shooter games.

Who would play you in a film of your life? Jonny Depp.

What is your greatest fear? Falling off my bike on ice.

What is your favourite training ride? To the Bulls Head at Moberly.

What is your most unpleasant characteristic? Used to be, being a smoker.

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others? Arrogance.



Theo Saga

The power of the internet has also enabled a proud owner of a (probable) Theo Parsons frame to get in contact from Dallas in the USA. A guy called Jim Krieger contacted me having found our club website via a search engine when looking for references to Theo Parsons. He e-mailed me for details and after a couple of exchanges, Jim is now the possessor of a lot more information – but not a little uncertainty. The story goes like this....

I receive an e-mail asking for help in tracing Theo Parsons, though Mr Krieger realises that the frame he now owns, and cherishes, is about 50 years old and this may be difficult. Inadvertently he has hit the jackpot and I am able to direct him to the on-line June 2004 issue of the Squirrel, where there is a picture and article of Theo, along with Bob Hill and Bob Richardson. A previous issue to that also contains Theo's address.

I check with Bob Hill as to whether Theo might want contact with an enthusiastic American about a frame he may have built over 50 years ago. After all, how did it get out there? Bob tells me of a former member, Geoff Robinson, who emigrated to the west coast of America in the early '50's. Geoff returned a year or so later and put in an order for about half a dozen track frames, as there was a newly commissioned track near where he lived. The specification was agreed and Geoff returned to the States. The frames were shipped out some time later; maybe it's one of those?

A further exchange of e-mails verifies that the 'ex-pat' British guy that Jim Krieger has bought the frame off, is in fact the same Geoff Robinson, who now lives in Texas. I pass on the requested contact details and remember that there was some detail about Theo's frames in a couple of past editions of the Northern Wheel. A call to Graham Trunks elicits a number of photo-copies of articles by

the late Ron Sant, local bike historian, and a Mr Dugdale who between them indicate how the frame numbering was done and details of Theo's output. A copy of a more recent Northern Wheel, a Squirrel and the articles are posted off to Jim in Dallas.

A grateful e-mail is received when the package arrives, but it seems that this casts some doubt on the authenticity of the frame. Although several design features point to it being a Parsons, the numbering on this frame differs from that in the Northern Wheel articles. Were different numbers used for Theo's 'export business'? Was the numbering referred to in the Northern Wheel articles not entirely correct? Or is the frame not a Parsons, just re-sprayed with Theo's transfers on it? Ron Sant is sadly no longer around to ask and if Mr Dugdale is, he has changed his e-mail address. A postal query is, as yet, unanswered. So there we must leave it at the moment..... is it or isn't it?

One final little footnote; our ex-member, Geoff Robinson having moved to Texas now lives in a town called...Richardson!



Is it or isn't it? The alleged Dallas Theo Parsons frame fitted with what its owner calls 'comfortable' handlebars. If it proves to be the real McCoy then we are promised a photo of both original and present owners – and a proper pair of Cinelli drops.

Tourist Trophy

Tourist Trophy 2005

Some landmark performances to report this time.

Sarah Beachburn recorded her first 100 in the Manchester Century ride in September, obviously benefiting from the miles she is putting in with Carol and the other ladies on Saturdays. Sarah was also one of six Seamons riders in the Brian Rourke Burslem-Cat and Fiddle-Burslem ride in October.

In the club 100 in 8 in September, Clive Rock did his first 100 since retiring from work nine years ago. He also raised £345 in sponsorship for St. Rocco's Hospice in Warrington. There were two notable 'comebacks' that day: both John Pardoe and Dave Matthews have been seriously sidelined through illness for much of the year; both decided to see how the rehab programme was working on this ride, and both were delighted, as were the rest of us.

And Reg made it 300 in 24 this year by going round the course on his own in October when the rest of the Touring Section bottled out and settled for Audlem direct, without the loops.

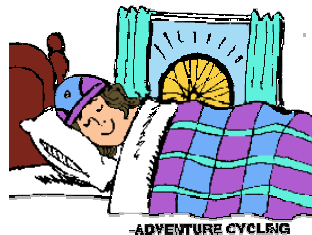
A tight finish is in prospect this year:

- 1. Gordon Peake 11
- 2. = Reg Blease 10
- = Peter Coles 10
- 4. Keith Wilkinson 9.5
- 5. Roger Haines 8
- 6. = John Carberry 7
- = John Coles 7
- = Peter Devine 7

- 9. Dave Matthews 6
- 10. = John Thorogood 5.5
- = Dave Barker 5.5
- 12. Andy Burns 5



Alain Collogues from a photo by Richard Leon (writer of the French letter in the last issue)



OVER THE HILLS BUT NOT FAR AWAY



“Maybe we should have stayed in Norfolk.”
Maybe she was right. After all we’d survived Norfolk intact for almost two weeks, whereas here in Rutland the first incident had occurred within minutes of arriving. A day later and the situation got even worse.

But back to the beginning and a discussion over where to take a holiday. After two years of month-long trips to sample the delights of rural France and le Tour, we could only manage a two week trip to fit in with other commitments. So, long drives were out and we looked for somewhere close to home but completely different. A few years ago we’d been impressed with a stay just outside Norwich but we’d never been along the north Norfolk coast from Hunstanton to Cromer. Bob Richardson and Malc McAllister had both enjoyed riding there with their wives whilst on holiday so the omens were good. Technically this area faces the Wash but whichever way you look at it, that’s the North Sea out there with absolutely no protection from strong north winds. You can be lucky or extremely unlucky when you visit this part of England. We didn’t do too badly and we never had to lash the caravan awning down.

A 150 mile drive over the Peak District, Mansfield and Newark saw us enter the flatlands and

big skies of Lincolnshire before the first sightings of lavender fields let us know we were in Norfolk. Our destination was Sandringham and a campsite in the Royal Park. Public services might be being cut all over the UK but there’s not much evidence of it round here. You get the impression that whatever the Royals can see is kept pristine. A lovely Camping & Caravan Club site was our residence but tomorrow was allocated for our sole day to see where most, if not all, of our taxes go. We made ourselves feel ‘green’ about the visit by walking to the house through the forest. After all there’s nothing like a bit of superiority when mixing with the cap-doffers.

It’s a strange house, but surprisingly compact and ‘homely’ and you can understand why the royal family enjoy Christmas there. With living rooms that face each of the four points of the compass the four meals of the day follow the sun; breakfast facing East, lunch South etc. Must remember that when we next move house. The other little snippet of information concerns the Queen’s devotion to – jigsaw puzzles! Apparently she has a different 1000 piece one on the go in each of her residences and at Sandringham it is a view of the house itself from across the lake. The Queen seems to have got stuck on the sky here, which as it’s just blue seems a bit strange. I would have

thought if there was one colour that is just up her street it would be blue.

The next day we were out on our bikes and a roundabout route to Bircham Mill, which promised “ a mill that grinds its own organic flour for its on-site bakery and café.” Right up our street. Well almost. As this was a windmill rather than a water mill then common sense should have warned me that it was likely to be on the top of a hill. But this was Norfolk; flat Norfolk. Well whatever you may have read or believed this is not the case in north Norfolk. It's not that it is formidably hilly, rather it is interestingly so. Enough to make rides rewarding for an experienced rider but rather an effort for the occasional cyclist. We were one of each and by the time we reached the mill at least one of us was ready to sample the organic delights on offer.

Other rides followed over the next week on roads that are mercifully free of the traffic we are so used to. All you have to remember is to stay clear of the two main roads, (the A148 and 149) wherever possible. It's a shame about the A149 as it hugs the coast all the way from Hunstanton to Cromer passing through many small villages (Wells-next-the-Sea, Blakeney, Cley-next-the-Sea, Weybourne etc.). Each climb and corner rewards you with the sort of views reminiscent of a Patterson and can suddenly confront you with a 20mph sign (on an A road!) as you pass through villages with a main street like that of Great Budworth.

One place worth visiting on this road is the Muckleborough Collection. An old army camp has been transformed into a museum with the biggest collection of military hardware I've come across. Along with photos, models and a working radio room it's good value for money. Oh, and the café is called the NAAFI but any serviceman will chuckle at that; tablecloths and flowers? Probably not. Striking inland from the coast you will find some lovely villages and small towns, Holt, Great

Walsingham and Burnham Market among them, along with some seriously impressive looking churches. It's difficult now, in places that seem to have been passed by, to appreciate just how wealthy and influential this area once was. The wool trade and access to routes to (protestant) Holland and the continent beyond ensured that. And in those long gone days great wealth equalled great churches but now small villages and depleted congregations have the unenviable task of maintaining them.

After a week of almost continual sunshine and visits to North Norfolk's premier resorts of Sheringham and Cromer (including its traditional 'end of the pier' show) we packed up and decamped from one of the largest counties in England to the smallest – Rutland. In common with many 'occasional' riders, my wife, Dee, is a whole lot happier when there is no traffic around. The prospect of a ride round Rutland Water, advertised at about 26 miles, seemed to fit the bill and with Dee's aunt in next-door Leicestershire we could combine that and a family visit.

We pulled into 'Pheasant's Roost', Manton, right on the cycle route, in the early afternoon and looked round for signs of a proprietor without success. A tractor made its way up and down the adjacent field and after a few circuits I noticed the driver gesticulating. "Put it wherever you like" seemed to be the message and it was as we did so that Dee got the shock of her life. A working life in the electrical/electronics industry has provided me with the occasional 'belt' but for Dee it was the first time. As she reversed me onto the pitch I heard a sudden shriek, jumped out of the car to find Dee rubbing her...well it was at fence height. As I looked at the fence there it was, low down, just above grass level, 'Beware – Electric Fence'. It might be low voltage but it certainly packs a punch if you're in light sandals standing on damp grass. Shortly after this the 'lady of the site' came across with a piece of paper bearing the site rules. Number one was 'Beware of the Electric Fence – it is on 24 hours a day.' Yes, we got that one already. A

The Squirrel

tentative enquiry as to whether that was entirely necessary when there were two gateposts only a few feet away – but no gates – brought forth an icy glare. Changing tack and pointing to the part completed house across the drive, I ventured that it would be very nice when finished. Oops!

“It’ll never be bl**dy finished. A million bl**dy pounds it’d be worth if we could finish it and even if we did we couldn’t afford to bl**dy live in it. Bl**dy council tax. Ever since those ba***rd wealthy incomers took us out of Leicestershire and we became poncy Rutland, none of the poor sods who actually work here can afford to live here. Ba***rds!” This last was said with real venom. We’d met the lady all of five minutes ago but we’d already had both barrels. The fact that she was still living in the end of a cavernous barn after eight years of trying to build a house whilst running a small-holding probably explained a lot. Another change of tack then... “I see you have some organic produce for sale.”

“Yup, eggs, flour, vegetables that sort of thing.”

We bought some eggs and vegetables and, pointing to the flour, asked if she had any bread made with it.

“Good lord, no. Can’t touch anything with wheat in it. Believe me you wouldn’t want to be anywhere near me if I’ve eaten wheat. Certainly not downwind.” All this said with a perfectly straight face, and we’d still only met her ten minutes ago.

Next morning we were awake really early. Eager to get out on our bikes? Not really, just the combined effect of a dozen cockerels and their harems, a flock of guinea fowl, a couple of peacocks and some geese. Any of these on their own would make an excellent ‘watchdog’ but when one started (usually the cockerel that had taken up residence under our ‘van), they were all off and running. Breakfasted and a bit bleary-eyed we crossed the road onto the cycle path outside the site and followed the signs. A left turn onto a nicely

surfaced track augured well and as we swooped down towards the man-made lake with the sun on our backs a good day was in prospect. How soon this changed! Any thoughts of a nice meander round the water’s edge soon evaporated as the surface deteriorated and the rough track wandered away from the water over a series of mini-climbs into the woods.

In truth, this makes the ride a lot more interesting but you are definitely better off on the wider tyres of an off-roader on the twisty, gravel strewn tracks. We looped round the southern end of the water, past the marina and on to Normanton. This has an intriguing church right on the water’s edge, which has been turned into a museum recording the history of the submerged villages. It was also where a large party of German school children were skidding round the car park on their hire bikes in preparation for a circuit of the water. We had not gone far before the first of the teenagers came hurtling past in their own ‘Tour du Lac’. Maybe it would have been safer on the road. We pressed on past the water tower and over the dam, which signifies the eastern end of the water. The views here of the whole of Rutland Water are quite splendid, with the Hambleton peninsula reaching out towards you.

Turning left you reach the Butterfly & Aquatic centre where a visitor information point provided the usual leaflets and details of places of interest on the ride. The lady manning the desk was on the phone and you could tell the call wasn’t going well. Eventually she put the phone down, shook her head, and said “Don’t these campsite owners actually want any business?” I had a feeling I knew who she had been talking too.

“You’ve not just been speaking to a lady at the ‘Pheasant’s Roost’ have you?” I queried. The startled look on her face told me I’d got it in one. She looked again at the phone then looked at me.

“How on earth did you know that?” she asked,

puzzlement growing.

“Because that’s where we’re staying and you couldn’t wish for a more prickly, argumentative and downright rude host. At least that’s what we thought when we first met her. Actually, she’s rather nice when you get to know her, though I don’t suppose many actually get that far.”

With our leaflets we headed out for a couple more miles to Whitwell Creek which offered the prospect of water sports, trips on the Rutland Belle and, more important, the Harbour Bar for some lunch.

It was shortly after leaving here that disaster struck. A sharp right turn off a metalled track onto a gravel one, some adverse camber, narrow tyres and you have all the components for a fall. I heard the crash behind me and turned to find Dee trapped on the ground, feet still in clips and now at an alarming angle; she never made any noise as she hit the deck. Before we could even see the damage she had to be freed and this proved more difficult than anticipated. The force with which the front wheel twisted pushed the top of the calliper brake clean under the down tube from where it resolutely refused to budge. Without straightening this it proved impossible to free the foot. There was only one thing to do – remove the brake. This took time but at least I had the tools to do so. As Dee lay there quite a few people rode and walked by and it is to the enduring credit of the British public that not one asked if we needed any assistance. Not one.

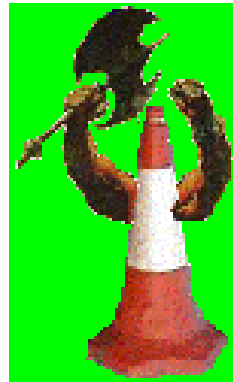
With the brake removed and Dee back on her feet, or should that be foot, we could inspect the damage. Already the left foot was showing alarming signs of swelling and along with a multiplicity of cuts, abrasions and bruises she was in some distress. Her sense of humour never deserted though, and as I realised we’d no first aid kit with us, she muttered “Plenty of tools for the bike repair then, but nothing for me.” Was it ever thus with cyclists? The next dilemma, having effected body repairs

with tissues and a clean handkerchief, was whether to go back or forward. We were just about half way round and the decision was made to carry on.

We’d little interest in the Drought Garden and Arboretum and the ride on the cycle track at the side of the A606 was less than thrilling as we approached Oakham, the county town. A sharp left takes you back east towards Upper Hambleton and the peninsula but we then took a right for Eggleton and the Anglian Water Bird Watching Centre to miss out the eight-mile loop. A short ride through a nature reserve and we were on the way back to Manton. Leaving the water’s edge it is a short climb back up to the Horse and Jockey, a popular watering hole on the ride, but it proved to much for Dee. The pain was really setting in by now and it was with some relief that we rolled into the Pheasant’s Roost, the van, and a well stocked first aid kit. It soon became obvious that there was to be no more cycling for Dee, and as she lay there, foot up, legs covered in plasters, she gazed out of the window then turned to look at me.

“Maybe we *should* have stayed in Norfolk.” I offered. She smiled.

Story and pictures by Jim Boydell
Lead Picture: Lunch on the beach at Blakeney.
Map: North East Norfolk, Landranger 133



Cone the destroyer

65 Years of Friendship

It was 1940 and at the age of 14 I joined the local YMCA. It was where I first met Bob Richardson. We soon became firm friends but little did we know that the first seeds were sown that was to become Seamons C.C.

I was already cycling and Youth Hostelling and Bob came along and was soon "bitten by the bug". Gradually other YMCA Members joined in making a larger group.

In 1944 at 18 years old I was given the Kings shilling and off I went – ah. However Bob did a good job keeping the wheels turning and I rejoined in January 1948.

During August 1948 Bob and Myself went on tour through Wales down to Pembroke and returned through Monmouth, Hereford and Shropshire using Youth Hostels through out. A memorable holiday for many reasons.

Seamons Moss Community Centre had started by now and most of the group joined the centre. The group was now getting larger and talk of making the group an official cycling club was discussed. Eventually the move was made under the guidance of the NCU.

Bob, myself and others took on main committee posts during the first year and so Seamons Cycling Club was on its way.

I can remember many happy times before and after the Club was formed. Many journeys to many parts and time trials competing against one another. My fastest '10' was after I found out Bob craftily set off one minute after me.

During the winter months on Saturday evenings the dance halls beckoned. Bob and myself with others would be off to the Stamford Hall, Chorlton Palais and other places.

During the summer we danced in Llangollen, Hartington and Cockermouth wearing our cycling shorts. I must mention the well known Wednesday evenings in the Malt Shovels which seem to have lasted for years.

So the passing of Bob is a sad occasion for me and I am sure a lot of us will miss him.

Bob Hill

Bob Richardson

There are still a few people about, associated with the club, who will have longer memories than I of Bob's involvement with the Seamons CC. Some would even be able to go back as far as the formation of the club itself in 1948/9. It's difficult to be absolutely precise about the date because the founding members were already a part of the Seamons Moss Community Centre with its many thriving, post war, activity sections. The first 'breakaway' meetings seem to have occurred in late 1948 and the club was first affiliated to the national cycling bodies in 1949. Those that knew Bob would not be surprised to learn that he was one of the most ardent of the 'independence' thinkers. In the ten years before I graduated from the Altrincham & Sale CTC, the club had established itself on the local scene, had produced some notable successes and acquired a reputation as a hotbed of 'hard riders'. Throughout this period Bob was a major driving force, before scaling back his activities somewhat as the demands of a young family and running his own business took priority.

Activities maybe, but not interest. You could be sure that if any contentious issue raised its head, Bob would be there with his founding father hat on. AGM's were, of course, his forté as he had honed his technique over many a committee meeting with AOB being the sting in the tail. Many a club chairman, having successfully completed all the other business, would look at his watch, mentally order his pint and then utter those three words – any other business. An hour later and we would still all be locked in some contentious debate, the mental beer having gone flat, whilst several members had sloped out of the back door. Things, you see, had to be done properly. Anyone brought up in the 20's, 30's and 40's knew what to value as so much was denied the working classes. So, if you did something then you did it correctly. AOB might have been his speciality but 'points of order' ran it a close

second. As an 'ex-several time chairman' I say all this with great affection as it was through the many Seamons meetings that I learned all about the various protocols that must be observed if progress is to be made, decisions were to be sustainable and individual members to be treated fairly. They are lessons that I have valued greatly and the long lasting success of the club can be found in its determination to do things the proper way.

Don't get the impression though that Bob was some sort of pedant; far from it. His interest was in the continued success of the club and that came before everything else. If there was a job to be done, a corner to be stood on, then he would always be there. It's impossible, with someone of Bob's standing and involvement with the club, to note all the things he did over a fifty-five year period as he was always innovating and thinking how things could be improved for the benefit of members. Anything that would bring all the membership together was high on his list of priorities and two things stand out from the last ten years. At a time when most people scale back their active involvement with organisations in favour of a more passive consumerist approach, Bob re-vitalised the Christmas celebration by introducing the now highly revered hot pot run. This has gone from strength to strength over the years and is now undoubtedly a highlight as it is the one occasion that we get so many members to a function, most of them on bikes. A couple of years ago it served as the backdrop to a surprise presentation and it couldn't have been more fitting. Bob's birthday in early December tied in nicely and as it was his 80th, it seemed entirely appropriate that an 80 tooth wooden chainring should be the surprise item. To loud cheers and much clapping, Bob took the gift and card and, as you would expect, used the occasion to urge all club members to get involved and continue the traditions that had been so dear to him over the years.

The other innovation was the "Meet your Clubmates" strand in the magazine. For most

of the ten years that I produced the magazine, Bob would select the members, issue the most appropriate questionnaire (racing or touring) and arrange for the completed items and photos to be forwarded to me. Once again, his motive was the breaking down of barriers and desire to allow members to know a little more about the person they might be riding next to on the Sunday clubrun. I confess that I always looked forward to receiving these and the revelations they contained. Sometimes it might be a 'joker' who revealed a more contemplative side, or maybe the wry sense of humour behind a more serious member.

Over the last couple of years, as Bob's health became a concern, first his appearances on a bike and then up at the clubroom diminished. In the end the effort became too much but his steely determination wouldn't let him miss the big occasion. So, despite his frailty, he made it to the Club Dinner in February (fittingly probably the last one at the Cresta Court), the Club's promotion of the National Ten Mile Championship down at Nantwich in May and finally out to the club's own ten-mile championship in June.

The call from his nephew, club member Gareth, was not entirely unexpected but Bob's sudden deterioration in the final week had been a shock. The funeral at Altrincham Crematorium provided the opportunity for those of us who have had the privilege to know Bob to pay our last respects. A grand turnout of members, most on bikes and in club colours, was the final gesture on behalf of a grateful club at a service in which loving family tributes were made by close family members and a fitting eulogy was delivered by Life Member, John Pardoe.

And so, an era truly ends. With Bob's passing the club has lost its senior member and staunchest supporter and to close this piece, please take time to read a poem that Bob submitted some time ago for inclusion in the magazine. Now seems the most appropriate

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time to print it.

Jim Boydell

Going Down Hill On A Bicycle by Henry Charles Beeching

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:-
'O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

'Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share your
Your feathery life in air!'

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, whereso'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

Bob

Enthusiastic clubman; gritty and tenacious bikerider; encyclopaedic expert on lanes and routes; and always willing to put his hand up and take on responsibilities. I'm sure this is how most of us will remember Bob. I will also remember him as a kind and considerate friend, for example always enquiring sympathetically about Mary during her long illness.

He was also very alert to the political dimension of cycling - pressing for cyclists' (versus motorists') rights; involved in the cycling forum; lobbying councillors; and publicly criticising irresponsible car adverts. Could I also quote from the Squirrel, August 2001, referring to the 100 in 8 in June: 'a dozen members of the Touring Section got round on a beautiful, but chilly, day. I hope he won't mind my drawing attention to this, but Bob Richardson deserves special mention. He is, by a long way the oldest member to take on and complete the ride - an inspiring lesson to us all.'

As members are aware, Arthur Thorlby passed away last New Year's Eve in Bangor Hospital. Arthur was, for many years, a stalwart of our touring section as well as magazine editor, event organiser and many other roles within the club. After his retirement move to Anglesey he took membership of the Holyhead club and was an enthusiastic supporter of their club life until failing health took its toll. It was with typical generosity that Arthur decided to leave a legacy of £500 to both the Holyhead CC and the Seamons CC in recognition of the happy times he had shared with both clubs.

In conjunction with Keith Wilkinson, touring section leader, we have decided to buy a number of laminated Landranger maps to the value of this amount. Keith has selected the maps he feels will be most useful to members and will be ordering them shortly. We feel that this is a most appropriate way to remember Arthur, who introduced so many of our members in the past to the joys of the open road and the excitement of pastures new as he rode along in his characteristic 'left leg out' style with the ever present Barts map sticking out of the back pocket of his lederhosen. How *did* he ride in those things?

Jim Boydell

Obituary to Bob Richardson

A Founder Member of the Club, Bob passed away during September 2005. Affectionately known to his club mates as Bob Richie, he helped form the Club in 1948, along with Alan Spence, Reg Herbert and Bob Hill. Since then



Bob has been a loyal and devoted member of the Club, holding most committee posts, serving as Chairman and President, and he was an Honorary Life Member.



Competitively Bob raced at all distances up to 12 hours, and was always proud to be the first club member to win a semi-open event when he

won the Bolton Clarion 25 mile time-trial in 1949, on cane wooden rims.

Touring, though, was his great love, and he

loved club weekends away on the bike. It doesn't seem that long ago when Bob joined us at Meerbrook Youth Hostel, and Craven Arms. It was on this weekend that he started a burn-up – like you do when you're in your late 70's taking the wrong turning approaching Bishop's Castle, resulting in the Club being scattered all over Shropshire. So what's new? I hear you say.

Bob loved the social side of cycling and Club life organizing many very successful Christmas Dinner runs and Hot-pots. He took the job very seriously collecting all the ticket money in advance, and woe-betide anyone who dared turn up on the day without a ticket.

It is probably true to say that Bob was the instigator of Fancy Dress on such runs – a tradition upheld to this day.



Always first to enter into the spirit of things he would be seen in full drag, or dressed as a cat, setting off from Altrincham, through Hale and beyond, on a Sunday morning, heading for the



Christmas lunch venue. Deep down I think Bob fancied himself as a bit of an entertainer. There is a picture in the Club Archive of him performing a duet with Rob Morton, in his early days as a musician. From memory they never did hit

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the right key, but somehow it didn't matter, they were having fun, and they were great nights.

Bob loved to dance – especially to a live band – though I'm not quite sure what he thought of The Brotherhood of Glam at our last 2 Dinners, but it didn't stop him dancing the night away.

A few years ago when Bob and I jointly organized annual Dinners we would bum the midnight oil in an attempt to remind each and every club member it was their duty to attend. It seemed to take forever to get the place settings to Bob's satisfaction but it had to be right, that was his way and there was no argument.

Bob was very proud to be Guest of Honour at our 50th Jubilee Celebration Dinner where he made a brief but passionate speech — reminiscing about those bygone days when it was a pleasure to ride down the main Chester road! He went on to stress how important he thought Club nights were, and their contribution to Club life. Over the years Bob rarely missed a club night when he would enjoy the banter and the table tennis, and organize slide shows and very devious picture quizzes.

Bob loved a pint — or two or three — or more — and that's when the stories would simply roll off his tongue. I distinctly remember the story about the Llangollen thrash. Now, as all club members know — the Llangollen has been part of the Club's heritage since the early 50's. It was all anyone talked about from Christmas onwards. Well, it was on such a ride that Bob, it is said, broke away in Altrincham, and when out of sight of the pursuing bunch he shot off left and went back to bed — leaving the bunch to chase for the next 53 miles! Whether this was pure fantasy, a figment of his imagination, or just wishful thinking we will never know. But it is a great story. Incidentally, Bob DID finish rd one year behind the great Don Smith.

Another story Bob told me was about the day he went out without his cape — yes, we've all done it — and it rained. In fact it poured. Bob was somewhere near Leek, some 30 odd miles from home. He stopped at a farm where the farmer took pity on him and gave him a sack. There's a picture of this occasion in the Club



Archive, taken 50 years ago.

Bob was a loyal clubman. He won his own 25 mile Handicap trophy in 1974, and in 1989 he was presented with the Most Meritorious Service Award. In 1985 he won the Best Clubman competition. He always had the club's interests at heart, even when on occasions the Annual General Meeting was progressing well, Bob might just throw a contentious issue into Any Other Business.

When I attacked the York-Edinburgh tricycle record in 1963, Bob was there to support. He was there to assist Malc Judge in his numerous 24 hour successes. And he was there to support Keith Stacey when he

won the British B.A.R. in 1965, traveling with the party that went to London to attend the prestigious prize giving ceremony.

Bob was also passionate about cyclists' rights on the road, and was often in correspondence with people in high places. It gave him particular pleasure to celebrate his 80th birthday with his clubmates, when Roger Haines pre-



sented him with a giant 80 tooth wooden chain ring, now mounted on the wall at Ashley Grove for posterity.

Back in May of this year, and despite being

unwell, Bob made a gallant effort to attend the British National "10" Championship, promoted by his club. He was there.

If there is an after-life Bob will now be reunited with some of his former illustrious clubmates, Fred Minshull, Mike Newall, Dennis Chapman, George Arstall – he'll be in good company.

At the funeral service in Altrincham the club was represented by over 30 members and former members, including the President, Vice-President, 6 former Presidents, 2 Founder Members, and 3 Honorary Life Members, all contributing to a memorable farewell. It is hard to believe that Bob, who has been at the helm of our great club for so long, is no longer with us. It feels like we have lost a father figure.

Bob, may you rest in peace, in the knowledge that the Seamons Cycling Club which you helped form 56 years ago, will endeavour to uphold the club traditions in which you so firmly believed.

Johnny Pardoe

(Continued from page 18)

way is too well known to need description. He who follows the series of bridle roads and byways described will arrive at Disley with the incidents of a pleasant run fresh in his memory, and with his temper unruffled by the discomforts of the road through Stockport. One word of warning may be given in conclusion. These byways should be well learnt by one or two trips in day-light, for after dark their windings are tricky and deceptive, and as they are destitute of any finger-posts, reliance on landmarks is necessary.

The homeward run is often the most enjoyable part of the day's outing. There is a peculiar exhilaration in the play of the cool night air upon the face. The machine seems

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BY BRIDLE PATHS TO DISLEY.

Disley, taking the year through, receives far less attention from cyclists than might be expected. The explanation undoubtedly is that it is supposed to be only accessible *via* Stockport, the paving of which town is a public disgrace. Time was when the road from Stockport towards Norbury had a strip of perfect macadam in the middle. I once came across a touring party going that way who were so delighted with it that they wrote a joint letter complimenting the road surveyor upon his excellent work. Since the tram lines have been laid to Hazel Grove there has been no macadam, and the condition of the road is such that inflated tyres are but a poor protection against its horrors. Hence clubs are more and more inclined to leave Disley out of their fixture lists, and those who go are content to do so once in a season. The route given below is a good one not only for Disley, but for Hayfield, Chapel-en-le-Frith, and, indeed, as an approach to the whole Peak district. It may be "a hard road to hit," as Old Gobbo said, but it is an easy one to travel by, and is worth learning.

Take the highroad to Cheadle, and on arriving there turn to the left along the Stockport road. After crossing a small stream by a bridge, leave the main road by the first turning to the right. A new building stands at the corner. We are now in a lane with good cinder surface. The first part of it is chiefly frequented by traffic to a mill which will soon be seen on the right. Avoid the way to the mill, and similarly keep out of a branch lane to the left, which obviously leads to a farm. If soon afterwards you come to a gate in the lane you will know you have kept the right road. Pass through two more gates, and immediately after the last emerge upon a paved street. On reaching a public-house turn to the right, and half-way up the rise which lies ahead of you turn to the left along a narrow lane which goes under a railway arch. All this time we are going round Stockport, although the route is, if anything, a trifle

shorter than the usual way of getting through the town. We still have the town on the left, although an occasional glimpse of a church spire through the trees is hardly sufficient to remind us of it. This lane, like the other, is occasionally crossed by gates. There is one at each end of a pretty plantation on the right, enclosed with barbed-wire fencing. On the other side the bank of the hedge is thick with hare-bells. We pass some houses which in the distance may be mistaken for examples of the black-and-white style, but which are really common brick coloured with whitewash and tar. We go by a private road through the Bramhall Park estate, and, after following it for a short space, turn to the right down a steep hill, which is part of Bramhall Lane, and is paved on one side. At the bottom a carriage drive to the hall goes off to the right. Years ago cyclists were allowed to make use of it, but that privilege is now withheld.

At the bottom of the hill take the road most to the left, crossing a stream twice, and rising to about the former level. Near the top be careful not to follow the bend of the road to the left, which appears to carry most of the traffic, but go by the lane which leads straight on. A camp of gipsies is sometime found pitched on the turf by the wayside. The lane runs at right angles into a good main road carrying telegraph wires. This is the road from Hazel Grove to Woodford and Wilmslow, and must not be mistaken for the Norbury-Macclesfield road, which must be crossed soon afterwards. On coming to the first main road, take a lane nearly opposite the one you have come by, but slightly to the left. This is a private road, having a very loose surface, but there is a well-beaten path now on one side of it and now on the other. After passing under a railway arch, where the lane dips and rises again, we strike the main Buxton road near the tenth milestone from Manchester, and beyond all except the last mile of the abominable setts with which that road is paved. The remainder of the

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Club Hill-Climb 2005

A sunny start brought out 45 club members, all converging on Withenshaw Hill from various directions. Coffee and fortifying toast/muffins were taken in Macclesfield at McDonalds, on the way out, then a warm up through Sutton, then sign on or ride up the hill to warm up some more. A slight hitch as Robin Haigh had disappeared up the hill and number one was ready to start, but WHERE was the Start? Robin was the one who knew. A tree was nominated and they were off, or rather UP.

JP got some classic shots on the camera of bodies bent double, faces contorted beyond recognition, spectators shouted themselves hoarse, and more and more bodies collapsed at the top in various states of exhaustion. The pain only lasted 2 or 3 minutes – well, a little

longer for some, perhaps. Paul Smith rode up in fine style winning in 2 minutes 33 seconds, followed by Ian Udall in 2.45 and in 3rd place came the Club President, Robin Haigh in 2.48. Fastest Lady was Sara Blackburn in her first ever hill-climb, and possibly her last!

Pose at the top for a Club photo, then free-wheel all the way down to the pub – the Ryles Arms – for an excellent lunch, debrief and recovery. Paul Smith rode off over the hills to go and ride another hill-climb (!), some of us rode down to Redesmere for afternoon tea by the lake, and the touring section disappeared in the direction of the OMT (Old Market Tavern) for another debrief – well, that's what they called it...

Thank you Steve Booth and Jim Boydell for the timing, Harvey Maitland for the coat-carrying, and Roger Haines for setting it all up.

Reults of the 2005 Beard Cup Hill Climb

<u>Pos</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Cat</u>	<u>Section</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	Dave Collinge		Blackburn	05:23.7
2	Chris Edmondson		Blackburn	05:30.0
3	Adam Pinder	J	Blackburn	05:31.3
4	Rob Pollen		Ashley	05:39.0
5	Stuart Green	*	Oldham	05:59.6
6	Paul Smith		Blackburn	05:59.7
7	Graeme McCulloch		Trans-Pennine	06:20.5
8	Richard Yarwood		Trans-Pennine	07:02.0
9	David Armor	*	Blackburn	07:07.8
10	David Short		Oldham	07:12.7
11	Mark Taylor	T	South Manchester	07:13.4
12	Aaron Mawby	J	Blackburn	07:19.3
13	John Barry		Altrincham & Sale	07:24.2
14	Phil Ridgway	T	South Manchester	07:34.4
15	Ian Short		Oldham	07:35.0
16	Barry Schofield	*	Oldham	07:35.2
17	Jahan Hunter		Ashley	07:50.7
18	Pauline Cooper	L	Trans-Pennine	07:53.5
19	Tara Stott	L	Blackburn	07:57.0
20	Ian Ross		West Manchester	08:01.4
21	Caroline Palmer	L	Blackburn	08:17.3
22	Jonathan Poole		Ashley	08:30.1
23	Dale Neilson	T*	South Manchester	08:35.9
24	Norbert Gajda		West Manchester	08:44.8
25	Robbie Harcourt		West Manchester	08:54.4
26	Martin Bernstein	T*	N/A	08:54.6
27	Jennifer Spurrett	L	Blackburn	08:59.8
28	Bob McWilliams		West Manchester	09:24.7
29	Joanne Harcourt	L	West Manchester	09:25.3
30	Ruth Warman	L*	Blackburn	09:43.0
31	Sue Webb	LT	South Manchester	09:48.1
32	Clare Ridgway	LT	South Manchester	10:06.1
	Geoff Southworth		Ashley	DNS

Longs and Shorts

Ride a bike? In a straight line you say? Indoors? Easy!

Except it isn't.

Saddlebags and mudguards were abandoned by this tourer – and a couple of others – who took to the boards at Manchester Velodrome for another of the Seamons track nights.

Not only was I a track novice, I was also a fixed-wheel virgin.

Blimey! I never thought staying upright on a bike, on a super-smooth surface, completely out of the elements, could be so taxing.

You old hands may mock but the experience of having riders pass by your ears and by your feet was distinctly odd.

By the end of the very well-supported and well-organised session I had and my fellow first-timers had managed one complete change in the line.

A minor triumph, I can assure you.

Poor old Reg.

Typically for the tourers, there was a last-minute change of plan.

Instead of a mob-handed potter around the 100:8 course as scheduled, the runs leader decided there'd been too much of that recently; so it was Audlem for us.

Unusually, we'd made such good time, all together, with no mishaps along the way, that the pub hadn't even opened when we'd arrived.

Not too shabby.

As we all polished off our grub, who should come through the door? Reg. On the 100:8 on his own.

Mind you, to keep it interesting, he was doing it the wrong way around.

Tsk. These traditionalists, sticking to the published runs.

Whatever next.

Cycling is all about the balance of pleasure and pain.

And nowhere is this more fastidiously practised than in the touring section.

We endured the hardship of the long run out to the Beard Hill Climb at Uppermill.

We suffered at the side of the road as we sat on the uncomfortable grass to support our club mates doing their bit.

And we felt all their pain as they ground their way to the top.

So much did this take out of us, in fact, that there was nothing for it.

It was straight back to Manchester down the main road to the Knott.

To be fair, we did bit-and-bit. We are athletes, after all.

Wilkie managed to concoct a fantastic mystery run.

While the rain did its best to put the misery into the mystery, spirits were kept marginally lifted by the fact that at no point were we more than an hour from home.

Funny that, you're just as wet as if you were over near Matlock but you don't feel so bad when you know a short dash will get you home.

And while we all knew where we were, we often didn't know which road we were on and we certainly didn't clue into where we were going until very near the end.

Not only did we get to try a new lunch stop – the craft and bird of prey centre at Blakemore – we also got to go the Bells of Peover on the way back.

Result. Nice one Wilk

Matt Crampton

If you're not a regular reader of Cycling Weekly, or a fan of Revolution at the Velodrome, you could well have missed the phenomenal progress Matt Crampton has made as an elite sprinter and squad rider this year.

In the National Track Championships, he won bronze in the kilometre time trial [behind Chris Hoy and Jon Norfolk], silver in the sprint [behind Craig MacLean] and gold in the Olympic Sprint with the Sport City team. A couple of weeks later, he demolished a crack team of Dutch sprinters, and Chris Hoy, to win the Revolution Olympic Sprint!

At the next Revolution meeting, he was involved in the most thrilling sprint of the night when he placed second in the semi behind the German world champion, Wolff, and ahead of Jason Queally. There was maybe half a wheel between the three of them. To get over this disappointment, he won the 'losers' sprint and keirin.

Oh, yes ... and he was pusher-off in the Club Hill Climb Championship, and came out on the Delamere run the day after the first Revolution meeting.

Between this Squirrel and the next one, he will be competing in the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne.

All the very best, Matt!

Best Clubman to the end of October

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Reg Blease made the big mistake of going away for two holidays since the last Squirrel was published. Phil is now uncomfortably

This trail is a blast
(I hope you have good medical insurance)

I think I might have a flat tire
(Slow down, will ya?)

I definitely have a flat tire
(Help me change it)

I don't have a low enough gear
(I've gained 5 pounds)

I've decided to buy a lighter bike

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Seamons ride with the stars - The Rourke Ride – in aid of Cystic Fibrosis

9 o'clock outside Brian Rourke's shop in the sun, a riot of bright colours and clicking shoe-plates as 1,296 cyclists set off on the 55 mile charity ride., all of us thinking anxiously about the Cat and Fiddle and Axe Edge. Will we put up a good show? Will we get dropped? Yes, and yes!

The hills out of Stoke – who put *them* there? – were strung with cyclists and big yellow arrows pointing the way, along with help from the motor-bike outriders. Cars were cautious and hung back – wow! Working groups gradually formed as we settled into a rhythm on the wide main road to Congleton. Allan Blackburn sped by with Martin Wiggan and Martin Dixon, but we girls let them go (!), thinking to save our energy for the climb. The motor-bike outriders held up the traffic for us as we turned right into Gawsworth, then through the lanes to Fools Nook. We all shuttered up to a sudden halt at the canal where the bridge was closed for a boat. Everyone had the same thought: eat. The free issue Go-Bars were systematically munched through, the bridge opened, more noisy shoe-plate clicking, and off we sped up the Macc road.

All too soon we turned right and the pace dropped dramatically for the climb of the Cat. "If we split up, wait at the top." "O.K." Sara shot off, now an experienced hill climber after the Club Hill climb! She disappeared into the mist which was now descending upon us. Along with the grey dampness came a howling head wind, and Cath was nearly blown away to Stockport. Everyone was finding their own pace, some slower, some faster, but we were all getting there.

Re-group at the top, eat and drink, then pedal hard DOWN-hill to Buxton – the wind was really strong – we escaped it briefly as we descended to the junction to turn right up Axe Edge. More motor-bike outriders stopping the traffic: "O.K. gentlemen, off you go – oops,

and ladies, sorry".

Another grind, up Axe Edge, but plenty of company, some faster, some slower, but we had promised ourselves a café stop just over the top – nearly 40 miles now, we were hungry.

Fortified with the Potting Shed's best beans on toast, lots of tea, and ENORMOUS wedges of flapjack, we flew downhill to Leek and back into the sun. Only Brown Edge to contend with now. And those hills back into Stoke...

Thanks to all the fluorescent yellow signs we were back in no time, tea and cake in the offing, a browse round the shop, and the chance to talk to Nicole Cooke and Sean Kelly who had also ridden. Nicole had stopped for cakes on the Cat. Sean Kelly signed Cath's Assos jacket – does that make it more, or less valuable?

Thank you Brian Rourke for the Ride – see you again next year. ***Carol Pardoe***

(I've gained 10 pounds)

I'm taking up clog dancing
(I've gained 25 pounds)

I'm carbo loading
(Pass the ice cream)

I'm tapering
(I haven't ridden in 2 months)

The rebound was off, so I modified the damping. But then the elastomers were too dense, so I changed the oil and got rid of the stiction
(I have a new suspension fork and you don't!)

If you're a good bike handler, you don't need to wear a helmet
(I'm so stupid a brain injury wouldn't affect me)

Wigan Wheelers Weekend.

I was in the Cotswolds when Manchester went Commonwealth Games crazy a couple of summers ago. A Seamons contingent rode to Rivington, (Horwich), to watch the road racing, lunching at “The Squirrel Inn” (*where else!*). Some other lycra clad customers enquired if Roger was there for “Thempire Games Lad”. So began a relationship with the Wigan Wheelers CC. It became apparent that by coincidence they also use the “Engine and Tender” pub / campsite near Craven Arms in Shropshire for a twice yearly weekend of cycling and frivolities. Many Seamons will have experienced this ideal spot as a base for a cycling jaunt. A “meet” or invite to Wigan Wheelers Weekend was vaguely arranged. After a couple of hours in their “happy” company, things get a bit vague! The first weekend I missed out on ! My induction last year backfired, as we went on what turned out to be the wrong weekend. (That vague!). This autumn Andy Burns (Translator), Pete Coles (Mobile Good Beer Guide) and myself, Gordon (Innocent Rookie), decided to join the Wiganites after an optimistic weather forecast for late September.

We set up camp in the dark on a chilly Friday evening and promptly retreated for eats in the adjacent pub. Saturday dawned with a touch of ice on the canvas after a stunningly clear starlit night. There are thousands more stars in Shropshire than around here!

A dozen or so Wiganites, plus us three, and the recognisable figure of Mr JJ from Buxton, gathered for a delayed start due to overnight punctures. Off towards the Long Mynd. The Seamons contingent followed the younger Wiganites into the hills for a good mornings ride with great views and clear sunshine. Heaven!

Bishops Castle for lunch and regroup. The town was celebrating “Michaelmas” which apparently is nothing to do with Christmas. It’s an autumn equinox celebration involving “Harvest” or “The Feast of St

Michael” with “The Green Man” on stilts, taking centre stage. (I didn’t know that!). Amongst the food and craft stalls, wandered country folk in fancy dress accompanied by Morris Dancers, Steel and Brass bands, and a most impressive Steam Rally which added an ambience of hot oil and steam. Every antique tractor in Shropshire makes a well-renovated shiny appearance.

With some delicious grub and Ale on offer, (*It’s called Ale on such occasions*), the bikes were abandoned for a little while. We left well before they sacrificed a virgin, and as the sun went down we dallied back to base. After a shower, I confess I had a catnap, (I blame the fresh air, sunshine and rigorous terrain). Finishing with a debrief in The Engine and Tender. – We all slept well !

On the Sunday another glorious morning tempted the three of us to “wend” various lanes on a “let’s see where this goes” basis. Pasties, scones and coffee in a very adjacent café next to the river and humpbacked bridge in Clun Village. We had Clun to ourselves, probably because Bishops Castle was into day two of Michaelmas. I think they burn the local policeman at sunset! You can’t compete with that.

Clun village has ducks, a hidden castle and wonderful award winning public toilet that plays music, “Star Wars” and worryingly the “Jaws” film themes. On our best behaviour we cruised back to base, and back up the A49 in the cars. Well refreshed and “Shropshire’d”. I’ve since discovered we get Tourist Trophy points as well. Now, there’s a bonus.

A “Wigan – Wonderful - Weary Weekend”.
Gordon Peake

SEAMON CYCLING CLUB – REPORT OF THE TOUR- ING SECRETARY

Its time for my annual appearance at the clubroom – I really should make more of an effort to get up on a Friday night.

This year has had its highs and I will tell you more about those later. However the Touring Section has had its biggest low ever with the death of Bob Richardson, a founder member of the club and a long time leader of the Touring Section. Bob was a remarkable man and his passion for cycling was well known, he just loved being on his bike and out with the “lads” on a Sunday. It was a pleasure to be in his company and to hear some of the many stories of the halcyon cycling days of the past. I particularly enjoyed the winter evenings in the Railway when we used to call in after a Sunday run and Bob would enjoy a half and launch into a tale or two – magic stuff.

Even though he could not get out on his bike over the last few years he very much wanted to know what the Touring Section were upto and to support us as much as possible. I do know that he thought we were getting a bit soft when we (I?) abandoned the Matlock run, a run he had completed many times and well past his 70th birthday. I felt really honoured and somewhat daunted when Bob asked me to take over as runs leader/touring secretary, a job I have enjoyed greatly (well most of the time!). Bob will always be remembered fondly and with great respect and to encourage those memories and to talk about Bob we will have another “Richi” run next September to Chester – one of Bob’s favourite runs. We might even call in at the Railway.

Sunday runs have again been well supported but with notably more members attending on the flatter runs. I am looking to introduce some new venues as you will see from the

attached runs list through to April 2006. If members have suggestions for new venues please continue to let me know or if you fancy leading a run either on a scheduled or “mystery” basis please let me know. On that note many thanks to John Thorogood and Peter Devine for leading us on an excellent mystery tour which ended up very near Blackburn at real ale pub which provided authentic Indian curries – a sublime combination.

We have had a number of weekends away throughout the year. The first was in March to the excellent bunkhouse in Cerridyryon and meeting up with the Llangollen “Direct” on the Sunday. Great weekend and thanks to JP for the idea and writing up the whole story for the mag. This is going to become a regular weekend away and I will be making a booking for next year.

A large party returned to York in June for the annual CTC Rally, great fun, great company and thankfully great weather. I also enjoy it because John Carberry plans and leads all the runs – thanks John.

Next up was a weekend away to the Coalport Youth Hostel in Shropshire very ably organised by Karen Sutton, the Manchester CTC Secretary. Eight of us rode out and back without using a main road for more than 100 yards. I am overusing this word but it was a great weekend in a brilliant area.

Talking about Karen Sutton I am delighted that she has been elected as the North West representative for the CTC a job I know she will do well. Karen is a master organiser and a great lover of all things cycling she has done a massive amount as the Manchester CTC Secretary and does all she can to promote the sport.

Karen even found the time to help marshal in the UK Cancer Research Charity ride again based on a route around Tatton Park many thanks Karen and to all the Seamons members



“hot pot” run on 11 December with the fancy dress theme this year being “Warriors”. John and Gail Carberry have again invited us to the pre hot pot garage party, which is now a well-established and rather nice tradition. Many thanks to Gail and John for the invitation. Warriors will assemble for combat at 9.30 a.m at Rackams.

John Thorogood will again be doing his Gordon Ramsay bit and if you fancy helping out please let him know.

Plans for next year, Cerrig weekend 4/5 March, Easter 3 day, Sherwood Forrest YHA 28/29/30

At the Club hill Climb Comp 2005

who helped out. The organisers greatly appreciated our help and have asked us to do so again next year. They have even gone as far as saying that they cannot organise the event without us – no pressure then!

The fun ten was well supported by touring section members – well we don’t get to race that often – thanks to Roger for organising the day and for the no expense spared prizes. This event was nearly as good as the National 10 quite brilliantly organised by Jim who was able to enlist the support of most of the membership. The work that Jim and others put into to making the event so successful was remarkable – a big well done.

Other highlights; numerous 100 in 8’s, none of which I completed. A car assisted run to the Trough of Bowland where again I DNF’d. The Mobblerley 8, which I had no problem in completing. Another brilliant Treasure Hunt organised by Gordon Peak and hopefully he will do another one next year.

The year end highlight will be the Christmas

April, York Rally – June, Shropshire Weekend – July, Cheshire Cycleway – August, Flintshire Cycle Challenge both off road and road rides – September, Bank Holiday rides and some not to serious local off road rides. Any other suggestions please let me know. O and four of us are of to Spain for a week’s cycling – thanks to John Carberry for organising and no I won’t be driving this time.

Thanks to Peter Coles for editing the excellent mag, John Carberry for the best article in the mag – “Shorts and Longs”, Roger Haines for the Social Events, John Thorogood and the hot pot team, John Coles for proper off road rides and helping me remember the turns, Gordon Peak for the treasure hunt and to all those who support the Touring Section.

I would also like to wish Fred Foster well in his imminent move to Colwyn Bay; we will miss Fred on Sundays as he has been a stalwart member of the section for some years now. Thanks for your support Fred hope the move goes OK and we hope to



Tour of Britain 05---On the Alpe D'Huez of the North

The second running of the 21st Century Tour of Britain took a week to travel from Glasgow to London in 6 loosely connected stages.

The key hill stage was 168K from Leeds to Sheffield on September 1st, taking in Holme Moss and The Snake as well as other minor climbs. Holme Moss looked like the best place to watch the action---re-living my visit in 1989 to watch the Kellogg Tour. At that time Holme Moss was crowded with cars and bikes all over the place which the riders had to squeeze between. I still have my photograph of Sean Kelly determinedly powering over the summit near the front of the lead bunch.

This year was a lower key version of the 1989 Tour, but still worth a visit judging by the number of quality European and GB teams entered.

I phoned a few club members earlier in the week with a view to getting a club run to Holme Moss, but my contacts had other commitments for the day. Left to my own devices, I decided to drive to a park near Glos-

sop and just have a short ride up Holme Moss to watch the race at the summit.

Holme Moss had been closed off to cars for the cycle race, which made for an unusually quiet ascent. There were several hundred people at the summit, spilling over to the Yorkshire side which gives a distant view of the approaching race.

The race had split early on and a bunch of 8 to 10 riders had broken away by around 6 minutes. The break away was starting to splinter on Holme Moss and we could watch riders fall off the back as the group ascended the lower slopes. Then suddenly the riders flew past us with Julian Winn leading out to win the mountain points.

We could get much closer to the riders here than on the French Mountains. I was struck by how small and thin they all looked---and also by the level of exertion etched across their faces as they powered over the summit.

The rest of the bunch arrived in a few minutes. The crowd bellowed ironic cheers at one rider who was grimly holding on to a water bottle extended from his team car. This led to his eventual disqualification as the marshals could hardly fail to notice this transgression.

Once the broom wagon was through I was off to the tea van for a warming brew (it was at least 30oC colder than Alpe D'Huez) and then a quick, freezing descent back to Glossop and my car's heater. A short visit to the Tour of Britain, but well worthwhile.

David Matthews

MERSEY ROADS '24' 2005

You may recall my exploits of riding this event back in 2004. This year I felt the need for a slight 'tweaking' of the team so I graciously stood down from riding the bike. As you may appreciate it was quite a job to find a replacement as there aren't usually many volunteers for this sort of thing, but step forward John Rawlinson!

And so it came to pass that on the weekend of 23/24th July he joined Dave Tickle and Phil Holden for a momentous experience.



I was part of the helping team, being out the full 24 hours with Mike Brookes attending to every whim and fancy of the riders.

The day got off to well with a change of start owing to road works. This didn't put off our lion-hearted athletes at all and they took it all in their stride.

The three lads has three different approaches to the event. Phil 'mile-eater' Holden did just that and was aiming to record a fast time for 100 miles and then 'hang on'.

John Rawlinson was feeling his way and applying his 'softly-softly' approach having only just taken up cycling in a serious way this year and.....Dave Tickle was....well he had his own style-cool, calm, relaxed and seemingly enjoying every moment!!!



There is no one way of doing this event, and despite all having different styles, the lads all as a team and all three of them finished in good spirits.

Their efforts earned them the accolade of National 24hr Vets Team Champions 2005.

This is a remarkable achievement as it is, but coming from a section of the club more noted for their performance in the pub it is absolutely brilliant!

We should toast these stout-hearted men and wish them well in their year as National Champions...**WELL DONE LADS!**

Written By Rob Morton, Pictures By Darren Buckley



Flintshire Challenge

This annual event around the Clwydian Range seems to change its name each year. Dellym Challenge etc. Whatever it's called itself previously, many club members appear to have done it over the years, with various tales of nasty weather and slutch etc. Predominantly an off road event it centres on Mold Leisure Centre and attracts hundreds. With a choice of two off road and two on road routes, it avoids the congestion that typifies other mass ride events. After considerable persuasion from Roger H a group of us sacrificed the Sunday tarmac for grunge. Andy Burns who regularly takes his off roader out on Sundays anyway, Capt. Wilkie abdicating his usual "lead" role for the Tourists, hesitantly agreed to give it a go. Plus Roger and myself. Despite being listed in the last squirrel it was all arranged last minute, as the weather forecast looked reasonable. We signed on, paid our dues, got given a huge Snicker Bar (Marathons) and set off in good spirits with Andy navigating off a route sheet. With four rides leaving the same place and crossing, joining and departing along the route, you can't just follow the riders in front. The company varied; with serious younger riders on some expensive looking bikes giving it they're all. Others happy to chat. The tarmac soon disappeared and rough uphill bridleways took over. Off roading imposes it's own pace and I ended up talking to three complete strangers. Young lads who warned me about the steep decent coming next (a double chevron). I hung on to re group - a minute later we stopped to make sure one of the same young lads was still alive. He'd gone a right pearler at some speed. We then found out what Andy carries in that huge bag. Antiseptic wipes, spray cans, rubber gloves, Kendal Mint cake? - A defibrillator or "fold-up field hospital" wouldn't have surprised us. We pressed on over some very pleasant countryside, back lanes and more slutch. A Bwlch Penbarras? Forest Trail had become the Marshal Point. You get your sheet stamped (now that's a novelty) and get given free cake a can of something weird. I cannot recommend a

can of fizz and a Snickers at any time – definitely not on Sunday mornings. Andy, of course, found a bacon butty stall! Onward, upward towards Moel Famau and parts of Wales which were all new to me and extremely pleasant. If you like slutch then this is the place to be. Cilcain village hall for lunch, which included free cake. Keith's opinion of off roading was now confirmed as he searched the map for an alternative more civilised route. After lunch it's a long slog up to the moors of Moel Dywyll then skirt the other side of Moel Famau and back down towards Cilcain. Yellow lanes eventually take you back to Mold for more free tea and more cake. At this point Keith would have swapped his "off roader" for a single pint. But the highlight of the day is getting the T-shirt – literally. At least you have something clean and dry to wear travelling home.

In the Car Park the same young lad appeared well bandaged but he'd got round and got the T-shirt!

Gordon Peake Oct 05.



Been there got the T shirt.



From the Archive

40 years ago on July 11th 1965, Johnny Pardoe (Seamons) and Jimmy Shuttleworth (Stretford Wheelers) attacked the Northern Road Records Association (N.R.R.A.) 12 hour tandem tricycle record of 229 miles.

The attempt was master-minded by the late Tommy Barlow who had previously organized many successful record attempts. He planned that the record would commence at midnight, just outside Middlewich. The riders would head SW in the calm of the night (!), turning at a point near Oswestry. The tandem crew would then head NE with a prevailing SW wind. Wrong! A nagging SE near gale force wind and 8 hours of driving rain buffeted and lashed the riders, but despite all this they still broke the record with 246 and three quarters of a mile, a record they still hold to this day.

The marshalling, checking, observing and feeding arrangements were meticulously organized by none other than "H" – Harold Nelson, B.E.M. The time-keeper was the late Ron McQueen.

Today the tandem is still going strong, still in its original livery, but now with Carol Pardoe stoking, map-reading and handing up food, and hopefully giving the trusty old Higgins a happy retirement from racing, apart from the odd Fun "10".

Carol Pardoe

(Continued from page 17)

to run up hills as if they were level ground, and to fly along the level almost of its own accord. Perhaps when nearing home the journey is broken and varied by a "sing-song" with one's clubmates. If the rider is

(Continued on page 31)

“Heracleum Mantegazzianum”

The latest creams for saddle weary parts?
Definitely not!

It's the correct name for Giant Hogweed!
Not to be confused with “Japanese Knotweed.” Did you know, it's a relative of parsley, and originates in Asia. Well there's plenty growing along the River Bollin. It reaches twelve foot, and it's best given a wide berth because its sap causes very nasty blistering.

What's this got to do with Seamons CC? Knowledge, that helped separate the competitors of this years “Family Fun Treasure Hunt”. The third annual hunt in the present series. The answers are all “out there”.

After two years of disappointing weather, this year the gathering at Rackham's on the late Spring Bank Holiday had the prospect of good weather. It turned out glorious!

The route took in Oldfield Brow, The Trans Pennine Way, Dunham, Lymm village, around the back of the Dam. Along the lanes to Rostherne, through Tatton Park to finish at the Railway Inn, Mobberley. 20 quiet miles in all, disrupted by clues to sort out and Treasures to find. Ever wondered why Rostherne village has no pub? Probably not - but Lord Edgerton of Tatton obviously didn't approve of his serfs “supping ale” whilst he swanned around Africa putting a bullet in anything that moved. There is a very old water pump if desperate.

First to finish in three hours were the eventual joint winners – Sophie & Mr Wood. (I hope this is correct – first time I'd met them and not seen them since & they had to go before the results announced). The rest of the field arrived over the next hour – no time penalties within reason. Sharing first place Team: Pete Coles and Mike Brooks. The rest all came in dropping only a half point here and there. The treasure hunt geared up to hopefully enable all, to get most, if not all the clues. Mere spelling split some places. Thankfully there was very little controversy or dispute, even though

Keith insisted the Bay Malton is in Oldfield Brow not Dunham.

Celebrations ensued at the finish line, which for convenience is always a different pub - this year, The Railway Inn at Mobberley. Always lively on Bank Holidays and basking in sunshine it proved ideal. Several other non-participating members arrived to check out the ambience, after some admiral training rides!

A puncture stop at the Greyhound rounded off the day. Well I think someone shouted, “puncture”!



Happy Treasure Hunters

(Continued from page 30)

unattached he is not the less welcome to the circle. An hour's chat with a chance acquaintance made in one of these halts will often give an evening a special place in the memory, and will add to the regret for the good old cycling days which the rider is sure to feel should the time ever come when he is so foolish or so unfortunate as to relinquish the sport he loves.

Wild Wales 2005---Denis Holder's Farewell Route



Hirnant am

Following the 21st anniversary of Wild Wales in 2004 which gave us "an especially tough course", Denis laid on a route which linked some favourite bits of Wales for his final event as Organiser this year.

The introductory remarks in the event booklet suggest that the route would be easier than last year. It may have been---but Dave Hill's GPS recorded 88 miles and 3117 metres of ascent which confirmed it wasn't a whole lot easier!

The route was undoubtedly one of the most scenic and remote that I have experienced in this beautiful area of Wales.

At the start in Bala there was the traditional long queue of up to 500 riders to sign on, before we set off in threatening, but still dry weather.

From Bala we ascended the Hirnant (complete with official photographers as on Alpe de Huez) and then ascended the Eunant to the top of Bwlch y Groes. The descent here was a lot safer than 3 weeks previously during the Welsh Festival of Cycling, when the 1 in 4 descent had been freshly covered in gravel to

give a real white knuckle experience.

The first control was at Dinas Mawddy where I met Alex Young---one of only 3 Seamons entrants this year. The other Seamons rider was Stuart Kay who I subsequently met at Machynlleth.

After the first control we entered the Dovey forest and sweated over a monster climb before descending to Corris. We then followed a signed, beautiful cycleway alongside the river to Machynlleth.

The control at Machynlleth was at the railway station. Food here was limited and only the thought of energy sapping climbs to come persuaded me to eat a very sad looking sausage butty from the over subscribed railway café. Stuart was able to obtain more exciting? fare from the local garage.

After Machynlleth the route went through a remote and relatively unknown area to Llanerfyl and then along beautiful Nant y Eira with its 12 cattle grids to Llangadfan. During this part of the ride I lost track of Stuart who was powering well ahead of me on the climbs.

After Llangadfan the route returned over more climbs to Lake Vyrnwy and then via the Hirnant pass to Bala for refreshments and an engraved slate.

The day had stayed dry and was especially memorable for the excellent, remote and beautiful road down Nant y Eira.

David Matthews



Velodrome October and November

Thirty or so members and friends attended each of these sessions. At both the coach was John Leach who did a superb job giving our more experienced riders plenty of competitive track time and getting the novices to a point at which they were going round in line on the blue line.

Peter Bell's nine year old grandson, James, was so enthusiastic that any time he was not on the boards, he was to be found weaving intricate patterns on the badminton courts. Others who made appreciable progress were Sarah Blackburn, Claire Bridge, Paul Aldridge, Longs and Shorts Carberry and Peter Julyan.

One 'progressive' scratch race had to be abandoned when Rob Morton crashed (bruises and abrasions, but OK); the other produced a near dead heat between Nick Crampton and Paul McAllister.

The same pair dominated the flying 200:

- 1. Nick Crampton 12.45
- 2. Paul McAllister 12.73
- 3. Simon Williams 13.27
- 4. John Barry 14.40
- 5. Mike McConville 14.52
- 6. Young Lady Pony Tail 14.85 This is directly from Gordon's result sheet. It is over to Chris

7= Lady red/white top 15.31 and Louise Higgs to sort out who beat whom. I am keeping

7=Dave Barker 15.31 well out of it.

- 9. John Pardoe 16.00
- 10. Steve Hargreaves 16.10 To be fair, Steve was totally confused about when he was supposed to start.

We also contested team pursuits and Italian pursuits. In the latter we all got disqualified. In the former there were dis-

tressed bodies all over the track; Nick and Steve headed one team home; Paul and Simon headed the other, but who and where the crucial third counters were was anyone's guess.

So two good nights were had by all; roll on next October.

Track results from the Manchester regional track league (division 1) held on Friday the 21st Oct.

Event 1 200 metre flying start time trial, 2nd place, time 13.416, 2pts

Event 2 Unknown distance race, 2nd place, 2pts

Event 9 1km scratch race, 2nd place, 2pts

Event 14 16 lap points race, 1st place, 3pts

Total to date 10pts

Simon Williams



Dave Mathews and Alex young at Dinas Mawddy Control.



TESTING TIMES



The Tea Ladies at the club's open '25' 2005

There was excellent competition in both the Club Championship and the Club BAR competitions this year both being won by Dan Mathers

Seamons entered a team in the West Cheshire 12 hour event, Dan Mathers finished 2nd completing 255.96 miles, Ian Udall completed 231.93 miles and Phil Holden did 218.12 miles, thus ensuring the team prize.

Throughout the season club members were taking part in the M&DTTA points competition, which they did very well in.



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In the overall competition Dan Mather finished 2nd, John Woodhouse was 4th, Dave Bates was 7th and Ian Udall was 8th. The club was 2nd in the team competition, and both John Woodhouse and Dave Bates won there respective Vets category's.



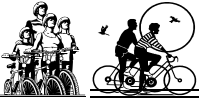
John Woodhouse



Phil Holden



Robert Herby



CLUBRUNS



DATE	HALF-DAY	TOURING SECTION
08 January	Meerbrook	Charlsworth
15 January	Summertrees	Utkinton
22 January	Cat and Fiddle	Higher Poynton
29 January	Delamere	Frodsham
05 Febuary	Astbury	Chapel en le Frith
12 Febuary	Beeston	Sandiway
19 February	Two Mills	Allgreave
26 February	Hollands, Gawsworth	Appley Bridge
05 March	Llangollen	Beeston *
12 March	Buxton	Madeley
19 March	Astbury	Wheelton
26 March	Delamere	Tattenhall
02 April	Marion	Hope
09 April	Tattenhall	Chester
16 April	Cat and Fiddle	Easter Sunday 50 in 4 **
23 April	Two Mills	Uppermill
30 April	Hope	Audlem ***

* Cerrigydrudion weekend away. Revert to 9.00 a.m. start time

** Part of Easter 3 day; Mobberley, 8 Friday 14 April meet 11.00 site of the old Bleeding Wolf. Easter Monday, 17 April, Tour of the Peovers meet 10.30 p.m. Rackams.

*** Manchester DA weekend away Sherwood Forest YHA.

LAST LAUGH

"I don't remember you ever beating Lance Armstrong" said the journalist. "When was that?" "In the seventh stage of the Tour de France in 2002, I beat him over the head with my water bottle - but he still won the tour!"

Jack an Jill have just climed Le Alp de Huez on a tandem: *"Phew that was a tough climb" said Jack "Thought I was going to bonk". "Yeah good job I kept the brakes on" said Jill "or we'd have slid all the way back down!"*