

THE SQUIRREL



Christmas 06



We Need Your Details!

Could all members who have e-mail addresses please send an e-mail to jim.boydell@btinternet.com with their own e-mail address typed in it. As suggested at the AGM, this will be included with the club handbook - but as a separate sheet - to make contact between members simpler. Even if you have had an e-mail address for some time can you please confirm it to me so that the list is as up to date as possible. An early reply would be appreciated so that the handbook can be produced as quickly as possible in the New Year. If members have changed address, or telephone number then that information would be welcome too.

Annual Club Dinner and Prize Presentation

will be February 10th. 2007, at the Cinnamon Club, Bowdon, Tickets are now available price £23 each from: Harvey Maitland 0161 928 6050 or Louise Eden 01565 650 764 or Nigel Harrop 0161 941 1510

Club Clothing available from Tim Seddon

Long sleeve Jersey in Thermasquare Full zip £32.35



Rainout Gilet £32.35



Track Mitts £11.20



Cotton Caps £4.70

Windtex Jacket (Windscreen High Fabric) £58.20

Supa Roubaix bib tights with 3d Elastic pad £43.00

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Subscriptions for 2007 now due:

Individual £20, Family £25, Junior/Social £5
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Cover: Keith Wilkinson in Coed Llandegla Forest, picture by Johnny Pardoe.

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

BITS AND BITS



The festive season is upon us! By the time this Squirrel is published this years xmas hot-pot will have been and gone! So thanks to all who took part in the festive dress competition, and I hope everyone enjoyed themselves.

This year we have two new celebrity chefs Reg and Vera Blease. And a big thank you to all the other helpers in the kitchen and on the day.

The biggest social event of the year takes place in February the annual dinner dance and prize giving so don't forget your ticket. This year we have onboard a new dinner sub committee . So thanks to Louise, Sarah and Nigel.

By now the table tennis and darts competition should be well under way. Trophies to be presented at the dinner.

Happy xmas and new year - Roger

How Unlucky Can You Get?

Plodding along to meet the club, still 4 miles to go, I was woken from my reverie by a cheery 'Hello'. Initial pleasure at having a companion quickly gave way to concern when I realised just who it was. It used to be last year's BAR and top racing man Dan Mathers that caught me up and it was with a feeling of relief that I found out he no longer lived in

Didsbury. So why does this year's BAR have to live in Withington, again right on my route to meet the club?

"You carry on Ian." I said hopefully after exchanging pleasantries, but Ian just looked at his watch, said "Oh, plenty of time" and slowed to ride alongside. Bugger.

I can barely ride at that speed into a breeze, let alone hold a conversation and it was with some relief that we reached Rackham's. Needless to say I was a lot earlier than anticipated, and warmer. A pleasant ride out with the touring section on a fine autumn day ensued and a I dropped off at the Venetian Marina (very welcoming!) for a quick snack. Turning for home, sun shining, breeze on your back and on a new bike promised a memorable afternoon. It was, until I reached Wettenhall, when a second "Hello" appeared on my right shoulder. At least it can't be Ian, as the half day lot should have been at Astbury. Oh no, it wasn't merely the Club BAR that chose to come along it was the M&DTTA BAR and CTT top-twelve finisher, Neil Skellern of the Congleton CC. Frying pans and fires swiftly came to mind. Again pleasantries were exchanged and again the "You carry on." words were uttered. Again the invitation was declined and a rather swifter ride back to Middlewich followed. There we parted company and I slowly got my breath back for the remaining 25 miles home.

So, you fastmen, when you catch someone up and they say "You carry on" remember, this is not a polite invitation, it's an order!

Jim Boydell

I was doing some last minute checks to the Eureka! route and came across a strange road sign at Bangor-on-Dee bridge: underneath the "max width 6' 6" sign" was a notice saying "except for buses"

The Squirrel

How does that work, then? There were plenty of scratches on the bridge parapets, probably matched by the local buses I suppose.

And another think; the road was shut (and will be shut next weekend) at Hampton Heath, although I think polite cyclists (the only sort we have) will be able to talk their way through.

Sun, 5 Nov 2006
Mike Wigley

ON THE RUN

The eight ladies on the run to Radway Green last Saturday enjoyed an unexpected treat. Arriving somewhat mud-spattered, and anxiously cleaning their faces and bemoaning their dirty bikes, they were amazed to come out after lunch to find that their bikes had been cleaned! Hosed down, gleaming, no mud in sight. Rumour has it that the gentleman was really hoping to clean Claire down –she got the vote for the dirtiest rider.

It's official! The Secretary reaches maturity in January, and joins that elite band of sexagenarians. Sara says she'll never need meals on wheels, she's always got a store of food in her bar-bag.

Did you know, Sainsbury's sell 1,000 bananas a minute (and they're all in Carol's bar-bag)?

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

We have had a good crop of new members joining the Club recently, and we welcome them warmly: Alan Rydout, Daniel Snape, Lewis Pylpczuk, Jonathan Khan, John McIntyre, Roy McIntyre, Paul Downes ,Lindsay Bates, and Dennis Poyner.



The new Seamons Club Bike - guaranteed not to drop anybody on club runs! (unless they fall off)



It had been gradually dawning on Reg that you could spend just too much time on the turbotrainer.

Meet your Clubmates

Our first clubmate initially appeared on clubruns a few years ago - and didn't we know it. Seemingly unaware of his own strength he proceeded to blast everyone off his wheel until a quiet word in his ear explained the difference between an out and out road race and a half day section run. Admittedly that's not a lot but he was sufficiently reigned in to make life just about bearable for the others. How to channel all that potential into time-trialling speed has taken a few years but there's no doubting that he's getting there. This year a series of personal bests at all distances has seen him lift the club BAR title for the first time along with the hill climb championship. Just missing the 240 mile mark in the '12' was partly compensated by his 1.58.55 in the M&DTTA '50' - a first time inside the two hours. Now these mental barriers have been overcome there should be no holding **Ian Udall** next year.

When and where were you born? 20th February 1970, Crick, Northants.

When did you start cycling and what was your first club? Circa 1975 on Crick playing fields – I'm still debating whether removing the stabilisers was a little premature. It was mainly lone rides and commuting until I joined North London's Finsbury Park CC in 2001.

What was your first race? April 2001, Finsbury Park Club 10 on the E64 near Harlow – a result so poor that improvement (by 2 minutes a fortnight later) was pretty much guaranteed.

What was your first win? On handicap, the 2001 Maldon & District CC 10, otherwise this year's Seamons hill climb

Which performance do you rate as your best? This year's M&D 50 – for once everything came together

What is your favourite meal? Calves liver with bacon

What were you like at school? (Even more) unbearable; a bit of a swot with absolutely no interest in sport.

What kind of books do you read? Recent novels, particularly Iain Banks and Peter Ackroyd, and books on architecture or history

What kind of music do you enjoy? I enjoy music in most styles with the exception of Wagner and hip hop. I have a particular soft spot for 78's from the 1930's and '40's.

And your favourite TV programmes? I don't watch much, I'm more of a radio listener, but I'll happily regress to watch Dr Who.

Which newspaper do you read? The Guardian and Observer

What's your ideal holiday destination? Melbourne in spring/autumn – the food and wine are superb, and the roads up into the mountains are perfect.

Do you have any hobbies? Gardening, and, having changed jobs recently, I'm hoping to have enough time to pick up photography again.

Who would play you in a film of your life? I'd like to think Christopher Eccleston, but half-suspect Kenneth Williams would have been more accurate...

What is your greatest fear? Jeremy Clarkson becoming Secretary of State for Transport?

How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad? I'd spin and exaggerate shamelessly...

What is your favourite training ride? Anything uphill, but the run to Meerbrook via Gun Hill and Rudyard would probably win on the merit of the scones at the cafe.

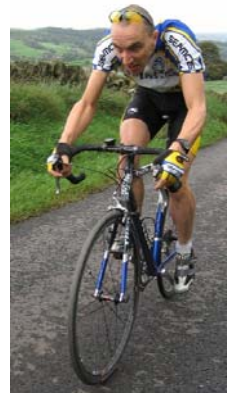
What is your most unpleasant characteristic? I can be very, very bad tempered when I'm tired

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others? I get exasperated by people who don't listen or hear only what they want to hear

Who would you have most like to have met, and why? Christopher Wren, partly because as a mathematician, astronomer and architect there would be lots to talk about, but also because he lived through a period of extraordinary change.

What was your most embarrassing moment? Too many to choose from – on a bike it was probably keeling over in the middle of Southampton's Bargate on a busy Saturday morning having forgotten about my new SPDs.

Four words to describe yourself? Just slightly old fashioned?



The neighbourhood of Pott Shrigley, lying a little to the north of the road between Whaley Bridge and Macclesfield, is too much neglected by wheelmen, perhaps because the shortest way of getting there is by very uninviting roads. Judging merely by the map, the obvious route is of course through Stockport. A means of avoiding this town is described under the title of "By Bridle Paths to Disley." The rider should follow the directions there given until he comes to the crossing of the Norbury-Macclesfield road, and should then turn to the right along it. If the Stockport way is chosen, some of its discomforts may be avoided by going first to Cheadle and then turning eastward. When half-way between this village and Stockport bear to the right at the division of the ways, and, keeping the upper road, emerge above the railway station. But there must still be passed one of the worst-paved urban areas to be found anywhere in Lancashire or Cheshire, and made considerably larger by the extension of the tramlines to Hazel Grove. After the road divides at Norbury there is tolerably good macadam, but the rider is apt to err in his selection of a by-road to the left. After a level crossing, where a single line of railway leads to a colliery, the first turning should be taken, in spite of the forbidding look of the pavement. The next lane, through Poynton-with-Worth, although it starts fair with a smooth and inviting surface, leads to a labyrinth of badly paved and confusing cross roads unfurnished with any finger-posts. It is far better to approach the district from the west. But even then there are alternatives. Just beyond Cheadle the road going east from the foot of School Hill may be taken, giving a run through Bramhall Park estate—a very pleasant route. But the best plan is to follow the main road as far as Handforth and then turn up the valley of Dean Water. This turning may either be by Handforth Station, which is the shortest way, or it may be deferred till the cross roads at the Blue Bell. The latter route is much easier. In either case, at the point where this road, after passing through Dean Row, crosses the

highway from Stockport to Macclesfield stands the old smithy, the rhythmic clank of whose hammers is believed to have given Handel his inspiration for the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Beyond lie the scattered hamlets which are all parts of Adlington, and perched upon the last of the undulations that skirt the Kinder Scout group of hills, and surrounded by woodland and meadow, the haunt of the cuckoo and the corncrake, stands Pott Shrigley itself. A charming walk for those who may wish to reach it on foot is from Middlewood Station through Poynton Clough, with an alternative return to Bollington Station. The journey is well repaid by the fine view to the west and south-west, over the Cheshire plain.



**Malc McAllister and Reg Blease at
Nether Alderley**

Tourist Trophy

PROGRAMME for 2007

Local Audax events

- 28 Jan Cheadle 201/155 km
- 17 Feb Rochdale 200/120 km
- 25 Feb Cheadle 201/153 km
- 18 March Poynton 200 km
- 24 March Corwen 205 km
- 1 April Holmes Chapel 201/138 km
- 14 April Corwen 307/208 km
- 21 April Poynton 310 km

Local reliability rides eg Lyme RC

- 4 March Club Audax ride to Llangollen and back, or week-end away
- 8 April 50 in 4
- 29 April 100 in 8

Plus off-road rides, other week-ends away, car-assisted rides etc.

And don't forget: Tour of the Berwyns this year is on 19 May

Best Clubman 2006

A few months back it may have looked like a three horse race, but by the end of November Phil Holden has opened up a lead that he should not lose in December.

Leading positions:

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| 1. Phil Holden | 242 |
| 2. Peter Coles | 228 |
| 3. Reg Blease | 226 |
| 4. Mike McConville | 210 |
| 5. Jon Rowlinson | 205 |
| 6. Keith Stacey | 199 |
| 7. Gordon Peake | 197 |
| 8. Tim Seddon | 181 |
| 9. Dave Barker | 170 |
| 10. John Coles | 162 |
| 11. Allan Blackburn | 156 |
| 12. Ian Udall | 152 |
| 13. Roger Haines | 148 |
| John Barry | 148 |
| 15. Mike Brooks | 135 |



Wayfarer run October 2006



The new President

It's All Wight



"The Isle of Wight, why?" Eventually I got used to the question up at the club and out on the run. I suppose it was inevitable really as it seems to be the forgotten isle. Difficult to get to? Not really. Expensive ferry? Can't really argue with that, but there are some special deals available. Nothing to see? Couldn't be further from the truth. Weather? Well, while the majority of England enjoyed (?) a miserable August we never had a day's rain in the two weeks we were there. So, what is there to see and in particular is it worth taking a bike?

Let's start with what's to see... The outstanding visit is to Osborne House where you could probably spend a whole day. Fantastic views over the Solent to Portsmouth and the Spinnaker Tower from the walks in the extensive grounds. Carrisbrooke Castle with its unique donkey-driven water wheel is a real 'young lads' dream for climbing vertiginous ramparts. The Needles Old Battery and Alum Bay offers a combination of history and geology that's hard to beat. Godshill is postcard pretty with a truly remarkable model village that features a model village of the model village and a model of the model of the model etc. Pretty thatched villages can be found towards the south east corner with Shanklin Old Town perhaps the most pictur-

esque. Then there is the coastline. You're never that far away from the coast. All in all there's plenty to see, many miles of quiet roads (though there are some very busy ones) that remind you of Dorset ...hilly, narrow and steeply banked. In some respects it's like stepping back in time; let's face it, where else do you find holiday makers getting off the ferry with just their suitcases and straight onto the train that waits for them at the 'sea' end of the pier to take them to their final destination. Well, they do in Ryde.

The cycling potential is a bit more difficult to quantify and you'd probably need two bikes to do it justice. The local authority seems a bit ambivalent about cycling, touting it in promotional literature but falling a little short in the reality. Get off the tarmac and all the signposts indicate 'byways'. The footpath/bridleway distinction doesn't seem in evidence and it seems you can ride almost anywhere. Towards the middle of the island there are some pretty wild places for true mountain biking with the added bonus of those sea views. And the sea really was blue the whole time we were there. We just had road bikes so will have to take it on trust that the photos of the off-road tracks were as good as they looked in the brochures.

Our first attempt was to find a marked 'dismantled railway' route from Bembridge to Brading. The indicated route didn't exist though part of it did as we found out when we stumbled across it. The Tourist Office in Ryde later confirmed that the information was "over optimistic". We had better luck on the route from Sandown to Newport. This was well signed and again used (mainly) an old railway line. It enabled us to ride to Carrisbrooke castle – a twenty mile round trip – almost traffic free. We ran out of time to investigate other advertised traffic free routes which seemed to be a combination of some well surfaced sections and some rough gravel.

The ultimate challenge is a ride round the island. Looking at the OS map the most obvious route is the A road that circumnavigates Wight. You'd be foolish to do that though and wiser souls from the Vectis Roads club have had a hand in producing a route that gets you right round on mainly quiet roads. At only 70 miles it should present few problems for any of our members, but be warned – there are few flat stretches in it. Well signed (blue island on white background one way round – white on blue the other) means you can enjoy the scenery as you ride on unfamiliar roads. It's always a great treat to be riding somewhere new, and not having to consult map at each corner of a tortuous route is a real bonus.

A cool morning, a 9.30 am start (we are on holiday) and a promise of sunshine and 70° saw me away and out of the campsite towards

Sandown. This is perhaps the busiest stretch of road on the island but fortunately a turn off towards Bembridge after less than a mile was welcome. Reaching St Helens you pick up the cycle route signs as you sweep down towards Bembridge Harbour. Like most tidal waters this can look wonderful when the tide's in, and not so wonderful when it's not. I've never been much into mud flats though I guess the wading birds would disagree. A nasty shock awaits you round the corner of the Pilot pub as the road climbs out of the village past the NT windmill (well worth a visit 1) and on towards Culver Down. Beware the word 'Down' as it invariably means up and this is no exception. The reward is the splendid view of the coastline glimpsed from between the trees. The village of Brading appears next with its narrow, winding main street before heading into the hills again for Adgestone but bypassing the beautifully presented Roman Villa remains there (WVAV 2). Undulating roads (one of them designated a "Quiet Road – precedence given to bikes, walkers and horses"!) take you to Alverstone, Winford, Whiteley Bank and Wroxall. A serious bit of climbing then takes you to the outskirts of Ventnor. More glimpses of the sea as you head west to St Lawrence before yet more up and down as you head inland to Whitwell and round to Niton.

The 'World Famous' Blackgang Chine is next but a nasty climb before it makes the far reaching views at the top all the more special. Here you pass a track up to St Catherine's Hill and the Oratory on the top to mark the highest point on the island at 236m (767'). Downhill all the way now to Pyle and the flatlands and then on towards Brighthorne via a myriad of traffic free lanes. 'Brixton' as the locals used to call it has a wonderful NT maintained thatched Post office, museum and shop but it would get no more than a side-long glance as I headed for Brook and back out onto the busy coast road. So far the hedgerows and buildings had protected me from the worst of a strong westerly but at this point there was no hiding place. Compton Bay is well known to windsurfers and kite flyers and



Shanklin Old Town

The Squirrel

today they were out in numbers. This is a demoralising bit of road; you can see it climbing for several miles into the distance – not much at maybe a couple of hundred feet – but into a headwind, quite gruelling. Once over the top you can see right up to The Needles (WWAV 3), and beyond the Dorset coast stretches to the horizon. At Freshwater Bay a sharp right takes you towards Freshwater proper and over to Norton Green and Yarmouth. From here all the views are now over The Solent but more importantly I was heading a wind assisted East. With just 40 miles completed I turned into the small town centre and a welcome café stop.



A picturesque coastal first mile out of the town then a sharp right inland takes you upward again towards Wellow. Locals are getting quite worked up about this dot on the map as it is the proposed site for a giant wind turbine. Just the one, mind – not a whole fleet of them. I suppose the fact that there are no pylons visible anywhere means the intrusion would come as a real shock. Having said that, our trip to Newport along the old railway took us within sight of a giant gravel pit away on a hillside. This really was a monstrosity and the sound of the machinery could be heard for miles. No apparent complaints about that though. Passing through Newbridge you swing left and drop back towards the Solent and the busy A3054 from Yarmouth to Newport. Thankfully a few yards along this and you are once again back in the lanes and heading for Newtown.

This small village once had the distinction of having the right to send two MPs to parliament and the Old Town Hall was often the scene of turbulent elections. It was also the meeting place of 'The Ferguson Gang' in the 1920's. Not, as you might think, some sort of criminal, maybe smuggling, operation but an anonymous group of National Trust benefactors whose activities alarmed many of those in the 'establishment'. The building now houses a small museum and is run by – The National Trust!

From here the road undulates via Porchfield to Northwood where a turn north sees you heading directly to the sea and Gurnard Bay. At the last minute a sharp right drops you down a 20% hill and onto the promenade that will take you right along the coast and into that yachtsman's mecca, Cowes. The busy River Medina is crossed here by an ancient chain ferry (free to pedestrians and cyclists!) and then once again it is up through East Cowes, past the entrance to Osborne House (WWAV 4) before leaving the main road and heading for Wootton Bridge and yet another drop down to sea level. Climbing up Kite Hill on the main road for a short distance you then take off once again towards the centre of the island and Havenstreet for some very pleasant lanes. Arriving at Smallbrook Farm and a rare set of traffic lights I was faced with a dilemma. Turn right along the A3055, past a huge Tesco store and I would be back at the Beaper Farm campsite in a flattish couple of miles. Go straight on and it would be another five miles and several stiff climbs. Well, dear reader, what would you have done? It was having to go past b****y Tesco that sealed it; and the fact that another five would just push the distance over 70 miles. So, on to Seaview, Nettlestone then back to St Helens for the satisfaction of completing the circuit. Try it some time; as Wallace might say to Grommit – "It's a grand day out."

Story & Pictures by Jim Boydell



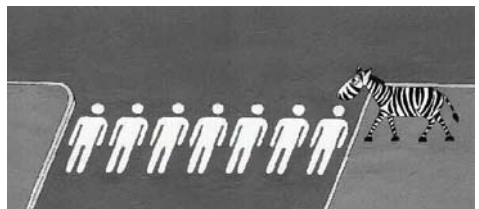
CLUB HILL CLIMB

It was a pleasant October morning on Withenshaw Hill, after early rain, with a S.E. wind. A milling mass of bright Seamons jerseys was signing on, pinning on numbers, warming up (and up!), while Time-keepers Roy Vernon and Mike McConville synchronized watches, and Harvey took the jackets and gear to the top.

There was loads of support on the climb – nearly Tour de France style, as we closed in on the riders in our excitement. We want a giant Seamons banner next year so we can run alongside, and a devil... The body language told its own story as riders heaved their way up, bent double over the bars, weaving from side to side. Allan Blackburn looked grim, but we think it was the sight of Sara lying in the middle of the road trying to take his photo. Keith Bailey looked smooth and comfortable – the McDonalds hot chocolate? Ian Udall looked VERY serious, and won convincingly. Paul Smith thought his brakes were rubbing... Simon looked positively frightening, which

brought him a very good result in 3rd place. The free-wheel competition lured everyone (looks like over 40 of us in the group picture) to the top of the next part of the hill, where riders variously bobbed and juddered as they tried to get going without pedalling. The result was controversial as Nick Crampton went furthest in conventional style, but John skydiver McIver went even further in very unconventional style. JP was pleased with everyone's enthusiasm as the Free-wheel trophy had mysteriously disappeared for a number of years. Reg Blease was hoping to win as he needs a new free-wheel.

And so to the Ryles Arms for an excellent and well-deserved lunch, debrief and general natter. Many thanks to Mike, Harvey, Roger and JP for their hard work putting it all together. Time to train now for next year...



Bike going strong - after 58 years

by Dan McMullan

KEEN cyclist Reg Blease is still pedalling the streets on his first bike - 58 years after he bought it.

In that time he has notched up nearly 300,000 miles - equivalent to cycling round the world 12 times.

Reg was just 16 when he saved up his pocket money to buy a bike from Manchester cycle shop LH Brookes in 1948 - and the two are now like old chums. The bike was one of the most advanced at the time - but it had no gears, just one brake and was built from heavy steel.

Reg, 74, from Altrincham, bought it on "tick," paying seven shillings and sixpence in old money - 37.5p - a month for the frame which was specially made for him. Over the years he has replaced wheels, brakes, inner tubes and saddles but the frame is still going strong.

Reg regularly goes for a long ride on the LH Brookes cycle and looks forward to many more years on the old bike.

Grandad Reg, a retired painter and decorator, said: "In the days when I first started cycling properly you didn't just buy a bike off the shelf -



FLASHBACK: Reg in action in the 1950s

you went and picked a frame, then tailored the rest of the bike to you.

"There were a lot of small frame builders working back then and LH Brookes was based on Dickenson Road, in Rusholme.

"All the frames at that point were made of steel tubing so they were heavy but they were also built to last. "Nowadays everything is machine-made but back then it was all done by hand.

"I bought it for three half-crowns a week which was a lot of money for me back then because I started work at 14 and had to contribute to the family pot. But it was eventually paid off and it has lasted because I

haven't been able to get rid of it. It's a sentimental thing."

LH Brookes had two shops in Greater Manchester, but the last one, in Hazel Grove, closed a few years ago.

Frank Herdy, 75, who worked for LH Brookes as a young man and may have even built Reg's frame, said: "I started work for Lesley Harrop Brookes in 1945 and I was earning 10 shillings and sixpence a week (52.5p) building frames. If Reg had a metallic powder blue frame then it could have been one of the frames I built. There weren't a lot around at the time."

Reg still cycles 300 miles every week and is a founding member of the Seamons' Cycling Club in Altrincham.

He has shared his love of cycling with wife Vera, 73, and the couple regularly go out on a tandem ride.

He also joins his son Gareth, 44, for long-distance rides at weekends.

Reg added: "It's my lifetime passion and a great way of keeping fit. Just last week I did 90 miles to Chester and back on Sunday and I use it every day of the week.

"I have no plans to hang up my cycling clips."



PENSIONER PEDAL POWER: Reg is still on his first bike

What it take to win the Tour de France

The calories consumption over 21 days for an average rider

Passing over the energy drinks which can be a bonus

6000 to 7000 calories are required per day

well the American have worked this one out based on the experience of winning 7 times in a row ...

they surely know what they are talking about

- 389 cheeseburgers (18.5 per day)
- or 3213 chicken breasts (153 per day)
- or 693 doughnuts (33 per day)
- or 693 cans of soda
- or 483 scoops of ice cream (23 per day)
- or 378 slices of pizza (18 per day)

- or 168 milkshakes (8 per day)
- or 966 breadsticks (46 per day)

the story is that all this is based on American sizes as well

but being more serious

did you know racers are not allowed to eat in the first 50 km of each race stage and not in the last 20 km of the race stage.....this explain perhaps the emptying of all pockets towards the end of the race

as this would be judged as a fault and would be penalised by the judges

Bon Appetit

Daniel Laffly



You and your guest are cordially invited to the Seamons CC annual club dinner & prize presentation.

Cinnamon Club Bowden
10th February 2007.

For tickets please contact Louise Eden or Nigel Harrop

Music
Guest speaker
3 course dinner
Raffle
Mini-bike competition

Tickets - £23

Please complete the tear-off slip below and send to Louise or Nigel enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

---✂-----

Please send me ____ tickets.
(049990)

Cheque enclosed for £ _____
(Cheques payable to Seamons CC)

Vegetarian option

Number of vegetarian meals required: _____
(1510)

Louise Eden (07971

5 Conway Close
Knutsford
Cheshire
WA16 9DH

Nigel Harrop (0161 941

24 Crescent Road
Hale, Altrincham
Cheshire
WA15 9NA

BEER/WINE MATHEMATICS



This is pretty neat how it works out.
This is cool beer/winemaths!!!!!!
DON'T CHEAT BY SCROLLING DOWN FIRST!
It takes less than a minute.....
Work this out as you read.

Be sure you don't
read the bottom
until you've worked it out!
This is not one of those
waste of time things, it's
fun.

1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you like to have a pint or a glass or two of wine. (try for than once)
2. Multiply this number by 2 (Just to be honest)
- 3 Add 5. (for Sunday)
4. Multiply it by 50 I'll wait while you get the calculator.....
5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1756. If you haven't, add 1755
6. Now subtract the four-digit year that you were born.



would
more

Did You Have A Good Weekend?

Busy lives, busy diaries, family, work etc. The knock on effect makes the traditional “Cycling Weekend Away” difficult if not sometimes impossible. York Rally & Montgomery weekends are “fixed” sufficiently to survive. Plus they both involve hotel options – “a bit wimpy”. This year’s spring trip to Cerrigdrudion (*cushy farmhouse dormitories*), coinciding with the Langollen thrash, was cancelled with hours to go, due to several inches of proper Welsh snow.

Luckily I managed a week in Spain with four other Seamons, (*Villa*)- See *Sept Squirrel* – “*Top Messing*”. A weekend in Sherwood Forest (*Youth Hostel*) with SCC and the CTC, and the York National Cycle Rally (*camp/caravan/hotel/B&B*) mid June with a dozen or so Seamons amongst the thousands.

However a fairly impromptu decision in September, for a weekend in Shropshire was a welcome late season sweetener, (*matching tents*). The Wigan Wheelers / Seamons / Michaelmas Celebrations weekend is however becoming a regular late September “must” before the clocks go back. I wrote extensively about last year’s trip in a recent *Squirrel* so I’ll not go over old ground.

Having said that, I must reiterate the pleasures of riding the Shropshire lanes. The absence of impatient motorists, the occasional hare amongst numerous rabbits, and the cry of hungry young buzzards almost constant. If the weather’s kind, its fresh air and heaven. – I can feel a poem coming on !

This year, early on Sunday morning the cry went up, “Buteo Buteo” (*That’s Latin for Common Buzzard – don’t be to impressed it’s the only one we know*). In the touring section it means, “Get off Gordon’s wheel quick he’s been distracted”. Calling the peleton to a halt, a low flying Red Kite appeared above the hedgerow – what stunning creatures they are. Then in the distance we noticed ten or more buzzards circling in a thermal. A second kite made a brief appearance followed by a spar-

row hawk darting along the lane determined not to be left out. My enthusiasm for ornithological spectacles is not always shared by fellow cyclists, but all seemed suitably impressed by this display. Even so, I had a bit of catch up to do as we cruised into Hopton Cas-



tle. A challenge to “Pooh Sticks” from a Wigan Wheeler caused a diversion to the best bridge on the River Teme. This was serious competitive stuff, loaded with controversy and opinions and carried far more kudos than the sprint for lunch in Leintwardine. Club colours are vital in competitive “Pooh Sticks”. Whilst the Wheelers won this competition (*years of experience on the local river currents*), Roger and Keith had wiped the floor with the Bon Jovi –Air guitar / Pool cue comp the previous evening. No club colours on show then, you’ll be pleased to hear. Pete C won the sleeping competition, turning an after dinner nap into an all-nighter. It’s not all competitive testosterone though, in-between the serious stuff - we ride for miles! But that’s another story.

Back in work Monday morning and the general interest is: 1.“How to keep the kids amused, whilst car queuing for hours, getting in and out of the Trafford Centre”, and 2.“I’m a Celebrity-X Factor-Get me out of here – Come Dancing- on ice”! *Wot !!*

“Did **you** have a good weekend Gordon”?

“No no, It sounds like I really missed out” !

Meet your Clubmates

Well, what a tonic! There I was, scratching my head about who to drop a MYC questionnaire on, when the brainwave came. How about that new girl, you know - thingy, who goes out with the half day section and actually keeps up with them. She had a lot going for her; female (we've not too many of those - though the number is growing steadily), young (we could do with a few more of those as well), an attractive photo opportunity and nobody has had the time to get to know her well. Problem solved. Not only that but she said 'yes' straight away and returned the answers overnight despite getting ready to go on the legendary (notorious?) Montgomery Weekend. If **Louise Eden** survived then she'll be aware that everyone knows a lot more about her than they did before - but not as much as they will when they've read this. I make no apology for breaking my golden rule that nobody gets more than a page, whatever they submit, as word reaches me that the editor has struggled a bit for copy this time. And, heh, it's Christmas and we all need a laugh.

When and where were you born? Wythenshawe hospital, 11th December (same day as Tim Seddon!! - separated at birth??) I'm 21 (of course), so you can work out the year....

When did you start cycling and what was your first club? I started cycling in 2003 after my long jump career came to an abrupt end with two slipped discs in my lower back. I joined Cambridge Triathlon Club and hated cycling at first, but after a trip to Majorca, it all changed and I became an animal on the bike. I moved up North, joined Seamons CC, threw out the goggles and trainers and haven't looked back.

What was your first race? In terms of road racing, it was the Cheshire Classic at Weaverham, earlier this year. When I entered it thought it was just a local race. Then I found out it was part of the National Women's Series. I ceased being able to sleep and didn't get a wink until after I'd finished the race. Luckily it was fairly easy apart from having to climb the hill at Acton Bridge 10 times. I somehow scraped 7th place, must have been beginners luck!

What was your first win? Not won a road race (yet). In fact, I don't think I've won a cycling event at all. Hmmm, must do better.....

Which performance do you rate as your best? Winning the English Schools' Long Jump competition at the age of 18. I wanted to win so much, and I spent hours psyching myself up. I then got to compete for GB in Milan the month afterwards. Cycling wise - not sure I've done anything quite on that scale.

What is your favourite meal? Anything chocolate orientated. I've even gone as far as making a chicken with tomato and dark chocolate sauce. Ooo, and in Brazil you can get chocolate pizza. Yum.

What were you like at school? Ginger and flat-chested apparently. - yep, nothing's changed !

What kind of books do you read? I don't really have time to read to be honest. I'm quite sad in that if I get time to read, I'll read a book in French, or try to teach myself Portuguese. Hmmm, must get out more....

What kind of music do you enjoy? Oh dear, I was dreading this question. Do I be honest and ruin my reputation of being a hip and happening chick? or do I gamble and make something up in the hope that no body comes round to my house and sees my CD collection ?? Ok, put it this way, I've



been to two concerts this year: 1. Robbie Williams, and 2. Westlife. Ooops.

And your favourite TV programmes? Oh dear, once again I can feel my reputation going down the pan. I blame my parents for getting me into 'Coronation Street' and my university housemates for getting me into 'Friends'. None of it's my fault. I've been brain washed!!

Which newspaper do you read? Um, next question! No, I watch the BBC news every morning, so I do know what's happening in the world. Is that John Major bloke still our Prime Minister?

What's your ideal holiday destination? If it's got hills, and I can take my bike, then I'm there....Sun and wine are always a bonus too.

Do you have any hobbies? Anything sport related (most recently golf), cooking/eating, playing the piano. Oh and I'm teaching myself the guitar, but I keep forgetting the chords.....

Who would play you in a film of your life? I suppose it would have to be Julia Roberts judging by the number of people that have told me I look like her. However, I'm pretty sure my mouth isn't as big as hers. I'd quite fancy playing myself and having Tom Cruise as my on-screen husband.

What is your greatest fear? That all the cocoa trees in the world die off. No more chocolate. Ahhhhhh!

How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad? Leggy, busty, blonde seeks tall, dark, muscular man for long rides.

What is your favourite training ride? Any ride where I get to sit behind Tim, Ian or Dan!!

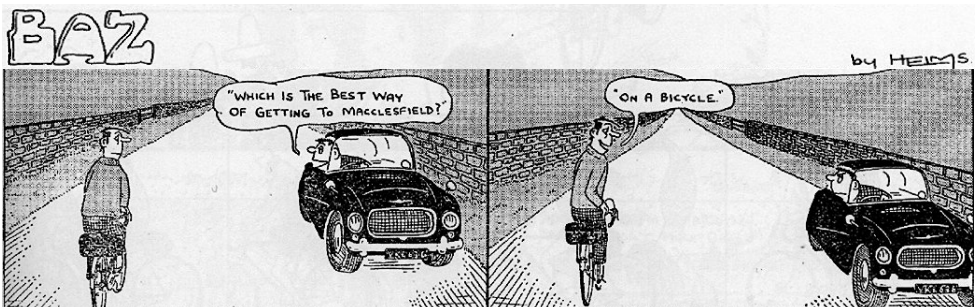
What is your most unpleasant characteristic? Well, the fiery red hair probably gives it away. Why are you asking all these questions anyway?? (ha ha)

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others? Oh where shall I start? Do you want the whole list? I hate inefficiency, I hate ignorance – nothing upsets me more than people that don't say hello or at least smile when they see you. And I hate greed – now where did I put that chocolate bar?

Who would you have most like to have met, and why? Absolutely no idea. This is a hard question as I think if I met one of my heroes (e.g. Carl Lewis, Goran Ivanisevic, Robbie Williams, Tom Cruise...) I'd be disappointed. So I don't actually want to meet them, I'll just live in the sad illusion that they're perfect and wonderful.

What was your most embarrassing moment? When I found out my dad had got into bed with my boyfriend. Hang on, let me explain. I was 16 and my boyfriend was sleeping in our spare room. My Dad had fallen asleep in the lounge and woke up at 2am. Not wanting to wake my mum up, he decided to sleep in the spare room.....Breakfast was mortifyingly embarrassing. I was dumped later that day.

Four words to describe yourself? Can I have five? I was once filling in an application form for summer work with Shell, the last question was 'Describe yourself in 5 words'. I asked my Dad for help and he told me to write 'Fit as a butcher's dog'. I didn't get the job!!





Shorts and Longs – December, 2006

I once drove a mini-bus dressed as Big Ears. Beard, daft hat, err...big ears. You get the picture (in fact I have a picture). But could I ride a bike dressed as Santa? Well, if the dress rehearsal for the Hot Pot run was anything to go by, probably not! Not only was there the bio-mechanics of cycling with a big belly, well, bigger belly at least, to worry about, there were the health and safety risks. It was a struggle to fit my helmet over the wig (no poor quality costume, this. It's from Argos, you know) This had to fit because Mrs C would be upset if anything happened to me. And particularly if her distress was compounded with the shame of a phone call from the hospital which started with the words: "Was your husband riding a bicycle dressed as Father Christmas...?"

The other worry was the beard. So long and luxurious was this beauty, there was a genuine risk that at speeds anywhere over the Haines Constant (12mph), it might blow up into my eyes and blind me. Having reassured myself that the spirit of Christmas was everything and the risk of injury was nothing, I then wondered whether I could survive the long, lonely ride from Knutsford to Rackhams dressed as a target for ridicule. Ever sympathetic, Mrs C pointed out that I obviously had no shame. "Have any idea how ridiculous a 40-year-old bloater dressed in Lycra looks?" she asked. "At least this time, I'll be disguised," I countered. Anyway, I'd always wondered why Santa drives a sleigh. Now I know. Dropping off your presents on a bike would be a nightmare.

My last nightmare on a bike was on the car-assisted run to Chirk and the delights of the Wayfarer.

I don't own a mountain bike but was reassured the club bike would be sufficient.

"You'll be fine on a road bike," they said.

Indeed. That's why everyone else turned up on a mountain bike.

Oh, how I laughed as I whisked effortlessly along the tarmac while everyone else hummed along on knobbies, panting to keep up.

Oh, how they laughed as they disappeared rapidly into the distance at barely 3mph while I swore and slipped my way over the first 100 yards of "track".

Well, I say track. It was more like a river bed. But mostly without water.

Still, it was barely two hours of slow, hellish progress before we all made it to the other side.

They were right. You can do it on a road bike. But it won't be easy and it won't be quick. It was good fun though. Next year if I don't have a mountain bike, I'll be taking my walking boots.

If you've not done it and are thinking about it, I would offer the following advice: Don't listen to Roger. Don't listen to Roger. Don't listen to Roger. Don't listen to Roger.

Schadenfreude is a German word which translates as taking pleasure from someone else's misfortune.

I wonder if cyclists should adopt it for their own?

Struggling out to Buxton on my own having missed the start at Rackhams, I took the easy route out over the Cat.

Warning signs and a timekeeper at the bottom told me there was a hill-climb in the offing. Sure enough, it was the Withington Wheelers' event, expected to start 15 minutes after I'd passed the line.

Perfect, even I could make that.

Hmmm. It's amazing how much a blustery wind, a bit of un-seasonal cold and the fear of someone catching you up can sap your strength.

While not on the rivet, I'd certainly over-extended myself by the time I got to the pub. Realising they now served toast to go with your coffee, I couldn't resist.

Within minutes I was warm, fed and not just a bit smug. My mood and reserves transformed. Sitting in the warm it was a pleasure to cheer on the brave riders who'd raced to the top. Not sure they heard me through the glass, though. And it was very windy by now.

Touring is all about getting from A to B, under your own steam, finding your own route, trusting your sense of direction.

Yes, well I think Poynton has some weird properties.

Not only did I end up there on the way to All-greave (don't ask, it was early) I then found myself there on the way to Hayfield.

And that time it took three of us to stop and ask directions. Even though we had a map. And then we thought we knew better anyway. The real shame though was that the off-roading section got to the elevenses stop first. Damn those pesky know-alls.



Wayfarer run October 2006

Q: Why couldn't the bicycle stand up on its own?

A: It was two tired.

Well, what *DO* you know?

Since we have an ever growing number of quizaholics on a Wednesday night at the OMT, here's a True or False series to test them out – and anyone else who fancies their chances...

- 1 A typical bed usually houses over 6 billion dust mites (Urggh!)
- 2 The opposite sides of a dice cube always add up to seven. (Take a gamble on this one)
- 3 A person with hexadactylism has 6 fingers or six toes on one or both hands and feet. (Handy for some bike maintenance jobs)
- 4 The loudest sound produced by any animal is 188 decibels. It is the African elephant. (Pardon, say again)
- 5 In ancient Egypt, priests plucked every hair from their bodies, including eyebrows and eyelashes. (Ouch!)
- 6 The word four has four letters. In the English language there is no other number whose number of letters equals its value. (Start counting)
- 7 A pair of nesting barn owls is capable of catching and eating nearly 3,000 rats a year. (Tasty)
- 8 No piece of dry paper, however large, can be folded in half more than 7 times. (Go on, have a go)
- 9 Chocolate can kill dogs. It affects their hearts and nervous system and a few ounces are enough to kill a small dog. (see note below)
- 10 There are more than twice as many kangaroos as people in Australia. (They account for 90% of the intelligence on the continent)

Note for Wilky...always carry a bar of chocolate when riding in Spain, tossing a chunk at stray canines as required.

Answers on Page 26

SEAMONS CYCLING CLUB

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TOURING SECRETARY – 2006

Review of the Year

Sorry I did not get to the club AGM to present my annual report, I have apologized to the Committee for my non attendance – no excuses.

2006 has been a solid year for the Touring Section with, in the main, well attended runs throughout most of the year. The flatter runs appear to be more popular although that's probably appears so because I attend more of those.

Highlights of the year include: -

- The annual trip to Spain organised meticulously by John Carberry, 9 days of sunshine, 350 miles+ great company and is best summed up by Gordon "top messing";
- A bank holiday weekend trip with the Manchester CTC to Sherwood Forest, new roads, some good rides and a good youth hostel;
- The Easter 3 day including the Easter Sunday 50 in 4 and the far more demanding Mobberley 8;
- Another superbly organised treasure hunt by Gordon Peake;
- A car assisted, off road, trip over the "Wayfarer" trail in Wales;
- A repeat Shropshire weekend meet up with the Wigan Wheelers – unfortunately we achieved very poor miles per gallon!
- The annual trip to the York Rally;
- The very well attended Bob Richardson memorial run to Chester.
- The usual 100 in 8's;
- The annual hot pot making ceremony - thanks to John Thorogood for the abuse of his kitchen;
- The annual Gail and John Carberry pre hot pot garage party – thanks to **Gail**;
- The planned Cerrig trip to meet up with the Llangollen "Direct" had to be cancelled as the bunk house was snowed in, we will try again next year;
- Thanks to all who support the Touring Section.

Next Year

More of the same as this year plus a longer Shropshire weekend with an emphasis on riding a bike!

Any ideas for new runs or a volunteer to lead a mystery run/runs or a car assisted run more than welcome – just let me know.

Maps

As you will have read in the magazine a former club member, Arthur Thorlby, bequeathed the club £500. That money has been used to purchase 47 Ordnance Survey, Landranger, Laminated maps, those maps are: -

The Squirrel

89 to 130 inclusive and 135, 136, 137, 138, 147 and 148.

The maps are available for club members to borrow – please contact me at the present time. In the New Year Roger will re-organize the clubroom store to house a purpose built map/book cabinet that will store the maps, cycling books and vidioes/DVD's. Members will be able to borrow these resources, please would you book them out and back in on the register provided.

The maps have already been used to plan 3 Shrophshire weekends, the Montgomery weekend, the trip to Sherwood Forrest and Carol Pardoe is planning a coast to coast attempt with them.

Llangollen Direct

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THRASHED (SORRY "DIRECTED"), HAVE NO WISH TO AUDAX THEN WHY NOT BECOME A WEEKENDER.

I have arranged another weekend to Lynda Parkers excellent Bunk House in Cerrig y drudion, North Wales for 3 & 4 March 2007 to meet up on the Sunday with the Llangollen bunch. Ride out or car assisted on the Saturday – I will arrange a Saturday ride from the bunk house for those travelling by car.

There are two separate bunk houses, one sleeping 18 the other 12, so there is scope for male and female accommodation. Delicious and plentiful home made food is available and further information is available from their web site;
www.tyddynbychan.co.uk

Places will be available on a first come first served basis, please let me know if you would like a place.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Keith Wilkinson
Touring Secretary
December 2006

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ADDICTED TO CYCLING IF....

You no longer require a hankie to blow your nose.

You smile at your evening date, and she politely points out that you seem to have bugs in your teeth.

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**The perils of
being distracted
during Sunday
club run
preparations.**



Ladies 2 day tour of the Berwyns

We left our cars at Summertrees (thank you, Barbara), and set off into the unknown. Well, not exactly, I did this route in May on the Seamons 200km Audax, and it rained. This time we had panniers and back racks and rucksacks and bar bags, bananas, chocolate biscuits, shortbread and cake. Liz and Claire were to regret wearing rucksacks as they got sore shoulders and rather red marks, which didn't bode well for Claire's forthcoming wedding in a strapless top.

We were pretty pleased with ourselves following the Audax route, with all its twists and turns and useful little cut-throughs. I remember in the event turning down a wrong one, with about 20 riders following, only to end up in someone's front garden! This time the Prospect café near Garth was reached without

detours, and a generous lunch was consumed, ready for the afternoon's climbing.

The Panorama Way above Llangollen rewarded us with great views in the afternoon sun, a wide vista of hills and the vale of Llangollen below. A sharp twisty descent left Denise off the back so she missed us turning right. "Come back!" we shouted as she disappeared left down another steep hill. We heard her footsteps as she retraced back up the hill, and gradually reappeared. The Carrog valley was a treat, quiet and scenic and very up and down, with a nice rest for us when Cath punctured. Sue is the puncture queen and soon had it mended. Afternoon tea was taken at Rug, an organic farm café on the A5 just after Corwen. This set us up for the final haul up to Cerrigydrudion, and more up to Cefn Brith. The quiet undulating lane seemed never-ending and Cath "lost the will to live", even

The Squirrel

though I kept saying “not far now” (I wasn’t *too* sure, but didn’t dare say).

We had a warm welcome from Lynda at her camping barn, “take your bikes into the dormitory, if you like” – we didn’t! The hot shower was bliss, cup of tea, and a nice big evening meal of lasagne served at 7 o’clock, followed by apple and apricot crumble and custard, wine...and deep sleep in our bunks. At least till the cock crowed at something like 4.30 a.m.

A nice big fried breakfast got us going in the drizzle till Corwen, then right along the valley through Llandrillo to the Mylltir Cerrig. Everyone climbed at their own pace, it’s quite a long one, but the descent to Llangynog is brilliant, and the sun came out! We then had some serious short, sharp climbs before dropping into Llanrhaedr. But where was the café? Sorry, girls, it seems to have disappeared. The local Spar was open so we topped up with water. Then some more short, sharp upwards and onwards, up tiny lanes with grass up the middle, and the final uphill haul and along the ridge, before dropping gloriously down to Llanarmon then Chirk – 54 miles since breakfast.

Egg and chips, cappuccino, chocolate biscuits, and serious discussion: should Claire learn to do the salsa for her wedding? Some nice, quiet lanes followed leading to the Overton road. The Malpas Fire Station café was open so we all flopped in, and some rather delirious conversation ensued: “Hillocks? Did you make that up?” “No, it’s small hills, like buttocks”. I’ll draw a discreet veil over the conversation that followed...

We then embarked on the final slog, and JP (my husband) hove into view, but no room on his bike for ruck-sacks or panniers. I must confess I had been harbouring a vision of my loved one galloping up on his trusty steed, the camper-van, to our rescue. Still, he kept us cheerful, and assured us that the route round

the back of Beeston castle was the easiest – although nothing seemed easy at this stage (80 miles or so).

The last 8 or 9 miles, of course, seemed to take for ever, but arriving back at Summer-trees was a great feeling after 147 challenging miles in good company with lots of fun, pain and laughter. Thank you girls.

Carol Pardoe.



Johnny Pardoe August 06



MALC JUDGE - 12 HOUR CHAMPIONSHIP

As you will have read, Arthur Thorlby, a former member, died last year. Before his death, and whilst living in Anglesey, he compiled a booklet of story's in his own inimitable style.

One of those was about Malc Judge taking part in a 12 Hour Championship and it is reproduced below in its original typed format - Arthur was never that good at prove reading but that's part of the articles appeal.

Arthur does not mention the year and I should know as I was there but it must be the mid to late seventies - Johnny and Jim will know which year.

This is a first hand account of the cut and thrust of a twelve hour event that certainly brought back memories for me.

Keith Wilkinson

Sunday June 6th was the day of the Championships that year. But the story began early on in the year, whom Malcolm said he would be riding the West Cheshire 12hour Time Trial, and therefore would our usual feeding team take on the job of looking after him, just like the previous year?

It turned out that Dave Williams would be on holiday that particular weekend but Kwith Wilkinson offered his help and he was quite experienced anyway.

There was only a small entry for the Event, ie only 29 riders, a great pity. Anyway I got up that morning at 3.00am (after only 1.1/2hours sleep) and call round to pick up Keith. Then it was through Altrincham to pick, up Malc plus Tony Cooke, who would be the 3rd feeder.

We drove steadily out through Tarvin and the dawn came up as we got to the start point. The weather was dry so early in the morning although there was already a hint of the showers to come later. We had a few words with a Chap McMasters from Birkenhead who, like our rider, had had to pack during the 24hour race. His wife was driving a green estate car and we would find our selves in close contact throughout the whole race. Malc. got away at 5.56am and we gave him time to get some miles into his legs, Our route was Southwards thro' Nantwich and a sharp right hand turn at Acton Church. Then memories of last years event cam flooding backansd so we stopped at the same layby as last year in order to hand up some coffee (by mutual agreement our rider would not have rice pudding this year.

Then through Ridley Green adn Whitchurch we had to keep driving furiously to overtake No.21 McMasters from Birkenhead, to take a time-check on him and then to catch Male and let him know how far he was behind him - or in front. It was 7mins at the first check.

But soon we realised Male was up on his rival and that made the chasing, overtake, time check and feed, somewhat easier. Soon Malc had got the bit between his teeeth and had gft his opponent in sight. Came the time when he overtook and even reached some 2 minutes in front of him (on the road). However with only 5 hours gone by, there was stoill a long way to go. Then we had to pull into a garage at Whitchurch, yea, we neded more petrol. Then it.was onwards South again in a breeze adn warm sun. So orange juice was needed and we had to keep on checking the face of our rider for signs of his physical condition.

We arrived at Battlefield Corner. I noticed that the marshalls who were on duty in the 1st half of the event were quite alert. Its always friendly when they signal the direction to the drivers as well as the riders. We had a chat with one of them who opined Malc would win race.

The Squirrel

Up to Shawbury and on to Hodnet. How different it seemed from during the 24 hour event a fortnight previous

It was down in this area of the course that we saw Geoff Horrocks a club colleague of Malc, and we were able to hand him a drink as well.

But with the start of the return journey Northwards there came showers of rain and then heavy downpours. I felt sorry for Tommy of Stretford Wheelers, who had sytopped to shelter under some trees, if he had, kept going he would have ridden into nice warm sunshine two miles up the road.

AS we expected, Male "took a packet" due to the battering of this inclement. weather. So once more, hot soup was now needed. This is where Tony Cook was showing his capabilities ie working hard in the back of the van. It is no easy task trying toheat up soup, or brew tea, or whatever we called for...whilst driving along at speed.

Thewn once morre we found that No 21 had passed us. This needle-match was keeping us on our toes, right until the end, with ther constant passing and re-passsing with the green estate car. Oh what rivalry.

Then there came the leg down to Wem area and we stopped in the exact spot where we had fed ricers in the 24 event.(its great to know in advance' here we can

locate a layby.

We arrived at the start of the Finishing Circuit but still with 2hoursto go. Here came the trouble or testing time for the driver, because map-reading is out of the question, and speed still essential. The squalls in the weather were atrocious.

It was a nightmare speeing along these narrow lanes. But a quick check with a friendly Timekeeper told us that Malc was 29seconds UP on his rival. Around the Circuit we hurtled once more (dodged an oncominmg caravan). in answer to Keith's query I told him I had had a quick communication with GOD to leyt me know something was coming.....

Another check with our friendly Timekeeper and we learn that Male is now only 9 seconds UP. Of course what he now needs is SHOUTED encouragement. We had not seen our ival, nor the green car for 1/2 hour, because. they were hurtling round the opposite side of the Circuit.

Then there was an exceedingly sharp L/H turn where I had intended to have an emergency stop on the grass verge after we turned. TOO LATE I realised it was a 45degree grass banking. My heart rate rocketed at the thought of the van rolling over..... But once again God waas with us and I received direct instruction not to turn the front wheels to the right but merely to brake gently and stop

So I asked Keith (a qualified driver) to sit motionless whilst I clambered out... Tony also kept very still. I put my shoulder against the van and Kieth gently reversed it off the banking (and we didn't forget to cheer Malc on his way. A qick thanks to the Lord, and we went on.

There is a hump-back railway bridge along there... and at 50mph Tony remembered hitting ,his head on the van roof in last years event.

A mile or so further on we pulled up just passed the next Timekeper and fLAGGED Malc. down as his 12 hours were over. In a few seconds our rival, and team-car pulled in at the same spot. Malc had beaten him by only 16 seconds after 12 HOURS.

Answer for Well, what **DO** you know quiz
They are all true except number 4

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ADDICTED TO CY-
CLING IF....

You're too tired for hanky-panky on a Friday
night but pump out a five-hour century on



Montgomery 2006

18 club members enjoyed another very successful Montgomery weekend. We were blessed with good weather which was more than welcome after a very wet week.



Very comfortable accommodation, great scenery, quiet roads and good company. Once again a very big thank you to Robin Haigh for his organisation and map reading!!



Pictures from the Montgomery 2006 weekend



The Christmas Hot 2006



Pictures from John Carberry and John Coles





TESTING TIMES



Mid-Season Report from the Half-Day Section

by "Half-Day Hack"

Long term students of the Seamons' Half-day section will have not been disappointed by the Winter season's results so far, with some very hotly contested competition. But, as they say in football, it's a season of two halves and there is still everything to play for going into the New Year.



Sara Blackburn - Seamons 25

To those not intimately acquainted with the dynamics of this august group, the Half-dayers fall into one of three camps, although each

individual's membership can change on whim. Firstly, we have the libertarians, whose rallying cry is freedom; generally the freedom to give everyone else a good kicking out to the café, and all the way back home again. Let's call them, for want of a better name, the Seddonistas. Secondly, we have their arch-rivals, those half-day hedonists, the Holdenites. Their main aims are to keep to the flat, "keeping it steady", chatting and cake. Oh, and thirdly we have the Cyclists; they would just like get out and ride their bikes on a Sunday.

A novel opening gambit this season was

the pre-emptive "two minute warning" by the Holdenites at Beeston; a manoeuvre that had clearly not been foreseen. This brilliant tactical ruse gave them a good ten minutes lead in which to chat and enjoy themselves, while the rest of the Half-day section bolted down their remaining dinner before being press-ganged into a hell-for-leather chase.

However, the following week saw the Seddonistas on home turf up in the hills, with the route selected to take in the 'delights' of Four Ways en route to Wincle Minn. This was a straightforward tactic, with the aim of suppressing any chitchat back in the bunch. However, the Holdenites easily parried this by quietly breaking away from the rear of the bunch at Sutton and taking a direct flatter route. Had it not been for a misadventure with a puncture this would have lead to an early arrival at the café and a good chinwag before the rest arrived. As it was, a draw had to be called.

The following Radway Green run saw the tried and tested Seddonista tactic of eye-balls-out speed come into play across the flat. This was largely successful, but a late claim of "mechanicals" (which were, mysteriously, never clarified) saw the edge taken off what was otherwise a clear victory sprint to the café starting from somewhere north of Knutsford.

The expectation that Astbury would be a reprise of Radway Green was disappointed. Instead the Seddonistas played a googlie and threw Rainow Hill into play. Normally a 1:7 would have guaranteed victory, but the long descent and traffic lights saw the Half-day section arrive as a body, and Seddonista ambitions were foiled.

A week later and back in the hills, an early lead was established by the Seddonistas as they dragged the section across to Addlington. A Holdenite splinter cell made an ambling break for the Brickworks during the Pott

Shrigley re-group, but, despite an inability to corner properly, the Seddonistas clawed them back and victory looked assured. However, having achieved early supremacy, they failed to capitalise on their advantage, and on Long Hill a spontaneous outbreak of conversation saw victory carelessly frittered away.

The following week appeared to be yet another wasted opportunity for the Seddonistas, with Half-dayers arriving at Delamere apparently having enjoyed themselves and still able to speak. But learning something from their opponent's superior tactical play, it appeared that the aim was to lull the opposition into a false sense of security. On the return leg the pace was pushed, chatting slowly dropped away, and an authoritarian upper hand was established all the way home. However, any thoughts that this was to be the new Seddonista game plan were quickly disabused during the following run to Nantwich, which saw a return to the straightforwardly brutal eyeballs-out tactic so successfully deployed at Radway Green; even the classic appeal on

behalf of the mysterious ghost rider "off the back" failed to stem the break-neck pace.

Clearly trailing this late in the season, the Holdenites had to review their tactics as the following run to Meerbrook took them back into the feared hills, although the prospect of nice cakes was a tempting lure. Their response was to deploy modified versions of their earlier successful tactics. The "mechanicals" first seen at Radway Green were revived, as multiple punctures stalled the bunch, and, with the prospect of Rudyard and the Cloud looming over them, the Holdenites stole off and ploughed ahead to Bosley, so any prospect of receiving a battering was denied. Added to this, the new "five inch rule" for mudguards gave them a crushingly superior subject with which to harangue their opponents, which they deployed with characteristically ruthless zeal.

Dispirited by being out-maneuvred yet again, the Seddonistas appeared to show signs of cracking in the final pre-Montgomery run. The threat of bad weather took a good 30 minutes off the round trip to Gawsworth. However, with a gale-force tail wind, repeated calls to "keep it steady" were ignored as the speed crept far above the 20 mph "red line", allegedly clocking 30 mph on the ramp up to Goostrey rail bridge. Admitting defeat, the Holdenites appear to have abandoned the future use of glass-encrusted tyres.

Looking forward, the traditional Hot Pot truce will be followed this year by two Christmas wild card runs. These are traditionally "in the bag" for the Holdenites, Seddonistas being unable to haul the additional weight of turkey above 20 mph. However, as Llangollen looms on the horizon the expectation is that the pendulum will swing in favour of the Seddonistas, before competition ends at the start of the racing season. But given the increasingly Machiavellian tactics being deployed, it would be a brave correspondent who would say it is over before the fat parrot's sick. Or something like that.



Ian Udall - Seamons 25



CLUBRUNS



| DATE | HALF-DAY | TOURING SECTION |
|------------|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| 7 JANUARY | ASTBURY | DELAMERE |
| 14 JANUARY | BEESTON | HIGHER POYNTON |
| 21 JANUARY | MEERBROOK | RADWAY GREEN |
| 28 JANUARY | ASTBURY * | CHARLSWORTH |
| 4 FEBUARY | BLAZE FARM | UTKINGTON |
| 11 FEBUARY | NANTWICH MARINA | RAINOW (COMMON BARN FARM) |
| 18 FEBUARY | RADWAY GREEN | FRODSHAM |
| 25 FEBUARY | TWO MILLS | CAT & FIDDLE |
| 4 MARCH | LLANGOLLEN | BEESTON ** |
| 11 MARCH | DELAMERE | HAYFIELD |
| 18 MARCH | CAT & FIDDLE | MANLEY (WINDSURFING CENTRE) |
| 25 MARCH | SUMMERTREES | ALLGREAVE (BLAZE FARM) |
| 1 APRIL | AMSTERDAM | NANTWICH (MARINA) |
| 8 APRIL | BUXTON | EASTER SUNDAY 50 IN 4 *** |
| 15 APRIL | POOLE MARINA | BUXTON |
| 22 APRIL | WINKLE MINN | CHESTER |
| 29 APRIL | NANTWICH MARINA | MOW COP |

* M&D Lunch Freemasons Hall, Middlewich.

** Runs revert to 9.00 start.
Cerrigydrudion weekend away

*** Part of an Easter "3 Day"
Good Friday Moberly 8 meet 11.00 site of Old Bleeding Wolf, Hale
Easter Monday "Tour of local tracks and byways", meet
10.30 a.m. site of Old Bleeding Wolf, Hale.

LAST LAUGH

"V, IV, III, II, I-Gol"

