

# THE SQUIRREL

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SEAMONS CYCLING CLUB.



FEB. 1950

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AFFILIATED TO

N.C.U.

R.T.T.C.

M.D.T.T.C.

EDITORIAL.

At a recent meeting it was proposed to appoint a leader for the Social Section each Sunday who would have complete choice of the route and take money for meals ect. Unfortunately this job seems to fall on the same person each week. It is up to each member to be able to take the club out on a Sunday run. If you don't already possess any maps, it is a good plan to buy a Bartholomews half-inch to the mile map of Mersey-side and the Peak District. You can then trace your route, and so get to know the country-side better. You will find it very interesting.

I must apologise for the omission in the report of the club dinner, of our guest of honour, Mr. Wycherley.

In the runs list of the January issue, it was stated that runs on January 15th and February 12th would be held as races. This is of course not correct, they are only training runs.

Editor.

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'THE MATLOCK RUN'

by; - "Thrasher".

There was a slight nip in the air as we started on Sunday 22nd January. The steady 18's was knocked out to Macclesfield with everyone taking a turn at the front, a break of quarter of an hour was made for drink. We departed at five to eleven and proceeded up the 'Cat', with Ken and George at the front, the pace increased and Pete dropped off never to be seen again for the rest of the day.

The bunch hammered on until a mile from the top when Bob and George broke away, Dennis and Ken were soon with them. Bob dropped off and the three fought it out to the top with George winning a grand 'prime'. The bunch reformed in Buxton on the Bakewell road, an early break was started on the hill by Dennis resulting in Ken, George and Dennis away on their own.

The three of them worked together doing 'bit and bit', until they had obtained a considerable lead and swept down into Bakewell. Out again and on to the last miles the three were chuckling over their effort, and taking a drink whilst on the move when Ken suddenly spotted Bob, Jack and Reg., coming up hard behind. The trio made a fast getaway and it was now certain that the final prime would fall to one of these three. The last few milestones into Matlock seemed uprooted as the three shot by into Matlock, then Dennis pulled out a sprint to win the final effort with Ken in close attendance. They stopped to wait for the others the time being only twenty to one, not bad for a winters day. Shortly after two more arrived, then Reg., to greet us with the news that he had eaten his dinner somewhere down the road.

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The Squirrels Visit Jeverly Lakeland.

Episode Three.

by:- D.B. Spoke.

It had rained all night and the prospect of good weather seemed far away as the Squirrels donned capes and set out from Ennerdale in the direction of Ravenglass. An uneventful morning saw the party having lunch in Gosferth. By now it was possible to leave their capes off, although the weather was by no means good.

The afternoons journey took them down to Santon Bridge and over to Eskdale Green. From there they commenced the gradual climb passed the Boot Inn to the foot of the Hard-Knott Pass. This pass is an old Roman Coach Road, and near the foot of it there is an old Roman Fort. The climb is very stiff, rising to 1291ft., and then drops steeply to Cockley Beck high up on the River Duddon. Tea the next objective and Black Hall Farm supplied this in true farm catering tradition. By now a high wind was blowing breaking up the cloud.

After tea the way led up and over the Wrynose Pass to Fell Foot in Little Langdale, and on around Little Langdale Tarn. Taking the road to Corver soon brought the party to Coniston where another nights rest was to be enjoyed. The following morning was far more promising as regards the weather. The route took them to Hawkshead, a quaint village where William Wordsworth spent his schooling days.

On to Ambleside for 'eleveners' and then through Grassmere, over Dunmail Rise and alongside Thirlmere into Keswick for lunch. The afternoon was spent in perfect laziness as is only known to the Squirrels, (ahem). The following three days were spent exploring Borrowdale, with the famous Bowder Stone and its legend. The Langstrath and the Honister Pass. Over to Buttermere, Loweswater and the Newlands Valley. Time of course was taken to eat as much ice-cream as could be consumed. On the last day the journey was back via Thirlmere, Ambleside and Bownes-on-Windermere. Over the ferry to Far Sawrey, where tea was had in a small cottage near Estwaite Water. The last night was spent at Grizedale where the usual celebrations of an enjoyable holiday were rounded off in true Seamons style.

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NOTICE.

Who burnt off the 'BLACK WIDOW' ??????

1. Question from Rudyard Hostel on the whispering women;- Who does kiss the best,- girls?.
2. I'm told that Bob R. is feeling hurt at being called, 'A nasty old man'. Says he isn't nasty. Shame on you Clive.
3. Who is 'Doc'? Couldn't be our worthy Editor - he always needs one.
4. At the time of going to press rumour has it that 'Jimpy' Robinson is coming out with the boys. Bring out the armour plating.
5. New rider Derek Hamer appears to be putting up a good fight in keeping sane in mad company. Not so some others I could name.
6. Is it true that Stuart P. was seen looking wistfully at a tandem and side-car?
7. Howdy Joe, whadayaknow? We wear mudguards now you know.
8. Overheard at lunch;- 'I'll take your pants down and spank you Ginger'.

High Pressure Connector.  
Ha, Ha, Ha.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

In the January issue of the mag I see Mr. Richardson has for sale and a pair of wood sprints. It is obvious from this that our worthy chairman has tried track-work. Alas he must have found it too hard for him, and our new unworthy chairman has had to join the ranks of that seething mass of skin and bone (no muscles) the scrubbers who are only fit enough to ride in road races.

I would be interested to hear Mr. Richardsons veivs on this subject.

I. C. A. Scrubber.

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Who was the member who was asked if he came on the bus to Kettleshulme???

Heard at the Blue Mouse;- 'I wish I had a knee like Jacks.