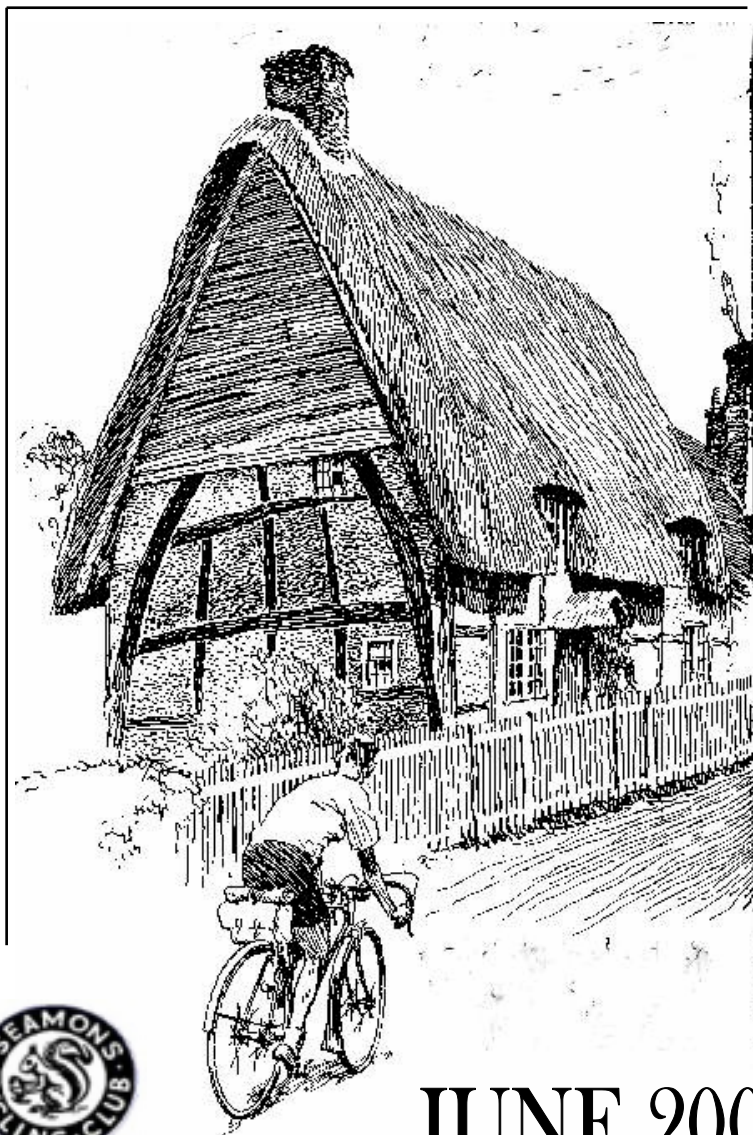


# THE SQUIRREL



JUNE 2004

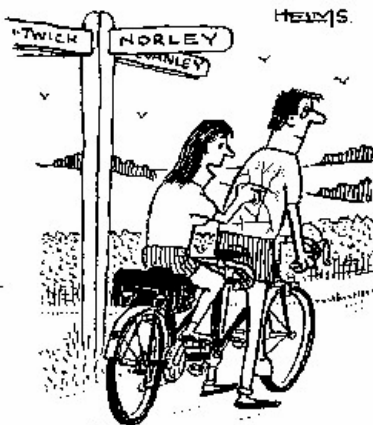
# EDITORIAL

The warm weather over the last week or so presents a dilemma when a magazine is due out. To ride or type, that is the question. Well, not much of a contest really. Hence the slight delay. There is a more serious issue about the magazine which needs resolution and you will find all the details inside. In the meantime I have produced this issue, including the printing, but welcome any offers with regard to future editions. We have had an exceptional run of over ten years, during which time we have relied on the good offices of a lady who has no connection with the club. Let's call her 'Pat'. Well, Pat has printed all the issues off for us as an addition to her usual job (and that's 3,000 A4 sheets at a time) and they come back folded and stapled. The cost has been low in contrast to our gratitude which is great. Sadly, Pat is off work due to a serious illness and we cannot expect to continue our present arrangement. On behalf of all club members, and our many other readers, may I pass on our good wishes to the lady and our hopes that the treatment is successful and that she enjoys many happy years of retirement.

Summer is of course the time we all look forward to during the dark winter months and many members are busy making hay. Clubruns are still very well attended (between thirty and forty on the various runs) and the club 'Not quite Tens' are attracting more riders this year than ever, with regular figures in the high twenties. This despite some notable absentees this year. A pity then that the club-nights are not so well attended. Roger has put a lot of effort in over the months; there's always a cup of tea and the Old Market Tavern sees a convivial end to the evening. Maybe the magazine is just too successful and there's no need to come up to the clubroom to find out what's going on. If that is the case then should we consider just making the printed edition available at the clubroom to those who live within a reasonable distance? We'd save a lot of money on postage and probably cut down the amount of folding and stapling that somebody is going to have to do. All members would still have access to the on-line version. Well, what do **YOU** think?

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"We have to turn right here."

Cover: A cruck beamed cottage at Dymock in Gloucestershire - by Frank Patterson  
'The Squirrel' is the magazine of the Seamons Cycling Club. Editor—Jim Boydell, 44Winchester Drive, Stockport, SK4 2NU. ☎ 0161 442 6370 or e-mail Jim.Boydell@btinternet.com. Club website at [www.seamons.org.uk](http://www.seamons.org.uk) from where the on-line version of this magazine is available in PDF format.

# BITS AND BITS

**G**alileo was considered a bit of a heretic when he suggested that all the planets revolved around the sun. The Catholic church couldn't get beyond the notion that the Earth was the centre of the universe but for one of our members it seems that the centre of all things is a bit closer to home than even that. Let's take you out on the run to Whitmore with the touring section....

The group has left the destination in Staffordshire to return home and as they pass through Madeley to head towards Barthomley, Eddy slips off the back. John Coles sees him some distance behind as he himself makes an effort to get back with the group. The bunch ambles along but Eddy never catches up and makes his own way home. Fast forward to the clubroom the following Friday night. A smiling Eddy trundles up and is asked the question "Did you find your way home alright, last week?"

"Aye" replies the man of few words.

"Which way did you go?"

"Through Chester."

"Chester?" (incredulous)

"Aye, and Delamere Forest and Hatchmere."

Now this isn't the first time that Eddy has headed for Chester when he has become detached from the section but it's probably the furthest out of his way that he's gone to pick up the scent for a well known route home. By the time the group had returned to Altrincham they had covered well over 80 miles and I reckon Eddy must have done over 120 to get back to Urmston. What a guy!

**B**ack in March and the touring section is heading for Manley and the sail park. We climb up Pheasant Walk to High Legh and a call comes from the back to slow down. I look round and spot rider 'X', as he must remain, now into his seventies and still with us.

"It's good to see that 'X' is still up to the mark." I observe; to which comes the unsolicited and somewhat indignant reply "I'm up the mark in more ways than one." Agog, we all demand to

know in what other ways the mark he is up to. The next response comes as a surprise as we are informed that since a recent incident in which 'X's wife received a bump on the head, things had taken a decidedly turn for the better "in certain other areas. Nudge, nudge, wink, wink.

We are all agog and whilst we are delighted for 'X', and his revamped wife, we have only one really important question.

"Where, exactly, was the bump on the head. And we do mean exactly."

**D**irect. This seems to be the word to indicate value for money in today's advertising led economy. We have Claims Direct, First Direct, Direct Line etc, etc. You can now add 'Llangollen Direct' to the list. The old thrash is dead, long live Llangollen Direct. The choice of name came about as Keith Stacey tried to get everyone's attention at Rackham's on the morning of the infamous early season leg-tester. The Audax group had long since gone (Llangollen Indirect?) and Keith studiously avoided the use of the word 'thrash' as he launched into a road report. Careful reconnaissance had identified all road works and potential hazards and these were relayed in a way that wouldn't have been out of place on a Radio 2 traffic report. A revised route was outlined and the group then set off for the leisurely ride out. No doubt some would try really hard on the hills, others might find the speed a bit too high and decide to ride on at their own pace and all the riders probably wouldn't all get there at the same time.

Welcome to the new style 'Llangollen Direct'. A thrash it ain't.

**N**ot a great lover of mobile phones, I can see that they have their uses. Particularly in that anarchic gathering known as the Touring Section Sunday Clubrun. As usual the elastic had stretched, snapped and the two ends were nowhere near each other. Out comes John Carberry's mobile. He presses a single button (done this many

## The Squirrel

times before then?) and Cap'n Wilky answers. "Where are you then?" Asks John Carberry "Whitley." comes the reply "Well, we're in Antrobus. Where did you go wrong?" "We didn't go wrong." "Oh, how come there's eleven of us and only three of you then?"

Whims come in all shapes and sizes. One such struck our secretary recently as she sat in the hairdresser's chair. "Shorten it" she said, adding "drastically." So the familiar long tresses disappeared as the scissors snipped and a new mid-length Carol emerged. Husband John was less than thrilled. "I was never consulted; I've loved that long hair for years." That's the trouble with whims.

On the other hand, your wife could have the sort of whim that finds you receiving a brand new car out of the blue. Chatting to Mr.'Y's wife at the annual dinner it transpires that he was the lucky recipient of a brand spanking new Volvo C60 for his 60th birthday. "Very nice." said I through gritted teeth remembering my own Ozzo overshoes. "What colour did you choose?" "Oh, it was the one they had in the showroom. I was just walking past and I thought 'that looks nice' so I went in and bought it on a whim."

As I said at the start 'shapes and sizes'.

The helmet debate rages on and those for and against (compulsion that is, not actually wearing them) stick religiously to their views. I'm firmly in the 'thin end of the wedge' corner and can see that if compulsion ever comes about, for any ages, then the next step is to extend it to all ages and then into other areas of our lives. Take dusting for instance. Yes, that's dusting - well to be more precise vacuuming. Our secretary, unfamiliar with the activity for a number of years, thought she would indulge in a spot of cleaning in the light of her new found retirement. Bending down to get at one particular inaccessible spot, she smacked her head on the corner of the radiator and appeared at the clubroom with the appropriate bruises to prove it. I can almost see some misguided soul on the TV reporting that, since most accidents occur in the home and the drain on the NHS is unacceptable, then it will become

law to wear a helmet whenever activities of a potentially dangerous nature are being undertaken. Mr 'X' in a previous story might like to bear this in mind. Bed heads can be lethal in certain circumstances.

It was its striking appearance that first caught the eye. The almost pie-bald look of all over black and white. Not at all like the other pigeons that were feasting on the leftovers of the greedy and untidy sparrows and tits. Then I noticed the bands round its feet. Blue on one and yellow on the other as it happened. How very Seamons, I thought. Out came the binoculars to have a closer look. The yellow one had what looked like a phone number and 'please ring' above it. If only the damned bird would co-operate. Keep still for a few seconds then turn round a little but no, it insisted on strutting and pecking. Eventually I'd got all the numbers with just one a little uncertain; was it a zero or an eight? So to the phone book to see if I could spot the code and there it was - Bobbington, a small village near Bridgenorth. What a coincidence. We'd visited there only a few days before when we were down for the Anfield '100'. Had it hitched a ride back to Stockport on the caravan roof?

At the second attempt (it **was** an eight) a Midlands accent came on the phone. It was indeed his bird, a young one that had flown the coop but he seemed less than interested in its return when he realised it was in Stockport. Meanwhile the bird had settled in on the shed roof looking reprovingly at us when we failed to feed it. Three days later and it had gone but it left me with a thought, prompted by those Seamons colours.

Bearing in mind the nature of a good number of touring section runs and their ability to spread riders over a number of counties, shouldn't we introduce a similar scheme for those that continually go missing? The Royal Pigeon racing Association has a contract with the carrier Amtrak, who provide a suitable sized container for the bird, to return it home. Could we do the same? Thus, a member of the public, on finding a bemused member wandering aimlessly about the lanes, would simply call the number and hey presto; a van appears, the member is crated up and whisked off having been fed a bowl of millet and flask of water. It would save people from having to keep heading for Chester.

# Meet your Clubmates

Is it really only 5 years since this month's first clubmate appeared up at the clubroom? It wasn't long before it became apparent that if he had any talent then it was going to be going up hills. His lean frame and low weight gives him a natural advantage and he's often made life difficult for the non-mountain goats amongst us. He's recently turned his attention to competitive running and as a result his cycling has suffered. So much so that in a recent duathlon he finished the running section in the lead and then lost it all on the bike to finish 6th. Maybe there were no hills on the course. If you visit the website then you will see some of **Paul Smith's** handiwork on the homepage as he designed it...

**When and Where were you born?** May 19th, 1978, Wythen-shawe.

**When did you start cycling, and what was your first club?** 1999, with the Seamons, my only club.

**What was your first race?** Seamons Open '25' in 2000 with 1.09.57

**What was your first win?** No Opens, but club Hill climb in 2002.

**Which performance do you rate as your best?** Finishing just behind Robin at Llangollen this year.

**What is your favourite meal?** Chips, gravy, veg & lots of meat.

**What were you like at school?** An underachiever.

**What kind of books do you read?** Futuristic sci-fi, Design, Irving Welsh, cycling.

**What kind of music do you enjoy?** Rock & Pop, New Order most of all.

**and your favourite type of t.v. programmes?** Comedy, some sport.

**Which newspaper do you read?** Telegraph for results and Evening News.

**What is your ideal holiday destination?** Somewhere hot and sunny, with mountains I can ride up.

**Do you have any hobbies?** Running, reading, going to gigs and clubs.

**Who would play you in a film of your life?** Christopher Ecclestone.

**What is your greatest fear?** Being too skint to afford a beer.

**How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad?** Lanky Manc seeks hanky pank.

**What is your favourite training ride?** If I can, over the Cat to Buxton and back. In truth it's usually just Macc & back.

**What is your most unpleasant characteristic?** Impatience.

**Which characteristic do you most dislike in others?** Egotism.

**Who would you most like to have met, and why?** Helen of Troy, to see if she really was worth all that trouble.

**What was your most embarrassing moment?** In a cross-country running race I thought a boundary tape was some sort of obstacle you were meant to hurdle. It wasn't and I jumped into the stream it was marking off - in front of some very bemused spectators.

**Four words to describe yourself:** Can't descend for toffee.



## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

Welcome to the following new members:

Brendan Coyle, 18 Coppice Avenue, Sale, M33 4WB. Tel 0161 972 0476.

e-mail b&b@sale1879.fsnet.co.uk

Mike Wigley, Higher Grange Farm, Millcroft lane, Delph Saddleworth, OL3 5UX, 01457 870421

e-mail mike@highergrangefarm.fsnet.co.uk

Andy Burns, 4 Green Lane, Timperley, WA15 7PF, 07836 565381, e-mail aburns@tandb.co.uk

We hope you enjoy your time with us and are able to support the many activities we have throughout the year.

Paul Smith informs me of a mistake in the handbook with his mobile number. This should read 07786 845240 not as printed. He should have a landline by the time you read this so it would be cheaper to contact him on 0161 337 0922.

Fred Foster has had his operation and to prove that it takes a lot to keep a good man down, was out on the 100 in 8. The pace proved a little on the high side (17.1 mph for the whole day) but Fred plodded round catching up at each stop and completing the route well within the allotted time. The operation is a relatively ground breaking one and the decision a brave one for Fred to undertake. Having been extremely deaf for some time, Fred has opted to have his aural senses 'disconnected' and a mechanical device inserted in his head that connects directly to the brain. He now goes to classes to interpret the new sounds which he describes as 'sibilant S's' into meaningful conversation. The biggest price to pay for this was to give up the chance to listen to music for ever. As I say, a very brave decision. We wish you all the very best, Fred.

White van man wreaked yet more havoc on a club member and once again Phil Holden found himself on the receiving end of some broken bits. This time it was his nose that took the brunt and along with a couple of 'lovely black eyes' that seemed to be the extent of the damage. Once again it was the "I didn't see you" excuse, much beloved of motorists. Well, that's all right then, isn't it? As Phil said "I half expected it as I couldn't gain eye-contact with him as he waited to come out of the side road." What do we have to do? Wave our arms about all the time we're riding our bikes?

A welcome reunion took place recently when founder, and life member, Bob Hill took fellow-founder/life member, Bob Richardson, into deepest Lancashire to meet up with a link to the club's past. A run out to Waddington, just north of Clitheroe, ended up at the Lower Buck Inn. As you might infer, there is also a Higher Buck Inn and yet another pub in a village with marginally more houses than pubs. Sounds like a touring section visit may be called for.

The reason for the trip was to meet up with none other than Theo Parsons, legendary frame builder. Now a sprightly 87 years old, it is obvious that the simple life, with clean air and good wholesome food, has done him no harm at all. As a conventional steel frame maker, I wonder what he would make of the present range of materials used. 'Reynolds 531' was the order of the day and no self respecting clubman would even think of anything else. It's good to see the old material not completely consigned to history though as Stuart Dangerfield's National Champs '25' winning bike featured Reynolds 853 & 753 along with the Columbus and Carbon.



Bob Hill(left), Bob Richardson and Theo

Non-stop action so far.

25 Jan. Dave Matthews did the 160 km Audax from Cheadle into south Cheshire and Shropshire.

21 Feb. North West Passage Audax from Rochdale. Dave Barker completed the longer (200 km) version which took in Settle and Kirby Lonsdale. Dave Matthews went round the mini 120 km.

7 March. The biggest ever turn-out for the Club Audax ride to Llangollen. Eleven assembled for the 8 am start at Rackham's and we picked up another half dozen at the café in Beeston.

Added to the thrash, thirty or so of us more than filled the café and made for an impressive and dramatic exit over the bridge and out towards Ruabon.

27 March. The Clwydian 200 km Audax. Dave Matthews successfully negotiated a lumpy ride from Corwen to the coast and back.

4 April. Peter Bell made his Audax debut for this year in the 200 km Holmes Chapel – Horseshoe Pass ride. On the same day Dave Matthews rode the CTC Spring Tourist Trial based at Kinnerton.

11 April. Twelve takers for the Club 50 in 4.

17-18 April. Weekend at the Caving Club, Parsley Hey. Roger Haines, Rob Morton, Gordon Peake, Keith Wilkinson and Andy Burns survived a wet weather weekend. Sian even rode out on the Sunday morning, in the worst conditions of the lot. Dave Matthews rode an Audax from Corwen.

25 April. What a difference a week can make. Nine of us did the 100 in 8 in perfect short sleeves and shorts conditions. It was great to see Stuart Kay back from the North East for the weekend. Johnny's computer showed the fastest riding time so far, 5 hours 49. Not that we were trying to set a record, or anything so unseemly.

In a non-counting Audax event, 200 km from Leominster to Machynlleth and back, Dave Matthews picked up the final couple of points he needed for the 3x3 AAA (Audax Altitude Award). Congratulations. He is also leading this year's TT competition.

Coming up.....

- |          |  |
|----------|--|
| Jun 20th | Bob Clift cycleway ride.<br>200Km, Christleton                                     |
| Jun 25th | York Rally Weekend   |
| Jul 11th | 208/172/113 Km, Saddleworth<br>Canals & Castles, 200&100 Km<br>based on Shrewsbury |
| Jul 18th | Alpe D'Huez!! (until the 25th)   |
| Jul 18th | Manchester - Blackpool Charity   |
| Jul 23rd | Welsh Festival of Cycling, Bala  |
| Jul 31st | CTC Birthday rides, Thornbridge<br>nr. Bakewell. Until Aug 7th.                    |
| Aug 8th  | Four Counties, Kinnerton, Chester  |
| Aug 21st | Plains, 400 Km Audax,<br>Wood Lane, Poynton  |
| Aug 28th | Cambrian, 600 Km Audax<br>Wood Lane, Poynton                                       |
| Aug 29th | Wild Wales, Bala   |
| Sep 5th  | Bill Bradley Memorial<br>161 Km, Southport   |
| Sep 12th | Northern Dales<br>202/110 Km, Arnside  |
| Sep 19th | Fleet Moss, 200/150/107 Km<br>Claughton, Preston                                   |

#### **Editor's Note:**

Probably too modest to mention his own endeavours, Dave Barker has been steadily getting the miles in over the last couple of months, including a 200k and 300 k audax. The day after the 300k he was out stretching his legs on the clubrun, dropping everyone up Artists' Lane. By the time you read this he will have attempted his 600 km ride and be well on his way to repeating his super randonneur achievement. We all wish him well as he goes for this demanding standard.

# 24 Gates



## Another Treasure Hunt

Yet again "the hunt" fell on a most miserable day, Easter Monday morning. Persistent drizzle welcomed us at Rackham's for an 11am start. Off in teams of two's and threes as quick as they arrived - keeping warm was high on the agenda. Twenty-two had ventured to the start. A good turn out, considering the weather.

I tagged onto the last three away, John Carberry, Roger and Andy 2. Reminiscent of the "Last of the summer wine" - one "Mr Smartie", one "Mr Scruff" and one "Mr Couldn't give a Monkeys", and me, hindering rather than helping!

Out down the back lanes of Hale Barns to Davenport Green where the serious stuff of clues and navigation kick in. As the weather worsened I kicked off for home, late breakfast, collect Karen and the bits we needed for the finish.

The "hunters" meandered along a route kept down to twenty miles this year to encourage new comers. Non regulars included : Dave and Jane - regular Saturday social riders from the Railway in Hale whom I've known from school days - Mrs Mercer, John's good lady - Mike McConville persuaded his good lady wife and son Elliot out - Pete Devine was accompanied

by his niece Sue Devine - Vicky Booth joined Steve. Some prospective members for "more" lady tourists perhaps!

Planned for a Bank Holiday, I tried to use as many Bridleways and quiet lanes as possible, to avoid traffic. Around the new Airport tracks, Lindow Common and Mobberley some tracks unknown to many "hunters". Reg Blease, first to leave Altrincham, was seen speeding through the Airport Tunnels the wrong direction. He wasn't going to miss a clue, whatever the cost.

The weather got the better of Mrs Mercer and smudged Malcolm and Wynne Mcallister's clue sheet, rendering it illegible. A bit damp and chilly several stopped for sustenance at Ned Yates Garden Centre. Others ventured on to The Plough and Flail. Guess which?

All arrived at the Greyhound, Ashley within an hour and a half of the first "in", Reg and Gareth who took three hours-twenty. Times no criteria today. Now dried off and the weather, just good enough to sit in the beer garden, a competitive buzz developed as the teams rolled in. Very unusual for a predominantly tourist section. Final entries scribbled on the sheets and I suspect a bit of fiddling from those later arrivals with "good hearing".

My plan, as last year, was that everyone would find 99% of the clues - good for morale etc. The last question was, "How many gates (or part gates) have you passed through all told"? This, I hoped, would separate a final order. An educated guess was the best to expect. Whilst I



noticed several people reading all the instructions at Rackham's, luckily, non appeared to have read and absorbed this clue. The answer of 24 was incorrectly guessed by all except "Big Ears Wilkie"

**Results : -**

1 <sup>st</sup>	Keith and John Thorogood	M a x i -
mum	27 points      24 gates!	
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Reg and Gareth	
	26                      19 gates	
3 <sup>rd</sup>	John C, Roger, Andy Burns	
	26                      16 gates	
4 <sup>th</sup>	Pete Coles and Mike Brooks	
	26                      15 gates	
5 <sup>th</sup>	Steve and Vicky Booth	
	24                      19 gates	
6 <sup>th</sup>	Dave and Jane	
	24                      18 gates	
7 <sup>th</sup>	Pete and Sue Devine	
	24                      8 gates	
8 <sup>th</sup>	McConville Family	
	23                      36 gates!	
9 <sup>th</sup>	Malc and Wynne "washed out" but finished.	
10 <sup>th</sup>	John Mercer finished having, "sacrificed victory and saved his marriage"	

A bottle of whisky to the winners, and for the runners up, some consolation Easter Eggs. All donated this year by Karen. The McConvilles took a meritorious prize for "a full family complement" including a self proclaimed "novice". A Sterling effort! Celebrations ensued at the Greyhound followed by a quick visit to the OMT. A table for ten was found by an apprehensive waiter, for a "Lycra Curry" at the Shere Khan, and completed the day. A big thanks for turning out in such pessimistic weather. Hope all enjoyed a "different day out" amongst local bridleways, rarely, if ever, used on club runs, and never more than five miles from Rackhams (as the crow flies).

**Report and Photo by Gordon Peake**

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## TATTON PARK CHARITY

Don't forget this event on July 11th. The 'Ride for Life' was marshalled by the club last year and we intend to make this year better. With over 300 participants there is good scope for recruitment. Contact Keith Wilkinson on **0161 902 9325** for details & offers of help.

## CTC Birthday Rides Peak District 2004

Over one thousand cyclists are expected to descend on the Peak District this summer to join in national cyclists' organisation, CTC's, annual birthday cycling celebrations. The Peak Rides 2004 will be held between 31st July and 6th August at the Thornbridge Outdoor Centre at Great Longstone in the heart of the Peak District, and the event will mark CTC's 126th birthday.

CTC President, Phil Liggett, has moved the Phil and Friends Challenge Ride to Sunday 1st August so it can be included in the Peak Rides. A new Mini Phil and Friends 30km route will start from Thornbridge and take in the best of the Peak District before meeting up with the 100 and 150km routes for a lunch stop in Edale.

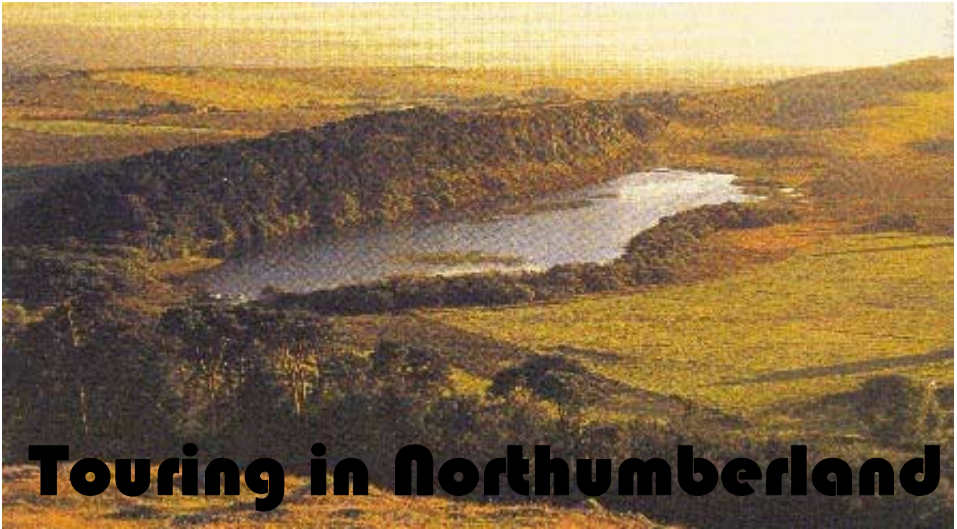
Phil Liggett, President of CTC and TV commentator, said: "The Mini Phil and Friends will allow an even wider range of people to take up the challenge and help us raise funds to make cycling safer." CTC is inviting cyclists of all ages and fitness levels to come along and enjoy a range of activities for the week or just one day.

Peak Rides co-ordinator, Della McGavin, said: "The Peak Rides week is an ideal cycling holiday for families, clubs or individuals and has something for everyone, including daily road and off-road rides for all abilities, competitions, social get-togethers and plenty to keep children occupied."

"This area of the Peak District has spectacular scenery and offers not only great conditions for cycling but lots of other things to see and do."

There is a wide choice of accommodation on offer. Thornbridge has facilities for camping and caravanning as well as a number of self-catering rooms and CTC has exclusive use of two nearby youth hostels.

For further information about the Peak Rides please contact Della McGavin on 01483 520 737 or [della.mcgavin@ctc.org.uk](mailto:della.mcgavin@ctc.org.uk)



# Touring in Northumberland

It has been almost a year now since I moved up here to live and work although prior to that I was commuting for about 6 months. I had an excellent summer and the weather was superb – the last time I remember a summer like it was in 1976. After a bit of trial and error, I have joined up as a second claim member to an old established (1937) club called the Tyneside Vagabonds or the 'Vags' as they are known locally.

They meet on Sundays at a small town called Ponteland and there are some excellent runs from that area all over Northumberland on lanes without any traffic. You can ride all day and hardly see any cars – the cars are all on the main roads and dual carriageways – so great for cycling. Most of the runs tend to be all day affairs so I had to get used to the additional miles – albeit at a slower pace than the Seamons half day run. It also doesn't help when you live some 18 miles from Ponteland so some runs are, by my standards anyway, quite long (see Alston run later). I had to buy 4 ordnance survey maps to cover all the area – numbers 80,81,87 and 88 and I would be happy to lend anyone these maps should they so wish.

I thought it may be helpful to anyone touring or visiting the area to detail just a few of the many rides available and give you a taste of some really good cycling country, full of historical interest and with some tempting, 'cycling friendly'

cafés thrown in for good measure.

One of the most popular and frequent runs – this is done every Wednesday as well, is to a place near Otterburn just off the Jedburgh road, called Elsdon. **Elsdon - (sheets 80, 81, 88 required)** is of great historical importance and it has a Pele Tower (a strong tower of stone) dating from the 1400s and with one room having 9-foot thick walls. There is also a castle dating from 1080 and a 14<sup>th</sup> Century church.

There are several routes to Elsdon from Ponteland but most wind their way generally north westward through Walton, Bolam Lake, Wallington Hall – grounds designed by Capability Brown, eventually climbing over Winters Gibbet – the scene of next years National Hill Climb before dropping down into Elsdon. There is still a hanging gibbet on top of the hill with an imitation head at the end of a noose – quite macabre but a sign of the violent times in the past with sheep and cattle raiders coming over the border from Scotland.

There is a harder and slightly longer route via Rothbury along the Coquet valley and over 'Billsmoor'. Whilst in this area watch out for 'Bastles' – no that's not a spelling mistake – they are fortified farmhouses which had to be built to a certain design by law passed in 1555 – cattle on the ground floor – living accommoda-

tion above – there are only about 20 or so surviving – all in Northumberland.

The best part of Elsdon from a hungry cyclist's point of view is of course the 'Impromptu Café' run by Alan and Marion – everything homemade – soups, pasta, Gypsy's toast, 'Gibbet' cake, usual beans on toast etc and the best apple pie and custard I have ever tasted.

The café is actually the front room of their house – covered in cycling memorabilia – always a roaring fire in the winter and a real treat – not to be missed. The difficulty is, not eating too much before having to climb back over the Gibbet – there are several ways out of Elsdon but they are all upwards!

The town of **Rothbury** - (sheets 88, 81) is also another club run destination (nearby Cragside is worth a visit, National Trust) – via three separate fords – the water can be deep in winter – route is North from Ponteland towards Morpeth via Mitford then on to Benridge keeping to country lanes all the way, coming out on the road from Weldon Bridge at Pauperhaugh then left to Rothbury. Return is via Scots Gap – still a weekly cattle auction mart. Nearby is the hamlet of Kirkharle – birthplace of Capability Brown – excellent tearooms and not far away there is another tearoom in an old village hall in Capheaton – one Sunday in December there must have been at least 100 cyclists from all over Tyneside in this large corrugated iron building complete with log burning stove, home made cakes and soup - so plenty of choice for somewhere to eat.

My most memorable run last year was to **Alston** – (sheets 88, 87) – cobbled streets and highest market town in England - over Blackhill (609metres). Leaving just after 9.00am the route took us through the lanes first to the market town of Hexham with its abbey – built with the stones from the roman fort of Corstopitum. The town is not far from Hadrian's Wall – worth seeing particularly around the Housesteads area. One look at an ordnance survey map reveals an amazing number of roman forts, roads and other antiquities – at first glance you would not know they were there but the maps reveal just how important the Romans were in this area.

From Hexham we went along the Tyne valley to Haydon Bridge then up the 'twisties' A686, climbing all the time until we turned off through Ninebanks and Carr Shield and Coalcleugh, arriving at Nenthead – an old lead mining area with its own museum then dropping down into Alston for lunch. (JP apparently buys bread that is made here).

Someone in the café said – is that Tyneside accent? after hearing one of the lads speak – when we told him which way we had come he said – 'Blackhill ! – they don't even fly planes over there'. After lunch, down the South Tyne valley to Haltwhistle – then back along the Tyne valley to Hexham via a series of small lanes that run parallel to the main road. Should we stop for tea at Hexham or press on to Corbridge – another town built with stones from the Roman Wall – yes we pressed on and arrived at the tea rooms about 4.45 pm.



Suitably refreshed we climbed out of the Tyne valley – meeting one of the lads who had cycled over to the Lakes for the weekend - and onto Stamfordham and Ponteland – it was about 7.30 pm when I got home. I do not know how far it was – except it was a 'canny' few miles – as they say here.

**Bellingham** (sheets 88,87,80) is another fa-

## The Squirrel

avourite – starting off going west through Stamfordham, over the 'Ryals' – 55mph recorded – going down! – North Tyne valley – Barrasford, Chipchase Castle – Wark. Excellent tearooms in the information centre at Bellingham – good cakes and very friendly. You are not that far from Kielder forest here if you want to add on further miles but I personally find the forest – which is man made and the lake, a bit boring despite attempts to make it a tourist centre. The lake, the largest in Northern Europe, was built to service the growing industries on Teesside, but it turned into a bit of a white elephant as the demand for water was not as great as expected.

The climb out of Bellingham is via the 'Vomit' – appropriately named – steep – I pulled my wheel over – then onto Sweethope Loughs – Scots Gap etc. and back to Ponteland.



Warkworth Castle

These are just a sample of the runs that are available – there are also many castles which are worth a visit – Alnwick, Bamburgh, Dunstanburgh, Warkworth to name a few. The coastal plain is flat but can be windy. Inland it is pretty hilly, there are plenty of river valleys to drop down into then climb out of again and some of the more remote moorland roads can be steep in places, so fairly low gears are advisable.

For family reasons it is unlikely that we will stay in Northumberland long term so I am making the most of it whilst I am here. Someday, I must

make time to go over to Norway or Scandinavia on the ferries that sail from North Shields. Dave Mac has told me about the times that he and John Firth used to cycle up from Manchester after work on a Friday night – ride through the night and arrive at North Shields the next day, then get the ferry over to Norway for their annual holiday – I wouldn't fancy doing that on today's roads – but what an adventure – North Sea route next?

If anyone wants advice on areas to tour or places to stay just give me a call or email me – [swkay@btopenworld.com](mailto:swkay@btopenworld.com)

### Story and Pictures by Stuart Kay

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## POINTS FROM COMMITTEE

**Finances:** Canteen profits (£10), Members' Sale commission (£17.50) and the Berwyn's Audax (£50) have boosted the balance to £4,860. Of this over £700 is in the Gentleman's Fund to help racing members in prestige and distance events and just over £200 in the Touring Section's special reserve fund.

To come out of this is money for another order of club clothing and rental of the clubroom.

**CTC:** They have changed the date from which they collect the 3rd party insurance to September (it used to be January) so it no longer ties up with our membership year. This is causing unnecessary headache for our treasurer and since only a handful of members are not full members of either the CTC or BCF then the committee will propose at the next AGM that this option be abandoned and that from 2005 we insist on FULL membership of an organisation that complies with our requirements. Constitution, Rule 6 applies. It will also be obligatory for members to produce evidence of this before renewing their membership. (currently standing at 117).

**Social Membership:** This will be increased in 2005 from £2.50 to £5.00 to cover the cost of receiving a magazine.

**Dates:** The 'Fun Ten' takes place on Saturday, September 11th at 2.00 pm at the Kilton.

'Step into Cheshire', weekend of Sept. 18/19th. Is anyone prepared to organise a cycling event aimed at novices/families over this weekend?

# I Did It My Way Llangollen 2004

Ah yes, the Llangollen thrash – bin' there, done that, got many a t-shirt, time for a change, time to move on. You could say that over the last 40 years or so, I'm used to the annual buzz of this unique club ritual. Way back in the good old days it was all anyone in the club talked about from January onwards. But before the Big Day one had a series of "qualifying tasters" to endure. Like, for instance, the Lancaster, Wern, Matlock and Ashbourne thrashes, all run off in deep mid-winter, and long before the days of thermal this and thermal that, wick-away this and gore-tex that. Jeans, white socks, shoes with fancy holes in! and as many sweaters as you could afford were the order of the day. These rides were seriously contested, and no-one had a thought for the weather. If you were dropped, it was most definitely a case of "see you Friday". They were seriously hard rides, producing hard men. Just take a glimpse at the archive for proof of that.

As for Llangollen, well, I have to admit I've been dropped at Sandiway, Kelsall, Marford and Ruabon, I've chased with the best through the back streets of Chester and Wrexham, long before any by-pass. I've been broom wagon, film crew, official photographer, joined the Audax section, and ridden out at some unearthly hour just to be there to judge the finish. Yes, and in my heyday I've even been placed in the top three on the odd occasion. So, as I say, time for a change. Why not make a weekend of it?

The Bunk-House at Cerrig y Drudion would be the ideal overnight, just 25 miles or so west of Llangollen. A quick phone call and it was decided. My route took in Audlem and my favourite café for lunch, then Wrenbury and Malpas, a new café, but not open on Sundays. On to Bangor-on-Dee, then Llangollen for afternoon tea after some 64 miles.

The road through the Dee valley, which runs parallel to the A5, is a delight, but I had forgotten just how undulating this road was. Shades

of the Audax Tour of the Berwyns. I arrived at Corwen ready for further sustenance after 75 miles. I really had to dig deep over the last 14 miles, thankfully un-witnessed for any "Hammering of the Year" points, although I have heard rumours of a possible rule change – again!

I picked up provisions at Cerrig before tackling the final climb up to Tyddyn Byclan. It was on this narrow lane I met a gritting wagon filling the lane. The driver actually apologized for causing me to put my foot down, but in truth, I was grateful to do so. After 6 hours and 88 miles of riding, mostly into a nagging head wind, I was past caring. Maybe I should have missed out the 17 mile loop to Audlem, but the home-made carrot and parsnip soup and apple crumble is just not to be missed.

I went to sleep to the sound of the dreaded white stuff rattling on the window pane. So that was why the gritter was out. Next morning the sky was blue, with superb views over Snowdonia and all the snow-capped mountains – fabulous. But the wind was blowing strongly from the North, and I knew from experience it would be a hard ride from Ruabon. I was getting too comfortable over breakfast in front of the log fire.

Saturday's ride had sapped my strength, so I took the easy option to Llangollen. Even the A5 early on a sunny Sunday morning was a reasonably pleasant experience. This road always brings back memories of the now defunct but classic Birkenhead North End Mountain Time-Trial. What a challenging event that was, especially on a tricycle.

I settled down in The Country Kitchen, to be eventually joined by a further 28 members, including Bev Chapman chauffeured by Dave Attwell who had motored out to savour the unique post-race, sorry! post-RIDE atmosphere. A merging of the various sections produced a fast-moving bunch, returning home via Bangor-on-Dee, Malpas and Beeston. Here we were joined by Chris Siepen and the Warrington.

I enjoyed doing it my way. We could make a Club weekend of it – remember, a change is as good as a rest!



# Berwyns Audax 200K

Another successful Seamons promotion, with 70 riders, 8 of whom were Seamons. Another sunny day, but a chilly wind, especially descending the mountains. Another warm welcome at the start at Willington Hall, with tea and coffee in sumptuous surroundings.

Dan Mathers of the Seamons was the star of the day, setting a new event record for the 127 miles, getting back at 4 o'clock, just inside 8 hours. Steve Booth's group was not far behind, then JP and Alex just after the North Shropshire Wheelers, followed by Dave Matthews and Dave Barker, and finally at 8 o'clock Johnny Coles arrived with Ian Greenwood, having picked up two ladies on the way, Elaine Kay and Gerry Goldsmith. They were helping JC keep his spirits up: "I mustn't let Barbara see me looking like this," he said, "she'll say I've overdone it." "But if you look too cheerful," added Ian, "she'll ask you to do the decorating tomorrow."

Summertrees welcomed everyone back with cream teas, and all the stories of the day spilled out. How Ian Greenwood broke his chain sprinting (!) away from some fierce dogs out of Llanarmon, Alex couldn't get warm and kept taking his cape on and off, complaints about the final cruel climb up to Summertrees...JP reassured JC that it was all downhill now back to Willington Hall, where everyone's cars were parked. "Oh no," said JC who couldn't seem to get warm, "not downhill, I'll be even colder." He then attempted to put his arm-warmers on his legs, plus another jacket, plus some more food...The assembled gathering looked at each other: a serious con-

tender for The Hammering of the Year? His day-long companion, Ian Greenwood, immediately vetoed this.

Congratulations once again to Dave and Margaret Matthews on a great event. And, of course, thank you to the helpers: Carol covering the start and Burwardsley, Alison for helping out here at the last minute, Clive covering World's End, George Adams at Corwen, Wilkie and Roger at Llangynog, and especially Barbara at Summertrees for staying open late for us and doing all those lovely cream teas. And well done to all the riders – a classic event in every way.

**Report and Photos by the Pardoes**



Top Photo: All the starters, but no Steve Booth?  
Above: Dave Matthews signs in Ian Greenwood.

## **SOUTH AFRICAN CYCLE TOUR**

In an English-speaking country like South Africa, I would prefer to cycle tour independently rather than with a supported group. A group is more expensive and tends to isolate you from contact with the country and the local people. But South Africa is a potentially dangerous country, and car hijacking is common. A cyclist with loaded panniers would be an easy target, and the perceived risk is such that there are virtually no independent cycle tourists: I saw two in five weeks, whereas I had seen about five hundred in a similar time in both Australia and New Zealand.

So if I wanted to cycle tour in South Africa it had to be as a member of a supported group, and I joined Brian Curtis's CTC Tour of the Western Cape from 1<sup>st</sup> to 17<sup>th</sup> March 2004. This proved an excellent choice. I have been fascinated by South Africa for most of my life, and had spent four marvellous months there in 1962 on coming down from university as part of a year travelling and working in Africa. To rekindle old memories and to see something more of the country, I spent three weeks touring by bus and hired car before the cycle tour. I visited various friends and my magnificent 88-year-old aunt in Cape Town, and saw the Garden Route, Durban, Zululand, a Zulu battlefield, some game reserves, the Drakensberg Mountains, Lesotho, and Cape Town. This was a memorable trip, but another story: now for the cycling.

The tour started from Cape Town airport, straight off the plane, and the party cycled 20 miles to Stellenbosch, which is the centre of South African wine production. I joined at Stellenbosch, arriving a couple of days early so I could do some cycling. The country was beautiful; vineyards backed by stunning mountains. I had no difficulty deciding where to cycle to: I managed to visit many of the top wineries on my bike before I had to fall into line and join the group. There were 32 of us, and it was a very good group. There were many pleasant and interesting people, and some formidable cyclists: as I had expected, I was very much at the bottom end of the ability range.

We had two support vehicles, driven by Dave and Cheryl Griffiths. They are keen South African cyclists, and Dave had organised much of the itinerary and overnight accommodation. His

email is [outntour@mweb.co.za](mailto:outntour@mweb.co.za), and he would be an excellent choice for anyone looking for help in organising a cycle tour in South Africa for 6 to 32 people. The support vehicles carried the luggage, and provided frequent drink stops. These can be very important. For much of the time, the temperature was a pleasant 20C, but on one day it was about 35C. In these conditions, I need about 10 litres of liquid to keep going: it is very difficult to carry this amount without a support vehicle. The vehicles also gave a chance for anyone to take a ride if they were tired or hot. About half the group took advantage of this at one time or another. Obstinate, I rode the whole way.

The country varied. It got drier as we moved further inland, but it was usually hilly, with wide sweeping views. We were doing 50 to 65 miles a day, which I found quite demanding, even though our luggage was being carried in the support vehicles. We visited Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of Africa, and then had two glorious days cycling along the coast towards Cape Town with a strong wind at our backs

The accommodation and food varied from place to place. In the more populated areas it was excellent: gourmet food and very good rooms. In the wilder areas we had to take what was available for such a large party, staying at the odd holiday camp or back-country hotel. This all added to the experience.

At the end of the trip we had four days in Cape Town, with the opportunity to do the standard tourist trips or go on organised day rides. There was also the chance to take part in the Cape Argus event, which most of the group entered. The Argus is the largest timed cycle event (race?) in the world: this year 35,000 people took part, including Miguel Indurain and myself. Ian Nightingale, ex Seamons, had done it five years or so ago and had recommended it to me as a memorable experience, which it certainly was. I found the course quite challenging: it went for 68 miles around the Cape peninsula, and involved 1,000 metres of ascent and descent in a temperature of 30C. I took it very easily, with frequent stops at the many drink stations. I did not win, but neither did Indurain. But I did finish, and I have a bronze medal to prove it.

***Report by John Mercer***

# Warrington Cycle Museum

The Warrington Cycle Museum actually started life as the Runcorn Cycle Museum where it was housed in the tiny 'Old Police Station' in the centre of the old town. Opened with a fanfare by no less than her Majesty the Queen in July 1998, the premises proved to be its biggest drawback and despite the efforts of the volunteers visitors were few. The station itself was tucked away in a difficult to find back street and once inside the 80 cycles on display were housed in the cells themselves with their 5' high doors. When it moved to Warrington and its doors opened for the first time in Easter 2002, the collection (now grown to 120 machines) attracted more visitors in the first week than it had all year at Runcorn.

What can you expect to find there? The machines range from 1868 right through to 2003 and you may find one, two, three or four wheels on them. The earliest exhibit is an English Bone-shaker from 1868 to which I fitted a couple of new oak spokes in the front wheel last year. The most modern is a Cougar with a suspension beam bought at the Velodrome jumble last year.

Internationally speaking there are bikes from all over the world; a Chinese telescopic folder, a

Dutch Gazelle, 3 American cruisers from the '40s, a German shaft driven machine from a firm named Fendt and a huge Indian tri-shaw. Some of the oddities you can see (and try out!) are the circus bikes, a Hawtin made by a specialist circus bike firm in Blackpool, a 6' uni-cycle called a Giraffe, a reverse steerer and one with egg-shaped wheels and no brakes. All great fun to ride.

Covering trade bikes and trikes there is a 'Stop me and buy one' ice cream box trike, a chimney sweep's bike and a real curiosity; who remembers the knife grinder coming round to all the grocers' and butchers' shops to fettle up those knives and cleavers with his pedal powered grindstone?

Paul Adams, the curator of the museum, also has a collection of cycle/motors. These are cycles that are motor assisted of which he has some rare and unique items. The small team of helpers are all members of the Veteran Cycle Club and consists of Martin Cook, George Turner and myself. The museum is open every weekend and also by special request. Contact Paul on 01928 711395 (home) or 07930 882569. You can find us at: The Old Coach House, Walton Hall Gardens, Walton Lea Road, Warrington - just off the A56. So, if you fancy a run out to visit us there's even a café next door.

*Report by Ian Dunning*

## A PEDALLER'S POEM

In the light of her recent retirement, and no doubt head-banging experience, our President and secretary submits the following verse for your enjoyment. I would imagine the sentiments are those of many a cyclist everywhere.....

### DUST IF YOU MUST

Dust if you must but wouldn't it be better  
To ride your bike or write a letter,  
Bake a cake or plant a seed,  
Ponder the difference between want and need.

Dust if you must but there's not much time,  
With places to go and mountains to climb!  
Music to hear and books to read,  
Friends to cherish and life to lead.

## APOLOGY!

Pete Devereux has brought it to my attention that his fastest time for '25' in 2003 was shown in the handbook as 1.05.22 whereas he was in fact nearly 3 minutes faster. As he says "I have my reputation to protect." Too true. Sorry

Dust if you must, but the world's out there,  
With the sun on your face, the wind in your hair,  
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain,  
This day will not come round again.

Dust if you must, but bear in mind,  
Old age will come, and it's not kind,  
And when you go, and go you must,  
You, yourself, will make more dust.



# Meet your Clubmates

An 'unusualist' is a good way of describing our second member up for perusal in this month's edition. A first rate engineer, he has migrated away from the more mundane interests in the bike game and dedicated his time to those machines from a bygone era. He's far more likely to turn up on an 'old ordinary' than a 'new racer' and has indeed ridden the club '10' on such a machine with its fixed 54" gear. He can make most of the bits to keep his stable of veteran machines going and when he's not pursuing those interests he's to be found browsing and cataloguing his collection of over 5,000 records used in his other incarnation as a soul DJ. Find out a bit more about **Ian Dunning**.....

**When and where were you born?** Stretford, 10th October 1949.

**When did you start cycling and what was your first club?** Loved my first trike, aged four. First club was the Flixton CC (the Wasps).

**What is your favourite touring area?** North Wales. It reminds me of doing all the YHA hostels in the area, aged 15.

**What is your favourite meal?** Sweet & Sour Chicken, but like most Chinese dishes.

**What were you like at school? Middling?** Did most of my learning at Stretford Tech where I stayed until I was 21.

**What kind of books do you read?** Cycle tours of the 1890's. History of cycling and bikes. Favourite author is H G Wells who wrote a "brill" cycle tour called "Wheels of Chance". This is a very hard to find book but I got a first edition from 1896.

**What kind of music do you enjoy?** Being a DJ on the Northern Soul circuit: soul, rare Motown, Doo Wop and Jo Meek produced stuff.

**And your favourite type of TV programmes?** Ealing comedies and Quiz Programmes.

**Which newspaper do you read?** Daily Mirror. Grew up trying to emulate Andy Capp.

**What's your ideal holiday destination?** Inver Alligin, Loch Torridon, Wester Ross. Mum and Grand parents were born there. Second home to me.

**Do you have any hobbies?** Restoring/History of bikes, record collecting (I've about 5½ thousand), model railways and ferro-equinology.

**Who would play you in a film of your life?** Steven Seagal. He's as big and daft as I am.

**What is your greatest fear?** Breaking a spoke in my penny farthing. They can be a swine to fix.

**How would you describe yourself in a Lonely hearts ad?** Great British eccentric Penny rider seeks lady with bustle and high button boots for genteel bicycle rides.

**What is your most unpleasant characteristic?** General intolerance.

**Which characteristic do you most dislike in others?** Arrogance.

**Who would you most like to have met, and why?** H G Wells - a man far ahead of his time.

**What was your most embarrassing moment?** Hundreds of 'em! My wife tells me I'm always putting my foot in it.

**Four words to describe yourself.** Happy go lucky me.



## The Squirrel

Two mountain climbs stand out in recent Tour de France history, Alpe D'Huez and Mont Ventoux and something inside me tells me they just have to be climbed.

Whilst Alpe D'Huez is just one of many climbs in the Alps and it can hardly be seen from the main road from Grenoble to Briançon, Mont Ventoux rises majestically out of the rolling plains in the South of France. It is known by its nickname "The Giant of Provence" and can be seen from miles away.

The climb can be tackled from three directions, the roads from Bedoin and Sault from the south side meet at Chalet Reynard six kilometres from the summit and the third route is from Malaucene to the north.

I was staying at a hotel in Malaucene and for anyone thinking of doing this climb I would recommend this as the starting point. This small town has ample free parking and a traditional market square around which are several pavement cafes and inexpensive restaurants as well as two small supermarkets and patisseries.

The weather dawned bright and clear with a temperature of around twenty degrees, ideal for the assault. Leaving the village toward Carpentras the road starts to climb but soon I am turning left at the Ventoux wine caves heading for Bedoin and the start of the climb proper. Before then I have another little col to climb. I quickly leave the vineyards and cherry orchards for pine forests. A quick double take and I confirm that it was a herd of Llamas grazing at the side of the road.

The pine forests thin out into open moorland and I reach my first summit of the day as the sign reads Col de Madelaine 448metres. A twisty descent followed by another short climb to a clump of pine trees brings a terrific view of the valley in which Bedoin sits and the lower slopes of the mountain I have come here to climb.



Another descent past weird sandstone rock formations and I am once again surrounded by lush pastures and vineyards and a glance to my left gives me my first view of the huge pointed weather station that sits on top of the Ventoux.

After a half hours ride I have covered eight miles and reach Bedoin where I turn left at the roundabout at a sign that tells me that my altitude is 309 metres and the summit is 22 kilometres away.

Leaving the town the climb starts easily but I know what is to come. Soon the history of this road is brought home as the three pronged fork of the devil is painted on the tarmac followed by the names of many recent tour favourites. I pass through the hamlets of Ste Colombe and Les Bruns and the climb has really started. Round the hairpin at St Esteve and as I leave the last houses before I return to Malaucene, the fields have now given way to pine forests. Another large sign tells me that I have 15 kilometres to go and I am now at 630metres. A quick bit of mental arithmetic and I realise that with the summit at 1909metres the climb must average about 1 in

10 all the way to the top! Unlike most alpine climbs this one has few hairpins and NO downhill sections or even level bits.

The pine forest gives way to deciduous trees which give little shade at this time of year and the sweat is pouring off me. I try to take my mind off the climb by admiring the wild flowers which grow in abundance but I can't up the pace which remains at around 6mph. I try counting my revs (remembering that I counted Armstrong's revs as he accelerated up Alpe D'Huez in last years Tour). I was doing a steady 60rpm. Armstrong had been doing 120rpm and he wasn't on 30x23 !!!

Orange and black snow poles now appear on my left and after a couple of sharp bends a log cabin comes into view. A sign attached to a post tells me in French, German and English that drinking water is available in 800 metres and I realise that I have reached the restaurant at Chalet Reynard where the road from Sault joins that from Bedoin. For the first time since the climb started the road levels out a bit, my speed reaches double figures and my heart rate drops below 150. But not for long.

The ski lift in front of me tells me that I have a lot of climbing still to do and another large sign tells me that I have 6km to go and the altitude is 1441m.

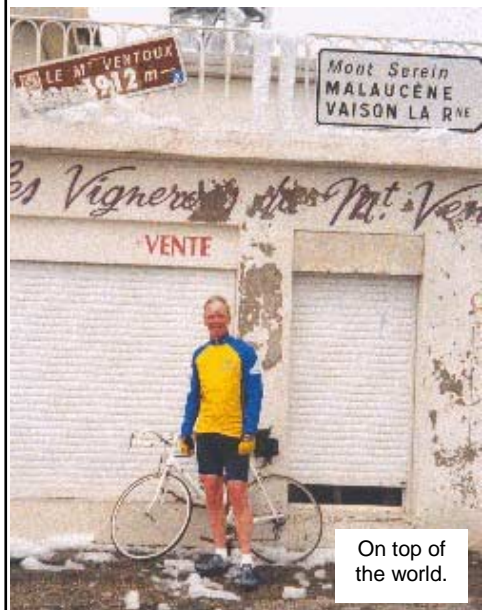
The snow poles are now ten feet high and I have left all vegetation behind me. Only the infamous white rocks of the Ventoux surround me and there is still snow at the side of the road. The summit is now clearly in view but the gradient doesn't let up. I pass three more cyclists using gears so low I didn't know they existed. Another slight bend and I reach the Tom Simpson memorial. Although I have been here before I cannot keep back a tear. The summit is clearly in view, perhaps only a kilometre away. I am soaked in sweat yet this is spring time and its probably only ten degrees up here. When Tom died he had done two other cols before he got to this climb and in mid summer the temperatures were much higher.

I struggle on to the Summit. The climb has taken me two hours. I make that an average speed of 6, yes 6, miles an hour!

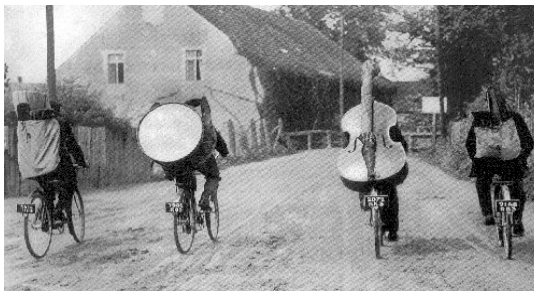
The café is closed but a stallholder is selling souvenirs. The views in all directions are amazing and I can even see the snow clad Alps to the northeast. A German tourist coach is unloading its passengers who are on a cycling holiday. They are dressed in heavy winter gear with Dutch style bikes and are getting ready to ride DOWN the hill! I don my longs and pull down the sleeves of my jersey. A sign and barrier tell me the road down to Malaucene where I started is closed but I have been told I can get through on a bike.

As my speed builds up my hands start to freeze. The snow is lying ten feet high in drifts but apart from melt water the road is clear and, with no traffic, I let go the brakes. The descent is more twisty than the climb and I soon reach another barrier that stops vehicles getting to the top this way. Under the barrier and my speed quickly builds up again and I reach my hotel at the foot of the climb in no time. In fact the descent has taken me only twenty minutes.

I am tired and cold and my vest is soaked in sweat but I am delighted to have done the climb. I can recommend it to any serious cyclist.



On top of the world.



### CAPTION COMP.

Can you come up with a suitable, funny and printable caption to accompany this postcard photograph, taken somewhere in Europe in the early part of the last century. Note the licence plates - are they for the bikes or for 'music and dancing'? A suitable prize for the winning effort will be awarded. Answers to the editor - address on inside cover.

### THE TRUE TEST?

Those who are involved in the time trialing scene may well be aware of the current problems due to the increase in 'trans-gender competitors'. It seems that it is always 'one-way' however with a succession of men wanting to become women. When they compete against women whose birth certificates make their status clear, then it's not surprising that there will be some bitterness if the TGP's take the prizes. The CTT (ex RTTC) has got itself in a bit of a tangle over this by adopting some stringent tests and many hoops for 'hope-to-be-ladies' to jump through. Those that have are now able to compete under the current rules. Maybe it's time for a re-think and I submit the following Material Safety Data Sheet in an attempt to resolve the problem by purely scientific means....

### WOMAN - A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Element : Woman  
Symbol : WO2  
Discoverer : Adam  
Atomic Mass : Accepted as 118 lbs but known to vary between 110-150 lbs  
Occurrence : Copious quantities in urban areas

#### Physical Properties:

- 1 Surface usually covered with painted film
- 2 Boils at nothing, freezes without reason
- 3 Melts if given special treatment
- 4 Bitter if incorrectly used
- 5 Found in various states ranging from 'virgin metal' to 'common ore'
- 6 Yields to pressure applied at correct points

#### Chemical properties:

- 1 Has great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones
- 2 Absorbs great quantities of expensive sub

stances

- 3 May explode spontaneously without prior warning
- 4 Insoluble in liquids but activity greatly in creased by saturation in alcohol
- 5 Most powerful money reducing agent known to man

#### Common Uses:

- 1 Highly ornamental, particularly in raw state
- 2 Can be a great aid to relaxation

#### Tests:

Pure specimen turns pink when discovered in natural state but turns green when placed beside a better specimen.

#### Hazards:

- 1 Highly dangerous except in experienced hands

*(Continued from page 21)*

The tourers might only have Wilkie as their runs leader, but they're not without a sense of style.

As soon as the sun comes out, off come the mudguards and the tracksters and it's into the shorts and the shades. Wilkie gets almost full marks for his turnout on the run to Audlem. Resplendent on his blue-and-yellow Fondriest, with matching jersey, bottle, handlebar tape and sweat band, he let himself down with his shoes.

Colour-wise they matched the bike. Style-wise they matched Elvis in the 50's - SPD brothel-creeper! Yeuch.

Special posing points go to Andy Burns. He was seen pulling the legs of his shorts higher up his thighs so he'd get more of a tan.

Mind you, at least he didn't lower himself to Ian Greenwood's standards. Missing from the peloton for so long because of work commitments, he makes his mark as soon as he returns - by wearing brown (not even black) socks.

Sort it out, Greenwood.

# TOURING SHORTS & LONGS

The mystery of why cycling jerseys need three pockets has been solved. Looking for an antidote to the winter blues, a virtual trip to France with the Pardoes seemed ideal.

Johnny P kindly did the honours and brought one of his video holidays out to the Kilton. Except it wasn't one video tape, it was three. Unfortunately, I'd committed the mortal sin for a tourer of venturing out without a saddlebag. It was the '10' night. Hmmm. With some shifting about I emptied the pockets in one of my jerseys and hey presto! A perfect fit. All three videos perfectly slotted into place. It was on the ride home I wondered a bit more: How come jerseys designed 50 years ago, well in advance of video recorders, are just the right size for video cases? And how come they knew the Pardoe's holiday would need three tapes? And that I wouldn't have had a saddlebag when I needed one?

Having been struck by lightning several years ago, Roger is still blessed with his super-powers. A puncture on Sian's bike revealed itself as they wheeled out of the house.

Too late to fix it and not be even later at Rackhams, Roger pumps it up and off they go. It was only when they got home that night that they realised they never did fix it – yet the tyre had stayed up all day. Further spookiness followed when Roger claimed to have just laid a hand on another punctured tyre and that fixed itself too. Riders who've seen Roger "fixing" their bikes using such implements as rocks, gates, drain covers and fence posts will, unkindly I feel, be praying for him to be struck an even bigger bolt of lightning next time!

In among the happy chat about knitting patterns, recipes and facial hair, the touring "peloton" sometimes talks about bikes and cycling. It was during one of these rare occasions that someone let slip they might be in the market for a new bike. And if they were, their budget might stretch to titanium. Everyone in the, erm, café had a view on this: "It's as comfortable as steel and lighter than aluminium", says one; "It's the ideal choice for touring and audax bikes," says another; "It never rusts," says a third.

Well that's all well and good, but a bike frame that's perfect and is never going to rust. What's the point of that – you'd never have to buy another bike again.

Revenge is a dish best served cold, according to the Klingons. But if you're Peter Coles, it's best served at about one o'clock in the morning. In a tent. Having dropped off the back in the pub on an away weekend, Peter makes his way back alone later and finds himself locked out of the hostel. Well, to be fair, he couldn't get in and no-one was admitting that they could hear his ever-more desperate attempts to throw stones at the bedroom windows. Unperturbed, he ventures off to find the camp-site where Wilkie had pitched his tent and was quietly sleeping. Readers of this column will remember that when Peter fell off his bike at the York rally and had to stay in hospital overnight, it was Wilky who unceremoniously commandeered Pete's empty hotel bed.

No doubt he wished he'd paid him for it now.

It seems that the pub landlord's cheeky mark-up of squash drinks has spread to cafés and hot drinks. Having paid the best part of £1 in the past for a shot of cordial and a pint of tap water (albeit some of the best in Europe), I thought nothing could shock me.

Well that was until I was charged 10p for a spoonful of coffee! Having ordered two cups of the stuff, I'd requested one be "strong". I watched the extra spoonful go in. And then watched open-mouthed at the till as £1 was rung in, then £1.10 for the second cup. Now that's a coffee with a strong after-taste!

*(Continued on page 20)*



# But it's only -Three o'clock

Rigby, and CTC friends, on their way to the hostel from Bury. This is normally a freezing, windswept spot on the Circuit of the Dales course, held in April. "Tell us about the good old days, John," said Gordon, so JP regaled us with tales of suffering on the trike round the 50 mile course, of even holding course record for some years. Enough of this lounging. Onward and upward to Newby Head, and the final

We all met at Dent Youth Hostel, which is not at Dent at all, but at Cowgill. It was the Manchester DA hostel weekend, ably organized by Karen Sutton for 35 cyclists, including 10 Seamons. It must be said we all did our own thing, as cyclists do, then talked interminably about it afterwards in the pub. Very sociable. So the Seamons posse, led by Captain Wilkie, started with a 4 mile descent to Dent, chilly and grey, but we soon hotted up climbing out of Deepdale then over Kingsdale. Granny rings were the order of the day, or even the 24 inch gear = two feet! We were rewarded with a super long swoop to Ingleton, and morning coffee at The Curlew Craftshop. Hot milky coffee and almond slice to die for. John Hurley and I helped Keith finish off an enormous slice of gooey chocolate cake as well.

Onward and upward to find a very quiet back road to Settle, the bike shop, and lunch at "The Settle Down" café. Wilkie skilfully guided us out through Giggleswick, along another quiet back road, to Horton-in-Ribblesdale and the scenic road to Ribblehead, with the Settle-Carlisle railway running alongside. "How come the railway can be so flat, but our road is so up and down?" mused Keith.

The sun had come out by now, Pete took his legs off - wow! and we sat in the sun by the stream at Ribblehead. Already stretched out eating ice-creams from the snack van were Phil and Vera

reward: a brilliant descent in the setting sun, down under the viaduct, the curve of the railway line stretching away round the top of the valley to Dent station.

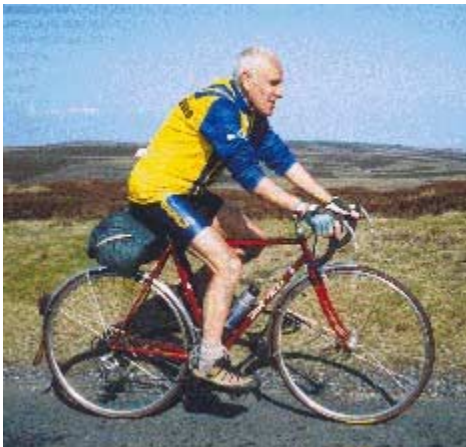
We joined John Mercer and John Thorogood – celebrating his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday – in the pub, later on. Big John was trying to glean what perks there were for the over 60's, from JP and Reg. It was a pleasant moonlit walk back to the hostel or, in our case, the camper van. I mention this, because round about midnight we were suddenly woken from our sleep by knocking and fumbling at the door. There is no room to jump out of bed, you just lean forward and open the curtain. There in the moonlight stood a forlorn-looking Pete. He could see we had no room, I think, and ambled off down the lane, back in the direction of the pub. Keith was camping in the field opposite, and somehow Pete found his way into his heart, and tent. The Hostel had locked him out – we blame Andy for keeping him out late drinking – Andy was camped in another field, further down the lane.

Blue skies and warm sunshine greeted us next morning, and off we set down a lovely green valley to Sedbergh. As we came round the corner, there were the two Johns sitting outside a pub – what a surprise! We joined them for morning coffee. Off with the legs, on with the suntan cream, although in John Thorogood's

case, the cream somehow ended up all over his jersey – Seamons spots without even trying – how does he do that?

Cars were in the minority as the motor-bikes hurtled past us on the undulating road to Hawes. We sat outside for lunch, and JP said, "There's a nice loop we can do from here over the Butter-tubs." "Ooh yes," said Reg, "and then we could come back over Crackpot, so I can tell Bob I've done it again." With such enthusiasm it had to be done. Some of us were reduced to walking, but the sun was hot and the views were good. The descent down to Muker and Swaledale presented more superb views. We passed a sign pointing back to Askrigg, but Reg exclaimed, "but it's only 3 o'clock, we've got all day." So we carried on, and on, and on. Pete commented, "we're losing height," but we were intent on finding the famous Crackpot climb, for Reg! After several map checks – there were two dead-ends we nearly did – at last we found it.

Up and up it went, double arrows, triple ring, oh dear, no more gears, some of us reduced to walking again. But what a marvellous view over Swaledale, way below us now; there was the blue swathe of the river, with our road running alongside, and lush green pastures dotted with the distinctive Yorkshire Dales grey stone barns, and hundreds of lambs skipping about in the late afternoon sun. Up and up forever, I couldn't see the top, but when I eventually got there I was



Reg cracks the Crackpot after a gap of many years. Are those gears a little lower?



Great Exploding Sunscreen, Batman!  
John Thorogood has trouble with Factor 20

ready for my spare piece of cake, and Reg's spare piece of chocolate. The descent to Askrigg was pretty scary, my back wheel seeming to come over my head, and my wrists were killing.

We eventually regrouped back in Hawes and a much needed afternoon tea/supper. Reg was in his element. He ordered dinner, and pudding – well, we've got all day, haven't we? We all sampled the homemade warm lemonade and honey. It was yummy - but don't let the rest of the club know that the touring section was reduced to drinking lemonade at the end of a ride! All we had to do now was get up that awful hill out of Hawes and back up to Newby Head. We all plodded up at our own speed. It was 7 o'clock when we got back, a full day out, 63 quality miles, and Reg was really happy.

### **Report and Pictures by the Pardoes**

#### **CHAMPIONSHIPS**

'25' miles WEDNESDAY, June 23rd, 7.30pm

'50' miles Saturday, July 24th, M&DTTA

'100' miles Sunday, July 4th, M&DTTA

'12' hour Sunday, Aug 15th, Nat Champs

# Llangollen Direct !

The annual pilgrimage to Llangollen took place on Sunday 7th March and the day dawned clear and bright after some overnight rain. The half-day section making a rare extension into the afternoon opted to leave Altrincham at their usual time of 9 o'clock and by taking the direct main road route were led into Llangollen after only 2hours 33 minutes by Robin Haigh.

The nine members on this run were later joined by the touring section who had left at 8am and opted for the scenic route via Beeston and Malpas. Johnny Pardoe had ridden out the day before and stayed at a camping barn at Cerrigdrudion and Dave Atwell took out Bev Chapman in his car to join in the fun!. In all twenty eight members took over the little café whose owners once again made us most welcome.

The return journey saw the members split into two groups with the "half dayers" being swelled to twenty. This group made their way back at a very steady pace through the lanes via Malpas and a cafe stop at Beeston, where Johnny Pardoe having been dropped, confessed that he could have been a contender for the Hammering of the Year award if someone had been there to witness his suffering.

Luck was with the group as it missed downpours at Beeston and Knutsford arriving back in Altrincham at 5 o'clock after a round trip of 112 miles.

## **Report by Keith Stacey**

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And another view of the day.....

Not a big contingent this year but nevertheless nine hardy souls set off on the annual Llangollen run on a bright but very cold spring Sunday morning. The pace was fast but quite steady going out due to major road works on the Chester Road but shortly after Delamere the speed soon picked up.

As a downside to the run, the group encountered several of our British drivers shouting, swearing and sounding their horns as they travelled

past the group. Indeed young Matt Crampton had a bottle full of water thrown at him from a passing car! Matt was unscathed by the incident.

Keith Stacey, veteran Llangollen rider, upped the pace just after Delamere, with short bursts of speed to see what the reaction would bring. Sure enough, a rapid session of through and off took the group towards the outskirts of Chester. Simon Williams and Roy Myers found the pace a bit too much and were first to ease up at Tarvin. The group continued onwards and as it approached Marford Rise the first real break happened with Robin Haigh and Paul Smith going fast off the front. The group responded with Keith Stacey and Nick and Matt Crampton, father and son duo, following.

Richard Williams was left gasping for air and dropped off the back, with Keith Bailey easing up on the same climb. Richard recovered and passed Keith in a vain attempt to get back on. In the meantime the fast pair of Robin and Paul disappeared into the distance. Both Richard and Keith Bailey managed to latch on to the other three more by luck than effort due to them being baulked at some traffic lights just prior to entering the A538, Wrexham by-pass.

This group of five entered the by pass travelling south only to be confronted by more major road works. They worked through and off with an HGV sat behind them. Even riding single file there was no room for the lorry to overtake so the driver sat there patiently until the road works finished.

Then, for the second time, Keith Bailey blew; but this time in a big way. Richard Williams tried in vain to hang on to the group for a few more miles but alas, had to sit up to recover. At this point Richard slowed to wait for Keith and both worked in tandem until they reached Llangollen.

On the final run in it was no surprise to discover that Robin Haigh had ridden away from his nearest contender, Paul Smith, over the last few hundred yards. Although Paul could hold Robin on the climbs without any problems, he later



admitted he was no match when it came to sheer speed.

All who set off from Altrincham made it to the cafe at Llangollen. True grit by any means when you are cold, tired and have been dropped some distance from the cafe!

The final order of arrival in Llangollen was ~

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1 Robin Haigh      | 7 Keith Bailey   |
| 2 Paul Smith       | 8 Simon Williams |
| 3 Matt Crampton    | 9 Roy Myers      |
| 4 Nick Crampton    |                  |
| 5 Keith Stacey     |                  |
| 6 Richard Williams |                  |

The café was a sight to behold with every seat taken with Seamons riders from all groups, au-dax, informal and racing making it a great social occasion. Perhaps we should consider holding the next AGM at the same time and place next year!

The return trip was made up of a mixture of all groups riding back through Bangor on Dee, Malpas and a final café stop at Beeston. Riders were fortunate with cold but sunny weather and although the rain clouds threatened, capes were never needed.

*Report by Richard Williams*

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# From the Archive

## Reg Herbert

Featured in this issue is one of our Founder Members, Reg Herbert, designer of the original membership card and the now famous squirrel badge.

Some years ago Reg moved to Forden, near Montgomery, and has joined us on occasions for a meal or a chat on the now annual Montgomery weekend. He is also a regular visitor at our Annual Dinner.

Reg was one of the early Club pioneers of touring abroad, his favourite areas being the Alps and the Pyrenees. He recently sent me a picture of himself taken 50 years ago, climbing the famous



No, that's not rock either side but rather dirty looking snow banks.

Col du Tourmalet, between 15 foot walls of snow.

The picture below, taken at Kinderton corner, is of Reg competing in the M&D "12", again some 50 years ago, recording 202 miles. This was the day after taking part in a local athletics meeting in which he competed in a 3 mile race, the high jump, and the shot-put. Obviously Reg was somewhat of an all-rounder.



*Extracted from the archive by John Pardoe*



# MULL

## Island of many gears and few cafés

Our last great snack was in the rain by the harbour at Lochaline, waiting for the ferry from Fishnish. Fried egg and tatty scone (potato) butties, locally known as “Jean’s Invention”. Jean’s snack van would have been a great following vehicle round Mull.

Half an hour across the water, turn right and head for Tobermory, full of Balamory mementoes from the BBC children’s program which was filmed there. Two days ago it had been Harry Potter mementoes at Glenfinnan, from the film sequences of the steam train taking Harry to Hogwarts. Scotland is so atmospheric in the rain – we saw a lot of it! But no midges at this time of year.

We found a small deserted campsite – everyone had gone to a wedding party. The owner’s. He came round bleary eyed next morning for our money. His weather advice: “If it’s bad when you open the door, close it and make a cup of tea. Open it later, and if it’s alright, you can go.” It was and we did. Granny ring within five minutes and bottom gear, then swoop down, more up, nice quiet single-track road. Dervaig would look nice in the sun, nestling in the crook of the river, lots of oyster-catchers, herons, a kestrel, buzzards.

On to Calgary Bay, featured on many postcards, it would also look nice in the sun. A soggy picnic behind a rock, rain driving in from the sea soaking my map – we didn’t need it, there was only one road. The rain stopped and we savoured the views out to Coll and Tiree. The coast road was quite a challenge, constantly up and down, over the headlands or down to the sea. Our only

traffic problem was a herd of Highland cattle, cows and calves filling the road, I won’t say what with.

I was feeling hungry now, and we’d eaten all our butties, nutty bars and bananas. Oh dear. No sign of a café, pub, or any habitation. The road turned inland with less up and down, and we came to Salen, and a shop! The pure butter shortbread biscuits beckoned, and the crisps and peanuts. I had to be restrained. The man said in answer to our comment on the dearth of anywhere to eat that they didn’t want any cafés, and the nearest Macdonalds was 117 miles away, and that was near enough. A ten mile haul back to Tobermory, into the wind, with some cruel long climbs, but great views out to sea. A quality 45 mile circuit.

Our next base was Craignure, in the south, next to where the Oban ferry comes in. We could sit up in bed in the morning and watch all the bustle. Too much sitting and staring, let’s get on the road. Today was to be a 50 mile circuit up Glen More. We packed plenty of butties, bananas and nibbles, and a hot flask. The sun came out as we turned inland for Gruline, passing over the shoulder of Ben More, over 3,000 feet, shrouded in dense cloud. As we came over the top of the climb the view was breathtaking, blue sea out to Ulva and the Treshnish Isles, green fields below us, all sparkling in the sun. The greatest treat was to see a pair of Golden Eagles cruising majestically over the cliff top above our heads.

Picnic on the beach, and a comfortable undulating ride by the water’s edge, cormorants skimming alongside us. Back inland to Salen, then

heavy rain that didn't look anything, but was soaking. A "Home-made baking" sign stopped us in our tracks, a café at last! We lingered over hot chocolate and lemon sponge, and I dried my wet clothes over the fan-heater, only it was a dehumidifier, so it took rather a long time. I was very humid.

Sunshine beckoned us up the road the next day, the day of the dead-ends. This is to be recommended in any area near the sea or the mountains. We have many a time been pleasantly surprised in the Alps, exploring a dead-end road which has led to a fantastic viewpoint, or a ski-station, or a tiny village with a café-bar, and usually the starting point of a serious walk or climb, and always quiet. The dead-end roads to the sea on the Scottish Islands similarly offer rewards of quiet roads and unspoilt views, but no cafés! Today gave us some short, sharp climbs, with grass down the middle, ending in a stony footpath and an overhanging crag, just in time to shelter and eat our picnic as an unexpected rainstorm lashed down. Then sunshine and a rainbow, wind back, and sight of the rare white-tailed sea eagle over a ridge inland.

The weather forecast gave out gale-force winds and low cloud the next day, so we were denied our visit to Iona and the Island of Staffa, famous for its puffins and Fingals Cave, the inspiration for Mendelssohn's overture. We will have to return...

**Report and Picture by the Pardoes**

**CLUB ROAD RACE**

As last year, the club road race will take place under the auspices of the North West League. It will be on the same Byley circuit, with the HQ in the village hall and Richard Potter is looking for drivers, marshals and judges to help on the day.

**DATE: Sunday August 8th**

**TIME: 10.00 am start**

**DISTANCE: 80 Km (50 miles)**

It is intended that the Elite, 1st & 2nd cat riders will start first with the 3rd, 4th, women and juniors just behind them. Contact Richard on **0161 928 8004** with offers of help.

**DECISION TIME!!**

A couple of issues that will need considering by the membership at large in the very near future are put forward for your deliberation.....

**2005 Open '25' mile Time Trial**

I know that this year's event hasn't even taken place yet but a promoter needs to be found for next year's event so that it can be submitted by the end of August. Our long established event enjoys a good reputation and (usually) a good class field so there is plenty of satisfaction to be had. Help will be given to any promoter, first-timer or not, by myself and others. If no promoter is forthcoming then the event will disappear from the calendar. Please don't let this happen. Contact Jim Boydell if you want any more information.

**"Squirrel Magazine"**

How highly do you value your club magazine? Enough to pay for it? For many years we have enjoyed cheap and easy production of this, to the extent that we haven't had to consider the cost and work involved. It is possible that this lucky state of affairs may come to an end, sooner rather than later. If it does then there are three aspects of the magazine that need to be considered.

- 1 **Cost.** At present this is negligible but should we have to pay commercial prices then each magazine would cost approximately 80 pence. This would mean that about £3.50 out of each annual subscription going on the magazine (if you include postage)
- 2 **Distribution.** Currently we have about 120 members yet our print run exceeds 200 copies. These are distributed to a variety of ex-members, friends and acquaintances. Whilst it is flattering that many throughout the country find our magazine interesting, it is obvious that we can't subsidize over £250 out of club funds each year.
- 3 **Work.** I put the mag together and give the master copy to our 'useful member'. It comes back as a stapled magazine ready for distribution. The price I have quoted is for the basic printing and collating. Each magazine would then have to be folded and stapled. Who is prepared to do this work? Please make your views known to me, or make offers of help, as soon as possible on 0161 442 6370 or e-mail jim.boydell@btinternet.com



# Where is it?

## RULES

TO BE OBSERVED BY  
ALL PERSONS WHO SHALL BE LICENSED TO KEEP  
**INNS, ALE-HOUSES, OR VICTUALLERS  
HOUSES**

### IN THE COUNTY OF CHESTER

*As settled at the General Quarter Sessions of the peace, held at the Castle of Chester, 27th June, 1859*

1.- Not to keep open the House, or permit Beer or other Exciseable Liquor to be conveyed from such House before half-past Twelve o'clock in the Afternoon, or if the Morning Divine Service in the Church or principal Place of Worship shall not usually terminate by that time, then not before the termination of such Service, or between Three and Five o'clock, or after Eleven o'clock P.M. on Sundays, Christmas Day, Good Friday, or any day appointed for a Public Fast or Thanksgiving, or before Four A.M. of the days following the before-mentioned days, or after Twelve o'clock on Saturday night, except to a Traveller or Lodger therein.

2.- To keep good order in the House and not lodge or entertain any Persons of notoriously bad character, or knowingly permit any such to assemble in the House.

3.- Not to permit any Gaming whatever, or any Quarrelling, Fighting, Swearing, Drunkenness or other disorderly conduct in the House, and not furnish Drink to any person coming into the House in a state of Intoxication; but as often as any such disorderly

Clue 1 We go past this spot almost every week  
Clue 2 Check the box on the left!  
Clue 3 It doesn't look like this now  
Clue 4 Is it still standing even?  
Where is it and what year was the photo taken?

conduct shall commence, to use the utmost endeavours to prevent the same.

4.- Not to refuse to admit any Police Constable at any time when upon duty.

5.- To keep a printed copy of these Rules exposed in the most frequented part of the House, where all persons resorting thereto may read the same.

6.- Not to open the House, in the case of Riot or Tumult, at or after any hour at which two Justices shall have ordered the House to be closed.

7.- Not knowingly to harbour or entertain any Constable of the Cheshire Constabulary, or permit him to abide or remain in the House during any part of the time appointed for his being on duty, except in the performance of that duty.

**BY THE COURT**

**CHARLES WILLIAM POTTS,**

Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Chester

**PRINTED AT THE COURANT OFFICE, CHESTER**

# TESTING TIMES

It has been an 'understated' start to the season with several notable absentees making a hole in our usual early season successes. Steve Davis is taking a year out and after a promising first event, Tim Seddon went down with a viral infection that he is only now getting over. The normally enthusiastic Dave Bates has had a low key start as he tries to get into gear and domestic demands have reduced the opportunities of other members. Thank goodness then for Paul McAllister, who has had a really impressive start to the season, Roy Myers and Nigel Harrop for keeping the club flag flying on a regular basis in local events. Strange that the enthusiasm for open events should be so low when the club 'nearly-10's' are attracting record numbers. On May 19th, we had 20 members and 9 others competing on the A50 course. Maybe the low key start means we will enjoy a good end of season flourish. I hope so.

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## M&DTTA 10 - Feb 28th

Tim Seddon took 2nd place in this local opener with a fine 23.46. Little did he know it would be his last event for some time. Nigel Harrop was the only other club rider to brave the early season cold to finish with 27.22 for 30th place.

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## Severn RC '25' - Feb 28th

Paul Smith travelled down to Bristol to be the first member to ride a '25' this year. He finished with 1.05.18 for 13th place - not bad considering his PB is a 1.03.

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## YCF '10' - Feb 29th

Paul McAllister got off to a good start with a 24.24 for 5th place as he battled through the snow showers on the other side of the Pennines.

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## M&DTTA '10 - Mar 6th

Paul Smith led home the Seamons with 25.14 for 21st place. Roy Myers (25.48) and Nigel Harrop (26.58) completed.

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## Featherstone RC Hilly 16.5 m - Mar 7th

Paul McAllister finished this in 39.56 for 9th place just less than a minute down on the winner.

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## Nova CC 2-up '25' - Mar 13th

Paul Smith and Nigel Harrop were evenly matched in this and finished with 1.05.09 in heavy showers for 10th place. Ride of the day belonged to that other Paul, McAllister, who rode solo due to Tim's illness and finished in 59.19. This would have put him into 2nd place as the winners were a mere 2 minutes faster.

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## Kiverton Park '10' - Mar 27th

Paul McAllister's speed is not in doubt as a 21.32 ride confirmed.

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## Crewe Clarion Hilly 17 mile - Mar 28th

Sole representative in this was Nigel Harrop who finished with a fine 45.59

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## South Lancs RC '10' - Apr 3rd

Roy Myers was our only entrant in this, finishing with a 25.43

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## Withington Whs '25' - Apr 4th

Paul McAllister slipped under the hour with 59.58 for 3rd place whilst Roy Myers failed to start after his previous day's efforts

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## City RC '10' - Apr 9th

Good Friday, good ride from Paul Mc. who got round in 22.35 for 5th place, only 30 seconds down on the winner.

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## VTTA '10' Apr 21st

Paul Mc. (22.39 for 3rd place) and Roy Myers (25.08) were our representatives in this Wednesday afternoon event.

M&DTTA '25' - Apr 24th

We should have had our best result of the year in this but Paul McAllister's tri-bars came loose before half distance causing him to be DNF. Roy Myers led home the other three finishers with his best of the year so far in 1.01.42. Nigel Harrop (1.04.48) and Phil Holden in his first event with 1.06.07, completed the team.

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Retford & Dist '10' - May 1st

Paul McAllister romped round this one in 21.40

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Macc Whs Mountain 26 miles - May 3rd

Paul Smith took 1.21.36 and 14th place in this event. Our last Guest of Honour, Gethin Butler put it all in perspective with a 1.08.15 to annihilate the opposition.

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Glossop Kinder Velo '25' - May 8th

Paul Mc. led home in 57.48, followed home by Roy Myers (1.04.29) and Nigel Harrop (1.05.24)

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Dukinfield CC '50' - May 15th

Dave Bates had only ridden one club '10' before he fetched up on the start line for this. His 2.07.38 was a creditable ride in the circumstances. Roy Myers was our only other entrant and his 2.09.57 wasn't far behind.

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Chesterfield Spire '25' - May 15th

Paul's (and the club's) fastest of the year came in this event when he finished in 53.53. Super veteran Ian Cammish was the winner in 50.43. Remember him from the 80's?

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Congleton CC '25' - May 16th

Roy Myers got back to a more normal time with his 1.02.01 and Alex Young got his season underway with an encouraging 1.06.49.

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Team Spirit Hilly '22' - May 23rd

Paul Smith was our sole entrant in this finishing with 59.23 for 10th place

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***If your results are missing, it's because I'm not aware of them. Please phone or e-mail.***

## CTT 10 MILE MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

23<sup>rd</sup> May 2004

My day started at 5.00am driving from Altrincham to Delph to meet Paul for the drive down to the national '10', held this year near Tuxford, Newark-on-Trent, Lincolnshire. The total distance Altrincham to Tuxford was 106 miles and the weather was very good with very little wind. We arrived at the HQ at approx 7.40 am giving Paul 60minutes for a warm up and to get to the start (1mile from HQ). Paul was number 100 out of a field of 150 with a starting time 8.40 am. The field was arranged from slowest previous times at the lower numbers to the fastest being at the end, Riders were started at 1 minute intervals until the last 10 riders, who were at 2 minute intervals.

Paul was riding a fixed gear 53x14 which is approximately 100", 5" higher than normal. Initially this seemed a good choice as the course was very fast for 5 miles down the A1 but the return up the B1164, which is the old A1, Paul found very hard and at the finish he felt he was slightly over geared.

However, his 21.20 was a good time and his best this year. This put Paul in 73<sup>rd</sup> position out of 150 riders. It had been an excellent day out for myself & Paul, the weather was superb and the countryside in this area is excellent. We had a good drive over & it is always good to see the top riders in action. I even managed to get 6 much-slower-miles on my bike!

***Report and Photo by Malc McAllister***



Paul heads onto the A1, just after the start

# Champs '10' 2004



On a warm summer evening, such a marked contrast to last year's event, a good field battled out the first club championship of the year. Moved back a fortnight from previous years, this enabled some of those who had started their seasons a little later to find some form. With last year's champion taking time out and Tim Seddon only just back into racing it looked as though form man, Paul McAllister, would have it all his own way. So it proved. The HQ at the Kilton was humming as 22 Seamons riders prepared for the start. We reverted to the A50 plus the Swineyard loop to give the full ten miles, rather than the straight out and home 8.75 miles which has been used all year. Signs warning motorists were put at all junctions and each corner was marshalled before Sian Grainger got the ball rolling as first off. It was soon obvious that Paul Mc. would be the one to beat as he revved his 95" fixed gear so stylishly out along the A50 and his 22.13 was 47 seconds too good for second man home, Tim Seddon. Dave Bates is another who is just getting going this year and his form is slowly coming back. At 23.21 his main concern was the vet's championship and what Pete Devereux might finish with. Pete's 24.49 gave him a +07.11 so Dave has to wait for the '25' to see if he can reverse the order. It was good to see some of the new members having a go, swelling the field to make it a proper championship. Thanks go to Steve Booth for timekeeping, Roger Haines, Reg Blease & Jim Boydell for signing the route and to marshals, Dave Attwell, Dave Barker, Pete Bell, John & Carole Pardoe. It was good to see Keith Stacey, Bev Chapman and Wynne Clarke at the HQ and out on the course supporting the riders.

The full result:

1 Paul McAllister 22.13

2	Tim Seddon	23.00	
3	Dave Bates	23.21	+05.31
4	Dan Mathers	23.39	
5	Richard Williams	23.51	+03.42
6	Paul Smith	24.04	
7	Keith Bailey	24.22	+02.32
8	Pete Devereux	24.49	+07.11
9	Nigel Harrop	24.59	+03.13
10	Simon Williams	25.03	
11	Phil Holden	25.42	+03.24
12	Paul Aldridge	25.49	
13	Dave McIlroy	26.16	+03.32
14	John Carberry	26.25	
15	Rob Morton	26.50	-00.56
16	Gareth Blease	27.01	-01.19
17	Brendan Coyle	27.35	-00.41
18	Dave Tickle	28.02	+02.00
19	Mike Wrigley	28.37	-01.43
20	Alan Thompson	29.26	
21	Malc McAllister	29.43	+00.47
22	Sian Grainger	30.01	



Pete Devereux—Vet's Champion



# CLUBRUNS



	DATE	HALF-DAY	TOURING SECTION
Jun	6th	Blaze Farm	Tilston
	13th	Delamere	Longnor
	20th	Poole Marina	Southport
	27th	Meerbrook	Miller's Dale OR York Rally*
Jul	4th	Marton*****	100 in 8
	11th	Tattenhall	Tatton Park (Cancer Research)**
	18th	Summertrees	The Nineteen Gates
	25th	Hope	Whitchurch
	Aug 1st	Beeston	Ipstones
Aug	8th	Buxton	Parkgate
	15th	Malkin's Bank	Elton
	22nd	Blaze Farm	Hathersage
	29th	Delamere	Stoak***
	Sep 5th	Paddock Farm	Hartington
Sep	12th	Poole Marina	Diggle****
	19th	Two Mills	Two Mills
	26th	Beeston	Edgworth

\* York Rally weekend. Some pitches have been booked. See Keith Wilkinson

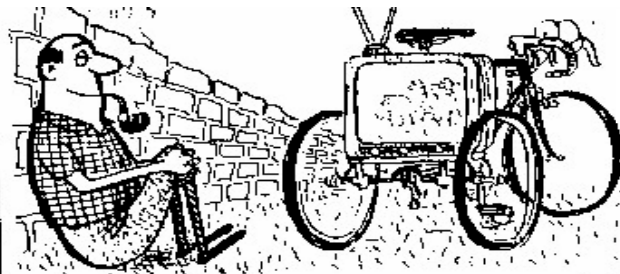
\*\* Volunteers wanted to man a stall and marshal for this event

\*\*\* Cheshire Cycleway 2-day weekend also.

\*\*\*\* CTC Beard Hill Climb. Entries needed in advance.

\*\*\*\*\* Club 100 mile Championship in the M&DTTA event

**LAST LAUGH**  
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Advantages of the tricycle at Tour de France time.

1/19/13