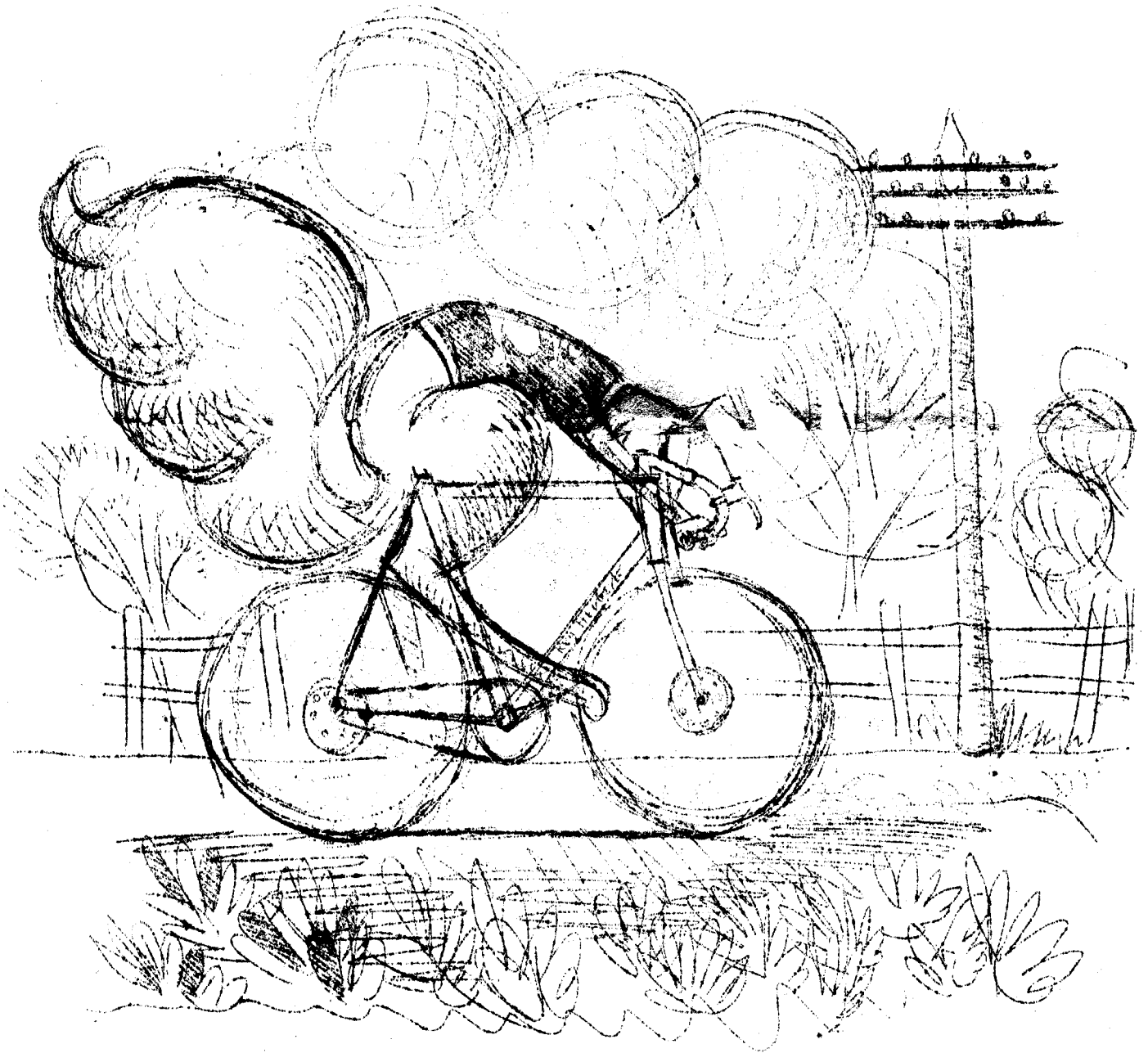


Price 30

THE SQUIRREL

R.B. Co.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
SEAMONS C.C.



AFFILIATED TO: R.T.C. MDTA. N.C.W.

9 MAR 1951

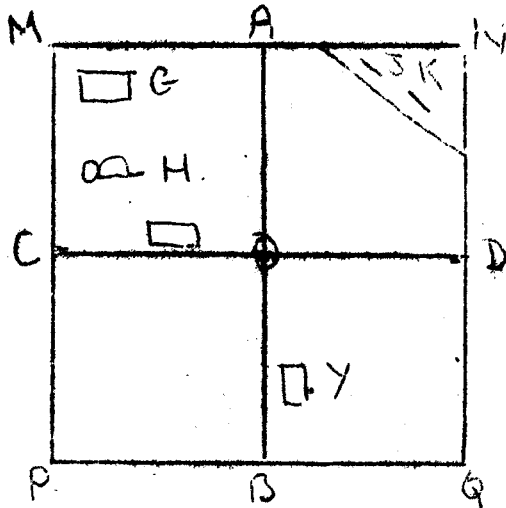
EDITED BY DENNIS R. CHAPMAN.

EDITORIAL.

I have now decided not to try and publish the "SQUIRREL" on any given date, but only as and when I have enough material to fill it, so it is up to you all to keep it going.

As some will already know our treasurer Stuart Paton, has to go back in the Navy at the end of April, this will be a big loss to the Club, and I am sure you will all join me in wishing him the "Best of Luck".

Club Handbooks are now ready for all who have paid their Subs??? Do read these as they contain usefull information. Last year I heard a few members say they had not even looked at them, as they cost money the Club can ill afford, this is not very appreciative.



PUZZLE CORNER.

The rectangular area MNOP is approx. quadracted by two main roads, AB and CD. These are of equal length and cross at the point C. The father of the policeman who officiates at the station Y, lives at the house G, and has no arms or legs, so he is wheeled about in the wheelbarrow H. In the corner of N, is a bowling green, with two seats J and K. This green is cut off from the house G, and the police stations X and Y by the main roads OD and AB. One day at 6 pm, policeman X rang up policeman Y, and mentioned that the Soamons fast section were due to go from C to D via O at 6-10pm. on a burn up. "Dear me" said constable Y, "the Altrincham R.O.C. is due to go from A to B via C at 6-10pm. on a training flog. He threw down the receiver, rushed across the roads AB and OD, to his father at

G, whom he deposited in the wheelbarrow H, and trundled across the road AO to the bowling green at N. He propped his pater on the seat K, and gasped, "Dad, you are going to witness the biggest "pile up" in history!"

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE.

My friends,

As this is the first issue of "The Squirrel" in 1951, I am taking this opportunity of saying a few words to you.

The year that has gone was a progressive one for our Club, in that we gained new members and made new friends. In the years to come we can, and will continue to prosper, providing we remember these things.

The first and only point I make is that whether you are a church goer or not, try to behave like a Christian at all times, because a true Christian embodies all the qualities needed to make a good and useful club member, and citizen, of the world. Make it your business to be friends with your fellow club-mates. Make strangers welcome. Help in the club whenever, and wherever you can. I sincerely believe that with a true spirit of friendship in our midst, NOTHING can keep the the Seamons Cycling Club from success. So I ask for the whole-hearted co-operation and support of every member to make 1951 much more successful than 1950.

R. Richardson.
Chairman.

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BURNT OFF BITS.

A letter from Jim Hewart now with the army in Trieste, tells us that he spent a week in hospital after being 'Copped' on the 'noggin' with a beer bottle at a dance. Tut, tut, Jim! What company you must keep!!!

.....

A whisper reaches me that our editor, after writing to Charles Atlas about a P.T. course, had a reply saying that there was still hope for him. I wonder?

.....

You should have seen:-

Stuart Paton teaching a bunch of card sharpeners how to play cards.

Sylvia's face? when she hit the deck at the New Year party.

.....

During my words of thanks at the Club Dinner to the various people who had helped the club with their services, I inadvertantly missed Reg. Herbert. Reg is a very modest person but I have always found him willing to help the club in any way possible, and it was he of course who made such a splendid job of the Racing Certificates. An awful lot of time and patience must have gone into this work.

So on behalf of Seamons Cycling Club, Reg, I thank you.
R. Richardson.

"The Cyclist's Shakespeare."
Julius Caesar.

Let me have men about me that are fast,
Swift men, such as train o' nights,
Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,
He sprints too much,
Such men are dangerous.

Put out my bike, and then put on the light,
If I train me, thou faithful minister,
I can again my speed restore, when I repent
me,
Of too many late nights spent in bars,
Of smoking dozens of cigars,
Of ~~curriest~~ ~~patterns~~ of excolling smoke rings,
I know not where my muscles re,
Or if my alloy bell will ring,
My Kingdom for a cup of char,
Of death, where is thy sting?

There are club badges available at 3/6 each also five
Track Jerseys at 13/6 each.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Scientists are now at work trying hard to discover a sound
that will travel faster than aeroplanes.

There is to be a meeting at the Milton Hall on Fri. 9th. March,
of the Track League to discuss the relationship of the League
with the Manchester Amateur Athletic Grounds Ltd.

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