

# THE SQUIRREL

SUMMER 08

## YORK TALK....The tale of York Rally June 2008



It's that well-established icon of cycling festivals except that I had never been. So as one of my cycling must-do's (as well as that sub-1 hour 25m TT I keep promising myself ) I set off with a fully-laden bike for York via Leeds where I had arranged an overnight stop with a couple of friends.

Quite conveniently my way into York on the next day (Friday ) was on a Sustrans route which incredibly took me directly to York Racecourse where the event was taking place (my map for the ride, just in case you are wondering, was a section of Road Atlas with a scale of 10 miles to 1 inch dating from 1972 which didn't show much detail but was certainly a space-saver )

I just had to kill a bit of time now waiting for the lads to arrive. I rode around York and bought Fish & Chips at a Chippy labeled 'Best in Yorkshire'. They were in fact quite possibly the worst!

Everybody eventually arrived so after putting up our tents and eating more dreadful chips etc. we took part in the compulsory pub ride. Several pints later we wobbled back into camp and settled down reflecting on the evening's fun and hoping that it wouldn't rain too much overnight. In actual fact that 1st night was incredibly cold-definitely thermals required!!

Saturday dawned-a little overcast and grey-not an ideal day for The Festival or bike riding in general really. Captain Carberry had very conscientiously organised a 60 mile ride as part of Seamons C.C.'s Diamond Jubilee celebrations so we were all assembled there at the start point dressed in our very smart club kit. Despite the bad weather and loads of other well-established rides/leaders we attracted 7 guest cyclists (one of whom was from Canada) which we considered pretty

*(Continued on page 13)*

**From the Secretary:**

**Welcome** to Simon Dowling – of Nocturne fame – and apologies to Simon Williams who has, of course, been a member for years! Welcome also to Harry Streuli, Chris Pratt, Wendy Taylor, Chris Thompson and Robert Booth.

**\*AGM 7<sup>th</sup> November:**

**Our President, Reg Blease**, who has been at the helm for 2 years, now reaches the end of his term of office. You must think about electing our next President. Nominations must be in writing, and seconded, and sent to the Secretary by Oct.7<sup>th</sup>, 28 days before the AGM. Also any propositions you would like to put before the membership at the AGM must be in writing and sent to the Secretary by Oct.7<sup>th</sup>.

**Our Chairman, Harvey Maitland**, will be stepping down, after 6 years. Nominations can be accepted on the night. Be sure to check with the person beforehand, because to throw out names on the night is very unfair and embarrassing. Unless it is YOU volunteering – that would be wonderful.

**Our Secretary, Carol Pardoe**, said at last year's AGM that she would be stepping down this year. The time has come. It's been 12 years. A very enjoyable 12 years, may I say. The job can be divided into two:

Membership Secretary: keeping records of members up to date and answering enquiries – there's been a lot since the Olympics! – and collecting membership subscriptions.

General Secretary: co-ordinating and communicating information; keeping the Minutes at meetings; keeping a diary of club events through the year in order to pass dates on to the Editor, Racing Secretary, Social Secretary, Touring Secretary, and of course, all the members. E-mail is useful. But so is the phone, and snail-mail. And talking. And going on all the club-runs simultaneously ideally. That's all, really.

**Dates:**

Saturday October 4<sup>th</sup> "Fun 10" - it isn't 10 miles, and it isn't fun (depending how you ride it.) >From the Kilton, 2 p.m. Choose your partner carefully – or not – depending how much fun you want! Check details with Mike.

Sunday October 5<sup>th</sup> Hill climb: Withenshaw Hill (same as last year, Sutton, Macclesfield Forest), 11:00 a.m. Followed by Free-wheel, followed by lunch at the Ryles Arms 12 noon.

Names and money to Carol Pardoe please by September 29<sup>th</sup>.

Club nights on the track: Sat.Oct 11<sup>th</sup>, Tues.Dec.16<sup>th</sup> Names to Richard Williams via the club notice-board please.

Diamond Jubilee club run: October 19<sup>th</sup>, 60 miles/km. Destination: the Old Market Tavern. Route details with Dave Barker.

National Hill climb: Matlock, Oct. 26<sup>th</sup>

**\*\*\* AGM: Friday 7<sup>th</sup> November \*\*\***

Nostalgia night: November 21<sup>st</sup>: bring your old photos, old club tops, old equipment? Old Result sheets. The club archive will be on display, plus other memorabilia. Refreshments – not old!

Montgomery: December 6-7<sup>th</sup>, contact Robin Haigh.

The Revolution at the velodrome: Nov.15<sup>th</sup>, Dec.6<sup>th</sup>, Jan.10<sup>th</sup>, Feb.21<sup>st</sup>.

Hot-pot: Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> Dec. Names to Louise Eden please.

M&D Fancy Dress "10": Dec.14<sup>th</sup>  
Carol service at Chelford: Dec.14<sup>th</sup>

Diamond Jubilee Dinner at the Cresta Court: Sat.Feb 7<sup>th</sup>.

**Cover:**

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# BITS AND BITS

## New Seamons CC Website



The new Seamons CC website was launched recently. It can be accessed here..... <http://www.seamonscc.co.uk>.

The new site was designed and built by Allan Blackburn and Allan will be maintaining the new site going forward. If you have any comments or suggestions for the site please forward them to Allan at [webmaster@seamonscc.co.uk](mailto:webmaster@seamonscc.co.uk).

Any website is only as good as the content it contains so in order to help Allan keep the site up to date please send him all your open event race results as soon as you can after an event. Use the above e-mail address. Please include the organising club, the date, the distance of the event, the course and your result. Also include any relevant titbits like "personal best" or "course pb" or anything else that's relevant to your race. Similarly if you have any news that would be relevant to the club please forward to Allan for inclusion on the site. Any

photographs taken at club events would also be welcome.

This brings to an end Steve Booth's involvement with the Seamons website. Many thanks to Steve for all his efforts and hard work at keeping the old site running and updated over the last few years.

### From your Chairman:

Due to increased work pressure and failing health I will not be standing for nomination as Chairman at the next AGM. It has been a great privilege to have served the Club for the past 6 years as Chairman, a position that has given me enormous pleasure and satisfaction. I know my successor will find the post just as rewarding as I have.

### The sock saga:

The Secretary presented the Treasurer with a brand new pair of sparkling white socks at club night, having observed on the club run his grey woollen socks. The Treasurer did not express delight. Indeed, he defended his grey socks, saying he was trying to wear them out. Mr. Barker pointed out that this seemed to be taking a long time. The Treasurer did some research during the week, and reported that many of the professional riders were now wearing black or coloured socks. The Secretary also did research during the next week and was pleased to note that on the half-day section, standards were being upheld, and predominantly white socks prevailed, or no socks – quite acceptable – or club coloured socks, tolerable. And it is well known that white socks make you go faster...

## The Squirrel

### I want an egg

This made a change from last year in the “12” when Dan rather petulantly shouted at his Mum, “I want a donut”. It was the one thing no-one had in the boot of their car. This year it was Steve Hargreaves (riding with 2 broken ribs) shouting at Karen, “I want an egg”. She had one in the boot of the car, of course. “Peeled?” she shouted back. When he came through next time she held it out. “No!” he shouted, “I want a banana”. It was like that all day. Early on JP and I were handing up hot rice pudding, JP at one end of the lay-by handing up, me at the other collecting back. “Throw it off”, I shouted to Dan. He did. Straight at me. Splat, the open-neck bottle fell at my feet, spraying me with leftover creamy rice pud. Thanks, Dan. Then as he came back the other way his Mum handed up an egg butty. Dan was going really fast, smack! He grabbed the butty so hard he took his Mum half way to Broxton with him. Gemma, meanwhile, was juggling energy gels, drinks and bananas up the far end of the course.

All helpers gradually converged on Espley Island later in the morning, which the riders went through repeatedly from then on. The wind was getting up, and it was into the teeth of it all the way down the Shawbirch leg, having already battled into it from Prees Island, and up the Broxton leg. The riders were now on nearly 100 miles, a lot of them looking very weary. The helpers were getting hungry. It was a long time since breakfast, at dawn. Karen produced the most gorgeous, sticky, chocolate covered almond sponge you ever saw. We tried not to let the riders see us scoffing it as we cheered them on through mouthfuls. After Ian and Allan climbed off – you just wanted some cake, didn’t you? - we decided we should give some to Phil as he was still ploughing manfully on, while Dan didn’t seem to be slowing at all.

Two other riders not slowing at all were Andy Wilkinson, who went on to win by miles – literally! 283, and Neil Skellern who finished with 263 miles. Dan was 4th with 251 miles.

We all fell into the Prees transport café afterwards and feasted on piles of chips and mugs of tea. Dan said how much he had enjoyed his drinks of tea during the day, and how did we keep it warm waiting at the side of the road, sometimes for ages. I didn’t tell him I stuffed the bottle under my arm-pit. Any new takers to ride the “12” next year? We can offer you all sorts of treats!

By Carol Pardoe

### Guess who this is?

I remember when staying at Hartington Youth Hostel one Christmas. I went home for the family Christmas lunch and then returned to Hartington to stay the night!

Answer on page: 19

### Seamons Jubilee Bottles for sale

We have taken delivery of some jubilee celebration drink bottles. If you would like to purchase some please see Sara Blackburn. £2 each. Bottles are also available for purchase at club nights.



Who’s behind the mask?

# Meet your Clubmates

Sara Blackburn

Q: When and Where were you born? 02/06/67 Sinderland Road Maternity Hospital, Broadheath.

Q: When did you start cycling, and what was your first club? October 2004, Seamons.

Q: What was your first race? A 10 mile TT on J2/3 in a hideous head wind. Never done the course since.

Q: What was your first win? Never won a race, but there's time yet if I end up being the only female in a ladies race!

Q: Which performance do you rate as your best? Tricky one that. I've been proud of all my TT rides this season for getting over being ill, and making significant dents in my PBs and getting club records. Think one that stands out for me this season isn't my fastest by any means, but it was the first indication that things were changing for me, when in the space of 3 weeks I knocked nearly 7 minutes off my J2/9 time. I was completely oblivious to the time I was doing and had a mare of a ride as the Tractor drivers on the A50 had it in for me. I had to overtake 2 tractors in the lumpy bits of the A50 after the Whipping Stocks. Oh the joys of J2/9!

Q: What is your favourite meal? Curry. Or something made by Allan.

Q: What were you like at school? Sporty.

Q: What kind of books do you read? Thrillers, classics.

Q: What kind of music do you enjoy? Varied but 70's to current pop, not any of that classical nonsense or 60's trash.

Q: and your favourite type of t.v. programmes? Dragon's Den, any cycling programmes on the TV, X Factor, Harry Hill's TV Burp, Come Dine with Me, Gordon Ramsay Programmes

Reality TV programmes like I'm a celebrity get me out of here, Celebrity Big Brother, Celebrity Master Chef

Q: Which newspaper do you read? Read news on t'internet, otherwise Telegraph or Daily Mail.

Q: What is your ideal holiday destination? Majorca cycling, French Alps cycling, Maldives, or a cottage by the sea somewhere really wild and bleak.

p.s. If Allan's reading this please chose Maldives!

Q: Do you have any hobbies? Other than cycling, walking my dogs, rowing (that's rowing on the rowing machine, not falling out with Allan), swimming. I also used to do Karate, to Brown Belt, so don't mess with me!

Q: Who would play you in a film of your life? That's a difficult question, but obviously someone very intelligent, slim, athletic, and gorgeous, with a dry, sarcastic sense of humour.

Q: What is your greatest fear? Losing a loved one, human or animal.

Getting blood clots in my leg during the club hill climb race, whoops already had that one. Being eaten by sharks. Being ill again.

Q: How would you describe yourself in a lonely hearts ad? Not that I would ever do a lonely hearts ad... Fiesty female with GSOH WLTM rich young stud...

Q: What is your favourite training ride? That would have to be Longnor via Flash and back via Dowell Dale, with a massive pot of tea in Longnor. The big teapot in the Longnor cafe is known as "Big Bertha". The staff were horrified that the ladies ride once asked for it to be refilled. I overheard them saying to each other in astonishment "They've emptied Big Bertha!"

*(Continued on page 25)*

## **Theo Parsons – My Tenuous Link**

I read the committee minutes with interest regarding a letter to JP from Theo Parsons, telling us, he “reads and enjoys” the Squirrel. Theo (for those youngsters who don’t know), used to operate a cycle shop, including his frame building, situated where the petrol station now stands opposite South Trafford College. Prior to this he raced in his birthplace, the Cotswolds. I remember at a very young age in the mid 1950’s being taken into this Aladdin’s cave of cycling. My father bought a Planet Pipit (or similar, maybe a Thanet?) which we called the” yellow peril”. It even had new fangled gears, called derailleur (Simplex?). A little seat on the cross bar took me to Fallowfield Track on Bank Holidays



and after “the meet”, on a mass impromptu road race to Chorlton Meadows and not a helmet in site. Unfortunately we’ve long since lost touch with this gleaming yellow stallion. However my stronger memories of this interesting gentleman were at his home – The Railway Cottages at the junction of Brooks Drive and Dobbinetts Lane. By then Theo had moved his workshop to a large shed that smelt of warm oil and damp wood. Inside I recall flames, sparks and hammer strokes. I recall a bearded, quiet gent in oily overalls, and always up to interesting things in the shed - unlike most boring suburban parents. The garden, surrounded by farm fields seemed full of chickens and dozens of rabbits. Both I suspect were for food purposes. I recall bits of

rusting machinery shrouded in tarpaulins amongst long grass and nettles, and thick boiled egg sandwiches. What was I doing there? Well I was in the same class as Arthur his son, and my older sister Joan was in the same class as Norma, his youngest daughter. My sister and I used to cycle from



Timperley to there house and spend never ending summer days in the surrounding country and adventuring to The Blue Pig Offy (Off License on Clay Lane) for sherbet dab and a frozen Orange Jubbly. Remember that “tetrahedron” pack. It might seem odd now, but then, we were allowed to cycle as far as Ringway Airport and Castle Mill Baths on our own, without any fears. The girls were horse mad, whilst Arthur and I played commandos on bikes. Surely commandos had bikes! They certainly had boiled egg sandwiches!

Around 1962 my parents bought a house in Moss Lane, Timperley, off the parents of Theo’s wife, Margaret Parsons (formerly Bowie). The house, was custom built by her grandfather. Twenty years later I bought the house off my parents and live there to this day. Tenuous links maybe, but I have fond, if distant memories of Theo and all the Parsons family. “It’s a Small world” springs to mind. Hopefully Theo will read this and perhaps remember Rowland, Margaret, Joan and Gordon Peake with similar fondness, and know that my interest in cycling was seeded in his West Timperley shop.

Check out Web site:

<http://www.classiclightweights.co.uk/builders/theoparsons.html>

Theo arrived in 1917, (91 years ago?) in Broadway, and is still going strong, up Yorkshire way. Congratulations Theo!

*By Gordon Peake*



# Tourist Trophy

## BEST CLUBMAN 2008

Not a lot changes. The top 20 at the end of July were:

1. Phil Holden	173
2. Reg Blease	170
3. Peter Coles	162
4. Mike McConville	153
5. Dan Snape	126
6. Dave Williams	124
a new entry, as they say.	
7. Keith Stacey	118
8. Roy Myers	115
9. Gordon Peake	114
10. John Coles	111
11. John Verbickas	107
12. Tim Seddon	104
13. Ian Udall	101
14. Keith Bailey	95
Dave Barker	95
16. Eddy Robinson	94
17. Darren Buckley	93
18. Mark Watson	89
19. Dan Mathers	87
20. Robert Crampton	86

For those who like to ponder the great mysteries of life, what on earth possessed 48 of us to venture out on Club Runs on 27 January?

We like to think we are a tough breed, impervious to the vagaries of the weather. So why did an average of 36 members get out on Sundays in April 2007, and only 26 in April 2008? Couldn't possibly have anything to do with 33mm of rain, against 86mm; 211 hours of sunshine against 137 hours; or a 3+ degree difference in average temperatures, could it? No way, I blame the credit crunch.

By Dave Barker



**Tour Berwyns - Before**



**Tour Berwyns - After**



York Parade Aug 08

## A RIDE IN THE SUN

I was off to visit my sister in California in the early part of July and after all the poor weather that we had in England I said to her “make sure its hot when I come over” famous last words. As I wanted to do some riding while I was out there I had looked up cycle hire in Pasadena and came across “Velo Cycles” on Colorado Blvd that seem to have it



all, so I e-mailed them to see if they could fix me up and they replied to call in when I come over.

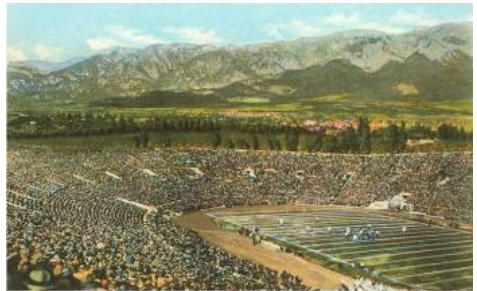
When I arrived in Los Angeles my request had been granted and the temperature was 96 Degrees and getting hotter, after a few days of rest and relaxation I made my way up to Velo Cycles which turned out to be a large shop that had all sorts of bikes, clothing and parts, everything that you might need, I talked to the manager, Mike ,nothing was too much trouble for him, he wanted to know all about the club and what we did, he offered me a Bianchi, Fondriest or Time, as I had the first two I said that I would go with the “Time” machine, nothing was too much trouble for my New friend Mike He said he would fit new pedals to fit my cleats and check the bike out, as I had come across from England he did me a great deal 100.00 \$ for a week which included the helmet, pump, tubes, it also had two bottle cages which was good.

He told me that on Sunday there is a group ride from the shop, about 40 miles before it got too hot.

I cycled back to my sister house with my bike, god it was hot.

On the Sunday morning all dressed up in Seamons best I cycled up to Velo Cycles, it was already 95 degrees, already there was a group

of riders waiting, not like Rackhams ,there were Mexicans, Chinese, Afro Americans, Koreans, Japanese and a couple of white Americans, also a few ladies, they all made me feel very welcome and wanted to know where I came from and all about the club. They were of all age groups and looked the part, I hoped that I could keep up. About 14 riders set out, usually there are about 30 but a fair number had gone to do a ride, I was already sweating, we move off at a fast pace down Colorado Blvd and onto Foot-hills ,the road was smooth and wide, the only thing you had to watch were the run offs for the water from the hills, the grids would take you and your bike, people came along side for a chat and then moved on, we were rolling along at about 17 mph round San Anita Race-track and up Huttington drive, I was told that we did not stop as we had to get back before it got to hot, we turned onto California Blvd and headed toward the Rose Bowl, we went under some freeways high in the sky, hope there were no earth quakes went through my mind and then there it was the Rose Bowl a huge



area of park lands and a massive Stadium, pity we did not stop, people were out running, cycling and walking but what got through to me the most was the huge hills behind it, I asked were we going back the same way as we had come, but I did not want to hear the answer, we are going over the top.

As we started the climb I soon started falling back, sweat was running in my eyes and my throat and mouth were on fire, I was thankful for the two bottle cages as I started taking on



water as if it was my last, after a mile it flattened out a bit and I got my second wind if you can call it that and then it kicked up again, it felt like I was riding into an oven, I thought of those cold and windy rides in Cheshire, slowly we made our way up and the agony was over we had reached the top, we grouped together and then started our decent down the hill (mountain). We came down at frightening speed but the road was smooth, but you had to watch for the rain grids, they were waiting for you, soon people were saying there goodbyes, I had a guide back to Velos Cycles and after the last good bye and see you again I was on my own, in one piece and happy to be going home, feeling good that I had managed to stay with the group and had met some good people, they had gone home knowing a little about Seamons and I had found out a little about them.

I got home and looked at the Temperature, it was 110 degrees.

Truly a ride in the sun.

*By John Verbickas*

**OUCH!** Seen on the Web 3/06/2008

Car plows into bike race in Mexico, 1 dead

MONTERREY, Mexico (AP) — A car has plowed into a bike race along a highway near the US-Mexico border, killing one and injuring 10 others.

Police investigator Jose Alfredo Rodriguez says the 28-year-old driver was apparently drunk and fell asleep when he crashed into the race.

A photograph taken by a city official shows bicyclists and equipment being hurled high in to the air by the collision.

Rodriguez says Juan Campos was charged with killing Alejandro Alvarez, 37, of Monterrey.

Authorities say the wreck happened 15 minutes into the race along a highway between Playa Bagdad and Matamoros.

Campos says he is an American citizen living in Brownsville, Texas. U.S. consulate spokesman Todd Huizinga said officials were looking into whether Americans were involved.



**Plus Fours Routefinder**



Invented in 1920's this could be world's first navigation system. (Looks as if it would be ideal for cyclists if mounted on the handlebars Ed.) No satellites or digital screens were used in the making of this portable navigation system. Called **Plus Fours Routefinder**, this little invention was designed to be worn on your wrist, and the "maps" were printed on little wooden rollers which you would turn manually as you drove along. The device was intended to allow drivers to navigate around the UK, but with so few cars on the roads it never really took off. Now consigned to the scrap heap of history, the Routefinder is one of many gadgets patented by inventors who were hoping to strike it rich with their bizarre contraptions. It's part of a collection of weird and wonderful inventions, all conceived between 1851 and

1951, which have gone on display at the British Library in London.  
*Seen on the web*



**John Verbickas**

Treasure Hunt  
08.

26<sup>th</sup> May 2008



At last we had a Bank Holiday treasure hunt without rain. Instead we got an ominous start with the strongest easterly wind I've know for years. What does a strong easterly wind bring weather wise in May? The forecast was dry with a threat of "wet" coming later in the day. Fingers crossed a hard core of 13 Seamons set off from Rackhams at 11am. In teams of 2's and 3's, route sheet to follow, 21 clues to find and 6 treasures to collect on a 30 mile route.

Just to add confusion a toting up of all pillar boxes passed, was thrown in for good measure. This of course caused the most controversy. To start with it was clue No 21 at the end of the list. If not read before setting off you've only guesswork to go on! Secondly - Does a red post box fixed in a wall constitute a "pillar" box? Thirdly - Does a double box with two mouths constitute one or two? And more! - Does the box in Arley village, 5 yards down a side lane, (but visible - just) count? Most experienced treasure hunters had sat at Rackham's and read it all carefully because in previous years, I'd dropped similar "trips" in at the end. I had to concede I'd missed two boxes during my planning. One so obvious in Knutsford, I can't believe I'd passed it (twice). Let's move on -

Most clues are observational with a sprinkling of cryptic leads. An example:

12. *Rev Dobson did a shift here for St Wilfred and found a character for his "Alice in Wonderland" ditty. No, not a white rabbit! Dally in front of the Parrs Arms & think Alice's "Growth Mushrooms" - It's smiling at you!*  
Answer. \_ \_ \_ S \_ \_ \_ \_ / \_ \_ \_ \_ .

Standing in front of the pub in Grappenhall, you get a good view of St Wilfred's church tower. There high up (hence "growth" and 30

feet away) is a CHESHIRE / CAT. Possibly "the" Cheshire Cat, as the author had worked the parish. Admittedly, it's a bit worn like the rest of the sandstone church, and looks more like an otter from a distance. It's well documented on information boards in the pub and by the church gate. Despite almost every team getting it, John Carberry accused me of getting a bit too "cryptic and smart"! Once John had eaten he was far more amenable of course! I witnessed a local curiously asking Gareth Blease what he was looking for whilst rummaging around the graveyard (in lycra?), Gareth was gifted with the solution. The chap behind the bar knew all about "the cat", with some local pride.

(By the way - It's a good pub to aim for down the lanes, canal or Trans Pennine Trail - a little "English Haven" and not far beyond Lymm.)

Most clues are more straight forward stuff like:

4. *Seamons Diamond! but Tatton's?* Answer. \_ \_ \_ N N \_ \_ \_ / \_ 0 0 \_ .

It's Tatton's "BIENNIAL 2008" - Information at the gate amongst the "Welcome to Tatton" notice board.

**Training Hunters:**

The treasure hunt is made up of nothing to hard, if you keep your eyes open, and the next clue in your head, keeping an eye out for pillar boxes and treasures like a feather or a post card. Whilst doing this you need to keep "on route" and don't forget your riding a bike on the public highway. Thinking about it, it sounds pretty confusing! With safety in mind it's made clear there are no clues on busy roads; it's not a race with no time penalties, etc.

Passing Tatton Hall, Knutsford centre and Arley Hall, a post card shouldn't be too hard! A dead duck on the road had enough spare feathers to stuff a pillow. I didn't plan its demise!

Yes, I know it all sounds a bit silly, but I'm

## *The Squirrel*

told its great fun by hunt devotees. To the more “single minded” cyclists I describe it as “a good ride spoiled”! I’m assured by others, that’s not true.

**The start** : By 11.15am they’re all disappearing up Stamford New Rd and I’m now redundant for the duration. So I went home to exchange the “start” stuff for the “finish” stuff, and grab a cup of tea etc. On the flyover I met Andy & Sue Burns – punctual as ever, and add them to the start sheet! At 12.15pm I set off in pursuit, and experience the strongest head winds in Tatton since, well, since struggling across Rushup edge, the day before actually. Through Knutsford and off towards Tabley and Arley. My first encounter was at The Windmill Inn near the M6 roundabout. The only all girls team out, Karen and Ross seemed to be finding it all a bit fraught. They don’t do “long distance”. They don’t know these lanes. They’re not the best navigators, and have that wonderful female approach to map reading, (rotate the map so your always going up! - Careful Gordon)! But they were determined to complete at whatever cost. They’d stopped for lunch. A bit early I suggested? Don’t forget you haven’t got lights! I should have kept quiet !!! After 30+ years a marriage you’d think I’d have learned. I quickly exited and caught Roger and Gareth disseminating a mass of information outside a farm pet shop emporium. After spending ten minutes trying to get a clue from me, I gave in and said “just ride on, its not here”! Soon after I tried to convince Roger the clue “Poets Day” refers to Fridays – nothing to do with Mondays. **“P\*\*\* Off Early - Tomorrows Saturday”**. It’s a “Private Sector” thing, Roger! We public servants are more conscientious!

### **Lunch**

Eventually eight of us gathered for a staggered lunch at The Parr Arms in Grappenhall. Always a good spot – well run, good food, cycle friendly, and a remarkably unspoilt spot. Steak & Kidney puddings the size of Grapefruit. The quizzing over what constitutes a “pillar box”

had already started. I set off for Dunham as it was gone 3pm – the guesstimated finishing time. No chance of that! The lead hunters set off for a bit of canal tow path and Trans Penine Way stuff. Six hadn’t reached Grappenhall yet, but I was told they were on route. In fact I hadn’t seen the Burns’s or Reg and Vera since Altrincham? I later found out the Blease tandem had snapped its chain in Rostherne. Andy’s arrival with his well know pannier containing “everything”, including chain splitting tool, saved the day. To quell there anxiety they’d called for coffee at Tatton were I must have leap frogged and missed them.

### **Finish**

For me, it was head wind all the way back from Grappenhall and getting very cool. At The Vine Inn in Dunham, I tried to find Wilkie (still on the Subs bench), who’d text’d his arrival. No sign of him, and I refrained from refreshment just in case I had to pop home for the car and do some “sweeper” duties.

The first team to complete just after 4pm - Pete Coles, Mike Brooks, and John Carrberry, brimming with confidence. Pete Devine and John Coles, told me Karen & Ross were well on there way, so I ventured a celebratory half. By 5.30 all had arrived with clue sheets completed and bags of treasures handed in. Roger was asking for bonus points for the biggest feather and a dock leaf about two feet long. His partner, Gareth had gone home, so a “DNF” disqualification was more likely. It was during these deliberations I realised there was another pillar box I’d missed, add it to my list, and alter the scores accordingly. The points were toted up and deductions for each pillar box, up or down from the agreed number. The opportunity and invite to bribe my inviduation wasn’t working very well. At £1.38 a pint I wasn’t too concerned. So positions were declared and prizes distributed with moderate celebrations! I hadn’t gaffed in the planning - well only one tiny gaff. All had made it safe and sound, which is always a concern.

Yes there was a result. The winners won and everyone else was close behind. Does that cover it?

### **Finale**

An impromptu meal at The Axe and Clever for the ten remaining lycra louts, rounded off the day. If there are enough of you, restaurants don't mind mud splattered lycra. Glasses raised to The Seamons, The President, Lewis Carroll etc, with no mention of the monarch! There was a universal declaration of, "why don't more come out"!

We just made it home before lighting up time and the gale force wind was finally ebbing. As I immersed myself in the bath I pondered on perhaps reading the "original" Alice In Wonderland. I might just settle for the Disney version! At last a Bank Holiday without rain which turned out to be, a Grand Day Out!

*By Gordon Peake.*

*(Continued from page 1)*

good. The ride to Harrogate (where we dined at Wetherspoons) was pretty un-eventful in that we didn't lose any riders and remained on the correct route.

After lunch things changed a little. Rain started to fall and gradually became persistent, there were riders without rain jackets who were getting frozen (in June?) and numerous punctures (John Hurley even suffered a puncture within the last 1/2 mile in atrocious conditions) Of course we didn't wimp out and completed the total ride a little damp and cold and quite a bit behind schedule.

A shower was necessary but sadly I couldn't bring myself to do that 1/2 mile walk from tent to shower block (where no doubt the water was cold) to get wet again. At least John Hurley was staying in a hotel with warm showers.

It wasn't long before we were sat in The Pub warm and dry and contemplating a pint and a superb menu.

We'd heard that there was a beer tent so decided it would be rude not to check it out so we headed off in search of real ale. At this stage there were 5 of us: John Carberry, Keith

Wilkie, Mike Brookes, Roger Haines and Rob Morton. We located the bar and retreated to one of the big marquees to consume our ale. This particular marquee was used for catering so of course the roof was covered in condensation. There were a few groups of people around chatting dressed in full waterproofs. We eventually had to take action as all the condensation was dripping in our beer-so there we are sat in a tent with our umbrellas up looking miserable. A lady even came over to take a photo of us!

The night finished with a flourish though as they reduced the beer prices (lots more rounds) and there was some live music in another marquee which didn't have condensation. Good beer and live music equals a great night out (bring back THE DOOBRIES!!)

Sunday dawned and it was pretty bright and warm. The first activity today was The Cyclists Procession. We weren't up in time to attend the service at York Minster so joined in the cavalcade of cyclists on the return to The Racecourse. As you can imagine there were cyclists and cycles of all types and we all made a superb spectacle cycling through the streets of York.

Total mileage today; 4 miles.

The wind was quite strong now on the campsite. Andy Burns and Gordon had already rescued one of the tents as it suddenly took off in a strong gust, and now it looked like The McAllister's tent was in danger of collapse. Malc arrived just in time to save the day and got busy dismantling the tent as both Paul and Mark looked on.

Well of course we were all feeling pretty hungry by now and it was time to call on our catering staff. We had Andy and Sue on Bacon and Sausages and in the caravan there was Gordon, Karen and Ros on eggs, mushrooms, beans, tea and coffee etc etc. While we were waiting for things to cook there were about 6 bottles of champagne to polish off which kept us quite busy.

The wind continued to grow in strength as we

*(Continued on page 35)*



# Club Weekend

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## Obituary to Bob Hill



It is my privilege to pay tribute to the late Bob Hill, who passed away recently. He was a founder member of the club in 1948 – member no.12 - and during his membership, which spanned 60 years, he was to serve the club in various ways, as Track and General Secretary for many years, and then as President from 1961-62.

Bob was born in Altrincham in 1926 and began his cycling at the age of 12 with a local group of the Y.M.C.A.

He was a keen photographer, one of many in the club, and a very accomplished table-tennis player with a variety of fiendish shots, some from beneath the table, undoubtedly due to his short stature.

Together with his wife Joyce he toured extensively on the tandem, his favoured areas being the Lake District, North Lancashire, the Yorkshire Dales, and of course the Cheshire lanes. They also toured in Devon and Cornwall and accompanied the late Dennis Chapman on a tour of Austria in the mid 50's.

He introduced his daughter, Janet, to

club life and she went on to hold the “10”, “25” and “50” Ladies’ records until only very recently. Bob’s son-in-law, Alan Heggs, still holds club records for the “50” (1.47.32) and the “12” (267 miles), set up 30 years ago.

Bob, like many club members, began his racing career in the Withington Wheelers Novices event, and went on to compete at all distances, although his favourite discipline was to become grass-track racing. With his brother, Bernard, he competed in events all over the country. A wonderful and oft told story springs to mind, when Bob won a small carpet in an event in Warsop, Nottinghamshire. Yes, you’ve guessed, he had to ride home with it, balanced across his saddle-bag. Cyclists were tough in those halcyon days. They didn’t have cars!

According to his “Meet your club-mates” feature in the Squirrel he enjoyed all types of music, from traditional jazz to classical, and his hobbies included painting from his numerous photos, collecting wine bottle labels and beer mats, and playing chess.

It seems somewhat bizarre that in his 50's, with his love of grass track, his interests should turn to 24 hour events. He was to ride three, recording distances between 343 and 361 miles. In 1980 he was a member of the winning team with Dave Bates and the late great Malc Judge, who won the event, in the classic Mersey Roads “24”. Bob always regarded this as his greatest ever performance.

According to our President, Reg Blease, Bob’s nickname was “the Major” since, during his National Service, he was a batman chauffeuring senior officers in very large cars!

When asked in the “Meet your club-mates” feature who he would have most liked to meet, he said the late Wainwright, because of his great love of the countryside, especially the Lake District.

Bob, who was a Life Member of the Seamons Cycling Club, will be sadly missed by his family and all those members who knew him.

*By John Pardoe*



**Dan Mathers heading to 4th in the National 24Hr**

**"The usual Saturday Timetrial" 26/7/08,**

It felt like the morning of a usual time trial, but not in Cheshire and not the usual faces.

Good fellows and team mates McConville and Holden were familiar enough as were, my regular helpers Mum and Dad Mathers ('Jean and John') and Girlfriend Gemma.

But the Sun was cracking the flags at 30 degrees, not normal weather for time trials in 2008....and it continued to crack tarmac, skin and moral for the next 5 hours or so.

Congleton also had a team in the race headed by messers Austin and Skellern but there were a few unfamiliar noteables such

as eventual winner ....? and second plance man ....? to contest the honours.

So what the heck, this was the National 24 hr Time Trial and I had grand ideas of racing, not just to survive. Oh how naive can you get!

However Senior McCallister had warned me with some shared experiences, but come 6pm I was feeling great, just a little thirsty thats all, and still pushing.

Team mate Holden was suffering, having charged into the heat of battle with a bad chest - he sensibly packed at around 100 miles. Mike McConville was still pedalling well but 'the team' trophy was no longer an incentive to finish for, worse luck.

10pm came round and I was now suffering - the heat had played its part and we were back on the Quinna Brook Circuit which was destroying my legs. Still 16 hours to go.

Time for some pasta and a Haigh / Bailey leg massage...all completed on the banks of Prees Heath RAB.

Come midnight I felt sick and was only taking on rice pudding and the odd sweet, but I was re-hydrating. Oh joy, I could re-hydrate for the next 14 hours as long as I didn't 'get off'.

The Fog came down at 2pm and my glasses steamed up. Dam those contact lenses as they hate the wind. Lights were doing OK, apart from the mini LED and the back which was totally inadequate now

And I needed every ounce of concentration as the Hollyhead ferry unloaded its cargo of articulated trucks, which were now hurtling down the A41.

*(Continued on page 25)*

# TOURING SHORTS &

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It's good to see Mr Wilkinson back on his bike again after his enforced lay-off, but I fear his return has brought with it some new bad habits.

The car-assisted run is a common feature of the Tourers' calendar and has seen us enjoy many a weekend on roads too far to reach under our own steam.

Keith's rehabilitation has meant it is difficult for him to pull on the bars or to spend too long leaning on his weakened elbow. His solution has been to drive part-way out on the run and then make his own way to lunch.

Very commendable.

But what excuse certain other of the touring section have I don't know.

It has been noticeable that some of them have also taken to driving out for part of the run and then cycling to meet everyone else.

Whatever next?

One habit which is not new is that of "recycling". Well, I'm being kind really.

Cyclists are a bunch of careful spenders at the best of times. And then there are the Tourers.

Dave Barker was forced to cut short one run when his pedal gave up the ghost somewhere near Comberbach.

All sympathy for Dave evaporated when he revealed that the antique pedal was in fact one he'd been given by Dave Matthews.

So let's get this into perspective: one of the club's biggest mile-eaters was riding a pedal given to him by one of the club's semi-professional audaxers?

Meanwhile, Reg Blease, who I understand has not been in a bicycle shop since 1978, related a story of how his front rim had exploded in his shed while he sat in the kitchen getting something to eat.

"I heard this muffled bang and when I went back to the bike a big section of the rim had blown out. I wouldn't mind but I'd only had that wheel ten year," he said. And when he says ten years, he meant he'd had it for ten years. Before that someone else had owned it.

While Reg was very lucky not to be riding the bike at the time of his incident, what made the story more startling was that, just like Dave, he was genuinely incredulous that the rim should have gone at all.

"They don't make 'em like they used to." Well actually, both the pedal and wheel were probably so old they WERE made exactly how they used to!

It doesn't get any better for Reg.

He loaned a bike to Gordon so Mrs Peake could get the feel of a road bike, as opposed to a mountain bike.

Unfortunately, she had a puncture.

When it came to fixing the tube, Gordon counted somewhere near a dozen patches on the tube.

"I hope you didn't throw it away! That's a good tube," jumped in Reg.

(Continued on page 25)

## **Scary Mary---A Cycling Adventure in the Massif Central**



As I climbed gently out of Murat towards the Super Lioran pass, the early morning misty warmth promised, as did the mid-August weather forecast, a fine day with just occasional light showers. Within half an hour the mist had transformed into rain of such force that I was obliged to seek shelter under a wood pile outside a local hotel. The weather forecast and early morning mild conditions had lulled me into setting out dressed only in a light, short sleeved shirt and shorts, backed up by arm warmers and very light jacket—just not sufficient to resist such heavy rain and cold.

In retrospect, I probably should have returned to Murat during the brief respite after the first rainstorm, to either get more substantial clothing or wait for a better day. However, 30 minutes of climbing is not to be wasted and I resolved to carry on up the pass, hoping that the weather would improve.

My ride for the day was born out of an over-enthusiastic (alcoholic?) study of Chris Sidwells' excellent new book on Tour Climbs, whilst relaxing in beautiful sunshine outside our French holiday gite. Studying the Cantal area SW of Clermont Ferrand, I realised that it is possible to combine two of the Tour climbs (Super Lioran 1294m and Puy Mary 1588m)

into a 115k elliptical route, with a finish over the minor Col d'Entremont 1210m thrown in for good measure.

As I climbed higher up the Super Lioran approach, the mist closed in, the temperature dropped into single figures and the rain just got heavier and heavier. But as the weather got worse, I got further and further from Murat and so was less and less inclined to turn back. At the top of the climb at 1294m the rain relented just enough for me to decide to ride on and descend 700m/40K to Aurillac---now fully committed to completing the ride.

As I left the Col, the weather just got worse and worse. In Vic-s-Cere after another 25K the rain was so heavy that I had to shelter for 15 minutes under the leaky eaves of a building at the side of the road, as I could hardly see through the wall of water to steer my bike. I was starting to get nervous regarding the rest of the ride as I was now cold, wet and hungry---in no state to get back to Murat. I needed to get a good meal soon but was not sure how to get this, as I felt I was too dripping wet and bedraggled to dare enter any café or restaurant. Furthermore, my limited French was definitely not up to the necessary apologies over the pools of water I would leave everywhere.

Once the rain eased to "heavy" I continued onwards to Aurillac. This town, which sounds like a sun drenched tourist haven, is in fact an industrial centre, which was once the centre of the French umbrella industry. I wonder why? Aurillac was recently described by "Cycling Weekly" as the worst stage town of the 2008 tour, but it does have one major redeeming feature for the tired cyclist! As I neared the industrial outskirts of Aurillac I was immensely cheered by a big McDonalds' golden arches sign at the side of the road. 5K to salvation!

The McDonalds restaurant was obvious as I entered the town, located just at the start of the



road signed to Puy Mary. As the rain hammered down I was able to ride straight into the deserted but covered kids play area. Here I was able to drain off excess water, before ordering a life saving Big Mac, fries and coke. Never was “junk food” more appreciated and it actually tasted quite good.

Whilst I scoffed down my meal, the rain actually got heavier and heavier, to the point where it was bouncing about 5cm back off the road. I left the restaurant during a brief respite in the storm, but after 2k of riding the storm came back at double the previous intensity.

It was impossible to ride through the wall of water. As I sheltered ineffectually in a doorway, lightening and thunder started crashing around the peaks above. Now Puy Mary is the highest Massif road at 1588m or 5300feet, so it did not take a genius to work out where the storm would be at its worst, 900m or 3000ft above my current location.

Conditions were getting so bad that I resolved that if the weather did not ease in 30 minutes, I would book into a hotel, wrap myself in bath towels as a substitute for warm clothing and wait for better weather the next day. I had reached the point where explaining all this to a bemused Hotel Manager in my lousy French was no longer an obstacle or an embarrassment.

Fortunately the weather eased slightly after 20 minutes, so I set out to ride the remaining 36K to the summit of Puy Mary. At this stage I was relying on my mountaineering experience as well as 20 years of Audax to judge that I would be able to cross the pass and return to Murat in safety.

I can't pretend the views were great or the weather cleared up—in fact most of the time the conditions were similar to being high in the Scottish mountains on a wet November day. However the weather did relent sufficiently to allow me to cross over the pass and

the make a long, chilly descent back to Murat.

There was a sting in the tail. After descending 15K from Puy Mary, I arrived at the hamlet of Dienne. The road rises up again here to the Col d'Entremont at 1210m. This is only a short climb for 3K, but it was hard work for me as my leg muscles had almost seized up on the cold descent from Puy Mary.

Once I was over this last Col, I was able to descend the last 900m height on a good road all the way to my base in Murat. What a relief to get dried, changed and sit in front of a large heater for an hour to get warm again. Yes, the Cantal deserves its reputation as the coldest place in France, even in midsummer!

*By David Matthews*  
09/08

Ride facts: Murat is a small town on the N122, approximately 100k SW of Clermont Ferrand. Altitude 300m. Leave Murat SW on the N122 to climb the Super Lioran pass (named Col de Cere at summit 1294m). (15k.) Then descend for 40K to Aurillac (altitude 600m) on the N122 (55K). From Aurillac head NE up the Jordanne valley for 38K to the summit of Puy Mary (named Pas de Peyrolle at summit 1588m) (93k). Descend SE for 15k to Dienne where bear right and right at T for 3k to the summit of Col d'Entremont (altitude 1210m). (108k). Descend the D680 for 7k back to Murat. Total distance 115k. Estimated total ascent 1800m. Must be a lovely ride in better weather. How was it for me---well they say that the tough rides are the ones you remember with most satisfaction!

*(Continued from page 25)*

They might have been regretting it later as we endured a rather wet afternoon with our new friends. It was a ride to remember, of that there is no doubt!

**Mystery Club Member:** John Coles!

## *The Squirrel*

### **What's in a name?**

Picture the scene, you're sat there on a rainy afternoon flicking through your favourite cycle magazine glimpsing at the latest frames and bikes to hit the shops. As you gaze at cycling's exotica have you ever stopped for a minute or two and thought of the origins of the names that the manufacturers christen their new bikes with?

Specialized Roubaix ~ yep, straightforward enough. Trek Maddone, Pinarello Sestriere ~ easy to understand and then you read on.

What about the more obscure names like Litespeed Ghisallo? Incidentally, I own one!

As per all of the usual adverts, one of the lightest frames ever made, American titanium craftsmanship at its best blah, blah.

But for those who don't know and for all you culture vultures, the name Ghisallo refers to the patron, saint of cyclists ~ the Madonna del Ghisallo and her location originates in the north of Italy. The chapel to the Madonna is situated high on a mountain overlooking the town of Bellagio at Lake Como. She was proclaimed a saint in the late 1940's by the then Pope

Getting back to cycling adverts in magazines and thinking laterally you begin to see the connection, mountains, steep roads and climbs and lightweight frames. Err, are you still with me? Thought not!

And so it was that in August this year I visited the Italian lakes for my first time and rode this great climb from Bellagio south towards the Madonna del Ghisallo and onwards to Como.

I've visited Italy before but never this area of northern Italy which was about 50 minutes by car north of Milan.

Landing at Milan's main airport Malpensa I transferred by coach to the hotel I was staying at just north of a little town called Tremezzo on the west side of the lake.

The lake is shaped like an imaginary inverted 'Y', Bellagio is situated just at the tip of the triangular point in the 'Y' and the climb to the Madonna goes south from there.

Not being a seasoned traveller the most I'd ever seen as far as a mountain or hill were concerned would be a vision of mid Wales, the Peak district or the Cat and Fiddle.

Without any exaggeration I was not ready for the landscape I was to encounter!

Arriving at the hotel and after relaxing for an hour or two I began to take things in. The great lakes of Italy are truly breath taking with mountains in every direction reaching up a couple of thousand metres culminating with the awinspiring Alps to the north.

With the pretty little towns and the lakes no wonder the great and rich find it a popular place to live or stay. A star studied playground, Branson, Clooney, Gere the list goes on.

The next day I got out on the bike to ride to the Madonna del Ghisallo. The easiest bit of the ride

was a short ferry ride from Cadenabbia on the west side of the lake to Bellagio.

Twenty minutes and seven euros lighter I disembarked.

I asked the ferry man for directions to the Madonna and with some hand signals indicating which way to go and twisting bends he then pointed skywards and laughed!

I wondered what lay in store bearing in mind that the Giro and the Tour of Lombardy had used these very roads. Never mind I thought, I have all day, it's great weather ( 84 degrees ) and not a cloud in the beautiful azzurro blue sky.



## *The Squirrel*

This was going to be a hard climb. In total, it gains about 550 meters and is 12km from Bellagio to the Madonna del Ghisallo church. It levels out a bit in the middle, but barely long enough for you to catch your breath.

Right from the base the road kicks up at around 8%, and gets steeper over the next 6 km with several long pitches at 14%. You climb out of the town and through residences built into the steep hillside, winding your way higher. You encounter a variety of local transportation modes – everything from old bikes, to tractors, the occasional Ferrari, and the ubiquitous Italian motos ridden by 14 year-old budding Max Biaggis!

The climb's switchbacks according to locals rival anything in the French Alps, and every so often you're rewarded with a huge view back down to the lake from whence you came.



I had to gear accordingly – 39x27 or 28 would have been ok but I had a compact 50/34 fitted and seemed to be more than adequate for the feat.

Whilst ascending the bends I noticed serrated horizontal lines cut into the road surface on the apex of every bend. These went across the width of the road. They appear to help traffic in the winter months to get a grip of the surface and prevent cars from going over the edges and beyond. The road signs of severe ice and snow confirmed this to be the case.

After about 4km I got some shade from the hot sun with some lovely overhanging trees.

I guessed they're here because it's just too steep to build a house or even grow grapes. In a couple of more kilometres the road actually becomes level, and you hit the middle part of the climb that is less severe and takes you through towns like Guello and Civenna.

It was at this point that I met a local cyclist Danielo from Lecco.

Having been to night school for a couple of years studying Italian I thought I'd give it ago. As we climbed we chatted away about jobs, family etc and where we came from.

It was at this point there were cross wires with our talk as Daneilo shouted "Complimenti, complimenti!"

Confused I suddenly twigged what my Italian friend had understood. He thought I had ridden all the way from Manchester rather than coming from Manchester! It wasn't worth the effort to try and explain the misunderstanding and we both settled for a chuckle as we heaved our way to the Madonna.

About the last 3-4 km, the road kicked up again and we hit a series of 8-9 steep switchbacks. Looking up I couldn't see the top and just continued at my own grinding pace. East were more and more huge vistas on the east arm of Lake Como ~ fantastic!

Finally, and almost unexpectedly – over one more pitch and around one final bend it's there right in front of you – the Holy Grail of this ride – the church of the Madonna del Ghisallo. This is a really beautiful place – the entire small church is dedicated to cycling and cyclists. Inside it houses an amazing collection of jerseys, bikes, photos, and memorabilia from the last 100 years of our sport.

***The jewel of this climb – the Madonna di Ghisallo church.***





## *The Squirrel*

Getting to the top was a great feeling ~ a great ride, fantastic weather, brilliant views and a new Italian friend. A perfect day! Bidding farewell to Daniela I went inside the chapel. Behold!! Aladdin's cave does exist

Its like you've died on gone to heaven, bikes, shirts, medals and other memorabilia from over a hundred or so years.

Bikes belonging to legends like Coppi and Bartali. Casertelli's bike which he rode when he died in the 1995 Tour complete with bent forks. The list is endless.

Just adjacent to the chapel is the recently built museum, which compliments the already bulging display in the chapel. Apparently there were so many shirts, trophies, bikes and other cycle goodies that somewhere else had to be found!

The staff there were very welcoming allowing you to leave your bike inside whilst you walked around marvelling at the displays.



***Fabbio Casetell's bike to the right ~ including bent forks!***

After spending some time at the museum and after cooling down I sat outside enjoying the sun and looking onto the views of Lake Como and Lake Lecco far below with the distant Alps on the horizon. 'Che belle viste!' Did I have to leave?

*(Continued on page 26)*

*(Continued from page 5)*

Q: What is your most unpleasant characteristic? Untidy, worrier. Neurotic

Q: Which characteristic do you most dislike in others? Selfishness, or people with their head up their own backside.

Q: Who would you most like to have met, and why? Would like to meet Lance Armstrong. Not for the fact that he won the Tour de France 7 times, but because he came back and rode the Tour after having cancer.

Q: What was your most embarrassing moment? Can't think of the most embarrassing moment, which probably means I've had too many! Here's one though. When I was in hospital and had surgery (nearly a year ago) I was being advised by the consultant that they had patched my artery with a piece of cow's heart. Unfortunately I misheard the consultant and said in a loud horrified voice "You patched my artery with cow's arse?", which caused a lot of amusement on the ward. In my defence I was on strong pain killers at the time!

Q: Four words to describe yourself: Feisty, stubborn, focussed, cheeky.

*(Continued from page 17)*

The now-traditional Cheshire two-day – when the tourers ride the full Cheshire cycleway – is rarely without incident.

This year, it was Eddie's turn to be the unfortunate star.

The usual meeting place is Stoak, near Chester, on the Sunday.

Eddie was a bit puzzled as to why he was eating his lunch alone.

That'll be because he was in, err Stoke, in Staffordshire.

Rumours that Eddie still managed to make his way home via Chester are apparently not true.

Peter Coles is really getting into his stride as the runs leader, ably assisted by his handlebar-mounted GPS unit.

But even it is no match for his brother John.

The run to Southport was re-scheduled because Pete wasn't convinced he'd got the right route from his on-screen map into his GPS unit.

Step up Johnny Coles. Well, not quite.

JC wasn't available on the day of the scheduled run so it was put off until he could make it.

Johnny Coles; more accurate than satellite technology. Impressive.

The York Rally proved another popular outing for the club and not just the tourers.

Seamons' jerseys were well in evidence on the Jubilee Invitation Ride with more than a dozen clubmen making the trip across the Pennines to take part.

*(Continued on page 19)*

*(Continued from page 16)*

A few more lay-by breaks where needed to get me through the night to a misty dawn around 4am or 5am or 6am (memory is a little vague here and eyes a little blurry as I lost my lenses). At 8am, Mike had felt the need to lie face down on the verge of the Prees Heath RAB, and didn't get up again for several hours. So, onward the last soldier, over the top and into the final 6 hours of battle.

The heat was building again - but at least I'd just done 12 hours of re-hydrating. Eccles cakes to the fore, I was beginning to recover at last. Finally the finishing circuit - I had to ride hard now as the Seamons 1/2 day section had come out in force to witness the suffering. It was great to see them. And as usual for a TT it was great to finish!

*By Dan Mathers*

## The Squirrel

(Continued from page 24)

From the chapel I made my way downhill towards Como via Erba and Asso. There's always a strange satisfaction of mild cruelty when you go whistling down a great descent and other riders on the opposite side of the road are twiddling away trying to keep their heart and lungs in their chest.

From Lecco I made my way back along the shore road towards the hotel still remembering to ride of the right side of the road! Whatever you think of Italian drivers they certainly showed a great respect to cyclists giving them plenty of room and being patient before overtaking along with the occasional word of encouragement.

So different from riding in the UK? I'm sure many of the club's seasoned 'continental' riders would agree. Just why can't it be like that over in this country?

Shortly after Como I stopped for the ubiquitous Italian coffee sitting outside doing what all the locals do on such a fine day ~ people watching. Then it was a ride along nice rolling shore road back to the hotel for a well-deserved shower and pasta. Lots of it!

I never did call in and see George Clooney for tea! Che bella giornata! Ciao!

By Richard Williams



## 2008 Etape



As many of you know I joined the club last September to aid me with my training for the 2008 Etape and how glad I am. The Sunday rides helped with the mileage and just as critical were all the tips and feedback I received from the Seamons peloton such as why are you doing it and that's not proper racing!

So where to begin? Alarm call at 4.15 on Sunday morning; fall out of bed, open the window and it's raining. Great - the previous couple of days had seen glorious sunshine and now we have weather akin to a winter weekend in Wales. Eat breakfast in silence as everyone is contemplating what lies ahead and their sanity for having signed up. We leave the hotel at 5.30am and then have to cycle for 45 minutes in the wet and pitch black to get to the start line. Spend the next 50 minutes hanging around in our pens and then at 7am we are off just as the heavens open. However all this is soon put to the back of my mind as the cycling begins in earnest. Going along the flats at 25-30mph and thinking 'I am Lance Armstrong'. Unlike in the UK where you have to compete with the traffic, for the Etape the roads are closed to traffic and furthermore there are crowds out everywhere cheering you on which takes your mind away from the pain. The ride went smoothly, including the 2 main climbs. There again with visibility down to 100m, it meant we were cocooned as we had no idea

what lay ahead of us. The only issue was the decent off the Tourmalet due to the weather. At the summit the temperature had dropped to 3 Celsius (and visibility was poor), so you can just imagine how cold it got descending for an hour in wet clothes at speeds of up to 60mph. So what was the highlight? It must have been the realisation towards the top of the Hauticam that time trialling was the easy option and would be the direction my cycling career would be heading in 2009.

I completed the ride in 7:18hrs which placed me in the top 1250 out of nearly 8,500 entrants. To put my effort into context, the winner completed the 169km 's in 5.38hrs and on the actual Tour de France they came in in 4.20hrs.

By *Basil Le Roux*

*(Continued from page 33)*

Thus, there had been no time to contact colleagues to make up a team prior to the event. However, as I entered the Gellilydan control I was very pleased to meet up with three colleagues from the CTC Mold section who, in spite of my tired and sweaty demeanour, agreed to team up for the remainder of the ride.

The return route lay back over the Trawsfynydd mountain road and then the west side of the lake to Bala. (the same return route used in 1998 when I was riding with Reg Blease and John Coles. I stopped to take a photo of them at Pont-y-gain, seized up due to hanging about when cold and tired, and had a nightmare ride back to Bala. No such mistakes this time after a well learned lesson of 10 years ago!)

We had a following wind back up the A494 alongside the Lake so made good speed to the final control, where we received our traditional commemorative slate—after one of the most intricate and scenic Wild Wales rides in memory.

By *David Matthews*



On the beach at Par Sands

## Le Jog

### Part 1

With our jeans rolled up, the sun warming our balding heads and the gentle surf of Sennen Cove washing around our ankles it was just like being on holiday.

Chatting in the sand about the adventure ahead of us, our feelings rolled like the waves from excitement and anticipation to trepidation and downright worry.

“How hard can it be?” I offered. “It’s just a series of day-rides,” I said. “Yeah, but there’s 14 of them. In a row,” answered Nigel.

The sign at Land’s End had said it was 874 miles to John o’ Groats. And that was the direct route.

Were we fit enough? Were we strong enough? Were we tough enough?

Err, just whose idea of a holiday was this?

The following morning, mist and very low cloud greeted us as we rolled gently from our B&B to the official start-line and the traditional photo call.

The original plan had involved three of us riding but a last-minute hitch had put paid to that. So it was just me and my cousin Nigel who smiled bravely into the camera, hoping the wind at our backs would last for the next 14 days.

We were a long way from home with a long way to go. And filling in our record sheet at the Land’s End Hotel seemed a long way from the beer-fuelled conversation that first came up with the idea of cycling from one end of the country to the other.

The plan had been simple. We ride, Mrs Carberry drives, carrying our luggage, my dad and my sister.

While we conquer The Great British Bike Ride, they take on scones, tourist attractions and shops.

We meet at breakfast and at tea-time and the rest of the day we do our own thing. Perfect.

(My Gail is just great for signing up to this. I must remember to buy her two Next vouchers for Christmas.)

So, after the months of route-planning, bike-servicing, sportive riding and B&B booking, here we were being waved off as we turned the cranks for the very first miles on the very first day.

Flat country lanes and coast roads gave way to high hedges, rolling hills and our first taste of the rain that was to hunt us for the next two weeks. As our tyres hissed across the wet tarmac, we could barely make out St Michael’s Mount in the bay. So much for the famous Cornish light. Moving inland, we made progress past unreal place-names that seemed to come straight from the imagination of Tolkien.

On that first day, which turned out to be one of the shortest distances covered, we took time out at Cornish Cycle Centre in Penzance to let John The Super mechanic remodel my front mudguard. Thanks to him, what could have been an annoyingly intermittent problem of too-tight a clearance for the next 1,000 miles, was turned into a smooth-running repair job.



It was in the same shop we met Mike, who used to work at Neil's. Bizarre. It might be a big country, but it's a small world!

Day One also saw us take our first ferry of the trip – the King Harry. Purists please note: it's a chain ferry.

A highlight of Day Two saw us brave the rain-sodden Dartmoor. Spectacular in its spartan gloom, we were relieved to still have a tailwind as we followed the snaking tarmac north-eastwards. It's a tough, exposed road that gives no relief from the elements. What looked like two 'Enders were stopped on the side of the road, they were going the other way; into the wind and the lashing rain. I think they were crying.

The climbs started straight after breakfast on Day Three as we made our way towards Glas-tonbury. No rain until lunchtime today. Sitting in the cafe at lunch, a friendly pensioner leaned over to ask if we were going far. "John o' Groats," we replied proudly. "We had two of them in here last week," she said wearily, spoiling any sense we might have had of being special visitors.

The run in to our destination was a real treat as the Tor was dead ahead for about two miles. It was like a giant magnet drawing us ever north.

We'd quickly established a routine by now of cleaning and checking the bikes as soon as we stopped, picking up any additional fettling first thing the following morning before breakfast.

On the road by 9am, well, usually later, I wanted us to always get somewhere near 40 miles in by lunch. Relatively straightforward for a clubman on a club ride. But we were on holiday, so things didn't always work out like that.

Cheddar Gorge was a lovely climb but was

rudely interrupted by a downpour of biblical proportions. Cowering under a tree to escape, it looked and felt like autumn.

Getting around Bristol – and we'd kept to the outskirts – was a bit traumatic. Horrible dock-road type traffic of thundering lorries and in-a-hurry delivery vans. Even on the well-signposted cycle paths we had to dodge the remains of cars, glass and all sorts of debris. By the time we got to the Severn Bridge, with a near gale blowing, just feet from fast traffic and the unnerving bounciness of it all, it seemed a lot less stressful in comparison.

Wales didn't disappoint with its mixture of spectacular scenery and hideous weather. But we were rewarded with some fantastic back lanes, by now running with mud and water. Ho hum.

Everywhere in Shropshire was gorgeous and as we made the transition to more familiar roads it was satisfying to realise that there was no drop in the quality of the scenery.

Wilkie, back on the bike again after his encounter with a squirrel, met us at Audlem for lunch and rode part of the way back towards Knutsford. It was our first day of real sunshine on the bikes and it was a genuine pleasure to sit outside and eat our lunch by the canal side.

Getting home to Knutsford gave us the opportunity for a proper laundry day but we were straight back on the road, this time to be met by a handful of club-mates. Typically, Nigey and I were late for the rendezvous but were still treated to a friendly welcome. The miles seemed to fly by as we sat in the pack on the way to Anglezarke and the Top Lock pub.

Morale boosted and appetites sated, we pressed on for Kirby Lonsdale after lunch. Long-distance views to Blackpool and a suddenly-remembered Twix helped fuel the spirits as we started to suffer with the distance of the day. Like any trip, the lows are soon over-

## The Squirrel

whelmed by the highs and we were hitting evens as we raced through Wray towards the B&B.

The run up to Scotland was a corker. Quiet lanes criss-crossed the super-busy M6, taking us along the no-man's land in between the carriageways at one point. The hills were tough around Shap but by now we were invincible on the bikes!

On through Penrith and Carlisle, the vistas really started to open up as you looked from the Pennines to the Lakes to the sea.

At Gretna there were more visitors in the shape of Nigel's wife Jacqui and son Hamish. Hamish, who's 12, rode with us for the morning as we made our escape towards "proper" Scotland.

Fortune took as right past a secluded cemetery in Keir Mill, near Thornhill, where lay buried one Fitzpatrick Macmillan, local blacksmith. Nigel, who is a teacher, had mentioned his name earlier in the trip. Who was he? The man who invented the bicycle.



Macmillan had died in 1878 and as we leaned our bikes against his headstone in silent tribute I wondered what he would have made of our modern machines and his invention that had made our trip possible.

The tranquillity and isolation of the graveyard was in marked contrast to the frenzied traffic of the following day as we dodged and weaved our way around the lanes towards the dreaded Glasgow. Cycle paths took us safely through Kilmarnock but delivered us eventually onto a very depressing housing estate. As we kept our heads down and our legs spinning, I could imagine the makers of Trainspotting rejecting the estate's grim greyness as just too miserable a place to set a movie about drugs.

More ferries today as we took a huge detour around Glasgow by going across from Gourock to Hunter's Quay. I got my first proper view of a Loch as we skirted Lock Eck on the way to the worryingly titled Hell's Glen.

Hell's Glen was, in fact, heavenly. Harsh inclines were softened by the lush beauty either side of the road. At the top you reach another fantastically-named spot: Rest and Be Thankful. We did and we were. A 40mph-plus drop down into Tarbet and Loch Lomond was a real test of the mettle as the rain had found us once again.

The next day was one of the best I can ever remember on a bike. While it was all on A-roads from Loch Lomond to Fort William, traffic was only a bit of a pain on the water-side where the bends were tightest and the tarmac narrowest. Once out towards Crianlarich and Tyndrum the panoramas unfolded.

High mountains rose from heather-tinged valleys to disappear under the angry clouds. The rain stayed away and once in a while the sun struck through to heighten the drama and wash still more beauty onto the canvas. Gentle rises in the road and smooth curves would slowly reveal more jagged loveliness as we made our way to Glencoe and then Fort William. It really was a magical day.



The road to Glencoe

Fort William to Dingwall allowed us to take in Loch Ness and one of those roads that you see on a map and just think: "I need to ride that." This back road, from Fort Augustus to Inverness didn't disappoint and was another stunner. Stamina-sapping climbs out from the forest to the top made for a graceful descent back to the loch side, virtually bereft of traffic. There was even a busker in full Highland regalia to greet us at the top of one of the climbs. Well, it was my birthday. I asked him if he'd come on his bike as well. He said he hadn't and commented: "Did you nae get off and walk? You must have legs like f\*\*\*in' Hercules to get up there."

Another wet start in Dingwall tried its best to dampen our spirits but failed as we slogged out of civilisation towards the badlands north



of Lairg. In the heat of the climb, you could be forgiven for thinking it was summer. But in the chill of the descent you realised it was in fact a very early winter. A restorative coffee near Bonar Bridge saw us raring for

more.

Another must-do road – the A836 – delivered us to Tongue and our penultimate night's stay. From Loch Shin to the coast it's about 38 miles. The road has passing places, midges, and the occasional wood and not a lot else. The rain finally stopped and it was more Highland majesty all around as we turned the wheels ever north.

The final day to John o' Groats was another A-road special and another drizzly start. Cars were there but their infrequency and the width of the road meant it was easy to share space. Eventually the rolling climbs gave way to flatter land and we could make out the Orkneys in the sunshine. Finally, it was warm again.

And then suddenly the signs started appearing for John o' Groats. Just 20 miles to go. Then 14. Then nine. Eh? Is that it? Is that all we've got left to do? And then we'd arrived. The mirror-image signpost was there in front of us. We'd made it. It all seemed rather abrupt, like we'd been pulled up short, forced to stop. But no, this really was the end of the road.

Posing for our second set of pictures, we hoisted our bikes over our heads in triumph. "Awesome," says Nige. "Awesome," says I.

*By John Carberry*

### End to End

Itinerary facts and figures:  
According to Cycling Weekly, this year's L'Etape du Tour was 103 miles with 2,440m of ascent.

The Tour of the Berwyns claims 1,750m of climbing in its 120-plus miles.

Day 1

Route: Land's End to Par Sands

Distance: 67 miles

Climbing: 1,748m

## *The Squirrel*

Day 2

Route: Par Sands to Moretonhampstead

Distance: 68 miles

Climbing: 2,250m

Day 3

Route: Moretonhampstead to Glastonbury

Distance: 82 miles

Climbing: 1,490m

Day 4

Route: Glastonbury to Monmouth

Distance: 76 miles

Climbing: 1,215m

Day 5

Route: Monmouth to Ironbridge

Distance: 81 miles

Climbing: 1,513

Day 6

Route: Ironbridge to Knutsford

Distance: 76 miles

Climbing: 861m

Day 7

Route: Knutsford to Kirby Lonsdale

Distance: 104 miles

Climbing: 1,708m

Day 8

Route: Kirby Lonsdale to Gretna Green

Distance: 79 miles

Climbing: 1,434m

Day 9

Route: Gretna Green to Cummnock

Distance: 80 miles

Climbing: 979m

Day 10

Route: Cummnock to Tarbet (the one near Loch Lomond)

Distance: 99 miles

Climbing: 1,346m

Day 11

Route: Tarbet to Fort William

Distance: 69 miles

Climbing: 816m

Day 12

Route: Fort William to Dingwall

Distance: 84 miles

Climbing: 1,246m

Day 13

Route: Dingwall to Tongue

Distance: 87 miles

Climbing: 1,171m

Day 14

Route: Tongue to John o' Groats

Distance: 66 miles

Climbing: 1,149m

One day driving down to Land's End, approximately 350 miles

Two days driving back from John o' Groats.

Two, five-hour legs: JoG to Aberfeldy (near Pitlochry) and then Aberfeldy to Knutsford.

Total distance riding: 1,120 miles

Total distance for the car: 2,057 miles

Hours in the saddle: 95

Average speed: 12.5mph

Slowest day: Day 2 @ 11.3mph

Quickest day: Day 11 @ 13.3mph

Longest day's riding: Day 7 @ 8hrs 15mins

*By John Carberry*



*The team  
at JoG*

## Wild Wales Challenge 08



As is now traditional on the August Bank Holiday Sunday, the “Wild Wales” 2008 followed a beautiful circuitous route based on Bala through and over the local mountains, and along sea and lakeshores.

The 25<sup>th</sup> edition started out on a relatively easy, quiet road along the east side of Bala Lake to arrive in Llanuwchllyn after 7 miles. At this point the real flavour of the ride became apparent as we turned west to cross the (newly surfaced) Trawsfynydd mountain road. There were some really stiff climbs on this road at first, but eventually the gradient eased to give a more comfortable climb to the summit of the pass. The weather remained clear and after all the recent rain we got tremendous views along the length of this road and out to sea over Barmouth bay.

After descending from the mountain road, we headed south into a further intricate set of narrow roads through the Coed Y Brenin forest. On leaving the forest after some unnerving, greasy descents, we soon arrived at the first control at Llanelltyd near Dollgellau. This control (28 miles) was heaving with so many cyclists arriving and leaving at the same time. Refreshments were provided by handing out a pack of food bars, rather than the traditional sandwiches and cake. Very efficient, but I would have preferred a longer wait for

more traditional fare.

The next stage of the ride was a long one to Gellilydan at 61 miles (or possibly 66 miles as the official overall mileage was 5 miles short). On leaving the Llanelltyd control we crossed the Afon Mawddach at the toll bridge before the steep climb up to Cregennen Lakes. As throughout this ride, the scenery at the lakes was spectacular. We were surrounded by the Cader Idris range as a backdrop and looking west gave us wonderful long range views over Barmouth and out to sea.

A long, steep descent from the lakes led to the toll bridge at Barmouth. As the Organisers had neglected to pay the toll for us, we joined a long queue which gave a welcome respite from the hard work on the bike. After Barmouth, the ride was flat for 6 miles following the busy A496 coast road north. After a couple of miles I was delighted to chance across a pub with attached chippy at the side of the road, which allowed for a very welcome refuelling stop.

Following the flat section we turned northwest into an amazing series of narrow, remote mountain roads that twisted laterally and vertically through the Rhinog mountains for over 15 miles to the next control at Gellilydan, south of Ffestiniog. I reflected on my ever advancing age as I looked up at Rhinog Fawr--I had toddled up this 720m hill, hardly taller than the heather, with my father during a family holiday at Llanbeder in 1948. This expedition was the start of my lifelong affinity for mountains and remote places, which is undiminished as I approach pensionable age.

As far as the control at Gellilydan I had been riding alone. The reasons for this were that (first) I had decided I was definitely not riding Wild Wales this year even though I had an entry and (second) I was supposed to be in France anyway, but had come home early for various domestic and weather related reasons.

*(Continued on page 27)*



# TESTING TIMES



September 2007's M&DTTA 2008 date fixing meeting (a disappointingly bakery free 'bun-fight') resulted with Seamons retaining its mid-August slot. By the end of the year the use of Goostrey village hall had been secured with the admonishment that we were to be cleared by 7pm for the Bridge, and the services of Mr Pickering and Mrs Elliott had been secured for time-keeping. I was on a roll...

Being a little bit of a banker, the 'cost model' for the event was constructed which needed agreement that we could take advertising to off-set the larger prize-list. Fortunately this was agreed because my back-up plan was to package up the loss and issue securitised consolidated debt obligations on to the financial markets, hedging with a basket of currency and commodities futures and the offer of a free club cap. Given the credit crunch, this was a lucky escape - Seamons would have ended up holding several £billion in losses, and Mr Coles may have been slightly cross; Friday night tea subs would certainly have had to rise...

Some three months to go... and Cheshire Police's 'Abnormal Loads' department (for such we are) were notified of the event. Mike McConville and Reg Blease had agreed to officiate at start and finish. Over the coming weeks and months everything else fell into place. The club's own crack catering team of Vera, Kerry, Winnie and Beryl were to take command of the kitchen. Sara Blackburn charmed SIS into supplying bottles at cost and some freebies. Keith Bailey and Robin Haigh were to set out the signs. Marshals volunteered and were appointed places. Neil Walton of Altrincham Bike Shak was taking up advertising space. We were still on plan... Now all there was to do was work on the start and results sheets and wait for the entries to come flowing in...

Hmm, cyclists being cyclists; a week to go to

the closing date and there were 40 entries, but I was sure it would pick up. A couple of days later and the entries were coming in at five a day or so; now I was a little concerned. There was a brief flurry on Friday, then nothing; oh dear, was I to officiate over a rather sparse event? Was everyone planning to stay in and watch the Olympics? Monday and Tuesday saw me away from home until late and this is the point at which the deluge landed on the doormat, fifty-odd entries all needing to be verified, and the names, clubs, addresses, and best performances keyed, standards derived, handicaps calculated and compiled into a starting order in line with early/late start preferences. I'm sure that there are entire branches of mathematics devoted to such rule-based systems, but after a few hours of placing riders, head-scratching and shifting things around, *voilà*, something like a start order; then a phone call, "Am I too late to ride in the 25?" "Well, err, not as such..."

Finally the Friday before the event; a post-work potter around the course confirmed that there were no hedge trimmings, glass or a further deterioration of the surface at Terra Nova. Apart from the weather, and that was looking fairly grim, what could possibly go wrong...?

Cheshire Highways Department.

The fleet of flat bed trucks had waited until 12.30 to roll into position across the Cheshire plain, an advance guard ahead of a low loader and the heavy plant. Workmen started staking up 10mph limit signs on the A50 by Grasslands, and the Seamons' Diamond Jubilee time trial looked to be on fairly shaky ground. Derek & Barbara Hodgins and Keith Stacey went to discuss the workmen's plans for the afternoon (industrial action, perhaps?). But to no avail; Cheshire's need to screeed the flawless tarmac outweighed any argument or persuasion. The A50 would be inches deep in



gravel for at least a day, the early field would be held up by traffic lights and the rest would need to soft-peddle while being sprayed with rabbit shot from over-taking cars. Back at Goostrey, the riders were looking unhappy. One of the many advantages of having the CTT District Secretary as a member of the club is that 'decisioning' is made very easy. A brief chat between Keith Stacey and Gordon Pickering established that the J2/9 was unsafe, an emergency '25' course Gordon had up his sleeve (not literally, obviously) was too complex to deploy quickly, leaving the J2/3, beloved of all those early season M&DTTA '10's as the only viable option. So a '10' is was... Marshals were re-deployed to Chelford, so that the island resembled a cyclists' Woodstock. Timekeepers were rearranged at speed, with Gordon on Twemlow Lane with Mike and Phil Holden, and Celia Elliott and Carol Pardoe, assisted by Dan Snape, taking their places in the gate of an extremely understanding farmer at Twemlow. Rider No. 1 failed to start on time, but after that things appeared to swing into action.

In the teeth of the southerly wind and the appalling road surface, some impressive times were cranked out at the top of the field. Mark Lovatt (Planet X) won in 21.47 to take the Dennis Chapman Memorial trophy and we hope he will be able to join the club at the 60th Annual Dinner in January. The 2nd-5th placed riders all came within 12 seconds of each other. The rest of the field represented almost every slant on time trialling, from the trio of trikes, first time riders and some seasoned old hands. Special mention should be made of the rider whose 40th birthday present to his wife was entry into her first time trial; audacious, but I would caution against trying that at home...

The highest ranked Seamons' rider was Dan Mathers in 9th place, while Lou Eden only narrowly missed the top women's spot by the cruellest of margins. Allan Blackburn, Paul Smith and Roy Myers managed to come within 11 seconds of each other with consecutive placings. Robert Morton, not a regular racer, was only a minute behind them. David

Williams dipped his toe back into open events, while Malc McAllister demonstrated where Paul gets his unstoppableity (and I don't mean dodgy brakes). The most eagerly-awaited head-to-head of the day saw Gordon Peake take the laurels against John Verbickas; we look forward to next year's re-match, gentlemen. My own result was slightly lack-lustre...

It was good to see both Paul McAllister and Charles Carraz at the headquarters, but for circumstances, I'm sure both of them would have been turning pedals in anger.

It is often stated, but bears repeating, that without volunteers time trialling could not occur, so on behalf of the riders, thank you to all of those mentioned above, and to:

Dave Barker   Mike Brooks   Nigel Harrop  
John Coles   Peter Coles   Mark Watson  
Basil LeRoux   Mark Watson   Gareth Blease  
Karen Blenkinsop   Cath Schofield  
John Pardoe

I hope this list is complete, but if not my apologies and my thanks.

*By Ian Udall*

*(Continued from page 13)*

battled to keep everything intact but the sun continued to shine.

We eventually had our fill of bacon butties and so decided to check out the actual cycle show as our next venture.

Entry was via our show program which most of us had left in our tents so the rule was 'no program no entry' but we managed to persuade them to change this rule especially for us...after all we had to get in to snap up some bargains!

We'd left it a little late to visit the exhibits after all that. The tents had either been blown down or the exhibitors had packed up and left owing to the adverse weather and all the events in the arena had finished!!.....oh well there's always next year I suppose.

Despite all these disappointments I enjoyed the weekend. It was a superb club outing with many memories. However for a family show I was somewhat taken aback by 2 naked cyclists on the site which is quite definitely a flagrant breach of camping rules and I will be contacting CTC directly. *By Robert Morton*



# CLUBRUNS



## DATE

## HALF-DAY

## TOURING SECTION

28 SEPTEMBER	DAGFIELD FARM	TATTENHALL
05 OCTOBER	HILL CLIMB *	WITHENSHAW HILL CLIMB *
12 OCTOBER	DELAMERE	WRENBURY
19 OCTOBER	60TH CLUB RUN **	60TH CLUB RUN **
26 OCTOBER	BEESTON	BEESTON
02 NOVEMBER	BLAZE FARM	CHEDDLETON
09 NOVEMBER	TATTENHALL	DELAMERE
16 NOVEMBER	RUSHOP EDGE	MEERBROOK
23 NOVEMBER	TWO MILLS	BARTHOMLEY
30 NOVEMBER	MEERBROOK	HARTINGTON WEEKEND
07 DECEMBER	ROSE FARM ***	ROSE FARM
14 DECEMBER	ASTBURY ****	BLAZE FARM
21 DECEMBER	CHRISTMAS HOTPOT	CHRISTMAS HOTPOT
28 DECEMBER	INPROMPTUE	CAT & FIDDLE
04 JANUARY	POOLE MARINA	DONES GREEN *****

- \* October 4th Club Ten 2 - up at the Kilton.
- \*\* Buffet at the Old Market Tavern Altrincham.
- \*\*\* Montgomery Weekend.
- \*\*\*\* M&DTTA Christmas 10' and Cyclists' Carol Service.
- \*\*\*\*\* Touring Section Start time 09:30

LAST LAUGH

