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THE SQUIRREL

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

R. B. Lee

SEAMONS C.C.



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EDITORIAL.

At last, after much "scrounging" for material the "Squirrel" makes its appearance. It has been quite a job to get this together, and as you like to read it (or I hope you do) why not try your hand at writing some article for us all to read?

Having got that appeal off my chest, I would like to mention our Championship '50" and the winner Sammy Smith. His was an outstanding win as he was not expected to beat the efforts of George Arstall who might have completed his "hat trick" of Championship as he holds the 100 miles and 12hr. Championships.

It is interesting to note that was the first event to be held in a "typhoon", and many worst times were recorded. Some people even tried out freak gears to match the weather - but it was no good, I know, I was one of them.

There are a number of hostel weekends being arranged, they are for all the club, the fast and slow sections can separate if need be, so don't just wait until the day pay up early.

Editor.

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Another glimpse of the "MASTERS" dreams.

L'incendie.

The great Italian turned his great head to look behind, as he rode alone far ahead of the peloton. As he did, a rider came into sight not far behind. The Master had broken away. His worst fears now realised, Coppi crossed himself laid hold of his bars, and gallantly tried all he knew to keep in front of his pursuer. The swish of tubs came nearer, and as the Master thundered past the Italian saw a trail of smoke and flames shooting from his rear tyre. The shots were unnecessary for Coppi was a beaten man as the phenomenal Englishman faded into the distance, smoking like a squirrel in the social season.

An hour later the dense crowd at the finish stared stupidly as a lone rider, his bicycle in flames, sprinted reluctantly past the White Lion. Afterwards the winner of the Poole to Incendie Road Race ruefully examined his hot iron, now a blackened tan colour. "How did this happen" asked one of the officials. "Oh, my back brake", the Master explained nonchalantly, "It was jammed on for the last 50 miles.

..... Pablo Parbleu.

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I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents down the sink or else--- so I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.
I extracted the cork from the second bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.
I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.
I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.
I pulled the cork from the next bottle and drank all but the sink of it, throwing the rest of it down the glass.
I pulled the cork from the glass and poured the cork from the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass and bottled the drink and drank the cork.

When I had everything empty, I steadied the house with one hand; counted the bottles, corks and glasses and sinks with the other which was 29 - as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank.

I AM NOT UNDER THE AFFLUENCE OF INOCHEL AS SOME THINKLE PEEP I AM, nor am I half so drunk as they drink I am, but I fool so feelish and I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

"Vic Mett"

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Membership for 1950 has now closed and for our second year in existence we have reached a membership figure of 63. Actually there were a few applications outstanding but they were too late for inclusion in the 1950 total. Membership for 1951 starts on October 1st. 1950 and may reach the 100 mark before September 1951.

Please look out for information concerning the Annual General Meeting which is to be held on Friday Nov. 10th. Also the Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation followed by a social evening on Dec. 2nd. at the Unicorn Hotel.

In our next issue of the magazine a prize of 2/6d will be given to the person sending in the best letter to the Editor for our new page of "Letters To The Editor". The Editor will endeavour to reply to some of them in the magazine but others will be left for readers to answer. So come on who's going to be the one to win the 2/6d.

Hon. Gen. Secretary.

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Is anyone in the club interested in camping? If so I have a suggestion to make. Why not start a campers group so that we could discuss the prospect of camping next year? Primarily we could obtain a site somewhere in Derbyshire where we could have a static camp. Most of the heavy equipment could be stored at a suitable place and could be used by anyone who wishes to go out camping during the weekend.

If anyone is interested and has other suggestions to make please let me know or reply through the magazine.

Bob. Hill.

A Letter to Cicely.

Dearest Cicely,

Hasn't the weather been simply spiffing lately? My dear - do you know what I've gone and done? - I'm simply bursting to tell you - I've joined a cycling club. Yes my dear - The Downhill Free Wheelers. It really is ever so exciting. Everybody dashes around on loud coloured bicycles - you know the sort with handlebars upside down so that if your brakes snap you can slide your hands down quite easily and stop the pedals going round so you have perfect control of your machine. By the way I think some of the members of this club must have got their bikes second hand from a scrap iron merchant as whenever they talk about them they refer ever so negligently to "the irons", of course those who work at Metro-Vicks make their own.

We all wear lovely purple jerseys here with a big orange skunk embroidered on our tummies - darling I look so cute

Of course cyclists aren't like other people you know, I mean they're ever so thoughtful and considerate towards each other and I think on the whole they must be rather delicate because they're always enquiring about each others health, why every time they meet each other they open the conversation by saying "are you fit"? - rather sweet isn't it?

Really though they have the funniest way of saying things, only last week someone asked me if I was going on the Sunday run - well I must admit I didn't see the point of running when I've got a bike, but it seems that "run" is just their way of saying ride. Anyhow I said I would, I was a bit shocked when I learned that we all met in the early hours of the morning - my dear imagine - half past EIGHT. But I've since discovered that it's only because everybody overhauls their "irons" and reads "The week-end Reveille" for a couple of hours before the run begins.

You know Cissy dear, cyclists' humour is quaint although it is rather - or - personal, I mean last week I was just standing with my bike when one of the lads (they're called 'lads' quite irrespective of age, my dear). Anyway as I was saying one of the lads came over and looked at my bike, we got into conversation about it and then quite suddenly he said, - "your lugs are not so hot". I was just going to retort that his broken nose wasn't the only thing that prevented him from being a second Rudolph Valentino when I remembered that cyclists are - well different so I just smiled my most engaging smile and said nothing although I heard another poor girl being told her bottom bracket wasn't up to scratch - and I don't think I should have stood for that.

There are lots of different kinds of cyclists in our club, there are the ordinary rank and file known as the social section and the infinitely superior "hardriders" you know all bulging with muscles and frightfully sinewy. These are called "racing men" and are terribly different from everyone else - apparently they spend their time going on hard runs, which means most of the day spent dashing into milk bars and cafes, staying for four or five hours and dashing out to have a terrific "blind" to the next milk bar or cafe. They find it awfully thrilling.

Of course they're awfully nice to the other people in the club - I mean they look at them and sometimes speak to them - why the other day one actually spoke to little me.

Cont;-

my dear I was terribly honoured - until I made a possitively petrifying mistake. Of course I didn't know it at the time, you see I was just going to tell him that at one time I had belonged to the League of Health and Beauty, but I only got to the word "League" when I noticed everyone had gone a ghastly green colour and there was a simply deathly silence. I looked round because honestly darling, I couldn't guess what was wrong - the green colour had changed to purple now and everyone had swelled up to four times their normal size and looked as though they were going to burst, they all showed their teeth and began to growl in a devastatingly fierce manner and in a hoarse voice one of them said "never, never mention that word again" - well, what could I do? I was trembling like a jelly but I've learned my lesson.

Now Cissy dear I must close with a cycling slogan,- fit men to the front.

Oodles of love,
Angeline.

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BURNT OFF BITS.

'Tis rumoured that in the "Tour DeLakes" "Ras" got so scared that he threw away his yellow (Leaders) jersey. In the 'Tour DeBarmouth, "Mad" Walton and Sammy went "off course" to Llangollen when the barrels (or was it the brass) ran dry, leaving brave Fred to stick it out. Fred didn't mind though Who would with a blonde like that

The "Tour DeFrance produced few surprises. Dennis C., Frank M., and Reg. H., all spent their time pulling one another over high mountains and out of low dives.

In a recent club '25' 'tis said that Derek Pearson went round the course saying to himself, "Women and racing don't mix, Greenhe should know.

There has been a story going round that Bernard Hill has been hanging around hedges near Halebarns muttering that he was going to do the copper in'who stopped our '10'. I must refute this as our racing secretary was merely trying to get the constable to join the club.

.....Stop press..... Graham Smith threatens to ride a 99" gear time.

High Pressure Connector.

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RACING NEWS RESULTS OF CLUB EVENTS FOR 1950.

"25". March. 19.th.-----1st. G. Arstall. (Medal)
2nd. F.R. Holmes. "
1st. H/C. D.R. Chapman. (Medal)
2nd. " G. Arstall. (Certificate)
"25". April. 25th.-----1st. L.K. Hartley. (Medal)
2nd. F.R. Holmes. "
1st. H/C. J. Hewart. (Medal)
2nd. " D. Fearson. (Certificate.)
"25" April. 30th.-----1st. F.R. Holmes. (Trophy & Medal)
2nd. G. Arstall. (Medal)
CHAMPIONSHIP. 1st. H/C. R. Bertram (Medal)
2nd. " B. Roberts. (Certificate).
"50" July. 9th. -----1st. G. Arstall. (Medal)
2nd. D.R. Chapman. "
1st. H/C. J. Food. "
2nd. " R. Davenport. (Certificate)
"12. Hr." July. 16th.---1st. G. Arstall. (Medal)
2nd. D.R. Chapman. "
CHAMPIONSHIP. 1st. H/C. B. Hill. "
2nd. " G. Arstall. (Certificate)
"100" Aug. 13th.-----1st. G. Arstall. (Medal)
2nd. A. Irving. "
CHAMPIONSHIP. 1st. H/C. G. Walton. "
2nd. " G. Arstall. (Certificate)

Due to the unfortunate absence of Jim Hewart in the last Club "25" on Sept. 3rd, Brian Dixon takes over a comfortable lead in the Junior Championship and with only the "100" to go it looks as if he will win this trophy in the first year of its existance. Anyway stick to his heels(or wheels) you others.

This season a record was set up by B. HILL of 3hrs. 3min. 36secs. the Buxton and back ride. Bob Richardson broke the Chester and back record by 4secs. (a near thing Bob). The time now stands at 2hrs. 5mins. 6secs.

YOUTH HOSTEL NEWS.

It is hoped to have several weekends at various hostels during the social season. The following list covers several weekends to Dec. 9th.

Oct. 21st. WITBEEBOS. Ashbourne.
Oct. 28th. HARTINGTON. Mr. Buxton.
Nov. 11th. RAVENSTON. Millers Dale.
Nov. 25th. SHARPOLIFF. Mr. Leek.
Dec. 9th. Oakenclough Nr. Macclesfield.

If you wish to go to these hostels please give your 1/6 bed night fee to Bob Hill four weeks beforehand.

Forms to claim for Club racing standards can be had from Bob Hill. These should be returned as soon as possible. Most members will know owing to the Clubs financial position medals cannot be awarded this year but certificates will be presented instead.