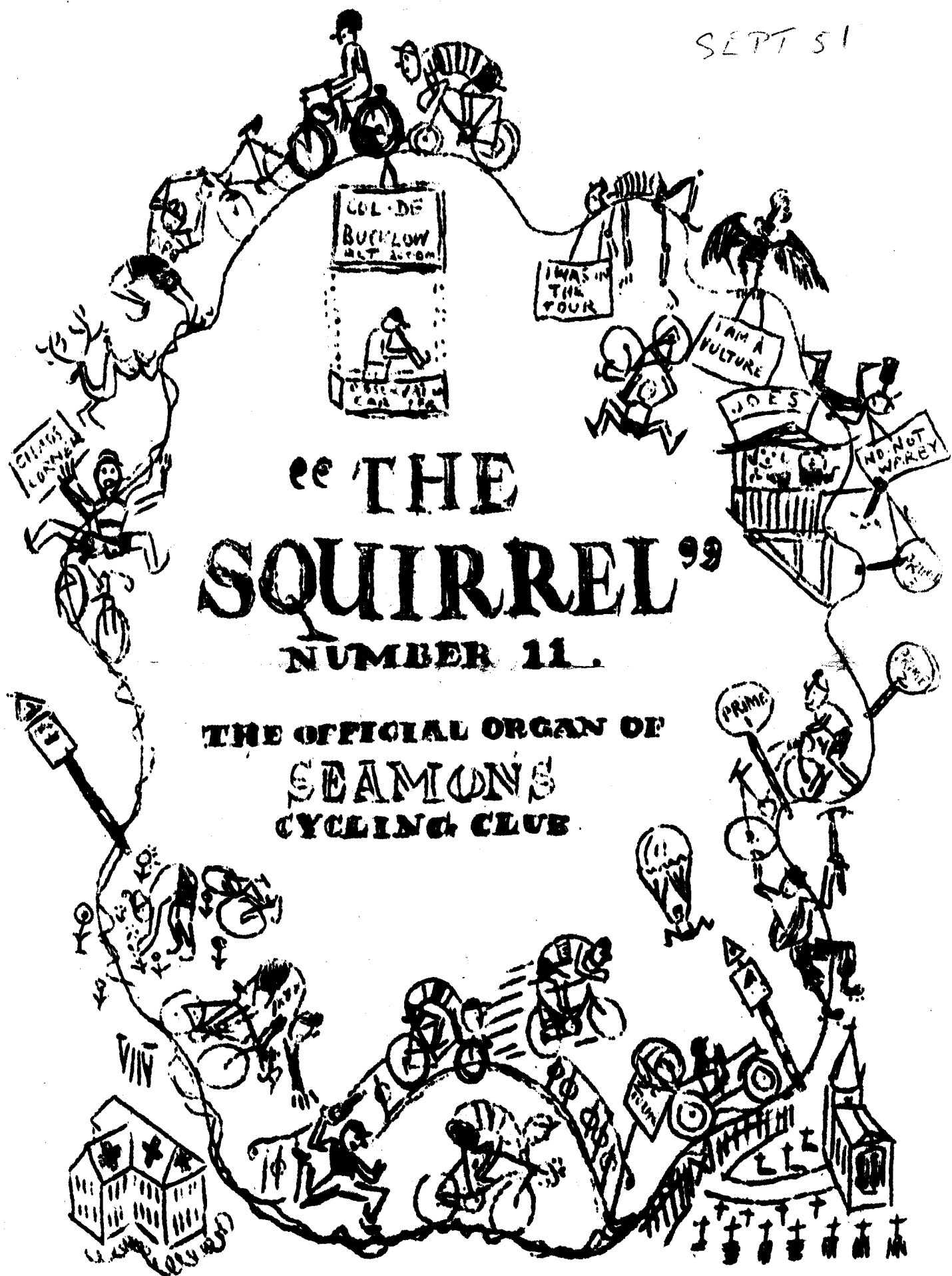


SEPT 51



THE  
**SQUIRREL**<sup>99</sup>  
 NUMBER 11.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
 SEAMONS  
 CYCLING CLUB.

## EDITORIAL.

Yes, I can hear you all saying, "Its about time the Rag was out" and I quite agree that it has been a shocking long time in making its appearance again. But I certainly make no apology for its lateness for I am sure a magazine of any kind can be published without any material. That said, I now appeal for some material for the next edition. Experiences, criticisms, poems, suggestions, or rude remarks to the editor, will be welcomed with open arms.

## "FACTS AND FIGURES"

In spite of all that was said in last reports, about Sam Smith, he seems to himself every week. I know members know it all, but people outside the club are reading this magazine now and we like to let them know how well the club is becoming renowned. (Yes, we are famous throughout the social season as well.)

Sam of course Ncl. talking point. His performances since the last issue include victories over Geoff Broadbent, and London namesake before losing to eventual winner Keeler in the semi-final of the 4000 metres National Individual Pursuit Title, His second place in the Muratti Cup gained him fresh laurels, whilst his 25 times of 1-0-51, 1-0-36, and 30-47 were noted by those who knew. The big disappointment came in the 30 lap Meter Paced Championship when, after lapping the whole field in 20laps, he hit the side of his pacers roller and came off, collecting a set of pretty burns, scratches and bruises. Hard Luck Sam.

One must not get the idea that SAM wins everything, take George Arstall who won the club 25 trophy by beating Sam. George won his in a 25 returning 1-1-51, and to show his adaptability he improved his own club 12 hour record with a ride of 232 and a bit miles.

Jack Feed with a 1-3-0 won another section of the above race as

John Oakes won yet another section. Mad George Walten did carry out the Mad part of his name with a 2-6-? thus creating a new club 50 mile record. George Arstall, Mad Walten, and Dennis Chapman failed by a matter of seconds to gain first place in the PYRAMID.R.C.100.

Bob Richardson's CHESTER and Back record fell to Fred Minshull first, and one minute later to Reg Blease, who improved Fred's record. Fred, Reg, and Bernard Hill figured in a team win at Chester on Sunday last Fred gaining 2nd. place with 2-14-3, Reg 2-15-58, & Bernard with 2-17-33.

This years Xmas Cross Country match with Sale Harriers has caused speculation as to who will win this year. With honours level it should turn out to be quite some battle. Individual honours are at stake and the odds offered so far are -- Richardson 14-1, Irving 15-1, Walten and Herbert 20-1, J & K Feed 25-1, B Hill 30-1, R Hill, 50-1, Smith 100-1 Ginger 200-1, Sylvia 1000-1.

POTTED PIN-UPS. No.4.

Our victims this time are Miss Muriel(le?) Whitehead, Mr Ken Dodge and Mr George Walton. (Doubts are expressed as to the "Mr") Notice how Oh, so cunningly I planted Ken in the middle; to keep Little Muriel and Mad George apart eh?

Lets see now, Muriel of the dark good looks (Oh flatterer you.) and shapeliness, belongs to the Seamons womens "Love thy neighbour group, keeping her end up extremely well. Muriel, one of our early Lady members, has always been a regular attender on club runs. Often during the early months of the year, holding her own all by herself, that is the Ladies section, I mean her chief claim to fame however, is in keeping George quiet, What a job. Notes for collectors of numbers, she is 17 years old, her measurments, (CENSORED.)She is an ardent knitter.

Ken Dodge is one of those chaps about whom very little is known. He comes quietly, goes quietly, and says nowt. Ken at 17 years of age is one of our best social section members—works at the Record Electric Co.—near Ray Holmes, which probably explains why he is regarded as a dark horse. But don't let that fool you girls, he likes feminine company, but is awful shy ———I think.

He has two secret vices, they are Be-bop (Horrors), and late nights and low dives in Manchester.

Lastly we will take George Walton.....(Who said "And drown Kim?"). This 6'-?" of manly mutton (Forget manly.) has had several names in the past— including 'Knocker' and 'Deadleg', and now performs under the title of 'Mad'—Yes indeed 'Mad' —very apt. He has quite a number of conquests in the past, but take our tip my lad and stick to the "Iron", there is no future in them. Come to think of it, there is probably no future on the bike either, our advice is 'Curl up and die boy'.

Seriously though, George graduated from the Y.M.C.A. cycling group and is really doing his stuff in his first full season of racing. If only he would let us draw up a training schedule we would soon have him on his knees.

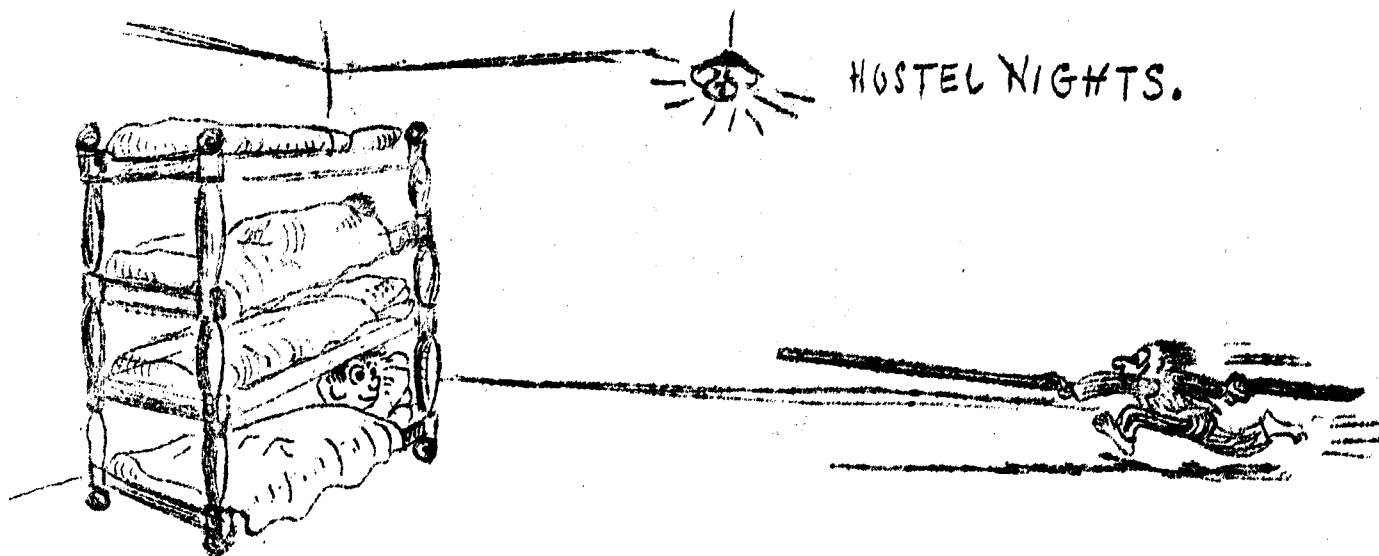
(EDITORS NOTE: Poor George, he's catching it this time.)

COMMENT : We know that Seamons C.C. are fast becoming really well known, but when some person asks if we are Glamorgan Cricket Club whilst congratulating Warwickshire, I think that is mixing pearls with swine. But the check of our Chairman when he answered this person by saying 'Yes' well I mean to say.....

It is of the utmost importance, as I am sure you are aware, you must apply the principles of Gamesmanship to the sport of Timetrialig, but the Gamesman is somewhat at a disadvantage, owing to the fact that most of the Pley against the opponent must take place before the race. It is also a well known fact that cyclists are not human, and therefore should not be treated as such, but as automans (For those with cars) or, automatons (Or pedaling machines.) A good example of this, is Peabody 'The Pedaling Fool', Preliminaries over, I shall get down to business

.It is a good plan to turn up at the clubroom on the Friday proceeding the race, with a new tubular (Whether it is a fast one or not is unimportant.) Be sure it is wrapped in tissue paper. While in conversation with your opponents, fondle it gently, and pick out imaginary flints, remarking 'Genuine Col de Tourmalet you know', pointing out a supposed trade mark stenciled by you the night before. This has a devastating effect, as your opponent will imagine themselves under handicap riding inferior No 3s. On the day of the race, turn up at the start with a tyre guage (Obtainable from the editors at a mere 35/-) and in full view of everyone make a great show of getting your tyre pressure right. This will make your minute man decidedly uneasy.

The second gambit, due entirely to myself, is to carry with you a small green bottle of Magnesia tablets. While under starters orders, hurriedly pop two into your mouth, and give the impression to your opponents you are taking drugs. Your rivals will again think they are riding under handicap. Cogwheel took this too far, he hired a man to advance upon him with a hyperdermic needle and on the cry of 'Ten seconds to go', to give him a fake injection from a bottle labelled 'Benzodrine'. Although this was effective, I do not advise you to do likewise, it creates bad feeling. Incidentally he won the race in 1-17-34, and a post mortem revealed that the bottle did contain 'Benzodrine'.



Committee Meeting, 13 Aug. 51.

There is little to report about this meeting owing to the smallness of the agenda. A discussion regarding the club championships in general resulted in a change of venue for the Hill-climb. The course now starts at the Hevis Sports Ground on the Cat and Fiddle road, and finishes at the Cat and Fiddle Inn.

The usual runs list was drawn up after discussion, and this was followed by the election of Ren De Leeze as Vice Chairman.

The most important item on the agenda concerned the Annual Bean\_feast and Drunkards revel' parading under the name of Dinner. This is to be held sometime in Mid January, and the reason for this choice of date lies in the fact that most persons in the club are overloaded with social commitments both before and after Christmas. Whereas the middle of the month brings a slackening off, of Haggling parties. (Editors Note, I am free for engagements throughout Yuletide)

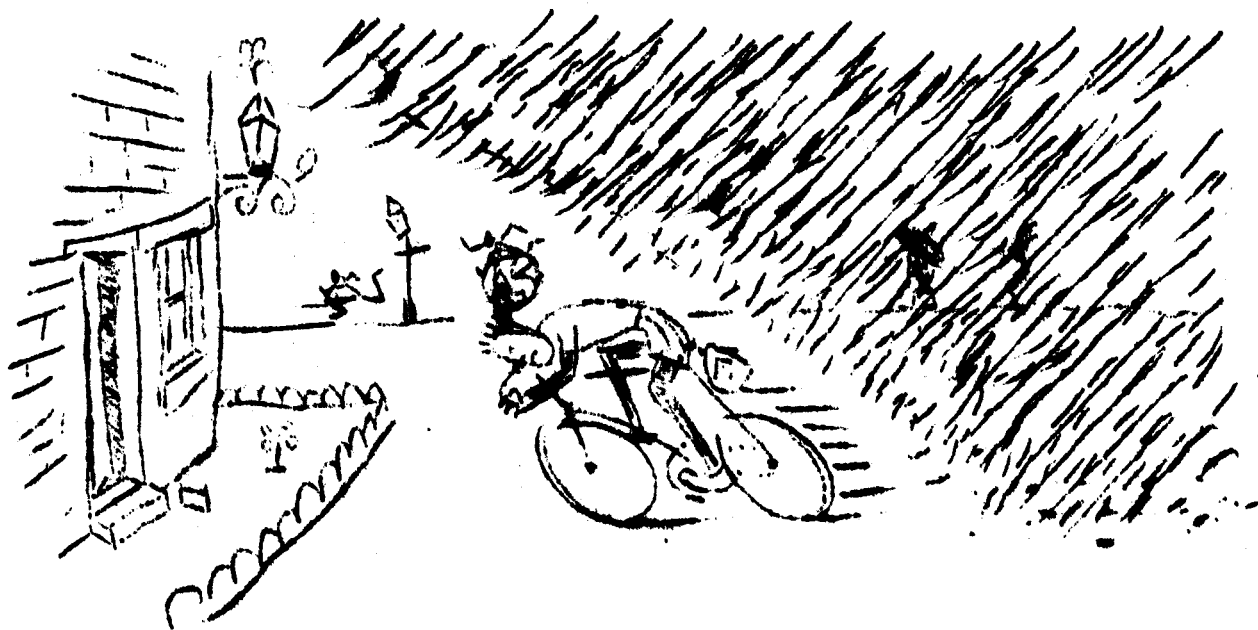
R.Hill Hon. Secretary.

HAVE YOU APPLIED FOR YOUR RACING STANDARDS YET ? IF NOT,  
NOW IS THE TIME TO APPLY TO DOUG HARTLEY.

A new publication has just been released, entitled,  
"How to Scare the Wits out of All Cyclists." Written by  
D.AGATHA, K. HARTLEY. Published by Ford Anglia Printing Co.

Malicious rumours state that Bob Richardson is going to retire who someone breaks his only tie with the racing world, the Buxton and back record.

Beware M. PRONK, maybe Britain has hopes of a World title following negotiations between KEN FOOD, his PACER and SAM SMITH.



## ALBERT AND THE GEAR.

Theres a famcus roadside place  
called Seamens  
Thats noted for cycling & fun,  
Well Mr&Mrs Hardcastle went there  
with young Albert, their son.  
Now a fast little lad were young  
Albert,  
Dressed just the job, quite a swell,  
With a pump, with a brass bounded  
handle,  
And a high-Pressure connector as  
well.  
HE VISITED SEAMONS ONE FRIDAY and-  
There was one great big cyclist  
called Walton,  
Covered all over with scars  
From hitting the backs of small  
terrics  
And of course not to mention new  
cars.  
Now Albert had heard about Walton  
How he was ferocious and wild,  
And to see George sitting there  
peaceful,  
Well it didnt seem right to the  
child.  
So straightway the brave little  
fellow  
Not showing a mersel of fear,  
Took his pump with the brass  
bounded handle-  
And shoved it in Waltens new  
gear.  
You could see that George didnt  
like it-  
For giving a kind of a rear,  
Pulled Albert outside at the  
double,  
Forgetting to close the side  
door.

Then Pa who has seen the  
occurrence,  
And didnt know what to do next,  
Said "Mether, yon Waltens got  
Albert"  
Said "Mether, "By Gum, I'm vexed.

Then Mr&Mrs Hardcastle-  
Quite rightly when alls said and  
done,  
Complained to the cyclists chairman  
That Walton had taken their son.

Outside there was scuffling and  
screaming,  
That curdled the blood with fear,  
Then in there staggered a figure-  
'Twas Walton-and minus an ear,  
Now, the chairman, he wanted no  
trouble,  
Heteck out his purse right away,  
Saying "How much to settle the  
matter?"

But Albert replied "I'm O.K."  
At this the Chairman quite loudly  
Let out a sigh long and slow,  
Saying "Gesh I was getting quite  
worrried,  
And us with our funds so low".  
Whilst George never rides a gear  
now,  
After the shocking experience he  
had  
With little Albert Hardcastle,

PERHAPS THATS WHY HES CALLED MAD.

