



THE SQUIRREL

Spring 2011



Editorial

By John Carberry

The spirit of the club was on poignant display when members assembled to say farewell to Keith Wilkinson.

Wilkie loved the club and really understood that being a member was so much more than just knocking about with your mates on a bike.

That much was clear when more than two dozen members joined the bunch as it made its sombre procession around the Dunham lanes to see him off.

This was more than just a group of cyclists heading from one place to another at the same time; it was the epitome club membership, of friendship.

Of course, Keith would have been hugely embarrassed by all of the attention. But he would have known that what he was seeing was why he joined the Seamons.

There are some wonderful tributes to the man inside this special edition of the Squirrel, testament not only to how much they thought of Wilk but a demonstration also of the

bonds of friendship the club can create.

There will be new members of the club who never rode with Keith – or with the other members remembered in this edition – didn't know them or can't understand what all of the fuss is about.

To those members I would say: look at the way we remember our clubmates, feel the warmth of the friendship in these pages.

This is what makes being a member of the Seamons so special. We are all responsible for the spirit of the club, not just the members who can remember the clubmen who went before.

Club spirit is a delicate and precious thing but if we keep it strong and nurture it, nothing can destroy it.



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Remembering Wilkie

Obituary

In appreciation of Keith Wilkinson's contribution to the club, we're paying tribute to a committed clubman and Seamons stalwart with a collection of memories from his friends.

What you see on these pages are not all that we will remember Keith for, they're just a selection of the many heartfelt comments which together sum up why he will be so much missed by everyone who knew him.

Your editor remembers a great bloke who knew how valuable friendship was.

I see his ghost on countless Cheshire lanes, headband in place, elbow stuck out, those big legs mashing up and down, his kit matching perfectly and synchronised with his choice of bike for the day. He's there in the bunch now, recounting gear ratios or tales of last night's curry ("belly pork – you can't beat it") or harrumphing his way up the Brickworks and shouting at you for talking.

I re-live so many happy times when I see that big, happy face beaming at me from so many photos I'd forgotten I've taken.

Keith was not one for the grand gesture; it was the collection of the small-but-important things that made you love him. He was so much a part of the Touring section it's hard even to accept that he's just not there anymore. I really miss him. I miss his grumpy moods, his pathological fear of dogs and his irrational aversion to Knutsford pubs on the run back home. I miss his emails about bargains at Aldi and his texted updates on his arrival at the OMT. That headband, wrung out and left drying on his brake hood while he sat inside having his lunch, poking his side salad around the



Outside the Javea debrief

plate, grumbling.

He gave me The Who: Live at Leeds, I gave him a ticket to a Yes concert; he will think I got the better deal.

I remember the glint in his eye when he realised he could swap his tent for Pete Coles' bed at the York Holiday Inn (Pete had swapped for a hospital bed). The sheepish phone call when he pranged the car in Spain, the huge grin when he topped the climb to Benissa and stormed over Coll de Rates. The flowers, gin, tonic and a whole lemon he bought for my Gail. All cherished memories. (Except those bloody awful blue suede cycling shoes that looked like Teddy Boy beetle-crushers!)

Members remember him for his generosity (Mike Brooks), his mischievous smile (Neil Walton), for the time he gave to the club he loved (Karen Blenkinsop), for being "a wonderfully cheerful man" (John Craig) and as someone who will be greatly missed (everyone).

Remembering Wilkie

Sheila Craig

Keith was always so supportive when I first started cycling – the distance didn't matter – the fact that I had made an effort did.

Jonathan Poole, on behalf of Ashley Touring CC

We'd like to offer sincere and genuine condolences on the loss of a great clubman – he really was one of the good guys.

Much love, thoughts and sympathy to both Keith's family and all his friends at Seamons.



Outside the Ship in Anglesey last year

Dave Barker

It was the mid-to-late-80s. One of my favourite club photos is a Johnny Coles classic: 20 of us posing on the dam at Lake Vyrnwy on our way back from a Bala weekend.

There are four bikes in sight; not a saddle bag between them. Same applies to the rest of the bikes. Where was our overnight kit?

Another (non-existent) photo would show Wilkie driving back to Alty with 20-plus sets of baggage in the back of his car.

This sums up Wilkie's generous, unselfish nature. He wasn't even a member of the club at the time but he was always best mates with Robin and Keith B. They were on the weekend and he knew some of us from his previous spell in the club in the 70s; some of the bags belonged to complete strangers.

When I spoke to Neil Walton, he immediately remembered the weekend and said: "Oh was it Keith Wilkinson who carried the bags? I never realised."

What had happened, of course, was that Neil joined the club after Wilkie left – Keith was making a very unobtrusive comeback which didn't involve rejoining or riding his bike at this stage. When he did rejoin prop-



Keith on the Bishop's Castle weekend in Sept

Dan Snape

I remember back in July 2009 when, without asking him first, Keith just came out to help and support me in my first 100 mile TT. Thanks Keith.

Sian Grainger

My memories of Keith will always be happy ones: singing Neil Young songs at the tops of our voices, riding with the tourists through the Cheshire lanes, smiling and laughing!

His enthusiasm for cycling and rock music beamed from him and rubbed off on us all.

We will never forget you Keith.

erly in about 96/97, the 80s bagman and the 90s runs leader were not 'joined up' by Neil.

Robin says Keith was this same bagman on many other weekends.



Keith & Gordon at the Christmas Curry

Gordon Peake

I consider myself lucky to have known Keith. Even luckier to consider him a friend.

He was among the handful of members who cajoled, nurtured and helped me, and no doubt others into "club cycling" (and I needed it); a favour I managed to square somewhat as room buddies on the Spain trips as neither of us are "natural flyers" in the plane or on the climbs.

Following Keith's lead on Sundays for some ten years, which he rarely missed, you soon took for granted his amazing navigational skills. An hour with a map on Saturday night and he had the route fixed in his very smart head. On one occasion when I enquired as to a strange diversion, he just smiled and said: "Shush! No one else has noticed!" Such slips were very rare. The smile was far more common.

A less well known characteristic of Keith's was his caring nature, always considering others' abilities and needs and up front with good advice. On the other hand he never feared dishing out a quick, well-placed ver-

bal reprimand on the run; nor did he suffer fools.

Heaven forbid if you sat on his wheel on the longer climbs.

You could learn a lot, quickly, about "club cycling" and "bike stuff", under his guidance.

An intelligent gent, always useful for his opinion, when asked. Keith was a "do-er" and we always need them.

For me, his premature departure is an adopted brother lost, and I already and will always really, really miss a good pal.



Enjoying the Spanish sunshine in Moraira

Johnny Pardoe

For me, Wilkie was the ultimate runs leader; he led from behind so you knew you would never get lost.

He would drive over a new route beforehand to sort out the best way, the cafes, the possible problems. Although I know he didn't drive over the Wayfarer Pass first!

All his rides and weekends away are memorable for being thoroughly enjoyable.

A really sad loss to our club.

Remembering Wilkie...



A favourite place: the Last Drop Inn, York

Roger Haines

The first time I met Keith was on a very wet and cold weekend away to Bala.

Robin and Keith asked me to “look after an old mate of ours”, an ex-club member coming back to cycling. The rest is history; touring section history.

We got on like a house on fire having similar taste in music, such as the Allman Brothers Band and Led Zeppelin to name a few.

Keith then became a member of the infamous touring section, led by the inimitable Bob Richardson. Keith soon became “heir apparent” to Bob and later went on to be the cornerstone and later leader of the touring section nearly ten years.

Keith’s amiable manner and organisational abilities led the tourists into a glorious period in club history.

Off to the Gurkha Palace for tea!



Puncture repairs, Gata de Gorgos

The weekends away became legendary; the York Rally and the “debrief” after club runs became the norm.

He was a great cyclist, friend and companion. With so many memories to look back on, he will be sorely missed.

Thanks Wilkie.

Jim Boydell

When I started to find the pace of the half-day section too much (it comes to us all in the end!) I ‘relegated’ myself to the tourists. Relegation is perhaps the wrong word and no doubt those who wandered the roads less travelled regard this as a promotion to the delights of taking one’s time and enjoying the delights of the mid-day pint.

I was fortunate as my late involvement with the tourists coincided with the regime of Cap’n Wilkie who had taken control and organised a calendar of events along with well-planned Sunday rides.

A lot of this was down to Keith’s personality, good nature and the ability to get on with everybody.

It came as a complete shock to hear of his illness and premature passing and there is no doubt the Captain is going to be missed by a lot of Seamons members who had the good fortune to share time a wheel with him.

Keith's eulogy

Keith would have been embarrassed by the attention but proud of his club that so many rode out together in Seamons colours to attend his funeral. Unusually for a run involving Wilkie, we all made it to the published destination. Keith would have asked if we got points for it.

It was standing room only for the jersey-wearers at the back of the hall, with club president Dave Barker speaking on behalf of us all.

For posterity – and for those who could not make it – here is the eulogy he gave.

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Keith and the Seamons. Where to start? It might be kinder not to dwell on the first phase in the early-to-mid-70s which, in our, no doubt, faulty memory consisted mainly of Wilkie getting hammered by his great mates Robin Haigh and Keith Bailey. Some mates!

In the Seamons we will always remember Keith for the huge and lasting contribution he made after he rejoined in 96/97. By then there were several riding sections to choose from. Keith Bailey and Robin were always out with the half-day, so Wilkie wisely picked the tourists. The problem was that the touring section was in the doldrums. So he set about reviving it. His achievement is even more remarkable when you look at our tourists – what might euphemistically be called 'characters' with little in common beyond a resolute determination not to be led; and Keith was runs leader for ten whole years. When the Club register got marked, the question would be put: "How many were out with the tourists last Sunday?" The truthful answer was usually: "It all depends what you mean by 'with.'" Hence the greeting at Rackhams on



a Sunday morning: "Hi Keith. How many members did you lose last week?" Never was the Most Meritorious Service award more richly deserved; Keith got it twice; and he was a vice-president of the club.

So first, he restored the touring section and it remains as strong and as unleadable as he left it in 2007.

Second he completely redefined what we mean by a weekend away. Instead of (or as well as) the familiar format – ride out Saturday, back Sunday – how about booking a

Making a difference

A special web page has been set up by Keith's family if people would like to make a donation in memory of him and in support of the work of Cancer Research UK.

You can make the donation online – and if you're able to Gift Aid it, it boosts the value of your donation.

You can get to the donations page via the direct link below or by visiting the Cancer Research UK website, finding the Donate in Memory section and typing in Keith Wilkinson.

[http://donateinmemory.cancerresearchuk.org / 0001025](http://donateinmemory.cancerresearchuk.org/0001025)

Keith's eulogy...



Keith at Sedbergh, April 2009

hostel or some such for two or three nights and using it as a base? Keith booked Earby hostel in March 98. Seventeen of us went and enjoyed two or three days of fabulous riding in the Yorkshire Dales and the Pendle area of North Lancs. We never looked back. The names trip off the collective tongue – after Earby, Wilkie weekends at Meerbrook, Millom, Scarborough, Alston, Cerrig (many times), the Derbyshire Caving Centre (wherever that might be); wonderful memories flood back: sunset over the Roaches as we head back from Longnor to Meerbrook; or that moonlit ride down the Tissington Trail from the pub at Hurdlow, as we try to find our way back to the Derbyshire Caving Centre. Others have now taken up the baton and Keith invariably came along as an enthusiastic participant. I bet it never occurred to him to think “I started all this” – but he did.

Third, if the club was running an event, Keith was always there to help. When the club organised its 25s, it is a sure-fire certainty that Keith was out there every time as a marshal. Again, when we started running the Tour of the Berwyns, Keith always operated one of the checks either in Corwen or in a bus shelter in Llangynog after the descent of the Milltir Gerrig – a round trip of 180 miles. Who was a key member of Robin's feeding team in the big 12 and 24 hour events? Wilkie, of course.

Helping Robin was but one example of how Keith would put himself out to help his mates. Before he rejoined us in the 90s, he was Club bagman – an unofficial but very popular post which enabled us to have weekends away on stripped down bikes and no saddle bags. The bags went in Keith's car. When Dan Snape entered his first 100 recently, it was Wilkie who offered to help. On their sick beds, members have been visited by Keith who would come along with some mates and some cans. A lot of 'looking after' was needed to keep the tourists functioning and intact over those ten years; it was Keith who did most of the 'looking after.'

We will miss all this about Keith. What else? His encyclopaedic knowledge of the lanes, local and not so local; his route-designing and navigating skills; the meticulous preparation that went into the runs and the weekends; the understated interpersonal skills he displayed on the road; that headband; his sheer delight on the odd occasion when one of his attacks came off and he was first to the top of a hill; the amazing power those big legs could generate, if not sustain; Keith in a world of his own on a big climb and the way you could wind him up by riding alongside, talking to him; the eventual explosion: “Go away and leave me alone!” or words to that effect; chatting about it all afterwards in a café or pub.

Keith embodied so many of the reasons why most of those who ride bikes want to do so in a good club rather than on their own. He enjoyed himself and had fun like the rest of us; but he also recognised that if everyone is to have fun some people have to put their hands up and do some hard graft.

He was devoted to the club and his mates in it. We miss him so much.



Poolside in Javea , 2010 ▲



Keith of Arabia ▲ Keith at Andy's BBQ ▼



Keith on the 2006 invitation ride ▼



Auction

Members are invited to a special auction of bikes and equipment in memory of Keith.

There are three star lots on offer at the auction, due to be held at the club night on 15th April at 9.15pm.

All the money raised will go directly to Jess and Kirst, Keith's daughters.

The technical details for each of the bikes are below.

Being as these are Wilkinson rides, expect the highest standards of maintenance, quality and specification. Keith knew his stuff when it came to top-notch kit.

Don't forget, he was the man who made sure the drink in his bidon matched his bike on occasion, so he clearly has a good eye for detail and this included taking care of bikes.

The bikes are:

Focus Variado

A lightweight sport/racing bike, size M (56 cm), Ultegra groupset, ITM wheelset with Conti Grand Prix tyres, SPD pedals, approx 19.5 lbs, includes frame pump and computer.

Very good condition. Keith rarely rode this one, even more rarely in the wet.

Focus Caribou Peak

A hybrid touring/city bike. Keith's most recent favourite, size M, Deore/LX groupset, triple chainset, 700x28 tyres, includes frame pump and computer, mudguards.

Good condition.

Classic touring bike

Hand built by Malc Cowle, size 55cm, 853 steel tubing, silver, Ultegra groupset, Gator-skin tyres, Mavic wheels.

Reasonable condition.

On the run



Half-day section, club kit on...

Forget Calendar Girls, male members (stop it) have been helping bring fame to a Cheshire community.

Well, not quite.

The bunch was photographed, wheeling gloriously through High Legh one sunny morning; chairman Mike at the front.

Next thing the picture is featured in the village's community calendar for 2011.

Not too shabby. But I did struggle to find the calendar online. I think there's a reason for that. Even with their clothes on.

A sheepish member has confessed to an embarrassing end to his night out at the annual dinner dance.

He got the right train home (to Northwich, in case you want to work out who it might be) but then realised – only as he walked up his drive at 12.45am – that his house keys were still in the car he'd parked in Altrincham!

Luckily he had some friends in Hartford who were able to put him up for the night.

He says it's his best excuse yet for missing the club run on the Sunday.

Jim Grace, winner of the dinner dance Rapha-ll (groan) admits that the top he scooped makes him look like a six foot condom.

No chance we'll be seeing that on the run any-

time soon, it sounds.

Despite his dismay with the jersey Jim says it was his first club dinner in over a decade and he thanked everyone who organised it and made the night so much fun.

"Enough said. I'm now ordering a ticket for 2012," he says.

It's nice to have such a happy customer.

It was a cold day with ice on the roads as the half-day ventured to Congleton garden centre and the Tempo to one at Astbury.

As the Tempo riders tucked into their hot tea and toast, four riders who'd been dropped by the half-day entered the grounds of the Astubry garden centre.

In the spirit of the section, Tim Seddon, Eddy Baldwin and Martin Dixon then managed to lose Mark Watson between the front gate and the entrance of the cafe.

Where did he go? We're sure he's around because he keeps posting on Facebook.

More online confessions have come to the Squirrel's attention.

One member reported problems with his use of a turbo trainer in the staff car park. There were complaints, apparently. He was only using it for an hour at a time. And well before everyone else got in.

His upset was along the lines of: what harm is it doing, especially as I'm on it so early?

Fair enough. What other members might want to know is: who takes a turbo to work? And then sets it up in the car park? That's dedication.



"A bicycle is just as good company as most husbands and, when it gets old and shabby, a woman can dispose of it and get a new one."

- Minneapolis Tribune, 1895

Meet your clubmates... John Verbickas

A modest but very determined man...

When and where were you born?

July 1945, West Valen, Germany.

When did you start cycling and what was your first club?

Most of my life for fun, but a bit more serious when I joined the Seamons.

What was your first race?

Seamons TTs; last in my first six rides. I might try some proper races next year.

What was your first win?

A 10k road race, running. Does that count?

Which performance do you rate as your best?

Wild Wales two years ago: fell off twice, chased by dogs, walked up some hills, had my rain jacket pinched, heavy rain and wind all day – but I finished!

What is your favourite meal?

Steak, but curry is a close second.

What were you like at school?

Cannot remember that far back, but I was OK as I was big for my age; but I never grew after the age of 15.

What kind of books do you read?

Wilbur Smith, but any adventure book that doesn't send me to sleep.

What kind of music do you enjoy?

Not many people have heard of her, but Nana Mouskouri is my favourite. Country and Western, Classics of late.

And your favourite type of TV programme?

Any sport, even a little bit of football, documentaries about the planet or wild life.

Which newspaper do you read?

Daily Express – the only one I can do the crossword.



John notes that CTT reg's do not exclude engines...

What is your ideal holiday destination?

Los Angeles. My sister lives there, and if I don't go once a year there would be hell to pay.

Do you have any hobbies (apart from cycling)?

Love my rugby, played it and refereed it. My son is a full Lithuanian (and England under-21) National and I have watched him all over Europe and still watch him to this day.

Who would play you in a film of your life?

I don't think anyone would play me, but I've been told I look a little like Charles Bronson (when I had hair).

What is your greatest fear?

That I would not see my children and grandchildren grow up.

How would you describe yourself in a Lonely Hearts column?

Not into Lonely Hearts.

What is your favourite training ride?

Delamere, the bike knows the way by itself, and they do a great teacake and honey.

What is your most unpleasant characteristic?

...continued on p.12

President's piece

By Dave Barker

The numbers out on club runs and club memberships started to go up significantly about this time last year.

Would this trend last? In particular would it survive the miseries of a tough winter?

The great news is that there hasn't been any sign of a dip, except on a few icy mornings when only those with loose screws would venture out.

The acid test came on the day of the hill climb (as wet as most of us can remember); the Hot Pot Run (minus 8); and the Sunday after the dinner (into bed between 1 and 2am, then wet).

We needn't have worried; we did ourselves proud.

Likewise, Friday nights at the Club room are buzzing and vibrant (to say nothing of the OMT afterwards, or so I'm told).

It's good that so many of you are attracted to

the Seamons way of doing things, which has itself adapted to changing circumstances over the years.

I would want to thank all those whose dedication and hard work make possible this superb range of activities.

Our main problem was nicely put by our new secretary, Dave Hoyle, on the way back from the last committee meeting: what would we do if 100 turned up at Rackham's on a Sunday morning? 'Sheer fantasy' was my first thought; well, maybe or maybe not, but 70 or so must be a distinct possibility that would test us to the limit.

Should this happen, it will mean some constraints on who is riding with whom and where; please accept this if it is necessary.

It's a great honour to be president of such a great club; thank you for electing me.

Cornering a trike...

Andy Meade (North Cheshire Clarion) captures Malc McAllister in the club 10 championship.



Meet your clubmates...

I can take an instant dislike to someone without reason.

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others?

People trying to impose their will on you.

Who would you most like to have met and why?

Nana Mouskouri. I've seen her concerts, she pulls all my strings.

What was your most embarrassing moment?

While trying to referee a ladies match, I walked into their changing room without knocking and did not know where to look. (But I did have a peep).

Four words to describe yourself:

Loyal, friendly, emotional, conscientious.

Seamons' 62nd Dinner Dance



The 2010 prize winners gather behind the trophies, left to right:
Vera & Reg Blease, Allan Blackburn, Joe Lockett, Martin Wiggan, Phil Holden, Sally Cowan, Karen Popplewell, Dan Mathers, Robin Haigh, Paul McAllister, John Carberry and Dave Matthews.



Vicky Wade and John Herety pose for the camera with the Dennis Chapman Open 25 Trophy, while John was more than happy to chat with members, even members of the shy and retiring half-day section.

The evening's entertainment saw the "Swinging Doobries" re-form as the "Mike Brooks Show Band", this time in Hawaiian mode. Amplification was definitely required to compete with Phil Holden's shirt...



The Christmas Grotto run

By John & Carol Pardoe

I shall write zees only once. Yes, this year's theme was "Allo, Allo".

What a great turnout on a freezing morning, everyone in fancy dress – virtually the whole cast of this once popular series, now riding down the A50 on their bikes – great traffic calming!

What do John Carberry's neighbours think each year as we all squeeze into his garage for Gail's mulled wine and mince pies?

(I tell them I have never seen you lot before in my life. Ed.)

Allan and Sara Blackburn served us a filling Christmas curry, Dave Williams kept our brains busy with an excellent quiz (see elsewhere in this Squirrel), there were crackers and jokes and hats, and Dave had us all parade in our gear for the fancy dress competition.

Helga – alias Karen Popplewell – took the ladies' prize with a great outfit, and her seams were straight too!

Ed Baldwin – a French onion seller in an enormous black beret – won the men's prize. He mentioned the Resistance, but said all he got was wind resistance – see the photo, the beret WAS big!

Thank you Dave for great organising, and thank you Allan and Sara for great food.

Jeanette 'Helga' Barber fraternising with 'tommy' Paul



"Together we could take on the world!"



Ed Baldwin experiences some (wind) Restistance

Oh, la la!

"Put that light out, Blenkinsop!"





"Will nobody 'ear the cries of a poor old woman?"



Beret (check), stripy jersey (check), outrageous moustache (check),...ready for undercover...



Allan 'Rene Artois' Blackburn puts the finishing touches to the Christmas Curry.

Photographs courtesy of Darren Buckley

Café corner

Updates from Café Queen

Our very own Cafe Queen, has been living up to her name by researching some cafes members might want to try.

At Bunbury, there is Tilley's. "You'll see the sign. Highly recommended with good homemade cakes, a warm welcome and good prices," says CQ.

You can find it from the main road through the village going out towards Peckforton, just after The shops, on the bend, on the left.

Nearer home, CQ said riders were given a warm welcome at Great Budworth.

"It is only open afternoons in the winter, but when we girls arrived just before twelve and it was closed, we rode around

in the road looking sad, and she came out and said: 'You look too good to miss, I'll put the kettle on'. Brilliant!"



Meanwhile, there is the Aqueduct Marina, also known as the Galley, on the Church Minshull to Nantwich road. Cafe Queen says: "Good food, underfloor heating – gorgeous! Warm toilets, and shower!"

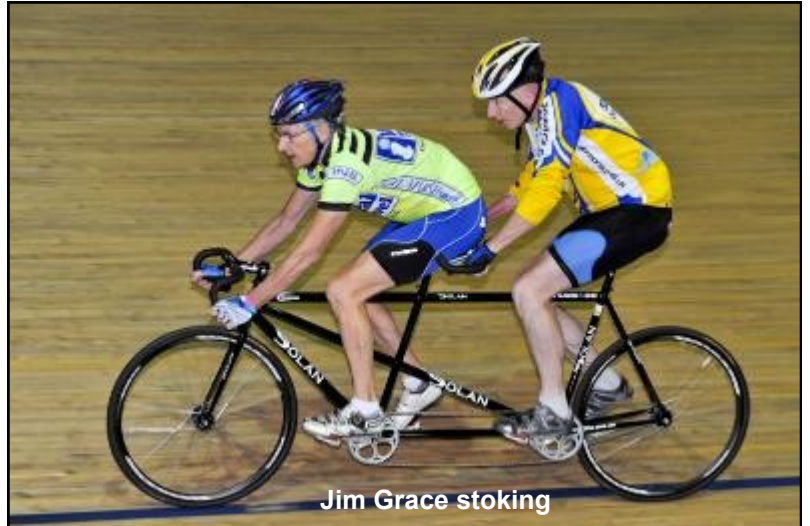
Further out at Rainow is Common Barn Farm. "She is not open in the week now, but if you knock on her door and ask nicely, she'll put the kettle on. Or do I just look so pathetic?"

Thanks Cafe Queen

Down at the velodrome



Richard & Ian in the Madison?



Jim Grace stoking



Sally Cowan's turn on the front



Joe Lockett

*Down at the velodrome
One cold night,
Thirty-odd Seamons,
Oh what a sight!*

*Some are experienced,
Some are slow,
Don't think about it,
Just have a go.*

*Up on the banking,
Down on the blue,
Your turn at the front,
Then let them through.*

*All of the riders
Seem in a hurry.
They've all put their names down
To go for the curry.*

By Carol Pardoe



Thirty-odd Seamons



Remembering Jim Hamman

Obituary

By Johnny Pardoe

We were sorry to hear that Jim, a loyal social member of the club, passed away in September, after a long and brave battle with cancer. He was valiantly supported throughout by his wife Hazel.

Jim started cycling in 1943 and spent most of his cycling life with the South Manchester Racing Cycling Club.

We got to know Jim and Hazel on our weekly rides to Matthew's Garden Centre, when he joined the Seamons.

He loved the social side of cycling, and he and Hazel took over the organisation of the well-established annual Christmas lunch at Matthew's, and then the Crown at Goostrey.

Jim and Hazel regularly took part in the M&D Christmas fancy dress, their most memorable appearance being on the tandem as Postman Pat and his Black and White Cat.

Jim was a road man at heart but was enthusiastic about all aspects of cycling. I'm not sure what he thought about time-triallists and their funny bikes. Tricyclists were a complete mystery to him, although I know that at one stage he showed great interest in purchasing a tandem trike for himself and Hazel to ride in their later years.

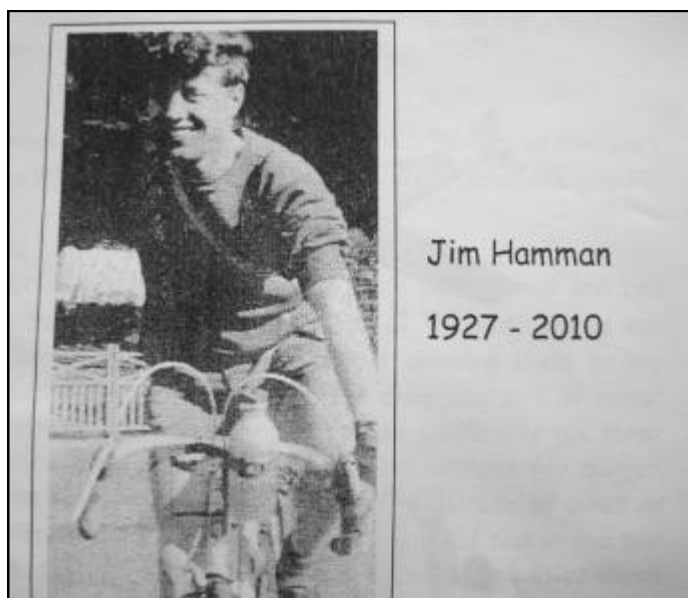
It doesn't seem long ago that John Bethell used his persuasive powers to tempt Jim into riding a TLI. event in which Jim was a medallist in the over-70s class.

Despite failing health Jim remained extremely cheerful and as enthusiastic as ever about his chosen pastime, always ready to assist in the running of our sport, be it marshalling on some draughty corner,



or helping Hazel with post-race refreshments – they always did a superb job on the Seamons Road Race event.

Jim put up a long, brave fight and will be sadly missed by all who had the privilege and pleasure of knowing him.



Montgomery 2010

By Carol Pardoe



Day 1

Riders prepare to go off piste...

On one of the coldest December days for many years – minus eight degrees – we all assembled at the very comfortable Dragon Hotel, fully prepared: walking boots, mountain bikes, trikes (in my case), and even toboggans. “We could all go for a walk,” someone was heard to say. “We’ll be alright,” said Robin, “it’s warmed up now, only minus seven.” That’s OK then, so off we went. True to tradition, the intrepid Seasmons were soon spread all over Shropshire, Powys, and beyond. Nothing new there then!

Paul was snowed in somewhere over the Pennines, Martin Dixon’s car broke down on the way. Nigel Harrop and Dave Bates did their own Welshpool and back, Roger and Sian went walking, Mike Brooks and Phil Holden rode directly to Bishop’s Castle. JP ploughed a lonely furrow on three wheels to the dizzy snowy heights of Stiperstones for parsnip and ginger soup, followed by sticky toffee pudding to die for, all in front of a roaring log fire.

Meanwhile, the depleted “A” team braved a relatively ice-free route to Emily’s cafe near

Bala, courtesy of Basil LeRoux’s satnav with a special link to the local authorities to salt the road. No such luck with the hedge-cutting though. The chosen few were treated to a wee dram on the house, I believe.

Keith Bailey was enjoying(??) a maiden voyage on his new winter bike complete with tractor tyres. On the return journey in the gathering gloom Sally reported she daren’t stop to put her lights on as she would never get back on. It was reported that guest riders Alan Kemp and Chris Siepen behaved themselves, although Keith muttered they were not to be trusted. Wobbly Walton wandered in at 6.30pm having had to work, even though he has retired? Then founder-member Reg Herbert, who lives locally, joined us in the evening for dinner.

The pool table at the Crown was dominated by the local stars – how we missed Dan Snape – but there was great atmosphere and rapport, with handshakes all round at last orders.



Remembering George Skelton

Obituary

By Johnny Pardoe

I have recently heard that social member George Skelton passed away in December. George originated in North Yorkshire and spent most of his cycling and racing career with the Clifton CC.

When he moved to Cheshire he lived on our ten-mile course at High Legh, and eventually joined as a social member, riding mostly with the touring section.

He eventually moved to Nantwich but kept in touch with the Seamons through the Squirrel, and on weekly meetings with JP at Audlem, and sometimes the local mid-week veterans' runs.

Montgomery 2010...

Day 2

Most reported for breakfast at 8am although Martin Wiggan was looking a little weary following the previous night's revelry. He bravely ordered a bacon butty but then mysteriously disappeared...not to be seen until much later in the day, failing to report for duty at Robin's 9.30 start. His bacon butty was last seen leaving Montgomery in Dave Williams' back pocket.

The planned "A" team's ride to Presteigne, via Llandridod Wells, became lunch in front of a roaring log fire in Clun (the quietest place under the sun). It WAS freezing. They were joined by a car assisted comfort run, but I am sworn to secrecy...

Meanwhile, the "B" team consisting of JP, Dave Bates, Phil, Mike Brooks and Neil Walton enjoyed(??) another run to Stiperstones. We had never realised how comfortable an outside loo can be; remember it was freezing, and Stiperstones is high up in the Shropshire hills. We had arrived at the pub before opening time so, as this



George Skelton riding the club hillclimb

cramped little outside loo had the luxury of an electric fan heater, we all squeezed in till opening time. Oh, the joys of winter cycling! Reluctant to leave the warmth of the log fire inside we set off for Bishop's Castle where we carbo-loaded on chocolate and brandy cake at the comfortable Poppy House, after a photocall by the deepest snow drift we

Montgomery 2010...

could find.

I've never really been into karaoke, but I have to admit that the "do" at the Crown that night was brilliant, with some fine local Welsh singers, accompanied by our star performers Sally and Karen Popplewell, high-kicking their way through New York, New York etc. A great night.

Day 3

Again the Seamons were well spread, with JP back on three wheels and revelling in the wintry conditions meeting Dave Williams for lunch at the Poppy House. We were joined by Basil and Chris Siepen, who arrived covered in sweat after giving each other a battering round the Shropshire lanes. Meanwhile, Dan Mathers led an adventurous MTB section over the Kerry Ridge, with reports that most had spent more time on or in ten inches of snow than on the bikes. Cool Kempy was now definitely Uncool Kempy.

They all arrived at the Poppy House grinning, and more than happy with Dan's navigation. Despite being probably the coldest weekend we have ever had in the 11 years of the Montgomery, we all had a memorable time. Guest rider Alan Kemp, veteran of some 24 road race wins last year, was invited to sum up the weekend. His verdict: "Brilliant".

Thanks again to Robin for his organising – get your name down now for next December – it's bound to be a sell-out.

You can see all the action on DVD.



On top of Kerry Ridge



Hardy souls at Stiperstones



Relaxing after a long ride, before dinner with Reg Herbert (below centre) - a founder member



"The bicycle is the most civilised conveyance known to man. Other forms of transport grow daily more nightmarish. Only the bicycle remains pure in heart."

- Iris Murdoch

M&DTTA lunch & prize presentation

By Johnny Pardoe

Seamons fielded 18 members for the M&D lunch and presentation, an event ably organised again by Derek Hodgins.

The lunch has become one of the highlights of the local social season, with more than ample portions of excellent food, well served by friendly staff, the whole event being run off in a relaxed and sociable atmosphere.

Seamons riders received their just rewards for a good season of racing from guest of honour – our very own Carol Pardoe!

1 Dan Snape received the famous

Emergency assistance I.C.E.

No-one wants to think about having an accident on the bike but Tim Seddon wants to tell members about a way they can help themselves if the worst happens, particularly if they're out on their own.

We all take our phones out with us these days but we might not take a wallet or some form of ID which would tell people who you are – or who to contact in the event of an emergency.

To help the ambulance service and police, they recommend putting in next of kin details in your phone address book under "ICE" – in case of emergency.

Tim says to add the contact details AND the contact's relationship with you. It saves them having to scroll through all of your phone book to find people to contact.

Tim added: "It is also helpful to put these details in your cycling helmet too."



wooden saddle trophy for best novice in the 12, plus a silver medal and certificate for 8th in the BAR.

- 2 Charles Carraz received a gold medal for the 12, and a certificate for 4th in the BAR.
- 3 Phil Holden received a certificate for 12th in the BAR, and a bronze medal for the 12.
- 4 Malc McAllister received a bronze medal for the 12.
- 5 Roy Myers received a certificate for 9th in the middle distance BAR.
- 6 Charles, Dan and Phil received medals for third best team.

The Seamons also took the honours for most prizes in the raffle!



Audax events 2011

Go for glory (or points)

Dave Barker is organising two rides that are mini-classics in our calendar: The tour of the Berwyns and the Llangollen Panorama audax.

Both rides are on Saturday, May 14, starting from Willington Hall near Kelsall as usual.

Berwyns riders will be off at 8am; those on the Panorama at 8.30am.

The Panorama takes in the Panorama shelf above Llangollen and returns to Kelsall via Chirk (135k or so in all).

The Berwyns ride is just over 200k and scopes around the mountains of that name south-east of Llangollen. You get there via the same Panorama shelf but take in Corwen and head for Bala before turning back via the Milltir Cerrig, which tops out around 486m.

There are further treats in store before the descent into the Ceiriog Valley with Chirk at the far end.

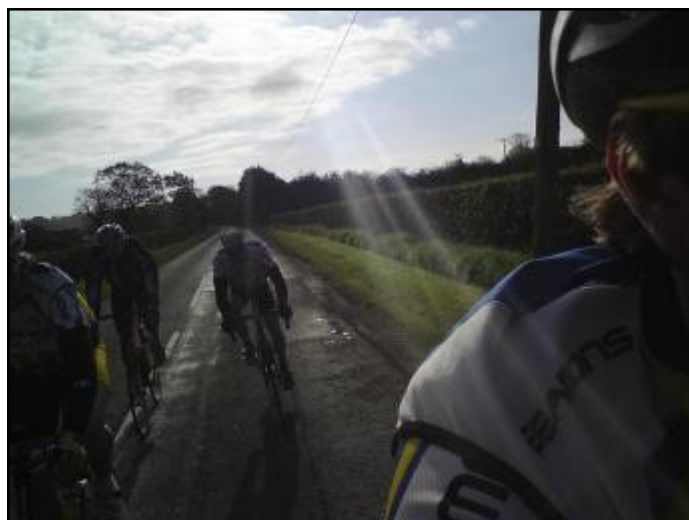
Compared with what went before, the undulations between Chirk and Kelsall are relatively benign, except that they come towards the end of a 206km ride.

We will set up links on the club website so that you can download entry forms.

Learn more about audax rides at the website: www.audax.uk.net and have a look at the calendar.

You can take part in the Berwyns or Llangollen rides by entering or by volunteering to run some of the rider checkpoints.

Dave is hoping to find two or three more helpers so if you fancy a day out in May which helps your clubmates, get in touch with him.



The lanes of Cheshire and beyond await...

Audax taster anyone?

Dave Matthews has a date for your diaries in September, when he is organising three audax rides from Tattenhall.

The date is Sunday, September 18, the distances are 200k and 130k.

And if you're new to cycling – or to the audax experience, Dave's organising a 50k taster for you to try.

All the rides start from Old Ma's Coffee Shop, near the ice cream farm at Tattenhall. More details are available from the audax website. Visit www.audax.uk.net and click on events.

Dave says: "The 200k is a cracker – comparable in difficulty to Tour of the Berwyns.

"I've heard a few Seamons riders say they need a change from just riding to and from Altrincham, so here's their chance."

Parking is free at Old Ma's – but it would be nice to buy at least a cuppa in return.



"Every time I see an adult on a bicycle, I no longer despair for the future of the human race."

- H G Wells

Riding the buffalo

By Dave Matthews

Mount Buffalo is a mountain plateau in Victoria, Australia, some 200k north-east of Melbourne (as the crow flies). It is designated as an Alpine Park – one of the oldest in the Australian Alps, being first established in 1898. The 1,725m (5,700ft) mountain, with spectacular granite rock formations above the tree line, gains its name from its resemblance to a buffalo in repose. In addition to its high reputation as a hiking, rock climbing and skiing area, the mountain also plays a significant role in the various editions of the Australian Audax Alpine Classic.

The original Alpine Classic was ridden in 1986, with six riders starting and all finishing a hilly 200k route, which included the climbs up to Falls Creek and Mount Buffalo. The event has expanded over the last 15 years to include a series of distances from 250k (The Alpine Classic Extreme ACE) to a more reasonable 60k ride over Tawonga Gap to Mount Beauty and back.

The small tourist town of Bright struck me as rather like an Australian version of Bourg d'Oisans at the foot of Alp d'Huez, with opportunities for 1,000m-plus hill climbs all around, as well as some interesting valley rides and big mountain circuits. Temperatures are comparable to the French Alps in July, but with rather more tree cover to give shade from the burning sun.

Other cycling opportunities organised by Audax Australia each January now include a French-style "Semaine Federale" held during the preceding week, and the Alpine Raid which covers the 250k ACE course over two days with an overnight stop.

Participation has also increased from the original six to now around 2,000-plus – the



Dave Matthews at the start of the Alpine Classic
biggest event held in Bright all year.

My wife and I had flown out to Melbourne in late November to stay with our daughter's family for an extended Christmas break. December 2010 weather in Melbourne alternated between torrential rain and dry days with temperatures reaching 40C-plus.

My first outing with local cyclists proved that due to the icy weather in England before we left and the long flight, I was now jet lagged, unacclimatised, unfit and in need of some serious training before arrival in Bright (where, due to my concerns re: acclimatising to the heat, I had opted to ride the 72k audax up and back down Mount Buffalo).

The training regime started well by taking two weeks off with a dose of bronchitis, but I was ready to go by the New Year. My first rides were gentle 85k affairs along the Bay

Riding the buffalo...

cycle track to St Kilda beach in Melbourne from Altona to the west. Gentle in terms of gradient, but riding against the strong winds off the Southern Ocean, often needing as much effort as long hill climbs.

On January 2 I joined in the 70k Amy's ride from Geelong (site of the 2010 World Championships) along with hundreds of other fellow cyclists. This annual ride commemorates Amy Gillett who was killed some years ago when a driver ploughed through the Australian ladies' elite squad when out training in Germany.

The object of the ride is to promote awareness of road safety for cyclists amongst other drivers, with the message: "Allow one metre clearance".

In the afternoon we were able to watch the first leg of the four-part Jayco classic crits round a superb circuit based on Geelong beach and Eastern Park. All in all, a great day out in lovely sunshine.

My first hilly ride was a circuit from Kinglake, some 100k north of Melbourne. This area suffered greatly in the bush fires of 2008/9 but is gradually returning to normal.

My selected ride descended from Kinglake to Glenburn and then returned by means of a long, gradual ascent of over 500m through Flowerdale back to Kinglake. The pub at Flowerdale where I had lunch is famous for being saved by the locals during the bush fires, to the detriment of their houses.

This was a beautiful ride of 76k which caused me some suffering in the heat, but

nothing too serious. A few days later I was back in the area to ride from Whittlesea over to St Andrews and then up the long 500m hill to Kinglake before looping back to the start to complete another hilly 76k.

The next ride was to be my final test prior to Bright – riding 17k and 1,000m-plus – up Mount Donna Buang. I drove out to Yarra Junction some 5k from the foot of the climb. This allowed for a short warm up before the relentless ascent up through ranks of beautiful trees to the lookout post at the top. Once there, an exhilarating descent follows back to Warburton and some excellent cafes to reward all that effort.



Riding up Mount Buffalo

Next week I set off for a four-night stay in Bright at the Alpine Motor Lodge. It is almost impossible to obtain accommodation in Bright at the time of the Audax Alpine Classic in normal circumstances due to the large numbers of cyclists involved. However, there had been a number of cancellations due to riders staying away because of the devastating floods in Queensland, so I was able to stay in the town on this occasion.

Following advice from a very helpful guy in

the Alpine information centre, my first ride in the area was a car assist to Mount Beauty (which in spite of the name is a small village in a large valley) followed by the ascent up to the ski station at Falls Creek. This is a typical alpine ski road climbing over 1,000m in 31k on a good surface – similar to the climb up Mount Buffalo used by my Audax ride on the Sunday. As with Mount Buffalo, the return is back the way you have come.

Next day I had an interesting ride along the flat Murray rail trail to the village of Myrtleford, some 30k NW of Bright.

On the journey up, I noticed road signs off to Happy Valley and resolved to explore this on my return. Well the Happy Valley road was well surfaced with sweeping views of the mountains. I eventually turned back at an old shooting hut some 18k from the start, having explored a little of Australia away from a main road. Parrots, Rosellas and beautiful blue birds were superb. Car count was three in two hours!

Saturday was the official start of the Alpine Classic weekend. A cycling village was erected in the centre of Bright by the river. In the evening we were entertained firstly by a French-style musical trio with accordion, guitar and double bass. Then three rather attractive girls gave us their take on “Paris by Night”, ending with a spirited can-can. All this before a backdrop boldly proclaiming Paris-Brest-Paris. They appear to take Audax very seriously in Australia!

On Sunday morning the various rides set out at staggered times, monitored by timing chips. My 72k ride was last off at 8am.

Initially the road was fairly flat for about 10k before the expected continuous climb up to Dingo Dell, 1,400m near the top of Mount Buffalo.

The temperature soon rose toward 32C,



At Dingo Dell, 1400m up Mt Buffalo

which made us all grateful for the two intermediate water stations provided by the organisers.

After excellent refreshments at Dingo Dell I met the youngest rider; a ten-year-old. I set off for the long descent back to Bright. I was surprised to find how many still ascending the mountain in spite of my fairly slow ascent towards the back of the 72k field. Then it dawned on me that these were the faster riders from the 200k Audax who had already been to Falls Creek and back. Chapeau to them!

Once back in Bright there was a free feed and lots of drinks before I set off back on the long drive to Melbourne and the even longer flight home.

Thanks to Audax Australia for laying on such a well managed event – the riding and the entertainment!



Map of Australia

See: www.audax.org.au/public

Hillclimb & freewheel

By Johnny Pardoe

It has to be said we have had some wet hill climbs over the years, but I think the 2010 event came out on top – literally!

What a great turn-out on such a lousy day. A big thank you to all who ventured out: time-keepers Mike McConville and John Barry; pusher-off Phil Holden, and Ian Holmes on towel and umbrella duty – not for the sweat but the rain! Plus club supporters and riders. All deserve a mention in creating such a great atmosphere.

The staff at the Ryles Arms really looked after us well, even providing us with own club mopping-up steward, as well as a first-class meal.

Another new name on the JP hill climb trophy – well done Martin Wiggan, who romped up the hill in 3.31, just pipping Charles Carraz by four seconds.

The ride of the day in my opinion was young Alex Smith who recorded an excellent 3.59 ride for third place.

Fastest lady was up-and-coming Karen Popplewell with 4.36.

The omnium winner – combining the previous day's fun ten event with the hill climb and the free-wheel – was Darren Buckley.

A surprise winner of one of the most coveted trophies in the club collection – the free-wheel trophy – was Paul Barber, who benefitted from a freak gust of wind, much to the dismay of Tim and Ed Baldwin who had been carbo-loading in preparation for weeks.

Hope everyone has now dried out!



Timekeeper (and others) huddle out of the elements ...while there's no hiding in the freewheel...



Freewheel Finish

Photographs courtesy of Johnny Pardoe

HILLCLIMB RESULTS:

- | | | |
|-----|------------------|------|
| 1. | Martin Wiggan | 3.31 |
| 2. | Charles Carraz | 3.35 |
| 3. | Alex Smith | 3.59 |
| 4. | Jack Robinson | 4.01 |
| 5. | Marco Pani | 4.01 |
| 6. | Joe Lockett | 4.04 |
| 7. | Phil Brydget | 4.07 |
| 8. | Dave Williams | 4.10 |
| 9. | Sean Davenport | 4.16 |
| 10. | Paul Barber | 4.19 |
| 11. | Karen Popplewell | 4.36 |
| 12. | Graham Lockett | 4.53 |
| 13. | Dave Hoyle | 5.07 |
| 14. | Ashley Cress | 5.08 |
| 15. | Sally Cowan | 5.12 |
| 16. | Dan White | 5.13 |
| 17. | Peter Julyan | 5.19 |
| 18. | John Rowlinson | 5.22 |
| 19. | Neil Rothwell | 6.54 |
| 20. | Darren Buckley | 8.12 |



"Nothing compares to the simple pleasure of a bike ride."

- J F Kennedy

Bike shops - New York style

by Jim Boydell

Wandering through New York's East Village, Jim Boydell came across this entrepreneurial al fresco bike store.

Wheels were securely locked to a number of lampposts; frames and complete bikes to the wire mesh fencing while the 'proprietor' sat on the bare pavement next to his wheeled, metal lock-up tool box.

Jim reports: "The whole thing was more reminiscent of a third world country rather than one of the wealthiest cities in the world. Then again that's New York in a nutshell – the wealthy live alongside the less fortunate and all seem to rub along together."

Help wanted

If taking part in a time trial sounds a bit hard, you might want to try something that's like a time trial but more fun.

The Fun Ten is one-third of a very eccentric omnium competition we host on the first weekend in October. First we have the ten on the Saturday, followed by the hill climb and the freewheel on the Sunday.

However, we are currently without an organiser or timekeeper for the Saturday event. This is where you can help.

The task is not onerous but it is a responsibility to ensure that riders have fun, complete the course and are accurately timed. Previous years have seen the excitement rounded off with something to eat in the Kilton.

If anyone would like to step forward and pick up this baton, please get in touch with Ed Baldwin to find out what's involved.



A few streets away was the other side of the cycling coin – a 'pop-up' shop run by Rapha and set up specifically for the duration of the Tour de France.

Here you could watch videos, get a coffee and buy some very expensive clothing.

Bizarrely there were also some old copies of Sporting Cyclist from the sixties to browse, and there among them were pictures of the late Eric Matthews (Altrincham RC) winning the National '24' hour.



A photo round-up of Autumn/Winter...

Keith Stacey, Dan Mathers & their supporters were blessed with an Indian Summer for the Johnny Helms' Memorial TT in October, filmed for posterity by Johnny Pardoe (with Cath & Carol).



But it couldn't last. December saw the weather cool off and a second hard winter roll in... Making three wheels the safety-conscious option.. Carol Pardoe in the lanes with Johnny trusting in the trike's braking adhesion...



Seamons' Social runs grew throughout the year...



...and continued to grow, even as the year turned.



Friday night map-reading with John C & President Dave



History on wheels

Jim Krieger, Texas

Dallas resident and Seamons member Jim Krieger has been in touch with the Squirrel to update us on his continuing fascination with local bike-builder Theo Parsons.

Regular readers may recall a couple of stories in the magazine some while ago about Jim's detective mission to find out more about the man who he was sure had built his frame and exported it to the US.

Jim was able to pin down the history of his machine and has now added to his Parsons' connection and provided details of his latest pride and joy for a very specialist website (www.classiclightweights.co.uk)

There he recounts the history of his bike, and about his correspondence with Theo, who now lives in North Yorkshire. There's even a plug for the Squirrel and Jim's namesake Jim Boydell, whose encyclopaedic knowledge of all things cycling in this part of the world was able to help the US Jim complete the pedigree for his 531 beauty.



Theo Parsons, a Theo Parsons & an owner

Nice to know the Squirrel has this kind of global power and reach! Thanks for thinking of us Jim.

Squirrel readers can find out more about the bike here:

www.classiclightweights.co.uk/builders/theoparsons.html

Out & about

Malc and Wyn McAllister set off for Norfolk with their trusty tandem on the car roof (lying horizontal on a ladder rack).

When they got there; shock, horror! Where's the chain? (the one on the left linking the two bottom brackets, which, when you think about it, is the one that doesn't loop through the frame).

Uh oh. No sign.

Until Malc looked at the rear windscreen. There it was, looped round the windscreen wipers!

Super clubman Reg Blease was out on a run and wondered why his chain was jump-

ing. Was the transmission knackered?

He then revealed that he had put a 200-year-old chain off one bike onto a 200-year-old block on another bike.

Well, 200 hundred might be a bit of an exaggeration, but you can see how Reg's reputation for recycling has become a legend.

Last of the Summer Wine has got nothing on everyday life with the Thursday group.



"I relax by taking my bicycle apart and putting it back together again."

- Michelle Pfeiffer

Short & longs

by John Carberry

As anyone who's ever had a puncture on a club run knows, there's only one way to swap out that tube – the way everyone else says it should be done and not the way you're doing it.

And as if an audience of experts at the side of the road in the pouring rain isn't enough to make you want to insert your tyre lever somewhere other than where it's supposed to go, imagine having a puncture in the pub.

Well "in" isn't quite right. Peter Devine had enjoyed a post-run debrief in the OMT when it was time to go. Returning to his bike, he discovered it had punctured.

As it was the middle of winter it was well dark by now. Undeterred, Pete carried his bike into the pub where he could see. Unfortunately, so could everyone else.

It's not clear just who was giving him advice, or indeed whether or not he was listening to it. What can be reported is that it took Pete quite some time to get back on the road again, as witnessed by an anonymous clubmate who clocked him still working on it on two separate trips to the loo. By my reckoning, that's at least a 20-minute repair.

Tut, tut Pete. You probably should have started at the valve.

It's time to come clean about my secret shame: I don't always wear white socks on the bike.

The first time I could make the excuse that it happened by accident. But once I'd lowered my standards, there was no going back.

Changing from my civvies into my cycling costume, I realised as I put my shoes on that I'd not changed out of my black socks.



Pete Devine & Reg Blease in warmer times

"Never mind," I thought, "no-one can see that under my longs and overshoes."

Returning from the ride with toasty warm ankles and feet – a novelty any time between November and March – I realised what had made the difference. Proper socks. Mmmm.

After that it just got worse. Sometimes I've even gone out in brown socks. I'm hoping I can wean myself back into some sort of sartorial discipline by the end of March (when the clocks go forward and it's shorts all the way until October as you know).

The tourers' Spanish getaway could make for tricky conversation this time, especially when it comes to blaming people for nasty smells or not doing the washing up.

Five are going and all are called Dave or John. In two cases it gets worse as both have the same initials: John Hurley and John Hammond.

And if you don't know why that matters, just ask yourself how you'd feel about wearing someone else's shorts because you could-

n't tell which pair was yours despite having written your initials on the tag.

Last time this happened, it was me and Johnny Coles. I planned ahead and added an "a" to my initials before realising that the other John's kit had somewhat more of an, err, vintage feel to it so there was minimal risk of a mix-up.

After what can only be described as one of the longest cogitations in touring section history, Gordon Peake finally put his hand in his pocket and forked out for his new bike.

He'd been humming and hahhing for months about spending the money, whether he needed a new bike, if titanium was the right choice, should he buy local or

get the Van Nicholas deal.

Eventually, his mind's made up. He deserves something special, he doesn't buy a new bike every five minutes, titanium will last a lifetime. He goes for the Van Nicholas. Super-chuffed with the result of his decision, that first ride probably felt all the sweeter for the time and effort that had gone into getting him on the road.

And then what happens? Up pops Carol Pardoe with a Van Nicholas of her own.

Now I don't want to say these titanium bikes are ten a penny. But that's three that can be routinely seen out with the tourers; how very common. Time for a new bike Gordo.

Diary dates

By John Carberry

Your next Squirrel will be due out around the same time the current runs list on the back page runs out.

If you've got any stories or articles you want to include, please contact the editor well in advance so he can plan in your contribution.

The magazine is only as good – or as fat – as we all chip in to make it, so please show your support and keep those bits and pieces or photographs coming in.

Don't be shy, it's the thought that counts; if you've got an idea for an article just let the editor know.

In future, the Squirrel editorial team are hoping to produce four copies of the magazine a year. This will help keep it current for future events, and for write-ups of previous ones.

Get tapering, it's club ten time.

April 20 sees the start of the next club tens

series, with the first two starting at 7pm.

Don't forget your back light if you're planning to take part. The tens are now extremely popular so it promises to be another exciting season of mid-week trials.

The York Rally should be in the organised rider's diary already.

This year it takes place on the weekend of June 25 and 26 and will still be on the race-course, despite rumours it might be relocating to Harrogate.

The tourers are planning to take up their usual spot on Barrow Lane, with an advance party landing for a ride on the Friday. Please contact John Carberry if you're planning to go and want to be associated with the Seamons. We tend to book a bit of a super-pitch so we can all be together. It helps with the mega-meat breakfast on Saturday morning.



CLUBS RUNS LIST

	Half day*	Tempo	Touring	Social
6th Mar*	Dagfields	Beeston	Llangollen/Cerrig	Dones Green
13th Mar	Tattenhall	Blaze Farm	Delamere	Spinney, Allostock
20th Mar	Two Mills	Poole Marina	Common Barn	Pott Shrigley
27th Mar	Chester	Elvis Cafe	Nantwich Marina	Delamere**
3rd April	Dagfields	Astbury	Meerbrook	Plantation
10th April	Meerbrook	Rose Farm	Dagfields	Middlewich
17th April	Tideswell	Buxton	Algreave	Wizard, Alderley
24th April	Two Mills	Dagfields	Easter 50in4	Astbury**
1st May	Hope (via Snake)	Delamere	Paddock Farm	Whatcroft
8th May	Prees	Radway Green	Chester	Dones Green
15th May	Astbury	Tattenhall (Ma's)	Longnor	Spinney, Allostock
22nd May	Trough of Bowland	Cat & Fiddle	Two Mills	Pott Shrigley
29th May	Tattenhall	Nantwich Marina	Grindleford	Poole Marina**
5th Jun	Chester	Congleton GC	100-in-8	Plantation

* Llangollen Direct run - mudguards are not required

** The last Social run of the month is longer and may not be suitable for less experienced riders.



Members take in the Autumn sun on Booth's Hall island during the Johnny Helms' Memorial TT (Oct)



For your diary

Fri 22nd April	Good Friday Social Run	Mon 2nd May	May Bank Impromptu
Sat 23rd April	M&DTTA 25	Mon 30th May	Seamons Tourists' Impromptu
Sun 24th April	Seamons 50-in-4	Wed 1st June	Seamons 10 Championship
Mon 25th April	Tourist's Impromptu	Sun 5th June	Seamons 100-in-8
Fri 29th April	Royal Wedding Ride	Tues 14th June	Seamons 25 Championship