

SEAMAG CONTENTS

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NEWS AND COMMENT:

At the present time we are in the middle of the silly season, the period when it seems that everyting, yes everything, is taking place. June and July are two hectic months for events, promotions and all sorts of happenings.

We have had the Open 50, reported on in last months SEAMAG now the Road Race, when we sealed off Altrincham for the evening has gone by (we hope to get Doug Coombes to report on that).

There was a remarkable lack of support for the Roller Stall on Festival Day, the first Saturday of the festival week. So we had to abandon that venture.

But the following Sunday we christened our competition rollers when we had a stall of the showground in Timperley. It was a good success (well we actually made a couple pounds on it....)But it wasn't done for money and publicity was the name of the game. It was a tremedously hot day and thoudands of people were on the ground, literally, some flaked out in the heat.

Its interesting to see the people who come up to have a ride. One person was John H. Jones, an ex-South Lancs RC member who used to ride the rollers at Harold's a couple years ago. He promises to come out on the 24....

A tall young man in black said "Hello Arthur".

AJ turned round, recognised Nigel Kennerley, and said, "You owe me 20p when you let me down for the 1D25".

Nigel replied "But it was raining" and disappeared again.

The sequel to that incident was that his mate had the gall to show his face at the club the following Friday (neither had been near for 1/4 year). What is this new concept....if you enter a race and choose to be DNS because its raining then you don't pay your entry fee??????? We in Seamons seem to have too many irresponsible, self-caring, thoughtless, lazy teenagers of weak character. (one of our rival clubs has the same problem also)

There are many new faces appearing at the clubroom on Friday evenings. Its a great difficulty sorting them out since it seems that many of them daly come along to find out what gives, and then disappear again.

On the other hand we have a few who are now coming regularly,

and one of them, Nigel Watson, was a participant at last years roller stall. So you see these publicity ventures are useful.

Chris Kay is once more talking of joining the weaver Valley CC (and he is due to promote our 25 in September) whilst Andrew Jamieson is applying to join the Rotalacs. Both of them, from a different point of view, complain of the way they are treated by some (albeit only a small few) of our volluble teenagers. Perhaps we could appeal to the latter that as they are MEMBERS of the club they should become PART of the club.

Like we said at the beginning, its the silly season.

But on a more optimistic note, with a few very young teenagers coming along, its useful to see that AJ can take them out on as many Sundays as possible. With the accent on them all being newcomers it means they are not afraid of turning up at The Station, for a Sunday ride. It appears they will be moulded into mixing with each and everyone, to doing things together, and learning that a sense of duty is not something to be scorned.

Bob Hill is now the Club 24hour Champion, with 362 miles

Robin Haigh with 395 miles would have got it, but he joined the Fire Brigade Cycling club..

"RETURN OF THE TWELVE"

The M.D. twelve is on September 2nd this year.

John Clements (S.Lancs RC) is organiser.

Can you help in any way?

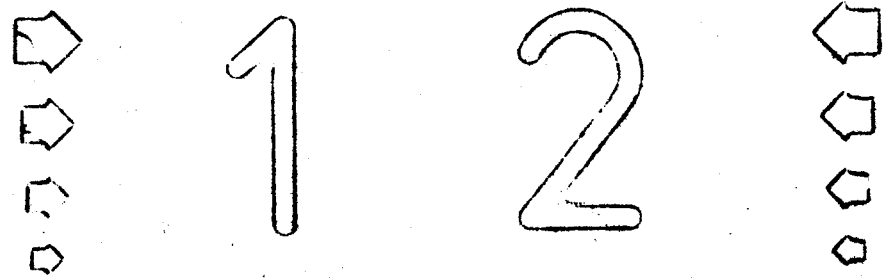
THIS EVENT IS ALSO SEAMONS CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

We have four riders so far. Malc Judge & Alan Heggs.

Bob Hill and Geoff Horrocks.

Whatever you are doing that day - put it off and come out to at least cheer on our riders.

In the old days all Seamons members used to turn out for the the 12 champs.....



MERSEY ROADS 24HOUR RIDE

(a riders viewpoint)

Bob Hill

This was a good event, The weather was kind. In fact it stayed warm, if somewhat windy, all through the night.

The start was at the usual place, Austins Hill, just south of Tarvin, in Cheshire. I caught number 7 just before Tarporley, then I caught number 5 & 6 and so thought I was roaring along. Then I stopped to put on some track mitts, which Johnny Pardoe had not relinquished at the start. Suddenly number 27 came hurtling past. What ho! Since I was number 9 it meant he had caught up some 15 minutes in the first 20 miles. Actually later on through the night I was quite surprised just how one can travel along in the dark.

On the other hand sometime during the dark night, on the road down to Newport, Shropshire we were going downhill with a sharp curve to the right and a slip road to the left. Consequently I nearly hit the grass verge and just managed to jam on the brakes at the last minute.

Very early in the morning, somewhere at 190 miles, I stopped for two fresh bottles and found that a toeclip had broken slightly. This entailed pedalling with a foot askew and reaping a swollen knee as a consequence. Round about daybreak I kept looking at my watch and wanted to beat 360 miles, but I just couldn't get up the hills. Couldn't get any pressure on the knee when out of the saddle.

When the first sit-down feed loomed up I stopped and had cornflakes and tea. Didn't feel like eggs and bacon at that period but could have done with it later on. Actually the stop lasted 1/2 hour at Lyntons caravan on Prees Heath. At the next opportunity for a feed (and wasn't the whole event well-fed!!!) I managed to devour hot soup, rice pudding & pineapple - and roared along after that.

At one point I got the name of The Shandy Kidd - due to how many pints I took in the early hours of the event, and enjoyed it.

All in all it was a good event. I wouldn't mind having another bash at it. I would have liked to have reached 380 miles, which is a Bronze Standard for seasons CC. But it wasn't to be and I have to be content with 365 miles.

In conclusion I wish to thank all those who helped in the event, officials etc, the club lads (and ladies) - in particular Johnny Pardoe who came out - on his bike - to help me.

RETURN TO YORK.....

AJ Thorlby

Friday evening - a "breakaway" weekend. Everything we needed already packed into the van. But where was Chris? He was playing cricket for the school! Oh!

But eventually he turned up late, we left about 8.45pm, and succeeded in getting through Leeds without getting lost, to reach the Knavesmire (York Racecourse) before it got completely dark.

Although we were in the 'Ford Escort Caravette AJ Mk4' we signed in under "tents" since I didn't think we rated "caravans" and anyway it cost less! Our allocation was "plot 577" so we bumped and snaked over the grass and around various tent pegs, guylines and what-have-you until we sighted site 580.

Logically one would expect us to be very near, but no, next to 580 was 194. So we camped in a blank space.....

Soon a family came up in a converted ambulance and disgorged next to us, the man, wife, two teenage daughters and a son, plus one trike, a tandem, two bikes, two tents and various other pieces and paraphernalia.

The next morning, a warm fine day, the chap said, "I have now remembered where we have met before. It was at Harrogate last year".

"Yes, I went to Harrogate last year", still not understanding.

"Do you remember," he said, "when we pushed that French car, which wouldn't start?"

Oh yes, how I recalled that incident, of trying to push a recalcitrant Peugeot. Anyone who's ever tried 'left hand down a bit' in French, or what is "stick your foot on the clutch" without a dictionary, will understand the pickle...

Then Chris and I decided to go a walk down into the town and go to the Baths. It was a nice day and many people were strolling by the river or taking pleasure cruises. We didn't find the Baths although three places were listed but not shown on the map (A Yorkshire ploy against marauding Lancastrians????)

Later in the afternoon, back on the Knavesmire, an official was wandering around checking the vans and tents to see everyone was in the correct place. He was dressed in animal skin shorts, oversize ski-boots, and had matted hair and overgrown beard, making him look a cross between The Hulk and a Yeti. So I slid away to the toilet block (a quarter mile away) and left Chris to act dumb. It worked, and I came back to make evening dinner for the two of us.

This year some chap and his wife spent a couple hours organising some cycle control contests and other party games on bikes, for the kids who were camping - a good idea since usually nothing

But what of the next day? Well it dawned warm (well I think it did, because by the time we woke up it was very warm!) a trek to the toilet block and thought that some day I will manage to park near to. Breakfast, which was nearly lunch. Then into the large marquee to see the so-called 'lightweight exhibition'. Years ago this was known as the only lightweight show outside London. But it is now only a parody of its former glory. Fortunately it was a little better than last year (when it was hard to find many cycle components...) there were still very few of the well-known names and brands, but many of the newcomers to the trade. I was pleased to meet Johnny Helms again, and purchase a copy of his book of cartoons (personally autographed for me) If anyone in Seamons wants a copy, if enough want copies, then I will willingly send off to him for some. But I am not loaning out my copy!!!

Chris was keen on seeing the grass-track racing, parade of old machines, penny-farthing race etc. I liked the parade of the "Bicycle Belles!" It was good to see Alan Shuttleworth in full Rotalac Plastics regalia winning the trike race.

Soon it was time to undertake dismantling out the AJ Mk4 and struggle out of York with the crowds. I couldn't resist a last thrust at the Abominable Huik standing in his wildboar pelt. He was carrying on at length to a young lady about how Cycling and the Trades people had done them down by setting up their exhibition etc at Harrogate. So I suggested the best thing to do would be to transfer the York Rally to Harrogate (and meant it) He nearly died of apoplexy! Serves him right for thinking and saying that I was parked on unmarked spot because I hadn't paid....its not only full-blooded Yorkshiremen who are honest!!!!

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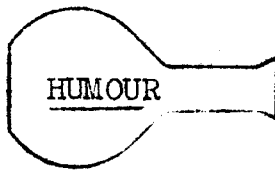
SATURDAY 1st SEPTEMBER - SEAMONS OPEN 25

ORGANISER - Chris Kay

Can you help in any way please?

Particularly is transport needed to carry the large amount of equipment - table, stool, telephones and cable, water containers, routing signes, chequer board etc, etc, etc,

NB This is the afternoon before the 12.....

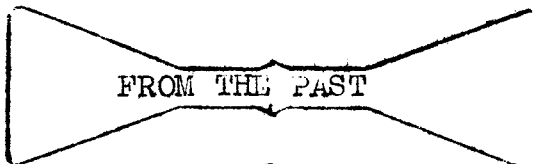


Advert in Situations Vacant column

"WANTED - Two lorry drivers, one articulated."

Advert in southern daily.

"Required by STARCH PRODUCTS LTD: Rigid lorry driver."



July 1961 - The Squirrel.

"A magazine" some of the youngsters might say, "I never knew the club had a magazine". A new editor, Don Andrews, now takes over to try and establish the club's diary.....the editor would ask anyone who feels like writing a few lines to contact him....."

"Keith Stacey won the Tourist Trophy Hillclimb and competes in the BCTC final on 2nd July in the Buxton area"

◇ BUFFET DANCE 1969 ◇

Twas t'coldest night since nineteen nought,
 An' t'dance were on an' tickets bought.
 T'were 'eld in t'north, in t'Buile 'ill park,
 An' worra neet, so cowed an' dark.

Wi me wellies on Ah ran fer t'bus,
 An' got theer almost t'fust.
 An' then we thought "Will any on 'em come?"
 Nay, t'CTC folk ain't ser dumb.

An' once inseed, then all were changed
 an' all round t'sides t'seats were ranged.
 T'band arrived, began to play,
 An' t'dancing soon became ser gay.

Gud ale ter sup, gud food ter eat,
 Wi' friends ter talk an' dance a treat
 Old time, young time, modern, twist
 Round an' round, not feeling, - in a mist.

Roll on next year's do.....