

THE SQUIRREL



Autumn 2009



Seamons Cycling Club Magazine



EDITORIAL

The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is upon us. Early morning mists gives way to grey – I suppose the sun is up there somewhere - and mellow fruitfulness hangs from the damson trees. Reg and Johnny Coles, on the mid-week run, noted the damson tree on the River Weaver towpath, and a few days later on the club run went back to pick them. But Reg was on his best Colnago: no bag. Carol produced a plastic bag which JP carried home, and then made damson jam for tea. Stewed damsons and custard for JC. These are the important things in life.

The Seamons have had a very fruitful season, with Mel Bailey having a go at everything and breaking the Ladies "10" record on the way: 23.44. Well done Melanie! Robin Haigh set a new 24 hour record with 475 miles, and came 3rd overall in the National "24". Mixing the disciplines he flew off to Toulouse to ride the Firemen's Road race and Time trial, taking silver medals in both. Well done Robin! Carol and Johnny Pardoe were also in the medals in the Tricycle World Championships in St.Marsault, winning the tandem trike section and coming home with Gold.

Congratulations are due to Charles Carraz on completing his first "12", which secured him top spot in the club B.A.R.

Ploughing a lonely furrow our "Retro randonneur" Dave Matthews has been clocking up a phenomenal number of Audax miles, and dipping into sportives. You can suffer with him in "Wild Wales" and the Chilterns.

The success of Britain's riders abroad – "Cav and Wiggo" – has sparked off enormous enthusiasm at home, even among non-cyclists. Wow! The Seamons were there on the Ventoux stage of the Tour de France, and even more Seamons were spotted on Gun Hill last week watching the Tour of Britain stage. I must take my pot of paint next time, someone had written "Go Wiggo!".

The Seamons touring section have just enjoyed a camping weekend away at the Michaelmas Fair in Bishop's Castle. Two days and nights of non-stop fun and frolics – and that's just the Seamons! Fire-eaters, the one-man band, dancing, singing, classical and blues music, traction engines, pavement cafes, beer... Have a look at Dates for your Diary and the Club Runs lists to get your autumn calendar sorted.

We are stepping down from our post as Editors at the AGM. We would like to say how much we have enjoyed editing the Squirrel. Thank you for your great contributions. We hope you will continue to give your support to the new editor, John Carberry.

Cover picture: Robin Haigh on his way to 3rd place in the National 24 hour, breaking three club records on the way.

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Photos courtesy of Johnny Pardoe, Johnny Coles, Jim Boydell and Darren Buckley.
With grateful thanks to our technical editor, Allan Blackburn.

BITS AND BITS

100 in 8

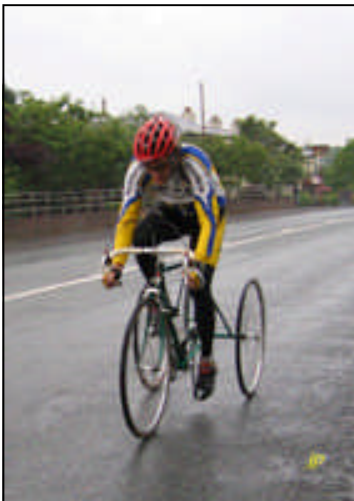
Pete Devine blew, Gordon bonked. Radway Green ran out of food. No corner shops between Radway Green and Altrincham. A garage and a packet of chocolate biscuits to the rescue. 77 year old Reg set the pace. This resulted in reduced Touring points to everyone else for sitting in.

Trice the fun

Dan borrowed Carol's 1959 Higgins trike for the evening "10". We thought it time he had a handicap so we gave him several: an extra wheel for a start. The

brake cables are the ones that stick up in big loops so if you get down low you end up chewing them. And it is better not to attempt to change gear (there's not many anyway) as the gear lever is on

the down tube and it is fatal to take one hand off on a trike when riding at speed. It's a "press and guess" gear lever so you're never sure if you're in gear anyway. You can see why people ride trikes: they're such fun!



Hill climbing

Charles Carraz said his hill-climbing seemed to be going downhill...

Race preparation

Ian Udall's preparation for the Anfield "100": he spent the day beforehand cross-pollinating his espalier apple trees.

Etape rider:

JP and Carol met the club at Meerbrook on the

day of the Tour of Britain Etape. Meerbrook was a Control and Feed station. The Pardoes continued their ride up the Axe Edge road towards Paddock Farm and were surprised to be caught by an etape rider. He had missed the marshall pointing left on the corner, missed the red and white direction board, and had stopped in horror as the Axe Edge hill loomed up before him. Oops! JP gently put him right. The reply was: "I was miles away". He nearly was – in Buxton!

Knights in shining armour – a 4x4.

Reg was out on his best Colnago, and as often happens, hadn't swapped over all his gear, so he didn't have his chain tool. Fate being what it is, he snapped his chain on the way home. He started to walk. A 4x4 came by full of mountain bikers and stopped. They offered him a lift, but Reg, not being one to take the easy way out, asked if they had a chain tool. Yes, they did, and they repaired it for him!

Club coach on the track

Fred Smith, (aged 71) of the Bolton Clarion, who was our coach at our last club session at the velodrome, has just won a silver medal at the European Masters Track Championships. Congratulations Fred; a case of "Practise what you preach".

Wild Wales

The "Wild Wales Challenge" was not John Verbickas's finest hour. Everything went wrong, from serious "bonk", to chain off, chain stuck, then at the last control someone stole his paclite. Not to mention all the rain that persisted down.



Meet your clubmates: John Barry

A very quiet, unassuming but very loyal club member, John quietly hangs on to the Half day gang, or pops up on touring rides, or helps with the junior rides, plays table tennis on club nights, and generally has a go at everything.

When and where were you born?

1958, in Granby Avenue, Timperley, which is just around the corner from where I live now. I only found that out a few years ago, when my dad told me that the ambulance didn't get there in time. They didn't have mobile phones then, and we didn't have a phone at home.

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

I started in around 1980. I joined the Seamons but only stayed about a year. I started riding in Bob Davis' group and the only person I remember from that group was Jim Grace, because of his sense of humour. When I messed a gear change going up a climb he said that the last time he had heard a change like that was at Charing Cross. I left to work in London.

What was your first race?

One of the club tens in about 1980. I think I finished.

What was your first win?

Shouldn't this question read "What will your first win be?" Maybe next year. I've been saying that every year since I rejoined the club.

Which performance do you rate as your best?

The Tour of the Berwyns in 2006. It was my first attempt and it rained from 8:00 until 4:00. I was just glad to finish.

What is your favourite meal?

My wife is Thai so we have Thai food at least 4 times a week. My favourite is probably "vegetables of the forest beef curry". It has lots of odd, bitter-tasting vegetables that grow wild in Asia, bamboo, spices and a little beef. It sounds, looks and smells horrible but it tastes delicious.

What were you like at school?

Mischievous! I was conscientious at primary school and for the first term at secondary school. My parents kept two of my reports from secondary school. I was 5th in my class for the first term, 9th for



second term, and they didn't keep any others. I especially remember my maths teacher in 6th form. He was just out of university and not prepared for a class of 17 year old lads. We gave him a rough time. 30 years later, one of my managers turned out to be his daughter! If any of our younger members read this, be warned!

What kind of books do you read?

I enjoy autobiographies, especially sportspeople and comedians. I have read a couple of books about the local area, and about the area in Ireland where my dad was born; I think that's a mid-life thing.

What kind of music do you enjoy?

I like all sorts so long as you can tell what's going on. What I mean is that if you can't make out the individual players/singers because it just a cacophony, then I won't listen. On the other hand I love watching the really bad performers on X-factor.

And your favourite type of TV programme?

Comedy panel games such as "Not the 9 o'clock news" or "QI". Drama, I haven't seen one recently but anything by Alan Bennett. I have to be brave here and admit to watching Coronation Street. We have a fan club at home and at work but only because it's so poor that it's funny; it's the soap equivalent of X-factor.

What is your ideal holiday destination?

We've just come back from Thailand. We visit Jeed's family there every few years. I've been many times but it's still a surprising country and there are still remote areas that I want to visit. Nowadays there are mountain bikes for hire in these areas. As the children get older I am hoping to go there next time. I speak the language reasonably well and that makes the holiday for me because you can go places and understand what's going on around you.

Do you have any hobbies (apart from cycling)?

I don't get time for my own hobbies. I spend a lot of time avoiding decorating and gardening but Jeed is very persistent. I tend to skip from one hobby to another as the children dictate. Photography is a recurring one.

What is your favourite training ride?

That's easy - I haven't done one in years and don't intend to start any time soon.

What is your most unpleasant characteristic?

Impatience when teaching others.

Which characteristic do you most dislike in others?

Drama queens. We have a few at work. Everything is a crisis and everyone has got to hear about it.

Who would you most like to have met and why?

My great grandfather on my dad's side. Before him the family were farm labourers but he was the first to get a tenancy on some land to farm himself. Later he got a loan to buy the land. That was quite an achievement in those days in Ireland. He gave the land to my grandfather when he got married and I've seen the transfer document. There was a condition in the agreement that grandfather could have the land and house but great grandfather could retain use of the master bedroom for the rest of his life. I think he was a tough character and life was a real battle then.

What was your most embarrassing moment?

I was doing the reading in church. Michael was about 4 years old. I left him sitting on his own and something frightened him. He ran up to me. I had sandals on (no toes) and he had trainers on. He grabbed my legs and stood on my toes. It was painful and I was shocked, forgot where I was, and said something I shouldn't have – into the microphone.

Note from the President.

I think we can say that it has been a good year so far for the club. We have successfully promoted a road race and an open time trial (thanks to Nigel Harrop and Ian Udall) and the tens have been well supported with over 40 club members riding one or more event. Thanks again to Keith Bailey and Steve Booth and a host of helpers for giving up their time.

On an individual basis the racing members have had mixed success. Robin Haigh once again has shown that he is almost unbeatable when he is fit and you will read elsewhere in this mag' of his exploits. Mel Bailey will have some of the ladies records in her sights after this years performances but on the other hand Ian Udall and Dan Mathers have (by their standards) had a poor time-trialing season (although before his knee trouble Dan had some excellent mountain biking results). At least their relatively poor performances have cleared the way for some new club champions.

The Sunday runs are proving as popular as ever with a regular turnout of 20 or so on the half day run 10 (John C is this correct?) or so with the touring section and the half and a bit half dozen leaving at the crack of dawn to explore the delights of North Wales.

It's a real pleasure to see so many riders in club clothing. Pedestrians regularly stop and watch us go by, children wave and motorists often stop to let us have right of way on roundabouts and T junctions. Probably because we look so professional. Let's keep up the good standards.

Enjoy what's left of the summer and take care as you go.

Keith S

Just a note from the Chair:

The AGM is Friday 13th November 2009 starting at 8.00pm sharp. This is your opportunity to have your say and get involved in the running of your club. If you have any proposals for the meeting can you please make sure that they are with Ian Udall no later than 16/10/09. It would be great if all members could attend on time to ensure that we will be able to get to the OMT before last orders.

The number of riders taking part in the half day run on a Sunday keeps on growing. This is great news for the club. I would like these prospective members to turn into full members but we have a duty not to put them off by making the run so fast they don't want to come back, or we lose them somewhere in the lanes of Cheshire. We also don't know how good these people are at riding in close formation in a group. There are times to "race" on a Sunday morning but most of the time we should be taking more care. There is a good reason why Tour de France is run on closed roads, because it is very dangerous to race on open roads.



Johnny & Carols environmentally friendly new camper van.

LONDON CALLING



“Squirrel” script is usually Seamons based and local, but interspersed we find more exotic tales from trips further afield - The Alps, Majorca. I don't know if London would count? Maybe not exotic - but fascinating!

London has few attractions for me apart from my daughter Joanne and her fella Steve. Their choice to reside in Stoke Newington (5 miles north of the Big City), provides a base for us to “dip our toe in the water”, even though parking is still a nightmare. Stoke Newington is very like Didsbury and a similar distance from the centre. It's full of little shops, including a proper bike shop called “Two Wheels Good”. No megastores or corporate chains. On Sunday mornings its “croissants and coffee” with the smell of a mini bakery filling the village centre. Bikes are a common means of getting around for some locals. There are Pashley sit ups and fold ups amongst the more contemporary styles and worked to death rust buckets. The owners carry the biggest security devises they can manage. There is an abundance of “green stuff” politically and socially. The local allotments seem to be the hub of the community. The big difference is “it's very crowded”.



To escape the hustle and bustle and the magnet of the city centre attractions, I recently took my bike and planned some exploring with Steve. He kitted up with “street cred” i.e. Kept his jeans on. I embarrassed him with our usual lycra outfit, if toned down a bit. We'd got hold of one of the many “Cycle Routes of London” maps and planned to do a loop following the blue lines. In London they think nothing of riding through the Parks amongst dogs, kids, joggers (all shapes and sizes), push trolleys, ad hock football, Frisbee, Kite flying, and Picnics etc. In fact all areas cars can't reach are fair game for bikes. The Parks are full of people trying to find a bit of green space. It's very cosmopolitan – Chinese, Asian, Afro Caribbean, Turkish, Arab, African, French, Brits, Orthodox Jews in their wonderful outfits. They are all there, with cockney accents and obligatory ice cream. Resident ducks share

the lakes with terrapins the size of dinner plates. Cosmopolitan Lakes as well. Very weird!

So we start our ride through Clissold Park and a few back streets through a passing drizzle. At the northern end of Finsbury Park we pick up a disused railway track. A green corridor through the bricks and mortar of Hornsey. A fascinating couple of miles, and very well used by the locals. Young tots trying to keep their stabilisers out of the soft ground struggled amongst the dog walkers as the sun broke through. Even a film unit doing whatever they do, and managing to “take over” the path, didn't look out of place. The sign posts for the cycle ways are clear, numerous and point in all directions. They are all numbered but you do have to keep your wits about you to stay on your route of choice. They also have a habit of spitting you out onto roads like the A1 for a hundred yards or so, with little warning. A quick shift to “survival mode” amongst the relentless traffic. Then it's into Queens Wood. A delightful oasis of mature woodland well worth more exploration on another day. The signs are still there, if now blending in by being wooden with a carved oak leaf and directions. Onward and upward.

We have a choice of heading west to Hampstead Heath or east to Alexandra Palace. We go east, leaving the wood and passing a cricket match, tennis courts, and ageing bowlers all in whites. The whole population of Crouch End seem to out there “doing English pastimes”! You soon realise why places like Muswell Hill are so called. There's plenty of climbing and dropping around here. Through the grand gates of Alexandra Park, (200 acres of parkland) and very soon, a stiff climb, straight up to the Palace.

Despite giving Steve some 25 years I managed to stay in the saddle whilst he walked the last bit. A classic tortoise and hare scenario. At the top I sat on the manicured turf amongst well tended flower beds and had the nearest thing to an asthma attack I think I've ever had. I found it hard to believe but the pollen in the air really stung the lungs. Yep, here in the middle of all these rooftops it was pollen not pollution giving us grief. The view here is amazing! The towers of Canary Wharf, The Gherkin and Millennium Wheel, stretched out across the horizon amongst



the haze. For a moment I thought about the gang battling around the Berwyns. (Only for a moment!). Time for a coffee and breather at the Boating Pool. What a Pool is doing at the top of this hill is a mystery. It doesn't look very natural apart from the Swans and Coots all sharing their new broods with us.

Alexandra Palace – “The Peoples Palace” built in 1873, has a huge ice rink, theatre, concert room, art gallery, exhibition and function rooms. It's stunning from the front and a disaster around the back (the bits they no longer use). An important piece of our National Heritage literally wasting away. The birthplace of BBC television and host to such a variety of events over the years – Even Pink Floyd. Remarkably the building is still there as it's burnt down twice in its history. A fascinating place for another day? Try: www.doramus.com/alexpalace2.htm



We plough on under railway lines, mini roundabouts, back streets and mini estates. The contrasts of rich and relatively hard up, is not only evident but changes regularly within a few hundred yards. It can be a Porsche or a couple of hoodies getting in your way. Hoodies (bless them!) don't half jump when you ding your bell. (Careful Gordon!). You're led through little gaps and ginnels between houses you'd never venture into without a map and some conviction. Apparently we were in Wood Green and Tottenham Hale, but it was all beginning to look like a human and concrete maze. In Wood Green it transforms from polite terraces to “Shopping City” via a passageway behind the library. “It can't go that way Steve”? It did!

Smack Alley, Steve called it. (Smack is like EPO for the more lethargic! – illegal and not healthy). Shopping City is a glass Arndale type development. Huge and completely out of scale with the town centre. All complimented by the smell of ageing fat blowing from the air vents of the take away's. Yuk! Within a minute were back in very polite Terrace Ville. Then, just as suddenly Tottenham Hale, where they could have filmed London's version of Shameless (funny) or The Clockwork Orange (not funny). Graffiti is now called “street art”? Get the picture?

The cycle lane to Ferry Bridge is just amazing. It

weaves away from the estate, amongst the traffic, under the roads, up and along pavements, over roundabouts, quite literally. Buttons to press and little illuminated green cycles at numerous traffic lights, essential just to get off the traffic island. A whole new meaning to “off roading”.

We drop onto the banks of the River Lee. Whew! Comparative tranquillity! Well it's more of a canal with tow path. To the east are huge reservoirs and what's left of Hackney Marsh. Steve claimed this as countryside! Well that's stretching it a bit. It is relatively quiet, and certainly a greener outlook. On our side, the buildings have encroached right up to the tow path. Ground to live on, is definitely at a premium in London.

Rather posh canal side apartments are replacing the remnants of by-gone waterway industries. However, heading south, it's quiet and flat with more well used parks and ideal for a banana stop. Nuevo Porsche territory! The wildlife does remarkably well considering the intensive human activity. Whilst sparse it's much tamer in these parts. Swans and Grebe building nests out of plastic bottles and polystyrene and a few twigs, help keep the place tidy! From Lea Bridge it was a short zig-zag through more houses, back to base.



It's the variety and contrasts in such short distances that amaze me. Steve was surprised that the places we got to, were so easy and quick on the bike, compared with the same trips by car. Next time we might just go for the City Centre – the ultimate challenge! I've been told I should “Critical Mass” in Westminster. Not sure if that means I need a helmet or a poop scoop? Reclaiming the roads for cyclists!! To be honest I'm not convinced London is fit for Human Beings never mind cyclists, but it's fascinating in small doses.

London's not the place you think of taking a bike but its well worth a go. It reminded me of being a

kid again - Just setting out on the bike to explore. Getting lost is all part of the fun. It's definitely the best way of seeing the "real London". Avoid the main drags with the bendy buses! Get the cycle maps before you go – their free. Ok London's notoriously dangerous for two wheels, but that's true of Cheshire Lanes or Time Trialling. We don't let that stop us, do we!

Gordon Peake

ROLACOLA COMES TO THE OMT

The beery atmosphere of the OMT was set alight by faces contorted by the pain of a sprint duel.

Our roller rigs were put through their paces by riders from Seamons and Stockport Clarion for a team roller event. We struggled to get a full quota



of riders owing to race commitments, but Harry Streuli doubled up for one race and battled hard to win all 3 of his events. Ed Baldwin also came through the pain barrier to beat his opponents. We narrowly lost the event but all who attended had a great night.

Allan Blackburn, Dave Williams, John Verbickas, Peter Julyan, Darren Buckley and Mike McConville also made up the team numbers.

The night was also a chance to see the stars of the future Tom Dyer, Valentina Baldwin and Joe Locket. They stepped up to the plate and gave everything for 20 or so seconds. Well done to all of them.

Watch out for the next Club members only Rola-Kola event at the Old Market Tavern on 18th September.

Dave Williams

Bob Richardson Memorial Run

Bob would have been very impressed with the turn-out and the weather for this year's memorial



run. Fifteen of us lunched in Chester by the River Dee. Our outward route took us through Vale



Royal Abbey, Cotebrook, Utkinton, Waverton then along the canal bank into Chester. Our return journey was via Dunham-on-the-Hill, Manley and Delamere, then along the River Weaver track to



Acton Bridge. At Dutton Lock JC and Carol found a heavily laden damson tree and set about scrumping. Stewed damsons and custard for tea. But

afternoon tea first at Great Budworth village hall for generous slices of home-made cake, meeting up with like-minded cyclists from other clubs, and Malc and Winnie (McAllister) on their tandem.

JP

Sedburgh 1.

Pronounced Sedborough as in Scarborough. Well that's what a colleague at work informed me. Apparently it's famous for the large and very apparent, upmarket school. It dominates the village. Where is Sedburgh? You go north up the M6 and instead of left at Kendal, you go right for about 5 miles. Gateway to The Yorkshire Dales.

Andy Burns had sorted a very pleasant hostel for our sole use of 14 Seamons, walking distance from the village. Well equipped and great views to boot!

The week before I'd had a late, and surprise invite to the semi final at Wembley and stayed over Sunday night. (Great day out – lousy result!) So having taken Monday off to drive back (and sneak

an afternoon, catch up ride), I resisted taking Friday off work as well. So Karen Ros and I were the last to arrive on Friday night and despite checking "last food order" at the pub was 8.30pm, we got declined at 7.45pm. 11 Seamons were by now on pudding, and alternative eating places limited. Not a good start! We latecomers got fed and made very welcome a couple of doors down. Following Ros's car to the hostel I noticed she had a flattish tyre. Was it going to be one of "those" weekends? Not at all!

Saturday dawned and breakfast in the sunshine was followed by a quick wheel change. The lads got on the bikes for a tough but stunning 50 miler. Dent – Deepdale to Ingleton back via Horton, Ribbleshead and Dentdale. Andy, determined to do some "off roading" went solo straight over the lump to the north to Ravenstonedale. The girls managed a two for the price of one tyre deal, killing the wait with a coffee and retail therapy in the poshest shop in Kendal. Then a walk along the beach in Arnside. All happy!

That evening we'd "booked" us all in at a more accommodating hostelry and got well fed.

Sunday

The cycling devotees disappeared for the day – I've forgotten where, (perhaps our editor can help ?).

The Sunday walks, complimenting the weekends away, started at Stephen Park and then re-occurred at the Hartington weekend. It looked the favourite for me. It's a contrast to mile crunching on tarmac and something I enjoyed prior to being "Seamonised". A happy little group has developed

including Marysia, Reg and Vera, us Peake's and Ros. There's plenty of tough stuff to go at in this area but the Dalesway Footpath looked more scenic. I'm not keen on miles of moorland. Valleys and Dales are much pleasanter. We picked up The Dalesway a few hundred yards from our base and ventured over the hill into the Dent valley. Here the path meanders up stream along the



Secret map reading at night.

river to Dent village.

Without wishing to sound a bit "soft", it was wonderful to potter along, on one of the best days this spring. Sheep and Lambs, some very new, sang or should I say "bleat" constantly as we spotted Heron, Dipper and Grey Wagtail along the water, (they're the yellow ones with grey backs). Yellow wagtails usually look more green than yellow. Pied wagtails are black and grey and seem to like pavements near chip shops. It's all very confusing! I digress.

Woodpeckers drummed and Cackled and the ever present Buzzards circled on the updrafts. The babbling River Dent, Curlews and Oyster Catchers completed the orchestra. Vera's knowledge of wild flowers came in very handy and provided numerous little rest stops. All enhanced by the sweet smell of Spring pollen and wafts of Wild Garlic. The backdrop was steep hills dis-

sected by dry limestone walls and of course “more sheep”.

The only sense that hadn't been stimulated was fulfilled by Hambleton Bitter from nearby Swalesdale. This was found in The Sun Inn in Dent village. It was a toss up between that and The Dent Brewery opposite. Dent really is as close to heaven as I can imagine. Only when its sun shining of course, which it was! - It challenges Bishops Castle!

Refreshed and fed - the route back could be “over the tops”, but we chose to retrace along the river. As the miles took their toll the group got stretched just like the Sunday runs. We regrouped at the footbridges over the river. A chance to watch the dozens of trout and consume the other half of my Mars Bar. The plan to all get back about 3pm had gone astray as we staggered in - “last back” about 4.30pm. Even then we stretched it out and sat in the sunshine for a cup of tea and a couple of slices of Vera's homemade fruit cake before hitting the road home. Another good Seamons weekend away.

Gordon Peake

Sedbergh 2 – (cycling bits)

Despite the topography and the attractions of a wonderful brewery tap-house, there was some cycling accomplished on the weekend. Some of it was even serious. Well, the cycling was, the banter wasn't.

The early starters on Friday enjoyed a fine pootle out beyond Dent and towards Cowgill.

Unlike Mr Pardoe, this sensible group enjoyed a light lunch in convivial surroundings and absolutely did not attempt to get beyond Cowgill. Ours was much the better option on a fabulously sunny day when we would ordinarily have had to have been in the office.

However, the following day saw Johnny and Dave Barker put us all back on the straight and narrow. And up.

I am now more convinced than ever that there is a secret cycling society, like the Masons but with more ridiculous costumes.

While appearing normal for the most part, the society's members tend to be older, wiser and much more serious than those around them. It is only when they get near Lycra that you think you might be in the company of the Cyclcrati.

They are the people who know the difference between a J2/9 and a J20.

They know where all the best cafes are; wherever you are. “Off to Ulan Bator young 'un? I know a place that does a lovely lemon drizzle cake, just on the left by the old brothel. Closed Mondays, mind.”

They know how to get there without maps. If they pretend to need a map it will be an original. Hand drawn.

They never get tired on a bike. They never push a bike. They never fall off.

Their bikes are never dirty. Their costumes are always pristine.

They never forget where they've been and they know the names of everyone who's ever ridden a bike in a club.

Forget the off-side rule, these guys even know how time is given to the vets in a 25. You get the picture.

They are also charged with passing on their secret code. These rules are not written down



and sometimes change from one day to the next just to keep you on your toes.

Initiates are never told the rules, they must learn them. Ideally, the hard way.

We learnt one rule at Sedbergh. All pleasure must be followed by pain.

These thoughts and many others came to my mind as I sweated, swore and eventually pushed my way up Deepdale's five chevrons.

"Hoh hoh, it's a lot easier than the Butter Tubs," said JP as he danced off into the distance, whistling.

After a re-group and de-fibrillation at the top, we all poured enthusiastically down the other side into Ingleton.

Post-lunch it was time for the wind to really get up and give us a good lashing. And because we'd had a particularly nice time in the pub the day before it started to rain too.

Another re-group with the Ribbleshead Viaduct for a backdrop saw the return of the sunshine for the home leg.

Dropping back in towards Dent it was clear we'd made the right decision to stop our ride where we did the day before. Just how hilly can one valley be?

While we slept the repose of the just that night, the Cyclerati had its post-punishment meeting and decided we'd paid sufficiently for our crimes. They even allowed it to be sunny for the final day.

A-class roads are rarely the cyclist's friend, but this morning we were served up a real treat on the A683 to Kirkby Stephen.

Quality tarmac, hardly any cars, spring in the air. It was a magical few miles.

After a brief elevenses it was on to the back roads to find our way to lunch at Orton.

Our love of A-roads was soon jilted for the unfenced, rugged beauty of the fells.

The return leg saw us tracking south parallel to the M6, our silent track in whispering contrast to the noisy motorway across the fields.

We even had time to learn all about rescue dogs. A party of mountain rescue volunteers were training their dogs to find bodies. I expect the Cyclerati would just know where they were without the dogs.

It was one of those days when you wished you could have stayed out forever and just kept going around, it was that good.

But we were soon flashing back into Sedbergh for the big pack-up and departure.

Another great weekend, well organised by the Burns and Peakes. And the Cyclerati.

John C

Sedburgh 3.

JP travelled up on the Friday to enjoy an extra day, taking in a nostalgia trip to Dent – scene of the club's many end of season thrashes and weekends away in the 50's.

From Dent I took the road up and over to Dent Station – 4 miles from the village up a 1 in 5! From there to Gargrave to join the Hawes road, shades of the Circuit of the Dales "50". This event used to be my first event of the season, and being held at the beginning of April it was always freezing! I even took my first wife here for our honeymoon, camping. On reflection, not a good idea.

Lunch in Hawes on a week day is a pleasure – not like the weekend when it is invaded by hundreds of motor-bikes. After the climb up to Denthead I enjoyed the swoosh down Dent Dale to meet up with Wilkie, John C. and Gordon who were looking for a hostelry wherein to enjoy a pint – the very same where the club used to stay way back in the 50's.

Carol

Louise's First UCI Stage Race -The Tour of Chongming Is- land.

It still hadn't sunk in when I got to Heathrow and definitely hadn't contemplated the week ahead. I was still in a daze and fighting butterflies in my stomach that had appeared with the anticipation of meeting my new MAXgear team mates. I couldn't believe I was heading off to China to compete in an Elite UCI 5 day stage race.

Even more unbelievable was that I'd managed to wangle Dave a free place on the trip as well as a team mechanic/handy man. Bonus!!

The girls arrived and seemed lovely. It wasn't long before we were getting to know each other



and planning for the week ahead. The 12 hour flight to Shanghai via Zurich went fairly smoothly apart from a small glitch during baggage control in Heathrow where Jen was pulled up for having 10 team radios with wires and ear pieces along with a stash of energy powder in her hand luggage. Took a bit of convincing that one!!

Then there was another glitch in Shanghai airport when Dave and I very efficiently packed 11 bikes onto baggage trolleys and exited the airport only to realise once we were outside that we should

only have 10 and we'd picked up one from the Italian National Team who were on the same flight. Oops!

Once out of the airport we had an hour coach ride to the ferry port in Shanghai then another hour on the ferry to Chongming island. This was a test of endurance in itself, we had been awake for 30 hours and it was muggy and incredibly noisy - the constant horn beeping put to bed any ideas of sleep!! But what a reception when we got there: banners with "Welcome to Tour of Chongming Ladies International Cycle Race" and "The Splendid Tour of Chongming - Challenge Yourselves Ride for Most Happiness".

The hotel was taken over with riders and was decorated over all 20 floors with banners welcoming us. We went straight in for lunch and tried a few of the local delicacies including fungus broth and turtle soup then crashed out in bed for an hour before building our bikes and going to explore. That first ride was one of the funniest experiences on a bike I have ever had. The roads on the island were completely manic. Everyone was using their horns non-stop to try and clear the way of rickshaws, tractors, people, animals, you name it, it was in the way and going slowly!!!

That evening we got chance to eye up the competition, although

I have to say I stopped after a few minutes as I was on the verge of a panic attack. On the table next to us were 8 riders from the New Zealand National team, opposite them were the Italians (oops) then there were the Australian National team, Ukraine, South Africa, China, Hong Kong, Thailand, Giant Pro and Nurnberger (most of the top German pros) and Vietnam - (who weren't too scary, we might be able to beat them !!).

The racing started two days later with the prologue TT on the Friday - 14 miles into a head wind down a closed off dual carriage way. 3 of

the team did it – not sure why I volunteered but the other 3 decided to save themselves for the next 4 stages. It was an amazing experience, despite my lack of enthusiasm for TTs – I got to go down a proper starting ramp then had 14 miles of closed road with my team car and team manager Andy over the radio shouting at me to get moving. Needless to say I got overtaken several times but I don't think I did too badly on my road bike with no tri bars or aero wheels !!

The following day we were into the race proper. And wow - it was amazing!! Totally overwhelming/exciting/fast/mad all at the same time. All the teams (90 riders) went to the opening ceremony and had to cycle in line across the stage while we were introduced to the crowd (note to self – improve bike handling). Then we were herded to our team tent to sign on and get ready. The atmosphere was amazing each day. People lined the street for the whole of the course, and a lot of them were in costume or playing instruments or dancing. What an event!

The first stage was a 50 mile crit and I really enjoyed it. I finished in the bunch comfortably and got over my nerves about the whole thing. It was fast as expected (the programme had estimated 44-48 kph and was spot on) but it wasn't hairy like racing the UK.

The 2nd stage was a bit harder - 50 miles again but some awful cross head winds that strung the bunch out. It was definitely a case of hanging in there. My team mate Carrie got dropped early on and I spent ages listening to the team radio willing her to get back on as I heard comments like "jump on the Hong Kong team car, it's coming past now, yep ok, now jump up to the Italian team car, ok, work your way up.....and back on to the bunch". I must admit I spent too long near the back making it hard for myself but I somehow managed to get to the finish despite almost being dropped at one point. Another of our riders, Rachel, went off the back but managed to finish

within the 20 min time limit so she could continue the following day. I was in the bunch at the end again and the sprint felt really easy giving me confidence for the biggy the next day.

The 3rd stage - 75 miles was a total nightmare. I think it's the hardest thing I've ever done. It went off at 36 mph from the gun. Then there was a crash about 15 miles in. That's when my team mate Hannah got taken out by 2 Hong Kong girls and broke her pelvis. I was to the left of the crash and saw it all - there were wheels flying above my head it was such an impact. Bits of bike everywhere. It didn't even calm down after that. The pace stayed high and then we hit the cross winds. Everyone kept getting blown to the side of the road. There was another crash after about 55 miles and I got caught behind it, which meant a gap opened up and I was blasted off the back with about 15 other girls. We took pace in the team cars but it was so hard. The Aussies had got caught in the crash and had gone back to get their sprinter which was a stroke of luck for me. I got a message over the radio to tell me the Aussies were making their way through the team cars and would be with me any second. Then they came – at 40 mph - so I jumped on and hung in for 30 seconds, just enough to get me back up to another chasing group who were going a bit slower. We then completely beasted ourselves doing through and off for the next 10 miles. We heard on the radio that we were closing the gap to the bunch - and somehow, god knows how, we got back on. I was totally out of



energy though, and nearly crying. I just wanted to finish and get off the sodding bike. I made it round counting off the kilometres with the road markers - no idea how I made it.

Then there was another crash in the sprint finish which I narrowly avoided. Awful. Just as I fin-

ished the team Dave came on the radio to tell me I was wanted to doping control. Joys. At least I was off the bike and at least I wasn't in hospital like Hannah though.

4th and final stage - still fast and furious but the peloton was clearly subdued after the previous day. Dave was driving the team car and on radio duty for this stage as Andy was making sure Hannah was OK after the crash. I knew I would stay with the bunch from the start this time and it was fine. The highlight was a punch up in the bunch with 10 km to go. One of the Chinese national team decided to hit an Italian girl over the head with a water bottle (not sure why) and it all kicked off. It was quite amusing apart from the risk of crashing. Never seen anything like it!!

So that was that - I managed to finish it - and even better I finished in the bunch each day. I came 51 st out of 84 finishers, but to be honest the places don't mean too much as it was a sprinters race and some of the strongest riders in the field finished below me simply due to the fact that they worked all race for their team sprinter. 3 of the MAXgear team didn't finish at all - 2 got dropped on the 2nd and 3rd stages and one had a horrendous crash. But certainly an experience I'll never forget !!

Louise Eden

Former Seamons Guest of Honour, Andy Wilkinson (Wilko), recently smashed his own competition record when he decisively won the National "12" hour Championship with a remarkable 302 miles, some thirteen years after he first broke the 300 mile barrier.

Just to put that into perspective: it equates to 30 x 23 minute "10"s non-stop, or 12 x sub-hour "25"s! (I've only done one 23 minute "10" and one sub-hour "25" in a lifetime of racing – JP)

Wilko's record was achieved over a course based on South Cheshire and North Shropshire, centring on Prees Island, and many other islands – Charles Carraz can describe them to you in detail as it was his very first "12".

Wilko rode the event on his trusty hybrid, complete with triple chainset which, no doubt, he put to good use when he rode the Wild Wales Challenge 2 weeks later (see article by Dave Matthews).

Joyce Hill

Widow of the late Bob Hill – Founder Member of the club – with a framed collage featuring Bob in various aspects of his cycling career and club life, presented to her by JP on behalf of the club



Obituary

It is with sadness that we report the death of Les Bailey. Les was a member in the early days, and recently re-joined as a social member. He really enjoyed reading of the club's exploits in the Squirrel, and always made a point of thanking us either over the phone or by sending us one of his large stock of Norwegian postcards, collected on his frequent travels there. Les will be sadly missed by all who knew him, and by his family to whom we convey our sincere condolences.

CLUB KIT

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Bay City - Victoria, Oz

Part 1---Bay City Trail

The phone rang early in the morning. It was our elder daughter letting us know that she had to go into hospital for a couple of nights and "could Grandpa and Grandma come over and do some urgent baby sitting?" "No problem" we said, and then set about getting from Chester to Melbourne Australia where our daughter and family live, within the next week.

Once the flights were booked, I was discussing with my wife how much easier travel would be on this holiday as, for once, we would not be encumbered with a bike. There just was not enough time to prepare, pack and get a bike onto the plane. At this point my good lady went a bit quiet and then said "as we are going to be away for a month, I think you should take a bike---you'll be like a bear with a complaint if you can't ride for all that time---and I'm not sure any of us can put up with your withdrawal symptoms". I decided to strip down my 15 year old steel bike and leave it in Australia for future use.

After a couple of days at my daughter's house recovering from the flights and building up the bike, I was looking for interesting cycle routes to follow. Now Melbourne is very cyclist friendly and I managed to buy a set of six special Victoria cycling maps at the local bookshop. My first trip based on these maps was on the Bay Trail which runs 60k from Altona in the west to Carrum in the south

east, on specially constructed cycle paths. Imagine my elation as I headed out from my daughter's house near Werribee, south west Melbourne, in wonderful warm April sunshine to pick up the bay trail 10k down the road at the Altona seafront. This ride gradually introduced me to the City of Melbourne as I rode east alongside the South Pacific Ocean and lapped up the sights and atmosphere.

Melbourne is split by the wide Yarra river. My route map stated that at weekends there is a punt ferry across the Yarra from Spotswood which saves a 15k diversion through the docks and bridges to the North. Imagine my relief when I saw a boat pull in to the ferry stage on this Thursday---imagine my polite interest when a Buddhist funeral procession consisting of 20 people dressed in ceremonial robes and bearing aloft a picture of the deceased disembarked. Assuming the boat was the ferry I proceeded on board carrying my bike. "OK mate---we're nothing to do with the ferry, but I'll give you a lift over the river anyway". Turned out that the boat captain was a real cycling fan and was pumping me for info on carbon fibre frames as we crossed over. I left him a \$10 tip for a couple of beers as he sped off from the jetty on the far side of the river, with UK/OZ relations at a new highpoint.

My ride continued round the bay in stunning weather and scenery until after 40k I reached St Kilda, on the sea side of the F1 grand prix circuit at Albert Park.

St Kilda, with its beaches and cafes is something of a holiday area and I succumbed easily to its charms. The bay trail continues another 30k south from St Kilda, but I felt enough had been achieved for one day, especially as I had to ride an extra 15k through the city to get back home. I didn't expect to be lucky enough to find a second impromptu ferry on the return.

The return ride used cycle tracks heading north through the city centre. There were pedestrians and cyclists in abundance; the only motorised transport being provided by the famous trams. The docklands to the north are undergoing a massive renovation project with major roads and flyovers connecting the various docks and business areas. At first sight, the area seems an abhorrent nightmare for bikes! But this is cycle friendly Melbourne and wherever there appeared to be a cycling impasse, a purpose made, safe cycle route would appear. In fact one got the impression that no new road plans had been approved unless they provided demonstrably safe passage for cyclists.

Once back at my daughter's house I decided to search the net for more information on cycling in Victoria. Then I had the bright idea of typing "Audax Australia" into the search engine. The consequences of this are related in further parts of this story.

Dave Matthews

Going Dutch

"When it's spring again, we'll bring again, tulips from Amsterdam.....". Max Bygraves made a mint from the little ditty that conjures up the raising spirits as the days get longer and the land bursts back into life. This coupled with the plaintive cry from my wife "Why can't we go somewhere flat with our bikes for a change?" saw us boarding the Norfolk Line ferry heading for Dunkirk in April, caravan in tow and bikes on the car roof. Our destination was Bloemendal



an Zee about 30 miles due west of Amsterdam and right in the dunes on the North Sea coast. We were incredibly lucky to get clear blue skies for the whole twelve days but the wind that accompanied it was unrelenting and brought home the point that a hilly terrain isn't necessarily the only hurdle to a pleasant day's cycling.

The bulb fields were every bit as amazing as we had been led to believe with colour as far as the eye could see but then you realise they are not grown for the cut flowers but simply for the bulbs. This means they have all the heads pulled off before they die back and hence timing to see the fields is all important. Keukenhof Gardens and the flower parade over a 25 mile route didn't disappoint either but it was the Dutch attitude to cycling in all its forms that was truly amazing. A hint of this is apparent in the Flemish influenced towns of Belgium but nothing prepares you for the complete reversal of the 'car is king' philosophy in the UK. Almost all traffic islands have another, narrower, one around them for cyclists and cars **have to give way** both entering and leaving. This is unnerving and I was never able to power into one like many of the locals with the sublime confidence that the traffic would give way. Seeing so many elderly ladies on old fashioned bikes laden with shopping was enough of a shock without witnessing them negotiating busy

islands without even slowing down or looking out for cars.

The cycle ways are something else. Immaculately surfaced, well signed and all designed to encourage as much self-propelled travel as possible. This includes roller-bladers, youngsters wobbling about as they learn to ride, mums with

specially adapted bikes that have a huge wooden container on the front which can contain up to three kids and the shopping and – a real surprise this – motor scooters

that are capable of quite high speeds. This can be very nerve wracking, particularly where the tracks are narrow, and makes you realise what it must be like for walkers on UK paths when a cyclist comes past at high speed. Seamon riders wouldn't be so inconsiderate of course! In the towns themselves some compromise is apparent where certain roads just don't lend themselves to complete segregation but this is compensated for by the huge numbers of people on bikes and really brings home the truth in the 'numbers are everything' theory. That and the fact that most busy junctions appear to have separate traffic lights for the cyclists thus removing a major point of conflict at a stroke.

So, from an everyday cycling point of view, the Dutch solution appears to be nirvana but that is not necessarily the whole story. Particularly from a club cyclists' and an aesthetic point of view. The great thing about Holland is that there are so many bikes being ridden about that it makes the whole experience of riding a bike more acceptable and a pleasure. The bad thing about Holland is that there are too many bikes that at any point in time are NOT being ridden and they litter every town centre. Old, decrepit and (usually) black they are chained to every lamp post and often just lie in heaps. This was particularly noticeable in Amsterdam itself where every view

seemed to be blighted by apparently abandoned bikes. A few months later whilst pitched on a campsite in France next to a Dutch couple, I asked why they didn't have an 'armistice' in places like Amsterdam, giving a time limit for the machines to be removed before impounding them. "Oh, they do" came the reply "but within a few months it's just the same as it was." I can only assume that the bikes are sold off and end up back where they started. The only cities that come close to this in the UK are Cambridge and Oxford which share a flat terrain, a compact centre and a significant slice of the population for whom bike travel is 'de rigueur'.

So, what about club cycling? Well, in the area we visited I saw several small groups of cyclists but only one comprising of about 20 riders. A group of this size on a cycle path can be very intimidating when riding at speed and in close formation and as that is where cyclists are supposed to ride

(many roads have been narrowed to make room for the paths and to slow down traffic) you don't have any choice. I suspect the average Seamons member would miss the 'anarchy' of our own system; the freedom to ride where we want rather than where we're told to and to explore countryside that has not been 'traffic managed'. The situation may well be different in the southern more rural and hillier part of Holland and it might be that other members have an alternative experience to report. If that is so, let's hear it but until then my impression remains that cycling in Holland is great for the less experienced, wonderful (and a lot safer) in towns but could be quite restrictive for club cycling as we know it. And finally, should we ever go down this route it would spell the end of time trialling and the final burn-up. Perish the thought.

Jim Boydell

TRICYCLE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

The Championnat du Monde du Tricycle 2009 took place in St.Marsault, south of the Loire valley, in a small unremarkable village which, for one day, became, as Monsieur le Maire said in his presentation speech, "le centre du monde".

The bunting was out, posters of trikes adorned the roadside and every junction on the course, and preparations were under way for the annual village fête. The start of the event was at the top of a sharp hill on the edge of the village. Trikes, tandem trikes, recumbents (vélo couché), police motor bikes and the lead car with music were all over the road in glorious disarray, which didn't matter as the road was closed specially for the event. Wow!

5 – 4 – 3 – 2 – 1 - PARTEZ! We were off, thundering round the first bend, gasping for breath already, heading for the next village, through the twisty bit – tricky on a tandem trike, but we had already practised it six times till John was satisfied we had a good line. Then up the hill, round a sharp right-hander where we had to hang hard over to keep the back wheel down, fly down to the church with villagers sitting on the walls and lining the roads, all shouting and waving, sharp right again and power up the next hill, more cheering, then quiet countryside, but I mustn't look at it, I will NOT look for the heron that I know lives by the lake at the top – a long grind, John's breathing is terrible, what shall I do if he collapses? How can I steer from the back? Concentrate, why are we doing this? we're on holiday aren't we? ooh it hurts.



Main road looming, police stopping traffic, must put on a good show, round we go and thunder along the smooth main road back to St.Marsault, and there's more shouting and clapping as we negotiate the sharp right and dig in up a fiendishly sharp hill, desperate not to change gear as there is always

the risk of unshipping the chain on an uneven surface.

Back through the Start, everyone shouting but we didn't hear the time check, plough on, hey! we're catching the riders in front, they are spoiling our line through the twisty bit! We squeeze through and hammer on up the hill, over the top, and there's the other tandem – oh no, chain off, no time to say "are you ok?" we sweep by, and jubilantly fly down through the village and past the church and all the cheering, but then the grind, I can hear John mut-NEVER swears, he must be to try so hard? - I daren't ing, but my legs feel like sockets...



The final leg goes out to a villagers there too are lining n't give up yet, help! we are roundabout, we're running ing towards us, I close my charge back through the village, but there is the other tandem coming the other way, it looks like they're gaining, argh! dig in, the final climb in sight, it goes on forever, keep the pressure on, fly down to the village and the final sharp right-hander to the Finish. I just hurt all over, I may never walk again. But WE'VE WON!

roundabout in La Forêt, all the the road and cheering, must-going too fast round the out of road, the ditch is com-eyes. We lurch round and Carol Pardoe

Under 18's Allowed

Since the beginning of the year, Darren Buckley has been promoting the club to new members. He's arranged a few taster rides, which have attracted quite a few people to give us a try.

14 year old Tom Dyer started riding back in March and has attended every Wednesday 10s since then. His times have come down from 30:05 to 26:18 which is brilliant progress (although he did record 24:25 on a borrowed Willier). He started in Darren's special novices group but has recently been going out with the half-day section.

Elliott McConville is 15 and showed his pace on several rides too. He competed on 2 of our Wednesday evenings and knocked a minute off his time but then had to take a break for his GCSEs (he passed all 10 with excellent grades so it was worth it). Hopefully he'll be back on the bike soon.

Another junior rider is Joe Lockett, also 15, who came out on a couple of rides and rode the run coordinator into the ground. He got a taste for our Wednesday evenings too and got his times down from 27:02 to 24:30 – well done! Joe is a bit of an international boy of mystery though and always seems to be abroad somewhere. Hopefully now that the schools are opening, he'll be back.

Harry Streuli is 17 and is riding his 2nd season. He manages to finish the half-day runs to all locations with the bunch, with ease now. He is competing against the adults on the Wednesday evenings with a PB of 23:21, and finished his first road race in the bunch – a great all-rounder.

Valentina Baldwin is the latest addition to the list of juniors, at only 13 years old. She has proved a star on the rollers and on the mini-bikes. At the end of the season, she also started racing on Wednesday nights and knocked 1 ½ minutes off her times straight away – obviously a chip off the old block.

All in all, it's been a great season for our junior riders. I'm sure next season will be just as good.



Mini bike fun at club night.

Chilterns

You may remember Don Andrews' invitation to all and sundry at the Jubilee Dinner to join him down south to ride the Chiltern 100 in June. Well, I guess I felt sufficiently sundry at the time to accept this invitation--- somewhat nervously as Don

added "we do have a lot of short sharp hills in the Chilterns; time to get my own back after the Berwyns".

Newer members may not know Don as he moved south from Sale with his job in the late 80's. Prior to that Don was one of the leading lights in the club, with a reputation for being an ace climber, contemporary with the likes of John Pardoe, Keith Stacey and Jim Boydell. He is still a member of the Seamons, whilst having first claim on the Verulum CC at St Albans, near to his current location in Harpenden.

I first met Don during the Seamons tour of the Tour in July 1989 and have stayed in touch ever since. Don came north with a couple of clubmates to ride the Seamons CC Tour of the Berwyns a few years ago when I was the organiser, and a return visit to Don's area has been on the cards ever since.

My preparation for the event was less than ideal (as ever). After a long spell out of action with various illness and injury problems, I was attempting to

get fit again. This seems to take longer as one approaches pensionable age and needs extensive recovery between training sessions. The weekend before the Chiltern 100 I was in Wexford, Eire to attend a 60th birthday party. During this visit an invitation was extended to join the Wexford Wheelers on the Sunday run. I was assured that my host Billy was not riding too



well so we could both cut the run short after 20 miles. This story was swallowed whole-sale, which shows how naïve you can still be after many years of club cycling.

About 20 miles out of Wexford, Billy peeled off the bunch "to go to meet us directly at lunch

about 5 miles down the main road, whilst your scribe did a few more country miles with the mainstream ride" Well lunch didn't arrive for the next 15 miles and then it was another, increasingly fast and hilly 30 miles back to Wexford.. I arrived back well shattered, but still just in touch with the lanterne rouge. Marvellous training, but exhausting as I hadn't ridden at those sort of club speeds for about 4 years.

Back in Cheshire the next week I had a pre-arranged date with an Audax 210K on the Thursday. This went well, but left me even more tired as I approached the Chiltern run on the Sunday.

We drove down to Don's house

on the Saturday where Don was up to his eyes in helping to organise the Sportive with around 1300 entries. Quite a step change from running club events with 50 to 100 riders!

Sunday morning dawned dry and warm as we drove to the start at Great Missenden. There were riders everywhere as the hard men set off on the 106 mile Gran Fondo (Don worked in Italy for a while)! At 09:00 the riders for the Medio Fondo set off in bunches of 20 for their 68 mile circuit. The first 100 yards were flat and then the ride launched into a never ending series of steep 20 percent hills and similarly steep descents. Don soon rode away from me to eventually gain a gold standard time, whilst I struggled to get my legs working again after the exertions of the previous week.

The weather got hotter and hotter, eventually touching 25deg. Halfway round there was an excellent feed and drink station at the top of one of the major hills---which provided enough energy intake to ride to the finish. The scenery was beautiful, the weather perfect and the views fantastic. However, the real memory of the route is just hill after hill after hill. Imagine riding up and down the Horseshoe pass for 5 or 6 hours and you would get a feel for the terrain.

Many thanks to Don for the invitation to ride his home event. A great experience, but I'm not sure about his invitation to ride "the big one" next year. I may not have emerged from my darkened room by then. But how about other club members rising to the challenge? Don would be delighted to help with arrangements---web site at www.chiltern-hundred.org.uk.

Dave Matthews

Sussex-by-the Sea(mons)

The 60th Anniversary Club Dinner was a great opportunity for old friends to get back in touch and, for me, proved to be the kick-start for a couple of memorable visits later in the year. First off was a visit down to our new home in Sussex by Don Andrews and his wife Lesley which provided us with an opportunity to show long standing friends the local sights and, more importantly fit in a good ride up into the Weald. The visit coincided with a lovely spell of weather and late May has always been a favourite time of year with everything so pristine. So, with the sun on our faces we set off on a Wednesday morning to sample the delights of this southernmost county.

It seems to be a given that Wednesday is the 'de facto' day chosen by the veteran community to meet up all over the country. Here in this part of the country it has taken over from Sunday as the major clubrun day. Whereas we might only get a handful of riders out with the local CTC on the traditional day, the Wednesday run will see 30 – 40 riders gather at the appointed elevenses point and three or four different ability rides will then proceed to the chosen lunch spot – usually a pub. Don and I opted for our own ride to start and eventually met up with the section at The King's Head in the village of East Hoathly. The route I'd planned would take in a variety of terrains (but we'd save the seaside ride for a future date) and we headed north on a dedicated cycle route (21) out of the town. One of the undoubted pleasures for me is the proximity of many quiet country lanes within just a few miles

of home and we were soon heading through the villages of Hankham & Rickney to the Pevensy Levels. A relatively deserted area several metres below sea level and criss-crossed by 'sewers' (irrigation and drainage ditches), this windswept scene was the first view of the 'sceptred isle' that greeted William and his band of Normans that were to alter our history so profoundly. Almost a thousand years later and the village of Hankham was the scene of another

politically motivated killing when Conservative minister Ian Gow was targeted by the IRA in a car bomb attack.

It's difficult to imagine such momentous events when the sun is shining and the wheels spinning silently on a road so deserted that I've rarely seen another vehicle over its 5 mile length. Eventually, through the reeds and rushes, you catch sight of the church at Herstmonceux and nestling below, what



appear to be grain silos. Not so! They are the housings for the telescopes that once were the most important astronomical observation points in the country. When the site at Greenwich became too light polluted the Royal Observatory moved to this deserted spot in the Sussex countryside and is now home to an intriguing Science Centre. Climbing gently away from the levels through the appropriately named Windmill Hill, you now enter the foothills of the Weald and the switchback roads much drawn by the inimitable Frank Patterson. Some of the village names are wonderful; Brownbread Street, Cackle Street, Foul Mile, Bodle Street Green bring a smile to the face as you ride on. Here the terrain gets noticeably tougher; there is not a flat bit of road

from now on as the route takes you through a succession of hilltop villages followed by a plunge down to a river bridge at the bottom and yet another climb out.

Climbing up to Wood's Corner we cross the Heathfield to Battle road and, passing Observation Hill (I wonder why?) we are rewarded by a view that is so typically English that you have to stop to reflect for a moment. Green covered hills disappear into the folds of the valleys, church spires pierce the foliage and the sound of a small aircraft reminds you that these were the very places over which the Battle of Britain was fought. Lucky us that their sacrifice was not in vain. We then start a lengthy descent and part way down Don asks if we will be coming back up it. I answer, truthfully, that we won't and he seems pleased. I stifle a smile knowing what lies in store as we turn into the lane that leads to Batemans. This impressive multi-chimneyed country house was the home of Rudyard Kipling, is now in the care of the National Trust and is well worth a visit. We only have time for a photo though before the steep climb out of the valley and up to the picturesque village of Burwash and the Lime Tree café.

Refreshed by the homemade fare we head a little further north to Witherenden Hill before turning south for Burwash Weald and a date with destiny. Whilst I had been truthful in saying we wouldn't be climbing back up the descent to Batemans, what we would be doing was climbing back to the same point but up a shorter route. I don't know why I was so smug though; after all Don was on his 17lb all carbon Wilier Izoard and I was on my trusty 531 Merlin with full saddle pack, a total of over 26lbs. Add to that the psychological advantage of a great tan from an early holiday and all I could do was watch as Don's back wheel disappeared into the distance up the innocuously named Willingford Lane. Still, we were now at the high point of the ride and it would be largely downhill all the way to lunch. From Wood's corner there is a splendid downhill section along the B2096 with a good surface and nice curves before you turn off at Earl's Down for Rushlake Green and Warbleton (the pub here is called The Warbill-in-Tun). On through Vine's Cross – yes, there is a vineyard – and Horam before heading for Chiddingly and on to East Hoathly and the King's Head. A welcome sandwich and drink later we set off in the direction of the South Downs through the delightfully named Muddles Green before crossing the busy A22 and heading into the area sandwiched be-

tween it and the A27. Whereas the Weald is full of meandering lanes following rivers and natural contours, here the flat lands are crossed by arrow straight roads with the last of the South Downs range ahead of you before they disappear into the sea at Beachy Head.

We navigate Arlington Reservoir and skirt Abbott's Wood (a mass of bluebells) before heading for Hailsham and the Cuckoo Trail. This traffic free route offers a welcome shady ride back towards town on a hot day and we follow it to emerge back on the outskirts of Eastbourne at Hampden Park. The road through the park delivers us back home with just a mile under 70 on the computer. For me it had been the first opportunity to take a cyclist round my new patch and for Don that delight of all bikies – to be on new territory without having to keep stopping to look at a map. For both of us it was just great early summer's day to be out on our bikes.

Jim Boydell

(Very) Wild Wales Challenge 2009

There have been many prolonged discussions since the first "Wild Wales" in 1984 as to which is the hardest, without any firm conclusion---though it is accepted that the Organiser's intention to make the 21st edition in 2004 "memorable for its difficulty" was well founded.

(Carol rode the first Wild Wales in 1984 with the inaugurator of the event, Paul Olson, and her daughter, Claire, aged 12, who rode all the way up the Bwlch-y-Groes! The total distance was 66 miles, and there were 50 riders.)

The route itself promised considerable difficulty. After the climb of Bwlch-y-Groes, accomplished this year in mist and drizzle, the route led down to and round Lake Vyrnwy to a control at Llanwddyn school. Future son-in-law Lee Taylor joined me on the Bwlch-y Groes climb, and he and his group of friends from Chester gave me a welcome tow round Lake Vyrnwy. At this stage Lee was riding comfortably---after the finish in 10 hours he said this was the hardest ride he had ever done. Following the schoolhouse control, we climbed the Hirnant Pass to pick up the "Tour of the Berwyns" route in Llanrhaeadr-ym-Mochant. As usual, we were chased up the narrow mountain road towards Llanarmon DC by the farm dogs, who must have thought that May had come early for next year (Berwyns).

Once in Glyn Ceiriog the route diverted from the "Tour of the Berwyns" to climb the notorious 1 in 4 Church Hill over towards Llangollen. I guess around 80% of the field walked up this; the proceedings were enlivened by a very old Range Rover that kept threatening to run out of drive and sweep the field backwards down the hill.

Beyond Church Hill there is a long and rewarding descent to Llangollen. Here I diverted to the cafe used by the Seamons Spring "thrash" for some much needed refreshment.

After Llangollen we were treated to more of the "Tour of the Berwyns", in reverse and the original World's End route, to the foot of the Old Horse-shoe Pass. Here we enjoyed another 1 in 4 special as we climbed up to the Ponderosa cafe at the summit. Then followed a long descent down to the Nant-y Garth Pass to a left turn by the College of Agriculture towards Llanellidan.

Up to this point, I had been fairly familiar with the roads. The weather and difficulty had been comparable with previous "Wild Wales" ie drizzle, damp and long steep climbs. The character of the route seemed to change at this point as we got into a never ending series of sharp climbs and steep descents on narrow roads, often with a pot-holed and gravelly surface. Also, the weather closed in and it soon became really wet; the rain propelled by very strong winds creating a general atmosphere of dank and gloom.

After struggling for some time on these difficult roads, we arrived at the control at Clawdd-Newydd feeling rather tired and thoroughly wet through. It was the perfect time for several hot brews and cake to sustain us through the remaining 23 miles of the challenge. I was some-

what apprehensive at this point---normally a 23 mile finish would be a reasonable effort, but I had heard dark mutterings prior to the event that the finishing leg was "really hard"

Well the mutterings as to the difficulty of the finish were well justified! Not only was the route itself difficult enough (very lumpy stuff to Cerrigy-drudion; then a monster climb south over to Cwm Penanner and another big steep climb over to the Bala road) but the weather closed in with a vengeance. Climbing out of Cwm Penanner in the stirring wind and rain was a real character forming experience for all of us.

Thank goodness the last few miles were virtually all downhill to the sports pavilion at Bala. Here we could collect our slates, swap stories from the ride, change out of our sopping wet gear and head off home after a memorable "Wild Wales" 2009.

Postscript: Following the ride I was able to check with colleagues some of their experiences and get some data from the ride. Distance was 90 miles (145km), climbing by GPS was 13,479ft (4108m). Port Sunlight team got round in the very fast time of 7 hours; myself in 11 hours; Chester CTC Mold section in 12.5 hours just as it was getting dark. Lowri Evans' (Wrexham CTC) front rim exploded---she was rescued by a non-registered rider lending her his front wheel in a truly chivalrous act. John from Wrexham broke his hip when failing to negotiate a bend on the descent at Bryn SM. Best wishes for a speedy recovery. From my experience of same injury, John should be well able to participate in Wild Wales again next year.

Dave Matthews



York weekend

The annual trans-Pennine pilgrimage to York saw another good turnout for the Seamons brotherhood. This time two (fool) hardy souls even rode out. Well done to Peter D and John H for showing some mettle.

Taking up our now traditional spot on Barrow Lane the campers were spared the previous year's windy conditions but given a bit of a taste of the rain. A club run out to Knaresborough on the Friday saw the first of the weekend's rides taken care of. In a change from previous years, Saturday saw us forsaking the organised rides for an early look around the tents. It turns out we've never done this before because the tents are not usually open this early.

A potter into York later resulted in a rather unfortunate pasty incident. (I never thought I'd write those words in a sentence). A misunderstanding between hungry riders and the bar staff resulted in some Seamons members making a sheepish exit to eat their takeaway tea outside the pub. We all knew smoking was banned. But pasties?

The evening nearly resulted in the tourers leading the pub ride. Thankfully some proper grown-ups turned up in the nick of time and we were able to stand down. However, in typical tourer tradition, we did manage to get a breakaway group together and take a fair few on a detour to another pub on the way back. Well, you can't have a pub ride without visiting pubs now can you?

Back on the rally field it was time to show our support for the organisers and add our voice to the raucous choir in the music tent. There seemed more riders than ever ringing their bells and honking their hooters outside the Minster on Sunday. A bit of a shame the normal police escort seemed to go a bit awry and we ended up snaked all over the city as we limped back to the Knavesmire.

The Burns and Peakes managed to rustle up another fantastic blow-out breakfast as we all congregated around our makeshift camp. We learned just how useful cars can be when positioned as wind-breaks.

The original plan was for a contingent to stay that night too and have another ride eastwards on Monday. But real life got in the way for some and we struck camp that afternoon, still full of breakfast and with enough happy memories to last us for another year.

John Carberry

DELAMERE PENSIONERS

This weekend saw close to 20 pensioners from Altrincham taking to the open roads of Cheshire accompanied by Nurses Tim, Dave, Dan, Martin and Charles. The weather was typically French and Nurse Tim was fostering values like effort, teamwork and self esteem into his charges. He was also urging them to slow down and apply some coconut sun block.

Mike McConville said "It's a kind of escape for us, a chance to break away from the daily reality of the Home". Mike had the two new helpers Paul and Marco helping him along to the cafe. He made a break for it later on feigning cramp in his legs - the Nurses didn't mind, but sticking out at 45 degrees, his leg was in danger of getting home before the rest of him.

Mike Brooks had managed to smuggle his own sun tan lotion along on the ride - only to have it confiscated by Phil and have it passed around to all the other patients. On returning to the Home Phil was placed on half rations for a week, obviously plans for his re-integration into society requires further work.

Half rations was not something experienced by Nurses Dan and Mike Brooks who both opted for the 'supersize me' BLT. Struggling at first, Dan soon got into his rhythm and managed to help Mike. This display from Dan shows that with some training, you can achieve your goals. Needless to say Dan finished first.

At the counter Phil was elbowing Nurse Dave for some quick attention from the assistant and, giving into his senior status, Dave said "Serve my dad first". Phil smiled as he went off to find an outdoor seat. "Excuse me where's my ticket?" said Dave to the assistant - "Oh your Dad's got it" was the reply!

Johnny Pardoe and his Nurse, Carol, joined the group later to soak up the sun. No pictures this time,, however, so points for bad behaviour there.

On returning back to the Home in Altrincham, a break -away group formed by Nurses Ian, Dan and Martin, wasn't very effective as Nurse Charles was on hand to mop them all up ready for next Sunday's leg (of pork). If Phil behaves well, he might be able to get another pass- out for the day.

Dave Williams

TOURIST TROPHY 2009

The current leader is Peter Devine who has amassed points on week-ends away at Cerrig, Sedbergh and York; a 50 in 4; twice round the 100 in 8; the Llangollen Panorama Audax; the Treasure Hunt; and in Spain.

Leading positions at the end of August:

1. Peter Devine	9
2. John Carberry	8
3. Reg Blease	7
Gordon Peake	7
5. Dave Barker	6
Peter Coles	6
John Hurley	6
Keith Wilkinson	6

Still to come: Bishops Castle and Montgomery week-ends; local Audaxes and Sportives; etc

Final 100 in 8: Sunday 11 October

Touring Shorts and Longs

September 2009



Interactive and integration are the watchwords for the followers of hi-tech fashion. And as a

It must be a conspiracy to stop us all finding country pubs and going out and enjoying ourselves in place we don't know.

Okay, I might have over-egged the "tourers not being afraid of technology" bit earlier. While actually on the Tour of the Berwyns route several riders settled into a group. This worked fine, as far as I am concerned, while everyone followed the guy with the GPS on his handlebars. However, Seamons riders being who they are, they found it impossible to stay behind anyone who might be know where they're going.

well-known wizard of the web and trier of all things technicalogical, Pete must be kicking himself that he missed out on the Sedbergh weekend. As we breezed down the lanes towards Dent, bobbing towards us over the hedge-tops

So it was that two chatty chaps on the front sailed past the right turn required and everyone followed. Of course, they weren't reading their

we saw a strange-looking gizmo attached to a car. As it came nearer, we could see it was the newest of media bogeymen: a Google car – the one that comes down your street, photographs your back bedroom and then posts it on the internet with its mapping software so everyone knows where to find you and watch you undress. As you know, tourers are unafraid of technology and new things so we greeted the car's camera with a cheery wave as it passed. I've just checked but the street view is still not available. But when it is there should be a fine picture of some Seamons-clad riders looking magnificent in the spring sunshine. Now that's a mapping interface for you.

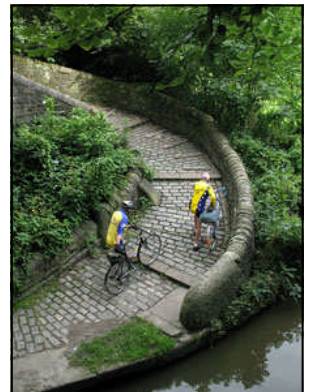


route-sheets they were following the GPS guy. Except of course he was now behind and stuck in the bunch. It took an old-fashioned shout from the back of the bunch to point out the error and for everyone to slowly turn around and retrace. Cue lots of abuse for GPS guy for the "failure of technology". Huh? As I recall, being the GPS guy, the mistake I

made was to follow the wheels of two clubmates in front, foolhardy in my belief that they knew where they were going. You can't teach them tourers anything.

Meanwhile, in more map meanderings, it turns out that access to alcohol will not be allowed in Futureworld. For the first time this year, Dave Barker's Tour of the Berwyns route sheet was to be made available online. Impressive. Using the wonderful bikehike.co.uk website, the route was posted up and was being checked by Dave. It was only then we noticed that the finish-line pub, while clearly marked on Dave's OS paper map, was completely missing from the electronic map.

Not that the touring section are creatures of habit you understand. Well, not all of them. The trip to Southport, made courtesy of Pete's onboard map delivered the bunch on the



outskirts of the resort as normal. However, this trip was to end with a different lunch stop than was the traditional chippy-cum-cafe. Demonstrating the true class of a runs leader, Pete had chosen the lovely Pavilion for the stop. Eddie had clearly missed that meeting because he turned off down a side street. He was so busy heading for the cafe he knew we always went to he forgot to look up the road and see all of his club mates waiting for him. Still, at least he made it that far with the bunch.



To give Eddie some comfort that this type of mistake is easily made, spare a thought for Reg who couldn't even spot his own son coming the other way. Out on a run, the bunch gossiping its way through Cheshire, a lone rider can be seen coming towards us. Reg, on the front, gives a nod and a shout to the stranger and carries on chatting. Puzzled by the chuckles he can now hear from us all behind, he asks what is so funny. "Err, that was Gareth you've just passed." "It wasn't Our Gareth. No it wasn't. Was it?" 'Fraid so Reg.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Oct 2 nd	Cycle jumble sale at clubroom: 5% proceeds to club funds
Oct 3 rd	Fun "10" – 2-up or tandems... Kilton 2 p.m.
Oct 4 th	Hill climb – Withinshaw Hill – then Freewheel. Lunch at Ryles Arms.*
Nov 13 th	AGM. Propositions to Secretary, Ian Udall by Oct 16 th .
Nov 21 st	Club track night. Your chance to ride the velodrome: add your name to the list on the club notice board.
Dec 13 th	M&D Fancy Dress Christmas "10"
Dec 13 th	Cyclists' Carol Service, Chelford, 2.30 p.m.
Dec 20 th	Christmas Curry – names to Dave Williams/club notice board.**
Jan 31 st	M&D Lunch, Middlewich.
Feb 6 th	Annual Dinner at the Cresta Court.

Remember you can keep up to date with the club on the website.

*Lunch at Ryles Arms: there will be a 2 course meal for £10: beef or lamb, apple pie or chocolate fudge.

**Christmas curry: this is being kindly prepared for us by Allan Blackburn. Please say if you prefer an alternative.

AGM: Friday 13th November, 8 p.m.

Please note that any club propositions must be with the Secretary, Ian Udall, in writing and seconded, by October 16th.

Our Vice-President, Keith Wilkinson, completes his 2 years service in this position. Nominations are sought for our next Vice-President.

Also, our Editors, Carol and John Pardoe, will be stepping down. John Carberry has offered his services, but if you think you can help please say so! especially if you have any technical editing skills.

On The Run

Easter Sunday

Another well attended half day section went off to Tattenhall. On the anniversary of his hip fracture, Paul McAllister nearly came a cropper again when a free roaming dog wandered into our path. Luckily Phil whistled "Old Shep" to it to calm it down and we all got past without incident.

was talk by one of the proprietors that they would be installing bike stands. On hearing this this Robin H pointed out that they would have to be appropriate for use by road bike brake levers. (And bar-bags please Ed.)

The return was to be as eventful, when in the Hale prime, Ed Baldwin got close enough to Phil

H that he was able to nip Phil's backside with his brake lever. Phil still failed to win the prime. I am sure that Edward will repeat this feat if prompted with a free pint.

Castleton

The thing about hills that have names means that you know when you are going to go up one. The Brickworks, Rushup Edge, Mamtor, Winnats and the Cat and Fiddle all featured in today's ride.



The half dayers stringing out up Gun Hill. Oh hang on—sorry it's Team Columbia

Winding up for the sprint finish saw Ian Udall spurt past the group - who then promptly sat on his tail. In the distance Johnny and Carol Pardoe were spotted. It must have felt like being surrounded by a herd of wildebeest sweeping majestically across the plains of the Serengeti, or the scene from 'The Birds' where the love birds turn nasty. (Yes, something like that! Eds)

Charles caused us all to be late with his poached egg order which ended up being something completely different. On the return leg, Dan Mathers suffered a technical fault at Dove Holes. His front shifter decided to leave his chain on the small ring shortly after leaving Doveholes. Going up the 'Cat' was fine but on the descent he looked like a crazed hamster on its wheel.

The way we jump off and abandon the bikes in the quest for 1st place in the toast queue must be at odds with the cafe's new mantra as there

Paddock Farm

Paddock Farm was today's run. With a view of the Cheshire plain to die for, in the tearoom a

sick Keith S was pointing out the Welsh hills that we might get round to one day. However we did have some hills to grapple with today - taking us up to view the Roaches. There were no wallabies in sight as we sped back down to Macclesfield forest, but on the descent Dan M's rear rim decided to disintegrate and he then had to sit it out until the support vehicle arrived driven by Gemma and navigated by Dan via the phone.

JP' Birthday Run

Today's trip to Blaze farm saw us celebrating Johnny Pardoe's birthday. We didn't ask him how old he was because he was kind enough to buy us all cakes! Keith S. had a close call with a boiling hot 10-man teapot - that will teach him to stick his elbows out at the table!



Any clues on the age John? I guess not.

A blast from the past

Wayne Williams has decided to rejoin the club and today was his first club run for several

years. Not keen on hills though, Wayne may be cherry picking his rides in future.

Showers

With the hot weather upon us, this run to Dagfields caused Mike Mc to take a cold shower on arrival - courtesy of the gardener's hose whose sprinkler was set to pulse.

Half Dazed meets Half Days

Today's run was to Tattenhall and the 24hr. A small group of around 6 riders, including Tom on his first full club run, got to see the closing minutes of the 24hr and were able to cheer on Robin and Phil. The weather wasn't kind unfortunately, and we all suffered a drenching on the return.

Welcome to new members:

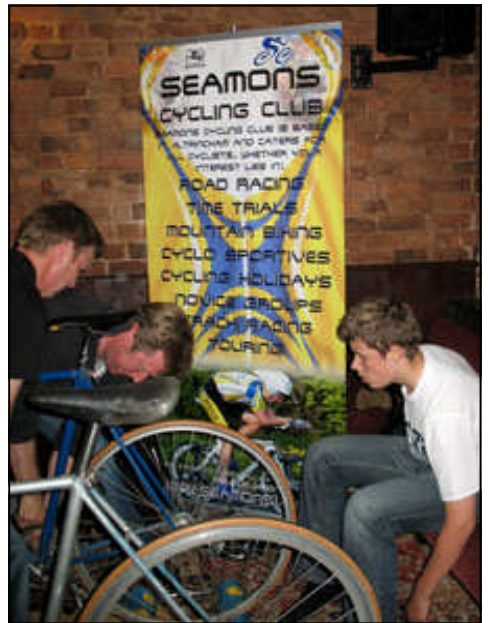
The Club extends a warm welcome to new members, Elliot McConville, Tom Dyer, Michael Miseler, Richard Robinson, Wayne Williams, Graham and Joe Lockett. We hope you enjoy your cycling with us.

BEST CLUBMAN 2009

Quite a shake-up by the end of August. The new time trials secretary and social secretary are obviously taking their responsibilities very seriously.

Leading positions:

1. Dan Snape	198
2. Dave Williams	189
3. Reg Blease	179
4. Phil Holden	176
5. Mike McConville	166
6. Keith Stacey	142
7. John Coles	139
8. Peter Coles	136
9. Tom Dyer	134
10. Mark Watson	131
11. John Verbickas	126
12. Dave Barker	123
13. Malc McAllister	119
14. Tim Seddon	115
15. Roy Myers	114
16. Charles Carraz	111
17. John Barry	110
18. Ed Baldwin	109
19. Mike Brooks	105
20. Gordon Peake	104



Setting up the rollers for Roller Kola!

Testing Times

CLUB 10'S

With it being my first year as Club Time-Trial Secretary I would like to say thank you to everyone from Seamons and other clubs taking part in the club events on Wednesday nights which has seen such amazing turnouts this year, averaging over 25 rider each week. Also thanks to the Seamons members who help out marshalling each week, whatever the weather (Reg, Dave Barker). The final standing: Paul McAllister is the winner this year, 2nd Martin Wiggins and 3rd Roy Myers.

Club 10 Championship

Thank you to everyone who



took part in the club 10 championship, well done to Robin Haigh winning the event with Ian Udall 2nd and Dan Mathers 3rd

Club 25 Championship

Thank you again to everyone who took part in the club 25 championship, well done again to Robin Haigh winning the event, with Dan Mathers 2nd and Paul Mcallister 3rd

Club 50 Championship

Well done to Ian Udall who finished in top spot, Allan Blackburn second and Dan Snape third. Also well done to Mel Bailey who in her first ever 50 event collected the top ladies prize both for the Seamons Championship itself and the overall Congleton 50 event.

MAIN OPEN EVENTS

Especially well done to Ian Udall, Dan Mathers & Robin Haigh who won the team in the Manchester Wheelers "50", and to Ian Udall finishing 5th overall in the Anfield 100, recording a PB with 4.05.

The M&DTTA 100: as a club we had a great day, we had 6 riders finishing in the top 20 with

Dan Mathers	finishing 2 nd
Ian Udall	finishing 4 th



Robin Haigh
Basil Le Roux
Charles Carraz
Dan Snape

finishing 8th also winning the team award
finishing 14th
finishing 16th
finishing 19th also winning the Handicap Award

24 Hour

Congratulations to Robin Haigh who finished 3rd overall and set a new club record at 24 hours of 475.75 miles in the RTTC National event on the D24/1 course

12 Hour

Congratulations to Charles Carraz on finishing his 1st 12 hour event and covering a distance of 220.98 miles.

Open Events

Just like to say well done to everybody who has ridden in the open events this year, to the likes of Brendan Coyle who has been steady riding this year with 01:03:00 and 01:04:00 time in "25"s. Roy Myers also showed good early season form with an under the hour ride the J2/9.

Fun 10 and Hill Climb

Finally just a quick reminder that the Fun 10 is Saturday 3rd October 2 o'clock at the Kilton and the club hill climb is Sunday 4th October 11am at Withenshaw Hill and a meal after at the Ryles Arms pub. Sign up for the meal with Dave Williams, or on the club notice-board.

Dan Snape.

Pictured is Mel Bailey taking top honours in the Congleton "50"





CLUB RUNS



Date:	Half Day Section	Touring Section
Sept 27 th	Rivington Barn	Audlem
Oct 4 th	Hill Climb (Ryles Arms)	Hill Climb
Oct 11 th	Dagfields	Mystery Run
Oct 18 th	Prees	Hope
Oct 25 th	Cat n Fiddle	Burwardsley (Candle factory)
Nov 1 st	Rose Farm (Utkinton)	Cheddleton
Nov 8 th	Meerbrook	Barthomley
Nov 15 th	Two Mills	Buxton
Nov 22 nd	Astbury	Rose Farm
Nov 29 th	Tattenhall	Blaze Farm
Dec 6 th	Delamere *	Dones Green
Dec 13 th	Chester	HayField
Dec 20 th	High Legh **	Christmas Curry ***
Dec 27 th	Impromptu	Cat & Fiddle
Jan 3 rd	Nantwich Marina	Gandysbrook
Jan 10 th	Delamere	Delamere
Jan 17 th	Rose Farm	Blakemere
Jan 24 th	Astbury	Higher Poynton

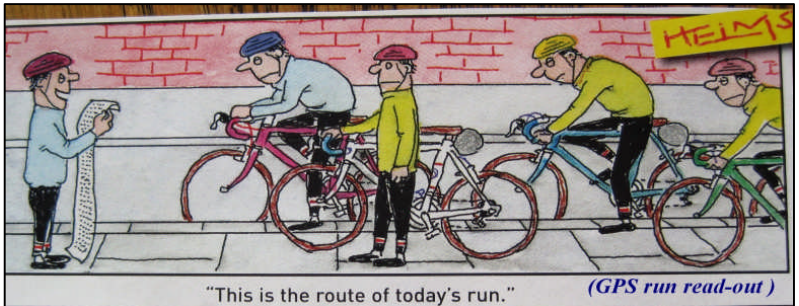
* Montgomery Weekend

** Christmas Curry (Via Carberry's Christmas grotto)

*** Touring section revert to 9:30 am start.

PLEASE NOTE: GUARDS AND FLAPS FROM Oct 11th

LAST YEAR



With grateful thanks to Johnny Helms for his permission to print