

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: SYDNEY del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L. J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby,
Liverpool 11. (STANley 3285)

Vol. LXIII

^{FEB}
JANUARY-1968

No. 715 ⁷¹⁶

FIXTURES

715

January 1968

27 TREUDDYN (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Eureka - Tea)

February 1968

3 NANNERCH (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Eureka - Tea)

Committee Meeting, TWO MILLS at 3.30 p.m.

10 FIVE CROSSES (Lunch) PARKGATE (Copper Grill - Tea)

17 BIRTHDAY RUN (Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood)

24 TREUDDYN (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea) or GOOSTREY (Tea)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/- . Under 21: 15/- . Cadet Members: 5/- .

Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations to the Prize

Fund should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H.Mills,

58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool 11.

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X ^{KWB}
EDITOR (PRO TEM): Frank Marriott, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby,
Wirral, Cheshire.

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Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, ^{4th march} 3rd FEBRUARY 1968.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:- Harry Austin, 30 West Park Drive, Leeds 16.

EDITORIAL

From the brief announcement on the first page of this issue you will have noted that the Editor's chair has returned to F.E.M. for the time being. All will regret to learn that Ken Barker has had to have a spell of hospital treatment, and we fervently hope that he will not be confined indoors for long.

After nearly twenty years' absence from this pleasant task it is not at all easy to get into the swing of the job again, particularly at short notice. However, here goes.

One comment on David Barker's descriptive piece on the Tints Tours: if the Maen Gwynedd crossing is regarded as "lunatic", what of the Moel Sych? Here on these lonely slopes is Berwyn Adventure at its best. You leave the road from Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant short of the famous waterfall, and take an inviting track which strikes into the hills. Inviting, that is, until you come to a fence all of six feet high! (Probably it isn't quite that height, but near enough, and darned difficult to get a bicycle over).

Then just before the ridge, a lonely lake beloved of fishermen, and a slope slanting to the sky at a gradient of 1 in 1, or even steeper! As a reward for all this graft, it is comparatively easy to have the bicycle on the highest point of the Berwyns at 2,700-ft. above sea level, and then, ambition satisfied, you can ride along the ridge and down to the crest of Bwlch Maen Gwynedd.

As a postscript to these notes we have just learned of the sudden passing of our old friend Ted Byron. An appreciation will appear in these pages next month.

F.E.M.

RACING NOTES

The following dates have been fixed for the Club "25" events:
16th March (Inter-club with Birkenhead Victoria: 30th March,
4th May, 16th June and 21st September.

* * * * *

BIRTHDAY RUN

Will all please note that our 89th BIRTHDAY RUN will be held at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on 17th February. Eric Mustill, our good friend from the East Liverpool and Buckshee Wheelers, has offered to contribute the main entertainment in the form of a lantern, or possibly a cine-film, show, on the 1967 Buckshee Wheelers Reunion in the Middle East. For those who spent their war years between the sea and the sand this should be most interesting, and the others will no doubt find it fascinating, too. So please make an effort to attend. Birthday Run attendances have been sliding just a little lately!

CLUB RUNS

We have received an impassioned plea from Captain Littlemore to members for more attendances at Club Runs. Granted that we all seem to have much more to do in our leisure time these days, but if you could spare the odd Saturday out with the boys it would be great.

PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THIS DATE!

LADIES NIGHT FOR 1968 - DERBY ARMS, HALEWOOD
23rd NOVEMBER 1968

GOOSTREY - 9th September 1967

Now I know what the Captain's duties consist of, at last.... it is the collecting of the tea monies on a club run, and was I busy? I almost required a ready reckoner on this wonderful occasion when the grand total of members and friends was the magnificent number of 10.

It was a lovely day for a ride and I trundled along on my newly enamelled tricycle, accompanied by Maid Marian, on her single. On the way towards "Jodrellbankland" we were caught by two other cyclists namely Alan Little (it's true) and a young lady Ann Malam, both keen cyclists, from Weaverside.

Arriving at Mrs. Bates' establishment I discovered that the Manchester Wheelers were due also for tea. Anyway, Percy Williamson dropped in, looking very fit and well, and we were glad to see him of course. Bob Poole and his charming lady, made an attendance. Pete Broad of the Rhos-on-Sea Club, who was riding in the "12" on the morrow, I invited to our table and he seemed pleased at this "honour". Rex Austin strode in before all the food had gone, and

was surprised at such a goodly number, all of whom had cycled (apart from Percy). The chatter was just like old times, in fact we talked of such oldish times that even Bob Poole couldn't remember far enough back!

Before we had finished in came Mr. & Mrs. Woodier of Knutsford, who had both cycled along after travelling to Macclesfield first to get the miles in. All nice people, what a pleasurable duty to have to collect the dues for TEN teas, albeit not all Anfielders, but a goodly crowd for all that.

Stan Bradley later sent an apology as he was detained in Birmingham and would have made it otherwise.

A.L.L.

HOLT - 9th September 1968

E.A. Rogerson (alone) so I am given to believe

TINTS WEEK-END - LLANSANTFFRAIDD - 15th-16th October 1967

In a moment of rashness at the final West Cheshire "25", I said I'd meet the lads for lunch at Llangollen. At 6.30 on a bitterly cold morning in Manchester, the rain driven by a westerly gale, I was beginning to have second thoughts, and a breakfast of rice pudding and peaches didn't help matters.

Holt for elevenses was my initial target. Here a pint of tea, a snack and a break in the downpour which enabled me to decap, all helped to revive my shattered limbs and I started to enjoy the last 20 miles or so. As I approached the bridge in the village, Dave Bettaney and John Whelan came in from the Horseshoe direction and reported that David Jones and John Moss were behind.

Our original plan had been to re-enact last year's lunatic exploit over the Bwlch-Maen-Gwynedd, but during lunch the heavens opened and we weren't sorry when roadman Bettaney said he wasn't going - someone had to. Our change of plan meant that Dave Birchall didn't have the pleasure of our company at the top; it serves him right, he should have cycled.

We hung on as long as we could in Llangollen, then proceeded to get drenched walking up the Allt-y-Bady and down the other side into Glynceiriog. The weather then improved and it became really pleasant as we traversed what I think were new roads for all of us through Llansilin to our destination. Then ensued what was generally agreed to have been the quietest and soberest Tints weekend within living memory. Everyone was in bed by 1 a.m. (remarkable) and as far as is known no-one was forcibly ejected (even more

remarkable). The only question mark is set beside the murky activities of Stan Wild. Who is Megan? Don't miss next year's thrilling episode when the Anfield Circular reveals all.

Next morning the party split up. The lucky ones were Percy Williamson and Doug.Burton (Cheshire R.C.) who were having a few extra days at the Sun. The President (now on three wheels again) and Frank Perkins headed for Holt. The remainder drove or pottered to Whitewell for lunch and I left the cyclists at Malpas for the final ride back to Manchester. And so ended a very pleasant weekend; despite the rigours of Saturday morning.

Those present were Syd del Banco, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Jeff Mills, Stan Wild, Percy Williamson (and friend Doug.Burton), Peter Jones, Daves Birchall, Bettaney, Jones, Johns Farrington, Moss and Whelan and Dave Barker.

D.W.B.

LLANSANTFFRAIDD

Doug.Burton joined the Tints weekend at my invitation, and expressed his appreciation for an enjoyable evening with the Anfield. We stayed on at the Sun for an Autumn holiday, and having seen all the others and Len (who was last to leave) away on Sunday morning, we made leisurely along the valley to Llanfyllin and up the long hill to cross the Tanat and into Llanrhadr. To see Pistyll Rhaiadr in full spate, and return to the Sun via the Tanat valley road is as good a way as any to spend a fine Sunday afternoon at any time of the year, and in mid October has the advantage of relatively quiet roads. Monday was a day of continuous rain when we strayed no further than the bar to hear from the locals how floods were making progress on several roads impossible.

On Tuesday we were away after breakfast to Oswestry where Doug. stocked up with tobacco before crossing to the Ceiriog valley and lunch at the Glyn Valley hotel, a reminder for me of former "Tints" tours. Then up the valley to Llanarmon and along the lane which climbs to a high shelf with long wide views before falling into Llansilin. Lake Vyrnwy was our objective on Wednesday. It was a mild bright day such as one associates with Autumn at its most attractive. The lake was full and the overflow cascading over the dam in a glittering silvery screen of spray before roaring into the river below. We lunched at the hotel and certainly Liverpool Corporation did a good job perching that place of refreshment high above the lake. The view from its windows is worth all and more of what one pays for services rendered. We circled the lake almost in solitude,

broken only by the sound of tree felling which provided a contrasting activity to complete the scene. The numerous streams feeding the lake were tumbling down the surrounding hills in such a tremendous haste that they frothed and chafed at every obstacle.

We left the Sun on Friday morning going along the wide valley of the Vyrnwy to Llanfair Caereinion. What a climb it is out of that village, but a rewarding ride to Newtown, where although somewhat late of normal lunch time we were served a much appreciated meal. We booked in at the Herbert Arms Chirbury for Friday and Saturday nights to complete a delightful week. We had a week of the best of Autumn weather, except for Monday, when (thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Barber) we had the comfort of a roaring fire, good meals, plenty to read, and a bar we could reach without getting wet feet.

R.N.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL "CLOSER" - 12th November 1967

This well known social fixture changed its venue to the "Royal Oak" at Chorley, and 134 persons dined under the Chairmanship of C. Edmund Green. The only Anfield reps were Alan Rogerson, and Allan Littlemore, the latter who had retired from organising duties over approx. 32 years, made a full and comprehensive toast to the visitors, these included Mr. & Mrs. Bates and daughter from the well known cafe at Goostrey. Others present included Hilda and Ossie Dover, Hilda presenting the prizes, and, you wouldn't believe it, but during the proceedings, Ed Green advertised in no uncertain manner, the "Black Anfielders", and that copies could be obtained from Ossie Dover (our "agent") - thank you, Ed.

A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 2nd December 1967

Our only member on this alternative fixture was Captain Littlemore, who tells us that he had a nice ride, a damn fine tea at a very reasonable price, dined alone with the memories of many well known outdoor lovers who had graced the famous establishment, and wondered why not even one other Anfielder hadn't made it, the possibility of fog diminished as the evening wore on.

A.L.L.

KELLSALL - 18th November 1967

The accommodation at the Oasis Cafe was taxed to the limit on this cold and sunny day. Around the laden tables we noticed an ex President, a schoolmaster, a Club Timekeeper, a cyclist, a tourist,

an organist, an ex Vice President, a cycling lecturer, a teacher of music, an analytical chemist, an ex Sub Captain, an R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. Timekeeper, an old 24 hours rider and a solitary motorist. A good time was had by all and the conversation as might be expected, ranged fast and furious over a great variety of subjects.

Those present were Rex Austin and Les Bennett.

LADIES' NIGHT AT THE DERBY ARMS, HALEWOOD - 25th November 1967

A clear evening, after a succession of foggy nights for those who live near the fringe of the Pennines, gave promise of an excellent attendance at this popular fixture, and we had the pleasure of welcoming fifty-two members and friends. We were particularly glad to have Jimmy Cranshaw and his good lady back with us again after years of exile in Iran, and, of course, Elsie Salt.

For our entertainment we were delighted once again to welcome Mr. & Mrs. Cliff Baxter, of the Lancashire Road Club, to present yet another cine-film adventure of rough-stuff touring in Switzerland. It wasn't all rough-stuff, of course, but the off-the-beaten-track bits were superb indeed. Our good friends do their touring in May, when the days are not too hot, the flowers fresh, and with enough snow on the passes to keep even the most ardent motorist away.

After a few fascinating Scottish shots we were whisked by the night plane to Zurich, and beyond, to Lichenstein, the tiny principality wedged between Austria and Switzerland, where the castle clings to a ledge - a rather large ledge - high above the chief town of Vaduz. Then a glimpse of the Austrian town of Feldkirk before leaving the well-known Arlberg road for Italy.

On this occasion Cliff and his party climbed the mighty Stelvio, with its forty-eight hairpin bends. In the next hour we crossed, and re-crossed, the Swiss-Italian border by the most enchanting passes before coming into Switzerland for the last time by way of the Simplon and Brig.

One imagines that the long road from Brig through the Rhone valley to Gletsch would have been a bit tiresome, but never a word from Cliff about this. He was ready to take us on the well-known hairpin bends of the Grimsel, and how we enjoyed his pictures of this famous pass. And as if the Grimsel wasn't enough, instead of the delightfully easy run down the Aare Valley to Meiringen and Interlaken, the party turned back over the Susten pass, to come into the St. Gotthard road some distance below Andermatt. Lucerne, and Zurich for the airport, were not now far away.

Such evenings as this bring delight to all who enjoy stories

and pictures of pleasant places. To those who know a little of Switzerland and the surrounding Alps, these adventures have the distressing habit of bringing on large doses of nostalgia. Cliff gives the impression that these trips are perpetual pleasure, and he never mentions how hard the going is on the long climbs. The pictures show Mrs. Cliff as always at ease, whether climbing the last few hairpin bends on the Stelvio, or even heaving the bicycle on a steepish bit of rough stuff.

For my part, I should like to know how Cliff and his good lady find the going so easy. Twenty-eight years ago - a very long time by any standard - we sweated to the lofty crest of the great St. Bernard Pass on a desperately hot July day, and I vowed then that never would I take my bicycle over an Alpine pass again. I don't think I really meant it, because the twenty-eight mile descent to Martigny was a real pleasure, but I haven't had a bicycle in Switzerland since.

F.E.M.

NORTH SALOP WHEELERS DINNER - 15th December 1967

This popular celebration was again held at the Victoria Hotel in Whitchurch, under the chairmanship of our old friend Jack Duckers, now recovering from his unfortunate mishap whilst riding in a "100".

On the top table we had Anfielders in Jack Pitchford, Ira Thomas, and Allan Littlemore. There were plenty of amusing stories, but one of the funniest was when Cliff Ash suggested that Jack Pitchford was keen to get back on a bicycle again, but the only difficulty was finding a bicycle with a rear sprocket large enough for Jack. Our Captain immediately suggested that it was not a large sprocket that Pitchford required but a large saddle!

Jack took this in all good part, and the evening continued with reminiscing and celebration, which lasted till well past midnight.

A.L.L.

ODDS AND ENDS

We understand, from the wilds of Pembrokeshire, that a pleasing muster foregathered at Halewood for the Boxing Day Run, although several regular faces were missing. Lawrie was home for Christmas, and called on Allen Littlemore before heading west through Llanfair Caereinion, Dinas Mawddwy and Dolgellau. What a lovely way to reach Pembroke, and doesn't the sound of those wonderful names produce an urge to get the bicycle out!

It has been pointed out that we made a mistake on page 8 of the September/October issue: Jack Spackman is, of course, a member of the Century Road Club.

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Vol. LXIII

FEBRUARY 1968

No.716

FIXTURES

March 1968

- 2 KELSALL (Windy Ridge) (Lunch). TWO MILLS (Tea).
Committee Meeting - Two Mills. 3.30 p.m.
- 9 NANNERCH (Lunch). VICARS CROSS (Silver Teapot)(Tea)
- 16 INTER CLUB "25". Course D.9.
- 23 BANGOR IS Y COED (Lunch) TWO MILLS & GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 30 INTER CLUB "25". Course D.9.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/- . Under 21: 15/- . Cadet Members: 5/- .
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations to the Prize
Fund should be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, J.H.Mills,
58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool 11.

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EDITOR: K.W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE

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Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 4th MARCH 1968

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

R.R.Austin, 5 Allard Crescent, California Estate, Bushey, Nr.Warford.
 E.A.Rogerson, 32 Parkway, Saughall, Nr. Chester.
 R.Barker, "Chyrode", Inglewood Drive, Aldwick, Bognor Regis, Sussex.
 A.R.Barker, Room 27, 1 Green Court, Owens Park, Fallowfield,
 Manchester.

JOHN LEECE

We regret to report that John Leece sustained a very serious cycling accident near his home early in January. His injuries were considerable, but we understand John is coming on quite nicely. He is in the Pensby Ward, Clatterbridge Hospital, Wirral.

EDITORIAL

This is a Swan Song. After putting two issues "to bed", we learn that "K.W.B." is fit enough to resume the Editor's chair, and we all sincerely hope that the improvement in his condition continues.

After seeing the two excellent films at Halewood on the occasion of the Birthday Run, it occurs to us that a similar record of our own activities would be very acceptable, both as entertainment value (particularly if we can find a spirited youngster willing to take lessons in riding a tricycle!) and also as a record for later years. The biggest obstacle would be the cost of film to any particular individual, but a sharing of costs scheme could surely be worked out. A film record of Anfield activity for each year, both time-trialling and touring would be a treasured possession for the future.

F.E.M.

IN MEMORIAM - E. BYRON

As mentioned very briefly in our last issue, it is with very great sorrow that we record the sudden and untimely passing, on January 9th, of Ted Byron, an Anfielder since the 1930's, a friend for Frank Marriott since early schooldays, and almost as long for Don Birchall and Arthur Williams.

Ted joined the Club in 1934 as an already experienced and very keen tourist. In the lively and exciting pre-war years he proved to be a pillar of the Anfield. His pieces for this Circular were superbly written; on tour and on club runs Ted was the perfect companion, with a ready wit that few could equal. On the road his performances were surprising, until we realized the talent he possessed. One excellent effort led "Cycling" to describe him as

a "Promising Novice". As will be readily imagined, this tag clung for a very long time.

The onslaught of the Second World War put paid to those delightful years, and we all scattered... "each to his task", Ted spending much of his time at a local anti-aircraft battery. During this time Ted married, and because of family loyalties we haven't seen quite so much of him since, although we were very pleased indeed to have him at Halewood a few years ago.

And now we would extend our sincerest sympathies to Barbara and Tony, and say this: No one could ever have a finer friend. Those members present at the committal service were: Syd del Banco, Frank Perkins, Geoff Lockett, Don Birchall, George Connor and Arthur Williams.

NORTH ROAD CLUB DINNER - 25th November 1967

Privileged once more to attend the North Road Dinner, I enjoyed thoroughly the 82nd of the series, staged at the Abercorn Rooms, Liverpool Street, E.C.2. Our good friend Bill Frankum, the North Road President, was in the chair, and among those present were Jack Rossiter (Century) Alan Gordon (Norwood Paragon), Dick Hulse (Speedwell), Will Townsend (R.R.A.), Cyril Neale (Wessex), Laurie Dixon (Oak), Harold Buckley and Horance Prior (Manchester Wheelers) and a host of others. Ed.Green was conspicuous by his absence - a clash of dates, and Norman Turvey intended to be present but could not make it at the last minute.

Charles Ruys, promoter of the recent Skol 6-days race, as guest of honour, responded on behalf of the visitors to Ken Lovett's toast. Cliff Smith (East Midlands) took the Invitation "24" Trophy for the sixth time - a really magnificent record. A.Bridges (Mercury) was the winner of the Memorial "50" Trophy, and there were some remarkably fine achievements by N.R. members in both open and club events.

First things last - the meal was a delight - and I can only finish with "Thank you, North Road".

S.W.

ADVENTURE FOR EASTER

One of F.E.M.'s most treasured possessions is an old road atlas dating from circa 1840. Each county is shown on a separate page, and many hours can be (and are!) spent in studying these old maps, and comparing them with the new Inch sheets.

Basically, the road systems hardly differ at all, but here and there one finds with some surprise that a lane has disappeared. One

of these vanished highways is in Wales, and an attempt to trace its line would make an excellent adventure for Easter.

On the age-old highway that threads between the hills from Welshpool and through Llanfair Caereinion and Llangadfan to Mallwyd and Dinas Mawddwy, there is an old village rejoicing in the name Garthbeibio. The hamlet lies a mile or so westward of Llangadfan and the centuries-old Cann Office, once the chief posting house between Shrewsbury and Aberystwyth. You will not, however, find Garthbeibio shown on the modern Inch sheets. The name has disappeared, and been replaced by Foel.

The village is an old one. The church dates back to the 6th century, and not far away there is, or was, St. Tydecho's Well, an old healing spring. In the old days everyone who bathed here, or drank the waters, dropped a pin in, and it was regarded in the village as a bad thing to take any of the pins out - as if anyone would!

Into Garthbeibio (or Foel) the Twrch comes tumbling down from the mountains to join the Banwy, and it is along this tiny valley that we seek the forgotten track. A road serving those who live near the river ventures for perhaps five miles, according to the Inch sheet, to the farm shown as Cerniau, where it ends.

According to the old road book this was once a through track. The path continued along the stream, and then reached up to the ridge, to follow the watershed (which is also the county boundary) to the point where it joins with the Cwm Eunant track from Lake Vyrnwy a short distance from the summit of Bwlch-y-Groes.

Perhaps those with recent memories of this area can recall seeing a path coming in from the south, to form a four-lanes end near the summit of this lonely and famous pass.

With a reasonably early start from the Mallwyd road, some food in the saddle back, a copy of the local Ordnance Survey Inch map, and a clear, sunny day, tracing this old road would make a wonderful adventure for an Easter, or indeed, any day. And we should be pleased to read an account of the epic in these pages later.

THE "GEORGE STEPHENSON" PRIZE

Many will remember that last year Peter Stephenson donated a sizeable sum to Club funds as an endowment for the "George Stephenson" Prize, an award to be made each year as the Committee thinks fit.

The first presentation took place at the Birthday Run, when the President handed to Jeff Mills a handsome barometer as an

expression of appreciation of his work for the Club. Only a few have any conception of the amount of effort that Jeff puts in to his Anfield activities.

Although Jeff is still only a "new" member by Anfield standards, he has done a tremendous amount of work for the Club. After a spell of running the "100" successfully for some years, he transferred to the Secretarial Department, and now has included also the Treasurer's task for good measure. As well as being our shining light in R.T.T.C. circles, Jeff is also an up-and-coming timekeeper. And, above all, he comes to the Club runs on Saturday afternoons.

We are only too delighted to appreciate and acknowledge all of Jeff's activities in this way.

SPEEDWELL BICYCLE CLUB 92nd ANNUAL DINNER - 1st January 1968

The President represented the Club on this occasion.

The proceedings were opened by the Chairman, Jack Adams, who made a speech of appreciation of their late President, "Old Cap", recounting his long and active club life. After this we stood for a short time in his memory.

Cross-toasting was then indulged in - much of which was "over the head" of the writer as it mostly concerned the host club.

The speech of welcome to the visitors was made by John Matthews and a special speech of welcome to the Ladies was by Mrs. Margaret Matthews. Bill Oakley ably responded for the visitors.

Rex Coley of "Cycling" then gave a toast to "Cycling, the Sport and Pastime" recalling in humourous vein many incidents in his cycling lifetime.

Trophies for the worthy winners of Club and Open events were then presented.

Of the notables present I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with once again Frank Greenwood, M.C. & A.C. and Syd.Walker President of the Midland R.R.A. Not forgetting Bill Oakley and Dick Hulse.

89th BIRTHDAY RUN at HALEWOOD - 17th February 1968

Once again, on this sunny Saturday, we travelled our various ways to the Derby Arms, to celebrate the 89th Birthday of the Anfield. We happened to be somewhat premature, as President del Banco reminded us, because our birthday month is March, but being a couple of weeks early didn't matter at all.

What is particularly pleasing, in a constantly changing world, is that we can still maintain a link with the Derby Arms Hotel. It is possible that the Anfield supped here in the distant days of 1879. We cannot be sure of this, because the first Minute Book has been lost, but in the second volume, which covers the year 1885, a fixture was recorded for the Derby Arms at Halewood, and we know that the Club has had a regular connection ever since. Eighty-three years, a wonderful record indeed!

In recent years we have tended to minimize speeches at this function, and, instead, rely for our entertainment on a slide or cinema show. We have spent many enjoyable hours in this way, and this evening was no exception. We had the very great pleasure of listening to - and the manner in which he put his piece over was a delight indeed - Mr. Milton Newton, a past Pasha of the Buckshee Wheelers. Mr. Newton comes from Newcastle, and, as can be readily imagined, he is known to all as "Geordie". "Geordie" prefaced his slide show with a fascinating story of the Buckshee Wheelers Fraternity, and he concluded his remarks with an engaging homily to the younger lads on the pleasures of cycling as a pastime. It was all very well done.

The slide show took several of those present down Memory Lane to Israel, an Israel very much changed since the war years, and "Geordie" remarked that he recognised only one place, a Royal Air Force Station that is now a civil airport. The journey to Israel was undertaken by a party of Wheelers to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the foundation of this unique fraternity. In the ensuing hour we were taken into many delightful and interesting parts of this enchanting country. And what a place for a summer holiday - in winter!

To complete the entertainment we also had two films, one showing the annual Bullybeef "25" in England, and another depicting an event held in Israel to celebrate the anniversary. The time trial was run on the Haifa road, and very pleasant to watch, if not ride, in the "eighties" of an October morning.

Mr. Newton gave his show in Hawick on the Friday night, travelled to Liverpool to please us, and then immediately after the show set off back to Newcastle again for another performance on the Sunday. The arrangements were made by our good friend Eric Mustill, and we are most grateful to all concerned.

Fifty-four members and friends gathered with us for the evening, and, in addition to those already mentioned, we must include Bill Barrow (R.T.T.C.), Cliff Baxter (Lancashire Roads), Oscar Dover (Liverpool Century), Ed Green (North Road) and Brian Whitmarsh of the Birkenhead Victoria.

HALEWOOD - 26th December 1967

Having wrecked the front wheel of the trike on Christmas Eve through hitting a pothole in the dark, I was forced to revert to one of my solos for this short trip to the Derby Arms. After a short detour to view the offending pothole in daylight, I headed for Halewood by the shortest possible route. Judging by the amount of pre-booking, it appeared that the attendance would be around 17-20, but on this occasion the ability of Anfielders to come without notification was amply illustrated, for the number present was 27, the highest for some time. We were very pleased to see Laurie again, accompanied by his better half, as also were Blotto and Bob Poole. Percy was accompanied by his son, and David Barker by a very attractive young lady. Other members present included Les and David Bennett, David Bettaney, Peter Jones, Len Hill, John Farrington, David Jones, John Thompson, John Moss, Doddy, David Birchall, Frank Perkins, George Parr, and yours truly. Friends present were Ossie Dover, Johnny Williams and E. Bramhall.

KELSALL - 30th December 1967 - and a New Year Week-end

When I suggested this run I had something in mind, for this week-end I was heading for Hallworth Manor to see the Old Year out, and the New Year in. The day itself was very cloudy and depressing. Nothing untoward happened before Two Mills, but the odd little hint of rain came after elevenses and continued until I was through Chester, when the showers came a little more often. At Tarvin I bowed to the inevitable and caped up for the remaining miles to Kelsall. Here I found Alan Rogerson, who had just beaten the rain. Nobody else came, which was not surprising, and we in time made a move. Alan scorned a cape, and was quite happy to take a chance. I caped up again to climb the hill, and once over the top took the right fork past Oakmere to the A.49. Here I turned right for the long hill into Tarporley,

and then continued into Beeston to see some friends. I stayed a little longer than was intended, and although the sky was blue, indications were that dirty weather was fast approaching. I made good progress, but the black clouds even faster, and at Bickley Moss I hurriedly caped up once again. Cycling from this point to Whitchurch was, to say the least, a little difficult in high winds and heavy rain. From Whitchurch, with the sky again blue, it was hard to realize what the conditions had been like, but my wet feet soon reminded me.

Sunday - 31st December

The heavy showers had continued throughout the night, and I was agreeably surprised to find a lot of blue sky about. I intended joining the 40-plus for lunch at Holt. During breakfast I made plans for a pleasant day's run, but this was shelved due to gale force winds. It is not often that I cycle down hills, but this happened on the run to Broxton, and it was a relief to turn off for Holt. Here we were unlucky, for the cafe was shut, and we went across country to Tattenhall for lunch. Our stay was fairly short: I headed back towards Whitchurch with the wind behind me, though this tended to spoil what was otherwise a very pleasant day.

Monday - 1st January 1968

After seeing in the New Year, I headed for home after a most enjoyable week-end. The weather men had forecast that the winds would drop, and back down to the south-west. It did, and brought a most miserable day with drizzle, which meant that the cape was on for a long time, with visibility almost nil. After lunching at Parkgate, and a couple of calls on the way, it was a pleasure to arrive home and be out of the miserable conditions.

TWO MILLS - 6th January 1968

After lunching at the Eureka Cafe I had a quick run around the lanes before returning for the Committee Meeting. Present for this and tea were: Blotto, Perkins, Whelan, Hill, Rogerson, David Jones, Bettaney, Bennett, Reeves and me.

TWO MILLS - 13th January 1968

The venue was changed from Parkgate, and those in attendance were John Whelan, Les Bennett and me. Blotto had travelled to Birmingham for the Speedwell Dinner, and Alan Rogerson to Salop for the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers Dinner.

KELSALL - 20th January 1968

This was a much better day than three weeks ago, and as a result there was a nett increase of ONE in the attendance. David Bettaney and Alan Littlemore were the others present, and on the way home I called at Parkgate, and noted that Blotto, Les Bennett, Robert Hall and two cadets had arrived.

TREUDDYN - 27th January - Report next month.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: SYDNEY del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L. J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby,
Liverpool 11. (STANley 3285)

Vol. LXIII

MARCH 1968

No.717

FIXTURES

April 1968

- 6 TREUDDYN (Lunch). TWO MILLS (Committee Meeting)
12/15 EASTER - Y.H.A. Tour.
12 BANGOR (Smithy) Lunch.
13 KELSALL (Windy Ridge Cafe - Lunch) TWO MILLS.
20 JUNIOR "10" Huntington Course. TWO MILLS (Tea)
27 NANNERCH (Four Seasons Cafe - Lunch)
TWO MILLS and GOOSTREY (Tea).

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-.
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations to the Prize
Fund should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H. Mills,
58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool 11.

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EDITOR: K.W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 8th APRIL, 1968.

COMMITTEE NOTICES

Next year we celebrate the 90th Anniversary of the foundation of the Anfield in March 1879 and already plans are under active consideration.

If you have any ideas on the subject please communicate with the President or Secretary as soon as possible.

All suggestions will be welcome and will receive full consideration.

APPLICATION FOR CADET MEMBERSHIP

Robin Reed, 14 Eastway, Greasby, Wirral.

Proposed by J.L.Bennett, seconded by S. del Banco.

EDITORIAL

With the two previous issues compiled, produced and despatched by the combined efforts of Frank Marriott and Jeff Mills, my first word of thanks must go to these two worthies for so readily shouldering tasks normally falling to the editor but quite out of the question for one confined to a hospital bed.

My grateful thanks also to numerous members and friends for enquiries and good wishes whether these resulted from personal calls at hospital or home, or arrived by telephone or letter. When at times the outlook is a little bleak it is good to have the word of cheer from so many friends.

IN MEMORIAM - J.J. DAVIES

Jack Davies joined the Anfield in 1950 together with his friend and cycling companion, George Parr.

We would not know in those far off days that he was to spend over half of the seventeen years of his membership fighting a gallant but losing battle against the disease which recently led to his merciful but untimely death.

Those who were active in the early fifties will remember Jack as a keen and regular supporter of all our fixtures; how else could he have totalled 246 run attendances in the very few years of activity remaining to him?

He was a good companion, knowledgable in the ways of birds and beasts and of the flora of our English country lanes. Cycling to him was a joyous and quiet means of moving through the realm of nature which he loved so dearly.

To his relatives we offer the sincere sympathy of all our members.

The Club was represented at the funeral by George Parr and Len Hill; Johnny Williams who first introduced him to us was also present to pay a last tribute to his old friend.

"THE HUNDRED"

With the "100" approaching, here is a timely reminder, from the pen of our Member for Dublin, of the lovely country to be found within easy reach of Shrewsbury, the centre of activity for the event.

SPRING HOLIDAY TOUR - 1967 by Bill Finn

My seven-day tour was favoured with good weather; there was some rain and wind but even the super optimist carries waterproofs. Some new ground was broken on the Thursday: Hope Dale and Wenlock Edge to Eaton, then over to Corve Dale for a beer and sandwich lunch at Munslow, then onto the Clee foothills. High tea at a farm in St. Margaret made amends for unexciting terrain and much collar-work in truly rural hill-farm country. Down the Titterstone slopes by Bitterley to recross the Corve, short of Ludlow, for Onibury and the old stamping-ground at Clougunford. The busy day ended at Clun with a welcome dinner at The White Horse.

Friday forenoon was wet and the wind head-on for the run to Knighton. One misses the meandering loops and the hedges of the old road; post and wire fencing is a poor windbreak! A jolly butcher downed cleaver to point out the baker's shop where I ate while the rain eased off. Now it was into the Teme valley in sunshine and the wind not hindering, no road "improvements" here. With a trio of rural worthies I watched a horse being shod at

Felindre forge; the locals would have me retrace to Beguildy Churchyard to scan a stone inscribed in Romany. Over the hill by the Pound Gate and so to tea at the Anchor Inn, a house now under new and more efficient management. Down the idyllic valley to Clun and northward for the Old Brick Guest House in Bishop's Castle where the hostess is a Co.Meath lady.

In Saturday's humid drizzle I made for Chirbury via Montgomery where I uncaped. The Herbert Arms supplied an impromptu lunch which gave a head of steam for the crossing of Long Mountain from Forden to Westbury, Minsterley and Shrewsbury.

It was a pleasant change to join the die-hard cadre for the Sunday pre-lunch bash. Subsequently a spirited run ended with a hospitable reception at Ratlinghope Post Office and it is a pleasure to record that this tea venue attracted more members than usual. The cheering stimulant plus a tail-wind added exhilaration to the pack; dare devil descending and crafty bike handling had this old man "off the back" by Longden. Shopping by the English Bridge for the morrow's bonk-bag sundries was marked by a meeting with Allan Littlemore who had time for a chat although on his way to the barrow-boys' Hundred House for the post mortem.

Monday morning gave me an insight into the mechanics of the Modern time-trial. From No.1 to 100 there was repartee and reposte in a dawn-wind redolent of wintergreen and the aroma of unfamiliar unguents with riders in varying processes of physical or psychological loosening-up; the relay of pushers-off with wary propulsive handhold clear of the scarifying hazard of rear brakes. Then a couple of pleasant hours in the company of the meticulous Jeff at the half-way point. Back to Roden and the busy scene at the finishing line and the final complement of brief meetings with a cross section of operational personnel including Mr.Mitchell, Johnny Williams, the Barlows and a member of the co-operative Shropshire constabulary. The self-effacing Alf Howarth did not figure on the job list much to my regret. Then to breakfast No.2 at the Cafe one mile south of Hadnall prior to taking a bee-line for Pont Blyddyn and arrival at Llanarmon's Raven in nice time for dinner.

Next morning I rough-stuffed Moel Lech into a Corwen route which comprised a foothills trip via Pentre-celyn, Cefn-coch and Llanellidan. On the return, A.5104 carried light holiday traffic on an afternoon of thunder and vivid lightning when the mountain barrier conveniently contained the rainstorms in the Dee valley.

Forenoon shopping in Cuppin Street followed by lunch and a visit to Chester Cathedral on Wednesday. Then came a river trip, tea, a train to Woodside and across the Mersey in nice time to board the Dublin steamer.

R U N S

TREUDDYN & PARKGATE - 24th February 1968

The President, having decided to make a day of it, called at Two Mills for coffee and there found Cadets Richard Firth, Robin Reed and Norman Jones itching to have a go at the long climb up to Treuddyn.

Together the four set off and no doubt youthful exuberance acted as a spur to more aged muscles while at the same time the veteran's experience guaranteed that sufficient calories and puff were reserved for the final testing miles from Pont Blyddyn to the hospitable garage cafe.

Anyway veteran and novices arrived in good order to find Jeff Mills about to leave having lunched in lonely state. After the usual excellent meal the boys were directed towards the moors to get a first glimpse of those splendid heather covered uplands, whilst Blotto pottered by back lanes down to Mold where by chance the quartet reformed for the fast miles down to Queensferry and so back to their starting point at Two Mills where they were joined for tea by Ken Barker (still, alas, petrol assisted), John Whelan, David Jones, David Bettaney and certainly if not least at any rate last, Len Hill who had come out mapless and found some difficulty in navigating the top road without chart or compass.

GOOSTREY - 24th February 1968

Living within 3 miles of Two Mills, and having the afternoon off, I decided to make for the alternative run, which was the mecca of East Cheshire and Manchester cyclists, the West End Cafe, Goostrey.

The day was fine, but a biting easterly wind persuaded me to wrap up well, and tuck a newspaper (Sunday Times) under my pullover.

Through the winding lanes to Mollington. Croughton and Mickle Trafford, I went, cutting across to Tarvin and a stretch of the A.556 to Kelsall. Here I turned westward across the hills and down into Delamere Forest. I was soon passing Acton Bridge (Yes, passing!) and onto Davenham, the three Greyhounds, Goostrey.

On arrival I was given the usual friendly greeting and a really good meal. I was joined very shortly by Bob and Mrs. Poole, who live in Manchester. Bob has been an Anfielder since 1929, and time passed swiftly as he related his adventures with "The Club".

Eventually, I remounted and set off for home, no other Anfielder appearing, riding via Middlewich, Winsford and main roads to Chester and then on the Parkgate Road. I arrived home just as the sun was setting, and settled down to a nice warm, ache-removing bath.

A.R.

The Birthday Run report (17.2.68) appeared last month and reports on other runs are not to hand.

Ed.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Three of our members suffered bereavements recently through the passing of their mothers and the sympathy of us all will be with Eric Reeves, Allan Littlemore and Len Walls.

John Leece, in hospital trussed up like a chicken on a poulterer's slab is quite definite that he'll be at our 90th Birthday celebration "unless he clouts another car".

At the time of the Bath Road Club Dinner, Stan Wild was completely snowed up in Bexhill-on-Sea and through no fault of his own failed to represent the A.B.C. at this annual event for the first time for many years. We also learn that Stan covered 10,500 cycling miles in 1967.

The Spring Holiday week-end is on 2nd/4th June this year and members are reminded that accommodation, particularly at The Lion, should be booked early.

Len Hill has already started planning the stewarding and checking arrangements and will be greatly helped and encouraged by early offers of help.

Congratulations (very belated) to Geoff Lockett on his promotion to Inspector in the Cheshire Constabulary.

Herbert Buckley recently attended the Macclesfield Wheelers' Dinner, had a chat with Stan Livingstone and from him learned that Bren Orrell has been in dock for an operation but is now out and about again. We send greetings and best wishes to our veteran Life Member.

After many years' service at Pensby Secondary School from whence came many of our Cadets, Les Bennett is leaving to take up an appointment at a school in Shotton. We wish him well in his new post which, being so much nearer home, will mean less time and energy spent in travelling.

Contd.....

NEWS IN BRIEF - Contd.

The Annual Report on the Merseyside Youth Hostels makes interesting and encouraging reading for it is a tale of slow but steadily increasing membership (12,954 for year ended 30/9/67 compared with 12,874 a year ago) with greatly increased use as measured by bed nights (120,425 - an increase of 5,079 on the previous year). Nearly 2,000 of the increased bed-nights can be credited to Field Studies.

School Journey Parties accounted for 21% of the bed-nights and there was a further marked drop in cyclist usage, devotees of our pastime now accounting for only 5% of usage.

It is particularly interesting to note that top of the bed-night league is Llangollen (9,296) closely followed by Chester (9,093), Colwyn Bay (8,164) and Bangor (8,092).

FUTURE FIXTURES

May

- 4 BANGOR (Lunch). KELSALL (Windy Ridge Cafe - Tea)
- 11 TREUDDYN (Lunch). CHESTER (Jolly Farmer - Tea)
JUNIOR "10" (Huntington Course).
- 18 NANNERCH (Four Seasons Cafe - Lunch). TWO MILLS
(Committee)
- 25 WHITCHURCH (Brownlow Cafe - Lunch)
CHRISTLETON (Silver Teapot) and GOOSTREY (Tea).

COMMITTEE MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE DATE OF MEETING - 18th MAY

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

This is a very sad time indeed. With the greatest regret I have to tell you that Ken Barker, good friend of us all for so many years, and Editor of The Circular for almost two decades, passed away last Thursday, 2nd May.

We all hoped that he was on the mend after the spell of hospital treatment earlier this year, and, indeed, he was able to attend several Club Runs after his discharge. The last time we saw him was April 6th.

We are all with Jennie, David and Marion in their great grief.

Frank Marriott has agreed to produce a Circular each month until a new editor has been appointed, and all contributions and news items should be sent to him at 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire.

S. del BANCO

The first meeting of the club was held on the 15th of October 1895 at the residence of Mr. J. H. ...

The club has since that time been steadily increasing in numbers and has now reached a total of ...

The club's principal object is to promote the sport of bicycle racing and to provide a means of ...

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© Anfield Bicycle Club

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Liverpool 11. (STANley 3285)

Vol. LXIII

APRIL/MAY 1968

No. 718

FIXTURES

May 1968

- 4 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch) KELSALL (Windy Ridge) Tea.
11 TREUDDYN (Lunch). CHESTER (Jolly Farmer) Tea.
18 WHITCHURCH (Lunch) Brownlows Café. VICARS CROSS and
GOOSTREY (Tea)
25 NANNERCH (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
Committee Meeting - Two Mills.

June 1968

- 1 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch)
2 CHIRBURY (Herbert Arms) Lunch.
3 "100".
8 WHITEWELL (Lunch). HOLT (Castle Café) and GOOSTREY Tea.
15 LLANARMON (Tea).
22 TWO MILLS (Tea).
29 NANNERCH (Lunch). PHOTOGRAPH RUN (Eureka Café - Two
Mills)

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58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool 11.

* * * * *

EDITOR: K. W. BARKER, 42 BICKERTON AVENUE, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE

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Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 3rd JUNE, 1968

COMMITTEE NOTES

We wish to record our pleasure and delight at the performances of our racing men over Easter, particularly John Whelan's win of 1.2.8 in the St.Neots & District C.C. 25. It was thrilling to see the result in Cycling.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Ethel Baxter, wife of the redoubtable Cliff, at several Ladies' Night fixtures in recent years, and watched her handle a bicycle so well in Cliff's excellent film shows, will be most distressed to learn that she passed away very suddenly recently. To Cliff this must have come as a savage shock, and we are all with him in his great loss.

We would also extend our condolences to John Parr on the passing of his father.

News comes from Clatterbridge that John Leece continues to make progress after his accident.

Dates to be Noted:-

19th October 1968	Annual General Meeting, Derby Arms, Halewood
23rd November 1968	Ladies' Night - Derby Arms, Halewood.
1st March 1969	<u>90th BIRTHDAY RUN</u> - Derby Arms, Halewood.

RACING NOTES

From the following details it can be seen that John Whelan is once again our principal representative and up to the moment has been fastest three times.

3rd March: Larkhill Wheelers 2 up 25 miles T.T.Trial
 John Whelan & Brian Whitmarsh (Birkenhead Vics) 1.2.4
 John Moss & David Jones 1.8.26

10th March: Birkenhead Vics Club 2 up 25
 J.Whelan & B.Whitmarsh 1.3.12. D.Bettaney & S.Dawson
 1.4.44. D.Jones & J.Moss 1.10.15.

17th March: Exodus R.C. 2 up 25
 J.Whelan & B.Whitmarsh (B.V.C.C.) 1.5.33.
 J.Moss & I.Shaw (B.V.C.C.) 1.11.57

24th March: Midlands C.F. 25 - J.Whelan 1.0.40 - 3rd Fastest

7th April: West Cheshire 25
 J.Whelan 1.0.34 (Fastest). D.Bettaney 1.2.51 (6th)
 J.Moss 1.8.1. D.Jones 1.13.5.

RACING NOTES - Contd.

13th April: Oundle Velo C.C. 25. J.Whelan 59.23 (4th Fastest)
 14th April: St.Neots & District C.C. 25. J.Whelan 1.2.8. (Fastest)
 15th April: Coventry R.C. 25. J.Whelan 1.0.14 (2nd Fastest)
 22nd April: Rhos on Sea C.C. 25.
 J.Whelan 1.0.29 (Fastest). J.Moss 1.5.55.
 D.Jones 1.10.26. K.Orum 1.12.9. R.Hall 1.15.27.

* * * * *

LEN HILL WRITES AN OPEN LETTER:

Dear Fellow Anfielder,

OPEN "100" WHIT MONDAY

Many thanks for offers of assistance so far received. A special request now: could the following members please be at their posts (we include, of course members in spirit such as Johnny Williams and Arthur Smith) as last year. If not please advise. (Len's address is Oak Cottage, Mill Lane, Gayton, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire, and the telephone number Heswall 3589).

STARTING STEWARDS: D.Brown, H.Fletcher, A.Gorman, W.Thorpe.
 CROSS HOUSES: R.J.Austin
 WEEPING CROSS: J.Pitchford
 HAYGATE ROAD: R.P.Jones, J.Thompson, K.Orum.
 SHAWBIRCH: G.B.Orrell
 HALT SIGN: E.G.Pullan
 HIGH ERCALL: H. & J. Austin, L.Bennett.
 SHAWBURY: A.Birkby, Norman Heath
 BATTLEFIELD: I.A.Thomas
 ROCKHALL: H.Buckley, J.Dodd
 HARMER HILL: J.Williams
 HARLESCOTT: Alex from Dundee, and Bill from Dublin
 HIGH ERCALL: A.B.Smith
 SHIRLOWE: Rigby Band
 OFFICIALS FOR THE FINISH: Messrs. Poole, Buckley and Rogerson (if not riding in the event).

We know Russ Barker and son are a long way off, but we could find jobs for Don Birchall, Geoff Lockett, N.Turvey, J.Cranshaw, Peter Rock, A.Preston, Wally Rees, the Two Selkirks, Ginner Williams, the Two Bradleys, and The Devonshire Squire, D.Byron.

The Whit Sunday lunch has been arranged at the Herbert Arms at

Chirbury, and I shall be there with last minute job hand-outs.

Yours enthusiastically,

LEN HILL.

T.A. LUNCH - ALLOSTOCK - 10th March 1968

After a hard head-wind ride over from Manchester the previous day I was looking forward to the return trip via the T.A. Opener at the Drovers, Allstock, near Goostrey. At the '25' the previous day I'd arranged to meet P.C.Rogerson at the end of his beat near Parkgate Island and it was a mad rush to get there for 10.

Once we'd linked up the pace sobered down a bit as we made for Chester, then through Waverton, Huxley and Eaton to Winsford. The further we went the harder it seemed to blow and the conversation was dominated by Alan's obsessive musings about how he was going to get home against the hurricane. How much was the train fare from Knutsford? Could he get to Altrincham to stay at his Mother's and if so how would he get home next day? Would Pardoe be there with van?

When we arrived, not surprisingly in very good time, all this was temporarily forgotten in the bar. Upstairs Ed.Green presided over the proceedings with his customary good humour. Alan and I were seated on the plebian benches, while Syd del Banco and Allan Littlemore got the V.I.P. treatment. The big mystery was the non-appearance of Jeff Mills who said he'd be coming.

Afterwards I had an easy ride back to Manchester while Alan got himself firmly ensconced in the slipstream of the Mason-Dover tandem barrow and the President had to get to Kelsall where he'd left his motor assistance. I wonder if they made it?

D.W.B.

CLUB RUNS

2nd March 1968

This was one of those days when a little dallying at the start of the day meant that the lunch venue was out, and I contented myself with a run around the lanes, totted up seventy miles in the process and returned to the Mills for tea. Out for this were Blotto, Ken Barker, Len Hill, David Jones, Alan Rogerson, Frank Marriott, John Moss, Les Bennett, Alan Littlemore and Jeff Mills. Len and Jeff were out the following morning for the Larkhill two-up

together with John Whelan who was riding with Brian Whitmarsh of the Vics, John Moss and David Jones.

9th March 1968 - Nannerch and Vicars Cross

No reports to hand of any attendance at either of the two fixtures, but Jeff Mills was spending the weekend in Shropshire checking the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers 50 Course.

16th March 1968

This was the first of the year's inter-club events, and this one had a field of 30, of which our lot was 4, David Bettaney was a non-starter and the overall winner was John Stinton of the Birkenhead Vics with a time of 1.4.41. John Whelan was our fastest with a 1.6.10, John Moss a 1.10.30 which gave him the handicap award, and David Jones 1.18.33. Members out were Jeff Mills, David Barker, Keith Orum, Les Bennett, Len Hill, Alan Rogerson, David Birchall, David Bettaney, Ken Barker, and at Two Mills after the event, Eric Reeves.

23rd March 1968

This was another occasion when a delayed start played havoc with the day's run and again I contented myself with pottering round the lanes and returning to the Mills for tea. Noted there were Blotto, Len Hill and Jeff Mills.

23rd March - Goostrey

Our "alternative" members were not too plentiful on this day, but nevertheless, Bob Poole brought out Mrs. Poole, and Alan Littlemore enjoyed their company and vice versa, one has to be "in" at Bates, to get a piece of wedding cake, with your afternoon tea! Rex unfortunately was in London, otherwise he would have been present. Quite a pleasant ride.

30th March

This was the second inter-club event and the field was similar in size to the first, but on this occasion we provided the winner in John Whelan with a time of 1.2.11. David Bettaney recorded 1.2.47 and took the handicap award. John Moss did 1.6.7 and David Jones 1.14.16. Members out on the course were Jeff Mills, Keith Orum, Frank Marriott, Alan Rogerson, David Birchall, John Farrington, Ken Barker and Alan Littlemore. Eric Reeves joined the tea party at Two Mills.

TREUDDYN & TWO MILLS - 6th April 1968

A bright, sunny morning - albeit with a coldish wind blowing - a whole Saturday free encouraged the President to trundle his tricycle to Treuddyn.

After enduring a press of heavy stuff to Queensferry and Hawarden, he took the lane through Bilberry Wood, dropping onto the main road again at Pen-y-ffordd. At Pont-blyddyn a certain hostelry provided liquid reinforcement for the last few miles of climbing to the venue.

A good lunch was partaken in solitary state - solitary so far as Anfielders were concerned. After a decent interval for the meal to settle a move was made to the Llanarmon cross roads where the left turn was taken to renew after many years acquaintance with the animals at the Stone Zoo, thence to Llanfynydd. More lanes along the shoulder of Hope Mountain brought the scribe back to Coed Talon. Once more into the maelstrom, and along Shotwick lane to the Top Road and the Eureka in time for the committee meeting.

Others present at Two Mills were: Ken Barker, Len Hill, Jeff Mills, Frank Perkins, John Whelan, Alan Rogerson, Keith Orum, Alan Littlemore, Eric Reeves, David Bettaney and John Moss.

S. del B.

BEYOND NANT-Y-MOCH

Nant-y-Moch is the scene of a fairly new reservoir built to provide electric power. The place is reached from Pont Erwyd, an ancient village on the A.44 some twelve miles eastward of Aberystwyth, by a road running into the hills towards the north. Nant-y-Moch is a popular place these days, for the electricity people are proud of their handiwork, and publicize it as much as they can. Frank Perkins and I remember the road long before the blue lake and its windswept water were thought of, and the story of our joint adventure amid these everlasting hills will not come amiss to these pages.

It was the last week-end in October, a Saturday, and we had stolen a day from our respective jobs to reach the Blue Bell at Llangurig for the night. We lunched right royally at the inn at Pont Erwyd. A real cyclists' lunch: a lovely, large loaf of home-baked bread, a slab of butter and a hunk of cheese, all washed down by endless cups of tea from a very large pot. Replete, we turned our backs on the distant sea, and made for the lane to Nant-y-Moch.

Of course, we had not heard of Nant-y-Moch then. This was the start of the mountain road to Machynlleth, which had been crying out for exploration for a very long time. As soon as we had left A.44 we were walking, for the little road (now a much wider highway) was not shy with its gradients as it skipped northward.

At roughly every mile a farm straggled across the road, and what a collection of Welsh names we gained in those first few miles: Nantycarrhedyn, Llernenddau, Nant-y-Moch and Nant-y-Llyn. It was at Nant-y-Moch where we met the postman, who was walking with a very sorry wreck of a bicycle. It was rideable though. Nant-y-Moch was the last inhabited farm in the valley then. All the others beyond this point were abandoned and in ruins. The old folk had gone; the young folk would not endure life in the lonely haunts beloved of their fathers.

It was just as well that we met the postman. He gave us accurate directions for keeping with the Machynlleth track. "If you miss it you'll get lost on Plynlimmon". On a misty Saturday at the end of October this was not a pleasant thought.

Fainc Ddu was the name of the black crag which crowned the skyline above our heads, and when we had passed it the ruined farm at Nant-y-Llyn was in sight. We were surprised and delighted to find three bridges here spanning the infant Rheidol and its tributaries where we had expected fords - and cold, wet, feet. At the third bridge we had to turn left before swinging once more to the northwards. This is where we risked being lost on Plynlimmon.

We had to shoulder the bicycles to the crest of a low ridge, from which we noticed the only mine workings on the route - old grey walls green with luxuriant ferns. Here we could ride along a descending path, to dismount only for the purpose of negotiating an extremely shaky footbridge. A second bridge, some distance farther on, was no good at all. Around it was a wealth of black, peaty slime, and we nurtured a slender hope that we could leap across this lot on to the solid ground beyond. I didn't make it, and went, ankle deep with both feet into the wretched stuff. Frank did the high jump from another point, and made it.

It wasn't far then to a waterfall, and the steep road - so sheer that we walked down! - leading into more civilised pastures. By a smithy we came into the old road from Llanidloes by way of Dylife, which reminded me of an adventure with Syd Jonas once, and so to Machynlleth. Dinas Mawddwy, where we had made arrangements to stay the night and meet Salty, was not so very far away.

On this trip we had hoped to find George Borrow's road to Pont Erwyd, but on reading Wild Wales again it was obvious that our mentor had taken a route west of ours. I hope to be able to explore it this summer.

F.E.M.

IN TANATLAND

Alan Littlemore writes to say that he and Marian spent some time recently at a farm at Penybongfawr, and offers the address to anyone interested. No doubt he recommends the house, bends, food and all.

This end of the Tanat Valley is a pleasant enough place, with plenty of scope for exploring. The Pistyll Rhaiadr, one of the finest waterfalls in Wales, is not far away, and just short of the falls you can take a track into the hills for Cader Berwyn. Another lane from Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant leads to Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, the crossing of the Berwyns used by Helen's Winding Way, shown on the maps in the Welsh as Ffordd Gam Elin, and a very ancient trackway indeed.

For a bit of quieter cycling a visit to the village of Pennant Melangell is rewarding. Melangell was a saint who lived here about the 6th century, at the same period that Wyddyn, the giant from Llanwddyn, the old village now submerged by Lake Vyrnwy. There is a story that they both worshipped at the "Old Church" that stood some miles away from Llanwddyn in the Cedig valley.

It is a pleasant trip over the mountain to Lake Vyrnwy from Tanatland. The "Old Church" is now an untidy heap of stones at the confluence of two mountain streams, and so unlike a worshipping place that the Ordnance Survey have removed the name from the new editions of the Inch Ordnance sheets. A great pity, this, because places of historical value tend to become lost and forgotten. While their name remains on the map they continue to live.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby,
Liverpool 11. (STANLEY 3285)

Vol. LXIII

JUNE 1968

No. 719

FIXTURES

June 1968

- 15 LLANARMON (The Raven) Tea.
- 22 TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 29 Nannerch (Lunch). PHOTOGRAPH RUN (Two Mills)

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COMMITTEE MEETING - Two Mills.
- 13 TREUDDYN (Lunch). VICARS CROSS & GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 20 NANNERCH (Lunch). HOLT (Tea)
- 27/28 MERSEY R.C. "24".

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West Derby, Liverpool 11.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL, CHES.

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 6th JULY 1968

COMMITTEE NOTESApplications for Membership:

William Thomas Page, 20 Kings Drive, Irby, Wirral. Proposed by J.M.France, seconded by K.S.N.Orum.

Thomas David Bassett, 49 Edinburgh Drive, Prenton, Birkenhead. Proposed by D.Bettaney, seconded by L.J.Hill.

Change of Address:

David Bennett, 14 Ystwyth Close, Pen Parcau, Aberystwyth.

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

This monthly and not unpleasant task is ours again until the Annual General Meeting in October, when, we fondly hope, some budding scribe might be found willing to take over the Editorship of this Circular. One's enthusiasm for the job wilts somewhat at the prospect of finding enough material to fill seven pages each month. Nearly three thousand words are required, and already we feel remiss at not helping K.W.B. down the years as often as we should have done.

We would appreciate snippets of news, letters, touring pieces, in fact anything connected with cycling and the Anfield, to make the Circular varied, bright, and readable. There is no worse prospect, both for an Editor and his readers, than for most of the journal to be churned out by one individual for month after month. In the hope that they might be appreciated, we will include a touring piece as often as we can.

F.E.M.

RACING NOTES

27th April:	<u>Tunstall Whlrs.25:</u>	J.Whelan 1.0.36
28th April:	<u>West Cheshire 30:</u>	J.Whelan 1.11.52 (Fastest)
		D.Bettaney 1.14.33
	<u>Manchester Univ.25:</u>	J.Moss 1.4.59
		K.Orum 1.7.09
		D.Jones 1.10.19
5th May:	<u>Doncaster Whlrs.25:</u>	J.Whelan 59.11
		D.Bettaney 1.2.47
	<u>Birkenhead Schoolboys 10:</u>	R.Hall 27.25

RACING NOTES - Contd.

12th May:	<u>Birkenhead N.E.M.T.T.:</u>	D.Bettaney 2.18.26 J.Moss 2.32.7 K.Orum 2.35.23
	<u>Westwood R.C.C. 25:</u>	J.Whelan 59.27 D.Jones 1.8.52
19th May:	<u>West Cheshire 50:</u>	J.Whelan 2.3.33 J.Moss 2.13.17 D.Bettaney D.N.F. (Punc.) K.Orum D.N.F.
	<u>G.H.S. Schoolboys 10:</u>	R.Hall 27.03
26th May	<u>Warrington R.C.1-2-0 Limit:</u>	J.Moss 1.4.26 K.Orum 1.5.43 D.Jones 1.8.46
25th May	<u>Kettering Friendly 25:</u>	J.Whelan 58.27
26th May	<u>Pennine C.C. 25:</u>	J.Whelan 1.0.8

IN MEMORIAM K.W. BARKER

These words are the saddest one has ever had to write. As all will have learned from the President's message last month, Ken Barker passed away on Thursday, 2nd May, and we deeply mourn the loss of a very good friend and one of the keenest Anfielders of modern times.

Ken came to us in the mid-1930's, although we had the advantage of his friendship for some years before this, and he quickly became a valued member. We appreciated his companionship, his way of telling a tale so delightfully, and, above all, his leisurely speed when riding. This was a delight indeed in the days when otherwise every mile brought out the "blood and toil, sweat and tears". To ride quietly then with Ken was a real and lasting joy.

After the war, when we settled down again to our different lives, Ken joined the Committee, to serve for twenty-two years as a wise counsellor and administrator of our fortunes. In 1949 Ken accepted the editor's monthly task, and during the past nineteen years this Circular has never fallen from the high level he conceived for it, and all will agree that seldom, if at all, has this Circular had a better editor. In recent years, too, Ken served as a Vice President of the Club.

Our deepest sympathy, and comfort in their sorrow, goes out to Jennie, David and Marion.

Among those present at the committal service were: S. del Banco, and Hill, Perkins, D.L. & D.D.Birchall, Preston, Connor, Marriott, Selkirk, J.R.France, Bettaney, Rogerson, Orum, Mills, Walls, Rock, Williams (Mersey Roads) and Hale (Liverpool Century).

F.E.M.

"K.W.B." - Bert Lloyd writes:

"I was terribly shocked to get your note regarding the passing of our old pal Ken Barker. He was one of the crowd I always looked forward to seeing even if only to exchange the Anfield brand of personal rudery and insults which we threw at each other. The last time I saw him was at my house in Chester when he was balancing a cup of tea and, in spite of my hospitality, was regaling the Missus with all my shortcomings! He was great company and he will be missed by all. I liked him a lot."

We are also grateful for notes of condolence received from Syd Jonas, Percy Williamson, Lawrie Pendlebury and Len Killip.

"K.W.B." - TWO MEMORIES

Ken was never a fast rider, and even in his more expansive moments would he have ever admitted an ability for speed, but we still hold vivid memories of what was surely the fastest piece of riding he ever accomplished.

The year was 1932, on an August evening at the finish of the "12". These were the days when leading men were followed out for their last few miles by other riders. Ken was asked to follow Dick Ryalls on a section of the course that ran gently down from Chester towards Frodsham. The wind was south-west and strong, Dick had ridden himself fit and was flying at a good deal faster than "evens" to get in as many miles as he could. And it was imperative that Ken should stay with him, to say stop at the appointed time.

We were returning into the wind, much more sedately, back towards Chester, and the memory is still vivid even now of Ken, "eyeballs out" clinging to Dick's rear wheel for dear life. He told us later, in his inimitable style, that he had never ridden a bicycle at this pace before, and also, we are certain, since.

In the halcyon days of the 1930's Ken was the only car driver in the younger set of Anfielders, and one Saturday we gave him a job to do. In those days the "24" started at Chester, and finished at Middlewich, and two members of the Wolverhampton Wheelers asked if we could possibly get their car to the finish. Ken, of course, was the man for the job.

It turned out that the car was a huge American Essex, and Ken never had such an exhilarating drive as this. The wretched thing had no brakes at all (these were the test-less days) and how he got

this juggernaut over to Middlewich was one of Ken's best stories.

F.E.M.

EASTER TOUR 1968

It was a bright, sunny day when John Thompson, Keith Orum, Dave Jones, Rob Hall and myself set off from Heswall for our first day on tour. We stopped at Two Mills for a quick cup of tea and then on to Bangor-on-Dee for lunch. No other members of the Club were here although it was a Club run.

After dinner we went via the lanes to Ellesmere, where we decided to go rowing on the lake. Leaving the bikes at the water's edge we rowed across the lake, John and Rob in one boat, trying to keep up with a three-man team in the other. There is a tale to be told about John and the lake, but the Editor would censor it if I wrote it down in black and white.

From Ellesmere we pushed on through more lanes to Shrewsbury Youth Hostel, where I had to find a bike shop for a gear cable.

Our aim for the second day was Stratford-on-Avon. This was the hardest day of the tour, with all of us shattered at some time or other, and Dave Jones refusing to work at the front until we pushed him up there and made him stay there.

We had some trouble with Rob Hall's chain ring, finding that out of five fixing bolts there were only two left. Three bolts were purchased from a cycle shop and fitted, and again we pushed on. Stratford-on-Avon is vastly overrated in my opinion, only an ordinary town, with one claim to fame - some chap called William Shakespeare.

The third day was our shortest so far, only 20 miles to ride to Stow-on-the-Wold, so we decided, at least Keith did, that we would row up the Avon, trying to beat the Anfield record of two hours to the top and back. We set off with four men rowing. Soon we found that it was not so easy as we thought, with John shouting in out, in out, to keep us together. After an hour Keith told us that the weir was just round the next bend. Rounding it we saw another bend, just round this one Keith said again, and this went on for half-an-hour until we reached the weir. Then turning round with the stream we got the big gears in, and finished the course in $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours and just outside the record.

The afternoon was spent quietly riding to Stow-on-the-Wold, which turned out to be a lovely little place with a large square and two pubs. All a man could ask for.

The fourth day was very hot, and we had to ride on main roads

for half the distance to Ludlow. About ten miles from Worcester Rob Hall's rear wheel started to lose spokes very quickly, so we were forced to stop, and John set about trying to take a large buckle out of it. This he managed to do so that it just cleared the frame, and we rode slowly into Worcester, where we spent some time up the tower of the cathedral, quite a climb up a narrow, spiral staircase.

We then pushed on slowly, due to the rear wheel, to Ludlow, where we decided that a rebuilt job would be needed on the wheel in the morning.

Our last day saw the first rain we had on the tour. John started to fix Rob's rear wheel at 9.30, and we got away by 11 o'clock. By the time we reached Shrewsbury we were completely soaked, and Keith, Dave, Rob and myself decided to get the train to Chester. John said he would ride on, and we parted at Shrewsbury.

We went to the station, and had to run to get the Chester train, which was just about to leave. Arriving in Chester the rain had stopped, and we rode home with the wind behind us, to end a good tour except for the last wet day.

JOHN MOSS

CLUB RUNS

27th April - Goostrey

Quite a nice day for riding and a general number of folk at Mrs. Bates, including Stan Bradley and son, Bob Poole and Mrs. Poole, Marian and Allan Littlemore. Other diners included the Manchester Wheelers, and some Cheshire Roaders.

28th April. Manchester Univ. "25" organised by David Barker. A.L.L. was the sole checker at the Round Tower at Sandiway.

4th May. Kelsall

A.L.L. and Marian but saw no one else.

11th May - Chester (T). Frank Perkins, Joe Dodd and A.L.L.

18th May. A.L.L. attended the Welsh R.R.A. quinquennial Dinner at Cardiff. (i.e. every 5 years). Quite a goodly number of past and present record breakers and officials dined at the Grand Hotel under the Presidency of Bryn Griffiths. Chester R.C. members D. Ackerley and Gil Berry were also present.

Bangor Is y Coed - 4th May 1968

I am a firm believer in taking full advantage of having Saturdays off, and I was away at a respectable hour. After a call at Bromborough, I headed to Two Mills for elevenses. With no other

member turning up I set forth for Chester, where I negotiated the back streets and took the road through Churton, Shocklach and Worthenbury. I reached Bangor for lunch having made fairly good progress against a stiff breeze. Afterwards I headed for Wrexham so far as Rhosnessney, where I turned right on the Holt road for roughly a mile, then left past the old airfield at Borrass to Marford and Rossett to have a look at the weir which is always wellworth a visit when there is plenty of water around. Now I turned for Kinnerton for a mile then left through to Shordley and Hope, then the main road to Mold. Here I took the road to Northop and down the 'B' road to Connahs Quay and Queensferry. Now I deviated for I do not like the main road to Two Mills. I turned left on the old road and carried on to the School where I turned right along a lane which took me under the By-pass and to the Chester Road about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile east of Sealand, and I turned right to go through Saughall to Two Mills where I met Blotto and a few more friends for tea.

Kelsall - 4th May 1968

No report but Allan Littlemore believed to be in attendance

Treuddyn - 11th May 1968

I was considerably later this morning having dallied on getting up and it was close on twelve when I reached Two Mills for elevenses, a quick coffee and I was away to Queensferry where left, then first right through Mancot to Hawarden then straight through Penyfford, and Pontblyddyn to Treuddyn where I privileged to find the head of the Saughall force in residence. I had a feeling that Alan intended going straight back but I stepped in, persuaded him to come back with me. Retracing for roughly $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, we forked right down through the Ffrith Valley to Cefn-y-Bedd where we turned left through Caergwrlle to Hope and then through the lanes to Kinnerton and Bretton. Here I took the main road to Saltney intending to have a look at how the footbridge was progressing. Apart from the approach on the Saltney side being incomplete the bridge was open, so we crossed to Cheshire side, possibly the first Anfielders to do so, the bridge on the site of the old Free Ferry provides a way across the Dee without having to go through either Chester or Queensferry. At Two Mills we met amongst others, Doddy on his way to Chester for the Tea Run where he teamed up with Frank Perkins (out training for the Annual pilgrimage to Shrewsbury) and Allan Littlemore.

Whitchurch - 18th May 1968

Cup Final day and not even the appearance of a local team could keep me in, although after hearing the forecast it took quite an amount of will-power to make the effort. I had a late start and decided to keep to the main road and arrived in Whitchurch shortly before 1.30 for a late lunch. Afterwards I headed west and after three miles took to the lanes to Bangor-on-Dee. Here I took the Gresford road for five miles before turning right for lunch and then left past the old airfield to Rossett. After a brief glimpse of the weir I turned for Kinnerton and Bretton with the intention of crossing the footbridge again on my way to Two Mills for tea. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Oscar and a couple of other friends before heading for home. Next morning I was up fairly early heading for Bickerstaffe to time the schoolboys 10.

Nannerch - 25th May 1968

In the office on Friday afternoon a colleague said with relish that tomorrow would be wet and windy, with this in mind I was agreeably surprised to find the roads dry when I awoke. Being an optimist I set forth and I had reached Bromborough when the wet weather which the prophet had foretold arrived, and from there to the Mills it was not too bad. When I reached that haven I was greeted with a remark that Blotto had gone to Nannerch and was an hour ahead of me on the road. With this knowledge I gritted my teeth, caped up, and set off in pursuit. Conditions if anything grew worse and on odd occasions the impression was given that these might improve, only for the rain to come down even heavier the next second. I was slightly wet when I arrived at Nannerch to find that Syd had been there 20 minutes and was still foodless. This was soon rectified and after a pleasant hour we concluded that it was going to be one of those days. Having a pet aversion to returning the same way, we made a slight detour via Pontblyddyn, this as it turned out was a mistake for as we were about half-a-mile out of Pontblyddyn the water ran right across the road. We reached it with a motorist and you know what followed! With no further misfortunes we continued to Two Mills to find Alf Howarth, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Keith Orum, Les Bennett and Allan Littlemore. Frank Marriott plus Stephen were late arrivals on bicycles - they had been waiting for the rain to desist, what a hope!

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Liverpool 11. (051 - 226.3285)

Vol. LXIII

JULY/AUGUST 1968

No. 720

FIXTURES

August 1968

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- 10 KELSALL (Windy Ridge) (Lunch). GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 17 NANNERCH (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- COMMITTEE MEETING - TWO MILLS
- 18 WHITCHURCH (Lunch)
- 24 HOLT (Tea)
- 31 TREUDDYN (Lunch) SOMERFORD (Tea)

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* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL, CHES.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 17th AUGUST 1968

TREASURY NOTES

We hope to resume the regular monthly inclusion of jottings from our Treasurer. For this month we are glad to welcome subscriptions from (in no particular order): Ned Haynes, Bob Poole, Jonathan Vickers, Cyril Selkirk, Phil Whitehead, Den Jones, Jimmy Long, John Gornall and Len Killip.

RACING RESULTS

- June 2: NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "25"
John Whelan 56.25 - CLUB RECORD. (The winning time was 54.21, and John was placed 20th!)
- June 8: MERSEY ROADS "TWO-UP" 25.
John Whelan and W.Morgan (B.N.E.) 1.0.7.
- June 9: EAST LIVERPOOL "50".
David Jones 2.23.1
- June 9: MERLIN R.C. "25"
John Whelan 58-25 (placed second)
- June 13: LARKHILL WHEELERS "25"
John Whelan 58-41
- June 16: INTER-CLUB "25"
D.Bettaney (3) 1.2.46 fastest
K.Orum (8) 1.5.26 handicap
J.Moss (6) 1.7.43
D.Bassett (7½) 1.8.32
D.Jones (11) 1.9.40
W.Page (7½) 1.12.42
- June 23 SOLIHULL C.C. INVITATION "25"
John Whelan 59-36

We also had a good turn-out for the Phoenix C.C."25" on June 30. We do not have the exact times, but John Moss, David Bettaney, Keith Orum, David Jones and new members Basset and Page acquitted themselves well. Orum and Basset both punctured.

From the foregoing it will be seen that John Whelan has had an energetic and most successful month, and also we are delighted to see David Bettaney, John Moss and Keith Orum riding so well. The two new-comers are also showing some promise.

ARTHUR SMITH

In a letter to the Editor, our good friend from the North Road Club extends his profound apologies to the Anfielder who gave Arthur

an unacknowledged salute in Welshpool on June 4th. "My mind was far away as I looked out of a snack bar window over coffee and biscuits, and a vaguely familiar figure passed by, waving so I thought, to someone else. When my wife asked 'who was the chap wearing the Anfield badge?' I realized my impoliteness - sorry sir!"

Incidentally, we have advance news that Arthur and Ida have acquired a new house at Broad Oak, a village between Welsh Newton and Pontrilas, and about eight miles from Monmouth. The move is expected to be in October, and we hope to print the full address in these pages at a later date.

"100" JOTTINGS

Overheard at the finish: Johnny Williams to Vin Schofield - "Do you remember hitting a barrow with your trike in Scotland Road in 1922?" No doubt Vin was surprised to be remembered even in this way, and we were equally delighted to have our old friend with us again after so many years away from Anfieldland.

The party at the Lion, consisted of the President and both Vices, Stan Wild, Mark Haslam, Percy Williamson, Rex and Edna Austin, Jim Cranshaw, Rigby and Mrs. Band. These parties are convivial and memories flow freely. We do not know why more members and friends do not join.

We regret to report that A.R.T. Clarke of the Eagle Road Club, London, was injured in a road accident. Details of the incident are not known to us as we write, but Clarke was taken by ambulance to Shrewsbury Hospital and detained there for one night. Ira Thomas reports that he met Clarke next day and put him on the London train. For which kind and thoughtful action we thank Ira very much.

Our sincere apologies to Frank Slemen for printing the name of last year's handicapper on this year's card.

OPEN "100" 1968

Our first task in reporting the 69th Anfield "100" is to thank Alf. Howarth, Len Hill, all the entrants and those members and friends who helped, for a really first class event. We did not quite achieve a full field, but 92 is near enough. Eighty-three riders started and 73 finished. Chief of the non-finishers was Mike Potts, No. 80 on the card, and a past and potential winner. Mike suffered two punctures in the early stages of the event and, therefore, very reluctantly had to withdraw.

The winner was A. Boden of the Oldbury and District Wheelers, who showed his superiority from the start. At the Hodnet turn (25.1 miles) he clocked 1.3; at the half-way point 2.2.38, and a superb finishing time of 4.10.49 produced course and event record. The previous day Boden had finished sixth in the Championship "25" and if this performance had affected his 100 showing, we can only wonder what his ride in our event would have been.

Ward of the Leicestershire R.C. came second with a 1.4 at the Hodnet check, 2.6.1 at the "50" point, and 4.13.3 at the finish. "Evergreen" Johnson of the Birkenhead North End, at present enjoying a second "comeback" and riding better than ever, rode his best "100" to date with a 1.5, 2.5.34 and 4.16.57. Matthews of our old friends the Altrincham Ravens filled 4th place with 1.5, 2.6.40 and 4.19.23.

Ward headed the Leicester team for first team medals with a time of 13.16.1, while Johnson led the Birkenhead North-enders to achieve the second team medals with a combined performance of 13.27.55.

The first handicap prize was won by G.W. Nicholl of the Birkenhead Victoria C.C. with a nett time of 4.1.17 and an allowance of 26 minutes. Second, J.F. Lewis of the Clifton C.C. with a nett time of 4.2.5 from 22 minutes. Third, N. Banyard of the Birkenhead N.E. with a performance of 4.30.20 from which the allowance of 26 minutes is to be deducted.

By all accounts the day was a good one for the event. The morning mists dispersed fairly quickly and the wind remained gentle until the later stages of the race when the breeze increased to what Cycling described as a "cruel zephyr, the wind that blew down from Hodnet to Battlefield Corner". This apparently hindered some of the later starters, but not all, for all the winners, except one, were listed on the second half of the card.

And now on to the 70th Anfield "100" for our 90th year!

INVITATION "100" - As seen from the Course Marshal's Car

We toured around the course in Alf. Howarth's car with the President and V.P. Hill. Vin Schofield followed with friend J. Spackman and Harry Duck as "put down" man. It was delightful to see so many friends and members on these Shropshire roads this Whitsun morning. If there were prizes for greatest distances covered to the event, surely they would go to Arthur Smith for bicycle, Alex (with bicycle) from Dundee by train, Rigby (with bicycle) and wife by car, Stan Wild from Bexhill, such is the

devotion to the Anfield.

We left Timekeeper Wild and his assistants Haslam, Brown, Dover, Littlemore at the start and proceeded to Wellington where we noticed John Thompson (soon to study at Prague for some months), Herbie Moore and Ernie Davies with respective families - all on their marks just after 5.0 a.m. Then to Hodnet to see James Cranshaw and John Farrington, Geoff Sharp, David Birchall, Brian Whitmarsh, John Whelan, David Jones and Arthur Birkby.

To Shawburch to have words with Bren Orrell and wife and Guy Pullan. The riders were now milling around. Alan Rogerson did not start because his wife had just presented him with a very rare gift, and the three are doing well (I nearly said four because Alan has just acquired a trike).

John Tooley (No.10) was leading the field, and out on his own after the 50-mile point. His fifth finishing position was worthy of him; it could have been higher but for a slowing-up in the final stages. Soon we saw Leslie Bennett, John France and son, Percy Williamson, and Mid-Shropshire friends at Shawbury.

The drinks at Edgebolton (twice) were well administered by North Shropshire Wheelers, and were in great demand on this dry morning. We then passed Littlemore and Mills with a watch between them to be used at the 50-mile point.

Ira Thomas and his friends appear to be rooted at Battlefield in much the same manner as Jack Duckers is at Wem, each year at this time. At Harmerhill we met our good friends who reciprocate our M.R.C. "24" effort at Nant Hall by marshalling and drinking free of charge. It was nice to be here to meet old friends: Commander Johnny Williams and son, Tommy Barlow and son, and Joe Davies from Chesterfield.

The sun was still shining, and the morning was warming nicely. The occasional mist was finished and the wind very gentle. In all a superb morning for both onlookers and riders as we met Alex Beaton and the Mid-Shropshire boys at the Harlescott turn. Hubert Buckley was at Rock Hall and at the finish, while Rigby Band and Bill Finn officiated at Shirelow. David Barker supervised the first check at Cross Houses and later assisted the timekeeper at the finish. The tele-communications arrangements were again excellent and our grateful thanks are once more due to friend Mitchell for his kindness in arranging this and providing the equipment.

In all a grand event, and we do appreciate the help so willingly given by our good friends, with particular mention of Jack Duckers with his host of boys and girls from the North Shropshire

Whealers and, too, the Mid-Shropshire boys who also turned out in force.

L.H.

P.S. We forgot to mention Jack Pitchford at Weeping Cross - sorry!

ISLE OF MAN CYCLING WEEK - June 15th to 22nd, 1968

Growing in popularity from year to year, this annual event attracted more than two thousand cyclists to the Island. Amongst these were two Anfielders - Past President Austin and very much Present Secretary and Treasurer Mills. The former took the opportunity to have a comparatively quiet week; but Jeff was hopping from place to place like a scalded hen and was probably the hardest worked official on the Island. In fact, one Isle of Man worthy was heard to ask him "Are you the only ruddy Timekeeper on the Island?"

The weather was the best for years - only one shower all week - but that at a time that caused the track meeting to be held over. Fortunately provision had been made for this and it was run off - almost in full - on the following evening.

Apart from the multitudinous cycling events - growing in number from year to year - the great attraction of the week is the concentration of cycling friends of all ages and doubtless it is this, more than anything else, that causes so many of us to attend year after year. There is an indefinable fascination about Isle of Man week that grips you - how good it would be to have Anfielders riding in some of the events next year.

R.J.A.

BRECON BEACONS RENDEZVOUS

(Editor's note: We are pleased to print this piece from Lawrie Pendlebury. In an enclosing letter to Ken, Lawrie tells of meeting Rigby on the Clydach mountain trail, "J.R.B." with a quart bottle of milk sticking out of his saddle bag, and two large loaves in his arms. This is the first time we have known that Rigby survives on bread and milk!)

Rigby Band and I had been cross-writing from the late autumn with a view to a week-end in the Brecon Beacons National Park, provisionally at Crickhowell Youth Hostel, but gremlins had snarled-up our efforts.

But the week-end after Easter we were able to bring a meeting

of realization. I, who live farther away to the west, had been out since Wednesday morning, Llandeilo for the night, into the National Park on Thursday with a night at Tyn-y-Cae Hostel. A long day in the Vale of Usk on Friday to finish up at Crickhowell. Saturday morning I spent in locating the village of Aber Clydach, from which village the steeply climbing lane soared up to 1,100 ft. to the hostel for Saturday evening's meeting with Rigby and Doug.

Most of Saturday afternoon was usefully spent in discovering byelanes in this area, then about 5.30 I walked the $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles to the Nantllanerch hostel. Very soon Rigby and Doug arrived, and I was very pleased to see them, it is only occasionally that we exiles from Anfieldland are able to meet together, so this was a very pleasant meeting.

We very quickly had the evening meal on the table, thanks mainly to Rigby's domesticity! We retired early, and were up betimes, breakfast and the usual hostel chores, Doug shining up many of the blackened pans. And the time came to part company, again, this of course after we had dived steeply downhill to Aber Clydach in the bright, misty sunlight, passed through Tal-y-bont and reached Llansantffraid on the Brecon-Abergavenny road. There the two tricyclists turned for Abergavenny, and I headed westwards. I was still about 85 miles from home, and, the week-end's object having been achieved, I decided to make for Freshwater by dusk. The weather and the wind were not in league with me, but I managed to reach Lamphey Church as 9.0 p.m. chimed out. Then I had but two uphill miles to reach my garden gate.

L.P.

TWO MILLS - 22nd June 1968

Having completed a week off the trike through being on the Island for Cycling Week, I was eager to get on it again. Home at one, I was awheel shortly after two and in Birkenhead by three. After a call in Bromborough I headed for the Eureka where I found Messrs. Whelan, David Jones, Moss, Orum, and Reeves in possession. It was not a pleasant afternoon, quite a change from the previous week.

PHOTOGRAPH RUN - 29th June 1968 - Two Mills

Deciding to make an early start I was in Birkenhead shortly after nine, and I made a quick call in Bromborough before heading for the Eureka and elevenses. That over, I carried on towards

Queensferry noting that the traffic was slow moving, and made a detour through Saughall and that along the lane which goes underneath the by-pass to Queensferry. It was chaos and I went through the lanes to Mancot, Hawarden and Ewloe. Here I decided to suffer for a short time before turning right at Alltami for Soughton and the Rhydymwyn road. Reaching this I kept to main highways for a bit and then took the lane to Rhosesmor and then over the top to Rhesycae and on to Nannerch.

The cafe was not quite full but this was soon rectified, and after a very good meal I headed for Mold, Pontblyddyn and Penyfford. Here I turned for Chester, then right again down through Shordley to Rossett. Along the main road to Pulford then left through Dodleston to Saltney to cross the Dee by the footbridge and so to the Mills.

David Birchall was the man behind the lenses and in front sat Sid del Banco, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Allan Littlemore, Jeff Mills, John Whelan, David Bettaney, Keith Orum, Bill Page, David Jones, John Moss and Geoff Sharp.

* * * * *

8th June: Goostrey. H.H.Duck, S.N. & P.D.Bradley

9th June: Ladies Championship 25. R.J.Austin & J.H.Mills

15th June: Llanarmon. A.Littlemore

Isle of Man Week: R.J.Austin & J.H.Mills. Note herewith.

23rd June: West Cheshire 100. S.del Banco, L.J.Hill and E.A.Rogerson

" C.T.C. 100. A.Littlemore

* * * * *

ODDS AND ENDS

Does anyone know of the present whereabouts of Ben Griffiths? Ben was at last year's "100" as helpful and genial as ever. He provided us then with a new address, but even now that is old, and correspondence is being returned. Jeff Mills would be grateful for any information.

Telephone Numbers - From our title page you will notice that Jeff's telephone code is now (051)-226-3285. We might also mention that your Editor's blower has been changed to (051)-625-7473 and Len Hill rejoices in his introduction to the S.T.D. system with (051)-342-3589. We should be grateful to have details of other changes to members' telephone numbers

When Vin Schofield was introduced to Eddie Haynes in Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide, he revealed that it was Eddie's father who introduced him to the Club all those years ago.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,
Liverpool 11. (051 - 226.3285)

Vol. LXIII

SEPTEMBER 1968

No. 721

FIXTURES

September 1968

- 7 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch). LLANARMON (The Raven)
Tea.
- 14 KELSALL (Windy Ridge) Lunch. GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 21 NANNERCH (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
Committee Meeting - Two Mills
- 28 TREUDDYN (Lunch). FIVE CROSSES, FRODSHAM (Tea)
- 29 WHITEWELL (Lunch)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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West Derby, Liverpool 11.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL, CHES.

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER 1968

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: J.R.Griffiths, The Parsonage, Broughton,
Nr.Chester.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. has been arranged for the 19th October 1968, at the Derby Arms, Halewood. Notices of motion must be in my hands by 29th September.

NEW MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome the following:-
WILLIAM THOMAS PAGE, 20 Kings Drive, Irby, Heswall, Wirral to full membership, and -
THOMAS DAVID BASSETT, 49 Edinburgh Drive, Prenton, Birkenhead, to junior membership.

J.H.MILLS,
Hon.Secretary.

* * * * *

RACING NOTES

13th July:	EAST LANCs. "25"	J.W.Moss	1.2.45	(personal best)
14th July:	SHEFFIELD SPORTS "25"	J.Whelan	57.43	
	MOLYNEAUX R.C."25"	J.W.Moss	1.6.6.	
		W.T.Page	1.8.3.	
		D.Bassett	1.8.25	
		D.Jones	1.8.51	
21st July:	BIRKENHEAD VICTORIA "25"	J.Whelan	58.45	Fastest
		D.Bettaney	1.1.44	
		J.W.Moss	1.6.16	
		W.T.Page	1.7.24	
		D.Bassett	1.8.34	
		D.Jones	1.9.15	

* * * * *

TREASURY NOTES

Only two brave souls this month, Ben Griffiths, whom your Treasurer spotted quite by accident, and Sid Carver. All we have had otherwise are promises, and when they are fulfilled the names will be emblazoned across the pages of a subsequent (and we hope not too subsequent) issue.

J.H.M.

POSTCODES

The first to reach us comes from Les Bennett, at 32 Church St., Connah's Quay, Flintshire. C H 5. 4 AG. Telephone: Connah's Quay 2746.

PERCY WILLIAMSON WRITES:

Re the note from Arthur Smith in the current Circular - I think Jim Cranshaw and I were the Anfielders seen in Welshpool on the Tuesday June 4, and we certainly felt no sense of unacknowledgment when we saw Arthur and Ida in the cafe from the opposite side of the street.

I went along to Chirbury after the "100" and Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw came in the evening to stay overnight at the Herbert Arms. I stayed on at Chirbury in company with a fellow Cheshire Roader until Sunday. One of our outings was to the Anchor, and the sight of my Anfield badge at that hotel brought from the host: "Mr. Finn stayed with us on Saturday night". Bill must have enjoyed himself and the Anchor enjoyed having him as a guest. It's a great place in which to enjoy a pint, especially if one journeys there as we did - the hard way. Regards to all.

RIGBY BAND TELLS OF -

A short tour he had in June with Laurie Pendlebury. The rendezvous was at the Pwll Deri Youth Hostel near Fishguard, and they stayed here a couple of nights, with the intervening day spent exploring the coast down to St. David's. "Next day to Freshwater East, where I enjoyed the hospitality of Laurie and Gwen in their delightful new home. On the Wednesday Laurie accompanied me part way to Carmarthen, where I took the train for Newport and home".

INCIDENTALLY

Laurie nearly had four Marriotts knocking on his door the other Friday. A free Friday and an impulse to see Pembrokeshire (or some of it) in a week-end. The weather was all right to Llangurig, where it started to rain. Devil's Bridge had a deluge, and it was even worse in Lampeter. A decision here was an absolute necessity. Straight on for Carmarthen and Pembroke, to chance finding digs in Laurie's village, or making for Fishguard to be more certain. In the end Fishguard won, and we had a delightful week-end. A high-light of Sunday afternoon was a trip on the old Rhayader coach road, a great pleasure indeed.

ANFIELD HUNDRED : SEVENTY

After a pleasant channel crossing in time-honoured steamer fashion I entrained for the seaside and took to the road well in advance of the noonday sun, as befits a zealous conspirator, bound for the famous marathon from Weeping Cross to T.P.21; a teller in the biblical count of three score and ten Anfield Hundreds. Thanks to the multifarious engenuity of an assiduous captain, I set out very well equipped, indeed. With unerring foresight, Allan provided an interesting cryptic type of map. A gosling could guess that the Lighthouse was the initial starter-clue, but being a green goose, I cockily chose a starting-point some five degrees south west of pharos. Rough-stuff sections between each cul-de-sac were smoothly negotiated, all the watering-holes were located and care was taken not to enter the submerged village in search of potent liquid. No marks lost before Bala; comfortable check point. In the mountains however, I gained Milltir Cerrig and lost marks for feet-down. On the way to Caer Union I came across the clan fufflin', Cymrie can be double-dutch to a gaeligeoir, above Llanfihangel Yng Nywynfa - precisely. I knew New Mills of old and Newtown. In Kerry I was home. And dry, until snugly Anchored in the lee of The Forest.

Allan may be interested to know that I found unmapped - Marrington in a dingly dell prior to timely arrival in Chirbury. Charming ladies, excellent lunch, fine cross-section of hard-bitten devotees of this Hundred-business. Herewith claim for another Anfield Run and full marks for "map" reading: to wit.

Thursday. I left Rhyl behind with a quizzical glance at the Waterworks. Rhuddlan was bypassed, to the chagrin of the chatelaine and the byway led to St.Asaph for an amateurish appraisal of the tiny cathedral. Then, across the Elwy for a prompt diversion down a delightful, twisty, undulating Denbighshire lane by Cefn Church. Only a duffer would jib at the portals of the 17th century Barrow Cafe. A new man pressed on, past the inn where Bontnewydd provides another uncontaminating crossing of Elwy H₂O. The secrets of Cefn Caves aroused no curiosity but the climb out of the charming vale afforded scenic views from B.5428 which led to Henllan and The Sportsman road at Groes, and the panoramic moorland wilderness well known to generations of Anfielders. The elongated Alwen trough of insipid tippie for Birkenhead glistened, flat and unpalatable in the sunshine. Traffic was negligible at this early stage of the holiday, the air was ozoniferous.

Pentre-foelas, down the Conwy and through the Ysbytty Ifan

preserve: happy Thursday trike-tripper! Come the dawn of another day and there will be "Chips with everything", solitude bereft, the silence shattered. Penmachno. Through the lovely Cwym to Carrog. Then, with sedate granddad pace, up The Old Road to Eidda Wells and the lofty County Boundary. Some of the gradients were eminently walkable. Such is the lure of highland ways despite dogmatic double-clanger experts and the finical users of the variable hub. I was nicely fixed at 61.75 inches; three-point road contact gives the acme of climbing ease permitting the brief pause and the breathing-space which takes the sting out of the pedalling stint.

Pont ar Afon Gam and B.4391 cleaving the Arenig gap. "...No light in the window, no welcome at the door..." There was singing in the throat of the gap: a Celtic lament, not maudlin but off key, and a tolerant salutation from the wry-smiling Welshman with a fund of mountainy lore. Wayside refreshment at Rhy-y-fen is a thing of the dim and distant past but proximity to the dried-up oasis begot a psychological thirst. A crawl-sick wayfarer will find, in Bart's erratum, a shocking deficiency of curative measures. Allan's map is exemplar, if cruel: it shows no pubs at all! Raucous jangling of the vocal chords will induce a dryness and although I was not famished, a week deoch an durrus would not have gone amiss at that stage. Then, lo and behold, right across my path, there was W A T E R ! "Water, water everywhere" as if an Arenig glacier had melted since my previous visit. What would the laconic Old Gent have said if faced by such inhospitable calamity in his day? One is penalised for inordinate attention to the vicissitudes of Cambrian liquor low and license to the exclusion of pre-ordained upheaval and inundation due to the clamant call by Merseysiders for more and more H₂O.

A goodly portion of the road and a section of the disused railway were spectacularly submerged four or five years ago; drowned too, was the village of Capel Celyn. "...Gone are the old folks, the children have wandered..." Impecuniosity will beget thrift but one ought to pay due heed to the sales-talk of the mapmaker. If it was not for the inevitable, excrescent, string of pylons one might concede that the man-made lake enhances the delectable scene. Anyway, nine furlongs are tacked-on to the dry but well-beloved old road to Bala. This visit recalls a crossing of the Berwyns, via Llandrillo and Nant Rhyd Wilym, by an Anfield party during the Tints Tour of 1926. The rough-stuff fellows were met at the West Arms by a "reception committee" which included a prospective - "the lad who was born to be" Anfield President: four times remove.

Out of Bala and up to the Milltir Cerrig against the onrushing Milk Race riders; Llangynog, Llanfyllin and The San at Llansantffraid. Llanfihangel and Llangadfan to Llanfaircaerinion. The Anchor Inn was my resting place for Saturday night so, I wandered on by New Mills, Newtown and Kerry to cross the Hill to the old inn at the head of the Clan valley. Sunday morning saw me in Bettwys-y-Crwyn, Shropshire's highest village, on my way to the Herbert Arms via Clun, Bishops Castle, Church Stoke and Marrington Dingle. Here is a sequestered and pleasing example of the half-timbered Elizabethan house.

After three and a half days of solo-riding, it was a pleasant change to mingle with kindred spirits and to enjoy another Chirbury lunch in convivial company. Tea at Ratlinghope automatically followed. Then the invigorating switchback swoop to Longden, debouching to Plealey and Pontesbury for Minsterley.

Monday. Wild and Haslam fondle well-oiled Kew A's, they measure time and count heads; able pushers-offers catapult eager athletes into the fray. Riders are astride machines only a few marks removed from the prototype produced by Daft Pate of glorious memory, all the bikes are fitted with articulated transmission conceived by da Vinci; Mills, Howarth and Littlemore, scorning computer aid, enforce an ancient time-trial system; del Banco abets. Verily, The Black Anfielders are not with-it!

In the dewy dawn, wide-awake vigilantes are deployed all over The Plain, the lanky one by the lych-gate peers down a comely village street; the portly one obscures a wayside fingerpost; the posse, licking chops, breaks from the rural inn to mount arbitrary guard on a complex crossways or dole-out sustenance, Williams M.R.C. is there; two prowling cars, Hill and Schofield i/c squads of hoary-headed yeomen, ready for emergency stations, the C in C reclining on soft cushions.

So, Springtime Salop hostings flourish and follow-on; Mercia is still the mecca for English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish wheelfolk; they come from London and Bristol, too!

BILL FINN.

R U N S

8th July

There is no report of any attendance at Bangor, but the Secretary doodled around the lovely Cheshire and Welsh lanes before returning to Two Mills for tea. The party here consisted of Blotto,

Len Hill, F.E.(Twiggy) Marriott, Frank Perkins, John Whelan, Alan Rogerson, David Bettaney, Les Bennett, Allen Littlemore and Eric Reeves. We had a Committee Meeting sitting outside in the sun, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Editorial note: Apparently Jeff mistook F.E.M. for Stephen. It is many, many years since Frank was slender enough to be regarded as a Twiggy!

13th July

A not very pleasant day, although the rain was limited to the period between elevenses and lunch, which probably accounts for the fact that only the foolhardy, in the guise of the Secretary, attended the lunch venue at Treuddyn. Conditions improved in the afternoon, but despite this Jeff, after taking in the Ffrith valley, had tea at Two Mills. No reports have been received of possible attendances at Vicars Cross or Goostrey.

20th July

Quite a change on the previous week, and on reaching the Eureka I was told that Syd had been and gone after a coffee. I followed. Traffic on the Queensferry road was more or less at a standstill, which called for a deviation through Saughall on to the Sealand road, and along to the Queensferry bypass. Queensferry itself was chaotic, and I quickly turned left on the Sandycroft road before taking the lanes for Hawarden and Ewloe.

Here I suffered the traffic for a couple of miles to Alltami, where I turned right and followed the lanes to the Denhigh road and on to Nannerch for lunch. Syd had only just arrived.

Afterwards I persuaded Syd against his better judgement to accompany me on the afternoon spin. We continued on the Denhigh road for a further three miles before turning for Caerwys and on to the St.Asaph road. Beyond Lloc we made for Pantasaph Brynford and Pentre Halkyn, and at this point we had to sprint along the main road to Northop to avoid causing a traffic hold-up. Then we dropped down to Connah's Quay, and from Queensferry use the quiet Saughall way for Two Mills and, eventually, home.

27th/28th July

The venue for this week-end was simply the Mersey Roads "24"

event, with members making their contribution to the successful running of this classic fixture. Members noted at the start were: Rex Austin, Keith Orum and Jeff Mills. Allan Littlemore officiated at the Alpraham check, with Marian a couple of miles down the road at the Boot and Slipper. Nant Hall provided the Annual Mad Hatter's Teaparty, and participating this year were Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Blotto, Les Bennett, Derek Byron, Geoff Sharp and Alan Rogerson.

Come Sunday, and on circuit Rex Austin and Jeff Mills were at their respective posts of peace and tranquility. Allen Littlemore had by this time moved to Hoofield road. Lastly, but by no means least, we were very glad indeed to welcome Sid Carver to Anfieldland for a few short days visit.

10th August

Having to visit Bury at the end of the week, I decided it was a good opportunity to put in a Club Run. Getting away from Bury after lunch on the Friday, I called on Percy Williamson, who would have joined me had he not been going on holiday.

Arriving at Whitewell in time for an early meal, I got in a couple of hours riding around Hammer and Ellesmere before bed time. Next morning I made for Kelsall through once familiar lanes via Bangor-on-Dee, Farndon, Harthill and Tattenhall, to be greeted by Syd del Banco at the Windy Ridge Cafe. Not relishing an aroma of frying chips, we waited for Jeff Mills and repaired to the Globe Inn for a ploughman's lunch and a pint.

Syd being by necessity on four wheels, returned to do some gardening chores, while Jeff accompanied me to Huxley and Beeston and Bickerton, where we parted. By four o'clock I was back at Whitewell to load the bike into the brake, and heading south to Gloucestershire after a pleasant visit to Anfieldland.

J.R.B.

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Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

Vol. LXIII

OCTOBER 1968

No. 722

FIXTURES

October 1968

19 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - Derby Arms, Halewood

26 FIVE CROSSES (Frodsham) Tea.

26/27 AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND - Sun Hotel, Llansantffraid.

November

2 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch. TWO MILLS - Tea.

4 COMMITTEE MEETING - Free Church House.

9 TREUDDYN. PARKGATE & GOOSTREY - Tea.

16 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)

23 LADIES' NIGHT - Derby Arms, Halewood.

30 NANERCH (Lunch) PARKGATE (Tea)

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Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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EDITOR: F. E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN.

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 16th NOVEMBER 1968

COMMITTEE NOTES

Several of our Honorary Members are a bit behind with their subscriptions. Could we have a little heart searching, please. It would gladden your treasurer's heart for a few outstanding pounds to roll in, and, also, save him the trouble of writing some expensive letters.

As will be seen from the fixture list, our Ladies' Night function is down for November 23rd. Please write or telephone Jeff Mills to say you intend coming. This is really necessary as we have to be "spot on" when ordering the food.

And, talking of food, the Birthday Run for next year has been arranged for March 1st. This is the 90th, and a very special occasion indeed. Eighty is about the limit the dining room at Halewood will take, and we want this full of Anfielders, old friends from every corner of the country. The Harry Austins and Jonas's from Leeds, the Waltons and the Carvers from Hull, the Killips from Middlesex - and so we could go on. Please make a note of the date and resolve NOW to visit Anfieldland again on March 1st next year. We are all looking forward to a very good "do".

Wedding Bells

We mention, with the greatest possible pleasure, the marriage of Geoff Sharp to Vivienne Hill on August 28th. John Farrington was best man, and assisted by David Birchall and John Thompson. We extend our very good wishes to the happy pair.

NORTHERN ROADS RECORD ATTEMPT - 18th August 1968

Being an N.R.R.A. attempt, naturally the Anfield were interested and also fairly well involved, although this was an attempt by a lady on the Birkenhead to Ludlow and back, and 12 hours bicycle records.

Irene Ward of the Macclesfield Wheelers had chosen to make the attempt and the following were in evidence. Rex Austin was the time-keeper, and started the rider from Vicars Cross at 6 a.m. Allan Littlemore acted as pusher off, and then took on the job of official observer, for a very large part of the journey. Hubert Buckley came along and also took on observation duties, at a later stage, as well as keeping his eye on things from the secretarial angle. During the attempt, Ira Thomas and Jack Pitchford handed up refreshments, whilst Jimmy Cranshaw made the journey from Stockport and was seen at Whitchurch, then along the course and also at the finish.

The conditions were very much against record breaking, some really hefty showers were experienced, both early and late in the day, but

Miss Ward plugged on doggedly and although she missed the Ludlow and back, she carried on non stop to run out time in the Chelford to Knutsford area, with a very creditable 211 miles approx. which under the weather conditions proved a grand example of pluck and stamina.

A.L.L.

C.T.C. TRIENNIAL "100" FOR VETERANS - 23rd June 1968

My local friend Jack Gee was so impressed by my praise of the previous event of this kind that he decided to take part also in the 1968 edition. So Saturday evening found us dashing down to the Midlands, in pouring rain, to seek shelter for the night with that 100% cycling family, Stan Bray and his charming wife.

I was highly honoured, for at supper time I sat on the same chair that Beryl Burton had occupied the previous evening!

Sunday dawned fine and sunny, and Jack and I cycled to the Solihull start, and on the way we rode with a veteran from the Speedwell although I missed his name.

At the start many old friends were in evidence and it was grand to meet young and old "vets" who could still pedal a lively pedal.

We were despatched in groups, and our leader was Richard Kemp a well known super tourist who had the previous day returned from a Yugo Slavian cycling trip, need I say he was sun tanned? The over-all leader was our old friend Bill Oakley, whilst the youngest rider was a very charming 46 year old Mrs. Thorp, a CTC official from Devon. Others riding were Lewis Morris, Eliot James, and many well known folk from all over the country, the total starters came to 70.

The day was blustery but fine and the lanes were chosen for obvious reasons, how the leader knew his way was marvellous, he only slipped up twice and then we had to do a "blind" to regain our group position. Welcome "eleveneses" were served at Bishops Tachbrook, a quiet little village some miles south of Warwick. Then we plugged on zig zagging into the wind and covered 52 miles by lunch time which was more than welcome and more than ample, at "Kings Head" at Fenny Compton, on the A.423.

In the afternoon we worked our way back via Kineton and Wellesbourne and eventually came to the tea venue at Great Alne, a fine cyclists' catering place in the old tradition. The evening was glorious and sunny and it was a case of ambling back to the finish at Catherine de Barnes, well inside schedule, however through me "popping over a gate for a quickie" I got dropped and rode the last few miles alone, then in company with another straggler, and you've

guessed it, went off course! But with a bit of astute map reading we regained the route, at the expense of a couple of extra miles, and clocked in, where more lavish refreshments were laid on.

Jack brought me home by car and we can both say that we thoroughly enjoyed this grand day of cycling at a leisurely pace through some of the finest lane routes in the south Midlands, in the company of congenial companions, thank you, C.T.C., for another grand show.

A.L.L.

Last month Bill Finn described his route from Liverpool to Shrewsbury for the "100". Now we learn he didn't make the event after all!

The Editor, Anfield Circular.

Frank, A merry session in the crowded Crown and Sceptre, mainly local lads rolling-out the Whitsun barrel, was followed by eight hours of sound sleep in that Minsterley pub. Missing the sixty-ninth Anfield 100 makes me feel younger now.

Monday, 10.30 a.m.: along to Jones; he had sweated around the old toilsome 100 triangles in his day and he provided the tranship wagon to Shrewsbury, thence by rail to Lime Street. Harlescott and Shirlowe saw me not, the social call at Harmer Hill was abandoned also.

I barged into the Williams household in the late evening to find John happy and helpful despite the long day and the ensuing ride back from Roden; he had the solution for my mechanical trouble and I was awheel again before noon the next day. "All friends around the Wrekin!"

With best wishes, Bill Finn.

FOUR-DAY FURLOUGH

Monday, 19th August 1968. For a flying start I took British Rail assistance to Shrewsbury, and on emerging from the station, set my wheels for Pontesbury and the Hope Valley. The rain which had persisted since leaving home was now fairly heavy necessitating caping up. Rain and gradient plus adverse wind made the 22 miles to Bishops Castle very much "on the collar" and this distance was covered in 3 hours 15 minutes flat! including a stop for beer (not flat).

Lunch was taken in Bishops Castle after which the hill to Clun was tackled. By this time the rain had eased and some views were seen. The afternoon was spent exploring some of the byeways beyond Newcastle-on-Clun before anchoring at the Anchor Inn for the night. Here I was made very welcome and after a very nice meal the evening session in pleasant company was much enjoyed.

Tuesday morning dawned fine and dry so over the hills to Felindre in the valley of the Teme, crossing B4355 into the hills once again,

before joining B4356 at Pound-alehouse (lovely name!). Through Llanbister to join the Newtown/Crossgates road and here left for a few miles and then right to Abbey Cwmhir; nice little village and pub for lunch.

A course was then set for Rhayader and the afternoon was spent traversing the Mountain Road to Devil's Bridge. An evening meal and B.& B. was found in Pontrhyd-y-groes a few miles south of Devil's Bridge.

Wednesday was again fine and dry and I rode back through Devil's Bridge to Pont-Erwyd. Here I took the Mountain Road through Nant-y-Moch to Tal-y-bont - a road I had never been over before. This road is a "must". Lunch here and then into the Maelstrom of holiday traffic through Machynlleth, Dolgellau to Bala where I docked for the night.

Thursday took me through all the "old familiar places" - Corwen by the back road, Llandegla and so home.

S. d B.

(The President's mention of the inn at Abbey Cwmhir brings back memories: the name is the Happy Union and the sign depicts a yokel with a leek in his hat sitting astride a goat. Your guess at the link between the name and the sign is as good as anyone's! On our visit it was strange to see Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway tapestry covering the benches in the bar. - ED.)

LLANARMON AND THE NANT RHYD WILYM - 7th/8th September 1968

Too early on Saturday morning for my Anti-Long-Distance-Clubrun-Defensive System to be in operation, the telephone voice announced itself: John Thompson here. Apparently I was the oracle who could reveal the whereabouts of the day's clubrun, but a frantic search for my Circular revealed it left at the office. The family's elder Anfielder thus had the satisfaction of being able to call out nonchalantly: "Bangor-on-Dee for lunch, Llanarmon for tea" (and with such knowledge he knocks up fewer clubruns than me). Unfitness underestimated momentarily, not only did I agree the Raven was within the capabilities of even us, for neither John nor myself having been further than Two Mills by bicycle this year, but I sealed my tragic fate by going all the way: "We can reach a Youth Hostel after the Raven". In other words inevitably we would stay at Cynwyd Hostel and do a Berwyn crossing on Sunday.

I needed a back wheel; John being even less fit than me (though he insisted on disputing the fact) could not oblige; and the tea drinking racing men were too well installed at the Eureka when

we arrived. For nothing would they consider the climb up to Llanarmon: they seem to spend their time drinking tea at Two Mills, having arrived on sprints and tubs before me; in fact I doubt they can cycle farther than the Eureka.

With no prospect of a back-wheel to the Raven we set off at 3.15 p.m., the traditional hour for leaving the Mills and arrived at Llanarmon late (also traditional). The bad name a minority of cyclists have got for all cyclists at the Raven, was brought home to us because the landlord now caters only by appointment. We were lucky and dined in the best Raven style despite our unheralded arrival and the apology of having "nothing in" which greeted us at first.

The ride to Cynwyd after leaving Llanarmon was splendid. Through the wispy evening haze the pearled sun cast an autumnal light. With not a breath of wind to disturb the still air in the cool hour before sunset, we sped along the climbing, plunging lane following the ridge of hills guarding the Vale in which lies Bryneglwys. We arrived at the A5 junction near Corwen and crossed it to Glan Alwen fords. This is a place not visited by me since childhood and for many years the fords were a playground for the compulsive dambuilder which burned within me. On this evening we shouldered our bikes and waded through the deep water of the Afon Alwen, taking great care on the slippery stones. We cycled along the track beyond, then through unexplored country lanes before crossing a many arched stone bridge spanning the Dee to the lights of Cynwyd.

The Nant Rhyd Wilym was the target of our expedition on the next morning once we had completed polishing the dining room tables before leaving the Hostel. The narrow road climbed up to the Berwyn the same way as ever: steep and unflinchingly direct. It served the worth-while function of pointing out sharply that not only should I explore the Vale of Edeyrnion more often but that I should do so by bike. When the track joins the lane from Rhyd-y-glasfais, a change becomes apparent: with crops and grazing cattle where a few years ago only heather and bracken covered the mountain; the rough rutted way is lost forever. The signs of the invasion in progress were all there with cattle grids, passing places and the first patches of tarmac, even at the foot of the old signpost where the drovers track from Llandrillo joins the Cynwyd route. The arms of the old signpost have both been removed. But all is not lost: Sunday motorists and coach trips to the top of the Wayfarer will have to wait because the Denbighshire side is worse than ever. On this particular day a land-rover had firmly stuck in the mud and we delighted in following the rescue tractor which hoped to perform the salvage operation. Sadly though, the summit of the Nant Rhyd Wilym is now attainable for

adventurous motorists: Wayfarer must turn in his grave. John remarked that there will always be the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd; the Wayfarer pilgrimage will be harder for cyclists, but just let motorists try an invasion of that lofty pass!

A quick and exhilarating rattle down to Llanarmon D.C. followed and, curiously, failed to produce any collapsed wheels, broken spokes, loose cranks or snapped saddlebag supports which once were a way of life on Berwyn crossings. We made the Craig Hotel, Pont Fadog in time for lunch, only to find it no longer caters - but before we left, as travellers, we were adequately refreshed. We found lunch at Chirk. I do not remember much of the remainder of the ride home apart from dim memories of valiently trying to turn off a sedate party of eight fellow cyclists near Overton, and a stop in Bangor-on-Dee for ice cream which was supposed to induce the effect of fortifying us for the last twenty miles to coffee and toast. So we reached Two Mills again, where we found the racing men drinking tea, having arrived on sprints and tubs before us. Although now I am convinced of their inability to cycle further than Two Mills, at least I appreciated why sitting around can be very pleasant, and especially so at the end of a weekend pass bashing in the Berwyns!

D.D.B.

TOWY TOURING

Some weeks ago the national dailies carried an item giving news of a reservoir to be formed in the Towy valley, work on which is to be commenced shortly. The dam is to be built a few miles above Cilycwm, a village some miles above Llandovery, and the point where one of the wildest trips in Wales starts, the traverse of the Upper Towy Valley and over the pass to Strata Florida and Pontrhydfendigaid. The tarred road comes again at the latter village, some twenty-odd miles after leaving Cilycwm.

The loneliness of this trip is unbelievable. You can travel for perhaps five hours - certainly four - and hardly see a soul. At first the river takes a different route from the "road", but the two soon come together again, never to part until the Towy becomes a tiny trickle, too small, almost, to bother about.

Years ago, when we first knew this valley of the Towy, there would be a lonely farm spaced at roughly intervals of every mile. These were lonely homes indeed. Once we camped at Fanog, and the bearded farmer told us of his walk to Abergwesyn by hill path every week to get his radio battery re-charged.

Fanog is in the Towy gorge, and, one hopes, beyond the limit of the

new reservoir. The farm, and the others near it, has been abandoned these many years. Young folk refuse now to live in these lonely fastnesses of the hills, where daily papers are rare indeed, and the postman on horseback comes only every other day.

One understands that in recent years the track through the valley has been improved to a degree, and certainly the bridges were in need of attention. Slippery logs, with the very doubtful help of a shaky handrail were the most one could expect across some of the torrents. We well remember Rigby Band, snarling with all the emphasis that he could command, that he wasn't going to cross that unprintable thing! He did though, in the end. There could be no point in hanging around the end of a primitive bridge waiting for some courage to blow up from somewhere.

Some distance above Fanog you come to the crossing of the famous cattle road from Tregaron, and farther on you reach the Towy fords, where the road crossed and recrossed the river until everyone's feet were really wet. After heavy rain these fords presented quite a problem, but in dry weather they were not at all difficult.

On the hillside not far away stands one of the loneliest farms in Wales, a place where, to our certain knowledge, several cyclists have called to ask for food because of not taking the precaution of carrying iron rations. Two miles beyond the Abbey at Strata Florida comes the village of Pontrhydfendigaid, and one is always glad to feel the comfort of a tarred road under the wheels once more.

Albert Preston, Rigby Band, and I have wonderful memories of Pontrhydfendigaid. Easter Sunday teatime, and we were ravenous. We knocked hopefully on the door of a baker's shop hoping to buy a loaf of bread, and, bless her, his good wife offered to make some tea for a very hungry trio of Anfielders. It was church time, too, but she didn't mind. The good lady opened a tin of salmon, produced several loaves neatly sliced and buttered, and a large pot of tea. We are not sure now whether this wonderful meal was served on the counter of the shop, or not, but it remains in memory as one of the most delightful ever.

F.E.M.

Several pieces have had to be left over until next month - sorry!
Ed.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,
Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

Vol. LXIV

NOVEMBER 1968

No. 723

FIXTURES

December 1968

- * 1 RUTHIN (Lunch). BANGOR-ON-DEE (Tea)
- 2 COMMITTEE MEETING - Free Church House.
- 7 KELSALL - Globe Inn (Lunch). TWO MILLS (Tea)
- * 8 NANNERCH
- 14 PONTBLYDDYN - New Inn (Lunch). PARKGATE -
Copper Kettle (Tea)
- * 15 WHITCHURCH
- 21 CHRISTMAS SLIDE SHOW AT TWO MILLS. Tea 4-4.30
Alternative - Tea at GOOSTREY.
- * 22 TWO MILLS at 10.30 a.m.
- 28 COFFEE MORNING at TWO MILLS.
- * 29 MACCLESFIELD - Lunch at Chinese Restaurant near
Town Hall.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-.
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent
to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN.

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 2nd DECEMBER 1968

COMMITTEE NOTES

Because of the change of host at Halewood, as mentioned elsewhere in this issue, we should like it to be known that it is NOT POSSIBLE to arrange the usual Boxing Day lunch at this venue this year, which kindly note.

We have in mind a more elaborate prize list for the "100" next year as part of our 90th Birthday celebrations. As we do not wish to stretch our resources more than is absolutely necessary, a few extra donations to the Prize Fund would be most welcome.

We are delighted to discern a trend of enthusiasm in the Club's activities this month. The Kelsall fixtures hold great promise, and for the Christmas Slide Show at Two Mills, on 21st December we are to have a pictorial survey of the Club's activities in the past year in glorious Kodachrome. Club runs, time trials, pass-storming - the lot, and very good it should be, too!

The runs noted by an asterisk on the fixture list are Sunday adventures with the "fast pack". Further information is available from John Whelan.

We have had a short note from Pat O'Leary, our member for Wrexham. He sounds quite chirpy, and sends his regards to all.

Change of Address:

D.W.Barker, Flat 3, 141 Lapwing Lane, Manchester M20 0US

TREASURY NOTES

Last month's hint to Honorary Members had excellent results, but, unfortunately, did not reach the members we had in mind. We should be most grateful for a little more heart-searching, as letters are so time-taking, and expensive from a postage point of view.

However, we do welcome the annual flood of subs. and donations from the good payers - bless them all:- W.J.Finn, J.H.Mills, J.Newton, W.G.Connor, Fred Churchill, J.Long, W.Henderson, A.Birkby, A.Telford, H.Buckley, R.Wilson, J.D.Cranshaw, J.M.France, F.Perkins, A.Gorman, H.Duck, D.L.Bennett, P.Williamson, R.J. & R.R.Austin, D.L. & D.D. Birchall, L.Pendlebury, J.R.Band and P.O'Leary.

J.H.M.

90th BIRTHDAY RUN - HALEWOOD - 1st MARCH

When writing last month of the forthcoming 90th Birthday Run at Halewood on 1st March we were not aware that any changes had taken place at the Derby Arms. Now we learn that Mr. & Mrs. Sharp, our very good friends and kind hosts for several years, have left the district, and Mr. & Mrs. Lee have taken their place.

The move has meant changes for us. While Mrs. Sharp was willing to cater for eighty meals on this great night, even if the walls did bulge a bit, Mrs. Lee has indicated that seventy is enough. This reduction will mean that seats for the dinner will be at a premium, and as this is the Anfield's 90th Birthday Run, obviously our members must have precedence.

However, at the time of writing we already have a sizeable list of friends anxious to be with us, so the Committee has decided that Anfielders have until December 31st in which to apply for places at the celebration board. After that it will be a free-for-all in the clamour for tickets, so the sooner Jeff Mills has your name, the better.

Might we add that we should love to see all those Anfielders who live in faraway places - just this once.

RACING RESULTS11th August - WEAVER VALLEY C.C. "125"

D. Bettaney 1.0.4 (6th) J.W. Moss 1.4.22 (40th)
K.S. Orum 1.4.26 (41st) E.A. Rogerson 1.16.35 (trike)

25th August - C.T.C. VETERANS' "100"

This event started from Mold as it was organised by Bert Bailey the well known tourist who acts as secretary of the Chester and N. Wales D.A. I rode out from home early morning, and arrived with a few minutes to spare, before being photographed and set on our way by the Chairman of the Local Council. There were 12 riders, all over 45 years of age, and we rode in two groups. The route was carefully planned and it took us around the outskirts of Wrexham down to Bangor-on-Dee, but we did not tarry here, our refreshments were laid on in the lane not far from the "Trotting Mare" at Knolton. Two cars were heavily loaded with food and drink, and we could eat our fill. Proceeding along the next section took us to Ellesmere, Tetchill, Felton, Woolston, Maesbrook, and so to Llany-mynech and eventually to the "Sun" Inn, at Llansantffraid. Here we enjoyed a well-earned lunch, with an odd drink to swill it down, but it wasn't long before the leader called us to the road again.

We struck across to Llandrinio, then a loop north which brought us back to Four Crosses, up to Llanymynech again and right and left via Morton to Babbinswood, where afternoon eats and drinks were laid on, by the motorised section. It was difficult to get moving, with all these eats and drinks being thrust at one, from time to time. However the rest of the way took us through a maze of lanes to Hindford, Dudleston, and eventually to Bangor-on-Dee, and our proper tea, which was ordered, was thoroughly enjoyed in the company of other cyclists. The evening trip took in, Bowling Bank, Holt, Rossett, Hope, and so to the finish in good time at Mold, with well over an hour to spare.

I got quite a mention in the Chester Chronicle - "Allan Littlemore had ridden 28 miles from Acton Bridge to Mold before the start of the marathon - and when the party arrived back in Mold, he had still plenty of miles left in him" --- There was quite a good photograph in the Northwich Chronicle, and it was all good publicity for cycling by "old codgers" who ought to know better.

A.L.L.

19th October - GOOSTREY

This was a bright day but far too blustery for comfort, and so after inviting the wife to come along, I eventually set off alone, as Marian considered it far too rough for easy cycling. So I bowled along and found a number of diners in the large room at Mrs. Bates, and amongst the ones I recognised were Stan Bradley and son Peter, they had come on solos this time, Bob Poole and his very charming "good lady" and Johnny Pardoe the well-known tricyclist graced our table with his presence. The chatter was pleasant as is the usual custom, with Bob Poole trying to go farther back than anyone else with his reminiscences.

A.L.L.

THE OTHER "AUTUMN TINTS" WEEK-END - 26th/27th October

I was too late to book for the "Sun" week-end, so I said to my wife.. "This is our wedding anniversary (21st), how would you like to celebrate it?" She replied, "I'd like to go over the top!"

So it came to pass that at 10.20 a.m. we were deposited outside Chirk railway station, with a clear sky overhead, and everything looking rosy, a quick second breakfast in the Old Smithy at Chirk - a good place too - fortified us for the pleasurable amble up the almost perfectly quiet Ceiriog Valley. The tints were extremely noticeable in their greens and browns, and the gurgling of the Ceiriog river made music as we pedalled along towards the mountains.

Llanarmon D.C. came easily enough and at 12.15 p.m., 100% agreement to "do it" was made. When I tell you that neither of us had traversed this pass before, you might well hardly believe such a statement, I could say as an Anfielder I was ashamed, that I had waited so long before tackling the "Wayfarer", especially as I am old enough to remember with pleasurable enjoyment W.M.Robinson, and his wonderful articles in the Cycling press of his day.

After about three miles of tarmac, the "road" fades away to become rough stones and then bog, grass, railway sleepers and just anything. But the scenery is superb and at least one is certain that no tankers, lorries or cars are likely to push one into the gutter. It was very soon that my socks and shoes were quite wet and muddy, but what did it matter, we could espy the summit, and we pushed on. Reaching the top, one must sign the visitors' book, and we noted Dave Birchall and John Thompson's remarks of a few weeks previously. In the shelter of the rocks we brewed up and enjoyed scintillating coffee, and sandwiches, in these idyllic surroundings at a height of almost 2,000 ft. a.s.l. The western descent as mentioned by David, is now "easier", as a fair amount of shaley chippings have been strewn around, these are not very nice to ride on, being so loose, so we descended with extreme care. Eventually we emerged just south of Cynywd, at about 4 o'clock.

We enjoyed a couple of miles of easier riding to Llandrillo, where Marian expressed a desire to go up the 4-mile valley of the Afon Ceidiog to the end of the surfaced road, and then surmount the grass track to the top of Milter Cerrig. I was worried about the darkness and the misty nature of the atmosphere, and explained that we simply had to get up the 2 mile "track" in one hour, or we may be in the dark. Very steep at first, the track eases as it rises, but becomes more grassy, boggy, soggy and bullrushy, this was "cycling" at its best, so we slogged on, our second "over the top" in one afternoon. Eventually we gained the summit, just inside the hour, and at 5.30 p.m. mounted our steeds to enjoy a perfect and almost traffic-free whiz down to Llangynog, and then a mile further to Mrs.Morgan's farm at Glanhafonuchaf a few minutes before lighting up time. We have visited this haven many times during the year and the welcome is always first class. I had intended to ride down to the "Sun" to see the boys, but who can resist comfort, food, warmth and the chatter of friendly voices after two wonderful "over the tops" in one day. For a man of 50 years plus, this was quite a feat, but for a lady of similar age, then I must say "well done".

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 19th October 1968

Halewood was not quite the same this sunny afternoon. We were disappointed to learn that Mr. & Mrs. Sharp had moved on, and that the new managers, Mr. & Mrs. Lee, were away on holiday. However, we had a good meal, although the favourable charges have disappeared with the old regime, and from an economy point of view we might have to move elsewhere for future annual meetings.

Those present were, in no particular order, Rex Austin, Frank Perkins, Syd del Banco, Len Hill, Frank Marriott, James Cranshaw, Stan Bradley, Percy Williamson, Guy Pullan, George Connor, Alan Gorman, Harry Duck, Harry and John Austin, Hubert Buckley, Alan Rogerson, Keith Orum, Bill Page, John Whelan, David Barker, John Moss, David Jones, David Birchall, John France, Jeff Mills, Les Bennett, Peter Jones and Allan Littlemore.

The tables cleared and the meeting was constituted. Jeff read the minutes of the last meeting, and then went on to give his report of the year's activities. For a minute or so those present stood in silence to the memory of Ken Barker, whose tragic passing last May cast a cloud over the whole year. Jeff reported enthusiasm in several sectors, time-trials, rough-stuff mountain crossings and impromptu Sunday runs by the younger lads. Yet the attendances for the Saturday afternoon official club run, once the solid plank in Anfield activity, diminish even more. Evidently the majority of our members do not desire to have their cycling on Saturdays. How times change.

Times change in the time-trialling world too. When once we had excellent 50-mile and 100-mile experts, now our young men confine their attention mostly to 25-mile events. But they do it well. John Whelan, our super-rider, has topped the prize list no fewer than seven open wins.

John, in his account of our time-trialling activity in 1968, detailed all the events in which our boys have ridden, and as these have already appeared in the Circular, there is no need to recount them again here.

Jeff, as Hon. Treasurer, produced a masterly statement of the Club's finances. The books have seldom been handled so efficiently in the long history of the Anfield. And, again to Jeff's credit, we finished the year with a little in hand.

The President and his two vices were again re-elected, and so was Jeff in his dual role. As Alfred Howarth could not continue as Event Secretary for the Open "100" we felt we were in a cleft stick until Keith Orum rose and offered to take the job. Everyone

was delighted to acknowledge this offer of assistance in running the Club from one of the younger set. The Racing Secretary's task for the current year has been accepted by John Moss, and Allan Littlemore once more is Captain. The appointment of Sub-Captains is suspended for the time being.

Frank Marriott is Editor of the Circular for a third spell. He mentioned that he hopes it will not be for long "as there has been too much 'F.M.' about this Club for too long". The new committee is composed as follows:-

D.W.Barker, J.L.Bennett, D.Bettaney, D.D.Birchall,
D.Jones, W.T.Page and John Whelan, in addition, of
course to officers already mentioned.

KELSALL - 2nd November 1968

This run has been described by one of the participants as the Gathering of the Ancients, but we should say that these men are not that old. To be "ancient" is to be ninety, and when we reach the total of four-score years and ten, we shall be delighted to refer to ourselves as "ancient", but until then, the answer is "NO!"

This run was a most enjoyable success so much so that a return visit has been arranged for December 10th, and it is quite unnecessary for us to state that all, whether young or old, will be very welcome.

The day, it will be remembered, was dreadful: as much cold rain as a north-easter could carry, a day which damped our worthy Secretary's ardour so much that he called a halt at Two Mills. And who could blame him?

The Kelsall-eers were chamateers: Jimmy Cranshaw, aided and abetted by Hubert Buckley, President del Banco, V.P. Len Hill, and last, but by no means least, John Leece, now out and about again after a very long spell in hospital with a broken leg. John was gardening the previous day and he can walk without sticks.

The meal was what is now pleasantly described as a Ploughman's Lunch, and although our worthies have probably never touched a plough in their lives, the food went down very well indeed.

A bowl of nice, thick, warming soup. And having "waded" through that, there was bread and butter and cheese in great hunks with lettuce and salad to provide the greenery. All, of course, washed down by a "pinta". We have it on good authority that Hubert was thrilled, and awaiting December 10th. So are we!

ODDS AND ENDS

Our Captain and his good lady enjoyed some wonderful cycling trips in the Isle of Man, during the month of September - we are promised an article about the attractions of "rough stuffing" in this delectable Island in the near future.

It is amusing to note that Allan decided to honour the President with a post card, whilst staying at Port Erin, and this was duly despatched, but little did Allan know that Syd was holidaying at the same time, at Port St. Mary, exactly one mile away! But never the twain did meet, well not then anyway, the next meet was at Two Mills some time later.

Len Hill writes to say that he will not be at Halewood on the occasion of our Ladies Evening, 'cos he will be in hospital, under observation. This will be Len's second spell in recent weeks. We hope all goes well with him. In a P.S. he says the price of the Ploughman's Lunch at Kelsall is 4/3d, and that the Globe is an excellent inn in every way.

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Vol.LXIV

DECEMBER 1968

No.724

FIXTURES

January 1969

- 4 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch. PARKGATE (Copper Grill) Tea
- * 5 RUTHIN Lunch.
- 6 Committee Meeting - Free Church House.
- 11 NANNERCH Lunch. TWO MILLS Tea.
- * 12 SHREWSBURY Lunch.
- 18 BANGOR-ON-DEE Lunch. TWO MILLS Tea.
- * 19 GLASFRYN Lunch.
- 25 NEW INN, PONTBLYDDYN Lunch. TWO MILLS & GOOSTREY
Tea.
- * 26 STONE Lunch.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent
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West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN.

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Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 6th JANUARY 1969

C H R I S T M A S G R E E T I N G S

May we extend to all, the age-old wish: A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Members who wish to join the fast pack's Sunday adventures are informed that these runs start from Two Mills at 9.0 a.m. One would imagine that a prompt arrival at the venue is requisite: trying to catch up with John Whelan and company on the road must be a formidable task indeed.

North Roader Arthur Smith, and good friend of us all, advises that his address is now: LEMS福德, BROAD OAK, HERTFORD. The village is some six miles north of Monmouth, with the grid reference SO A81212. We are sure that any Anfielder touring in this vicinity will receive a typical Smith welcome, but knowing Arthur's (and Ida's) wandering habits, it would be a good idea to telephone first: ST.WEONARDS 219.

Anfielders are once again reminded that DECEMBER 31st is the latest date for ticket applications for the Birthday Run on March 1st. As we mentioned in our last issue, from January 1st it will be a free-for-all, if indeed, there are any places left at all.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

In our last issue we had a fixture down for GOOSTREY on 21st December. Will all those who intended supporting this run please note that it has been cancelled, as Mrs.Bates will not be catering on this particular afternoon.

Changes of Address:

E.L.Killip, Woodside, Harewood Road, Chalfont St.Giles, Bucks.

A.Rogerson, 5 Meadow View Road, Adderbury, Banbury, Oxon.

"PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCHES"

As this issue closes for press, we must report a very successful run at Kelsall on December 7th. An account of this fixture will appear in our next issue, but in the meantime the Committee will be glad to know of any other hostelry in Anfieldland serving a "Ploughman's Lunch".

A MESSAGE FROM THE CAPTAIN

Once again I have been honoured by being elected to this office, without opposition, for which many thanks gentlemen. May I appeal

to you to do your best to partake of the Club's activities just a little more often. Let's bring those attendance figures to something like a representative average for a Club of this standing.

We appear to be catering for Sunday riders at the moment, and I trust that this will satisfy some of our members, but don't forget Saturday is quite a good day, to be out on the bike, providing you keep away from the vicinity of shopping centres or football matches.

I'm sorry that Saturday work has interfered with my own programme recently, but I am determined this will not do so in the year that lies ahead. Meeting your pals at the meal place is still one of the simplest but most enjoyable pleasures. Come on, see you there!

ALLAN.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON, CHORLEY. 10th November 1968

This pleasant function was held at the "Royal Oak" hotel at Chorley under the expert chairmanship of Ed Green, and was only attended by one Anfielder, our Captain. Amongst the 111 diners, were included Ossie Dover, Johnny Williams, also Hilda Dover, and many well known folk in the cycling world.

After the usual toasts, cross toasts and funny stories the many prizes were presented by that wonderful lady tricyclist, Joyce Blow, who covered over 370 miles on her trike in the Mersey "24". Joyce then was the recipient of a special award donated by Hilda Dover for this performance.

THEN came the great moment, when, unknown to Allan Littlemore, a presentation was made to him for the work he had done for the T.A. for a period of well over 30 years.

Ed Green handled this ceremony with the ability for which he is known, endeavouring to describe some of the steady progress that had been made since the year 1931. Amidst a standing ovation which lasted for some minutes, Allan accompanied by his wife Marian, walked slowly to the centre of the top table to receive, from the hands of the President, a wonderful gift which was a token of the appreciation shown by the members and friends for loyal service over a very long period of time.

Allan in his reply was not his usual self, but Marian made up with a few well chosen words of thanks to all concerned.

STRETFORD WHEELERS DINNER, GOOSTREY. 16th November 1968

This was a very enjoyable evening at Mrs. Bates's cafe at

Goostrey, under the Chairmanship of Tommy Fuller, a well known racing man and local administrator to the R.T.T.C.

We were represented by Rex Austin, who was accompanied by Mrs. Austin, and Allan Littlemore, with Marian, all of whom were invited guests! The main item was the presentation of the premier award to the 25 miles Champion, Ray Ward of the Oldbury Club, from the Midlands. The Stretford had organised the 25 miles championship for 1968, in June last and this was their rightful celebration.

Rex was one of the timekeepers, and spoke a few words during the proceedings, whilst Allan and Marian joined in the "fun and games" section all of which helped to amuse everyone concerned. Laurie Pendlebury's name was mentioned when a Mr. Pickering asked as to Laurie's whereabouts and the health of the said gentleman (?) our Captain supplied the answers and we hope that Laurie is quite well in his Pembrokeshire domicile.

THE AUTUMNAL TINTS SAGA NO.68 - October

It is a great delight to cycle through a grey autumn morning early enough to be alone at the start of the Club's Annual Foray, the Tints Tour. I had put aside many press reports blown up to monster proportions which threatened impending insurrection at the Capital so I could enjoy the weekend completely, but Anfielders with no thoughts of peace were making for the early morning rendezvous at the Eureka. They might have been unaware of the revolutionary fervour London expected but their plotting was equally dastardly and the fangs of anarchy were awaiting any victim who that night naively (or hopefully) sought to sleep in Llansantffraid.

My arrival at Two Mills found John Moss and Keith Orum deep in studying Barts $\frac{1}{2}$ inch map of North Wales and intently consulting the litter of O.S. maps that covered the table top. They enthused particularly about the predominantly brown parts near Corwen, and the multitude of contours the expedition would cross to follow the wavering dotted line representing the ancient highway Fford Gam Elin. We speculated on how the going would be and drank coffee to pass the time before late arrivals David Jones, John Whelan and David Bettaney made their entrances.

In Corwen a sprints and tubs shod racing machine revealed that Alan Rogerson had kept the arrangement to meet us for lunch at the best cafe in the town centre. "The best cafe" happened to be the only one and was far from adequate. While the last to arrive, Willy Page, repaired a puncture we adjourned for fortification to a tavern tucked in a corner of the town square before covering the

several miles of undulating country beyond Corwen to reach the ancient highway.

The remarkably steep climb is exhausting and relentless for three miles from where the track leaves the road in the Vale to the spur it traverses before winding into the head of Cwm Clochnant. With care you can ride in a vast arch around the end of the valley. By the time several springs and the last pitch up to the Blwch Maer Gwynedd had been negotiated the severity of the long trek had shattered us all, and here the party split: those with discretion chose the easy way down; we were abandoned to our fate.

Our route to Moel Sych climbed upwards to a cloud-topped hill where we discovered the wrecked aero-engine of a Cessna crashed in mist a month earlier. We followed the path past sheer precipices plunging into a cloud cauldron which seemed to be distilling with mist the black surface of Llyn Lluncaws. At one instant all shape of the land below could vanish and without warning materialise through thinner banks of cloud to present us with the route of our descent. We climbed below the cloud level and two hikers in anoraks and "plus 4's" greeted us.

They found our presence in such remote surroundings hardly credible and left convinced that the only reason for cycling over the Berwyn ridge was because no other place existed to escape the arch enemy motor car. We watched them climb and disappear into the cloud we had just left. Sliding, running and tumbling down sheer grassy slopes we directed our descent towards a ledge scratched along the valley side beyond Llyn Lluncaws. The slow struggle through deer grass and the strength sapping strain of keeping bike and limb together had left us exhausted and we found the refreshment of cycling fast down the track to Pistyll Rhaiadr exhilarating. The expedition melted with the lights of Llanrhaidr and the warmth of the firelit inglenook in the oak beamed bar of the Three Tuns Inn where we quaffed more tangible refreshment. We wrenched ourselves away into the cold night once we had regained enough courage to tackle the last aching miles to Llansantffraid and dinner.

The others had arrived at the Sun well before us and were laying the foundations of the evening. After dinner we, the youngsters retreated to the bar intending to sing away what energy remained, failed and made some resounding attempts to turn in much, much later that night. Meanwhile, Stan Wild entangled with Megan, Jeff Mills imparted treasured memories of autumnal scenery in the forrested Lledr Valley and the if-rumour-can-be-trusted training spin which landed Frank Perkins on top of the Bwlch-y-Groes must

surely have sparked off memories. I have no doubt that the evening was further spiced with contributions from the formidable trio of Rex Austin, Len Hill and the President to draw upon.

Quiet descended over the house very late and uneasily awaited the morning's cup of tea, the arrival of which was preceded by frantic wardrobe barricade demolition and a session tidying the debris of the feud. Alan Rogerson greeted the hostess none the worse for having spent part of the night imprisoned in the Linen Cupboard, although possibly he thought this was the lesser of two evils. But it was his own fault: he had been searching for boot polish. Long after hostilities ceased the occupant of the room was amazed to hear cries for help coming from within the cupboard.

So the party ran its course, grey skies and rain were our company after breakfast as we dispersed to the four points of the compass. Challenges of more rough stuff were fielded and Bangor-on-Dee was chased to lunch. By the day's end the 1968 Anfield's Autumnal Tints had collected the first embellishments necessary for its inevitable journey to the priceless store of local cycling folklore and our own fabulous annals which guard the epics behind our elders' tolerance of our high spirits.

D.D.B.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR - 25/26/27 October 1968

Jeff Mills and Frank Perkins had decided on an extra day, as a chance meeting near Two Mills proved. An exchange of plans regarding objects for the night revealed that Jeff was making for Arthur Birkby's cottage at Dolwyddelan, while Frank had Bala in mind.

The two continued together to Queensferry, where Frank headed for Hawarden, and Jeff the other way. Frank lunched at Tryddyn, having first noticed some really fine tints on the trees in Nant Robert, and then, sustained, he climbed the last mile to Rhydtalog before continuing on the well known miles to Corwen.

Memories tend to dim but it seemed that this road has been much improved in the intervening years. Came Corwen, a cup of tea and a scone, and then by way of Llandrillo to Bala, noting en route the autumn colourings on the riverside trees which were a real delight.

Bala was crowded with folk enjoying the fun of the fair, stalls lined each side of the main street, and were brilliantly lighted. This was the "Hiring and Firing" fair (so common in country districts in the past) and is held in Spring and Autumn.

All was well at Plas Teg, and after a restful night I was away at 9.30, casting a weather eye on the sky, but quite unable to forecast what it was going to do.

Friday had been dull and misty, but dry, and Saturday promised to be the same, but after turning at Llanwchllyn for the Bwlch-y-Groes road the sky cleared, the sun came out and this, coupled with a good road and relatively easy conditions brought me to the top of the Bwlch, with many a sideways glance at the mountains around and the Afon Twrch running below.

At the top the sun disappeared, and in the Dinas direction it was very gloomy. A quick drop to the Eunant turn, and although the sea beach conditions of the 20's have gone, it will need a lot of attention to bring it to the standard of the Bwlch road.

Easily down to the Vyrnwy fork, and along through the most varied tints to the bridge, and so by Llanwddyn and the Llanfyllin road to Fron Heulog farm for food. Afterwards another switchback road to Llanfyllin, and, with plenty of time to spare, watched a schoolboys' soccer match, and, later at Llanfechan, a senior game. Then on to the Sun to be the first arrival, to be joined by Jeff who had lunched in Bala and then came over the Milltir Gerig.

On arrival of some of the "Fast pack" it transpired that they had split up on the Llandrillo to Llanrhaiadr crossing, the super-rough stuffers doing Mael Lych, and an account of their adventures is included on another page of this issue.

Dinner was a jolly affair and afterwards all passed a pleasant evening, culminating in a terrific romp by the youngsters some time after midnight. The two V.P.'s listened to the revels behind a locked door before dropping off to sleep.

Sunday turned out wet, and your scribe was very grateful for a lift in the President's car, via Ellesmere, linking up with Len, and then to Bangor-on-Dee for lunch with the "Fast pack", who had eschewed such "over the top" plans as were mooted at breakfast.

Those out were:- S.del Banco, Rex Austin, Stan Wild, Jeff Mills, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Alan Rogerson, John Whelan, John Moss, Bill Page, Keith Orum, and all the Davids - Bassett, Bettaney, Birchall and Jones. F.P.

"FROM VENICE TO THE ENGADINE"

For more than twenty years now we have held our successful Ladies' Night function, and surely few have been more successful than the occasion on November 23rd, when Rex Austin gave us his illustrated talk describing a cycling holiday in the Dolomites, while Edna served as a very efficient lanternist. Rex is nothing

if not a perfectionist, and his performance and the photography were superb. The first glimpses of his Italian holiday were some wonderful shots of Venice and in those few minutes we were really carried away to the sunshine of the Adriatic and to one of the most interesting communities in Europe. Followed then some swift miles along the easy roads of the Po valley to the fantastic mountain shapes that are known to us all as the Dolomites. The superb mountain shots, the charming villages and the inviting roads in the valleys would surely have brought on a most severe attack of nostalgia had we known these Dolomites, but we do not, and so the evening was one of the more delightful occasions. All too soon Rex and his party (which included Stan Wild, leader of the expedition) reached the Engadine, and the railhead town of Chur, when it was time for him, and us, to make tracks for home.

Due to an unfortunate clashing of dates, Hubert Buckley and Sadie could not be with us, and we believe this was the case with Lily and Peter Rock too. Other notable absentees were Len Hill and his good lady. Len's excuse was a good one - confined to a hospital bed while the staff subjected him to endless "check-ups". And very nice too, says Len.

Those present were: Mr. & Mrs. Syd del Banco, Mr. & Mrs. R.J. Austin, Mr. & Mrs. James Cranshaw, Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. E.G. Pullan, Mr. & Mrs. Allan Littlemore and Mr. & Mrs. Stan Bradley and son. "Singletons" were your Editor, your Secretary-cum-Treasurer, Frank Perkins, Percy Williamson, Henry Duck, Alan Gorman and John France. Of our visitors we were, of course, particularly delighted to have Elsie Salt with us, looking, might we say, even younger than ever. Others were Mr. & Mrs. Johnny Williams, always regular supporters of our functions, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Pearson, Oscar Dover and Hilda, and finally, two friends from the Weaver Valley, whose names elude us. So sorry!

F.E.M.

PARKGATE - 30th November 1968

Our President writes that he and John Farrington drifted down to the roadstead on the Dee shore for tea. He reports that they were each other's company on this Saturday afternoon. A pleasant time was had, but with more it would have been merrier.

ODDS AND ENDS

John Parr made a flying visit from Tyneside recently to his home and managed to venture as far as Acton Bridge. In August John and Beryl had a touring holiday in Norway and when either can find the time we should appreciate an account of what was almost certainly a never-to-be forgotten holiday. (The qualification 'almost' is inserted because Norwegian weather can sometimes be very wet indeed, and too much rain can spoil a tour, even in Norway).