

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G.BUCKLEY & F.PERKINS

Captain: J.W.MOSS

Hon. Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879.

JANUARY 1974

No.769

FIXTURES

January 1974

- 12 KELSALL (Windy Ridge Cafe) Lunch.
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING (Oak Cottage)
- 19 FARNDON (Nag's Nead) Lunch.
- 26 NANNERCH (Cross Foxes) Lunch.

February

- 2 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch.
- 9 CLOTTON (The Bull's Head) Lunch.
- 16 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) Lunch.
- 14 COMMITTEE MEETING (Oak Cottage)
- 23 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch.

March

- 2 BIRTHDAY DINNER - Lunch, Farndon.
- 9 NANNERCH (Cross Foxes) Lunch.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and donations
should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D.BETTANEY, HONEY-
STONE COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT,
DEESIDE, CH6 5TH.

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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold,
Flintshire, CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 (STD code
0352)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 16th FEBRUARY 1974

A W O N D E R F U L N E W Y E A R T O A L LCOMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: Squadron Leader R.R.Austin
40 Walgrove Gardens, White Waltham,
Nr.Maidenhead, Berks.

A.R.Rogerson, "Millstone", 27 Milkins Lane,
Lower Darwen, Blackburn.

THE GEORGE STEPHENSON PRIZE

It has been decided to award the prize this year to Bill Barnes for his time trialling performances, and personality in the Club.

SOMETHING NEW

Some of the lads who are in hard training might be interested in joining David Barker in a sponsored ride (to finance the re-surfacing of Fallowfield Track). It is to be held on Sunday, 10th February, probably on a circuit based near Knutsford, 100 miles in all. Further "gen" from David at 31 Clarendon Road, Sale, Cheshire.

CLUB RUNS

For many years, until some two years ago, a record was kept of club run attendances. Now we have no record of who went where, but, by general request, the old practice will be resumed for 1974, and an Attendance Prize instituted. It will be incumbent on sub-captains to make a record each week, and those who claim a run for time trials etc. must make a specific request to the Captain. We would emphasize that it is the responsibility of the member to ensure that all his runs are credited to him.

R.T.T.C. HANDBOOKS

Orders to Bill Barnes, please - 31A, Ashlea Road, Pensby,
Wirral.

AN APPEAL

For a watch. We are wondering whether any of our more well-blessed members would be kind enough to subscribe towards a time-piece for time trials. The cost would be around £25.

SORRY!

We regret to record the passing of Frank Mundell, of the Cheshire Roads Club, who, as an Anfielder, won the first handicap prize in the Bath Road "100" in 1920. We are also sorry to record the passing of Charles Marshall, the stalwart Vegetarian C.C. member who put up some excellent performances in the 1930's.

BITS AND PIECES

MIKE TWIGG asks all riders who have beaten Club Records or Standards to let him have fully detailed claims by Saturday, 2nd February.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, but next March sees our 95th Birthday, and it will be celebrated, of course, at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester, on Saturday, 2nd March. Eric Vallender will be giving an illustrated lecture entitled A CYCLIST IN THE ALPS during the course of the evening. As yet we cannot fix a price for tickets, since the hotel have not yet set their tariffs for 1974. Gerry Robinson will be in charge of the arrangements, and he tells us that his daytime telephone number is Chester 602364. Also there will be a lunchtime run to Farndon, Nag's Head, this day.

MIKE HOLLAND gives more details of the Disco which we mentioned in our last issue. The date, will all please note, has been unavoidably changed to JANUARY 18, also a Friday. Tickets are priced at 50p. These will be available from Mike Holland on Saturday, Sunday or Wednesday evenings. Money with order if by post, or otherwise. When Mike cannot make the Saturday run, due to School cross-country matches, Bill Barnes will be able to supply tickets. To remind you, the venue is Old Wirralians Rugby Club, Thornton Common Road, Bebington, near Clatterbridge Hospital.

IMPORTANT NOTICE, FOR OUR LADY READERS PARTICULARLY. The run to the Nag's Head at Farndon on January 15 has been designated a Ladies Invitation Run. So, girls, roll up in your dozens!

CORRESPONDENCE

Ben Griffiths writes from 17 The Highway, Hawarden:

Dear Frank,

I spend so much time on club runs these days that the criticism of me not knowing the lanes around Halkyn is unjust.

I was born at Rhosesmor, to keen cycling parents. (They never owned a car). I spent my first 14 years at Rhosesmor and Northop. My first cycling memories are during the war gathering hips and haws down these very lanes, to take to school; of sitting on Moel Llys-y-coed and watching the searchlights and guns over Wirral. Add to this 25 years as a regular cyclist, first with the C.T.C. and Mersey Roads Club, and from 1951 the Anfield, you will understand why I claim to know these lanes well.

BENNO.

(Ben writes this because he was taken to task on the occasion of the run to Sarn Mill, Nannerch, on 8th September. But it must be said that David Birchall, who wrote the piece, did not at all indicate that Ben's knowledge of the lanes was faulty. David wanted to know why: "Ben Griffiths, of all people, who was the culprit - shattering the club run for the second Saturday in succession - by putting his head down, glueing it to the tarmac, and leading the cadets off along UNINTERESTING MAIN ROADS. WHY?" We are still wondering. Editor).

WEDDING DAY ADVENTURE

Taking advantage of Princess Anne's wedding, the Calday Grange Grammar School section of the Club decided to go for a steady ride along some unexplored Welsh lanes.

The route was discussed while refreshments were being disposed of at the Eureka. The other members fortunate enough to enjoy my navigating were Bill Barnes and Karl Nelson, as Neil France preferred to watch the wedding on television. Shame!

I am sorry to say that we were forced into taking the main road as far as Mold, but this was taken at a crisp pace in order to gain some time for the hills. We took to the lanes at Rhyd-y-goleu, heading towards Cilcain, which was reached at 11.45 a.m. At this point Karl was a bit out of breath, but his eyes lit up at the signpost: MOUNTAIN, and blamed his being pasted earlier on (a) a wobbly rear wheel, and (b) that Bill and I were on 64 fixed while he only had ten gears, none of which was the appropriate ratio.

We took the road as far as Plas Newydd until it dwindled into a rough but rideable track up and along the side of Moel Llys-y-coed. The view from the top was enjoyed by all. We descended very rapidly with only Bill taking a tumble, and soon reached Fron Haul. It was now about 1.0 p.m. and sandwiches were hurriedly eaten en route. We made our way through the lanes to Rhewl and bypassed Ruthin by heading for Efenechtyd. Here we had to suffer a mile of main road before crossing to Llanfair Dyffryn Clwyd and Pentre Coch.

We again left metalled roads for grassy tracks, and passed over Moel-y-Plas despite inches of mud and gorse bushes, into which Karl fell, but he claims it was the biggest. We reached Llanarmon-yn-Ial at 3.00 p.m. and decided to have a go at the Club hill climb on the way to Eryrys, where three pints of cold milk were rapidly consumed.

The usual route was taken back to the Eureka, and on arrival,

at 4.00 p.m. we were greeted by John France and Don Birchall. As the sky was getting darker we left, and made our way back to Heswall after a very enjoyable day's cycling.

MIKE HOLLAND.

NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER - 24th November 1973

My first North Road Dinner was a memorable occasion, thanks to the hospitality of Les Couzens and his good lady who provided accommodation for Arthur Smith and myself.

After the Loyal Toast we stood for the Silent Toast to North Roaders who had passed away during the year, especially remembered were the three members who lost their lives on the Easter Ride to York.

Cecil Paget proposed the toast of The Visitors, with some flattering words for the Anfield. Among the guests were Will Townsend of the R.T.T.C. and R.R.A. Dick Hulse of the Speedwell, and our old friend Horace Pryor. Alan Ray, the author of "Cycling, Land's End to John O' Groats" was the guest of honour, and he proposed the toast of the Club.

Then followed the presentation of awards by the Chairman, Bill Frankum, when the winner of the "24" was carried shoulder-high to the table. This year's winner was G.Bettis of the Bedfordshire R.C., with an event record of 491 miles. R.G.(Birig) Wilson of the Oxford City R.C. made an entertaining reply for the Visitors, and A.B.Kennedy replied for the Club.

So ended a happy evening during which I at last met many North Roaders who had, till then, been only names to me. Finally, Sam Webster of the Bath Road sent his regards to all remaining Owls in the Anfield.

To round off the week-end we attended the North London Fellowship Cyclists lunch at London Colney on Sunday. Over a hundred members turned out including such giants of the 20's as Jack Rossiter, Jack Lauterwasser and Alfie West.

Thank you, North Road and Les Couzens for a grand week-end.

J.R.BAND

THE AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEK-END - 20/21 October 1973

The tradition of strenuous pass-storming journeys is held in high regard in the history of Autumnal Tints week-ends. Justice was certainly done to tradition during this October week-end, with many

an "interesting" lane, track and mountain path followed to Llanymynech. Our journeys ranged far and wide across the roof of Merioneth. Between them the arch-adventurers tackled Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, Moel Sych, Nant Rhyd Wilym, Milltir Cerrig and the Hirnant Pass.

Others preferred more gentle travelling. But even here there was Stan Wild who braved the Horse Shoe Pass (without a roadworthy puncture repair outfit - for which neglect he paid by arriving very late at our destination). Alan Rogerson and (day-tripping) Allan Littlemore found long-forgotten tracks in the hills between the valleys of Ceiriog and Tanat, and beyond to Vyrnwy. Dave Barker crossed the Cheshire farmlands from Manchester before careering into the foothills of the Berwyns. When the travellers - delayed by a short cut - arrived in Llanymynech, dinner had already started. Among those who enquired why we were late were Len Hill, Percy Williamson, John France, Frank Perkins, Dave Bettaney, Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson.

Saturday had been the pass-stormers day, and their reward was the sight of range upon range of mountains stretching to the grey Irish Sea: the Arans, Cader Idris, the Arenigs and Rhinogs, the Snowdon Group and hills in mid-Wales beyond name. There were familiar landmarks, too - the Clwydians over which we had travelled that day, and, before us, the plains of Shropshire, rolling southwards to Wenlock Edge, The Wrekin and Long Mynd. But to tell Saturday's tale from the beginning, Des Ling describes the adventurers' journey:

Due to all the "pseudo-tourists" who were late arriving at the Eureka Cafe, it was 10 o'clock before we got away, on this, the first day of the club week-end. We had planned to eat lunch at Corwen, and to go there directly, as members of the party had disclosed intentions of climbing Moel Sych, which would require most of the afternoon. So the thirteen of us: Messrs. Nelson, France, Mason, Barnes, Holland, Eaton, Harrison, Whelan, Moss, Birchall, Orum, Colligan and I set out for Corwen via Hawarden, Treuddyn and Llandegla.

Despite a puncture in Mike's front tub, which took him 15 minutes to replace, we carried on, only to be stopped once more, when Phil Mason, who has great difficulty in moving forwards while engaging a lower gear, stopped while change down, causing Paul to come off. I feel sure that the language the latter uttered would fall under the eye of the censors, but he was not hurt and we

carried on to Hawarden, where Ben Griffiths joined the party. We continued to Corwen by way of the aforementioned route, with a few detours through the lanes to avoid the week-end traffic. John Moss had a puncture en route, but managed to replace his tub a little later than Mike.

Eggs and chips were consumed in Corwen whilst the party pondered on which route to take. The final decision was made by each member of the party when we reached the turn-off for Moel Sych on the "B" road from Corwen to Bala. There it appeared that Dave Eaton, Paul Harrison, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Keith Orum, Peter Colligan, Dave Birchall and I would climb Moel Sych, whilst the rest would carry on to Llanymynech by way of Lake Vyrnwy. However, Dave Eaton, Paul Harrison and Ben Griffiths wisely turned off to cross the "Wayfarer", whilst the five remaining carried on to Moel Sych.

For the five, the views became better as we climbed higher, and at one stage we could see across to where the "Wayferer" (Nant Rhyd Wylm) crosses the Berwyn ridge. It took nearly three hours to reach the summit, but it was well worth it for the fantastic views. From there we could see all the surrounding mountains rising up out of an ocean of mist, two most clearly visible being Snowdon and Cader Idris. After a short rest at the summit we descended the steep slope on the other side and reached the track at Tan-y-pistyll. With a tailwind it took only ten minutes to reach Llanrhadr, and we carried on to Llan-y-blodwel, after which we turned right on the road to Llansantffraid.

By then it was completely dark, and quite wild, so when Dave Birchall suggested a "short cut" as an alternative to the long detour through Llansantffraid, we all eagerly accepted his proposal. "Left!" he cried, and left we turned, only to grind to a halt. Brake blocks were clogged with mud. Dave's "short cut" had turned out to be one of those footpaths which periodically turn into a stream of mud. "It's only a mile", we thought, but the lane became progressively worse as we pushed on. The mud deepened, the brambles thickened, until we reached the point of no return. After forty minutes of struggling we finally reached the end.

From there it was only a few hundred yards to Llanymynech, but it was so late we only had time to remove our muddy shoes and socks before dinner, after which there was only enough time for a few (!) drinks before we went to bed to contemplate that that day we had been through Hell. Yes, Hell is a never-ending muddy lane.

But there, there in the distance is a faint glimmer of light. But it's only the flash of Karl Nelson's teeth as he grins and watches you struggle through the mud. It's enough to make anyone go to church!

On Sunday morning, Dave Birchall reports, faces were turned towards home, but none preferred the lowland route: all seemed eager to return across the mountains. At first we rode fast through the grey mists of a morning heavy with the threat of rain. Beyond Llanfyllin we rode up a climbing lane. We came to open moorland and the weather changed; a wind came from the west laden with fine drizzle, and it blew chill.

It was here that the party came to the highest point of the lane, and a halt. John Moss's machine had broken down, and we remained long at the roadside. Then, fearing John's plight to be beyond recovery, the party divided, one group staying to help, the other riding forward. The advance group were soon stumbling down a steep track between ancient trees. We came to a stone farmhouse, and beyond there stretched a smooth lane. With hills high above us now, we pedalled swiftly to the Tanat Valley, and Llangynog.

The journey which lay ahead followed the Milltir Cerrig. This pass runs high and deep into the Berwyns, the road springing north-west from the village at its foot, climbing steeply immediately. For strength, in Llangynog, the advance party downed shandies and hot pasties while awaiting the arrival of those delayed, and for the long climb to the top of the Milltir Cerrig we rode as a group.

It is well known that short cuts make long delays, and so at the summit again our paths took different directions. The roadmen in a hurry followed the tarmac towards Bala. The travellers took to the mountain and a short cut to Llandrillo. A broad, green riding track crossed the russet moorland and tumbled deep beyond a plantation of conifers. Though we covered fewer miles than the road men, when we arrived in Llandrillo only those "shot off the back" were there to greet us - the others it seemed had been proving a point, and were working up a sweat getting to Corwen before us.

Mid-afternoon's lunch at Corwen gave us few daylight hours to reach Wirral. Night fell an hour early this Sunday, and the afternoon colours deepened to darkness as we hurried to Llandegla for the descent to Queensferry. At Two Mills we rested, before turning homewards for the remaining miles to evening meals, hot baths - and sleep.

(One satisfying feature of this adventurous week-end is that

of the twenty-four present, twenty-one had their bicycles for transport. And the three who arrived by car had excellent reasons for so doing. Surely this must have been the most exciting week-end run for years, and we extend our sincere thanks to Des and Dave for their excellent writings. - Ed.)

BANGOR-ON-DEE - 10th November 1973

After morning coffee/tea at Twigg Towers, Mike, Gerry Robinson, Peter Colligan and I headed through Great Boughton to gain the road for Churton and the south. With a strong wind at our backs we made good progress, but the view of black clouds over the Welsh hills made us all rather sceptical of the weather for the rest of the day. However, after hurrying through the Wrexham Industrial Estate at 18 m.p.h. approx. it seemed that perhaps the rain would keep away.

After passing through Cross Lanes, where we saw Ruby (ex Smithy Cafe, Bangor) we threaded through various lanes. In Ellesmere we decided to stop at the little kiosk by the mere for a cup of tea. On stopping we realized how strong and cold the wind really was. The rest of the journey was uneventful except for the force 10 gale that we bravely battled against, and won. At the venue the following were already in situ: Len Hill, Keith Orum, Alan Rogerson, Bill Barnes, Frank Perkins, John Moss, John France and Neil. Ben Griffiths, Karl Nelson and Bill Grey and his small party.

After lengthy conversations with everybody present we headed back to Chester on the Wrexham side of the river. We arrived 1½ hours later, with the impression that our legs were still at Bangor-on-Dee.

PETER RICHMOND

HATCHMERE - 17th November 1973

As my cycling activities have of recent months been non-existent owing to a physical handicap now thankfully clearing up (my "pals" call it Doddering Old Age) my club run attendances have been practically nil.

On this pleasant Autumn day an urge, late this Saturday morning to try the new/old venue of the Forest Cafe, Hatchmere, came upon me. Many will remember this place in the delectable Delamere Forest as the venue for the once popular Annual Photo Run.

Having cajoled my ever-loving wife to transport me by car, we duly set forth on surprisingly quiet roads to the Forest, where we dismounted and had a gentle stroll through the glades which were splendid in their autumnal glory even so late in the year. Resuming, we soon turned into the car park and on entering the cafe the presence of so many Anfielders was a sight for sore eyes.

Although sitting at a table away from the main topics of conversation, we were left in no doubt that the affairs of the world had been put aright. Several old copies of the Circular containing photographs of Photo Runs of yesteryear were passed around, and they brought back memories of old friends now departed this life. The cadets of those years, many of whom are still members and in whose capable hands the fortunes of the Club are laid, grace the front row.

The service was somewhat slow, but as there appeared to be only a staff of two to cope with a total of 19 Anfielders and two guests, plus other customers, one cannot complain too much.

Those attending, in no particular order, were: Dave Barker with junior (a prospective member surely) John Moss, John Leece, John France, Neil France, Stan Bradley, Guy Pullan, Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, Peter Colligan, Peter Richmond, Gerry Robinson, Frank Perkins, Stan Wild, Ben Griffiths, Karl Nelson, Allan and Mrs. Littlemore, and Syd and Mrs. del Banco.

S de B.

ASHTON - 1st December 1973

December arrived bright and clear but accompanied by a severe frost, so we were loth to leave the comfort of Twigg Towers. Unfortunately, the supply of coffee and biscuits eventually ran out, and we could postpone our departure no further.

In places the lanes were still covered in frost and icy patches so, until our confidence returned, corners were treated with caution. The benefits of petrol shortage were soon apparent, few motorists were about and, for a change, speed was not uppermost in their minds, which added much to our enjoyment of the morning.

After passing through Hargrave and Tattenhall we began climbing to Burwardsley, which Peter Richmond informed us should be pronounced "Bozzley". The higher we climbed the more apparent it became that three weeks off the bicycle had affected Mike's legs and lungs, but salvation was at hand. Passing into the shade of a hill at Higher Burwardsley the drop in temperature was so marked

that we all dismounted and walked for a while to warm frozen hands and feet. As we walked we passed three cottages picturesquely named Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego. All that was missing was a village smithy to provide the fiery furnace.

This area provides some of the pleasantest scenery in Cheshire, but looking across to Liverpool the scenery was marred by industrial haze. Peter Colligan remarked that airline pilots don't need compasses when flying to Merseyside. Apparently the smoke is visible for many miles, and they merely point their planes towards it.

A mile or so of rough stuff followed. Rough was the correct word; after the frost the tracks through Pennsylvania Woods to Peckforton were like iron, and after a while they were replaced by sandstone cobbles, forcing us to dismount once more.

By now it was getting late, so we made a bee-line through Beeston and Tarporley to Ashton, where we found ourselves last to arrive. Already present were the President, accompanied by John France, Frank Perkins and John Leece. Navigators extraordinaire Dave Birchall and John Moss with the junior members, namely Dave Eaton, Neil France, Karl Nelson, Mike Holland and Bill Barnes. Ben Griffiths was also present, apparently John Moss brings him along hoping that his mere presence will banish any thoughts of rapid riding from the juniors' minds.

After lunch and setting Britain's political and economic problems to rights, we refused Mossy's request that we accompany him via muddy tracks to the Eureka, preferring instead to head straight to Chester, and watch the Lions and Kangaroos brawling inside Mike's television. If that's what rugby league is about, I'm sticking to cycling.

GERRY ROBINSON

ASHTON - 1st December 1973

The ride started when Dave Eaton called at my house and we set off for the Glegg Arms, where we met Bill Barnes, Karl Nelson and Mike Holland. We stopped at Two Mills for the traditional "cuppa" and also to discuss the route we were going to take. It was decided that whoever took the lead should navigate. The route taken was to Chorlton, Mollington (where incidentally the canal was frozen, it was so cold!) and Picton Gorse. At this point the bunch split up due to a misunderstanding and Mike, Bill and Dave went straight on at the junction, while Karl and myself turned

right and headed towards Tarvin and finally Ashton.

On arrival, Mike, Bill and Dave were already there (obviously having taken a shorter route), along with the Chester section consisting of Gerry Robinson, Pete Richmond, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan. Ben Griffiths, John Moss and Dave Birchall were also there with the President's party.

After dinner Dave Eaton, Bill, Mike, Ben, John, Dave Birchall, Karl Nelson and myself made our way through the lanes to Stoak, where we turned off the road and took to a track, or, rather, to the mud! Ben decided that he didn't want his recently enamelled frame dirty, and so carried on along the roads.

The track deteriorated from bad to worse, and in trudging through the partially frozen mud Karl lost his shoe, to the amusement of everybody else. The track took its toll of equipment, for at the end John's gears had fallen to bits and Dave Eaton's chain-wheel, which should have five bolts attaching it to the crank only had two! The track had brought us to Little Stanney, and from there we took to the roads, and arrived at Two Mills very dirty, but happy after our adventurous ride.

NEIL FRANCE

(We make no apology for including two accounts of the adventures of Ashton Day, December First. We are delighted to do so, if only to convey something of the spirit of enthusiasm which is flowing so freely through the Club at the present time. - Ed.)

ALLOSTOCK, DROVERS ARMS - 8th December 1973

Arising from a suggestion I made at the A.G.M., which appeared a damp squib until Stan Bradley followed up with a spirited suggestion that some Manchester men should meet at the Drovers in view of the petrol scarcity. The result was two-two. That is, by the aid of petrol two, and self propulsion two. One of the latter was ably assisted by his wife on the back seat of the nicest tandem tricycle I have ever seen, and very light, too.

The Drovers Arms is nicely placed on what is, now, a quiet road, Knutsford to Holmes Chapel. The M6 worked this miracle some years ago. We should like to repeat this visit when it is out of the question of getting to those Dee valley runs, delightful as they are. Please make a note that one or other of us will be at the Drovers Arms for Saturday lunch from now on. Come and join us.

JAMES CRANSHAW

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Captain: J.W.MOSS

Hon.Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879.

MARCH 1974

No.770

FIXTURES

March 1974

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- 21 COMMITTEE MEETING (Oak Cottage)
- 23 CLOTTON (Bull's Head) Lunch
- 30 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) Lunch
- LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch

April

- 6 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 13 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch
- OLLERTON (Dun Cow) Lunch
- 18 COMMITTEE MEETING (Oak Cottage)
- 20 NANNERCH (Cross Foxes) Lunch
- 27 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

May 4 KELSALL (Windy Ridge Cafe and Globe) Lunch

" 11 CHIRK (Old Smithy Cafe) Lunch

(For an open 10-mile trial in the Ceiriog Valley
in the afternoon).

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and donations should
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COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 30th MARCH 1974

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for membership: Adrian John Walls,
54 Overlea Drive, Hawarden, Deeside, CH5 3HS. Proposed by
L.J.Hill, Seconded by D.L.Birchall.

EASTER ACTIVITIES

Two tours are being arranged: Keith Orum is in charge of one,
and John Thompson the other. Please contact these gentlemen if
you are interested.

THE WATCH

In our last issue we mentioned that we were in the market for
a watch so that we should be independent of others in our sporting
activities. Our plea did not go unheeded, but there was not
exactly a mad rush to contribute. However, one member, who wishes
to remain anonymous, offered to contribute the figure we mentioned.
And there were a few others. So, to be completely independent, we
have purchased TWO watches. The first for £27-75, and another for
£15-00. Please could we see a few more donations to completely
cover the cost. And also, mentioning money, the annual fund to
cover the deficit we incur in running the "100" is now open.
Thank you very much!

WILL TOWNSEND

We wish to extend our sincerest felicitations to Will Townsend
who has been awarded the Bidlake Memorial Plaque for 1973.

HELP WANTED

for the West Cheshire event on 7th April. Please contact
Keith Orum at 051-342-3879.

MERSEY ROADS DINNER

At the invitation of G.E.Jones, Keith Orum and David Jones
attended this function at the Mons Hotel, on the Southport road.
It was a tremendous success.

ONCE UPON A TIME.....

We had a large replica of the Club badge which we displayed
outside the Glab Aber at Betws-y-coed, and was last remembered at
the Fiftieth Dinner at the Stork Hotel, Liverpool in 1939. Does
anyone know where the relic is now?

CLUB DISCOTHEQUE

The number of members and friends who attended this function was seventy, and from comments received I gather that a good time was enjoyed by all, young, and not quite so young, alike.

The sound of the disco was good, and mixed with plenty of drinks, at low prices, the dance floor was full. To add to the excitement, spot prizes were supplied by John Moss, who proved to be a winner himself by making a loud noise over the microphone. Quality as well as quantity must go to describe the ladies present: these sentiments were echoed by many notable members.

The bar closed at 11.00 p.m., but many were still dancing at 12.30, thanks to the D.J. I should like to thank Geoff Sharp and Bill Barnes, and others who helped to sell the tickets, and also Len Hill for his assistance.

MIKE HOLLAND

AGONY COLUMN

A few miles west of Birkenhead a new road has been built to leave the age-old village of Bidston in peace. It has only recently been opened, and one fine afternoon Frank Perkins thought he would see what the new highway was like. He still doesn't know. Because hardly had he set his wheels on its pristine surfacing before a couple of man-sized dogs threw him into the middle of the carriageway. He managed to walk home, but since then he has been strapped-up no end, and only now, as we write this, has the last bandage been removed. He should be back in circulation soon.

NEWS COMES

from the Isle of Man that Geoff Lockett is in Barrowmore Hospital. We understand that after being home for a period he is once more back in dock. We would send our best wishes to our old friend.

GERRY ROBINSON

and Margaret met Eddie Haynes recently at the Mid-Shropshire Dinner. Eddie asks to be remembered to all who remember him. He paid his sub. too. Nice work!

THE 98TH DINNER OF THE SPEEDWELL B.C.

This was again a most enjoyable and well-attended Dinner, about 130 present I should guess, with the President, Richard Hulse, in the Chair. After an excellent meal of soup, roast turkey, Coup

Jaques, biscuits and cheese, etc., the first speech of the evening came from Jack Pearsall, who very ably proposed the Toast to the Ladies and Visitors. The reply came from Jack Clements, President of the Beacon R.C.

After an interval of about 20 minutes, during which we were at liberty to wander around and chat with old friends, the Toast to the Club was given by Cyril Neale, who has been President of the Wessex R.C. for 25 years, and for most of that time he has organised their Open 24-hour, as well as many other events. Cyril and his wife, together with Arthur Moss and his wife, had driven up from the South Coast and Cyril remarked that whilst he had no difficulty about getting into Birmingham, he doubted if he could ever find his way out again! The response came from Percy Wooders, who was one of several who stood up for the cross-toast of those who had been members of the Speedwell for fifty years or more.

Another interval followed, whilst we moved into an adjoining room for the remainder of the evening. The prize presentation was ably organised by the Acting Secretary, Roy Male, as due to illness, John Matthews was unable to be present. The Club Champion, Phil O'Hara, took most of the "pots", not surprisingly, as he broke every Club Record from 25-miles to 12-hours, covering 253 miles in his first twelve hour. (During the Dinner he also had to respond to a cross-toast of "the man who was screwed down at 12 hours by a mere slip of a girl!" The "mere slip of a girl" was June Pitchford). The 24-hour trophy was taken by popular Les Lowe, for his 2nd place in the North Road 24-hour event. The Sid Capener Memorial Shield for the Junior Champion went to David Bunce, and the Macdonald Memorial Trophy for the Open 100 to Brian Hessian. Both he and Phil O'Hara said a few words on behalf of the Prize-winners.

Finally, the President's health was proposed by a former President, Jack Adams, in a pleasantly witty speech, and Richard was equally witty with his reply. My thanks to the Speedwell for another very good evening.

FRANK E. FISCHER

NATIONAL CYCLO-CROSS CHAMPIONSHIPS

These were held at Sefton Park, Liverpool on January 26.

In recent years, Merseyside has produced such a disproportionate number of road and track racing stars that it is sometimes referred to as Britain's cycling centre. By contrast, there has been very little interest in Cyclo-Cross in the area, and only one or two events have been organized each season. With a view to changing this situation, the British-Cyclo-Cross Association held

its 1974 National Championships in the city.

On the day everything, except for the weather, was organized perfectly. The last Saturday of January saw the infrequent combination of high winds and rain. Yet, in spite of this, I do not think a single spectator could have been disappointed. Over 90 starters, including professionals, amateurs and juniors, rode, ran and leapt for their respective titles. The circuit of over one and half miles wound in and out of a small area of the park so that it was possible to follow the riders nearly all the way round.

In my opinion every finisher in completing stream crossings, descents and log jumps showed strength, skill and courage. Keith Mernickle was badly grazed after coming off on gravel, but immediately he got back on his machine. One wonders how much 'injury time' would be incurred if a professional footballer was to make such a landing.

By the time this piece is in print, the Cyclo-Cross World Championships will be over. I hope by then our new 19-year old champion (amateur), Jeff Morris, who finished ahead of the first pro. Atkins, will have won greater honours on Spanish soil, or mud.

The Anfield contingent at Sefton Park were John and Wendy Moss, Peter Colligan, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson and John Thompson. Neil France and Bill Barnes made a ride of it by using Runcorn Bridge to dodge the Mersey Ferry.

It should be noted here that on January 14 the Committee agreed that the Club should affiliate to the B.C.C.A. Now any club member can join the mud men. No licence is needed. Orders for handbooks to me in August.

JOHN THOMPSON

(P.S. According to the Daily Telegraph, Atkins had eased in the final hundred yards, raising his arms aloft in acknowledgment of the crowd's ovation, and Morris, closing a 16-sec. gap on the final lap, cheekily plunged past! - ED.)

A THREE-DAY PRE-CHRISTMAS TOUR

After much talk of possible snow storms and head winds, Bill Barnes and I set off on a good, mile-eating tour. It was December 19, moderate weather, and with the thought of training miles for the coming season firmly in our minds, we made an early start from Heswall, heading towards Llanbedr, near Harlech. We were taking no chances with our survival at risk, so the saddle bags were literally bulging with food and spare tubulars.

We made good time through Mold, and reached Ruthin by noon for

a quick fish and chips before the hardest stretch of the day. This consisted of a 12-mile struggle into a howling headwind with 'bonks' as well, towards Cerrig-y-Druidon. In these conditions 62-fixed is a large gear. John Thompson talks of getting his teeth into a nice 118-ins. gear - on a trike! At Cerrig we took a rest as we sipped hot coffee, and injected sandwiches into our mouths.

About two p.m. we headed for Pentrefoelas, and took a left turn to follow the River Conway towards Ffestiniog. A fierce wind (head) and heavy rain gave us food for thought as we crossed the moors. We were glad to see flat land again after Ffestiniog, and flew towards the coast at about 23 m.p.h. As we neared Harlech it suddenly became dark, so we were glad when we reached Llanbedr Youth Hostel at 5.05 p.m. Plenty of good food, no beer, a look at "Cycling" and an early night gave us confidence for the next day's ride.

The plan was to be Ludlow Youth Hostel, but on ringing up we found it closed, together with Clun, Bridges and Shrewsbury. We therefore envisaged a good night at the Old Brick Guest House at Bishops Castle. As we left Llanbedr the rain was still with us; still, we made good time to Dolgellau, via Barmouth, for coffee. Then the 11 miles to Dinas Mawddwy were the hardest of the tour. It did not make it any easier being informed, by a little sign, that we were going up a 1 in 5 hill, or mountain as the case may be. We can recommend the Red Lion at Dinas for a good, reasonably priced lunch in pleasant surroundings. From here on it was just a matter of keeping going into the wind and rain, but this is what training is all about.

We left Bishops Castle in the rain just after 10.00 a.m. The weather however was again very mild and gloves were not needed. We were heading for home, but not directly. We went towards Minsterly, where the rain eased up and stopped, and then weaved a way through the lanes to Montford Bridge, Baschurch and Ellesmere. The wind was behind, which enabled us to enjoy a brisk pace back towards Chester. The only puncture of the tour was gained due to a piece of glass, but this hardly caused any concern after a trouble-free three days.

As it was beginning to get grey and dull, two weary cyclists headed for the home of Bill's grandad and grandmother, whom we must thank for coffee and cakes, after which we finished the journey home, and the end of a good pre-Christmas tour was reached.

The approximate mileage was 237, and I must thank Neil France

for the freedom from mechanical trouble, even though he said it was too many winter miles for him, his back wheel made it on Bill's machine.

MIKE HOLLAND

NANNERCH, CROSS FOXES - 22nd December 1973

Halcyon - Kingfisher - Days the ancients knew them by, those golden days at the time of the winter solstice when winter disappears for a time, and with the sunlight the hills come clean against the azure of the sky. Traditionally, the kingfisher nests at this time, and gives his name to this touch of Spring which almost always shows just before Christmas.

This Nannerch day was a real kingfisher day, and from the pleasure of the Denbigh road, particularly westwards of Hendre, the green hills were stark, and yet serenely beautiful, where their knife-edged skylines reached into the blue. Only a day plucked from a Spring that seems months away, but how treasured.

We should, of course, have taken a lane route from Mold. Before we came to live here, we didn't realize the amazing number of quiet ways that are to be found westward of the Wrexham-Mold-Denbigh road. But lanes take time, and to be at the Cross Foxes for lunch, we just had to use the main road. Neil France was one who used lanes. We saw him sliding down into Hendre from the Halkyn skyline, and then no more of him until the Cross Foxes.

Ensnconced within this pleasant inn were Len Walls and son, Len Hill, Frank Perkins, John France, John Leece, Frank Marriott, Dave Birchall, Bill Barnes, Neil France, Karl Nelson, Dave Eaton, John Moss and Alan Rogerson. We weren't particularly impressed with the food, a ploughman's lunch with bread a little on the scarce side, or just cheese sandwiches. The trouble was, we gathered, a king-sized wedding party upstairs.

Len, his lad, and I made a trio going home. We travelled gently and talked a lot, and just when we were heading down for Rhyd Goleu (the Northop turn two miles short of Mold) Les Bennett and his good lady overtook us, and stopped. More pleasant chatter with old friends. Here, too, was the breaking point. Len and his son kept to the lanes en route to Hawarden, while yours truly headed for Mold and more Christmas shopping.

F.E.M.

ASHTON HAYS, GOLDEN LION INN - Boxing Day 1973

The Anfield's now traditional Boxing Day fixture when members and their wives and lady friends join together for a ploughman's

lunch at one of our favourite hostelrys was seriously jeopardized when mine host of the Bull at Clotton advised our President that they would not be able to cater for us on this date. However, our good friends at the Golden Lion agreed - at short notice - to take our party.

The change of venue necessitated some hectic 'phoning, and Clotton also obliged by offering to inform any waifs and strays that the "Anfield Harriers" (vide Peter Rock and his wife) were now lunching four miles away at Ashton. Stan Wild told us that he had toured all three locals within a radius of five miles in search of the boys. What a glorious excuse for a pint in each!

The smartly attired and well-groomed young members, together with a few of the more agile and matured members, arrived on bicycles, while the aged and decrepit came by car. The Parkgate and Heswall revellers stayed at home recuperating from their midnight frolics.

Christmas cheer and New Year greetings were quietly exchanged in the snug of the Golden Lion, with delicious ham-and-beef sandwiches, mince pies and coffee, with, of course, ample supplies of the other - cold - liquid refreshment.

In the course of our usual scandalmongering, it was revealed that Bert Lloyd had paid a flying visit to Chester, and then back again quickly, having bought bicycles for himself and his wife, with the intention of returning to active cycling.

A notable feature of today's run was the celebration of Peggy and Syd del Banco's 37th Wedding Anniversary with us, and, needless to say, our very hearty congratulations to them both. Joining in the gentle gathering, among others noticed, were Stan Bradley and his wife, together with a friend from "Brum" C.T.C. D.A. Hubert, Sadie and friend, Ben Griffiths, Mike Holland, Neil France, Bill Barnes, Karl Nelson and Gerry Robinson. We must not forget Bill Jones, who popped in to wish us the Compliments of the Season, whilst yours truly and his good lady had the honour and very great pleasure of bringing our President to the rendezvous, and taking him home again.

D.L.B.

(Note: Don very kindly gave Bill's greeting in Welsh. We haven't included it because our Welsh is not yet up to standard, and we should hate to print in these pages anything we could not understand! - ED.)

SHOCKLACH, THE BULL - 29th December 1973

Having over-indulged ourselves at Christmas, Pete Richmond, Mike Twigg and I felt that a short ride incorporating a little rough-stuff would impose the least strain on our systems, and Pete's suggestion that we return to the Peckforton Hills was well received.

We set off at a gentlemanly pace, heading for the by-roads along our now well-worn route through Christleton and Hargrave. Skirting Tattenhall we climbed through Burwardsley into the hills, eventually taking a muddy track up Grig Hill. We were soon forced to dismount, and pick our way carefully to avoid mud and water, and half-way up the hill we left the track altogether when a G.P.O. van came bouncing down, apparently being used for advanced rally-cross training.

The driver turned out to be Denis Ackerley of the Chester Roads Club on official business delivering mail to the local farmers: they certainly get good value for 3½p. After a short chat we carried on up the hill enjoying the view out across Wirral to the hills of North Wales, and reaching the top we were rewarded with more excellent scenery, Wenlock Edge, and The Breiddens being clearly visible to the south.

We reached tarmac once more, and after a steep descent past the ruins of a brick kiln regained the main road at Gallantry Bank. Here Peter parted company, heading home to Chester, while Mike and I carried on through Bickerton and Malpas to the lunch stop at the Bull. The President and his entourage (Frank Perkins and John France) were already present, and we were soon joined by Alan Rogerson and his family, Bill Gray, Stan Wild, John Thompson, Mike Holland, Bill Barnes and Paul Harrison.

Mike and I left early, and aided by the strong wind which had proved such a hindrance during the morning, made fine progress towards Chester. At Farndon we crossed with John Moss, head down, struggling into the wind, and looking somewhat the worse for wear. We carried on, and soon reach Twigg Towers, where we sampled the delights of tea, television, and home-made cakes.

GERRY ROBINSON

SHOCKLACH - 29th December 1974

A rather overcast sky greeted Wirral on this particular day. I cycled to Two Mills, where I joined a small group on the brink of departure. We cycled towards Chester, where Neil France and I left the group to make a pre-arranged stop at a cycle shop.

Undaunted by a strong head-wind, we two reached the venue,

where a merry crowd of Anfielders (already listed) were assembling.

After lunch a large group set off in the direction of Tilston. No sooner had a mile been completed, when a voice rang out: "This way!". Whereupon some veered up an unclassified track. A few others, and myself, meanwhile, continued on up the road. On arrival at Two Mills, we quenched our thirsts in the company of J. Whelan, who had come out in his car.

Then, in the ever-failing light, our small group made its way to the diverse corners of Anfieldland.

KARL NELSON

ALLOSTOCK, DROVERS ARMS - 5th January 1974

Attendance: David Barker by bicycle, Stan Bradley by tricycle, Stan Wild by bicycle, and Jim Cranshaw and Hubert Buckley (the inseparables) by car. It was Hubert's turn to be on half pints. But what happened to John Thompson? Were my directions misleading? Humble apologies, John. Available: hot and cold snacks, and beer at usual prices.

The topic of conversation was in part about the Manchester section in all its glory. Not a topic to interest youngsters, very common gossip in our age group. Excuse me, David. Harking back to the good old days, one realizes when at the Drovers that Miss Crosby's Oak Cottage is only a few hundred yards up the road.

Oak Cottage in the "20's" was a rendezvous for Manchester Anfielders and C.T.C.-ites, shades of Wilf Orrell, Bert Green and The Mullah. This was the pub Old Buck used as base when fishing the neighbouring mill pool. We can't fit the countryside with the men we knew when we were young, but at least we can still enjoy the wonderful country that still remains unspoiled around Knutsford, Holmes Chapel, Allostock, Siddington and the two Peovers. There's probably the least traffic around here on a Saturday morning than most other places. Come and enjoy it!

JAMES D. CRANSHAW

THE LADIES RUN, NAG'S HEAD, FARNDON - 19th January 1974

"If Winter comes - can Spring be far behind?" This day made nonsense of the old saying. It was Spring - in the middle of winter! The sun shone brightly in the azure sky, and as I journeyed the wooded slopes of Peckforton looked superb, Beeston stood out like a Rhine castle, and Moel Famau clearly dominated the blue ridge of the Welsh hills.

Such was the setting for the Ladies Run. Among the first arrivals were Syd del Banco and Peggy, quickly followed by Ben Griffiths and Pat O'Leary. Pat, clad in a natty track suit,

quoted the immortal words of Albert Modley: "I'm not stopping!" and departed in search of miles. The President and his wife with John Leece and Elsie Salt ostentatiously ordered rainbow trout for lunch, but alas! the fish took a lot of catching in the flooded Dee. Incidentally, renewing acquaintance with Elsie Salt was a great pleasure to us all.

From Macclesfield came Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred with Jim Cranshaw from Stockport. Don Birchall and his wife brought along their "Anfield" terrier, a lovely creature. I met Albert Dixon and his wife for the first time - a wealth of cycling experience here. Rex and Edna Austin quickly made their presence felt, and Frank Fischer proved his fitness by riding over from Market Drayton. The racing boys were well represented by skipper John Moss, Mike Twigg, Neil France, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, Karl Nelson and Paul Harrison, who, with Peter Colligan and Stan and Mrs. Wild completed a splendid turn-out.

The hotel excelled in the "big eats" department, and amidst much good-humoured conversation, hearty laughter and some serious talk (especially about watches) the Ladies Run of 1974 came to a successful conclusion.

STAN WILD

NANNERCH, CROSS FOXES, 26th January 1974

At 10.30 I presented myself at Oak Cottage to make up the original quartet, Frank Perkins being laid up. However, on arrival, I found that Blotto had decided to join our select party, and had requested assistance to attend, and he would be waiting at John Leece's home. This meant that the band-waggon would be rather overcrowded, so it was immediately decided to put Blotto in my transport. The two Johns, and Len together with his chair, were in the band-waggon, and off we went.

Birchall Sr. led the way, and a merry dance too, from Willaston via the main roads to Connahs Quay. Turning left at the Quay we proceeded towards Northop via Wepre, Merllyn and Ponteinion, and then, crossing A.55, it was left again up the steep and twisting lanes to Rhosesmor. Via Gwern-y-marl hill, a right handed turn then took us over Moel-y-Crio and down to Rhes-y-cae and thence to Lixwm, down and over the A.541 into Nannerch and the Cross Foxes.

We five of the elite were ensconced around a blazing log fire in the inglenook of the bar when Ben O'Griff arrived, self propelled, so it fell to his lot to act as head waiter and pantry boy. Serving, as if born to the job, the soup and ploughman's lunch in a

most professional manner.

The main topic of our natter and chatter consisted mainly of and about the stop watches, which are to be acquired shortly, for the use of our new racing team and the possible training of two competent timekeepers for our club events.

Ben, being the only cyclist in attendance, left rather early and had to sheet up owing to the exceptionally heavy rain, and our party departed about 3 p.m. to find all the roads awash with surface water.

Depositing John Leece back at Crouch End, we then proceeded to Oak Cottage, where John France took charge and brewed up, whilst Len dispensed the hard stuff. A short natter and a cuppa and biscuits brought our meeting to a close, and I dropped del Banco en route for home.

Quality, not quantity, was the key note of this run. The young generation, so conspicuous by their absence, were duly excused as they were out in force supporting the Cyclo-Cross Championships in Sefton Park, Liverpool.

D.L.B.

OLLERTON, DUN COW - 26th January 1974

If you look at a Circular of about the mid-1920's, the Dun Cow appeared regularly in the list of fixtures, especially during the winter months as an alternative for the Manchester section. It has not altered materially, perhaps a little better furnished, and maybe frequented by a more affluent clientele, mostly motor conveyed.

This venue was a last-minute reshuffle, as I was intending going to Allostock, and for this may I blame H.G.B. as an excuse, should anyone have turned up at the "Drovers". Incidentally, the Dun Cow was perhaps a little better, and it is not a stone's throw from the Drovers. It was bright over east Cheshire during the morning, but a deterioration set in about noon.

Stan Bradley must have had an uncomfortable ride home on his tricycle, but possibly wind assisted. Buckley and I had visited Marthall Church Hall on the way out, in view of its intended use as a base for the Sponsored 100-mile ride on February 10 in aid of funds for the Fallowfield Track. The full ride makes six circuits of the Chelford, Ollerton P.O., Seven Sisters Lane, Rose Cottage Lane, Twemlow triangle. Perhaps by the time you read this the results may be known, but I do hope it proves successful financially, as the track is a great asset to Manchester racing boys, and prompts some wonderful memories for old Mancunians. If you read this, and become interested in these Manchester alternative runs, write in and tell us what you want to entice you out to Saturday lunch.

Note: We understand £2500 - ED.

J.D.C.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G.BUCKLEY & F.PERKINS

Captain: J.W.MOSS

Hon.Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879

APRIL 1974

No.771

FIXTURES

April 1974

27 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch.

May

4 KELSALL (Windy Ridge Cafe and Globe Inn) Lunch.

11 CHIRK (Old Smithy Cafe) Lunch and 10-mile T.T.

18 ALPRAHAM (The Tollemache Arms) Lunch

19 OPEN "10".

25 BANGOR ON DEE (The Royal Oak) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms)

26 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guest House)

27 OPEN "100".

June

1 CLOTTON (The Bull Inn) Lunch

8 SHOCKLACH (The Bull Inn) Lunch
and LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy)

15 ASHTON (Golden Lion)

22 NANNERCH (The Cross Foxes)
and CHELFORD (The Egerton Arms)

COMMITTEE MEETINGS at Oak Cottage - May 13 & June 3.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and Donations should
be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, D.BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE
COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 27th APRIL 1974

COMMITTEE NOTES

Mr. Adrian Walls has been elected to membership.

Applications for membership:

Michael Hallgarth, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral.

P.Looby, 18 Whitehouse Lane, Barnston, Wirral.

Proposed by M.Holland, Seconded by W.Barnes.

W.G.Portsmouth, "Ashness", Abbeygate Walk, Bangor-on-Dee,
Nr.Wrexham, Denbighshire.

Proposed by W.Gray, Seconded by L.J.Hill.

Change of Address: W.J.Finn, 1 Bluebell Rd., Dublin 12, Eire.

EDITORIAL

A lot of material intended for this issue has had to be excluded because of the urgent need to have another number out towards the end of May. Our apologies to those concerned.

RACING ROUND-UP

Notice: for the coming season Bill Barnes has agreed to collate all results and send a report to the editor each month.

Early season results are as follows:

Merseyside Ladies "10" D516 23.3.74 Dave Eaton 26.57

Chester R.C. Two-up D21 17.3.74

B.Griffiths/Dave Bettaney 1.6.29 (2 mins. late start)

John Moss/Neil France 1.8.9 (puncture)

Club "25" D21 31.3.74

Neil France 1.7.06 Personal best - fastest

Bill Barnes 1.7.23

Dave Eaton 1.8.23

V.T.T.A. "25" D54 31.3.74

B.Griffiths 1.3.39 Second fastest

T.A. (N.W.) "25" D54 31.3.74

John Thompson 1.6.12 Fastest) Fastest team

Alan Rogerson 1.17.02) 2.23.14

DINNER JOTTINGS

If Bill Finn's photographic activity came up to expectations, our good friend from the Emerald Isle must have a right collection for his "art" gallery. He must have spent a small fortune in flash bulbs and film.

Harold Catling felt the weather a bit, although for early March it was quite good. Harold had just returned from a visit to Bangladesh, and, we understand, found the new country beyond the Bay of Bengal somewhat warm!

WANTED - A BICYCLE

Our prospective member Mr. Portsmouth wants to know if anyone has a bicycle surplus to requirements. Frame size 20/21. Address as per Committee Notes.

TREASURY NOTES

Postage rates are soaring again. The new rate is $3\frac{1}{2}$ p for each copy of this Circular, the equivalent of 9d in old money. Ninepence to post a Circular? Yes! And where does the money come from? Those kind people who pay promptly and add a donation at the same time! Unfortunately they are in a minority, and a great deal of time is spent considering the list of non-payers, and deciding who is "good", and who should be written off. With this new increase, we shall have to be ruthless with "write-offs". The following is a list of those who have paid their subs and/or donations for the current year: Subscriptions: Messrs. Band, Beaton, Eaton, R.R. Austin, del Banco, D. Barker, Catling, Grey, D.D. Birchall, D.L. Birchall, Robinson, Dixon, Jones, Barnes, Twigg, Hawkins, Bradley, Harrison, Thompson, Moss, Wild, Haynes, Birkby, G.C. Richmond, P. Richmond, Stewart, Heath, Brown, Taylor, Frodsham, Finn, Bettaney, Fischer, Pendlebury, Pullan, Portsmouth, O'Leary, and D. Jones. Donations: R.J. Austin, del Banco, D. Barker, Catling, Robinson, Barnes, Hancock, Hill, Twigg, J. Williams (Mersey Roads), Leece, Stewart, Williamson, Finn, Walls, Turvey, Marriott, Lloyd and Mitchell.

Two watches have been acquired, thanks mainly to the generosity of two members. The "100" fund is looking a bit sick at the moment, and the event is only a month away. Your help to the Treasurer, please.

OBITUARY - Frank Edwards

We deeply regret to announce the passing of Frank Edwards on the morning of Sunday, 31st March. A member since 1918, we haven't seen much of him in recent years, although he came to a Ladies Run at Halewood, and, also, the Christmas Run at Doodfield in 1962. In his early years of membership, and through the 1920's, Frank was extremely active. He proved to be a regular participant in Open and Club events. He was Bren Orrell's tandem partner, and they had at least one shot at a N.R.R.A. record, the "50" on the old Shropshire course - when they failed gloriously by a narrow margin after being held up by a flock of sheep! Rex Austin,

Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Cecil Aldridge were present at the Crematorium to pay their last respects.

THE 75th ANFIELD "100". A PIECE BY THE PRESIDENT

We are very pleased to present the new approved course as submitted (but with abbreviations) by our course expert Frank Fischer. In some cases names have been inserted without authority, and we should like advice, or approval of these allocations. We still need volunteers. The usual map and marshalling sheet will be sent out with the start card when things have been sorted out.

Timekeeper:	Rex Austin
Starting Steward:	Syd Hancock
Pusher off:	Dave Brown
Numbers and food:	Hilda & Oscar Dover
Marshal's car:	Cranshaw, Perkins, Hill.

MILES

START: On A53 at a point $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.W. of Shawbury proceed N.E. via Shawbury to	
HODNET CORNER (del Banco, S.Bradley, L.Goodhew) right along A442 to	6.89
CRUDGINGTON (H.Catling, G.Taylor) left along B5062 to	13.48
TURN at TP 101, 240 yds. west of Cherrington (Conquer Moor Heath) (J.Pitchford, C.Powis, Mid.Salop) retrace to	16.16
CRUDGINGTON (H.Catling, G.Taylor) left to	18.84
SHAWBIRCH (J.E.Reeves, J.Hawkins, J.Mills) right along B5063 through High Ercall to	21.97
TURN at TP 1, 350 yards before T.Junction with A53 (A.Smith, J.Haynes, M.Twigg) retrace to	29.81
SHAWBIRCH (J.E.Reeves, J.Hawkins, J.Mills) left to	37.64
HODNET CORNER (del Banco, S.Bradley, L.Goodhew) left via Shawbury to	47.35
BATTLEFIELD CORNER (I.A.Thomas, E.Haynes) right along A.49 to	57.26
PREES HEATH ISLAND (i/c H.Buckley, J.France, P.O'Leary, P.Duncan, W.Onslow) right along A.41 to	71.47
TURN AT BLETCHLEY VILLAGE on dual carriageway (S.Wild, Alex Beaton and others) retrace to	77.14
PREES HEATH ISLAND (J.France, P.O'Leary, P.Duncan, W.Onslow) left to	82.81

BATTLEFIELD CORNER (I.A.Thomas, E.Haynes)	97.05
left along A.53 to	
"NO THROUGH ROAD SIGN" where bear left to	99.78
FINISH AT TP on left hand side of road.	100.00

Timekeeper's car: Rex Austin, Mark Haslam, Guy Pullan
 Marshals: Bob Poole, Don Birchall
 Numbers: Hilda Dover
 Timing at 50-mile point: Frank Fischer and Tom Summer
 Timing at 100-km point: Ken Yardley

VOLUNTEERS are required for points at Preston Brockburst, Rock Cutting cross roads, Prees village, corners on stretch between Shawbirch and High Ercall, Upper College etc. AS WE SHALL PROBABLY HAVE FOUR RIDERS IN THE "100", will the balance of the boys please be available for assistance and drinks stations.

L.J.HILL

95th BIRTHDAY DINNER - WESTMINSTER HOTEL, CHESTER - 2 MARCH 1974

The trouble in writing about the Dinner, or, indeed, any other Club celebration, is that one never knows exactly where to begin. If I start where I came in it would be too late, because I was delayed, due to a variety of reasons, and the "do", but not the "eats", was in full swing when I darkened the threshold of the pleasant lounge at the Westminster. (I was, almost, last; only Len Walls beat me to it, and he had a good excuse in a visit to his caravan in the Tanat Valley).

Amid the tinkling of the glasses, and the tasting of the ale, a host of Anfielders, and also, and just as important, a great number of friends too, renewed acquaintance in the congenial atmosphere. A delight to all, and I am only sorry that there could only be time for a few handshakes and a couple of "Hello's" before Rex Austin brought the proceedings to a halt with a call to the troughs.

As Toastmaster, one of Rex's first tasks was to extend the greetings of Geoff Lockett, Anfielder for over 40 years, who couldn't be with us because of hospital treatment. But Geoff did the next best thing: drinks all round at his expense! And, for the sake of simplicity, Rex ordained that it would be half-pints of bitter for all, and, so endowed, we all stood and toasted Geoff Lockett with the sincere wish that our old friend be quickly

restored to health. And if one who normally doesn't touch ale from one year's end to another might express an opinion, that glass of bitter made a pleasant drink. But we're still on the waggon, particularly so when it is now two bob a glass!

This year is our 95th, but in a more personal sense, it is Hubert Buckley's 80th. We hasten to assure everyone that Hubert is not that old, but there is a relationship with the family and the Anfield that can only be regarded as unique. It happens to be 80 years since his father joined the Club in 1894.

To Hubert fell the delightful task of welcoming our guests, chief of whom was Les Couzens, of the North Road Club. Hubert had done his homework well, because he revealed a right royal list of performances achieved by our good friend in his salad days, and this is not to say that he looks old now. Len Lowe, the Speedwell ace is a contemporary speedman. Also we had guests from the Mersey Roads Club, Birkenhead North End, and Liverpool Century; Les Goodhew of the Belle Vue. Hubert had something to say for all. Jack Duckers, our old friend from the North Shropshire, couldn't be with us, and for this we were sorry.

Les Couzens, responding, told us that although he lives in Potters Bar, he is not one of those who declare that Eskimo Country lies north of the Chilterns. Being an enthusiastic member of the North Road Club, Les holds warm memories of northern hospitality. He also remembers, perhaps even more vividly, our "100" course of the late thirties, when we explored the Welsh valleys, a scenic route if ever there was one, and a spectacular course if one's name happened to be Rueben Firth! But if you were not quite fit then those miles could be devastating, horrible!

Last on the short list of speeches was an adulatory discourse on the Anfield by Oscar Dover, our good friend from the Liverpool Century. The final item of the evening was a nostalgic piece by Eric Vallender, who revealed superb photographic technique with a series of Alpine pictures that could only be described as enchanting.

It only remains now to express our pleasure at seeing so many Anfielders from beyond the borders of Anfieldland. Syd Hancock, our member for Penzance and his wife (did he fiddle the Council Meeting date after all, we wonder?) who came with a host - to quote from an abler pen than mine - of golden daffodils - a tribute to those selfless ladies who lose one night's sleep each year so that lashings of tea are available for the Mersey Roads "24" riders at Nant Hall - Flo, Vivienne, Pattie and Jane Whelan. Bill Finn, ever welcome when he sails in from Dublin, Rigby Band from Lydney (soon

to move to Chepstow) with Dr. Bill Henry, President of Gloucester City, and Fred Pace. Bert Lloyd from the Isle of Man.

Those present, and not already mentioned, were: President Len Hill, Harold Catling, G.G. Taylor, Johnnie Williams and James Ruffle, Bob Williams and friend, Sid Old, Stan Colquhoun, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Stan Wild, Peter Colligan, David Barker, Stan Bradley, James Cranshaw, Frank Fischer, Geoff Sharp, Bill Gray, W. Portsmouth, Syd del Banco, Albert Dixon, Frank Perkins, Keith Orum, George Connor, - Karsenburg, - Caunce, John Whelan, John France and friend, Neil France, Dave Eaton, Mike Holland, Bill Barnes, Percy Williamson, Frank Marriott, Don Birchall, Ernie May, Mike Twigg, Herbert Moore, John Cull, Gerry Robinson, Tom Henderson, Dave Jones, George Jones, Dave Bettaney, Alan Chamberlain, John Leece, and H. Kewish. We are sorry not to have the name of the North Shropshire representative.

F.E.M.

EDGE BOLTON - 17th February 1974

We all felt the need of some extra miles and a change of scenery, so it was agreed we eschew the pleasures of the club run and visit Edgebolton instead. During the week Mike telephoned Frank Fischer, who then booked meals for us.

Saturday duly arrived, and we left Twigg Towers heading towards Farndon into a strong headwind. After two or three miles we overtook a lone member of the South Lancs R.C. who seemed very pleased to tuck in behind, not surprising since he had already ridden from Sandbach to Chester. At Shocklach he forsook the shelter of our little group to head homewards, while we carried on through Threapwood and Tallarn Green.

Beyond Redbrook, Peter Richmond again demonstrated his encyclopaedic knowledge of the North Shropshire countryside: the next few miles were a maze of narrow, muddy and waterlogged lanes. We emerged into civilisation at Wem, but almost immediately returned to side roads again through Clive (where Clive of India came from) and Grinshill. From here it is only a short distance to Edgebolton, and we made good time except for a short diversion to inspect the finishing lane for the new 100 course.

We arrived at Castle View to find Frank already present warming himself before a blazing log fire in the dining room, and inspecting the magnificent array of brassware which adorns the mantelpiece. After a wash and change we joined him for a short chat before we sat down to eat, and how we ate - our appetites

well-sharpened by the morning's exercise. However, Miss Haynes' culinary arts more than matched our appetites, and only Peter Colligan said yes to Miss Haynes' offer of second helpings of apple crumble and custard, excellent value for 60p in these days of governments who specialize in demonetization.

We came out of the cafe only to find the wind had turned completely round, and we were faced with the unpleasant prospect of a headwind on the homeward journey - rude Boreas indeed. In the circumstances we decided to head straight home along the main roads and for the next thirty-five miles little conversation was heard except for the occasional muffled curse. The only respite from the headwind occurred when my headlamp bracket shook loose on the rough roads of Whitchurch, and we stopped to refix it. Mike provided the final comment as we neared Chester, "It must be doing me some good, my legs ache!"

GERRY ROBINSON

HOLMES CHAPEL, GEORGE & DRAGON - 9th March 1974

This was our second visit this year, and judging by the attendance it is becoming popular. On this occasion eight members turned up in penny numbers: Harold Catling was circling the pub yard when we arrived, and then decided to put in a few more miles before dismounting. Hubert and I decided otherwise. It was good to sit in the bar and watch Stan Bradley roll up on his tricycle, followed closely by the Chester contingent: Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson and Peter Colligan. Then Stan Wild all the way from Nantwich.

The food available here is varied and good. There is plenty of room, and the service is also good. Holmes Chapel is now a thriving town with two or three good pubs, a growing industry and some rather nice newly-built houses around without disturbing too much the old character of the town by the church.

The weather turned foul in the afternoon, but I dare say it was easier riding westwards than for the tricycles pushing their way into the north-easter in the Manchester direction.

To our members from Chester we say thank you for supporting a Manchester alternative run, and without splitting the Club too much we welcome West Cheshire members. Please look out for these alternatives. We enjoy your company.

JAMES D. CRANSHAW

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G.BUCKLEY & F.PERKINS

Captain: J.W.MOSS

Hon.Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879

MAY 1974

No.772

FIXTURES

May 1974

- 25 BANGOR ON DEE (The Royal Oak) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms) Lunch
26 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guest House) Lunch
27 OPEN "100"

June

- 1 CLOTTON (The Bull Inn) Lunch
8 SHOCKLACH (The Bull Inn) Lunch
and LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy) Lunch
15 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
22 NANNERCH (Cross Foxes) Lunch
and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms) Lunch
29 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch

July

- 6 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch
and OLLERTON (Dun Cow) Lunch
13 CLOTTON (The Bull Inn) Lunch
20 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms) Lunch
27 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and Donations should
be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, D.BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE COTTAGE,
ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE, CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

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Flints., CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD.Code 0352)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 8th JUNE 1974

COMMITTEE NOTES

Messrs. Michael Hallgarth, Phil Looby and Walter Portsmouth have been elected to membership.

The "100" Fund is still in need of contributions, and last-minute donations will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer.

Due to an unfortunate omission, the list of this year's prompt payers in our last issue was not complete. We hope to make amends soon.

THE "100"

Once again the great annual occasion - the Anfield "100" has come round once more, and with this Circular you should receive a start card. If you haven't a job, and intend to be in the vicinity of Shrewsbury this holiday time, please give Len Hill a ring at (051) 342-3589. We are sure he will be exceedingly grateful for any last-minute assistance.

We are looking forward to knowing what the new course will produce in the way of performances, and while on this subject we wish to express our appreciation of the co-operation and kindness of the local authority in enabling us to use a very special finish on an abandoned stretch of road.

GEOFF LOCKETT

We just couldn't find the space in our last issue to say that Geoff was out of hospital. Now we learn that Geoff is out walking some three miles a day. Gerry, Mike and Peter Colligan met him the other Saturday. We couldn't be more pleased.

RACING RESULTS

W.C.T.T.C.A. 25. 7 April. D.7

J. Whelan	1.2.52	4th
J. Thompson	1.4.28	(single)
B. Griffiths	1.4.52	
N. France	1.6.23	2nd junior personal best
B. Barnes	1.7.05	3rd junior
J. Moss	1.7.	
M. Holland	1.7.59	
D. Eaton	1.8.41	
D. Bettaney	1.8.52	
K. Nelson	D.N.S.	

CLUB 10 13 April THORNTON HOUGH

M. Holland	26.38	First
K. Nelson	29.58	

ABBOTSFORD PARK 10. 13 April J32

G.Robinson 26.16
D.Barker 26.17

MID-SALOP 50 14 April D.10

B.Griffiths 2.14.42
B.Barnes 2.21.20
J.Whelan D.N.S.

MID-SALOP 25 15 April D.10

B.Griffiths 1.4.42
J.Moss 1.8.59
(in Hush Puppies!)
J.Whelan D.N.S.

RHOS ON SEA 25. 21 April D16

B.Friffiths 1.3.43
N.France 1.4.19
(Personal best, 1st Handicap)
J.Moss 1.7.08
D.Eaton 1.7.31
D.Bettaney D.N.S.
J.Thompson D.N.S.

PRESTWICH PHOENIX 25 21 April

G.Robinson 1.6.41 J.32

BUXTON MOUNTAIN T.T. 30 March

J.Whelan 1.18.- J.63

PLEASE NOTE: ALL TIMES TO BE SUBMITTED TO: Bill Barnes
31A Ashlea Road, Pensby, Wirral,
L61 5UG. Tel: (051) 648-3263

"WAYFARER"

Recently, the age-old cattle crossing of the Berwyns which reaches down Nant Rhyd Wilym to Llanarmon D.C. has been referred to in these pages as the "Wayfarer", from the fact that the Rough Stuff Fellowship has erected a memorial to this eminent cyclist, AND Anfielder, at a point near the crest of this pass. Young cyclists might now ask who Wayferer was. We asked Bill Finn if he would be kind enough to let us have a piece on "Wayfarer", and here it is:

The boundary which divides the shires of Denbigh and Merioneth veers by a few degrees to westward of True North, and links the crags, crests and peaks of the delectable Berwyn bastion. The valley roads lying on either flank are connected by several rough bridle-paths which straddle an elongated massif.

On the highest point of one of these bridle-paths, and close to the county boundary, there is a memorial. Down below, on the eastern slope, is Nant Rhyd Wilym, where the track crosses the torrent. The memorial, in the form of a plaque, remembers a famous cycling journalist; it is the grateful tribute of the members of the Rough Stuff Fellowship, who conceived the idea and devised ways and means of erecting this aptly original reminder of a great cyclist who found healthful pleasure and spiritual uplift, and solace too in family crisis, along the mountain passes of his beloved Wales. It is fitting that the Wayfarer stone dominates

this airy eminence to quicken the curiosity of younger generations of cyclists who may pass that way, lost in wonder about the identity of Walter McGregor Robinson.

The gratifying influx of virile and eager youngsters points the need to explain who this Robinson, alias Wayfarer, was in real life. The mountainside monument reveres a man born of parents who were keen cyclists. They lived in Tranmere at one time, and that is where the famous man learned to ride a bicycle in or about the year 1890.

Soon after he began his business career with the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, he bought his first bicycle, a much-used second-hand machine with solid tyres. Riding this relic he completed his first Easter Tour in North Wales. Wayfarer began his career as a free-lance writer in the "penny-a-line" days, and his first piece was accepted by the Birkenhead News in 1897.

W.McG.Robinson was the writer of the Wayfarer touring articles which were a popular fortnightly feature in CYCLING from 1912 until the Thirties, and his Roadside Reflections were published every other week. The latter presentation was mainly candid comment in a broad evaluation of the men and affairs in the cycling sphere. The comment was typically forthright, and when necessary, caustic. One of his incessant themes was "as little bicycle as possible". These were the days of the heavy roadsters with 28-inch wheels, great big things which took a heavy toll of one's energy. Robbie advocated lightweights, with 26" wheels, and only as much frame as your body height demanded.

Robinson joined the Anfield B.C. in 1916, and he remained a truly-bred Black Anfielder up to the time of his passing at the age of 78 in September 1956. His infrequent attendance at club runs was due to his business interests, and he was employed at his company's offices at Hull, Northampton and Salisbury before a final move to Birmingham, where he lived for many years.

Wayfarer was a member of the C.T.C. Council from 1924 to 1946, and elected a Vice President in 1945. He was a rational person, and an incorrigible cycling devotee, and he was ever an alert defender of cyclists' rights on the public highway. Known to his close associates as a quietly religious man who sought the felicitous peace which is the guerdon of the seeker of wild beauty in remote lonely places. His writings disclosed an abiding delight in the "eternal hills" and a lively consciousness of the First Cause. But Wayfarer was a true democrat who valiantly espoused even the occasional lost cause.

This deponent always will assert that, despite some innocuous idiosyncracies, W. McG. Robinson was a great cyclist within the broader meaning of the term because, like most of us, he evinced a spiritual outlook synonymously called sportsmanship which is the hall-mark of the better citizen.

Robbie may not have been the most popular representative on the C.T.C. Council, but he served that national forum well. His forthright voice rang loud and clear, especially when he forcefully spoke up for the "right of the working man to a seat on the Council with recompense for probable loss in wages". Thus, he helped to democratise our "parliament".

If the term "great cyclist" be taken in a generally accepted sense our young researchers will not find Robinson's name in the R.R.A. lists, or in the pages of the Golden Book of Cycling. Neither do the archives of the C.T.C. contain any note of national honour bestowed on that eminent Councillor.

I knew the man called Wayfarer, he was the person whom I remember with comradely affection. He did not covet ephemeral glorification, but one proudly exciting occasion came when a group of well-wishers presented him with an exact replica of one of his cherished bicycles which was stolen. He was happy, too, when the Anfield Circular carried the news that Robbie was the recipient of the highest honour within the gift of the Italian Touring Club: the gold medallion awarded for outstanding services to the cycling community.

It is certain that Wayfarer never claimed to be the first cyclist to cross the Berwyn Mountains, but he did, well and truly, blaze the Nant Rhyd Wilym trail when "Over the Top" was published by CYCLING in a May issue of 1919. It is equally certain that W.P. Cook and his club contemporaries were exploring Berwyn bridleways in the early decades of the present century, and nobody will deny them the simple notoriety attaching to their pioneering adventures.

We of the Anfield rejoice in the reflected glory shed by that worthy monument to Robbie standing on its well-chosen site and marking the way that he often trod. The plaque also is a reminder to us of the evocative sensitivity of its originators: that happy, ubiquitous band - The Rough Stuff Fellowship.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION - SCOTTISH WEEK-END - 9-10 March 1974

This week-end, originally held at Lochmaben, and now centred on Lockerbie, is a 'magnet' for long-distance tricyclists from many parts of England and Scotland.

This year, being domiciled a few miles nearer to Scotland than previously, I decided to 'go north'. John Thompson (who else?) decided to cycle all the way from Greasby to Lockerbie, some 190 miles. However, even he had to concede that this was a long way in one session, so he duly arrived at Darwen on Friday night at 10 p.m. having put some 55 miles behind him. The bicycle on which John does most of his cycling is really quite a sight, being held together by dirt and rust. Occasionally a wheel collapses, and John is forced to buy another. This is in complete contrast to his tricycle, which has more alloy components than Concorde, and only cost half as much to build!

I was completely unfit, thanks to my complete physical inertia since moving to these northern hills. My near neighbour, Brian Kirkham, was 'in dock' with leg ulcers, so I built up my tricycle for John to use - his bicycle would never survive to Lockerbie and back - and elected to drive Brian to Carlisle, and ride my bicycle from there. This involved some complicated calculations regarding roof-rack, petrol, food and money, but at 8.0 a.m. on the Saturday John set off on a very dark morning, on a tricycle on 72" fixed, 10-oz. tubulars and a cape-roll.

Brian and I loaded my bicycle on to the car, and by 11 a.m. we set off for Carlisle. The weather gradually got worse, with gale force winds, and sleet showers on Shap. We met several other tricyclists in Carlisle, including Jeff Mills. Overnighting in the Lake District, Jeff had endured a hard ride to the border. Brian drove the car from Carlisle to Lockerbie, with Hilda and Oscar Dover, who had been staying at Carlisle Youth Hostel. There was no sign of John Thompson, and no one had seen him.

A party of ten left Carlisle. Even the busy A.74 wasn't too bad, and after Cretna the road to Annan was even quieter.

After a brief stop, a party nearing 20 set off on the last few miles to Lockerbie, bicycles, tricycles and even a tandem-tricycle. The countryside became more undulating, and following some pleasant wooded roads, we crossed the main A.74 on an overpass, and entered Lockerbie.

The garage at the rear of the Kings Arms Hotel was more than adequate to cope with the many machines present, and the welcome at the hotel was second to none. I was still rather worried about John,

as it was almost dark. However, my fears were unfounded, and right on the dot of lighting-up time he arrived. He had enjoyed a trouble-free but hard journey, only stopping at Penrith for lunch.

A goodly gathering sat down to dinner, which proved to be a very quiet affair, with none of the usual cross-toasting associated with T.A. dinners. Nevertheless it was a very good meal, and soon all the party had retired to the bars to get down to some serious drinking. At about midnight most people retired, as an early breakfast was to be taken.

John took his usual six vitamins and de-toxicant tablets before taking to his bed, and we were both early into breakfast for porridge, bacon and eggs, coffee and toast. Promptly at nine, the main party said farewell to Lockerbie, and en route to Carlisle, hauled in several notables, including Jeff Mills, Ed Green and Alf Layzell. From Carlisle to Bothel the road became easy, principally due to a back-wind, and at Bothel a really good lunch was taken. Actually, it was more like a bun-fight, but done with great decorum.

John realized that he would have to take some assistance if he was going to get home before Monday, so we loaded bicycle and tricycle on to Brian's car, and headed for Darwen.

After my excellent cooking of soup, beans on toast and lashings of tea, John set off on his own machine for Greasby around 6 p.m. I haven't heard anything from him, so I assume he got home without mishap.

Despite the fact that I didn't ride all the way to Lockerbie, I still enjoyed the week-end, and it can be recommended for anyone who wishes to get some early hard miles in, AND enjoy a good evening in excellent company. As usual at these functions, the Anfield managed to field a representative team, although Barrow Central Wheelers probably won the miles X members award!

ALAN ROGERSON

BANGOR ON DEE - ROYAL OAK - 30th March 1974

A perfect Spring day saw a good crowd of about twenty Anfielders gather at the Royal Oak. Already in possession were Keith Orum, David Birchall, Len Hill, John and Neil France, Mikes Twigg, Holland and Hogarth, Frank Perkins, Ben Griffiths, Pat O'Leary, Gerry Robinson, Bill Barnes, Dave Eaton and Karl Nelson. Then Bill Gray and wife Eileen, and prospective member Walter Portsmouth. Stan Wild, and Eric Reeves, arrived later. Ben and Pat mentioned their intention of entering for the "100". "Entering, or entering AND riding", thundered Stan. "There is a difference!"

About 1.45 the younger members quietly departed, and Mike

Twigg, in evident need of some back-wheel, gulped down a pint in three seconds flat and rushed after them. The remainder sat, enjoying the company and good food that this pleasant hotel provides. Until the drift away. Wild, Reeves and myself as a trio until Eric turned for Chester, and Stan and I parted company at Whitewell.

FRANK FISCHER

LANGLEY - LEATHER SMITHY - 30th March 1974

Approaching The Butley Ash I saw Stan Bradley ahead, and quickly slipped into a lower gear to step on it. Or be dropped. Such is Stan's accomplishment on three wheels. A route round Macclesfield missing at least one hill and one busy street, and then a new approach to Sutton.

Mist above the reservoir added mystery to the forest and hills. Mallard, Brent geese, children's voices carrying on the still air. The Pools, Bob fit and well again. Harold Catling, heading for the hills again.

Rex sent the sad news of the passing of Yank Edwards, and we were all very sorry at the loss of Bren's old tandem partner. After a sandwich lunch and a few beers we dispersed. The Pools giving Hubert a lift into town, and I was home to cheer Red Rum past the post.

JAMES D. CRANSHAW

ASHTON - 6th April 1974

Despite time trialling activity organized for the following morning, the turn-out at the Golden Lion was quite good. Harold Catling, of the retiring nature, departed almost before he could say "How do?". Stan Bradley accompanied him. Len Hill, our Presider, as large as life as usual, and amongst his henchmen were John Moss, John France, Sid and Peggy del Banco, David Birchall, Keith Orum, Gerry Robinson, Stan Wild, Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley (full of racing lore - horses, not men). Mike Twigg and Peter Colligan (and I hereby promote Peter to the status of racing man - my apologies for previously assuming he was a mere checker). Lastly, it was a great pleasure to have the company of our hard-working and long-serving Editor, Frank Marriott, accompanied by son Stephen. The fast section, as a whole, was conspicuous by its absence, but with good reason, as ten of them would be testing their philosophy of fitness in the West Cheshire "25" on the morrow.

S.W.

(Note: Word economy has been practised in a big way to fit the pieces into eight pages. And we just cannot find space for the tricycle epic to Aysgarth. So sorry! - Ed.)

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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JUNE 1974

No.773

FIXTURES

June 1974

29 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch

July

6 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

OLLERTON (Dun Cow) Lunch

13 CLOTTON (Bull Inn) Lunch

20 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch

27 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

August

3 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch

and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon) Lunch

10 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch

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ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE, CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 27th JULY 1974

TREASURY NOTES

By an unfortunate slip, a list of those who have sent subscriptions &/or donations for the current year was not in any way complete. Our apologies then to: Messrs. Bennett, Griffiths, Farrington, Killip, Orrell, Orum, Pitchford, Turvey, Lloyd, Telford, Walls, Walton, Holland, and John and Neil France. We have since received subscriptions &/or donations from: Reeves, Poole, Thomas, Russ Barker, Littlemore, Parr, Mason, Mills, Sherman, Colligan, Brown, Mitchell, Cranshaw, Harry Austin, Haslam, Pullan, Moss, Beaton and Henderson. We also acknowledge the kind donations from friends Oscar Dover and Frank Slemen.

COMMITTEE NOTES

The 96th Dinner has been arranged for 15 March 1975. Help wanted: at Nant Hall for the Mersey Roads "24" July 27/28.

RACING RESULTS

<u>W.C.T.T.C.A. 30 D7 28.4.74</u>	<u>Westwood R.C.C. 25 11.5.74 J32</u>
J.R.Griffiths 1.17.47 5th	D.Barker 1.5.58
W.J.Barnes 1.23.15 2nd Jun.	<u>Concorde C.C. 25 11.5.74 K16</u>
D.A.Eaton 1.24.58 4th Jun.	J.Moss 1.2.39
<u>Altrincham Ravens 25 28.4.74</u>	J.R.Griffiths 1.4.05
J32 1.2.0 limit	<u>Club 10 16.5.74 D18</u>
D.Barker 1.8.37	G.A.Robinson 25.13
<u>V.T.T.A. Manchester & N.W. 25</u>	N.M.France 25.41 P.B.
4.5.74 J32	D.A.Eaton 25.43 P.B.
J.R.Griffiths 1.2.08 1st	M.B.Holland 26.02
Year's fastest	P.Looby 28.15 P.B.
<u>V.T.T.A. Merseyside 30 5.5.74 D54</u>	K.Nelson 28.55
J.R.Griffiths 1.14.33 1st	<u>Seamons C.C. 10 15.5.74 J28</u>
Year's fastest	D.Barker 25.17
<u>B.N.E.G.C. 10 5.5.74 D6</u>	<u>East Lancs. 25 18.5.74 J32</u>
D.A.Eton 27.00 5th	G.A.Robinson 1.3.28
<u>Chester R.C. 10 11.5.74 D8</u>	<u>Anfield 10 19.5.74 D6</u>
G.A.Robinson 25.03	N.M.France 25.17 2nd
W.J.Barnes 25.58	D.A.Eaton 26.11 5th
D.A.Eaton 26.03 P.best	P.Looby 28.29
M.B.Holland 26.05	K.Nelson 28.00
P.Colligan 27.00	M.Hallgarth 28.44
P.O'Leary 32.00	

North Shropshire 25 25.5.74 D11
 G.A.Robinson 1.3.23
 M.J.Twigg 1.4.37

Seamons C.C.10 29.5.74 J28
 D.Barker 24.45 Year's fastest

Club 25 29.5.74 D7
 P.Looby 1.10.25 P.B.

Club 10 30.5.74 D18
 J.R.Griffiths 25.25
 M.B.Holland 26.24
 D.A.Eaton 26.26
 P.Looby 28.25
 K.Nelson 28.28
 M.Hallgarth 28.49
 (G.A.Robinson turned short)

Liverpool Cent.10 1.6.74 D51b
 G.A.Robinson 25.09
 M.J.Twigg 25.31
 J.W.Moss 25.35
 M.B.Holland 25.59
 D.A.Eaton 26.08
 P.J.Colligan 28.03

W.C.T.T.C.A. 50 9.6.74 D2
 J.R.Griffiths 2.8.27 (2nd F.))
 J.F.Thompson 2.12.29 (solo))
 W.J.Barnes 2.13.17 (1st H.))

Note: At the time of the West Cheshire 30, on April 28, Bill Barnes and Dave Eaton were first and second respectively in the 25 and 30 Junior Championship.

Divisional Road Race Championship 5.5.74 Delamere. 45 miles
 W.J.Barnes Finished seven minutes down on winner.

Birkenhead Park Handicap 33 miles. In these three Criterium events held on May 7, 14 and 21, Bill Barnes finished 12th in a field of 104 in the first event, did not finish in the second, and was unplaced in the Bunch Sprint in the third.

Kirkby-Wallvale Junior Road Ride 19.5.74 Bickerstaffe 50 miles
 M.B.Holland 8th in bunch sprint. Placed seventh with others.
 W.J.Barnes Placed seventh, with others.

Kynoch C.C.10 27.4.74 K16
 J.Thompson 27.10 (T)

Chesterfield Spire 10 1.6.74 010/2
 J.Thompson 25.51 Tricycle Club
 Record

East Liverpool 50 2.6.74 D2
 W.J.Barnes 2.13.43

(chain dislodged 1 min. lost)
 D.A.Eaton 2.20.24 P.B.
 M.B.Holland 2.22.04
 (chain jammed 2 min. lost)
 N.M.France 2.22.02 P.B.

Club 25 5.6.74 D16r
 W.J.Barnes 1.3.15
 P.Looby 1.10.06
 J.Thompson 1.4.02 (single)

B.C.F. North Mids.50 2.6.74 OSO
 J.Thompson 2.18.02 (T)

Solihull 25 8.6.74 K16
 M.J.Twigg 1.3.05
 J.W.Moss 1.3.25
 J.F.Thompson 1.5.26 (tri.)

Altrincham R.10 8.6.74 J.26
 G.A.Robinson 25.03

ANFIELD FIRST TEAM AWARD
 6.34.13

A Club 10, timed by Keith Orum, will be organized at Huntington on Thursday evening, June 27, at 7.30 p.m. Venue: Rake and Pikel. Any help will be appreciated. Marshals are required on Sunday 30 June for the West Cheshire 100 at Christleton Island. If anyone's times are missing from the above list please notify Bill Barnes. Only results sent in will be printed.

OPEN "10" - 19th May 1974

These events are run mainly for schoolboys, and as usual, these juniors made a most interesting collection. Mr. Wells, the winner, looked as big and strong as a professional, whilst some of his competitors had yet to grow into their 20" frames.

The Anfield activity was concentrated in the Junior event, where we had five riders. Only speedster Alan Roberts went faster than Neil France (25.17), which will surprise only those who had not seen Neil training recently. Eaton returned a satisfactory short "26" and Looby, Nelson and Hallgarth did "28's", personals for all three. Mason's time, 29.22 was a good one. His first outing since the Christmas Slide Show! We all thank John Moss for organizing a most entertaining morning.

J.F.T.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 25th May 1974

A damp towel cooled the fevered brow as I strained to produce a recent article for the Anfield Circular.

The facetious gibes of a Scouser hack, now masquerading as a Man of Essex, and dabbling in the arts forsooth, was simple reassurance that my first-ever commissioned article met the stringent literary standards required of contributors to the magazine with the widest circulation.

That Scouser will be chagrined to learn that readers of the famous journal now clamour for the fruits of a facile pen: this commission has been arranged by the Anfield President, himself.

For the Spring Holiday I bespoke, as is my wont, the company of John Williams. John was waiting at the Ferryport. We crossed the river and left Birkenhead by the High Road to join the Saturday lunch run at Bangor-is-y-coed. Our early start called for "tenses" at Chester. We went by quiet, pastoral byways to Shocklach, and a leisurely gait brought us to the Bull at the precise minute. The efficacious interlude was followed, in due course, by our dashing arrival at the inn that stands by the graceful Dee Bridge.

I crave pardon if, in the flurry of breathless excitement, any honoured name is omitted from my list of the members and friends who gathered at the Royal Oak in that pleasant Saturday in the pentecostal

season. Len and Flo extended a charming welcome to Bill and Eileen Gray, John Moss, Peter Colligan, Pat O'Leary, David Birchall, Keith Orum, Frank Perkins, Guy Pullan, Mike Holland, Dave Eaton, Neil France, Bill Barnes, Walter Portsmouth, Neil Gray, Gilbert Sutcliffe and John Williams.

BILL FINN

BISHOPS CASTLE - Sunday 26 May 1974

The sun was shining and Anfieldland never looked better as Guy Pullan and I travelled the expensive way up the hills to Bishops Castle. Owing to our method of locomotion, we usually overtake Rex Austin - we could not do so otherwise - but he had beaten us to it and our only competitor was John Thompson who was digging away on his single at a fair lick.

The company for lunch at the Old Brick House was distinguished and matched the elegant surroundings. President Len Hill, accompanied by his charming wife, kept the conversation flowing with ease.

The presence of Percy Williamson, Jim Cranshaw and Frank Perkins, looking just as fit and well as I have always known them over the years, made me feel, once again, that time stands pleasantly still in the area I have long deserted. Even the fact that we sat down 13 to table seemed of no consequence to my intensely superstitious mind so bemused was I with still another happy reunion.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

THE 75th ANFIELD "100"

The week-end started on Saturday at Shrewsbury's Lion, and continued on Sunday when we celebrated the Eve of the Event Dinner. A goodly party in each other's company. As Len Hill said: Just like old times! Then all we waited for was the morning, and the 75th Anfield "100".

The weather on Spring Bank Holiday Sunday had been as good as May can bring, but the day of the event dawned grey and cool. At least the morning was dry with thin cloud which could go either way later.

My view from the 25-mile point near High Ercall hinted at a wind from the north-west, and rising too. A gentle drift for the first third of the field, but by 7 o'clock the cool breeze threatened havoc with the fast times we all hoped for. As all will know this year we have a new course, selected for its flatness, speed, safety, and surface so far as is possible. It is not perfect, but old hands at the game claim that no one will find a faster course in Shropshire.

- The field was a good one to mark the occasion, but with no

really big names present. Five additional top-class riders like Clewath would have bred in hot competition and given us a full card, though 115 entries is not unsatisfactory. In the end the outcome was all hoped for, but few expected. Scratchman Dave Allan (80) Birkenhead North End, smashed the event record to win in 4.4.49, beating the Alan Creaser time of 1971 by nearly four minutes. Gordon Smith (Mercury) was second in 4.19.6 with G.S. Smith (Rockingham) third in 4.23.9. Birkenhead North End took the team prize with an aggregate of 13.4.37.

The results sheet tells a tale of interest: the first miles were fast, and so was the race for the finish from Prees, but in the middle 50-miles the field was devastated. The most important factor must surely have been the wind, though it was not troublesome to the spectators. Even the fast men suffered, as can be seen in the following table which illustrates the leading times for each 25-mile portion of the course:

Actual Time:	To 25 mls.	To 50 mls.	To 75 mls.	To 100 mls.
(80) Allan (BNE)	58.03	1.03.12	1.02.48	1.00.46
(98) Smith (Mercury)	1.01.43	1.07.47	1.07.50	1.01.46
(76) Smith (Rockingham)	1.01.54	1.07.55	1.09.27	1.03.53
(70) Taylor	59.50	1.08.32	1.14.04	1.06.13
(100) Mullins	1.02.46	1.09.25	-	-
(60) Spencer	1.03.41	-	-	-

The table highlights the contracting performances for the middle miles and either end of the event. From the very start the race was Allan's; his pace was light and smooth - deceptively so for throughout the event he was riding away from his rivals with a speed that none could equal. Co-scratchmen Taylor and Mullins both faded. Taylor, hot on the heels of Allan and under the hour after 25-miles, managed to struggle home with a 4.29. Mullins never looked strong and did not reach the 75-mile check. Ron Spencer, the only other rival on paper, failed to reach 50 miles.

No one came near to Allan - not even Smith (98) who finished second. He came flying over the final 25 miles in 1.1.46, but still he was falling back; Smith's fine time was no match in speed for Allan's 1.0.46.

The Anfield "100" being a classic, always had a following of people who return every year to race and help. This year was no exception, with many of those top racing men from the vintage years present and competing. The year's outstanding ride by a "Vet." surely belongs to 65-years old Charles Holland. He won the event in 1932, 1934 and 1936, and finished this year in 4.48.11 within

seconds of his 1932 winning time of 4,48.0.

Tucked away in the list of competitors this year were the names of four Anfielders, and commendable were their rides. Bill Barnes, Mike Holland and Neil France, the three Anfield juniors in the event, this was their first hundred, though you might not think it when you see how well they paced themselves:

<u>Actual Time:</u>	25 mls.	50 mls.	75 mls.	100 mls.
Barnes	1.08.41	2.22.27	3.35.27	4.42.51
Holland	1.06.47	2.21.49	3.40.58	4.53.47
Griffiths	1.02.13	2.10.59	-	D.N.F.
France	1.10.41	2.27.56	3.44.46	4.57.41

Meritorious are the times they achieved, and it was splendid watching an Anfielder (Bill Barnes) sprinting to the finishing line within seconds of Dave Allan. We finished a team, and it made good speed, too, but could not hope to keep up with the swifter wheels of those more experienced. We renewed an Anfield tradition and finished sixth in the list; had Ben Griffiths been able to hang on for the fast final miles we would have done even better.

Promptly at six, under the expert direction of Rex Austin, Syd Hancock, Dave Brown, Hilda and Oscar Dover organised and sent the riders off.

Along the road, del Banco, Bradley and Les Goodhew at Hodnet, directed riders to Harold Catling, George Taylor, John Ingram, his son and Fred Butterworth at Crudgington. On Shawbirch Corner Eric Reeves, Jack Hawkins and Stan Cooper greeted Keith Orum and me on our way to the 25-mile point.

Bill Finn (fitter and younger than last year and as always immaculately dressed in sober black as an Anfielder should be), Jack Pitchford and friend Powis watched the riders fight the wind up to, and speed before it from Shawbury, where the turn was stewarded by Arthur Smith, John Haynes and the Mac Thropshire Wheelers. At Battlefield Corner Messrs. Twigg, Robinson and Calligan reported all quiet.

Bill Grey and Walter Portsmouth borrowed a farmer's broom to clean up Preston Brockhurst for half-an-hour. At Prees Heath, Hubert Buckley checked times, while John France and Pete Duncan (from Glasgow) were referees in a contest for space on the round-about between riders and holiday coaches. Heavier support here next year with a borrowed constable, and hazard signs might be wise. Happily all riders escaped for the race to Tern Hill, which this year was staffed by a very acceptable party including Stan Wild, Alf Howarth, Pat O'Leary and Dave Barker, the latter getting

recuperative miles into his legs.

Thanks to the wind, Ken Yardley and son had fewer times to record at 75 miles than had Frank Fischer and Tom Sumner at 50 miles. On the other hand, the drinks contingent provided by the Mersey Roaders (or should it be the Williams C.C. with John and Ruth plus two sons and two grandsons) were ensured of brisk business handing up drinks as a result of Jack Duckers and the North Shropshire Wheelers invigorating brew at 50 miles. Many were the gallons of tea and orange juice downed around the course. The Anfield Brewing Team was frequently in action. Geoff Sharp with John Moss and Thompson led ours with stirring help from Messrs. Nelson, Hallgarth, Adams, Mason, Looby and Page. At the finish Vivienne exclaimed that she had brewed her 23rd gallon of tea that morning with the staunch help of Pattie.

For those who reached the finish Bert Mitchell (at long last an Anfielder) provided the intercom between the timekeeper's car (managed by Rex Austin, Mark Haslam and Guy Pullan) and the results board, crewed and kept up to date by Dave Eaton and helpers. Around the finishers board and along the course, and not mentioned elsewhere, I saw Percy Williamson, Frank Perkins, Jim Cranshaw, Dave Bettaney, Alan Rogerson, Don Stewart and son, Tommy Sherman and Len Walls. Cliffe Ash was out and about competing and helping, and we thank him and Jack Pitchford for decorating the finishing corner prior to the day with bunting loaned to us by the Shropshire County Council, and for understanding how to dismantle it!

To all those mentioned by name above, our sincere thanks, and since I am guilty of omitting some names please accept my apologies - your help and presence is not forgotten. To complete the credits, mention remain to be made of Pete Richmond (who had the unenviable job of handicapping the event) and the two principle personalities who contributed so much to the success of the day: Event Secretary John Whelan, and President Len Hill.

When the Anfield party left after the clearing up, the finishing lane again was restful under the Shropshire skies. Competitors and helpers all made off, and many it seemed were going to Myddle. After the hard work of the morning we were ready to relax. In and around the Red Lion throngs of Anfielders and our friends quenched thirsts with good pints of well-earned ale. The sandwiches and tea were delicious, too, and altogether the party ended a merry one.

DAVID BIRCHALL

(David Barker, our regular describer of the "100" scene, has been unwell. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery. - Ed.)

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G. BUCKLEY & F. PERKINS

Captain: J.W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1974

No. 774

FIXTURES

August 1974

- 17 BANGOR ON DEE / CHELFORD
(The Royal Oak) (The Egerton Arms)
- 24 ASHTON (Golden Lion)
- 31 SHOCKLACH (The Bull)

September

- 7 ALPRAHAM (The Tollemache Arms)
- 14 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill)
or HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 21 FARDON (Nag's Head)
- 28 WEM (Vine Cafe) OLLERTON (Dun Cow)

October

- 5 SHOCKLACH (The Bull)
- 12 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
- 19 BANGOR ON DEE (The Royal Oak)
DISCO DANCE (Heatherlands)
- 26 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - LLANYMYNECH. Lunch (CORWEN)

Nov. 2 A.G.M. (ASHTON)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and Donations should be
sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D. BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE COTTAGE,
ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE, CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr. Mold,
Flints., CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD. Code 0352)

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 12th OCTOBER 1974

COMMITTEE NOTES

Applications for Cadet Membership:

Stephen John Bagnall, 15 Private Drive, Barnston, Wirral.
 Bernard Martin Bagnall, 15 Private Drive, Barnston, Wirral.
 Sean Holgate, 9 Grange Road, Heswall, Wirral.
 Timothy Clark, 14 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral.
 Ian Mark Griffith, 52 Downham Road North, Heswall, Wirral.

All proposed by Keith Orum, and Seconded by David Birchall.

Resignation: The Committee have accepted, with great regret, the resignation of Mr. J.C. Austin.

Autumn Tints. The tour this year has been arranged for October 26/27 at the Lion at Llanymynech. Keith Orum will reserve accommodation on receipt of a deposit of 50p.

Dinner and Discoteque. This highly successful "do" will be held again this year at the Heatherlands, Thurston, Wirral on Saturday October 19. Music, as in previous years, by Dink's Disco. Gerry Robinson is organizing the function, and the price of the tickets will be announced in our next issue.

A.G.M.

Notice of Motion to be in the hands of the Secretary by 1st October.

TREASURY NOTES

We acknowledge, with thanks, subscriptions from Len and Adrian Walls, J.C.Austin, Frank Fischer and Geoff Lockett. Messrs. Clark, Griffiths and Holgate, prospective cadet members, have also sent remittances. Donations have been received from J.C.Austin and Arthur Birkby.

THE LYKE WAKE WALK

Is a masterpiece of rough-stuff hiking stretching for some 42 miles between Osmotherly and Ravenscar in North Yorkshire. At one time, say ten years or so ago, it was regarded as an exceptional achievement, and only relatively few sore feet were dragged into the cafe at Ravenscar to sign the book signifying that the walk had been achieved. On June first, after a 4.30 a.m. start, David Birchall and Keith Orum, with a small party from Barclays Bank, started out. The walk is now so popular that the path is easy to find, even in the most difficulty country, and so hard on the feet that blisters come too easily. Keith and David, who are accomplished walkers, completed the epic in 13-hrs and 10 mins. and when they say: "Never again!" it must have been one of the most miserable trips they have ever had,

HELP WANTED

We have a Junior Team entered for the National Junior Championship on August 18 at Trentham on the A34. The event will be timed by Rex Austin. Bill Barnes, Neil France, Mike Holland and Dave Eaton constitute the team. They hope to put up a good show provided they can get there in time. Can anyone lay on some transport? Please contact Len Hill at (051) 342-3589.

REMINDER - 96th Birthday Dinner: March 15, 1975.

PERSONAL COLUMN

We regret to report that John Leece is still in hospital at Clatterbridge. John went in for a cataract operation, and then other complications developed, with the result that our old friend is confined to bed.

Syd del Banco has also been a patient at the same hospital. The last time we heard the news seemed good, and perhaps he will be out and home by the time this Circular sees the light of day.

Norman Turvey reports that he is now enjoying a short walk each day, and all of us are very grateful for that. Geoff Lockett was out at Ashton the other day, and David Barker has been getting a few miles in his legs.

Jack Hawkins has had to forsake the bicycle - for only a period, we hope - and has now resorted to footwork. John France is now able to resume cycling at long last, and Frank Perkins, after a nasty encounter with a couple of hounds some months ago, is also awheel again.

Lastly, but by no means least, we must not forget Harry, our host at Eureka, Two Mills. His progress to full recovery is slow, and it is a long and tedious time for him.

D.L.B.

RACING RESULTS

Weaver Valley C.C.25 12.6.74 J32
W.J.Barnes 1.2.33

Club 25 12.6.74 D7-Whitchurch Rd.
N.M.France 1.4.10 P.B.
M.B.Holland 1.4.43 P.B.
G.A.Robinson 1.5.03

Club 10 13.6.74 D18-Farndon
J.R.Griffiths 24.42 1st P.B.
N.M.France 24.53 2nd P.B.
G.A.Robinson 25.37

Birchfield C.C.25 15.6.74 K16
G.A.Robinson 1.3.28
J.W.Moss 1.4.

Veterans Event
M.J.Twigg 1.1.51 3rd H'cap

Buxton C.C.25 15.6.74 J32
J.R.Griffiths 1.0.1 P.B. -
(Years fastest)
D.A.Eaton 1.4.23 P.B.

Warrington R.C.25 16.6.74 J16

D.Barker 1.5.30

Club 50 16.6.74 D10-N.Wales

Coast Road

W.Barnes 2.11.21 P.B.

M.B.Holland 2.19.17

P.Looby 2.28.07 P.B.

Morley 25 16.6.74

J.Thompson (tri) 1.1.26

Club 10 20.6.74 D18

G.A.Robinson 25.04

N.M.France 25.09

J.R.Griffiths 25.22

J.W.Moss 25.

W.J.Barnes 25.41

M.B.Holland 25.55

Merseyside Vets.25 20.6.74 D51

M.J.Twigg 1.2.44

Cleveleys R.C.10 22.6.74 L48

G.A.Robinson 24.38

W.J.Barnes 24.49

P.Colligan 26.

Walsall R.C.25 22.6.74 K16

M.J.Twigg 1.5.05

J.Thompson (tri) 1.10.22

P.S.W.25 26.6.74 D1

J.R.Griffiths 1.3.12 (Slow Punc.)

N.M.France 1.4.43

W.J.Barnes 1.4.55

D.A.Eaton 1.6.58

P.T.Looby 1.9.36

Club 25 26.6.74 D7

M.B.Holland 1.5.32

Club 10 27.6.74 D18

N.M.France 25.03

G.A.Robinson 25.22

Dukinfield C.C.25 29.6.74 J24D.Barker 1.4.19 (Best since
packed up 7 years ago)Mercia C.C.10 29.6.74 K16W.J.Barnes 23.14 P.B. (2nd
Junior Years fastest)

N.M.France 23.19 (3rd Junior)

G.A.Robinson 23.48

M.B.Holland 23.57 P.B.

D.A.Eaton 24.11 P.B.

W.C.T.T.C.A.100 30.6.74 D3

J.R.Griffiths 4.35

J.F.Thompson D.N.F. (Punc. twice)

Club 25 3.7.74 D16R

W.J.Barnes 1.3.03

N.M.France 1.3.06

J.R.Griffiths 1.3.42

Club 10 4.7.74 D18

M.B.Holland 25.38

D.A.Eaton 25.58

Hyde Olympic 10 6.7.74 J26

G.A.Robinson 24.45

Rutland "100" 7.7.74

J.Thompson (tri) 4.43.11 Club.Rec.

Molyneux R.C.100 Limit 25

7.7.74 D54

G.A.Robinson 1.2.24 P.B.5th) 1st

J.W.Moss 1.3.07) Team

W.J.Barnes 1.3.22)

J.R.Griffiths 1.3.48 (Slow Punc.)

N.M.France 1.4.51

D.A.Eaton 1.5.25

P.T.Looby 1.9.37

Club 25 10.7.74 D7

G.A.Robinson 1.3.10 1st

Club 10 11.7.74 D18

N.M.France 25.11 2nd

D.A.Eaton 26.11

Shirley R.C. 1.2.00 limit 25
13.7.74 K16
 G.A.Robinson 1.0.48 P.B.) 1st
 N.M.France 1.0.56 P.B.) Team
 M.B.Holland 1.2.45 P.B.)
 W.J.Barnes 1.3.06 (1 min.late
 start, came off at turn)
 D.A.Eaton 1.3.26 P.B.

Morley C.C.25 13.7.74 V133
 M.J.Twigg 1.0.36
 J.W.Moss D.N.F. (Punc.-new silk!)
 J.Thompson (tri) 1.1.46

TA(N.W.)"25" 14.7.74
 J.Thompson (tri) 1.6.10) 2nd
 (fastest))
 E.A.Rogerson(") 1.17.17)Team

Club 25 17.7.74 D16R
 M.B.Holland 1.4.42 3rd
 D.A.Eaton 1.5.56

Club 10 18.7.74 D18
 N.M.France 24.27 1st
 G.A.Robinson 24.38
 J.R.Griffiths 25.22
 M.B.Holland 25.26
 W.J.Barnes 25.41
 P.T.Looby 26.59
 K.Nelson 28.20

Stone Wheelers 10 20.7.74 J54
 N.M.France 24.08
 W.J.Barnes 24.19
 G.A.Robinson 24.29
 M.B.Holland 24.31
 D.A.Eaton 24.48
 J.Thompson (tri) 24.58 (Club Rec.)

Royal Sutton C.C.25 20.7.74 K16
 M.J.Twigg 1.2.35
 J.W.Moss 1.3.?

Birkenhead Vics.25 21.7.74 D16
 J.R.Griffiths 1.2.24
 N.M.France 1.2.40
 G.A.Robinson 1.2.54
 D.A.Eaton 1.5.01
 M.B.Holland 1.5.48
 P.T.Looby 1.7.5 P.B. 3rd
 H'cap
 W.J.Barnes D.N.F. (Stripped B.B.
 Thread)

Club 25 24.7.74 D7
 N.M.France 1.2.00 3rd
 M.B.Holland 1.5.

Tunstall 10 27.7.74
 J.Thompson 24.53 Club Record

RACING RESULTS TO BILL BARNES - 051-648 3263

"WAYFARER"

Arthur Smith, our good friend from the North Road C.C., adds a little more to the "Wayfarer" story:

Bill Firm's excellent pen portrait of "Robinson, himself" omits one aspect of Wayfarer which might not strike an even older cyclist. Many of us who started cycling just after the 1914-1918 war were inspired by Wayfarer's articles in Cycling, which I started reading in 1919, and so read the famous 'Over the Top' article. Robinson was then living in Birkenhead, and maybe I was inspired the more because I had some acquaintance with Birkenhead, and was tantalised by his rides into the unknown.

Also, his articles then often dealt with Anfield runs, or rides with Anfielders, whereas when he moved to Birmingham he became a "loner", and his articles lost by this. I remember my brother-in-law-to-be shaking me by noting how often the term "I" appeared in one of these later articles

* * * * *

And another memory: Years ago, it would be in the late twenties, I had the misfortune to break a pedal on an Easter tour in North Wales, and I was having a somewhat difficult time getting along with the efforts of only one leg on the road to Harlech from Barmouth. Although not then an Anfielder, I was already an avid reader of those Cycling articles, and when Wayfarer came pedalling with other Anfielders from the opposite direction, he was kind enough to stop (for a complete stranger) chat for a few moments, and offer his sympathy in my predicament. I was thrilled, and then even more delighted a few days later when I received a mention in those exciting pages! In later years we became firm friends, and yet I never bothered to ask him whether he remembered "the laddie with a broken pedal" who was so pleased to be written about all those years ago.

F.E.M.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION: PRESIDENT'S WEEK-END - AYSGARTH - 22/24 March

Last year, Harold Catling sent us an interesting description of this popular annual event. This time it is John Thompson's turn:-

Friday: Leaving for a week-end on Friday night seems sensible when planned months in advance over a pint, or two, or three. In practice it is tough.

Changing from suit to plusses is easier than throwing off the week-long drudge and keying the mind to bicycle riding, but this has to be done if the ground between Birkenhead and Blackburn is to be covered by pedal power. (A task which seems both absurd and impossible to my colleagues at work). However, this is not the place to reflect on how and why we do it, I merely record the fact that I made the 5.30 boat; got through my "butties" before reaching the Pier Head, without injury crossed the ten million traffic lights up "Scottie" Road, and passed through Ormskirk and Chorley, finally to arrive shattered at the door of E.A. Rogerson and family at 9.30 p.m.

Saturday: The sun shone all day, but as we made our plotted course, into the wind, through Whalley and Settle, Alan's mile-starved legs began to melt. This once great 100-miler made a sorry sight crawling up the 1 in 20 slopes of Widdale Fell. Still, as

always, we eventually reached and settled into Aysgarth Youth Hostel. The warden and his wife served a fine meal to some forty-odd trike-men.

After dinner, as is traditional, we had "a few" pints. It was at this stage that I introduced to (the previously innocent) Alan the twin evils of Newcastle Amber and table football.

Sunday: Cloudy, wind assisted, uneventful miles passed by as far as Whalley where, with my $\frac{1}{4}$ " map, I navigated through an evil (1 in 4 hills etc.) lane route to Blackburn. Alan was frankly amazed that my map of the world (or most of it) should include lanes unknown to him so near to Blackburn. After a cuppa I left Alan to push on home. The climb from the ferry was hard. I was tired. It would take a week at work to recover.

JOHN T.

HIGH HORIZONS

Some people just cannot keep their bicycles away from the sweat-engendering and weary miles of the Continental passes. Stan Wild is one. Stan has just returned from an adventure in the Pyrenees, and here is his story:

My Pyrenean tour was very enjoyable. It was a big change from my previous party tours. On one's own there is an inclination to cover more miles than with a party. And there is more freedom. I crossed a dozen cols, and while I rode most of them I didn't hesitate to walk a mile or two if riding began to hurt. I used a Campc gear for the first time, as a change from my usual Sturmey. I found this quite good, but no advantage over the Sturmey - it's legs that count! But a 27" bottom gear was a great help in places.

I started from Pau, and crossed the Col du Somport (5381-ft.) in blazing heat to Jaca, in Spain, and returned to France via the 5768-ft. high Col du Pourtalet. Then followed two delightful cols, the Aubisque, and the Soulor. The long climb to the famous Cirque de Gavarnie - 12 miles of it - was as tough as most passes. On a wet afternoon I rode the Col du Tourmalet (6936-ft.) in a cape, but it is a well-engineered pass - the drop to Ste. Marie de Campan was very wet, and constituted my only soaking of the tour.

The Col d'Aspin and the Col de Peyresourde, the former just under, and the latter just over, 5000-ft. were climbed without difficulty, and led me to Luchon, a delightful holiday town surrounded by high mountains, including the Pico de Aneto, the highest mountain in the Pyrenees. Some miles down the valley was the small walled town of St. Bertrano de Comminges, with a picturesque and comfortable inn. Just the place for a break during a strenuous holiday.

The Col de Portet D'Aspet is a mere 3524-ft. Low as passes go, it proved to be the toughest of the tour. It was early evening when I saw a sign indicating that it was 10km to the top, where there was supposed to be a chalet hotel. The first half of the climb was ridden easily, and then I was forced from the saddle, and the final five kilometres were a tough struggle up a very steep gradient. Then at the top the hotel was closed, and in very desolate and lonely country I had to descend for nine miles before I came to an hotel in the tiny village of Argein. I asked for a room at a late hour, and was immediately shown to one containing washbasin, bidet, toilet and shower! An excellent dinner, followed by coffee and cognac, made a wonderful end to a very strenuous day.

Two grey days followed, and lunchtime on the second found me at Ax les Thermes, with the depressing prospect of an 18-miles climb through mist-shrouded mountains to Andorra. But it proved to be an easy ascent, and the mist a comparatively dry one. I finished the day just across the Andorra border at Pas de la Casa (6280-ft.). This is now a shanty town, in keeping with Andorra's recent developments, and I had no difficulty in finding a nice hotel.

The next day the mist had cleared, and the sun shone in all its glory from a clear blue sky. I found myself three miles from the top of the Port D'Envalira (7898-ft.) for many years the highest pass in the Pyrenees. Now it is second to a new one, Puerto de Bielsa, near Arreau. These final miles were tough, and I walked all the way. The long drop through the valley of Andorra was great, but it was regrettable to see the amount of tourist development that has taken place at Escaldes, and at the capital, Andorra La Vella. I spent the night in the Spanish town of Seo D'Urgel. The cathedral cloisters here are well worth seeing - a real oasis in a very hot climate.

Then followed one of the hardest days I have ever experienced on the Continent. A continual climb of 45 miles, all in low, or next to low, gear with the sun absolutely blazing down. Lunch at the Spanish border, and I continued to climb, finally coming to the summit of the Col de la Perche, from which I dropped to the really lovely walled town of Mount Louis.

Nearing the end of the trip, I climbed my final pass, the Col de la Quillane, to follow the course of the Aude river all the way to Carcassonne, one of the most famous walled cities in Europe. I spent a pleasant afternoon in La Citie before travelling on the night train to Paris, and home.

For those who feel like dragging their wheels to the French/Spanish border, with Andorra thrown in, Stan provides some notes as

cost. The train journeys across France are expensive. Dinner, bed and breakfast at good class hotels varies from £3.50 to £6.50. The top figure is seldom experienced, the average being £4.50. A light lunch is desirable. Spain was found to be cheaper than France. In France a beer cost the equivalent of 20p, and a coffee 25p. A pot of tea 20p. In Spain a beer varied between 5p and 10p, coffee about 7p.

WET ROADS AND DRY: THE STORY OF THE SHIRLEY "25"

This event promised to be the most important of all so far this season, as all those riding hoped to record personal bests.

On the morning the sky was grey, and it was windy. However, we hoped it would clear up when we arrived at the start. Dave Eaton and I had arranged to be at Bill Barnes' house at half-past eleven to load up the bicycles and we would pick up Mike Holland en route.

The K16 starts at Alrewas near Lichfield, so we took the road to Nantwich, Stone and finally Lichfield. We escaped the rain until Tarporley, here the heavens opened, and the roads were awash in a minute. This really dampened our spirits, and Bill was regretting having put his new "silks" on. When we arrived at the start we were surprised to find that it hadn't rained much, to our relief! We unloaded the machines and put our numbers on. Gerry Robinson, who was also riding, had arrived earlier and we exchanged doubts about the weather and the chances of winning the team prize.

There was a tailwind to the turn, and we all had no difficulty in spinning the big gears. The sky had turned a nasty shade of black, and I hit the rain at the turn; the others hit it progressively along the road. On the way back I noticed Bill was not in the correct order of start. It turned out that on his "warm-up" he had been concentrating so much on the race he had forgotten the time and arrived late at the start! It was not his lucky day because at the turn, with the road being greasy his "silks" couldn't grip, and he fell, badly grazing his knee and thigh.

The results were: G. Robinson 1.00.48, Neil France 1.00.56, Mike Holland 1.02.45, Bill Barnes 1.03.06 and Dave Eaton 1.03.26. All, except the unfortunate Bill, recorded personal bests. And we secured the team by one minute from the Stourbridge C.C. So ended a day of mixed fortunes for a merry band of Anfielders. N.F.

JOHN THOMPSON

Those who have studied the results which we have included in this and recent issues will have noticed that John has put up some wonderful performances, both on three wheels, and two. We do not

wish to see such skill pass unnoticed, and we are pleased to know that Alan Rogerson is writing a special article, and we hope to include this in our next issue.

CLOTTON, Bulls Head - 1st June 1974

A helpful wind resulted in a delightful morning's ride, and even more pleasurable was an excellent turn-out at the Bull's Head. President Len, obviously well-pleased with the success of the "100" received support from a baker's dozen of members.

This is a cosy inn which provides useful snack meals, and when everything had been put away, a very happy session ensued. Waspish humour flew around, chiefly in my direction, but the timely arrival of Bill Gray saved my reputation. Our Beau Brummel of the Border became the cynosure of all eyes. The technical brilliance of Bill's sartorial ensemble was devastating, and made the rest of us look like a lot of tramps. One to you, Bill,

Yes, a grand fixture, and all too soon came the time to depart. I joined Frank Fischer in a conversational ride via Beeston and Bunbury until, in the fullness of time, the parting of the ways came at Sound. Those present were: Len Hill, Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred, Stan Wild, Frank Fischer, Rex Austin, Frank Perkins, John France, Albert Dixon, Ben Griffiths, and Bill Gray and his brother-in-law.

S.W.

FARNDON - 6th July 1974

I have three alternative routes from Market Drayton to Farnon - via Tilstock and Sarn Bridge, or straight through Whitchurch and Malpas, or Wrenbury, Cholmondeley and Tilston. Having tried the direct way via Whitchurch once I now avoid this and usually go the southern route through Tilstock. However this time I decided on the northern route for a change, leaving early to allow for the strong NW wind that day.

Making slow but steady progress past the rhododendrons of Cholmondeley I met a cyclist flying the other way, wind assisted. This was Mike Twigg (doing some secret training) but he decided to turn there and head towards Farnon with me, though I warned him my pace would be a lot slower than his normal. Reaching Tilston, we stopped for a welcome pint, and whilst there we were joined by Pat O'Leary, who had been riding with Bill and Eileen Grey and Walter Portsmouth. Lynx-eyed Bill had spotted our bikes and recognised them, so Pat thought it a good excuse to stop.

Arriving in due course at the Nags Head, Farnon, we found our President already there, together with his wife Flo, and a very

welcome guest in Ossie Dover; no stranger of course to many Anfield fixtures but not often seen on an Anfield clubrun. Soon afterwards Keith Orum, Dave Birchall and Dave Eaton arrived, bringing with them three prospective members, Sean Holgate, Tim Clark and Ian Griffiths; this influx of more new members augurs well for the future.

F.E.F.

OLLERTON, Dun Cow - 6th July 1974

The Dun Cow lies on the Siddington triangle, and is well known to older members who rode in pre-war open events in East Cheshire. It was always a friendly inn and nowadays dispenses excellent snack lunches, including tasty Lancashire hot-pot, which went down very well with us all. "All" means just four: Jim Cranshaw, Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, and Stan Wild, a quartet of first-class quality.

Harold reveals that he is planning to ride in the U.S.A. BIKE CENTENNIAL 76, a 3,000-miles organized ride across the United States, to be covered in six weeks. Some months ago John Thompson was displaying a lively interest in this project, and I would love to make up the Anfield team. But - sic transit gloria - I could do with a pair of new legs!

Stan Bradley was first away on his tricycle, and some considerable time later Jim and Harold rode northwards. I pedalled homewards facing the sun. An excellent day!

S.W.

KELSALL - 13th July 1974

This proved to be one of the wettest summer days I can remember. The sun was shining just after breakfast, but I was only a few miles down the road when the heavens opened, and I wore my cape for the rest of the day. I persisted in my run via Bunbury and the circuit of Beeston Castle, and reached Clotton by that normally pleasant road through Tattenhall and Huxley. But today the roads were awash, and there was no joy in it at all. I de-aped with relief at the Bull's Head only to be told that the run had been altered to Kelsall. So on went the wet cape, and in due course I entered the Globe (the new venue) presenting a most bedraggled appearance.

Cheerful Anfield company soon had my spirits back to normal, and conversing with difficulty between large mouthfuls of ploughmans lunch, I was easily reduced to silence by the eloquence of those present. I couldn't get a word in edgeways! Our raconteurs were Len the President, John France, Frank the Vice and Hubert Buckley (with Sadie and Alfred) so the brilliance of the conversation can be imagined. Later on Walter Portsmouth and Mrs. Gray appeared. They had lost Bill on the way. No reward offered! The rain slackened

during the afternoon, but not enough to do without a cape. So ended a miserable day which only in retrospect had anything good about it. The irony of it all was that there was a full day's cricket at Old Trafford.

S.W.

SHOCKLACH, The Bull - 20th July 1974

There is a delightfully quiet route to Shocklach from Nantwich. From Acton it crosses the canal at Swanley Bridge, then winds enticingly through Chorley to Cholmondeley Schools, then through Bickley to No Man's Heath and Malpas. I like Malpas. Bishop Heber (who wrote 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains') was born here. And I liked it very much today. I knew, after pushing into a tough north-wester for many miles, that I hadn't far to go to lunch.

The Bull is a really excellent inn, and provides very good food at reasonable prices, and above all the licensee (an old cyclist) gives us a hearty welcome and shows great interest in our activities.

The racing lads were away fighting Father Time, but the gathering of older members was very satisfactory, consisting of Len Hill, John France, Frank Perkins, Stan Wild, Ben Griffiths, Frank Fischer, Pat O'Leary, Walter Portsmouth, Bill and Mrs. Gray, and Bill's brother-in-law. After Bill had recounted his latest stock of amusing Irish stories we settled down to serious conversation, and a great session it was.

Frank Fischer joined me for the return journey, and we had a sleigh ride. The tough wind of the morning had actually increased in strength, a warm sun had appeared, and our ride via Wrenbury and Aston with practically a gale at our rear was a joy to experience. We not only felt fast, but we rode fast!

S.W.

ALLOSTOCK, Drovers' Arms - 20th July 1974

Although there was a feeling of rain in the air, I had faith in my barometer when I left home. Passed by Ringway Airport. The sight of the movement of those planes always impresses me enough to make me stop for a while. Then on to Ashley, Knutsford and Tabley. During the short run down the main road to Plumbley I was accompanied by heavy holiday traffic. The quiet conditions via Lower Peover to the Drovers at Allstock were appreciated. I was soon joined by Jim Cranshaw. I suppose most of the other members might be away on holiday. Nobody else turned up.

S.B.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G. BUCKLEY & F. PERKINS

Captain: J.W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: KEITH ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston,
Wirral. Tel: 051-342-3879

OCTOBER 1974

No. 775

FIXTURES

November 1974

- 2 ASHTON (Globe) Lunch
A.G.M. at Village Hall at 3.0 p.m.
- 9 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch
- 16 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch
- 23 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) Lunch
- 30 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms) Lunch

December

- 7 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch
- 14 KELSALL (Globe) Tea at Two Mills for Slide
Show.
- 21 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe)
Y.H.A. Weekend to CYNWYD
- 26 SHOCKLACH - Ladies Lunch Run.
- 28 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms) Lunch

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and Donations should
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D. BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE
COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 23rd NOVEMBER 1974

COMMITTEE NOTES

We are pleased to report that the following have been elected to Cadet membership, and we sincerely hope that they will be happy with us: Messrs. S.J.Bagnall, B.M.Bagnall, Sean Holgate, Timothy Clark and I.M.Griffith.

Application for membership:

Walter Stanley Cooper, "Mereton", South Drive, Heswall, Wirral, L60 OBG. Proposed by D.L.Birchall, and seconded by L.J.Hill.

A RARE EVENT.....

Anywhere, not just in Anfieldland. We are more than delighted to report that Rex and Edna Austin celebrated their Golden Wedding on October 5. This is an opportunity to record, and appreciate, just how much the Anfield owes to Rex and Edna. President for six momentous years, Life Membership gained the long (not to say hard) way - the amassing of 1,000 runs. Timekeeper for countless seasons, and still at it!

Approachable always, wise always, pleasant always. The Anfield has just cause to be very grateful to have had Rex around all these years.

At the Golden Wedding celebrations our President and his lady represented the Anfield, and there were other cyclists there, too, to acclaim them. Jack Austin, one time an Anfielder, who proposed the original toast half a century ago, was principal speaker, his main theme being Rex's long interest in cycling, and the pleasure it has given him. And, above all, how Edna has always been a stalwart supporter of all his interests. The veritable banquet finished in the early hours, and we went to bed, very appreciative of the happy party that celebrated Rex and Edna's Golden Wedding.

L.J.H.

CHRISTMAS COMETH . . .

Our Slide Show is for December 14. Please come along and bring some slides.

Ladies Lunch at the Bull at Shocklach on Boxing Day.

SADNESS . . .

Pervades these pages. With the greatest possible regret we have to record the passing of three well-loved Anfielders: Percy Williamson, suddenly and only a week after he had made his pilgrimage to Nant Hall and the Mersey Roads "24". Syd del Banco, who took a sudden turn for the worse as our last issue was being prepared, and John Leece, after months in hospital. We are also very

sorry to learn that Tony King of the North Road Club has passed away. Tony represented the North Road at several Halewood dinners.

OBITUARIES

Percy Williamson.

Every member will have heard of Percy's death with the deepest regret. He died very suddenly on August 4 in his 80th year. To his son, John and family the Club offers its sincerest condolences.

Percy joined the Club in 1914, and thus constituted one of the few remaining links with the great personalities of the pre-World War One era. He never claimed to be a "crack", but achieved some useful rides in Club events in the early 1920's, and actually made two abortive attempts (with the late A.Warburton) on the N.R.R.A. Tandem "12" record.

His easy, friendly nature enhanced the pleasure of any run or week-end in which he took part. An enthusiastic tourist all his life, he remained an active cyclist to the end, being present at the "100", and only a week before his death turned out in the small hours to help at the President's feed at Nant Hall in the Mersey Roads "24". He was one of the nicest fellows I ever knew, a sentiment which will be echoed by all.

The Club was represented at the Manchester Crematorium on August 8 by L.J.Hill, Don Birchall, R.J. and Mrs. Austin, H.Catling, and Stan and Mrs.Wild.

Sydney del Banco

When, last month, we said that our beloved "Blotto" was on the mend, we were wrong. He had been on the recovery list, and had indeed returned home for a time, but when we were preparing the last issue a setback reared its ugly head, and Syd was rushed back to Clatterbridge, where he passed away.

It is sad indeed to realize that we shall never see his smiling, ever-serene face again.

Syd had been an Anfielder for a long time. He joined the Club in 1927, and quickly proved himself to be a happy and contented clubman. Helping in the opens, and participating the club events. Syd was too leisurely a soul to really excel at road sport, but in that great year of 1932 Syd crewed Syd Jonas on a tandem tricycle for the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. Tandem Tricycle "12". With a grand ride of 229½ miles they beat the National and Northern records by nine and 15 miles respectively. As a reward for this epic Syd proudly wore the frilled button: those who do so today are a rapidly diminishing band. Some years ago Syd disappeared from the

Anfield scene, although not, of course, relinquishing his membership. For a long time we seldom saw him, and then, to our delight, he was out on club runs again and became a successful President. And he kept coming, even through his recent physical trouble, until the last few weeks, when he was unable to do so.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Peggy, and brother Arthur.

The Club was represented at the committal service by: Len Hill, Geoff Lockett, John France, Guy Pullan, Don Birchall, Keith Orum, David Barker, Syd Jonas, Al Frodsham, Albert Preston and George Connor.

John Leece

For some years now we have been looking forward to the great occasion when John Leece celebrated his century. He was, we thought, a certain candidate. Despite a bad time some years ago when knocked from his bicycle - he had reached and passed the 80 score - John had come to the age of 90 still strong in voice and constitution. Only his eyes troubled him, so he had an operation to deal with the situation, but the enforced idleness brought on another condition from which, after months in hospital, he passed away.

John was our oldest member, having joined the Anfield in 1912. John was not a regular at club runs during our early years of membership, but occasionally we would see him. John did his cycling during the week, when he drifted down from home to Woodside Ferry, bowler hat and all, in the mornings, and home again on the uphill slog when work was done. It did the pastime of cycling a world of good for all to see one of the pillars of Liverpool's commercial world on his bicycle twice a day.

Since his retirement we have seen more of him, at first doing quite useful distances on his bicycle, but latterly out by car. He wasn't allowed to have a bicycle after his accident. We now extend our sincerest sympathy to John's two daughters, Beryl and Bunt.

The committal service was held at Willaston Parish Church on August 23: among those present were: Frank Perkins, Keith Orum, Don Birchall, John France, Jack Hawkins, Guy Pullan and Albert Dixon.

ONE HUNDRED IN TWELVE

One day in July, Frank Fischer kindly reminded us that a 100 in 12 event for veterans would be staged on August 18, and the start and finish were to be in Mold. Would we like to see the start? Of course. Local papers carried the full story, and, afterwards, excellent pictures, including the names of three Anfielders: Alan

Littlemore, Frank Fischer, and Pat O'Leary.

Before we made contact, another friend, Ken Rolls of Birkenhead took us along to renew acquaintance with Bill Oakley. The last time we met was at the Shrewsbury dinner in 1949! Then, to search out our Anfield friends who were all in fine fettle, and raring to go.

Alan suggested that we return in the evening for the reception, but our domestic arrangements misfired, and we were unable to be present. However, from the local paper we later learned that all the riders survived what rain they experienced, and a good time was had by all.

F.E.M.

A BICYCLE FOR DISPOSAL

John Williamson wishes to dispose of Percy's machine. It is a Johnny Berry, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. frame 26 x 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ alloy rims, with a Sturmey Archer Medium Four hub gear. The price suggested is a give-away: a mere £7. Anyone interested please contact John at Prestatyn 2067.

"WAYFARER!"

Apropos Arthur Smith's mention in our last issue, Syd Hancock now comes up with an extract from a Wayfarer article dated 1926.

"In July I set out for Fishguard via Hindwell Valley and Llanfihangel-nant-melan. I went alone. From choice I was alone. 'Every lane's an aisle for me and every tree's a steeple'. Alone, but never lonely. How could any thinking man be lonely in such company as I had? Trees and hills and fields and streams and thoughts and thoughts and thoughts.

I reached Fishguard, I went aboard 'Killarney' which was waiting for me - and others! I took part in the C.T.C. council meeting in Dublin. After leaving the meeting at the Claremont Hotel I entrusted myself to the tender mercies of that pleasant laddie and keen cyclist Mr. W.J.Finn and his colleagues of the Irish Road Club.

When I left them I was alone with the sun, the moon, the stars, and likewise the wind on the heath. Alone, but never lonely . . ."

CYCLO CROSS

You will remember that some months ago we gave the news that the Club has enlisted in the Cyclo Cross brigade. Now John Thompson writes in to emphasize that CYCLO CROSS IS HERE. The mud season is now on. For those not in the know, this is rough-stuff-in-a-hurry with shorts on!

Events have been organised around the Kirkby Stadium on the 26th of October, the 9th, 16th and 23rd of November, and December

7, 14, 21 and 22. Time of start 2.00 and 2.30 p.m.

The Anfielder with the lowest sum of placings in any three of the above events, or any other North West cyclo-cross events before Christmas, will win a pair of Wolber Super Cross tubs. In the event of a tie the rider with the best place in the last race will be the winner.

Remember, you can enter these events on the line. Let us try to get a good turn out in the first event after the Tints - Saturday 9th November. Be at the Ferry at 12.30 p.m.

J.T.

JOHN THOMPSON - of the ANFIELD TRICYCLE CLUB

I wish to bring to your attention the hitherto unrevealed dedication of one man to an ideal - the pursuit and mastery of time - the time is 59 minutes, 58 seconds - the fastest that anyone, anywhere, has ridden 25 miles on a tricycle. The man is John Thompson, Anfield Bicycle Club.

John Thompson has been racing on tricycles (various) for a long time - but with a six-year gap - (for mind improvement). However, John knuckled down again in 1972 and did some reasonable rides. In 1973 he vowed to concentrate on 25's on potentially fast courses, and despite some diversions into 50's and 100's did a superb 1.0.45 in the Otley C.C. event on course V134 on June 24. The number of bicycles he passed was legion, and John's time was a mere 5-minutes behind the event winner. Truly, a great effort. Unfortunately, this effort appears to have drained John of both his physical and mental stamina, because just three weeks later, on July 15, he stopped racing for 1973.

January 1974, saw John riding to and from work. Every night would bring John on his circuitous route home, piling on the miles, plus long week-end mileage, and very active participation in training runs on Sundays. A diet of vitamin and garlic-based pills put him in Grade A form (but very much lacking in close company!)

Result? A super fit John trounced the field by six minutes in a T.A. "25" on March 31. Then followed a gap in the racing whilst a bout of 'flu' made its mark, and some rides on a new H.Quinn all-black solo monster-machine, convinced our man that he should stick to his Ken Rogers, all-black, three-wheeled monster-machine. Intense activity on June on courses ranging from O10/2 to D16 to K16 and V134 saw John completing a 1.1.26 on the last numbered course on the 16th of the month. Being meticulous, John records the day as "little wind, but humid conditions made breathing difficult, stitch at 15 miles".

One month later, on July 13, again back to V134, John recorded 1.1.46. It appears that a magical wind picked up from the turn for the latter half of the field, resulting in some storming 54's, 55's etc. rides. As August approached, the 25 record had really gone from John's mind, and he began to think of the Tricycle B.A.R. He confirmed his aspirations by doing 2.9.03 on V153 on August 4, and on August 18 in the Lancashire R.C. "12" rode to a magnificent 228.84 miles to win the tricycle section.

This meant that with a 4.4311 in the Rutland "100" in July, John had a good chance in the tricycle competition, and, indeed, won it. John records of the 12-hour:- 100 miles in 4.50.00, lanes rough and tough, cold rain at noon resulted in severe backache. He also mentions that a new liquid glucose drink "proved good".

The Stan Spelling Memorial "25" is the official National 25 Championship for Tricycles, and was held this year on September 14 on our old friend K16 (Lichfield-Burton-on-Trent expressway) John was scratch man, and last off at No.78. For some very obscure reason, I was on a "seeded" mark at No.75, and expected to see John fairly soon. Pre-race, John was very nervous - in fact I have never seen him so worried before. This was Saturday afternoon, and although it was warm, the wind was variable from the west, and appeared to be strengthening as the afternoon went on.

To be brief: Steve Hill, off at No.10, had the best of the afternoon, and recorded 1.1.11. John took some while to catch me, and when he did his 118-ins. gear was not turning so easily as I had seen in previous events. The return journey to the timekeeper was indeed against a freshening wind, and John recorded 1.2.31 to take second place silver medal. Tough luck after a tough season chasing rainbows - or rainbow jerseys.

John had beaten 24-mph six times (three tens, and three 25's) and the Club 10, 25, 50, 100 and 12-hr. tricycle records are all down to him. How he has won the Tricycle B.A.R. - it is all very rewarding, but not quite the same as the Blue Riband! Recently, John has talked about whether he will race again in 1975. I think we can all help this restless spirit in John, by giving him all the encouragement due to him, as one of the finest ambassadors of the Club, even if only the word 'Bicycle' appears in our official title!

John's tricycle frame is 24 $\frac{1}{2}$, 531 tubing with reinforced forks and very little fancy-work. He uses gears from 93-118 with a beautiful 57-tooth chainring. He has two pairs of sprints, the 'best' pair being 24-spoke wood-insert rims with 502 tyres. Handle-

bar control ensures that both hands are permanently on the drops to prevent speed wobble. This phenomenon occurs on racing tricycles at speeds over 24 mph. It has been likened to passing through the sound barrier.

Using train or cycling to events are John's method of passage. To see a tricycle carrying three spare sprints, saddlebag and rider is most puzzling to many non-cyclists, who imagine that a nasty crash has taken place between two bicycles, resulting in their being welded together, or looking like a neo classic sculpture put together with a welding torch.

In any event, I personally wish John all the best in his endeavours and hope that 1975 will bring those ideal conditions for record breaking, which were so noticeably absent from the week-ends of 1974.

ALAN ROGERSON

(Note: All will, we are sure, echo Alan's sentiments, and keep on hoping that John will continue in such a splendid vein - ED.)

RACING RESULTS

<u>Merseyside V.T.T.A.30</u>	5.5.74	D54	<u>Club 10.</u>	1.8.74	D18
J.R.Griffiths	1.14.33	1st	N.M.France	25.10	
<u>Phoenix C.C.25</u>	16.6.74	D54	W.J.Barnes	25.40	
J.R.Griffiths	1.1.56	1st Vet.	M.B.Holland	25.42	
<u>Liverpool Cent.50</u>	23.6.74	D10	D.A.Eaton	25.57	
J.R.Griffiths	2.7.10		<u>Chester R.C.10</u>	3.8.74	D8
<u>Merseyside V.T.T.A.50</u>	14.7.74	D2	G.A.Robinson	24.23	3rd
J.R.Griffiths	2.9.13	1st	J.R.Griffiths	24.51	
<u>Chester R.C.Club 25</u>	24.7.74	D7	<u>Weaver Valley C.C.25</u>	3.8.74	J32
G.A.Robinson	1.2.10		W.J.Barnes	1.0.06	P.B.
<u>Kynoch C.C.25</u>	27.7.74	K16	M.B.Holland	1.3.19	
J.W.Moss	1.1.32		D.A.Eaton	1.5.08	
W.J.Barnes	1.2.18		<u>Merseyside Wheelers 25</u>	4.8.74	D1
<u>Tunstall Whlrs.10</u>	27.7.74	J.54	G.A.Robinson	1.2.58	
G.A.Robinson	23.51		J.R.Griffiths	1.3.31	
<u>Port Sunlight Whlrs.25</u>	28.7.74	M	N.M.France	1.4.00	
J.R.Griffiths	1.3.33		<u>Rockingham C.C.25</u>	4.8.74	O2-Blyth
N.M.France	1.4.36		J.W.Moss	1.2.33	
G.A.Robinson	1.4.54		<u>Club 10.</u>	8.8.74	D18
			N.M.France	24.50	
			G.A.Robinson	25.06	
			W.J.Barnes	25.41	

W.C.T.T.C.A. 12hr. 11.8.74 D4
M.Hallgarth 227.14 10th

Club 10 15.8.74 D18
N.M.France 24.47 1st
W.J.Barnes 25.44

Redmon Vets.25 17.8.74 Q2513-
Dover Rd.
M.J.Twigg 59.26 P.B.

Midland Clarion C. & A.C. 18.8.74
K6
J.W.Moss 1.3.12

Wrexham R.C.25 18.8.74 D16
J.R.Griffiths 1.2.50 1st Vet.
G.A.Robinson 1.4.26

National Junior Championship 25
18.8.74 J57-Trentham

W.J.Barnes 1.1.28
N.M.France 1.2.22
M.B.Holland 1.3.37
D.A.Eaton 1.4.33

Club 10 22.8.74 D18
N.M.France 24.35 1st
W.J.Barnes 25.13

Farnborough & Camberley 25
24.8.74 HIR-Bath Road
M.J.Twigg 1.0.53

Manchester & Dist.T.T.A. 50
25.8.74 J.39
J.R.Griffiths 2.7.47 4th

Nova C.C.25 26.8.74 J32
W.J.Barnes 1.1.47
J.R.Griffiths 1.2.14
G.A.Robinson 1.3.01
J.W.Moss 1.3.54
D.A.Eaton 1.4.41
M.B.Holland 1.5.30

Manchester V.T.T.A.25 1.9.74 J23
J.R.Griffiths 1.2.13

Southport R.C.25 1.9.74 D54
N.M.France 1.2.48

Spartan Wheelers 25 1.9.74
T254-Catterick
M.J.Twigg 1.0.58
J.W.Moss 1.1.27

Chester R.C.50 8.9.74 D10
J.R.Griffiths 2.6.38 4th
N.M.France D.N.S.
D.A.Eaton D.N.S.

Huddersfield Star Wheelers 25
14.9.74 V134-Boroughbridge
M.J.Twigg 1.0.05
W.J.Barnes D.N.S.

Liverpool T.T.C.A.25 15.9.74 D1
J.R.Griffiths 1.3.21

V.T.T.A.(Birmingham & Midlands) 25
21.9.74 K16
M.J.Twigg 1.4.14

N.Staffs C.A.50 21.9.74 J58
J.R.Griffiths 2.11.54

W.C.T.T.C.A.25 22.9.74 D16
J.R.Griffiths 1.5.03
W.J.Barnes 1.6.48 3rd Jun.
P.J.Looby 1.29.35 (21 min.
late start)
D.A.Eaton D.N.S.

Mercia C.C.25 28.9.74 K16
W.J.Barnes 1.3.14
M.J.Twigg D.N.S.

Birkenhead Victoria Grand Prix de
Gentlemen 2-up. 29.9.74 D16
J.R.Griffiths) 1.2.17 5th
W.J.Barnes)
M.J.Twigg) 1.7.27 *4th
S.Cave(Walton C&AC*) on standard

Cleveland Whlrs. 25 29.9.74 T254

J.W.Moss 1.2.21
 J.Thompson (To be advised)

Merseyside V.T.T.A. 25 6.10.74 D54

J.R.Griffiths 1.3.33

YEAR'S FASTEST

10 miles: W.J.Barnes 23.14	50 miles: J.R.Griffiths 2.6.38
25 miles: M.J.Twigg 59.26	100 miles: J.R.Griffiths 4.33.38
30 miles: J.R.Griffiths 1.14.33	12 hours: M.Hallgarth 227.14

CLUB B.A.R.	25 mile	50 mile	100 mile	
1. J.R.Griffiths	1.0.01	2.6.38	4.33.38	23.538 mph
2. W.J.Barnes	1.0.06	2.11.21	4.42.51	23.004 mph
3. J.Thompson	1.1.26	2.9.03	4.43.11	22.611 mph
4. M.B.Holland	1.2.45	2.19.17	4.53.47	21.995 mph
5. N.M.France	1.0.56	2.22.02	4.57.41	21.965 mph

ROAD RACESCorbet Trophy 3/J 10.8.74 Queensferry

W.J.Barnes 10th in bunch sprint
 M.B.Holland Smashed front wheel

CYCLO CROSS1st Kirkby Cyclo-Cross 5.10.74 J.W.Moss 18th

BILL BARNES

WEST CHESHIRE "12" - 11th August 1974

On the day before the race Keith Orum brought some sprints down from his attic, and, wiping the cobwebs off them, we soon had his bicycle ready for my first 12-hour.

The cold, windy morning arrived, and at 5.38 the sole Anfielder set off along the A51 from Duddon. A steady relentless wind came from the west, and annoyed everyone, especially on the more open sections. On the section to the Weaver Bridge near Audlem the road had been spoilt by recent roadworks, and by inconsiderate workmen who placed temporary traffic lights along the road.

From Shawbury there is a 23-mile circuit which has to be covered twice, and here I readily took the food given by Keith. Food and drink were essential throughout the race, and his unpleasant-sounding mixture of raw egg-yolk and milk went down so well that the supply was soon exhausted! Gerry Robinson and Mike Twigg marshalled one of the corners of the Shawbury triangle, and Jack and Mrs. Pitchford were at High Ercall. Bill Barnes and Mike Holland gave continual encouragement from Preston Brockhurst all the way back to the Duddon circuit.

Len Hill, Don Birchall and others were on the finishing circuit, and the news of my first handicap award rounded off a day that I shall remember for a long time to come. Many thanks to Keith for his generous help throughout the day.

MIKE HALLGARTH

(Note: Mike omits to tell us that he achieved 227 miles in this, his first "12", and the first handicap award merited a mention on Radio Merseyside and the Liverpool Echo. We are very pleased. -ED.)

ASHTON - 27th July 1974

The year 1884 saw the first Anfield "24", and until 1936 the event was still ours, a great athletic and social occasion. In 1937 the Mersey Roads Club took the "24" over on a subscription basis, Guy Pullan's great idea which enabled the financial hazard of running such a large event being spread across a wider field. It has been a great success and the Anfield has contributed over the years to the running of the event.

This year we counted forty Anfielders. At Ashton, in no particular order: Rex Austin, John France, Mike Holland, Dave Eaton, Stan Bradley, Stan Wild, Bill Grey, Walter Portsmouth, Mike Twigg, Frank Fischer, Syd Heyward, our very good friend from the Kentish Wheelers, Dave Jones, Keith Orum, Neil France, Ian Griffiths, Mike and Tim Clark. Harold and his wife on the handsome tandem tricycle. Hubert Buckley, Bob Poole and Albert Dixon also brought their wives.

The scene changes to the early hours at Nant Hall, where Frank Fischer was timing. Mike Twigg was turning. The others were serving hot tea to the riders, and to do so we had (in no particular order) Len Walls, John Thompson, Bill Barnes, John Moss, Percy Williamson, Keith Orum, Mike Holland, friend Bassett, Dave Eaton and Gerry Robinson. Around the later stages we met Ira Thomas, Alan Rogerson, Dave Barker, Mr. & Mrs. Don Birchall, Ben Griffiths, Guy Pullan, Bill Finn, Pat O'Leary and George Connor. If we have missed anyone, we are sorry. The "24" is still a magnet.

L.J.H.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 3rd August 1974

A goodly turn out for this popular run, where the beer is good, and sandwiches or hot meals available at very reasonable prices.

Stan Bradley by trike, Rex, Jim Cranshaw and Stan Wild by singles, and Mr. & Mrs. Harold Catling on tandem trike. Hubert, Sadie and brother Alf, and Bon and Hagar Poole by car. We were later joined by Brian Waine of the Weaver Valley C.C. The Catling tandem trike had many admirers as it stood in the car park.

A pleasant hour was spent in conversation, mostly about the old days, before we all departed on our various routes home on this warm and sunny day. We later met Allan Littlemore who was officiating at a Weaver Valley 25.

B.P.

KELSALL - Globe - 10th August 1974

Very windy. Not raining though. Better make the effort. Off we go then, run into rain at Tattenhall. A thought: what now, retreat? Better not. Wild will get mad. Getting wetter. Through Duddon now. Too late? Press on to the Globe.

There's that dratted green bike. Good afternoon, lady and gentlemen and Stan. The Company (slightly damp) consisted of Mrs. Hill and Len (Mr. President). Dave Jones, Gerry Robinson, Karl Nelson, Phil Looby, Dave Eaton, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Stan Bradley, Sean Holgate, Ian Griffiths, Mike and Steve Clark, Mike Twigg. Now who is missing? Ah! yes. Mr. Wild.

Three-thirty. Removed from pub, away into the wind and rain. Now why do I bother about "mythical mileists" anyway?

B.G.

EDGE BOLTON - 28th August 1974

How often have you stood at Shawbury Corner, looking up the road toward Hodnet, anxiously awaiting for your man to appear around the corner at Edgebolton? On the last day of August, the President, Stan Wild, Frank Fischer, John France, Guy Pullan, Jack Pitchford and myself assembled for lunch at a cafe near this corner, ostensibly to discuss whether any changes were desirable at the "100" finish.

Messrs. Twigg & Robinson should have joined us but we heard afterwards that they ran out of tubulars at Whitchurch and had to borrow a razor from the local barber to effect a repair. What bad luck on such a beautiful summer's day, for it robbed them of a first class meal of roast beef and a couple of hours of lively conversation. Of course, it is as Stan said "we are all a little mad - only some are more so than others". Be that as it may, I like to think that it is genius which borders on the insane and while our meeting may not have aspired to such heights, I know we each fully enjoyed the occasion in our own way.

A.R.M.

POSTSCRIPT

Note the date: 96th Birthday Dinner - 15th MARCH 1975

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

Vice Presidents: H.G. BUCKLEY & F. PERKINS

Captain: J.W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN.

DECEMBER 1974

No. 776

January 1975

LUNCH FIXTURES

- 4 BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Royal Oak) and
SUTTON LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy)
11 FARNDON (The Nag's Head)
18 KELSALL (The Globe and Oasis Cafe)
25 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)

February

- 1 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and
OLLERTON (The Dun Cow)
8 CHIRK (The Smithy Cafe) and
ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms)
15 ALPRAHAM (The Tollemache Arms)
22 CERRIG-Y-DRUDION (Cafe) and
CHELFORD (The Egerton Arms)

Committee meetings will be held at Oak Cottage on
January 16th and February 20th.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.50. These and Donations should
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, K. ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft,
Barnston, Wirral.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr. Mold,
Flints. CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD. Code 0352)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 25th JANUARY 1975

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL

REPORT OF A.G.M.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held at Ashton Village Hall on Saturday November 2nd 1974 commencing at 2.50 p.m.

Present were: Mr.L.J.Hill in the chair and Messrs.Robinson, Dixon, D.D. and D.L.Birchall, J. and N.France, Nelson, Barnes, Perkins, Bradley, Buckley, Thompson, Moss, Twigg, Rogerson, Hallgarth, C. and I.M.Griffiths, T. and M.Clarke, Reeves, Marriott, O'Leary, Wild, Cranshaw, Bettaney and Bennett. Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. Orum, Austin, Locket, Portsmouth, Hawkins, Beaton, Littlemore and Catling.

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday, October 20th 1973 were read and it was proposed, seconded and resolved that they be confirmed as a true record of the proceedings.

In the absence of Mr.Orum, Mr.Robinson read the Honorary Secretary's report and it was proposed, seconded and confirmed that the report be adopted.

Mr.Bettaney, the Honorary Treasurer, submitted his report and statement of the years accounts and it was proposed, seconded and resolved that the report be adopted.

Mr.Barnes, the Honorary Racing Secretary, then gave his report on the successful racing season enjoyed by members and it was proposed, seconded and resolved that the report be accepted.

The following officials were elected for 1975:-

President	L.J.Hill
Vice Presidents	H.G.Buckley and F.Perkins
Secretary	G.A.Robinson
Treasurer	K.S.N.Orum
Captain	J.W.Moss
Vice Captains	J.Cranshaw and J.Thompson
Racing Secretary	J.Thompson
100 Secretary	J.J.Whelan
100 Chief Marshal	L.J.Hill
Editor	F.E.Marriott
Auditors	J.France and R.Wilson
Committee Members:	J. and N.France, M.J.Twigg, J.Hawkins, D.Birchall, M.Hallgarth and E.Reeves

Delegates:	R.R.A. L.M.Baker
	N.R.R.A. H.G.Buckley and J.Cranshaw
	W.C.T.T.C.A. J.Thompson and M.Hallgarth
	R.T.T.C. G.A.Robinson and M.J.Twigg
	B.C.F. K.Nelson

Following the election of delegates, a letter was read from Mr. Baker of the Bath Road C.C. who has represented the Anfield at R.R.A. meetings for some years, requesting support for a motion that officials of the R.R.A. be only able to hold office for a maximum consecutive period of three years. The meeting agreed that the club should support the motion.

It was proposed, seconded and resolved that the club tours and racing programmes be decided by the committee.

After discussion the following motions were proposed, seconded and adopted by the meeting:-

1. A prize will be awarded to the member attending the greatest and second greatest number of fixtures previously advertised in the club circular each year.
2. Club subscriptions be increased with effect from the beginning of the financial year as follows:- Full membership £2.50; Honorary membership £1.50. Cadet and junior membership subscriptions to remain at previous levels and prepayments to accepted as full payment.

A proposition by John Thompson, seconded by Alan Rogerson that:

No objection to a new candidate for membership based on the sex of the candidate should be accepted by the Committee.

After some discussion the matter was put to the meeting and lost by a considerable majority.

This concluded the business of the meeting.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Sunday morning training runs will recommence on January 5, leaving the Eureka Cafe at 9.30 prompt.

Members requiring B.C.F. racing licences are asked to contact the Hon. Sec. before January 15. Costs are: Schoolboys £0.86, Juniors (16 and 17) £1.40, Seniors (18 and over) £1.94.

Members requiring R.T.T.C. Handbooks are asked to contact the Hon. Sec. before January 15, enclosing appropriate cash with order.

The Dinner Dance made a loss of £12.20, and the Committee feel that it should not be run in its present form again. In view of the lack of support from the junior members we propose to leave the organisation of further similar functions to them.

G.E. Robinson, Hon. Secretary. Telephone (business hours) Chester 602364.

AT THE 96th DINNER

A slide show entitled "The Black Anfielders" will be given by Guy Pullan. Included in the many old-time pictures are drawings by

the famous artist George Moore, of crack Anfield riders and their machines published full-page by Cycling in 1892. Other slides show Easters at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-coed; Anfielders breaking national records, and many glimpses of past and present members. The date: March 15 1975. PLEASE DO NOT FORGET! THE VENUE - OAKLANDS HOTEL, CHESTER.

WANTED - A BICYCLE

Len Walls is looking for a machine with a 22 or 23" frame, not too fancy, and, of course, sound. If you can help, please contact Len at 54 Overlea Drive, Hawarden, Deeside, or telephone him at Hawarden 531348.

BILL FINN . . .

Extends his best thanks and kind wishes to those who wrote to him, made kind enquiries, and who cheered him with the spoken word, after his recent "spill". Severe contusion was the chief source of annoyance. Now, to our delight, all is well again.

A NEW BOOK ON CYCLING

We have been asked to mention the publication of a new book: ALL ABOUT BIKES AND BICYCLING by Max Alth, and we have good reason for doing so. Unfortunately we cannot comment as we have not seen a copy. However, Stan Wild tells us that an excellent review has appeared in the C.T.C. journal. Prices are £1.50 paperback, and £3.25 hardback. More news from Len Hill.

THE STEPHENSON PRIZE . . .

For 1973 has been awarded to John Whelan for his excellent performances on the road, and, also, on the administrative side. Surely there is no one more worthy than John for this award. After an extremely successful racing career John now looks after our "100" very well indeed, with we suspect, a great deal of help from Jane. Our famous event has never been in better hands!

CORRESPONDENCE

Perhaps the recent comment by our good friend Arthur Smith was intended only as an academic assessment of the Wayfarer literary style. But, if one cannot make bricks without straw, neither can literary composition attain the classical order without discreet usage of the personal pronoun or its derivatives.

The Wayfarer extract from CYCLING appearing in the October Circular is a typical W.M.R. soliloquy, to which poetic licence legitimately applies!

Arthur ought to scan a (mid-November) touring article recently

published in the aforementioned journal.

BILL FINN, 1 Bluebell Road,
DUBLIN 12.

TREASURY NOTES

We did hope to include a list of those who paid their subscriptions recently, but because of the change-over in the treasury post, we have been unable to do so. A complete list will be included in our next issue. We cannot let this opportunity pass without paying a tribute to Dave Bettaney and his work for the Club over the past few years. Besides an onerous full-time job, Dave has almost doubled the size of his house mostly by his own efforts, and also, started a family of two strapping sons. He has our good wishes for the future.

JIMMY LONG

Has just telephoned to mention the passing of W.E. Taylor, a club stalwart in the Cook era. His widow wishes his old friends to know, and we in our turn extend our sincerest sympathy in her great sorrow. Jimmy sends kind wishes to all.

NOTES ON THE A.G.M.

Two points regarding the Annual General Meeting occur to us: an explanation for the increase in subscriptions is that the Club over the last few years has been relying on donations to balance the books, and this simply will not do. John Thompson's somewhat momentous proposition had a lot of discussion, and a round half-dozen voted in favour. In view of this we think that the pages of the Circular should be open for a time for those who wish to express their views.

F.C.O.T. AUTUMN LUNCHEON - Chester - October 12th 1974

On one of the finest and sunniest Saturdays of the autumn, fifty members of the F.C.O.T. gathered at the Oaklands, Chester, for their Autumn Luncheon. We were pleased to have nine Anfielders present: Bert Lloyd, Albert Dixon, Len Hill, Don Birchall, John France, Guy Pullan, Stan Cooper, Pat O'Leary, and last, but by no means least, the only cyclist of ours: Bill Finn, all the way from Eire, and ready for a 10-day tour of South Wales.

Much, much reminiscing over the pre-dinner drinks until the gong signalled the start of the proceedings proper. Oscar Dover, Liverpool Century, T.A. and C.T.C. presided over what proved to be an excellent meal. Then he asked for cross-toasting to proceed without hindrance. Many were the toasts. Some, though personal and cutting, were jokingly given and taken; others were more

serious and genuine. None so more than the royal toast, proposed by Ossie himself.

A novel form of individual introduction started at the top table and we severally introduced ourselves on tape. This proved to be very popular, particularly when some humour was introduced.

Another pleasing diversion was the circulation of an attendance sheet recording the signatures of those present for posterity, by kind permission of Rank Xerox.

Closing the most enjoyable meeting, our Chairman asked for a few moments of silence to pay our respects to the three Anfielders who had passed away during the month of August: John Leece, Percy Williamson and Syd del Banco, all of whom were members of the F.C.O.T.

Might it be mentioned for the benefit of all those who were unable to obtain tickets that accommodation for the next celebration has now been reserved and extended to 100 or more places. One has been booked for April, and the other October, 1975.

D.L.B.

WEST CHESHIRE T.T.C.A. ANNUAL DINNER & PRIZE PRESENTATION

On Sunday morning, 17th November, a bright autumn morning with a touch of frost, a small but select party made their devious ways to the Oaklands at Chester for the West Cheshire annual "do". We were to do honour to those marvellous Anfield juniors of 1974, who have so magnificently brought the name of the Club once again to the fore in the world of time trials.

In the dining room Len and I found Neil France and Bill Barnes amid a party of 126, all awaiting the excellent lunch for which the Oaklands is noted. Following the Royal toast, Oscar Dover proposed the toast of the Association and especially mentioning the efforts of Charlie Campion, Social Secretary.

Many were the cross toasts, and nearly all supplemented by witty sayings from Derek Johnson (B.N.E.) who was in fine fettle.

The Prize List, announced by President Bill Barrow, including the magnificent feat of Mike Hallgarth whose 12-hours effort of 227 miles gave him first handicap. Bill Barnes rides gave him Junior B.A.R. runners up position, with Dave Eaton lying fifth.

In the 50-mile event the first team prize went to the Anfield: Bill Barnes (also first handicap) Ben Griffiths (also second fastest) and John Thompson.

The prizes were presented by our old friend Hilda Dover, who had a word of praise and encouragement for each and everyone. A pleasant afternoon closed with a toast to the prize winners, and a splendid reply, and first public speech, by the Association's Best

All Rounder, Allen Roberts, who, incidentally, collected among his trophies "The Jack Salt Memorial Rose Bowl".

D.L.B.

"TWO SOMERSAULTS - BIKE AND ALL"

We met at Two Mills on Wednesday morning during the October School Half-term. The meeting time was supposed to be 10.30, but as some had other ideas, our departure was delayed until 11 o'clock. Eight members finally arrived: Mike Holland, Dave Eaton, Phil Looby, Neil France, Ian Griffiths, Mike and Tim Clarke, and myself. We were joined by Gilbert, a mere 6-ft. 5-inch 16-year old. After he confessed to being on a three-day week, we decided a few tracks were in order to sort him out.

Having dismissed suggestions by Gilbert of Cerrig or Llan-gollen, we made our way through Queensferry to Northop. The stiff climb out of Connah's Quay gave early indications of the general fitness. From Northop we took the lane to Rhosesmor. Along here we encountered our first taste of mechanical trouble. Mike's inner tube was trying to force its way out from under the tyre, which resulted in a nick in the tube.

Attempts were made to effect a repair, but the patch refused to stick. Reluctantly, the spare was brought into action: fitting proved difficult as it originated from a tubular.

Meanwhile, Gilbert had gone ahead on his 66-free when he suddenly reappeared after 10 minutes - another puncture! After a long delay we were moving once more. Eventually we had scaled the Halkyns, and after crawling into the cold wind, turned off down a narrow descent towards the quarry at Hendre. We stormed over a rough track, and then sped down the quarry lane.

Gilbert led the way down the steep descent, head down and suitably garbed with a crash hat, when he suddenly came to an abrupt halt. Beyond was a steep drop where the road had once been - the quarry had swallowed up the road! Reluctantly we retraced and found an alternative route.

We then headed for Cilcain for a scheduled "butty" stop at the pub. Here we discovered that the younger members were strictly non-alcoholic. Is this the new breed of Anfielders? Suitably refreshed, Mike and I led the way along one of the many tracks of the Clwydian range. We had negotiated this one in particular the previous year, and so knew what we were in for.

The track to the top consisted of rough pave, and the inexperienced members were quickly strung out. At the summit we could see Moel Famau rearing up alongside. This was soon left behind, however, as we plunged down the other side, once again led by Gilbert.

The heavy rains had swelled the stream that followed the descent, making it somewhat hairy. We purposely hung back to watch Gilbert take off and execute two somersaults, bike and all, in the mud. Amid roars of laughter we swept past him grovelling on the ground, and plummeted down towards Llangynhafal. Gilbert's experience appeared to have some effect on the new lads as they completed the descent at walking speed with brake blocks burning.

After some near misses with an obstructing refuse wagon and a Land-rover in the narrow lane we emerged at Llangynhafal crossroads and reassembled. Here we agreed to continue to Llanbedr and make our return crossing up a very steep track which eventually joins the summit of the old bwlch. This leg turned out to be a long haul with Tim disappearing off the back in a state of near-exhaustion, while Phil walked the entire track with bike on shoulder in true cyclo-cross style.

After a long wait Tim finally appeared at the top, and Gilbert summed up the route so far as "ridiculous". "Why couldn't we stick to the main roads" was his typical roadman comment.

The ride back to Two Mills through Loggerheads, Mold and Queens-ferry proved to be an exceptionally fast points race, as every sign was contested. Inevitably we lost two in the process. Tim again slipped off the back, and Dave, after some early aggression, could not hold the pace. His fitness consists of watching Everton every week-end.

At Two Mills we met the older members: Len Hill, Don Birchall and John France. Tim finally arrived twenty minutes down. After a suitable period of recovery we potted back along the Wirral to conclude another successful Autumn Half-term run.

BILL BARNES

AUTUMN TINTS WEEK-END: LLANMYNECH - 26/27 October 1974

This account will be a disappointment for anyone expecting the story of a Herculean epic across the Berwyns. This year's participants were agreed, as they sat at the Eureka, swilling mugs of tea and watching the incessant drizzle outside, that the Tints was to be easy, quiet, relaxed and restrained. After all, some were still getting over last year's encounter with Moel Sych and a certain short cut.

Nine of us were assembled soon after the Secretary's deadline of 9.30; the most notable absentee being the Secretary. I was early, because it was difficult to judge my progress from Sale; John Moss was early because Wendy refused to cook his breakfast, and he was too bone-idle to make his own. The main pack consisted of Neil France, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, Mike Hallgarth, Phil Looby, Karl Nelson

and Dave Eaton soon arrived, fuming at Keith Orum's non-arrival at the Glegg Arms.

At ten we caped up and set off for Queensferry, Hawarden, Pontblyddyn and the Llandegla Moors. The lunch venue at Corwen meant that we still had various options open if the weather should improve, but by Treuddyn there was no sign of a let-up in the rain, and most of us stopped for a tea-break. Bill and Mike Holland, keen to show how fit - or anti-social - they were, pressed on, and that was the last we saw of them until Corwen. The prospect remained as unenticing as it had been all day, and eventually we dragged ourselves away to resume the climb. Suddenly, as we swept down into Llandegla, the rain stopped, and though the sky remained overcast, the clouds were higher and more broken than before. As the capes came off, literally, so, metaphorically, did the gloves. John Moss immediately went for a long one, got a maximum lead of 400 yards, and, to his chagrin, was caught within a mile. From then on it was big gears in, and eye-balls out, right to Corwen.

Of lunch, the less said the better. The most eloquent comment came from Bill Barnes, who finished his sausage and chips and went outside for his "butties". We later found that Len Hill, John France and Frank Perkins had eaten elsewhere. Len refused to go to our joint after a previous experience there.

We stocked up with Mars bars, consulted the map, and set off along the 'back' road to Bala. The idea was that the roadmen would carry on nearly to Bala, and then tackle the Hirnant, while the tourists would take advantage of the break in the weather and do a little mild rough stuff. Our ways parted at Llandrillo: Neil, Karl and Phil pressed on while the rest of us turned up one of the NO THROUGH ROADS which profiligate round there. We had to be careful, for one of the 'wrong' ones would take us over Moel Sych, which no-one fancied tackling.

The one we wanted took us up Cwm Pennant until the lane fizzled out in a farmyard. The track started here, at first steep and rutted as it climbed through the forestry plantation. This stretch was fairly gruelling and, to judge from John's comments, he was finding the experience anything but easy, quiet, relaxed and restrained. If only my camera had been equipped with sound recording! Once we got above the tree-line the climb became easier, but wetter, and it was rideable in places. Our target, the summit of Milltir Cerrig, soon came into view, and we swept down into Llangynog, thankful that ace-descender Karl Nelson was four miles to the west on the Hirnant. Out of sight!

Soon after Pen-y-bont we took the left fork into the Tanat

Valley, and enjoyed a fast wind-assisted ride down this beautiful road. When we turned for Llansantffraid, Mike Holland collected a puncture and during the delay John Moss got his map out and tried to interest us, in some short cuts to Llanymynech. There were no takers, and he chickened-out too. For those interested in statistics, Mike Holland won the Llanymynech prime, and he was well ahead on points for the day - which we reckoned meant that he owed us about 12 pints each that night.

The motorists, Len, Frank and John, were already there, and so were Keith Orum and Dave Birchall, who had spent the day on the flat thinking up good stories to explain their late arrival at the Mills. The Hirnant pass-stormers were next, looking shattered, and the party was completed by the arrival of Stan Wild.

Dinner, as usual, was excellent in quantity and quality, and the party adjourned to the bar to be joined for the evening by Len and Adrian Walls, who was having a gradual induction into the evils and iniquities of Club week-ends. The elder brethren sat in one corner and reminisced about the glorious 30's; the middle-ages(!) sat in another and reminisced about the slightly less glorious 60's; the lads threw darts and were probably reminiscing about 1974. John Moss introduced everyone to a new darts game which somehow he always managed to win. And altogether everyone drank a lot, talked a lot and had a good time. The nocturnal goings-on were also, for once, quiet and restrained - as far as I know. The only victim was Neil France, who lost his blankets - silly boy!

Breakfast was notable only for the presence of Karl Nelson and the fact that Keith finished up with enough money to pay the bill. Outside, the weather was squally; a vicious north-west wind sent alternating squally showers and periods of glorious sunshine. The plan was to retrace to the Tanat Valley, turn off for Llansilin and then take the mountain road over to the Ceiriog Valley with Llan-gollen the target for lunch.

All went well, mechanically and meteorologically, till Llansilin, where a puncture and the rain struck simultaneously, after which the newly-cut hawthorn hedges claimed a string of victims. The rain, however, relented, and the ride through Rhyd-lios and Rhiwlas to Treceiriog, though painfully hard in places, was really magnificent on this glorious autumn day. At Treceiriog came the blow-out to end all blow-outs. Just as he reached the bottom of the hill, Mike Hall-garth's back tyre went with a report which sent those nearby diving for the hedge, terrified that Plaid Cymru had started an armed insurrection. Six inches of cover had come away from the wire. By

this time it was 11.45, and since there was ample help at hand, in the shape of John Moss' "tubs", I decided to press on, and was joined by Dave Birchall as far as Glyn Ceiriog.

Since it was getting late I gave up any thought of Llangollen for lunch, and made for Bangor and the Royal Oak. My route then took me through Malpas, Bickerton, Beeston, Sandiway, and the J.32 as far as Davenham, where I turned into the lanes to Knutsford for tea and then home.

It had been a great week-end, with plenty of good miles in superb company. I suppose I appreciated it even more since there is rarely the opportunity for me to get out and ride with the Club.

Finally a word about the lads who have joined the Club since I left the Liverpool end of Anfieldland. The Circular regularly carries news of their racing exploits. More important is the fact, which came through to me clearly on this week-end, that here we have a group of real all-round club cyclists who know about maps as well as the latest equipment, who mix their cycling, and of whom the Club can be rightly proud.

D.W.B.

NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER - 23 November 1974

Having enjoyed the North Road Dinner in 1973 so much I was only too happy to accept the Club's invitation to represent the Anfield at the 89th dinner this year. As last time I took Arthur Smith with me and Les and Olive Couzens provided greatly appreciated hospitality for the week-end at Potters Bar.

The Dinner was held at Hatfield under the chairmanship of Bill Frankum. After an excellent meal and the loyal toast we stood for the N.R.'s traditional "Silent Toast" to remember those who had fallen in two world wars, and, also, those who had passed on during the previous year.

I was asked to propose the toast of the Club, which I hope was up to the North Road Club's high standard. Ted King, North Roader and National Secretary of the R.T.T.C. proposed the toast of the "Visitors".

The awards for the past season's events were then presented. Cyril Smith, winner of the "24" for the third time, was chaired to the top table to receive the cup in the traditional North Road manner. We then had an entertaining reply for the Visitors from Jock Wadley, the Colchester Rover's illustrious cycling journalist. Graham Thompson, the Club's Hon. Treasurer replied, and so concluded the formal proceedings.

Among the several well-known old timers I met were -

Jack Lauterwasser, Jack Rossiter and Ernie Hussey as well as old friends among the North Roaders. So "thank you" again North Road for a most enjoyable evening.

J.RIGBY BAND

SHOCKLACH, THE BULL - 31 August 1974

Riding conditions today were good, but the gathering at The Bull proved to be the highlight of the day. Those present were: Len Hill and Flo, accompanied by a party of friends, Geoff Sharp and Viv, Bill and Eileen Gray, Walter Portsmouth (Bill's secret script writer) Mike Twigg and family, Gerry Robinson, Stan Wild, and a young member whose name eludes me - so sorry!

Talk was so varied and intense that "you know who" just couldn't get in his usual Irish story. Many subjects were covered: climbing mountains, passes in Spain and how Geoff and Viv "nearly" met me in the foothills of the Pyrenees in June. Len and Flo were looking forward to a trip to the Lake District, and plans were broached for possible "rough-stuff" routes during the Tints week-end.

S.W.

NANNERCH - 14th September 1974

The forecast promised a rainy day, but Mike Holland, Mike Hallgarth, John Moss, Timothy Clark, Ian Griffith and Mike Clark set off from Eureka Cafe in glorious sunshine. Making our way through Queensferry we were greeted by farmers handing out leaflets and demanding higher prices for meat.

A leisurely ride to Sarn Mill followed, and we found John France, Ben Griffiths, Guy Pullan and Frank Perkins already tucking into their lunch. A little later, Neil France, Karl Nelson and Phil Looby arrived after taking a roundabout route over Halkyn Mountain. Frank Marriott turned up after a hectic dash to Birkenhead just as everyone was on the point of departing.

Having finished our lunch, we spent some time admiring Phil's Campag chainset, and then we climbed through the hills to the south of Nannerch. A climb over the old Bwlch ensued, and those with suitable gears enjoyed this detour!

The run back to Two Mills was fast, with a tail-wind all the way.

M.H.

FARNDON, NAGS HEAD - 21st September 1974

Along the road between Burland Mill and Ridley Green lies an old-world inn, the Tollemache Arms at Faddiley. With black and white walls and thatched roof, it presents a delightful picture to the passer-by. A plaque on its front wall presents the following legend: FADDILEY IS THE REPUTED SITE OF THE BATTLE OF FEATHANLEAG (584 A.D.)

IN WHICH THE BRITONS, LED BY BROCHWEL, PRINCE OF POWIS, DEFEATED CEAWLIN, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS. I can find no reference to this battle in local history books. Perhaps our Editor, who is knowledgeable on such matters, can enlarge upon it.

From Faddiley I followed well-tried lanes to Tilston (where in pre-war days the Carden Arms was a splendid place for a weekend) and finally emerged on the main road not far from Farndon.

An excellent turn-out at the Nag's Head consisted of Bill Gray, Frank Perkins, John France, Stan Wild, Skipper John Moss, Mike Holland and Neil France. Later came Karl Nelson and Phil Looby, and, later still, Allan Littlemore. We missed the presence of Len Hill, who was on holiday, but indulged in the usual exercise of oral communication before departing on our separate ways. The rain held off, and so ended another enjoyable day with the Anfield B.C. (NOTE: There is no mention of this battle in our books - Ed.)

S.W.

OLLERTON, DUN COW - 28th September 1974

For once the sun was shining from a clear blue sky as I left home. It was cold for September, but warm in the sun, so cycling conditions were ideal. From Byley village I progressed to Goostrey, crossed the Peover Eye, made my way to Marthall, and was soon joining a select group of Manchester men (and their wives) in the Dun Cow.

Jim Cranshaw was busy arranging Manchester side fixtures; Stan Bradley beamed utter goodwill and contentment. Bob Poole was given full rein by his wife (daughter of an old Anfielder) to indulge in the pleasure of reminiscing about the old days on the Siddington triangle, and Hubert, Sadie and Alfred did their share by keeping the party in order.

Inevitable by mid-afternoon the sun had gone, the rains came once more, and I finished my ride wearing that most practicable (and most uncomfortable) garment, a cycling cape.

S.W.

FARNDON, NAGS HEAD - 5th October 1974

I have been commanded by my elders and betters (?) to do something to justify the continued tolerance of my presence in the ranks of the Anfield on their runs, so on your heads be it. A blustery but dry north-wester brought a glow to the faces of those twenty-two members who enjoyed the hospitality of this now popular

venue on the border. The following deciding that the ideal thing to do was to be there: Stan Cooper, John France, Frank Perkins, Bill and Eileen Gray, Neil France, Frank Fischer, Keith Orum, Dave Jones, Peter Colligan, Gerry Robinson, Phil Looby, Tim Clark, Mike Hallgarth, Ian Griffiths, Ben Griffiths, Bill Barnes, Mike Twigg, Karl Nelson and lastly (to Bill Gray's relief) Stan Wild. And oh! of course, the writer of these notes.

We all heard of Pat O'Leary's accident, and hoped that all went well, but our information was very sketchy. In the verbal thrust and parry which always ensues when Bill Gray and Stan Wild meet, I made Stan the clear winner here. Bill gave it up, and started talking about the technicalities of our common bond - the bicycle.

Frank Fischer realized, as he snapped the lock closed on his machine on arrival, that the key to unlock it again was safely at home, twenty-nine miles away. Deciding that Frank would not be too keen to sling the bike on his shoulders and walk home, Keith Orum fished out the hardware shop which he apparently carries against emergencies like this, produced a file, and soon all was well again. As Frank said afterwards: Justice would have been served if someone had pinched the bike while they had the chance.

Looking round at all the obviously enthusiastic young brigade on whom the future destiny of the Club rests, I could not help feeling that, in racing circles, we seemed to be on the upgrade, and that perhaps the day is not too far distant when one of them will win our Open "100" again. Good luck to them all. I wish I had their youth and prospects.

W.G.P.

BANGOR ON DEE, ROYAL OAK - 19th October 1974

Though I say it myself, I am by nature a kindly soul, and I found it impossible to resist the full nelson, boston crab and other gentle inducements practised on me on behalf of our President in his iron determination that I should record this page in the Anfield B.C. history.

I arrived quite early, having safely negotiated the 250-metres separating my home from this most hospitable inn, without the aid of my bike. There before me were Len Hill, John France, Frank

Perkins, Stan Cooper and Pat O'Leary. The following pedal stampers turned up, not necessarily in the order given here: Gerry Robinson, The Baron of Bangor, Ben Griffiths, Frank Fischer and Dave Barker. Keith Orum gathered his brood of strong young chicks about him, namely: Neil France, David Jones, Karl Nelson, Mike Hallgarth, Tim Clark, Jim Griffiths and George Jones of the B.N.E. and proposed a route to Bangor-on-Dee via Bangor and Caernarvon, and off they set at a cracking pace. Somewhere in the vicinity of Minera they decided that as they were running some five minutes behind schedule to abandon the entire project and very fast times were achieved to the Royal Oak. Well done, lads. Take me next time.

We were glad to note that Pat O'Leary was none the worse for his accident. Just one of those things. We decided that his mitts, which he had left behind when he went, were good for another ten years yet. So we asked his son-in-law to pass them on. All part of the service, Pat.

We were all concerned, but relieved, to hear that Bill Finn, over for a few days for the F.C.O.T. lunch at Chester, had suffered no ill effects from being run into by some young tear-away on a bike with his head down. We hope that the Grubb is still intact. Had it not been for this mishap, he intended to be one of the number here. As it was, thanks to the solicitude of our old friends, the Williams C.C., he is to board the boat back to Ireland as planned.

As this very convivial three hours passed away, it became obvious that the "dratted green bike" was not to make an appearance that day, and Bill Gray's spirits rose accordingly. Defeat in wordy war was not to be his lot on this occasion. We all fervently hope that Stan returns, refreshed and re-invigorated, for this unrelenting and highly entertaining duel.

My personal congratulations to Ben in winning the Club Championship so decisively.

W.G.P.

NANNERCH, SARN MILL - 16th November 1974

The morning dawned sunny with a blue sky, a pleasant change from previous week-ends. On arriving at Two Mills I met Phil Looby with a prospective member, Chris Edwards. After ten

minutes a sizeable group of Anfielders gathered, including Dave Birchall, Dave Jones, Mike Hallgarth, Ian Griffiths, Tim and Mike Clark, and the Bagnall twins.

A leisurely route over the Halkyn was taken via Northop and Rhosesmor. Our ride was not free from mechanical trouble, for at Rhes-y-cae Mike Clark's gear mechanism went too far, and charged into the spokes. As time was forever marching forward, we decided to cut the route short, and take the quickest way to Sarn Mill.

On arrival we met Len Hill, Frank Perkins, John France, Stan Cooper, Gerry Robinson and Mike Twigg. After a lengthy wait for lunch, the food was consumed rapidly.

The main road was chosen for the return journey, and we saw some of the cars in the R.A.C. Rally. At this point the steady pace increased to "evens" (now being adopted as standard for club runs), the break managed to stay clear until the Eureka. After a refreshing "cuppa" we split up to go our separate ways. N.F.

BANGOR ON DEE, ROYAL OAK - 23rd November 1974

Being a verger restricts my club attendances, because most bridal couples prefer to get "spliced" on a Saturday. Fortunately both my wife and I were off duty, so decided to meet the lads at the Royal Oak.

After an assiduous search through bus and train timetables found that we could make Bangor on Dee for 12 noon. This settled, we were about to leave when, out of the blue, a phone call from John France informed us that he had two empty seats in his car, and would call at 10.30.

Proceeding to Oak Cot we collected the President, and despite the inclement weather enjoyed a pleasant run via Capenhurst, Saighton, Aldford, Farndon and Holt, arriving at the venue at noon. We were the first to arrive, so decided to walk down to Bill Gray's cottage, ostensibly to stretch our legs, but I think John had heard of Bill's apricot and peach wine. By the time we returned to the Royal Oak the main force of riders had arrived, and were attacking plates of chips, and sandwiches with a speed that amazed the locals. Those present were: Len Hill, Frank Marriott, Stan Cooper, Albert Dixon and wife, Ian Griffiths, Tim and Michael Clark, Chris Edwards, Michael Hallgarth, Keith Orum, Bill Barnes, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Frank Fischer, Walter Portsmouth, John France and Bill and Eileen Gray.