

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

FEBRUARY 1975

No. 777

LUNCH FIXTURES

March 1975

- 1 IS-Y-COED (The Plough and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy))
8 KELSALL (Globe Inn or Oasis Cafe)
15 96th BIRTHDAY DINNER (See inner pages)
FARNDON (The Nag's Head) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)
22 ALPRAHAM (The Tollemache Arms)
29 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and OLLERTON (The Dun Cow)
31 WHITCHURCH (The Travellers Rest)

April

- 5 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and
ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms)
12 CHIRK (The Smithy Cafe) and
CHELFORD (The Egerton Arms)
19 KELSALL (Globe Inn or Oasis Cafe)
26 FARNDON (The Nag's Head) and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy)

A Committee Meeting has been arranged for 3rd April at
Oak Cottage.

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,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 29th MARCH 1975.

TREASURY NOTES

As promised in our last issue, we can now include a list of those who have paid subs/donations in recent months:

For 1973/4: W.G.Connor, A.E.Preston, A.Williams, R.Wilson, A.Rogerson, A.Gorman, J.S.Jonas, F.B.Churchill.
 1974/5: P.Colligan, R.H.Wright, T.Sherman, L.Walls, A.Walls, W.G.Connor, A.E.Preston, R.Wilson, A.Rogerson, J.France, N.France, S.Wild, D.Bettaney, W.J.Finn, J.S.Jonas, D.H.Brown, S.Hancock, G.C.Richmond, P.B.Richmond, M.Twigg, J.F.Thompson, G.A.Robinson, J.E.Hawkins, David Barker, G.E.Sharp.
 Donations: W.G.Connor, T.V.Schofield, J.Long, A.Rogerson, J.France, D.Bettaney, F.Perkins, W.J.Finn, D.H.Brown, M.Twigg, J.F.Thompson, G.A.Robinson, David Barker.

To whom we are most grateful.

COMMITTEE NOTES

For those who might be wondering where "Is-y-Coed" is (Fixture 1st March) the Plough Inn is situated in a side-lane off the Holt Bangor-on-Dee road B.5130. There is a direction signpost at the end of the lane.

Easter Tour is being organized by John Thompson. Please phone him at (051) 677-3795.

Applications for Membership

Mr.John Lewis Kidd, 14 Downham Road North, HESWALL, Wirral.
 Mr.Christopher Gordon Edwards, 5 Eddisbury Road, WEST KIRBY, Wirral.
 Proposed by Keith Orum, seconded by David Birchall.

Open "100"

The Committee feel that in future, club members entering the "100" should pay the entry fee to help defray some of the losses made on the event.

G.A.Robinson, Hon.Secretary

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

W.H.Lloyd, 6 Ballure Grove, Ramsey, I.O.M.
 Telephone: Ramsey (IOM) 814469 (S.T.D. 0624)

NEW ARRIVALS

The Sharp and Whelan families are delighted to announce the arrival of two boys - one each. Our best wishes to Geoff and Vivienne, and John and Jane. And Len Hill, too, now he finds he is married to a grandmother!

THE DINNER

As noted in previous issues, the Dinner to celebrate our 96th Birthday will be held at the Oaklands Hotel, 93 Hoole Road, Chester on 15th March. Hoole Road is on A.56. Tickets £3.00. C.W.O. from Len Hill or Gerry Robinson, or any member of the Committee. Bed and breakfast are available at the hotel at a charge of £4.50.

We plead now for the best possible turn-out for several reasons: First, the more the merrier, and the better the "do"; second, we are using these years as a run up to our century in 1979, and something very special. Finally, and by no means least, we have reserved a large room, and we need an excellent, not to say overwhelming, response to cover the cost.

We should like to mention now that over the past few years there have been a number of absent Anfielders whom we would have much preferred to have been present. Could these old, and very good friends, please make a special effort and come along this time? If only we could get the old Halewood Birthday Run atmosphere again! A sincere request: Please do come if you possibly can.

Also we should like to say how grateful we are to the many old friends from other clubs who are delighted to come and renew their acquaintance with the Anfield. And when the talking tires - as if it ever does! - you can sit quietly and enthuse over Guy Pullan's collection of old slides - where he has rustled this lot from we haven't the faintest idea!

OBITUARY - NORMAN TURVEY

We are sorry to have to report the passing of one more of our fast-dwindling band of long service members. Norman Turvey died on 18th January after a long period of indifferent health. He joined the Club in 1923 and quickly entered whole-heartedly into the many Club activities. He was especially interested in long distance cycling and took part in several of the "All Night Rides", as well as riding in Twenty-Four Hour events. He was Secretary for one year (1926) bridging the gap between Harry Austin's resignation and the appointment of H.W.Powell.

A cyclist of the old school, to whom Bill Cook was, and ever remained, the fount of all cycling wisdom, Norman retained the views - and even the cycling attire - of an older generation. The prospect of ever meeting him attired in shorts was quite unthinkable, and he retained to the end the cycling knickers,

jacket, collar and tie which was the correct cycling dress when he joined the Club. His professional activities took him from Liverpool far too soon and he held posts in many parts of the country. Always he retained his great love of the bicycle and indeed of the Anfield Bicycle Club; and although there was a period of disillusionment with the Club this was happily ended when he made a special journey to attend the A.G.M. of November 1960.

I used to meet him at the Dinners which the North Road C.C., of which he was a member, held on the Friday evening prior to their Open "24" and usually sat with him; and after he had ceased to attend these functions he would always seek me out during the weekend, often at the expense of many miles of extra travel, in order to have a chat about the Club. The cycling world in general and the Anfield Bicycle Club in particular are the poorer for his passing.

R.J.A.

TROUBLE.....

On Saturday, January 18, while on the way to the run at Kelsall, trouble came to the John France party in a big way. Sitting comfortably in John's Triumph Herald with Albert and Eileen Dixon in the rear, and Len Hill in the front, our party were gently pottering through the lanes eastward of Backford when a garage breakdown truck came hurtling around a corner at a speed that can only be described as much, much, too fast.

Evasive action was impossible, and the outcome was an unholy head-on collision that could have had fatal results, but, extremely fortunately, didn't. The Herald is a complete write-off. Len was knocked unconscious, and had to have 16 stitches inserted in his face and head. Albert Dixon suffered a fractured skull, and Eileen sustained a considerable loss of blood. John perhaps came off best. Countless bruises were his lot. Naturally, all were hurried to hospital, and detained.

Now, as we write, six days later, all are out. Eileen and Albert, still confined to bed for most of the day, are recuperating with their son at Stockport. Len has had his stitches out, but he says he looks a right mess. John France has had to resort to public transport.

We are exceedingly grateful that the damage, though considerable, was no worse. Len and John can we hear smile now.

RACING ROUND-UP - Cyclo Cross

Kirkby Stadium Events Placings:

Name	19.10	2.11	9.11	16.11	23.11	7.12
Phil Looby	13	10	12	18	DNF	-
Bill Barnes	18	13	17	-	-	18
Mike Holland	20	15*	-	-	-	-

* Note: Mike crashed, and unfortunately landed on his head.

Well done Phil Looby! You win the Cyclo Cross tubulars.

Remember the events are all in: they include professionals.

Johnny Moss intentionally keeps no records, but intense winter training took him from half-way through the field in October to last man in December!

Time Trialling

New tricycle club records down to John Thompson which have not been previously recorded are:

"12-hour"	N.W.T.A.	18.8.74	228.848 miles
"10-mile"	Horworth & District	10.8.74	24.34
"50-mile"	Pennine C.C.	4.8.74	2.9.03

A list of Club Records is being prepared for the next handbook. If anyone has held a record, or can remember when a club record was broken, John Thompson will be glad to hear from them. All claims will, of course, be checked, but this information could help to make a start, and possibly save some time.

THE SANDSTONE TRAIL

Members who enjoy rough stuff may be interested in the Sandstone Trail, which was recently opened by Cheshire County Council. The 16-mile long trail runs from Delamere Forest to Duckington by way of the Central Cheshire Sandstone Ridge, and is the first section of a footpath system which, it is hoped, will eventually cover much of Central Cheshire.

The trail starts at the Barnesbridge Gates on the "switchback" road through Delamere Forest, and after crossing Kelsall Hill, passes Utkinton and Tarporley to Beeston Castle gates. From here it runs through Peckforton Woods through Higher Burwardsley, Bulkeley and Bickerton, and the trail finishes above Broxton in Duckington village.

The way is marked by wooden trail markers engraved with a yellow footprint containing a letter S and a direction arrow, and there are four information boards. These are situated at the

start and finish, Beeston Castle gate, and Gresty's Waste, where the A.54 crosses the trail above Kelsall. There are car parks at several points along the trail, and further information can be obtained from The Director of Countryside and Recreation, County Hall, Chester.

G.A.ROBINSON

FARNDON, NAGS HEAD - 7th December 1974

After battling against a nagging headwind, I arrived at the Nag's Head at about one o'clock, to find a large bunch of Anfielders already there. They were: Mr. President, alias Len Hill, Bill Gray, John France, Frank Perkins, Walter Portsmouth, Mike Hallgarth, Gerry Robinson, Mike and Tim Clarke, Mike Twigg, Dave Jones, Keith Orum, John Moss, Dave Birchall, Neil France, Ian Griffiths, Bernard Bagnall and prospective member Chris Edwards. Mike Fenwick (Huddersfield Star Wheelers) was also with us.

After lunch it was proposed by Messrs. Birchall and Orum that we should follow the Dee to a certain ford, the idea being to paddle across. All went well, apart from some harrowing experiences with bikes and barbed wire and Kamikaze Keith Orum demonstrating how to ride through a hedge! The ford (?) was about 4ft. deep, and so the original plan was scrapped, and so we rode on, and on, and on.....

And so it came to pass, approximately two hours after the epic trek across the wilds of Cheshire began, the Anfield B.C. emerged from the wilderness. The place was called Aldford, two miles (perhaps three) in a two-hour ride from Farnndon!

The day finished in the Eureka, at five p.m. sipping steaming mugs of tea and munching Mars bars, thankful we were there, after being delayed on the way by Neil's chainring falling off, and many punctures. Keith rounded off an enjoyable day with the comment: 'Should be a good run next week. Dave and I won't be going!'

P.L.

CHRISTMAS SLIDE SHOW, TWO MILLS - 14th December 1974

Once again our favourite mid-Wirral rendezvous was crowded with those wishing to enjoy the annual slide show. But first, before the lights were dimmed, we had the presentation of a small token of esteem to Addy, who looks after us so well.

Now for the pictures, and those responsible will not surely cavil when we say that this year the usual standard was not quite attained. But we hasten to add that this was no one's fault: all the blame can be put on the weather. For colour photography sunlight is essential, and when there are no supplies of sun, there can be no

pictures. It is as simple as that. But we did enjoy glimpses of earlier touring holidays, and also some excellent speed shots. Len Walls finished off the evening with some interesting pictures of architecture (mainly domestic) in Herefordshire. An interest in this subject can stimulate many a tour through the English counties.

One thing we do regret: due to an oversight we cannot include a list of those present. Sorry!

F.E.M.

SHOCKLACH, THE BULL, LADIES RUN - Boxing Day

Romantically situated on the Welsh border, the Bull at Shocklach proved to be the ideal venue to share the Festive Season with the pleasure always experienced from the Ladies Run.

Len Hill, the President, and Flo headed a party of 35, which filled the best room at this comfortable hostelry to its utmost capacity. Hubert Buckley, genial giant of a V.P. posed as Fox Talbot (or was it cameraman of the year?). He was accompanied by Sadie, his sister, and our old friend Alfred.

Rex and Edna Austin added distinction, and it was delightful to meet Mrs. Ken Barker, with her daughter and husband. This was a wistful reminder of Ken, a good companion always, and like the present incumbent an outstanding and long serving editor. Dave Barker with his wife and son had brought his Mother and family along.

The faux pas of the year occurred when the person recording the attendance enquired: Who is the handsome young man in the red jersey? The answer came from Bill Gray with glee: That is Mrs. Alan Rogerson! At least the nit-wit concerned did not mistake Alan for the bearded lady!

An excellent group of youngsters was present: Ian Griffiths, Tim and Mike Clarke, Mike Hallgarth (of 12-hour fame) supported by Keith Orum, Dave Birchall, Gerry Robinson and Ben Griffiths. Later on Dave Bettaney with his wife and family appeared, and with Bill and Eileen Gray, and Stan and Mrs. Wild completed the attendance.

S.W.

ALPRAHAM, TOLLEMACHE ARMS - 28th December 1974

Perhaps everyone had had enough of Christmas, because the Eureka was packed out with Anfielders. Neil France, Bill Barnes, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Karl Nelson, Mike Holland, Mike Clarke, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffiths and Tim Clarke made up the bunch that set off at a leisurely pace. The same boring old route that normally takes us to Ashton and Kelsall was followed up to Mickle Trafford, where we turned off to Tattenhall via Vicars Cross Golf Club. The route decided upon took us up a long climb to

Higher Burwardsley. The bumpy descent over cobblestones soon shook loose cape-rolls, front lights, and a certain metalwork wrench.

Already at the Tollemache Arms were John France, Harold Catling, Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley, Stan Wild, Frank Fischer and Gerry Robinson. All under the paternal eye of Len Hill. As expected, Phil Looby soon arrived complete with crash hat, and at 14.00 hrs. precisely we departed.

After damaging his frame just before lunch, Neil had another piece of bad luck, his bottom-bracket spindle broke, but Phil stayed behind, and helped him to get home.

Meanwhile, back in the main group, the pace was livening up, and soon after Beeston the bunch turned into a line-out as we started to drop those who had not done much cycling since the Autumn Tints. By Huntington the leading group had been narrowed down to five, and the sprint just before Two Mills was won undisputedly by Karl Nelson. The rest arrived after some time, and for the first time in weeks we managed to get home before dark.

M.H.

BANGOR ON DEE, THE ROYAL OAK - 4th January 1975

When the morning of the first clubrun of 1975 arrived, a sizeable band of Anfielders was resolved to spend Saturdays cycling. No less than twenty seven were making for the Royal Oak, under blue skies and sunshine which promised spring-time, not winter.

A dozen of us headed southwards on the Saughall road to cross the Dee at Saltney. As the party passed swiftly through lanes via Kinnerton and Rossett to Gresford, racing programmes were being planned for the summer. John Whelan promised to make a come-back and John Moss, Mike Holland, Neil France, Carl Nelson, Dave Jones and Keith Orum all said they would too! Such talk is perilous for in it were sown the seeds of disaster. In sight of Bangor, the bunch sprinted (not for the first time). Suddenly the group exploded: bikes and bodies fell sprawling and lay upon the road. As a result Messrs. Whelan and Moss spent the rest of the weekend in hospital, very sore and wondering what happened!

The pile-up ended the clubrun; for Keith Orum and the scribe an ambulance ride with the casualties ensured that they were well looked after. At the Royal Oak, Len Hill presided over operations until closing time, with assistance from Stan Wild, Albert Dixon, Bill Gray, Walter Portsmouth (abandoned bike custodian), and Ben Griffiths (retriever). Over sausage egg and chips, Mike and Tim Clark, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffiths, Bill Barnes, John Kidd and Mike Hallgarth contemplated buying crash-hats, like Phil Looby, who always wears his.

John France with navigator Pat O'Leary offered help in Wrexham, and Mike Twigg raced back to Chester from his Guinness, at well in excess of evens with Gerry Robinson and Pete Colligan, to fetch Jane and Wendy out to the hospital by car. In case the two survivors still wonder what happened, the Chester Chronicle put it roughly as follows: two friends out cycling were involved in accident in which they hit each other! Full marks for understatement.

D.D.B.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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President: L.J. HILL

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

Captain: J.W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: L.J. HILL, Oak Cottage, Mill Lane, Heswall,
(Pro-Tem) Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 342-3589

APRIL 1975

No. 778.

LUNCH FIXTURES

May 1975

- 3 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)
- 10, SHOCKLACH (The Bull)
- 17 ALPRAHAM (The Tollemache Arms)
- 24 FARNDON (The Nag's Head) and
OLLERTON (The Dun Cow)
- 25 BISHOPS CASTLE (The Old Red Brick Guest House)
- 26 Open 100.
- 31 CHIRK (The Smithy Cafe) and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy)

June

- 7 NANNERCH (The Cross Foxes) and
ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms)
- 14 SHOCKLACH (The Bull)

Committee Meeting - 12th May - at Oak Cottage

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.

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

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 26th APRIL 1975.

COMMITTEE NOTES

The Committee has accepted, with the greatest possible regret, the resignation, for personal reasons, of Gerry Robinson from the position of Hon. Secretary. We wish to place on record what a pillar of strength Gerry has been to the Anfield, our appreciation of his work knows no bounds. Gerry has other tasks on hand, and from his writings in other pages of this issue we can see that a successful racing career is just one of his aims. We wish him every success.

Lén Hill has agreed to fill the gap as Hon. Secretary for the time being, with help from David Birchall.

Mike Twigg has reverted to being a first-claim member of the Kentish Wheelers, and accordingly becomes a second-claim Anfielder.

Rex Austin and John Moss have very generously come forward with prize offers for the "100". Rex offers a prize to the value of £6.00 for the fastest veteran, and John an offer to the value of £3.00 to the fastest youngster.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Harry Austin, 21 Hall Park Garth, Horsforth, Leeds LS18 5LT
Telephone: Horsforth 2165

John Farrington, "Beechmast", Blackness, Linlithgow, West Lothian, EH49 7NN

TREASURY NOTES

He who keeps the cash wishes to thank the following for their subscriptions: Arthur Birkby, John Parr (working for the time being in the Shetlands), Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, George Taylor, Dave Eaton, Stan Bradley, Bert Lloyd, Mike Holland, John Farrington, Rigby Band and Chris Edwards.

We should also like to remind members that some financial help towards running the "100" would be greatly appreciated.

HITCHES AHEAD

Occasionally, engagement news comes our way, and we are delighted that David Birchall and Mary Creighton of Christleton have announced theirs. We also learn that David Jones became engaged at Christmas; to whom we do not know. Our sincerest wishes to all.

DINNER JOTTINGS

Our grateful thanks to Syd Hancock for the floral decorations, carted "with loving hands" all the way from Cornwall - just for our pleasure. We were also pleased to welcome John Williamson, son of Percy, who will long be remembered.

ONCE AGAIN . . .

The "100" looms. Cards should go out with our next issue. Meanwhile, Chief Marshal Len Hill wishes to get the staff side tidied up, and he has suggested the following list of helpers and their posts. IF FOR ANY REASON ANY OF THOSE NAMED CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO TAKE THE TASK SO ALLOTTED, WILL THEY PLEASE TELEPHONE LEN HILL AT (051) 342-3589 AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Timekeepers: Rex Austin (chief), Frank Fischer and Ken Yardley, Start: Syd Hancock, Dave Brown, Hilda and Oscar Dover, Jim Cranshaw and Frank Perkins.

Hodnet (each time) Stan Bradley and Les Goodhew. Crudgington: Harold Catling and George Taylor. Turn: Messrs. Ingram and Butterworth. Shawbirch: Eric Reeves, Jack Hawkins and Stan Cooper.

GO SLOW sign: Jack Pitchford and Powis. Shawbury turn: A.B.Smith and J.Hayes. Battlefield: Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson. Preston Brockhurst: Bill Gray (complete with brush!), Walter Portsmouth.

Prees Heath: Hubert Buckley, John France, Peter Colligan.

Bletchley turn: Stan Wild, Alf Howarth, Pat O'Leary. Finish: David Birchall, Bob Poole, Mark Haslam, Guy Pullan, Gilbert Sutcliffe.

Telephone: A.R.Mitchell. Drinks: Geoff Sharp, assisted by any young Anfielders who are not riding. Circular: David Barker.

Williams C.C. as usual, please.

THANKS - VERY MUCH!

After the mishaps to John Whelan and John Moss our telephone was burning. After the accident to the four in John France's car it sizzled again. We were delighted to receive calls from Syd Hancock in Penzance, and Gilbert Sutcliffe in distant Essex. The two Johns are now racing fit. The other four are nearly right. John France tells us that the truck driver who collided with his car is to appear before the courts on April 5. Thanks, Anfielders and friends, for your good wishes. L.J.H.

AND "SHE" SAID

It is indeed seldom that we chance to find an Anfielder's name emblazoned across the attractive pages of SHE magazine. For reasons we just cannot understand the current issue tells - inter alia - about Jeff Mills and the T.A. The T.A. is very much Men Only, and the magazine equally feminine in character. Jeff has just taken over the secretarial work of the association.

THE 96th BIRTHDAY DINNER - OAKLANDS, CHESTER - 15 March 1975

Last year I happened to be late, mainly because I travelled to the venue by 'bus. This year, despite the best of intentions, it

was "last again", or almost, and one loses lots of chances to renew old friendships. It takes a lot of time to move around and talk with everyone.

Hardly ten minutes had elapsed after our arrival - I had picked up Len Walls on the way - when our excellent M.C. Rex Austin announced that the troughs were ready to receive us. According to the menu, the feeding promised to be excellent, but an overdose of salt - for my taste - in the soup rather spoiled the entire meal. Never mind. I shouldn't have shifted the soup, but down it went, salt and all, and afterwards I was sorry.

Some bright cross-toasting enlivened the evening, but there was not enough, really. In the build-up for our 100th Birthday we had arranged for a large room, hoping for an upsurge of attendance. As it happened, it proved to be a vain hope. But all will admit that the sizeable room deprived us of the close, friendly atmosphere that is so essential to these gatherings. Later on, one speaker reminded us of the wonderful atmosphere of the Derby Arms at Halewood in the 1960's. One cannot but agree. They were wonderful days.

Once the boards were cleared Stan Wild opened the proceedings when he welcomed the guests, and what a task he had! Our principal guest, who travelled from Birmingham with brother Jack, was Charlie Holland. And if anyone dares to ask: Who is he? We answer quickly that Charles last year won the Veterans Best All-Rounder with times equal to those he achieved in the distant thirties. Charles collected Fastest Time prize in our "100" no less than three times in those eventful years.

We must also mention Richard Hulse, Speedwell President, who never misses a chance to ride his bicycle, and, naturally, had ridden to our function today with Les Lowe.

We were also delighted to have Dave Allan, from the Birkenhead North End. Dave last year won our "100" with a ride inside of 4 hrs. 5 mins., the nearest yet to a 4-hour ride. Syd Hancock had better start saving up! Les Goodhew motored from London to be with Frank Fischer at Market Drayton, and then the pair cycled to Chester, and attended the Farndon run on the way. Ed.Green, of course, and Oscar Dover. Lastly, because he drifted in last, and most certainly not least, Ken Matthews, sports commentator and administrator in excelsis.

It fell to Ken to respond on behalf of the Visitors, and as he is so full of local sport down to his finger-tips we were assured of a splendid reply. We were not disappointed - delighted even when he named Phil Looby, John Moss, Bill Barnes and Mike Holland as being excellent performers in local cyclo-cross.

Our "100" is one of the oldest events in the cycling calendar, and it is perhaps appropriate that Charles Holland, three times a winner in the 1930's, should be asked to propose a toast to our famous event.

Charles recalled that in the early days of unpaced riding London riders virtually monopolized the fastest time list until the arrival on the scene of Charles Moss, a Midlander who won three times before World War One. Then Andy Wilson, wonderful Yorkshire rider, whose untimely passing cut short a very promising career. Frank Southall, who put up some wonderful rides on the old course.

Of his own efforts, Charles remembers that he had a tremendous desire to get into the Olympics, and he was told that a win in the Anfield "100" made an invitation almost a certainty. So a win it had to be. His first, in 1932, was not fast by modern standards, 4.48.0, but as an excellently judged ride it was outstanding. Charles was faster second time round the big triangle than first, and surely he was alone in that feat: 2.24.57 for the second half. We now learn that the ride was marred by a nasty spill at Battlefield Corner, where the grit was always a problem, brush or no brush. He managed to remount and continue, but some of the scars he collected then are with him still today. Charles also gained fastest time award in 1934 and 1936. Last year, 1974 as very much a veteran, Charles finished in 4.48.11, a mere 11 seconds slower than his 1932 ride! Charles also mentioned Bren Orrell, a never-to-be-forgotten winner in 1933, and, with Jack Pitchford and Jack Salt, gained first team prize in every year from 1932 to 1937.

Charles concluded his remarks by saying that we had had only five timekeepers since World War One, and all top-grade men. A record, surely. And a final compliment to the "staff", particularly to John Whelan for handling present-day "100" matters so well. Never was a bouquet more justly deserved.

After a pleasant interval enabling thirsts to be slaked, more friendships to be renewed, the final piece of the evening: a slide show by Guy Pullan, a history of the Anfield in photographs. Guy must have gone to endless trouble to assemble the collection, and we are immensely grateful to him for his work, but we are also sure that he won't really object to us saying that some of the pictures could have been weeded out to restrain the collection to more manageable size. As it was, we just couldn't see them all. It was just too late. And might we mention here that yours truly has not the slightest recollection of getting down on hands and knees to fix a Sturmey Archer gear. We would have been prepared to refut this

lot, but as seeing is believing, we can only wonder when it happened.

We did hope to include a list of members and friends present, but we just haven't the space. We mustered only 38 Anfielders, which was, to put it mildly, a poor show. Friends and guests numbered 28.

F.E.M.

R.R.A. DINNER - 1st March 1975

Every three years the Road Records Association organises a Dinner in London. Although I have always desired to be present, I have never been able to do so. For many years the function was held on a week night, which made it impossible for me to take part, whilst more recently it has clashed with other engagements - for example, three years ago it was on the night of our own dinner. However, Will Townsend had been pressing me to attend and as this was to be the 21st of the series I played truant from Sale where I should have been and arrived at the Abercorn Rooms in the Great Eastern Hotel sharp at the ticket time of 5.45. But many had beaten me to it and the bar was crowded. How delighted I was that at last I was to join in the celebrations. Nearly 250 cyclists were there, mainly of the older generation, although there was a smattering of the young. The organization was ideal for the purpose of the evening; 75 minutes allowed for fraternization before the dinner and later in the evening two intervals of about half an hour each gave ample opportunity to greet old friends and to make new ones. I didn't think that the speeches did full justice to the occasion, but who cares? That wasn't the purpose of the evening - but it was good to witness a presentation to Will Townsend as a memento of his long, faithful and efficient service as Secretary of the Association. Finally we had the impressive triennial ritual of the President taking wine individually with each of the record breakers present to the accompaniment of a recital of his record breaking history. Altogether an evening to remember and it was a pity that the only Anfielders present were Rex Austin, Jeff Mills, Syd Hancock and Frank Fischer, the latter being seated with other members of his London Club.

R.J.A.

BATH ROAD CLUB DINNER - 8th February 1975

I was honoured as a has-been pedaller to be asked to represent the Club at the 89th Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club. Duly with spouse and four wheels I made way to the Central Airport Hotel at Colnbrook, where there was a goodly gathering of Bath Roaders and famous visitors.

After the dinner, at which much cross toasting and witty ribaldry ensued, some excellent verbosity came forth in the speeches.

Following the Loyal Toast from Jack Beauchamp, The Club was proposed by Mal Rees with an excellent response from D.B.Lofthouse. The "Ladies and Visitors" toast from R.Hebbert brought an exceptionally witty response from famous tricyclist and extrovert D.P.Duffield. It is said that to be a tricyclist one has to be an extrovert, or something.

Presentation of the impressive array of cups and prizes crescendoed to the award of the Bath Road "100" Cup to winner E.J.Bore, of the Farnborough/Camberley C.C. who was chaired to the table by his winning team mates R.Dowling and J.C.Copley amid tumultuous applause.

I believed that I was the only Anfielder present until I made contact with Syd Hancock, that Penzance domiciled Potteries expatriate, and with whom I nattered about mutual friends and Auld Lang Syne. It was nice also to chat with Jack Beauchamp and Will Townsend and many others, and to see again Alf West, winner of our "100" in 1929 looking so fit and well.

RUSS BARKER

(Russ, in enclosing the above piece, says that he hopes to be at the "100" again this year. "Give my best to all".)

SHARROW C.C. ANNUAL DINNER

Rex and Edna Austin were chief guests at the above function, and apparently it was a most successful evening. We have received a report, kindly written by a member of the Sharrow C.C. Pat Short, but unfortunately we just haven't space. Sorry!

THE 99th SPEEDWELL DINNER

This was held at a new venue, the Imperial Centre Hotel, very conveniently situated to New Street Station (but not too convenient for car parking), with the President Richard Hulse, in the Chair.

The first Toast of the evening was Ladies and Visitors, proposed by N.E.McEvoy. (The Speedwell B.C. admitted ladies to membership during 1974, but cross-toasting revealed hardly any lady members present, almost all there, were Visitors). The Response came from Peter Walthall of the Manchester Wheelers, a really excellent speech from one who is well known for good speeches, as well as organising his Club's Open 12-hour.

One of the fast "young" Veterans, J.Edney, spoke for the Prize-winners; he won the old-established Speedwell Open 100. Next speaker was Bill Oakley, President C.T.C., who proposed the Club in a rather informal but delightful speech, or talk, one might say. D.C.R.Ford made the reply, and the formal part of the evening ended with Les Williams proposing the President.

A suggestion made by Bill Oakley which might interest the Anfield was that during the 100th year of the Speedwell, 1976, a series of events, Competitive or Social, might be arranged with Clubs of similar interests. What about Anfield v. Speedwell in each other's Open 100's, with team medals for the aggregate times in both events? And possibly a social weekend in the autumn at a convenient spot, such as Bishops Castle.

My thanks to the Speedwell B.C. for yet another enjoyable evening.

F.E.FISCHER

TRICYCLE MILES TO CHARNWOOD FOREST IN JANUARY

An Early-Season Pipe Opener

After a particularly lavish business dinner the previous evening I had difficulty in leaving my bed and even more difficulty in cramming a substantial breakfast down at 6.00 hours on a January Saturday morning. Mercifully the day was dry but the promise of strong to gale force winds from the south-west was less to my liking. For the first hour progress was slow. The wind was distinctly unfavourable and I felt far too full of food. By sunrise however, although the wind was getting stronger, I was making good time along the road from Macclesfield to Leek. The shoulder of Morridge and Dun Low, two major climbs above the 1000 foot contour on the Leek-Ashbourne road are something of a trial at any time but the by now very strong wind predominantly on the starboard bow made life very hard indeed. Still, it takes a lot to stop a tricycle geared to 33 inches and by ten o'clock I was in sight of the final summit before the descent into Dovedale.

With superb timing Ted and Mary overtook me on the last ascent, drew in at the summit lay-by and produced a flask of hot coffee. This unexpected but very welcome refreshment revived my flagging spirits and I was soon twiddling my 67 inch top gear on the slight declivity which precedes the headlong descent to Mayfield. Here a generally eastward swing of the road brought the fiercely gusting gale force wind full on to the starboard beam and compelled a resort to dinghy sailing tactics - sitting out over the sidewheel most of the time and luffing up to meet the heavier squalls. It was a very thrilling descent.

The high ground between the Dove and the Derwent was not so harshly windswept and I was soon threading my way through Saturday morning traffic on the new Derby inner ring road. In full spate this mile or so of motorway style road is a stirring sight. Imagine several motor race tracks, cunningly intersecting and with an equal

number of quite independent races taking place simultaneously on each track. The intersections are not formally controlled but by some miraculous means, traffic flows very briskly indeed. So briskly in fact that a cyclist unable to maintain a speed above evens through the intersections would be very much at risk.

South of Derby the sun shone and although the wind continued to blow strongly from the south west it was an extraordinary mild day for early January. It was quite a pleasant ride down A6 to the nadir of my journey where the Cavendish Bridge crosses the Trent just south of Shardlow. A little gentle collar work came through Kegworth and Hathern before leaving the A6 at Loughborough for the last few uphill miles to reach my daughter's home on the edge of Charnwood Forest. It was 1 o'clock precisely and lunch was about to be served. Imagine my disappointment to find that after 78 miles on a windy January morning, with only a brief halt for coffee, I had not acquired an appetite sufficient to do justice to an extremely attractive meal. I look back sadly to the days when I really was a young man, whether fit or not, and always had a good appetite sic transit.

HAROLD CATLING

OLLERTON-DUN COW - 1st February 1975

Ollerton is not my favourite run on a fine bright day. At a bare 12 miles from Didsbury it is not far enough. It is also a too popular pub. By 1 o'clock on a Saturday the Dun Cow is always rather more than full of diners appreciative of the very excellent fare which is attractively served at extremely reasonable prices. After a pleasant meander through the lanes Mary and I joined Stan Bradley and Jim Cranshaw in one of the smaller rooms of the already crowded hostelry. We were soon joined by the Pooles and a little later by Stan Wild adventuring North from his retreat in the deep South of the county.

Inevitably there was talk of other days but the seething ant-hill atmosphere of the Dun Cow of today (reminiscent of international airport departure lounges the world over) is not conducive to post-prandial relaxation and we were soon away. What others of the party did I don't know but the mild springlike weather encouraged us to head eastwards for the Pennine foothills. Here we were able to justify both our 30 tooth low gear sprocket and our four brakes before returning home with the thought that if the weather of early February is a foretaste of the coming summer 1975 will indeed be a year to remember.

HAROLD CATLING

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 15th February 1975

On a cold, windy morning, Mike Looby, Mike and Tim Clarke, Chris Edwards and myself left Two Mills just before eleven, and headed for Harthill. We had travelled less than half-a-mile when I had hastily to mend a front puncture. Taking the lanes past Chester Zoo and on to Christleton, we crossed the canal and reached Tattenhall. Turning towards the hills we were shortly to discover those who were unfit. Mike Looby found the going hard on fixed, but the first to crack was Mike Clarke. Walking the hardest part he eventually reached the top, and we swept down to the main road.

Turning into the wind Mike blew badly, and eventually I had to push him. Back in the lanes we headed for Peckforton. A wrong turning took us two miles out of our way, and we were forced to retrace. Back on course we ploughed on to Alpraham into the nagging wind with my arm feeling the effects of Mike's dead weight unaided by somewhat erratic pacing by the others.

Arriving rather later than anticipated, we met a host of An-fielders filling the room to capacity. Already present were: Len Hill, Hubert Buckley, Stan Wild, Geoff Sharp, Rex Austin, Jim Cranshaw, Frank Fischer, Bill and Mrs. Gray, Walter Portsmouth, Mike Twigg, Pat O'Leary, Gerry Robinson, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth and Ian Griffith. Harold and Mrs. Catling had been and left by tandem trike.

After weary limbs had recovered a large bunch left for Beeston. Moving well with the tailwind we flew through Tattenhall and on to the main road to Chester. From Chester the pace increased and several riders disappeared. On the canal bridge Mike Hallgarth launched the attack that was to get him to the Eureka with Ian ahead of the rest. Sufficiently refreshed, we made our way back along the Wirral with thoughts now focussed on the training run the following morning.

W.J.B.

CERRIG-Y-CRUIDON - 22nd February 1975

Arriving at the Eureka Cafe I found John Whelan, Bill Barnes, Mike Hallgarth, Tim Clarke, Ian Griffiths and Chris Edwards already stoking up for the run on tea and biscuits. No one else turned up, so at 9.45 we set off towards Queensferry in bright sunshine, and were soon dicing with juggernauts on the by-pass. However, beyond Mold the traffic disappeared, and the only sounds were our conversation and an ominous knocking from Ian's new Japanese freewheel, which suddenly spilled ball bearings on to the road in Rhydymwyn. The front plate had unscrewed and it was obvious that Ian would be unable to continue further, but, after replacing the plate, the bike was rideable, and he managed to ride home.

Tempus fugit, so, with the aid of a strong breeze, the rest of us pressed on to Denbigh, and began to climb up to the moors. Not for long, though; John's rear mudguard was rubbing and rather than risk a punctured tubular he stopped to fix it while we stood around offering "helpful" comments. Two miles later the problem reappeared, so while John and Mike stopped, four of us pottered slowly on up the climb, taking time out to enjoy the views across the moor, majestic in the brilliant sunshine and crystal clear air.

A new road has been constructed from the Sportsman Arms leading direct to Cerrig, so we stopped to let John and Mike catch up (also enabling Bill to reinflate a softening front tyre) before enjoying a few miles of magnificent deserted Canadian-style highway through the spruce plantations. Suddenly, with a loud hiss, Bill's inner tube gave up the ghost, and once again we stopped for repairs. Our troubles were not over, though, for no sooner had we set off again than my front mudguard was shattered by my toeclip, and once more out came the spanners. But the remainder of the journey passed without further incident, and we soon reached Cerrig to find Dave Bettaney already in the cafe having taken an almost identical route to us.

After eating we set off for Ruthin with the sun warming our backs, and within the hour were assailing the lower slopes of the Bwlch-y-Parc which has been used as a "prime" hill in the Milk Race several times in recent years. No heroics from our little group though. We were all feeling more than a little weary and John gave strict instructions that the first over the top were to wait for the rest. Ten sweaty minutes later we regrouped and headed onward to Mold and Queensferry.

Near the Eureka we were all dreaming of food when Ben Griffiths and Phil Looby appeared from the opposite direction going like mad in preparation for the early season two-up races. A few yards more and dreams became reality in the form of steaming mugs of tea and plates of cakes. Neil France and Karl Nelson were in the cafe with John Moss (newly returned from winter holiday in Majorca and sporting a Van Dyck beard and heavy cold!) Ian Griffiths also turned up having been given a replacement freewheel by his local dealer.

Half-an-hour later we split up for our respective homeward journeys, all having enjoyed a very pleasant day. The run was taken at a steady pace (mainly due to John Whelan's restraining influence) and as a result Chris Edwards, who only recently celebrated his sixteenth birthday and has only been cycling for three months, managed well over a hundred miles without too much physical distress.

GERRY ROBINSON

IS-Y-COED - Plough Inn - 1st March 1975

The weather did its best to quell the curiosity of the Anfield on this day, when they met Chris and Brian, who keep this most enjoyable inn in the back lanes between Farndon and Bangor-on-Dee. The following were not to be deterred by the threat of a soaking.

Len Hill and his better half, Bill Gray and ditto (only perhaps more so) Pat O'Leary, Ben Griffiths, Keith Orum, John France, John Moss, Frank Marriott, George Jones and son David, Bill Barnes, Ian Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards, Gerry Robinson, Mike Twigg, and yours truly. Anyone else? - Oh! yes, Stan Wild, who Bill Gray had forecast would find the journey too far. It's dogged as does it, isn't it, Stan?

We were all very fortunate in finding that the weather (or something) had apparently deterred all the locals, as we had the bar to ourselves, and everybody proceeded to show their approval of the fare provided by Chris and Brian, washing it down with some of the best mild ale that I have found in these parts, and I think I know what I am talking about when it comes to a discussion on draught beer.

There was, of course, much talk about the forthcoming 96th Birthday Dinner, and Bill and I got so involved in high finance with Len Hill on this one that we were glad to settle for what Len asked, while it was still a reasonable sum. Very persuasive, our President.

I should imagine that the return journey home was one on which no one would attempt to digress very much from the shortest and quickest route. I hope I am wrong. Dammit, 20 years ago I would have looked at things differently myself. I know that Stan Wild wasn't too keen to take to the road. He came back into the bar three times.

In conclusion, I told Chris and Brian that we were all well satisfied, and that we hoped to come again in two months or so. Would you, the readers who were there, say that that was fair comment?

WALTER PORTSMOUTH

FARNDON - Nags Head - 15th March 1975

The following members and friend participated in this run: Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Frank Fischer, Pat O'Leary, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson and Les Goodhew (Belle Vue C.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

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MAY 1975

No.779

LUNCH FIXTURES

May 1975

- 25 BISHOPS CASTLE (The Old Red Brick Guest House)
26 Open "100" (A note to Len Hill if you can help)
31 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

June

- 7 NANNERCH (Cross Foxes) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
14 SHOCKLACH (The Bull)
21 IS-Y-COED (The Plough) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)
28 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

July

- 5 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
12 SHOCKLACH (The Bull)

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.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 7th JUNE 1975.

EDITORIAL

The only run report this issue contains are those omitted from our last issue. We have two to write, but to include them would mean that we should have to trim other pieces; we prefer to leave them over. We are grateful to Gerry and Harold for letting us have such well-written pieces. Because of holiday arrangements (not mine, life is one long holiday here) we must close for our next issue on June 7.

F.E.M.

NANT HALL - MERSEY ROADS "24"

Len Hill tells us that he has been involved with drinks at Nant Hall for no less than 29 years. Once again a request is made for helpers. The time is Midnight for this Witches Brew, so roll up to make it a Mad Hatter's Tea Party once more!

CORRESPONDENCE

20th April 1975

Dear Frank,

Your suggestion that "The Black Anfielders" slide show could have been restrained to more manageable size appears unreasonable seeing that the completed showing of 75 slides covered 96 years of Anfield history opening with Laurence Fletcher and closing with John Whelan. What could not be shown was a series of 60 slides entitled "Anfieldland" depicting day-to-day Anfield life over the last 50 years which could have followed given sufficient time, and this was always in doubt. Surely 75 slides cannot be considered unmanageable except insofar that pictures of people and events make for two-way comments between audience and speaker which is time-consuming. Touring pictures arouse few such comments so that double the number can be shown in the time.

I can assure you that considerable "pruning" (I prefer this to "weeding", Frank) had already been done.

Yours sincerely,

GUY PULLAN

(Note: Our comment must stand. Guy is evidently not aware that the accepted limit, for those who lecture frequently, is around 80 slides for a full show. Much above this, and an audience loses its enthusiasm rapidly. ED.)

MILLTIR CERRIC - 16th March 1975

The Sunday morning non-stop training runs recommenced in January, the routes in the main being selected by John Whelan.

Fifty miles was adequate for the first run, but this was increased each week, and by early March we were covering over a hundred miles. Unfortunately, as the runs became more severe, and initial enthusiasm fizzled out, attendances dropped away.

The morning after the Club Dinner several members were competing in the Chester R.C. Two-up "25", so only John Whelan, Bill Barnes, Mike Hallgarth and I turned up at the Eureka. As we left the cafe heading for Queensferry and Wrexham a rider (name unknown) tagged on behind. He turned out to be a real half-wheeler, and poor Mike took a real pasting from him, he seemed to take exception if Mike drew level with with his handlebars. By Ruabon we were rather fed up of him and John told him in no uncertain manner to clear off on his own.

Aided by a strong tail wind the four of us carried on through Chirk and Oswestry, turning right at Llyncllys into the Tanat valley, which, bathed in sunshine, was a series of picturesque views. To top it all there was hardly a car to be seen on the road. As we rode up the valley John's bottom bracket began creaking, and near Llanrheadr we had to stop and investigate. The locking ring had slackened off, but fortunately I had a Raleigh type spanner, and with it and a large piece of granite the problem was solved.

Four miles later we started to climb the Milltir Cerrig, and despite a cold cross-wind the sweat was soon dripping off us. Over to the right we could see Moel Sych covered in snow and gleaming white in the sunshine. After a chilling descent we turned right towards Cynwyd. John must have been feeling a bit frisky, because, as we honked up yet another short steep hill, he turned to Bill and suggested a detour to Llangollen and up the Horseshoe Pass.

Bill gave a gasp of horror and disappeared backwards as if poleaxed, much to our amusement. We compromised by heading for Ruthin, which proved to be a wise decision, as the valley road was much more sheltered from the wind than the Llandegla Moors. By now the temperature had dropped several degrees, and snow flurries were whipping into our faces, so we stopped in Ruthin for a cup of tea. This was the first real stop of the day and most welcome after more than eighty miles of riding.

Ten minutes later, when we emerged from the cafe the snow-clouds had blown over, and we started to climb Bwlch-y-Parc. Much to our relief the hill was sheltered from the north wind, but by now Bill was feeling rather tired, and the combined effects of very little week-day riding and the steep climb had told on him.

While we stopped at the top to let Bill rejoin, we donned anoraks and riding capes to combat the cold wind on the descent. It was so cold, in fact, that we left them on for the remainder of the day.

We plugged on into the wind through Mold and Queensferry, the last few miles being uneventful except for a skirmish with a dog while descending Ewloe Hill. By now it was after four p.m. so while the others called in at the Eureka cafe, I carried on home for a bath and a meal. Later, when checking the maps, I found I had averaged almost 17 m.p.h. for 117 miles, not bad considering the weather, and the terrain.

Speaking to John the next day, I learned of the following week's epic: a circuit through Conway, Betws-y-coed and the Denbigh Moors. All this hard work had better produce some good racing results or we will be very disappointed.

GERRY ROBINSON

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S WEEK-END

AYSGARTH - 22/23rd March 1975

This hardy annual, so well established in the tricycle calendar, is an event I normally anticipate with unalloyed joy. This year however there was a difficulty. Early in March the wind became set in the north-east and proceeded to blow ever colder and more strongly as the date of the week-end approached. The prospect of more than 90 miles into a bitterly cold north-easter turned my thoughts to alternative strategies employing a measure of car or train assistance and by Friday I was resigned to the idea of motorising a good deal of the way with my trike on the roof rack. However, the late Friday evening weather forecast was that the north-easter would die during the night, the temperature would rise and a moderate south-westerly would come with the dawn and strengthen during Saturday.

With blind faith in this assurance I rose at five o'clock on Saturday morning and persuaded my son to whisk me by car to a point on the A56 clear of the built-up area of the city. In broad terms the weather forecaster had been right but he had omitted to mention that the change of wind direction would be accompanied by rain, sleet and snow. Still, one cannot have everything - at least the wind was favourable and the downpour eased a little with the coming of daylight during the descent from Dunnockshaw to Burnley.

In Blacko an early morning milkman called out, in accents

reminiscent of Stanley Holloway's Sam Small, that things were taking a turn for the better and it was going to be a fine day. He was quite right. I was able to pack my cape away for the whole of the week-end before beginning the descent into Gisburn and the sun was warm on my back as I followed the valley of the Ribble towards Hellifield. Here the collar work really started. Gently at first, through Otterburn and Airtton to Malham, where a second breakfast or early lunch was taken before beginning the long haul up to the Tarn.

This is a very rewarding climb, particularly the section where one looks down into Malham Cove against the backcloth of the precipitous limestone cliffs of Gordale Scar. It is fascinating to speculate as to what it was like in those long ago days when the sea washed the white cliffs of Craven. Did dark, beetle-browed sea-going fishermen haul their primitive craft up the beach of Malham Cove or was the land dominated by hairy mammoths and sabre toothed tigers?

Despite the warm sun the snow was crisp and firm above the 1000ft line and, of course, the views were magnificent under these conditions. From the Tarn a virtually traffic-free gated road leads northeastward to climb steeply over Darnbrook Fell before dropping even more steeply into Littondale. Now below the snow line the going was much faster on relatively gently graded and well surfaced roads so that the few miles down the Skirfare and up the Wharfe to Kettlewell passed easily and quickly.

Kettlewell is a most hospitable village with two inns which straddle the main dale road where it crosses the river both catering daintily for the 'carriage trade'. There is also the King's Head, inconspicuously sited away from the main stream of traffic, which specialises in more substantial fare suited to the needs of climbers, fellwalkers and the like. As my plans for the afternoon included a further excursion above the snow line it was to this latter hostelry that I repaired for re-fuelling.

From the eastern end of the village an unclassified road climbs steeply out of the dale. It is not everyones favourite road. Not merely because it climbs 1000 feet in rather less than two miles, after all that is only an average gradient of 1 in 10, but rather for the way in which it climbs (or descends if that is the way you happen to be going). Without doubt the road was planned purely as a fun way. It consists of gradients of from 1 in 3 to 1 in 6 interrupted by short level or downhill stretches. The

original builder, who probably served his apprenticeship building the dales abbeys and specialised in the planning of corridors linked by spiral staircases, arranged that all ascents were spiral and that always the steeper the ascent the tighter the spiral.

Hard though it is the climb over Park Rash is very rewarding indeed. The first reward comes on looking south shortly after leaving the village and is in the form of an almost uninterrupted view down Wharfedale. Mighty Kilnsey Crag is dwarfed by the whole perspective of the Dale and the little grey farmsteads, the many limestone outcrops and the occasional dark wood combine to make a most pleasing mosaic. The greatest reward however lies in the satisfaction of having successfully challenged the might of the hills.

Immediately on leaving the village the view ahead is dominated by the menacing bulk of Great Whernside, which in height is the middle member of the Dales trinity - a little higher than Pen-y-ghent but a little lower than Ingleborough - yet long before the highest point of the crossing is reached one begins to feel less overwhelmed by the proximity of the mountain. By the time the line of the old West Riding / North Riding boundary posts has been reached at 1650 feet the ego is completely satisfied. The magnificent vista of near equal snow covered peaks to be seen to the north and west is clear evidence that the once menacing mountain has been cut down to size, it has been subdued by ones own physical effort and this sense of achievement leads to a frame of mind conducive to the greatest possible enjoyment of the descent of Coverdale.

It is thirteen miles from the summit to the point at which Coverdale meets Wensleydale. Steep and wild at first the landscape softens progressively as height is lost until finally it becomes an area of rich arable land and the roofs of the prosperous little market town of Leyburn can be seen perched on its hill above the River Ure. The going had been so good that by this stage I was some two hours ahead of schedule and as it seemed a pity to spend the last hours of a glorious afternoon hanging about waiting for the hostel to open the opportunity was taken to add a little diversion over to Swaledale and approach Aysgarth from the north through Castle Bolton and Carperby. It proved to be a nicely judged diversion leaving just about the ideal amount of drinking time before the call to dinner.

The cold weather or some other such factor had adversely affected attendance but despite this twentyfive active tricyclists

covering a very wide age range were there to enjoy the very good dinner put on specially for the occasion by the warden and his wife. Every course from the soup through to the coffee was first class - including the selection of cheeses. The company, which included our Alan Rogerson, was good too and the evening passed very pleasantly.

All too soon we were together again at breakfast on Sunday morning discussing plans for our journeys home. Alf Layzell with more than 250 miles to go was planning to spend several days over it but most of us were intending to be home in time for our evening meal. No one else had plans fitting in with my own so I left the hostel alone and was soon enjoying the solitude of Bishopdale. For the first few miles the ascent is very gentle indeed and even the final climb of 600 feet in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles (1 in 13) up Kidstone Gill is so well graded that it is very easily ridden. Once the watershed into Wharfedale has been crossed it is an easy and pleasant ride following the broadening dale for 25 more or less downhill miles. It was pure delight to descend through Buckden to Kettlewell and, keeping to the east bank of the river, through Conistone, Grassington and Appletreewick to cross to the west bank at Barden Bridge. As usual Bolton Abbey was besieged by rubber-kneekers and Sunday motorists were beginning their weekly travers of the Dale but I was by now very positively homeward bound. After the easy run down the dale it comes as something of a jolt to have to leave the river at Addingham and face the climb over Rumbalds Moor to Steeton in Aire-dale and from this point it is anti-climax. The West Riding towns of Keighley, Hebden Bridge and Todmorden are by no means beauty spots but the more immediate northern approaches to Manchester have even less to commend them to a cyclist. With this in mind tentative preparations had been made, staff work was near perfect and my son neatly contrived to pick me up just as I was beginning to feel that a lift over the closing stages would be welcome.

HAROLD CATLING

LANGLEY, Leather Smithy - 1st March 1975

Four men, Barker, Bradley, Buckley and Poole attended a cycling club run. They arrived on foot, by car, by bicycle, and by tricycle, though not necessarily in that order.

The publican noticed five interesting facts:-

1. The motorist came with his wife, while Barker's wife stayed at home to look after their son.
2. Neither Buckley, Poole nor the tricyclist had a hang-over after the Seamons dinner the night before.

3. The walker drank bitter, Poole drank mild, Barker shandy and no one drank water.
4. Neither the motorist, Bradley nor the cyclist was expected to retire in April.
5. Buckley and the motorist had an argument about the "100" course in 19 B.C. (Editor's note: We have investigated the theory put forward by one historian that Boadicea won the first ever unisex event in that season by going straight through the field; none of the other competitors finished, and they were buried in a moss grave at Battlefield Corner. Unfortunately there is no independent evidence to substantiate this fascinating speculation (in any case the course may well have been short) and we are forced to the conclusion that the publican was a bit deaf and they were probably talking about the "100" of 1923). (Real editor's note: I am not responsible for this nonsense!)

How did each of the four get to the club run, what was the weather like, what is the name of the President's grandson, and what are the signs that either promoting the "100" or being a father is driving John Whelan hairless? Answers, on £5 notes, should be sent to 31 Clarendon Road, Sale, and the prizewinners will be announced in the next Circular.

D.W.B.

ALPRAHAM, Tollemache Arms - 22nd March 1975

Although less cold than of late, the wind was still in the north as I followed a circular route to the outskirts of Middlewich. Here I turned southwards, but found there was some west in the wind, which resulted in a steady plug through Church Minshull, Cholmondeston (try pronouncing this, chum - a clue here) and Calvaly to our venue at Alpraham.

The Tollemache Arms should really be called the Anfield Arms, judging by appearances today. It was absolutely bulging with members. At the high table near the window sat the Presidential party - Len Hill and Flo, and their Dutch friends Mr. & Mrs. Karsenbarg, with counsellor-in-chief John France in close attendance. The Vice-Presidential menage consisted of Hubert, Sadie and Albert, and in the Austin ensemble, in addition to Rex and Edna, we were delighted to renew acquaintance with Lois, Bob's wife. But where was Bob? Looking after the family! Too bad, Bob!

The proletariat comprised Ben and Ian Griffiths, John Moss, Gerry Robinson and Mike Twigg (Gerry and Mike had been recording some speedy miles) Bill and Eileen Gray, Wally Portsmouth (soon to be turned on the scrap-heap - welcome, pal!) and Stan Wild. Bill, the bad man from Bowling Bank, was in such great form that he actually reduced me to silence!

S.W.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

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

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JUNE 1975

No. 780

LUNCH FIXTURES

June 1975

28 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

July

5 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

12 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)

19 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
All Night Ride. Keith Orum for details.

26 KELSALL (Globe)
Mersey Roads "24". Midnight session at Nant Hall.

August

2 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and FOOLSNOOK (Oakgrove)

9 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

16 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

23 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)

30 IS-Y-COED (The Plough) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

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.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 2nd AUGUST 1975.

RACING RESULTS

- 2nd March: Larkhill Wheelers 2 up 25. D.1
 C.R.Griffiths and P.J.Looby 1.2.52
- 16 Mar: Chester R.C. 2 up 25. D1
 C.R.Griffiths and P.Looby 1.3.47 (3rd)
West Pennine M.T.T. (34 mi)
 E.A.Rogerson 1.59.25 (trike)
- 22 Mar: Nova C.C. 25. J24
 C.R.Griffiths 1.5.57
- 30 Mar: Mid Shropshire Whrs. 50. D11
 C.R.Griffiths 2.15.50
- 31 Mar: Mid Shropshire Whrs. 25. D11
 J.J.Whelan 1.4.14
 C.R.Griffiths 1.5.48
- 6 Apr: Wrekinsport Hilly 44. Dawley
 J.J.Whelan 2.1.38
 G.A.Robinson 2.11.23
T.A.(N.W.) 25. D54
 E.A.Rogerson 1.14.07 2nd. 1st H'cap
Merseyside V.T.T.A.25 D54
 C.R.Griffiths 1.4.00 1st
- 13 Apr: W.Ches.T.T.C.A.25. D1
 C.R.Griffiths 1.4.13
 G.A.Robinson 1.4.22
Nelson Whrs.Circuit of Dales. 50 m.
 E.A.Rogerson 2.55.45 (trike)
- 19 Apr: Crew Clarion Whrs.25 J32
 G.A.Robinson 1.4.12
 E.A.Rogerson 1.11.10 (trike)
- 20 Apr: Rhos-on-Sea C.C.25. D16
 J.J.Whelan 1.2.48
 C.R.Griffiths 1.4.59
- 27 Apr: W.Ches.T.T.C.A.30. D1
 C.R.Griffiths 1.16.31
 G.A.Robinson 1.17.27 (pers.best)
- 3 May: Manchester V.T.T.A.25. J32
 C.R.Griffiths 1.1.56
- 4 May: Dukinfield C.C.50. J29
 J.J.Whelan 2.11.27
 G.A.Robinson 2.12.21
T.A.(N.W.) 50 J36
 E.A.Rogerson 2.31.17 4th,
 2nd H'cap
Merseyside V.T.T.A. 30 D54
 C.R.Griffiths 1.14.19 (per.best)
- 11 May: B'head North End Mountain Trial. 48m
 J.J.Whelan 2.11.17
 G.A.Robinson 2.19.02
Ches.Roads 50. J39
 D.Bettaney 2.13.?
- 17 May: East Lancs.R.C.25 J32
 J.J.Whelan 1.0.45)
 C.R.Griffiths 1.2.19) 1st
 G.A.Robinson 1.2.44) team
- 18 May: Sth.Lancs R.C.50. J39
 J.J.Whelan 2.8.41
 D.Bettaney 2.9.9
L'pool TTCA 50. D10
 C.R.Griffiths 2.9.?
- 25 May: T.A.(N.W.) 100. D12
 E.A.Rogerson 5.16.52 3rd.
 2nd H'cap
- 26 May Anfield 100. D12
 Result on later page.
- 1 June: E.L'pool Whrs.50 D2
 J.J.Whelan 2.6.30 2nd
 C.R.Griffiths 2.11.20

Gerry Robinson will be collating racing results for the Circular, and riders are requested to forward their results to him at least a week before the closing date for each Circular

OUR SINCEREST SYMPATHY

is extended to Harry Austin and Bert Mitchell, both of whom have had the heartbreaking experience of losing their life partners after many years of marriage. We are all with them at this very sad time. Bert Mitchell's bereavement took place only a week before the Spring Bank Holiday and the week before the "100". Bert's efficiency with the telephone arrangements at the finish is well known, and there is little doubt that this year he could have wished the job far enough. However, Bert turned up with his equipment as usual, and for this gesture we are most grateful. It was a great privilege to be of some assistance.

SYMPATHY, TOO

(but not quite so heartfelt!) to Harold Catling, who, a few days after the "100", flew off to India for a six weeks' stay. What with high temperatures, and a monsoon thrown in for good measure, Harold is hardly likely to enjoy himself much. A few days after his return Harold chases off to Washington for a spell. The result is, as our friend dismally echoes, a summer utterly ruined.

IN FOUR YEARS TIME

We shall have celebrated our Centenary. This means that we have just three years to do some thinking - and doing. The big thing for 1979 is the Centenary Dinner, and it has been suggested that we arrange the celebration on the Spring Bank Holiday weekend, with the Dinner at The Lion on the Saturday evening. (Sunday, with a "100" on the morrow, just wouldn't do!) For our 75th we had a splendid dinner here. It really was good. We made an effort to invite as many "100" winners as we could trace, and we were delighted with the result. Many old friends turned up. A lengthy guest list - which will be essential for the Anfield Centenary Dinner - means that a Centenary Fund should be opened forthwith to cover some of the costs. Members reaction to the Dinner suggestion would be appreciated. Other suggestions for 1979 will be included in subsequent issues of the Circular.

PERSONAL COLUMN

David Barker. Had a spot of bicycle trouble towards the end of May. As we write (in the early days of June) David is still in hospital, and it might be some weeks before he is home again.

Walter Portsmouth. Sustained a mishap with his car recently. He has decided not to drive again. The doctor says he should resume cycling. We hope he does!

A NOTE FOR NEW READERS

This issue of the Anfield Circular will be sent to all participants in our Open "100", and we hope that they will enjoy reading our magazine. There is one point we should like to emphasize: the number of members attending summer club runs is in no way an indication of Anfield enthusiasm. As a general rule, those who race on Sundays prefer to have Saturday as a rest day, and therefore do not attend the regular run. Anfield enthusiasm can best be measured by attendances on winter runs. For example, at Bangor-on-Dee in January we had no less than 27 members - on bicycles! And the Elder Brethren who come out by car increased this number considerably.

JOHN THOMPSON

This piece is very belated: for two reasons. Firstly, no one acquainted us of the facts until February, when Harold Catling mentioned the matter in a letter. Since then our pressure on space has been so considerable that we can only find room now.

Last year John took the Major Liles Trophy for the highest average speed over the three distances: 50, 100 and 12-hours. His times were 2.09.03, 4.43.11 and 228.35 miles giving an "average" speed of 21.169 m.p.h. In addition, John did a 1.02.31 "25" in the Spelling Memorial event, only his 25 time was not the fastest of the season (Steve Hill did a 1.0.11 in the Spelling event).

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 10th May 1975

Although rather far for a Mancunian, Shocklach is a very tempting venue both in its own right and also for the opportunity it gives to explore the area of the Peckforton Hills. With this in mind, but without disclosing to my trusting wife that the round trip would account for rather more than a hundred miles of cycling, we made an early start and enjoyed a very interesting journey through Cheshire byways.

The Bull was filling up nicely by the time we arrived just before 12.30 and already ensconced were the President and friend Doug Hall of the Liverpool Century with Frank Fischer, John France, Stan Cooper, Bill Gray and Eileen. The first thing I noticed was that Bill was crying gently into his beer, the reason being that Stan Wild, his special buddy, being on holiday in Spain, was unable to be present. Hence the tears - of joy.

Ben Griffiths was the next to arrive closely followed by Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson, all looking fit and keen. They were quickly joined by a group of younger men, Bill Barnes, Phil Looby,

Mike Holland, Chris Edwards and Karl Nelson all of whom had every appearance of having been riding hard.

As usual the food was good, and although our end of the room talked mostly of what we had done in the past, time flew pleasantly by. Long before we were ready to leave our younger clubmates who had no doubt been discussing what they hoped to do in the near future were up and away. Shortly afterwards Mary and I took to the road again leaving the car borne brigade leisurely drinking coffee. (NOTE: This piece by Harold Catling has ended so abruptly that we wondered whether or not a second sheet has gone astray. With an ending such as this a blind has been drawn on the adventures of the homeward run. And what was Mrs.C's attitude to a century ride on the rear of a tandem trike? Did the good lady suffer in silence, or what? Harold tells us that the only real difficulty of the afternoon was the absence of a tea place where our pair could have had a break, and a few jars of the cup that cheers. - Ed.)

FARNDON - Nag's Head - 24th May 1975

After the brilliant sunshine and warmth of the previous days, Saturday dawned dull and chilly, with a north-easterly breeze. Yours truly, whose bronzed appearance belies his physical and mental condition, got a nasty shock when Mrs.Goodlady put her foot down and said: No Bishops Castle on Sunday, and no early start for the "100" on Monday. You are not up to it. You will have to be content with a meander out to Myddle for lunch on Monday.

Later, out of the blue: Where's the Club run today? And when I replied Farndon, she relented and agreed to the Nag's Head for lunch. With a rest day on Sunday, and the promise of, given suitable conditions, an early start for the finish of the "100" on the Monday. All very much to my delight and satisfaction.

Soon after 11.30 we sallied forth for Farndon. Few cyclists at Eureka: the North Wales road farther on blocked with traffic, two abreast. After this Chester gave little trouble. Around Aldford we overtook Jerry Robinson, honking away in great style. Farther on we passed Jeff Mills, complete with red bobble hat. Just before the Barnton Monument we put up two cock pheasants.

On arrival at the Nag's Head we were greeted by Geoff Lockett, Len and Flo, Gilbert Sutcliffe, Walter Portsmouth, Frank Perkins, Alex Beaton - Dundee/Crewe/Chester/Ruabon - Farndon. Later we were joined by Gerry, John Moss, Alan Rogerson and friend Alan Kirkham of the North Lancs., Mike Twigg and Ben Griffiths.

Shortly after 2.30, the gathering of 15 members and friends parted and wended their various ways. Some to Shrewsbury, some to

return home. Our way led to the Cock o' Barton, and thence to Carden Mill (soon to be restored). Chester we avoided, and the lanes led to Two Mills and Eureka for a quick "cuppa" and a chat with Addie before arriving at Clwyd House in the early evening.

D.L.B.

THE 76th ANFIELD "100" - Spring Bank Holiday, 26th May 1975

The Event

Four hours, twelve minutes, three seconds; such was the winning time for the seventy-sixth Anfield "100". And Dave Allan, leading the field from the start, can celebrate being the first rider since Reuben Firth in 1939 to win the event in successive years.

In the windy conditions, Allan's time was more than seven minutes outside the record he set last year. Yet he was ten minutes ahead of his nearest rivals, Ron Spencer, who took second place in 4.22.04, and Geoff McGann, third, with 4.22.54.

The north-easterly wind increased greatly from the start, and big gears were a must for the first seventeen miles from Prees, provided you had strength enough to power them. Few had; between fifty and seventy-five miles conditions were very hard, destroying most schedules and the hopes of fast times we had all hoped for. For an example we need go no further than the victor.

At twenty-five miles he was on the hour with 1.00.07; and the second twenty-five took him 1.0.43. But the third twenty-five - which includes the Battlefield to Prees stretch - occupied 1.07.50 seconds. Though Dave's style looked effortless, when we saw him on that stretch, we are told that he suffered badly. In his respect he was not alone amongst the leaders:-

Name	1st 25	2nd 25	3rd 25	4th 25
(90) Allan	1.00.07	1.03.43	1.07.50	1.00.23
(20) Spencer	1.02.15	1.05.34	1.11.23	1.02.52
(60) McGann	1.03.13	1.07.33	1.10.04	1.02.04
(80) Apter	1.00.51	1.05.33	1.11.33	1.06.03

All the leaders creamed home from Prees except Kevin Apter, a joint scratch man, who was still suffering from the effects of the broken collar-bone which kept him out of the Milk Race. He finished fourth overall. In the absence of Dailey, who did not start (his employment called) Apter led Kirkby C.C. to team victory, with a team aggregate of 13.04.37.

Ten out of fourteen teams finished, and the Anfield came third. In fact, the Anfield featured strongly in the Order of Start, with six names. By the end of the morning commendable times had been

achieved by four of our five men.

Name	1st 25	2nd 25	3rd 25	4th 25	FINISH
Bettaney	1.05.37	1.09.40	1.12.18	1.04.41	4.32.16
Robinson	1.05.48	1.08.26	1.11.32	1.07.46	4.33.16
Griffiths	1.06.37	1.07.37	1.13.52	1.14.33	4.42.39
Hallgarth	1.08.35	1.14.31	1.21.42	1.14.21	4.59.09
Whelan	1.06.37	1.13.34	-	-	retired

Dave Bettaney, first man on the road all the way, led our team home, and returned a fine time over the final twenty-five miles. Gerry Robinson and junior Mike Hallgarth, riding their first Anfield "100", also took advantage of the fast final miles, but Ben Griffiths faded over the last twenty-five miles, returning 4.42.39 at the finish.

The promise of fast times was not fulfilled, and the crowd at the finish had to wait longer than last year for the victor. Dave Allan's win makes him the first rider since the war to clock fastest time in successive years, and we are told his aim for the seventy-seventh "100" next year is to achieve the first Anfield "hat-trick" since Andy Wilson and Frank Southall in the 1920's. We wish him success.

The field numbered one hundred, of whom eighty-nine came to the start, and over seventy finished. The crowds on the course - and at the finish - were the biggest we have known in recent years. About fifty Anfielders were out and about helping, with many more friends from fellow clubs giving us their support; to all our sincere thanks.

D.D.B.

From the Course Marshal's Car

A dry, fine morning, and a hive of activity welcomed us at the start. Rex Austin with the watch, Hilda and Oscar Dover with numbers, Dave Brown, Syd Hancock with brawny arms and sniffing delightfully of his Cornish camellias.

With navigator Frank Perkins ticking off heads, and Hill to see fair play, driver Cranshaw set off for the 76th. Nice to see Hodnet, and our very good friend Les Goodhew all the way from London to help with Stan Bradley. Soon the smiling morn showed Messrs. Catling and Taylor, then the turn team, Ingram and son, assisted by our Glaswegian pal Pete Duncan, and reliable Fred Butterworth. High Ercall was managed by dear old Jack Pitchford and friend Powis. At Shawbury we saw Arthur Smith and Ida, with Jack Haynes and our own Bill Barnes in support.

At twenty-five miles our tea girls Vivienne, Pattie and Norma,

brewed hot drinks to be served by Geoff Sharp, Chris Edwards, Mike Holland, Ian Griffiths, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Billy Page, Neil France and John Thompson.

Battlefield, assisted as always by the Mid-Salop Wheelers, was under the care of Mike Twigg and his daughters. Pikes and lances were not in evidence this morning. Away we sped to the north into the strengthening wind. Waving hands and smiling faces from our helpers: a labour of love indeed for Alex Beaton (on holiday from Dundee) Bill Gray, Walter Portsmouth, Jack Duckers, Hubert Buckley, John France, Dave Jones, Alan Rogerson, Pete Colligan and sons, timekeepers John Moss, Frank Fischer, Tom Sumner, Ken Yardley and son. At Bletchley we hardly stopped, for here the Williams C.C. had taken over: need we say more. And we must not forget Keith Orum in running pumps, leading the last but welcome drinks and sponges team. At the finish the tea girls were kept busy serving the "char" to all the finishers. Gilbert Sutcliffe was marshalling with Bob Poole and Pa Birchall, while Mitchell, Pullan and Marriott did their utmost to get the results to Neil France and Dave Eaton for "chalking up" on the board.

L.J.H.

"100" JOTTINGS

The nerve of some people! When the police paid a visit to the finish, Hilda Dover had the cheek to tell the officers that they shouldn't park there and would they please remove the offending vehicle. Point taken, and it was promptly done! The officers then returned and complimented all concerned for the excellent arrangements and control exercised at the start and finish.

A strange tale comes from a certain hedgerow between Farndon and Chester. On Bank Holiday afternoon an Anfielder, known to his friends as John Thompson, flopped under the hedge and slept, apparently whacked to the wide. When he came to he gazed at his bicycle with such a look of disgust that he left his trusty steed where it lay, and - continued home on the 'bus! A likely story indeed, but we understand that it is at least basically true.

Jack Pitchford, looking more prosperous than ever was actually envious of the lot of some of the riders down High Ercall way. Will that lad ever learn!

We were pleased to see Don Stewart with his wife and boy around. We don't see much of Don these days because he spends a considerable amount of time wandering around Europe, the Middle East, and even as far as Teheran.

Someone has written in to say what a change it was to see our "worthy Editor" actually doing a job, wielding his pencil as assistant telephonist to Bert Mitchell. Quite enjoyable, too!

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AUGUST 1975

No. 781

LUNCH FIXTURES

Sept. 1975

- 6 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
13 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
20 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and FOOLSNOOK (Oakgrove)
27 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

October

- 4 PENTREDWR (Britannia Inn) and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
11 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. ASHTON (Golden Lion)
(Meeting at 2 p.m. sharp)
18 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
25 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR and KELSALL
LION LLANYMYNECH (Globe)

November

- 1 ALPRAHAM (Tollemach Arms)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER 1975.

RACING RESULTS29 May: Club 10 D.18

W.Barnes 25.18

M.Hallgarth 27.02

I.Griffiths 27.52 (pers.best)

1 June: Horwich C.C.50 L.11

E.A.Rogerson 2.30.05 (trike)

5 June: Club 10 D.18

W.Barnes 25.21

M.Hallgarth 26.23 (pers.best)

I.Griffiths 27.24 " "

D.Eaton 27.27

8 June: Stone Whrs.25 J.56

J.Whelan 1.1.0

12 June: Club 10 D.18

W.Barnes 25.38

D.Eaton 26.41

M.Hallgarth 26.45

I.Griffiths 27.05 (pers.best)

14 June: Buxton C.C.25 J.32

J.Whelan 1.1.45

C.Griffiths 1.3.41

G.Robinson 1.7.12

15 June: West Ches.T.T.C.A.50 D10

P.Looby 2.9.59 (pers.best)

J.Whelan 2.10.4

G.Robinson 2.12.8

17 June: Pendle Forest 25 L1a

E.A.Rogerson 1.9.14 (trike)

19 June: Club 10 D.18

M.Hallgarth 27.28

21 June: Cleveleys R.C.10 L.48

E.A.Rogerson 27.21 (trike)

Janus R.C.25 J.24

J.Whelan 1.0.6 2nd

G.Robinson 1.4.17

22 June: L'pool Century 25 D.54

J.Whelan 1.0.59

P.Looby 1.3.57

G.Robinson 1.5.17

D.Eaton 1.7.5

22 June: T.A. N.W.50 L.11

E.A.Rogerson 2.27.28 2nd

Seamons C.C.50 J.39

W.Barnes 2.9.58 (pers.best)

25 June: Port Sunlight Whrs.25 D1

J.Whelan 59.25

D.Bettaney 1.1.50

C.Griffiths 1.1.59

P.Looby 1.2.10

G.Robinson 1.3.54

26 June: Club 10 D.18

W.Barnes 24.44 2nd

M.Hallgarth 26.34

I.Griffiths 26.50 (pers.best)

Harrogate Festival 25 V133

E.A.Rogerson 1.5.47 (pers.best)

(trike)

29 June: West Cheshire T.T.C.A.100J.Whelan 4.23.7 2nd D.4

C.Griffiths 4.41.?

M.Hallgarth 4.51.11 (pers.best)

Lancaster C.C.25 L7

E.A.Rogerson 1.10.22 (trike)

Warrington R.C.50 J.39

D.Eaton 2.24.04

3 July: Club 10 D.18

G.Robinson 25.34

M.Hallgarth 27.4

5 July: New Brighton C.C.25 D.1

J.Whelan 1.0.52

D.Eaton 1.4.59

P.Mason 1.16.14

6 July: Molyneux R.C. 1.0.0. Limit25 D.54

D.Bettaney 1.1.7)

W.Barnes 1.1.56) 1st Team

G.Robinson 1.3.2)

Sharrow C.C.50 050

E.A.Rogerson 2.21.0 (trike)

Racing Results - Contd.8 July: Prescot Eagle 25 D.51b

D.Eaton 25.17

M.Hallgarth 25.45 (pers.best)

12 July: North Road C.C.50 F1

J.Whelan 2.11.?

G.Robinson 2.13.02

13 July: T.A. N.W.25 J.32

E.A.Rogerson 1.8.22 fastest

Prescot Eagle 25 D.54

M.Hallgarth 1.6.50 (pers.best)

Altrincham R.C. Criterium, Stamford Park

W.Barnes 4th

19 July: Royal Sutton C.C.1.3.0 Limit 25 K.16

D.Eaton 1.1.22 (pers.best)

Altrincham Ravens 25 J32

W.Barnes 1.2.10

20 July: B'head Vic. 25 D.16

W.Barnes 1.3.39

D.Eaton 1.7.33

M.Hallgarth 1.11.33

26-27 July: Mersey R.C. 24M.Hallgarth 40⁴ miles club record26 July: Hyde Olympic 10 J.26

P.Looby 24.12 fastest

G.Robinson 25.21

Cheshire R.C. 2 up 25J.24

E.A.Rogerson 1.5.36 (trike)

+ I.Appleby (North Lancs.R.C.)

27 July: Port Sunlight Whrs. 25D.21

J.Whelan 1.0.7

C.Griffiths 1.0.22

P.Looby 1.1.48

W.Barnes 1.2.18

G.Robinson 1.3.34

D.Eaton 1.5.46

I.Griffiths 1.6.53

C.Edwards 1.9.36

30 July: B'head Vic. 25 D.1

P.Looby 1.1.?

C.Griffiths 1.2.7

31 July: Club 10 D.18

C.Griffiths 25.21 fastest

G.Robinson 25.23 2nd

I.Griffiths 26.?

C.Edwards 27.50 (pers.best)

MEMBERSHIP

Earlier this year we should have welcomed Chris Edwards and John Kidd to membership. Somewhat belatedly we do so now, and express our apologies for the omission.

OUR LAST ISSUE

Had some important shortcomings. Despite a sincere intention to do so, the issue went out without a mention of Edna Austin. Edna spent her time at the finish quietly assisting Rex, and from what we heard Edna just couldn't get a word in edgeways. Mark Haslam couldn't make the "100" this year because of his wife's indisposition, and we are sorry not to have mentioned this at the time. Finally, Bill Finn was also around, shooting photographs right, left and centre, and no one thought of telling us about him, either.

AUTUMN TIMES TOUR

Date: 25/26 October. Venue: Llanymynech's Lion. Bookings to Len Hill with a 50p deposit. Soon as possible, please.

DAVID BARKER

Last month we mentioned briefly that David had had a mishap. This was an understatement. David's bicycle collapsed at the fork crown on his way to the office, and David was thrown heavily. He sustained severe facial damages and other injuries and was in intensive care for three weeks. His recovery, we are pleased to announce, is good. Although not yet complete David is about and around again.

THE A.G.M.

Has been arranged for Ashton on October 11. Items for inclusion on the Agenda should be sent to Len Hill for September 6. Agendas can then go out with our next issue.

"NERVE" (last month's mention)

Hilda Dover writes to say she hadn't a nerve really. The police officer was a nice chap, and they were already acquainted, having met at the T.A. "100" a day earlier.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Alex Beaton, c/o Westfield House, Westfield Place, Dundee DD1 4JU.

EDITORIAL

In the last issue we drew attention to our imminent centenary, the celebration of one hundred years of unbroken activity, and suggested that a Dinner - held at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, on the Saturday of the Spring Bank Holiday could be the highlight of an eventful year. We asked for members' reactions. And would you believe it, we didn't get one!

Can it be emphasized as clearly as possible that we must know now of the likely reaction to the suggestion. This is a matter of monumental importance, financially if in no other vein, and we must have some guidance from the membership.

The dinner will be expensive. By 1979 it might reach to £5 per head. But do we celebrate a centenary in true Anfield fashion, or on a shoe-string in some two-pence halfpenny joint? If the Committee go ahead and arrange the Lion dinner as being the right and proper thing to do, what happens if a boycott because of the cost sinks the ship? Such a situation must not be allowed to materialize.

What we ask then is this: will you support a Lion dinner as envisaged, or not? Have you any suggestions for financing it? When

the general reaction is made known the suggestion can be considered. Otherwise, there cannot be a Lion dinner: without the general support of the membership the responsibility would be too much for any Committee to undertake.

F.E.M.

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY

is extended to Jack Hawkins, whose son Derek passed away very suddenly recently.

OUR "100"

A suggestion has been voiced to the effect that the handicap side of the Prize List in our "100" should be dropped, and the event run as a scratch race. The notion throws tradition from the hill tops, but we must be conscious of the winds of change. It occurs to some that handicap events are rapidly becoming out of date, and our Anfield "100" as a scratch race would certainly lose nothing. Conceivably, the move could bring more prestige. However, if anyone has objections, would he please let us know. It will, of course, be a matter for the A.G.M.

BISHOPS CASTLE - LUNCH ON SPRING BANK HOLIDAY SUNDAY 25 MAY 1975

(Note: This piece should have been included in our last issue, but was crowded out).

Sunday morning was dull, and as I cycled up the Hope Valley slight rain began to fall. Entering Bishops Castle I met Mike Hallgarth approaching from the Montgomery road. He was riding "fixed" on a high gear, so he had taken a longer route from Shrewsbury via Montgomery to avoid the hills. He would be riding the "100" in the morning.

We entered Bishops Castle by the lane east of the steep High Street, which passes the terminus of the old Bishops Castle Railway - closed in 1935, but the track and terminal still traceable. Arriving at the Old Brick House the rain was getting heavier, so after safely disposing of our bicycles we took shelter inside the Guest House to await the arrival of the other members.

Keith Orum and another two young Anfielders had cycled from Shrewsbury by Church Stretton and Cardingmill Valley over the Long Mynd. An interesting route. We were also joined by another four cyclists who had cycled from Oxford to Clun on the Saturday, and two of them were to ride in our "100" next morning.

By this time we were all getting seated in the Dining Room, meeting and exchanging greetings with old friends. We all enjoyed an excellent lunch and the conversation kept going until we had to

leave for getting back to Shrewsbury. Fortunately by this time the rain had stopped. After a walk up the steep High Street and a look once again at the "House on Crutches", I cycled again through the Hope Valley back to Shrewsbury with the memory of another enjoyable day. Members and friends present were (in no particular order):- Guy Pullan, Gilbert Sutcliffe (Mersey Roads), Mike Hallgarth, Keith Orum, Alex Beaton, Ian Griffiths, Chris Edwards, James and Lilian Cranshaw, Flo and Len Hill, Frank Perkins, S.W.Jackson and I.Dow from the Oxford City, M.Sharples from the Farnham R.C. and H.E. Hargreaves, Hillingdon C.C.

ALEX BEATON

MERSEY ROADS "24" - 26/27 July 1975

Mike Hallgarth is one of our up and coming youngsters. Last year he delighted us all with a 227 miles ride in the West Cheshire "12", a performance which merited first handicap. In our "100" this year he just managed to finish inside evens, a ride that disappointed him, but not us. The previous day he had ridden his high-g geared machine to the Club lunch at Bishops Castle when the majority of contestants would be resting.

Now for a "24". He had ridden 5,000 miles since January, but what with school exams, and a vacation job entailing late nights and irregular sleep, we wondered.... On the other hand Mike showed dogged determination, and a doctor's clean sheet, and, perhaps above all, he had our old friend George Jones of the Birkenhead North End to help him.

George is a super-enthusiast of sixty-plus who has been gaining a lot of experience in riding 24's in recent years. So, with this know-how and unquestioned faith in Michael's ability, George offered to help. He provided the "sag-wagon", mountains of rice pudding, lots of other grub and drink and a spare machine on the rack. With Stan Spraggett and Keith Orum, Michael had a wonderful support team to sustain him.

Mike did not have a schedule. His only intention was to ride - and finish. George produced a modest schedule on the basis of some 50 miles every three hours. At 84 miles, on the run back to Chester from Nantwich, Mike stopped to fix his lamps, don night clothing, and at the same time getting down as much hot rice pudding and tinned fruit as he could. This was the pattern of the riding: regular feeding and effortless pedalling, and - 21 minutes inside the schedule.

David Birchall was "mine host" at Nant Hall. A host of Anfield-ers were there, of course, but we only noticed Frank Fischer and

Mike Twigg, marshalling. Twelve hours out, and Mike was still pedalling smoothly through the early morning mist, still smiling and building all the time on that schedule. The staple diet had the odd dash of soup.

While Mike went up to Nantwich from Whitchurch, the team had breakfast, and how delicious is a toasted bacon sandwich and tea at 5.30 a.m. of a sleepless night! The Whitchurch mileage was 225. Then for Battlefield, and it was tough. Mike looked tired when Ira Thomas saw him around Battlefield Corner. Egg and milk were prescribed, rice pud. and fruit followed.

The nourishment was working. The zip returned, but at Edgebolton George wouldn't let Mike stop. A hard decision, but the temptation to desist here is great. George knows, and so Mike carried on. Jack Hawkins pointed the way to Tern Hill.

Battlefield Corner again, with 297 miles done. No more rice pud. Just egg, tinned fruit and lemonade. Plenty of sponges, too. Every ten miles if needs be. Mike was riding well. He looked good at Wem (347 miles) and we were hoping for a 400 ride. Down Broxton bank Mike was suffering. Pace and zip had vanished. Mike Twigg diagnosed cramp. Lemonade laced with salt had no effect. Time running out. That 400 miles ride would need at least fifteens - for three more weary hours.

The final circuit. Waverton Post Office was never more welcome to us all. Mike's efforts were boosted by the encouragement of those who lined the route. We calculated $1\frac{1}{2}$ circuits to Time-keeper Rex Austin at Austin Hill, at which point 400 miles would have been achieved. But in the final five miles Mike managed to hurry. Time ran out at Hoole Island - 404 miles.

We can only register our delight at this performance. Mike is now the Anfield record holder at 24-hours, beating the late Ted Byron's record of $394\frac{1}{4}$ miles set up in 1938.

Credit, too, where credit is due. Full marks and our sincere thanks to George Jones and his team for a superb effort.

TWENTY FOUR JOTTINGS

We understand that Austin Hill has no reference to our Rex. It is merely the name of a nearby post box.

Among those seen around the course were: Edna Austin, Len Hill, Geoff Sharp, Don and David Birchall, Stan Wild, Mike Holland, Gerry Robinson, Neil France and Jeff Mills. In addition to those already mentioned, of course.

We regret not having a list of those who foregathered at Nant Hall in the wee small hours to help.

HAROLD CATLING

In our last issue, you might remember, we commiserated with Harold Catling for having to perform some duties in India during the summer season. Harold now describes the experience:

Dear Frank,

I am back from India and delaying my departure for Washington as long as possible. We had a good counter-clockwise "tour" of India starting from Delhi. It took in Ahmedabad, Bombay, Bangalore, Coimbatore, Madras and Calcutta, and many smaller places and fascinating detours en route. India in June is something of a trial. 115° F in the shade is bad enough, but when you can't find any shade it gets very trying. After the monsoon broke in mid-June (we were in Bombay) the temperature began to fall a little, and by early July it was often below 100° F.

Unfortunately the frequent heavy rainstorms and the revolting floods of mud and filth are also very trying. However, by sticking to a vegetarian diet and drinking no water, I avoided any trouble and kept fit.

Do you remember a winter week-end in Derbyshire about 25 years ago - Stan Wild organized it. I think you were there, and also Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, George Taylor, too, I think. Thinking it was a long time since I visited those parts I got up early the other day and rode out to Buxton for breakfast. Then I followed roughly the same route into Dovedale, through the Manifold (the ford near Wetton is gone now) and back home over the Staffs/Derby border hills. It was a good day, but very nostalgic.

Harold Catling.

Note: Memory is hazy of the participants, but I seem to remember Len Walls as one of the party. The highlights were a super pie made in the largest enamel bowl I have ever seen, and the extreme cold. Between Holmes Chapel and Middlewich the road was like a rink, and we couldn't stand up! Nearer Chester it improved a bit, but we sustained an unholy pile-up on the icy road short of Clatterbridge. - 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: L.J.HILL, Oak Cottage, Mill Lane, Heswall,
(Pro-Tem) Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 342-3589

SEPTEMBER 1975

No.782

LUNCH FIXTURES

October 1975

- 4 PENTREDWR (Britannia Inn) and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 11 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ASHTON (Golden Lion)
Meeting at Village Hall 2 p.m. sharp.
- 18 IS-Y-COED (Plough)
- 25 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR TO LLANYMYNECH (Lion)
(Names and 50p deposit to Len Hill)
KELSALL (Globe)

November

- 1 ALPRAHAM (Tollemach Arms)
- 8 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
- 15 KELSALL (Globe)
- 22 FARDON (Nag's Head) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 29 ALPRAHAM (Tollemach Arms)

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.

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

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1975

NANT HALL

In our reference last month to Mike Hallgarth and his ride in the Mersey Roads "24", we mentioned a "host of Anfielders" being present, with Dave Birchall in charge. This was, very sadly, very much an overstatement. The only other Anfielder with David (apart from Frank Fischer and Mike Twigg as marshals) was John Moss. Also present were Mary, David's fiancée, and John Williamson, who lives nearby. The field was small, so there was no embarrassment, but we must have more helpers next time.

OUR SINCERE WISHES

To our younger members who have finished their "A" levels, and are now ready for three years or so at University.

CYCLO-CROSS

John Thompson has written to remind us that Cyclo-cross days are here again. John has some handbooks for sale at 30 pence. His address is: 45 Cortsway, Greasby, Merseyside. Telephone: (051) 677-3795

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Last year, due to an unfortunate misunderstanding, we gave the time for the A.G.M. at Ashton Village Hall as 3 p.m., when it should have been 2 p.m. The result of all this was a general exodus from the Golden Lion, and not many intentions of attending the meeting. Well, the time this year is 2 p.m. - if not before! - and might we plead for a representative attendance. Sailing off home is just not on.

HILDA DOVER

Who has been a stalwart at the start of our "100" for years, sustained a nasty accident recently, but she is now at home and on the mend. She sends sincere thanks for all the Get Well cards received.

DAVID BARKER

David writes to say he is making good progress, but there are still a few minor plastics and dental repairs to be done. His back is coming on satisfactorily, and in mid-August David had high hopes of being back on the bicycle again soon.

RACING RESULTS

<u>August 9th.</u>	<u>East Lancs R.C. 10. J28</u>	
	G.A.Robinson 24.14	
<u>August 16th.</u>	<u>Stone Wheelers 10. J54</u>	
	C.R.Griffiths 23.21	G.A.Robinson 23.24
<u>August 17th.</u>	<u>Wrexham R.C. 25. D16</u>	
	C.R.Griffiths 1.3.45	
<u>August 23rd.</u>	<u>Westwood R.C.C. 30 J30</u>	
	G.A.Robinson 1.15.15	pers. best
<u>August 24th.</u>	<u>Veterans Nat.Championship 30. L?</u>	
	C.R.Griffiths 1.14.? 2nd fastest	
<u>August 25th.</u>	<u>Nova C.C. 25. J32</u>	
	C.R.Griffiths 1.2.44	G.A.Robinson 1.2.58
<u>August 31st.</u>	<u>Chester R.C. 50. D10</u>	
	C.R.Griffiths 2.7.30	G.A.Robinson 2.12.17
	I.Griffiths 2.10.?	

NOTE: Mike Hallgarth rode in the Bath Road "100" and clocked 4.56.49. Mike has been on tour in Cornwall, and an account of his adventures will appear next month. Gerry Robinson explains any inadequacies in the above list to the fact that no one has as yet bothered to send him any results. He has had to rely completely on memory. As stated above, Mike Hallgarth has been on holiday. He has sent details of his August performances, but as we are not sure whether there will be room for them in this issue, the times will be included next month.

LAWRIE PENDLEBURY GOES ON TOUR

Our Manchester migrant, who now lives in distant Dyfed - Pembroke to you - has been on a somewhat energetic tour back to his old stamping grounds, and here is an account of his adventures as told in letter to Len and Flo:

I arrived home late Tuesday evening, timed just right before the rains came. And this letter conveys to you my thanks for your warm welcome. It was my especial desire in a trip north to see as many Anfielders as possible, and I did enjoy sitting under a shady tree and talking to you both and John.

When I got back to Two Mills, Guy Pullan and "our" Ossie were ensconced, and also Don Birchall, but I am afraid I didn't manage a word other than "Goodbye" because of his dark sunglasses rather deceiving me. I ended that day in West Manchester with my son, Alan

and the following morning called at Bramhall and talked for an hour with Edna and Rex Austin. Next phase I slowly toiled over the foothills of the Pennines, through Tintwistle to Crowden-in-Longendendale Youth Hostel for the night. Thursday morning saw me receiving an exercise in exercise over Holme Moss (the Long Plod). Down like lightning through Holmfirth, battled past Dewsbury Town Hall, another long plod until I arrived early afternoon at my cousin's home in Middleton, edge of Leeds.

I spent most of that evening finding Celandine Nook, 800ft. up above Huddersfield (I was quite bashed that evening). However, Jean and Stephen made me welcome. The following morning they put me on to Nant Sarah's road, so I was soon decanted down into Oldham, succeeded in avoiding Manchester round by Cheadle, Alderley to Allostock (Drovers Arms) at precisely 1.55 on the Saturday afternoon, but the landlady said I had missed the Manchester section by thirty minutes. So down to Broken Cross, Northwich and Weaverham to Allan Littlemore's at Acton Bridge.

After a night at the Harbour Master's home, Allan escorted me to Shocklach (The Bull), and lunch over I headed south-west into Wales. I found a bed beyond Meifioid in the Banwy valley - a real late Victorian farmhouse. Monday's ride paid dividends also. I dodged Aberystwyth by turning left at Bow Street and slap into the mountainous regions. Said Cheerio! to Devil's Bridge and Pontrhydfendigaid, and three miles beyond Tregaron found a modern farmhouse for the night.

From here I wandered down the lovely Teifi, and Newcastle Emlyn saw to it that the roads were not flat. However, my legs were still in good shape, and it was only in the last 30 miles that I had a few words with the south wind as I plodded towards the Little England beyond Wales. In south Dyfed I sought some byeways towards Bethesda and Llawhaden. My guile or cunning paid off, and I arrived home in fair shape about 8.45 on Tuesday. About 750 miles in 12 days is the yarn that I am sticking to.

My warm regards to all of you in the north, and especially the occupants of Oak Cottage. There were many more friends I would have wished to meet again, but, alas "greetings" will have to suffice.

LAWRIE PENDLEBURY

POTTED RUN REPORTS by BILL GRAY

FARNDON - Nags Head - 5th July

Good weather for this run. The pleasant company was as follows: Len Hill (Mr. President) and Flo. Bill Barnes, John Moss,

Keith Orum, Tim and Mike Clark, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffith, Ben Griffiths, Geoff Sharp and Vivienne, Bill Gray and Eileen.
Visitors: Harold Gray, and Baby Sharp.

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 12th July

A very interesting ride. Eileen dropped me! The small company consisted of Frank Fischer, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Keith Orum, Stan Wild (back from spending his Swiss francs) Bill Gray and Eileen.

CHIRK - Smithy Cafe - 19th July

I don't like the A5 road. What you might call a traffic dodging ride. As at 1.30 p.m., when I left, the company (depleted) consisted of Me. Shades of Stan Wild, twice.

KELSALL - The Globe - 26th July 1975

After a week of wind and rain a rising glass plus a little encouragement from the telephone weather forecast got us a wheel by 9 a.m., determined to follow a lanes-only route to Kelsall. The direct route from Manchester is by the well-surfaced and well-graded A556. It is a wonderfully expeditious route which can be confidently recommended to time-trialists and other mile-eaters but it lacks all charm. There is, however, a wealth of attractive routes through lanes and byeways by means of which the two-fold objective of reaching Kelsall and enjoying ones cycling may be achieved.

Aware that as it was a Big Race day at Oulton Park the surrounding lanes would be heavily car infested, we chose a route lying mostly well to the West of the A556. It is a pleasant run from Didsbury through Castle Mill to Ashley then by Rostherne Mere and, crossing the A556 at Hoo Green, continuing southwestwards through the delightful old-world village of Great Budworth before dropping to cross the Weaver at Acton. The steepness of the climb out of the Weaver Valley briefly reduced our rate of progress but the wheels were soon turning easily again through Crowton, Norley and Hatchmere. The undulating ride through Delamere Forest is always a delight and on this occasion even the stiffish climb over the shoulder of the Yeld before the final descent to Kelsall did not seem unduly hard - was it the West wind or are we getting fitter as we get older?

It was only a little after 12 when we reached the Globe, but we were not the first arrivals. Albert Dixon and his wife were already at the table and before long we were joined by Hubert Buckley with Sadie and Alfred. The party was completed by Frank

Fischer, Stan Wild, Bill Gray and brother Harold - the last three wearing shorts and looking very fit and sunburnt. Our talk covered many topics, from the gear ratio used by Edwin Buckley when he established the first unpaced NRRA 12-hour record in 1906 to the diurnal temperature range likely to be experienced by a rider crossing the Rockies during next year's American 'Bikecentennial' ride. Interesting as these matters are (incidentally the answers are 68" and 57 to 92°F) the piece of information which made the greatest impression on me was that in the Anfield 12 of about 1929 Hubert Buckley finished within 22 miles of the winning distance covered by the now almost legendary Bren Orrell. After pondering this fact for the past few days I have come to the conclusion that it shows great promise in a young rider and it is up to every one of us to urge Hubert to get the pedals turning again.

The sun was still shining when we left the Globe to pursue a slightly different route home. There are many minor variants which serve to add interest to the ride, but we have yet to find one which offers the prospect of afternoon tea at about the half way point. Cheshire is fast becoming something of a desert on Saturday afternoons unless one is prepared to choose routes through the towns. However, despite this hardship we enjoyed a pleasant homeward run and look forward to enjoying many more.

HAROLD CATLING

IS-Y-COED - The Plough - 2nd August 1975

Heat wave conditions prevailed for the return visit to this pleasant little backwater on the Welsh border, and offers to treat anyone to a lavish helping of Lancashire Hot Pot found no takers.

Surveying the assembled company, I concluded that Harold Catling must have picked up two very well-spoken and knowledgeable natives on his trip to India, but closer scrutiny revealed that Stan Wild and Frank Fischer were hiding behind a very heavy sun tan. Were they both the same colour all over?

Memories of Mike Hallgarth's superb ride in the "24" the previous week-end were a master topic for discussion, and he was congratulated again several times by those present. May I now add my belated, but very sincere tribute to a very gutsy young lad who should be very well known in distance events in the future. Well done, Mike!

Frank Marriott must have been a very puzzled chap when he bought a second-hand bicycle some while ago. As anyone in the Anfield knows, if Frank is among those present, a look at the

machines reveals his saddle sticking up like a lighthouse among the rest. It seems that when he bought this bicycle from someone of quite normal proportions, he found that he had to bring the saddle down over an inch before he could reach the pedals from the saddle. The mind boggles.

The following should be marked as being present when the roll was called: Len and Flo Hill, Bill and Eileen Gray, John France, Stan Wild, Frank Fischer, Keith Orum, John Moss, Mike Clarke, Ian Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Frank Marriott and Walter Portsmouth. Visitors: Doreen Hill, Harold Gray.

W.G.P.

ALPRAHAM - The Tollemache Arms - 9th August 1975

Club cyclists pride themselves in riding in all weathers - rain, snow, ice, gales etc., but really cycling is a fair-weather pastime. The current heat wave has certainly provided ideal conditions, and it has been the quintessence of delight to ride a bicycle in hot sunshine and wearing the lightest attire.

This morning I sallied northwards and in the vicinity of Church Minshull espied the Catling "monster" bowling smoothly towards me. Harold has improved as a tricyclist (if that is possible) since his wife signed on as "crew" of the tandem-trike. In the fullness of time, and many miles later, I entered the inn at Alpraham to find a good gathering of Anfielders already well into lunch. Those present were: Rex and Mrs. Austin, Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw, and the latter's mother, who at 92, moves with the greatest alacrity: a somewhat chastened Hubert (he was seated next to "you know who") Harold and Mrs. Catling, Frank Fischer (after a sterling ride from Market Drayton) and Stan Wild.

Later came Ben Griffiths (who seems to get faster every week) and John Thompson. John complained of being unfit, but he looked so well I would not mind trying his complaint. And we must not forget the RITE HON Bill Gray (himself, of course).

Many subjects were discussed, including the latest developments in the BIKECENTENNIAL '76. Harold wasn't disturbed when it was suggested that trikes would be barred. Frank, Bill and I were the last to leave, and we followed a quiet route. Bill left us at Bunbury, and Frank and I continued together until Burland Mill brought the final parting of the ways.

S.W.

FARNDON - Nag's Head - 16th August 1975

The weather was overcast, and after a wait at Two Mills, Keith Orum and Geoff Sharp arrived (journeying most of the way by Land Rover). Mike Hallgarth also turned up. We made our way to Farndon with the help of a tail wind and had to negotiate our way through a heavily-packed Chester, but eventually arrived safely at the Nag's Head.

There we found Bill Gray and Eileen, Ben Griffiths, Stan Wild, Dave Birchall and Mary, John Farrington and Rose-Marie, Len Hill and Flo, with visitors Viv and Pat. On the return journey to Two Mills there were the occasional spots of rain, but we didn't need to cape up. The traffic in Chester was less crowded than earlier. Mike Hallgarth had to change his tubular.

We soon arrived back at Eureka. Keith Orum and Geoff Sharp having left us beforehand. Bill Barnes turned up, and after having something to drink, we went our different ways.

M.C.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 23rd August 1975

Despite the rumour in the Circular about the run being to Shocklach, I found out on Wednesday that the run was actually to Bangor-on-Dee. I arrived at the Eureka at ten to see Mike Hallgarth off. Mike was riding down to Reading for the Bath Road "100". Then at 11.0 John Moss, Keith Orum, Ian Griffiths and myself left for the Royal Oak, even though John thought we were going to the Bull.

We made our way through the lanes round Saughall under the very overcast sky, and we crossed the Dee at Saltney. It was here that Ian decided to take a route through Minera. So we passed through Lower and Higher Kinnerton, but on the road to Hope there was a revolt, and Keith and John turned off down a lane to Shordley. We eventually emerged at Llay, and then Keith and John decided that we had better go through Wrexham. So we did, after crossing a downed bridge, which had a notice on the footbridge stating: NO BICYCLES.

After walking through the new pedestrian area in the centre of Wrexham, we did the four miles or so to Bangor-on-Dee in about ten minutes. Present at the Royal Oak were: Walter Portsmouth, Frank Fischer, Keith Orum, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffiths, Ben Griffiths, and Bill and Eileen Gray.

Ben, Ian, John, Keith and me left at about two, and returned to the Eureka via Worthenbury, Shocklach and Chester. A mug of tea each, and we went our separate ways.

C.E.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: K.ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston, Wirral.
Telephone: (051) 342 3879

NOVEMBER 1975

No.783

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 1975

- 6 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
- 13 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
- 20 KELSALL (Oasis Cafe and Globe Inn)
Slide Show at Two Mills after tea.
- 26 IS-Y-COED (Plough)
- 27 TREUDDYN (Sun Spot Cafe) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)

January 1976

- 3 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 10 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
- 17 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
COMMITTEE MEETING at FORESTERS ARMS Kelsall @ 3pm
- 24 PENYRE DWR (Britannia) and
CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
- 31 TARPORLEY (Open Door Cafe)

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, J.W.MOSS, 13 Hope Farm Road,
Great Sutton, Wirral.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 3rd JANUARY 1976.

SINCERE WISHES TO ALL FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

Just as we were getting this issue "to bed", we noticed one serious omission: no A.G.M. report, and, what is more, no room for it, despite 12 pages. Never mind, it was quite formal, but we do have a new President, and two new Vice's.

Many Anfielders, over countless years have delighted in rough-stuff cycling. Presidents too. The story lingers yet of W.P.Cook lugging, with the help of his crew and length of rope, a tandem over Maen Gwynedd, or was it Moel Sych? Stan Wild is a rough-stuffer in excelsis, and we salute him for his prowess. Name a track in England, Wales, or Scotland, and the odds are that Stan has been there with his bicycle. No matter how lonely, no matter how long, no matter how hard, Stan will have done it, probably alone.

Len Hill had only to mention a new and lofty road in south-west Spain, and Stan was there, in such a hurry that the pass was snow-bound, and he had to return later. Over many years Stan has collected all (or virtually all) the Continental passes, and he was touring Norway in the early thirties, long before Norway was regarded as a touring country. In a nutshell, if there is anything superlative around, Stan has done it, on a bicycle. And this enthusiast is now our President. We could not have a better.

Our two new Vice Presidents are Jack Pitchford, the Shropshire Lad who has been with us a very long time, and John Moss, whose appointment in his twenties is a refreshing break from tradition. Jack is no rough-stuffer, he would probably say it was a so-and-so silly idea. John Moss has the makings of another Stan, and the Anfield is all the better for it.

RACING RESULTS

Mike Hallgarth: Club "10" 7.8.75, 26.33; West Cheshire "12" D.N.F. attack of stomach cramp at 108 miles. Club "10" 14.8.75, 26.32; South Lancs "100" 17.8.75, 4.51.57; Bath Road "100" 25.8.75, 4.56.49.

Ian Griffiths: Three Club "10"'s 7-14 & 21 August, 26.15 (PB) 26.33 and 26.27 respectively. Chester Roads "50" 31.8.75, 2.20.28.

Alan Rogerson: Lancashire Roads "12" (incorp. T.A.event) 220.531 (tricycle) 2nd fastest and 2nd handicap. T.A.Midland "25" 13.9.75 1.7.35 K.16.

John Thompson: T.A.Midland "25" 13.9.75, 1.8.29.

RESIGNATION

We are very sorry indeed that Phil Looby has let us have his resignation. Phil was one of our up-and-coming youngsters until he decided that another local club would serve him better. We wish him well in the future.

RACING NOTES

I will start by thanking all those who have held watches, marshalled, or handed up drinks. Without your help there could not be any racing. I won't single out anyone in particular, I'll just say: Thank you!

Offers of help, particularly of transport for next season, will be very much appreciated.

During the 1975 season the Club Best All Rounder was won by John Whelan, with rides of "25", 59.25; "50" 2.6.30; and a very good "100" in 4.23.07.

Yours truly, as a veteran, was club fastest at "10" miles in 23.21; "25" 58.34; "30" 1.14.16; "50" 2.4.07. The "100" time let me down again - 4.33.15. This doesn't say much for the younger racing men, but we hope they do a lot better when they settle down at their respective universities, colleges, or work.

The only club member to finish in a "12-hour" was Alan Rogerson second in the T.A. "12" 220.531 on a tricycle! A very good ride with a minimum of training. As noted in earlier issues, Mike Hallgarth excelled himself in the Mersey Roads "24".

We are all sorry to lose Phil Looby, a youngster with a lot of potential, to the Port Sunlight Wheelers.

Finally, I should like to point out that Sunday runs, under the guidance of Keith Orum, are now being held. Meeting at Eureka at 10.0 a.m. January 9.30.

Ben Griffiths, Hon. Racing Secretary
17 The Highway, Hawarden.

THE "100"

In our last issue we thought we had made all amends for the omissions in our previous issue. Not so, it now comes to light that Stan Cooper spent an awful lot of time preparing signs for various turns, and he didn't get a mention. Stan was at Shawbirch with Eric Reeves and Don Stewart. Sorry!

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS - OUR HISTORY

Twenty years ago, after a great deal of unremitting toil from a handful of dedicated members, we produced a book that was at once a history of the Anfield, but also at the same time the story of

cycling in its early days. We had 500 copies of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS printed, thinking that this would be more than enough for a privately published cycling history.

Well, it is nice to be wrong sometimes. Some 490 copies have been disposed of, and the demand continues. Those that remain could have been sold several times over in recent months. It is hard to refuse, but we had to. We even had enquiries from the U.S.A.

What now? Do we reprint, or must our treasured book be allowed to drift out of existence? To find the answer we have been making enquiries. With the new photographic facsimile reproduction process, we can have 500 copies made, collated and folded, and of these 150 will be bound in a hard cover, for £500. At a selling price of £3-00, which compares quite favourably with the original £1.1.0 of twenty years ago, it seems a reasonable proposition. (We could sell for less, but if a bookseller should want any copies his 33¹/₃% commission on the selling price would virtually eliminate any margins for us).

Sales from the first edition have resulted in a useful addition to our funds, but not nearly enough to finance this reprinting. The maximum figure we need is £500. It looks a lot, but just imagine that if 50 people chipped in with £10 we should be there. Some perhaps could manage more, others not quite so much. Any help in this direction will be very, very welcome.

One point: an undertaking to repay is not possible because this would depend entirely on sales. However, the accounts will be kept separate, the "kitty" replenished from sales, and the situation reviewed from time to time. John Moss, our new Treasurer, has his "apron" ready, and promises, for the time being, will be very acceptable. Prompt action please, because we do not know for how long the estimate will remain open.

Someone once told us that THE BLACK ANFIELDERS was the finest thing that had happened to the Anfield in its very long existence. On a personal note, we should be very sad indeed if our history had to fade away because the cash to reprint was not forthcoming.

F.E.M.

A "MECHANIC'S YEARLY DAY" IN THE THIRTIES

In these days of the universal five-day week it is difficult to imagine the eagerness with which the wage slaves of Oldham once looked forward to the annual boon known as Mechanics Yearly Day. The Day was always a Saturday in high summer and the nature of the boon was that on this particular Saturday of the year all the factories and workshops of the town were closed.

Early on the morning of this very special day a goodly company of cycle-campers would gather by the CTC Section notice board in Chaucer Street anxious to be away and take full advantage of the extra half-day to get further afield than was possible in an ordinary week-end when Saturday morning was, perforce, spent in toil. One such week-end, still a vivid memory after the passing of forty years, was our Mechanics Week-end in the Berwyns.

Being myself a worker in the Big City I was not free on Saturday morning but with a similarly placed friend set off in the afternoon to overtake the main party. It was a gloriously hot, sunny day as we crossed the Cheshire Plain but the sun was setting by the time we left the Tanat Valley to follow the Afon Rheaedr up to the great fall of Tan y Pistyll. It was still very warm and called for a quick swim in the pool below the fall before pitching our Itisa's alongside the dozen or so tents of our more leisured clubmates already encamped.

Sunday too was a brilliantly hot, windless day and by nine o'clock camp had been struck and we were already climbing the steep valley side with the peak of Moel Sych, our immediate target. I can still feel the sun on my back and hear the chirping of grasshoppers blending with the ticking of freewheels as we struggled ever upwards. Shortly after crossing the 2000 foot contour, with Llyn Llyncaws ahead of us, we swung to the left to gain the main ridge of the Berwyn. Up to this point it had been hard going but at least it had been possible to wheel one's bicycle. The final 700 feet however was very much more of a struggle and some of the girls began to make mutinous noises.

By working together in pairs to carry bikes and baggage separately up the more precipitous pitches we reached the summit cairn. Primus stoves were assembled, tea was brewed and before very long, with the sun now high overhead, we were ready to traverse the ridge northwards towards Cader Fronwen. The going was easy along the ridge, it was even possible to ride in places but the descent proved to be distinctly hazardous.

We left the ridge near where the Ffordd Sarn Helen crosses it by the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd and followed the course of the Nant Cwm Llawenog eastwards in its headlong descent to the Ceiriog Valley. The sun continued to blaze down on us as we struggled along. In the more difficult places it was a matter of shouldering one's mount and picking a way from one precarious foothold to the next. Slowly the going became easier and we began to make better progress but even so it was late afternoon before we reached the hard road into

Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog. Over another brew of tea it was a good time to appraise our situation. It was about 4 o'clock, we had a hard day in the mountains behind us and ninety miles of good hard road ahead of us. Unfortunately we were not all in the pink of condition and we were carrying week-end camping gear. Even so we decided that there was no need to panic. By keeping together and conserving our energies it should be possible to get the whole party home by midnight.

In the event we were a little later than that. A halt for food taken at Is-y-Coed exposed us to the temptation of the cool waters of the river. Our evening swim was refreshing after the heat of the day but it probably did little to speed our journey. It was soon after midnight when we reached Cheadle Green and took the customary short breather necessary to enable us to face the last fifteen, mostly uphill, miles of setts and tramlines into Oldham. However, all good things must come to an end sooner or later and before 2 a.m. even the most northerly domiciled was safely home, ready to face work again after a week-end of relaxation.

HAROLD CATLING

SWEDEN 1975

Just as we were beginning to think that Des Ling had forgotten all about us, the following piece about a Swedish tour came winging in through the post. Thanks, Des.

Having hitch-hiked back from India last summer, my brother was looking for a more relaxing holiday this year. We decided to tackle Sweden by bikes, as this was one of the few remaining European countries neither of us had visited before. We cycled to Immingham, staying overnight at Bakewell and Lincoln Youth Hostels, to catch the ferry to Gothenburg (Swed: Goteborg).

We had no pre-arranged plans, but our eventual route through Sweden was as follows: after continuing northwards from Gothenburg for three days, almost to the Norwegian border, we turned eastwards towards Stockholm, travelling round the "top" of Lake Varen. We stayed two nights at a youth hostel at Sodertatje (about 20 miles from Stockholm), and went into the city on the train. From Soder-tatje we continued south-west right across south Sweden to Helsingborg, whence we caught the ferry to Travemunde (near Lubeck in north Germany).

We had been a bit apprehensive of Swedish roads before setting out, but we soon found our fears to be unjustified. In Southern Sweden, at least, all the main roads are metalled. Almost all of these have a second inner lane in both directions, which is meant to be used by agricultural vehicles, but which serves as an

excellent cycle path. Most of the secondary roads in the south are surfaced, although we cycled about 50 miles on unsurfaced roads. Unfortunately, we could find no map showing which secondary roads were surfaced, and which were not.

Sweden is sparsely populated, even in the south. Her population is about 8 million, and most people live on the coast. For this reason there is very little traffic inland. I can remember riding along one road, which was in as good a condition as one of our B roads, or smaller A roads, and we were passed by only one vehicle every 10 or 15 minutes in either direction.

The part of Sweden through which we rode was hilly, but certainly not difficult cycling terrain. The countryside was forested, broken only by the many lakes, or the occasional farm settlement.

The weather in Sweden is generally very good during summer and autumn, as Sweden lies in the shadow formed by a combination of the Norwegian mountains and westerly winds. This, coupled with the heat wave north Europe experienced this year, meant we enjoyed excellent weather.

Sweden is expensive. We found we needed £3 a day each to pay for overnight stay and food. Swedish Youth Hostels (Swedish: Vandrarhern) are relatively expensive too, about £1 per night per person, but are generally very comfortable, not very full and all have well-stocked kitchens. The one city we visited was Stockholm. This is a very beautiful and interesting city, and I hope to spend longer there some time in the future.

Altogether we spent 16 days and cycling about 900 miles in Sweden. Both my brother and I enjoyed Sweden very much, and were reluctant to complete the 2,000 mile tour along the crowded roads of Germany, Holland and England.

DES LING

BATH ROAD "100" and A CORNISH TOUR TO CORNWALL - VIA THE BATH ROAD "100".

I decided to cycle to Cornwall to visit my old school friends, whom I knew from when I lived there. Since the Bath Road "100" happened at about the same time, I decided to ride the event on the way down.

On Saturday, 23rd August, I started off cycling through Chester, Overton and Shrewsbury. From there to Droitwich it was main roads only, because to get to Reading for Monday it would be better to record a large mileage on the Saturday, and to "relax" on Sunday. I had booked in at Cleeve Hill Youth Hostel at Cheltenham (after an unforgettable cold night on Plymouth Station last year because the hostel was full!)

After Droitwich travel through lanes became possible, but I realized that to get to the Hostel for the 7 o'clock meal I would have to go faster. With 105 miles travelled, and 15 still to go, I began to feel tired, and on a small hill realized that I had "the knock". Over the telephone the Warden kindly said he would save my meal, and when I arrived at 8 o'clock I gulped it down and went straight to bed.

On the Sunday I walked over Cleeve Hill and rode down bumpy tracks on the other side to the main road. The gradual descent from the Cotswold Hills combined with a tail-wind made a most enjoyable ride, and I arrived at Streetly Youth Hostel with plenty of time to remove my mudguards etc., and to change the block and tubs. Surprisingly, the only other cyclist at the Hostel was a tricyclist who would be marshalling.

Bank Holiday Monday arrived, and at 5 o'clock I managed to wake several hostellers by falling over a rucksack, and then rode the six miles to the start - on top of a bridge over the M4 to meet Don Spraggett, Ruth and John Williams, and others. They had all helped in the North Road "24" over the week-end, and were watching the "100", except Don, who was riding.

Syd Hancock was starting steward, and very pleased not to be the only Anfielder at the event. The course is shaped like a three-pronged fork, starting "on the handle" and going south-west. All the riders were hoping for the wind to rise from the south-west for a tail-wind finish, but when it did come it came very strongly from the north-west. The event was won with a 4.11. Don did a "51" and I did a "56" - 4.56.49. At the Lamb Inn, in the afternoon, the lawn was covered with cyclists, and the Bath Road President sent his regards to Len and the Anfield.

On Tuesday I rode 117 miles to Crowcombe Youth Hostel in north Somerset, again having to postpone my meal. The final day was a 120-mile battle against the natural obstacles of Devon and Cornwall - very steep, short hills! The riding consisted of 40 m.p.h. descents, followed by a long walk or agonizing climb up the other side. Definitely not cycling country! I managed to get a lift on a lorry from Bodmin to Redruth, but still arrived at midnight to start an enjoyable holiday near Falmouth.

MIKE HALLGARTH

THE AUTUMN TINTS - 25th/26th October 1975

They came by road, rail and air to be in Llanymynech this night. Neil France from Cardiff had cycled from Abergavenny. Mike Holland pedalled the distance from Nottingham to Heswall on the Friday, to join the locals on the ride from Heswall on the Saturday

morning. Bill Barnes from Salford met this Party at the Corwen lunch stop. Dave Jones from Oxford cycled from Shrewsbury, while Karl from his namesake's quarterdeck - Plymouth - hitched to Heswall on the Friday, nursing his No.2 iron on his knees for the whole journey, only to be thwarted when his bottom bracket dropped out on his arrival in Heswall. Never fear, Saturday saw our intrepid hero power his No.1 racing iron to the Lion Hotel via Corwen.

The locals, John Thompson, Dave Bettaney, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Phil Looby and Keith Orum met in Corwen for lunch. But not before Vice-President Moss accompanied by Mike Holland tried to defy gravity on a left hand bend on the descent from Bryneglwyns to Carrog. Eric Reeves, who accompanied this party to Corwen, defied gravity by a hair's breadth when he was caught in the arms of a fellow cyclist. Thus preventing further sacrifice. Moss and Holland lived on with cuts and bruises.

After lunch the party split. The majority pursued the Milltir Cerrig route, while Messrs. Griffiths, Edwards and Orum paid their respects to Moel Sych. All were re-united at the Lion under President Wild - rarely seen off a bicycle - but on this occasion chauffeur-driven by his son-in-law, Graham, who with his wife were returning to Australia on the morrow. Hence the motor car and Stan's apology for being present only for Dinner. The remainder of the Party enjoyed the usual evening festivities.

Sunday morning saw the usual breakfast farewells. Neil France, the first to leave on his return journey, while the others decided on David Birchall's lane route to Ellesmere for coffee. The Party split at Maesbrook Green, where those going to Heswall turned left for Ellesmere, and the others continued to the four corners of Anfieldland.

Ben Griffiths took up the leadership after Ellesmere to treat us to an Autumn Tints Trek along the canal through Blake Mere and Cole Mere, further lanes to Bangor on Dee for lunch, and then the final miles home.

It had been a splendid weekend, the weather perfect, the Autumn colours could not have been better and the company thriving - What more could one ask?

NOTE: This delightfully written piece came winging in with no name appended. Your guess is as good as mine. - ED.

R U N SALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 13th September 1975

Beside myself, eight members arrived at Two Mills. They were Bill Barnes, Michael Clark, Ian Griffith, Chris Edwards, Neil France, Karl Nelson, Bernard Bagnall and Mike Holland.

The journey through the lanes to Alpraham was taken at a sedate pace. When we arrived at Alpraham we met Len Hill and Flo, Hubert Buckley and Sadie, John France, Frank Fischer, Rex Austin, Phil Looby, Bill Gray and Eileen, and visitors Edith and Alfred.

The journey home was taken at a brisk pace, and at one point we met with a reversing lorry so we stopped, and Phil Looby, who couldn't take his feet from his pedals, fell off and landed on Bernard Bagnall, who was parked to one side.

When we reached Chester the pace livened up and a few riders faded away. The first to reach Two Mills was Phil Looby, but he was soon joined by the rest. After a snack we set off home at a leisurely pace.

T.C.

FARNDON - Nags Head - 20th September 1975

As we cycled towards the Eureka, Neil France and I contemplated an enjoyable club run at a modest pace. Phil Looby was racing in the afternoon, or so we thought. A stationary stallion with black chainrings told us that Phil was positioned inside the cafe supping tea, and devouring vast quantities of anti-bonk! Also present were Bill Barnes, Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards and Bernard Bagnall. Ian Griffiths was due to ride in the West Cheshire "25" on the following morning. This merry band of cyclists left Two Mills at 11 a.m. sharp, as Phil muttered that club record was due for a thrashing.

As Bill was associating with many famous "roadmen" (a strange breed who jump out of the saddle and throw their bikes across the road) at Southport the following morning, we decided to potter through the lanes via Saltney, Lavister and Holt in order to arrive at Farndon without too much exertion.

Present on this sunny September day were: Albert Dixon, Bill and Eileen Gray, Gerry Robinson, Harold and Mrs. Catling, Walter and Clara Portsmouth, Len Hill, John France, Stan Cooper, Frank Fischer and yours truly, whose name might be legible at the end of this article. Your Editor arrived after most of the birds had flown.

After lunch the same bunch returned to Wirral with the addition of Gerry Robinson. The pace was modest until 200 yards from Two Mills, where the usual gallop took place (results obtainable from the chief waiter).

MIKE HOLLAND

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 27th September 1975

The last run of the Club year proved to be one of high winds and occasional showers. During the morning the ride was not as tough as expected, but a heavy storm resulted in wearing a cape for the final miles. Only Gerry Robinson preceded me at the Royal Oak. We both wondered whether or not Bill Gray (man of serious mien) had been pulling our legs when he informed us of the change of venue some weeks ago. However, the timely arrival of President Len and Flo reassured us.

Next came the two Gentlemen from Verona (another name for Bangor) clad like the country squires they certainly are not. They were accompanied, somewhat diffidently, by Eileen and Wally's sister. Ben Griffiths, youthful veteran who has improved at all distances this year, Mike Twigg and Stan Wild completed the attendance. Bill Gray doesn't seem to be doing Wally Portsmouth any good, and he didn't enamour himself to me when he worked the writing of the run on me.

The wind had arisen alarmingly during lunch, and after leaving the Royal Oak wearing a cape I was literally blown across the road on several occasions. Luckily there was little traffic about, but as I decaped a large tree was blown down and completely blocked the road only a few yards in front of me.

Near Whitchurch the police were out in force to warn traffic of another tree blocking the road. This one was over two feet in diameter, and I surprised the boys in blue by climbing over it with bicycle on shoulder. Then for the remaining miles I was blown home on the wings of an extremely strong wind.

S.W.

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 4th October 1975

As the direct cycling route to Langley from Didsbury is only about 20 miles it is necessary to go by a somewhat circuitous route if one is to arrive at the Leather Smithy with anything of an appetite. Fortunately there are many attractive variants both down on the Plain and up in the Pennine foothills that one is spoilt for choice. On this overcast and windy morning we elected to take the Macclesfield to Buxton road as far as the junction with the Congleton to Buxton road and then to follow the latter towards Allgreave. A few miles short of Allgreave a very minor road to the right can be taken to drop into Wildboarclough a mile or so south of a little road which climbs steeply by Standing Stones before descending equally steeply to Langley.

The going was hard and once above the 1000 foot line we were intermittently in the clouds. As we approached the summit,

conditions had deteriorated to such an extent that we decided to shorten our journey by doubling back down the Old Road into the Clough. To our dismay the road was closed but rather than face the return journey towards Macclesfield we decided to stick to the original plan even though time was running short. The first few hundred feet of the descent towards Buxton were distinctly hazardous through clouds driven before a gale force south westerly which threatened to blow us off the road into the ditch. Conditions were improving and our spirits were rising as we approached the Congleton road junction only to be utterly dashed to find that that road too was closed. As from this point all alternative routes to Langley were now impossibly long we convinced ourselves that the reason for the closure was probably only a minor piece of roadwork easily negotiable by a cyclist and set off hopefully. It was rather pleasant to have a completely traffic free road over the shoulder of Whetstone Ridge but the blow came when we discovered, at the bottom of the hill, the enormity of the work which had closed the road. At the crossing of Danebower Clough a whole section of the road had been removed completely and a sheer sided chasm about 40 feet deep had been cut, presumably to allow the erection of piers for a new bridge. Not a vestige of the old bridge remained and the only way of crossing was to take to the moorland and follow the line of the clough upstream until a crossing could be effected the return to the road along the other side of the clough. This proved to be just possible. It was both strenuous and time consuming but eventually we were back on the hard road removing heather roots from the derailleur mechanism before resuming our journey. The remainder of the ride was uneventful and we arrived at the Smithy in time to join what was, for the other attenders, a post-prandial discussion of ways and means by which an inflow of young members from the Manchester area could be generated. It is certainly an urgent problem which must be solved in the Anfield is to have a future in this area.

Stan Wild was first off the mark for the homeward journey remarking that as he expected the wind to be unhelpful he could brook no delay. Mary and I left shortly afterwards in company with Stan Bradley and pottered gently through the lanes towards Gawsworth. Imagine our surprise on crossing the A523 at Fools Nook to see Stan approaching the same junction from the direction of Macclesfield and heading for Bosley. Rather unconvincingly he suggested we must have discovered a better route - certainly we were travelling no faster than he was - but we were not fooled. No one knows the Cheshire byeways better than Stan does and he was not using a longer route because he knew no better. A secret liaison in Macclesfield or Sutton is a more likely explanation. Stan Bradley is now well used to his artificial hip joint and seems to be riding more strongly every week. On the climb up from the canal at Fools Nook we had to struggle to keep him in sight but thereafter he moderated his pace and all enjoyed the gently hilly ride home through Gawsworth, Pexall and Mottram St. Andrew. Those at lunch were Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Stan Wild and myself and my wife.

HAROLD CATLING