

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

JANUARY 1976

No. 784

LUNCH FIXTURES

February 1976

- 7 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
14 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
21 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
28 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) and COMMITTEE MEETING
at 13 Hope Farm Road, Great Sutton (3.0 p.m.)

March

- 6 FARNDON (Nag's Head)
CHESTER BIRTHDAY RUN - Westminster Hotel,
City Road
13 PENTRE DWR (Britannia) and
HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
20 WHITCHURCH (Travellers Rest) and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
27 KELSALL (Globe) and Oasis Cafe.

April

- 3 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
10 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
17 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and ALLOSTOCK
(Drovers Arms)
24 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS WILL BE INCLUDED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

As per previous issue.

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

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 6th MARCH 1976

COMMITTEE NOTES

The Committee accept, with the greatest regret, resignations from E.Goodall and S.Holgate.

Changes of address: H.Fletcher, 16 Cambrian Drive, Rhos-on-Sea, Colwyn Bay, Clwyd.

J.D.Cranshaw, 47 Marlpit Road, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.

Telephone 021-308-6067

Enquiries for Racing and/or Training Jerseys to John Moss. Keith Orum has a supply of R.T.T.C. handbooks at 55p each.

BIRTHDAY RUN

This is very short notice, due to an unfortunate build-up of delays. The Birthday Run will be held at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester, on the evening of March 6th. As prices charged for a Dinner these days reach the roof, we are having a buffet instead - this should be much more acceptable. Also, we are including dancing facilities for those who delight in disporting themselves in this way, and for this reason, and because we wish to be progressive, ladies are invited. Tickets should be around £1.75, and certainly not more than £2. They will be available early in February. We ask, nay crave, your full support for this function.

STANDARD MEDALS

All claims for Standard Medals due should be sent to John Moss forthwith. After February 29 all such claims will lapse.

EDITORIAL

Sometimes we are gently taken to task for not including the occasional interesting news item in the Circular. Due to domestic circumstances the times when we can attend a club run are sometimes few and far between. So we rely on others to let us know

Judge then our surprise, when, early in December, we heard of a rumour floating around Birkenhead that David Birchall and Mary Creighton had had a wedding day. Yet not a word, not even from Don, who is often - or was, until the charges stiffened - on the telephone with news items for our pages. Ah! Well.

Boxing Day and subsequent run reports will be included in our next issue.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Last month we discussed the possibility of reprinting our history, as we have only a few copies left, and the demand continues. Only the other day we had a request for a copy from the Richmond (London) Public Libraries. We have had enquiries from the U.S.A., and we think that if we could circularize cycling organizations in the States we could sell many copies, which would be to the great benefit of our Anfield.

Last month we asked if fifty members would chip £10 into a kitty. At the time of writing - mid-January - we have £100 in cash and promises. So some people are interested, but, unfortunately, not enough at the moment. The £10 is only a suggestion. Some, we appreciate, could not manage so much, others, we are sure, could stump up a little more.

Some, we know, don't think much of our chances of selling another 500 copies, but this figure comes into it only because it is the minimum a printer will consider at an economic price.

We should be grateful if everyone - if, of course they agree with the idea - could contribute something that doesn't hurt. We are convinced that this is a wonderful - and probably the last - opportunity of having such excellent publicity for the Anfield. Don't forget, the Centenary comes up in three years, and if we haven't any copies to sell then it would be a sad thing indeed. As we said last month, the book that several of us toiled over so much twenty years ago has come to be acclaimed as a remarkable volume on the story of cycling in general, and the Anfield in particular.

Harold Catling has been doing some excellent work, and has found a printer who will provide a soft back in two colours at a price which will enable us to sell copies at £1.50. As we said last month, it would indeed be a sad thing if we had to let the whole thing drop because of a lack of finance. Once again, we commend the project to your generosity.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION NORTH WEST 'CLOSER' - 9th November 1975

Living on the southern edge of the Manchester conurbation provides a very considerable deterrent to a cyclist wishing to renew acquaintance with the extremely rewarding countryside of North East Lancashire. The Tricycle Association closing run and after-lunch prize distribution at Colne was this year just sufficient to tempt this rider to face the rigours of the first thirty miles of the journey northwards. The road through Bury, Haslingden and Accrington does indeed pass through some of the most depressing

urban areas in Britain, but during the hours of darkness this fact is not so much in evidence. Accordingly, with this fact in mind, I made an early start and by sunrise had covered the worst 20 miles and was looking forward with anticipation to breakfast at Whalley. From this point on my route was through delightful byeways into the high ground north of the Ribble before returning southwards through Chatburn and Downham, the hard climb into the clouds on Pendle Hill and the headlong descent to Roughlee, Barrowford and civilization.

Amongst the hundred or so who enjoyed a very good meal at the Hendley Hotel I counted a round half dozen Anfielders - Rex and Mrs. Austin, Stan Bradley, Allan Littlemore, Jeff Mills, Alan Rogerson and myself. After lunch, with Ed Green in the Chair the meeting continued at great length but with never a dull moment. The speakers had been well chosen for their enthusiasm for the game and for their store of cycling anecdotes. Alan Rogerson was the only Anfielder amongst the prizewinners but as Alan has had a very successful season the full tally of his 'bag' was quite impressive - 2nd H'cap in the first 25, 2nd Fastest in the 50, 3rd Fastest and 2nd H'cap in the 100, Fastest in the second 25 and 2nd Fastest and 2nd H'cap in the 12. Must remember to ride much harder myself next year and try to get something.

It was almost 5 o'clock before the meeting ended. By this time the crisp winter's day had become a dark and murky night and I was very happy to accept a lift home for myself and my trike from Eric Farrar of the South Lancs R.C.

HAROLD CATLING

PENTRE DWR, Britannia Inn - 4th October 1975

The day dawned dull and overcast, with rain in the air. In a state of total unfitness, after four weeks off the bike, the thought of Llangollen and all those mountains seemed daunting. My idea was to go alone and thus avoid too much suffering "hanging on to wheels", Alas, this was not to be: the dreaded Kentish Wheeler Mike Twigg suggested that I ride to Vicars Cross, and have a back wheel from Gerry and himself. The thought of such shelter from the wind was too much to resist, and I agreed to his "kind offer".

At least the route was straight, straight into the wind through Huntington, Holt, Wrexham, Ruabon, and then down the valley into Llangollen, where we passed Bill Gray toiling into the wind. Len Hill and Co. passed us with a toot of the car horn.

My legs finally gave up with a mile to go, and I watched helplessly (but with some relief) as Gerry and Mike rode away. Those

gathered at the Britannia consisted of Len Hill, Chris Edwards, John France, Ben Griffiths, Frank Marriott, Dave Birchall, Bill Gray, Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson. Friends present were Flo and Doreen Hill, Mary (David's fiancée) and Steve Marriott. Talk was big after dinner: first, straight home through Wrexham, then the Old Horseshoe, and the final folly (for me), World's End.

We took the road for the Old Horseshoe, then swung right to join with the World's End road. Not so bad as the first steep climbs out of Llangollen had been avoided. Slowly the party split up, Gerry, Mike and Chris up front, with me toiling at the rear under the watchful eye of Ben. Many climbs were walked, and the ford negotiated without mishap; we rushed down the final miles to Minera, then through Brymbo, Hope, Hawarden and so to Two Mills just as the threatening rain started.

Thank goodness for Two Mills! A pint of tea, and just enough energy to get home after an enjoyable day, if not a little painful in the legs.

JOHN MOSS

ALLOSTOCK, Drovers Arms - 18th October 1975

A cold and misty start for the ride to Allostock. The lack of wind made the going easy as I rode along Kingsway in traffic much thinner than usual. S'pose I have the mist to thank for that. As I passed close to Ringway Airport I could hear the planes leaving the ground, but could not see them. However, the mist thinned as I progressed into Cheshire. Reaching Goostrey, and having time to spare, made via Twemlow to reach the Knutsford road, which got me to the Drovers Arms.

I was first to arrive, but was soon joined by Harold and Mrs. Catling, Bob and Mrs. Poole arrived a few minutes later. A spontaneous greeting was extended to President Stan Wild on his arrival. Last to arrive was Bill Barnes. Conversation came easily, and time passed quickly, and it seemed in no time at all to start the return journey home. The sun was shining, which made the trip via Mobberley truly delightful.

STAN BRADLEY

....AND ANOTHER VERSION:

After following a circuitous lane route to avoid Middlewich (an inoffensive little town which I dislike) I alighted outside the Drovers Arms to note with pleasure that at least three would keep me company. This fact was signified by the sight of a tandem-tricycle and a single trike in the yard. Entering the inn I found, as expected, Harold and Mrs. Catling and Stan Bradley, with the

additional bonus of the company of Bob & Mrs. Poole. After a lengthy spell of conversation we were delighted to be joined by Bill Barnes, now attending Salford University, and living in that sombre city. Surprisingly enough, he is enjoying life there. Bill had been adventuring into the hills, and had reached Allstock by a very tough route.

STAN WILD

ALPRAHAM, Tollemache Arms - 1st November 1975

For once, the old saw "Rain before seven, fine by eleven" didn't hold true. It was really a day for the ducks! Mike Twigg was spending a few days "darn sarf", so I caped up and set off alone, splashing my way through the lanes towards Tattenhall. Fortunately the rain ceased, and I was able to climb Harthill unhampered by a cape, though it was replaced by the time I reached the old Whitchurch Road at Broxton Old Hall.

A few hundred yards later the dreaded hissing sound was heard, and my front wheel was soon bumping along on the rim. I was trying out a pair of the new Michelin lightweight tyres, and they do ride like a tubular, they are not quite heavy enough for rain-soaked lanes recently strewn with hawthorn clippings by a local farmer. Fortunately I had a spare inner tube removed from a worn-out tubular, so I was saved the doubtful pleasure of trying to repair the inner tube in the pouring rain.

Time was passing so I made for Alpraham by way of Cholmondley and Ridley Green, arriving at the Tollemache Arms shortly before one o'clock. After a wash and change of vest, shirt and socks I joined the company in the lounge bar and found Stan Wild treating all and sundry to alcoholic beverages, in celebration of his inception as Honorary President. Bill Gray, chief sycophant was in obeisance, and seems to have given best to Stan in their long-lasting battle of words and wit.

Others present were Harold and Mrs. Catling on tandem-trike, Stan Bradley on trike, Hubert Buckley and Jim Cranshaw in motor car, and Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards and John Moss on bicycles - a good turn-out considering the atrocious weather, though the latter two were delayed by a puncture. While we ate we were entertained by tales of heroism (both athletic and alcoholic) from the previous week's Autumn Tints Tour.

All too soon it was time to leave, and Ben, Chris, John and I set off into the rain again towards Chester by way of Bunbury and Beeston. Ben and Chris braved the weather, carrying on to the Eureka Cafe, but John and I headed home to warmth and baths.

GERRY ROBINSON

KELSALL, The Globe - 15th November 1975

Mark Twain's famous saying that everyone grumbles about the weather, but nothing is ever done about it, was never better exemplified than today. Conditions were wet and miserable indeed, but inside the Globe Inn everything was warm and cosy.

Len Hill and Flo had brought Albert Dixon and his wife, and it is good to know that Mrs. Dixon is now almost back to normal after the severe accident earlier this year. This naturally brought the name of John France into the conversation and we learned that at the moment John is enjoying a lengthy holiday in the sunshine of South Africa. The tough men of the Club rolled up in the persons of Gerry Robinson, John Thompson, Ben Griffiths and the Vice President Money-bags, John Moss. With the presence of Stan Wild and his wife this completed the attendance, but Anfield company had made the miserable day all the better for getting out.

STAN WILD

FARNDON, Nag's Head - 22nd November 1975

I was just on the point of slipping quietly out of the Nag's Head on my way to Market Drayton, when President Stan Wild said: "Quick, Bill, catch him. There's the chap to write up today's run!" So what with this, and Bill Gray's insistence, I was lumbered.

A perfect late-Autumn day saw eleven of us at Farndon, the others being Len and Mrs. Hill, Stan Cooper, Ben Griffiths, Gerry Robinson, John Moss, Chris Edwards and John Thompson - given roughly in order of arrival. Len Hill produced two albums of photos taken by Bill Finn, mostly at the last two Birthday Runs, which were most interesting, and as time goes on will prove even more so. Already three of those depicted are no longer with us: John Leece, Syd del Banco and Percy Williamson.

One of the topics which cropped up was: what were the fastest rides done by Anfielders before the war? (Stan Wild thought this must be the 1914-1918 war, but John Thompson said he was interested in those done up to 1939). The only distance known for certain was the "24" (Byron, 393 $\frac{1}{4}$) but relying on memory, always dangerous, I said I thought that Bren Orrell's "12" of 232 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1930 still best by 1939, and Jack Salt's 4.32.9 when he won the Bath Road "100" in 1932. I was quickly proved wrong, as on page 111 of Stan Cooper's copy of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS is the story of Jack Salt's win in 1932 but with 4.35.53. That Salt certainly did a 4.32 in the Bath

Road "100" is beyond dispute, probably in 1933, when he was second to Frank Southall's 4.30.10. No one present could recall anything definite about what times were the best recorded in 25's (which were boys' races in the 1930's) and 50's.

Has anyone any definite information regarding this pre-war period?

FRANK E. FISCHER

Note: The Circulars hold all the necessary information - Ed.

CHELFORD, Egerton Arms - 6th December 1975

Stan Bradley had chained his tricycle to the rainwater pipe on the right hand side of the main door, and when I arrived I put my bicycle close by before proceeding indoors. Bob Poole was putting the final locks to his immaculate V.W., and he hailed me with a friendly smile as we went indoors together.

The morning had been dull, but very pleasant. After the first few chilly miles I was ready for food and drink which was readily available at the bar. Stan Wild joined me, ordering, as I remember, a bottle of Guinness. Later Hubert Buckley arrived but disdainfully refused us a welcome until his thirst was quenched. It transpired he had had an exhausting walk across field paths and lanes, all foot-slogging from Macclesfield. He needed to get his breath back.

Three of us joined at a good cheese board and crusty brown bread. This is not necessarily the extent of the food available if one should require more. My thoughts were on new territory to be explored as I rode home on very familiar roads: a little sadly, as I destined to leave Cheshire for the environs of Birmingham in the New Year.

J.D.C.

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MARCH 1976

No.785

LUNCH FIXTURES

April 1976

- 3 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe). PLEASE NOTE ALTERATION.
Committee Meeting at 13, Hope Farm Road, Gt.Sutton
- 10 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
- 17 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
- 24 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

May

- 1 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George &
Dragon)
- 8 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
- 15 TARPORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)
- 22 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
Committee Meeting at 12 Edgewood Dr., Bromborough
- 29 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
- 30 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guest House)
- 31 ANFIELD "100", Headquarters Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury.

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

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 17th APRIL 1976.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: D.D.Birchall, 1 Broadlake Cottages, Neston Road, Willaston, Wirral.

Please contact the Secretary for details of any Easter activities.

THE "100"

Once again the Anfield "100" looms up on our calendar. Keith Orum has taken the Chief Marshal's task over after almost a life-time's work by Len Hill. Keith would like everyone to repeat last year's task if possible. Please contact Keith, address and 'phone number on page one, as soon as possible.

EDITORIAL

Sometimes we wonder whether we do this job properly. It has only just occurred to us that while, in our issue last November, we gave a reasonable greeting to our new President, our valediction for ex-President Len Hill was absolutely nil. This, as all will realize, was a most unfortunate omission. Len, under the greatest possible physical difficulties, did a wonderful job. The enthusiasm in the Club during his term of office soared surely even higher than his telephone bill! We are all most grateful for his efforts. We wish him well, and please can we say: "Sorry!"

LAIRIG GHRU

Elsewhere in this issue, details are given of a conspiracy, hatched by Stan Wild and Harold Catling, to hire unsuspecting rough-stuffers over the Lairig Ghru crossing in the Cairngorms, a mighty pass soaring to 2,700ft. with a boulder field thrown in. Providing a sufficient number is interested, the idea is to hire a minibus for 3 days at £30 or so. Petrol another £30. There would be room for six or eight. Bicycles are necessary to cope with the rideable miles on either side of the pass. Elsewhere they will certainly be a nuisance, but that is where the fun of rough-stuffing lies. Intending victims are asked to get in touch with Stan or Harold. We have an idea that Syd Hancock is biting.

Incidentally, BBC Nationwide featured Lairig Ghru some weeks ago. The story told of a local who regularly (so we gathered) crossed this pass with an ancient old hack of a bicycle to visit relatives and friends on the other side. The unusual side of the story was that the Scot made these strenuous crossings fortified by frequent libations from several whisky bottles planted at several recognisable

spots en route. We wonder if Stan and Harold - and Syd! - are interested in the prospect of some surreptitious swigs.

Stan has done the Lairig Ghru in his salad days. It took him 10 hours. So the local with a wreck of a bicycle must be good to tackle this crossing regularly - if he does.

BIRTHDAY RUN AND DANCE - Chester, Westminster Hotel - 6 March 1976

One of the difficulties we have to contend with is the unfortunate fact that annual dinners are not, and seemed never have been, popular in Anfieldland. For many years we were probably alone in not having an annual dinner.

In the sixties, when the Derby Arms at Halewood was such a good house, we had a dinner each year in March, although we described it as a Birthday Run. These functions were reasonably well patronized, and proved to be very popular with our friends, but there were always absent faces, Anfielders whom we should have been delighted to see and talk to. Last year we reached the position of having as many friends who had paid to be with us, as members. Which was somewhat of a poor do, to say the least.

So this year we tried a change, just to see what would happen. We had a buffet, so that all could move around more, and chat with friends. We also invited the ladies, which seemed an excellent idea. Also, to please the younger folk, we had dancing. In other words, an evening as far away from Anfield concepts as is possible to imagine. And it was a success, there can be little doubt about that - perhaps too much of a success. At times there seemed barely room to move around. Of the hundred or so present, roughly half were Anfielders and their ladies. Once again we had absentees, friends whom we should have been delighted to see.

Anfielders present were, in no particular order: Stan and Mrs. Wild, Bill and Mrs. Gray, James and Mrs. Cranshaw, Len Walls and Shirley, Len Hill and Flo, Geoff Sharp and Vivienne, David Birchall and Mary, John Moss (boss of the show) and Wendy, Hubert Buckley and Sadie, Gerry Robinson and Margaret, John and Mrs. Whelan. So much for the mixed couples. Then George Taylor, Harold Catling, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Geoff Lockett, John France, John Thompson, Stan Bradley, Dave Eaton, Bill Barnes, Phil Mason, Jack Hawkins, Peter Colligan, Keith Orum, John Williamson, David Barker and Frank Marriott. Our sincere apologies for any inadvertent omissions. We were also delighted to have John and Mrs. Williams of the Mersey Roads, old friends indeed, and Richard Hulse and Les Lowe of the Speedwell. We also expected two friends from

the North Road Club, and in the crush we might have missed them.

As expenses would be covered, we could certainly hope for a similar function in the future, but whether it would serve as an acceptable alternative to a dinner, is open to question. Probably not; maybe there would be a few who would not care to repeat the experiment, but we only heard one complaint, on the grounds of noisy music. Everyone else seemed to be enjoying themselves.

NORTH ROAD C.C. 90th ANNUAL DINNER - 29th November 1975

Once again I am happy to report another pleasant evening spent in the company of the North Road C.C. on the occasion of their 90th annual dinner. I had the company of Arthur Smith on the journey to Pinner, where we enjoyed the hospitality of Bill and Dorothy Frankum at their home.

At the dinner I met our new President, Stan Wild, and renewed acquaintance with Dick Hulse of the Speedwell, Horace Prior, Frank Marston, and others. Geoff Edwards proposed the toast of the Visitors, and Pete Walthall that of the Club. Then followed the Prize-Giving, ending up with the traditional chairing of the "24" Trophy winner - G.L.Hart of the Luton Wheelers C.C.

Les Lowe of the Speedwell B.C. and 24-hour fame replied for the Visitors, in addition to having ridden from Burton-on-Trent, and D.G.Gates replied for the Club.

So ended another memorable event, marred only by a foggy drive back to Wales next day.

J.R.B.

IS-Y-COED, The Plough - Boxing Day

Before giving a brief account of the Club's family "get-together" at The Plough, I should like to extend to the elite of the Manchester Section our very sincere regrets that they were unable to stay and obtain sustenance in reasonable comfort.

This little inn, well-secluded and off the beaten track, is usually exceptionally quiet at week-ends, but on this occasion an unexpected surge of locals and their friends brought chaos, and the place was literally bursting at the seams. Sorry, Rex and Edna. Sorry, Hubert and party. (It is understood that all hid themselves back to the Nag's Head at Farndon, where we sincerely hope that they dined and wineed under more comfortable conditions).

A host of Anfielders, their wives, girl friends and mothers, fared very well under cosy but extreme difficulties, but it was all very enjoyable and intimate. The menu was varied and excellent, the beer genuinely refreshing, the service excellent.

First to arrive were Don and Eveline Birchall, who had motored from Wirral, picking up Albert and Mrs. Dixon en route. Then came the first of the real cyclists: Bill (register in hand) Gray, and Eileen, followed by mile-eater Gerry Robinson (via Whitchurch and Bangor-on-Dee) Chris Edwards, Ian Griffiths and from University those stalwart Anfielders Mike Hallgarth, Mike Holland and Bill Barnes. The other true cyclists were our Captain Ben (Jack-in-the-Box) Griffiths and Dave Bettaney.

The petrol brigade was formidable, with ladies predominant: President and Mrs. Wild, V.P. John Moss and Wendy, together with John's mother, Keith Orum and "Pip", David and Mary Birchall, with Mary's sister Anne, James and Mrs. Cranshaw and mother. Lastly, but not least, that most genial and cheerful of all persons: our ex-president Len Hill, who was chauffeured by Geoff Sharp. We were sorry to hear that Flo was incapacitated with a badly-burned forearm due to a slight domestic disaster.

As closing time drew near the cycling members prepared to depart, followed by the motoring cavalcade - everyone content and happy at the conclusion of yet another Boxing Day run. Thirty-five members were present.

D.L.B.

TREUDDYN - Sun Spot Cafe - 27th December 1975

It was a bright, sunny and cold Saturday morning. I was resting in front of the Yacht Inn while a small group of cyclists congregated in front of me. As we prepared to set off, a route was quickly decided on, while Ben performed press-ups with John Moss on his back.

We journeyed through the cold, dark lanes to Saltney ("we" being John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Ben Griffiths and myself) and we crossed the footbridge at a nice leisurely pace, or strode. After Saltney it was along the tranquil lanes to Kinnerton, and from there on to Hope. Somewhere in between these two places Mike broke a few spokes due to over-enthusiasm on the hills. While we waited for Ben to slacken the spokes (with fingers and teeth) John reminisced on the good old Duke of Edinburgh days.

At Hope we attacked the north-east face of Hope Mountain. As Ben, Mike and I walked, John stormed up the one-in-six slope in 54. After a slow descent we crossed the main road at Llanfynydd, followed by several more hills. Eventually we emerged somewhere uphill of Treuddyn on the A5104. The cafe was closed, so we sped on down to the Railway in Coed Talon. On the way down we picked up Neil France and Bill Gray, who were on their way up. At the pub we were found by Gerry Robinson and Dave Bettaney.

We made our way back through Stryt-cae-rhedyn, Tynewydd and into Mold. Just outside Mold the pace was whooped up by someone executing a fine break on a hill, with a little help from his friends. Relief only came when the roadmen decided to take tea in Queensferry. Afterwards Gerry returned to Chester, and John, Mike, Neil and myself made our way back to Heswall, and home.

CHRIS EDWARDS

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 3rd January 1976

It was decided to get some miles in on the way out while the gale-force wind was behind us. Ian Griffiths was only out for the morning, clad in a crash hat should he be blown over, so Mike Hallgarth and myself left Two Mills and the wind carried us to Chester. Being on 64 fixed, I was not amused when Mike remarked that it was like freewheeling.

Following the swollen banks of the Dee to Churton, we took the road to Tilston, from which a pleasant lane took us across Hampton Heath and skirted Cholmondely Castle. The wind was noticeable as it blew across the A49 through Ridley Green, and we were relieved to reach the shelter of the lanes through Bunbury, and on to the Tollemache Arms.

New Year greetings welcomed our arrival from those already present, which included Albert Dixon, John France, Len Hill, Jim Cranshaw, Stan Cooper, Hubert Buckley and Stan Wild. Ben Griffiths, John Moss and John Whelan, making a rare appearance, had ridden straight out.

The implementation of the Sex Discrimination Act was the topic under discussion and its effect on cycling. Could this result in the Anfield "100" be open to women? With thoughts of the first training ride the following morning, five of us braved the fierce headwind. Dodging fallen trees we struggled past Beeston and through Tattenhall to Chester. The wind eased off noticeably as Two Mills approached, where we found Gerry Robinson awaiting our arrival.

Following a pint of coffee, the ride home was none too easy, and the sign of The Glegg Arms was passed without a stir.

BILL BARNES.

BANGOR IS Y COED - Royal Oak - 10th January 1976

The only Anfielder at the "Mills" when I arrived was Bill Barnes, and it looked as though this would be a poorly attended club run. A few minutes later, however, Chris Edwards arrived complete with saddlebag. He had cycled into the wind from Runcorn after attending a social function there the previous evening. (Will anything stop this keen youngster from getting to a club run?) John Moss turned up, and

we cycled through Chester and Farndon, remarking upon the road works that have nearly ruined our evening 10 course.

At the Royal Oak were Bill Gray, Len Hill, Stan Wild, John France, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson, seated around a roaring fire. Much of the chatter revolved around an article suggesting that the way to succeed in cycling was to ride 80 miles a night. Among those who disagreed with this form of training was John Moss, who emphatically refused to lower his nightly mileage!

The ride back took in Worthenbury and Shocklach, and the pace livened up as "signs" were contested. The last five miles were taken at a speed reminiscent of the days when Phil Looby was with us. John Whelan was at the Eureka, supping tea, and eventually we went our separate ways to conclude another enjoyable day's cycling.

MIKE HALLGARTH

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 17th January 1976

As warm, sunny Saturdays are unusual in January, this particular Saturday, coming as it did after two successive week-ends of gale force winds, was especially welcome. We made an early start and were soon enjoying the delights of leisurely cycling through the incomparable lanes of Cheshire, noting in passing that catkins were already out in the hedgerows. (Is this a record? - perhaps we will hear the cuckoo before January is out). Against a gentle westerly breeze we made good progress by Castle Mill, Rostherne Mere and Great Budworth before crossing the Weaver at Little Leigh. After that a little collar work through Crowton and Norley and there we were - the first arrivals at the Forest Cafe.

Within a few minutes we were joined by John France, Stan Cooper and Len Hill who in turn were followed closely by Guy Pullen. Bill Barnes, John Moss, Chris Edwards and Ben Griffiths swelled the party during the next few minutes but then followed a long, long pause. Indeed we had all more or less finished our meal when a jovial old gentleman wearing a heavy Ulster and a Donegal hat breezed in and to our surprise addressed us familiarly and collectively. It proved to be our President in disguise. On the pretext that he had a heavy cold, Stan had persuaded Mrs. Wild to bring him to the venue by car. But the Wilds were not the last to arrive. Most of us were ready for the road when Bill Gray rushed in, breathless and notebook in hand, trying hard to make up his attendance register before we all disappeared.

The ride home was just as pleasant as the ride out. The sun shone warmly and, in company with Bill Barnes and assisted by a strengthening wind from the South, we maintained a speed appreciably

above our norm. A very pleasant day indeed - may we look forward to many more.

HAROLD CATLING

PENTRE DWR - Britannia Inn - 24th January 1976

Winter's icy fingers clasped Wirral overnight, and I awoke to icy roads and an inch of snow. Wales must now surely have a blanket of white, so with thoughts of a cold and slippery ride ahead I gingerly made my way to Two Mills without mishap.

There already was Chris Edwards, having ploughed his lonely trail from West Kirby. Next came John Thompson, and after a large cup of tea we decided to keep to the main roads in order to avoid the ice, which still lurked in lonely lanes awaiting unwary cyclists.

We took the normal route up to Hawarden and then over the Llandegla Moors and the Horse Shoe Pass. The roads were clear of snow, and well gritted, but the mountains were shrouded in white, which made the whole area take on a new appearance. The Horse Shoe Pass was descended slowly, with John now getting into the spirit of things: singing with the joy of being alive, and frightening the sheep at the same time.

Outside the Britannia stood a figure dressed in blue, sporting a bushy black beard - Ben Griffiths, who commented that he had enjoyed John's singing so much that he decided to wait outside in order not to miss any of the haunting melody as it drifted down the valley - or something like that. The party was complete with Bill Gray, complete with notebook, eager to fill another page, and con someone into the write-up.

After dinner Bill headed down the valley towards Bangor-on-Dee, and the four of us decided to risk the Old Horse Shoe Pass. Up to the cattle grid it was rideable, but above we slipped and slithered on three inches of snow until the top was reached. Three cyclists passed us riding down, which made me wonder which group was the madder. The remainder of the journey home was uneventful and unadventurous due to the conditions, and yet another cup of tea at Two Mills ended another club run.

JOHN MOSS

CHELDFORD - Egerton Arms - 24th January 1976

There had been a slight fall of snow during the night. But the morning was quite good so I left home and walked to Chelford. When I arrived I found only Stan Bradley waiting to see if anyone came before ordering lunch.

We had just ordered when Harold Catling arrived a few minutes later the President and his wife joined us.

The conversation covered a number of subjects particularly why we cannot get more of the older Manchester members to join us occasionally. They can be certain we should be very pleased to have a few more friends join us on a Saturday Lunch time.

HUBERT

TARPORLEY - Oven Door Cafe - 31st January 1976

This was a day when you felt a fool to be out, and a hero when you got home. A strong north-easterly wind, with a temperature close on freezing point, chilled to the marrow, and made going extremely hard and uncomfortable. I worked northwards from Wettenhall to Rushton, where I paused to admire the attractive black and white cottage with thatched roof and tiny garden. Known as Stonewall Cottage, it is reputed to be the smallest house in Cheshire, and is still occupied.

At Oulton Pool I got the wind on my tail, and by way of Eaton reached Tarporley with a feeling of relief and satisfaction. The Oven Door Cafe proved to be comfortable, and an excellent provider of "big eats", although on this bitter day the Club supplied its only customers. John France and Albert Dixon were on the right side of a three-course lunch, about which they enthused greatly. Harold Catling had tricycled over 30 miles from Manchester, and was about to achieve his finest hour (or two!) - his return journey into the bitter and almost fable-like north-easter. I hope he did not suffer too much!

John Moss, Chris Edwards and Gerry Robinson had preceded me, and we were joined eventually by Ben Griffiths, as full of vigour as ever. Then on the point of departure in rolled Allan Littlemore for his first run in 18 months. I hope we see more of him. Then into the icy blast once more to achieve home and return to the sanity and warmth of the fireside.

S.W.

ALLOSTOCK - Drovers Arms - 7th February 1976

As a mere bicyclist I was made to feel highly privileged to join the small company of tricyclists that the attendance on this run comprised. Harold and Mrs. Catling, Stan Bradley and the writer were the only members on it. Hubert had 'flu, and we miss Jim Cranshaw who has now completed his move to the West Midlands - we hope he is comfortable, and that all is going well.

Harold had heard from Syd Hancock. Syd fancies crossing the Lairig Ghru this year, and Harold suggested a mini-van trip with a party of members to accompany him. Wouldn't it be great if a group

of veteran members managed this strenuous crossing, which is regarded as the Blue Riband of Rough Stuff? Younger members would be welcome, too, says Harold. Conversation naturally remained in the Highlands, and we were interested to learn that Stan Bradley has experience of some of the hardest tracks in the Cairngorms. After all this talk of high places, the homeward ride across the Cheshire Plain seemed a pleasant relaxation.

S.W.

IS-Y-COED - The Plough - 7th February 1976

I set out for the Plough, and when I arrived I was welcomed by John France, Mr. & Mrs. Dixon, the Mayor of Bangor and his good lady, and Stan Cooper. Almost immediately the fast men arrived, looking very fit, led by Benno, including John Moss, Gerry Robinson, Mike Twigg and Chris Edwards. Our Editor arrived with them, but he looked remarkably fresh. I left shortly after the "chain gang", after promising Mr. Gray that I would attend more regularly in future.

F.O'L.

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 14th February 1976

It is such a long time since yours truly happened to be in Great Budworth that we had to get the maps out to find exactly where the village lies, although we did have a general idea. First we looked at the Ordnance Survey Inch Chester sheet, nothing doing. Then, Liverpool, then Stoke on Trent. We eventually found Great Budworth tucked away at the bottom of the Manchester map.

All this came about because Alison, my daughter, asked where the Club run was, and as it was such a lovely day, why not go? (Alison retains cherished memories of a Ploughman's lunch taken at the Globe, Kelsall, years ago). So away to Chester along the pleasant road via Kinnerton. Came Vicars Cross, and we passed John Thompson. Roads long familiar were delightful on this glorious February day.

Crabtree Green, traffic lights, A49. Left to Cuddington, Weaverham and the river at Acton Bridge. Vivid memories of The Leigh Arms and the superb shilling teas served there when we were young, yet the difficulty was of riding home after stuffing, yes, stuffing, ourselves with delicious hot pies. The good folk who had the Leigh Arms then seemed never to cease making exquisite pastry. From the crossways at the hilltop we took to the lanes - Little Leigh, Comberbach, and so to Great Budworth and the George and Dragon inn.

Warmly ensconced inside were Harold Catling and his good lady, Stan Bradley, Chris Edwards, Gerry Robinson, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, and, of course, President Stan. Allan Littlemore followed us in, and John Thompson arrived just when his friends said that he wouldn't be coming. Later on, when the others had departed (although he probably met them in the yard) we were pleased to see Bill Barnes, temporary resident (as Stan Wild says) in "Salford's sombre city".

All the above arrived by their own power. Bob Poole and Hagar drove out from Manchester. Bob still has a Grubb that is now 50 - yes! 50 - years old, but he has retired it off now so he just has to come by car. He hasn't another bike! The other miscreants were yours truly and Alison. The round trip of around 70 miles on a bicycle would well and truly clobber me.

F.E.M.

Postscript: It was a little sad, and strange, to come to an East Cheshire run and not see Jim Cranshaw and the redoubtable Hubert. Jim, we know, has removed his home to pastures new. But where was Hubert?

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 21st February 1976

Not much of a day, and, sizewise, not much of an attendance. With the bicycle still needing that new chain (it has been fitted since), I travelled on four wheels. A figure in blue by the level crossing at Mold. Chris Edwards, tyre trouble. When he resumed, I moved off, too. Len Hill at the Mill, with John France and Albert Dixon. John Moss and Ben Griffiths on bicycles.

A nice meal, perhaps a bit near the roof in the way of prices, and, as usual, a pleasant natter with the lads. It made a nice change from the rain outside.

F.E.M.

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 28th February 1976

Arriving at the Forest Cafe just a little after one, in a state of almost total collapse, I folded into the chair nearest the door, and promptly knocked my head on the wall. This was the signal for Stan Wild to rush across the room and say: Here's the man to write up today's run - he can't say NO! How right he was.

I left Blackburn in dull and cold conditions, with a slight headwind, and hoped to see a good turnout at Hatchmere. I had set off rather late, and was forced to try and keep up a decent pace over the undulations between Chorley and Wigan. After that, the sun came out, and the road between Wigan and Warrington was, for once, positively pleasant.

A newly-opened cafe in Newton-le-Willows served a welcome cuppa, and, fortified, I delved down into Warrington. Here I met Jeff Mills, on his way to ... somewhere. We had a short chat, and parted at the foot of Wilderspool Bridge. It's always a drag out of Stockton Heath towards Stretton, and I was very glad to catch two "vet's" from Northenden. They were looking for a cafe, and eventually they stopped at the Little Chef, near the Tall Trees crossroads.

With a glance at my watch, I turned off the main road towards Acton Cliff and Crowton. At this stage the effects of the food and coffee wore off, and the effects of a longish ride came on, and it became a battle of mind over matter, out of Crowton to Hatchmere. Every small hill became a mountain, every slight drop a blessing, until after what seemed an eternity, the cafe came into view.

After several cups of tea, donated by members already served, I gave my order to a very tall and sylph-like waitress. It was then that I realised through the sea of blackness that there were several Anfielders present, to wit: Stan Wild, Len Hill, John France, Albert Dixon and his lady, Bill Gray, John Moss, Gerry Robinson, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Harold Catling and his lady, Frank Marriott and Stephen, and finally John Thompson.

We had a good exchange of information all round, as I hadn't seen several people for some time. Anyway, the arrival of John T. filled me with dread. Tales of prodigious mileage schedules had filtered through to North Lancs., causing premature retirement of several noted tricyclists for 1976. When he said he would ride part way home with me, my heart thudded into my cycling shoes. After all, I was on a trike, he on a bike, and wasn't this my longest ride of the year so far? We managed to stay together to Acton Bridge (all downhill) and paid a fleeting visit to Allan Littlemore's. He was receiving visitors, so after some excellent home-made ginger beer, we headed for Lymm. The pace was moderate, but just slightly faster than my norm, so on the Warburton High Level Bridge I stuffed a Mars bar into my mouth, and hoped for the best. John remembered that he had a great-aunt living in Golborne, and sure enough we arrived at about five o'clock at a very neat little house with a real living fire. It was a little oasis in a desert of rows of houses. We were generously received, considering our unannounced arrival, and we were given a very welcome meal.

After some chat about Blackburn, and cycling in general, we left John's aunt's, John heading for Liverpool and the ferry, myself for Hindley, Westhoughton and Bolton, thence over Tonge Moor, and down to Darwen for the final miles.

Altogether, very good to see so many people on such a day of good weather, when even the journey through North and Central Lancashire was enjoyable.

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

MAY/JUNE 1976

No.786

LUNCH FIXTURES

May 1976

- 29 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
30 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guest House)
31 ANFIELD "100" Headquarters Lion Hotel, Salop

June

- 5 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) and COMMITTEE MEETING -
venue to be advised
12 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
19 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
26 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)

July

- 3 TARPORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)
10 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
17 FARNDON (Nags Head) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
24 KELSALL (Globe Inn and Oasis Cafe)
Mersey Roads "24"
31 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 13 Hope Farm Road,
Great Sutton, Wirral.
* * * * *

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

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Closing date for next issue: - SATURDAY, 5th JUNE 1976.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Changes of address: W.G.Portsmouth, 208 Cranford Lane, Heston,
HOUNSLOW, Middx. TW5 9JD.

P.Colligan, 5 Bolwer Road, Liverpool 25.

P.Richmond, 17 Viking Way, Connahs Quay, Deeside.

J.Parr, Ireland, Bigton, Shetland.

By the time this issue is in your hands the "100" will be almost with us. Please ring Keith Orum - telephone number on front page - if you can offer any last-minute help.

GEOFF LOCKETT

Towards the end of March Geoff was whisked into dock again for an operation. He was home again in a week, and is now recovering nicely, thank you.

RACING NOTES

The 1976 Season got under way at the beginning of March, and a cold, windy month it proved to be. April suddenly got warmer for the W.C.T.T.C.A. and the times showed a good improvement.

Recent results as follows:

LARKHILL WHEELERS 2-up "25" 7.3.76 MERSEYSIDE LADIES "10" 27.3.76

Chris Edwards : Ben Griffiths 1.8.28

Ian Griffiths 26.58

CHESTER R.C. 2-up "25" 21.3.76

Ben Griffiths 27.36

Chris Edwards : Ben Griffiths 1.11.23

Dave Eaton 27.52

Ian Griffith : John Moss 1.12.57

Chris Edwards 29.10

Phil Mason D.N.S. chain tr.

MERSEYSIDE V.T.T.A. "25" 4.4.76

Ben Griffiths 1.7.26

WEST CHESHIRE "25" 11.4.76

John Whelan 1.2.19

PORT SUNLIGHT "25" 16.4.76

John Whelan 1.1.22

Ben Griffiths 1.2.30

Ben Griffiths 1.2.37

Bill Barnes 1.4.47

Bill Barnes 1.5.18

Ian Griffith 1.5.55

Gerry Robinson 1.5.21

Gerry Robinson 1.5.57

John Moss 1.8.26

Chris Edwards 1.8.46

Dave Eaton D.N.F.

John Moss 1.9.35

Dave Eaton 1.10.02

MID SHROPS.WHEELERS "50" 18.4.76

J.J.Whelan 2.06.50

MID SHROPS.WHEELERS "25" 19.4.76

J.J.Whelan 1.01.27

C.R.Griffiths 2.09.41

C.R.Griffiths 1.04.21

W.J.Barnes 2.12.26

W.J.Barnes 1.06.34

M.Hallgarth 2.15.57

M.Hallgarth 1.06.57

I.M.Griffiths 2.16.11

C.G.Edwards 1.08.32

C.G.Edwards 2.22.22?

D.E.Eaton 1.10.?

CLUB "10" THORNTON HOUGH 24.4.76 - M.Hallgarth 26.35 1st.

FROM ISERE TO RHINE

Grenoble, the ancient capital of Dauphine, beautifully situated on the banks of the fast flowing Isere River, was the starting point of my 1975 tour. I took the true Route Napoleon to Uriage-les-Bains, the kilometre stones of which bear the mark of the Imperial Eagle. Here I took a mountain road leading to high forest land and the Col Luitel, which at 3,951 feet is not remarkably high, but the climb from the 700 feet altitude of Grenoble had been severe in the heat of the afternoon sun. A thrilling drop brought Sechillienne where a comfortable family inn housed me for the night.

A long climb along the Romanche Valley now lay ahead and in blistering heat I made La Grave by late afternoon. The view of the Meije (over 13,000 ft.) from the village is one of the finest in the Alps. The road rose more steeply as I passed through a tunnel, 1,968 feet long, and with some satisfaction eventually reached the 6,750 ft. summit of the Col-du-Lauteret, where I received a warm welcome at the famous chalet hotel.

Five grafting miles brought me to the top of the Col-du-Galibier which at 8,399 feet proved to be highest pass of the tour. There were wonderful views of the Ecrins and Mont Pelvoux with the horizon barred by an array of magnificent peaks. I dropped through a wild and desolate valley to St. Michel - 6,000 feet in 22 miles!

Easy climbing up the Arc Valley to Lanslebourg and a shock! Col de l'Iseran, was still closed by winter snows. Contingency plans are necessary when touring in these parts in June, so I retraced my steps and eventually by way of Albertville and Megeve, came to Chamonix, nestling in the shadow of Mont Blanc, which at 15,782 feet is the highest mountain in Western Europe. I have two favourite trips here. One is the thrilling ride by cable car to the Aiguille du Midi (over 12,000 ft.) situated immediately under the dome of Mont Blanc. The other, by cable car or on foot, is to the ridge of the Brevent (8,285 feet), which gives a magnificent panoramic view of the whole of the Mont Blanc Range.

I crossed into Switzerland by way of the easy Col de Montet (4,793 ft.) and then tackled the harder Col-de-la-Forclaz, which is 200 feet higher. The way to Martigny used to be a nightmare drop of rough and steep hairpin bends, but the road has been modernised, with easy bends and gradients and a billiard table surface withal.

My direction lay eastwards towards the Bernese Oberland. I crossed the gentle Col des Mosses to the green hills of Chateaux d'Oex, a well-known winter sports centre. After the Saanen-Moser Pass I came to the lovely Lake of Thun. From Interlaken with the

famous view of the Jungfrau, I climbed steadily for many miles to reach Grindelwald, another fine mountain centre, dominated by the north face of the Eiger, and that huge mass of rock, the Wetterhorn.

A glorious morning in Grindelwald tempted me to attempt the celebrated "rough-stuff" crossing of the Grosse Scheidegg Pass, but I was surprised to find that a metalled road now crossed the pass. Not quite as steep as the old mule track, but too steep for me to ride in its entirety. The climb was a delight with wonderful views of snow-capped peaks, prominent among them being the Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau. Towering high above the pass was the glacier-strewn massif of the Wetterhorn. The climb had been a hard one in hot sunshine and when I sat down to have an alfresco lunch at the inn on the 6,434 ft. summit the break had been well earned. The new road continued for a few miles on the other side of the pass, then came to a sudden end and the old "rough-stuff" track had to be negotiated to the first hamlet, Schwarzwaldalp. Here a fair mountain road wound through a beautiful valley absolutely hemmed in by mountains. The road suddenly dropped fiercely alongside the Reichenbach Falls. This was the setting chosen by Conan Doyle for the death of Sherlock Holmes, when that fictional hero had become an embarrassment to his serious writing but public demand resulted in miraculous resurrection some time later. It had been my intention to get half-way up the Susten Pass for the night, but on enquiring at the police station at Innertkirchen I was informed that the pass was still blocked by 9 metres (30 ft.) of snow and the pass would be closed for at least another ten days. So I retraced to Meiringen where I spent an excellent night at the Hirschen Hotel.

A bad day followed and I climbed the Brunig Pass in a cape and spent a leisurely couple of days visiting some of the many attractive villages on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. A quiet cross country route brought me to the old world town of Solothurn. Here a long and steep arm of the Jura Mountains projects into Switzerland. This I crossed by way of the Weissenstein Pass, merely 4,245 ft. in height, but rough and steep and I found the climb very hard on an extremely hot day. The view of the distant Alps from this vantage point was made famous by Hilaire Belloc in his "Path to Rome".

A dropping road brought me to Basle and the end of my tour. Basle is a big city but I spent a pleasant few hours in the vicinity of the wide waters of the River Rhine with its many handsome bridges, before finally entraining for home. In covering nearly 600 miles, the low (27") gear on my Campag derailleur had enabled me to ride, slowly, mind you, ten of the dozen passes I had crossed.

MILLTIR CERRIG

The first day of Spring dawned - just. It was bad enough having to wake up an hour early for British "Summer" Time, but when I peered out through the bedroom curtains it was raining. Followed by comments from Margaret about idiots who get up at the crack of dawn I wandered downstairs for breakfast and an hour later found me capped up and on my way to the Eureka Cafe. Since we had four riders competing in the Chester R.C. team "25" that morning, only John Whelan and Brian Whitmarsh (a guest from Birkenhead Victoria) turned up. Fortunately John Thomson, our ace half-wheeler, was at Aysgarth for the Tricycle Association week-end, so at least we could look forward to a steady paced ride.

After finishing our coffee we donned capes once more, and set off into the wind and rain towards Chester in company with the Birkenhead North End C.C. for the first few miles. John and Brian were on fixed wheel, so I left my gear in 44 x 18 to match them, not that I could have used anything bigger: the first thirty-eight miles down through Wrexham and Oswestry to Llyncllys were just one long slog.

However, all things come to an end eventually, and as we turned into the Tanat Valley things became much easier, even with the low cloud the scenery was enjoyable and we bowled along ignoring the rain. Llangynog was reached and we started to climb Milltir Cerrig. it wasn't much fun in capes, but at least they kept us warm. Half-way up the view into the valley below disappeared as we climbed into the clouds, at the same time the rain turned into sleet and snow - most unpleasant.

We paused at the top to eat, and then plunged down a chilling descent towards Bala. At the foot of the hill we turned right for Cynwyd and Corwen, only to find that the wind had veered and strengthened, so that instead of an easy finish we now faced the prospect of forty-odd hard miles home. For a short while the rain ceased, but it was far too cold to remove our capes. From Corwen we headed towards Llandegla over the "24 bonks", pausing only at a garage to purchase lemonade and chocolate, much to the interest of two large Alsatian dogs. By now the snow and sleet had returned, making the descents very unpleasant with snowflakes stinging our eyes and the wind threatening to blow our capes up over our heads.

We reached Queensferry feeling rather the worse for wear (even John admitted to tiredness) and Brian and I turned towards Chester into the full force of the wind leaving John to plough a lonely furrow home. Oldfield Drive eventually hove into view after 115 of

the hardest training miles I can remember (nearly 110 miles were spent caped up). As I crossed the threshold, Margaret had almost completed our Sunday dinner, never was a meal more appreciated.

GERRY ROBINSON

Spring-time epics from Gerry's able pen are becoming quite an annual delight. All, we are sure, will appreciate these stories. They vividly recall wretchedly hard days, miserably cold and wet miles, when we could have consigned our thrice-accursed bicycles far enough! - Ed.

FARNDON - The Nag's Head - 6th March 1976

The lunch run preceding the dinner presented a perfect opportunity to despatch wife and infant to Mother, to get some miles in, and rejoin them in Bebington before the evening's festivities. Second thoughts started as I was blown to a halt on the railway bridge near Ashley, and the going was painfully slow through Mobberley towards Knutsford. There I came upon a Cheshire Roader who announced that he was glad I had shown up, as he was beginning to flag. We proceeded to thrash each other to Middlewich, where he turned for Holmes Chapel. I'm not sure which of us was more relieved at the parting.

Having got the southward portion of the ride behind me by Minshull Vernon, I began to swing west and take advantage of the south-easterly through Church Minshull, Wettenhall, the Calveley lanes, Bunbury and Spurstow. Beeston Castle was a perfect picture of contrasting browns, creams and greys set against the clear blue sky. A hard stretch followed down to Bickerton, but I kept to the lane which hugs the base of the Peckforton hills (apparently missing Gerry and Mike in the process) and its meanderings meant that the wind would not strike too hard or too long.

Finally came the blissful tail-wind to hurtle me through Broxton and Barton to Farndon, where I was first arrival. Halfway through my first pint Bill Grey rolled in, followed in rapid succession by Pat O'Leary, Gerry Robinson, Mike Twigg, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffith, Benno, John Thompson and probably a few others. Unfortunately Bill's immaculate attendance list lies missing somewhere in the Farndon-Bebington-Sale triangle, though with that wind blowing it wouldn't surprise me if Bill Finn had found it. Apologies to any and all I missed.

With Ben in front on his track iron, as he intended to ride the Larkhill 2-up next day, the trip to Two Mills was hectic and

even a pint of Addy's tea couldn't stop me taking a packet between Barnston and Bebington - that wind again.

DAVID BARKER

PENTRE DWR - Britannia Inn - 13th March 1976

Dare I chance a brand-new B17 saddle on a 30+ miles run? Admittedly the run would be hilly, and in my precarious state of being anything but fit, the hills would be walked. So - is briefly - described the inner struggle on this miserable and cold Saturday morning. Ever the coward, I ceased to think of being brave. It would be four wheels, not two.

Nearest way, of course - Treuddyn, Rhydtalog. A couple of Irish juggernauts seemed a strange sight on the Llandegla moors. Llandegla village, just 10 miles from home. How this delightful fact would have been appreciated on the hammered days of one's more youthful years! Chris Edwards, struggling on that nasty steep slope where the Travellers Rest Inn used to be. One car on that vast hill-top car park. No wonder! Misty. Cold. Miserable.

By contrast, the Britannia Inn was heaven itself. Pat O'Leary, in his ever-youthful fervour, enthusing over "short 57's". Len Hill John France, Stan Cooper arrived. Then Chris, followed by Ben, looking much nicer without the hirsute. Ben and Chris were talking about the old road, always a good idea. Of whether they persuaded Pat I am not sure.

The others finished up reminiscing about Norfolk. John and Len just could not understand our enthusiasm for what, superficially, is mainly a dull county. But Stan, and I, have lived there. We should know.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 13th March 1976

Arriving at the George & Dragon we spied a tandem tricycle together with a tricycle parked among the ranks of cars, an indication that Harold and Mrs. Catling were present with Stan Bradley, and on entering we found them in company with Rex and Mrs. Austin. After exchanging greetings with them, Mike Twigg and I made a bee-line for the bar to order food and purchase pints of stout and mild.

We were a little the worse for wear after thirty miles into a cold easterly wind, Mike suffering from too few miles this year, while I was getting over the effects of 'flu. As we sat awaiting the arrival of the food the peace was shattered by the entry of a boisterous chappie resplendent in cap and olive green anorak, the Hon. President, Mr. Wild no less, and within minutes he had "persuaded" me to write up the club run.

Mike and I had intended to visit the Britannia Inn, but flurries of sleet in Chester persuaded us that a change of venue was in order, rather than risk snow on the Horseshoe Pass we decided to battle into the wind to Holmes Chapel - out of the frying pan into the fire, or more appropriate, out of the freezer into the fridge. After two hours of zig-zagging through the Cheshire lanes to avoid the wind we made it - at least we had a tailwind home.

GERRY ROBINSON.

KELSALL - Globe - 27th March 1976

A strong tailwind meant a very easy ride out to the Eureka. Unfortunately, the lads were riding the M.L.C.A. "10" in the afternoon, so I set off towards the venue alone. A jolly crowd had gathered in the lounge bar of the Globe: Albert and Mrs. Dixon, Hubert and Mrs. Buckley and Alf. Harold Catling, Frank Marriott, Stan Wild, Len Hill, John France and Bill Gray. The main talk was of the magnificence of the soup.

The entrance of Mr. John Moss and his fair lady wife brought the revival of the soup talk, but the Vice President and his lady were not impressed by the thought of kidney soup. I took my leave whilst most were still consuming beer in order to tackle the head wind home, and was accompanied by Bill Barnes between Two Mills and Heswall.

MICHAEL B. HOLLAND

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 3rd April 1976

A busy morning, a Committee Meeting in the afternoon, and a bike to get ready for 6 a.m. on the Sunday. All this helped to make me late leaving home, so it was no surprise to meet Stan Wild already on his way to Great Sutton.

On my arrival I was greeted by as handsome and athletic-looking an assembly of Anfielders as I have seen for many a week. In no particular order I noted Mr. & Mrs. Albert Dixon, Bill Barnes, Chris Edwards, John Moss, Tim Clark, Ian Griffith, John France, Bill Gray, Mike Holland, Mike Hallgarth, Allan Littlemore, Ben Griffiths, John Thompson with friend - sorry, John, but you didn't tell us her name. Guy Pullan very kindly brought out and donated to the Club a couple of copies of THE MERSEY ROADERS, being the history of the Mersey Roads Club from its inception in 1924.

On the way home the lads soon started to show that they don't only look fit. John Thompson on his trike was the first to try to break away, but having to push his girl friend as well soon proved too much even for John. The bunch regrouped until Mike Hallgarth punctured near Upton, and we left him and Mike Holland to fix it. We made our way to the Moss residence for a quick cup of tea before the Committee Meeting.

BENNO.

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

JULY 1976

No.787

LUNCH FIXTURES

June 1976

26 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)

July

3 TARPORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)

10 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)

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

24 KELSALL (Globe Inn and Oasis Cafe)
Mersey Roads "24".

August

7 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

14 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

21 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)

28 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) 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, J.W.MOSS, 13 Hope Farm Road,
Great Sutton, Wirral.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 24th July 1976

COMMITTEE NOTES

Last October Mr. J.R. Williamson, of 11a Calthorpe Drive, Prestatyn, submitted an application for membership which was proposed and seconded in the usual way. By some mischance the form has been lost and never found, with the result that Mr. Williamson was still without his membership. When this omission was brought to the notice of the Committee it was decided to propose, second and elect Mr. Williamson to membership without further formality. Our sincerest apologies are extended to Mr. Williamson for this delay, and to our other members we would explain that Mr. Williamson is a son of the late Percy Williamson who was a well-loved Anfielder for many years.

Change of Address: D.J. Byron, Lawdays, East Street, North Molton, South Molton, Devon.

We wish to express our sincerest sympathy to our old friend and member Frank Wemyss Smith, whose wife passed away on 22nd May.

MERSEY ROADS "24" - July 24/25. I M P O R T A N T

As all will be aware, for many years, we have been responsible for drinks at the Nant Hall turn in this event. Len Hill, after always being in charge, retired at the end of the 1974 session. Last year we were desperately short of staff, and an appeal is made now for more help. The time is around 1 a.m., and Keith Orum will be most grateful for any offers.

JOHN HAYNES - Potteries C.C.

We very much regret to report that John Haynes, a well-known figure around our 100-course for many years, was killed in an accident at Tern Hill on April 11. We extend our deepest sympathy to his relatives, and our good friends of the Potteries C.C.

BILL FINN

News comes from Bill, by way of his Merseyside friends, that he has decided to cease cycling, and was, in consequence, not at the "100". Being farther on in years than many of us would imagine, Bill has had a sequence of minor accidents over the past year or so, and our good friend from the Emerald Isle has decided to quit his beloved pastime. The last time he encountered trouble was only a few weeks ago. He still hopes to come over now and then, but without a bicycle.

JOHN AND WENDY MOSS

We wish to extend our sincere felicitations to John and Wendy on the safe arrival of their daughter on May 15.

HUNDRED JOTTINGS

Once again Mark Haslam was precluded from coming to Shrewsbury because of illness at home. Our good wishes are with our old friend at this difficult time.

We were sorry not to see Bob Poole and Hagar around their usual haunts; Don Stewart and Agnes appeared to be absent, too. And, coming to think of it, what has happened to Tommy Sherman this last year or so?

Assisting in Bert Mitchell's telephone car could have its glorious moments. When the inter-com is on we must of necessity eavesdrop on all that goes on in the timekeeper's car, and we keep our ears open for any morsels of juicy gossip that could enliven these pages. But, sadly to say, our compatriots in car number one are tightlipped (except for timing or bawling at onlookers who will stand in the way). So there weren't any glorious moments, not this year anyway.

Everyone was pleased to see Geoff Lockett around. He is recovering from his operation nicely, thank you.

Harold Catling is fit enough now, but he had a bit of a bashing on a recent trip to Bangladesh. While in this Asian outpost Harold insisted on drinking-water being boiled, and all seemed well. Then, on the plane home, he had one whisky and water - and it must have been Bangladesh water, and not boiled. So Harold suffered much for many days thereafter.

It's amazing what an Anfield "100" can do in bringing people out. Reg and Olive Wilson, both looking extremely prosperous, were around for the week-end with their caravan. And, also, we were delighted to see Peter and Lily Rock. Had we known they were coming we would have found them a job!

A VISIT TO TYDDYN BACH

Vin Schofield's new home lies in a fold of the hills above Betws-yn-Rhos, and one Monday in May we called. Vin was just off to Abergele, where the shopping is good, and the pubs are open all day - cattle market day - kine are such thirsty creatures! So I went with him. Extreme pressure on space precludes us from writing more, but there is just one thing: Does anyone know the present whereabouts of A.N. and J.E. Rawlinson? Vin's address is: TYDDYN BACH, BETWS-YN-RHOS, ABERGELE, CLWYD; DOLWEN 213.

RACING NOTES

Congratulations to John Whelan on Breaking the Club "100" record, and winning the West Cheshire "30". John is riding really well, and usually finishes among the prizes. The youngsters are also beginning to go well. We have fourteen members racing in open events this season, and we have at least six more yet to ride.

BEN GRIFFITHS, Racing Secretary.

CORRECTION: On the foot of page 2 of our last issue, Chris Edwards was given a ride of 2.22.22? in the Mid Shropshire "50" on 18.4.76. This should have been 2.18.22 - a personal best.

RACING RESULTS

SHIRLEY "25" 14.3.76

Mike Hallgarth 1.7.41 2nd Fast.

LEEK HILLY "22" 18.4.76

Gerry Robinson 57.26

RHOS-ON-SEA "25" 25.4.76

Ben Griffiths 1.1.40 (2nd Fast.

Fastest Veteran)

Chris Edwards 1.8.01 (Fast.Jun.

Pers.best)

Dave Eaton 1.8.54

MIDDLETON "10" 1.5.76

Gerry Robinson 25.32

CAMBRIDGE UNIV. "25" 1.5.76

Bill Barnes 1.4.25

Mike Holland 1.7.42

N.W. T.A. "50" 2.5.76

John Thompson 2.21.11 fast.time

Alan Rogerson 2.31.51

CHESTER "10" 8.5.76

Ben Griffiths 24.53

Dave Eaton 25.35

Chris Edwards 25.44 P.B.

BIRKENHEAD N.E. 48-mile MOUNTAIN TRIAL 9.5.76

John Whelan 2.4.01 4th fastest and 1st handicap

John Thompson 2.24.40 Fastest tricycle

Gerry Robinson D.N.F.

WORCESTER "25" 28.3.76

Mike Hallgarth 1.9.27

WREKINSPOIT HILLY "44" 25.4.76

John Whelan 1.55.36 3rd Fast.

Gerry Robinson 2.5.36

PRESWICH PHOENIX "25" 25.4.76

David Barker 1.6.57

Bill Barnes 1.6.58

John Moss 1.9.48

SEAMONS "10" 21.4.76

David Barker 25.22

WEST CHESHIRE "30" 2.5.76

John Whelan 1.12.48 (Fastest time)

Ben Griffiths 1.17.46

Dave Eaton 1.19.41 (Pers.best)

Chris Edwards 1.21.43 1st.jun.P.B.

Ian Griffith D.N.F.

Gerry Robinson D.N.F.

MORECAMBE WEEKEND - CRITERIUMS

8-9.5.76

Bill Barnes. Unplaced in three

events. Winner of one prime.

CHESHIRE "50" 9.5.76
Ben Griffiths 2.10.09
Dave Barker D.N.F.

LANCASHIRE ROADS "25" 15.5.76
John Thompson 1.4.19

LEEK "25" 16.5.76
John Whelan 1.2.12 4th fastest
Gerry Robinson 1.7.52

KIRKBY C.C. 50-MILE R.R. 16.5.76
Bill Barnes Finished 16th behind
HYDE OLYMPIC "25" 22.5.76 break.
Bill Barnes 1.4.17

LIVERPOOL CENTURY "10" 22.5.76
Ian Griffith 25.43
EAST LIVERPOOL "50" 23.5.76

John Whelan 2.3.20
Ben Griffiths 2.8.44
John Thompson 2.8.59 P.B.
Mike Hallgarth 2.12.45 P.B.
Dave Bettaney 2.12.50
Chris Edwards 2.14.43 P.B. by
4 mins.

Dave Eaton 2.27.54

WARRINGTON "25" 30.5.76
Dave Eaton 1.9.23

T.A. "100" 30.5.76
John Thompson 5.6.40

INTER-CLUB "25" 2.6.76
Dave Eaton 1.3.50

STONE "25" 5.6.76
John Whelan 58.59 3rd fastest
Gerry Robinson 1.2.55
Chris Edwards 1.3.50 P.B. by
4 mins.
Dave Eaton D.N.S. 2nd hand.

MERSEYSIDE VETS "30" 5.6.76
Ben Griffiths 1.17.03

ABBOTSFORD PARK "10" 15.5.76
John Whelan 24.36)
Bill Barnes 26.22) Second
Gerry Robinson 26.24) Team

LIVERPOOL T.T.C.A. "50" 16.5.76
Ben Griffiths 2.10.03

DUKINFIELD "25" 16.5.76
Dave Eaton 1.9.40

LYME "10" 18.5.76
Dave Eaton 24.23
Mike Holland 24.30 (?)

BUXTON "10" 22.5.76
Dave Eaton 24.59
Mike Holland D.N.S.

OULTON PARK 50-mile h'cap 23.5.76
Bill Barnes finished in front
half of bunch

INTER-CLUB "25" 26.5.76
Mike Hallgarth 1.3.27 P.B. by 4 mi.
Ben Griffiths 1.3.39

NORTH SALOP "25" 29.5.76
John Whelan 1.0.41
Ian Griffith 1.3.57 P.B.
Gerry Robinson 1.4.57
Dave Eaton 1.5.76

ANFIELD "100" 31.5.76
John Whelan 4.21.36 P.B. Club rec
Bill Barnes 4.33.27 P.B.
Mike Hallgarth 4.36.02 P.B.
John Thompson 4.52.18
Dave Bettaney D.N.F.
Ben Griffiths D.N.F.

LEIGH PREMIER "25" 6.6.76
John Whelan 1.0.32 3rd fastest
Ben Griffiths 1.3.39 fast.vet.
Gerry Robinson 1.4.41

THE ANFIELD "100" 1976

This year's instalment of the "100" saga saw a major departure from tradition with the abandonment of the handicap section. We were promoting a scratch event, a far cry from the day when the "real" winner was the winner of the handicap, and a special prize was given to the fastest rider.

The innovation did not appear to have affected the quantity or quality of the card. One hundred and one entries left us short of a full field, but they still demonstrate the popularity of the event, and the enthusiasm it continues to arouse. They also mark a tribute to the hard work put in by John Whelan as event secretary. It was again a predominantly local field, but we were pleased to welcome riders from Gainsborough, Drighlington, Chippenham, Bramley, the Isle of Man and Bedford.

Had there been a handicap there is little doubt that the scratch mark would have been occupied by Dave Allan (B.N.E.) winner in the last two years and bidding for the first hat-trick since Frank Southall achieved the feat nearly fifty years ago. Dave's season had been quiet so far, but the same was true last year, and this event was a big one he really wanted to win. The main challenge was likely to come from the Kirkby trio of Doug. Dailey, Frank Lyon, and Dave Cumings, Keith Boardman (Birkenhead Victoria) and Dave Broadbent (Wigan Wheelers). The Kirkby men and Broadbent are better known as roadmen (indeed the Wigan man was just back from the Peace Race in which he finished best-placed Briton in 40th place) but all had demonstrated their prowess against the clock, while Boardman had shown scintillating early season form over 50 miles. Others who could be expected to have a say in the outcome including Ewart Howkins, also Kirkby, Fred Minshall (Seamons) and Ron Spencer (Warrington). Howkins had been a top 25-miler when in the Weaver Valley, and was now starting to turn his attention more to the road and longer distances; Minshall is living proof of the adage that life begins at forty - last season was his best ever and he made the top twelve in the B.B.A.R.; Spencer was trying for a record-breaking fourth win, having first won the event thirteen years ago.

The team award seemed destined to go to the Kirkby once again, but the Drighlington and Port Sunlight would be ready to seize on any weakness; and would it be too unrealistic to speculate on the Anfield's chances? Our entry of John Whelan, Dave Bettaney, Bill Barnes, Mike Hallgarth, John Thompson and Ben Griffiths was undoubtedly the best for many years.

Twenty-six veterans were competing for the two veterans prizes (Minshall and Edney Senior were the likely winners) while Edney Junior seemed to have the best chance of beating Howkins for the special under-21 prize.

As the crowd gathered at the start midway between Battlefield and Shawbury, the consensus was that conditions were just about ideal - fairly warm and almost completely still with perhaps the suspicion of a drift to help the riders on the first stretch towards Hodnet. At 6.01 John Whelan was despatched by the combined efforts of Rex Austin, Dave Brown and Syd Hancock, a trio which found itself unemployed on only seven occasions during the next hundred minutes. The most notable non-starter was Dave Cumings (Kirkby) who was feeling the effects of a Belgian stage race the previous week. In fact, all the Kirkby riders had been so engaged, and there was some speculation about how their form would be affected.

The first major check came near High Ercall at the quarter distance. It showed Allan determined to stamp his authority on the race from the start. He was the only man inside the hour here, his 59.13 already putting him nearly two minutes up on Frank Lyon (1.0.53); Dailey and Boardman were locked together a further half-minute adrift (1.1.25 and 1.2.38). Broadbent was the only other rider inside 62 minutes, while Spencer and Denny went through in 1.2.30 and 1.2.38. It was surprising to find Howkins well outside 1.4 at this point, but it subsequently emerged that he had punctured at 18 miles and the change had cost him an estimated 2 minutes.

At the Shawbury turn (30 miles) away from the shelter of the start, it was obvious that the breeze was steadily freshening, and this was confirmed just down the road, where the early starters had retraced the Hodnet-Shawburch-Shawbury loop, and were now ploughing into a stiff headwind en route for Battlefield.

Soon after Lyon (60) went through the 25-mile check, John Whelan, who was gaining on all his immediate pursuers, went past Frank Fischer at the half-distance in just over 2 hours 8 minutes. He had his sights set on Dave Bettaney's Club record of 4.22.18 and was obviously well on schedule for that sort of time. No one improved on this until No.30, Howkins, went through, now exploring unknown territory in his first time trial over 25 miles. He was determined to recover lost time, and a second "25" of 62 minutes gave him 2.6.28 at 50 miles. He had caught Minshall by this time, so one contender was being mentally crossed off. Denny (50) went

through in 2.6.58, and Lyon, off ten minutes behind him, had narrowed the deficit to 6½ minutes (2.3.22). He was also maintaining his advantage over Boardman (70) 2.4.05; and Dailey (90) 2.4.13. Between them Spencer (80) went through in 2.6.27, but breathing down his neck already was Allan (100), who was still gaining on all his challengers with 2.0.29 at 50 miles.

As the times went up on the board at the finish, there were few prepared to bet on Dave's missing the treble: three minutes is a huge deficit, particularly on a rider as experienced, fit and determined as the big North-Enders.

After going through the start at about 55 miles, the riders faced the long Battlefield-Prees-Bletchley leg. Many of those Dave had caught were still passing the start as Rex got into position to check in the first finisher. This year he was in action earlier than ever before as John's familiar black, blue and white vest came into view and flashed past at precisely 10.22.36 to take Club record by 39 seconds. It was a magnificent performance, and set us wondering what he would do in the middle of a "100" field later in the season. Number 10, K.Wright of the Chippenham, failed by just over two minutes to dislodge John, whose time remained fastest for just over 20 minutes. Then in came Howkins, whose 4.15.42 with a puncture was a fine effort and an excellent start for the Kirkby team.

Among those who followed Howkins in were early starters Bill Barnes and Mike Hallgarth, whose rides of 4.33.27 and 4.36.02 were both excellent personal bests (and our team time of 13.31.05 would give the Kirkby something to aim at, indeed it would have been enough to win many an Anfield "100"). To remain parochial, John Thompson recorded a 4.51 after his T.A. "100" the previous day, while Dave Bettaney and Benno were both D.N.F.

Twenty minutes after Howkins finished, the gallery (a huge one this year) was awaiting the arrival of Keith Denny; just when it became clear that he could not unseat Howkins, a yellow-clad figure came into sight, really travelling. An astonished gasp greeted the arrival of Frank Lyon, whose 4.6.17 was the second fastest time ever recorded for the event and the course. His second-half of 2.2.55 was faster than his first. What would Dave Allan do?

Denny soon followed, his fine 4.18.15 almost unnoticed; then Boardman came in with 4.10.48, another excellent effort, but this time not quite good enough. Spencer failed somewhat to finish with a 4.22. By now everyone was on the look-out for Allan - the special sub-4 hour prize was safe by this time, but could he depose Lyon?

Dailey came in with 4.15.15, and when Allan had failed to appear in the next minute, we knew that the Kirkby man had thwarted Dave's attempt to land three successive Anfields. It wasn't long before he did arrive, his 4.8.23 good enough for second place, with Boardman third, Dailey fourth, and Howkins fifth.

This account of the eye-witnesses' view at the finish does little to indicate the drama of the closing miles. We left Allan at the 50-mile point, three minutes up on Lyon with Boardman and Dailey almost another minute adrift.

Dave Birchall turned the field for the last leg home at Bletchley (77½ miles). Here Allan had slightly increased his lead over Lyon to 3½ minutes (3.8.35 to 3.12.05); Boardman was at last getting the better of his struggle with Dailey (3.13.20 to 3.15.15); Howkins was closing up with 3.15.30 and Denny had slipped back with 3.18.15. The times may not correspond exactly with timekeeper's time, but the riders' progress over the last section is indicated with tolerable accuracy:

Frank Lyon	54.12	Keith Boardman	57.28	Dave Allen	59.48
Doug Dailey	59.50	Ewart Howkins	1.0.12	Keith Denny	1.0.40

Forget Lyon for the moment and you would say Boardman had made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to win the Anfield "100", taking 2-3 minutes out of all his rivals, while Allan had hung on losing nothing to the others. Against this background Lyon's finish was nothing short of superlative: at a rough guess he was probably still down on Allan with seven or eight miles to go. It must rate as one of the best-judged rides in the history of the event, and the struggle certainly provided a thrilling spectacle for the crowds round the course and at the finish.

It hardly needs saying that the Kirkby took the team award, their aggregate time of 12.37.04 setting a new record in the event (as far as I have been able to discover, their time of 13.4.37 last year was the previous best). Howkins took the fastest under-21 prize, though S.G.Davies (Stafford R.C.) made a contest of it with 4.20.37 for seventh place. John Edney (Warwickshire R.C.) was the fastest veteran with 4.23.31.

All in all, the 1976 "100" lived up to the highest tradition of the event. It was a real cliff-hanger which produced a worthy winner, and a whole crop of excellent rides. John Whelan deserves the heartiest thanks of all concerned; the other accolade ought to go to chief course marshal Keith Orum, who will doubtless thank everyone but himself in his report.

DAVID BARKER

(Note: After an interval of two years, due to illness and accident, David Barker once again comes up with a superb report. How he does it, we just don't know. David certainly has a flair for this kind of writing: a flair in excelsis. And it was in our hands only days after the event. Very, very, many thanks. We are also grateful for David phoning a report to CYCLING. It was really good to see it - Ed.)

AND NOW

Our thanks to all, members and friends alike, who contribute so much to the continued success of our Anfield "100". Rex and Edna Austin at the start, with Syd Hancock, Dave Brown, Hilda and Oscar Dover, and a host of others, too. Stan Bradley and Les Goodhew at Hodnet. Harold Catling and George Taylor at Crudgington, with Fred Butterworth and J.D.Ingram at the turn just farther on.

Eric Reeves and Jack Hawkins had a very special piece of organization at Shawbirch. Stan says it was a real sight for sore eyes - marvellous! Some of our Mid-Shropshire friends officiated at the Brickwall, while Ernie and Mrs.Davies held the watch at the 25-mile point. Jack Pitchford and friend Powis kept an eye on the GO SLOW short of High Ercall, while nearer the village itself the Mersey Roads dished out drinks in their usually efficient manner. Frank Fischer and Tommy Sumner took the 50-mile times.

At Shawbury Arthur and Ida Smith, and Frank Lake were in charge as usual, while the nearby drinks were in charge of the North Shropshire Wheelers. Alan Rogerson couldn't make Battlefield Corner this year, and Neil France and Karl Nelson ably stepped into the breach. Bill Gray and Eileen kept things in order at Preston Brockhurst, while the North Shropshire Wheelers attended to the Rock Cutting district, and also served drinks farther north at Prees.

Prees Heath island had Hubert, Sadie and Alfred, with John France, Stan Cooper, and Peter Colligan, who had brought his two boys along. Ken Yardley took times at 75 miles. Drinks in the Bletchley area were the responsibility of John Moss and his merry men: Ian Griffith, and Tim. and Mike Clark. Pat O'Leary and David and Mary Birchall officiated at the turn. At 85 miles Chris Edwards, Phil Mason and Dave Eaton dispensed the last drinks of the day, Jim Cranshaw provided the Course Marshal's car, and

Stan Wild officiated with him. Keith Orum, in overall charge, was assisted by Pip.

At the finish: Rex and Edna, of course, with Guy Pullan also in the car. Hilda Dover getting the numbers. Bert Mitchell once again provided superlative telephone arrangements, and could be seen on site on Sunday evening getting things ready. Frank Marriott once again was privileged to be of some assistance. John Moss in charge of the board, with David Barker making himself busy (as he was at the start) getting information for his report. One cannot speak too highly of the Hill Tea Waggon, with Viv, Pattie, Flo, Geoff and others.

And if we, by some mischance, haven't mentioned your name, please be indulgent. It is virtually impossible to acknowledge every individual's help, but we do try.

SPRING HOLIDAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

I know that Shakespeare was thinking about Cleopatra when he wrote, "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale" but, to oldsters like myself, he might well have been referring to the Anfield 100. As an onlooker who sees quite a lot of the game, the two fixtures I attended over the Spring Holiday brought my A.B.C. pleasantly up to date once again.

On Saturday, 29th May 1976, the bustling bar of the Royal Oak, Bangor-on-Dee was just the right place to pick up the threads after a year's absence. President Stan Wild discoursed on the delights of the Lairig Ghru - I treasure an article he wrote on the subject many years ago - and Alex Beaton contributed local colour.

I was glad to meet again a clubmate of earlier days, Stan Cooper, together with his wife and Keith Orum seemed to carry the burden of his secretaryship with smiling ease. Perhaps his attractive companion, Pip, had something to do with it. Bill Gray, who was accompanied by Eileen supplied the remaining names, all very familiar to me either through the pages of the Circular or on the road. They were: Ben Griffiths, Pat O'Leary, John France, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, John Moss, Tim Clark and Mike Clark.

On the following day, Guy Pullan and I made our effortless way by the expensive method up the hill to Bishops Castle. We had the grace to blush slightly as we passed, first the President, pedalling vigorously and then the Dundee Flyer, Alex Beaton.

The Old Brick Guest House gave us an excellent meal and there

was much high qual" conversation round the polished table. Some of it dealt with the sudden demise of that historic figure, the handicap winner and the days when fastest time was noted in Cycling almost as an afterthought.

Mrs.Wild and Mrs.Cranshaw graced the company with their presence and the other lunchers were Jim Cranshaw, Laurie Pendlebury and Chris Edwards. During our stay, Ernie Davies and his wife called to leave a message of good wishes for Len Hill and the Club and when it was all over, Guy and I drifted down to sleepy Clun and talked of Anfield 100's, long past and gone.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 17th April 1976

The weather was dull and cloudy on this Saturday, my first club run for over a year. I arrived at Two Mills to find John Moss taking tea with the local cowboys. A few minutes later Bill Barnes arrived with Mike Holland.

Our foursome departed from the Mills at eleven o'clock, and headed for Huntington, where a young man tried to place his car in the bunch, which lead to Mike and Bill giving him some strong words of advice. We then passed over Cheshire County Council's answer to Borobridge - the Chester Outer Ring Road, and on to Churton, where we encountered John Whelan out training. The remainder of the ride to Bangor consisted of John, Bill and myself winning the sprints for various signs. Mike was disqualified for not wearing an official ABC training top.

We arrived at 12.45, and left about 45 minutes later. Those present at this time were, in no particular order: Frank Fischer, Stan Wild, Pat O'Leary, John Moss, Mike Holland, Bill Barnes and Ben Griffiths. My apologies for not reporting those who attended later on in the day. The ride back to Two Mills consisted of a discussion on the size of university beds, grants and holidays, and the thirst of Mike's mini-van. So ended another very enjoyable club run.

DAVE EATON

POSTSCRIPT

On the Thursday after the "100", at least four Anfielders made their way to the top of Bwlch-y-Groes to watch the Milk Race riders perform on surely what is the steepest road slope in Wales. John Thompson, Mike Hallgarth and Chris Edwards met Ben Griffiths in Hawarden. Ben was heading for work, but when he learnt of their quest work could wait... Gerry Robinson was also on the mountain. All this should make very interesting reading - but you'll have to wait for our next issue.

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

AUGUST 1976

No.788

LUNCH FIXTURES

September 1976

4 TARFORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)
Committee Meeting at 12 Edgewood Dr., Bromborough

11 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)

18 KELSALL (Globe and Oasis Cafe)

25 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

October

2 PENTREDWR (Britannia) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

9 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)

16 ASHTON (Golden Lion) for ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
(Meeting starts at 2 p.m. sharp)

23/24 LLANMYNECH (Lion Hotel for AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

30 IS-Y-COED (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, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Way,
Little Sutton, Wirral.

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

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 11th September 1976

COMMITTEE NOTES

A Committee Meeting will be held, by kind consent of John and Jane Whelan, at 12 Edgewood Drive, Bromborough on September 4, at 3 p.m.

Changes of address: John Moss, 1 Pennine Way, Little Sutton, Wirral.
Telephone (051) 339-5076

W.J.Finn, 74 St.Conleth Road, Greenhills, Dublin 12.

Messrs. T. and M. Clark, 94 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral.

The resignations of Messrs. D.McNicoll and C.J.Bridge have been accepted with regret.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - Lion Hotel, Llanymynech. October 23/24.
Bookings, with a 50p deposit please, to John Moss as soon as possible.

KEN MATTHEWS of the Kirkby C.C. expresses his appreciation of David Barker's "first-class" report of the "100". Members of the Kirkby C.C. were proud to have done so well, and hope to do even better next year.

DON BIRCHALL in St.Catherine's Hospital, Birkenhead, wishes to thank everyone who has written, or otherwise expressed their good wishes to him. As we go to press Don seems to be getting on nicely.

MERSEY ROADS "24" NANT HALL DRINKS. Apropos the urgent note in our last issue, there wasn't exactly a rush to help. Keith Orum and Mike Hallgarth rode out - "just to see the dawn breaking over the Dee Estuary" - and Dave and Mary Birchall reached the venue by car.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - All notices of motion to be in the hands of the Secretary not later than September 4.

RACING NOTES

Two new Club Records to report this month, with John Thompson's 1.15.23 for 30 miles on his trike, and John Whelan's 1.57.20 for 50 miles. As will be seen by the results, we have had riders finishing in at least 32 open events! We have also had a full programme of club 10's and 25's with some very healthy competition.

BEN GRIFFITHS, Racing Secretary

RACING RESULTS

15.5.76 Mercia "30"
Mike Hallgarth 1.22.38

6.6.76 Southport "25"
Chris Edwards 1.4.47
Dave Eaton 1.7.24

16.5.76 Athersonte "25"
Mike Hallgarth 1.7.54

8.6.76 Shirley "10"
Mike Hallgarth 24.31 (P.B.)

13.6.76 University Championship "50"

Bill Barnes 2.8.15 (P.B.)

Third in Championship

13.6.76 M.C.& A.C. "50"

Mike Hallgarth 2.10.02 (P.B.)

19.6.76 Morley "25"

John Thompson 1.3.31 Trike

Gerry Robinson 1.0.58

20.6.76 Merseyside Vets "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.12.20

23.6.76 Port Sunlight "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.1.30

Gerry Robinson 1.2.24

27.6.76 Yorks.C.F. M/M "50"

Ben Griffiths 1.59.42 (3rd fst.P.B.)

Mike Hallgarth 2.4.49 (P.B.by 5 min)

John Thompson 2.10.10 (tri. 1st hnd)

3.7.76 New Brighton "25"

Chris Edwards 1.5.51 (fastst.junr.)

7.7.76 Weaver Valley "25"Bill Barnes 1.6.06 (spoke trouble
- 2 mins.lost)7.7.76 Ecklington "25"

John Thompson 1.4.26 (trike)

11.7.76 R.T.T.C.Nat.Champ. "50"Mid Shropshire WheelersWinner: Graham West - Marlboro A.C.
1.57.03

John Whelan 2.8.22

Ben Griffiths 2.9.00

Mike Hallgarth 2.11.47

11.7.76 Walsall "50"Bill Barnes 2.8.27 (more spoke
trouble - 2 mins. lost)14.7.76 North Staffs "25"

Bill Barnes 1.2.01

12.6.76 Buxton "25"

Gerry Robinson 1.3.33

13.6.76 East Cheshire "50"

John Whelan 2.6.00

Ben Griffiths 2.7.35

Chris Edwards 2.10.06

(P.B. by 4½ mins. Fastest junr.)

Ian Griffith 2.19.47 (puncture)

19.6.76 Walsall "25"

Ben Griffiths 59.06

20.6.76 Seamons "50"

Mike Hallgarth 2.16.39

24.6.76 N.Lancs.ClariionClitheroe-Settle-Clitheroe 32m

John Thompson 1.26.35 bicycle

30.6.76 Crewe Clariion "25"

Bill Barnes 1.4.15

3.7.76 Altrincham R. "10"

Bill Barnes 25.36

7.7.76 Chester "25"

John Whelan 1.0.41

Ben Griffiths 1.3.14

10.7.76 Hyde Olympic "10"

Gerry Robinson 24.48

Chris Edwards 25.18

11.7.76 Rockingham "30"John Thompson 1.15.23 trike
(Pers.best new club record)17.7.76 Royal Sutton M/M "25"

Ian Griffiths 1.2.12) all P.F

Mike Hallgarth 1.2.36) First

Chris Edwards 1.3.10) team

(Many thanks to John Moss for
transport)

17.7.76 Altrincham R. "25"

Gerry Robinson 1.2.32

17.7.76 Birdwell "10"

John Thompson 25.10 (trike)

21.7.76 Nova "10"

Mike Hallgarth 24.32

Bill Barnes 24.44

24.7.76 Chesterfield "10"

John Thompson 25.58 trike

18.7.76 B'head Victoria "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.1.39

Chris Edwards 1.6.06

Bill Barnes 1.6.47

Mike Hallgarth 1.7.45

25.7.76 Nunbrook Wheelers "50"

John Whelan 1.57.20 Pers.best

Ben Griffiths 1.58.42 " "

John Whelan's ride is also Club Record

THE MILK RACE

Britain's Milk Race this year included the ascent of Bwlch-y-Groes from the Dovey Valley, a real terror of a climb. A considerable crowd - including a handful of Anfielders - gathered above these savage slopes just to see how the riders would tackle the well-arranged gradients. We have two stories: the first from Mike Hallgarth.

Having had our entries returned from the Milk Race, John Thompson, Chris Edwards and I decided to watch Stage No.4 of the event, which took in Bwlch-y-Groes. At 7.30 on a very fine Thursday morning we met at the Glegg Arms and pedalled our way towards Queensferry.

So after Hawarden we espied a cyclist garbed in black, and we discovered that it was Ben Griffiths riding to work. With three of us to persuade him, and as it was such a fine day, Ben decided to forget about the job and come with us instead. Descending to Corwen, John exercised the abilities which have earned him the wooden spoon award, and Chris and I were dropped half-a-dozen times. Noting our distress, Captain Ben told John to ease up, which promptly had the opposite effect. Eventually our gallant captain threatened to send him home, and things quietened down a bit. Not to be outdone, John started exercising his vocal chords with melodious bars from "Come on, come on", explaining this often helped to concentrate while training!

We stopped for a cuppa in Bala, and then made our way up the "easy" side of Bwlch-y-Groes. Chris's lowest cog on his 13-17 block broke, and he and Ben had to walk at times. It became involved in a race for the top with some other cyclists whom we met, but some 100-yards from the summit the inevitable happened.... my chainset collapsed, depositing me on the verge. So much for drilling! The others duly arrived with Gerry Robinson, and we watched the "coureurs" climb the average 1 in 6 slope. I am, of course, unable to recount any more of the day's adventures, save to say that I hitched home in

two or three hours, so I'll have to leave the rest of the tale to someone else.

And where Mike Hallgarth left of, Gerry Robinson takes over:

The route of the Milk Race included the infamous climb of Bwlch-y-Groes this year, so I booked a day's leave to ride out and see how hills should be climbed. Thursday was bright and sunny, so shorts were dress for the day, though in deference to the B.B.C. weathermen, who forecast showers, I carried a pair of plusses and change of clothes in the saddlebag, together with food for the day. My Holdsworth is not exactly light to begin with, having a steel chainset and high-pressures and this combined with a loaded saddlebag and a bottom gear of 63" had me a little worried about the steeper climbs, still, I haven't yet found a hill I can't walk up.

Soon after 8.30 I was on my way through Chester's morning rush-hour traffic, heading for the Llandegla Moors. Even at this early hour it was already warm, so on the first climb my tracksuit top was consigned to the already bulging saddlebag, where it remained for the rest of the day. The moors were at their best in the sunshine, the lush green of springtime hasn't yet given way to the burnt, dusty look of summer and the hedgerows were full of wild flowers. Bala was reached by a quarter to eleven, so I spent a few minutes buying chocolate and lemonade to supplement my sandwiches before setting off round the lake, which looked like a picture postcard in the sunshine. The mountains were mirrored on its surface, and bluebells littered the hedgerows like confetti at a wedding.

At Llanuwchllyn I left the main road and began the hard work of the day. I was soon in bottom gear climbing the "easier" side of the bwlch. There was a magnificent view of the saw-tooth peak of Aran Fawddwy (2970ft.) on my right, but most of the time I was too preoccupied with the climb to enjoy it. Near the summit the road rears up on its hind legs, and I was reduced to my emergency low gear (two feet) for a few yards just as CYCLING's publicity van came the other way - humiliation indeed, still, the only pedals they had to press on were labelled brake and accelerator. Remounting, I ground on to the top, where I was surprised to find a crowd of several hundred had gathered to see the race. I continued down the hill looking for a good vantage point, and came upon Mike Hallgarth, who had ridden out in company with John Thompson, Chris Edwards and Ben Griffiths.

Their ride had not been without incident. On the climb Chris had stripped two of his sprockets, leaving him with a bottom gear of 73". Regina quality is not what it was - but Mike's problem was

far worse. His basic theory of cycle mechanics seems to be: "If it is aluminium, drill it, and if it moves, drill it still more". And so while contesting the prime his lacework chainring had completely sheared from the crank, leaving him stranded 60 miles from home. Not that this upset him unduly. He hadn't even started to look for a lift home.

I settled down by the roadside and filled in time by eating my lunch. Activity was increasing with motor-cycle marshals literally buzzing up and down (apparently one managed to burn his engine out on the climb), and race vehicles straining past us on the 1 in 5 gradient. Down below we could hear the crowd clapping and cheering, and soon Pittman of the regional team came into view sat in the saddle of an ultra-low gear followed by three other riders spaced out at 50-yard intervals - a Dutchman, a Pole and a New Zealander I think. Two minutes later the bunches reached us with Carbutt, Waugh and Nickson near the front, the latter looking very comfortable, if that is possible on a 1 in 5.

Surzowski, the Polish ex-world champion was at the back of this group, one of the few riders out of the saddle, and for his size one of the most muscular men I have ever seen, looking more like a weight-lifter than a cyclist. Most of the riders used gears in the order of 36 or 38 x 28 for the climb, not surprising since its average gradient for 1.8 miles is about 1 in 7, and the steeper parts are 1 in 3 or 4.

After the race, John, Chris and Ben joined us, and we eventually persuaded Mike to go in search of a lift home. We then set off down the Eunant pass to Lake Vyrnwy, a narrow, twisting, bumpy descent where most of the time it was unsafe to take one's hands off the bars to change gear, handle-bar controls are far safer - for these conditions. We stopped by a stream while John and Chris refilled their bottles before setting off around the lake which looked most inviting in the sunshine. As usual, John was half-wheeling, so I was glad when we reached Pen-y-bontfawr and hostilities ceased for a while as we downed pints of shandy in the first pub we reached.

Back to the grind again, John led us over the hills to Llanrhaeadr. Chris had found it a bit of a struggle on 73" and since the proposed route to Glyn Ceiriog includes some very stiff climbs, we left John to it, and followed the easier route down the Tanat valley to Llyn-clys and Oswestry. The nagging wind had taken its toll, so Ben's suggestion of a cup of tea in Chirk was most welcome and it set us up for the last few miles through Wrexham to Chester. Chris had a further twenty-odd miles into the wind down the Wirral, so the remains

of my drink were shared with him, though he refused my offer of a Mars bar, very brave considering his mileage for the day would total 150 as against my 115. We parted in Chester after a very pleasant, if somewhat arduous day, and I rode the last couple of miles home through town.

The ride seemed to bear fruit on the Saturday, when Ben was second in the Vets 30 on D1, while the Stone Wheelers "25" on J56 Chris brought his 25 time down by five minutes to 1.3.50, winning first handicap, and I at last found the beginnings of form, managing a two after scrubbing round in fours and fives for the early part of the year.

GERRY ROBINSON

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "50" July 11th 1976

John Whelan, Ben Griffiths and Mike Hallgarth were listed on the start card for the 50-mile championship, so I decided to ride out and give them a cheer or two. It was beautiful when I left home at 6.30 in the morning, not a breath of wind or cloud in the sky and - a most pleasant change after the recent hot spell - the air was still cool, though this was shortlived, and my long sleeved sweater had to be removed by the time Whitchurch was reached.

The gallery was already gathering when I passed through Prees Heath, and the first riders came into view as I started down the Shrewsbury road. West, of the Marlboro A.C. was moving very well, having already caught and dropped our Mike Hallgarth from two minutes at Prees village, though Ben seemed to be faring better and was within striking distance of his minute man Keith Neild of the Chester Roads. I stopped on the hill by Hawkstone Park, joining a small group of spectators who had gathered at the crossroads. Riders were flying down the hill making it difficult to differentiate between the stars and lesser lights, but on their return the climb left no doubt who was moving well. Ben had almost caught his minute man though his 60-tooth chainring looked out of place on the climb which must have approached 1 in 12 near the top. Engers appeared so swiftly that we only recognised him as he passed us, well on the way to catching his three-minute man, eyes fixed on a distant point not seeming to be aware of anything but the road. When he re-appeared his victim, Doug Dailey of the Kirkby C.C. was a few lengths behind, straining to stay with Engers on the climb, and losing style in comparison with the latter's smoothness. On the steep part near the top Engers appeared to glide away on his monster gear, opening a gap with ease: one of the most impressive pieces of

athletic cycling I have seen, the more so when one considers Dailey's undoubted class - a former national road champion, and a rider in the amateur Tour de France etc.

Geoff Richmond arrived, and after cheering John Whelan on his way we set off down a most picturesque land towards Hodnet. By now a southerly wind had sprung up and the heat was becoming oppressive so early starters definitely had the best of the day. We rejoined the course too late to see Ben and Mike again, and after a quarter of an hour at Hodnet corner carried on to Castle View cafe at Edgebolton, where we watched the closing stages of the race before taking an early lunch. As we ate, other riders arrived and we learnt of Engers misfortune in puncturing at forty miles and subsequent relegation to second place when victory by two or three minutes was within easy reach.

Lunch finished, and bidons replenished, we continued our way through High Ercall to Crudgington. Geoff was in charge of route-fixing, and I soon found from whom his son Peter had inherited his knowledge of Shropshire lanes as we passed through hamlets with countrified names like Great Bolas, Ollerton and Longslow, heading for the cafe at Lightwood Green. To our dismay the cafe was closed for holidays when we arrived, and a six-mile detour to Whitchurch was necessary before we could enjoy fruit and icecream accompanied by a pot of tea. A wind-assisted trip through the lanes to Chester completed a most enjoyable day, made more pleasant by Geoff's erudite conversation, the only detraction to the outing being the incessant attention of swarms of midges brought out by the hot afternoon sun.

GERRY ROBINSON

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - April 24th 1976

When we drifted across the pleasant Peckforton country for lunch at Alpraham with other Anfielders we did not expect to have to write the run report, without notes or an attendance list, six weeks later: yet, when your Editor attends a run it should not go unrecorded, particularly on this occasion when we had such a splendid turn-out.

Flintshire foothills to Rossett, Farndon bridge and the approaching Peckforton country. A glimpse of Bill Gray pedalling gently on the delightful way that clings to the feet of these delightful hills. Ten minutes halt, to try and learn something of the celebrated Horsley Bath. Bunbury, where some smart alec had twisted the arms of the signpost around, and so to A.51 and the Tollemache Arms.

The attendance list would gladden anybody's heart: Guy Pullan,

Stan Bradley, Bill Gray, Alan Rogerson, Hubert and Sadie Buckley, with Alfred, John France, Albert and Mrs. Dixon, Mike Hallgarth, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Karl Nelson, Mike Twigg, John Whelan, Stan Wild, Ben Griffiths, and yours truly. Excellent!

Stan and I lingered long, and then, for me, a detour. Lanes via Eaton and Rushton to Cotebrook. At the Fishpool Inn memories flooded back - of shilling teas, delightful meals, where, if we wanted more bread and butter, the good lady charged us an extra penny each! And such lovely bread and butter, such gorgeous home-made jam. Wonderful, happy days.

F.E.M.

IS-Y-COED - Plough - May 1st 1976

I still confess to attending club runs on four wheels. On this pleasant Saturday morning I skirted Hope before dropping down to Rossett. Pleasant lanes, and I passed Ben before reaching Holt. At the Plough were Stan and Mrs. Cooper, John France, Ben Griffiths, Frank Perkins, Bill and Eileen Gray, Pat O'Leary, John Moss, Chris Edwards, Mike Twigg. Very pleasant company indeed.

The eats were excellent, too. Superb hot-pot, but a bit short on the potatoes, but with last year's dreadful "spud" harvest this was not at all surprising. The disappointment of the day came later: the rains, relentless, steady from a leaden sky. Yours truly and John France's party had a roof over their heads, but the others must have been thoroughly soaked ere reaching home.

F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - May 8th 1976

A following wind gave an easy ride to Chelford today to meet a nice little party: Harold and Mrs. Catling with the aid of Bob and Mrs. Poole regaled us with tales of theatre life in Manchester in the days of old. But the stories only made Stan Bradley smile, and Harold, of course, often makes me laugh. Hubert's arrival stopped all this nonsense, and for the remainder of the time our conversation was in serious vein. Stan Bradley and the Catlings were, as usual, on three wheels, and even if our numbers were small the pleasure was great, and the headwind of the homeward way proved not to be as bad as expected.

STAN WILD

TARPORLEY - Oven Door Cafe - May 15th 1976

All this talk of drought didn't impress me a bit this morning. What seemed to be a passing shower did not pass, and it continued to rain hard all the way to lunch. But the morning had its moments.

I turned into the lanes at Brindley, and passed the Bath House of Spurstow Spa, a spring famous for its healing powers a couple of centuries ago. No Sandstone Trail in this rain, and by various lanes came to Tarporley by the back door.

Dave Eaton, Chris Edwards, Tim Clarke and John Moss had already ordered lunch. John had very excellent reasons to feel good today: in the early hours Wendy had presented him with a daughter. Our congratulations all round. Then Frank Marriott strolled in, to be followed by Dave Birchall and Keith Crum. John departed early for obvious reasons, but the rest talked for so long that when we left the rain had ceased. By the time I reached home I had dried out completely, but, still, don't talk to me about drought!

STAN WILD

HATCHMERE - May 22nd and June 5th 1976

No reports for these runs, sorry!

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - June 12th 1976

Sarn Mill, eight easy miles from home, a bicycle ride! Being latish I took the direct, easy road, and arrived first. John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, the Clark brothers and a friend came later. Small turn-out, but, even so, the lively conversation just wouldn't stop - delightful. Home over Halkyn Mountain, to realize, on the descents, just how battered my rims were after three years on London's back streets.

F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - June 12th 1976

Lanes to Byley, Cranage and Goostrey. Memories of wonderful meals at the Red Lion. And so to Chelford. Hubert was golfing, Harold Catling abroad, but Bob and Mrs. Poole, Stan Bradley and I had a most enjoyable session. We talked of days when sheer misfortune (another term for lack of inability!) prevented us from being world-beaters. Names were dropped wholesale: Bren Orrell, Charlie McKail, Jack Pitchford, Salty, and a host of others.

Just then one of a party about to leave came over and remarked that he had enjoyed our conversation immensely. He knew many of the names mentioned. When I asked his name he replied: "WILD!" Now once I rode in the Charlotteville "50" (the year when Southall did a 2.8) and I remembered a rider named F.Wild, North Road, being on the card. On my asking if he had every been in the North Road, he said he had. We could have had an interesting chat but, alas! he had to join his friends. Arthur Smith would know whether he

still wears the oval badge. Stan Bradley was first to leave: a nasty head wind tried me sorely, but home was reached after a hard ride.

STAN WILD

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 19th June 1976

Despite the strong south westerly wind which brought rain to almost all the rest of Britain, it was a fine morning in our neck of the woods and the prospect of attending a club run after an enforced absence of six weeks was most attractive. Nor were we disappointed in the day. Although hard it was pleasant riding through the lanes to Middlewich before embarking on the short length of trunk road which the transit of this old market town necessarily entails. As is our custom when faced with this sort of situation, we put on full power with the object of minimising the time spent in the polluted atmosphere of the busy highway. We were thus bowling briskly along the bypass when we were surprised to be addressed by two raucous teenagers bawling "Keep moving - you're only three minutes down". As strict protocol now decrees that 'Canst ride tandem' is the de rigueur expression to be used by the facetious of all ages, I reasoned that this must be a well meaning attempt by the youngsters to convey useful information to us. A further exercise in logic suggested that the most likely meaning of the message was that another tricycle was something less than a mile ahead of us and proceeding determinedly in the same direction. This conclusion was shortly confirmed by our overtaking Stan Bradley on his gaily gleaming, 12 geared Bob Jackson on the climb up from the Croco bridge to Clive Green.

We took to the lanes again at Minshul Vernon and, after Church Minshul, where there is a choice between the winding, sheltered route by Calveley Hall and the potentially faster route past the Boot and Slipper, chose the former route in deference to the strength of the wind. It was still hard going but by a little after 12.30 we were giving our orders at the Tollemache bar. A few older members were present but the younger and more active members, many with ANFIELD blazoned boldly across their back, formed the majority of the company. Our arrival almost redressed the balance and the later arrival of Rex Austin, beaming with satisfaction at having made it under his own steam, brought rough parity between the groups.

The ride home with Stan was a cake-walk. With the still freshening wind on our port quarter we made very good time, although

I was inhibited by the thought than an ominous bulge beginning to grow on the sidewall of our front tyre might become a catastrophic failure. In the event the sanctuary of home was reached in safety but the tyre, after a relatively short life, was clearly unfit for further service. British tyres are not what they used to be and I must report that tyres from the far East have given much higher mileages. The combination of synthetic fibre (nylon) and natural rubber used for Taiwan tyres seems much more satisfactory than the combination of natural fibre (cotton) and synthetic rubber used by British Michelin.

Present at lunch, according to Bill Gray's list, were: K.Orum, I.Griffith, B.Barnes, B.Griffiths, J.Moss, T.Clark, M.Clark, H.Buckley and Mrs. and Alf, R.Austin, H.Catling and Mrs.S.Bradley and B.Gray.

H.CATLING

IS-V-COED - Plough - June 26th 1976

Week in, week out, month in, month out, year in, year out, for almost a century the Saturday Club Run has brought, in the main, countless joys and pleasure to a host of Anfielders. And today, at the pleasant Plough Inn, proved to be no exception. Sitting in the sun at the rear we found John Moss, Chris Edwards, Keith Orum, Ian Griffith, Ben Griffiths, Bill Barnes and Tim Clark enjoying their lunch amid a happy atmosphere of chatter and laughter. Little need for Pat O'Leary and me to join in, we just sat, listened, and ate. A delightful development is the way in which our young people come to the run even if they are racing the following morning: Ben had to be up very early to drive to Boroughbridge for a Yorkshire "50".

Inside, later, out of the sizzling sun, we found Stan and Mrs. Cooper. Bill Gray was holding forth in his two pet subjects: beer and bikes (and very expert is he on both, too!) Also, we learned that he grows strawberries, for himself and a few friends. The snag is, of course, that only Frank Fischer passes through Bangor on his way home, and we sincerely hope that Bill and Eileen pressed him to a large bowl-full, dusted with caster sugar, and topped with thick, fresh cream! With such drooling thoughts in our minds we thought of strawberries too. At one place the asking price was 48p - 30p if you picked your own, but we hadn't time to do that. Farther on we found some at 40p, so we indulged, hoping that the day would quickly dawn when we too could grow our own!

F.E.M.

TARPORLEY - Oven Door Cafe - July 3rd 1976

No report for this run, either. Being on a bicycle, and therefore somewhat slow, we were late. We met Bill Gray slipping down from Tarporley to see his friends at the Farmers Arms at Huxley. At the corner of the lane in Tarporley we met John Moss and Keith Orum. If there were others we did not see them.

F.E.M.

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.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER, 1976

No. 789

LUNCH FIXTURES

October

- 9 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
- 16 ASHTON (Golden Lion) for ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING in Village Hall. Meeting starts at 2 p.m. sharp.)
- 23/24 LLANYMYNECH (Lion Hotel) for AUTUMN TINTS TOUR
- 30 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- November
- 6 PENTRE DWR (Britannia) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 13 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Way, Little Sutton.
- 20 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 27 NANNERCH (Sam Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

December

- 4 KELSALL (Globe) and (Oasis Cafe)
- 11 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)
- 18 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
- 28 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

CLOSING DATE for next issue SATURDAY November 13.

Committee Notes

Application for Membership: MICHAEL WILES of Hoylake.
Proposed by John Moss, Seconded by Keith Orum.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Late last year a suggestion was made that we might investigate the possibilities of having a reprint of our history by using the new facsimile process. In November and a subsequent issue we publicized the idea, mentioning that - if - (say) fifty members chipped in with an average of £10 into a kitty we should have £500 towards the project. We emphasized that this was not a donation: the money would be repaid as and when sales were made.

The result of our note surprised us: within a few days we had £150 in cash and promises. So at least some of our members were very interested in the idea. Since then Stan Wild and myself have written letters to old friends whom we thought might be interested, and we now have over £300 in cash and promises. We should mention that it is not all success. One member didn't agree, but promised. Another thought that the suggestion was completely wrong. Some have not replied.

It has since occurred to us that IF this venture does get off the ground the right time for a re-issue would be 1979, the Anfield Centenary Year, with some extra chapters to complete the story. We think it wouldn't be wise to do it any other way. The intention is to have a soft binding, to keep costs down, but we could arrange to have, in hard covers, a special centenary edition at extra cost and to special order, cash with order. This would probably (if costs do not soar too much,) come to around £4.

We conclude by emphasizing that there is no intention of bulldozing this project through. It is a matter for the membership, and the membership alone. Enclosed is a letter from Stan Wild regarding the Centenary Dinner, with a tear-off slip for you to indicate what preferences you have, and, also, whether you would be prepared to chip into the Black Anfielders kitty. A list of those who have displayed their interest in cash and/or promises follows: The names are in no particular order: Stan Wild, Dave Birchall, Norman Heath, Geoff Lockett, Rigby Band, George Connor, George Taylor, Frank Marriott, Guy Pullan, Tommy Sharman, Harold Catling, Harry Austin, Jimmy Cranshaw, Mark Haslam, H. Fletcher, Dave Brown, Syd Jonas, Bert Lloyd, Sid and Elaine Hancock, Len Hill, Vin Schofield, and Alan Gorman.
F.E.M.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S WEEKEND, AYSGARTH 20/21 MARCH '76

Regular readers will have missed my usual panegyric on the above hardy annual. The explanation is not that the event did not take place, nor that although it did I was not present. No, the explanation is merely that Sunday, 21 March 1976 was such a very hard day that it has taken me almost six months to recover strength enough to set pen to paper.

Saturday was a gloriously sunny spring day. An early start enabled me to get clear of the worst horrors of our industrial slums before sunrise and I ate a second breakfast enjoying the panorama of the Northern fells seen from the shoulder of Pendle. It was then an idyllic progress down into the valley of the Ribble and through the lanes to Settle after the luxury of leisurely 11 o'clock coffee taken at Gisburn.

I reached Settle a little before Alan Rogerson and we had lunch together at the Naked Man, a convenient refuelling point in the market square of this delightful little dales town. John Thompson was expected but failed to arrive before we left. It later transpired that John turned up an hour after we had left and was just too late to get any food.

The climb to Ribbleshead in mild March sunshine if not effortless was certainly not unduly fatiguing, and the switchback road which follows the Gayle Beck to its source was positively exhilarating, Alan being considerate enough to moderate his normally brisk pace in deference to my age and decrepitude. Hawes was teeming with tea-drinking tricyclists and we joined them for a brief exchange of gossip before pressing on down the dale to Aysgarth. These last few miles with trike front wheel snugly tucked in between the rear wheels of Dave Phillipson of the Lancaster C.C. and Alan (both on bicycles of course) were to be the last easy miles of the week-end.

Blissfully unaware of the horrors in store for us on the morrow we enjoyed a convivial, although by no means riotous evening, washing down the very satisfying dinner provided by the hostel with copious draughts of the local waters in the nearby Palmer Flatts Hotel. By this time John Thompson had joined us and the party had swelled to about forty. President C. Ed Green was, as usual, in very good voice and many other old friends were to be met, including Alf Layzell, the man who has logged almost half-a-million tricycle miles.

To say that Sunday dawned wet and cold gives no impression of the conditions on that memorable day. Not only did the day dawn wet

and cold, it remained wet and cold for the whole of the day and in point of fact it never stopped raining for even a moment throughout the whole of the journey home against a "strong to gale force" wind from the South. This is not the strict truth, I must confess that it was only raining on the low ground, up in the hills it was a piercing blend of hail and snow which froze immediately on contact with one's person or clothing. Nor was it a strong to gale force wind on the hills, it was a shrieking, howling full gale against which a bottom gear in the middle thirties was much too high.

Suspecting that the weather was going to be something less than clement I packed a plentiful supply of sandwiches before leaving the hostel to ride alone up Bishopdale and over Kidstone Fell into Wharfedale. Above the 1,000 foot line visibility was virtually nil and the frozen mixture of hail and snow on the road surface made the going both hard and hazardous. It would have been a suicidal descent to Buckden had it not been that the strength of the southerly wind made brakes unnecessary.

Unbelievably the hostility of the elements was maintained without respite throughout the whole of the day. Within a very short time I was too waterlogged to consider going into any sort of cafe or restaurant even supposing there had been any open on this foulest of days. In the event I rode every one of the 90 nightmare miles to Disbury, sustained only by the occasional sandwich eaten hurriedly by the roadside and still in the saddle. But all things ultimately come to an end and although the last dreadful miles through Rawtenstall, Bury and the Big City itself seemed interminable, hearth and home were eventually reached - still in heavy rain and against a tireless wind.

Relaxing in a hot bath I mentally congratulated John and Alan on their nous in having chosen to go immediately westwards, and return home by the less picturesque but much lower route over which the elements were almost certainly less fiercely obstructive. Subsequent enquiry revealed that they too had had a hard ride home. Perhaps the weather will be a little kinder next year although, come to think of it, the Saturday was very nice this year.

Harold Catling.

HATCHMERE. Forest Cafe. June 6.

(Note: In our last issue we mentioned that this run had not been received. It had, but we had filed it wrongly. Sorry!)

A dull day with little wind was ideal for cycling. The fresh smell of hay making (consistent with the recent fine spell) permeated the atmosphere of the lanes through which I travelled at leisurely pace, and almost (I qualify) "in tune with the infinite."

Only a modest turnout at the Forest Cafe, but many of our racing men were engaged in open events. Mike Hallgarth was obviously pleased with his ride in the "100," but couldn't understand how his friend Bill Barnes had put three minutes across him. I suggest that he obtains a cylinder of that elixir of life, Salford ozone - there's plenty on Kersal Moor.

Guy Pullan, as immaculate as ever, graced the table, and the attendance was completed by the presence of John Moss, Keith Orum, Sir Clwyd Gray (no Wilsonian title, this, says Bill) and the writer. Bill is behaving with a sense of decorum these days that would surprise his friend Wally Portsmouth, now domiciled in the south. But, as Mae West might have said: "When he's good, he's good, but when he's bad he's better!"

I was privileged to be accompanied for a few miles by Guy, astride his lovely Raleigh R.R.A. bicycle. In these days of highly coloured bicycles it was good to admire the finish of Guy's machine. It is in the colour made popular by Henry Ford, who said to his customers: "You can have any finish you like, so long as it's black!"

An easy ride completed a pleasant day.

S.W.

FARNDON NAG'S HEAD. July 17

Another day found me riding along the A.530 in idyllic conditions. At Aston Frank Fischer rode alongside and together we had a delightful morning following a tricky lane route to our lunch venue. Frank rides a mile or two per hour faster than me, and this resulted in our entering the Nag's Head at the early hour of noon, my companion dutifully standing aside and allowing me to enter first. Bill Gray - and others! - please note!

In due course others arrived. The first group consisted of Mike Holland, Bill Barnes, Ben Griffiths, Keith Orum, Geoff Sharp (literally stripped for action) and prospective member Michael Wiles. Later arrivals were Frank Marriott, and Bill Gray accompanied his brother Harold.

Food was good and conversation lively and all too soon the fast pack was on its way, but the two Franks, Bill, Harold and I lingered nigh on to three o'clock. Bill, as wise as ever, volunteered some advice on how to safeguard a bicycle from theft. "It's simple," said Bill. "Just chain your machine to a pub. Nobody would ever steal a pub!"

S.W.

KELSALL Royal Oak. July 24.

John Williams said: "Hello, Bill!" as I came ashore on the morning of this Anfield occasion, which was purposely arranged at a venue within easy reach of the start of the Mersey Roads "24". The rendezvous was the Globe Inn. Some fifty years have passed since John and I first exchanged greetings on a sunny Whit Monday in Salop.

From James Street station I made my way by rail to Chester, thence by bus to Kelsall. During the passage through the village a party of young men was noticed, each wearing a smart club jersey with blue and black "hoops." They were parking bicycles in the yard of a pub. There was no need to enquire: these boys were Anfielders, and that surely was the Globe Inn. I alighted at the next stopping place and, in Route Card parlance, retraced.

My entry was gladdened by the sight of a select, if somewhat unrepresentative gathering of members, friends and visitors. The President, Stan Wild, was there to grace the occasion as usual and to welcome Syd Hayward of the Kentish Wheelers and John R. Williams of the Mersey Roads Club. Then Bill Gray, with touching hospitality, placed a drink in my right hand, thrust a document in the other: still all smiles he politely requested that I should write-up the Run. "See that it is in the Editor's hands in two weeks' time!" Crafty fellow, and I arriving without a bicycle for the first time in fifty-six years!

Hubert Buckley was accompanied by Sadie and Alfred, who are regular visitors. Also present were Len Hill and John France, Marriott, Catling, and Bradley, Fisher, Rogerson, and Griffiths. On this fine summer day we had sterling support from our young racing lads who, for all we know, had already had a bash down Radnor way and back again over Milltir Cerig

before recrossing the Dee on the way to Kelsall. It is a pleasure to add also the names of Holland, Barnes and Hallgarth, Wiles, Moss and Edwards. More power to them!

After a pleasant re-union and an excellent meal Frank Fischer gave me a passenger seat to Austins Hill. Syd Hayward, driving solo, followed. We called, on the way, at Mike Twigg's pleasant abode and had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife and family. During the welcome afternoon tea there was an impromptu "special meeting" of the Kentish Wheelers. Soon the little convoy waved happy adieus and resumed the journey. Allan Littlemore was preparing for his tour of duty around the route of the "24" he was the only Anfielder whom I met at the start. The riders pedalled-off minute by minute during the exchange of greetings and merry fraternising, and when the enthusiastic team of lady riders rode off on the long road I travelled with Gilbert Sutcliffe from Start to Finish. We had the pleasure of Muriel's company, too. She assisted at the Edgebolton Feeding Station soon after Sunday dawned.

By nine o'clock all the riders had passed through Edgebolton and we had breakfast. Gilbert again made ready for the road, taking an additional passenger in the person of his old friend and former Mersey Roader who had ridden from Wootton Bassett the previous day. We arrived at Waverton in good time, where we met Guy Pullan with Cyril McGibbon and friend Ken Yardley. It was a pleasure also to meet Ira Thomas, perennial i/c Battlefield Check-point; he came to relax at the Finish.

So ended my Kelsall run when Cyril McGibbon kindly drove me to Amos Avenue.

Bill Finn.

(Note: We have not received reports for the runs to Bangor on July 31 and Alpraham on August 7).

NANNERCH. Sarn Mill. August 14.

It comes to something when your Editor has to write something down, particularly when it had been promised by A.N.Other. A.N.O. must have forgotten! The day started when Harold Catling and Frank Fischer left their cars at No.11 and we three made for Sarn Mill. We avoided Mold by taking to the lanes, but it was too late to avoid the main road altogether. At Sarn Mill we had Stan Wild and his very good lady, Len Hill, Albert Dixon and John France. We had a most enjoyable meal.

Afterwards we drifted through Lixwm and on to the Halkyn Mountain old road. We came through Windmill to Rhosesmor and then lanes that were even narrower avoided Mold again and we arrived just after four, to have tea and cakes with Stan and Mrs. Wild. The three enthusiasts were involved with Allan Littlemore in the C.T.C. Veteran "100" on the morrow.

HATCHMERE. Forest Cafe. August 21.

It is many moons since I wrote-up a run, so needless to say I was conned into this by Bill Gray. Nice to meet old friends though, particularly Len Hill, John France, Harold Catling and Bill Gray at one table. V.P. John Moss, Capt. Ben Griffiths and Gerry Robinson at the next, and myself and Stan Bradley at the third. Our esteemed President, Stan Wild, was in solitary state at another. Last, but by no means least, Mrs. Catling and Mrs. Poole.

A very nice day, the party small and select. A very late arrival was Frank Marriott.

Bob Poole

(Note: Not so much of the "very." One-thirty was the lunch time once! Ed.)

BANGOR-ON-DEE. Royal Oak. August 28.

Heavy stuff - even on a Saturday - coming far too close on the Mold-Wrexham road. So Fagl Lane to Hope, then Llay, and the steep drop down to the Alyn before the equally severe slope to Gresford village. Then lanes, high-hedged, narrow, delightful. The "new" road through the Wrexham Industrial Estate comes out not far from Cross Lanes. Not far, then, to Bangor.

President Stan had taken an equally quiet lane route from Nantwich, and around him, eating quietly, were Stan Cooper, Len Hill, Albert and Eileen Dixon, all graciously transported by John France. Neil France, on two wheels arrived later. Bill Gray, Eileen and Terry (Eileen's brother) arrived in their Sunday best. The party was complete with John Moss and yours truly until Ben arrived. Ben was competing in a "25" at Stone and wasn't on his mark until around 4.30!

TAILPIECE: We have lifted the following priceless piece from the North Road Gazette:

Riding through a quiet country village recently with one of the local clubmen we both simultaneously espied a delightful girl in her late teens leaning her bicycle against a telephone box. "Cor" Just look at that. What a beauty" A pre-war Saxon road iron, in perfect nick, and with an original Tri-Velox gear!" It takes all sorts!....

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

DECEMBER/ JANUARY
1976 1977

No. 790

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 18 Great Budworth - Christmas Slide Show at Two Mills
January

- 1 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
8 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk,
Great Sutton, Wirral.
15 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
22 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
29 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George &
Dragon)

February

- 5 KELSALL (Globe Inn and Oasis Cafe)
12 CHIRK (Old Smithy Cafe) and OLLERTON (Dun Cow)
19 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
26 TREUDDYN (Sunspot Cafe) and ALLOSTOCK (Drivers)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet £1.00.

These and donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J. W. MOSS,
1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton, Wirral, Cheshire.

* * *

EDITOR: F. E. MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, MYNYDD ISA, Mold, Flintshire, CH7 6YR.

Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD Code 0352

* * *

Closing date for next issue: SATURDAY 15th January, 1977.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership:

Hugh Dauncey, 53 Forest Road, GREAT MEOLS, Wirral, MERSEYSIDE.
Proposed by C.R. Griffiths, seconded by John Moss.

NEW MEMBER: Michael Wiles of 23 Cable Road, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside, has been elected to Junior Membership and we extend a hearty welcome to him.

RESIGNATIONS:

We are sorry that the undermentioned have submitted their resignations, which are accepted with regret: G.A. Robinson, M.B. Holland and Messrs. P.B. and G. Richmond.

Change of address: J. R. Walton, 2 Armistead House, GIGGLESWICK, Settle, N.YORKS.

A BIRTHDAY RUN:

It has been suggested that we have a modified form of Birthday Run next year, with the possibility of a set meal at the Nag's Head at Farndon on March 5. Fuller details later when enquiries have been made.

WE ARE A LITTLE LATE WITH THIS, BUT....

Some six months ago Stan Wild called on our old friend Bill Henderson at Enstone, Oxon, while heading south on holiday. When he returned he wrote a letter to Bill, and Bill in his turn, replied. He particularly wanted to let us know that he passed his copy of our "Wayfarer" issue some years ago to Robbie's daughter, who was deeply touched and happy to know that we in the Anfield still cherish his memory. Bill also wanted to know what happened to the Cairngorm 1976 idea. The answer is that it fell to pieces for a variety of reasons. Bill still has unforgettable recollections of one solitary foray into this marvellous region in deep snow.

AND AGAIN....

Another year draws to its close. Our heartfelt greetings are extended to all.

RACING NOTES:

Not only are you getting the final racing results for 1976, but also a reminder that the training runs for the 1977 season will start on Sunday, 5th December, 9.30 a.m. at the Eureka. John Whelan's little black book is almost full, we have decided

to start training a month early, to give him a chance to rub some names out before March. Will all members wishing to claim standard medals for 1976 please let me have details soon. Seventeen members raced in 1976, not bad, but we have a few young members who did not ride this year, and we should like to see them in local events in 1977.

C.R. GRIFFITHS
Racing Secretary.

RACING RESULTS

25.7.76 Port Sunlight "25"

Gerry Robinson	1.3.12
Chris Edwards	1.3.34
Bill Barnes	1.4.32
Ian Griffith	1.6.03

1.8.76 Merseyside "25"

John Whelan	1.0.15
Ben Griffiths	1.1.58)2nd
Ian Griffith	1.5.37)team
Dave Eaton	1.9.37)

7.8.76 Chester "10"

Mike Hallgarth	24.17 (P.B.)
Chris Edwards	24.56 (P.B.)
Ben Griffiths	24.55
Ian Griffith	25.04
Gerry Robinson	25.07

14.8.76 Stone "10"

Bill Barnes	23.07 (P.B.)
Ben Griffiths	23.24
Ian Griffith	23.46 (P.B.)
Chris Edwards	23.23 (P.B.)
Gerry Robinson	23.39

15.8.76 Wrexham "25"

Ian Griffith	1.4.24 2nd jun.
Bill Barnes	1.5.20

22.8.76 Nat. Jun. Champ. "25"

Ian Griffith	1.0.45 (P.B.)
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Chris Edwards, punct. D.N.F.

Many thanks to John Moss for turning out at 6.15 a.m. on a Sunday morning (no notice - Ben's car had let him down) and did the 100 miles in 100 mins, including

29.7.76 Clifton "25"

Ben Griffiths	1.0.43
John Thompson	1.3.21 (Tri.)

31.7.76 Glendale "10"

Ben Griffiths	23.35
John Thompson	25.07 (Tri.)

4.8.76 Inter Club "25"

Mike Hallgarth	1.0.0. (P.B.)
Ben Griffiths	1.2.41

8.8.76 Leeds Wellington "25"

Ben Griffiths	57.30 P.B.
Bill Barnes	58.44 P.B.
John Thompson	1.0.32 P.B.(Tri)

(Club record)

8.8.76 Brereton "25"

John Whelan	1.0.51
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15.8.76 Yorkshire C.F. "100"

Mike Hallgarth	4.13.04
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Par. best: Club Record: 1st hand.
Ben Griffiths 4.29.29 (P.B.)
(9½ mins. late start - 4.20.04)

21.8.76 Westwood "30"

Ben Griffiths	1.16.48
---------------	---------

28.8.76 Tunstall "10"

Bill Barnes	24.06
Ian Griffith	24.15
Ben Griffiths	24.17
Gerry Robinson	24.20
Mike Hallgarth	24.39

29.8.76 Stafford "100"

Ben Griffiths	4.35.35
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going through Leeds. Not had going, without even a cup of tea.

4.9.76 Birmingham "25"

Chris Edwards	1.0.31 (P.B.)
Bill Barnes	1.1.43
Nike Hallgarth	1.1.50
Ian Griffith	1.3.33

19.9.76 West Cheshire "25"

Ben Griffiths	1.4.37
Chris Edwards	1.4.45

30.8.76 Essex "100"

John Thompson (tricycle) 4.35.48 Club Record.

29.8.76 Doncaster "25"

John Whelan	57.31
-------------	-------

5.9.76 Southport "25"

Mike Hallgarth	1.1.51) First Team
Chris Edwards	1.2.45	
Ian Griffiths	1.2.56	

21.8.76 Shirley "50"

Bill Barnes	2.11.54
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SPEEDWELL CENTENARY DINNER October 9, 1976

Our sincere congratulations to our Speedwell friends on becoming the first cycling club to attain its centenary of organised cycling activity. This was celebrated in splendid style at the Birmingham Centre Hotel with a dinner at which over 200 members and guests, including the Lord Mayor of Birmingham were present.

Speedwell President, B. Newton, presided, and many excellent speeches were made. J. Burgess, in a warm speech interspersed with dry humour, which was a delight to hear, welcomed the Visitors. These included Ken Evans, Editor of CYCLING, Charlie Holland, Frank Greenwood, Ken Lovett, Ted Kings, Cecil Paget Geoff Edwards and Ed. Green of the North Road, Bill Oakley, C.T.C. President, Charles King, ex B.C.F. President, and a host of others. Bill Finn had travelled from Dublin and sat with our old friend Johnny Williams. Stan Bradley (a Speedwellian, too) was there with his wife. Frank Fischer accompanied a party of Kentish Wheelers, Stan Wild and his wife officially represented the Anfield.

There were many fine speeches during the evening. One which we liked very much came from Martin Roach, Hounslow & District Wheelers, who, on receiving the award for winning the Speedwell "100" (this year incorporating the Championship) spoke with likeable modesty. Richard Hulse was amongst the speech makers too.

The clear cut impression one gained from this great occasion was that the Speedwell is as well endowed with young racing men and experienced officials that it should have no fear for its future as it progressed proudly through its second century.

A really great and historic occasion. It was a privilege to be present.

STAN WILD.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ASHFORD VILLAGE HALL - OCTOBER 16

Present: Mr. S. Wild in the chair, and Messrs. Hill, France, Cooper, Bradley, Buckley, Catling, Gray, Marriott, Moss, Griffiths, Griffith, Nelson, Edwards, Orum, Williamson, Bettaney, Wiles, Bennett, Reeves, Whelan and Hawkins.

After the various reports, which were passed without question, the most interest in the meeting centred around item seven of the Agenda, the proposition to abolish Hon. Membership. This was carried, with one dissentient. Some reasons for the inclusion of this item would not be out of place; most clubs have facilities for what could be regarded as "Country Members," where those unable to participate fully in a club's activities because of distance are included at a reduced rate. Now it so happens that over a period of many years we have had members who would so qualify, but such is their loyalty - and how grateful we are for it! - that they have remained full members and would not dream of transferring to the Hon. List. The obvious conclusion then is that the Honorary Membership facility is not needed.

Subscriptions: this has been increased to £5 and before a host of members hold up their hands in horror, we would point out that this is only a four-fold increase over the pre-war figure, an indication that we have kept costs down exceedingly well. The increase is substantial because we have realized for a long time now that we have had to rely on some members' generosity with donations, which is, of course, not a wise thing to do. We do hope all members will respect this decision.

AUTUMN TINTS WEEK-END LION HOTEL, LLANYMYNECH 23/24 OCTOBER.

The heart-rending tales of suffering endured on this year's Autumn Tints will have been told many times to those not present. Let it be said here and now that no exaggeration could possibly express adequately what happened. At last - two weeks after the ordeal - the writer has recovered enough to record for all time an accurate (well, nearly) report of the week-end.

As the participants of this year's epic awoke to the sound of rain pounding against the windows, all thoughts of Moel Sych and Bwlch-y-Groes began to disappear. First to arrive at the Eureka were John Moss and Ben Griffiths. A few minutes later came Bill Barnes and Mike Hallgarth (both back in Anfieldland for the week-end) with Ian Griffith,

who had been soaked by the downpour. Some time later Chris Edwards arrived, explaining he had difficulty keeping upright in the southerly wind. John Whelan started off from Bromborough and had two punctures, so he rode home. Jane sent him off on his other bike with a flea in his ear because he suggested he wouldn't go after all. Finally, Neil France and Karl Nelson came with yet more tales of the strengthening wind.

At 10.15 the merry band pedalled their way towards Queensferry and slowly up past Hawarden and over the Llandegla Moors. Sometime after Bryneglwys a tea break was called and as the teas were gulped down Dave Bettaney sidled up, explaining that the pressure of work had delayed him. Carrying on past Fronnewydd, and the bend known as "Mossy's folly" the bunch arrived in Corwen, which was the official lunch stop. After a good lunch in front of a roaring fire Ben announced he was going home and wished everyone a good afternoon's cycling. He promised to be at Llanymynech by breakfast-time the following morning.

Pedalling through Cynwyd there was a bit of sunshine coming from the direction of Moel Sych but, fortunately, this invitation of some rough-stuff was refused.

On the hairpin bend which marks the start of the Milltir Cerig, Chris made a break resulting in Karl, Ian and Bill getting a lead of several hundred yards on the rest. By now the wind was strengthening to gale force, and even without capes progress was difficult. At the next exposed part of the Milltir Cerig the heavens opened and soon the road was awash. The descent towards Llangynog is normally taken at 30.mph, but on this occasion it might have been quicker to walk, such was the weather. Everyone was frozen and soaked through as the bunch stood huddled in a porch, awaiting the arrival of Mike and John Whelan, who were suffering "in excelsis."

Eventually the landlord of the Lion at Llanymynech welcomed the bedraggled remnants of cyclists who arrived to meet others who had made their own way there. President Stan Wild had an "easy" ride from Nantwich, and John Williamson had a slightly less easy ride from Prestatyn. Everyone was pleased to meet Dave Jones, now living in Oxford, and his father George Jones, the famous North End "super-vet." The evening meal was huge as usual; an extra helping being served after Bill winked at the waitress, and appetites were well-satisfied. The pleasant evening continued in the lounge, where the racing men analysed the season and Stan, John Williamson and George reminisced about the "real

days of cycling."

An extra hour's sleep was welcomed by all and a beautiful morning arrived. The church bells were ringing, the birds were singing, and a smiling sun was climbing into God's blue tapestry, etc., etc. Ben was outside, unable to understand why everyone looked so tired, but soon a sizeable group of a dozen or so were contesting the signs towards Myddle. Karl, who was rather upset with being unplaced in several primes, decided not to stop for lunch in Bangor-on-Dee, and rode home by himself.

Soon after Farndon, Neil launched an attack, managing to get a lead of 200 yards. "Don't bother chasing him, he won't last long!" said Mossy and Dave and like sheep the rest obeyed the command. By Chester the lead had increased somewhat as the main bunch started to panic. The speed increased as various shouts were heard: "Wait for me, I live in Hoyleake, you know!" "Hang on, I'm on a 66-fixed!" and (from George Jones) "Faster, faster!"

The chasing group consisted of John Whelan, Neil, Ian and Mike, who helped the other three by cheering them on from behind. No progress was made in bridging the gap, and Neil took the Two Mills sign after his tremendous solo effort. "Ben's boxed in!" moaned Chris, and after other race postmortems, and several pints of tea, the tired but happy Anfielders slowly made tracks for home.

So ended the 1976 Autumn Tints, the Anfield Bicycle Club proving once again that nothing could stop their indomitable spirit for adventure.

MIKE HALLGARTH.

RUNS

BANGOR ON DEE, Royal Oak, July 31

It was the last week-end of my fortnight's holiday and I was determined Saturday would be spent away from the numerous jobs about the house. The only cycling I manage to do nowadays is the 15 miles each way to work at Brymbo, so I thought it would be a pleasant change to go on the club run.

As luck would have it, the day was far from perfect - very windy and rather damp, so I decided on a more pleasant alternative to getting soaking wet, i.e. going back to sleep. However, the kids had different ideas about that, and I was soon up and about.

"You must be mad" said Delia, giving me a bit of encouragement. "Why don't you do something useful like taking these two little brats out of my way for the day?" She didn't really mean it - as a matter of fact she is becoming quite fond of them, and it was just the thought of my escape from their daily brainwashing which upset her.

The holiday traffic returning from the coast was worse than usual, with the tail end of the jam reaching almost into Flint from Queensferry. Fortunately, it was easy for me to manoeuvre in and out of the queue, and I soon reached Hawarden where I was able to take off my cape. Along through Pen-y-fford and Hope until I reached Cefn-y-bedd where I suddenly decided to turn off towards Brymbo because, straight ahead, in my path, was a dense black cloud just waiting to drop its load right on top of me.

As I have already mentioned, Brymbo is where I work. It is surprising how much easier it is climbing those hills at a week-end than it is during the week (relatively speaking, of course, since the ascent can never be described as easy in the best of times). Riding to work is quite good training, but it can give a false impression as to the state of my fitness. The journey is short and hard, so that I get there pretty fast, but feeling as though I have been on a much longer ride. It is only when I am a bit more ambitious and venture further from home that I realize travelling to work on its own is completely insufficient.

From Brymbo I dropped down into Wrexham, and then made my way straight to Bangor, where I found the President and the Editor together with Bill Gray. We were soon joined by several others whom I can't remember because I've lost the bit of paper containing the names which Bill gave me - my apologies to all concerned.

The route home was the back road through Shocklach to Farndon and then on to Chester and the Mills. For me it was a very pleasant day and I promised myself I would try and get out more often to club runs. I've been saying that for quite a long time.

DAVID BETTANEY.

ALFRAHAM Tollemache Arms. August 7

After Acton Bridge there followed a rather involved lane route starting with the little hamlet of Onston, taking in Delamere Manor Farm and the manor itself, and finishing at Abbots Moss. Then on to Cotebrook, a veritable Clapham Junction and so to picturesque Eaton and another lane landing me slap outside the Tollemache Arms.

Harold Catling and his lady had just arrived on tandem-trike, and Johnny Williams (Mersey Roads) en route to Shropshire to act as an observer in the R.T.T.C. Championship "50" followed.

Inside there was a goodly assembly of Anfielders, formed of President Stan Wild, Len Hill, Hubert Buckley, John Thompson, Bill Barnes, John Moss, John France, Rex Austin, Frank Marriott and Bill Gray and the present deponent. After the usual fraternizing the more energetic were the first to leave and after a decent interval I too rode for home by way of Tarporley, Utkinton and Hatchmere.

GUY PULLAN.

(We regret having only received one run report for September)

KELSALL Globe September 18

Following a lane route of intricate pattern and design I passed the LITTLE MAN, the BOOT & SLIPPER, the FOX & BARREL and the FISHPOOL. Hubert Buckley, on reading this, would describe my journey exactly - and would add - Why pass so many pubs?

Two trikes outside the Globe signified the presence inside of Stan Bradley and Harold Catling. With them was Frank Marriott and Bill Gray, a nice team of elderly gentlemen. (Not so much of the elderly, Ed.) We talked of many things before the welcome arrival of our athletic young men. These comprised John Moss, Chris Edwards, Michael Wiles, Bill Barnes, Ian Griffith and prospective member Hugh Dauncey. They did not give us the pleasure of their company for long. The lure of miles hastened their departure. But it was great to see such enthusiasm.

After early mist the day had improved gradually, and the homeward ride was accomplished in brilliant sunshine. STAN WILD.

PENTRE DWR Britannia October 2

Delightful country at any time and on this autumn day particularly pleasant. Gold Medal for this run was unanimously awarded to Harold and Mrs. Catling. They left Manchester with the T.T, safely secured to the roof of the car. At Audlem it came down. Why Audlem you might ask: it came down here because Harold knew of a car park. It could have come down, with even greater advantage, at Whitchurch, or even Overton-on-Dee. There are car parks at these places, too. But our precious pair were only aware of Audlem, and from this Cheshire village they came to our venue at the foot of the Horse Shoe Pass.

And even they didn't come the easiest way through Llangollen. No, over the hills to Llandegla, and then the Horse Shoe Pass. It must have been quite exciting diving down this thrilling road on a tandem trike. We missed them by inches!

The racing blokes soared up to Minera from the flat lands and then ventured over the track to World's End - and might we tell Syd Jonas that this way is nicely tarred, but still narrow with passing places.

Their return was made over the Horse Shoe Pass and Llandegla Moors.

Those also present, in no particular order were: Stan and Mrs. Cooper, Gerry Robinson, Bill Gray, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Mike Wiles, Hugh Dauncey, and yours truly.

F.E.M.

(P.S. We reached home by way of the "sewer" a favourite route of Wayfarer's when he lived in Birkenhead earlier this century!)

CHELFORD Egerton Arms October 2

A great day in East Cheshire! Buckley rides again! Yes, for the first time in 20 years Hubert attended a club run on a bicycle. A fast iron, too, narrow tubing and alloy rims and that absurd apology for mudguards so fashionable with current racing men - a soaking guaranteed in ten minutes every time it rains. Hubert bestrode his light creation like a colossus, but he still turns a nimble pedal.

Stan Bradley was determined to be in the news, too. He rode out on a bicycle, this proving to unbelievers that he really can maintain his balance without the aid of a third wheel. Amid such outstanding talent, the writer felt very small beer indeed!

STAN WILD.

HATCHMERE Forest Cafe October 9

The morning dawned dark and overcast with a promise of rain which was later to become a fact. But the anticipation of a run through the Cheshire lanes, culminating in the traverse of the Forest, far outweighed any considerations of personal inconvenience.

The recent heavy rains had transfigured the dry and dusty countryside into the glorious reds and golds of early autumn, and on this occasion the Forest more than lived up to its reputation for autumn tints. Len and I arrived the easy way, but the rest of the company in true Anfield tradition were on bicycles and trikes. A lusty welcome was given to Eric Reeves who made one of his infrequent appearances on a Club-run, and also to Mike Wiles and Hugh Dauncey, two prospective members. The rest of the company Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Harold Catling, Ian Griffith, Frank Marriott and Alison.

The conversation ran from the sublime to the ridiculous before everyone decided it was time to head for home, particularly as the promised rain was now making itself felt. After the usual pleasantries and exhortations Len and I left for Frodsham and home, noting that the lake was almost overflowing

on to the road as we passed. The journey was pleasant but uneventful, even my model railway friend at Mollington had decided it was no weather for indulging in aquatic railways. A quick cuppa at Len's completed what had been a very rewarding experience and another Club run.

JOHN FRANCE.

ASHTON Golden Lion October 16

A small party foregathered in the Golden Lion for a bite to eat and drink before the Annual Meeting at the Village Hall down the road. For your Editor, things didn't work out at all well. Hardly had he stepped into the inn he was asked to identify - sidefaced - a very old friend, whom he has seen perhaps once since the war. When enlightenment didn't dawn, he was asked why? "Because you've gone awfully old!" was the unfortunate response. It was a dreadful thing to say, and sincere apologies are offered to Bill Jones. Trouble is, when we get caught on the hop, anything might happen - and this time it did. Again, very very sorry!

IS-Y-COED The Plough October 30

A quiet, dull morning resulted in excellent riding conditions as I progressed towards the Welsh border. The obstacle of the Peckforton Hills was easily surmounted, but I waited with some impatience for the traffic lights on Farndon's narrow bridge to change in my favour. The Plough soon hove into view, and it was good to time my arrival with that of the fast pack, rather depleted on this occasion.

Tasty Lancashire hot-pot (if this is right in a Welsh pub) proved to be the favourite food of the day and was certainly most appetising. The fast pack previously mentioned consisted of Captain Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Michael Wiles and Hugh Dauncey. Earlier arrivals were Len Hill, John France, Albert and Mrs. Dixon, Stan and Mrs. Cooper, and, later, Bill and Eileen Gray. Bill will be surprised to learn that I have nothing but good to say of him. Just to record how much we have appreciated his compilation of the attendance register, which has been so meticulously well carried out during the past twelve months. Thanks Bill!

One of the attractions of Anfield club runs has always been the joy of varied and lucid conversation. This was indulged in to the full, but sadly the time to go seemed to come so soon. As I rode home the face of Cheshire was bathed in golden sunshine to write finis to an excellent day awheel.

STAN WILD.

PENTRE DWR Britannia Inn November 2

After a succession of nice days, rain. Rain drifting gently over the Llandegla Moors. Rain yet to fall on the lofty contours of the Horse Shoe Pass - thick mist. Lower down, and in the Britannia, life could be much more pleasant. Only a thin turn-out though. Ben Griffiths, Mike Wiles and Hugh Dauncey had been adventuring somewhere; for the others, John France, Albert and Eileen Dixon, it had to be a matter of four wheels. Len apologised for his absence; a wedding, or something! Others present were Frank Marriott, Alison and Nigel, also on four wheels.

Never mind, an Anfield run always was a pleasant experience (nearly, anyway) and we had a nice meal in delightful surroundings, and an instructive "natter" (about ships) afterwards.

F.E.M.

LOST - JOHN FRANCE!

November 13, the occasion of the Committee Meeting, was very foggy in Wirral. After lunch at Prenton we did not bother looking for John Moss's new home: we crawled back to Wales, where the sun shone brilliantly. Not so John France. John reached Little Sutton, parked the car safely, and found John Moss's house on foot. Having done so, he returned for the car. Alas, John was never seen again. Such a grand fellow too!