

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice Presidents: W. GRAY and HAROLD CATLING

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

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FEBRUARY/MARCH 1981

No. 817

LUNCH FIXTURES

February 1981

- 7 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
- 14 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 21 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 28 GRAIANRHYDD (Rose & Crown) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

March

- 7 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk) Birthday Run
- 14 BWLCH GWYN (Four Crosses) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 21 NORLEY (Tiger's Head)
- 28 BODFARI (Downing Arms) and BOSLEY (Harrington Arms)

April

- 4 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk) and (5th) W.C.T.T.A. "25"
- 11 BRYNFORD (Crooked Horn) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)
- 18 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 25 HUXLEY (Farmer's Arms) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
and (26th) W.C.T.T.A. "30"

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £7.00. Junior (under 21) £4.00 and Cadet £1.00.
These and donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer,
PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

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Merseyside L61 5UA. Tel: (051) 342 6047.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, February 28th.

A LETTER FROM BILL FINN

Dear Mike,

Your publication of David's piece: Assault on Glen Affric, brought back memories of my several tours in the Nor-west Highlands during the "thirties". I enjoyed the article very much. In 1931 I left the Cluanie Inn at 9 a.m. for Mam Ratagan and Glen Elg, then along the Sound to Arnisdale. After lunch at the keeper's lodge I ascended the bridle path which led me to Loch Quoich, by an abominably steep and wooded track, and this rugged road to Tomdoun Hotel - another C.T.C. appointment.

The bridle-path was scenically dull and Loch Hourn was out of sight practically all the time. No doubt, you have endured whimpering about Scottish mist and rain, but never in all my Highland roving did I ever ride in such a torrential downpour of rain which assailed me on the road to Tomdoun at the end of that pleasant October day in 1931. It was just like the rainstorm through which you rode after Haughton Moss in the M.R.C. "24".

In 1939 I had four showery days on a June holiday in Shetland, and three other tours - late September or early October were memorably fine, including a trip to Cape Wrath when there was neither wind nor rain.

I think it was in September 1933 that I enjoyed the beauties of Glen Affric, starting from Cannich and reaching Dornie at dusk. I suppose the Dog Falls were overwhelmed after the dam was built (post-war?) There were a few isolated oaks, some hollies and sceaghs (hawthorn) in that area then, and the vacant dwelling at Camban, but I don't remember seeing any house in Glen Lichd. I have, of course, clear memories of that toilsome, rocky descent into the valley with the sole loss of a mud-flap. On other occasions I must have noticed homely signs and households from Morvich onwards, although I left Glen Lichd with one object in the mind's eye - the C.T.C. house at Dornie.

David's account now suggests to me that upward climb into Glen Affric may be the easier way to negotiate that rock strewn "track". Our Frank Chandler had an article in the C.T.C. Gazette (1920 or 1921) in which he described his tour to Cape Wrath. I followed the northern section of his route from Lairg to Attnaharra (another fine C.T.C. hotel) and through lovely Strath Naver to Tongue (ferry), then around Loch Erriboll to Durness and Keoldale. A splendid route, far, far from the madding crowd crowd in those days!

Neil Munro's THE NEW ROAD, an historical novel of "The 45" troubles, deals in splendid detail with the Correyarrick Pass, on

Wade's military road from Fort Augustus to Loch Laggan.

Best wishes,

BILL FINN

RACING NOTES

The training runs are now under full steam, blasting off from Two Mills at 9.30 under the guiding hand of John Whelan. The new club colours make their debut on February 22nd in the controversial Larkhill Wheelers 2-up on TTT on D25/1 (Handley-Chester-Hampton Heath). The next local event is the Chester R.C. 2-up TTT on March 15 on D25/11 (Broxton-Christleton-Broughton).

The St. Annes Ormskirk C.C. promote a "25" on D25/4 (Tarleton) on March 22nd. On March 29th D25/3 (Trefnant-Rhydymwyn) is the scene of the Ruthin A.C. "25". The following week the West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "25" is to be held on D25/2 (Flint-Nant Hall).

The prestigious Anfield "A" Team Places will be strongly contested this year with the come-back of Dave Bassett, who intends to ride the Anfield "100" along with Ben and, hopefully, a third member to complete the winning team!

THE AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR, 1980

I left work at lunch-time on Friday, October 24, and rode the twelve miles to Ruthin via Llandegla and the Nant-y-garth Pass. Simon Cogan, George Elkington and Rod Anderson arrived at 2.30 p.m. A cup of tea, and we were away for Betws-y-coed, along the easy B5105 through Llanfihangel G.M. and Cerrig-y-Druidion: then down the A5. We were first to arrive at the Glan Aber.

Mike Twigg, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason and Dave Birchall came via Moel Arthur and the Sportsman road. John Moss, Dave Bettany, Brian Whitmarsh and Peter Colligan also used the same crossing. Bill Barnes and Mike Hallgarth took a full day around the lanes. John Whelan and Dave Bassett brought their machines by car, and Harold Catling rode out alone on his trike. Rigby Band made a two-day ride up from Chepstow.

Eighteen members present for the Friday night, but the landlord rather spoilt the evening by closing his bar at eleven o'clock, even to residents. Saturday was again fine, and after only a little bullying by the captain we were away at 9.30 a.m. Rigby Band headed for Anglesey to study the transformed Britannia Tubular Bridge. Harold took his trike into the mountains. This left sixteen of us to set out for Beddgelert for morning tea. Then into the lanes through Garreg to Penrhyndeudraeth, over the closed toll-bridge to Harlech. We had lunch at Llanbedr.

After our meal we went up the lane alongside the river Artro, a very beautiful valley indeed. Just after Llyn Cwm Bychan we came to the main event of the weekend: the Roman Steps or Bwlch Tyddiad. Soon sixteen Anfielders were shouldering bikes and climbing the 2,000 steps up between Rhinog Fawr at 2362 ft. on the right, and hills of about 1800 ft. on the left. We crossed the top about 1600 ft. still carrying our machines. Going down was even harder as we got lower, the track being very wet, until in the forest it became deep mud. When we came to the forestry road we cleaned both bikes and shoes in the river and re-grouped. Most of us had taken walking shoes for the hilly stuff, and we changed to cycling shoes when we came to the A470 for Trawsfynydd and Ffestiniog. The last lap took us through Blaenau Ffestiniog, over the Crimea Pass, and down the Lledr Valley to Betws-y-coed for a well-earned bath. We were joined by John Williamson and Dave Barker, so there were twenty for dinner. Once again the landlord closed the bar at 11 o'clock and we wondered how old-time Anfielders would have countered such knavish treatment. However, from the Captain's point of view it was a good thing. All Twenty had finished breakfast at 9 a.m. and half-an-hour later we were again ready for the road, but first the usual photograph, but two riders were missing: Rigby Band and Harold Catling had already left.

Twelve headed for Llanrwst, four for the Sportsman road, one for Snowdonia and only one for a run home by car. The twelve took the back way to Llanrwst for the A548 to Llanfair T.H. then the lane to join the B5381 to St. Asaph, where we had morning tea, in a pub. Lunch at Bodfari, where we again met up with the Sportsman riders, and sixteen of us sat down. While we were eating Harold Catling went past without stopping. After lunch I punctured at Afonwen, and took my time with a repair. Then straight home, reaching my front door without seeing rain all weekend. I can only hope that everyone managed this: the Sunday evening soon became one of the wettest on record. A very enjoyable weekend.

BEN GRIFFITHS

Note: Many stories of this most adventurous weekend outing will probably be forever untold, in these pages anyway. For reasons of space, Ben glides over many of the difficulties, but one thing must be said: the crossing of the Roman Steps was not, apparently, as easy as Ben made it out to be. We have it, on excellent authority, that at least one hour elapsed between the first arrival on the Trawsfynydd road, and the last. - Ed.

A VETERAN'S AUTUMN TINTS

The announcement that the Autumn Tints weekend was to be at the Glan Aber was sufficient for my sending a booking to John Moss forthwith. The chance to revisit North Wales and an Anfield shrine was too good to miss. Deciding that two days could be pleasantly spent in reaching Betws-y-coed, I spent Thursday night at Llangollen Y.H. with rail assistance from Abergavenny to Gobowen. Friday dawned a perfect autumn morning with a leisurely ride up the Dee valley to Bala for lunch, followed by a climb over the Arenigs to Pont-ar-Afon-Gam for tea. Another climb over to Pentre Voelas still left me with time in hand. So a diversion over to Llanrwst was well-worth the panoramic view from the top. And so to the Glan Aber when all the memories came flooding back: Hubert Roskell presiding over after-dinner liqueurs, with us junior members seated on the floor of his bedroom. Evening entertainment by George Newall and dear old Cheminais in the lounge: early morning sittings in the tank being just a few. But times must change, and the evening spent in the company of a new generation of Anfielders was no less enjoyable.

On Saturday I declined an invitation to accompany the pack on a trip over the Roman Steps. Age has its limitations, and instead sampled some of the Snowdon passes and a few miles of my beloved Anglesey. The homeward journey on Sunday was spent in the company of Harold Catling as far as Cerrig-y-Druidion. Then back down the Dee valley to join a train at Chirk. And so ended a memorable weekend. Long live the A.B.C.

J. RIGBY BAND

WALES IN A WEEK

An early start was called for to avoid the Bank Holiday traffic on this, the first day of a tour that aimed to encircle Wales in a week. The sun made one of its most enthusiastic appearances of the summer as we set off, resplendent with baggage - George still displayed an array of ferry tickets on his handlebars from his recent trip to Luxembourg. Our intention was to start off with some forty miles of main road bashing to Corwen; this accomplished, we took to the lanes, following the Dee to Bala with a stop for sandwiches at Llandrillo. We left Bala Lake via Bwlch-y-groes to Dinas Mawddwy, discovering that our descent promised not less than eleven "arrows" - a hair-raising drop indeed! We arrived at the Youth Hostel at Dinas Mawddwy with an hour to spare - I am sure the editor would consider this as not being "proper hostelling".

The following morning we made Llangurig for lunch after which we followed the river Wye for a few miles before riding the truly

spectacular road from Rhayader to Devil's Bridge. After a series of unexpected hills we were glad to see the hostel at Tregaron: as the other, more eminent hostellers know, this hostel verges on a neolithic level of luxury! The three of us had a vigorous bath in the stream to the amusement of the other hostellers. From Tregaron we made full use of our low gears on the magnificently scenic route over the mountains to Llanwrtyd Wells, at an average speed barely in excess of eight miles per hour. After a good lunch we made for our next port of call, Brecon, leaving just enough time for a visit to the local swimming pool and to do some shopping. On the Thursday, the minimum mileage to our next hostel was a mere twenty-five miles, although the final mileage for that day was well in excess of that figure. We arrived at the hostel at lunch time and left our luggage while we went down the valley to Llanthony, and then returned for another go at the Gospel Pass, meeting some "cyclists" whose acquaintance we had made the previous night. In the evening we had a makeshift barbecue, which was very entertaining. Friday welcomed us with rain. We caped up and made a main road route up the Wye Valley, stopping to dry out over lunch at Built Wells. The end of a soggy day saw us meeting some members of the Speedwell B.C. at Nant-y-Dernol hostel. In the morning, George decided that he wanted to go home, and we parted company at Newtown. Simon and I continued to the venue of our Easter trip on the Long Mynd, before completing our circuit of Wales.

ROD ANDERSON
SIMON COGAN
GEORGE ELKINGTON

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Some time ago we announced in these pages that funds were available to repay at least some of the loans so generously made to enable our Centenary Edition to be published. As no one seemed to be interested, we make one last mention. If, however, no requests for repayment have been received by February 28, then the money will be transferred to Club funds, and thank you all very much indeed. After the initial surge, sales have reduced to a trickle, largely because of a regular advertisement in CYCLETOURING, but at least it is a regular trickle and our stocks are going down quite nicely. If you would like to have a copy, please contact Frank Marriott, at 11 Trem Afton Mynydd Isa, Mold, Clwyd. Telephone 0352-55037.

R U N SBWLCHGWYN - Four Cross Inn - September 6

Not having been on the bike for some time, I decided to go via the shortest route to Four Crosses, up the 39 steps, Abermorddu, Ffrith etc. This stretch is definitely on the collar and with a stiff west wind I found the going hard. When I got to the venue Ben and Mike Twigg were already in residence, and in due course the others began to arrive:

Frank Marriott and Cyril, Eric Reeves, Mike Hallgarth, John Moss, Simon Cogan and Bill Gray. The conversation was so interesting - it was time to get going before we realised the time. PAT O'LEARY

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - September 13

I attended this run, but saw no one else; perhaps hardly surprising as the weather consisted of heavy showers and a blustery wind. Fortunately there was a dry spell around midday, as I hoped to visit several archaeological sites in the area. I located one near Wincle before making for the Smithy, which seemed little changed; the log fire mentioned in the last Circular was appreciated. As I emerged, heavy rain started, so further exploration was postponed until my next visit, and I drifted gently homeward. Passing the Stanley Arms, I remembered huge meals on snowy evenings, before forcing oneself out into a very dark night for the long drop down to the more temperate altitude of Macclesfield. The Smithy isn't exactly "Stanley's", but pleasant enough, and I hope it will continue to appear on the runs list. GEORGE TAYLOR

HUXLEY - Farmer's Arms - September 13

The short, two-mile stretch of the A56 between Mickle Trafford and Dunham on the Hill is now highly dangerous. At times, I have taken to the footpath when the traffic situation became too hairy. On Saturdays the Shell road from Ellesmere Port to Hapsford on the A5117 can be had completely to oneself. Also the A56 Chester-Warrington road is now as quiet as the early thirties because of the M56.

On through Norley, Cotebrook, Eaton and Tarporley to join the Club at the Farmer's Arms at Huxley. It was standing room only in the snug. Harold and Mary Catling left early to make the return to East Cheshire. Our group of Anfielders were last in the snug. Suddenly the lady removing the plates and glasses started admiring the legs of the two in shorts. She preferred the Guinness-filled

varicose veins of Bill Gray to the clean young limbs of Peter Colligan.

Bill Gray, whilst disclaiming any illusion of being good-looking, started to lift the veil on his strange power over the ladies. As we cannot pay as much as "The People" for such revelations, he would only hint darkly at Young Woodley-like experiences. Now in his old age four ladies in his local drape themselves over and around him, and he has other things in his ears besides wax. Perhaps the hoary details can be obtained if he is plied with sufficient Guinness and whisky at the Tints.

The rest of the party included Peter Colligan, John Moss, Frank Marriott and Cyril, Dave Eaton, Bill Gray, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Rod Anderson and Mike Twigg. The writer and the President provided back wheels for Bill Gray, who was escorted to Mike Twigg's place.

J. E. REEVES

BRYNFORD - The Crooked Horn - September 27

This inn is delightful. Luxurious, spacious, and the food excellent, advantages which add up to being somewhat, slightly expensive. But as none of our younger members were present, it did not matter much. John Moss, Dave Eaton, Peter Colligan (all the way from the wilds of Woolton) and Ben Griffiths made up the bicycle contingent. Frank Marriott and friend Cyril completed the party.

If you wish to avoid the traffic-ridden A55 road Brynford is not the easiest place to reach, but Ben and company turned off this busy highway at Northop and soared to the hilltop at Rhosesmor by a very narrow and very steep lane. Then, somehow they became confused over some tracks and eventually found themselves padding the hoof on some forgotten green road. We don't think Peter was in on this adventure. However, all four were ensconced in a most comfortable front room when we arrived.

We had been Whitford way to view a curious cattle pound near Maen Achwyfan before realising that it was time we headed for the luncheon venue.

F.E.M.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - September 27

Weather conditions not very encouraging. After Alderley Edge heavy drizzle began to fall and I had to wear the cape to Marton. No wind though, which made conditions more bearable. Harold and Mary Catling were already installed and partaking lunch. No one else arrived to swell the Manchester ranks. Harold mentioned later that he would be missing for a short period as he was off to the Phillipines for a short spell. It is to be hoped that some of

our local members turn out to keep our flag flying.

STAN BRADLEY

FARNDON - Nag's Head - October 4

With most of us having finished time trialling for the year, it looks as if the clubrun season has started again: only the dedicated riders competing in earnest competition seem to have reached the lunchtime venue throughout the summer.

With the cycling contingent in a reasonable number, the run to the Nag's Head was made pleasant with a following wind. Bill Gray and John France were already sampling the culinary delights of the pub when John Moss and I arrived after a three-mile tear-up along the road from Rossett. Phil Mason, Simon Cogan and Ben arrived a few minutes later, looking quite fresh as a result of their more leisurely pace.

Frank Marriott and Cyril joined us and the party was completed with the later arrival of Mike Twigg. After an excellent meal in such good company we returned home via Aldford, where Mossy and I began another tear-up which lasted the remaining eleven miles to Two Mills; Phil Mason towed the Captain and Simon back, the latter of whom was riding in the Delamere time trial the following day, and so was not a serious competitor in the club run.

ROD ANDERSON

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - October 4

A glorious day, and very pleasant riding. Destination, Holmes Chapel. With Harold Catling in foreign parts I expected to be lunching on my own at the George and Dragon. Had a pleasant surprise when Bob and Hagar Poole arrived, and that proved to be the complete assembly. Nevertheless, it turned out to be a most pleasant meal.

STAN BRADLEY

ALLOSTOCK - Drover's Arms - October 18

This bright, sunny day, invigoratingly cool after another brief sojourn in the tropics, promised ideal cycling conditions. A deceptively powerful wind from the north-west fooled me into thinking I was pretty fit and tempted me into taking an unduly circuitous route to Allostock. The illusion of fitness was completely destroyed when, in the vicinity of Swettenham, I at last turned into the wind. My pace dropped to single figures and I found myself the last arrival at the Drover's. Stan Bradley, Bob and Hagar Poole already having their knees under the table when I crawled in.

The journey home was hard but uneventful until, just across the Mersey bridge, I came upon Stan, who had travelled by a more expeditious route, dismally examining the ends of a broken gear-change cable. Four miles to go, uphill and into the wind, with only top gear available, is a dispiriting prospect, but so too is the repair, by the roadside, of an oily broken cable. In the event the compromise solution of setting the gear permanently in a lower gear by simple adjustment of the motion-limiting screw was adopted, and Stan was soon on his way again, twiddling a 50-inch gear like a two-year-old. No doubt he felt the benefit on the later stages of the climb up to Heaton Moor.

HAROLD CATLING

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - October 26

With an intrepid feeling regarding the weather, I set out. Destination, Acton Bridge, via Ashley, skirting Great Budworth to Comberbach, and so down to the Weaver valley. With the Autumn Tints weekend in progress, I wondered if I might be doing a lone ranger and be on my own. However, as I reached Acton Bridge village I saw Guy Pullan walking. On arrival at the Hazel Pear I found that Bob and Hagar Poole were about to start their lunch.

After Guy had reached the inn, we all had the biggest surprise when Eric Reeves turned up. That was the end of the surprises for today. Our assembly was complete. The ride home was not too bad, as I found the wind favourable at times.

STAN BRADLEY

MARTON - Davenport Arms - November 1

Only Hagar and Bob Poole were able to turn out for this run. Stan and Harold were in Warwick for the T.A. Dinner. We had a good lunch, but it was somewhat spoiled when four motorcyclists came in and operated the very noisy juke-box.

HAGAR POOLE

BOSLEY - Harrington Arms - November 8

Raining to start with. Remembering the old saw: Rain before seven, fine at eleven, I set out by way of Alderley Edge, Marton and North Rode to Bosley. The Harrington Arms being the lunch venue. This was my first visit to this inn, and the manager offered me a free drink in exchange for my trike. Found Harold Catling already tucking into his lunch. As it turned out Harold and I were the only members out. Being still in possession of my trike I was able to ride home on a dry and sometimes sunny afternoon.

STAN BRADLEY

SHOCKLACH - Bull Inn - November 22

Returning for a brief visit to Anfieldland, I ventured out to the Eureka Cafe, where I found Ben Griffiths with John Thompson and Maggie on tandem. In view of a fairly stiff headwind we made a direct line for Chester and on towards Farndon, bearing off to the left for Shocklach.

I found the tandem maintaining a faster speed than I was used to, and was struggling to stay alongside. Having failed to even contest the sprint we arrived at the Bull, where I hardly recognised the refurbished interior. Already waiting for us were John France with Bill Litherland. Mike Hallgarth had arrived by car, complaining of a torn knee ligament.

Shortly afterwards we were joined by Ira Thomas, Frank Marriott, Bill Gray, Peter Colligan and John Moss with daughter Jennifer. Some time and several pints later the six of us on bikes remounted and quickly sped off in the direction of Tilston. First John and Maggie would attack and then Ben would counter, while Peter and I hung on and Mike dropped off. Regrouping at Barton, we made for Tattenhall, where Ben took over the navigating and led us down several unfamiliar lanes, eventually coming on to familiar territory in Chester.

From here to Two Mills it was to be a lineout (?-Ed) John and Maggie slipped off the back of the canal bridge, while Peter and I remained glued to Ben's back wheel. Arriving at the cafe absolutely knackered, I was relieved that I would not have to go through the same punishment for a while. And to think this was a mere warm-up for the following morning's training run!

BILL BARNES

ALLOSTOCK - Drover's Arms - December 20

Not very exciting for a ride from a weather point of view. Plenty of evidence when I rode through Wilmslow that it was the last Saturday before Christmas. Plenty of action going on in the shops, even a queue at one. It was a reasonably quiet ride via Twemlow to Allstock. The interior of the Drover's Arms was very inviting, although I should not like the job of polishing all that brasswork on the walls. Was soon joined by Harold Catling. Nobody else turned up, so the average attendance of two members was maintained. The return journey was made via Toft and Mobberley.

STAN BRADLEY

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HANDLEY - Calvaley Arms - December 27

Because Two Millscafe was closed this day, those attending the run made their own way there in ones and twos, and left in similar fashion. John Thompson, John Moss, Dave Birchall and his friend and myself lingered on until throwing out time, soaking up the last of the Christmas spirit. Brian Whitmarsh, Ben Griffiths and John Whelan left earlier, no doubt anxious to soak up extra miles. Others present were Mike Hallgarth, Mike Twigg and his father-in-law.

PETER COLLIGAN

FARNDON - Nag's Head - January 3 1981

"What time did you start out?" This is the interrogatory question addressed to me by the President almost every time I arrive at the meet. I must admit that arriving at 2 p.m. is hardly punctilious, but I cannot agree that to start after 6 p.m. and do less than 150 miles each way, is a sign of moral degeneracy. However, taking the President's strictures to heart, I was determined to arrive at my first 1981 run on time. Lucy, Maggie's eldest daughter, was to stoke the tandem. Since it is important in introducing the fair sex to pedalling to break them in gently, I decided to motor to Frodsham. Maggie and her youngest, Clare, would continue by car to Farndon, taking their bikes for a short potter round about.

The problems began in Rainhill village. The tandem swayed perilously, the car rocked in a most disturbing fashion. Was it safe to go on? But the Runcorn Bridge? Crossing the Mersey with the tandem aboard was taking too big a chance, so Lucy and I set out from Widnes. There began an horrific struggle into the wind. With the exception of one Easter in County Mayo in 1976 I have never before experienced such conditions. We arrived at 2.15 p.m.

Present, but just about to leave, were Mike Twigg, John Moss, Mike Hallgarth (still in bulk and using motor transport) Ira Thomas, Peter Colligan, visitors Gerry Robinson and Ernie and Joan Davies. Reported to have been and gone were John France, Albert Dixon and Sylvia.

JOHN THOMPSON

A N F I E L D C I R C U L A R

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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Vice Presidents: W. GRAY & HAROLD CATLING
Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS
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APRIL/MAY 1981

No: 818

LUNCH FIXTURES

April

4 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk)
11 BRYNFORD (Crooked Horn) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George
18 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms) & Dragon)
25 HUXLEY (Farmer's Arms) & LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
Please Note Alteration

May

2 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
4 OPEN "25" - H.Q. - Calveley Arms, HANDLEY
9 GRAIANRHVD (Rose & Crown) & MARTON (Davenport Arms)
16 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
23 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak)
25 "100" - ASTLEY - (Dog in the Lane)
30 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Hon. Treasurer, PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby,
Wirral, Merseyside.

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - APRIL 18th

WANTED
MARSHALS FOR
THE ANFIELD 25
ON MONDAY 4MAY
CONTACT M HALLGARTH

241 PENSBY Rd

HESWALL

WIRRAL

MERSEYSIDE

051 342 6047

The club have been donated 20 Concor saddles by J H F Cycle Distributors to be sold and the proceeds to go towards the prize value of the hundred. The minimum cost of these saddles shall be £10.95 for black and £11.25 for coloured plus 60p for post and packaging. Also for sale by the club is a time trial frame made of Reynolds Super Light tubing to your own specifications the retail value of this frame is £170 and whatever the frame is sold for shall be profit for the club. All enquiries to Dave Bassett, 20 Snabwood Clo Little Neston, South Wirral, Cheshire. Office phone No 051 336 7543/7553 Home phone No 051 336 6649

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Vin Schofield, 3 Marine Road, Pensarn, Abergelle, North Wales.

THE "100"

In our report of the A.G.M. two issues ago, we mentioned that "on a proposition by Peter Colligan, seconded by Mike Twigg, Dave Bassett explores the avenues of sponsorship and reports back to the Committee". We thought the statement to be innocent enough, though probably we should not have used the word "sponsorship". One anxious member quickly wrote to ask if we were considering having the Club sponsored. We hope we have allayed those fears, but another, and very mature, member is so incensed at the prospect of having trade help to make our "100" an even better event, that he has submitted his resignation. Ira Thomas refers to the subject in a special piece on the "100", and also in his report of the Acton Bridge run. We recommend all to study his remarks carefully.

OBITUARY

We are all saddened by the sudden passing of Albert Dixon during the month of February. Albert did not become an Anfielder until 1973, when he was every bit a veteran, yet some of us had known him for upwards of half a century, back to the days of the late 1920's when he completed some stylish rides in excellent times in our "100".

In the early days of his membership Albert made a practice of cycling to the club run, but latterly physical troubles precluded him from riding far, and he and Sylvia were grateful to John France for his kindness in providing transport. John was present at the church service. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Sylvia and their son.

JACK PITCHFORD

We also wish to extend our sincerest wishes to Jack Pitchford on the passing of his wife, Nan, early in February. Nan had been in indifferent health for some years. Our own particular memories go back for more than forty years, when, on rare occasions, we would find ourselves in Shrewsbury on Sundays at teatime. We shall ever be grateful for the wonderful meals served by Nan. The only trouble was that we had 40, 55 or even 60 miles to ride home afterwards, depending whether you lived in Chester, Birkenhead or Wallasey.

DAVID BIRCHALL

Has had his bike "pinched". Could anyone oblige him with frame, anywhere between 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ " & 23 inches in size. His home is at 19, Alnwickhill Crescent, Edinburgh EH16 6XY.

GET FIT FOR THE AUTUMN TINTS.....

There will be a training camp in the form of a Scotland tour in mid-September for two weeks. Riders of the fateful 1980 event will be relieved to know that Mike Hallgarth is not planning the route, and there will be no more than 24 hours of bike riding each day. Anybody who is interested should contact Rod Anderson on (051) 342 6754 before the end of April.

THE "100" - MAY 25th

This year's promotion, our 71st unpaced event, will be held with the support of J.H.F. Distributors, of which Dave Bassett is a Director. This marks another significant step in our history, and it is of vital importance that the high standard of the event must be maintained and in some respects improved. Therefore, I ask all members to give the "100" their unqualified support, and to let me know their preferences as regards to checking and marshalling. In addition, I would like to see the provision of observers, and any volunteers for this important job(s) will be welcome.

Last year we ran a refreshment tent staffed by our ladies. Offers of help in this direction will be appreciated. Telephone Whitchurch (Salop) 4100.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

In response to the note in our last issue, Bill Finn has replied to the effect that the balance of his loan should go to the "100" fund. Many thanks Bill.

RACING NOTES

With the cancellation of the Larkhill Wheelers 2-Up TTT due to heavy snow, the first event for brave Anfielders was the Crewe Clarion 2-Up Hilly "29". -
J. Whelan & B. Whitmarsh - 1.13.10 (3rd fastest)
B. Griffiths & S. Cogan - 1.14.41
G. Elkington & D. Bassett - 1.22.58

JOHN WHELAN

A brief look at his first 20 years of bikeracing. John joined the Anfield in 1961, and started racing when aged 15 in the last West Cheshire "25" on 24.9.61. He did 1.6.30. By September 1962 he had his time down to 1.03.02. In 1963 he failed to improve his "25" time, but in the West Cheshire "25" he did 1.03.52, less than two minutes behind the winner, and in the "50", 2.11.19.

July 1964 saw the first of many rides inside the hour, 59.35. He also improved his "50" time to 2.8.03. 1965 and five times inside the hour, and the Club "25" record with 58.35. He rode four "50s", the slowest being 2.7.52, and the fastest, and his second Club record 2.2.29. 1966 and he beat the hour seven times, his fastest being 59.08 but at 50 miles John beat the Club record twice, first with 2.1.10, and then on 7.8.66 became the first Anfielder inside two hours with 1.58.21. 1967 - 15 times under the hour, his first open win and Club record three times. First 58.22, then 57.57, and finally, on 10.9.67, 57.26. On October 8th he equalled this figure in the Brentwood R.C. event on E.31, so two rides of 57.26, but only one "50", a 2.3.46. 1968 was a vintage year. Sixteen rides inside the hour, seven open wins including two West Cheshire "25", the "30" and two new Club records, 56,25 in the National Championship on J.32 (won with 54.21) and a new Club record in the West Cheshire "30", 1.11.52. At 50 miles only one ride, 2.3.33. The season started on the 3rd March, and ended 13th October, seven and a half months, a very full season.

1969 - 11 times under fastest time 57.11, also third in B.N.E. Mountain T.T. in 2.8.57. The early seventies saw John having only very short seasons. 1970 fastest time 59.58, 1971, fastest time 1.1.36. Then on 23rd October came his marriage to Jane. 1972 his fastest time 59.41 to win the first West Cheshire "25". 1973 John had a season out. 1974 best ride fourth place in the first West Cheshire 1.2.52, this year also was the birth of a son, Russell. 1975 John was again beginning to move well with 59.25, 2.6.30 and 4.23.07 for the "100". 1976 John was back on top. He regained the "50" record with 1.57.20, won the West Cheshire "30" with 1.12.48, fourth in the B.N.E. M.T.T. with 2.6.01. He also improved his "100" record to 4.21.36, and did a 58.59 "25".

This year also saw the birth of a daughter, Karen. 1977 again a short season of hilly events, but he led the team in the Mid-Shropshire "25" with 1.1.35. 1978 John was again top man, improving his "50" record to 1.49.41 and the "100" record to 4.12.45 with a 57.05. 1979 best times were 1.2.21, 2.4.27 and 4.29.01. 1980 with the added competition from Brian Whitmarsh and Simon Cogan, John lost his "25" record after 15 years, but not for long. On the 27th July he did 55.20 to regain the record. Best "50" was 2.1.24 and a very good "100", 4.13.24.

So at the start of John's 21st season he holds Club records for "25", 55.20; "50", 1.49.41; and "100" miles with 4.12.45. 1981 looks set to be his best year yet as with Brian he took third place in the first event of the season, a hilly 2-Up.

Ben

THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP - Some Comments

I note with concern that the Club Championship seems to have been calculated by finding the total time taken by each rider. Since two minutes off a "25" is clearly worth more than five minutes off a "100", this cannot be right. The average speed of the five riders who completed the three qualifying rides is as follows:- John Whelan 25.166; Ben Griffiths 24.346; Mike Hallgarth 24.100; Dave Barker 23.046; John Moss 22.895 and Dave Eaton 21.787. The order, in this instance, is not changed. Johnny "Super" Whelan still wins, so I am forced to offer my congratulations. No arithmetic juggling can upset him. However, with my Christmas calculator I have computed that Simon Cogan would only have had to do a 4.20.10 hundred to win. Watch out, Whelan!

John Thompson

A WEEKEND IN NORTH WALES AND THE MARCHES

After work on Friday I dashed home, dodging the odd thunder storm, to pack all my goodies and a clean regulation sheet sleeping bag into my old saddle bag, and ride off into the Welsh Mountains. I had a date with Professor Mike at Cynwyd Youth Hostel. I arrived via the Llanegla route at 9.15, and was quickly whisked off by Mike to sample the local brew.

In the morning Mike and I set off for adventure in the Berwyns.

We cruised down the B.4401 from Cynwyd to Llandrillo, where we turned up a narrow lane. Soon we were walking through pastures and up to the summit of Moel Sych, catching the occasional view of Snowdonia through the heat haze. The top of Moel Sych was wind-blown, so we only paused to take the hang-gliding potential of the summit ridge. I have an Auntie who lives in Wales, so I was the obvious choice to lead us down the steep grass and bracken slopes. We didn't follow the route I expected, but after a very pleasant stroll we arrived at the top of a waterfall at Tan-y-pistyll. I rode the rough track down to the road, while Mike walked, and we met up in Llanrhaesdr ym Mochnant, where we had lunch.

From Llanrhaeadr Mike was to be my guide through the hilly lanes to Welshpool. So after one hour of very tough hill climbing, we saw a road sign saying Llanrhaeadr Y.M. - 2 miles. But what can you expect from someone with Mike's touring pedigree. After this minor setback we got onto the B.4580 to Llanfyllin, and then on the very quiet (for a Saturday) A.490 onto Welshpool. We travelled along the main road to Newtown until the volume of traffic became too much, and we took to the lanes once more. We climbed Kerry Hill, and then branched off onto the Clun Forest tracks. It was here that Mike introduced me to the dubious carto-graphical skills of Bartholomew's maps. The terrain of the forest and the lanes leading to Bishop's Castle made a welcome change to the North Wales and Cheshire scenes. As always, when something is enjoyable time passed all too quickly, and at eight o'clock we were trying to find our beds for the night in the tranquil market town of Bishop's Castle.

We soon found the Six Bells, and met up with Mike's two 24-hour buddies, Ian Dow and Les Lowe. The town had many hostelries and we tried to sample the brews that were on offer. We soon found that Bishop's Castle is quite a cheap place in which to eat and drink. As might be expected with three 24-hour men present, the talk was not about 25's or 10's, but about schedules, training and Cromack. (Must be some sort of shiny gaberdine). I listened to the conversation, trying to understand the 24-hour mentality, but even by the time we departed next morning I was none the wiser.

Mike decreed that on the Sunday we should take the direct route home (there's got to be a catch). There was, it was the hilliest route. From Bishop's Castle we wound our way through the intricate web of Shropshire lanes to Marton, and then up into the Long Mountain. We rode along the top of the mountain following the course of a Roman road. As we passed through Wollaston, and approached the flood plains of the Severn, the sky blackened and under the threat of a downpour we stopped for lunch at a pub near Cow Green.

Suitably refreshed we crossed the Severn on an old railway track and headed for Knockin. It was just after Knockin that Mike and I had a slight difference of opinion. The result was that Mike followed his half-inch Barts. map, and I my quarter-inch O.S. map. That was the last we saw of each other. I reached Oswestry first and headed for the hills (expecting Mike to be in hot pursuit) Through Selattyn and up Church Hill from Glyn Ceiriog. At Llangollen I waited for Mike, but no sign of him. I don't suppose I could have found him in those massive crowds anyway. So on I pushed climbing the congested single track lane to World's End. Even more day trippers as I passed the ford - must be the light that attracts them.

Assisted by a stong tail wind I was soon through Minera and Hope. In no time at all I was at the Mills, only to find Mike sitting there chatting to one of the Spraggetts. He had chickened out at Oswestry and taken the flat way home. It was a superb weekend, with brilliant weather, pleasant company and exploring some new ground in some of the best cycling country I've come across. The beer wasn't too bad, either.

YOUTH HOSTEL WEEKEND TO CYNWYD - 9/10/11 January

Although not an official club run, it proved to be a very enjoyable weekend, not unlike the weekend we spent at Cynwyd last winter. George, Simon and I set off after school on Friday night. I saw it as an ideal opportunity to try out my recently acquired Sanyo dynamo, but I ran out of bulbs within a few miles - long live daytime cycling. Despite our diminished lighting we arrived at Cynwyd soon after eight, having called into see Ben en route.

Saturday morning was bright and frosty - what a frost indeed, on our bunks that night we had used twelve blankets each! After a wholesome breakfast of sausage sandwiches we set off through Llandrillo to Bala. From Bala we took the road along Llyn Celyn, the surrounding hills glistened with snow, but the road at least was clear. Our luck with the road conditions changed as we turned up the 'B' road towards Ffestniog with ice and snow everywhere. We found a cafe in the middle of nowhere, but it was closed so we followed the road marked Pentrefoelas. Within a mile the patchy ice and slush had turned into a complete covering of crusty snow, which lasted for a cold but enjoyable seven miles. The bitter north westerly wind, bringing with it snow showers, blew us constantly across the road, but we descended to below the snow line without falling off. A cafe in Pentre Foelas was a welcome sight. I am not sure which we appreciated more, the warm fire of the pot of tea. I suspect it was the former. After dinner we had a mixture of lanes and A5 to Cerrig, and from there we pattered on some semi-rough stuff back to the hostel. Despite the fact that the doors were not due to open for another hour and twenty minutes, we found the men's dormitory open, so we were able to hibernate for a while.

Sometime later, sitting around the fire supping hot chocolate, we were surprised to see Ben stride through the door, saddlebag in arms. Shortly afterwards Mike Hallgarth arrived in his car. After the cook (yours faithfully) had fed Simon, George and Ben (Ben having arrived with no food at all, and Mike being very efficient in preparing his own meal), we all proceeded to the Blue Lion Inn.

In the morning the three breakfast makers made an early start. After breakfast I repaired a broken axle in my bike with the help of Ben and his mobile workshop. Mike had a ride on George's bike and arrived at the conclusion that he should raise his saddle even further to solve the knee problem. With bags loaded into Mike's car, Ben, Simon, George and I set off to Cerrig via Bala to meet the training run - which never reached Cerrig - and then continued home through Ruthin and Mold. George was in top form thanks to the sponge pudding he ate on Friday night - but that is another story. We arrived at The Mills in varying states of exhaustion. Speaking for myself I was completely shattered and even Simon could hardly sustain 25 m.p.h. on the way home.

Rod Anderson

RUNS

ALPRAHAM - Tollemach Arms - November 29th

A lovely sunny cold day, but only John Moss arrived at the Eureka, so we made our way through the lanes for Alpraham. John was testing a new way of repairing tubs, by inflating them with a car emergency repair kit that sets hard in the hole, and it seems to work very well.

Those present were Ira and Mrs. Thomas, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Eric Reeves, Phil Mason, John France, Mrs. Flo Hill and Mike Twigg and Peter Colligan. The ride home was not so good, as Peter and John decided not to let me ride with them. Every-time I almost made it on to their wheels they picked up the pace, and kept me just hanging off the back. At the Eureka I was allowed to sit at the same table. I can't wait to get them on the training runs.

Ben Griffiths

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - December 27th

Leaving Whitchurch rather late meant a direct run to the venue where, on arrival, we found that the Leather Smithy had been refurbished since our last visit, but still retains the atmosphere of a country pub. We were greeted by Harold Catling, with Hagar and Bob Poole. Harold was performing a delicate operation on Bob's watch with the aid of a penknife and a calculator. We hope that Bob does not apply for a R.T.T.C. certificate for the said watch.

After a most interesting chat with Harold about his worldwide travels, it was time to depart, and we made our way to the bottom of the Oven and followed the Clough Brook amidst Christmas card scenery to Danebrook and Meer brook to join the A53 for Leek. The journey through the rather drap Potteries, enlivened by a most glorious sunset to conclude a most pleasant run.

Ira Thomas

MARTON - Davenport Arms - January 3rd

Only the two of us on this run, Hagar and Bob Poole. It was a very cold and windy day, and on leaving the Davenport Arms we found a flat tyre. A very cold job changing the wheel, and not a happy day, but here's to the next time.

Hagar Poole

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - January 10th

The Tollemache Arms at Alpraham is one of the best of the Anfield venues, and on this cold, windy and very bright Saturday proved a magnet for no fewer than 18 members. First to arrive by car were John France and Flo Hill, quickly followed by Harold Catling, who had just returned from Mexico, and soon to travel to India, before retiring in June. Harold then reaches the ripe old age of 65.

They were quickly followed by the President, Ben Griffiths, and, in no particular order, Stan Bradley, Bob Poole and Hagar, Ira Thomas and Hetty, John Thompson and Maggie, John Moss, Frank Marriott, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan, Bill Gray, Mike Hallgarth, and Gerry Robinson, Recovering after a serious operation and looking remarkably fit.

The table talk usually associated with the Anfield waxed fast and furious, discussions ranging from Apartheid in South Africa to the merits of alcoholic refreshment in its various forms as practised by the members, with references to sponsorship in sport, and its effect on cycling. Then we went onto discuss the possible closure of the Bidston-Wrexham Railway, and the "sinking" of the Birkenhead Ferry. Neil France's photographs, sent from Pretoria, were passed round, and John Moss's emigration to Port Elizabeth were discussed at length, but, at 2.30 p.m. Stan Bradley made the first move to depart, quickly followed by the cyclists, and, in no time at all, we were on the road home after another enjoyable Anfield run.

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - January 17th

I have come to the conclusion that whenever the wind blows on a Saturday, and I decide to go on the Club run, I will be the one who is asked to write up the run; the Bull Inn on January 17th was no exception. A cold, windy, showery day greeted me as I set off from Heswall - not really much of a day for cycling. The Eureka Cafe was uncharacteristically deserted - not even Moss was there! I sped off with the wind towards Chester, where I met Mike Twigg, and, with numbers now doubled, we continued to the lunch venue, taking the most direct route through Churton and Farndon.

On arrival at the Bull we saw the familiar Ben Griffiths winter club run machine - sure enough, there was the Club Captain and president well installed, pint in hand. Shortly after our arrival came John Moss with Jennifer and baby Karina. Bill Gray arrived on his bike, and he, along with Gerry Robinson and Ernie Davies, completed the party.

Our departure was in to an even livelier wind, but despite it's efforts to dismount us we all reached our various destinations in good spirit.

Ron Anderson

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - January 24th

Our way to the Hazel Pear was made on a day filched from Spring, and the route through the Delamere Forest most pleasant. Shortly before Acton Bridge we overtook Peter Colligan, turning a nifty pedal to find on arrival that the bar was occupied by Ben, John Moss (counting the days to departure) Gerry Robinson, Frank Marriott, Bob and Hagar Poole, Mikes Twigg and Hallgarth to be followed by Guy Pullan, John Thompson and Allan Littlemore.

Conversation amongst members ranged from world affairs to the current verbal battle between Dave Lloyd and Phil Griffiths on their anticipated placings in the B.B.A.R. and we as Anfielders can look forward to an interesting "100" this year, as both contestants may be riding. As regards the "100", I, as organiser, wish to allay the fears of some members. The event is being helped by the generosity of a fellow member, Dave Bassett. There will be no advertising gimmicks and no ballyhoo, although we will of course acknowledge the help given in a dignified way as becomes our standard.

Leaving the venue we again made our way to Delamere, where we enjoyed an enjoyable walk before making our way home via Peckforton, Bickerton and Marbury.

Ira Thomas

BANGOR-on-DEE - Royal Oak - January 31st

After one of the best January weeks for weather that I can remember, Saturday again dawned cold and sunny. I got out my racing bike and did a sharp 18 miles around the Chester bypass, then called home to change bikes for the club run. I arrived at the Eureka to find John Whelan and George Elkington waiting. Was it possible that John was coming on the Club run? No, he was taking George training. Peter Colligan was the only other Anfielder to arrive, so Peter and I set out through Chester for Bangor-on-Dee. When you read the roll call for the run you may think you have picked up a circular from the 1950's, the list reads, Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan, John France and friend Bill Litherland, Frank Marriott, Ira Thomas, Bill Gray, Mike Twigg, John Futter, Ernie and Joan Davies, Gerry Robinson and the youngster of the party, he who has only been in the Anfield 17 years,

John Moss.

So the conversation was about yesteryears. On the return ride John Futter set out to prove he can still ride a bit with some nifty pedalling. A cup of tea at the Eureka and as the fog came down again we made our way home.

Ben Griffiths

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - January 31st

It said on the wireless that there would be freezing fog in parts. Looking out, it did not appear to be so bad, so I set off, hoping for the best. Rode via Handforth, Mottram St. Andrew. Not sure if it is the time of year for muck spreading, but I encountered several stretches of roadway covered by muddy tracks. They came out of one field and into another.

Continued via Over Alderley, Broken Cross, Fool's Nook, Sutton to Langley. Thinking back over the route I had just ridden, it is not skinny with hills, and hills are the obstacles I try to avoid. Reached the Leather Smithy Inn and was greeted by George Taylor. Was soon joined by Bob and Mrs. Poole. This, as it turned out, was the full attendance complement. I knew that Harold Catling was on a trip to India, so wasn't surprised by his non-attendance. Noticed that the fog around here was thicker than in the lowlands. I also noticed that it was warmer when I reached Macclesfield on the way home.

Stan Bradley

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - February 7th

Appearances appeared to be deceptive today. John Moss, Ben Griffiths and Peter Colligan arrived together somewhat early at 12.30, and there wasn't a sign of perspiration or distress between the three of them. So one obviously thought that for a change they had been dawdling gently through the lanes more or less directly to the venue. Then, when Mike Twigg stalked in half-an-hour later, all was revealed. John and Ben (we are not too certain about Peter) had been for a training spin into the country beyond Nantwich. Mike Twigg had even ventured as far as Woore.

They must be in reasonable fettle, as no evident sign of being weary could be discerned. We gather that yet another season starts on the morrow, perhaps that is why the younger folk were absent. The only other self propelled member present was Harold Catling, enjoying a relatively pleasant February day after another spell in India.

For the rest, John France had brought Flo Hill out, and their party was later augmented by Vivienne, Geoff Sharp and son Jonathon. Bob Poole and Hagar (with the exception of Harold Catling) were the sole representatives of the Manchester section. We missed Stan Bradley. Mike Hallgarth, still nursing a damaged knee, had come out by car, and so had Frank Marriott. Bill Gray was present through the good offices of Ernie Davies, who, with John Futter and Gerry Robinson, were Anfield members in earlier years. We were delighted to have them with us once again. Lastly, but by no means least, we must mention Joan Davies who cycled from their home at Wrexham to Kelsall. Ernie had shoved the roof rack on in case Joan needed a respite on the way home from the strong south-wester, but Joan cycled both ways. And we all enjoyed a very happy party.

F.E.M.

MARTON - February 14th

A spring like day; bright but very cold, brought all the Manchester regulars to the Davenport Arms. We had Rex on bicycle, Stan on tricycle, Harold and wife on that peculiar vehicle called the "long barrow" and, of course, Bob and Hagar. Conversation turned to the eight or so Manchester and District members who are either Life Members or who pay their subs regularly, but whom we seldom, or never, see. It was felt that if a suitable venue for a run could be arranged where we could get a good meal it might be possible to get some, or perhaps all, of these members to join us for food and a chat. Stan Bradley agreed to co-ordinate and would like a word from everyone of the eight as soon as possible. His address is:- 10 Mentone Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport SK4 4HF.

Rex Austin

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - February 21st

A wonderful wedge of super cheese and onion pie, a potato, beautifully baked, smothered in glorious butter. All trimmed with salad. Mere words just cannot express what a delightful meal. My mouth was watering all the way to the Hazel Pear.

Inside we found Stan Bradley. Stan is one of those rare individuals for whom a nice lunch in a Cheshire inn holds no pleasures. A pint, nicely and gently savoured, and he is off home again. We were delighted to see the tandem tricycle being out for an airing again, manned by Harold and Mary Catling. Others present were Bob and Hagar Poole, Frank Marriott, Ira and Hetty Thomas, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, John Moss, Gerry Robinson, Rod Anderson, John Thompson and Allan Littlemore. If the wind hadn't been so cold we might have had even more. Once the plates had been cleared we didn't stay long. The frigid breeze had to be braved, and the sooner we reached home, the better.

F.E.M.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed MARCH 1879)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice Presidents: W. GRAY and HAROLD CATLING

Hon. Secretary: DAVID EATON

29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside

Tel: 051-648 3563

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JUNE/JULY 1981

No. 819

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LUNCH FIXTURES

1981		
<u>June</u>	6	SHOCKLACH (Bull) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
	13	ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Fear)
	20	ALFRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
	27	GRAIG FECHAN (Three Pigeons) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
<u>July</u>	4	MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk)
	11	BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak)
	18	ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Fear)
	25	KELSALL (Morris Dancer and Mersey Roads "24")

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7-00. Junior (under 21) £4-00 and CADET £1 00

These and donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Phil Mason, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

EDITOR: MIKE HALLGARTH, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral, Merseyside. (Tel: 051-342 6047)

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - JUNE 20

COMMITTEE NOTES

RESIGNATION: The resignation of Arthur Gore has been accepted with regrēt.

DAVID BARKER - has asked to be transferred to second-claim membership. As he has put forward excellent reasons for making the request, we have acceded with pleasure.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Bill Finn - to 21 Coolmine Lawns, Blanchardstown, Co. DUBLIN, Eire.

Our very good friend STAN SPRAGGETT of the Bitkenhead North End CC has, at the ripe age of 55, announced his engagement to Barbara Jones. Stan assures us that his long-distance racing career will continue. We extend to the happy pair our very best wishes.

OUR "25": When an organizer receives more than the maximum number of entries for an event he always feels reluctant to send entries back. For the second year running the Anfie Anfield "25" has been vastly oversubscribed. Long before the first entry was received it was decided that to be totally fair to everyone the selection would be based on the fastest 120 received before 6-00 p.m. on Tuesday 21st April, with preference to women, as this is a BBAR event. In this way those who had their entries returned could be assured that they were either too slow or too late and that the 120 chosen had times faster than their own - and received on time.

THE "100" With this issue of the Circular will be enclosed a card for the Anfield "100", to be held on Spring Bank Holiday, 25th May. Ira Thomas would appreciate, even at this late date, any offers of help. His telephone number is: WHITCHURCH (SHROPSHIRE) 4100.

BIRTHDAY RUN. As we do not hold an Annual Dinner, the Committee would very much like the Birthday Run to be a special event, with many more than the usual regulars attending. This year we arranged the fixture at the Goshawk, the modern name for the old Station Hotel at Mouldsworth, which a few of the old stagers will remember with pleasure. The Goshwak is an excellent inn, with splendid meals and plenty of room. But we must confess to being somewhat downcast at the numbers present. Being on the old Cheshire Lines Railway linking Manchester with Chester, we thought that members from both ends of Anfieldland would make use of its facilities. But no! Perhaps better luck next year.

RACING NOTES: The racing season is only six days old and yet, already, an Anfield team has exceeded 25 mph, two 1st places, six 2nd, six riders under the hour and at least two personal bests - not a bad start! With a few Anfielders entering road races and 14 time trialling it looks to be a good season.

SIMON COGAN

RESULTS:

7.3.81 HYDE OLYMPIC 2-up "25"

R. Anderson and S. Cogan
59-50 (3rd)

15.3.81 CHESTER 2-up "25"

B. Whitmarsh/J. Whelan 56-30 (2nd)
G. Elkington/B. Griffiths 59.02
P. Colligan/John Moss 1.6.11.

29.3.81 RUTHIN "25"

B. Griffiths 1.2.08
G. Elkington 1.2.39
D. Bassett 1.9.12
P. Colligan 1.10.12

29.5.81 ALTRINCHAM 1.3 limit "25"

R. Anderson 1.1.53 2nd and P.B.
P. Mason 1.17

4.4.81 MANCHESTER VETS "25"

B. Griffiths 1.1.25
P. Colligan 1.8.06

5.4.81 PHOENIX ROAD RACE

S. Cogan 2nd and 1 prime

12.4.81 RHYL "25"

J. Whelan 57.03
B. Whitmarsh 58.58
R. Anderson 1.1.11
B. Griffiths 1.1.28

12.4.81 LEL TT "25"

P. Colligan 1.9.00

8.3.81 N.LANCS HILLY "28"

S. Cogan (1st) 1.10.38 Fastest
J. Whelan (2nd) 1.11.18 Team
B. Whitmarsh (5th) Prize
1.13.23
G. Elkington 1.17.05

22.3.81 PRESWICK PHOENIX "25"

B. Griffiths 1.8.

28.3.81 MERSEYSIDE LADIES "10"

Dave Eaton 26.53

29.3.81 LICHFIELD HILLY "29"

J. Whelan 1.10.30 1st, Course and
event record
S. Cogan 1.11.14 2nd and fastest
junior

5.4.81 CIRCUIT OF THE DALES

J. Whelan 2.10.55 7th

5.4.81 WEST CHESHIRE "25"

R. Anderson 1.0.56 P.B.
B. Griffiths 1.1.21
G. Elkington 1.1.56
J. Thompson 1.3.10
D. Bassett 1.5.33
D. Eaton 1.9.10
M. Hallgarth 1.9.29
J. Moss 1.9.55

11.4.81 EAST LANCS 2-up "25"

B. Griffiths/G. Elkington 1.0.00

17.4.81 A S SUNLIGHT "22"

J. Whelan 52.53 7th
B. Griffiths 55.11
G. Elkington 56.52

12.4.81 N. WIRRAL VELO RR 31J

S. Cogan 2nd and 5 primes
G. Elkington 17th

18.4.81 CONDOR "25" 58.00 limit

G. Elkington 57.53 P.B.

19.4.81 N.Lancs VETS "25"

P. Colligan 1.5.54

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

In reply to Dr Thompson's criticism of my calculations for the Club Championship, I would like to assure all riders that we do work out the average speed of each rider (without the use of calculators) but I just published the exact times, believing that all Amfielders could calculate the average speed to three places of decimals in their heads.

BEN GRIFFITHS

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R U N S

GRAIANRHYD Rose and Crown - February 28 1981.

It seems like yesterday since the Mersey ferryboats were steam driven and so full of cyclists and their machines that there was little room left to move about the boat. Perhaps one tends to remember only the good things, but all the woodwork seemed to be freshly varnished and the brass fittings gleamed on these majestic boats of the past.

The neglected diesel tub I crossed the Mersey by today being only a pale reflection of past glories. Although very damp I enjoyed the ride to The Mills today in weather considerably warmer than of late. After tea and cakes Ben Griffiths, John Moss and I left the Mills for the Rose and Crown at Graianrhyd. We were soon forced to cape up because of dense light rain. Arriving at the inn, somewhat steamed up after the long climb from Queensferry, we were welcomed by the usual cheery fire (and the new landlord)

A cosy venue this one., proposed by Ben some 18 months ago. Pleasant surroundings such as these, coupled with heavy loss of body fluids, via sweat, tends to induce acute thirst. Our enthusiastic remedy for this malady did not go unnoticed by the locals

who enquired of Bill Gray whether "A.B.C" stood for A BOOZING CLUB". Well, I suppose anybody can make a mistake.

Others present were: John France, Frank Marriott, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Mike Hallgarth and

PETER COLLIGAN

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MOULDSWORTH Goshawl March 7

This Birthday Run, as a specially arranged fixture, could be the last unless better support is forthcoming. The Goshawk (once the Station Hotel) is an excellent house and, being on a railway we did hope for an excellent attendance of older members whom we do not see very often. Evidently others thought differently.

All power then to Jimmy and Mrs Cranshaw for driving all the way from the West Midlands to be with us on what we had hoped would be a great occasion. John France brought along Flo Hill and friend John Hardiman. Frank Marriott, Bill Gray, Harold Catling George Taylor, John Moss, with Wendy and Karina. Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan and Maureen. John Thompson, Mike Twigg, Allan Littlemore, Gerry Robinson and, just as we were about to leave, Chris Edwards, who had been fighting a snorting wester all the way from Sheffield.

Despite the paucity of members, we had quite a happy party - no Anfield run is ever miserable - and we are sure that everyone went away quite satisfied with the day.

F.E.M.

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BWLCH GWYN Four Crosses Inn March 14

Our present practice of having bar meals at selective inns doesn't often come adrift, because even when a house changes hands the new incumbents contrive to continue with the provision of food to stimulate the cash flow. It very rarely happens that an innkeeper moves on and the new licensee prefers not to cater.

So when we called at the windswept Four Crosses Inn on the moors above Wrexham on this particular Saturday we were disappointed. No food! Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Mike Twigg and Ira Thomas had climbed with the contours. Jerry Robinson having

not quite recovered from his "op " and yours truly, arrived on four wheels. So in a few minutes we were away to seek solace at the Joiners Arms, a couple of miles down the road, a pleasant house where the variety of sandwiches proved to be quite delicious.

F.E.M.

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MORLEY Tigers Head March 21

Nothing, absolutely nothing, pleasant can be said about this run until we all had managed to seek the warmth and shelter of this ancient forest inn. Dull, wet and cold. Not many bothered to brave the elements on this day: John Moss with his younger daughter Karina, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Dave Eaton, Harold Catling and yours truly, convoyed to the venue by daughter Alison and grand daughter because his own transport was undergoing overhaul.

F.E.M.

BOSLEY Harrington Arms March 28

The weather not being too good, I phoned Harold Catling to see if he would be attending the run. Yes, he would be there. So with determination I set out against a strong headwind. Thank heaven for a low bottom gear. It was about 12-20 when I arrived at the Harrington Arms. Harold and Mary were already there, tucking into their lunch. They too had not a very high opinion of the morning's ride. No one else arrived and we set off on the return journey with high hopes of a much easier effort, which proved to be the case.

STAN BRADLEY

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HUXLEY Farmers Arms April 25

The Farmers Arms is just an ordinary inn in a pleasant country village, but the good folk who look after the place seemed to have obtained an elevated idea of the price of their meals. Every charge on the menu seemed to be much higher than it should have been, taking in other considerations. However we had a pleasant party: Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, John Moss (soon off to South Africa) Frank Marriott, Phil Mason, Gerry Robinson and Mike Hallgarth.

A BREATH FROM THE PAST

Only the oldest of our members will cherish memories of "Boss" Higham and Norman Higham, both prominent members of the Anfield in years gone by. Judge then the delight when we received the following letter by way of The Cyclists Touring Club early in January 1981:-

"Dear Sir,

I write to enquire whether you can put me in touch with the Secretary, or some other responsible official of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Liverpool. My reason for wanting to get in touch with them is that I have found a trophy awarded by the Club to my late father on 29 August 1903 as the third prize in the 50-mile Time Trial. I had no idea that we still had the trophy, for it must be nearly forty years since I remember seeing it, but I do recall the many race meetings which I attended as a child with my Father who was one of the official timekeepers. I hope you will be able to help me,

Yours faithfully,

E.H. HIGHAM

No sooner said than done. The CTC passed the latter on to Dave Eaton and he acknowledged Mr Higham's letter. On January 18 Mr Higham replied:-

"Dear Mr Eaton, Thank you very much for your letter and for the copies of the Anfield Circular, which I found interesting. I am delighted to know that you would like to have the trophy which my Father won in 1903 and I will send it to you as soon as possible. However, I am not quite sure what you will be able to do with it because it is quite large - measuring over 16 inches in height and about 11 inches across the two handles. Also it is engraved with details of the event and the date. Although it is most impressive, I'm afraid it isn't pure silver, but even if it were I would prefer it to be in the hands of the Club rather than for it to remain in obscurity here. Perhaps I can add a few other details. My Father, Norman Marshall Higham, was born in Dunham Massey and lived in Altrincham area until the outbreak of the last war, when he moved first to Leeds and then to Bury, where he died in January 1947. I do not remember him as an active cyclist myself, although I have found several very old photographs which show him with his Father in cycling kit - but not of the racing type. I also remember very clearly the watches which he used as a timekeeper and the care

with which they were sent for checking. I have no idea when my Father relinquished his timekeeping activities, or what he did with his watches and I didn't know of any of his achievements as a cyclist until my Mother returned to live in Hale after my sister was "demobbed" and I could join them after many years in "digs". It was when we were bringing our worldly possessions out of store that I first became aware of the trophy.

Yours sincerely

EDWARD HIGHAM

The latest letter from Hr Higham is dated 24 Feb. 1981:-

"Dear Mr Eaton,

Thank you very much for your letter. I am glad to know that the trophy reached you safely and that you will be able to put it to use. Your proposal seems very appropriate not only because I feel that it would be sensible for the trophy to remain the property of the Club but also because otherwise it would become hidden away as it has already been for so many years.

Thank you also for the copy of the history of the Club. I have only had time to glance through it, but in doing so I came across a reference to my Father's timekeeping activities on page 56 and also to my Grandfather (NMH and AMH respectively). I was also fascinated to see that my grandfather was president of the Club in 1911 and 1912. I look forward to reading the rest of the Club history.

Again, may I say how pleased I am that the trophy has been accepted by the Club and I hope it will give pleasure to all who win it. My only regret is that it was not in perfect condition, so if you would like to establish the cost of restoring it, I would be willing to meet some, or all, of the expense.

Yours sincerely,

E.H. HIGHAM

STAN WILD

We regret not being able to report any news from our erstwhile Australian recently. Truth to tell, we owe him a letter and perhaps this is the explanation for his silence, but every couple of months or so he gets a Circular as full as we can make it of Anfield news. We know he has a lot to tell us: last autumn both he and Jo spent what must have been an adventurous and delightful holiday in the United States. The Grand Canyon and all that.

What about it, Stan ?

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed MARCH 1879)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice Presidents: Bill Gray and Harold Catling

Hon. Secretary: DAVE EATON

29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

Tel: 051-648 3563

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AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1981

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No. 820

LUNCH FIXTURES

<u>AUGUST</u>	1	HUXLEY (Farmers Arms)	BOSLEY (Harrington Arms)
	8	NORLEY (Tiger's Head)	
	15	GRAIANRHYDD (Rose and Crown)	LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
	22	ALFRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)	
	29	BRYNFORD (Crooked Horn)	HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)
<u>SEPTEMBER</u>	5	SHOCKLACH (Bull)	MARTON (Davenport Arms)
	12	KELSALL (Morris Dancer)	
	19	FARNON (Nags Head)	ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)
	26	ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)	

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00; Junior (under 21) £4.00; Cadet £1.00.
These and donations should be sent to Hon. Treas. Phil Mason,
39 Glenwood Dr. Irby, Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: 051-648 5168.

EDITOR: MIKE HALLGARTH, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall Wirral,
Merseyside. (Tel: 051-342 6047)

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - AUGUST 22nd

OBITUARY: Stan Bradley. It is with the utmost sorrow that we have to record the passing of Stan Bradley on June 10. Stan has been in hospital for some weeks and already we had missed him. Stan had been an Anfielder for some 30 years: he joined our Club after being transferred from Birmingham to Manchester area in 1950. Yet he kept in touch with the Speedwell and, not so long ago, was elected their President.

Here in Anfieldland he proved to be a stalwart of the Manchester section and, apart from holidays, he hardly missed a run. And when he could not detail anyone else, which happened to be quite often, he let the Editor have a short piece for these pages.

A couple of years ago Stan had the misfortune to have an argument with a motor vehicle whilst out on his tricycle and we have often wondered whether he really got over this accident. And now, while greatly mourning his passing, we must extend our sincerest wishes to Mrs Bradley and family at this very sad time.

FRANK MARRIOTT.

EDITOR'S NOTES

The committee have accepted the 2nd claim membership of Ernie Davies and Gerry Robinson.

Dave Eaton has several back numbers of the circular - Numbers 812/813/814/815/817. If anyone wants a copy 'phone him on 051-648 3563

The AGM will be held on 10th October and the Autumn Tints on the weekend of - October, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

Our new printers have kindly consented to prepare the final print directly from the handwritten scripts of contributors. Please help both them and the Editor by writing as clearly as possible and by PRINTING all NAMES (including place names)

Ex-President John Moss reports his safe arrival in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. This is his new address: 23 Ben Viljoen Road, Summersland, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

His house has its own swimming-pool - a vast improvement on the kitchen sink because it enables more than one inner-tube to be

repaired at once! There is racing all year round and vethood starts at 35; J.J. please note: There are problems with night-cycling - John prevents this by telling rude jokes and when the jay-walking blacks smile, he sees their teeth and swerves!

Hilda Dover, who broke a bone in her wrist a short while ago, is now well on her way to recovery.

RACING NOTES.

John Whelan is enjoying his best season for a long time and I feel sure he has already won the Club Championship with a 55.59 - 1.56.12 and his 4.15.29 in our 100 was an outstanding ride - the fastest ever by an Anfield rider in our event in the West Cheshire 50 he broke the WCTTCA "50" record with 1.58.29 and won the event by 4 mins. and we have not had a good morning yet this season so we will have to wait until the next Circular to see how fast he can go. Brian is moving house at the moment so is not going as well as he should, but Simon, Rod and George should soon be back in training.

BEN GRIFFITHS.

RACING RESULTS

WEST PLANNINE RC. "35" Mile Mountain TT. 19.4.81.

John Whelan	1-29-30	3rd Fastest
John Thompson	1-40-?	

MID SHROPSHIRE WH: "50" 19.4.81

Ben Griffiths	2-6-45	
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MID SHROPSHIRE WH: "25" 20.4.81

Ben Griffiths	1-2-08	Fastest Vet over both days.
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NEW BRIGHTON CC "25" 25.4.81

Brian Whitmarsh	1-3-40	
Ben Griffiths	1-7-55	
Dave Eaton	1-11-13	
Peter Colligan	1-13-52	
Dave Bassett	1-17-15	

continued over/

<u>WCTTCA</u>	<u>"30"</u>		<u>26.4.81</u>
	Brian Whitmarsh	1.16.39)	1st Fastest
	Ben Griffiths	1.18.18)	3rd Fastest
	George Elkington	1.21.47)	Fastest Team
<u>RHYL RC</u>	<u>37 Mile MTT</u>		<u>3.5.81</u>
	John Whelan	1.43.21	2nd Fastest
<u>OTLEY CC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>3.5.81</u>
	Ben Griffiths	1.6.26	
<u>ANFIELD BC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>4.5.81</u>
	John Whelan	58.47	4th Fastest
	Brian Whitmarsh	1.0.46	
	Rod Anderson	1.1.03	
	George Elkington	1.2.44	
<u>CHESHIRE RC</u>	<u>"50"</u>		<u>10.5.81</u>
	Ben Griffiths	2.8.24	
<u>BIRKENHEAD NE</u>	<u>48 Mile MTT</u>		<u>10.5.81</u>
	John Whelan	2.5.52	
	John Thompson	2.27.?	
<u>MANCHESTER VTTA</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>16.5.81</u>
	Ben Griffiths	1.2.33	
	Peter Colligan		
<u>TAMWORTH RCC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>17.5.81</u>
	John Whelan	5.8.29)	3rd Fastest
	Brian Whitmarsh	1.0.08)	
	Ben Griffiths	1.2.37)	1st Team
	Dave Eaton	1.6.09	
<u>PHOENIX CC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>24.5.81</u>
	Brain Whitmarsh	1.0.45	
<u>TA</u>	<u>"50"</u>		<u>24.5.81</u>
	John Thompson		

continued/....

<u>ANFIELD BC</u>	<u>"100"</u>		<u>25.5.81</u>
John Whelan		4.15.29	
Ben Griffiths		4.39.08	
Rod Anderson		5. 0.15	
<u>RHYL RC</u>	<u>"10"</u>		<u>30.5.81</u>
John Whelan		23.09	2nd Fastest
Ben Griffiths		23.52	
Dave Eaton		24.42	
Phil Mason		28.24	
<u>BATLEY CC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>31.5.81</u>
John Whelan		55.59	
Brian Whitmarsh		57.27	
<u>LIVERPOOL CENTURY RC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>31.5.81</u>
<u>FENDLE FOREST</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>2.6.81</u>
Dave Eaton		1.2.25	
<u>WCTTC.</u>	<u>"50"</u>		<u>7.6.81</u>
John Whelan	1.58.29	West Cheshire Record	
		1st Fastest (by 4 min)	
Ben Griffiths	2.5.37		
Dave Eaton	2.18.03		
<u>OLDBURY AND DIST.</u>	<u>"50"</u>		<u>14.6.81</u>
John Whelan	1.56.12		3rd Fastest
Brian Whitmarsh	2.3.42		
Ben Griffiths	2.6.25		
<u>SNOWDONIA CC</u>	<u>"25"</u>		<u>21.6.81</u>
John Whelan	5.7.55)		2nd Fastest
Brian Whitmarsh	1.0.58)		
Ben Griffiths	1.2.22)		1st Team
=====			
<u>OPEN "25" and CALVELEY ARMS</u>			<u>4.5.81</u>

As I prepared to leave home at 6-30am on a cold, windy and very wet morning, I considered getting out the car, but being a dedicated cyclist (nut case) I wheeled my bike past the car and with the wind behind, headed for Broxton; before I had ridden

2 miles the rain stopped and, although I still needed gloves and hat, the cape went away for the day. I arrived at the start in good time for my job as pusher-off. Ira Thomas and Ken Yardley had the watches at the ready. Mike Twigg was on duty to make sure all riders were obeying the rules. Rod Anderson was No. 1 on the card and was soon despatched for the Wrexham road turn, he returned to report all Marshal's on duty with a very good 1-1-03. Next of ours was George Elkington No. 15 on a fast mark after his "57" at Easter, but when you are 6ft 3in tall you stop a lot of wind and George did 1.2.44, a good ride for the day. Next Anfielder was Brian Whitmarsh No. 60, a little off form 1-0-46. The 4th Anfielder was John Whelan No. 100, he returned an excellent 58-47. The winner was Alan Roberts No. 80, from the Crewe Clarion with 56-22. 2nd was Dave Hinde No. 120, also from the Crewe Clarion in 56-31. As I did not get any further than the finish I am not sure if I have every one who was out on the Course and apologise to anyone I may have missed from my list, but as I saw it, John Whelan, Brian Whitmarsh, Rod Anderson and George Elkington rode. Dave Bassett sent an apology. Ira and Mrs Thomas, Ken Yardley, Mike Twigg and Ben Griffiths at the start. Broxton Island was looked after by Dave Barker, Mike Hallgarth and Peter Colligan. Christleton Island had Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Gerry Robinson, Ernie Davies and Joan. On duty at Wrexham Road was Jack Hawkins, Eric Reeves, Billy Page, Simon Cogan, John Thompson, John Futter and son. The result Board was looked after by John Moss with Dave Barker's son to assist all the above men plus Bill Gray and Mrs Pat Twigg with son Stuart, were at the Calveley Arms for lunch.

BEN GRIFFITHS

The Anfield "100" - 25 May 1981.

In some people's eyes history is made every Whit in Shropshire. But for others, with more exacting standards, certain years stand out: 1914, when H.H. Gaylor beat evens for the first time; Reuben Firth's ride in 1947 when 4.30.00 was first beaten; the huge slice which Ken Joy took off the record in 1952; by comparison the record was nibbled at in the succeeding years, although the performances of Alan Creaser (1971) and Dave Allan (1974) stand out. Then came 1981 when no fewer than three riders beat the previous record, the magic four hour barrier was beaten not once but twice and the winner, Phil Griffiths, took seven minutes off Dave Allan's record. Anfield "100" history has been well and truly rewritten.

The start sheet promised a great deal. Multi-champion, ex-record holder and former - BAR, Griffiths was last man off. The main threat seemed likely to come from last year's winner and top-12 BBAR man Roger Iddles and former BBAR and 24-hour champion John Woodburn. We heard, however, that Woodburn was dropping off in Shropshire in the course of our End-to-End reconnaissance expedition; his mind was primarily on the record attempt later in the summer. Then Alan Heggs, Brian Sunter, Phil Guy and Keith Gilbertson had all been in, or on the fringes of the top 12. All in all, it was a very good field of 111, including entries from South Wales, Scotland, Kent and Devon. A hard-fought race seemed likely, with a fast time if the conditions were right.

In fact, for Marshals, helpers and spectators, conditions were anything but right. It was chilly, there were frequent and prolonged showers and at times the breeze seemed to freshen from the east or south east. However for the riders, wet can often mean fast and this may well have been true on this occasion. But the temperature suited no-one, least of all Phil Guy, who is reported to have spent seven minutes coaxing his numb fingers to change a tyre. Even the heat generated by his 25 mph-effort was not enough to prevent Griffiths from shivering uncontrollably long after he'd finished.

It is now a commonplace that a good '100' needs a fast start and four of the field went through the twenty five mile point in under one hour. The first of these on the road was Alan Heggs (25) who had already taken two minutes out of Phil Guy (20), 59.41 to 1.1.50. First to better Heggs' time was Roger Iddles (90) in 58.47, while Woodburn (110) was eight seconds slower than Heggs. Finally, at the end of the field Griffiths (120) managed to establish a small lead over Iddles, with a time of 58.40. The only other riders inside 1.2.0 here were Richard Grudzuiski 1.1.02 and Brian Sunter 1.1.59.

The next twenty five miles takes in a big triangular loop through Shawbirch and Hodnet and back to Shawbury. It was along this stretch that Guy punctured and was badly delayed. Heggs passed him and from then on drew remorselessly away from his rivals. His riding was a model of consistency, a long 1.00 for his second twenty-five giving 2.00.37 at the half distance. No-one came within $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes of this until Iddles stormed through in 1.58.25. Woodburn was losing on both of them (2.1.14) and Griffiths was now starting to demolish the gap between himself and Woodburn. His time of 1.58.5 meant

that he had consolidated his small lead over Iddles. It was still desperately close, but the odds against one of these two winning were now rapidly shortening.

Behind Heggs was a group of riders whose fifty times would in many years have put them in contention but who were now well adrift. Brian Morris (winner in 1958), Richard Grudzuiski, John Whelan and Brian Sunter were all doing 2-5s, while Bob Chadwick was in the next minute. It was good to see John showing so well in such a competitive event.

It was probably in the next twenty five miles - to Battle-Prees and then towards Tern Hill - that Phil Griffiths won the 1981 Anfield 100. The others slowed ever so slightly, Iddley least of all, but Griffiths put in yet another 59 minute twenty five. Up the road, Heggs went through in 3.1.29, a sure sign that a very fast hundred was in the offing. He was still gaining on most of the pack behind from whom Brian Morris was starting to disentangle himself. Iddles gained another minute on Heggs and his 2.53.19 meant that the four hour barrier was now in mortal danger, to say nothing of event record. Woodburn lost another minute on Heggs (3.3.15) and was now only four minutes ahead of Griffiths on the road. But more significantly Griffiths' 2.57.14 meant that he had carved out a more substantial lead, now more than a minute, over Iddles. Then, to add to the tension, he informed the small gallery at Bletchley, two miles further on, that his rear wheel was not in the best of health. Morris had by now secured a firmer grip on fifth place and was obviously heading for a much faster time than when he won in 1958.

The final twenty five miles took Alan Heggs 1.3.9 (his slowest quarter) and it appeared that the finish might be a relative hard one. However it later emerged that he had lost time changing bikes because of bottom bracket trouble. His 4.4.38 was a superb effort and took a modest slice off Dave Allan's record. Alan was followed in by Phil Guy whose 4.19.18 prompted thoughts about what might have been but for punctures and frozen fingers. John Whelan was next in an excellent 4.15.19 which also included the loss of some time. Chadwick, Grudzuiski and Sunter were all within a minute either way of John, all excellent times, with the top riders still out on the course.

At 75 miles the burning questions were about Iddles, Griffiths and four hours. Iddles had two minutes in hand on a 4 hour schedule but was a minute down on Griffiths. His final twenty five was faster than Heggs' and good enough to take him inside four hours -

3.59.25. It was a great ride by a likeable and popular competitor. But would it be good enough? Griffiths would not normally be expected to lose a minute in the last quarter of a hundred. And yet there was a nagging doubt about his wheel. In fact, it appears that he did change the wheel and lost some time but probably not much. At all events, by the finish he was almost breathing down John Woodburn's neck (3.57.53 to 4.6.50) and he had, in fact, gained slightly on Iddles in the closing stages. A superb rider had once more demonstrated his outstanding class.

The quality at the top reflects quality in depth. There were ten riders inside 4.20, including Brian Morris, in fifth place, whose excellent 4.11.07 was over ten minutes faster than his winning time in 1958; and there were in all 21 riders inside 4.30. One of these was Alan Masterson who was second to Morris in 1958 (and to someone else on two other occasions). Compared to Brian, Alan seems to be in a bit of a rut. His 4.21.12 was about the same as he was doing 20-odd years ago!

In the Group Awards which have replaced the handicap section, Griffiths naturally took the A award; the B award went to Brian Morris and the C to K. Crosbie, Merseyside Wheelers. Morris also led the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers (Phil Guy and Cliff Ash) to a well-deserved team prize which for Cliff was "as good as winning a championship medal". The Merseyside Wheelers were second team and the Vets award went, once again, to the remarkable Gordon Thompson (BNE).

Of 'Ours', apart from John Whelan's best ever by an Anfielder in the Anfield '100', Ben Griffiths recorded a 4.39 and, judging by the times, probably suffered a gruelling second half. Rod Anderson was making his first attempt at the distance and finished just outside evens. It was a brave effort, especially in the second half when the going got really tough. John Thompson disappeared from view some time before the half way stage.

The event enjoyed generous support this year from Selle San Marco-Galli JHF Distributors, Dave Bassett and Bill Page, which made possible a superb prize list. Once again the event could not have been run without support from other clubs and clubmen. Particular mention must be made of the Mersey Roads, Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, North Shropshire Wheelers and Wreckinsport and timekeepers Ian Shaw, Ernie Davies, Ken Yardley and Stan France. The refreshment tent was manned by the Twigg family and Hettie Thomas. And finally mention must be

made of Jack Hawkins' work on the signs which were greatly appreciated by the riders and, of the tremendous efforts made by Ira which resulted in an outstandingly successful promotion.

DAVE BARKER.

Alternate Runs

Attendance on recent alternate (i.e. East Cheshire) runs has not been good. On Saturday 14th March the venue, the Red Lion at Holmes Chapel, was attractive enough; but the weather could only be described as aquatic. It rained incessantly throughout the day and the roads of East Cheshire were awash. Only Stan Bradley, Mary and I braved the elements and we were rewarded by a thorough soaking.

The next alternative, on Saturday 28th March, was to the Harrington Arms at Bosley - a very satisfactory hostelry with a long tradition of good solid meals at reasonable prices. The ride out was a rough one into the teeth of a Force 7 South-Easterly. Not too bad in sheltered lanes on a tandem but even so our journey time was about 30 minutes above par. For Stan on his single trike it must have been very hard indeed and his arrival was correspondingly belated. It was a real sleigh ride home enabling us to average a little above evens without undue effort. This relatively long sustained burst of speed was undertaken with the thought that as I was to ride the tandem in the TA '25' on the morrow it would be well to disabuse the machine of the idea that elderly tandems should average no more than 12 miles per hour. Again only Stan, Mary and I turned out.

I will complete this trilogy with a note on the alternate run of Saturday 11th April. The venue was the Drovers Arms at Allostock and the weather was warm and sunny. Mary and I had a most enjoyable ride out through the Cheshire Pennine foothills and a more leisurely return home across the plain by way of Dunham Park. This is now a National Trust property and the House is now open, for the first time so far as I am aware, to the public. Bob and Hagar Pool were out for the first time for many weeks, during which period Hagar had been so seriously incapacitated as to be unable to drive.

HAROLD CATLING.

4.4.81 MOULDSWORTH - THE GOS HAWK.

A bright sunny morning heralded my return to Anfield Land. It was with little difficulty that I found myself on my "best bike", with sprints and tubs (and slow puncture) having down the Chester

road to Two Mills Cafe. Well, if Mike is a greyhound of racing cycling then I must be the hare (that is always in front of him).

Waiting at the Eureka were Ben, John Moss, Dave Eaton and Mike Hallgarth looking for a back wheel home (something never change) I only had time to gulp down my tea and then we were off. We went through Capenhurst and onto the main road to Stanlow. I was quite surprised to find that this road had lost a lot of its heavy traffic to the recently opened motorways.

The lane through Stoke to Mickel Trafford gave us the occasional glimpse of the new concrete intrusion, but at least this lane is still open. From Mickel Trafford we wound our way towards the Cheshire ridge, having lost Ben who had turned back due to an impending race that afternoon. John Moss wanted me to stress the point that Ben didn't make it to the Venue, I can not imagine why.

The climb up Manley Bank sorted the field out. At the top while I inflated my back tyre, John tried to leave his lungs on the grass verge. It was not too far now to Mouldsworth and rather than take a detour via Whitchurch we went straight to the Goshawk. Already there were John France and Bob Poole. We were later joined by Harold Catling, Mike Twigg, Mike Hallgarth, Ira Thomas and Gerry Robinson.

The food was good but served by a somewhat abrupt young man. We had no trouble at all in passing a couple of hours in conversation and beer tasting.

John, Dave and I left with Gerry and Mike for Ashton and then persuaded them to go to Mickel Trafford rather than straight onto the main road. Apart from John trying to leave us (just because some people were mimicking his cough) the trip back to the Mills was sedate and not at all like the usual club run pace. But I was glad to see that the Anfield spirit was alive and well, when John punctured Dave and I left him and rode on to the Mills.

The Grand National was on when we entered the Cafe. While we drank our tea John listened very coolly to his horse loose. Once that excitement was over Dave and I pedalled our way back to Heswall, catching the odd glimpse of the club's young super-stard as we went.

A very enjoyable day's ride and not too taxing.

CHRIS EDWARDS.

ALPRAHAM 18th APRIL 1981 (Easter Saturday)

Amazingly the good weather held and in bright sunshine I arrived at Two Mills for a cuppa. Pete Colligan arrived and made his intentions for the coming racing season clear by refusing to come on the run and went home to rest (mental preparation) as he was racing next day.

So were Ben and I but we plodded out to Alpraham to find in either/and/or conversation/drinking/eating the following Harold and Mary Catling, Hagar and Bob Poole, Mike Twigg, John, Jennifer and Carina Moss, Dave McBirchall and Bill Gray. Late arrivals were John Thompson and Lucy, even later were Maggi and Clair to complete our party.

Arriving back at Two Mills we found Mercurial Mason (rumoured to be riding several 12 hour events this year, sponsored by Whit-breads) and Extra Energy Edwards fondly remembering how he lead an abortive suicide attempt by 4 infielders in a Lake District blizzard 3 years ago to the day!

D.A.E.

KELSALL: Morris Dancer 2nd May 1981

Pride of place at our party today was held by two very old friends from the Mersey Roads Club: evergreen John Williams and the equally youthful (apart from the enforced accumulation of years) Gilbert Sutcliffe. Gilbert has lived for a long time in Essex and John had cycled to Kelsall to welcome Gilbert back to his homeland: the purpose was to attend the Annual Lunch of the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers, to be held at Chester on the morrow. Unfortunately, Gilbert tells us that this visit will have to replace his annual excursion to our "100" later in the months. We extend the hope that Gilbert and his good lady enjoyed their trip to Merseyside. The day was cool, calm and pleasant enough, but two of our riders from the southerly direction hit it hard. An isolated squall with a touch of snow and a strong wind clouted Ernie Davies so suddenly in Holt that he turned quickly round and went home for his car. Bill Gray, assailed by the same storm, did an about turn and made for his home as quickly as he could. Yet we had no such experience. Others present, in no particular order, were John Thompson, complete with cloth cap, John France (who had brought along Bill Litherland, an old school friend of Frank Marriott's) Bob and Hagar Poole, Ira Thomas and Hetty, John Moss and his very youthful offspring, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Dave Eaton, Gerry Robinson, Mike Hallgarth and Frank Marriott. Notable absentees

were Harold Catling and Stan Bradley. Harold, wishing to attend the aforementioned lunch, preferred not to be seen cycling along the same main road two days running. And Stan Bradley was missing for the simple, although entirely adequate reason, that he is in hospital for a spell. We all send our sincere wishes for a speedy return to health and complete recovery.

F.E.M.

A CHANCE - VERY CHANCE! - ENCOUNTER

On Saturday 9th May, I had decided to give the club run a miss and, instead go "railing" and coaching through the delights of mid-Wales. I parked the car at Shrewsbury and, finding a few minutes to spare, went into the refreshment room. With a cup of char in one hand and utterly oblivious of anyone else who might be present, I sat down and presently heard a quiet voice: "It is Frank, isn't it?" Rigby Band, after a 6-30 start from Chepstow, was heading for Graianrhyd and an evening in Birkenhead. As can be imagined the delight knew no bounds, but time proved to be far too short. We had about five minutes before Rigby had to dive for the 10-36 to Wrexham. My rattler headed for Aberystwyth at 10.40.

F.E.M.

Graian Rhyd 9th May.

It was raining a little but the optimist in me said it won't last so, anyway, I went up into the "Hills" via Minera up the 1-in-6 to Gwynfryn arriving rather late (2 pm beats John Thompson's time) at the "Rose and Crown" but in time to say "Hello" and "Goodbye" to Joan and Rigby before slipping inside to eat, drink and be merry, with the band of 8.

Those present were:- Rigby Band, Ira Thomas, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Mike Twigg, Joan and Ernie Davies and Me Bill Gray.

BANGOR 23rd May

Too far for me to ride this one, so I walked to the "Royal Oak" it's all on the flat anyway. The atmosphere lacked

something "Ah Yes" the absence of Gilbert and Muriel Sutcliffe after all these years too; bang goes a good write up - mind you, I did see Muriel and Gilbert at the F.C.O.T. Dinner. The goodly company was made up by - Frank Marriott, Bill Gray, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Mike Hallgarth, Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan, Phil Mason.

Guests and Friends - Ernie and Joan Davies, Arthur and Rose Hardy
Ruth Hatton (my guest), Bert Owens, Mersey
Roads Ruth Williams, Eddie Kohler, Dave Lloyd (the younger)

MOULDSWORTH - Goshawk - 30th May 1981. The day of my first club run started with Dad muttering about going into town to buy something for the bike. He appeared an hour later wearing a huge grin and carrying a large box which he promptly presented to Mum as an early birthday present. We all thought it was a new bike; no, he said, it was only worth 120 pints. However, it was the best gift he had "bought" himself for years. By this time Mum had opened the box and found an electric lawn mower in it. Crafty old Dad. He had only now to teach Mum how to climb ladders to do the outside painting and he has got it made. Calming down the applause after his magnanimous gesture he said that there would be further gifts to follow. Mum said she could do with some new paint brushes and a supply of paint. At this point Dad decided to see if the lanes to Mouldsworth were fit for me to ride on after the gritting of recent days. He came back home and rather than come in he whistled me out. I wonder why? We had a pleasant ride to the Goshawk and found upon arrival Mr Marriott and Mr Davies already installed. Dr Thompson, Mr Hallgarth and Mr Gray arrived shortly after.

After leaving we split up to go our separate ways. Half way up Mouldsworth Hill Mr Hallgarth suddenly asked Dr Thompson for the loan of a tubular as on the way out one had blown up after being carefully repaired the night before, leaving him no spare. Dad said it would be rather a pleasant walk up the Wirral via Chester. However, Dr. Thompson prior to his departure for Rainhill allowed the loan on the condition it was returned without delay. Otherwise, Mr Hallgarth would be rewarded with a bunch of fives. Our trio then proceeded towards Chester with Dad sticking a half wheel on me, he said it was good for my soul, when I complained that I was less than a quarter of his age, he replied that flattery would get me no where. I got home hoping this very enjoyable day would be the first of many. Hope Uncle Ben can make the next one as Dad must be at least three club runs up on him now.

STUART TWIGG (aged 10)

SHOCKLACH (Bull Inn) 6.6.81. Can't walk this one, all of five miles, so I slipped past the turning beyond Worthenbury into the lanes back of Threapwood and down to "Dymock Mill". Alas, my friend the "goat" was missing, as away by the "Wyches" to Malpas and all lanes to the "Bull" to eat and drink with - Dave and Mary Birchall, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Frank Marriott, Mike Hallgarth, Rod Anderson, George Elkington, Simon Coglan, Chris Edwards, Bill Gray and Gerry Robinson.

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ACTON BRIDGE: Hazel Pear June 13.

Good job we are an old Club with several senior members to boost the run attendance occasionally. At this particular fixture it so happened that Mike Twigg was the most youthful member present. The reason for all this is that most Sunday afternoons now are occupied with one time trial or another, apart from Sunday mornings. Still, it proved to be a pleasant gathering, although somewhat silenced by the death on the previous Wednesday, of our old friend Stan (Bradley).

When I visit the Hazel I always look forward to the usual helping of cheese and onion pie, with a delightful baked potato and salad. Lovely! But not today, the onion pie was "off" so we had to be content with liver pate and beautiful buttered toast. Excellent. Hagar and Bob Poole probably arrived first, followed by Mary and Harold Catling. Ernie Davies, all the way from Wrexham, confessed that he had indulged in a bit of cheating. He had taken the car as far as Broxton cross roads and left it nearby while continuing on the remaining miles by bicycle. These took him across the Peckfortons and along the A49. Very pleasant riding, too.

Mike Twigg was quickly followed by Eric Reeves and even Allan Littlemore arrived much earlier than he usually does; and he lives only a mile or so down the road. Yours truly completed the party.

F.E.M.

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ALPRAHAM 20th JUNE. It was a dull and drizzly morning when Hagar and I left for this run and not a very good turnout for a joint run, possibly due to holidays and the younger ones racing further afield. The day brightened up and we had a pleasant run home after an enjoyable lunch with old friends.

Members present Harold Catling, Mike Hallgarth, Bill Gray, Mike Twigg, Dave Eaton and Ernie Davies and Joan and Bob Poole and Hager.

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OAKLANDS YOUTH HOSTEL 13th-14th JUNE: Mike had suggested to me a couple of weeks before that we should celebrate the end of his exams by spending a Saturday night in a Welsh Youth Hostel. As I was also working my way through a list of alternative ways of celebrating the demise of my University career and I had not yet tried this interesting, if not off-beat, method I of course agreed. So it was on Saturday morning, after riding back from Sheffield on Thursday into a strong head-wind and unending rain, that I met Mike at the Mills. I was late, which was a little surprise to Mike but I got the usual lecture of "Well I didn't expect you on time anyway" and "Is this lateness a cry for help by your subconscious".

Once on the road we made directly for Ruthin along all the major roads and passing through Mold. This was the boring part of the day, the weather was fine but we battled into a strong headwind and there was a never ending stream of weekend traffic passing us. It had been decided to take this route so as to

got as quickly into an area which could stand more thorough exploration. By mid-day we were in Ruthin and looking for an early lunch. We came across a little cafe which offered a reasonably priced lunchtime meal and it was here that we whiled away a very pleasant hour. We headed towards the Clocaenog forest and using the minor roads we were soon climbing the horrendously steep and wooded lanes, Mike using the smallest gears imaginable (25ins.) and whistling or was he fighting for breath. (Yes - Ed.)

Mike managed to navigate us successfully through the forest lane and we eventually emerged on the new Denbigh-Cerrig road which was built to by-pass the now flooded Brenig Valley. It was from here that we took to the forest tracks with Mike in hot pursuit of his favourite spot which, with its majestic view across Alwen reservoir soft pine needle ground and engraved tree trunks, told a story of a bygone era of a wholly more romantic nature.

After this pilgrimage we regained the forest track and reached the other side of the forest (after some walking). We dropped down, in fine drizzle, to the A5 at Glasfryn and stopped in Pentrefoelas for a cup of tea and a scone. With thoughts of an evening meal uppermost we took the B5113 to Nebo and stocked up with provisions and then descended to the A5 once more to retrace to Oaklands Youth Hostel.

We decided to stay at this Hostel rather than go on to Rowen which was further down the valley, even though there was a large party of school kids in occupation at this Hostel. But as things turned out we got an attic room to ourselves and we spent a reasonably peaceful night while a water pistol fight went on below. It was after all the little angels' last night at the Hostel.

Once breakfast was over and Mike had taken a few group photos for the ubiquitous American tourists, we headed for Llanwrst with an almighty tailwind. Soon we had climbed out of the Conway Valley using the A548 and were approaching Llangernyn where we turned onto the B5382 in order to satisfy Mike's appetite for closely grouped arrows on Ordnance Survey maps. At Llansannon we again took the B5382 to Hellan and thus managed very early lunch in Denbigh.

By careful use of the back lanes we managed to reach the lower slopes of the Bwlch without being bothered by the heavy traffic in the area.

The climbing of the Old Bwlch concluded the weekends "arrow bashing". The ride was then virtually down hill all the way to the Mills, where we had early afternoon tea before parting company in Heswall.

CHRIS EDWARDS.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed MARCH 1879)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice Presidents: Bill Gray and Harold Catling

Hon. Secretary: DAVE EATON

29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

Tel: 051-648 3563

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1981

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No. 821

LUNCH FIXTURES

- OCTOBER
- 3 Bwlchgwynn (Four Crosses)
Bosley (Harrington Arms)
 - 10 Mouldsworth (Goshawk - A G M)
 - 17 Graianrhydd (Rose and Crown)
Langley (Leather Smithy)
 - 24/25 Autumn Tints Weekend (see Editor's Notes)
 - 31 Alpraham (Tollemache Arms)
- NOVEMBER
- 7 Llanarmon (The Raven)
Holmes Chapel (George and Dragon)
 - 14 Norley (Tiger's Head)
 - 21 Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
 - 28 Bangor-on-Dee (The Royal Oak)
Marton (Davenport Arms)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00, Junior (under 21) £4.00; Cadet £1.00.
These and donations should be sent to Hon. Treasurer:
Phil Mason, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.
Tel: 051-648 5168

EDITOR: MIKE HALLGARTH, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral,
Merseyside L61 5UA (Tel: 0051-642 6047)

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - SATURDAY 31st OCTOBER

EDITOR'S NOTES

Harold Catling has been asked by Mrs Bradley to dispose of Stan's machines:-

- 1 Higgins trike. Diff axle, 31" wide, 22" frame.
- 1 Carlton Kermesse bike, 23" frame about 8 years old.
- 1 Cinelli bike, 22" frame about 20 years old.

For further details contact Harold on 061-445 3041

Change of Address:

J.W. MOSS,
9 Olson Road, Viking Vale,
Port Elizabeth,
SOUTH AFRICA.

A. BEATON,
4 Dunning Road, Aberuthyen,
Auchterarder,
PERTSHIRE PH3 1HQ

L.J. WALLS,
Bryn Hyfryd, Moel-y-Cric,
Hallryn, Mr. Mold,
CLWYD CH8 8JN

Peter Colligan - fell during training on 18th August and broke his leg. By the time this gets to print he hopes to be out of hospital and ready to start training for the Autumn Tints !

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

A Provisional Booking for 20 people has been made at the Victoria Hotel, Llanwrst, for Friday 23rd and Saturday 24th OCTOBER. Returning home on 25th. A price of £10.00 per night, Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, has been quoted. Definite Bookings will be arranged on an individual basis and all names must be submitted in advance. DEPOSITS of £4.00 to DAVE EATON as soon as possible and certainly not later than 26th September. - 2 -

10/10/81

Anfielders on TV Granada's lunchtime programme "Live from Two" on Wednesday 12th August was devoted to cycling. Along with stars like Beryl Barton and cycling writer Richard Ballantine, two Anfielders appeared as extras. At the end of the show John Walton pedalled off with the programme presenter followed by John Thompson on trike and the owners of an ancient butchers bike and an even more ancient Rudge ordinary. This finale had been dreamt up by John's daughter, Susan, who works for Granada. John has not been out on a club run recently but he is still fit and perfectly confident at the helm of a tandem.

RACING NOTES

Anfield B.C. Rider breaks Competition Record. What a great headline that makes!

On Sunday John Thompson became the first Anfielder to hold a Competition Record when in the Stafford RC event he set a new national record with a time of 4.22-55 on his trike. John has now the fastest and 3rd fastest times ever for a trike over 100 miles. In the Y C F 100 on 16.3.81 he became the second fastest ever with a new club record in 4.24-36, 78 seconds outside the existing record held by Dave Pitt, Charlotteville CC, but then 2 weeks later came his best ride ever, to put his name with the all-time greats. I'm sure all Anfielders wish to join me in congratulating John and our thanks for your dedication to cycling.

After John Thompson's ride all the other racing news seems ordinary but John Whelan is still riding very fast and keeps the Anfield name in the first 3 most weekends, He did 55-56 on 30.8.81 and rode the last 5 miles with a soft front tyre, finishing on a flat, so we could yet see some club records fall to John.

Ben.

RACING RESULTS

J. Thompson's times missing from last Circular -

<u>19.4.81</u>	<u>West Pennine M T T</u>	-	1-44-36	(trike)
<u>10.5.81</u>	<u>B N E C C. MPT (43m)</u>	-	2-27-48	(trike)
<u>24.5.81</u>	<u>T A "50"</u>	-	2-33-06	(trike)
<u>7 .6.81</u>	<u>Holme Valley Whs "50"</u>	-	2.14-40	(trike)

24.6.81 Port Sunlight Wheelers "25"

J. Whelan	56-58	4th
B. Griffiths	1-1-14	
D. Eaton	1-2-08	
G. Elkington	1-5-07	

27.6.81 Rhos-on-Sea "10"

J. Whelan	22-43
B. Griffiths	24-22
D. Eaton	25-08
P. Mason	29-56

28.6.81 Nova C C "50"

B. Griffiths	2-9-40
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27.6.81 N M C F "25"

P. Colligan	1-2-34
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1.7.81 Chester RC "25"

J. Whelan	57-22	2nd
B. Griffiths	1-1-32	
D. Eaton	1.2.47	
G. Elkington	1-4-33	
P. Colligan	1-5-25	

5.7.81 Prescott Eagle "25"

J. Whelan	59-03	3rd
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5.7.81 Merseyside V. "50"

B. Griffiths	2.8.26	3rd
P. Colligan	2-15- ¹⁵	2nd Hcp

5.7.81 Seamons C C "50"

G. Elkington	2-18-
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12.7.81 Birkenhead Vics "25"

J. Whelan	56-25	3rd
B. Griffiths	1-2-46	
G. Elkington	1-3-35	
P. Colligan	1-4-33	
D. Bassett	1-5-30	

19.7.81 Port Sun. Whs "25"

J. Whelan	56-41	2nd
G. Elkington	1-1-58	
D. Eaton	1-4-23	
D. Bassett	1-6-08	

26.7.81 Merseyside Wheelers "25"

J. Whelan	57-34	4th
G. Elkington	1-2-59	
P. Colligan	1-4-54	
D. Eaton	1-9-13	
R. Anderson	1-10-24	

19.7.81 Manchester UTTA

P. Colligan	2-15-00
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2.8.81 E.L'pool Whs "50"

J. Whelan	1-57-01
	2nd (with a puncture!)
P. Colligan	2-11-49

9.8.81 Leeds Wellington "25"

J. Whelan	56-01
G. Elkington	1-2-17

9.8.81 Saracen R C "50"

J. Thompson	2-11-55(trike)
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9.8.81 Leek C C "25"

P. Colligan	1-7-58
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16.8.81 Y C F "100"

J. Thompson	4-24-36(trike)
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30.8.81 Knaresborough "25"

J. Whelan	55-56 (slow puncture)
G. Elkington	1-2-32

23.8.81 Wrexham RC "25"

J. Whelan	57-22
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30.8.81 Stafford RC "100"

J. Thompson	4-22-55(trike)
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COMPETITION RECORD

Stan Bradley joined us relatively late in life. As a natural gentleman, born and bred in Brummagem, his first club was the Speedwell and with that club he spent his racing career. His name was early in the record books with MRRA 24 hour Bicycle Records in 1926 and 1927. About this time he became and was to remain, an enthusiastic tricyclist and in 1930 set up MRRA Tricycle Records at 50 miles, 100 miles and 12 hours. In his middle years he became a dedicated tourist and cycle-camper and in the course of these pursuits indulged his second hobby of pen-and-ink sketching in the Patterson style. Later he was to add the painting of portraits, landscapes and townscapes in oils to his interests and many of his pictures have been hung (and sold) in local and national exhibitions in recent years.

Stan joined us in 1950 when his work forced him to leave Birmingham and settle in the North West. He soon became a very regular attender on our alternative fixtures - despite the fact that he was most sorely plagued with arthritis for many years. Slowly and inexorably his condition became worse. A hip implant in his middle sixties brought some relief but during the last two or three years it became increasingly difficult for him even to get on to his trike and unbelievable low gears became a necessity for him. This was because the last resort of the weary cyclist - getting off and walking up a hill too steep to ride - was no longer open to him. Walking had become more difficult than riding.

His last ride with us was to the Harrington Arms at Bosley on the last Saturday in March. It was a pleasant enough day, marred only by a particularly strong wind from the South. As Stan's abode was almost due North of Bosley he had a very hard ride out, arriving at the hostelry very late and, to use his own terminology - "skint". He was, however, his usual cheerful self, relishing the prospect of a sleigh ride home after a convivial pint. He enjoyed his sleigh ride home and was out on his trike at the start of the TA 25 at Tarleton early the following morning. Whilst the riders were away he pottered out to Southport and back to rejoin us for lunch at Mawdsley. Here it was evident that he was in considerable pain and it proved to be his last ride. Within a few days very rapid deterioration of his bone condition set-in and his last weeks were spent in considerable pain. He died in hospital on 10th June.

At the committal, in addition to family mourners, the Speedwell, the Anfield and the Tricycle Association were represented. Our sympathy goes out to his wife, Elsie and son, Duncan, in their sad and painful bereavement.

ALONG THE GREAT NORTH AND OTHER ROADS
THE NORTH ROAD CYCLING CLUB 1885/1980.

At long last Arthur
Smith's epic has seen
the light of day.

Well written and finely produced, Arthur's book should find a place on the shelves of anyone interested in early days of cycling as a pastime, when all types of machines could be observed on what served as roads in those exciting years.

The opening chapter, The Eighties, gives us a fulsome history of those early times, with the story of the founding of the North Road Cycling Club gently unfolding. In those days the Great North Road happened to be one of the best highways running out of London and, by chance at Biggleswade, Dan Albone had established a cycle works and he also had an inn, the Ongley Arms. So it didn't take long for Biggleswade to become a popular mecca for London wheelmen and the Club came into existence to provide company - and competition - on the long rides home during the dark hours.

The volume is in complete contrast to our BLACK ANFIELDERS. No mountain adventure stories, but the Club had excellent weekend trips to superb inns that they had found. One, the Kings Arms at Chipping Norton served as a monthly event during most, if not all, of the war years. One memorable weekend Jack Salt and I enjoyed with the North Road at this house. These were the days, when touring, that you had to have two lunches, one at noon and the other around two pm. Such was the food situation. But no shortage existed at the Kings Arms. Salty and I marvelled at the number of Vegetarians that the Club possessed: when we saw the supper table we realized that most were meatless eaters - just for the night! But we also were well served.

It is apparent that from the very earliest years our good friends were keen competition riders and making a record of this is one of the main accomplishments of the book. In 1888, for example, the weather for the "24" was so dreadful and the times so poor, that another event was held five weeks later. Not a "25", "50", "100" or "12" - but a "24" with all the organization that a twice round the clock event entails. A rare measure of enthusiasm this.

The N.R "24" has survived since 1886, excepting two years when no support was forthcoming and war periods. On two occasions way back in the 1890's, the event was run on Wood Green track. Arthur deals very fully with this prime North Road promotion.

The book is obtainable from Arthur Smith, Lemsford, Broad Oak, Hereford HR2 8OZ. The price is £7.90, including post and packing.

F.E.M.

SCOTTISH TOUR AUGUST 16th - 24th: After reading about last year's horror tour led by the touring

demon Mike Hallgarth - George, Simon and Rod decided to give him a lesson in proper touring.

After motoring to RATAGAN, we had a long and painful encounter with swarms of kilted midges which gave a new meaning to the term "Scratch-man". With the sun making a guest appearance on the first day, we had lunch at Broadford, on Skye, before embarking on one of Mike's 'spontaneous detours' (From halfway along the Elgol road to Luib). The detour in question was marked on the OS map as a "significant path" - two hours of muddy searching and bike pushing failed to find the path yet we did find the road at the far end. To make up for lost time a half-wheeling contest started and the remaining thirty miles to UIG were soon covered.

The next day proved to be a true test of stamina and self control with many gruelling hours propping up bars at land and at sea. We left the comfort of the ferry at TARBERT on the Outer Hebrides to bring the day's mileage up to seven.

Despite a nagging tailwind the following day, we survived the forty-five miles to STORNOWAY to arrive just in time for the one-thirty ferry to ULLAPOOL aboard which we developed a cunning knack of acquiring sugar cubes thus replenishing our dwindling supply. From Ullapool we did a pleasant evening's ride of about thirty-five miles around the coast of Lochinver, arriving at ACHMELVICH youth hostel just before dark.

The morning brought one of the best stretches of the coast of Scotland - on the road from Lochinver to KYLESTROME with its precipitous descents (and climbs). A pleasant afternoon of punctures, midges, steep hills and rain followed, taking us to DURNESS in one of the far flung corners of the British Isles.

Owing to Ron's excellent planning, the tailwind which we had endured for the last three days turned around with us, enabling us to cover a certain 13 miles in 33½ minutes (23.28 mph) on our way to lunch at ALTHAWARA. Having reached the middle of one of the most desolate areas of Scotland, Rod's back wheel started to shed spokes at an alarming rate but was soon fixed with the aid of a borrowed spanner and a fair proportion of our spare spokes. With Rod once again mobile we continued to our next stopping point, Carbisdale Castle, near INVERSHIN.

The penalty of four days' of tailwind was paid for from LAIRG to ULLAPOOL, Mike's pacemaking style on the back - or was it off the back - got us to the ALTNACEALGACH hotel for pizza and chips - followed by more pizza and chips - to the landlord's disbelief!

Afterwards we completed the last twenty miles to Ullapool where we supped tea at the Fisherman's Mission until the hostel opened.

In order to save about 30 miles by road around Loch Broom, we decided to take the ferry across the loch to the AULTMACHARRIE hotel. Whilst waiting on the pier we tried to guess which boat was the ferry. Our surprise was understandable when we discovered that the boat in question was scarcely larger than the wheelbase of a bike and that was the least of our problems; it was moored on the far side of a pleasure cruiser!

Skilful manhandling of the bikes down the slippery steps of the pier was called for, followed by an awkward crossing of the wet deck of the cruiser in cycling shoes with loaded bikes above our heads. With the easy bit completed we started lifting the bikes across the gap between the two boats which threatened to swallow the machines into the green depths of the harbour. In a state of nervous exhaustion we were tossed across the loch to disembark and push our bikes up a track to meet the main road at DUNDONNELL.

The final fifty eight miles after lunch took us to TORRIDON which included a visit to the Wester Ross cycle factory at AULTBEA on Loch Ewe.

Our route from Torridon back to Ratagan was made longer so as to incorporate BEALACH NA BA, or the Pass of the Cattle from APPE-CROSS to Loch Carron (yes we did the pass in the easy direction and yet Mike was still forced to test his 26 tooth chainring). The panoramic views from the top of the pass were well worth the climb. We plummeted down to Lochcarron for lunch. This was followed by an afternoon collapse on the lochside which allowed mental preparation for the closing thirty miles to Ratagan.

Mike was going well on the early climbs causing some of us to suffer; however, a tactical break left him standing (he was looking at a map actually) and he was next seen staggering into Ratagan youth hostel clutching a can of fruit which he immediately ate. It is appropriate to note his words at this point: "I've got no enthusiasm for cycling" and he subsequently vanished in the car with a member of the fairer sex, from France, to exchange cultural interest (i.e. realize how little French he could speak)

With the ace no longer a serious contender in the points classification, a day's run to Glencg and an afternoon on the beach at SANDAIG completed the tour bringing the final mileage to 510 over 9 days' riding.

Other fascinating distance statistics include - 65 miles up gradients of 1:15 or steeper / 50 miles freewheeling / 15 miles with brakes on / 350 miles with Mike on the back (this is libellous - my

solicitors have been informed. Ed.) / 6 miles walking / 510 miles of halfwheeling contests.

ROD, SIMON, GEORGE, MIKE.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - June 17

To paraphrase Gracie Feilds, as a 78-year-old FCO-T member did in a recent issue of the Fellowship News:

"What's the good of a birthday if you can't do what you like?

What's the good of a birthday if you can't have a ride on
your bike?"

On my 65th birthday and my first day of retirement from wage earning after 51 years of toil (or fun?) I just had to go out on my old trike if only to work-up an appetite for a great celebration dinner which my children and grandchildren were putting on for me in the evening.

The company I enjoyed at the Davenport Arms left nothing to be desired in regard to its quality but was singularly weak in regard to quantity. Singularly was the right word in that there was only one other member present - Rex Austin. As we had both attended Stan Bradley's funeral that week we were both inclined to cry into our beer over the rapid reduction in number of active Manchester based riders which has taken place in the last few years. However it was not long before more constructive topics captured our interest and gloom was dispersed.

After lunch we each pedalled our separate ways home and I must record that without the ride I could not have done justice to the wonderful celebratory meal which awaited my return.

Harold Catling.

The Goshawk, Mouldsworth: 4th July 1981.

If we in the UK should ever want to celebrate the American Day of Independence then a Anfield Clubrun would be a suitable means of expression. This day's cast was drawn from the "Last of Summer Wine" section of the Club. They were:- Harold and Mary Catling, Frank Marriott, Gerry Robinson, Ernie Davies, Ira Thomas, Bill Gray and the writer. Later to be supported by Maggie who had dragged (or is it pushed?) along John Thompson. John, who after consuming half an ox and best part of a gallon of the local ale, informed us that he was allowing Maggie to take him to Spain. However, he thought that, as he was well advanced into his third decade, that he ought to as a favour to Maggie, change the transmission on their tandem from steel to aluminium, in order to lighten the load and widen the ratios and maybe their horizons.

Those of us still sober thought this was rather risky since he would not be able to obtain the parts and effect the change until 2.347 hours before their departure for Southern climes.

No doubt John will be writing in this worthy journal to inform us all of the outcome.

During the above discussion Bill Gray thought it would be an ideal time to take several samples of a rather rare Irish Whisky. I do wish I had joined him. Perhaps it would have dulled my fears of impending Thompson doom. How Mossy would have enjoyed himself had he been there instead of doing umpteen lengths of his South African swimming pool.

Readers, you will note that Ben was once again missing. Work is the ruination of the sporting cyclist, which means I must be at least half-a-dozen runs up on him by now.

Mike Twigg

BANGOR ON DEE, Royal Oak, July 11.

Although we were an realy arrival we were not at the venue first. Mike Twigg achieved that doubtful "honour" and he was alone for so long that he had waited for and eaten his sandwich lunch before anyone had turned up. Mike was beginning to wonder whether he had made a mistake. Perhaps he had even thought of 'phoning home to check. It wasn't long before the others began to drift in, until we had a very pleasant gathering: Ernie and Joan Davies, Ira Thomas, Gerry Robinson, Bill Gray and later after an absence of some weeks, our President, Ben. It seems that Ben is gainfully employed on a Saturday for some time. The party was completed by yours truly.

F.E.M.

ACTON BRIDGE, Hazel Pear, July 18.

A Saturday delight when the Hazel Pear is the venue is that those members living wetsward have the pleasure of using the forest switchback road to reach Acton Bridge. On most days this highway is a positive delight and when you come to the Hatchmere crossways a choice of routes offers for the final miles. We were not sure who arrived first: it probably was Bob and Hagar Poole, but it could have been Harold and Mary Catling. Then in no particular order, the others drifted in: Mike Twigg, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Eric Reeves, Allan Littlemore and yours truly. It is sad to report those delicious baked potatoes were absent from the menu. Usually they partner very delightfully the delectable cheese and onion pie. We had to have a freshly baked roll instead.

F.E.M.

NORLEY, Togers Head, August 8. Harold Catling was about to make a move when John Thompson breezed in. "Don't go yet, I want to

talk to you!" Then followed an almost breathless account of John's recent adventure: a camping tour, with a tandem, in Spain, with only a minimal amount of main road mileage. Terrific heat - rough tracks - result, tyres that lasted a mere week from brand new. We were all enthralled at the story and Harold gave an inadequate reply to all technical queries passed to him. Listening to all this were Mike Twigg, Phil Mason, Frank Marriott, Bob Poole and Hagar and Allan Littlemore. If John could only commit those tales to the pages of this Circular!

PS Bill Gray managed to get to Cotebrook where he called it a day.

F.E.M.

KELSALL, Morris Dancer, July 25

Barely 30 miles of well surfaced and easily graded road separates my home in Didsbury from our meeting place at Kelsall. Under favourable conditions a short mark time trialist might hope to beat the hour for the journey. The perversity of human nature is, however, such that I loathe the idea of covering even one mile on that convenient highway and seek ever more intricate quiet lane routes. On this occasion I went out by Rotherme Mere, Great Budworth and Hatchmere to finally emerge on the broad highway directly opposite the Morris Dancer. My route could not be counted particularly expeditious as it had taken me rather more than three hours to cover some forty mile of not-so-well-graded-road - but I had enjoyed every minute of it.

Being the weekend of the Mersey Roads 24 I had expected to see the usual sprinkling of visitors amongst the gathering but the only one I noted was Sid Hayward of the Kentish Wheelers. Conversation was brisk until 1.45 when a general exodus of those anxious to be at the start to see the first man off or disperse to various duties around the course. Within minutes our party was broken up.

Whenever possible I like to finish a run with the wind behind me. Accordingly, as a stiff breeze was blowing from the West I made my northing first, following devious and relatively sheltered lane routes as far North and West as Daresbury. Then, with a feeling of having earned it, settled back to enjoy a wind assisted flier over the last eighteen miles of my journey home.

Those present were: Rod Anderson, Harold Catling, Dave Eaton, George Elkington, Bill Gray, Frank Marriott, Phil Mason, Bob Poole, and Hagar, Ira Thomas and Hetty, Mike Twigg and visitor Sid Hayward.

Harold Catling.

Farmers Arms, Huxley, 1st August 1981.

This was to be my first Clubrun for many weeks and also my last

before being banished to the South of England, where I am to work for the foreseeable future. I was therefore delighted to see the day dawn bright and sunny. Being my usual efficient self I turned up at "the Mills" late and not certain of where the venue was to be. Fortunately I was greeted by Dave Eaton and Mike Hallgarth, Mike extending the hand of friendship with those reassuring words: "You're useless Edwards; useless". Formalities over I took off my outer garments, to reveal my bleached skin to its first dose of ultraviolet rays and then chased after Mike and Dave. We glided along the main road and through Chester, with the sun waking a welcome travelling companion (more than can be said of Mike!) It was not long before we were turning off the Whitchurch Road and passing through Waverton. The canal looked like a sensible way to travel on such a warm day, but there were no narrow boats, fitted to the gunwhales with nymphettes, in sight as we crossed the cut. Only a few more leisurely pedal revs and we were ordering shandies in the Farmers Arms. Those already seated when we arrived were: Mike Twigg with proteg Stuart Twigg and Richard Fox-Mares, Bill Gray, Alan and Pauline Chamberlan. We were later joined by Dave Birchall, Phil Mason and his neighbour, Roger Andrews.

Mike Hallgarth left us early because he was due to rendezvous with Ian Dow that evening for a five day tour; he seems to only have four weeks work a year. We left shortly afterwards for Chester by the direct lane route through Waverton and Christleton. As we descended the canal bridge onto the Whitchurch road we were met by Simon Cogan and Rod Anderson who were seeing if they could still ride bikes after a long absence.

I went with Dave to his in-laws house in order to get the address of a thoroughly recommended YMCA in LONDON. Rod and Simon accompanied me; and they seem to have mastered the balancing bit. Once the vital address was procured we dashed off to the Eureka for my final sit in the garden and cup of tea with those who had gone on without us. (The Mills has a strong magnetic lure it could be the tea or more probably the bevy of beautiful serving wenches)

And so ended another rapturous day in Anfieldland, a day which will be of great comfort to me as I battle my way through the rush-hour traffic of the metropolis.

Chris Edwards.

ALFRHAM, Tollemache Arms, 22 August.

The dreaded returned entry form left me without any racing commitments this weekend but the disappointment of being branded 'too slow' did have one consolation - the opportunity to get out on the club run. The weather provided a thick heavy drizzle, that special super wetting rain I associate with the Western Isles;

it was horrible. "How many dedicated nuts will be out in this?" I pondered, sloshing my way through Delamere. Outside the Tolle-mache Arms a tandem trike and three bikes indicated that at least 5 others had arrived. Harold and Mary Catling (who'd crewed the long barrow) said they had left Didsbury in fine weather and had only met water in the last 3 miles (I had yet to determine the truth of this unlikely story. They may have been bribed by the Manchester Tourist Office) Bill Gray was thoroughly soaked, the result he explained, of an experiment to see if a cape was really necessary. Well it is not always right to take established theories on trust and your researches, Bill, mean we now know the value of capes! Ira Thomas and Ernie Davies had kept to traditional weatherproofing and showed the benefits. Frank Marriott had no cape but used motor transport. As usual the conversation was wide ranging. I learnt much. I now know that Ernie Davies won the last Anfield 12 in 1949 on 79" Fixed and that Frank Marriott has completed over two hundred local history pieces for the Chester Chronicle. Much was established, e.g. the advisability of capes (see above) and much else remained in dispute, e.g. "What is the lowest gear required for touring?" "What is the best overnight accommodation: a tent, caravan, staying at home, B. and B, Youth Hostels, barns or hedges?" "Why is there so little evidence of Offa's Dyke north west of Treuddyn?"

At two thirty we adjourned. Discussion will continue next Saturday.

John Thompson.

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An Everyday Ride in Africa: The sun broke over the horizon as I left the suburbs of the town. I climbed steadily zig-zagging between the snakes who had been attracted by the warmth of the tarmac during the cold night. Even large Boa-constrictors lay half asleep on the warm tarmac. After 2 hours of climbing the sun was now high. It beat down causing the road to shimmer in the heat haze. As I crested the summit monkeys swung in the trees chattering excitedly.

The descent was exhilarating as I cut through the hot air. Braking hard for a corner I became aware of something behind, glancing back I saw two hyenas rapidly approaching. I threw out the sandwiches in my rear pocket, assuming them to be the attraction, this worked as they skidded to a halt to devour my dinner, but luckily not me. The river was now far below me, but I could see hippos basking in the waters, crocodiles lay menacingly on the banks whilst Wildebeest, Zebra and Springbok drank. As I sped across the plain, vast herds of Wildebeest and Zebra roared across the plain

throwing up a cloud of dust. I then saw the reason for their panic as a cheetah darted across the road ahead of me in pursuit of a young zebra.

Turning towards the coast I began to climb, suddenly a huge Bull Elephant burst from the bush, confronting me, with a tremendous roar this colossus charged ! Swiftly I reached for my pump and swerving to avoid the evil looking tusks - fell out of bed.

John Moss.

AUTUMN IN AUSTRALIA. According to the White King (in Alice through The Looking Glass) one should "Begin at the Beginning, go on to the End. Then Stop". Good advice no doubt, but I'm going to begin in the middle.

Three weeks after arriving in Australia in April 1981, I was off for a 3000 plus miles hop to Brisbane, to meet Norman (Norman Tullett is a Kentish Wh who went to Aussie about 35 years ago and now can't find his way back) on 22nd April. Left Perth at 11 am for the first bit to Melbourne, where I had about 2 hours wait to change planes. Having a coffee at about 3-30 pm I thought it was getting rather dark so I asked a couple at the next table the time. It was 5-30 by their watches, 2 hours on already. After leaving Melbourne the lights of Sydney showed up well although quite a way to the east. Norman met me at Brisbane Airport at 10 pm and said "Well, you are lucky, they go on strike in two hours"!

Next morning we fixed up a coach tour of the City and surrounding countryside. Only 3 passengers in the coach so we got very matey with the driver, who gave us a really good tour, scenic views and a long break at a Wild-life park; most interesting, with scores of Koalas, all sound asleep, various other marsupials, many birds of course and some Dingos. The Australian wild dogs, looking very like Alsations, but with a really wolf-like howl. After a good lunch we visited an Art Exhibition and as it was very hot I was glad to rest my feet on a bench in the traffic-free square. Then by train for the 83 miles to Toowoomba, mostly in the dark, which was a pity as I should have liked to see the scenery. After about 70 miles we got out and transferred to a bus, as this does the 2000ft climb to Toowoomba a lot quicker than the train, though that does get there eventually, so Norman said.

We went to the St George's Day Dinner next evening, a lot of silly old Poms, Norman called them. Quite good however but, as usual, too many speeches. This was followed next day by the ANZAC Day Parade, the big day for Australia and New Zealand, no-one works except the barmen and girls (One we went in used to have topless barmen, so Norman told me but perhaps it wasn't hot enough at 80° F)

The Parade was very good, with about 6 bands and marchers aged from youngschool children to Veterans of the last war, Norman marched with them of course. A couple of hours later dirty black clouds appeared and we had a thunderstorm, with a downpour of tropical rain.

On Sunday (26th) we went to the local cycling Club's boys, girls and Vets races, which were M.S., in groups of handicaps, the men doing a longer distance than the kids. It was now rather cool with a strong wind and I got blamed for bringing the weather from England. Later in Norman's car to Picnic Point, which overlooks the 2000ft to the plain; splendid views. Then to a friend of Norman's who lent me a bike belonging to his son, a light-weight with 10 gears and modern equipment, Allen screws etc. So next day we were off cycling, not using the busy main road but getting onto a rather rough minor road which dropped the 2000ft approx in about five miles. All right for my mate 'Jack', he got three brakes, I was hanging on desperately to my two very inefficient ones and was glad when the road eased off at Murphy's Creek, where there was a railway station. From there a comfortable ride to reach the main road at Withcott, where we had a good lunch in the local pub. At about 3 pm we waved down the bus from Brisbane and to my surprise it stopped, we loaded the bikes and were back in Tocwoomba in 20 minutes. Our bike mileage was about 24.

Next day we had a short ride to a village called Drayton, as Norman said it may have been called after Market Drayton, or more likely, West Drayton. By now I was making adjustments to the little bike, such as removing the toe-clips (I had only heavy walking shoes with me) but one thing I could not alter was the height of the saddle as, of course, we had not got an Allen Key, doubt if Norman had ever heard of such a thing! Deciding on another ride to Withcott by a different route and the lazy man's way back, we went via another rough and steep drop (I walked part of this) thro' Blanchview and some very pleasant country, again having lunch at the Withcott pub. Surprise, surprise! this time the bus roared past us at a steady 50 mph, getting up speed for the long climb ahead. We decided against walking 5 miles up that busy main road (no hope of riding with gears of about 60") and so returned the way we came, via Blancheview, a pleasant route, but of course we both had to walk some hills, but on a quiet road. Our mileage about 35.

April 30 was my last day in Tocwoomba and we toured round in Norman's car, taking in Picnic Point for an excellent lunch, these Aussies certainly know how to eat. Also went to see a Danish lady whom Norman is giving weekly lessons in English. Her son-in-law made a fortune in cosmetics, sold out and invested his money in cattle in Australia and now has millions of acres there. They live

in just about the finest house I've ever seen, with huge bething pool, about 80 acres parkland and 2 other houses for gardeners etc. to live in. I also visited other friends of Norman's: not easy to remember names after seeing so much in so short a time. Travelling from Toowoomba to Sydney is not easy. By plane or rail from Brisbane 83 miles away, or coach direct from Toowoomba, so I booked on an all-night coach 30 Apr/1 May. Would sooner have gone by day but coach and rail only go at night. A stop was made at Warwick for supper then to Armidale, where we changed drivers and had a snack at about midnight. Sydney was reached in the middle-morning rushhour at 8-30, our driver coped well with the heavy traffic. After breakfast at the coach terminal I fixed up for 3 nights at the Waldorf Hotel at Cremorne Point, virtually in the middle of Sydney's famous harbour. Early to bed not having slept the previous night. Met Stan and Jo Wild next morning; he was Anfield President until he emigrated to Aussie about 3 years ago. They live at a posh suburb of Sydney about 25 miles out and he still does over 9,000 miles a year cycling, but Jo has given up motoring as she does not like the rally-type drivers of Sydney. We had a pleasant morning touring Sydney by Rover bus then later by ferry to Manly Beach (passing my hotel on the way) one of the numerous fine beaches of Sydney Harbour. After Stan and Jo had taken a bus further north to their home at Avalon Beach I returned by ferry. Next day I saw the usual sights of Sydney: I won't go into them, but it really is a very fine City.

The return journey to Perth was certainly one of the high-spots of my holiday; on the Indian/Pacific Train across Australia, about 2,500 miles (3961km. to be exact) in 64 hours. Excellent meals in the Dining Car, a comfortable Lounge with a piano (pity Norman wasn't there to play it) a small cabin with bed, washbasin, cupboards etc. on my own. Long climbs out of Sydney over the Blue Mountains, 3 tunnels going up and 10 down the other side. Dinner soon after and then bed. Breakfast about 8 am then we stopped for about 45 minutes at Broken Hill where we put our watches back 1 hour. Then via Peterborough to Port Pirie Junction where some left for Melbourne and others joined us. Port Augusta was reached about 8 pm; this is the junction for the famous Alice Springs. During the night we passed the halfway point and next stop was at Cook, at the start of the Nullarbor Desert over 600km long. Kalgoorile, still a mining town, tho' its great days were in 19th century, was reached at 8 pm. Then our last excellent dinner on the train, as we ran into Perth at 7 am next day - dead on time! Had breakfast in the Station Restaurant, with a Scotsman I'd made friends with on the train, then a taxi to my sister's flat at Applecross.

Well, that's not quite the End, but it is perhaps the "End of the Middle", to paraphrase a famous Statesman's wartime remark.

FRANK FISCHER.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed MARCH 187)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice-Presidents: Bill Gray and Harold Catling

Hon. Secretary DAVE EATON

29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside

Tel: 051-648 3563

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DECEMBER/JANUARY 1982

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No. 821

LUNCH FIXTURES

- DECEMBER 5 HUXLEY (Farmers Arms) BOSLEY (Harrington Arms)
- 12 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
- 19 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms) WILDERHOPE Y.H. Weekend
- 26 BOXING DAY RUN - MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk)
- JANUARY 1 "THE YATCH"
- 2 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk) - Committee
- 9 FARNDON (Nags Head) HOLMES CHAPEL (George and Dragon)
- 16 NORLEY (Tigers Head)
- 23 SHOCKLACH (Bull) MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 30 Captain's Weekend - Queens Hotel - OSWESTRY
- 30 KELSALL (Morris Dancer) for non-weekenders
- FEBRUARY 6 MOULDSWORTH (Goshawk) - Committee

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS: 21 and Over £7; Junior (under 21) £4; Cadet £1.
These donations should be sent to Hon. Treasurer: Phil Mason,
39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: 051-648 5168.

EDITOR: MIKE HALLGARTH, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral, Merseyside
Tel: 051-342 6047 L61 5UA

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSIE Saturday 26th DECEMBER

EDITOR'S NOTES:

Wilderhope Weekend 18th, 19th, 20th December

Bookings have already been received from 7 Anfielders to spend Friday 18th December at a cottage in Gwynwdd followed by Saturday at Wilderhope Youth Hostel. Further details from Simon Cogan - Tel: 677 0040.

CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND - 30th JANUARY 1982 - Queen's Hotel, Oswald Road, OSWESTRY

In order to lift some of Winter's gloom your President and I decided a small break would help.

Those of you who can drag themselves away from Everton, firesides and loved ones, should make themselves known by 19th December, to Mike Twigg at 14 Bankhill Road, Vicar's Cross, Chester - Tel: (0244) 26399.

The terms for less than twelve are:-

£9.50 Bed and Breakfast room with bath.

£8.50 " " " ; wash hand basin in room

£6.50 " " " ; bathroom down hall

All rooms are shared. VAT extra.

Evening Meal £2.80 . Coffee extra.

The above rates would be reduced for twelve and over.

A deposit of £2.00 would be appreciated with your firm booking.

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RACING NOTES

1981 saw 14 Anfielders Race, John Whelan again won the club B.A.R. with rides of 55-56, 1-5, 6-12 and 4.15.29 average speed 25-373 mph. During the season John set a new club record at 10 miles with 22-09, so he now holds the "10" "25" "50" and "100" records. He was placed in the first 3 in 16 events and set a new West Cheshire "50" record with 1.58.29 ; he rode 17 "25's", the fastest was 55-56 and the slowest 59.03. 13 rides inside 58 mins. mainly on local courses. 3-50s, fastest 1.56.12, slowest 1.58.29. 3 10s fastest 22.09, slowest 23.09. His only "100" was our event when he became the fastest Anfielder - around the Shropshire course

with 4.15.29. Unfortunately John injured his neck in a slight car accident just before the Merseyside Wh. invitation hilly TT and ended his season in a surgical collar (he is now better).

Ben Griffiths was 2nd in the club BAR, with rides of 1.1.14 2.5.37, 4.39.08 average speed 23.291 mph.

John Thompson set a new National Competition record for 100 miles on his trike with 4.22.36, he also became 3rd fastest ever with 4.24.36, with rides of 1.3.10 and 2.11.55. He was 3rd in the Club BAR, average speed 23.103 mph.

Brian Whitmarsh won the WCTTCA "30" in 1.16.39 his best solo 25 was 57.27 but he did 56.30 with John Whelan for 2nd place in the Chester RC 2-up. George Elkington did an excellent 57.53 before "O" levels cut short his season. Simon Cogan was the only Anfield rider to beat John Whelan in 1981 when he won the North Lancs., hilly "28". He finished 2nd in his only other hilly event, beaten by John. He was 2nd in 2 road races and 3rd in the Hyde Olympic 2-up with Rod Anderson, so when "A" levels finished his season, Simon had not been out of the first 3 (just wait until '82).

Rod Anderson did his best ride when he was fastest of 8 Anfielders in the first West Cheshire "25" with 1.)56 but he did beat the hour with Simon in the 2-up 59.50 before he also sat "O" levels.

Dave Eaton's best rides 1.2.08 and 24.42 at 10 miles. Peter Colligan unfortunately fell from his bike and broke his leg when going well. Best times 1.2.34 and 2.11.49 (he is also better now)

Dave Bassett's best ride 1.5.30; Mike Hallgarth only ride 1.9.29; John Moss did 1.9.55 and 1.6.11 with Peter in a 2-up, before he emigrated to South Africa. Phil Mason's best ride 28.24 and 1.17.00; Harold Catling also raced on his trike, but I haven't any times for him.

BEN GRIFFITHS.

RACING RESULTS - the Final Few.

T.A. "25" 5.9.81 John Thompson 1.3.58

Greater Manchester Police CC "20" 5.9.81. John Whelan 22.09 (new Club record)

Chester RC "50" 6.9.81 George Elkington 2.11.50.

South Elmsall Social CC "25" 13.9.81. John Whelan 56.16, George Elkington 1.200.

W.C.T.T.C.A. "25" 20.9.81 John Whelan 58.28 - 2nd fastest
Ben Griffiths 1.5.12.

Minutes of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held at Ashton Village Hall, on 10th October 1981 at 2-30 pm.

Present: B. Griffiths, in the chair; P. Mason, D. Eaton, W. Gray, M. Twigg, J. Cranshaw, A. Birkby, G. Taylor, F. Marriott E. Davies, B. Whitmarsh, J. Hawkins and I. Thomas.

Apologies H. Catling, B. Poole, H. Austin, R. Austin, J. Williamson, for P. Colligan, J. Thompson, M. Hallgarth, E. Reeves,
Absence: H. Dauncey, J. France, K. Oram and D. Birchall.

The minutes of the 1980 AGM were read and there were no matters arising from them.

The Hon. Secretary then gave his report for the year and it was adopted at the meeting.

The Treasurer then presented the accounts for the year and these were accepted with exception of including the tea urn as an asset.

The Racing Secretary then gave his report, commenting on the excellent performances and consistency of John Whelan and also paying tribute to John Thompson's competition ride in August.

The "100" Secretary, Mr Thomas, then gave a detailed report of the "100", highlighting the need for more assistance with drinks in 1982.

Life Members A. Birkby, W. Connor and B. Lloyd were then proposed by I. Thomas and seconded by M. Twigg for Life Membership, having completed 50 years membership of the club.

The following officials were then elected for 1982:-

President: B. Griffiths, Vice-Presidents: W. Gray and H. Catling.

Secretary: D. Eaton. Treasurer: P. Mason.

Editor: M. Hallgarth. Captain: M. Twigg. Racing Sec: S. Cogan

B.C.F. D. Bassett. WCTCA: J. Hawking, B. Griffiths.

BCCA: J. Thompson. RRA: C. Edwards. NRR: H. Catling; I. Thomas.

"100" Secretary: I. Thomas. "25" Secretary: B. Griffiths.

Social Secretary: P. Mason. Auditors: K. Oram and J. France.

Committee: D. Bassett, J. Hawkins, E. Davies, G. Robinson, B. Poole, P. Colligan, E. Reeves, B. Whitmarsh.

RTTC: D. Bassett and P. Colligan.

Club Rules: Mr Mason then outlined the alterations to the Club Rules and these were accepted by the meeting.

This concluded the business of the meeting which closed at 3-45 pm.

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BRYNFORD Crooked Horn August 29

The Crooked Horn at Brynford cannot be regarded as a suitable choice for an Infield run, particularly during the summer months. The main A55 road heading westward from Chester into North Wales is thronged with traffic travelling ever so slowly in caterpillar formation and one has to be very familiar with the lanes to complete an avoiding act.

So we were only three: Ernie Davies, from Wrexham; Len Walls and Frank Marriott. Len has recently moved his home almost to the doorstep of the Crooked Horn. Frank, after eight years as a local resident, knew some lanes and Ernie managed to find his way without much trouble. Joan, Ernie's spouse, completed the party. But where were the others? Exercising a goodly dose of common sense, they decided that discretion was the better part of valour, played truant and went to Farndon instead. A goodly number turned up, but we have only the names of Mike Twigg and Phil Mason. Meanwhile, the other quartet sat outside in the sun and gently toyed with some excellent beef sandwiches.

F.E.M.

Saturday 5th September.

I am really glad that Ernest is back again with the "Infield" - one of the reasons being that we have lunch out nearly every Saturday.

The Infielders always make wives and visitors feel most welcome and I really appreciate this.

Ernest attended this run by car as he was committed to time the Birkenhead North End's 25-mile Consolation event later in the afternoon, so I set out alone on the sunny Saturday morning of September 5th, enjoying my downhill run to Holt and Farndon. At the bridge there I spotted a blue jersey in front of me and, owing to the lights being on 'red', was able to catch up with Mike Hallgarth - otherwise I would surely never have proceeded to Shocklach in such esteemed company; and I was able to show him a slightly different route through the lanes.

Upon arrival we found Frank Gischer and Ruth Hatton already

tucking into a 'ploughman's'. It looked fairly substantial to me, although later I saw Frank was making short work of a steak bap and chips. It's a long hungry ride back to Market Drayton.

Ira Thomas was the next to roll in, hotly persued by Mike Twigg, then Bill Gray who was soon at work listing the names of all attendants. Incidentally, Ruth Hatton was Bill's guest, he being one of the many admirers of Ruth's recent performance in the North Wales 100 mile ride for Vets. She really is a formidable lady!

Two young Anfielders, looking rather hot, but a cool drink and a bite to eat soon relaxed them; namely Phil Mason and Roger Andrews were next to arrive.

Ernest and I had to leave shortly afterwards as the 25 mile event started at 3 pm - not before I had seen Mike Hallgarth starting on his SECOND lunch. These growing lads!

Before signing off I would like to mention that only this morning I received a card from Flo Hill who is apparently enjoying a wonderful holiday in America and, at the time of writing the card, was basking on Waikiki beach. Let us hope that we shall see her out on a club run again very soon.

JOAN DAVIES.

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Kelsall MORRIS DANCER 12th September

"Oh to be in England now that April's there" - so go those famous words, but most cyclists agree that September is the best month for cycling and this day, the 12th September, was just right, warm, with a nice breeze and a few showers. I arrived at the Eureka before eleven. I soon decided that no one else was about to arrive so I left alone through the lanes for Capenhurst. Backford, Picton, Mickle Trafford, across the A56 through Guilden Sutton across the A51 and down the lane to the pack horse bridges. I walked over the cobbles and stopped a few minutes to watch the river Gowy and marvelled at how fresh and green everywhere was - maybe I appreciated it more than usual after spending a few weeks on the eastern side of the country and seeing the mess that fire makes when the farmers burn the straw and everything else in sight.

I heard that familiar sound (yes, I was being caught again) a quick glance over my shoulder and I almost fell off with the shock - Simon and Rod rough stuffing on their own and Simon on his racing bike, but they had pity on me and we had a pleasant chat (mainly about Scotland) as we rode past Austins Hill and

through the lanes to Kelsall. 12 members and 4 guests enjoyed a good meal in good company with plenty of repartee. Those present were Bob and Hagar Poole, Ira and Hetty Thomas, Harold Catling, now sporting a full set (is he really in the Navy?) Frank Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Rod Anderson, Simon Cogan, Bill Gray, Dave Eaton and Nicky. Dave was on his way to Neston for a hockey match, plus and we are not sure if he should get a club run, Phil Mason and Roger Andrews. In order to hammer us unfit old men on the way home Phil had got a lift out with Dave; how could anyone sink so low? But I managed to slip him a Micky Pin with the Lager and slowed him down to Simon's pace for the return run through Delamere Forest - Aston Mickle Trafford where Mike Twigg and Gerry Robinson went straight on for Chester, leaving just 5 for the ride through the lanes to the Eureka Cafe. A very enjoyable club run.

BEN GRIFFITHS.

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Farndon Nags Head 19th September

The run to the "Nag's Head" at Farndon is the one I chose to make a rare appearance and, of course, got landed by the Mayor of Bangor with the job of writing about it. It was a nice day, showing the start of the 'autumn tints'. Amongst those present were Bill Gray, Mike Twigg, Ernie and Joan Davies, with son Bill and daughter-in-law Alison, Frank Marriott, John Futter and David; it is nice seeing friends who bring memories of happy days. On the way home I passed Ben pedalling furiously for the venue.

PAT O'LEARY.

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ACTON BRIDGE Hazel Pear September 26

If ever a rainy day can be described as a terrible day, then this was it, in excelsis. We were five: Mike Twigg on his bicycle; and Mike Hallgarth, Frank Marriott, Bill Gray and Ben Griffiths in cars. After picking Bill up at his Bangor-on-Dee home we were on unfamiliar lanes to Malpas and No Mans Heath, and we eventually surfaced just short of Eaton, for a final run down A49 as far as Weaverham and Acton Bridge.

When Bill gets his tongue wagging we can be entertained for, seemingly, hours on end. And today proved to be no exception. Bill's yarns about his Irish experiences maintained the conversation

with only a modicum of help from the others. Whether the stories are strictly factual, we are not to know. Sometimes we cannot help wondering whether the long bow has been pulled to get just a little extra effect.

We were in no hurry to leave the Hazel Pear and, also, the rain was just as reluctant to cease falling. So we were in for a wet ride/drive home. It must have been at least 4 o'clock before the skies cleared.

F.E.M.

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Four Crosses Bwlchgwyn 3rd October '81

I really must try to write up the run nearer to the event in future - memory ain't what it used to be.

It had been some time since the last run to this venue and we were a little worried that no food would be available, as happened last time. We made prior arrangements that if food was lacking, then we would go to the Rose and Crown. When I arrived via the Mold Road direction (I came this way expecting to see the "Two Mills Scorchers" en route to the Rose and Crown). Ernie Davies and Bill Gray were already installed. After the space of a pint Mike Hallgarth appeared, I cannot say where from - perhaps "Big H" will say one day. Ben, Phil and young Roger arrived via the 39 steps.

The return journey for Ben, Phil, Roger, Big H and myself was via Rainbow. Needless to say it rained. Young Roger, came as always, found the going hard. I know the feeling well! Big H thought the best way he could help was to go off the front leaving the rest of us to make our own way back to the Mills.

MIKE TWIGG.

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MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK and AGM) 10th October '81

I was "picked up" for this run by Phil Mason. The route was foreign to me i.e. Wallasey to Mouldsworth via a race track (M53) at first, but lastly on to lanes and up the 'hill-climb' route to Mouldsworth. The return trip was (I think) via the shortest route. The congregation was made up by Frank Marriott, Jim Cranshaw, Ernie Davies, Ben Griffiths, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Brian Whitmarsh, Mike Twigg, George Connor, Arthur Birkby, Ira Thomas and Jack Hawkins.

BILL GRAY

GRAIAN RHYDD (ROSE and CROWN) 17th October '81

Quite a good day for this run, very little wind and dry. It's a "longpull" up here but, the scenery and empty lanes and the thought of a good meal and a drop of the "hard stuff", make it all worthwhile. The members present (some under the weather) were John France and friend Bill Litherland, Ben Griffiths, Phil Mason and Roger Andrews, Mike Twigg, Ernie Davies and

BILL GRAY.

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The Raven, Llanamon-Yn-Lal 7 November '81

Battling into a bitterly cold wind towards Two Mills I knew winter was fast approaching. I arrived at the Eureka just in time to catch John Thompson pulling out on his barrow. Ah well, there goes the mug of tea! Much to my relief we had only done a few hundred yards (or is it metres?) when Ben was seen travelling in the opposite direction to the cafe. So, after a quick "U" turn, we were in the warmth of the 'Mills'.

With no further arrivals the three of us quickly sped down the main road to Queensferry and up to Hawarden. Shortly afterwards we took to the lanes and found our way to Hope. From here Ben navigated us through some lanes I was unfamiliar with. The going got tough as several "bonks" were negotiated. Ben was showing superb form as he took every hill prime. I managed to struggle up in a low gear while Tommo was forced to dismount despite having lowered his fixed gear by ten inches.

We regrouped shortly after passing the "Stone Zoo". Ben pointed out a nicely secluded house for sale that he intends to buy when he wins the pools. Unfortunately he doesn't do the pools so he'll have rather a long wait! This comment was made after "Communist" John had admitted joining the capitalist society with a view to buying a house.

Arriving at the Raven we found a fire blazing and a warm welcome from the earlier arrivals of Frank Marriott, Ernie Davies and Joan, Bill Gray and David Birchall. Shortly afterwards we were joined by the separate arrivals of Mike Twigg and Peter Colligan.

Peter was showing a remarkable return to form after his accident. He had ridden into a stiff headwind all the way from Liverpool and still looked fresh. It's enough to make one feel grossly unfit! Perhaps it's true.

Dave was back on a week's holiday exercising his new interest he has discarded his passion for photography and taken up drawing and painting. Apparently he is reviving a forgotten talent and having some measure of success. His aim for the week was to complete 2 sketches a day.

As the conversation flowed so too did the drink. Several pints of Real Ale were consumed as it was going out of fashion. In fact I felt non too sober when we eventually left. Just as well I wasn't driving!

The effect of the beer was amazing - I couldn't feel any pain in my legs! The steep hill at Errys was climbed with considerable ease. There is, however, a drawback to this form of pain-killer. One has to forsake the assistance of the back wheels and take refuge in the nearest hedge.

However after more than one member of the party having to answer the call of nature the bunch reformed and with considerable haste the "Eureka" was soon in sight. Here we were welcomed by the Editor, Mike Hallgarth, who was resting his legs for the mornings "social run". Actually it is a pre-training, training run!

We left John committing the unforgiveable sin of loading his machine onto the car in order to drive home as the rest of us kept to two wheels for the final leg.

BILL BARNES

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Opening days of a Thompson tour - or -
250 Spanish miles by Gardem

With only a couple of token 'training' runs: cycling back home to Rainhill from work in Golborne on my oldbike, which makes up for lack of gears with ample shopping basket space - suddenly I was off through the dockside streets of Santander with a rather longer journey home ahead.

We started out on the route ascending to the Portillo de Lucada, our first pass this tour and one over the Cordillera Cantabrica, the range behind the coastal towns of northern Spain. As promised it wound steadily up to 4321 feet, within only 30 miles of our starting point, leaving successive valleys behind but ever visible below. My first-ever big hill !

To John's Exasperation I ordered a lunch stop just short of the summit and the rural sounds below: the regular hiss of a worker scything his plot, reached us a few moments after each stroke of the scythe. A band of wild cow-belled horses ran ahead

of us, swept ever on by our slow moving machine (but unconcerned by the occasional passing car!)

Then a descent amazing to me because of its length, first following the Trueba valley. It led us to a small town called Trespaderne in time for tea, but here we learned that tea is only available to people under ten (who can't wait till dinner). Everyone else must exist on salted sunflower seeds or minute nibbles called 'tapas'. Restaurants looked askance at our requests for hearty dinners and told us to come back in 3 hours time! We were looking forward to our first taste of Spanish cooking so joined the locals and built up our appetites with samples from a vast range of aperitifs (I had one served by a nine-year-old who splashed nigh on a third of a pint of Campari into a tumbler!)

This time of day in Spain is amazing: the whole population seems to be in the street, sitting on walls, at cafe tables or playing the Spanish equivalent of hopscotch. It's time for 'el paseo' (the stroll), the leisurely parade that lasts until dinner's ready. When at last it was we were first in the queue.

This late meal can be blamed for our bad choice of camp site. We woke up next morning to find ourselves in what can best be described as a roadside swamp. Not a very well planned opening day!

We next ran alongside the fast-flowing River Ebro, past an atomic power station lurking behind high fences and shielded (?) by higher mountains.

The descent continued all through this next morning up to our lunchtime stop, by which time the final stretch, over little used and less maintained roads, put paid to the front wheel rather prematurely. "A simple adjustment job" thought the tour leader, "before lunch in Miranda"! But somehow all previous knowledge of wheel straightening seemed to get jumbled (maybe it was the unfamiliar voices around us, the riding on the wrong side of the road, the temperature, the lack of refreshment. . . .) and an even prettier wobble was achieved.

Was there a bike-shop in the town? Yes, but he was just about to snatch a bite of lunch so come back in two and a half hours' time and

With the help of an excellent working-man's lunch (women don't eat at midday in Spain) over which John made firm friends with one Spaniard who would cry out "Esta es rota!" (this one's broken!) each time they finished a bottle of wine and order another (a joke these teo appreciated more than anyone else in the restaurant) and after several brandies and coffees in a nearby bar, misfortune was

replaced by a strong feeling of wellbeing and contentment.

On our professionally-straightened wheel we later climbed out of Miranda up to a high wheatfilled valley bordered by gently sloping mountains. Evening refreshment was a 'bocadillo (little mouthful, and also a Spanish understatement) in a bar where a local character assured us, in the course of conversation, that the bread made from the wheat of that valley far excelled that in the capital - it was such a tiny place that I very much doubt if he'd ever been further than the nearest large town, let alone Madrid.

We passed through a village called Lagran and drank sweet water from the fountain as the sun lowered, and then sped on with the shadows lengthening in this lovely valley, pink in the evening light. We camped at its end on a small hill which had escaped cultivation, being rather too steep, overlooking a tiny cluster of houses. We could see our last two stops way back up the valley and the occasional car headlights threading their way towards us in the increasing darkness, a few sounds of homecoming tractors - and then silence.

DAY 3: At this village the road plunged into a gorge and climbed up through rock clefts to join a main road. Thence on fast roads to Estella.

On a Michelin map you either have white or green. At Estella we looped south and further away from the green than we had hitherto been this tour. We had decided the previous day, while trying to squeeze our feet inside the 2 foot 6 inches of noonday shadow outside a bar, to aim not to cycle during siesta time i.e 2 - 5 pm. So we planned to hop fast to what looked like a large enough dot on the map to provide a feed and a sit-down in the shade for a couple of hours. As the dreaded hour approached we were falling a bit behind schedule and then, like an oasis, there appeared, in a dusty back-road town, a splendid municipal swimming-pool, plus bar and sun-terraces, showers, the works!

I used every facility the place afforded, a swim, hair-wash in the showers, cool drinks - one thing was missing (we began to notice people on the grass had brought sandwiches) - no FOOD ! By now the shops had closed for their 3-hour break! John refused to swim (doesn't suit cycling) sat on the veranda and looked grim.

We continued across this arid plane (so that's what the white bits on the map were!) empty stomached, blaming one another, slowly frying. Every village was shuttered, bar-less and deserted. We even did a 1 Km. detour to another possible watering place (in these conditions those 2 extra Km. seemed a disaster!) We hit Tafalla in a state of desperation where a very basic snack eventually made human beings of us again. Then we climbed up to the church-topped village of San Martin de Unx, where a cool evening beer completed the return to sanity and camped shortly beyond it just off the road, which was beginning to climb through a valley edged with long-abandoned vine terraces (it seemed too arid even for these). Inside the tent we listened to a lone lorry whine its way past and ahead of us and strained to hear it change gear at the top. We knew we had a long climb ahead of us in the morning.

MAGGIE WHITE.

DAY 4: This was our last complete day in Spain. A morning's riding and walking (rough stuff through the Lumbier Canyon) saw us in the Pyrenees and after some pottering through the back roads north of the Rio Aragon, we camped.

The morning of DAY 5 we climbed out of Spain over the Pierre Saint Martin pass (5774 feet). The freezing mists seemed to have upset Maggie. After all the complaints about the heat I thought she would find them refreshing (It is very difficult to please a lady) Still, charged with brandy, she kept on going.

The next fortnight saw many more adventures but it is enough to relate that we pedalled all the way back to Saint Malo and caught our boat back home.

JOHN T.

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Roughstuff in Wester Ross: the Craig coastal path.

My first tour in Northern Scotland, in 1963, with David Barker, took me near one of the most out of the way places on the Scottish mainland: the Terridon mountains. We heard tales about a Youth Hostel in the wildest part of the area, accessible only by path along the coast, but were discouraged from exploring the route because of the rumoured inhospitable and difficult terrain along the way.

Kinlochewe, at the Southernmost reach of Loch Marce, was the start - and finish - for a one day expedition. My plan was to ride around the edges of a vast area of deer forest and very ancient mountains. The area was fringed by beautiful sea lochs to the south, west and north, and the fresh water of Loch Marce in the east. Within the area is a landscape of rough and wild country - the haunt of eagle, wildcat and red deer.

I had prepared a schedule, and on the strength of that had arranged to meet Mary and Adam at Redpoint, the northern end of the coastal path, for a picnic lunch. The trouble with schedules is that sooner or later they go wrong. On this occasion the trouble started on the road along the north shores of Loch Terridon. The road is tortuous, though reconstructed, and from it are magnificent views across the Loch to the Ben Damph forest. The road climbs, drops, climbs (to 850 feet) and drops to end at the village of Diabaig. On the first of these climbs the back wheel of my bicycle pulled over damaging the gear adjustment chain of the Sturmey Archer 5-speed. But despite this mishap I passed by Diabaig Post Office where the road ends, on time at 11-30 a.m. (17 miles, in 2 hours 15 minutes).

My timetable allotted two hours for the six mile path anticipating some riding in addition to walking. The path lay through a gate in the drystone wall opposite the Post Office, across boulder strewn ground for several hundred yards; so bicycle across shoulder off I set, for a rise in the ground. On reaching the rise, the path continued over bedrock and more boulders. So I progressed, following the path amongst the bare windswept landscape, reluctant to admit (though with each step it was becoming plainer to see) that there would be no improvement. Very few yards were rideable, and the surface of the

path ruled out the possibility of even wheeling the bicycle.

After an hour and a half, and within sight of Craig Youth Hostel, two walkers greeted me. North of the hostel, they said the going would be easier. Thus encouraged, I lingered in the afternoon sunshine, on a sheltered grassy bank by the formercroft. Iron rations of raisins and chocolates were delved out of the inner reaches of my saddlebag, and a can of ginger ale quenched the thirst generated by the warmth of the day and the labour of bicycle carrying.

Things went badly beyond the hostel. Craig River, fast flowing and wide, had to be forded about 100 yards inland from the shore since there was no sign of the bridge shown on the map. Substantial boulders between rockpools and waterfalls gave sufficient footholds for scrambling, but I was thankful that dry weather had kept down the level of the river. Further north, a frightening episode resulted by straying along a side path which led close to the cliff edge - so close that far below could be seen the green-blue waters of the Atlantic lapping quietly at the rocky shoreline. I should have been at least 150 yards inland: this was a particularly dangerous diversion, although I did not recognise the danger until the last second.

Safely back on the path, I edged forward following the 100 ft contour, still carrying the bicycle, fording a number of streams, and slowly moving forward to sandy headland at Red Point. A herd of wild goats appeared from nowhere and vanished as quickly amongst rocks on the seaward side.

A fishing station - a couple of stone buildings with nearby lines of wooden frameworks for drying nets on the edge of the beach marked the end of my labours. The route beyond lay over short cropped grass, and riding was possible again. Through a farmyard, down a sandy track and there ahead stretched - most welcome of sights - a smooth tarmac road.

A glance at my watch showed that the path had taken four hours; twice as long as planned and an average speed of little more than a mile and a half per hour! Mary and Adam were waiting with lunch, and copious quantities of orange squash to stave my thirst.

The ride back to Kinlochewe - 24 miles - went along an undulating road initially across a windswept landscape of scattered crofts and sand dunes, then by tree fringed bays and sheltered coves busy with yachts and fishing boats. This minor road goes near the south shores of Loch Gairloch to Opinan, Port Henderson and Badachro. It meets the single track main road at Kerrysdale.

The main road climbs southward beside the River Kerry, through forest, crosses bleak moorland, then drops towards the shores of Loch Maree where a length of reconstructed modern highway takes over. The new road cuts for miles in straight lines across the moor and through ancient pine woods. Never far from the new road is Loch Maree with Slioch towering 3000 feet behind the loch. New road building has revolutionised the accessibility of Wester Ross in less than two decades and while this must be no small blessing for local people, the sense of remoteness and charm of the area for cycling has

has diminished. My bicycle, somewhat the worse for wear after the morning's efforts, allowed me to select no higher than 3rd gear (about 59) and so progress down the easy gradients to Kinlochewe was limited to an easy pace.

My conclusion on the day's ride: the coastal path cannot be explored conveniently in a day other than with a bicycle to reach it and return from it.

Though allowing what I thought would be sufficient time, the two hour schedule for the roughstuff badly underestimated the difficulty in tackling the path with a bicycle.

The message to those Anfielders proposing to follow in my steps is therefore to go well prepared and allow time to spare. And, of course, remember bicycles have to be carried.

DAVE BIRCHALL

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