

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
 Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
 : Phil Mason
 Captain : John Futter
 Hon Secretary : David Eaton,
 29 Glenwood Drive,
 Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

MARCH 1986

No 842

Mar 29 Clotton (Bull's Head)
 Apr 5 Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Holmes Chapel (Bistro)
 12 Norley (Tiger's Head)
 17 Committee
 19 Farndon (Nag's Head) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
 26 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
 May 3 Kelsall (Morris Dancer)
 5 Club 25
 10 Grianrhyd (Rose and Crown) Holmes Chapel (Bistro)
 15 Committee
 17 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
 24 Huxley (Farmer's Arms) (+ "100" weekend)
 31 Faddiley (Tollemache Arms)
 Jun 7 Bwlch Gwyn (Four Crosses Inn) Stretton
 (Appleton Thorn)
 14 Broxton (Durham Heifer)
 21 Bunbury (Dysart Arms)
 28 Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
 Jul 3 Committee
 5 Alraham (Tollemache Arms)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £10.00 Junior (under 21) £7.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to:

Hon. Treasurer - Keith Orum, 5 Brunstath Close,
 Barnston, Wirral. 041-342 4860
 Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent,
 Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 3 MAY 1986

EDITOR'S NOTE

In this issue, John Moss's article is the first in a series we are featuring over the next year about members' European (John excepted) cycling adventures. In our next issue Dave Bettaney writes about the Randonneur des Alpes in which he, Brian Whitmarch and Chris Edwards participated last summer; it will demonstrate that the Anfield's prowess in such events clearly is not to be outdone by our friends in the North Road who go in for similar exploits. John Thompson's journey from Milan, describing his involvement in an Alpine stage of the Tour de France, will follow; and, finally, Harold Catling reveals all about an expedition by tandem across France to the Swiss border during which World War 2 started! His ensuing hasty retreat northwards led to the Cuillins of Skye before he returned home ... now that's cycling!

DDB

* * * * *

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for full membership (and a warm welcome back to the Anfield): Sydney Hancock, 7 Trerew Road, Alverton, Penzance, Cornwall TR18 8RX. Proposed by D Eaton and seconded B Griffiths.

Change of Address: Mike Hallgarth, 5 North Street, Wickwar, Wotton-under-Edge GL12 8NQ. Telephone: Wickwar 735

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

The 100 Course

Alterations to the course, to eliminate turning in the road, are being considered to comply with present RTTC policy. It is not expected that approval will be obtained this year, but the matter is being treated with some urgency, so that alterations if approved in time may be used.

Training Weekend - 1 March 1986

Accommodation for Saturday night has been booked at the Old Brick Guest House, 7 Church Street, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire. (Bishop's Castle is famous for the Three Tuns Inn which brews its own ale; and excellent it is too. The question arises: what sort of training weekend has the Captain in mind? A report in our next issue - Ed).

RACING RESULTS

<u>Holyhead CC 25 D25/2 21.7.85</u>	<u>Mersey RC 25 (mml-3-0) D25/1</u>
D Eaton 1-13-50	J Futter 1-8-14
<u>ABC Centreville 25 1.6.85</u>	<u>WCTTA 25 (D25/11) 15.9.85</u>
J Futter 1-8-14	J Futter 1-6-32
<u>Macclesfield Wh 25 (mml-2-0)</u>	K Orum 1-3-57
J Futter 1-6-45	B Griffiths 1-4-40
<u>Larkhill Wh 25 (mml-2-0)</u>	A Pickles 1-10-34
J Futter 1-8-45	J Lewis 1-4-09
C Clewley 1-9-37	<u>Apollo Wh 25 (J6/6)</u>
<u>Meersbrook CC 25 (02) 15.6.85</u>	A Pickles 1-8-14
C R Griffiths 1-1-50	<u>Nunbrook Wh 50 (V153) 23.6.85</u>
<u>V C Halton (D25/11) 16.6.85</u>	C R Griffiths 2-9-52
C R Griffiths 1-2-34	<u>P Sunlight Wh D25/10 26.6.85</u>
<u>ABC Centreville 10</u>	C R Griffiths 1-3-41
<u>(J3/1) 24.7.85</u>	<u>GMPC 10 (J3/1)</u>
C R Griffiths 23-30	J Lewis 24-26 (PB)
<u>Rockingham CC 25 (02) 28.7.85</u>	<u>BT/PORC Nat Champ D125</u>
C R Griffiths 1-3-34	<u>29.8.85</u>
	J Lewis 1-3-37

WE REMEMBER....

Johnnie Williams who died last September, was a good friend of the Anfield. We reprint, with thanks to "Cycletouring", the following appreciation:

"John R Williams 1902-1985, who died in September, was a well known and colourful character in the cycling world. A life member of the CTC, he was a supreme enthusiast for our sport and pastime.

We became enduring friends in the Liverpool DA of the early twenties and we were founder members of the then CTC associated Mersey Road's Club of which his younger son, Robert, is today's President

After a brief and successful career as a time-trialist in which his explosive energy brought him many awards, he and his beloved wife, Ada brought their four children up to scour the countryside on their bicycles - his family has long been known as the Williams CC. He delighted his fellow cyclists on the road and off, and carried on a constant correspondence with all sorts of riders and ex-riders. If there is a bicycle in heaven, John will be riding it - GS.

CORRESPONDENCE

From: Frank Fischer

Dear David

I was very pleased to receive a copy of the Anfield Handbook, at long last. Well produced and I'm sure it will be well received. I have two comments, one re Club Records. I feel sure that the 12 hour record should be stated as "Bren Orrell, Junior", as his father was also known as Bren, and at one time held many Club Records, including the 12 hour Bren Orrell, Senior was one of the really great riders of his time, finishing 3rd in the 1930 Best All-Rounder, being only beaten by those two great riders, Frank Southall and Freddie Frost. Another remarkable feat of Bren's was to win the Manchester Grosvenor Open 100 nine times in succession. As an example of the esteem he inspired in the ordinary Clubman, Stan Butler (Norwood Paragon) has a story of when he was near to finishing in the Manchester Wheelers 12 his runner-out (no circuits or circuit Timekeepers before the War) rode up to him, and instead of saying "Your time is up", said "See that house over there - Bren Orrell lives there". This took place somewhere between Holmes Chapel and Chelford.

My other point is a minor one concerning myself. As I've been 1st Claim Kentish Wheelers for 50 years and two months I should be in the list of 2nd Claim members. Or should it be 3rd Claim, as I've also been a member of the Norwood Paragon for 47 years!

I was sorry to see that valuable Bound Volumes of the Circulars for the early years of the century have vanished.

I hope that your note about this may jog somebody's mind and these Circulars may be located, but it does not seem very likely. Meanwhile, may I thank you for the excellent job you are doing as Editor.

Very best wishes to Mary and yourself for the New Year.

P.S. On reading the report of the Clubrun to Hanmer on 21st September I could not think why I was not there, as it is a favourite pub of mine. On looking up my diary I find I was on my way to Edinburgh, of all places, to act as an Official Observer on an Edinburgh-York record attempt.

(Frank also points out that the Clubrun for March 29 is to the Bulls Head which is in Clotton - not Duddon. See also note by Avril Griffiths on page 8 - Ed.).

Autumn Tints Weekend, Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig -
25-27th October 1985

For once the forecast was correct! I set out to meet Tony Pickles at his house in Sychdyn near Mold and was enveloped in the fog until I'd reached Broughton roundabout. The sun now shone on me and I started to dry out a little for one can get quite wet in a fog. I managed to find my way to Tony's house where he made a welcome cup of coffee and before long we were on our way via Mold and Nercwys en route for Capel Curig and the Tints weekend.

We became quite warm as we climbed through Treuddyn and up to Llandegla not knowing that Ben, Dave Birchall and Dave Bettaney were enjoying a cuppa at the Sunspot cafe. The road to Bala from Llandegla was blocked by roadworks which necessitated a diversion of about a mile and a half but we did not mind too much as we were helped along by a strong tailwind and any extra mileage made little difference to our energy reserves.

We stopped for half an hour at the cafe near Bryneglwyns where an elderly chap with 80 years to his credit introduced himself as having been in the Apollo Wheelers.

Leaving the cafe we saw the aforementioned trio tearing along (with the wind). We thought we'd not catch up with them for quite a time and so did not really try but at the turning for Carrog (signpost Chester 25 miles) we caught them. I stopped, put my foot down but Tony was feeling a bit lazy and kept both feet on his pedals and promptly keeled over!

We all then took the old coaching road to Corwen, the scenery on this sunny and mild morning being quite stunning. Along the back road via Llandderfel we rode easy miles (don't you believe it - Ed.). Upon reaching Bala Ben decided to turn right towards Ffestiniog while we were set for lunch in the town. After discussing what rubbish and additives go into the manufacture of sausages Dave Bettaney ordered sausage and chips and with him we washed our food down with a few cups of tea.

Negotiating our way through the market crowds we made our way out of Bala and followed Ben's tracks past Tryweryn Reservoir and on to Pont yr Afon Gam where not only is there the highest petrol station in Wales, but a cafe in which we found Ben and John Whelan. After tea and toasted teacakes came the best bit of the day. The view on the way down to Ffestiniog was absolutely breath-taking but much concentration was needed as we dropped down rapidly towards Ffestiniog and Maentwrog. The wind gusting around some corners of the road nearly blew a few of us into the side. Once the downhill was over we had to climb up through Rhyd and then down again to Beddgelert. Although only about fourteen miles were left Tony and myself found the last few miles of climbing quite tiring, being beaten to the top of Nant Gwynant by a jogger! As we passed Llyn Gwynant the sun was getting ready to set. This attracted many photographers to the sides of the lake, the view from the top being quite a "picture".

With only half a mile to go we stopped and topped up with pies, chocolate and a cool drink and soon arrived at the Cobdens Hotel, a venue that must be retained on the Anfield Tints run for future years. What made today a day to really appreciate was the tailwind, good cycling miles and last but definitely not least the marvellous scenery.

* * * * *

Saturday morning started much the same as the previous day, cool and misty but with the promise of sun to come. Prior to setting out (after eating many rounds of toast) sheets of newspaper were seen to disappear up a few cyclists' tops. These were very soon discarded as after leaving the Cobdens we rode down to Bethesda though the rapidly clearing mist and then someone said "let's go up here". Very soon out came the newspapers and up the hill went the cyclists.

We made our way over to Llanberis and prior to attacking the pass we stopped at a cafe for liquid refreshments and a little snack. This weekend I was determined not to have to get off and walk and pushing hard on the pedals I reached the top of the Pass using a 54 inch bottom gear. Down the other side we turned right and it was downhill all the way to Beddgelert (Gelert's grave) and here we took a drink or three and more food was eaten.

Before long we were on our way yet again - heading now for Blaenau Ffestiniog covering for a part some roads ridden over on our way to Capel Curig. We were heading for the Crimea Pass and over to Dolwyddelan. I have heard much about this Pass and was looking forward to climbing it. I caught up with the riders who'd climbed a bit faster than myself as they had decided to walk part of the way. Finally we all reached the top of the Pass and set ourselves down for a short rest. I topped my bottle up with water from a small stream - it was very refreshing. Down we went through Dolwyddelan and into Bettws-y-Coed, where yet again we stopped for a bite to eat, this time filling ourselves up with scones, jam and cream. The day was soon to turn to dusk and we used the last of our energy reserves to get back to the Cobdens (I did anyway) and the queues for the baths and showers formed. So began another evening of drinking and very enjoyable cyclists' conversation.

* * * * *

The third and last day arrived. After packing our bags and taking them to the waiting transport the race was on - not up the road on our bikes - but to the breakfast table to top up our energy stores.

The photo session out of the way our ride homewards took us first into Bettws-y-Coed and along the B5106 to Llanrwst. There was a bit of climbing to do on the yellow road between Llanfair T.H. and Llansannan. We flew through Llansannan and shortly reach Bylchau where the best of the day's ride faced us. There developed a road race as we neared Denbigh and the drop down to the town was really exhilarating. This was to be our first stop of the day and we somehow managed to find

room for yet more food and drink (isn't it amazing just how much food and drink cyclists seem to be able to put away.)

On our way to Ruthin the road was paved with gold and silver as Tony Pickles scattered his cash over the A525 - not intentionally - but as a result of a hole appearing in his cycling top. The parting of the ways came after we completed the last climb of the weekend and arrived at the Rose and Crown at Grianrhyd. After a meal (varying from sandwiches to pie and chips) I made my way home to Chester leaving Mike Twigg and John Futter to turn off at Broughton. The weekend will be one to remember for a long time - the weather was on our side and the scenery amazing. I'm sure the Cobdens will remain on our venue for the Autumn Tints for years to come.

J Lewis

WHERE IS THE ANFIELD GOING TO?

This is a new, free, easy to enter competition designed by the President. Basically the idea is to try and guess where the club run is on a Saturday. All you have to do to enter is arrive at Two Mills between 10.30 and 11.00 am on a Saturday morning, on a bicycle and with enough money to ensure your survival for about 6 hours. (This period of time can vary depending on how disorientated you become.) Looking in the Circular the night before is far too sensible and will be regarded as cheating. Hope to see you there.

Avril Griffiths

CLUB RUNS

Rose and Crown, Grianrhyd - 9th NOVEMBER 1985

After spending most of the week one way or another in Arrowe Park hospital it was a relief to be driving (doctor's orders) to the club run. I managed to get Phil Mason up before noon - please note Mr Page! - and we were soon trying to work out which intersection off the Ewloe 'motorway' would take us to the Llandegla moors.

We got to the Rose and Crown about 1 o'clock to find already there Ernie Davies and Will, Ben "where's the Club run" Griffiths, Tony Pickles, John Futter,

Paul Futter and Gerry Robinson. After putting the world to rights in about 45 minutes the 'racers' left. Ben, Phil and I had another pint to make up for the one I missed last Sunday!

Dave Eaton

Harrington Arms, Bosley - 9 November 1985

Bosley, at the junction of the Macclesfield to Leek road and the Congleton to Buxton road, is a very attractive venue for Manchester/East Cheshire members. It is not too far for even the most decrepit amongst us and it is possible to get there without any really hard collar work. If, however, one has a mind to do a little more it is pleasant to make a slightly circuitous approach by quiet lanes rising to about 900 feet across the shoulder of Bosley Cloud. For those feeling more energetic, not to say intrepid, there is a wealth of attractive hill routes in the Pennine Foothills to the East of the village.

On this occasion Mary and I were feeling just a trifle intrepid and made an early start so that we would have time to make a little foray into the hills. We arranged that our final approach to Bosley would be by the rapidly descending road which falls from Cluelow Cross to Bosley Crossroads. Visibility was good and we were rewarded by the impressive vista of Bickerton Hill, the Peckfortons and Beeston Castle almost thirty miles away across the Cheshire Plain.

Membership in the Manchester area has fallen to a low level and a good turn-out is not now to be expected on these alternative runs. Even so it was a pleasant, if somewhat predominantly elderly meeting. Present were: Harold Catling and Mary, Bob Poole and Hagar and George Taylor.
Harold Catling

Nags Head, Farndon - 30th November 1985

On a day when the lanes were treacherous with slush that had frozen, I fully expected to be on my own, so it was more than pleasant to see: E Davies and Joan, M Twigg, B Bird, G Johnson and John Thompson.

John Futter

Hare and Hounds, Crowton - 7th December 1985

A good turn out this - on one of our joint club runs, with enough members returning to the Mills to give effect to the saying "the more the merrier" and also to marvel at Tony's new found prowess on the upside of the hills instead of the down side since he has shed a stone in weight. Present: T Pickles, G Robinson, B Bird, Tecwyn, M Twigg, C R Griffiths, Bob Poole and Hagar, H Catling, J Thompson and Maggie.

John Futter

Nags Head, Haughton Moss - 14th December 1985

A good venue this for food, and being well fed there was a reluctance to stir for the return journey into the head wind. But once on the road Gerry, while claiming to be unfit, takes to the front, half wheels 'Tommo' with the rest of us hanging on by the skin of our teeth. Throw in a scramble over Peckforton Gap shouldering the bikes followed by a hectic chase to Tattenhall to catch up with Peter - it is little wonder that enthusiasm drains away. Reason returns and the pace becomes more sedate for the remainder of the journey to the Mills. Present: E Davies and Joan, G Robinson, B Bird, M Twigg, P Colli-gan, T Pickles, J Thompson and ...

John Futter

Dysart Arms, Bunbury - 21st December 1985

For once the BBC weatherman had been correct. A strong south-wester made the Whitchurch Road a real struggle. As I ground my way up the slope by the Trooper Inn, Brian Bird shot by in the opposite direction on his way to meet Mike Twigg. Brian was playing rugby in the afternoon so they had arranged a private clubrun to the Farmers Arms at Huxley.

Half a mile short of Broxton Island I took the left fork up Barnhill and followed the old road past Broxton Old Hall, lovely scenery but the hills were too steep for my 69" gear. Near the top I was reduced to my 24" (2 feet) gear. Gasping for breath I modified the old advice to a young man contemplating marriage to something more suitable for the middle-aged contemplating a cycling come-back - "Don't, it's better not to start in the first place".

I rejoined the A41 momentarily at Normans Heath then took a left turn into the lanes seeking relief from the headwind. At Bickley Moss I joined the main Tarporley road and the strong tailwind made things much easier - no wonder Brian Bird had been flying along. Bunbury and the Dysart Arms were soon reached.

Ernie and Joan Davies were already present accompanied by their youngest son. Ben Griffiths was tucking into his lunch and we were soon joined by John Futter and Jeff Lewis. Good food, good beer, and excellent company made for a most pleasant hour or two, Ben telling us of the aerodynamic frame he had ordered (guaranteed at least two miles per hour faster than a standard frame), Ernie and Joan Davies looking forward to a break in sunnier climes.

All too soon it came to an end. Ben, John, Jeff and I headed off through the lanes past Beeston Castle towards Gatesheath and thence home to Chester.

Gerry Robinson

Goshawk, Mouldsworth - 26th December 1985

Christmas 85 in Anfield land was cold but dry, so on Boxing Day I left home before 10 am. After facing a cold north wind for the first nine miles I spotted two cyclists on the A41 going south so I gave chase. Soon after the Black Dog I was able to recognise Dave Jenkins and Keith Watson of the Birkenhead Vics. They were going to Beeston via Whitchurch. I managed to persuade them to pace me through Tattenhall until I turned left at Beeston Castle. Left again crossing the canal at the Shady Oak and on to Tarporley where I stopped to inspect the Tarporley bypass. It should help the Cheshire time-trialists find some more courses but the part I looked at seemed a bit narrow for a dual carriageway (surely they are not building a single carriageway bypass). After Tarporley it was back to the lanes through Utkinton and Kelsall. Here I went up the hill and rode down the Kelsall bypass (dual carriageway almost complete). This carriageway has not been built with time trialists in mind as it goes straight up the hill, but we may be able to start at the top and go out via the Tarvin bypass onto the Tarporley bypass and finish in the lanes near Ashton. I took the lane to Ashton and so on to the Goshawk. Inside were the Twiggs - Mike, Pat,

Sally and Stuart. Pat's parents - Rene and Les Money, Sarah and Mike Kimpton, the Lewis family Jeff, Jane, Sarah and James, the Whitmarshes - Brian, Pat, Peter and Sally, The Bettaneys - Dave, Delia, Laura and Rowen, the Birds - Brian, Liz, Charlotte, Bob and Hagar Poole, David and Mary Birchall, John Williamson, Billy Page, Gerry Robinson, Craig Clewley, John Futter and Mike Hallgarth. 34 in all, of which only 15 were members.

During lunch Brian Whitmarch came up with a good reason for not racing again; it seems that Sally is winning so many trophies at Judo and Dancing that there is no room left for Brian's. The ride home was with the wind by the shortest route. Gerry turned off in Vicars Cross, Craig at Marlston-cum-Lache and John at Broughton, leaving me just two miles to do alone. Another very enjoyable run.

Ben Griffiths

Morris Dancer, Kelsall - 28th December 1985

I drove through the frosty lanes to Kelsall to meet up with the energetic band who had worked off their Christmas excesses by riding from all airts* to the Morris Dancer.

I was delighted to meet up with Ben from whom I got my bike in 1960. Its outings in Scotland are all too infrequent but Dave Birchall threatens to sort that out. Those who had worked up an appetite enjoyed a pleasant lunch close to the log fire. The company included: Roger Andrews, Bill Barnes, David Birchall, Brian Bird, Ernie Davies, John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Jeff Lewis, Tony Pickles, Gerry Robinson and Mike Twigg.

For me, talk of the Pack Horse Bridges resulted in some photography later.

John Farrington

* Scottish dialect, meaning "points of the compass" - Ed.

Nags Head, Farndon - 11th January 1986

I left Wrexham at 10 am in a heavy shower of rain, the wind being too strong for me to cape up, but long before reaching the Broxton car park things were looking brighter. Here I met up with Frank Fischer, who had been car assisted from Market Drayton.

We cycled through Carden to Tilston and before reaching Barton branched left in the Farndon direction. At Crewe

Green we adventurously took the lane marked 'No Access' as we were anxious to see how work was progressing on the new Farndon bypass and ever hopeful this would not be another of our lovely lanes made inaccessible to cyclists once the work was completed.

Much of the land between here and Bangor on Dee/Worthenbury was well under water. We crossed the new road with little difficulty and, as we were too early for lunch, went to view the swollen river and flooded meadows at Farndon. The water was only inches off the lowest arch and lots of driftwood was trapped by the pillars. With trepidation we edged our way to the small cafe on the banks only to find a 'closed' notice displayed: but the young person in charge took pity on us and made us coffee. Here both of us were intrigued by a notice of a forthcoming Greek evening, with Zorba dancing and 'breaking of plates' ... sounds a fun-club-dinner situation!

And so to the Nags Head, where not only tempting aromas of food greeted us, but the friendly faces of Mike Twigg, Brian Bird and Ernest Davies. Gerry Robinson was there, enjoying the double fish and chips that is his usual fare, Ben, our President, and last to arrive, Jeff Lewis (he had taken the pretty route) sporting his Kangaroo-skin mitts, a Christmas gift from his OZ relatives.

On leaving the Nags Head Frank and I turned left along the Aldford road, turning right at Churton. We intended to use the bridle-path that goes to Barton but it was soon evident that in its present wet condition it would be unrideable and we were but lightly shod. So we returned to the metalled road, where we cycled together to the Cock a' Barton. Frank then back to Broxton and yours truly seven miles into the wind to Wrexham.

Joan Davies

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN NATAL

Part 1 - On the Road to Babanango - 13 October 1985

For some weeks I'd had the idea of riding to Babanango 60 km north of Melmoth, knowing that I would find a hotel run by a Londoner with a small bar and where Sunday lunch can be purchased at a very reasonable price.

We'd been there previously by car and I had taken note of the road and considered it to be classed as "very" hard on the cycling scale of difficulty. Melmoth is at 800 m above sea level and Babanango is at 1350 m. It therefore followed that it would be a net gain in height of 550 m (approx 1800 ft). However allowing for the descents and the number of climbs I would estimate there is well over 1000 m (3250 ft) of climbing.

Knowing that the last weekend in May would see Melmoth without electricity we decided that I would leave by bike at 9.30 am. Wendy after church would leave about 11.30 am and with Jennifer and Carina would meet me for lunch at the hotel.

At 9.30 am I duly left, the first 4 km being all uphill, taking about 15 minutes until I reached the 'T' junction at the top of the hill. Turning left I settled down for the next 55 km riding steadily. The smallest gear of 42 x 24 came into use but it was one of those days when the mind was not on the task. Already at 10 km I was counting the 1 km off and after 20 km the heat was taking its toll.

I had ridden to the 30 km point out of Melmoth previously and so knew the road. I also knew that it would take one hour to cover each 20 km and so it proved taking 1½ hours to reach 30 km.

at 40 km I dropped down a long steep descent and looked in horror at the climb ahead. Slowly I toiled up and up for ever it seemed. The gear was much too large, but I had not fitted an "emergency" gear. Finally reaching the top I then saw the next climb, even worse than the last with an extremely steep first section. At this point I decided that my gears were too big and the legs would not respond on the hill. Stopping for a drink from the bottle I had taken I waited for 5 minutes until Wendy arrived and I decided to take a lift from there on. It had taken me just under 3 hours to cover approximately 48 km without a stop.

Over lunch I was not too pleased to be beaten and resolved to reach Babanango by bike on a future occasion.

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Part 2 - Babanango or bust - 22 December 1985

About three months had now passed since my first unsuccessful attempt to ride the 60 km to Babanango from Melmoth.

I had now managed a couple of 2 hour rides without suffering too much and felt that I had improved my climbing by the use of smaller gears and maintaining a steady pace (as advised by Tommo on Welsh training runs) and decided it was time to make my second attempt.

The first climb had been resurfaced and for some reason it had been decided to use large stone chippings, instead of the normal size. The roads in South Africa are constructed of stone bedded in "tar" - all stones being hand laid to produce an even surface. However, with the large stones used, the result is a very rough ride by bicycle - the rear wheel bouncing around when out of the saddle.

From my previous ride I had fitted a 28 rear sprocket which gave me a 40 inch gear with the 42 front chainwheel. However in my rush to leave I had not tried it and found that my Suntour racing gear would not take such a large sprocket without crunching. It was too late however and I pressed on.

The first climb took 16 minutes and the first 20 km one hour. I was prepared for a ride of 3 hours and therefore was not unhappy with the progress. Due to the weather it is possible to ride in racing clothing (in fact I've only worn pluses twice in 4½ years).

It is also important to keep drinking and I therefore took a water bottle and drank steadily from the start. Places to buy drinks (soft) are few and far between and I only knew of one in the 60 km to be ridden.

The road climbs steadily all the way for the first 30 km then a right turn has to be taken up through a forest until the top is reached at about 40 km. Descending can be even worse than the climbs as I am always worried about the tubs rolling due to the heat melting the rim cement and at speeds over 50 mph this can be most unpleasant.

This was the only big descent on the route and I now knew the climbing really started. I used the 28 sprocket despite the grating noise, on the next climbs passing the point of my last defeat in under 3 hours.

After 50 km the pain started in my legs and the worst climbs were yet to come - those terrible ones where you can see the cars going over the top way above you and the climbs starting with a steep section of 1 in 5 just to take the wind out of you.

At this point Wendy passed and enquired if I wished to take a lift. With 10 km to go it was too close to give up and after hanging onto the car on one climb I said I would press on. Having reached the top of this climb there was a short descent followed by another killer. By this time my legs felt as if they would burst and I was now counting the kilometres off. Managing to reach the top the "mile posts" showed 5 km to go and by riding steadily I arrived in Babanango after 3 hours and 20 minutes.

On reaching the hotel Wendy had a beer waiting for me, as I fell into the chair. The mixed grill picked me up but my legs certainly knew they had covered 60 km in the mountains of Northern Natal. However, it was worth it to have beaten the road that defeated me 3 months previously on probably the hardest 60 km of road I have ever ridden.

John Moss

(John gives his regards to everyone, and contemplates popping over at short notice for a Clubrun, providing the Circular is posted airmail so he will know where the venue is! - Ed.).

* * * * *

Cycling January 23rd. One outcome of the amalgamation debate has been a photograph showing riders tackling the test hill at Brooklands in 1934. I feel sure that No 17 is the late J J Salt who went on to win the race. Perhaps some members who also knew "Salty" can confirm this.

J Futter

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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JUNE 1986

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23 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
30 Bangor on Dee (Rose and Crown) Holmes Chapel (Bistr
- Sept 6 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
13 Dutton (Talbot Arms)
20 Norley (Tiger's Head) *Photo run*
25 Committee
26 Alpraham (Tollemache Arms)
27 *Anfield 25* Broxton; Huxley (Farmer's Arms)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £10.00 Junior (under 21) £5.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to:

Hon. Treasurer - Keith Orum, 5 Brunstath Close,
Barnston, Wirral. 051-342 4860

Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent,
Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 16 AUGUST 1986

COMMITTEE NOTES

The following applications for membership have been received and accepted by the Committee:

Cadet Membership

Peter Whitmarsh, 15 Newcroft, Church Lane,
Saughhall, Chester CH1 6EL

Proposed by Brian Whitmarsh and seconded by Mike Twigg

Jason Hughes, 20 Pant-Glas, Sychdyn, Mold, Clwyd

Paul Ashley, 1 Tai Cochion, Alltami Road, Sychdyn,
Mold, Clwyd

Both proposed by Tony Pickles and seconded by John Futter.

Full Membership

Tecwyn Williams, 1 Plover Close, Farndon, Cheshire

Proposed by Ben Griffiths and seconded by Brian Bird.

Subscriptions

Please note Junior fees are £5.00 and not as previously stated.

Dave Eaton

CAPTAIN'S NOTES

Club Championships

Senior: Winners of the Club Championship will now receive a medal as well as the trophy that is held for one year.

Junior and Schoolboy: Winners will receive a medal as well as a trophy that will be held for one year. The qualifying distances which must be ridden on 'D', 'J' or 'L' courses are two 10's for the Schoolboy and one 10 and one 25 for the Junior.

100 Course

Considerations for a new course have been held over until the proposed road improvements at Tern Hill traffic lights have been completed. This I am told will be in October.

John Futter

RACING ROUND UP

NW VELO D25/11 (6/4/86)

J Lewis	1-11-25
P Colligan	1-8-24
J A Stinton	1-2-52

WCTTA 25 D25/11 (13/4/86)

J Lewis	1-7-38
B Bird	1-16-55
C R Griffiths	1-7-48
J A Stinton	1-2-43
B Whitmarsh	1-1-5

WCTTA 30 D30/3 (20/4/86)

J Lewis	1-19-25
C R Griffiths	1-20-59
J A Stinton	1-14-44

ST ANNES (ORMSKIRK) CC D25/11 (27/4/86)

J Lewis	1-3-15
C R Griffiths	1-4-18
B Whitmarsh	58-53
P Colligan	1-4-04

ABBOTSFORD PK CC 10 J3/1 (28/3/86)

J Lewis	27-24
P Colligan	29-32

(3 min late start)

LIVERPOOL CENTURY RC D25/11 (12/4/86)

J Stinton	1-1-27
P Colligan	1-3-24
C R Griffiths	1-6-00

Jeff Lewis

CLUB RUN

15 February 1986 - Faddiley: Tollemache Arms

John says I should write up my first tandem ride of 1986 - so here goes! I would like to point out that it's not my first bike ride since I did do a solo ride on the Lley Peninsula in the New Year round (and round) a small mountain called Carn Fadryn. John had mapped out a circuit for me, and it was a while before I realised I was recognising landmarks and had passed 'start'.

Anyway, to return to home ground; we made an early start (this is worthy of note) telephoning Pete Colligan to suggest a team of three. He was non-committal, but I was expecting him to sail up behind us at some point en route. Instead we were passed by an unidentified flying pack just outside Delamere. Our front engine suddenly went into overdrive and we were whisked through the lanes as far as Eaton.

Due to this impetus it didn't seem long before we arrived for lunch to find Ernie and Joan Davies, Brian and Charlotte Bird, Ben, John Futter and Frank Fischer, most of whom had finished eating (so not such an early start for us after all - or could there be another explanation ...?). However, Charlotte was still tucking into her chips, on their way down to join the two (or was it three?) pancakes and bit of sausage eaten not long since for breakfast! A true cyclist's appetite - this young lady will obviously go far ...!

Grandad Twigg arrived a bit later. Brian informed us that his new title has, among other things, sent him out mid-week on extended rides. Presumably he had come via Heathrow today, having no doubt driven to Newcastle, or somewhere, and back pre-breakfast! Now those present will remember that this run was during a long period of intense dry cold; Frank was unusually out of saddle because of it; however Pete Colligan arrived to complete the gathering, his cap dripping with - sweat!

The topic of job sharing was, among others, expounded (with some differences of opinion). Then we were left with Pete and Mike (who proudly told us how his grandson could already wield a knife and fork to polish off his steak and chips). Mike refused to return by anything but the most conventional route, leaving us at the front gate. In the lanes that followed Pete proved a long-suffering companion, more than once doubling back to keep the circulation going while we lumbered in his wake. This is maybe to give a not entirely true impression of our return journey. In fact we followed the usual pattern of mixed riding, keeping together on the flat, us behind as soon as the ground rose, and making up for lost ground on the descents. We were very far behind on the hill after a right turn at Willington Corner. This excursion was necessary because of the amputation of the traditional lane route from Kelsall to Ashton by the new bypass. However, I am told (Pete's handlebar computer as witness) that we reached 39 mph on the downhill past the Yeld.

I have little recollection of the journey past this point since my hands and feet had succumbed to the cold, due to more downs than ups, and I huddled in silence and discomfort behind my well-designed windshield.

Maggie White

CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND: 1 and 2 March 1986 - Bishop's Castle

After a week of cold, clear and dry weather I listened eagerly to the weather forecast; fortunately no change was likely.

At ten o'clock I met Mike Twigg, John Futter and Tony Pickles at Holt, and within ten minutes we were on our way, a strong breeze behind us which was to assist us all day. We had a coffee break at Oswestry and lunch at Llanymynech and then had a pleasant ride to the Old Brick House. An excellent meal followed by an evening's talk and quiet drink amongst strange locals at the Three Tuns, concluded Saturday's ride.

Sunday dawned bright but very cold and with very little headwind, leaving us, I hoped, a comfortable return as my legs had stiffened during the night.

Mike and I were up and ready to leave directly after breakfast. The route had been discussed the previous evening after studying John Thompson's OS map, which, unlike our enlarged photostat, shows the brown bits. Our projected course, much to my dismay, went over these dreaded dark coloured areas and not around them. I was assured that this would be between four and seven miles less.

After deciding that the others would be a while in preparing their machines and even longer deciding which route to take, Mike and I left at nine fifteen. Down the hill, left past the church, for three miles warm-up in the cold clear air, and then the climb, working hard, occasionally looking over my shoulder wondering how long it would be before the main group caught us. The summit was reached after much effort; the previous evening's beer had been worked off and we were looking forward to the descent into Pontesbury, but unfortunately this was spoilt by patches of ice on many of the bends. On the top the conditions were arctic, with the wind having polished the snow and ice. The views were spectacular with the Welsh hills in the distance and the Long Mountain to our left, marking our previous day's route.

Mike's excellent navigation - in now much warmer conditions, bluesky and warm sunshine - saw us through country lanes to Montsford Bridge. Once across the Severn we turned right into uncharted territory, avoiding many out horse riding and observing a parachutist at Bomere Heath.

Steady riding brought us to Hammer for lunch, still wondering where the main group were, hoping that no one had come to grief on the ice. A welcome pint or two, followed by soup and sandwiches beside a roaring fire, soon restored my energy. At this point the main group arrived, John Futter looking depleted but all in good spirits. They had taken the more western route between the hills, whilst John Thompson had gone home via Bala.

Just before two o'clock Mike and I left to make our respective ways home to Chester and Tattenhall via Tilston. We had thought about waiting for the others to finish their meals but I didn't want to stiffen up too much and wanted to try to get moving again. Had we travelled with the main bunch one of us might well have been involved in John's spill, causing greater damage.

A most successful training weekend, where the wind and sun could not have been bettered, and most of all good food and accommodation at a reasonable price; a pity about the peculiar bitter.

Dikke Bird

(The news of peculiar bitter and strange locals at the Three Tuns gives cause for great concern. What is happening to the beer? What effect is it having on the locals ... and Anfielders rendered legless overnight and falling off the next day? Is the need established for further investigation from another Bishop's Castle hostelry, one perhaps which serves Wem Ales? - Ed).

* * * * *

33RD BREVET DE RANDONNEUR DES ALPES - JULY 21 1985

This is an organised ride starting and finishing at Grenoble in the French Alps. The ride passes over the Cols Lantaret, Galibier, Telegraphe, Croix de Fer and Glandon. There is a choice of two routes, identical except that just after half distance the longer one detours over the Col du Mollard before joining the main

route again 15 miles later. The longer ride, the 6 Cols climbs a total of 16,250 ft in 160 miles and the shorter one over 5 Cols (known as the 5 Tunnels route) climbs 15,250 ft in 155 miles.

Brian Whitmarsh, Chris Edwards and myself had already planned a Col bashing holiday in the Alps when the above mentioned ride was highlighted in Cycling so we decided to enter it. We elected to ride the longer route, after all, it was only 5 miles longer and putting it simply, there were only 2 main hills on the whole ride - the first one 62 miles long climbing 8,300 ft and the second 24 mile long climbing 6,400 ft.

We arrived in Grenoble on the Friday afternoon to give ourselves a full day to get over the long drive and to get ready for the event. On the Saturday morning we had a steady ride up to the ski resort at Lans-en-Vercours which was a stage finish in this year's Tour de France and then in the afternoon went to the Palais de Sports, the event HQ to sign on. There were 5,500 entrants who would start at hourly intervals between 2 am and 6 am depending on age - we were to start at 4 am and have a time allowance of 17 hours to complete the course.

The Sunday morning came all too soon. We were staying in one of the halls of residence of Grenoble University along with a few hundred others and no sooner had it gone quiet at turned 11 pm than people started to get up to get ready for their 2 am start so we didn't need alarm clocks. We were up at 2.30 am after no more than an hour's sleep and soon on our way to our breakfast and start at the Palais de Sports.

The city streets were alive with cyclists, many of them sleeping in cars and dormobiles lining the roads near the start. Before we began our ride we had a 20 minute delay, for two main reasons - one was the queue waiting for their breakfast (half a baguette, jam, bowl of hot water and a tea bag on a string to dunk in it) and the other was the fact that Chris had trodden on a large brown Richard the Third which had oozed up through the holes in the bottom of his cycling shoe, worked its way around his foot and extruded itself through the holes in the uppers. Two of us found it funny but the third person wasn't too amused by it.

4.20 am - Our cards were stamped and we were off. There was no trouble finding our way through the streets because practically every junction was marshalled by police who were giving priority to the cyclists even at red lights. On the long dual carriageway out of the city we settled into a steady rhythm and began to catch up small groups of riders who had started before us. The weather was reasonably warm even at that hour so that practically everyone wore shorts and racing vests, some with long sleeves.

After about an hour we left the flood lit roads and began the long dark ride along the industrialised Romanche Valley, passing through villages which always seemed to be at the foot of a long uphill drag. Every now and again we would catch sight of bunches of red lights bobbing about in the distance as we gradually gained on others. The larger groups were all accompanied by police motor cycle outriders who would slow down oncoming traffic. We noticed the different ways of carrying lights on the bikes - a few had dynamos, some had torches taped to handlebars and chain-stays and many had "conventional" lights like our own but much smaller. Some riders even had no lights at all - they just hid themselves away in the middle of the bunch and were quite safe. None of the police were at all concerned by this.

The first sign of trouble was at a railway crossing where the lines ran at an acute angle across the road and a few riders from an earlier group had fallen off. One man was receiving medical attention and another was having a badly bent wheel repaired by one of the Liberia Cycles service vehicles which were never far away.

As dawn approached many families, still wearing night clothing, stood outside their houses cheering the riders - such is the enthusiasm people have towards their national sport. Who in their right mind would get up at that hour to watch a few cyclists?

It wasn't long before the sun's rays were reflecting off the snow capped peaks and we made our first stop at Rochetailee to remove our lights. Chris and myself threw away the batteries to lessen the load while Brian dumped his entire lights into a bin (they were dropping to bits anyway).

The ride now would follow a 95 mile long circular route over the Cols before returning to Rochetailee and the road back to Grenoble. The next few miles were very cold so that Chris had to put on his cape to keep warm, but at Bourg d' Oisans the sun was now clearly visible and everywhere was much warmer. Bourg lies at the bottom of the climb up to Alpe d' Huez, the ski resort at the top of an 8 mile climb, varying between 1 in 6 and 1 in 8 all the way and which, in recent years, has become a regular stage finish in the Tour de France.

A little further on we met our first obstacle - the Rampe des Commeres. This climb is about 3 miles long and was familiar to Brian and myself because we were in this area in 1982 so we took it steady but many riders went at it quite hard only for us to catch and drop them before the top. Our first stop for food was just after this climb, at the Barrage du Chambon, a large dam at the end of a lake at the top of a deep gorge, the bottom of which houses a power station. We rested here for about 20 minutes while we ate our sandwiches and amused the "Froggies" manning the drinks station with our bottles of cold tinned rice pudding. Delicacies such as this are not available in France.

The sun was now getting quite hot as we started off again on the 16 mile climb of the Lautaret. On this stretch of road we were passed by a couple of fast moving groups - these were the head-bangers - the 6 o'clock starters who had to complete the course inside 12 hours and made up of top road men and possible ex professionals. We later heard that the first one to finish had done it in only 9½ hours.

The Lautaret is not steep but it does rise 6,800 feet in one long tiring drag which seemed as though it would never end. Eventually we reached the top and sat outside one of the cafes along with a few hundred others for a well earned coffee and crepes. We were very reluctant to move because we knew what lay ahead. By the side of the cafe is a 'T' junction; the road straight ahead is a long descent to Briancon, but we were turning left to climb immediately up the Galibier which rises another 2,000 ft in 5 miles. This climb winds its way up the side of the mountain with good views of other riders both ahead and behind. It would be impossible to guess the number of

cyclists present, but it would certainly have been well over a thousand, all struggling under the sweltering sun.

Nearing the drinks station and the first official control just below the summit we met a couple of riders with saddlebags, obviously English, who, so we were told, had driven down from Birmingham the day before just for this event and were starting back immediately afterwards because they had to be in work the next day. Across the road from the drinks is the monument to Henri Desranges, the Founder of the Tour de France and a few yards further away is the old tunnel through the top of the mountain, now boarded up because it is in danger of caving in. This used to be the top of the climb but the road now climbs very steeply for another 300 ft to the new summit at 8,830 ft.

After a brief stop to cape up for the cold descent we started our first downhill part for 62 miles, a drop of over 4,000 ft in ten miles down to Valloire. The road then climbs again gradually for another 3 miles to the top of the Col du Telegraph - this is the easy side of the climb because just over the top the road hairpins its way down another 2,800 ft to St Michel de Maurienne directly below.

Up until now we had been living on cold food we carried with us and since St Michel was only half distance and still with another 5,500 ft of climbing ahead we felt that we should stop for some hot food. A restaurant very conveniently lay around the next corner where we sat outside for a quick omelette and chips with loads of French bread which made us feel much better. While we were sitting looking at the route card we suddenly realised that the next control check at St Jean de Maurienne, about 9 miles away, closed in 45 minutes. We hurriedly paid the bill and rushed off, leaving 3 French riders just about to start their second course and a bottle of wine. We reached the control after quite a hard headwind ride just before 2 pm, only a minute in front of the 3 people we had left eating at the restaurant!

Although we didn't realise it at the time, by far the hardest part of the ride lay ahead. (To be continued in the next issue).

David Bettaney

CORRESPONDENCE

Penzance
5 March

Dear David

This year 1986 is the centenary year of the rides of G P Mills, Anfield BC who in 1886 rode a 53 inch "Humber" bicycle from Land's End to John o' Groats in 5 days 1 hr 45 mins, with only 6 hours sleep during the 874 miles a truly astonishing ride. The ride took place in July and during the next month, August, the "Black Anfielder" rode a tricycle the full 874 miles in a new record time of 5 days 10 hours, beating T Marriott's time of 6 days 15 hours 22 mins. This man Mills must have been super-human and the name Anfield became a household word among the long distance riders.

I have been off the bike for nearly four years following a spill when my right knee hit the top tube and damaged a cartilage. However, the call of the road still remained strong and I bought a free standing home trainer, the rear wheel resting on an adjustable roller, so with much perseverance I very slowly was able to do a 10 minute ride and increasing to 30 minutes. Having tested the Scottish Highlands and the West Coast, I decided that the time had come to take to the roads, green or black, and last year bought a trike for my 81st birthday. These things have a will of their own and no amount of talking can change it, either do what it wants or over and into the hedge with no lessons needed.

I am now on good terms with the machine and hoping for an opportunity to sign the visitors' book for the third time in the lighthouse at Cape Wrath. On the first occasion I was 69 and on the second 71, but next time I shall be in the 80's, being 82 now.

The thing has 10 gears, 36 bottom gear on 7 inch cranks which makes it a good climber, an absolute necessity in our lumpy West Penzance. Cycling is still enjoyable but no "blinds" now, just push the pedal down every time it comes up, what more is needed.

PS I have passed on the information of G P Mills to the State House, Land's End, now owned by a company who

have changed from hoteliers to tourist trade and have an exhibition centre, part of which is End to End cycling, as I am still the RRA checker for Land's End.

Syd Hancock

* * * * *

Aldwick
10 April

Dear David

Frank Fischer's letter in the March Circular prompted me to put pen to paper and invoked many a reminiscence. I did not know that Frank was a member of the Norwood Paragon. However, I did know that he was for some years a member of Altrincham Ravens CC along with myself and he and I shared many happy experiences, including accommodation and chasing after club place to place records etc.

I recall the great esteem that Bren Orrell inspired in all of us in the 30's and remember well his house situated on the old 50 course known to us all as the "midden". In the early 30's I was a member of the Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers and Bren and Mrs Orrell invited members of that club annually to high tea at their house. Imagine the awe this evoked in me as a 17 year old gazing at the BAR certificate on the wall and inspecting Bren's trophies. Above all talking with the great man himself.

Thank you Frank for the memories and thanks to you David for the excellent job you are doing as Editor.

Yours sincerely

Russell Barker

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
: Phil Mason
Captain : John Futter
Hon Secretary : David Eaton,
29 Glenwood Drive,
Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

SEPTEMBER 1986

No 844

Oct	4	Broxton (Durham Heifer)
	11	Kelsall (Morris Dancer)
	18	Mouldsworth (Goshawk) followed by ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 2.30 Ashton W.I. Hall
	25	Duddon (Headless Women)
	24-26	AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND, Capel Curig, (Cobden Arms)
Nov	1	Farndon (Nags Head)
	8	Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
	15	Faddiley (Tollemache Arms)
	22	Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
	27	COMMITTEE MEETING
	29	Bunbury (Dysart Arms)
Dec	6	Beeston Brook (Beeston Castle Hotel)
	13	Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
	20	Dutton (Talbot Arms)
	26	Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
	27	Huxley (Farmers Arms)
Jan 1987	1	Woodbank (The Yacht Inn)
	3	Kelsall (Morris Dancer)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 15 NOVEMBER 1986

EDITORS NOTE

A few of us who were Cadets in the 1960s try to live up to Guy Pullan's maxim that cycling should be adventurous, spontaneous and variable. In this issue, Anfielders write about a number of rides which fulfill Guy's requirements. We are sure others could share their cycling too, and would like to hear.....

This year your Editor's explorations have led to some remote and beautiful places. In April, Kilmartin in Mid Argyll provided the base for family cycling amongst the forest tracks and seascapes around Crinan. In June, we set sail from Arisaig to the island of Eigg (which with Muck, Rum and Canna together constitute the Small Isles). We stowed our bicycles in the stern of MV "Shearwater", and on landing set off to the end of the island's only tarmac "road" - all of six miles there and back! We pedalled under blue skies and in warm sunshine to Laig Bay where green Atlantic rollers thunder upon a crescent of white sand a mile in length.

More recently, drove roads in Royal Deeside have been the subject of exploration. We pedalled from Dinnet to Glen Tanar following part of the ancient Firmouth trackway: and we climbed the green-road from the village of Tarland to Lazywell before freewheeling over brown grousemoors, the foothills of the Grampian mountains, into Don-side. Both Mary and Adam are fast becoming competent roughstuffers.

DDB

* * * * *

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Members (Cadets)

John Dunning, 111 Coombe Road, Irby, Wirral L61 4UW

Jason France, 1 Copse Grove, Irby, Wirral L61 4YP

Jason Oakes, 3 Brian Avenue, Irby, Wirral L61 3UX

Ian Billington, 16 Heathbank Avenue, Irby, Wirral L61 4XD

All proposed by D Eaton, seconded by P Mason.

Welcome to the Anfield, and enjoyable cycling!

100 Course

A "new" 100 course has been devised, reducing the number of turns in the road. It has been submitted to the Liverpool DC for approval. The proposed course will be based on Battlefield/Ternhill/Prees Island (the A53/A41/A49 "triangle") with a leg along the A442 towards Wellington. The "triangle" is now feasible because a roundabout will soon replace the Tern Hill traffic lights. Further news in a future issue of the Circular.

Autumn Tints

BOOK NOW for Cobdens Hotel, Capel Curig, where we will be staying, Friday night 24 October, and Saturday night 25 October. The price is £12.00 per night (bed and breakfast). Bar snacks on Friday evening, and a 4 course dinner (£7.50) on Saturday evening will be available. (Contact Dave Eaton).

150 yards up the road from Cobdens is Capel Curig Youth Hostel. It is a good, popular hostel and inexpensive (in the order of £3/night depending on your age). John Thompson is taking bookings; don't delay contacting him if you're interested in this option.

Annual General Meeting... will be held at Ashton W.I. Hall, Saturday 18 October 1986, commencing 2.30 pm. Items for the Agenda to the Secretary as soon as possible please.

Dave Eaton

Fund Raising 100 Mile Ride

It is with my warmest thanks that a dozen or so Anfielders have volunteered to participate in a fund-raising 100 mile ride for the Endoscopy Unit, Clatterbridge. The ride is to assist with the purchase of a high powered cold light source machine. The machine costs £4097 and is primarily used to detect stomach cancer, gallstones and other internal disorders. It reduces the need for the patient to undergo an exploratory operation under general anaesthetic. All donations will be paid over to the Endoscopy endowment fund c/o Dr Dawson.

The ride starts at 8.00 am at the Piper Inn, A 41 Chester bypass, on 7 September, and follows the blue Cheshire cycleway signs. May I take this opportunity of wishing those participating a dry and enjoyable ride.

Pippa Orum

(Keith Orum reports that the Committee gives the ride its full support. If you would like to make a donation, contact Keith - Ed.)

OBITUARY: HUGH FLETCHER

Alan Gorman writes:

Hugh Fletcher died in May after a heart attack. He was 74. He joined the Anfield in 1953. His job as a pharmacist prevented him from going on Club runs as he would have liked. The Anfield was represented at the funeral in Colwyn Bay by Alan Gorman.

* * * * *

RACING ROUNDUP

ANFIELD 100 (T100/2), 26 MAY 1986.

Chris Mellor (Holme Valley Wh).....	4	21	50
M Kerry (Lancashire RC).....	4	22	38
B Bucknall (Warrington RC).....	4	24	31
G Smith (Merseyside Wh).....	4	26	6
N Oakley (Wrexham RC).....	4	27	14
J Sixsmith (N Wirral Velo).....	4	36	49
K Noble (Matlock CC).....	4	39	16
K Nield (Chester RC).....	4	40	37
N Tunn (VC Halton).....	4	41	16
S Jackson (Skipton CC).....	4	41	23

Team - HOLME VALLEY WH (Mellor, N Spivey 4-43-27, P Root 4-46-48) 13-52-5 Vets - G Smith (Merseyside Wh) +55-7.

(cutting with than
to Cycling Weekly
Ed).

ANFIELD BC D25/11 (6/5/86)

J Stinton	1-2-18
C G Edwards	1-5-47
K Orum	1-6-24
J Lewis	1-7-22
W T Page	1-7-53
P Ashley	1-12-17
J Hughes	1-13-41

HOLYHEAD CC D25/11 (10/5/86)

C R Griffiths	1-7-00
---------------	--------

MERSEYSIDE VTТА D30/1
(11/5/86)

C R Griffiths	1-22-14
---------------	---------

PHOENIX CC (AINTREE) D25/11
(18/5/86)

C R Griffiths	1-5-46
J Lewis	1-6-40

RHOS-ON-SEA D25/3 (25/5/86)

J Hughes	1-10-49
P Ashley	1-10-52

MANCHESTER VTTA 30 J3/10
(28/5/86)

C R Griffiths 1-18-52

MERSEYSIDE VTTA D25/11 (31/5/86)

C R Griffiths 1-4-39

WCTTA 50 D50/1 (1/6/86)

J Stinton 2-8-25
K Orum 2-13-03
C R Griffiths 2-17-49

STRETFORD WH (2-UP 25) J3/6
(4/6/86)

J Stinton) 59-23
B Whitmarsh)

MERSEYSIDE ASS. D100/4 (8/6/86)

J Stinton 4-28-16
K Orum 4-52-54
C R Griffiths 5-8-22

MANCHESTER VTTA 10 J3/1 (11/6/86)

C R Griffiths 24-26

S LANCS RC 10 J3/1 (14/6/86)

J Lewis 24-33

MEERSBROOK CC 25 02 (14/6/86)

J Stinton 58-50
C R Griffiths 1-0-32

V.C. HALTON D25/11 (15/6/86)

C R Griffiths 1-2-45

BIRKENHEAD NECC D25/4 (17/6/86)

J Stinton 59-47
C R Griffiths 1-2-02
K Orum 1-3-46

SEACROFT WH. 50(mm2-0-0) V153
(21/6/86)

J Stinton 2-4-44
(3RD FASTEST)

HYDE OLYMPIC CC 10 J3/1
(21/6/86)

J Lewis 26-04
K Orum 26-05

NUNBROOK WH 50 V151 (22/6/86)

C R Griffiths 2-5-02

PORT SUNLIGHT/WH D25/11
(25/6/86)

J Stinton 59-18
K Orum 1-1-18
C R Griffiths 1-1-34

ALTRINCHAM RAVENS 10 J3/1
(28/6/86)

C R Griffiths 24-58

BIRKENHEAD VICTORIA D25/11
(29/6/86)

B Whitmarsh 57-46
K Orum 1-3-21
C R Griffiths 1-3-55
J Lewis 1-4-55

CHESTER RC D25/11 (2/7/86)

J Stinton 59-27
C R Griffiths 1-1-42

MID SHROPSHIRE WH 10 D10/9
(3/7/86)

J Lewis 24-42

PRESCOT EAGLE RC D25/11
(5/7/86)

C R Griffiths 1-1-48

N. NOTTS. OLYMPIC 25 02
(6/7/86)

K Orum 1-1-56

BRAMLEY WH 50 V151 (6/7/86)

B Whitmarsh (3rd) 1-54-13)
J Stinton 2-2-52) Team
C R Griffiths 2-4-39) Prize

BIRKENHEAD VICTORIA (CLUB 25)
D125 (9/7/86)

J Lewis 1-3-26

BIRKENHEAD VICTORIA (CLUB 25)
D125 (12/7/86)

J Lewis 1-2-16

MERSEYSIDE WH D25/4 (13/7/86)

K Orum 1-2-26
C R Griffiths 1-3-10
J Lewis 1-4-53
T D Bassett 1-7-46

(PUNCTURED)

E LIVERPOOL WH D50/1 (3/8/86)

K Orum 2-10-31

MERSEY RC (mm 1-3-00) D25/11
(10/8/86)

J Futter 1-6-23
J Hughes 1-7-39
T Pickles 1-8-28
P Ashley 1-9-24

Jeff Lewis

(Jeff adds:

"Of late we've had quite a few new faces out on the clubruns, augmenting the count of those members residing in Irby. Apart from Paul Ashley and Jason Hughes, Jason France (John's grandson) has been bringing some friends with him. Let's hope their interest continues for a long time." - Ed).

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

7 June 1986: Bwlch Gwyn: Four Crosses

The morning was cold, blustery and threatening to be wet.

I therefore occupied myself with housewifely duties before getting on the bike and taking the direct route, a 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ mile steepish climb.

All were present, except John Thompson, who rides around in circles until he is ABSOLUTELY sure that he will be the last to arrive. Both our President and Captain were absent, but quality made up for quantity, those present being:-

Mike Twigg, Stewart Twigg, Jeff Lewis, Gerry Robinson, John Thompson, Brian Bird, Tecwyn and his son Bennett (aged just 2), Ernest and Joan Davies.

Brian and Tecwyn enjoyed a game of Pool in a room boasting a roaring open fire (and this in flaming June). It was bitterly cold up on the Moors, and had been a hard ride out for all into the wind, so all looked forward to the return run home.

Frank Fischer had already arrived at The Holding, where he stayed with us overnight prior to Frank and I riding in the C.T.C. Triennial '100' the following day. We were surprised and overjoyed with the weather, which in contrast to Saturday was warm, sunny with a 'taily' both out and home! Frank reckons that the wind swung round 90.8 degrees. Dare I argue? The only sad thing was that Harold Catling, who had planned to ride in our group - on his trike - had a back problem which prevented him from doing so. Get well soon, Harold.

And so Frank Fischer rode a '100' mile event (of one sort or another) for the 60th consecutive year. Congratulations Frank.

Joan Davies

14 June 1986: Durham Heifer

The first really warm Saturday this year gave me the opportunity of a longer ride, so, after fixing a bottle and cage on the down tube, I left Chester and headed for the Llandegla Moors. Aided by a tailwind I soon reached the hills, enjoying myself after being tied to a desk all week.

Climbing started in earnest at Coed Talon. Now what did Bobet's training manual advise on climbing? I remembered. "Sit up, straight back and straight arms, grip the bars on the tops near the centre to free the chest for deep breathing, and pedal smoothly". I was certainly breathing deeply but little else was going to plan, perhaps I had made a mistake in translation from the French, more likely it was simply a case of anno domini. Forgetting about style and dancing on the pedals until the steep bit passed I reached the long, steady part of the climb. The sun, being reflected back by the road surface, was really hot and I was bathed in perspiration. Once over the top there was an exhilarating descent to Llandegla followed by that nasty little climb up to the Horseshoe Pass roundabout.

I carried on towards Corwen. The sunshine brought out the motorists and the occupants of one car mouthed insults and made signs to the effect that I should know better at my age. Still they had little chance to enjoy the flowers in the hedgerows, much less to smell their perfume.

Three miles from Corwen I took the left turn for Carrog and was soon plunging down a steep, narrow, twisting descent at a speed slightly too high for comfort. Rounding a bend I found two parked cars in my way, farmers chatting to one another. There was no chance of stopping but fortunately just enough space to squeeze between them before continuing at a more sedate pace.

Rather than face the heavy traffic on the A5 I took the steeper river road to Llangollen and was soon looking down on a river Dee appearing almost black in the strong sunlight and clear blue sky. Suddenly a sheep charged out of a hedgerow, just missed me and set off at a gallop in front. The fallout from Chernobyl had obviously reduced its already low intelligence. Half a mile later it was still running on refusing to let me through to do a turn on the front. Then, spying an open gate it switched me and shot into a field. A real roadman-sprinter and a good climber to boot. Perhaps one of our professional teams could sign it up for next season.

By now I was pushing into a strong headwind which would be against me all the way to the lunch stop. I ground out the miles but by Bangor on Dee my legs were feeling decidedly rubbery. Fringale - french for hunger knock - had struck so I stopped and bought lemonade and a Mars bar, consuming them while I sat on the pavement. Not too far now so I set off for the Durham Heifer spurred on by the thought of a long cool pint of shandy.

For once I was last to arrive, joining Bob and Hagar Pool, Ernie and Joan Davis, Mike and Stewart Twigg, Dickie Bird, Tony Pickles and Paul Ashley. I was even later than John Thompson who was resplendent in a new lightweight training jersey complete with a dandruff/snowstorm pattern on the shoulders. A much-needed lunch soon arrived and I devoured it while listening to attempts to persuade Mike and Dickie, who were riding a 160 kilometre Audax the following day, to change to the full 200 kilometre event. Wisely they declined to change. John talked of his proposed holiday with Maggie, by air to Milan then a tandem ride through the Alpine passes home. The air fare was so low I suspected they would be flying by Tiger Moth.

Since we were only half a mile from the D 25/1 and John Futter had entered for a middlemarkers event that afternoon Tony, Paul Stewart and I rode to the start to cheer him on his way. The sight of the competitors seemed to inspire Paul and Stewart to

greater things and once John had passed us they set off along the course towards Chester at a great rate of knots. I was soon hanging on the back, my legs protesting they had had enough for one day. We stopped at Christleton to give John another shout before I headed for home. A most enjoyable day, even though I felt overtired after my longest ride for some years.

Gerry Robinson

19 June 1986 - Norley : Tigers Head

Not having been on a club run by bicycle for almost three years, I had some trouble finding the bike, and even more remembering how to put it together. On the Tuesday before I did fourteen miles to test if the stabilizers would take fifteen stone without collapsing. Now for the reason for all this exercise. The main one is that, when under the influence of drink, some rather large wagers were placed on my ability to start No 1 in the 1987 "100" and finish before 12 noon, beating 5.59-00. So with only 10 months to go I needed to make a start. My last club run by bike was the 1983 Autumn Tints Tour, when I did my now famous eyeballs out act.

Ben Griffiths rang early on the Saturday morning, but I was up and ready. We arranged to meet at the Eureka at 11 o'clock. After a quick cuppa I half wheeled the President, at least for the first few miles, (with the wind). We went via Thornton-le-Moor and Dunham-on-the-hill. On Manley Bank I missed a gear change and had to stop to find bottom gear (please note I did not walk). The switch backs in Delamere Forest slowed me a little, but I still felt strong at Norley.

Those present to see this phenomenal sight included Jeff Lewis, Gerry Robinson, Tony Pickles, Jason Hughes, John France, Flo Hill, Bob and Hagar Poole and Herbie Moore.

Six of us started the return run but Jeff and Gerry could not hold my pace through the forest so they went straight home to Chester. Tony, Jason, Ben and myself turned right in Ashton, and took the lanes through Mickle Trafford. At Picton my rear tyre punctured. The speed had generated too much heat, I said. The others thought it had perished. We soon changed it and rode quickly to the Eureka. After R and R, I set out alone for the nine miles home. Stabilizers are very handy at less than ten M.P.H. Even with Billy Page and Roger Andrews catching me it still didn't make me go faster but I have made a start, so Dave Eaton will have to watch out.

9 August 1986 - Mouldsworth : The Goshawk

8 am and Keith is asking me what I want to do! The weathermen tell us it is going to be hot, so we decide on a little bicycle therapy, little being the operative word.

Parking the car in a lane 4 miles from Mouldsworth and assembling the bicycles, we made our way through the lanes going about a mile, when one of the mountains Keith calls a hill had the audacity to step in front of me and stay all the way to the top - the top being 3 miles on, and my breath with it. A sign I am not fit.

The Goshawk in sight we freewheeled down, parked the bicycles and entered to be followed by Bob and Hagar Poole, Jeff Lewis, Herby Moore, Ben Griffiths, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, John Whelan and Russell, Brian Whitmarsh and Peter, Dave Bettaney, Rowan and Hanna, and last but not least Tecwyn Williams and Mike Twigg.

An hour into lunch Ben hands me a piece of paper, opening it I find a list of members present, seeing my puzzlement he informs me I am to write the club run! I say "but I am not an Anfielder". "No but you are a guest". With the formalities complete we say our farewells and make our way downhill back to the car and home.

Pip

* * * * *

AN ADMISSION...

David Bettaney has been subjected to much arm-twisting because his growing experience of Alpine cycling should be recorded in our pages. Thus, we were delighted to publish, in our June issue, his story about the 33rd Brevet De Randonneur Des Alpes which he, Brian Whitmarsh and Chris Edwards undertook in July 1985. We left the riders poised to tackle the hardest part of the route...

To your Editor's complete embarrassment, the manuscript concluding the account has gone missing, and there is no photocopy. David has very kindly offered to provide the concluding part afresh for the December issue. I should add, the irony of the situation has not been lost on him. My sincere apologies to David, and readers.

DDB

ONE WAY TICKET TO MILAN, 1985

Believing that the homing instinct would always outweigh other factors E. Buckley preferred to attack R.R.A. records to Liverpool rather than from Liverpool. Following this reasoning I bought a one way plane ticket to Milan. At £39 it was a bargain and the homing instinct would ensure I got some miles in. Miles were much needed since I'd got out of the habit of training over the previous three or four weeks and I'd entered the Mersey Roads 24.

Milan Airport was hot and sultry. Unable to find the Aeroport on the map I had no idea whether I was north, south, east or west of Milan. My preferred direction was west but the road took me south. After some six miles the road crossed the river Ticino, and it became possible to work out where I was and where I had come. From there I plotted a lane route west along the northern edge of the Po Valley and into the foothills of the Alps. No mountains were visible, the heat haze obscured them, but their proximity was confirmed by the milky snow waters of the irrigation ditches. The day ended with a drop down to Ivrea, home of Olivetti, and at least one superior campsite with all mod cons.

The Alps offer only a few alternatives to travellers crossing by road. My choice was the Little Saint Bernard. Despite a late start the forty-five miles and 1400 feet net climb to Aosta were completed well before lunch. Homing instinct? No. I latched on the wheel of a passing Italian who did not seem to mind towing me up the valley. There is usually a price to be paid for riding faster than one's natural touring speed and I paid that price on the next twenty miles from Aosta to Morgex. The road seemed to go on for ever. I grovelled. Supplies were bought at Morgex where I turned left off the main road to climb the Col San Carlo.

Despite the increased gradients it was a relief to leave the noise of the traffic. Slow progress seems more acceptable on minor roads and every turn of the pedal led to cleaner, cooler air. Camp was made at over 6000 feet, just short of the summit, with a magnificent view of Mont Blanc. Soft, flat springy grass and a supply of pure water made for what might seem a perfect spot but for the midges who had got there first.

The next couple of days took in the Cols of St Bernard (8668'), Iseran (9088'), Galibier (8661') and Ornon (4485'), to a favourite spot from a previous tour, Entragues, which though in the High Alps has some of the character of Provence. The stop was strategically placed just under forty miles from Grenoble where, the next day, the twelfth stage of the Tour de France was to finish.

With an early start I reached Grenoble mid-morning and after a visit to a bank and a brief shopping excursion, I made my way to the Col de Montaud, a first category climb at the northern end of the ridge of hills to the west of Grenoble. The main road out of the City was festooned with bicycles. There were groups, large and small, of club cyclists with every cafe and bar looking like Two Mills on a summer Sunday afternoon. With more than four hours to go before the expected arrival of the Tour the road was not yet closed, but every junction, even the entrance to what looked to be little more than a farm track, was guarded by a Gendarme or a soldier. Excitement mounted. That feeling of awe at being at a great event - like a child at a circus. At Veurey Vorozie the road to Montaud was now closed but, being "en velo", I was allowed through. Travelling in the reverse direction to that taken by the Tour I climbed up the descent of some 1600'. Even here at every corner and natural picnic place spectators gathered for a fleeting glimpse of the riders. All the world, it seemed, "attend Le Tour". I chose a viewpoint in the shade of a wood by a vicious stretch of gradient about two hundred yards from the summit. With a much longer stop than usual I took the opportunity to prepare a rather elaborate lunch. The spread of paraphernalia this entailed caused some amusement to my neighbours, a French grandmother and her grandson on my right and two Dutch families on my left.

First through were the riders in the Tour Feminin. I'd hoped to see Mandy Jones up at the front but she was nowhere to be seen and, sadly, it later transpired that she had had to drop out through the effects of a crash in the previous week. Only Maria Canins who was already well off the front, looked strong, the rest seemed shot at. There are regulations which prevent amateurs from riding a stage race of this duration so the organisers get round it by holding two races one after the other. Whilst not wanting to be a spoil-sport, or discourage women's cycling, I feel that the spirit of

the regulations were broken and that the authorities should ensure that riders are not exploited or asked to race beyond their strength.

Soon after the women had come through the carnival on wheels arrived. Imagine riding 169 miles in one day through the Alps in a Michelin-man outfit standing much of the way on a motorcycle! First up was the Spaniard Eduardo Chozas minutes ahead of the bunch on a break that was to last to just two miles from the finish. Then came Christian Jourdan, then Herrera, then the super bunch with all the big hitters. Hinault, Kelly, Roche and old Zoop with a grin on his face. Minutes later came the first squadron of domestiques but still no sign of Paul Sherwen. Where was he? One, two, three, five minutes went by. Then they arrived, the third, and last, peloton with Paul at the front. "Dig in Paul. Keep it going!" I bellowed, drowning the Dutch and French supporters around me.

Then came the casualties; riders in a bad way. Awkward, wobbling, with style gone, they did not look like Pros.

Knowing that there are heroes at both ends of the race, the crowd clapped each one, and cheered, and offered sponges, drinks, and even the odd discreet push.

Had the last rider come through? Most of the crowd thought so and they were preparing to move. I knew better and so did the enthusiast across the road who, like me, knew that the Tour did not end until the brush had passed. Soon the road was filled with traffic and after about half an hour my friend realised there must be some mistake. Perhaps the brush had made a detour. He drove off. I stayed. Some ten minutes later the wood was filled with the sound of sirens. Here were the police to force the cars off the road. I helped. All realised their mistake. Out of their cars, they lined the route again, clapping and cheering louder than before for one Eduardo Gonzales. He finished but, sad to note, was eliminated by being outside the time allowance.

The Tour had now passed and it was time to move on. That evening I pushed on forty more miles homeward to camp at Loyettes on the Rhone. The next five days I would pedal down the Loire Valley through Normandy to Dieppe all on minor almost traffic-free roads. Cycle touring has its own rewards but the value of the holiday as training would be tested in the wind and rain of more Northern climes and that, as they say, is another story.

MILAN AGAIN (1986 VERSION)

This year I was able to take a plane to Milan for just £33. The plan was the same as 1985, to fly out and cycle home. The trip differed as follows: I was accompanied by my stoker Maggie and we pedalled the old Bates to Santander in Northern Spain. The journey included four mountain ranges: the Alps (Sestriere 6680', Monginegro 6070'), the Cevennes in the Central Massif (la Croix de Berthel 3570'), the Pyrenees (Larran 5160') and the Cantabrians (Lucada 4320').

Unfortunately we had to climb the Pyrenees twice. The Weinmann alloy Endricks on the Bates laced with 13 gauge spokes have served us well for many years. However hitting a rock, on a bend, down a hill put the rear wheel out of action and I bought a new one in Oloron. I know little French and Maggie does not know much about the details of cycle mechanics but we tried to explain to the mechanic the importance of changing the block (English and French threads). The mechanic knew better and in the end I accepted his word that all was O.K.

Thirty odd miles later and, more importantly, some 3000' up we stripped the thread on the hub. Bad moment! We free-wheeled down to a village called Tardets where I hired a very small, straight handle-bar three-speed bike with no effective brakes. The hirer seemed very worried when he thought I was going to put the rear Bates wheel in the front forks, he seemed much happier when he realised I was using a spanner as a wheel carrier. I then bashed the 17½ miles down to Oloron leaving Maggie to make camp at Tardets.

I arrived about 3.30 pm hot, tired, hungry (no lunch) and a little angry. The mechanic looked po-faced, did not apologise but immediately got on with replacing the block. To my horror he put the replacement on the same wheel. "Mais, les petite aluminiums" I said pointing to the shattered thread on the hub. He invited me to test it. With the sprocket remover round the 34 tooth sprocket I could not strip the thread. Disheartened I sat outside on the pavement knowing the wheel would last no more than a mile or two or at least only as far as the first steep bit. With new resolve I went back in the shop, "Encore", I said, took the sprocket remover and with all my strength lurched at the useless wheel. I stripped it. Without a word the mechanic went off and got a new wheel, another new block and fixed me up. Again he gave no apology but at least he made no attempt to make any charges.

It only remained to pedal back up to Tardet. We had a slap up meal at the local Hotel that night. We needed it. The next day we crossed into Spain.

VT

CORRESPONDENCE

Chepstow.
30 July 1986.

Dear David

Just a line to let you know that I have again made contact with Mike Hallgarth. He is joining me and a few other trikists on our mid-week evening runs. We have found a congenial pub midway between Chepstow, Bristol (where the other trikies live) and Wickwar (where Mike is now living).

I hope I might get up north for the Tints week-end wherever it will be this year. In the meantime, kind regards to yourself and all old friends.

Yours

Rigby Band.

* * * * *

CYCLING FRUSTRATION

My planned cycling tour in July of '85 in North Devon and West Cornwall just about turned into a non-event, as I must admit to my shame.

Having planned a week's touring in YHA accommodation, I heaved my Johnny Berry into the hatch-back Golf and off I went to Taunton, Somerset, to stay with old friends and to use their place as a base. So off on the train to Exeter on the Monday morning with good intentions to cycle over Dartmoor making for Tintagel. However, the weather had other plans, and having braved the lashing rain and gale to about 5 miles beyond Morton Hampstead, I was literally at a standstill against the horizontal torrent, my courage sapped away; and seeing a young fellow already turning back with the advice, 'Fifteen miles to Tavistock and it only gets worse', I threw in the towel and allowed myself to be blown down again to Morton, soaked to the skin. I had attempted a lift over Dartmoor but it was hopeless.

Thoroughly demoralized, I dried out a bit over a meal, and cycled back to Taunton.

The rest of the story is easy to tell. I was welcomed back by sympathetic friends, and changed my plans.

The next day, Tuesday, I did some local cycling to Axminster, determined on Wednesday to restart my tour, this time however by CAR. Three easy days to Boscastle, Tintagel, Ilfracombe and home over Exmoor, taking in the nostalgia and reminiscences of days in the 60s when I lived in the West Country and had so many ecstatic cycling miles in yonder parts.

So for the first time I stayed in hostels as a motorist, having to renounce my former opinions of the non-active people who frequent hostels, originally intended of course for those who explore under their own steam.

I did not enjoy this form of transport in fact, because no sense of achievement was fulfilled in reaching the destinations.

John Williamson

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
: Phil Mason
Captain : John Futter
Hon Secretary : David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive,
Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

DECEMBER 1986

No 845

- Jan 10 Farndon (Nag's Head) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
'87 11 COMMITTEE MEETING
17 Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
* SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING 11 AM *
24 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
31 Haughton Moss (Nag's Head)
Feb 7 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
14 Wrenbury (Cotton Arms)
21 Bunbury (Dysart Arms)
22 COMMITTEE MEETING
28 Dutton (Talbot Arms)
* TRAINING WEEKEND - BISHOP'S CASTLE *
Mar 7 Kelsall Morris Dancer
14 Graianrhyd (Rose and Crown) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
21 Farndon (Nag's Head) Holmes Chapel (Bistro)
28 Marbury (White Swan)
Apr 4 Llanbedr, by Ruthin (Cyclists only Cafe) Stretton
(Appleton Thorn)
5 COMMITTEE MEETING

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £10.00 Junior (under 21) £5.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to: Hon. Treasurer,
Keith Orum, 5 Brunstath Close, Barnston, Wirral 051-342 4860
Editor, David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent, Edinburgh
EH16 6XY 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 28 FEBRUARY 1987

* HAPPY CHRISTMAS & SUCCESSFUL CYCLING IN 1987 *
TO ALL OUR READERS

COMMITTEE NOTES

Open Events 1987

May 4th, Open 25: 7.00 am, £1.75 - D25/11

Sept 27th, Open 25: 8.00 am, £1.75 - D25/11
both organised by Ben Griffiths

May 25th, Open 100: 6.00 am, £2.50 - D100/5
Organiser: Phil Mason

The new 100 course (D100/5) has been approved by Liverpool DC subject to it being measured and a limit of 90 riders being set.

A merger of the West Cheshire & Liverpool Time Trials Association has been proposed. This would appear to make sense as it would save on duplication of officials. The Committee of the Anfield are in favour of such a move.

Club Events 1987

<u>Tens - Sat am</u>		<u>Time</u>	<u>Organiser</u>
21/3/87	Farndon	11.30 am	J Futter
25/4/87	T 'Hough	8.30 am	K Orum
16/5/87	Farndon	11.30 am	J Futter
20/6/87	T 'Hough	8.00 am	K Orum
18/7/87	Farndon	11.30 am	J Futter

Twenty Fives

1/6/87	Pearl Lane	7.15 pm	J Futter
6/7/87	Pearl Lane	7.15 pm	J Futter

* RTTC Handbooks for 1987 from Dave Eaton (£2.00 each) *

New Members

William Arthur Graham, 47 Main Road, Higher Kinnerton,
Nr CHESTER CH4 9AT

Gavin Partington, 24 Seaview Avenue, Irby, WIRRAL

Robert Wilson (CADET), 25 Kings Drive, Irby, WIRRAL

Changes of Address

Russell Barker, "Pippins", Riddings Lane, Wybunbury,
Nr Nantwich, Cheshire CW2 7LR Tel: Crewe (0270) 841715

Jim Middleton, 47 St Chads Road, Blacon, Chester CH1 5LF

Treasurer's Report

£48.00 has been received from people who owed subs. The following have been removed from membership for not coughing up:-

B Birch, C Clewley, S Robinson, M Rowlands, J Rousthorne, D Shepherd.

Schoolboy and Junior Trophies

The winners of the two new time trial competitions for schoolboy and junior members of the Anfield will be presented with trophies which have been kindly made by Brian Bird.

They will be known as the Anfield BC Schoolboy and Junior Trophies respectively. Many thanks Brian.

Dave Eaton

AGM ASHTON HALL - 18/10/86 commencing at 2.30 pm

Present: B Griffiths, D Eaton, K Orum, H Catling, J Cranshaw, H Moore, J Hawkins, P Colligan, B Whitmarsh, J Futter, J Hughes, John France, E Reeves, J Williamson, J Thompson, T Pickles, G Robinson, J Lewis, P Ashley, S Twigg, I Billington, Jason France, J Oakes, W Graham, B Bird, T Williams, M Twigg.

Apologies: B Lloyd, G Connor, A Beaton, P Mason, C Jones, R Andrews.

The minutes of the last general meeting were read and confirmed as a true record.

The Secretary then gave his report on the year highlighting the welcome trend of new younger members.

The Treasurer then gave his report proposing that the balance sheet be properly typed and sent to members with the Circular and also pointing out that subs may have to rise in the next year or so.

A vote of thanks was proposed by J France and seconded by J Thompson.

The Racing Secretary then gave his report of the year:- 16 members had raced, John Thompson had beaten Club 12 hour tricycle record. Best all rounder was Brian Whitmarsh.

In the absence of the 100 Secretary, the Secretary read his report which asked for suggestions on improvements

for the 100. There was a proposal from M Twigg seconded by J Hawkins that the club should LOOK (emphasise look!) at the possibility of a date other than May Bank Holiday. Vote went 15-1 in favour with eleven (11) abstentions.

Election of Officers:-

President - B Griffiths, Vice Presidents - P Mason and H Catling, Secretary - D Eaton, Treasurer - K Orum, Editor - D Birchall, Captain - J Futter, Vice Captains - J Hughes and J Lewis, Racing Secretary - J Lewis, BCF - P Colligan and J Thompson, WCTTCA - J Hawkins and J Futter, NRRRA - H Catling, RTTC - P Colligan and J Thompson, Committee - S Twigg, B Bird, M Twigg, T Williams, A Pickles, Jason France, Auditors - John France and E Reeves, Club Coach - (new position) W Graham.

New Rules and Rule Changes:-

The proposals put to the meeting had not been prepared thoroughly and Mr Thompson had produced a set of amendments that reached the Chair at 2.28 pm on the day of the AGM. It proved impossible to vote on rule changes as insufficient time was available for those present to study the implications, with one exception, Rule 26; the financial year of the club shall expire on 31st August each year.

It was agreed that a special general meeting be called to discuss the remainder of the rules.

Life Membership:-

Peter Rock was duly elected to Life Membership on completion of 50 years membership of the Club.

D Eaton

RACING RESULTS

CHESTER RC '50' 31/8/86 D50/1

B Whitmarsh 2-1-37 (3rd)
J Stinton 2-5-39
K Orum 2-12
J Futter 2-15-28

RHYL RC '10' 6/9/86 D10/7

B Whitmarsh 23-32)
C R Griffiths 25-04) TEAM
K Orum 25-24) PRIZE
J Lewis 25-31
J Hughes 25-44
J Futter 26-11
A Pickles 26-57
P Ashley 27-01

NMCF '100' 14/9/86 0100/5

J Lewis 4-58-53 (1st 100)

BIRKENHEAD VICTORIA CC G. P. DES GENTLEMEN

2-UP 21/9/86 D25/11

C R Griffiths)
J Stinton) 58-54

J Futter)
J Hughes) 1-8-52 (Punctured)

ANFIELD B C'25' 28/9/86 D25/11 E LANCS RC'10' J3/1 27/9/86

J Stinton 1-1-33 C R Griffiths 24-24
J Hughes 1-3-15 J Futter 25-12
A Pickles 1-10-10 K Orum 25-45

APOLLO WHS 25 4/10/86 J6/6 T.A. 25 16/3/86 L251

J Hughes 1-6-16 J Thompson 1-12-15
A Pickles 1-11-54 (Trike)

E. LIVERPOOL WH. 50 3/8/86 D50/1

J Thompson 2-14-39 (Trike)

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 12 HOUR 17/8/86 P205

J Thompson 240.925 Miles (CLUB RECORD) (Trike)

LEEDS ST CHRISTOPHER CCC 31/8/86 V133 ECRA 100 7/9/86 E38

J Thompson 1-4-29 (Trike) J Thompson 4-38-46
(Trike)

WREXHAM RC HILLCLIMB. D0/1 12/10/86 (2.8 Miles)

J Hughes 11-37 (3rd Fastest Schoolboy)
P Ashley 12-39

TIME TRIALS: Local Early Events

Lark Hill Wheelers '25' 2 up TTT (D25/2): February 25
N Wirral Velo '25' 2 up TTT (D25/11): March 8
Chester RC '25' 2 up TTT (D25/11): March 15
VTTA '25' 2 up TTT (D25/11): March 25

Jeff Lewis

* * * * *

A Cyclist's Comeback (- Part 2)

A rumour has been circulating Merseyside that the Captain of a well known darts team missed the basket, with a 50p

piece from 2 foot, at the Mersey Tunnel Toll the other day.

The only conclusions to be drawn are-

- i) he was drunk in charge
- ii) he was showing his true darts form,
- iii) he is making a welcome return to competitive cycling!!

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CAPTAIN'S NOTES

The runs list shows the Anfield is journeying to several new places at the start of 1987. Wrenbury (Cotton Arms) and Marbury (White Swan) have been selected after thorough investigation by Mike Twigg and Brian Bird. The Cyclists Cafe at Llanbedr is situated off the A494 between Mold and Ruthin, about 1 mile along the B5429. Look out for a milk churn with model cyclist atop, on the right. The cafe is run by a cyclist (Vince Taylor, Rhos-on-Sea, who has ridden for Wales) and caters for cyclists. The Captain reports it is quite a popular venue with those in the know.

A training weekend has been arranged for the weekend of 28/29 February to the Old Brick Guest House, Bishops Castle. Members wishing to join the party should contact John Futter. The price will be £13.50 for dinner, bed and breakfast (£5 deposit to John in advance please).

John Futter

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CLUB RUNS

28 June 1986 - Bangor-on-Dee: Royal Oak

In the absence of Messrs Twigg who were unable to be with us on that day, two young possible Anfield recruits and one, not so young, Mr B Bird came to the rescue this Saturday morning, thankfully somewhat earlier than programmed whilst I was battling with the technicality of fitting new pedals and toe clips to my cycle. After a quick change of clothing the four of us set off from Farndon eventually to meet the others at Bangor-on-Dee. Even with a gentle breeze, the sun that morning was quite warm which seemed to generate a healthy and refreshing feeling in us all as we steadily meandered along Crewe Lane, passing the site of the old castle and 'motte' at Castletown. Seeing that it was only past eleven o'clock,

turning left at The Bull, Shocklach we headed towards Cuddington Heath.

Until then the tempo had been quite reasonable, even to a novice, but the steady climb from Chorlton, up Cherryhill and on to Malpas seemed to spark some sort of misplaced hillclimbing competition in young Lloyd and Alistair with Dikkii in hot pursuit and off they went out of their saddles over the brow of the hill at the church, Malpas. It was understood, at the beginning, that the Anfield Saturday Club runs were not organised for racing purposes but for pure enjoyment, albeit in all weathers, and that a casual and gentlemanly approach would prevail. However, in between huge intakes of oxygen, a few choice words seemed to have the desired effect and the pace reverted to its previous acceptable rhythm.

A short while down the brown road leading to Whitchurch we forked right passing through Lower Wych and encountered the treacherous gravel-covered downhill bends of Higher Wych. Crossing Wych brook and climbing up to Redbrook, it seemed only a few weeks ago that this part of the road was totally unridable due to thick sheet ice covering the entire surface - even walking with shoe plates, I recall, was hazardous.

Following the A525 towards our eventual destination we made a slight detour to Hanmer before flying past Horseman's Green, Pandy and Hollybush as, once again, the two young recruits worked well together on the gentle downward slope to Bangor-on-Dee.

The Whitmarsh and Bettany families together with Phil, Tony and Jason, Keith and Pippa were already seated under the welcoming shade of the Royal Oak's parasols as we cycled over the Dee bridge.

Following a pleasant lunch, Lloyd and Alistair decided, with some persuasion, to return with Tony and Jason. Dikkii and I sighed with relief at the thought of cycling home in relative tranquility. Whatever became of the two young lads?

The trip back to Farndon via Bowling Bank and Ridleywood rounded off a very pleasant run in the June sun.

Tecwyn Williams

19 August 1986 - Faddiley: Tollmache Arms

Wanting to "get some miles in", I set out at about 7.30 am expecting a strong headwind en route for Rhewl Fawr, above Ffynnongroew, on the coast road.

So that I could keep an accurate check on my mileage for the day, I took my Peugeot bike computer with me. Wearing my long-sleeved jersey with a sheet of newspaper shoved up the front to keep out the cool summer air, I rode through the quiet(!) streets of Chester, making my way down to Sealand Road, past the football ground, heading for the coast road.

The ride along the coast road wasn't too bad, my being sheltered somewhat by the high ground to the left. Dodging the odd patch of rough road surface and discarded milk crates (empty), I went past the Funboat at Mostyn Quay, (must take the children to see it one day).

A left turn at Ffynnongroew took me up the quite steep hill to Rhewlfawr. It was while I was honking up the hill that I realised my handlebars were not tight enough. The "Duck oil" I'd used to get rid of the creaking bars, must have provided a bit too much lubrication. So it was I sat in the saddle all the way up the rest of the climb.

Having posted my entry form for the Rhyl RC 10 at an address at the top of the hill, I sat down and ate some fruitcake and drank some of the water I had in my water bottle.

After being fed and watered I decided to carry on forward to Holywell where, approaching the town downhill and with a tailwind, I reached 39+ mph (read-out courtesy of Peugeot).

Had I brought all of my Allen keys, I could have tightened the bars, but as I thought it safer to travel home rather than go onto Mold and Wrexham (as I'd planned), I took the A55 (nice views over to Beeston Castle prior to the drop down to the Southerly by-pass), and headed straight home.

Having sorted out my bars and even more food and drink it was time to set out at a leisurely pace for the clubrun venue for today. This time I passed through Saughton, and with a decent tailwind, soon went through Newton and Beeston. Before long I was outside the Tollmache (first to arrive in fact) and sat outside until Frank Fischer, and Mr & Mrs Harold Catling a la tandem trike.

Once in the pub plenty of other Anfielders arrived including Herbie Moore who complained in the strongest possible terms about the strong tailwind he had to put up with all the way from Broxton! When the time came to leave, the younger members including Dave Eaton, Tony Pickles and myself made our way via Beeston and Waverton into a headwind. I commented that it was getting cold, to which Tony said I should get "on the front" and would soon get warm! In Waverton I turned for home, while the others headed for the Eureka cafe. My computer said I'd done 88 miles today. It's a nice change not to just ride straight out but to "get some miles in" first.

Those present on the run today were as follows:-
Frank Fischer, Bob and Hagar Poole, Herbie Morre, Mike Twigg, Tecwyn Williams and son, John Futter, Ben, Tony Pickles, Dave Eaton, Jason Hughes, Gerry Robinson, Ian, Jason France and Jason III.

Jeff Lewis

AUTUMNNAL TINTS WEEKEND, 24 - 26 October

My weekend began at 8.00 pm on Colwyn Bay Station. By then, of course, it was dark. It was also raining and blowing a gale. I crept. The journey to Llanrwst seemed to take an eternity yet I slowed even further over the next eight or nine miles to Capel Curig.

My arrival caused some amusement to those Anfielders already settled comfortably at the bar and it did seem to me that squelchy cycling shoes, cape and sodden saddle bag were out of place in the sumptuous surroundings of the Cobden Arms Hotel.

I found the following in the bar: Ben Griffiths (planning, he said, to go over the Roman steps the next day), Mike and Stuart Twigg, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Brian Bird, Keith Orum, John Whelan, Dave Bettany, Brian Whitmarsh, John Stinton, Dave Bassett, John Futter, Tony Pickles, Jason Hughes (our first Junior Club champion), Rigby Band (on trike), Eric Reeves and Warrington Roader Bas Bucknall (third in this year's Anfield 100).

In view of the many boasts made that evening, I was somewhat perplexed to find I was almost the only person in cycling attire at breakfast. The inclement weather divided us

into two camps: those doubtful about venturing outside and those who were certainly not going! The doubtless came to an agreement: we would watch the Tour de France till lunch and then, whatever the weather, go out in the afternoon.

The hard men (as we saw it) or idiots (from another point of view) pulled our bikes out of the shed and struggled up the Llugwy valley. It was the strongest wind I've experienced and it was the first time I've seen water falls go up! Tony Pickles, John Whelan, Dave Bettaney, Brian Whitmarsh, Jason Hughes, Bas Bucknall and myself got over the top, Keith Orum punctured and turned back and John Futter saw sense. The mad seven pedalled down to Bethesda, across to Llanberis and up the pass back to Capel Curig to complete a total of less than thirty miles.

Saturday saw the arrival of Bill Page, Colin Jones and Roger Andrews and they, along with the pool players and cyclists sat down together for an excellent dinner. We had hardly finished the soup when we heard that one Chris Edwards was stranded the other side of Betws with no lights and dusk turning to darkness. There were many offers of help; he certainly could have had my lights! While Phil Mason went off to collect this poor bedraggled specimen the rest of us tried to imagine how he had managed to cycle from Birmingham into that wind, a truly heroic feat.

Sunday morning was clear and bright and after duly posing for our group photo we set off down to Betws-y-Coed. For just five miles we had one great column of Anfielders (a rare occurrence), all raring to go after that frustrating Saturday. At Betws we split, some going straight on whilst others turned off to Festiniog.

The ten that went to Festiniog later became five plus five (too many cycling videos?) and at Bala we ate at two tables and drank from two pots of tea! Many oaths were cast and much remains to be decided. 1987 should be an interesting season.

John Thompson

A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLAN WAS CALLED FOR

Being then a bachelor, it was my wont during the palmy days before World War II to make an annual pilgrimage

to the Alps. My two great passions at that time being hard cycling and mountain climbing, these excursions became the high points of my year and I was certainly not going to be thwarted by the war clouds which were gathering over Europe. Accordingly the last weekend of August, 1939 found us heading southwards on my old Stenton Glider tandem. These annual excursions were essentially invitation events and my companion on this occasion had been chosen for his enthusiasm and his capability as a mountain climber. He was by no means a dedicated cyclist but he did ride to work regularly on a bicycle and was not in the least worried at the prospect of having to ride nearly 800 miles to get to the mountains.

We left Oldham in the evening of Friday 25 July and rode through the night with the object of taking the night ferry from Newhaven to Dieppe. We managed this easily enough even though my stoker had never before ridden a tandem - his previous cycling experience having been confined to the making of utilitarian journeys on a sit-up-and-beg hack.

On Sunday morning, after an early morning breakfast of a large bowl of milky coffee, French bread and a mountain of rich Normandie butter, we began the long haul through central France, Geneva and Annecy to our intended base, the Youth Hostel at Chamonix. We reached that Mecca of mountaineers in time for dinner on Tuesday and immediately began to make arrangements to climb our first Alp the following day.

Although Wednesday turned out to be meteorologically ideal for mountain climbing, the news that the Dutch army and the British fleet were both very hurriedly mobilising caused us to stop and think. The threat of war was now a far more serious matter than it had seemed less than a week before when we set out from home. Thoughts of being stranded in France and possibly interned took our minds away from the mountains. The notion that we might enjoy ourselves more on mountains nearer home began to form and by midday we were hammering the old Stenton Glider over the then very rough Col de la Forclaz which we judged to be the most expeditious way home short of turning in our tracks and re-tracing our outwards route. France, which we re-entered via the Col de St Cergues, was seething with rumours and tourists of every nationality who were

frantically attempting to get home by one means or another. Conditions on both road and rail were chaotic to such a degree that we felt it would be foolish to waste time stopping to sleep and we pushed on steadily through the night. We were rewarded by being able to get a passage on the Thursday night ferry from Dieppe to Newhaven. The scenes of confusion on the deck of that boat during the night were beyond the capability of my pen to describe. I can only say that it was a nightmare experience but at least we were safely on British soil early on Friday morning.

In the much calmer atmosphere there prevailing our immediate reaction was to relax a little and enjoy a leisurely potter homewards with perhaps an overnight stay in the Cotswolds. In the event we had so much momentum that we found ourselves riding through the night again. By dawn on Saturday we were within a few miles of home, dusty, dirty and bedraggled. As there was time in hand before Oldham would be waking to the new day we refreshed ourselves by bathing in the River Medlock and shaking some of the dust out of our clothes. By the time we reached home, the first plumes of smoke were beginning to rise from domestic chimneys - the hundred or so mill chimneys were not smoking as this was the last day of the Oldham Wakes Week holiday. Now feeling relatively clean and tidy we presented ourselves at my parents home where we were able to do justice to a gargantuan breakfast.

Breakfast over and questions about the situation in Europe answered, we began to perceive that something of a vacuum lay ahead of us. The question of what to do with the remaining week of our holiday raised itself quite naturally and, equally naturally, was answered without a division. By mid-day we were riding the tandem northwards again and the actual declaration of war, at 11 o'clock on Sunday, found us in lowland Scotland, still hammering northwards and by Monday afternoon we were setting-up camp in Glen Brittle ready for a few days climbing on the Cuillins of Skye.

Those were the days - I couldn't do it now.

Harold Catling