

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)

President : Harold Catling
Vice-Presidents : John Futter
: Mike Twigg
Captain : Tony Pickles
Hon Secretary : David Eaton, 19 Brook Meadow,
Irby, Wirral, L61 4YS. 051-648 7892

January 1991

No 857

CLUB RUNS

January	5th	Carden Arms	Tilston
	12th	Rose & Crown	Graianrhyd
	19th	Foxcote Manor	Barrow
	26th	Forest View Inn	Oakmere
February	2nd	Sportsmans Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	9th	Dysert Arms	Bunbury
	16th	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston
	23rd	The Raven	Llanarmon-Yn-Lal
March	2nd	Captain's Weekend	Oswestry
	9th	Nag's Head	Farndon 14-mile event 11.30 am
	16th	Sportsmans Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	23rd	Carden Arms	Tilston
	30th	Talbot Arms	Cymau
April	6th	Forest View	Oakmere
	13th	Nag's Head	Farndon 7-mile event 11.30 am
	20th	Cotton Arms	Wrenbury
	27th	Sportsmans Arms	Tattenhall Committee

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £12.00 Junior (under 21) £6.00 Cadet £2.00

These and donations should be sent to:-

Hon Treasurer Tony Pickles
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*CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 13TH APRIL 1991

A NOTE ABOUT THE TREASURER

We hear that Tony Pickles has been busy getting married recently and are delighted to offer him and Ann our congratulations.

But he shows no mercy as Treasurer and subscriptions are now overdue for 1991. He threatens unspeakable things to those who don't pay up!

COMMITTEE NOTES

Captain's Weekend - 2nd March

It is proposed to have the Captain's weekend at Oswestry this year. I thought this would make a pleasant change to our normal foray into Wales. It should be close enough to ride to, even in foul weather, yet we could vary the route to and from there without too much trouble if the weather is suitable.

So bookings, with £5 deposit, to me as soon as possible so I can get an idea of numbers in order to barter with the hotelier. However I would assume it will be about £17 B & B with bar meals from £2.50 upwards to £11.00.

Tony Pickles

EASTER TOUR

John Thompson has proposed an Easter Youth Hostel Tour (29th March - 1st April) based on hostels in mid-Wales. Chris Edwards will provide a leavening influence. Please contact John by 2nd February for bookings.

ANFIELD COLOURS

Due to Impsport's current policy, minimum orders are to be imposed for 1991. They are: 10 tops (short, long sleeve, thermal etc); 6 pairs shorts (bib shorts and training trousers etc). The product range has, however, been increased to include skinsuits, road jerseys, shorts, bib shorts, bib tights, training tops, training trousers, nylon-faced jackets, thermal jackets, thermal hats, racing caps, bike bags, wheel bags, team bags, polo shirts, T-shirts, sweatshirts etc.

Orders to Stuart Twigg who has been promised improved service by Impsport and delivery times halved.

CLUB EVENTS 1991

Bruera 14-mile circuit	March 9th
Huntington 7-mile circuit	April 13th
"	May 11th
"	June 8th
"	July 13th
"	Aug 10th
"	Sept 7th
Bruera 14-mile circuit	Sept 28th

The above races will be run along the same lines as last year with a trophy for the winner. Adam Van Winsom took the trophy last year, let's see if someone else can beat him this year.

1990 CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

The Club senior championship goes to Peter Colligan this year with 1-07-49 (25), 2-20-29 (50) and 4-35-19 (100). Times in the junior and juvenile championships were:

	STEVE GREEN	JONATHON SHARP	GRAHAM THOMPSON
10	26-04	25-56	26-40
10	26-24	26-58	26-51
25	-	1-09-05	1-08-41
Av speed	22.8725 mph (schoolboy champ)	22.3662 mph (junior champ)	22.2285 mph

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 13TH OCTOBER 1990

The AGM was held outside Ashton WI Hall on 13th October 1990 commencing at 2.40 pm.

Present: J Thompson, P Mason, H Catling, E Reeves, P Colligan, W Graham, B Bird, S Twigg, E Davies, H Moore, M Twigg, C Clewley, T Williams, B Griffiths, J Williamson, J Futter, D Eaton and D Birchall (for part).

Apologies received from P Rock, A Birkby, G Connor, J Walton, T Pickles, M Kimpton, P Roberts, K Orum and A Gummersome.

Opening Address

The 'chair' apologised to those present for the conditions under which the meeting was held (he promised to cut the grass for next year!!) Due to no fault of the Club, gaining access to the hall had proved difficult for the second year running. On this occasion we conducted the meeting in warm sunshine in the field behind the hall.

Minutes of the 1989 AGM were read and confirmed as a true record. Although not strictly matters arising, Mr E Davies wished it to be known that D Ardern had recently broken Jack Salt's 1937 NRRA 100 mile record and was to be congratulated upon this achievement.

Hon Secretary's Report

Club nights had been poorly attended and consequently were to be reduced to one per month, the third Wednesday at Eureka Cafe, Two Mills. Membership stood at 95. During the year six resignations had been received and four new members had joined.

Treasurer's Report

In the absence of the Treasurer it was agreed that the books should be audited and a balance sheet photocopied and sent out, if possible, with the next Circular. Any queries to Tony. The accounts would then be presented for formal approval at the 1991 AGM.

100 Sec Report

104 entries, 78 finishers. The winner was Andy Wilkinson with a '4-7'. The event made a loss of £80.00. Thanks go to Maggie and John for their hard work.

Racing Sec Report

Congratulations to Peter Colligan who is this year's Club 'best all-rounder'.

Election of Officers

President	H Catling	Auditors	J France, D Bettaney, E Reeves
Vice-Presidents	J Futter		B Bird
	M Twigg	25 Sec	B Griffiths, J Futter
Secretary	D Eaton	WCITCA	P Colligan
Treasurer	T Pickles	RTTC	J Futter
Editor	D Birchall	BCF	Vacant
Racing Secretary	B Griffiths	RRA	H Catling
Club Captains	T Pickles	NRRA	T Williams
Sub-Captain	C Clewley	Social Secretary	E Davies, J Thompson, W Graham, G Sharp, H Moore
	S Twigg	Committee	
100 Sec	B Griffiths		

Life Membership

Proposal by D Eaton, seconded by P Mason, that Ben Griffiths be elected to life membership for eminent services to the Club.

During my relatively short (18 years) membership of the Anfield there has been one person above all others who has worked hard on behalf of the Anfield Bicycle Club.

He has been a regular, and on some occasions the only, attender on club runs, always ready with a word of advice or encouragement for the juniors.

I list below part of his contribution to Anfield life

Regular member of the committee

Current WCTTCA delegate

Current organiser Anfield 100

Open 25 secretary

Racing secretary

Timekeeper/handicapper for club/open events

Raced all over the country for the Anfield.

He has been President, Vice-President, Club Captain, Sub-Captain, Editor of the Circular

Has given lifts championship races/time trials for juniors/schoolboys

Represented the Club at dinners/functions and has always been quick to visit members who are ill in hospital.

Well done Ben, a well-deserved honour.

The meeting accepted the proposal unanimously.

Dave Eaton

CLUB RUNS

Tattenall, Sportsmans - 15th December 1990

My first club run of 1990 and the weather dawned with fog and thick frost, good to be back in England.

I had intended to ride to the club run but only got away at 11.45 am. I was dressed in my cycling clothes, so loaded the bike into the car and headed towards Chester, intending to leave the car there and ride to the run. However the fog continued and I drove to within 200 yards of the Sportsmans. I did ride the last 200 yards so at least I can say I 'arrived' by bike. Already there, the Twiggs - Mike and Stuart, Brian (Dicky) Bird, John Thompson and Maggie, together with Steve Graham, who I understand specialises in support vehicles. Later arrivals Techwyn and friend Stephan then Bill Graham. After lunch (5.30 pm in my case) a tough ride of 200 yards and back to Heswall by car.

John Moss

Barrow and Tattenhall - 1st January 1991

'Where is Barrow?' This was the question our Birmingham-based member, Chris Edwards, put to me in the last hours of 1990. Fresh from training with Mr Kelly and the Carric-on-Suir CC he wanted to start the year with an Anfield Club run in support of his resolution to 'get more miles in'.

Rather than indulge in telephone cartography, I suggested that if he were to make his start from Weston I could guide him by a guaranteed 100% lane route. Then I saw the weather forecast: gale force winds, plus rain, plus sleet. Still the die was cast.

Those first miles of the new year were also to be my first with the so-called 'triathlon bars' made famous by Greg Lemond in the final stage of the 1989 Tour de France. These expensive and rather ugly appendices were almost entirely unused on the way out along wind-assisted winding roads. Were they, despite all those testimonials, merely another worthless fad?

We reached Barrow just after 1.00 pm. The White Horse had banks of bikes outside but, strangely, none we recognised. Inside we found CTC'ers from all over the north west but no Anfielders. Joan Davies put us right. The Anfielders had abandoned the pub and retreated to Tattenhall. Pints downed and machines re-mounted we made our way through Waverton to the A41 and into that wind. To my amazement I found that I could maintain nineteens with little effort and that twenty ones to twenty threes were possible. Moving from my new horns to a conventional position was like putting the brakes on with a loss of two to three miles per hour. As Mr Cammish has said, with these bars every record in the book will be smashed.

We arrived as Mike Kimpton, plus Mike and Pat Twigg, were leaving. We had missed early leavers, Stuart Twigg, Adam Van Winsom, James Moore, Tom and Geoff Sharp, Robert Wilson, Ian Billington, Ernie Davies, John Futter and Ben Griffiths. Still supping were Paul Roberts, Brian Bird, David Bassett and David Bettaney, Brian Whitmarsh and ex-president Moss. As always, conversations were wide ranging. As is often the case with fine beer by a good fire some unwise intentions were declared, like riding the Mersey Roads 24. Most curious was Brian Whitmarsh's confident claim that he would pedal his firm's exercise bike to destruction! We'll see.

John Thompson

A TRIP TO CAPE WRATH

Reading an interesting account by Adrian Mayson of a ride to Cape Wrath in 1963 plunged me into a maze of memories and I was soon looking through my diaries to relive my own first visit to the Cape.

This was in 1937, a time when holidays from one's employment were not so generous as today and pennies were even scarcer. My leave of absence began at 1 pm in Didsbury on Saturday, 24th July and having first ridden home to Oldham and consumed an appropriately substantial meal it was late afternoon before my friend Sydney and I started to cycle northwards. Sydney was a 'with-it' young man with a glossy Sun Wasp with Cyclo derailleur and Resilion Cantilever brakes. My more conservative steed was a relatively spartan mount - a Tim Healey fitted with an Eadie coaster brake and, on the front wheel, the classic Pelissier steel caliper brake. Gearing was of the simplest - 44t chainwheel and 19t sprocket which, with 26" Westeel rims and Moseley 'Red Amber' skin-sided tyres, gave me a single gear of 60.2 inches. In addition to our cycling affiliations we were both members of the Camping Club and were enthusiastic superlight campers - solo Itisa tents, 100% real eiderdown sleeping bags, Number 96 Primus stoves etc.

Thus equipped we made good progress, hard riding to cross the Clyde by the Erskine Ferry late on Sunday afternoon and camped that night by the roadside on the old Rest and be Thankful between Loch Long and Loch Fyne. From this point onwards it became touring and not mere mile crunching. In more leisurely fashion we proceeded up the Appin coast road, up the Great Glen to Beauly, Lairg and Altnahara to reach the North Coast at Tongue late on Thursday, 29th July. One more day, following that tortuous path, masquerading as a road by the grim grandeur of Loch Eribol and the Smoo caves and there we were at Durness ready to cross the Kyle and achieve our goal on the morrow.

In those days the eleven mile track from the ferry to the Cape was very primitive indeed. It existed primarily for the transport of food and other supplies to the lighthouse, and this was done using pack mules. There were many very steep gradients, an almost complete paucity of bridges and a surfeit of wide, deep and rocky fords. An incident which reminds me of that fact was after a steep descent to a specially deep ford when a loud hissing noise together with billowing clouds of steam indicated that my overheated coaster brake hub had become fully immersed.

We had made the ride easier by leaving our camping equipment with the ferryman. With more or less stripped bikes we had expected to complete the journey (a mere 22 miles) between meals but had to resort to our iron rations before getting back to the Kyle. In some ways the Cape itself was disappointing in that visibility was poor, everything was enveloped in a light scotch mist. This however, together with contact with the keeper, deepened the sense of the awful grandeur and wildness of that five hundred feet high pyramid-like block of granite.

The return home was by no means anti climax. We started southwards on the Sunday morning following the west coast by Laxford Bridge, Kylesku*, Lochinver and Achiltibuie threading our way through those stark giants - Canisp, Suilvan, Stac Polly and the rest in fine sunny weather to Ullapool. It was hard riding but the magnificence of the scenery and the fact that motor traffic seldom exceeded three or four vehicles per day more than atoned for the steep gradients and the roughness of the water-bound road surface. Ullapool, with its population of 400 souls gave us a brief reminder of civilisation, but we pressed on by the Mad Little Road of Ross round magnificent Gruinard Bay and by the unbelievably rough but very rewarding Annat/Balgy footpath passing below Ben Shieldaig and round to Loch Kishorn. Both these magnificent wild routes have now been almost completely obliterated by new roadways along which motor coaches now roar. Other memories of the route south are the ferries at Strone and Dornie which are now no longer needed. At Strone one had to stand on the shore and blow a horn which hung from a post on the jetty to call the ferryman late in the day with mist on water this was an eerie experience.

Once south of Dornie the going became progressively easier and after Invergarry there was nothing left but a hard slog southwards with pressure to be home in Oldham by Sunday evening in time to prepare for work on Monday morning. Halcyon days!

Harold Catling

*The Kylesku ferryman lived at Unapool on the south bank of the loch where he had a tall flag pole. If his flag were at top of the mast it meant that he would come across for you shortly. Flag at half mast meant that he would consider crossing later in the day when wind and tide might be more favourable. No flag meant no ferry that day at any price!

BILBAO TO BARCELONA 1990

The principle of not using the same road twice, on any given outing, can be applied to whole tours, and cycling from one place to another is, for me, always more satisfying. Iberian Airlines are one of the few which allow you to 'pick and mix' arrival and departure airports making a place-to-place tour possible. Last year, you may recall, Maggie and I took the tandem from Bilbao to Sanfrago de Compastella. This year I took a week's break to cross from Bilbao to Barcelona.

As an ex-lecturer I find my current holiday allowance quite inadequate, so that every day off has to count. The tour therefore had to start with a dash from work across to Paddington, a train to West Drayton, another dash to Heathrow to catch an evening flight.

My route westward, through busy, hard-working little Basque towns: Gernica, Azpeitia, Tolos, used some of the roads I had previously pedalled back in the Easter of 77. It is one of the compensations of travelling alone that you really take notice of the passing scenery and, perhaps because of this, these re-visited roads seem very familiar despite the fact that last time it was snowing.

I took the Izpogay pass (2205 ft (1)) into France and dropped down to camp at St Etienne. Following a lane route from Bilbao had not been very easy and by now I needed a break from climbing so I pottered north and west away from the hills. All day clouds hung low, there would be no sense in ascending even if I had felt like it.

The next morning I was again greeted by low cloud and drizzle. This was particularly unwelcome since my route now took me over the Aubisque (5607 ft (2)). After Laruns, to my surprise, the road climbed out of the cloud into warm, too warm, sunshine. I really grovelled. My only previous experience of this climb had been in mist which, whilst obscuring the view, had, I think, made it easier. I now realised that on this earlier trip I had really missed out. The road from the summit of the Aubisque down over the Soulor to Arrens is amongst the most spectacular in the Pyrenees. That already famous shot of Lemond, pumping up a tyre against a background of a rock wall on the 1990 Tour, was taken along this stretch.

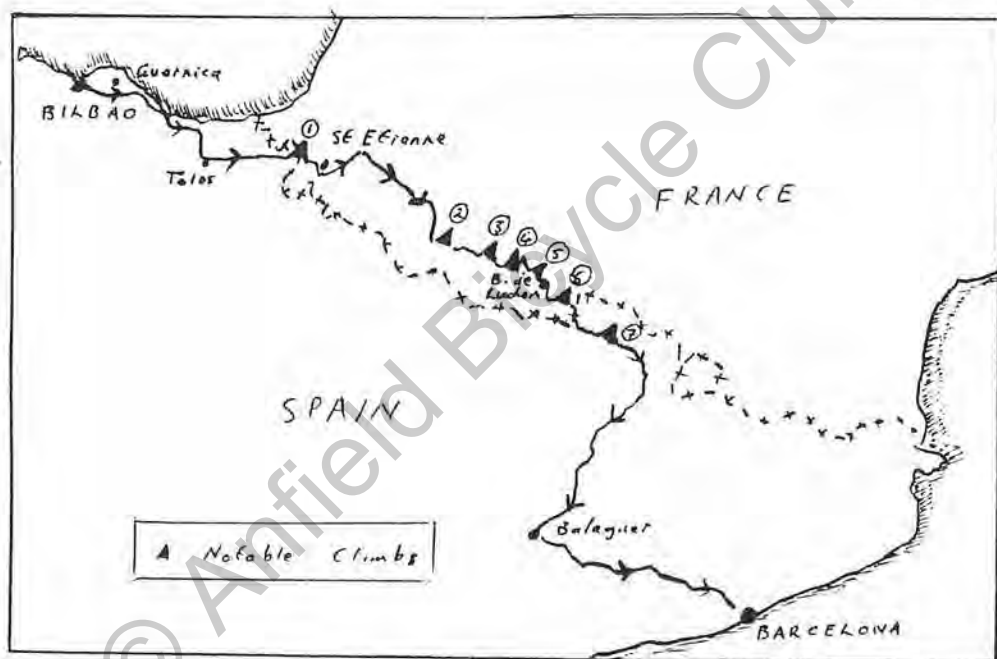
My chosen appointment with Le Tour was the top of the Tourmalet (6936 ft (3)). To remind you the stage took place with Chiappucci starting in yellow. No one, except Chiappucci himself, considered the leader to be in contention for honours in Paris. The pundits were divided between Delgado, Breakink and Lemond with Lemond favourite. Imagine the surprise when news came that the Italian had attacked and was well up on a small select group headed by Lemond. The heat was terrible, rivulets of tar ran down the road and, despite attacks which had split the field, even the leaders were well down on the published schedule. Chiappucci looked very comfortable and Lemond, at the head of his group, looked desperate. He could not afford to lose more time. Our man, Sean Yates, skin suit unzipped to the waist, was well clear of the stragglers though, of course, well down on the leaders. I offered my last precious half litre of water. 'Over my head, please' he asked. Of course I obliged. Running alongside, not noticing the effort in the excitement, I escorted him to the penultimate hairpin. At this point the bottle was empty and I was finished. As he rode into the last leg a tremendous cheer went up. The British were out in force in good voice. With the last rider through, the enthusiasts crowded round portable TVs and radios. Yes Chiappucci was caught and dropped on the last climb. Induran took the stage and Lemond was going to win the tour.

I continued the classic route over the Aspin (4885 ft (4)), Pegresourde (5148 ft (5)) into that most attractive town, Bagneres de Luchon. It has everything, an orchestra playing in the park and, perhaps more importantly, a really top-class public toilet!

The shortest route from Bagneres de Luchon to Spain is over the Portillon (4291 ft (6)), 2200 ft climb in four miles. Time was running out and I decided to make the Bonargua (6798 ft (7)) my last biggy. The summit is near the source of the Rio Pallaresa which I could follow through its gorges and lakes all the way down to Balaguar, just over one long day's ride from Barcelona.

It was on the Portillon that an incident occurred which I am sure, long after many of the other memories have faded, will still be with me. I was just approaching the 'town' of Vaqueira (it turned out to be a ski resort which was completely closed - no food!) when I spied a cyclist ahead. Though moving slowly it was clear from the pedalling action that this was no utility cyclist but one of us. He turned out to be a gent of three score years plus ten plus? He had no pannies or saddlebag but a rather large cape roll which contained a jacket and some other bits and pieces. The machine displayed a small Union Flag. My friend (we did not exchange names) had cycled from England down to see the Tour and was now on his way to the South of Spain via Andorra. 'B and B?' I enquired, eyeing his baggage. 'No' was the answer 'use one of those silver paper things.' I felt such a softie carrying a tent, sleeping bag and stove. Still I have no intention of giving them up for a space blanket.

John Thompson



ARTHUR BIRKBY

As we go to press the sad news has reached us that Arthur Birkby died in early January. An obituary will be in the next issue.

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CLUB RUNS

May	4	Fox and Hounds	Tilston
	11	White Horse	Churton 7-mile event 11.30 am
	18	Dysart Arms	Bunbury
	25	White Swan	Marbury
	27	Anfield '100'	
June	1	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	8	Nag's Head	Farndon 7-mile event 11.30 am
	15	Three Pigeons	Graigfechan
	22	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston
	29	Horse and Jockey	Northwood
July	6	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	13	The Bull	Shocklach 7-mile event 11.30 am
	20	Four Crosses	Bwlchgwyn
	27	Cotton Arms	Wrenbury
Aug	3	The Three Pigeons	Graigfechan
	10	White Horse	Churton 7-mile event 11.30 am
	17	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	24	The Liver	Rhydralog (Llandegla Moors)
	31	The Bridge Inn	Pontblyddyn

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COMMITTEE NOTES

New Members

Vincent R Taylor, 64 Lancaster Park, Broughton, Clwyd
J K Selvester, 25 St David's Drive, Connah's Quay, Deeside CH5 4SP
Mark L J Thomas, 4 Bank Close, Little Neston, South Wirral
Colin Werner, 10 Pant Blass, Sychdyn, Nr Mold, Clwyd

OBITUARY

Arthur Birkby 1900-1991

Members, particularly those of the 'thirties' will be sorry to learn that Arthur passed away on 4th January 1991 in his 91st year. He died peacefully in his sleep in a rest home in Great Crosby where he had resided only for a short time after he had finally decided to give up his home.

Arthur was a cyclist in the old tradition and I remember well his stories of cycling in the 'twenties' and of his ambitions to join the Anfield and of his almost reverence of the great W P Cook and elder statesmen of those days. From 'A Few Personal Memories' written by Arthur a few years ago I quote 'My joy knew no bounds when in 1931 George Connor, Bert Lloyd and myself were accepted, a great honour in those days'. He was a very popular member and a regular attender at Club runs and weekends and although a tourist at heart he did participate in several Club events and did win a first handicap in a '50'. He rode tandem on another occasion with his great friend Bill Scarffe. A tricycle was also one of his machines until an accident on the Bwlch Pen Barras and a broken collar bone put paid to that.

He was treasurer of the Club from 1956 to 1963.

Wales was always Arthur's first love when it came to touring and he had a great knowledge of North Wales, particularly Snowdonia and the many crossings of the Berwyns. His affinity to Wales was such that on his retirement in 1965 he moved to a cottage in the square at Dolwyddelan where, with his wife Nan, and again I quote from his 'Personal Memories', 'we were blessed with 18 years of peace and happiness in this lovely spot which we knew so well'. During that time he made many friends, both English and Welsh, and it was he who was largely instrumental in the successful lobbying of the then Secretary of State for Wales to take steps to eradicate the flooding which occurred from time to time in Dolwyddelan.

He served in both the wars, the army in 1918 and again in the RAF in 1942.

Although in the past few years he attended Club runs only occasionally he always retained his enthusiasm for cycling and the Anfield. In recent years I spent many an afternoon and evening at his home in Crosby talking mainly of cycling and the Anfield. A great conversationalist and a family man he will be sadly missed by those of us who were privileged to have known him.

To his family, Brian, Michael, Brenda and Sheila we offer our sincere condolences.

Frank Wemys Smith

Proposed by W P Cook, Frank Wemys Smith became a member in 1929. As a near neighbour of Bert Green, our long-serving President, Frank was, and remained, a north-east Cheshire-based rider. He qualified as a doctor in the late 30s and served as a doctor in the army throughout World War 2. On returning to civilian life he first became Medical Officer at Altrincham and later moved to Macclesfield. There he served on the medical staff of Macclesfield General Hospital until his retirement. Throughout his 62 years of membership he made many generous donations to Club funds.

George Connor
Harold Catling

J S Jonas 1908-1991

He died at his home in Guiseley, Leeds just a few days after his 83rd birthday. In 1927 veteran George Molyneux rode his tricycle from Edinburgh to Liverpool in 13 hours 40 minutes and became the first Anfielder to break an RRA place-to-place record since F A Fulton took the Liverpool to London tricycle record in 1910. Molyneux's very fine ride proved to be only the first of seven RRA records which were to fall to Anfielders during a great decade of renaissance within which Syd Jonas was a leading light.

His first success in attacks on RRA records was an Edinburgh to Liverpool tandem bicycle ride in partnership with G A Glover in 1930. His next, again in partnership with Glover, was on that glorious day, 13th September 1991, which 'The Black Anfielders' described as a great day in Anfield history. On that memorable day five members earned 'frilled' badges by breaking three records - the RRA Liverpool to London bicycle and tandem bicycle and the NRRA tandem bicycle 12 hour records.

Record-breaking fever had now become endemic in the Club and on 22nd May (the weekend after our '100' of that year) came another serious outbreak. Jack Sale on a bicycle and Syd Jones on a tricycle were moved to attack the respective Edinburgh to Liverpool records. Both were successful and of the tricycle ride 'The Black Anfielders' record

'... the descent of the Devil's Beef Tub was made in an awe-inspiring manner and the occupants of the following cars expected to find the corpse of the tricyclist round every bend. The six miles down from the summit took just 14 minutes and at least one mile was covered inside two minutes ... (he) continued to make effortless progress, climbing Shap at an average speed of 15 miles per hour ... found the westerly wind troublesome from Preston but finished with a glorious 'blind' through the tram-lined streets of Liverpool'

and J S Jonas had taken the Edinburgh to Liverpool record with a time of 11 hours 56 minutes - one hour and 18 minutes inside the record set by Ed Tweddell only a year earlier.

A measure of the merit of that ride of 53 years ago is contained in the fact that the record today is only 1 hour and 2 minutes faster, despite much better graded roads, much better road surfaces and, most important of all, the present availability of variable gearing on tricycles. Jonas had an Abingdon differential trike with 24-toothed chain ring driving the unchangeable 8-toothed single sprocket by means of a 1" pitch block chain. This gave him a single fixed gear of 78". As a tricyclist of that period, familiar with hill-country roads of the early 1930s and at least averagely proficient in the handling of racing trikes of that day, I was both thrilled and awed by the vision of that courageous descent of the then notorious Beef Tub's road. On a modern freewheel trike there is considerable scope for acrobatics in the interests of keeping the inside wheel down when cornering fast on unfavourably-cambered roads, but when busy twiddling a 78" fixed at 30 mph the scope for stabilising acrobatics is very severely restricted.

As well as being a breaker of records Jonas was also no mean performer in competition. Here, perhaps, his most outstanding achievement was in the Anfield '24' of 1932, a year when there was a special award for tricycles. Then, as now, the Tricycle Trophy was the most prestigious award open to riders of tricycles. It is open to all tricyclists and is competed for annually in rotation at 50 miles, 100 miles, 12 hours and 25 hours. Jonas took the trophy most convincingly with a magnificent ride of 374½ miles, 22½ miles ahead of his nearest rival and the third greatest distance in the event as a whole.

This brief account of Syd's tricycling prowess would be incomplete without some mention of his partnership with fellow Anfield tricyclist Syd del Banco. The most memorable successful event in this partnership was their setting up of new RRA and NRRRA 12-hour tandem tricycle records at 229½ miles in September 1932.

Jonas was also a keen clubman in the best Anfield tradition. Sometime editor of the circular, a regular on Club runs and weekends, whilst living on our side of the Pennines. Even after he took up residence in Leeds we had the pleasure of his company on occasional weekends from time to time, when his always cheerful, friendly and unassuming manner always added to our enjoyment of a Club meeting. To his wife, Mary, we offer our sincere condolences.

Harold Catling

First 7-mile Event - 13th April 1991

This was the first in the 1991 series of races - with an excellent cross section of members participating, not least father and son Sharp! Handicap times rather than actual times are important. Tony Pickles very generously donated the trophy for last year's winner. This year's series will be on the same lines as last year with a trophy for the overall winner.

Conditions were fine and bright with a slight head wind to the finish. The results for the 14 riders under the starter were:-

	<u>Actual</u>	<u>Handicap</u>
1. V Taylor	18.01	15.31
2. G Thompson	18.12	15.42
3. J Sharp	18.09	16.09
4. I Billington	17.41	16.21
5. G Catherall	18.58	16.28
6. C Werner	19.02	16.32
7. M Thomas	18.49	16.49
8. A Van Winsum	18.37	16.52
9. B Griffiths	18.04	16.54
10. D Bassett	16.55	16.55
11. T Pickles	19.06	17.06
12. L Nichols	20.16	17.46
13. J Wine Press	21.09	18.09
14. G Sharp	21.12	18.12

CLUB RUNS

Rose and Crown, Graianrhyd - 12th January

A cold, bright morning and only two of us at the Eureka for 11.00 am. Garraint and myself, but just as we were leaving John Moss arrived. So, only three-strong, we made our way through Hawarden, then left into the lanes over the Hawarden bypass (via foot bridge) then lower mountain road to Hope. At Abermorddu we went straight on for Cymnau (past the Talbot). At Llanfynydd a left took us up past the stone Zoo. We had some ice on the road over the top, but we were soon racing the last mile with me being dropped again and John winning the sprint.

I was just in time to say hello to friend, Vince Taylor, as he left the Rose and Crown. We had a good turnout: John Moss, Garraint Catherall, Tony Pickles, Lee Nichols, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Bill Graham, Brian Bird, Jon Sharp, Gerry Robinson, Graham Thompson, Mike Twigg, Tecwyn Williams, Stuart Twigg, Herbie Moore, Peter Colligan, Joan and Ernie Davies (and Joan's friend Doris) and myself - 18 members and 3 friends. A pity the pub had just changed hands and was not doing food. So John and I went down to the Sun Spot Cafe for dinner. Jon and Graham with John Futter called for us so we had a wheel to Queensferry then it was me against John to the Eureka - he won again! Another good run.

Ben Griffiths

Foxcote Manor, Barrow - 19th January

Saturday, fine and dry - frosty. Lee and Garraint appeared at my house. Lee had a false start and returned home to attend to a loose B/B. Garraint and I decided against going to the Mills, opting instead for a lanes route via Farndon, Tattenhall and Willington. Unfortunately we got lost within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the Foxcote and I had to ask the way. Arrived 12.45 with 35 miles under my very unfit belt. Many Anfielders were already there. Being just a short dash from the Mills, Ben was keen to lead the youngsters back but John Moss slowed him down until the arrival of Dave Bassett and Jason Hughes who had gone to Frodsam cycles. But Ben was not to be put off for long. A bright, sunny day in winter was too much of a temptation so he led the Wirral team away.

The older contingent mulled over the rugby international to be played that afternoon - how many points was the home advantage worth? 28 years and not beaten at home! Shortly after 1.30 pm we abandoned the rugby enthusiasts to watch the match and Garraint then proceeded to give me a pasting all the way home!

After showering and changing I collapsed on the settee for my well-earned rest. This was not to be - the day was yet young. Apparently there was shopping to be done and my presence was essential - should I have gone with Ben after all?

Present were:- S Twigg, M Twigg, T Williams, J Winepress, A Van Winsom, B Graham, W Moore, E Davies, G Catherall, Maggie and John Thompson, Jo Moss, B Griffiths, B Bird, P Colligan, G Thompson, Di Basset and T Pickles.

Oakmere Forest View Inn - 26th January

After John Moss creating plenty of enthusiasm during the last six weeks, I went to the Eureka expecting to find it crowded with Anfielders. Garraint had made the effort and ridden down from Sychtyn. The weather was cold, dry and no wind - just about right for cycling. We went out via Thornton-le-Moors, Dunham-on-the-Hill, Manley Bank, Delamere Forest and so to Oakmere. We did have a better turn-out at the run; Bill Graham had again brought Vince Taylor out. (I found him to be a very good rider on the return run, as Brian Bird and Stuart Twigg had found out on the outward run). John Futter and Craig Clewley had ridden straight out and Mike Twigg had come by car. Peter Colligan was last in and looking very fit, but why does he carry a map of France with him - does he come that far round? On the return run Bill, Vince, Garraint and myself went through the forest to Ashton then down the lanes through Nickle Trafford where Bill and Vince went straight on to Chester, leaving just the two of us for the return to the Eureka.

Ben Griffiths

Tattenhall, Sportsman's Arms - 2nd February

Knutsford to Tattenhall, 25 miles through the lanes - that was the plan. It is possible - apart from a short stretch of main road (near Davenham) - by using the 'missing link' across the River Weaver between Moulton and Whitegate. The route led through Swan Green and Lach Dennis then to Little Budworth, Eaton and Tarpорley (here crossing the new bypass at Birch Heath).

A cold, still day had been forecast - frosty, overcast and dry; and so it was when I set off. But the first flakes of snow, large and soft, were on the wind within three miles and by Lach Dennis the road was becoming white. The snow fell heavily and by Oulton Park it lay thick and even.

Modern cycling clothes keep you warm and dry but nevertheless the prospect of the Sportsman's Arms with good beer, good food and above all a coal fire, helped keep the pedals turning briskly from Tarpорley, where stinging pellets of snow replaced the soft flakes.

For the last run of 1990 (to the Dysart Arms, Bunbury) I had ridden my mountain bike in company with John Moss (on a conventional machine from the Orum stable). Today Herbie Moore asked me whether I was on my 'proper' bike. Well, I have to confess it was the mountain bike which proved ideal in the conditions.

DDB

Captain's Weekend, Bear Hotel, Oswestry - 2nd March 1991

A small group of Anfielders met at my house that Saturday: Keith Orum, Stuart Twigg, Bill Graham and Vincent Taylor. Keen to depart we decided our route and set off over World's End. Bill and Vince were in fine form leaving us on the climbs but I managed to hold my own on the descent into Llangollen where we stopped for lunch in 'May's Pantry'. Vincent left us here to return home and work - a wise choice - I would have returned with him had I known what was to come!

Keith suggested going to Glyn Ceriog and we agreed. We climbed what I can only describe as a wall out of Llangollen. Over the tops the rain began: this was to drench us for the rest of the day. As we came down the 1-in-4 hill past the church in Glyn Ceriog I believe we all said a prayer as brakes locking and skidding, still going too fast, we headed for the corner below!

Up yet again on the way to Llanrhaiadr, though gradually gaining on the downhill, my legs were aching and I did not want to climb any more. When we got to Llanrhaiadr Keith said it was downhill to Oswestry and I should hang on. He was wrong - he took us along the tops of the hills and not down the valley. Down one of the dips I cracked. I saw Keith, Bill and Stuart start yet another climb. When I came round the corner they were walking. I promised to strangle Keith when I regained the strength to do so. Luckily we were not far from Oswestry now, so the thought of hot baths kept us going.

Showered and changed we met up with John Futter and Twiggy Senior, the baggage men. Chris Edwards appeared with tales of sunshine all the way, but we didn't believe him. After dinner a walk of the town then a suitable hostelry was found. The conversation covered the proposed helmet laws to previous cycling heroes. In fact I think we covered most topics - hardly missing anything and I had nearly forgiven Keith for his hilly route out!

A hearty breakfast at 8.30, which Keith didn't have chips with for a change! then to the bikes where we discovered that the loud crack which Keith had heard over World's End was in fact his seat rail breaking. He could not ride Twiggy's or John's bike so he'd have to go back in the broom wagon! Billy, Stuart and myself set off with the intention of riding the north Shropshire lanes beloved of many a Black Anfielder in the past. Reaping my revenge on the other two I took advantage of the tail wind and fairly flat countryside to sweep up to Ellesmere for a tea stop where we met Vincent. Heading towards Bangor-on-Dee we were suffering again with head winds and after three hours of riding we still saw signs for Oswestry only four miles away!

We parted company with Billy and Vince at Wrexham, and Stuart and I struggled back to Mold. Tea and biscuits and Stuart loaded his bike into the car and was away. An enjoyable weekend and no, I didn't strangle Keith after all.

Those present: Tony Pickles, Mike & Stuart Twigg, John Futter, KSN Orum, Chris Edwards, Bill Graham.

T Pickles

Len Hill's trike

A letter from John Thornton of Warwick arrived early at the Editor's in March asking about Len's trike, which I owned for a short time in 1963/64 before selling it to John Thompson. Members who remember the trike - and Len - will be interested in the reply from Mr Thornton:-

'I was not aware that you had owned the trike and somehow assumed that John Thompson had bought it from Len direct and subsequently sold it to an American student at Loughborough and later, when he returned to the States, bought it back.

When I bought it, it was in a dire state of decrepitude and needed a replacement dynamo housing which I have acquired; the bevelled gears and planet ones are in excellent shape but a specialist firm is making a new sprocket and cones for me. I have got an unusual set of 26" x 1 1/2" Dunlop special lightweight rims, a nearly-new Resilion cantilever front mechanism and cable, Williams bb set and a BW front hub - all unused. The frame has been re-enamelled by Mercian and original script CB transfers together with an A & P transfer fixed. The colour being as original, viz silver. I have also managed to acquire a BSA swan-neck stem and a proper steel seat pin - both now re-plated.

The refurbished trike will look very impressive and I am looking forward to comparing its handling with my 1930's short wheelbase Abingdon No 3 trike which I bought last April and now rebuilt with all C-L equipment and Dunlop SL rims.

John Thornton

The Star 115 km ride - South Africa

During September each year a fun ride is held in which the riders have to complete one full circuit of Johannesburg. The event is sponsored by one of the local newspapers and the results are printed on two full pages for those fast enough to make the pages, that's about the first 1500.

The event has been held for three years and 1990 was to be the fourth.

I did not ride the first year but understand they had heavy rain and hail which resulted in a great number of non-finishers. The following two years were extremely hot, both of which I rode, having to stop in the shade of some trees the first year. My times for the 115 km were 4 hours 5 mins and 4 hours 30 secs.

1990 saw 3500 entries, these being split into various groups. The first group consisted of about 100 who entered a two-day event, the Star being the second day. The next group was vets (over 35) then juniors and ladies, followed by groups of 500 in order of ability, all starting five minutes apart.

The day dawned overcast and cool (for South Africa), hot by UK standards. I decided on shorts and arm warmers which I would be able to roll down if it became hotter.

The start had been changed for 1990 to a horse-racing track, south of Jo/burg, which suited me as the climbs would come between 70 km and 80 km as against the previous years when you reached them between 60 km and 100 km.

7.05 am and our group is away, no racing until the main road is reached and the first 1 km covered, our group was about 300 strong but on the first rises was reduced to some 150 to 200. Through the first town of Germiston the corners and climbs reduced the numbers to about 150. We then started to go north on the eastern side of Jo/burg and into the wind, average speed about 38 km/hr and now down to 100 or so.

Swinging north the climbs started and I started to hang on until at about 55 km I could no longer stay with the leading bunch. I slid off into a small group of about 12, we maintained a steady pace until at about 70 km the juniors caught us. Then at 75 km the climb of Alan's neck started. On this I rode alone at a pace which suited me but as I'd managed to stay with the juniors up until the climb, I was ahead of the others which enabled me to get back into a group at the top, as they came up.

It was now a fast ride to the finish, passing Soweto and round the route of Jo/burg the pace was fast. Luckily I was still strong and able to go to the front on the climbs. The weather was still cool which was also a help, and realising the time was good and I knew the roads and finish, as I work in the south east, I was determined to stay with the group to the finish.

With 5 km to go our group had increased to about 30 with those we had caught and on the final climb to the finish, which I know well, I went to the front and wound the pace up, finishing with 3 hours 16 mins for a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour improvement on last year, making me 285th and my name in the paper which, of course, is the main thing. The winner did 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours I think.

John Moss

(John has written up the Argus Tour which he has been involved in and we hope to print these articles in future issues. He sounds as though he is very fit and getting plenty of tough miles in for his next sortie to Anfield-land)

STOP PRESS

At the Club run to the Cotton Arms, Wrenbury on 20th April a junior member's bicycle was stolen from outside the venue. Although bicycle theft is a real problem, we believe this is the first time it has happened at a Club run. It would seem advisable for all of us to consider locking bicycles securely.

I can sympathise personally with the lad as I also lost a brand new bicycle from outside my office. I hope he can beg or borrow a spare machine and continue to join us on Club runs until his own is recovered or replaced.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (formed March 1879)

President : Harold Catling
Vice-Presidents : John Futter
: Mike Twigg
Captain : Tony Pickles
Hon Secretary : David Eaton, 19 Brook Meadow,
Irby, Wirral, L61 4YS. 051-648 7892

September 1991

No 859

CLUB RUNS

Sept	7	The Bull	Shocklach	Club 7 11.30 am
	14	Rose and Crown	Graianrhyd	
	21	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	28	Nag's Head	Farndon	Bruera Circuit 14 mile 11.30 am
Oct	5	Golden Lion	Ashton	
	12	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	AGM
	19	The Talbot	Cymau	
25 - 27		Autumn Tints Tour Buxton		
	26	Nag's Head	Farndon	
Nov	2	Forest View Inn	Oakmere	
	9	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	16	The Liver	Rhydallog (Llandegla Moor)	
	23	White Horse	Barrow	
	30	The Bridge Inn	Pontblyddyn	
Dec	7	Top o' the Hill	Kelsall	
	14	Golden Lion	Ashton	
	21	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	26	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston	Ladies Day
	28	Forest View Inn	Oakmere	
Jan	1	Fox and Hounds	Tilston	
	4	Top o' the Hill	Kelsall	

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £12.00 Junior (under 21) £6.00 Cadet £2.00

These and donations should be sent to:-

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*CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 7TH DECEMBER 1991

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Member

Paul Roberts, 'Greenfields', Hargreave, Cheshire CH3 7RT

New Address

John Thompson has got himself a brand new job but sadly he and Maggie will no longer be so well placed for the '100'. Temporarily the new address is The Grange, Grange Farm, Kingswood, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire GL12 8EP - tel: 0453 521252.

Visitors

Stan Wild and Jo are in Britain on holiday. Stan has let us know that they intend to be on the Club run to Ashton on 5th October 1991.

Annual General Meeting

A change of venue from recent years: the AGM will be at Tattenhall Cricket Club on 12th October 1991 following the Club run to the Sportsman's Arms. Please send agenda items to Tony Pickles.

Autumn Tints Weekend

To be held 25th-27th October in the Buxton area. Reservations to Tecwyn Williams with £5 deposit as soon as possible.

The intention is that whilst in the area we should ride the three trails which have been made from railway tracks which include tunnels and viaducts. Needless to say these only total some 40 miles in length so some additional riding will be necessary to complete a respectful daily total. (Adam and I have been getting some on-location experience of the trails. We've ridden the High Peak, Tissington and Manifold routes. They are free from vehicular traffic but quick wits are still needed to avoid conflict with pedestrians and inexperienced cyclists - at least on summer Sundays!) The surfaces are smooth and the routes are well graded, linking with a good lanes network. For a lunch venue there are friendly pubs in the Ashbourne area: Brassington, Alstonefield, Cauldon and Darley Bridge offer particularly interesting and hospitable inns - Ed).

RACING NOTES

'Club 7 Champs'

With the last Club 7 on 7th September it all hinges on the final race with Jonathon, Graham and Colin all in with a chance of pipping each other for the prize. Do not forget you have to compete in at least three events to qualify, there are some people who have only done two events so they must race in the last one! The fastest time this year is by ex-Club man, Jayson Hughes, who managed a 16-11. This was almost matched by Jonathon in the fifth race with a 16-26. However it is the handicap time we use in the results so everyone can have a chance.

The points table looks like this after the August event

	April	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Total Points (Best of 3)
G Thompson	2	3		1	5		6
J Sharp	3	2	1		1		4
G Catherall	5	4	4	3	6		11
C Wernett	6	1	2	2	3		5
B Griffiths	9	6	3	5	6		14
T Pickles	11	5		4	8		17

Senior Championship

Claims for the Club's senior championship to be sent to Ben as soon as possible AND warning to racing men - Mr B Whitmarsh has been spotted at Club events with a number on his bum! His racing retirement has finished!

Anfield 100 - 27th May 1991

Our hundred again attracted a very good field of 107 entries. Amongst the seeded riders, two names stuck out - Andy Wilkinson, last year's winner and Ian Cammish, Raleigh's time-trialling professional who has made the distance his own. Wilkinson has been rated a class rider throughout Merseyside for some years and now, following his successful end-to-end record attempt, the whole country knows. Nevertheless, I must admit I discounted the views of those pundits who suggested Wilkinson could make a serious challenge.

My realism seemed to be borne out over the opening miles. The Raleigh Goliath off number 120 was bearing down on his quarry off 110. Cammish was an average of one second per mile quicker to Battlefield and over the flatter roads back through Ternhill it was nearer three seconds a mile. Wilkinson was over a minute down by 25 miles. Then the script changed. By fifty miles Cammish had made no further progress, taking 1-52-38 to Wilkinson's 1-53-47. With the struggle back from Newport into a strengthening north westerly, Wilkinson began to pull back the deficit. The gathering crowd around Ternhill began to buzz, the result was going to be close. I pedalled down to Hodnet to see Tony Pickles and his drinks team (Geraint Catherall, Lee Nichols, Keith Selvester, Peter Whitmarsh, Rowan Bettanney) on the way to the finish. I crossed Wilkinson in the village, just after he had overtaken his rather surprised ten-minute man, Alan Roberts. The sharp eyes of Rowan spotted Cammish in the distance 'He's stopped!' I rushed off to see if mechanical assistance was needed. It wasn't. His support car was there and he sat with that look of utter dejection I have seen in the brush wagon of the Tour de France. At Shawbirch his lead was reduced to about 12 seconds and on the way back to Hodnet, Wilkinson had pulled into the lead. Unfortunately your amateur reporter did not have that ruthlessness to press for a quote.

Meanwhile Wilkinson pedalled on. He covered the last 25 miles, 15 of them into a strengthening headwind in 1-01-12 to complete the distance in 3-53-22, a 14-minute improvement on his 1990 Anfield win.

The day produced many other notable rides despite the unhelpful conditions. Alan Roberts (Crewe Clarion Wheelers) confirmed his good form with a well-paced 4-5-22 for second place, beating Martin Brass (Craven CC) who, despite blowing at about 80 miles, managed 4-10-37. Alan's wife, national champion Christine Roberts (Crewe Clarion Wheelers), beat all but 12 of the men with 4-25-30. Martin Brass had support from novice rider Gareth Bruff (4-19-00) and new vet Stuart Jackson (4-27-25) to make Craven CC the winning team. Don Hacking (Birkenhead NECC - Splinter-Relay) made light of his 59 years with 4-20-18 for a plus of 78-30 to win the fiercely-contested veteran's award. Clifford Tremaine (Kettering Amateur CC) who regularly follows up the TA50 with the Anfield 100, again took the trike prize.

The sole Anfield representative in 1991 was David Bassett. In 1990, looking much more 'prosperous' than this year, he decided to get fit and ride. He got round in a commendable 4-37-40. Well done Dave! If you found the time and motivation I'm sure you could show the class we saw when you were a youngster. Overall the quality of performance was remarkable with 23 riders inside 4½ hours.

In the time-trialling world there seems to be a move away from the pursuit of pure speed to more sporting courses and our event continues to have a strong following at a time when entries for many other events are down.

The 1991 edition of the Anfield 100 was another success. Let us make 1992 even better.

John Thompson

CLUB RUNS

Beeston - The Beeston Castle Hotel - 22nd June 1991

Sorry I cannot report on the route used and the up-to-date tactics employed in getting to the 'Mills' in time for tea. Unfortunately (for me at least) the crossing from Liverpool to Woodside now costs £1 each way and includes a 30-minute mandatory cruise of the Mersey! So, for the time being at least, my Club runs both out and home are done largely alone and via the Runcorn Bridge. However, I can say to those who have not been to the 'Beeston Castle' that the food is good and value-for-money. I enjoyed the conversation about old times and new with those who were present who included - John Futter, Graham Thompson, Craig Clewley, David Birchall, Ben Griffiths, Herbie Moore, Ernie Davies, Dicky Bird, Mike Twigg and Pete Colligan.

Peter Colligan

Shocklach - The Bull - 13th July 1991

A long-distance venue this one, some 35 miles from Knutsford. Conditions were overcast and very warm with a strong breeze from the south west. On the outward journey this resulted in a hard slog all the way in to the wind. Though I planned no off-road riding this was the first opportunity for a serious ride on my new machine - a fat-tired, narrow-rimmed, aluminium Cannondale. The route skirted Middlewich and led via Bunbury to the south side of the Peckforton and Bickerton Hills. What a marvellous view there is from Bickerton - the distant Shropshire hills are on the southern horizon and the Berwyns and Clwydian ranges lie westward beyond the flood plain of the River Dee. Shocklach nestled in sunshine. Inside the Bull were Ben, Ernie Davies, John Futter, Craig Clewley, Tony Pickles, Colin Werner, Herbie Moore and Arthur, our new tricycling member from Wrexham. Other members were out and about following the Club '7' which had been held earlier in the morning - Dickie and Tecwyn were mentioned by name. When Peter Colligan learned that John Futter had got within half a minute of Ben, his comment was 'that man could be really good if he were to train!'

David Birchall

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear David

The three obituaries in the last Circular made me realise that we vets are getting a bit thin on the ground. However, one aspect of Syd Jonas's activities was omitted - his cycle-camping exploits. Although I was an experienced camper with the Scouts when I joined the Club, it was Syd who taught me the art of lightweight camping. I well remember a camp site he had half way up Selattyn Mountain. Syd was then in the Liverpool Scottish and he used to bring a chanter and sat outside the tent in the morning playing it to entertain myself and the sheep. At that time Syd had a Sunbeam with an oil-bath gearcase and even with camping gear on he could knock up a good pace. With all best wishes.

Rigby Band

In brief, George Connor has been under doctor's orders but says he's feeling more like his usual self - 'though quick to realise my limitations'.

Peter Colligan has also been out of action since July. We trust he too is well on the road to recovery and a convalescent holiday. Though he says it's unlikely he will be fit enough to make the Tints, from the following it sounds as though he'll be in the thick of it again for 1992. "The idea of Buxton for the Tints sounds appealing especially if you are intending to throw in some rough stuff. Tints of recent years are not what they used to be and I think perhaps it is time to introduce some of the flavours of the Tints of years gone by - ie 'The Roman Steps', 'Llanymynech/Moel Sych'. Although I think a certain $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long bed of mud infested with sticky buds, nettles and brambles could possibly be excluded. (OK by daylight, a little difficult during the hours of darkness)"

End to End Pioneer - G P Mills

The July issue of the CTC's 'Cycletouring' claimed GP Mills as a CTC man. To correct the record your Editor has written to 'Cycletouring' thus:-

I read with interest that 1991 marks the centenary of G P Mills' record-breaking end-to-end ride on a safety bicycle (Cycle Touring and Campaigning, July 1991).

In addition to being a member of the CTC, George Pilkington Mills helped found the North Road Club; but he raced as a first-claim member of the Anfield Bicycle Club - and he remained ours until his death in 1945. As an Anfielder, Lt Col G P Mills DSO was in the vanguard of long-distance riding in the 1880s and 1890s. He joined the Anfield in 1884 and broke 19 national records between that date and 1895. An obituary note in the Anfield Circular (Jan 1946) recalls that he also won the first Bordeaux to Paris race. He rode all types of machines. His 24-hour figures were made on Ordinary, Safety, Tandem, Tricycle and Tandem Tricycle and the Land's End to John o' Groats on the Ordinary, Tricycle, Tandem and twice on the Safety. His best season was probably 1886 - he broke the end-to-end twice (Ordinary and Tricycle), 24-hour (Safety) and 50 miles (Safety and Tandem Tricycle). In addition he won the Anfield '24' and the North Road '24'. Where did he find the energy!

His pioneering contributions and the Anfield Bicycle Club's formative role in this branch of the sport is chronicled in the book 'The Black Anfielders'. It includes contemporary accounts which graphically describe G P Mills' 1891 end-to-end ride, the heroic trials faced - and the fellowship shared - by long-distance riders and end-to-enders - not least resulting from the often hostile attitude towards cycling in those days, and the poor condition of roads, especially in the Scottish Highlands, which could exact a heavy toll on man and machine.

I enclose copies of photos of G P Mills in the 1890s from the Anfield's archive and a copy of the route table of distances and times of arrival for his 1891 end-to-end ride.

10th November 1990 - Maluti 120 km - Bethlehem South Africa

Bethlehem is situated 50 km north of Lesotho and approximately 300 km south of Johannesburg. Lesotho, formerly Busotholand, was established by the black tribes who fled from the Zulus and Xhosas as the black tribes moved south into South Africa. The country is very mountainous with the peaks reaching over 3,400 m (11,000 ft). Transport is by donkey with very few roads. However with a recent agreement between South Africa and Lesotho to construct a hydro-electric scheme, roads have been constructed for access to the dam and tunnel sites. When the scheme is complete Lesotho will use the electric and South Africa will obtain water in terms of the agreement. As you will realise, as Bethlehem is within 50 km of Lesotho the area is hilly and hot as it is situated in the centre of South Africa.

The Maluti is one of the events which none of us from work had ridden before and as it was considered to be a hard event, but in one of the more picturesque areas of the country, four of us, Eric, Ian, Manfred and myself decided to enter in advance and make a weekend of it. Luckily we had a drilling site within 20 km of the start and so arranged accommodation free of charge in a park home, which is like a large caravan.

Leaving work at about 1 pm we arrived in Bethlehem at 4 pm. The event was sponsored by one of the furniture shops so we called to collect our numbers and were surprised to hear that they had 'only' received 200 entries for the 120 km ride and another 200 or so for the 60 km ride. However entries on the line could also be made so there wasn't any certainty on the final numbers.

Settling into the park home we found that food and drinks had also been provided for us and quickly started a braai (barbecue). Eric and Ian decided that about four beers and four cane and orange drinks would be the best way to prepare for the morning's ride. I managed about four beers and Manfred decided to stick on two. What we had forgotten about the site was that they worked 24 hours per day so the engines kept us (at least me) awake for most of the night.

Saturday the event was due to start at 9 am and about 400 arrived for the 120 km event. We considered that 9 am was too late as it was expected to become very hot during the day. I said that I intended to ride slowly. However when you are at the start and the adrenalin starts to flow, you tend to go faster than you intended.

We started down what appeared to be an old road, dead straight for about 2 km then through the town, after which the race started. I managed to get into a group of about 30 and we maintained a speed of about 36 km/hr until 70 km when we reached the first major climb of surrender hill. I reached what I thought was the top in a group of about six at the front, but then it started to climb again and they rode away from me. I was now stranded between those who had ridden away and those dropped on the early part of the climb. The best approach I thought was to climb at my own pace and when a group caught me try and jump in with them.

In fact only one rider caught me and we ploughed on together for the next 30 km. By now the heat was getting to me and I had to switch my brain off (easy for me) and just plod up the climbs on 42 x 28 until about 105 km at which point four other riders caught us. The roads then became what could be called rolling and the pace increased, all I was able to do was to try and hang on.

It was at this point I realised that we had not reached the site we had stayed at and as that was 20 km from the finish the distance was more than 120 km! A distressing thought in my condition. I also knew there was a difficult climb about 6 km from the finish. At 115 km or so I could not take any more and dropped off the back. By now it was extremely hot and that 3 km climb nearly reduced me to walking.

It was now a battle to the finish and with 3 km to go the group which I had dropped on the climb at 70 km, swept past me and I was unable to join them. The last 2 km never seemed to end and waiting at the finish in the heat I thought I was going to pass out. My final time, 4 hrs 7 mins, for a distance of 126 km (79 miles). It was so hot I sat under the trees and drank coke for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour then I managed to put the bike in the car, but it was much too hot to sit in the car. What of the others?

Eric stopped a number of times and finished in a time of 5 hrs 45 mins. Manfred's feet became so hot he had to stop and pour water over them and eventually managed to finish in 5 hrs 50 mins. Ian got cramp with 30 km to go, stopped by an ambulance and they massaged his legs. The ambulance then followed him. At 20 km to go he wanted to give up when offered a lift but the ambulance crew would have none of it and insisted he finish, after they had nursed him for 30 km to finish in 5 hrs 52 mins.

I must admit to see him coming towards you up the final 2 km with the ambulance lights flashing was most impressive, rather like the Tour de France.

At the time I said I would never ride this event again but now sitting writing about it I expect I'll be back in 1991. At least the food was good and we had a second sitting on the Saturday night and then drove back to Johannesburg on the Sunday. 'Luckily' we did not win any of the lucky draw prizes which consisted of carpets, chairs, washing machines.

John Moss

Dave Eaton has suggested the Circular might include a feature on what had been happening on this day/month x years ago. Looking up some appropriate Club runs I realised how little has changed (except the attending youngsters are now vets and super vets).

I was surprised to find that even in the thirties the Editor ran a feature on 40 years ago. I decided instead to read through the Circulars, jotting down any unusual or noteworthy items and do a write up when I had collected sufficient material on any one theme. I thought if I began with more recent history I would at least remember incidents I'd heard talked of and laughed over but my search for some of these accounts was in vain. The Anfield specialises in oral tradition as much as the written word and I'm afraid they are now only memories for those who participated.

It was a 'boast' by HC in December 1972 which suggested a theme of cycling mishaps. On a run to Langley his trike's nearside tyre deflated remarkably rapidly. He quickly found the cause - a thorn had embedded itself in the tyre. He soon patched the tube only to find another - and another - (seven in all). The repaired tyre at last tight he packed all away only to discover the offside tyre in need of attention - Harold never did make it to Langley that day but claims an Anfield record for eight simultaneous punctures.

Des Ling claimed a team record two months later in February 1973, Unaware that JT was to be out that day he joined the Club run to Ashton. Fortified only by sandwiches JT was allowed to lead the run home by way of a footpath to Guilden Sutton. John Moss had an early blow-out and they finally emerged with 13 punctures and a lot of mud between seven bicycles.

A week later JEH (?) wrote of a return from Shocklach during which they (MT, JT, JM, PR and young Karl) suffered water, mud, stones, rain and puncture, road closed and an irate motorist before reaching Alford. The company broke up here but a mile later on touching Mike's back wheel, JEH found himself sky gazing. Revived by tea and cake at Mike's (in a later article this hostelry is called Twigg Towers) he rode on to Willaston where, blinded by headlights, he once more bit the dust. He did eventually reach home. I cannot recall who JEH is, or was, as he is never mentioned again!

A 1100 1250

The Easter Tour of 1973 is described as one for the annals and makes enjoyable reading. DE is said to have dived through a hedge and Karl Nelson to have thrown his bike into one after mashing gear mechanism with spokes. JT refused to remove his shoe plates only to have them fall off after covering more miles than anyone else.

A two-day tour in August 1973 records Bill Barnes' loss of a spoke going over World's End and his descent of same when he (reputably for the second time in his career) managed to plunge into the ford.

On a week day away in the same month JM riding with BB and MH copied KN's gear-mashing exercise with resultant loss of five spokes. Mike, who later became known as Prof, for his wilder theories of cycling, declared that in a 40-spoke wheel the loss of five would make no difference.

On 1st December 1973 Neil France wrote of a return (why are returns more hazardous?) when DE, BB, MH, KN, John, Ben and Dave Birchall tried out a track near Stoak. Ben refused because of the mud on his new frame, the rest persevered to enjoy the spectacle of Karl losing his shoe in the mire and by the end John's gear mechanism had disintegrated and DE lost 3/5 of his chain wheel bolts.

October half term of 1973 MH, DE, PL, NF, IG, M & TC and BB were joined by a character called Gilbert, described as a mere 6'5". He seemed to specialise in descents which came to abrupt halts. The first time because the road ran straight into a quarry. His second abrupt halt was preceded by two somersaults, bike and all, into the mud. Another name which does not reappear in the Circular.

Mike Hallgarth can probably lay claim to the largest puncture recorded in the Circular as on the Autumn Tints weekend, described by Dave Barker, his back tyre blew with a report which sent those nearby diving for the hedge..... 6" of cover had blown from the wire.

Was 1973 just an unlucky year for mishaps? 1974 was very quiet by comparison. It was not until December on a run to the Nag's Head that Phil Looby wrote up an account of yet another return when DB and KO proposed following the Dee to a ford and paddling across. Despite harrowing experiences with bike and barbed wire and KO's demonstration of how to ride through a hedge, the ford was reached. 4' of water put paid to the original plan. They all emerged from the wilderness in Alford two hours later and barely three miles from the Nag's Head.

It was at the start of 1975 en route to Bangor on Dee that a mishap nearly became a disaster when JM managed to bring John Whelan and himself off their bikes and they finished up in hospital. On John's recent visit home he also told us of an event not previously recorded in which he waded to JW, who was cycling to work, causing him to fall off his bike. These two events, JM claims, occurred in the same week.

Reading on through the Circulars to 1977, mishaps appear not to have happened, at least none were written up. An article reproduced in the April issue by Arthur Bibby describes a solo night ride in 1925. A father of all BATS - but with faulty radar - smashed into his face, shattering his glasses. Pedalling on he had the further misfortune for the bulb in his Lucas 'Bobby-Dodger' to fail. He soon gave up the unequal struggle of trying to keep his trike from sliding down either camber and wild camped amidst the blossom and honeysuckle.