

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: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL, Cheshire,
CH3 9QV. 0829 71033

January 1992

No 860

CLUBRUNS

January	11	Foxcote Manor	Barrow on the Hill
	18	The Bull	Shocklach
	25	The Talbot	Cymau
February	1	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	8	The Bridge Inn	Pontblyddyn
	15	The White Horse	Barrow
	22	The Britannia	Halkyn
March	29	Nag's Head	Farndon
	7	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston
		* Craven Arms Hotel	Craven Arms *
	14	Fox and Hounds	(Captain's Weekend) Tilston
	21	Sportsman's Arms	(Bruera 14 mile event) Tattenhall Committee
April	28	The Cross Keys	Llanfynydd
	4	The Dysart Arms	Bunbury
	11	The Liver	Rhydtalog (Llandegla)
	18	The White Horse	Churton (Huntington 7 1130hrs)
May	25	The White Swan	Marbury
	2	The Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 4 APRIL 1992 *

TREASURER'S NOTES

Subscriptions for 1991/1992 were due in September. Please would those Members with subs outstanding contact the Hon Treasurer as soon as possible. With this Circular we have initiated a "reminder" service for those off the back. Members are encouraged to take up the idea of paying by Standing Order: for more information on this please contact the Treasury:

Tony Pickles

1991 CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND

The Captains Weekend will be held around the first weekend in March at the Craven Arms Hotel, Craven Arms. The idea is to travel out by car and ride from the Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday. There are good routes eastwards along Corve dale and Wenlock Edge, and westwards towards Presteigne, an ancient little town on the River Lugg, close to the hills of Radnor Forest.

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS

Arthur James, 30 Friar's Close, Acton, WREXHAM, Clwyd, LL12 7RA (Tel: 0978 364266).

Alan B Gummerson, 9 Finchett Drive, CHESTER.

NEW ADDRESS

John Thompson, Second House, Bushes Lane, Horton, BRISTOL, BS17 6OL (Tel 0454 314436) Map Readers: OS Ref: ST755 845

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RECORD ATTEMPT FUND

We have the greatest pleasure in reporting that the Club has received a most generous donation, the purpose of which is to encourage and provide assistance to our Members, and particularly younger riders, wishing to take up the challenge of record attempts, and so maintain an Anfield tradition that goes back to our very earliest days.

Road record attempts, especially for longer distances, are expensive for the individual and costly to organise. A separate account has been established to enable the fund, to be known as the Record Attempt Fund, to be administered. The Club is most grateful for the assistance provided and we will endeavour to ensure the Fund is put to effective use.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The AGM was held at the Tattenhall Recreation Club on 12 October 1991, with Harold Catling in the chair.

Present: Paul Roberts, Tony Pickles, Harold Catling, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Tecwyn Williams, Stuart Twigg, Mike Twigg, Dave Bassett, David Birchall, Bill Graham, Ernie Davies, Mike Kimpton, Chris Edwards, Herbie Moore, Brian Bird, Colin

Werner, Arthur James, and Craig Clewley. Apologies were received from George Connor and Alan Gummerson.

Mike Twigg, on behalf of Dave Eaton, read the minutes of the last AGM and they were confirmed as a true record. Through changing personal circumstances Dave is unable to continue as Hon Secretary, and the Club's thanks and appreciation were expressed for the service that Dave has willingly given the Club over the years. Thanks also were expressed to Ann Pickles for the excellent way in which she has kept Tony and the club accounts in order during the year.

Racing Secretary reported a successful "100" which once again attracted a large field. An increase in the entrance fee was agreed to enable costs to be adequately covered without subsidy either from the tea tent or general funds. No official record was kept of the younger Members' results in open events but the season had been a success for this age group.

Treasurer reported that the accounts had been audited by the Midland Bank. It was agreed that prompt payment of subscriptions was to be encouraged, and that a reminder should be included in the Circulars of Members in arrears. A Member who fails to pay after two years will be removed from the list of Members. Members are also to be encouraged to arrange payment of their subs via Standing Order; further advice from the Hon Treasurer.

Club "7" and BAR: The "7" competition was a success and will be run again. Jonathon Sharp was the Junior Champion.

Officers for 1992; President: Harold Catling; Vice Presidents: J Futter, M Twigg; Secretary: B Bird; Editor: D Birchall; Racing Secretary: B Griffiths; Club Captain: T Pickles; Vice Captains: C Clewley, S Twigg; "100" Secretary: B Griffiths; "25" Secretary: T Pickles; WCTTA: J Futter, B Griffiths; RTTC: P Colligan; BCF: J Futter; NRRA: H Catling; RRA: - ; Social Secretary: T Williams; Committee: E Davies, W Graham, H Moore and J Sharp.

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RACING NOTES

The following club events have been arranged for 1992:

14.3.92	1130hrs	Broxton	D1/14	14 miles
18.4.92	1130hrs	Huntington	D2/7	7 miles
9.5.92	1130hrs	Huntington	D2/7	7 miles
23.5.92	1130hrs	Huntington	D2/7	7 miles
27.6.92	1130hrs	Farndon	D10/16	10 miles
18.7.92	1130hrs	Huntington	D2/7	7 miles
22.8.92	1130hrs	Huntington	D2/7	7 miles
5.9.92	1130hrs	Broxton	D1/14	14 miles

W.C.T.T.A. Events:

5.4.92	0800hrs	D25/11	25 miles
7.6.92	0700hrs	D50/1	50 miles
28.6.92	0700hrs	D100/2	100 miles (Shrops C. A.)
11.7.92	1530hrs	D10/6	10 miles
23.8.92	0600hrs	D12/1	12 hour (Merseyside Ass.)
6.9.92	0700hrs	D30/4	30 miles
20.9.92	0800hrs	D25/11	25 miles

The West Cheshire Junior Championship has been poorly contested. It was hoped, with the introduction of the 10 mile event, that this would introduce more competition. Sadly this has not been the case. The individual winner will receive £25 plus a Championship jersey and medal, with medals for the team. As we have excellent potential with 4 or 5 of our junior members, I feel the Anfield can make our presence felt in this competition, and I hope that senior members will give them every encouragement to enter.

B.C.F.: Subs will be due shortly - 1992 rates have yet to be announced but current rates are: Senior - £12.50, licence - £12; Junior - £9.50, licence - £6; Juvenile - £6, licence - free.

Racing colours - the new jerseys have been registered with the BCF for the 1992 season.

John Futter.

RACING RESULTS

John Thompson

4.8.91	2-11-32	Cheltenham and County CC 50	bike
7.9.91	26-53	Midland TA 10	trike
8.9.91	1-08-08	Midland TA 25	trike
29.9.91	1-05-56	Gloucester City CC 25	bike

* * * * *

NOTES

* A postcard of a yak grazing in front of Mounts Nuptse, Everest and Lhotse from Mike Hallgarth and Philippa: "climbed to over 18000 ft and within 5 miles of Everest. Very hard work (headaches etc), but well worth the views. Will end up with over 1000 photos each. Just having two days rest before going to Annapurna. No sign of John Parr." (Nor Yeti or bicycles either? Thanks for the postcard Mike - and how about a full report for a future issue?)

* A card from our member Syd Hancock in the far SW of Cornwall: Syd is getting out on his trike for little rides when the weather permits. (I hope he won't mind me announcing that he celebrates his 88th birthday soon, and would, I think, now appreciate a tandem version of his trike with an extra saddle up front for a pilot to guide him.)

* Ben Griffiths and John Futter were amongst a group of cyclists putting their view to Cheshire County Council and DTP officials about the need to provide for cyclists when the Woodbank - Shotwick road is improved. This is a crucial link for cyclists making the journey between the Wirral and North Wales. Wouldn't it be a boon if the route for cyclists between Shotwick and Queensferry could be improved too?

* Brian Whitmarsh and David Bettaney spent a week in the Pyrennees in the early Autumn climbing as many passes as they could manage - Brian said he was only training for the Tints - but on the basis of the speed of the peleton which he led down the High Peak Trail, his aims are set much higher - like next year's Tour de France.

* Jonathon Sharp and Graham Thompson were in France for Le Tour last July, and ventured into the high mountains of the Alps - tackling some serious climbs - with Geof Sharp not too far behind and Vivienne sweeping up the field in the Land-Rover.

* In November, the Editor enjoyed a couple of short potters through the lanes around Goostrey and the Peovers in the company of John Farrington, in the area for a family celebration. John has recently renovated his Clifton for some riding in the Lothians.

* In sending us his new address, John Thompson asks if he is the most southerly Anfielder (after John Moss), and adds:

"Anfielders very welcome. We are virtually on the Cotswold Way and I can guide visitors on a short, say 20 mile ride, which gets in about 20 arrows! Today (Saturday 14 December) we planned an 'Anfield South East' run: Hallgarth plus Thompson to pedal to visit Rigby Band at Chepstow. Freezing fog has meant a postponement. Warning: New frame made (Alan Richards who made my trike) and plan to give it a go in 1992." The Record Attempt Fund beckons!!

* * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Phil Whitehead has written to say that he is cycling - but not enough, though from the following he sounds very fit:

"I wore my new club vest in a triathlon recently (I'm not sure whether this is approved by the Club!) and had a great time despite carrying the extra burden of knowing that one is now a veteran. I loved the three disciplines in the "tri" and will continue to compete.

"I caught the bug again in the most unlikely of circumstances. From 1981-1984 I was in Papua New Guinea. Apart from riding a Chinese sit-up-and-beg for a few kilometres along adirt track (no roads where I was) I didn't do any cycling in PNG. However, since Australia was only a few hours away by plane I decided to buy a bike one Christmas and see if I could ride from Cairns to Brisbane to meet up with some friends. It was a memorable journey. Locals thought I was made riding in such heat but once they heard and recognised a Birkonian accent then my "madness" was understood.

"Since then I've had a few what I call long rides. On returning from PNG I bought an "Ernie Clements" (I really wanted an Albert Hitchen - shades of hero-worship from the 60s) in Athens and rode up to Skive in Denmark. I took about six weeks to "unwind" from the PNG experience and try to come to terms with getting back to England. It did the trick and again I had some memorable experiences en route.

"The last journey was a few years ago when I rode from Santander to Marseilles to join my wife and daughter for our summer holiday in Provence. I found Spain to be beautiful but those mountains were dreadful. However, once into France, it seemed as if I were riding downhill with the wind. I take the bike with me each year now to France and have discovered some excellent rides.

"All this seems a long, long way from my first club tour from the Eureka cafe to Stratford in 1963! I find it ironical that I often ride or drive along those very roads that I pedalled a "cream and chocolate" Freddie Grubb along almost thirty years ago."

A LETTER FROM ERIC BOLTON

Eric Bolton, our Canadian Life Member and an Anfielder for almost 72 years (he joined in 1920) has written, at the Editor's invitation, about his early days with us:

"When I was about 10 or 12 years old my parents bought me a bicycle; I cannot remember the make but there was nothing fancy about it. One of my friends owned a bicycle and between that and my father's bicycle (when nobody was watching) I could at least ride a bicycle.

"Our home was on Broad Street, Pendleton, Manchester. My brother, three and a half years younger than I, had been packed off to a farm at Threapwood near Malpas for a holiday. He was due to return home, about 40 - 45 miles by train and, as the older brother, I was delegated to accompany him on the train from Malpas to Chester and then to be sure he changed to the night train to Manchester. I then rode on my new bicycle to Pendleton. Rather to my surprise and to those at home I arrived shortly after my brother arrived home.

"From then on I rode at every opportunity. On one of my solo outings a man a few years my senior rode alongside me; his name was Wilf Orrell. He had seen me out riding and wondered if I might be interested in joining the Anfield Bicycle Club, and so invited me to join a group. I met Wilf Orrell, Cecil Aldrich and Frank Edwards. Unfortunately I have forgotten the venue where we met others. Cecil Aldrich and I became close friends up to the time of his death just a few years ago. We visited Bettws-y-Coed (the Glan Aber) on a number of occasions, the Lake District etc.

"On one particular occasion I had an examination at 7pm to 10pm one evening; it turned out the paper was made for me. I wrote furiously until 9.58pm and then left for home. Arriving home, I semi slept, changed clothing, left by bicycle for the Aldrich residence, left the bicycle there, then Cecil and I left by tandem about midnight to ride to London. The day turned out to be very hot and there many tarred roads. By mid afternoon we still had about 50 miles to go on unknown roads so we stopped for refreshments. We ordered and then both fell asleep at the table. We did not wake until about 7 o'clock. We then realised that about 50 miles on unknown roads and streets we had better leave for the morning. We phoned to change our arrival to the next morning and stayed overnight at the restaurant. We also overstayed our visit to London so finally returned home by train.

"I won first prize in the Anfield 12 Hour (187 and 3/4 miles) in 1922. I think the Anfield organised the World 100 Mile Championship in 1922. I and my group had charge of the checking at 28 miles and 82 miles: England 1st: Dave Marsh; England also 2nd and 4th.

"I am now ninety years and a bit over. My memory is slipping. Billy Cook was President of the Club in my early days. Others I remember: Bert Green, C H Turner, Bob Knipe, Buckley (President

Cheadle Hulme CC) and son Hubert both Anfielders, Grimshaw, Tommy Barlow, Sam Woods of Siddington and son. I was sub-Captain of the Manchester group of the ABC. I averaged approximately 10000 miles per year. All best wishes to the ABC.

Yours Eric Bolton

"PS Neither car drivers nor bicycle riders pay any attention to traffic rules in this part of the world.

"I still own a bicycle but haven't used it for years."

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

Shocklach, The Bull

-

7 September 1991

A 0930hrs start meant that Shocklach was in sight by 1140hrs with some 36 miles to my credit, and time in hand. So an exploration of St Edith's church, a couple of miles from the village seemed a good idea. I have often wondered why the tiny Norman church which lies deep in fields is so isolated. Normally the place is kept locked against thieves who in recent times have repeatedly made off with the bells. But today the little building was being cleaned - and to my delight I was invited to look around: it has sandstone walls inside and out with a simple plaster ceiling (C17) with small rosette bosses. I was shown a tiny carving in the soft stone of a horse and rider, and a message scratched in a pane of glass by two C18 travellers seeking shelter from bad weather. The church was on a drove route from Wales - close to a ford of the Dee which was guarded by a castle, scant remains of which are nearby.

Before leaving, I learnt the sombre reason why Shocklach and its church are separate. There are two plague pits in the churchyard: which suggests that the earlier village was abandoned, as were many others, at the time of the Black Death.

Back at the Bull 15 Anfielders and friends had ridden in the warm sunshine of a perfect September day to lunch following the Club event on the Farndon circuit. Good food and beer and Anfield banter before the majority headed back towards Chester, Ben to a "30" at Whitchurch, and I returned eastward to Knutsford.

Those attending: Messrs Davies, Futter, Moore, Twigg the elder and younger, Bird (and daughter Charlotte), Pickles, Werner, Graham, Clewley, Van Winsom, Catherall, and Jayson Rees-Hughes.

Tattenhall, The Sportsman's Arms

-

21 September 1991.

The weathermen were forecasting that today would be the last of summer. Autumn would be here by 7 o'clock precisely with gales and rain sweeping in from the Atlantic. On this basis I reckoned to be able to reach and return from the Sportsman's Arms with a couple of hours in hand - so no need for mudguards or wet weather gear.

Beyond Whitegates the route leads past Oulton Mill (still a burnt out shell after 4 years), and through the villages of Cotebrook and Utinton. Then down to Clotton and Huxley, over the

Shropshire Union Canal and so to Tattenhall. Present were Messrs Griffiths, Bird, Catling, both Twiggs, Davies, Williams, Kimpton, Pickles, Clewley, Futter, Werner, Moore, Catherall, Birchall and our new member Arthur James.

For the return, the lanes which go under the north flank of Beeston Castle led to Tarporley and Eaton; and then it was a retrace of the outward journey from Oulton. A pressure puncture on the "missing link" (between Whitegate and Moulton) across the Weaver Valley served me right for attempting roughstuff on ultra light tyres and delayed progress for a change of innertube.

As predicted by the weathermen there was now a rising Westerly which explained why the ride back to Knutsford at "evens" was some 3mph faster overall than the outward ride. Autumn? It was close on schedule: by 7 o'clock the gale was shaking the leaves off the trees and rain was lashing across the Cheshire countryside.

Ashton, The Golden Lion

-

5 October 1991

An impressive turn-out for this run with Anfielders and friends from far and wide. Stan and Jo Wild were the reason: visiting England from Australia. Stan, sporting the Cape Wrath badge on the breast pocket of his blazer, is in fine fettle. His 500,000 miles are steadily increasing at the rate of 20 - 30 miles per day (holidays like this excepted).

President Harold Catling and Ben Griffiths were already installed on my arrival. Others were soon walking in: we were delighted to see Eric Reeves, George Connor and Bert Lloyd in one corner of the lounge. The Sharps' en famille had brought Flo Hill and Elsie Salt as guests. And we had Mary Catling, Hagar Poole, and Edith (Stan's sister) and Ida Berry in attendance too. Other friends included Bill Coupe (Potteries CC), Jim Forbes (Withington Wheelers), Len Leary and Bert Mathew (Cheshire Roads Club), Ernie Davies, Bill Graham, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Mike Kimpton (and his lad), Peter Colligan, Tony Pickles, Tecwyn Williams, Colin Werner, Herbie Moore and David Birchall completed the Anfield turn-out.

Lunch over, we gathered outside the Golden Lion for photographs. [Copies of the group photo from the Editor.] And then we went our separate ways. Dodging rain I headed for Delamere Forest, Acton Bridge and Great Budworth, then Tabley and so to Knutsford.

Kelsall, Top Of The Hill

-

7 December 1991

A lovely sunny - cold morning, just the job for cycling. At the Eureka, Geraint Catherall was waiting. We were soon joined by Jon and Geof Sharp, Graham Thompson and friend Chris who goes very fast. We were quickly on our way only for Graham to puncture at Capenhurst. We then went through the lanes past the zoo through Ashton and Delamere Forest, with just a little ice on the climbs.

At Kelsall were Mike and Stuart Twigg, Bill Graham, Ernie Davies, David Birchall, Brian and Charlotte Bird soon to be joined by John Futter, Craig Clewley and Peter Colligan: 15 Members and 2 friends made a very good mix for dinner. But with the sun being so nice we six for the Eureka were the first away back through

the lanes. I was soon dropped by the fast lads but still got to the Eureka nice and early. A very enjoyable run.

Ben

Ashton, The Golden Lion

14 December 1991

Arriving late at the Eureka I was not sorry to find the lads had left without me. So after a tea and cake I made a solo run to Ashton. I found a good lot of bikes outside.

Inside were John Futter, Craig Clewley, Jon and Geof Sharp, Adam Van Winsum, Geraint Catherall, Ian Billington, Robert Wilson, Tian Cocker, Peter Colligan, Bill Graham, and me all on bikes. It was again cold and sunny. Only Peter didn't do the run back to the Eureka - so we had a big turnout 11 at the cafe. But it was going cold and foggy and we soon made tracks for home.

PS I didn't get dropped today!

Ben

* * * * *

The Autumn Tints Tour 25 to 27 October 1991

Seventeen Anfielders made their various ways to the Jackson Torr Hotel, Matlock for the weekend. Cycling out together were Dave Bassett, Brian Whitmarsh, Tony Pickles, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Bill Graham, Mike Kimpton, Craig Clewley, Geraint Catherall, Colin Werner, and Graham Thompson. They met in Tarvin on Friday morning for the ride across Cheshire to Congleton and the hilly route via Allgreave to Buxton. Then main road and heavy traffic to Bakewell and so to Matlock. Ernie Davies is reported to have provided much needed encouragement at strategic points. Mike Twigg transported the baggage as well as Jonathon and Tecwyn - and kindly collected the Editor's trappings on the way.

The Birchall route led to Siddington and Gawsorth, then the climb through Macclesfield Forest to the Cat and Fiddle. Old Anfield territory throughout. Keeping to the high moorland above Buxton, empty mist shrouded lanes led to Earl Sterndale and so to the High Peak Trail which provided a fast traffic free ride from its start north of Sparklow to its finish at Cromford. This latter part of the route provided the opportunity to recce a stage of a possible circuit for the morrow, described by Chris Edwards below.

Friday

It was with a sense of great anticipation that I set out from Barton-Under-Needwood near Lichfield on a typical Autumnal day of "mists and mellow fruitfulness".

My destination was Matlock and the annual reunion of the Tints weekend. The route was to avoid all A classification roads, this was the tricky bit.

The first part of the journey took me along a wonderfully straight and undulating road that climbed steadily from Barton through Rangemore and on to Tutbury. As I approached Tutbury the castle emerged from the mists in a stark silhouette rather like a cardboard cutout for a scene in Camelot or Excaliber. On passing through the town and on to Hatton the Portals of a twentieth century fortress, the Nestles coffee factory, stood in contrast guarding the castles rear.

The undulations grew in severity as I climbed inexorably on to the foothills of the Peak District through Hollington, Shirley and Bradley. A sharp increase in gradient heralded my arrival in the Peak country and soon I was toiling up a 1 in 6 past Carsington and through the delightful village of Brassington. Once at the summit of this climb I passed under the High Peak Trail, which would be tomorrow's scene, and descended via Wensley to trace the River Derwent into Matlock.

Saturday

The mists had not cleared by the time a large group of Anfielders assembled in the courtyard of the Jackson Tor Hotel in fact the mist remained a travelling companion for the entire weekend.

The plan for the day was to explore the various cycle paths that criss cross the Peak District. The club had turned out on a variety of "Irons" from stripped down racers to state-of-the-art mountain bikes.

We descended the hill to the valley floor at breakneck speed and then paused by the river to re-group. The first hill of the day set the mood with the bunch being scattered by some unscrupulous individuals making an early break. The group ruptured under the pace and only came back together because Dave Birchall was the only person privy to the route and as far as I was aware had the only map of the region.

We took to the Tissington trail at Asbourne, having stopped for coffee at a local Country and Western Karioki bar run by Buffalo Bill. The surface was in good repair and our progress was brisk, too brisk for some members of the party. We left the trail to find refreshment in the village of Alstonefield where we found a pleasant pub brimming with walkers, one of whom thought that we were all suffering from some form of infirmity due to our clumsy way of walking. She was soon put right with a brief discourse on the virtues of shoe plates by Brian.

From the pub we headed over to the Manifold Valley to pick up what must be acknowledged as the smoothest and most scenic of the trails. On our way over, Gerraint was unseated from his mount whilst descending a steep hill and crossing a cattle grid. He did no serious damage to himself or the grid but we all marvelled at the looseness of his handle bar stem and the dent in his crash hat.

The Manifold Trail is only a short trail but it is an absolute gem with its fast surface and easy curves. It follows the course of the River Manifold and has an impressive tunnel which is long and unlit. This caused a bit of consternation amongst the bunch as we entered the tunnel at evens and Brian decided halfway through and in pitch dark to slow to tens. We all emerged intact and roughly in the same order as we entered the tunnel, but with much muttering.

From the Manifold we then crossed to pick up the High Peak Trail. This was the return leg of the journey and we moved like a well-oiled machine. The gentle gradients meant that the pace was uninterrupted as we bowled along like an express train crossing railway embankments and ploughing through cuttings.

Towards the end of the trail there was a 1 in 8 descent to the River Derwent. Dave informed us that there were static steam engines situated at the top of each stage of the climb that hauled and lowered the laden trucks like early ski lifts. One engine has been fully restored and can be seen in operation on certain days.

We made our way cautiously down the slope due to the presence of timbers laid across the path like a log run. We also negotiated another tunnel which was longer and darker than it first appeared on approaching.

Halfway down we stopped for a cup of tea and then pressed on to the valley floor. Somewhere along the way we lost Ben who had decided to sneak off to the hotel without completing the course. But we were all too busy peering into the mist to catch an elusive glimpse of the spectacular scenery to notice him go.

The trail fed into a canal whose tow path we then followed to bring us out on the A6 and then to Matlock to climb the hill back to our lofty eyrie for the night.

Sunday

The labours of the previous two days and nights had taken their toll on my unfit body so it was with some relief that I waved farewell to the rest of the Anfield before making my own way home via Matlock Bath, Wirksworth and Ashbourne retracing yesterday's route.

To relieve my aching limbs I had decided to take a line of least resistance. So from Ashbourne I made for Uttoxeter along the B5032 which stayed close to the River Dove.

The town of Rocester was reached and the imposing edifice of the JBC factory loomed like a modern airport terminal and dwarfed the hamlet on the other side of the road. It was also at this point that the B road I had been following turned into a wide sweeping dual carriageway even though it retained its B status.

Once past Uttoxeter it was on to Abbots Bromley and then across the causeway of Blithfield reservoir and into Rugeley. It was my intention at Rugeley to cross Cannock Chase by means of a minor road that appeared clearly on my map but proved very difficult in practice to find. Eventually I managed to approach the chase by some unrepeatable route and I grovelled ungraciously up a quiet lane with the occasional horse and rider for company.

The descent was long, steep and fast and it was with few additional pedal strokes that I found myself crossing the M6 and arriving in Penkridge which was to be my journey's end.

Elaine and Gregory were waiting to greet me in the town centre and we were soon ensconced in the Boat Inn alongside the Trent and Mersey Canal with a fine pint of Marston's Pedigree and some fond memories of the weekend's cycling.

The suggestion of Matlock as a venue for the Tints deserves praise as it was an opportunity to explore new territory. The cycles' trails added a new dimension to the weekend and certainly left me with the desire to come back for more. It is a pity that this novel form of land use has not been more eagerly taken up by local authorities in inner city areas such as Birmingham (my reluctantly adopted home), where there is a pressing need to separate the cyclist from the motor car. The Peak District Councils should be congratulated for their courageous initiative.

Chris Edwards

For their return journey the main party made its way from Matlock through Wensley and Winster for the High Peak Trail then to retrace the Macclesfield Forest route. Lunch was taken at the Red Lion Withington Green when I parted from the company of those bound for Chester, Clwyd and Wirral. A memorable and thoroughly enjoyable weekend.

DDB

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May 1992

No 861

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	23	The Bull	Shocklach	7 Huntington
	25	Anfield 100		
	30	Cross Keys	Llanfynydd	
June	6	Horse & Jockey	Northwood	
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	27	Nag's Head	Farndon	10 Farndon
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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 15 AUGUST 1992 * NOTES

Thanks to those Members who have coughed up following the reminder slips we sent out with January's Circular. We made a couple of mistakes and ask forgiveness of those who found, but should not have found, "yellow stickers" in their Circular. For those still off the back - a second dose is necessary and enclosed.

To further help jaded memories, Full Members are invited to pay future subscriptions by Standing Order Mandate. Forms for your bank are enclosed. All you need do is write the name of your account on the form - in the box marked "Quoting Reference", then sign the form and take it to your bank. They will do the rest. Subscriptions for 1992/1993 will be due in September.

Tony Pickles

NEW MEMBERS

Full: Joe Dodd, 21 Grove Lane, Standish, Nr WIGAN. (Tel: 0257 421963). Proposed by David Birchall, Seconded by Tony Pickles.

A SPECIAL WELCOME to Joe who rejoins the old Club having finally solved the problem of the loose headset which contributed to his retirement in 1965 - the Editor's spare bicycle awaits. Joe says: "I'm really looking forward to seeing everyone again (I'm pretty certain I bought the last round before I left!)"

Junior Membership: Christian Pudduck, "Greenlawns", Croft Drive East, Caldby, WIRRAL, L481LX

* * * * *

ANFIELD 100 - 25 MAY 1992

Last year's event was the best in recent years - thanks to Members, friends of the Anfield and the support of other Clubs, who assisted around the course. But we need Members' support to ensure the Anfield flag flies high again in 1992. Please let Brian Bird know that you will help (see enclosed letter).

John Futter.

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THE ANFIELD AND THE NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION

The Record Attempt Fund (announced last issue) provides a reminder of the earliest days of the Club and the classic 1930s when Anfield racing men were second to none. President Catling expresses the hope that the Fund will stimulate interest in record breaking and lead to a revival. The following piece by Harold explains the relationship between the Anfield and the NRRA who oversee road record attempts in Northern England:

The Anfield Bicycle Club and the Northern Road Records Association

The Anfield not only pre-dated the NRRRA but provided the Association with its first President in the person of Lawrence Fletcher and its first Secretary in the person of J D Siddeley (later to become Lord Kenilworth). Neither of these two men were mere figureheads, both were very active cyclists. When, during his term of office, Fletcher became the first rider to make Land's End to John O'Groats inside four days, his official follower was Siddeley on a Raleigh bicycle - there were no motor cars on the roads of Britain in those days!

During the first hundred years of the NRRRA the Anfield has been an outstanding contributor to the management of the Association. The Presidential Chair was held by Anfielders for 37 years and the rather more onerous office of Secretary was filled by Anfielders for 67 years - of which Edwin Buckley (the only holder of nine NRRRA records) and his son Hubert contributed forty years of service.

At first the standards were 50 miles, 100 miles, 12 hours and 24 hours. All of these were very keenly contested from the start in all classes - Ordinary (high bicycle), Bicycle, Tricycle, Tandem bicycle and Tandem tricycle. All classes could be contested 'paced' or unpaced'. All the Ordinary records were set-up by Anfielder A J Jack in the summer of 1891 and nobody has since beaten any of them. Interest had been growing in the possibility that the new 'safety bicycles' might be developed to such a degree as to be lighter and faster than Ordinaries. This possibility had become an indisputable fact by 1891 and during the next ten years bicycle performance was enormously improved. The NRRRA paced 100 mile record was 6.25.54 in 1891 but ten years of development brought the time down to 4.43.25 (both set by Anfielders).

In those early days a would-be record breaker could take shelter behind arranged relays of clubmates and other riders or, indeed, avail himself of any other sort of pace which he might meet on his journey. As the end of the century approached a cloud could be seen to be rising on the cycling horizon. Motorcars and motorcycles had been invented and were beginning to appear on the roads and it was quickly realised that they could serve as very efficient pacemakers. This threat caused the NRRRA, in 1898, to define 'unpaced' and they decided to record unpaced times. The new year was started in May of 1899 in an Anfield Unpaced 50-mile time-trial during which the first two unpaced Tandem 50 records and four Unpaced Single Bicycle records were established.

Paced records were not formally discontinued but died a natural death as interest shifted to unpaced record breaking on bicycles of rapidly improved designs. At the beginning of the new century Anfielder W R Oppenheimer set up the first unpaced 12-hour record at 178 miles. By the end of the first decade the record had been raised to 208.5 miles by Anfielder Edwin Buckley. This record was to stand for 19 years until another Anfielder, Bren Orrell, raised it to 231.5 miles in September 1929. The first unpaced 100-mile record, set up by Anfielder R L Knipe at 5.31.52 in June 1900, was keenly contested until October 1937 when Anfielder Jack Salt brought the time down to 4.22.22. Salt's record remained

unbroken for 53 years until October 1990 when the time was brought down to 3.26.31 by D Arden of the Manchester Wheelers. During the first 28 years of unpaced riding the 100-mile Tandem Bicycle record was held by the Manchester Wheelers and was first taken from them by Bren Orrell and Charlie McKail in 1927 with a time of 4.13.42. This record held for nine years, it was first broken in September 1936 by Innes and Thompson of the Vegetarian C & AC. They held the record for only three weeks as Jack Salt and Peter Rock challenged both the 50 and 100-mile Tandem Bicycle records. They rode for the first time on a Yorkshire course and succeeded at both distances with respective times of 1.50.20 and 4.00.44. This latter record remained unbroken for 44 years until Morris and Ash of the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers managed to shave 3 minutes and 34 seconds off the Salt and Rock record.

It was not until 1971 that 25 miles was added to the NRRRA list of standard distances. This aroused the interest of the Anfield Bicycle Club and we gave notice to set up the first 25-mile records for Bicycle and Tandem Bicycle on 12th August 1972. The easiest way of going for any NRRRA 25-mile record would have been to start at the top of Bowes Moor and enjoy a descent of more than 1,000 feet on a wide straight road. Instead, we chose a much more interesting course nearer home. The start was at Pistyll Rhaiadr where a small lane followed the river to join the B4396 at Llanrhaiadr ym Mochnant. This very secondary road meanders gently through Lynclys and Knockin to join the A5 with only four or five easy miles to finish the course before Montford Bridge. The amount of help from descent was only about half of that given by Bowes Moor course and, except for the last few miles on the A5 the road were greatly inferior to the A66 and A1 of the Bowes Moor course. It was, on this account, a much pleasanter and more interesting ride. J Moss and A E Rogerson went first and set up the first unpaced 25-mile Tandem Bicycle record at 1.05.15. After an appropriate interval clubmate G A Robinson followed the same route and set up the first unpaced 25 mile Bicycle record at 1.08.33.

The supremacy of the Anfield as a club of Standard Distance and Standard Time record breakers during the first century of the NRRRA is bright and clear. During that period the total number of record breakers at 25 miles, 50 miles, 12 hours and 24 hours was 329. Of these 143 were Anfielders. The next most prolific was the Manchester Wheelers with a total of 47. Looking at it as a league table the number of records which fell to Anfielders was more than three times as great as the number taken by the second club in the league table.

In the early days the NRRRA did not record any 'place-to-place' rides. The idea of doing so was often considered over many years but finally, in 1951, it was fully accepted and a number of rides were listed. It was, of course, necessary for all such rides to be within the bailiwick of the NRRRA. The current list is: (1) Manchester to Carlisle, (2) Lancaster to York and back (3) York to Berwick-on-Tweed, (4) Liverpool to Lincoln and back (5) Birkenhead of Ludlow and back. And End-to-End ride within the bailiwick could be Ludlow to Berwick-on-Tweed - about 280 miles as the crow flies. The Anfield had a great reputation for place-to-place rides both within NRRRA records and even earlier - between 1886 and 1895 G P Mills set and re-set record times for Land's End to John O'Groats on six occasions including Ordinary,

Bicycle, Tricycle and Tandem bicycle. Despite this glorious record the club has taken little interest in the NRRR place-to-place rides. Of the five rides only one record has been broken by an Anfielder - York to Berwick-on-Tweed by John Parr in 1962.

Harold Catling

* * * * *

RACING RESULTS - CLUB EVENTS

Hilly 14

1.	J Sharp	36.07
2.	A Van Winsum	36.53
3.	R Page	37.07
4.	C R Griffiths	39.18
5.	G Catherall	39.35
6.	A J Pickles	41.38
7.	L Nichols	DNF punctured

1st 7 Event 18.4.92

		Actual	H/Cap
1.	C Pudduck	16.56	15.56
2.	A Van Winsum	17.06	18.51
3.	G Thompson	17.29	16.44
4.	G Catherall	17.35	16.35
5.	C Werner	17.59	16.44
6.	C Griffiths	18.13	17.13
7.	A Pickles	19.03	17.03
8.	A Pudduck	20.35	19.35

* * * * *

NOTES

* Stuart Twigg is currently learning marine electronics at Ambleside. With Twigg senior contemplating a Kirk magnesium mountain bike we wonder whether this could result in some pass-storming accounts from the Lake District?

* Ben Griffiths spent a week training in Portugal during early April. His return was viewed with dread by Tony Pickles who complained that following last year's trip, Ben half-wheeled all who dared join him at the front for months after.

* Tecwyn Williams has a carbon fibre frame for sale. With or without the frame, he will be a man to watch shortly - he is due for a replacement hip - and we wish him well - but will it be titanium or stainless steel.....?

* Brian Bird recently found himself bouncing over the boot of a car. He was wearing a fluorescent yellow top at the time for maximum conspicuity (a vogue word). Fortunately he was not hurt, but now wonders whether bright clothes simply provide motorists with a more visible target to aim at.

* Peter Colligan was not so lucky. In a hit and run incident he has been left with a depressed fracture of the skull.

* Though we rarely see Messrs Bettaney and Whitmarsh on Clubruns, nevertheless news does reach us about European trips. We understand that the latest will be a coast to coast ride across France. Dave and Brian, a write-up would be appreciated.

* Another of our European travellers, Arthur James, hopes to take his tricycle along the pilgrim route to Santiago del Compostela in the coming months. He reports that his request for information in the CTC's magazine resulted in advice from far and wide.

* The front cover of the CTC magazine (April 1992) depicts a smiling Adam Birchall plunging through a deep water splash somewhere near Knighton, ... and a piece about off-road riding in South Shropshire and North Herefordshire (well worth reading). It should strike a chord with the Captain's Weekend team.

* * * * *

Peter Colligan's mention of muddy tracks has prompted the following contribution from John Moss, for the benefit of newer Members:

THE DAY BIRCHALL NEARLY MET HIS WATERLOO

Although the years have gone by and memory fades, a number of tours remain in my nightmares. Pete Colligan's comment on a threequarter mile bed of mud made me recall one of the worst. Now I am 9000 miles away and all the fear of libel action from those involved is reduced, I am willing to write up my version of the Tints weekend referred to.

It all started as a normal Tints weekend. In those days it was considered obligatory that the Berwyn's must be crossed in the most adventurous way possible. Roads of course were considered to be completely unadventurous and out of the question, therefore over the previous years the "Wayfarer", and Bwlch Maen Gwynedd had been crossed in both directions, and Moel Sych had been conquered by the most adventurous.

On the first crossing of Moel Sych a certain KSN Orum "bottled out" leaving the intrepid foursome of Birchall, Colligan, Page and Moss to go where no Anfielders had gone before (see footnote -Ed). Needless to say KSNO was reminded of this fact on every possible occasion much to his annoyance. This year he was determined to set the record straight.

Accommodation had been arranged at the Lion, Llanymynech. Lunch was taken at Corwen, and there was much talk about who would and would not cross the Berwyns via Moel Sych. Keith stayed silent but was obviously intent on crossing at all costs, to end the stigma of the earlier trip.

After lunch we made our way up the valley towards Llandrillo turning left to start the ascent to Bwlch Maen Gwynedd. The track was too steep to ride and we started the long slog on foot. In those days we carried saddlebags and so the task was harder with

the additional weight. On reaching the top the decision had to be made whether to climb the ridge so steep that removal of shoes was necessitated to get a grip, or descend direct to Llanrhaidr.

Birchall, Orum, Colligan, Moss and others who I can't recall turned for Moel Sych. The going was hard along the ridge and I decided to reduce the distance by making directly for the summit. This only made the task harder with loose rocks to clamber over. The descent from Moel Sych is hazardous and requires that the bike be used as a support to stop you from tumbling down the side of the mountain. There isn't a path so we all chose our own way.

Now on the tarred road we pedalled wearily into Llanrhaidr and as darkness fell someone suggested we stop at the pub for a "quick one". Of course we screeched to a halt. On leaving, rain was starting to fall. Dave informed us that after careful consideration of the map he recommended a "short cut" which according to his calculations reduced the last 4 miles to 1 and thus saved us 10 minutes. The rain was falling steadily, it was completely dark, and we were all on our last reserves, so little resistance was put up. We passed through Llanyblodwell, turned right onto the A495 and just beyond the railway bridge stopped to check the track on our left, which in 1 mile and about 4 min would have us in the warmth of the Lion's bar. We proceeded!

The first 200 yards was ok with grass in the centre, then a little mud. The mud became ankle deep but we thought it would improve and pressed on. By now the mud was building up under the mudguards and stopping the wheels turning. The choice was either to try and walk on the steep bank to escape the mud whilst pushing the bike through the mud, or trudge through the mud whilst carrying the bike. We tried both.

By now I was completely exhausted, and started to peer into the darkness to locate Birchall, with the intent of doing him physical harm. Then from the other side of a thick hedge I heard voices: "How far to the end?" (Birchall hopefully). "About threequarters of a mile" came the reply from an unrecognised voice. My heart sank!

My legs, brain and all other parts of me had now given up: if there is a hell this was it - an endless muddy, wet track, in the dark. We plodded forward, perhaps round the next bend it would end. After about 1 hour we reached tar! What should have been 10 mins had extended our purgatory to an hour. By the time we reached the Lion, dinner had started so we merely removed shoes, socks and all other muddy attire and joined the rest.

After dinner we retired to our rooms to recover and relive the horrors of that "short cut". There was very little revelry that night. Please note this route is not recommended for those of a nervous disposition.

John Moss

(Footnote: We weren't the first over Moel Sych: W.P. Cook pioneered the crossing in 1910. Then, in the summer of 1916, from Llanarmon DC a party including two tandems tackled Cadair Berwyn. Ropes were used to haul the machines up the steepest gradients. Clifford Dews, on his first Anfield weekend, wrote: "As we approached the steepest portion a rope was mysteriously produced

- one end was fastened to the front of the tandem, the other end was thrown to the crew with the command to go in front and pull. Cook was also similarly equipped, and as the rain had now ceased we began to really enjoy ourselves; by dint of much pushing, tugging and scrambling, we reached the highest point of our climb, 2500ft midway between Craig Berwyn and Cader Fronwen, right on the lid of the earth". Then down Fford Sarn Helen to the Llandrillo road and home. Now that is character building - Ed).

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

Oakmere, Forest View - 28 December 1991

A rare occasion: Our Scottish representative, John Farrington, by bicycle for this last run of 1991. We took the lanes from Acton Bridge to the edge of Delamere Forest. Writing this some three months after the event without the aid of notes tests the memory but it was good to see a vintage party of Anfielders including Geof Sharp and John Thompson in addition to our hard riding regulars.

The return route led north for Crowton then with some nifty map-reading the bridleway along the south bank of the Weaver Navigation, under the Dutton Viaduct, across the locks to the north side and so back to Acton Bridge.

DDB

Tilston, Fox and Hounds - 1 January 1992.

A sunny and crisp start to 1992, and the opportunity for a one way ride from Chester to Knutsford. With the wind from the west, the route took me through Saughton to Aldford. Over the Brook, then Churton and cross country to Barton, meeting the Hunt on the way. At Tilston a strong turnout (and most heartening). Ben said he had been getting in the miles and was looking for more. For me a fast ride home thanks to the tail wind, along the south side of the Peckforton Hills thence north-east across the plain via Church Minshull and Middlewich.

DDB

Top o' the Hill, Kelsall - 4 January 1992

After a few days of gales that had made cycling very difficult, it was a real pleasure to go out on this mild, dry, sunny Saturday, with very little wind. When I arrived at the Eureka Ian Billington, Tian Cocker and Robert Wilson were waiting. We were soon joined by Geraint, Graham, Geof Sharp, Chris and Alex Pudduck. Alex had only bought a bicycle on the Friday and was not sure if he could manage the ride. But after some arm twisting by his younger brother Chris he set out with us saying he would turn back when he had suffered enough. But he made it ok.

We went through the lanes past Chester Zoo, turned left on Manley Bank, then right to Delamere Forest; and so the lane up and down the Yeld, over the Kelsall bypass, finishing at the pub.

Ernie was the sole Anfielder until we nine arrived, soon to be joined by Herbie, David Birchall, Brian Bird and his dad, Mike Twigg, Colin Werner, Bill Graham, and the Captain. Over lunch we discussed training mileages. Looking at some senior members, they will have to work really hard to get fit this year (300 miles a week for the next ten weeks would help).

The nine for the Eureka got away soon after one o'clock, going down the hill: a right and two left turns brought us to Ashton. Robert won the usual sprint for the village; then Bridge Trafford. By the canal, with about five miles to go Graham made his bid for the real prize (first to the Eureka). He stayed ahead to win the Gold, with Robert and Ian dead-heating for Silver. Yes I was last again! Yet another very enjoyable day.

Ben Griffiths

Shocklach, The Bull

-

18 January 1992

"Keith, I would like you in no more than 250 words to portray the day's activities".

"David! As it is some time since I attended a Club Run on a bicycle, I accept your invitation to scribe. However, the task will be undertaken on the strict understanding that neither the grammar, text, or spelling is altered or corrected."

The Editor "I accept, provided that immediately you get home you put pen to paper".

"David, if I get home, as a scholar and a gentleman, the latter of which you know I am, you have my word."

En route from the Eureka - "Ann Chapman said I was looking chubby - I am not - am I?"

The Men: John Futter, Geof Sharp, John Stinton and me.

The Seeds: Geraint Catherall, Graham Thompson, Jonathon Sharp, Chris Pudduck, Adam van Winsom (with a name like that he must go fast). All on bikes through the lanes of Capenhurst, Backford Hall, Upton by Chester, Christleton, Waverton, Farndon. With no exaggeration 20mph plus. The Seeds, followed by the Men arrived midday at the Bull Inn, Shocklach to find more bicycles. Tecwyn Williams, Colin Werner, Peter Colligan, Mike Kempton, Brian Bird, Ben, Lee Nichols, Tony Pickles, Bill Graham, David Birchall, tricyclist Arthur James and lady bicyclists Joan Davies and Doris Barin, with Ernie Davies, Mike Twigg and Mike Hallgarth in motorcars.

Excellent company, good food, and an even faster return home with Ben driving the peleton. Adam punctured at Mickle Trafford, a 5 minute change with team assistance, and we were back at the Mills for 3.00pm. Then home to wallow in the bath and vow - never, never again with those young houligans and so called gentlemen who should have more commonsense.

KSNO

I rode the six miles to the Eureka in the dry, but got very cold and wet doing the other thirty-six miles. But as John Moss would say "It's character building". At the Eureka, Geraint (Greg) Catherall, Chris and Alex Pudduck, Adam van Winsom and Geof Sharp turned up. More than I expected on such a nasty day. Geof decided to go shopping instead so we were five for the run: up through Hawarden, then left on Tinkersdale, up the no-through-road to cross the bypass on the footbridge. Through the woods the lane was good but the lower mountain road was very muddy. But we all got through without mishap. At Abermorddu the lads shot away up the climb with Adam winning the sprint.

In the Talbot, by car were Ernie, Mike, Tony, John Futter and Craig. Arriving by bicycle but returning by car: Brian and Colin; both ways bike - Bill plus the Eureka squad. After lunch Greg (sorry Geraint) went straight home, so there were four for the return. We gave the mud a miss and went via Kinnerton down Bramley Lane to the footbridge. At Queensferry, Adam went to the front to show how fast he can ride - and yes it's very fast indeed. Ben.

Tattenhall, The Sportsman

-

1 February 1992

With it being Committee day I made a solo dash from home. Down past John Futter's house I spotted two cycle tracks after each wet patch. I imagined John and Craig were in front so I chased hard through Dodleston, Pulford, Holt and Farndon without getting a sight of the trail makers. At Clutton a left turn down the lane brought me to Tattenhall. The door of the pub was open. I thought I was late but only Brian was inside and the time was only ten past eleven (20 minutes early). Brian told his tale of woe: he hadn't managed to get tickets for Twickenham (rugby or something -Ed), and so would have to stay in the pub and watch the match on TV. It's just as well the pub was open 11am to 11pm.

For the Committee meeting were Mike Twigg, Ernie Davies, Colin Werner, Jonathon Sharp, Lee Nichols, Tony Pickles, Ben, and David, with Doug Booker a most welcome observer! Chris Pudduck was voted a Member and arrived soon after with "Greg" Catherall, Adam van Winsom, John Futter, Graham Thompson, Geof Sharp and Paul Ashley making a rare appearance as he has been working in South Africa. He was returning to Jo'burg and this time will look John Moss up. Also out was Doris, friend of Ernie (or is it Joan).

On the return Adam was again showing the field a clean pair of heels. Do any older readers remember the early 1950s and Bryan Stephen-Jones? Well Adam is very similar - about six foot five tall, under eleven stone, with a thirtysix inch inside leg and can ride a bike even faster. The early season handicappers will have a job sorting him out. I don't have to tell you he was again first to the Eureka! Yet another enjoyable run.

Ben

The Bike Outers:

The choice of Craven Arms put this weekend within striking distance of the South West section, and all three of us considered going. In the end Rigby Band did not make it, but Thompson and Hallgarth did.

With holidays to use up I was able to take a circuitous route: Horton to Tregaron, Tregaron to Greasby and Greasby to Craven Arms. The journey up through Mid-Wales evoked memories of past Easter tours. Roads infrequently pedalled, especially in spectacular scenery, have, for me, a way of bringing back details of events decades away. I have to admit (don't anyone tell Ben) that after cycling through most of Europe and some of USA, I have found nowhere to surpass the Welsh border country which is the heart of Anfieldland.

The starting point for the "bike-outers" was arranged at "B&Q, Wrexham Bypass". At this inauspicious spot, made more dreary by fine drizzle, the squad assembled. They were: Ben, John Futter, Craig Clewley, Colin Werner, and myself. Geraint Catheral, though not weekendening, joined us for part of the way. The start in no way dampened our spirits. We were after all speeding southwards towards clear skies and the promise of fine weather. Despite the efforts of sign twisting jokers we found our way to Molverley, here crossing the Severn for lunch at Westbury.

At this point I should introduce my nomination for "man of the weekend": Colin Werner. Before arriving at B&Q he had done a day's work, starting at 3-30am. Translating this cruel schedule into the time zone of a 9-to-5 man like myself, it was like reaching Westbury at 9-30pm. Given that he had prepared for this day with just four hours sleep, I wondered how he was still standing.

The agreed route was through Minsterley, then over the Stiperstones into the hills. At the turning there was a quiet but effective rebellion, leaving only Ben and myself for the mud strewn climb. And then we were the last to arrive at Craven Arms.

Along with the Stiperstones mutineers we found Mike Hallgarth, up from Wickwar, the Official Beer Tasting Team of Mike Twigg, Brian Bird and Tecwyn Williams, and a brave, or foolhardy, group who had followed our mountain-biking Editor. In this latter group were Graham Thompson, Lee Nicholls, Jonathon Sharp, Chris Pudduck, Tony Pickles and Keith Orum.

It transpired that the route had kept to tarmac, be it the most minor of minor roads. How Mr Birchall has mellowed. Later that evening his slide show provided ample evidence of what he put us through in the past. Moel Sych! The very words can still strike terror.

Not long before midnight I retired, feeling rather wimpish, for there was Colin still mixing it with the AAT (Anfield Ale Team). Such powers of endurance should be put to good use so how about the Mersey Roads "24" Colin?

John Thompson

The Shropshire Explorers:

Our outward route from Craven Arms, - 25 miles to lunch - took us into a strong sou-wester and intermittent drizzle. In muddy and thorn strewn lanes we risked punctures and blowouts at every turn. Via Leintwardine, Lingen and Presteigne, we made for the Harp Inn which overlooks Old Radnor church. The Harp is a low ceilinged C15 inn complete with stone flagged floor, inglenooks, an open fire, good food and beer, and a genial atmosphere. Damp and muddy cyclists were welcomed. Having found such a gem, I am surprised we actually resumed the ride after lunch. But we did, making for Knighton.

Here we looked up train times with a view to sending Graham, suffering badly from flu, back to base. In the end, toasted teacakes and a cup of tea revived him enough to complete the last section of the ride. From Knighton the return to Craven Arms led through the villages of Bucknell, Bedstone, Hopton Castle (scene of a Cromwellian massacre), and Clunton, leading the Captain to claim the party well and truly Birchalled (if not Cromwelled).

The AAT group ventured to the Lion, Leintwardine. But the beer fell short of Dickie's exacting standards so the party returned to base via Downton Castle to watch a game of rugby on TV (something about England -Ed).

On Sunday, the hard-riding Anfielders headed for home via Shrewsbury and Loppington, into the wind which overnight had gone round to the northwest. Hallgarth, Orum and Birchall rode southwards in warm sunshine and with a following wind via Stokesay and Onisbury to Ludlow. Then via Richard's Castle, Yarpole, and Kingsland to the black and white Herefordshire village of Eardisland for lunch at the White Swan. Mike continued south via Abbey Dore for Monmouth, leaving Keith and the Editor to return to Craven Arms.

The weekend was a great success and our thanks, voiced by John Thompson at dinner on Saturday evening, are due to Tony for making the arrangements which were first class. So much so that there were calls for a repeat in early September.

DDB

HISTORIC CIRCULARS FOR LOAN

We have a set of Circulars covering the period 1930 - 1970 for long term loan to any Member interested in the history and doings of the Anfield. Through their pages you can chart the progress of our Club from the heady days of the thirties, through World War II, and so into modern times. A good read.

Contact the Editor if you would like to borrow them.

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: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL, Cheshire,
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September 1992

No 862

CLUBRUNS

September	5	Fox and Hounds	Tilston Hilly 14 Broxton
	12	Rose and Crown	Graianrhyd
	19	The Swan	Marbury
	26	Golden Lion	Ashton Photo Run
October	3	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall
		followed by AGM Tattenhall Cricket Club	
	10	Miners Arms	Maeshafn
	17	Hanmer Arms	Hanmer
	24	Cross Keys	Llanfynydd
	31	Fox and Hounds	Tilston
November	6/7	Autumn Tints Tour	Ambleside
	7	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall
	14	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	21	The Bull	Shocklach
	28	Foxcote Manor	Little Barrow
December	5	Druids	Pontblyddyn
	12	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
	19	White Horse	Barrow
	26	Goshawk	Mouldsworth

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 21 NOVEMBER 1992 *

TREASURY AND COMMITTEE NOTES

SUBSCRIPTIONSwith the last Circular a Standing Order form for paying subs was included. Did you remember to do anything about it? If you have lost it contact me and I'll supply another.

Subs for 1993 are due as from the 1st September 1992. Prompt payment will ensure that subscriptions do not have to increase.

Club membership is currently about 90 (see below). Full and second claim Members account for 51 subscriptions, Cadet/Juniors for 21 and Life Members stand at 18.

Tony Pickles

* 100 years ago, in 1892, our members numbered 115. In the cycling boom in the years immediately after the 1st World War membership increased to around 200 - and at one point thought was given to imposing a limit on numbers attending Clubruns. By 1972 membership stood at 105: 73 Full/Junior, 21 Hon, 6 Life, 5 Cadet.

* The age structure of the Club currently is: from the 1920s: 6; 1930s: 8; 1940s 6; 1950s 9; 1960s 6; 1970s 10; 1980 onwards: 45.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR: 6 - 8 NOVEMBER

We plan to travel to the Lake District for this year's "Tints", using Stuart Twigg's local knowledge now he is working (?) there. Our Tea Tasting Team has tested various places of residence and the Churchill Hotel Ambleside has been selected. Accommodation is £38 for the two nights. We propose driving up early Friday morning to spend most of the day riding; an all day Saturday ride and a Sunday morning outing to blow away the cobwebs; returning Sunday afternoon. Further information from and bookings to ...

Tecwyn Williams (telephone: 0829 270821)

ANFIELD BC OPEN "25" - 27 SEPTEMBER

Our Open 25 is on 27 September, and to ensure the smooth running of the event I would like all the people listed below to act as marshals at the points indicated:

To arrive 10 mins before:

0800 Starting Steward	- M Twigg
Pushers off	- B Bird, W Graham
Broxton out	- T Williams
0821 Christleton out	- P Colligan, J Robinson
0830 Slip road Wrexham Island	- L Nichols, C Werner
Curzon Island out	- P Ashley
Belgrave Island	- J Futter, C Clewley
0832 Curzon Island back	- J Whelan, B Whitmarsh, D Bettaney
Christleton slip road	- P Whitmarsh, R Bettaney
0841 Christleton Island back	- J Sharp, G Sharp, M Thomas
0900 Old Coach Road	- S Twigg
Finish area and numbers:	- G Catherall
Assistant Time Keeper:	- K Orum
Finish Board:	- Volunteer please
Tea Tent:	- D Birchall

RACING NOTES

This season Jonathan Sharp, Graham Thompson and Chris Pudduck have been trying their luck with road racing. Jonathan came 3rd

in the Sunlight Summer Handicap at Birkenhead Park, on an evening of heavy rain and lightning. He reports that the 6 juniors in the race broke away some 3 laps from the start, and steadily increased their lead on the main bunch which included 1st, 2nd, 3rd, junior and women categories. Graham came 6th in the Merseyside Division Road Race (31 May). In the Oulton Park RR, Chris came 5th, with Jonathan 6th and Graham 7th.

Club "7" 23 May

	Actual
1. G Catherall	17.16
2. C Werner	18.48
3. T Pickles	19.05
4. W Graham	19.11
5. S Twigg	20.33

Club "7" 18 July

	Actual
1. G Catherall	17.26
2. C R Griffiths	17.35
3. J Futter	18.30
4. W Graham	18.48
5. T Pickles	18.50

Club "7" 22 August

1. J Sharp	16.12	7. G Catherall	18.05
2. J Thompson	16.23	8. C Werner	19.10
3. C Pudduck	16.28	9. W Graham	19.21
4. G Thompson	16.44	10. A Pudduck	19.23
5. J Hughes	16.46	11. T Pickles	19.27
6. C R Griffiths	17.52		

Other Events:

G Pudduck: WCTTA "10": 24.33; B'head Vics "25": 1.00.16
 G Thompson: WCTTA "10": 24.35
 J Sharp: LTCA "25" (22/3/92): 1.04.21; WCTTA "25" (5/4/92): 1.05.02; New Brighton CC "25" (11/4/92): 1.01.46; VC Halton "10": 24.50; WCTTC "10" (11/7/92): 24.23; VC Halton "25" (18/8/92): 58.37.

* * * * *

THE 100: ANFIELD TRIPLE FOR WILKINSON

Our thanks to the many friends and Anfielders around the course and at the finish; and to Ken Matthews for his write up in "Cycling Weekly", reprinted in part below:

"End-to-end record holder Andy Wilkinson (Port Sunlight Wheelers), has become the first man for sixty four years to win the 100 three times in a row. The only difference is that Wilkinson's time of 3.50.24 was over an hour faster than Norwood Paragon rider Frank Southall in 1928.

"All Merseyside knew Wilko was the man to do the hat-trick, but a great challenge came from Manchester Wheelers John French, and there was also a threat from first-time 100 man Robin Bagot (Birkenhead CC).

"At 25 it was Wilkinson on 56-20, Bagot on 56-30 and French on 57-05. At 50 Wilkinson led in 1-55-05, with Bagot on 1-55-47. French was closer on 1-55-53 and next came Phil Barlow (Kiveton Park CC) on 1-58-12.

"Alan Roberts (Crewe Clarion) was caught for 10 minutes by French but still produced his best ride on the course by three minutes with 5th place in 4-02-53, while his wife Christine was best woman in 4-22-33.

"Wilkinson missed Dave Lloyd's event record of 1982 by 3-14, but put up the second best time for the event...."

"The crowd in the massive HQ field was the best for many years and organiser Ben Griffiths and his team felt the exciting battle had made all their hard work worthwhile, with the event now regaining much of its former status."

1st	Andy Wilkinson (Port Sunlight Whlrs)	3-50-24
2nd	J French (Manchester Wh)	3-51-19
3rd	P Barlow (Kiveton Park CC)	3-58-11
4th	R Bagot (Birkenhead CC)	4-02-20
5th	A Roberts (Crewe Clarion Wh)	4-02-53
6th	A Hilton (Leigh Premier RC)	4-11-39
7th	D Hacking (Birkenhead NECC)	4-11-44
8th	D Voller (N Wirral Velo)	4-11-57
9th	M Turner (ABC Centreville)	4-15-38
10th	N Millington (Mid Shrops Wh)	4-17-25

1st Woman: Christine Roberts (Crewe Clarion) 4-22-33
Handicap: J French (6-00) 3-45-39; Team: ABC Centreville 13-16-08

* * * * *

LETTERS

From Rigby Band:

After a gap of a year we have again started clubruns for exiled Anfielders in the South West. Last evening Mike Hallgarth, John Thompson and I got together at the Fox at Old Down - equidistant from Wickwar, Horton and Chepstow - for a few pints and a natter.

After getting all the latest news of Anfielder-land we spent a couple of hours discoursing on the various topics which crop up on typical Anfield clubruns. In my old age I do not ride at night so I had to leave for home before lighting up time leaving them and John's good lady to carry on the party. We hope to meet again while the light evenings last to keep the Anfield flag flying in foreign parts.

Eric Bolton writes from Canada that he is in good shape:

....We gave up the car last year when I became 90 years of age... and a bicycle now is almost as expensive as a car used to be, and possibly too dangerous. But I usually walk a fair distance each day though the speed is not what it was.

NOTES

* At the 100 Finish Tea Tent, John Whelan reported himself in training - he is scorching round his Wirral circuits at up to 17mph. There were other faces of whom little is seen at clubruns: particularly welcome was Jim Cranshaw (who remembers the Anfield of the 1920s) and his daughter who had travelled out to meet us.

* Also at the 100: a trio of Old (Birkenhead) Instonians: Joe Dodd, still searching for a spanner to sort out his wayward transport (he said nothing changes), was amongst those who put in sterling service at Tern Hill. Phil Whitehead looked in, and the Editor completed the triplet. The Anfield BC connection with

the school goes back to our earliest days. W M Robinson ("Wayfarer"), ours for life from 1916, whose memorial stands at the head of the Nant Rhyd Wilym in the Berwyns, was, with Johnny Band, in the first batch of pupils through the school in 1886.

* Jonathan Sharp (Len Hill's grandson and a chip off the old block), reports that in the summer holidays he and Graham Thompson rode all the high passes in the French Alps, including a ride to Arc 2000, Col d'Izeran, Col de la Galibier, Col de Lauteret (from both sides), Col d'Izard, Col de Vars, Col de Cayolle, Col de Champs, Le Mont-Ventoux (on which Tom Simpson died). They also climbed, in company with Sharp senior, the Col de la Bonnette. Jonathan adds a laconic but somewhat alarming comment that on this pass Geoff "had a close encounter with the backside of a car and wrote off his new frame (my old frame)". But what about Geoff? Not a word!

* * * * *

100 YEARS AGO - An extract from the Anfield Bicycle Club Annual Report for the year ending 31 December 1892:

"The performance of our Members undeniably proves that we can hold our own, on the road, with any Club in the world... Long distance road riding has, as usual, been the feature of the year, and your Club closed its season of 1892 in possession of the Northern Road Records for 50 miles, 100 miles, 12 hours, and 24 hours on ordinary bicycle, safety bicycle, and tricycle, thus proving, once again, its absolute superiority over any other local cycling organisation...

"Quiet and secluded courses have been selected for all the shorter races, and your Committee reports with pleasure that not a single misadventure to the Public has been reported."

* * * * *

RACING WEEKEND 1969

In the 60s a group of us would get together to enter events away from Merseyside, then by pooling our cars and loading the bikes wherever possible off we would set.

Whitsun weekend 1969 was to be such a weekend. We entered the Kettering 25 near Northampton on the Saturday, then intended to drive to Cambridge and stay overnight at the Crest Wheelers clubhouse. Then some would ride the Crest event on the Sunday, after which we would drive to Shrewsbury ready for the Anfield 100 on Whit Monday.

The trip required three cars: Bill Morgan of B.N.E. provided his Hunter, John Whelan his Herald, and I took my Mini. As I recall the participants were Bill Morgan, John Whelan, Dave Jones, Dave Bassett, Keith Orum, Dave Bettaney, Bill Page and John Moss. Bill Morgan now lives close to me in South Africa and still has a photograph of us "forming a circle" to pin on our numbers before the start of the Saturday event. I well remember Keith going into a near panic when he informed us he'd forgotten to put the sprocket on his track wheel. We quickly helped him by telling him to turn the !?*\$ wheel round so that the sprocket he had put on was on the same side as the chain, it works better!

The Saturday event went well. The most pleasing part being Keith doing an 08 on the narrow lanes, when he expected a drag strip, and complaining all night over his beer. Whelan and Bettaney both got inside the hour, and I managed an 04. After the event we had the drive to Cambridge.

Dave Bassett's dad had provided us with a box each of apples, oranges and bananas, which we had piled on the back ledges of the cars. We tried to relieve the boredom by eating bananas and then throwing the skins through the air in an effort to get them to drop into Whelan's car via the sunshine roof. Quite tricky really but after a number of unsuccessful attempts we became adept. John however didn't seem to think it as good fun as did we.

We arrived at the clubhouse in the evening as I remember it had rained there and we had great difficulty getting the cars up the steep dirt track leading to it. After all our efforts we quickly made for the pub.

The next morning Whelan again rode well, finishing second in 59.01 and winning a radio for his efforts. Bettaney came sixth in 1.0.31, and Page did a personal best in 1.6.59. Dave Jones had to make an emergency leap over the hedge due to the excesses of the previous night but still finished with 1.13.44, a true Anfielder! That was the end of their racing for the weekend - but the rest of us intended riding the 100 the following day, little did we know what awaited us.

We drove to Shrewsbury and stayed at the normal B+B, the name of which escapes me. We woke to howling wind and on looking out of the window saw the wind was accompanied by driving rain. It couldn't last could it?

I still remember sitting in the car with Keith and Bill the rain pounding on the roof and the wind rocking the car. Dave Bassett was first away, clad in anorak and as much warm clothing as possible. 5min later Keith heaved away from the start wrapped up in a nice padded jacket. By this time the car had steamed up so I was unable to see the horror awaiting, but I could hear it.

5 min after Keith my turn came. The first 20 miles were wet but the wind was behind. At the turn I was about two or three minutes up on Keith, but now the wind and cold hit me and I began to pay the price for starting to quickly. Bill lent me his jacket the arms of which billowed out with the wind like a sail to slow me. I started to shake and weave across the road. In my mind I could see Keith in that nice warm padded jacket peddling away happily. At 35 miles I fell off and Bill put me in the back of the car. By 4pm I was still shaking from the cold. Keith had taken back the 2-3 mins and another 4-5 in 8 miles but packed at 65.

Dave Bassett did a great ride in the conditions finishing his first 100 ever in 5.06.51 and was one of only 18 who finished out of the 94 who entered. For the record 56 started and 23 made it to 50 miles, 5 more dropping out before the finish. Dave Stalker won in 4.21.20, second was 4.41.48. The worst 100 conditions I have seen.

John Moss

CLUBRUNS

On 2 May a strong wind from the north west, helped those from the

Wirral and Chester to Tattenhall, but proved a hindrance for others and for the homeward journey. There were even worse conditions on 9 May for the 2nd Club 7, with heavy rain and roads awash. Marshalling at Saughton was wet, though over lunch riders were able to dry out round the fire at the Golden Lion, Holt. But the clouds failed to lift and a thoroughly rain drenched return journey awaited.

In contrast for our next run to Tattenhall, 13 June, a perfect summer's day enabled mudguards to be left behind for once. Avoiding busy main roads is easy in Cheshire because the lanes network is so good, and delightful relatively traffic free cycling is possible - for the Editor via Little Budworth and Utkinton for the outward ride and homeward via Bunbury.

The summery weather held for Marbury, 20 June. The Editor's route from East Cheshire via Nantwich took in previously unexplored lanes, and led to Aston ford which must be amongst the biggest in the county, - though as Tecwyn observed this conclusion was reached after more than one pint of the Swan's excellent beer.

Harold Catling presided at Tattenhall, 11 July, while the Captain's party reced the Lake District for Tints accommodation. A pm "10" further reduced numbers - and so a select party of 9 sat down to lunch - amongst whom could be found John Farrington on a borrowed and mechanically questionable Muddy Fox mountain bike. Those awheel got a soaking on the return run - more rain.

Only two write-ups from Members for this issue (thank you Ben and Tony), though runs as reported above have been well supported, with good food, good beer and good conversation:

White Swan, Marbury

20 June 1992

Wanting to do a good ride in the 25 on Sunday morning, I decided not to go on the clubrun as it would mean a sixty odd mile ride with the lads - and I'm not very fit. But as it was such a nice day (warm - sunny - very slight wind) I went out to the Eureka as usual. Only Jon Sharp and Adam Van Winsum turned up and I ended up doing the run after all. We went out through Tattenhall over Harthill past Cholmondeley Castle then down the lanes to Marbury. I didn't get a list of who was there, but I wouldn't be writing this if David Birchall had stayed at home.

I did spot Ernie Davies, Tecwyn Williams, Mike and Stuart Twigg. And a good bunch for the return run: we three from the run out plus John Futter, Craig Clewley, Tony Pickles, Bill Graham, Lee Nichols, and Geraint Catherall. We went through Malpas, Tilston, and Farndon. Jon, Adam and Geraint got away on the climb to Holt, so the rest of us went a different way up Horseley Bank. Tony wanted to go through Gresford, but Bill wanted to show us his favourite breakfast cafe so we went down to Marford then left along the lane parallel to the new Gresford bypass. His cafe is a mobile one that parks in a layby, and you can get to it from the lane. We then went up through Lley and Hope where we split up and made our way home after a very good day out.

But I should have just gone to the Eureka as in the 25 I did 1.06.48. Mark Thomas was off no.3, myself no.53, and Chris Pudduck no.74. I didn't see the others but after 9 minutes riding I crossed with Mark looking very good. He had about 6 minutes to the finish so I worked out he would do a 1.05. I didn't see Chris

but as soon as I finished John Futter told me he was going very fast. A few minutes later Ernie came over to say it was a short 1.00 - so I went out to find him. It seems he went off course twice and still did 1.00.16 in only his second 25 to take 1st handicap with Mark taking 3rd - and on a bad day with Allan Roberts only doing a 57. So watch out Whitmarsh; when Chris gets a good day club records are in danger.

Ben Griffiths

Club 7 and White Horse, Churton

22 August

We began with four riders from Sychdyn descending to the Cheshire plain, picking up John Futter and Ben on the way. Then through the lanes over Bretton mountain to Wrexham Island and down the Chester bypass to Christleton and the "7" start. The main topic of conversation about from the usual banter, was the wind: its direction? was it turning? waxing or waning? The eventual decision was that the first leg of the "7" was into a strengthening wind, then side, then a tail to the finish.

Under timekeeper Ernie's eagle eye, John Futter pushed off the first of 11 riders. The wind predictions were correct: a very hard start, then a side wind which seemed to be against, an awful climb up Saughton mountain and no energy left for the tail wind finish. Funny how the fast men did not seem to find the wind a problem - with 5 of them under 17 minutes. However the main competition was at the rear of the field - between Tony Pickles, Bill Graham and Colin Werner (our racing postman). Colin took the honours leaving Bill and Tony in his wake.

For lunch we retired to the White Horse, Churton, just missing the rain. We held a race postmortem, and questioned John Thompson about his new bike (yet another!). Then amidst threats of what was to be done in the Hilly 14 we departed our various ways.

Tony Pickles

* * * * *

NAILED ..

A mile from home one June evening at the end of a 10 mile "training" spin, a loud report from the Cannondale's knobbly back tyre, so powerful it seemed to lift the wheel, led to a virtually instant deflation. Inspection revealed no apparent damage to the tyre, save for a ruffled strand or two on the inner side of the casing. Examination of the tube however showed a tiny oval hole on the centre line of the welt and, on the side nearest the rim, two small parallel slits - mirrored in the rim tape. Delving deeper, under the rim tape I was somewhat surprised to find a small round fracture on the rim's inner alloy skin. Convinced the innertube had failed and 90psi of compressed air escaping through a 1mm hole had blown the rim rather than the tyre apart, I rolled up the tube with a view to getting it replaced as defective. However in squeezing the last drop of air out of the tube it became clear there was something inside: with a further squeeze and a push, out popped a rusty and bent 3 inch nail. Well I never!

DDB

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: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL,
Cheshire, CH3 9QY. 0829 71033

December 1992

No 863

CLUBRUNS

January	2	Nag's Head	Farndon	*Prize - Presentation*
	9	Britannia Inn	Halkyn	
	16	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston	
	23	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	30	Miner's Arms	Maeshafn	
February	6	The Bull	Shocklach	
	13	Cross Keys	Llanfynydd	
	20	Fox and Hounds	Eyton	
	27	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
March	6	Durham Heifer	Brown Knoll	
		CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND		
	13	Fox and Hounds	Tilston	"14" Broxton
	20	Crewe Arms	Spurstow (Bunbury)	
	27	Hanmer Arms	Hanmer	
April	3	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	10	Forest View	Oakmere	
	17	White Horse	Churton	"7" Huntington
	24	Dysart Arms	Bunbury	

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

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WA16 9BA (Tel 05656 51593)

* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 27 FEBRUARY 1993*

TREASURER'S REPORT

Subscriptions for 1993 are trickling in slowly. Standing Order forms are still available if you would prefer to pay and forget rather than forget to pay. The first reminder stickers are enclosed with this Circular to help those whose subs are not yet paid.

Tony Pickles - Hon Treasurer

NEW MEMBERS

Full: George Elkington, Flat 1, 35 Deodar Road, Putney,
LONDON, SW152NP (tel: 081 785 2932)

Alan Orme, 1 Highland Way, KNUTSFORD, WA16
(tel: 0565 634629)

Alex Pudduck, "Greenlawns", Croft Drive East, Caldy,
WIRRAL, L481LX

Junior:

Antony Blundell, 38 Derwent Drive, Pensby, WIRRAL, L615XW
James Fischer, 10 The Leightons, Neston, SOUTH WIRRAL

Cadet: Ben Mountain, 20 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, CH7 6BJ

NEW ADDRESS:

Bert Lloyd, 11 Romney Wynd, Clifton Park, RAMSAY, Isle of Man
(tel: 0624 814769)

CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND: 6-7 March 1993

After the Tints Weekend to Ambleside, the Committee has proposed that the Captain's training weekend should return to more traditional Anfield ground. Bala seems popular, and the Cobden's Hotel Capel Curig has been mentioned. However the Captain's preference is to try further south - perhaps the Wynstay at Llanrhaidr-ym-Mochnant - in the lea of the Berwyns, west of Oswestry. A lot depends on how many wish to attend. The sooner I know WHO, I can book WHERE.... remember its never to early to let me know you're going. Keith Orum has already told me he will definitely be there no matter where it is. I think he just wants his annual chip feast.

Tony Pickles

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - TATTENHALL RECREATION CLUB

3 October 1992

Present: H Catling (in the Chair), J Williamson, T Williams, T Pickles, H Moore, E Davies, S Twigg, M Twigg, D Birchall, B Griffiths, W Graham, C Werner, M Kimpton, P Ashley, B Bird and G Williams. Apologies were received from J Futter, A Gummerson, and P Mason.

The minutes of the last AGM were read and confirmed as a true record. As a matter arising, Ernie Davies told us that his investigation of printout watches showed that they were impractical for our needs, and expensive too. A check on our existing watches and the purchase of replacements was agreed.

The Hon Secretary reported that his job had not proved too arduous, though his skills in diplomacy had been invoked on at least one occasion. He then proceeded to explain why, though if you were not present and want to know too, you will have to request a sight of the formal minute.

The Hon Treasurer reported that the books had not yet been returned by the (Midland Bank) auditor, though the Club was in a sound position. The use of reminder stickers had encouraged members to pay up, and the use of Bankers Orders had also met with some success. The "100" had made a loss, though valuable help from the tea tent had helped reduce this slightly. Discussion then ranged about the possible entry fee and prize money for 1994. The cost of producing the Circular had been kept to a low level thanks to the Editor's word-processor. The Club's third-party insurance premium was the major drain on funds, and an attempt was being made to find alternative cover at less than the existing. Funds were also locked up in a stock of "Anfield" racing vests and tops.

Election of officers: the current serving members were thanked - then proposed for re-election en bloc, and duly elected, with Mike Twigg agreeing to be the Club's RRA representative.

The turnout for the meeting was predominantly the older members, the youngest and fittest having been allowed to depart once lunch was over. The hope was expressed that they will be encouraged to take an active part in the future. It was also pointed out that the Agenda should have been issued 2 weeks before the meeting - and for 1993 we will aim to issue it with the September Circular.

Brian Bird - Hon Secretary

* * * * *

RACING ROUND-UP

This year John Thompson returned to short distance races. No club records to show for it, but he "did not chase fast courses as much as the old days". His best trike times were:

24.59 "10"; 1.02.03 "25"; 2.08.53 "50".

He reports that the highpoint was winning the Abergavenny RC long-markers "25" with 56.31. "The wind was light but it was quite chilly and I think I can improve on this. First time under in 30 years of racing!" He adds: "I'm a convert to using the pulsemeter, keeping my pulse in the range 165 - 170. It takes all the pressure off, just relax and get on with it."

WCTTCA "30", 6 September

J Sharp: 1.12.18 (2nd fastest); G Thompson: 1.15.52; M Thomas 1.20.15

Team: Anfield BC: 3.48.25

* * * * *

ANFIELD OPEN "25"

27 September 1992

My first attempt at being an Event Secretary was to be the "25". Weeks of terror as to what could go wrong were about to come to a finale!

Bright and early, I left for the Broxton Picnic area. From Broughton onwards I was driving through thick fog, thinking this was it and I would have to cancel the event before it even started. But the sun rose and the fog began to lift. With starting stewards all present and correct, I began my duties as Course Marshall. I need not have worried - all points were marshalled and I even picked up donations to the tea tent on the way round!

Back at the Results Board, things were getting more crowded and I decided to act as runner for the times from the finish some mile away. Off at No.10, Bradley (VC Halton) had held top position on the leader board for most of the morning. Unfortunately for him, and a credit to Ben Griffith's handicapping, he was pipped at the post by 80, 90, 100 and 101.

I was surprised to have had an entry from Plymouth Corinthians rider Lyons, but learned he was in the area to pick up a frame from Cougar Cycles and so he decided to enter our event before travelling home.

With most of our senior racing men having marshalling duties it was left to the four youngsters to uphold Anfield honour. Alex Pudduck was rider No.1 or the "rabbit" in his first event. But for a slight error in the fog, resulting in an extra lap of Wrexham Road roundabout, I'm sure he would have led the field home. A tremendous first effort.

Jonathan Sharp was next and rattled round with his normal speedy performance in 1.00.53. To our astonishment, Alex's younger brother Chris arrived at the finish with a 1.00.23. What does he have for breakfast?

But Graham Thompson pipped them all with a 1.00.05. Graham was convinced he had done a bad ride and that the others would have beaten him. The look of joy when I told him he'd beaten the others was a pleasure to see, only to be replaced by one of despair when he learned that he had been only 6 seconds from being under the hour for the first time. Mike Hallgarth was the fifth Anfielder to start, but he failed to finish: I do apologise Mike but I don't know why?

All credit to Paul Jennings (VC St Raphael) with his 52.31 - a commendable ride on such a morning. Having witnessed the state of this rider when he finished I can understand why I do not manage such times. I just don't try hard enough!

Many thanks to all who marshalled, and also thanks to the many wives who baked and donated their cakes for the tea tent. Well done all.

Tony Pickles

Anfield "25" Results:

Winner: P Jennings	VC St Raphael	52.31
2nd C.K.Sanders	Port Sunlight Whlrs	54.18
3rd A.J.Lyons	Plymouth Corinthians	55.27
Anfielders:		
G.P.Thompson (fastest junior + 2nd h'cp)		1.00.05
C.E.Pudduck		1.00.21
J.N.Sharp		1.00.53
A.Pudduck		1.09.25
M. Hallgarth		DNF

NOTES

* We are pleased to hear from Bert Lloyd with his new address. He tells us that he left hospital recently having had one of his eyes de-coked! We wish him well. Our most senior members will recall that Bert, when on constabulary point duty at Chester Cross more years ago than I am sure he will wish us to say, could be relied on to see cyclists, especially Anfielders, safely on their way.

* We are sorry that another senior member, Peter Rock, is under the weather, and in Clatterbridge Hospital. Our best wishes are with him and his wife Lily.

* Early last summer, Messrs Bettaney and Whitmarsh were among 34 to start a serious randonneur which took in the Alp d'Heuz. In what Dave described as appalling conditions - very cold and wet only 17 finished - but our two Anfielders were amongst the few.

* A sequel to Geof Sharp's Alpine frame bending experience: we have learned that the incident occurred some 17 miles from base, and rescue was impossible. So to make the machine rideable, a mountain biker's ploy was used: a borrowed hammer enabled the top and down tubes to be knocked flat - sufficient for front wheel clearance. On returning home new tubes were fitted, and following a respray the frame is in use again.

* John Moss has let it be known that he intends to be in the UK to ride the "100" in 1993. And that hasn't half put Keith Orum on his mettle. John Thompson and Colin Werner are also reported to be setting their sights on long distance events in 1993: the Mersey Roads "24" is a possibility for John, who, as we all know, is a formidable contender when serious. Although we would advise Colin not to hurry into entering a "24": may be we have the makings of a successful "100" team for 1993?

* Dave Bassett, mudplugging his carbon fibre MTB around a Clwydian hillside trial recently, found David Barker, our seldom seen member for Sale, doing likewise on his trusty road-bike. He's as tough as old boots said the MTB man.

* Stuart Twigg, manning the final turn in the Anfield Open "25", was on crutches - following a knee injury sustained in a bad fall from a boat earlier in the year. Although he is able to ride, standing for any length of time was posing a problem (hence the help). Thus is he forced to sit down to his beer.

* Geraint Catherall (whose Clubrun report is elsewhere in this issue) has taken a place at Manchester studying dental technology - and we wish him success.

* Rob Wilson, one of our excellent young riders, cycled to Vienna and back during the summer holidays, camping throughout and living frugally. He promises a report for a future issue.

* Our Open "25" tea-stall (for finishers and helpers) was set out in the open on a picnic table at the Broxton finish. Business was brisk, particularly amongst a passing coach party of hikers, around which the word spread like wildfire. Their "donations" augmented funds considerably. The coach driver was much impressed by the Anfield's high quality service, and inquired if we were there every weekend.

THE PILGRIM ROUTE TO SANTIAGO COMPOSTELLA

Santiago Del Compostella in Northern Spain is the resting place for the remains of St James, and has been a place of pilgrimage for hundreds of years, counting with Rome and Jerusalem for Catholics. At the beginning of the year I decided to journey on this pilgrimage riding my tricycle, and your Editor has asked me to write of my journey and experiences. So I had better start by saying that I have never ridden so far in so much rain! But on the benefit side, I did not have a single puncture despite the in some places very rough roads.

Starting from Wrexham I rode down to Poole, every day beautiful sunshine, Mothercare hat and sunglasses all the way until I was sitting on the harbour wall drinking a pint at 10 o'clock on a Friday night along with dozens of other people waiting for the night boat to Cherbourg. First on board, tied up the tricycle and into the cafeteria for my dinner.

Sadly the crossing was a little rough and I did not sleep very well. Then I found myself disembarking at 4.45am in the dark and pouring rain! Riding across the quayside with large TIR wagons coming up behind, I did not see the railway tracks - and over I went, being very nearly run over by a 40 tonne Volvo artic whose driver sounded his horns at me to get out of the way. I am not at my best in the wee small hours!

After sorting myself and machine out I rode to the station, unloaded all my gear - 4 bags - and put the trike on the morning poste train for Le Puy in the Massif-Central, while I caught the express to Paris, sleeping most of the journey. Four hours later in Paris minus trike I struggled with bags to the metro station. Down four flights of steps - and it was closed; so back up and ask about bus times (my French is very little but I can manage). Well, I have never seen anything like the traffic in Paris and the roads seemed to be all under repair. Forty mins later I was at the Gare de Sud, and looking at the electronic timetable saw that I had only seven minutes to catch the train to Le Puy. So picking up my bags off I ran again...

Settling into a very comfortable seat I watched the somewhat rainswept countryside flying past as the train went faster and faster, until the repeater speedo showed 160kph. It was the smoothest of rides and as it banked on the bends I was reminded of the BR units in the York Railway Museum, left there whilst the engineers went back to the drawing board. But my reverie came to an abrupt end with a voice saying "tickets please". I showed the conductor my piece of paper obtained in advance from BR International. "Ah Monsieur" he said, this ticket is for an expresso train, and you are travelling on the "Rapide" (TVG), so you owe me 60 Francs. Of course I had to pay the excess which came as a bit of a shock. I had not read the timetable correctly. So on we sped across France - and I thought of my tricycle somewhere behind, but how far behind I wondered, was it on this train or would it be on the Postale - perhaps tomorrow or the next day?

Gathering my bags I alighted at a junction for a much slower train to Le Puy. I arrived in the late afternoon in absolute pouring rain. Straight to the Tourist Office for a street map, and into a bar for a cafe au lait and cognac just to wash the dust down. Then up long cobbled streets to the top of the town,

and the YH, a very old former convent overlooking the river. Le Puy is a very old town built on a hillside. Its roads are almost all cobblestoned and this makes for hard walking in cycling shoes, particularly in the wet.

Each day I walked to the station, and asked for my tricycle, but with a very expressive shrug, the station master did not know. At last after three days, it arrived, and I pushed it to the YH, finding the cobbled streets impossible to ride. Then I waited for the rain to cease, but it did not, and on the fourth day, after paying my dues (30F per night), I set off on the longest ride I have ever attempted. (To be continued...)

Arthur James

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

Eyton, Fox and Hounds

30 August 1992

The forecast promised warm sunny weather with just the slightest risk of a shower: so a day to be lightly clad and on the Walvale - without mudguards. From Bunbury lanes drowsing in sunshine led along the south side of Peckforton Hill to Bickerton.

Westward from Bickerton church, a little lane climbs through woodland then drops to the Broxton - Whitchurch Road. At the highest point can be seen the plain through which the Dee journeys northward to its estuary. Southward the distant horizon is the countryside of the Severn; Welshpool and the Kerry Hills and the lumpy outline of the Breiddens. But over this green and most pleasing of landscapes, to my dismay, were a brace of towering cumulous clouds spilling drifts of rain on the land under their path. More to the point, they were rolling my way.

The route led through Tilston, Shocklach, Worthenbury and Bangor-on-Dee, with Eyton, 3 miles westward, reached just as the heavens opened. In total 17 were present - our Wirral and Welsh members looking too fit and lean for comfort. They timed their departure well - heading towards Wrexham during a brief lull in the storm, which then returned with new fury. Beating a retreat back indoors, a leisurely half of mild was in order. Mike Twigg kindly loaned a waterproof jacket, but it was not needed. The storm moved on ahead and the sun shone again on roads still wash. A delightful potter ensued in the wake of the rain.

DDB

Hilly 14 Broxton - Tilston, Fox and Hounds -

5 September 1992

Aldford Bridge seemed quite a long way from Farndon that morning. There was no headwind to worry about and the weather could not have been kinder. It was just a small matter of mechanical doubt; not the trusty old Raleigh which, although neglected for several months, still functioned as usual albeit rather squeaky. No, it was the trepidation of the unknown or even worse the untried mechanical contraption which some kind surgeon had implanted in my hip some three months previously. It performed very well and certainly less squeaky than my bike.

I can genuinely recommend this modification to the human frame to anyone who is as I was a fellow sufferer and, even better,

cycling seems to be more enjoyable once back in the saddle. Anyway that's enough about me.

After the last of the three hill-climbing big-hitters cleared the bend over Aldford bridge, it was time to mount-up again and head for the venue but not quite at the same pace as the others. Dikkie came along too and suddenly at Churton there were three with David Birchall on his ATB.

A gentle potter down Pump Lane took us to Coddington and beyond to Barton with Dave setting the pace on his black Cannondale at 19-20mph - its so much easier with two legs! Across the main road at Barton without even flinching and then on to Stretton. Dikkie uncharacteristically being mother hen enquiring about my well-being every half mile or so: bless his little heart.

The pub doors had been open for some time when we arrived and so we poured in to find seated and refreshed Mike and Stuart Twigg, Ben, John Futter, Arthur James and Herbie Moore all of whom I was led to believe cycled to the rendezvous.

Tony and Geraint had we were reliably informed just left for the hills of Sychdyn. The result of the event reflected the gallant trio's efforts with Geraint achieving a time of 37.33 and earning the red-spotted jersey, Ben second with 37.47, and Tony third with 40.47. I'm not sure where the rest of the racers were but I am confident all of us in the pub that afternoon had valid if not cast-iron reasons for not participating.

A pleasant hour or so was enjoyed listening to Arthur and Herbie's past exploits (cycling) and then it ws time to go. We all separated at the cross-roads and I took the route home to Farndon via Shocklach well satisfied with the day in more ways than one.

Tecwyn Williams

Graianrhyd, Rose and Crown

- 12 September 1992

As usual I went to the Eureka for the 11.00am start. Just as I thought I would be going out alone, Graham Thompson, Chris and Alex Pudduck arrived. We left at 11 prompt, but Adam Van Winsum with (new member) James Fischer quickly caught us. We went through Saughall, over the foot bridge at Saltney Ferry, through Bretton to Kinnerton, left up Sandy Lane, left again at Shordley to Llay. Then through to the Ffrwd (39 Steps to you). On the climb I was very soon dropped as the lads raced away, but they waited at the top. We went right to Bwlchgwyn, then right at "The Moores" (was Four Crosses), through Rhydtalog to Graianrhyd.

We had a fair turn out of eighteen members. In addition to the six from the Eureka, others present were Colin Werner, Tony Pickles, Graham Williams, Stuart Twigg, Brian Bird, Dave Bassett, Bill Graham, Craig Clewley, and John Futter.

Racing was the main topic of conversation with John Thompson and Jon Sharp the main men - John T having won the Abergavenny "25" with a time of 56.31 (no not on his trike - he can ride a bike as well!). Jon S was 2nd in the WCTTCA "30" with 1.12.18. The winner did 1.12.00. Jon was also fastest Junior and led the Anfield to our first team win of the season. Graham Thompson was 6th with 1.15.52 and Mark Thomas made up the team with 1.20.15.

Jon Sharp had also finished 9th in the Ribble Valley "10" with 22.58. So September's racing had got off to a good start. (But it wasn't all racing: I overheard plans for the Tints being discussed - and the hills seemed very steep to me. I do know lots of arrows on the map mean hills).

All the talk of racing made the run home very fast indeed with John Futter showing some real end of season speed. It's a pity we can't get him to race!

Ben

PS On the following morning, Bill Graham and Graham Thompson did 1.00.38 in the Birkenhead Victoria CC Grand-Prix-des-Gentlemen, and finished 4th on standard.

Marbury, The Swan

- 19 September 1992

As Tony was going to be introducing a new youngster to the club, and was intending to ride from Tattenhall with Brian Bird and Tecwyn Williams I decided to choose my own route to Marbury. I set out heading towards Wrexham. Then at the big roundabout I went right and down the dual carriageway then onto the Ruabon bypass for a short while, taking the exit for Eyton and Bangor-on-Dee, then through Worthenbury to Malpas. I soon decided I should head towards Nantwich from Malpas. Through No Man's Heath. Then I began to see direction signs for Marbury and soon arrived at the Swan.

A few minutes later Tony, Tecwyn, Brian Bird and Ben Mountain (new young member) arrived, then Stuart and Mike Twigg (by car), David Birchall, and last Ben Griffiths and Jayson who had both ridden from the Eureka.

For the return route we had Tony, both Bens (senior and junior), Jayson and me. We went through the lanes and alongside the canal back to Tattenhall where those for tea and cake at the Eureka carried on. Then up the hill to Hawarden, where we left Ben Griffiths, and on for Sychdyn. By the time I arrived home I had done 77.25 miles.

Geraint Catherall

Ashton, Golden Lion

- 26 September 1992

Two from Knutsford for the photo run: new recruit Alan Orme provided the Editor with a half-wheel to Ashton. Davenham, Whitegate, Utkinton and Kelsall were on the route before lunch.

Twenty posed for the cameras, and then we went our various ways: Alan and I via Great Budworth and Arley; Ben Griffiths to Byley for an afternoon time-trial, while the lads, with Dave Bassett leading, headed westward.

DDB

Tattenhall, Sportsman's Arms

- 3 October 1992

Steady rain both ways resulted in some suffering by the end of the day. As blood sugar fell in the adverse conditions, so legs went to jelly - and the "average speed" setting on the handlebar computer just rubbed it in.

DDB

Blue skies and a chilly start to the morning with frost in the deepest shadows before the sun gathered strength. From Bunbury the route led through Malpas to the Wyches and Whitewell - sequestered country now but an important salt producing area in the Middle Ages. Then to our rendez-vous in Hanmer: and a good turnout with Dikkie Bird and daughter Charlotte, Tecwyn Williams, friend Tony Ryan, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Alan Orme and David Birchall in the front room, and Captain Pickle's party in the back: including Chris Pudduck, Graham Thompson, Geraint Catherall Ben Griffiths and Jayson Hughes.

On the return Alan Orme was initiated to the hectic though enjoyable experience of riding in the peleton - moving at a steady 23 - 25mph through Worthenbury as far as Shocklach. Here our routes diverged - the fast pack making for Chester. A loose crank forced a stop at Tilston, while Tony Pickles and Jayson kept company with the Knutsfordians as far as Bickerton.

DDB

Tilston, Fox and Hounds

31 October 1992

A ride of some 65 miles return. But the Fox and Hounds was having an off day - the choice of food was limited, and the service distinctly half hearted. In contrast, the company could not be bettered, with the arrangements for the Tints to be finalised.

DDB

Ambleside, Autumn Tints Weekend

6 - 8 November 1992

The Lake District in early November is relatively quiet and not too crowded. For our Autumn Tints weekend the colours were at their very best and the weather was as perfect as could be wished for - mild and calm (if somewhat damp) on Friday. During Saturday the cloud lifted and the day ended bright and sunny. For Sunday after an overnight frost, calm overcast conditions returned: Grasmere and Rydal Water perfectly mirrored the surrounding autumnal woods and fells at the start of the day's ride.

We journeyed to Ambleside in ones and twos by car on Friday and Saturday (though young Ian Billington set the best example by riding there). A party of nine could be found assembling their bicycles in the yard behind the Churchill Hotel late on Friday morning. We set off in fine drizzle, via Clappersgate for the track through woodland on the west side of Windermere and lunch at the Tower Bank Arms, Near Sawrey. This ride and the inn (with its inglenook, stone flagged floor, roaring fire and good beer and food) established high expectations for the weekend.

After lunch the mountain bikers (Rob Wilson and Davids Bassett and Birchall), accompanied by the junior roadmen (Chris Pudduck, Jonathan Sharp and Graham Thompson) squelched into the forests above Esthwaite Water in pursuit of muddy tracks. The senior roadmen (Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham and Tony Pickles) wisely settled for the road to Hawkshead and the lane down the east side of Coniston Water for a return ride via Oxen Park and the Grizedale Forest. But all did not go to plan: on the climb up to Oxen Park, Ben snapped the stem on his Cougar and that ended his

ride. He spent the next three hours (between closing and opening time, poor Ben) sheltering in a telephone box until rescued by Messrs Birchall and Pickles. The junior roadies aborted the mountain route after Graham's machine pinch-punctured half a mile out from lunch. This formidable trio retraced to Ambleside then climbed the Kirkstone Pass and back via Troutbeck (good training for Jonathan's ride in the National Hillclimb on the morrow).

While Ben sheltered and the young trio trained, the mountain men were attacking deep water splashes, sweating up steep climbs, and flying down precipitous and boulder strewn descents towards Hawkshead. After that they nosed their way through heady scenery on deserted drove tracks - via Tarn Hows, to Little Langdale and Elterwater, finishing the day with an exhilarating descent from Loughrigg Terrace above Grasmere.

The lesson from Friday's riding was that the capabilities of the mountain bikes were so very different to those of the road bikes that there should be separate routes to the Saturday's lunch venue - the Newlands Inn at Seathwaite in the Duddon Valley. The roadmen (with Peter Colligan joining the group for the day) made for Coniston and the Dunnerdale Fells. Captain Pickles reported tough climbing and fearsome descents in the lanes beyond Torver, including the worst "double arrow" hill possible between Broughton Mills and Hall Dunnerdale.

Meanwhile the mountain bikers (led by Rod Anderson - now living in Kendal - and to whom we owe thanks for sharing his local knowledge), set off over Loughrigg Fell for Little Langdale. We followed traffic free drove-tracks to the foot of the Wrynose Pass which we climbed without walking - 900ft in 1 mile (a gradient of 1:4 to 1:6): on "granny" gears (ie circa 20 - 25 inches) from Fell Foot to the Three Shire Stone.

After lunch, for a mile or so, road and mountain men joined forces. Bill Graham's head had earlier been likened by the Captain to that of an owl - turning one way then the other admiring the views. He was again overawed by the scenery. Tony's comment was that as they twisted along the floor of the valley to Wrynose they saw the road climbing against the skyline - resulting in a nice walk followed by a gut wrenching descent, skidding tyres, locked brakes and a few prayers to Langdale.

While the roadmen were thus busy, the mountain men were occupied with the Walna Scar "road" over a shoulder of Coniston Old Man. The 1600 ft climb to the col was savage, very wet and littered with large slippery boulders. For most of the climb the bikes were shouldered. But it was worth it. As we crested the summit, the cloud lifted and we were in sunshine. Then followed the most exciting descent, steeper than 1:1 in places, on a track like the bed of a fast flowing river. By Coniston, riders and machines had all involuntarily parted company at some stage - and complete sets of new brake-blocks were needed by the end of the ride.

Then more: in the fading light of late afternoon we climbed the wooded valley to High Tilberthwaite then dropped to Elterwater so to retrace Friday's route back to base. By the day's end the mountain bikes had climbed some 5000ft in 31 miles.

It should also be recorded that the Anfield Ale Team (officially observed by Mike and Stuart Twigg) convened for a ride on Saturday. Dikkie Bird, Tecwyn Williams, and friend Tony Ryan were

in the party which took in a leisurely route to Grizedale, conserving strength for the evening's serious work. In this they were assisted by Jason Hughes, Lee Nicholls and Paul Ashley. The climax was an arm-wrestling contest with the local hard-man which Paul easily won. The word is that Paul continued to drink his beer with his spare hand before seeing off his opponent - who then decided he had a pressing appointment elsewhere immediately! The local was not to know that Paul is a serious weight trainer.

Sunday saw the road and mountain bikes in one group - though at the start the mountain men detoured to explore the caves high on Loughrigg Terrace leaving the roadmen to the tarmac round Grasmere. Then we travelled en peleton through Elterwater, and, in the wake of the mountain bikes, the roadmen sampled the old unsurfaced drove road north of Tarn Hows. Finally to the Drunken Duck Inn near Hawkshead for lunch.

A short ride to Ambleside followed; then into the cars for the return home. An excellent weekend's cycling: with some 20 participants; and 8000ft climbed (in 75 miles) for the mountain bikes, and over 110 miles travelled (and 4000+ft climbed) for the roadmen.

DDB

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SHADES OF AMBLESIDE

The following tale is from the late Frank Roskell's reminiscences of Anfield clubruns in the early years of the century.....

One winter's evening in 1910, a party of Anfielders, after a Clubrun to Knutsford, set off to weekend at Sandbach. Leading the way were two cars: "a 16 Darracq of 1906 vintage, with two bucket seats, very high up, oil lamps and no hood or windscreen", followed by a "little French two seater Aries". The Darracq was very noisy and "rarely fired in all four cylinders". Somewhere near Goostrey, a local yokel wobbled into the path of the car and completely disappeared under it, bike and all. The lad was hauled out unscathed - and sent on his way - "rejoicing with five bob in his pocket for more beer". The tale continued:

"But the front axle of the Darracq was slightly bent, and the party pulled in at the Drovers Arms where in correct Anfield spirit we left Hubert [Roskell] to investigate the damage and entered the bar. Here we found a lively lot of locals dominated by a huge blacksmith, very tight. He was boasting his strength and wagering drinks all round that he could lift any man on to his shoulder with one hand. We took him up and slipped outside to give Hubert the tip.

"Now in those days Hubert [who had achieved enormous girth very early in life] wore a colossal overcoat....It was the biggest garment I have ever seen and Hubert was, I think heavier than he is now. Anyhow, when he appeared in the doorway clad in that coat the smith looked aghast and shouted 'Bet's off, I said a man and not a bloody elephant!'

Frank Roskell."

(from the Anfield Monthly Circular, December 1939)

WITH BEST WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS
AND 1993