

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)*

President: Tony Pickles
 Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
 Captain: Martin Cartwright
 Hon Secretary: Bill Graham, 47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER,
 CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

March 1998

No.884

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

April	4	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee 1130hrs
	11	Goshawk	Mouldsworth	
	18	White Horse	Churton	
		Club "7" (11.30 Start Huntington)		
	25	The Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial	
May	2	The Yew Tree	Spurstow	
	9	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee 1130hrs
	16	White Horse	Churton	
		Club "7" (11.30 Start Huntington)		
	23	Kinmel Arms	Llandyrnog	
	25	99th ANFIELD 100 (HQ: Lower Prees Heath School)		
	30	Burlton Arms	Burlton	
June	6	Bridge Hotel	Bontuchel	
	13	The Bull	Shocklach	
		Club "10" (11.30 Start Rowley Hill, nr Farndon)		
	20	New Inn	Bryneglwys	
	27	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee 1130hrs
July	4	Hawk and Buckle	Llaneffydd	
	11	Forest View	Oakmere	
	18	White Horse	Churton	
		Club "7" (11.30 Start Huntington)		

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50

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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 6 JUNE 1998 *

NEW MEMBERS

Chris Vessey:

167 Jersey Road, Osterley, ISLEWORTH, Middlesex, TW7 4QJ
☎: 0181 570 3700

Rod Anderson:

17 Bramley Way, Kings Hill, WEST MALLING, Kent ME19 4BD
☎: 01732 849530

TREASURER'S NOTE

Subscriptions: We are now half way through the Club's accounting year. Some of you still have to forward your cheque for the 1998 year. There are still some members who have to remit for earlier years. *Please re-read the letter which I sent you back in October. If you cannot find it you know how to contact me!*

Open 100: Once again I appeal for donations for support for the 1998 event. Any surplus cash will go towards the 100th 100 to be held in 1999. Thanks to all of you who have already donated.

Mike Twigg

* * * * *

OBITUARY: MARK HASLAM

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Mark Haslam, who died peacefully on 26 August 1997, at the age of 95. Mark was an Anfielder for 76 years, from his election to Junior Active membership in June 1921.

Shortly before his death, Mark told me his association with the Anfield started when he was invited by W P Cook and Cook's son-in-law F D McCann to a musical evening at the Glan Aber during the 1921 Easter weekend. And it was Cook who encouraged Mark to start and form the Lancashire Road Club in 1923. Indeed, Cook made many trips to the LRC's meals and functions in the early years. Of course the Anfield Circular mischievously commented that Mark's new mixed Club might explain why we were seeing so little of his always welcome cheery face at our own Club fixtures.

Mark was very much an all-rounder in the best tradition of the sport. His racing inclinations were for distance events. Racing under the Anfield badge he won bronze standard in the Club "50" on 20 May 1922. Then in the 1922 Anfield "24" he completed 298 miles. In 1927, he achieved triple centuries, covering 329½ miles and 331½ in the Anfield and North Road "24s" respectively: good rides in those days. He was an approved timekeeper of the RTTC, the RRA and the NRR. He timed the LRC's 12 Hour event for over 60 years, assisted at our own 100, and officiated at many record attempts.

On his own admission, Mark took his cycling seriously. He counted himself very fortunate to know many of what he called "cycling's

grand notabilities". Amongst his friends were the record breaker Leon Meredith, G H Stancer of the CTC, Sidney Vanheems of the RRA, John Urry and son, and Sir Hubert Opperman. He also knew some of the most popular cycling-journalists of the inter-war years - Kuklos, Videlex, Petronella, and Wayfarer. In particular, the youthful Haslam struck up a correspondence and friendship with Wayfarer. On his advice in 1919 Mark exchanged his sit up and beg 25" Rudge Whitworth Roadster for a made to measure 22" Chater Lea lightweight (by Herbert Jackson of Hale, Cheshire). With "Bastide" wooden rimmed wheels and Constrictor tubulars it was a grand machine which gave years of pleasure. Wayfarer clearly set Mark on a path along which he never looked back! With such a background, it is not surprising that Mark became a seasoned cycle-tourist, leading CTC tours to France and Germany!

By profession Mark was a Chartered Accountant. He is remembered as a wonderfully knowledgeable fellow whose generosity and concern for the welfare of others knew no bounds. Above all he had the knack of bridging generations. He was held in great esteem by all who knew him. Our condolences are extended to his friends in the Lancashire Road Club, and to his family.

DDB

* * * * *

REFLECTIONS

* These days Clubrun write-ups are like blood from stone. So thanks are due to Ben for contributing more than his fair share for this issue. But reading them you may wonder about our future. Clubruns are the cornerstone of the ABC. So why is it that out of a membership approaching a hundred we see so few faces on Saturdays. What can we do to improve things? The Committee would like your views - via the Hon Sec's postbox will do nicely.

* With this issue we are pleased to welcome two new members into the ABC. Chris Vessey is the nephew of the late Jack Salt, who died in 1960. Older members recall Jack with great affection, not only for his warm character, but also for his outstanding achievements in the world of cycling. The other recruit is Rod Anderson - a familiar face. During January's offroad weekend, at a timely moment towards the end of dinner, just as pudding was being served, Rod was reminded of his earlier excellent contributions to the Circular - and he volunteered to write up the day's exploits.

* On the only bright weekend in January John Farrington could be found at the heart of a chatty group pedalling gently through the lanes of east Cheshire. John was south of the border with a party from the Veteran Cycles Club Scottish Section. On the Sunday, it was a visit to the Manchester Velodrome. Riding the track there is very demanding. John looked the part hurtling round at speeds ... well somewhat slower than Boardman. One of the party considered that the specifications governing what can be ridden on the track would be met by his Ordinary - fixed wheel, high pedal height Hoots from the velodrome's staff suggested they thought otherwise!

* Alan Orme took a heavy fall while out on a Sunday morning training spin recently. He ended up with stitches above his eye, a scraped nose and one lost front tooth. The next day re-visiting the scene for evidence that the road was dangerous (it was - no thanks to a slippery film of farm muck), there in the grit was ... his lost tooth, which he reclaimed as a memento. Shades of the infamous lost eye incident, I thought.

* Karl Nelson and Phil Looby were amongst those who went hungry at Lavister on 14 February - there was no catering at the Nag's Head. Karl, in Cheshire from Germany for the weekend, was taken aback at the mayhem of traffic in Chester. So for the return ride it was down to Phil to guide him round the city on the somewhat less fraught route over Saltney footbridge, back to the Eureka.

* The Anfield featured prominently in the December issue of CT&C, the CTC's magazine, with Orum, Bassett and Rob Wilson on the cover, and, inside, Simon Cogan and the young Birchall illustrating an article on Wayfarer. The photos are beautifully reproduced. But to those in the know, the young Birchall ages five years between the outward journey and the return!

* * * * *

MTB Weekend - Golden Lion, Settle 17-18 January 1998

As a guess, this must be my first contribution to the Circular since 1983, and what an excellent day's ride to report! The day dawned wet and windy in Settle. I had been the only resident at the Golden Lion on the Friday night, it being a little ambitious to get to the meeting point at Malham, from Kent by 9.45am. My legs felt the steep gradient out of Settle as I climbed into the grey cloud - no doubt things would get even more strenuous once I got out of the car and assembled my bike.

I was soon to be met at Malham by David and Mary Birchall, and Keith Orum, shortly followed by Simon Cogan and Jackie. Whilst us bikers did the traditional tinkering with brakes, gears and tyres, Mary and Jackie set the example by pacing off towards the hills with their dogs. At this point there was still no sign of Simon's friends Keith and Debbie - so we indulged in tea and bacon butties at the Malham cafe.

Anyway eventually we were away, and, wheels spinning through the mud, we took a bridleway to Malham Tarn, then struck out across the moor over Lee Gate towards Arncliffe. The wind assisted climb made the going relatively easy on the grassy track, although traction was still difficult to find on the steeper sections which were very wet. After we passed through the gate at the top, the level of excitement rose, as we plummeted down a huge descent on slippery grass losing about a 1000 feet in a couple of miles. Brakes are for wimps!

Another couple of wind assisted miles took us past the overhanging bulk of Kilnsey Crag and then to the Tennant Arms in the village

where we installed ourselves in the "muddy bar" with good intentions of a glass of orange juice and a sandwich.

Some time later, fortified with pies, chips and excellent beer, we set about our return over Mastiles Moor. We were greeted by an immediate 1:5 climb which we romped up full of vigour (well the first few pedal strokes anyway). At the end of the tarmac we saw the gravel track, bounded by limestone walls, heading up, arrow straight, into the clouds. It was at this point, as we started running out of bigger sprockets and smaller chainrings, that we got a full appreciation of the strength of the wind. At Mastiles Gate, where the route opens out on to the moor, we were hit by the full force of stinging curtains of rain - wonderful! We continued through the muddy gloop and a knee deep ford, eventually reaching tarmac again, where, short of daylight, we opted for the direct descent back to Malham.

Hot baths at the Golden Lion soon got the circulation going again. We followed this by an excellent meal and after-dinner reminiscences.

The rain fell heavily through the night. Sunday morning came and the downpour continued. Gutters and gullies around the hotel were overflowing. It would have been so easy to have abandoned the day's ride. But no one would chicken out - thankfully - as there followed a marvellous ride despite the most atrocious weather imaginable.

On-road it would have been miserable. Off-road, it could not have been more fun, though a price was exacted - wrecked bearings, loads of washing and at least one bad cold. For three hours, we sloshed along soggy bridleways, up and down slippery grass tracks, through sticky mud, over treacherous limestone pavement, and through axle deep water in narrow driveways - more like riding in streams they were! In the pouring rain, we explored the delightful country between Settle and the slopes of Ingleborough. Even through the downpour, the unspoilt hamlets of Feizor and Wharfe looked special.

Beyond Wharfe, we toiled over Long Scar to Clapham Bottoms. Then came the reward: a three mile descent down a rocky track awash with water. It demanded total concentration and allowed for no mistakes, but oh what fun, bouncing and splashing down that flooded lane, soaked to the skin though we were! Dry clothes awaited Keith Orum, Simon Cogan and David Birchall at Austwick where the Game Cock provided lunch. We all felt sorry for poor Keith and Debbie who were faced with the cold wet ride back to Settle. All in all a successful and most enjoyable weekend.

Rod Anderson/DDB

* The next off-road weekend will be the 9/10 May. The plan is to ride the Jack Mytton Way which starts near Bridgnorth, goes via Wenlock Edge and the Long Mynd and finishes at Llanfair Waterdine near Knighton. An overnight stay at the Longville Arms is arranged. David Birchall has the details.

CLUBRUNS

Farndon Arms, Farndon

29 November 1997

John was away for the weekend, so I left home early, skirting Wrexham on the hilly west side and arrived at Ruabon, then down to Erbistock. As I was still a bit early, I went up the hill to Overton. On the climb I spotted Brian and Mrs Bird going the other way. At Overton, I turned left via Hollybush and Shocklach arriving at Farndon at the same time as Duncan Rees. Only the Captain's bike was outside. But we did have as many cars as bikes. By car: the Birds, Mike Twigg and Dave Edwards; on foot, Tecwyn; by bike: Duncan, Martin and Ben. A very poor turnout on what was a nice November day.

Ben Griffiths

Golden Lion, Ashton

13 December 1997

This was one of those grey iffy days - cold but not too cold, wet but not actually raining. It needed a big effort to rouse myself from my natural lethargy and don the layers of clothing required for the next five hours on the bike. And donned they must be - Ben would be calling at 10.30 precisely, and, as we all know, he is always on time and exercises "zero tolerance" to any semblance of weakening when it comes to bike riding! Ben duly arrived at the appointed time, having had a word with some members of the Preston Wheelers who were week-ending in Chester, to visit one of their club members who had just moved into this area. Within a few minutes Mark Livingstone arrived, shortly to be followed by Tony in his new motor. It only took a few minutes to assemble his cycle (a shining aluminium number) and we were quickly on our way. Passing through Doddleston, Billy Graham joined us. Five members on a club-run - things were certainly looking up.

The route we chose - or should I say evolved - meandered through Farndon, Churton, Tattenhall, Willington, and Kelsall to emerge onto a delightful shelf road over-looking Ashton now bathed in sunshine. The little slip road to cut out Mouldsworth proved to be very muddy and is probably better left alone until there are drier conditions. It gained us little time advantage on Billy, who had remained on the classified road. Arriving a few minutes later than the appointed 12.30 time, we found Mike Twigg and David Birchall sitting by the well stoked fire. With good food, this is a pleasant venue - though following the present trend to convert into a restaurant type pub. After the meal was finished, Bill decided it was time to leave and Ben joined him for the ride to the Eureka.

Tony, Mark and I left on the main Chester road, diverting through Waverton, where we were caught by the aforementioned Preston Wheelers, in whose company we continued for a while. At Farndon, Mark took the Wrexham road for home, leaving Tony and myself to potter back through the lanes to Broughton. A thoroughly enjoyable day's ride and well worth the effort of getting togged up!

John Futter

Calveley Arms, Handley

-

20 December 1997

A poor turnout again on a nice day for cycling. John was unable to join us on the run, so after waiting at his house to see if anyone else arrived, I went on alone via Holt and Barton. Brian Bird, Bill Graham and Ben Griffiths came by bike. Mike Twigg, Tecwyn, Dave Edwards, and David and Adam Birchall by car. The Captain came by bike - a motor bike! How he hopes to be a racing man riding a motor bike I do not know, but he was going well when he passed me on the Farndon bypass. Maybe he's aiming at winning at Oulton Park.

Ben Griffiths

Golden Grove, Rossett

-

27 December 1997

Only six Anfielders out on this wet not very nice day. Three came by bike and three by car. The bike riders were Ben Griffiths, Stuart Twigg and Colin Werner who spent most of his time praying that Tony would arrive to give him a lift home. But he didn't come, so Colin had a hard wet ride home. The car men were Mike Twigg, Brian Bird, and Tecwyn. So the 1997 year ended with a wet windy few days. Very character building as John Moss would say.

Ben Griffiths

The Goshawk, Mouldsworth

-

1 January 1998

A bright cold morning. I rode out through Holt, crossed the flooded Dee to Farndon, then via Alford, Waverton, Tarvin to Mouldsworth. Very nice ride, meeting lots of cyclists going the other way. But at the Goshawk I was the only one. After a very good meal I made my way via the lanes to the Eureka. I had more luck finding Anfielders here - as Rob Wilson and Ian Billington turned up. Nice to see some still ride bikes even if it's not often. Slight rain for the ride home from the Eureka, but otherwise a very nice day out.

Ben Griffiths

The Ffrwd, Cein-y-Bedd

-

3 January 1998

Yes, another cold wet windy day. John Futter has more sense than some of us, and wouldn't leave his house! So it was a solo ride yet again. I rode out through the lanes towards Holt before turning into the wind for the last twelve miles. Some of the lanes were very flooded. Blast Lane near Llay was very bad. J J Whelan would have been alright with his ability to walk on water, but, me, I got my feet and legs very wet. Attendance: six, three by bike and three by car. By bike were Colin Werner, Bill Graham and Ben; in the cars were Mike Twigg, Tony Pickles and Duncan Rees. By 1.30 I was away home with a good tail wind.

Ben Griffiths

'Ouse at Top, Kelsall

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7 February 1998

We met at John Futter's for 1030, from where Ben, John, Martin, Graham and I rode out via Farndon. Here Graham left us to go and get his wife a 21st birthday present, while we continued via

Broxton and Tattenhall, then through Huxley and Hargrave to Utkinton where we caught another Anfielder - who turned out to be the Editor. And so to Kelsall.

Later Bill Graham joined the group, then after refreshments and an enjoyable chat the five members from North Wales rode back to the Eureka. I arrived home with some 70 miles in my legs. Present: Martin Cartwright, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Bill Graham, David Birchall, and:

Geraint Catherall

Red Lion, Kings Mills

-

31 January 1998

I called for John at 10.30 as usual. Martin was already waiting - so three of us set off for the run out. I sat at the back and let John and Martin set the pace. The miles slipped past as they discussed the variety of programs John could use on his latest computer. I was out of my depth as soon as it was switched on! We went through the lanes via Pulford, Holt, Shocklach to Bangor-on-Dee, and then on to Eyton. Here we felt some rain so turned right for the Red Lion.

We were pleased to see Graham Thompson already inside, and we were soon joined by Dikki, Tecwyn, Mike Twigg and Duncan Rees. We were also pleased to see Joan Davies - out on her shopping bike, some members call them MTBs (they don't look like Motor Torpedo Boats to me). By the time we had finished lunch the rain had set in for real, and it had gone very cold. So we took the shortest route home. But by Queensferry the rain had stopped and the roads were dry. So the ride ended as it had started. Another enjoyable run.

Ben Griffiths

* * * * *

CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND

Cain Valley Hotel, Llanfyllin

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7-8 March 1998

Wet wet wet ...

The driest, warmest, sunniest February on record. It could last. It didn't. The farmers wanted rain, Severn Trent wanted rain and the heavens duly obliged - in abundance. Driving in, Welshpool looked like global warming had taken a sudden and dramatic grip - and then the tide had come in. Water was all around us - every river on the way had burst its banks - many fields were submerged.

We all gathered in the dining room of the Cain Valley Hotel for a discussion of the day's route whilst supping tea and eating toast. The mountain biking group comprised Adam and David Birchall, Chris Edwards, Simon Cogan, Mike Hallgarth and my good self. Phil Looby arrived and referred to our sect as fundamentalist zealots, or something like that.

An hour later, windswept on open moorland, mud up to the hubs, I thought, "this can't last". Unfortunately it did, at least for most of the morning. Once out of the mud of the open bridle way and on the firmer forest tracks, we made good progress towards lunch, only stopping for map reading committee meetings (David Birchall as chairman) or when the gusts of wind were too strong to allow us to continue.

The route back over the hills encompassed a short period of geographical embarrassment. We knew where we were but the bridle ways were lost. We came to a river crossing, with styles varying from Mike shot-putting his bike over the water, and then jumping, to Simon and Chris riding through, we all got over safely. Some bike swapping then took place as Simon and Adam tried to sell the concept of front suspension to those still in the technological dark ages.

Of course part of the fun of the weekend is catching up with the exploits of other parties descending on the hotel. John Thompson decided to make use of the conditions to set his fellow cyclists, from the Severn Valley, a stiff challenge. OK they could all ride a bike. They could all ride a bike quickly over long distances - but could they swim? The River Wye obliged by flooding a road on their route. John, leading from the front, shepherded all the riders in his party safely though the challenge - waist deep in water.

Sunday's ride was spectacular. Using the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel as a base we climbed steadily on firm ground through the forest on a "permissive" bridleway, eventually emerging on to well managed heath land. With a stunning backdrop of the lake intermittently bathed in sunlight and tantalising glimpses of the peaks of Snowdonia. A thrilling descent was followed by a tour of the rest of the lake on the first piece of flat ground we'd ridden all weekend. I wished it would last all day.

Jon Howes

The Severn Valley Saga

Have you gone back to sleep? The answer was that yes, I had, and it was already 5.10a.m - and I had to be at the Severn Bridge, 20 miles away, by 7a.m. Since moving south, I have regularly made trips to Anfieldland, and this year as last, I planned to share the trip to the ABC Captain's weekend with friends from the Severn Road Club.

As we sped up the Wye Valley through Monmouth and into those lost back roads that lead to the Golden Valley (inspiration for C S Lewis's Narnia), the 97-ers frightened the first-timers with tales of the terrible Dorstone Hill, the bank where you climb over to the Wye Valley. Well, from my view at the back they all seemed to romp up with no trouble. At the top the view was brilliant - with the sun shining on the great flood plain. The short stretch between Bredwardine and the Wye was blocked. The road was submerged. This required decisive leadership. So, without hesitation I pedalled straight ahead. Though deeper than I expected, I remained upright, and my companions followed. With

hindsight I now appreciate that this experience was most unfortunate. Decisiveness not discussion became my credo, so when we found the A438 was also flooded, there was no debate - we rode on. The flood got deeper .. and deeper .. and deeper. All around was water. The route could only be deciphered by the outline of hedge tops. I aimed for the centre of the road. One who sought shallower waters caught the kerb .. and took a dip. That cheered the rest of us up. The waters were rising and we had gone beyond the point of no return. With water well over hub level, in desperation, waist deep in the flood, we carried our machines struggling against the current. Twenty minutes and we made it.

The wind and sun soon dried us out, but punctures, further delayed us. We arrived well over an hour late in Knighton, surprised that no Anfielders had taken up the challenge to meet us. Then I walked Martin Cartwright with tales of desperation. He had abandoned Mark Livingstone and Geraint Catherall at Clun in a last bid to reach the hotel before we left. The road from Clun is only seven miles, but it is very hard. Mere mention of "New Invention" can reduce strong men to quivering wrecks. After a quarter of an hour Mark arrived, looking as if he'd been through it. But where was Geraint? Had he turned round? No, just inside the time limit (last food orders) in he staggered, muttering "that !!!!!".

Having suggested Knighton as the rendezvous in the first place, it was disappointing to have to split. But by three o'clock the Severners had to go, leaving the Anfielders to make a more direct and less lumpy route to Llanfyllin. As it was, despite best endeavours, our route across country via Dolanog took all the remaining hours of daylight and a little more.

Unlike last year, I am pleased to report, that the Severners kept pace in the bar.

John Thompson

The ABC Roadmen's Tale

WIND ... RAIN ... SNOW ... HAIL ...you name it we had it during the entire week running up to the Captain's weekend. Things were not looking good as every weather programme on every channel was preaching the same gloomy forecast, but still the indomitable Anfield spirit shone through. On the Thursday evening I purchased a new waterproof jacket believing this to be a sure fire insurance policy that would guarantee sunshine and blue skies. At one point of complete raging madness I even turned to some work colleagues and said "ah well, it can't be as bad as last year!" I now believe the phrase "famous last words" will never be more appropriate.

A final glance out of the window before retiring to bed on the Friday night lifted spirits no end as clear skies promised a pleasant day ahead. Unfortunately I was rudely awakened at 4a.m. by the biggest hailstones I had seen in a long time bouncing off the window. Things were not rosy at all.

I set off at around 7a.m. for Wrexham where I was to meet up with my two other hapless travellers. Still happily under the sadly

misguided opinion that merely having my shiny new waterproof jacket in my back pocket would see me safely through the day I eventually met up with Mark Livingstone and Geraint Catherall, absolutely frozen and soaked to the skin (much to their amusement I might add). Finally, if somewhat belatedly, stopping briefly to, put on my jacket, we then headed off through wonderfully quiet Wrexham town centre in the direction of Overton and Ellesmere. As it was still not quite 9a.m the roads were relatively quiet so we bashed on down the A528 as far as Burlton. Little did we realise as we turned off the main road in the direction of Baschurch that this was the last time we would receive any wind assistance for any of the remaining part of the day. Despite carrying quite detailed maps we still had the odd moment of confusion, but fortunately a pair of very knowledgeable locals managed to point us in the right direction and soon we were passing beneath the A5 and debating what percentage of our total journey for the day had been completed. Absolutely oblivious to the punishment yet to come we dodged the traffic for a short spell on the A548 before turning once again into the less busy lanes through Westbury. Continuing along the B4386 out of Westbury we battled into what was now becoming a severe head wind which eventually split our small group as we each struggled on at our own pace.

Having arranged to meet Tony Pickles and Phil Looby at a number of possible points along this road we pushed on to Chirbury (totally unaware that they were unable to meet us due to severe flooding of the River Severn through Welshpool), but thanks to the stonking great hills all around us were unable to receive any of their calls on the mobile phone (so much for modern technology!). By the time we reached Church Stoke it was clear we were going to continue alone so we took advantage of a small cafe to have a well earned breather and a good moan about the wind. This didn't make us feel any better but at least the sun came out for a brief spell as we sat at a picnic table considering the options ahead.

Having been advised to give the climb out of Clun to Knighton a wide berth, I (in my complete ignorance) decided I knew better and pushed on even harder knowing our friends from the Severn Valley Road Club would be in Knighton waiting for us. I can safely say it was a harsh lesson to learn but next time I shall bow to superior knowledge and do as I'm bloody well told (how Geraint got up there with a 42/21 being his smallest gear will forever remain a mystery to me - well done that man!). Fortunately our friends from Bristol were a little late themselves having had a few adventures of their own along the way, and looking at the state of some of them I began to think we had not been so badly treated after all.

Time was now moving swiftly on and we were becoming concerned that the hotel was not within reach during daylight. So having finished our meals it was time to press on again. Once more however we managed to take a wrong turn in our pursuit of John Thompson and his group who had set off a short time ahead of us, ending up in a very muddy farmyard as the lane came to an abrupt end. There was nothing else we could do but about-turn, and retrace our path back onto the main road to Newtown.

Climbing up to the open moorland between Beguildy and Dolfor it became quite apparent we had little chance of reaching the hotel before darkness, as our small group once again became spread out over a large distance. Finally the mobile phone would justify its presence; it was time to call in the cavalry. Much to our relief the Pickles international rescue Volvo had just arrived back at the hotel and was able to come to our aid (not without the odd sarcastic remark it must be said) and we were finally able to turn our thoughts to several well earned sherbets in the hotel bar.

I'd love to say it was a thoroughly enjoyable day, but then I'd be telling whopping great porkies. I can say it was one of my worst cycling experiences so far but I can't deny that the beer tasted so much better that night for all our efforts. Surely next year can't be as bad as the last two???

Martin Cartwright



Llanfyllin

HELP is needed for the 100. Don't wait to be asked. Volunteer now to Keith Orum (0151 342 8958) or Tony Pickles (01352 759463). New course on A49 and A41. HQ at Prees (subject to confirmation).

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June 1998

No. 385

CLUB RUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

July	4	Hawk and Buckle	Llanaefydd	
	11	Forest View	Oakmere	
	18	White Horse	Churton	
		Club "7" (11.30 Start Huntington)		
	25	Farndon Arms	Farndon	
August	1	Crown Hotel	Llandegla	
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	29	Rose and Crown	Graianrhyd	
September	5	Golden Lion	Ashton	
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	26	<u>SPORTSMAN'S ARMS TATTENHALL</u>		
		<u>ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</u>		
October	3	The Raven	Llanarmon-yn Ial	
		Club Hilloclimb		
	10	The Yew Tree	Spurstow	
	16 - 18	AUTUMN TINTS Glan Aber Hotel Betwys -y Coed		

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 (☎: 01244 326399)
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 (☎: 01565 651593)

* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 29 AUGUST 1998 *

RACING RESULTS

Club "14", 14 March 1998	Graham Thompson	36.54
	Martin Cartwright	38.27
	Ben Griffiths	39.12
	Geraint Catherall	42.51
	Jenny Kershaw (PT)	41.12

Club "7", 18 April 1998		
Martin Cartwright	17.38	
Ben Griffiths	18.08	
Mark Livingstone	19.16	
Tony Pickles	21.09	
	Club "7", 16 May 1998	
	Ben Griffiths	17.58
	Mark Livingstone	18.07
	Rob Burrows	18.22

Port Sunlight Whlrs 25 (22 March):
 G Thompson 1.0.9, B Griffiths 1.3.6, D Bassett 1.11.30

Merseyside Ladies 10 (29 March)
 G Thompson 23.2 (PB), M Cartwright 23.35 (PB), B Griffiths 24.25

WCTTA 25 (5 April):
 G Thompson 1.0.24, B Griffiths 1.7.49, G Catherall 1.9.21

Hyde Olympic 10 (11 April): B Griffiths 26.56

Mid Shropshire Whlrs 25 (12 April): B Griffiths 1.6.27

New Brighton CC 25 (19 April): G Thompson 59.56, B Griffiths 1.6.3

WCTTCA 30 (26 April):
 G Thompson 1.13.14, M Cartwright 1.18.39, B Griffiths 1.20.9,
 G Catherall 1.25.36

Merseyside VTTA 10 (2 May): B Griffiths 25.18

Pheonix CC 25 (3 May): G Thompson 1.1.27, B Griffiths 1.10.9

Liverpool Century RC 25 (4 May): B Griffiths 1.7.30

WCTTCA 50 (10 May): B Griffiths 2.17.43, G Catherall 2.37.7

VC Halton 10 (16 May): B Griffiths 25.18

Rhos on Sea 25 (17 May): G Thompson 58.58

East Liverpool Whlrs 10 (23 May): B Griffiths 26.55

Merseyside VTTA 25 (24 May): B Griffiths 1.7.19

B'head Vics 25 (31 May): B Griffiths 1.4.46, M Livingstone 1.6.33

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LETTER from Keith Orum:

"In reading the Circular and in discussions, I appreciate there is concern at the falling attendance levels on Saturday Clubruns. I believe the bleakest scenario that has been mooted is whether the Anfield has served its purpose and therefore whether a dignified wind-down of the Club should be considered. If so, each member would be entitled to a say. Whether or not he would choose to proclaim or abstain would remain to be seen. I would hazard a guess that the majority of members would not want to take action either way and so when the last active member was lost it would be then that the Club became extinct. Like me, I believe that members may wish to avoid such a scenario happening.

"The picture I have in mind at this time takes into account the social changes that have taken place within the last decade. Things like family commitments that eat into leisure time, "24

hour" shopping, flexible working patterns and early retirements mean that leisure time may not always coincide with weekends as was the tradition, but may be available during weekdays. An example of this is the Wednesday cyclists' meet at the Eureka.

"In recent years the Anfield has had the ability to recruit older members - in the 25 - 45 years age group. A mature MTB group is evolving, with weekends that include wives and partners. It may be that the Anfield is uniquely placed to capitalise on the changes in social trends, initially through the introduction of mid-week clubruns run bi-monthly, on similar lines to the traditional Saturday fixture.

"Perhaps this is an area for consideration by the committee and discussion in the pages of the Circular. If feedback from members is positive then a motion could be tabled for inclusion on the AGM Agenda, that from January 1999 the Club pilot a 6-12 month programme of bi-monthly mid-week clubruns to run in tandem with Saturday runs. I would be pleased to co-ordinate and manage the mid-week programme. I am of the strong opinion that, even if initially there is only casual interest, as friends and other Clubs attended we would see enthusiasm and increased membership. I feel that this area of opportunity as well as any other suggestions should be considered seriously before we the Anfield hand in the torch."

* * * * *

REFLECTIONS

* In April the chance arose to visit the CTC's HQ, in Godalming, where, in the archive, resides a lot of Wayfarer's lecture material. The highlight was a reconstruction of one of Wayfarer's lectures, complete with the original lantern slides. The CTC's Lionel Joseph for some years has been cataloguing the archive. Lionel has typed Wayfarer's original written speaking-notes for the 1920's lecture on "Glamorous Ireland", and has matched the notes with the lantern slides. So we ran the "voice-over" and slides in sync - and, in effect, sat through a Wayfarer lecture. Wayfarer's personality and magic came across very strongly, though we did wonder what his own voice would have sounded like! As fascinating, I discovered lantern slides of the famous 1919 snow-bound "over-the-top" Nant Rhyd Wilym crossing that Wayfarer wrote about so evocatively. One slide shows the party (all Anfielders) outside the West Arms, immaculate in plus twos, brogues, tweed jackets, collared shirts and ties. The only concession to the bad weather appears to have been pullovers. Several slides show the actual crossing: Wayfarer and Cook with bicycles in the snow near the summit.

* Nor was the opportunity to visit the National Cycling Archive at Warwick University to be missed. There, in the Alex Josey collection, can be found a reference to a set of Anfield Circulars from 1906 to 1942, the early ones being described as "annotated". But the custodian is not empowered to give access to the documents. Very irritating, if not bizarre. I sincerely hope

that the CTC archive, which is to be transferred there, does not suffer the same fate. Subsequently from Stan Wild I discovered that Alex Josey worked as a journalist with the Bournemouth Echo before joining the staff of *Cycling* until he was called up in 1942. Stan thinks that Josey might have acquired the Circulars from *Cycling*, and the "annotations" ... well they might be Stan's from when he consulted them for his contribution to *The Black Anfielders*.

Warwick University is close to Meriden Green, where the Wayfarer Memorial seat looks across to the Cyclists' War Memorial (in the creation of which, after the Great War, the ABC was influential). Meriden Green is, of course, special because it is reckoned to mark the centre of England. Unfortunately the surroundings disappoint - with suburban shopping on one side and modern housing on the other sides. How poignant the symbolism.

* John Futter, Rob Burrows and David Birchall joined forces to watch the Pru-Tour as it crossed Cheshire en route for Nottingham. The ABC route from Knutsford led through lanes to Gawsorth and Langley before climbing into Macclesfield Forest. On the Cat and Fiddle we positioned ourselves at a point where a couple of miles of the road from Macclesfield can be seen. We were entertained by lots of razzamatazz: loudspeaker festooned official cars relayed progress (very helpful that), while a noisy TV helicopter hovered. Then the peloton appeared over the horizon moving swiftly up the long gradients towards us. A whirl of colour and movement as the riders swept by - and that was it. Amongst the crowds was our new member Chris Vessey, nephew of the late Jack Salt. How to find Chris amongst the sea of yellow-tops we knew not. But meet we did and enjoyed lunch with him at the Stanley Arms in Bottom of the Oven. A very enjoyable way to spend a Wednesday.

* It was lovely sitting outside the Burlington Arms at the Clubrun on the Saturday after the 100. In the warm sunshine reviewing the event, a riddle: What did Ben find at the back of his wardrobe that wasn't in Tony Pickle's garden shed? And Ben is so good with numbers too.

* * * * *
ON WENLOCK EDGE: The Jack Mytton Way

The Jack Mytton Way, named after an infamous and mad Shropshire horse-dealer, is a way-marked route on tracks and lanes that meanders from the Severn Valley near Cleobury Mortimer via Bridgnorth, and Much Wenlock to Llanfair Waterdine, in the Teme Valley upstream of Knighton. The route, some 70 miles in total, takes in Wenlock Edge, the Long Mynd, and a stretch of Offa's Dyke above Clun. The plan was to complete the ride end to end over the weekend of 9/10 May.

The party consisted of six cyclists: Simon Cogan, Chris Edwards and David Birchall, together with friends Jon, Keith and Debbie. While we six cycled, Mary and Jackie walked the dogs, ferried luggage, and explored gardens and old churches.

After the wettest April since 1818, the cyclists found that the going in places was very, very tough, especially where tracks were muddy or broken up from horse riding.

The Longville Arms provided overnight accommodation. Here we were introduced to the quaint rural Shropshire pastime of mouse-racing, in which mice scuttle down tunnels in a piece of corrugated perspex sheeting. Buy your mouse by auction and place your bets. We resisted on both counts. Nor were the organisers aware that in our party were two vets (of the veterinary kind) casting a critical professional eye over the proceedings!

Cycling so sharpens the senses that it is the best way to appreciate the details that make Shropshire's "blue remembered hills" such a delight. On Sunday morning, after overnight rain, Spring positively danced on Wenlock Edge. We rode in warm dappled sunlight, along woodland tracks through drifts of heavily scented bluebells, pungent wild garlic and pink campion; while bird song filled the air. Then from sheep pastures, high on the Long Mynd we watched buzzards wheeling over the wooded hills near Plowden.

Mobile phones are part of the gear these days. On Saturday one of the party called up his cycle shop to complain when a pedal fell apart. On Sunday, more practically, we called up Mary and Jackie to join us for lunch at Lydbury North.

The weekend concluded on quiet forestry tracks above Clun. Towards the end of the day in thundery rain we climbed into the hills along which runs Offa's Dyke, and so finally dropped steeply into the Teme Valley at Llanfair Waterdine. During Sunday afternoon's ride, in particular, we experienced the kind of conditions I imagine early cycle tourists must have enjoyed. To ride on loose-bound macadam surfaces, no road markings, no traffic, in complete peace and freedom: it's what cycling is all about, I thought.

DDE

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

City Arms, Minera

28 March 1998

This morning your worthy Editor rang to see if I had arisen from my bed (touche, David) with a request to find a writer for the run. I arrived early, yes by car, and ordered a pint of the black stuff to give me courage. Perhaps I should have had a second or maybe a third. I chickened out so therefore what follows is my own impression!

Geraint was the first to arrive having the good fortune of a long weekend away from the flesh pots of Leicester. Ben followed no doubt after a long diversion. Tony who knows what is best for him, had kidded Martin when only yards from the pub that it was still a long way off and sneaked the sprint. The last of the arrivals by bike was Duncan all the way from Brynteg, 4 miles

away, climbing all the time. He looked forward to the ride back downhill and refused my offer of a lift. Brian and Liz Bird came via a walk at World's End with the aim of getting Liz fit after an operation, having travelled by car from Tattenhall.

Mike Twigg

The Raven, Llanarmon-yn-Ial

25 April 1998

As is my habit I arrived early by car. I was closely followed by Geraint home again from Leicester, with a view to riding the West Cheshire 30 the following morning. Captain Cartwright arrived minus his soul-mate Tony who heeded the call of family duties over the blast from the Captain's bugle. We talked about this and that but mainly about Martin's knee which for some unknown reason had decided to give him jip after a minor fall recently. Martin was also down to ride the 30. Perhaps his knee was giving a message.

The following morning brought heavy rain which eased off during the event. Ben Griffiths and Graham Thompson joined Geraint and Martin. Dikki, Tecwyn, Craig Clewley and I were all present to carry out the Club's marshalling duties at Belgrave Island and saw our worthies safely out and back. The event was due to have 79 starters. However, judging by the number of DNSs, quite a few did not fancy the weather.

Mike Twigg

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THE 99TH ANFIELD 100
Spring Bank Holiday: 25 May 1998

The best laid plans of mice and men are occasionally thwarted. The 99th Anfield 100 was such an occasion. All those members present and especially our volunteer friends are to be congratulated on the response they gave to the call for them to remain at their posts for an extra hour at least, to compensate for the delay of one hour on the start time.

I thanked most people on the day. Nevertheless these are some of the individuals who made the event a great success. I say to you all "Thank You":

HQ: John Whelan, Mike Twigg, Tony Pickles; Time Keepers: Ian Shaw, Bob McNamee; Starter: Dikki Bird; Prees Island: Doug Ingram, Dave Stapleton, Tecwyn Williams and Dave Edwards; Tern Hill: John Lahiff, Dave Eaton, Tom Sherman and friend Joe; Forton: Chris Edwards (and family), Martin Cartwright, Phil Looby, Dave Bettaney, Brian Whitmarsh; Battlefield: Colin Werner, John Futter, Craig Clewley; Finish Turn: John Williamson; Drinks: (Anfield) Mike Hallgarth and Philippa, Rob Burrows and daughter; (Mersey Roads) Ruth and Bob Williams, Jonathan Williams with son Barry and daughters Samantha, Georgina with friend Daniella, and Brian Holland and Paul Cull; Finish Area: Ken Matthews, Ben Griffiths, Geraint Catherall, John Thompson; Tea and Cakes: David and Mary Birchall.

In addition, amongst the many spectators, we were very pleased to see Jim Cranshaw (and his daughter who did the driving), Russ and Mrs Barker, Ira Thomas, Joan Davies with son Dave, and Elaine Hancock with son Sydney.

From the organiser's point of view as well as mine as chief marshall it is always a disappointment to drive over the course on the morning and see so few Anfielders helping. We have over 80 members but fewer than 25 were out on the day.

If we are to run the 100 after next year's event, then we need every member's support, otherwise the Hundredth Hundred may be the last the Club organises because the responsibility falls to the few year on year. This is no idle threat. The situation is serious. The Anfield 100 is still a classic event in the racing calendar. This year 99 competitors supported the event with some notable rides achieved. It would be very sad to have to terminate the event simply because members cannot support their Club for a few hours on the day.

I ask that those of you who have not given support and helped out over the last few years please find the time now and mark the date in diaries and pledge your support to the organiser for the 1999 event and then on into the millennium.

Keith Orum

Once again we are grateful to Ken Matthews for reporting the event for Cycling Weekly and newspapers. Ken tells us that he phoned the report to CW from the Raven Cafe in between his bacon and eggs(2) - at 2.30pm his first meal of the day - apart from that lovely piece of cake and cup of tea at HQ:

Dave Birch, Stourbridge CC liked our revised 100 course so much that he sliced 2mins 57secs off his PB with a winning time of 3.54.40.

In the early stages it was a close battle with Nik Gardiner, Mid Oxon CC who was fastest at 50 miles on 1.55.00 with Birch 17secs adrift. But Birch had paced it well taking it easy on the hills and made his effort in the closing stages.

He said "I like the course better than when I was here last year and in the last ten miles I really beasted the pedals round." He added " I knew I would beat Nik Gardiner today after my 7 minutes margin 50 round here last week when I did 1.52. Nik did 1.49 but that was on the E72's faster roads".

Having been up early in the day for the scheduled 6am start, delayed for an hour by the late arrival of the race numbers, Birch was on duty as a fire fighter from 6pm for a 15 hour shift.

Robin Haigh Seamons CC veteran was third in 4.01.58, fastest vet. Best vet on standard was Derek Hodgins Stockport Clarion whose actual 4.24.18 gave him a superb plus of 87mins 16secs.

Christine Roberts, North Shropshire Wheelers won the ladies prize for the ninth time in succession with 4.26.39, surpassing the 7 wins in a row by Andy Wilko who was out on the course on his brand new powerful motor bike!

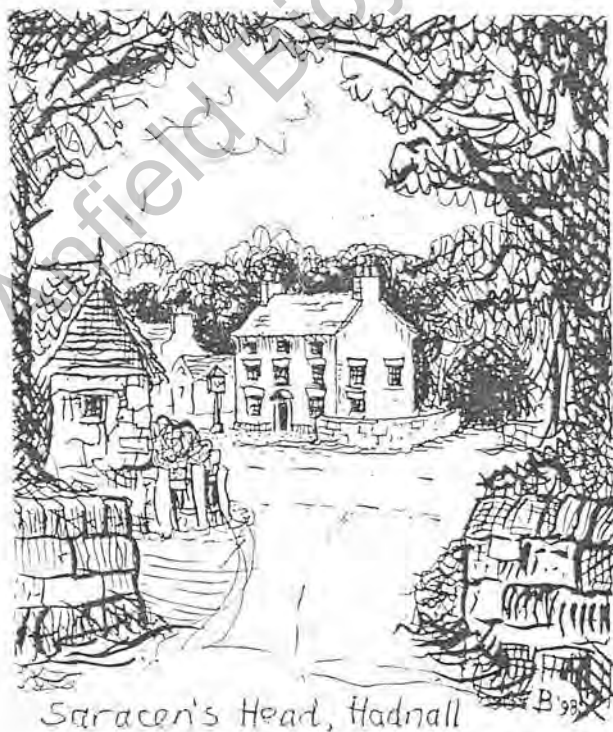
Rob Booth TVS Wirral was 9th fastest in 4.15.38 which gave him 1st Handicap award. The new three-handled Ernie Davies Memorial Cup for the fastest team was held on home ground by Mid Shropshire Wheelers' Phil Guy (4.14.28), Nick Farr (4.20.18), and Steve Cornish (4.31.21).

A total of 99 entries were received for this the 99th 100. Special plans are being laid for next year's 100th running of this famous northern classic.

Ken Matthews

* Found at HQ: M&S cap almost new. Phone the Editor if it fits. *

*
AUTUMN TINTS WEEKEND
Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed
16-18 October 1998
Bookings to Tecwyn Williams
*



ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)

President: Tony Pickles
Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
Captain: Martin Cartwright
Hon Secretary: Bill Graham

47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

September 1998

No.886

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

September	5	Golden Lion	Ashton
	12	Bridge Hotel	Bontuchel
	19	The Bull	Shocklach
		Club "10" (11.30 Start Rowley Hill, nr Farndon)	
	26	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall <u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	27	ANFIELD BC OPEN	25 Broxton
October	3	The Raven	Llanarmon-yn Ial Club <u>Hillclimb</u>
	10	<u>SPORTSMAN'S ARMS</u>	<u>TATTENHALL:</u>
		<u>ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</u>	
	16 - 18	<u>Glan Aber Hotel Betwys -y Coed</u>	
		<u>AUTUMN TINTS</u>	
	24	Golden Grove	Rossett
	31	Th'ouse at Top	Kelsall
November	7	Rose and Crown	Graianrhyd
	14	Goshawk	Mouldsworth
	21	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall <u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	28	City Arms	Minera
December	5	Golden Lion	Ashton
	12	Calveley Arms	Handley
	19	Farndon Arms	Farndon
	26	The Bull	Shocklach
January	2	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall <u>Committee 1130hrs</u>

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
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(☎: 01244 326399)

Editor: David Birchall, 53 Beggarmans Lane, KNUTSFORD, WA16 9BA
(☎:01565 651593)

* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 21 NOVEMBER 1998 *

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE AGM WILL BE ON SATURDAY 10 OCTOBER, (NOT AS IN THE JUNE CIRCULAR). On the 26 September there will now be a Committee Meeting at the Sportsman's Arms, Tattenhall starting at 1130 a.m. The Clubrun will follow at 1230 a.m.

SUNDAY 27 SEPTEMBER: ANFIELD OPEN 25 TT

This event will be held on the Broxton course. Ben Griffiths asks for your help in marshalling. Please contact him ASAP.

The Committee

TREASURER'S NOTE

OCTOBER THE FIRST approaches fast so please arrange for your subs for 1999 to be sent to me on time. Thanks. Those of you who pay by standing order please ensure you are paying the correct amount i.e. £15 for those over 21.

Finally the 100 Fund still requires topping up. So if any of you wish to contribute I would be pleased to receive your donation on behalf of the Club. To those of you who have contributed already, I thank you once again.

Mike Twigg

RACING RESULTS

Club "7", 18 July 1998		Club "7", 16 May 1998	
Martin Cartwright	16.46	Martin Cartwright	17.22
Mark Livingstone	17.55	Ben Griffiths	18.07
Rob Burrows	18.26	Bill Graham	19.36
Bill Graham	19.02	Tony Pickles	21.35

* * * * *

REFLECTIONS

* How come BONTUCHEL as a Clubrun venue? So asks Eric Reeves. Eric reminds us that it is not the ABC's first club run there. We used the hotel in the 1930s. To great effect. Harold Kettle (Captain 1920-30, Treasurer 1940-46 and President 1937) married the Innkeeper's elder daughter; and Dick Ryalls married the younger one! Well, we have received no reports about whether or not any members, married or single, attended our return visit in June. But I note we're there again in September. Does Captain Cartwright know something we don't?

* The Clubrun season for Bristol Anfielders this year was as fleeting as the summer. The meeting took place early in July at the Boars Head in Aust village, in the shadow of the Severn Bridge. Present were John Thompson and Maggie, Mike Hallgarth and Philippa, and Rigby Band. With the full Editorial team in

Bristol, a chatty party of eight sat down to dine. It must be more than 20 years since last I met Rigby. I am pleased to say he is in fine fettle. Via his father and uncle, the Band connection with the ABC spans almost the whole of the Club's life.

Poor Mike Hallgarth was somewhat sorry for himself, nursing a broken wrist from a spectacular fall off his bike. The "spin" is that he was sprinting heroically for a championship win, when, as a result of his tremendous power, the rear wheel pulled over, so throwing him off. The truth is that he was just setting out when the back wheel (cobbled together from old Campag bits) came to grief and down he went... Still painful it certainly looked. We hope that you're in one piece again now Mike.

* In his write-up of Graianrhyd, Stuart Twigg mentions the "Stone Zoo" which is at Rhos Uchaf Hall on the hill west of Llanfynydd. With its crocodiles and lions, griffins, gargoyles and milestones, it must be one of the most idiosyncratic of memorials to the Great War. But in Pevsner's *Buildings of Clwyd* there is no mention of it. Anyone know about its history?

* Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Ira Thomas, whose wife Hetty died in June. The Club was represented at the funeral in Shrewsbury by Mike Twigg and David Birchall.

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RADNORSHIRE'S GREEN TRACKS

The ABC's mountain bikes were in deepest rural Radnorshire for a weekend at the Harp, Old Radnor, in mid-August. The party of eight included Simon Cogan, Jackie, George and Pauline Elkington, Chris Edwards, David, Mary and Adam Birchall, and friend Keith. In this rainy summer we were very lucky: the weather, on Saturday and Sunday, was dry, warm and sunny.

On Saturday, wild green-tracks in the hills west of Gladestry were explored. This unfrequented country provides excellent off-road cycling. The hills are crisscrossed with old drove roads, now grassy and unused. Once on high ground, the going is easy, with wonderful distant views. From Glascwm Hill, southward the panorama extended across the Wye Valley to the Black Mountains and Brecon Beacons; Plynlimon and Cadair Idris could be seen on the northwest horizon; and across Herefordshire eastward could be glimpsed the Malverns.

One of our finds was the Hundred House Inn (in the hamlet of the same name on the Builth Wells road). The inn is kept by a voluble, and entertaining Yorkshireman, with good beer and food. Behind the bar, a photo of William Hague signified the innkeeper's political allegiance. Our mistake was to comment, so giving our host the chance to wax lyrical about the great man's beer pulling and quaffing abilities. Notwithstanding, the sticky toffee pudding was excellent - and exposed Chris Edwards' weakness for custard.

On Sunday, the route led from New Radnor through the forest plantations on the slopes of Whimble for lunch at Bleddfa's Hundred House. The return route followed the old green track from Llanfihangel-Rhydithon over Radnor Forest to the waterfall at Water-Break-Its-Neck. Mountain biking at its best!

For me, this area will always be associated with David Barker and a day on an Easter tour in 1962. Crickhowell YH to Bridges YH was the stage. The terrain is punishing enough on the roads. But after a picnic lunch at Water-Break-Its-Neck, and no more than a Barts half inch map to guide us, we had set off to find the track across the hills. Dave rode a fixed-wheel Hobbs of Barbican. At least my Freddie Grubb had ten speeds - although bottom gear was something like 49ins. Even after Radnor Forest, there remained the road to Knighton, Clun and Bishops Castle before supper. Such is the innocence of youth. We must have been mad.

* * * * *

CLUBRUNS

Farndon Arms, Farndon

- 25 July 1998

What a week for cycling. The Tour de France is reeling from a massive drugs scandal, involving a performance enhancing drug designed to make your blood thicken, curdle and take on superhuman quantities of oxygen. And now a medical report suggests that cycling can ruin your sex life. Let's hope that Viagra doesn't become a banned substance.

My first club run for almost eighteen months, and what a lovely day for cycling. In view of the fact that I have not been riding much of late, Birchall suggested that we drove to Bunbury, parked up and then took a leisurely ride through the lanes to Farndon. (Not that I suspect that the Editor is also feeling his age!).

You know, contrary to popular opinion, Aberdeenshire is quite a pleasant place to live. However, for cycling, give me the byways of Cheshire any time. So, with compulsory helmet, we meandered from Bunbury Church through to Spurstow, crossing the A49 towards Peckforton. From the Bickerton Poacher, we encountered only a small stretch of main road up to Gallantry Bank and were then able to slip on to the lane to Duckington. Crossing the A41 was not easy, with traffic nose to tail: what will it be like in ten years time?

Approaching, Tilston, we were tempted to drop in at the Carden Arms and Fox & Hounds, both were well tended and looking wonderful in the late morning sunshine. Unfortunately, common sense prevailed and we rode further on the Cheshire Cycle Way to the Club venue at the Farndon Arms. Anfielders on parade were Ben, John Futter, Martin, Tecwyn, Tony, Mike and Pat Twigg, David and me. Food was excellent and, I am told, the beer was good too. Tony wants to do well in the 25 in September and is determined to

shed some of his 15½ stone and get down to a fighting 12 without disrupting his consumption of hops. We'll see.

After lunch, we cycled down to the start of the 24 hour event and met Andy Wilkinson, in cycling gear but not competing this year. The 24 hour certainly brings out a motley band of riders, with a wide range of machines. The youngest rider was 14 years old without an ounce of fat and not a lot of muscle. I hope he did well. I don't know the ages of the oldest riders but some had been Vets for a very long time. Weather was predicted to be good for the whole of Saturday, but deteriorating during the night.

Journey home to Knutsford was similarly pleasant as the outward ride.

Alan Orme

White Horse, Churton

- 15 August 1998

Following the Club 7 which Martin won, we repaired to the White Horse. Seated at the bar was Tecwyn and our old friend Tony Ryan. Duncan Rees followed shortly and was kind enough to buy his father-in-law a pint. Bill, Ben, Tony, Martin and Geraint (who was due to ride the National 12 hour) all appeared seeking food and drink. Many matters were aired including the 12 hour which the Club was due to marshal twice including time checks at Battlefield Island.

The day of the event saw Geraint do a sterling mileage of 190.24 miles - congratulations! Keith Orum after doing the first time check moved off to take up his position as circuit timekeeper, leaving Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham and Mike Twigg to marshal the two appearances of the riders at Battlefield. The three of us were on the spot for some six hours without a break. Don't be sorry for us. We did have coffee and pork pies to sustain us.

We were just packing up when a helper of Christine Roberts asked us if we would see her round the island, and record the fact. We thought she had packed. She was running some 40 minutes behind the rest of the field. It would appear that she had persuaded the detour controller to let her down the Shawbirch detour, as apparently she preferred to do the full course rather than extra lapping of the circuit. Perhaps thought should be given to informing the marshals around the remainder of the course so that they can remain on duty for one late rider.

Mike Twigg

Rose and Crown, Graianrhyd

- 29 August 1998

Bank Holiday Saturday promised sunshine and warm temperatures. Beginning the ride at Eccleston we were able to slip into the lanes immediately, and so avoid Chester's traffic. We made for Hope Mountain. From the top, the views stretched across the green countryside of Cheshire to the distant blue hills of the Peak District. Such a lovely day. As we climbed, we could hear the cries of buzzards close by, and there through a gap in the trees

were three. In the air currents, they soared and wheeled. Lots of rabbits this year, so it's good for buzzards.....

Eleven formed the party at the Rose and Crown: Stuart and Mike Twigg, Duncan Rees, Adam and David Birchall, John Futter, Craig Clewley, Geraint Catherall, Tony Pickles, Martin Cartwright and John Williamson.

Duncan Rees recruited President and Captain for his sponsored charity ride, while John Williamson showed off his gleaming new Graham Weigh bicycle, complete with a 24 speed Campag Ergo groupset. Someone pointed out that the frame was in the Anfield's racing colours. John reported the bike to be settling down nicely after a 260 miles tour around the Lleyn Peninsula and Snowdonia, though he'd had some problems with the spokes slackening off - as had Dikki Bird with his new wheels from the same shop. Nipples and spoke sizes mismatched, concluded the experts.

From Graianrhyd, the homeward ride is more down hill than up, and in theory, should be easier. But with Stuart on his road bike setting a cracking pace, and a headwind, no matter which direction you faced, your Editor could have been persuaded otherwise....

David and Adam joined me for the return ride. We stopped at the "Stone Zoo" for a few moments, where I noticed a crocodile almost hidden in the foliage. Then we went via Ffrith and Rossett and the never ending road to Holt. Here a "racer" decided to pass us at speed before easing up about 100 metres ahead. Adam and I lifted the pace to such an extent that the "racer" started to get nervous and kept on looking over his shoulder. We got within 25 metres of him before he jumped the lights in Farndon with a look of relief on his face. It was a few minutes before the lights changed but we could still see him looking over his shoulder as we passed the refurbished Barnston Monument before going ground in the lanes around Churton. It was the luckiest moment of his life!

Stuart Twigg

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THE 100TH NORTH ROAD CC 24HOURS UNPACED ROAD RIDE (& RTTC NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP) - 27/28 JUNE 1998: BY CHRIS VESSEY

The first qualification to enter this prestigious event is clearly personal fitness, and the second is total lunacy. I possess an abundance of the latter and not so much of the former. Still, I had been on training rides with Roger Sewall, Event Hon Sec, and really piling on the mileage - 300, 400 and even 600 miles weekly. So when Roger injured his shoulder badly and his "24" was aborted, he still deemed me a suitable entrant. With the bikes and plentiful supplies of Isostar and Maxim prepared, Saturday dawned with the rain beating down. The immediate thought was I'm not starting. But one of my helpers arrived, we loaded the support cars and off we went to Ely. By the time we reached Cambridgeshire the rain had stopped and the sun was out. Conditions were improving.

10 a.m., and there are 68 on the Start Sheet. I'm lucky No.7 and off at 10.07. A breath of wind on the Fens and it seems like a gale. Today, there was a very strong wind and it seemed like a hurricane. Fortunately from the start it was a tail wind which enabled a comfortable warm up. Apart from the wind, weather conditions were good for the first three or four hours. After that the clouds began to build up. Between Haddenham and St Ives the heavens opened. Thoroughly soaked and with 75 miles in the bag, I was badly sodden and yelling at my helpers for my race cape to keep in the warmth.

The HQ Wagon was stationed at the Green Welly Hotel in Chatteris. Hundreds of supporters were there to cheer us. By now, my wife, Marj, had arrived, so my helpers Trevor and Alan could now take a rest one by one. The heavens opened again and another darn soaking. This time I really felt like packing, but hadn't the guts. After all I had dragged my helpers all this way, what for, so I could pack? Not on your nelly! So push on. No further discomfort, improving weather, growing confidence, and most encouraging of all, seeing the hours slip by quickly - all were great boosts to morale.

Onwards into dusk, and a stop to change into dry socks and shoes, night clothing and for lights etc. The night course - which Roger Sewell quipped was the most fun part of the event - lay between Newmarket, Fordham, Stow-cum-Quy, and Sketchworth. By now, the wind had dropped completely and a fine night's riding lay ahead. All went smoothly, though perhaps with too many brief stops for food and drink. But, sadly, I missed a turn. Remembering Roger's edict "if in doubt stay on the main road", well I did, and finished up in the centre of Cambridge at 1.30 a.m. Nothing for it but to retrace - 18 unrecorded miles. Never mind, I learn the hard and by now nought was going to stop me finishing the event.

The dark hours seemed very short. Light began to appear on the horizon at 2.00 a.m, and full light by 4.00 a.m. So I soldiered on into Sunday morning through East Soham, Ely, West Littleport. I was on target to complete the 24 hours and 360 miles. Between 9.00 and 10.00 a.m. the remaining riders were all moved on to the finishing circuit. There were large crowds of spectators cheering and shouting support. It really was a fantastic and emotional time. After 23 hours of riding you would think that energy would have been completely burnt up. But with one hour to go, and a tail wind, I was winding up to 28mph. Unbelievable!

At the finish, all was subdued. No people, no grandstand, just STOP! But wait a minute. I clicked on my speedo and surprise 359.85 miles. not quite on target but that's good enough for me. And I still had to ride back to HQ.

This was the most unique event I have ever experienced. I shall not hesitate to enter it again next year. Knowing that I can complete 24 hours I am reasonably confident I can improve on the mileage. We'll see. My official recorded mileage was 341.26. Not bad for a Sunday run!

CAPTAIN'S LANTERN ROUGE

For some months now I have suggested I would make a regular contribution to the Circular. So far events have contrived to hinder my efforts (either that or I've just been plain lazy). However we are now approaching the AGM and my first year as Captain draws to an end. An ideal time to review events so far and perhaps whet your appetite for the future.

On a personal note, I have been very disappointed on the racing front due to a recurrent knee problem. Having trained particularly energetically over the winter months both on a turbo in the kitchen and on many extended journeys home from work I was looking forward to greater things. It was not to be. But thanks to several rewarding physio sessions, and discovering the cause of the problem I'm hoping next year will bring greater reward.

At least I've had a go in most of our Club events - coming to within a second of last year's personal best on the "7" course. It is a shame that these events are so poorly supported. Apart from the 5 or 6 regulars, we see very little of most of our members throughout the year. I cannot stress too strongly that the emphasis on these events is fun. None of those competing are record breaking athletes, and the course is relatively traffic-free. There is even a Club Hill Climb to end the season this year to suit all those mountain bikers out there. Come and have a go.

At the AGM, there could well be some more serious changes and suggestions offered as a result of difficulties encountered in running the various Club events. Please make an effort to be there and take an active part in your Club.

Looking ahead we have the Autumn Tints weekend as the next item on the calendar. If the weather turns out to be as good as last year, I for one can't wait to be there.

One of the most common decisions I have difficulty with is that of Clubrun venues. Although we tend to frequent a small number of places on a fairly regular basis, it's always nice to go somewhere different. So, if any of you have found the perfect little inn in idyllic surroundings don't keep it to yourselves. Let the rest of us share in its delights too.

Well that's about enough for the time being. You've probably heard most of this stuff before from various people over the years, but cycling is supposed to be greatly on the increase as a leisure pursuit and it would be a shame if we as a club missed out on the opportunity to take advantage of the sport's growing popularity. An active membership must be the only sure fire way of attracting new blood. And that is what we would all like to see.

Martin Cartwright

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)*

President: Tony Pickles
 Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
 Captain: Martin Cartwright
 Hon Secretary: Bill Graham
 47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

December 1998

No.887

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

<i>December</i>	<i>26</i>	<i>The Bull</i>	<i>Shocklach</i>	<i>Boxing Day Run</i>
January	2	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	9	The Goshawk	Mouldsworth	
	16	Farndon Arms	Farndon	
	23	The Ffrwd	Cefn-y-Bedd	
	30	Royal Oak	Kelsall	
February	6	The Buck	Bangor-on-Dee	
	13	Cross Keys	Llanfynydd	
	20	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	27	Golden Grove	Rossett	
March	6	* CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND *		
		Cain Valley Hotel	Llanfyllin	
	13	Club 14 (Start Broxton - 1130hrs)		
	20	The Bridge	Pontblyddyn	
	27	Beeston Castle	Beeston	
April	3	The Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial	
	10	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
 Hon Treasurer: Mike Twigg, 14 Barkhill Road, CHESTER CH3 5JQ
 (☎: 01244 326399)
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 (☎:01565 651593)

* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 6 MARCH 1999 *

Annual General Meeting
Tattenhall Recreational Club - 10 October 1998

Present:

T Pickles, W Graham, M Twigg, D Birchall, M Cartwright, T Williams, M Livingstone, K Orum, C Edwards, G Catherall, D Edwards, S Twigg, D Rees, B Bird, C Clewley, B Griffiths, J Thompson. Apologies: R Band, R Wilson, J Moss, T Sherman, J Williamson, M Kimpton

The minutes of the last AGM were read and passed as a true record, with no matters arising.

Hon Secretary's report: Committee attendance averaged less than 9 (from a possible 19) for the 8 meetings during the year. Membership is steady at 83, including 14 life members. Mark Haslam, a member from 1921, passed away during the year.

At the present time traditional forms of club cycling are less attractive to young people. With the encouragement of the BCF some clubs are adopting strategies to attract and retain new members. The Anfield BC, with only 5 members under the age of 30, in this respect, is weak and perhaps the Committee should make the matter a priority for survival.

Treasurer's Report: There were no major purchases during the year. The Ernie Davies Cup was mainly paid for by donation, the balance coming from General Expenses (any further donations would be welcome). We have managed to recover a large amount in subscription arrears. With profits in both the 25 and 100 (the 100 due to the income from the tea and cakes at the finish - thanks one and all again). Plus the sale of Clubwear we managed a surplus for the year of £918.39.

Officers 1998/1999:

President: A J Pickles; Vice Presidents: J Futter, D Birchall; Secretary: W Graham; Treasurer: M J Twigg; Editor: D Birchall; Racing Sec: J Futter; Captain: M Cartwright; Vice Captain: G Catherall; 100 Sec: A J Pickles; 25 Sec: B Griffiths; WCTTCA: J Futter, B Griffiths; RTTC: K Orum, W Graham; RRA: S Twigg; NRRA: D Birchall; BCF: D Bassett; Social Sec: T Williams; Committee: D Rees, B Bird, C Edwards, D Edwards, G Thompson, C Clewley, G Williams.

Committee Notes:

Resignation: Mark Thomas

New Phone Number: Chris Shorter 01642 898639

100th 100 Monday 31 May 1999

On Spring Bank Holiday Monday we run the 100 for the 100th time. We want the race itself to be run as normal. However, there is an expectation that such a special occasion should not be allowed to pass unrecognised. So we are proposing that the race will be followed by a celebratory buffet at a venue near Event HQ. The occasion is likely to be well attended by the cycling world, and with the riders, their helpers and all those who contribute to the success of the race itself, it could be quite a do. It goes without saying that it would be lovely if as many Anfielders as can be mustered were able to support the occasion. So don't let the moment pass - please make a note in your diary now.

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RACING NOTES

Club Events 1999

The 1999 Programme, subject to RTTC approval, is as follows:

13 March	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
17 April	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
22 May	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
12 June	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
10 July	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
21 August	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
4 September	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
2 October	Hillclimb	Llanarmon	12 noon

1998 Club Competitions: Round-up

14 mile	Graham Thompson	36.54
7 mile (Best three Rides)	Martin Cartwright	17.38, 16.46, 17.22 (average 17.15)
10 mile (cancelled) (14 ml in lieu):	Martin Cartwright	36.56
Hill Climb	Graham Thompson	3.57

* Chris Vessey's 213.47 miles in the Luton 12, was good enough to earn first handicap. Chris writes: "it was a strange old day starting in virtual darkness and thick fog. The first three hours were up and down the A1 and then off towards Cambridge. Having done the 24 a few weeks prior gave advantages and the day was somewhat faster and easier. I say "easier" with tongue in cheek - none of it is easy! Still I conclude that if this distance could be doubled for a 24, that would be 426 - 85 more than the North Road 24 - or perhaps it doesn't work like that! We'll see."

Anfield BC Open 25, Broxton - 26 September 1998

Carving nearly two minutes from his previous best, Lee Suthard (Team Lease Direct-Road Range) upset the seedings to complete a speedy week-end double. The top three on entry times were forced into minor roles as Suthard, whose efforts also earned him third handicap prize, improved by 1.58 to 52.46 for a clear victory over Neil Peart (Walsall RCC), 53.30.

Last Year's winner Sion Jones (Harrods-Giant), riding fixed wheel, was a further five seconds away in third place, and was one of the riders at the back of the field who came up against a large load which affected traffic flow at the Whitchurch end of the course.

Conditions were very good and second man off Graham Thompson set the trend for day as first back to the timekeeper in a personal best 57.03, a 1.55 improvement.

Lee Suthard (Team Lease Direct-Road Range)	52.46
N Peart (Walsall RCC)	53.30
S Jones (Harrods-Giant)	53.35
D Feeley (Rhyl CC)	54.00
T McFayden (Harlech Wh)	54.59
N Clemenson (Wigan Wh)	55.30
S Powell (Macclesfield Wh)	56.19
C Miller (Warrington RC)	56.26
P Guy (Mid Shrops Wh)	56.37
M Lord (Rochdale Tri Club)	56.43

Team - Harlech Wh (T McFayden, H Roberts, P Garside) 2.56.33
Vets - Phil Guy; Vets on Standard: W Davidson (BNECC) 57.50
+22.15
Juniors - A Bailey (Holyhead CC) 59.14
Women - M Cooke (Coventry Paragon) 1.07.14
Handicap - H Roberts (10.00) 50.34

(This report, from Cycling Weekly, is acknowledged with thanks)

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The future of time-trialling

Ten seconds on Christleton Island is ten seconds too long these days, such a free-for-all has it become so far as the density and speed of the traffic is concerned. Spend two hours from 9 to 11am marshalling 100 riders and perhaps it is inevitable that you begin to question how long before hostile traffic forces time-trialling, as we know it, off the roads. Ten years? Twenty years? And what about the riders themselves: as regards age, "mature" was the word that sprang to mind for many encircling the island. More widely, i.e. nationally, are numbers steady or rising or falling? And are fields getting older? Who does the research, who keeps the records? The Cycling media, the RTTC?

On Sunday 26 September at Christleton, the triallists in our Open 25, without exception, behaved with impeccable road sense, cornering the roundabout with great care. Not so many of the cars and lorries, judging by their antics. Then, with a dozen riders to go, two police motorbikes rolled up and shut the southbound exit to the A41, pending the arrival of a wide-load. This meant that all the traffic for Broxton and Whitchurch knew not where to go, and so congested the island still further. Our man on the south side of the island, Geraint Catherall clearly can forge a career as a diplomat. He persuaded the officers to let the triallists through (and thanked them for their help). Notwithstanding, unfortunately the congestion delayed several late markers.

The problems and risks at Christleton are typical of the difficulties facing course planners. If traffic signals are installed there, as seems inevitable, so another course will be lost. Over the years much thought has gone into finding the best course for the Anfield 100. For the current course, the search for safe and suitable roads went far and wide. But the search demonstrated that in reality the options are few. Excluded were potentially excellent courses rendered unusable because of problems like traffic signals, dangerous slip roads, or congested high capacity roundabouts. Also ruled out were roads deemed too narrow, winding, rough or hilly for trialling. We think that our current 100 course, though far from perfect, is as good as can be found in Cheshire and Shropshire - although riders, especially if they are really trying, will always argue otherwise.

DOB

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Reflections

* At some point during the Tints Weekend John Thompson complained about the lack of racing results in the Circular. So how about it. The Editor cannot publish what members don't provide by way of results.

* We think it's about time to overhaul some ABC Club Records: at 12 hours 245.11 set by Bren Orrell Jnr in 1953, and at 24 hours 439.53 by John Thompson, 1985, are ripe for the picking. And another record that we would like to see fall in 1999 is the 25 set by Brian Whitmarsh in 1984 - could Graham Thompson better 55.02! Judging by his ride in the ABC 25 we certainly think so.

* Keith Orum's letter (June issue) on the future of the 100 and Clubruns brought no direct response, disappointingly. Then at the Glan Aber Hotel, appropriately, with so many Anfield connotations, a brain-storming session about the future self-ignited. It was so much the better for being spontaneous (lubricated though it was, as John Thompson wryly observed, by Old Speckled Hen and Guinness). To coin a phrase, the unthinkable was thought - and

voiced. Some of the issues aired, and ideas generated, need facing up to. So here are at least some of them:

- Thorny questions were broached about the future of the 100. What succession planning is being done? In the future, who in the Anfield will run the event - and compete in it? Why do we run the event? Who do we run it for?
- Should we encourage family membership? The idea has been aired by several members recently. Such an approach would take the Club back to the very first years when we leased a club headquarters and the membership list included ladies as well as gentlemen.
- Clubruns are increasingly patchily attended. Enjoyable though they are, too few members regularly attend. There is nothing more discouraging than setting off on a Saturday morning looking forward to some Anfield banter - with a doubt in your mind about whether anyone else will be present. So thoughts were aired about the future of Saturday Clubruns now that there is no clearly defined meeting place, such as Two Mills, where runs once started and where members congregated.
- Even if runs are patchily attended, even if our numbers are now in the eighties (from circa 200 in the late 20s - when average attendances were in the 40s), even with so few racing men, paradoxically, the ABC is in robust health, and the envy of some. Amongst most members there is an enthusiasm for the well-being of the Club which is heartening. And we are rich with experience. Much of the "action" is outside the formal clubrun structure. Very successful over the last couple of years have been some of the impromptu rides - arranged at too short notice for the quarterly Circular - like that to watch the Prutour on the Cat and Fiddle, and the thoroughly enjoyable mountain bike rides and weekends. We speculated about arranging more - and in the areas where members actually live. Would such an approach remedy the Club's lack of geographic focus? Would recruiting new members be helped?

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CLUBRUNS

Forest View, Oakmere

11 July 1998

I knew that the day would be problematic when I tried to fit new brakes to the bike. At 11 a.m. I departed from my parent's house in Chester having spent the best part of an hour attempting to fit a set of second hand Campag dual pivot brakes only to find that they were not quite compatible with my mudguards.

The climb up Manley Bank proved to be its normal struggle. As I arrived at the "summit", I recalled too late the extra lump of metal attached to my chainset was in fact a 30 tooth ring which would have saved me a lot of perspiration! The rain held off as I

proceeded through the forest towards Norley before turning left along the narrow back lane that leads to the pub, arriving just before opening time. I was shortly joined by Dikki and Oliver Bird who had spent the morning fishing and walking the fields. Soon Ben, John and Geraint arrived, followed by Captain Cartwright and a car bourne Tecwyn.

Later as the Clubrun fragmented I decided to join Tecwyn and Dikki at the Sportsman's Arms. A blast through the lanes in Dikki's Seirra with the bike in the back and Oliver on my lap brought us to Tattenhall for a quick pint. The day ended with a sprint through the lanes towards Chester with the wind on my back, a few pints in my belly and rain in my hair.

Stuart Twigg

Club Hillclimb and The Raven, Llanarmon -

3 October 1998

Last year Geraint suggested that we should include a hill climb in our club calendar of events. It is many years since we held the Mersey View event, which was never well supported. Trusting that a change may prove to be more popular, I asked Ben to suggest a suitable climb, and he proposed the hill to Eryrys. The climb is under a mile in length but as with most things the sting is in the tail, the short length of the course combined with the severity of the hairpin makes it well suited to the anti-gravity specialist.

On the morning in question there were two notable non-starters with Geraint Catherall in Leicester, and Rob Burrows acting as mechanic in a motor rally. With Mike Twigg doing the honours as the finish timekeeper, and Craig Clewley as pusher-off, the event started on time at midday. Unfortunately this appeared to be too early for most members as the event lacked spectators to cheer on the Anfield's finest and best.

On retiring to the Raven the morning sunshine had given way to cloud but the temperature was such that members were tempted to partake of their lunch al fresco style. With plenty of free flowing conversation this was indeed an enjoyable conclusion to the 1998 Club racing season.

Attendance: Ben Griffiths, Craig Clewley, Mike Twigg, David Birchall (+ Mary, her mum and Socs the dog), Dave Edwards, Bill Graham, Tony Pickles, Martin Cartwright, Graham Thompson, Mark Livingstone, Keith Orum, Dikki Bird (+ Olly the dog), John Williams, Phil Looby, Carl Nelson, Colin Werner, Tecwyn and Ben Williams, and

John Futter.

Hillclimb Result

Graham Thompson	3.57	Martin Cartwright	4.28
Bill Graham	4.39	Mark Livingstone	4.49
Ben Griffiths	5.43	Keith Orum	5.57
Tony Pickles	7.22		

Autumn Tints Weekend

Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-Coed

16 - 18 October 1998

A very wet miserable morning awaited the four keen mountain bikers who arrived Friday morning at the Glan Aber. However they weren't that keen and so the first decision of the day was to sit down and have a coffee giving the weather a chance to improve! Somewhat later the rain eased and David Birchall, Simon Cogan, Dave Bassett and George Elkington set off into the forest above Swallow Falls. A short ride saw us to the pub at Trefriw. We were soaked to the skin. The astonished looks from the locals said it all. Phil Looby arrived just as we were leaving so we five returned via a similar forest track route for an early bath. Surely the weather could only get better tomorrow

Saturday morning promised a lot with blue skies and the clarity of vision associated with the morning after a storm. But the clouds were gathering and soon, steady rain was falling. The agenda for the day had been set.

From the Hotel, we took the back road from the village and then, off-road, bumped our way back down to Ugly House. Over the river, we followed a leafy lane in the shadow of Moel Siabod. The lane gave way to a sodden trail - steady rainfall and the roar of the swollen river for company. We were on the Roman Road which once must have rung to the rhythmic march of Centurions - but is now the chosen route of ramblers and mountain bikers.

The track wound down through forestry to Dolwyddelan. Lunch was at the Gwydr Hotel - a somewhat dark and cheerless pub but not overly hostile. The food was good with all dishes only £2.95. Plenty of entertainment was laid on as we tried to light the fire and then keep it going. All in the vain hope of drying out our clothes. Dave Bassett, who knows about coal, maintained that unless the grate was cleared it would never light. He was almost right - until another party set to using a large brass tray that hung over the fireplace as a fan.

When eventually we set off our route was along the side of the Afon Lledr to the forest above Betws where we have whiled away many an hour on previous Tints weekends. A slippery descent on wet leaves brought us back to base, breathless and elated, in good time for an early bath.

The evening meal was followed by debate into the small hours on the possible futures for the Anfield BC. Initial discussions revolved around formalising the Muddy Brigade. As the evening (and pints) wore on, suggestions progressed from establishing a www.AnfieldBC.com web-site, to the future of club runs and time trial events being run in cyber-space using virtual-reality stereo specs linked to a turbo trainer and home computer (it could be one way of getting a good turn out for Saturday runs). The serious side however is that we need to deal with the changing needs of members as we move into the next millennium - and technology may be one of the tools that we choose to use. With Anfielders spread

far and wide, a web site may revitalise existing members as well as encouraging new ones. It may even be a way of promoting sales of the **Black Anfielders**.

Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny: a complete contrast to the Saturday paddle. The Muddy Brigade headed for Llanberis and tracks over the northern slopes of Snowdon. On the return leg from Llyn Cwellyn to Brithdir (the Snowdon Ranger track), Phil Looby seemed to be having a bit of trouble with his balance, but I had to go one better and fall off a wobbly rock and land in a small stream. Simon managed to lead us astray, but once back on the right path we soon reached the high point of the day, a pass between Foel Goch and Moel Cynghorion. Then we were descending "Telegraph Valley", a spectacular track towards Llanberis with clear views of the surrounding mountains, the Snowdon railway and a steep enough slope on the right to concentrate the mind.

Back at Llanberis, Simon, George, Phil, David and Keith went in search of lunch whilst I raced home to the swimming club for my two boys and domestic bliss....

Chris Edwards

And ... The Captain's Tints

As I'm sure most of you are aware the weather played the significant role in this year's events providing some of the worst cycling conditions I have ever experienced. Setting off on Friday afternoon our small group (Tony Pickles, Mark Livingstone, Geraint Catherall and myself) were soon battling into a raging headwind, but even this gave no indication of the horrors to come. Due to the relative lack of traffic we were happy to stick to the main route over Llandegla to the A5. Tony had been studying the maps and had decided to take some minor lanes on the north bank of the River Dee to Llanderfel. This required us to make a sharp turn off the A5 after the bridge about 1 mile before the main traffic lights at the Bala turning. Unfortunately we hadn't realised just how sharp a turn it was and amidst much squealing of brakes and uttering of varied expletives Geraint decided to part company with his bike and lie on his back in the middle of the road for a while. Poor Geraint did not find the whole experience amusing - but at least no lasting damage had been caused to man or machine, so on we pressed.

Beyond Bala the weather had really begun to close in. Very soon, by Llyn Celyn, we were battling into near horizontal sleet and hailstones with very little protection being offered by the open moorland. After what felt like an eternity the turning for Ysbyty-Ifan came into view and with the wind now on our backs the contrast could not have been more marked. We decided to take the narrow descent to Penmachno, which proved more than a little hair-raising with darkness closing in. With the somewhat false confidence that anything travelling in the opposite direction would give sufficient warning due to its headlights I allowed myself to drop down through the narrow lane a little quicker than common sense should have allowed. It proved to be exhilarating and a quick glance at my speedo at the bottom showed a surprising

maximum of 56 mph. Needless to say I had quite a long wait for my companions to catch up. The final run into Betws-y-coed was nice and gentle now that we had the protection of trees and hills around us. You almost wouldn't have thought it the same day.

Saturday dawned as windy and wet as Friday had ended but we decided to make an effort nevertheless. Probably about the largest group of Anfielders I have seen set off from the hotel but soon the mountain men and the roadies parted company. We roadies headed north up the B5106 with Conway our intended destination. But it soon became clear that conditions were not going to get any better and eventually Tecwyn, Dickie, Geraint and Tony decided to turn back for the inviting warmth of the pub at Trefriw. Mark, Billy and I foolishly decided to carry on (clearly not the wisest decision I've ever made). In Conwy the wind was almost too strong to stand in so having a look around the town was clearly out of the question. The only obvious return route was along the main road. Hardly a word passed between us as we each took turns at the front in a bid to meet up with the others again for lunch. Fortunately they were all still huddled around a roaring fire in the same pub - so after a quick snack we called it a day and headed back for an early bath.

To add final insult to injury Sunday dawned bright and sunny, the perfect Autumn day in fact. After the usual hearty breakfast it was time to head for home but at least the near perfect conditions of the trek across the moors to Denbigh was enough to lift any flagging spirits. It was almost a novelty to arrive home completely dry.

Martin Cartwright

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CAPTAINS 'LANTERN ROUGE'

Well here I am bringing up the rear once again, giving you the Captain's eye view on Anfield happenings over the few months since the last Circular. Personally things on the cycling front have ended on an upbeat note thanks to a particularly mild September and early October (or maybe it just felt that way in contrast to the non-event that summer turned out to be).

President Pickles and I took part in the Cheshire Charity Bike ride on the first Sunday in September, having had our arms twisted by organiser Duncan Rees. Altogether an enjoyable day, especially the final wind-assisted miles in the company of a pair of recumbent nutters. I never realised how quick those things go - the final sprint proved rather lively to say the least, especially once it became clear that my low riding rival was completely invisible to all other road users. Apparently all part of the fun, but my desire for self preservation persuaded me otherwise.

Then came the 25. I have to admit my disappointment at not being fit enough to ride (it had been one of my objectives at the start

climb time. The conditions were absolutely perfect and a good turn out made the event especially interesting. It came as no surprise to see Graham Thompson take the honours but all who took part turned in very creditable performances on what is a surprisingly steep climb. Well done all.

The AGM followed next. Once again concern was expressed at the diminishing active membership. As Captain I feel it is an issue I should possibly be tackling and I intend to make a concentrated effort on this front during the course of next year. I have a couple of ideas that I intend to raise in future committee meetings but I won't be able to do it alone so don't be surprised if I start to harass a few of you over the phone in the new year.

Martin Cartwright

THE CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND

There will be a slight change of format this year. On previous occasions this event has been a one-night stand but due to the continued success of the Tints weekend and the desire of many to do a little more exploration I am proposing two nights at the Cain Valley Hotel, Llanfyllin, 5th and 6th March. The single night rate is £26 - £34, two nights £24 - £30, depending on the type of room. A three course evening meal has been arranged for Saturday night - at £11.

Severn meets Mersey - Round 2

The Severn Valley, led by John Thompson, have again challenged the Anfield to meet; at the Lantern Cafe, High Street Knighton for lunch - from noon on the Saturday.

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Two more diary dates: Mountain Bike Weekends are being proposed in January and April. In January plans are afoot for the Shropshire Hills - for details see Simon Cogan. For the weekend of 24/25 April, John Thompson is keen to arrange an overnight stay at the Metropole Hotel in Llandrindod Wells where he will ride to. Mountain biking or not, if you want to join in, contact Simon and John respectively.



Snowdon from the Bulch-y-Groes, Llanberis

** Boxing Day Club Run **

The food at the Bull, Shocklach is always very good with homemade soups and an excellent lunch menu. So if you can, please be there. From noon.

** With seasonal greetings and enjoyable cycling in
1999 **