

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (formed March 1879)

President: Tony Pickles

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March 2002

No.900

CLUBRUNS

(lunch 1230hrs)

April	6	The Bull	Clotton	
	13	Club "7"	Huntington (1130hrs)	
		White Horse	Churton	
	20	City Arms	Minera	
	27	Miner's Arms	Rhes-y-Cae	
May	4	Club "7"	Huntington (1130hrs)	
		White Horse	Churton	
	11	Carriages	New Russia Hall, Gatesheath	C'ttee 1130hrs
	18	Beeston Hotel	Beeston	
	25	The Goshawk	Mouldsworth	
June	1	Trotting Mare	Eastwick	
	3	ANFIELD 100	HQ: Prees Village Hall	
	8	The Pheasant	Burwardsley	
	15	Yew Tree	Spurstow	
	22	Carriages	New Russia Hall, Gatesheath	C'ttee 1130hrs
	29	Forest View	Oakmere	

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE – 15 June 2002

Committee Notes

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HELP FOR THE 100

I hope those of you who have no racing ambitions this year will still be able to devote some of your precious time to the sport in way of your invaluable support for this year's 100. Please get those diaries out and make a note of the date..... Mon 3rd June (Jubilee day) and if you can help please let me know (if you don't you know I'll probably be in touch anyway).

Martin Cartwright (phone 01244 539979)

Captain's Bugle

I don't know how anyone else is getting on but I for one am actually quite looking forward to this coming season. I struggled for motivation towards the end of last season and realised that something drastic was required if I was going to make any effort in 2002. Now however, this year will have to be different thanks to one small fact. What started out as a flying visit to our friendly local purveyor of shiny new cyclery ended up with me falling victim to their cunning sales techniques and my credit card taking some hefty punishment.

For some time now I have toyed with the idea of having a crack at road racing but always ended being put off by the apparent complexity of having to possess a licence. I know there are events where this is not necessary but you know how it can be sometimes when just a little issue can present a mental barrier. No excuse will now be good enough any more as I really must justify the purchase of my new machine, so I sit here in the middle of February awaiting the arrival of my BCF membership and licence. Obviously now that all of this financial outlay has taken place it goes without saying that my motivation has returned with a vengeance and the kitchen regularly resounds to the "music" of spinning wheels and heavy breathing as many an hour is passed on the turbo (I'm still too much of a wimp to get out in the wind and rain). I fully intend to put in a big effort in as many of the local time trials as I can. All the 10 West Cheshire Series qualifying events have already been pencilled into my diary.

Martin Cartwright

Clubruns round-up

On the 22 December, the **Beeston Hotel, Tiverton** seemed a very good place in which to seek refuge from pre-Christmas madness. On a day that was cold and sunny, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Ben, Geraint, John Futter, Craig Clewley and the Editor, Mary and Adam found time to be there, enjoy good food and ABC banter. With no Boxing Day run this year, the **Bull, Shocklach** did not see the ABC until the 29th. Cheshire was in the grip of winter, snow lying thick on the ground, with more forecast. What distinguished this run was not Mike Hallgarth's presence (we always appreciate a visit from Mike), but the sight of Treasurer Edwards gamely heading towards Shocklach long after everyone else had left.

Carriages at Gatesheath is the new venue for Committee meetings. It's more country club than restaurant with Colin, the former landlord of the Sportsman's Tattenhall, in the role of patron. For our visit on 5th January, it was a bitter day, with snow still lying in the lanes, and damp fog hanging in the air. With such weather, the warm welcome and surroundings were the more appreciated. Freshly brewed coffee was much in demand. We sank into comfy settees, wood-burning stove sizzling in the background. What exceedingly nice surroundings in which to exchange New Year greetings, and conduct ABC business.

The Buck, Bangor-on-Dee

19 January 2002

Today the wind was bracing, from the south-west, and the atmosphere crystal clear. In the strong light, the Welsh hills sparkled in sunshine, a lovely backdrop for a morning's ride from the Bickerton Poacher for Alan Orme and David Birchall.

In the lea of Bickerton Hill, we followed the back lanes to Malpas, an under-appreciated little place if ever there was, which always seems to bustle. With its beautiful hilltop church, I think Malpas has some of the townscape quality of Winchcombe, only not Cotswold stone, but Cheshire brick and timber.

On the road to Worthenbury a backward glance revealed two cyclists struggling to catch us up, such was our speed (well, that's what we'd like to think). So Ben Griffiths and John Futter joined us for the last miles into Bangor. Ben's competitive spirit must have got the better of him, as he vied with Alan for the Bangor-on-Dee sign, always irresistible.

Although we arrived before midday, a gleaming machine was already parked at the Buck. In the lounge, we found Karl Nelson looking very well and contented with the world. He was home for a view days from Germany where he lives and works. Then over the next half hour, in ones and twos, arrived Chris Edwards, John Stinton, Dave Edwards, Geraint Catherall, Craig Clewley and Mike and Stuart Twigg. For the homeward ride, a peleton of eight riders set off towards Tilston, at a steady 25mph. Sadly, Tilston marked the parting of ways: and so the pace slowed thereafter, at least for the Knutsford two.

Golden Lion, Ashton

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26 January 2002

Ben was early and so was Mike:
Twigg came by car and Griffiths by bike.
Hugh was for once exactly on time:
How unfair to be asked to send in this rhyme
To tell that the day went from rainy to fine,
And that nobody else arrived at the pub
As we three alone partook of our grub.
At quarter-past one we went on our ways
Anticipating other good ABC days.

Hugh Dauncey

Ben adds:

John Futter was not out today (and Geraint, uncertain about whether the venue was open, also gave it a miss). It was very wet for the first hour of the ride, but soon after Farndon it cleared up a bit for the rest of the ride through Waverton, Taryn to Ashton. Mike Twigg passed me just before Ashton. Just as we thought no one else was going to arrive, Hugh Dauncey turned up. He had driven down from Newcastle to collect a new fixed wheel bike from Graham Weigh's. So watch out Mark. As it was still raining we were soon away for home via the Eureka, but didn't find any more Anfielders at the café.

The Ffrwd

-

2 February 2002

Very mild but windy when I called for John at 10.30 a.m. We went via the lanes – Pulford – Rossett – Caergwrle then up the hill to Cymau. It started to rain, so we cut down the Barracks Lane where we stopped at my old place of work for a cup of tea. Then down the hill to the Ffrwd. Mike Twigg arrived at the same time as us, soon followed by Tecwyn. And surprise, surprise, Chris Edwards on time for once. After putting the world to rights, I rode back to the Eureka with Chris, only to find he had left his car in Hawarden. He had ridden straight past it. He must be getting very keen!

Ben

Yew Tree, Spurstow

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9 February 2002

The weather first thing in the morning did not appear too promising and President Pickles did not seem keen on going. By 10 o'clock the rain had stopped and the skies cleared so I set off down to Broughton to meet John and Ben. On arriving at John's his neighbour said that they had left some five minutes earlier, so I set off in pursuit. We met with each other at Farndon and rode together through Tilston across the A41 through Bickerton to Bunbury then Spurstow. Mike Twigg was already at the pub and turned out to be the only other member in attendance. After eating we set off for home, Mike by car, John, Ben and myself heading back through Tattenhall, Farndon, then through the lanes to Broughton and then the final climb up to Sychdyn.

Geraint Catherall

I called for John at 10.30 a.m. He was ready so we went out with the wind via Dodleston – Pulford. About a mile short of Holt we turned right up Hoseley Bank to Marford then down to Rossett. We crossed the bypass via the underpass alongside the River Alun.

As we were early we kept in the lanes via Burton Green, Golly, Shordley then around past Shordley Hall to the venue arriving at the same time as Mike Twigg. We were soon followed by Lee Nichols and Tecwyn. So only five out - 2 by bike, 3 by car. John and I had a 30 mile ride in the lanes on a day that was windy, with just one short snow shower. A very nice run. I hope clubrun attendance improves very soon.

Ben

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e-Clips

- With this Circular we reach our 900th issue. There have been no breaks in the sequence since No. 1 was published in 1906. The next milestone, numerically, I suppose will be issue 1000. But we'll be waiting a long time for that: AD2027 at 4 issues a year. Hmm. More hopefully, to celebrate 100 years of the Circular, we will only have to keep things going until 2006.
- As reported elsewhere, Rod Anderson and family have moved to Singapore. The first of what we hope will be regular equatorial *e-clips* from him suggests plans for weekends far more exotic than the Welsh borders:

“It’s a very different proposition cycling over here to the UK. The humidity is a real killer and it is easy to consume a full Camelback within a couple of hours. I am living close to a central area of virgin rainforest and reservoirs called Bukit Timah in which there are some designated mountain bike tracks. On my first excursion, I actually succeeded in running over a snake that was sleeping in the sun. Needless to say it was not very happy to be pounded by bike tyres, but you can bet I did a personal best speed for the next 100 metres. We also have 6ft long monitor lizards that would probably make a mess if caught in the spokes. Enjoying it a lot here!”
- We breed 'em tough in the Anfield, thanks to our diet of clubruns, roughstuffing in the Berwyns, and long distance time-trialling. Fertile recruitment material for the Commandos then? Well it must have been so once. This thought crossed my mind when watching Channel 4's recent series on the history of the Commandos. *The Times* review used words like “riveting” and “moving”. Best of all were the interviews with some of the original volunteers, amongst whom was our own Tom Sherman. “I still know how to put the knife in” he quipped with a gleam in the eye. Tom held the army 24 hours marching record (66 miles or thereabouts: an amazing achievement). Some of his commando exploits,

which included Vaagso and St Nazaire, were reported in the ABC Circular in the darkest days of WW2. At the time, ABC Editor Frank Marriott complained that he knew more than could be put in the Circular. So readers were treated to tantalising snippets. Towards the end of the War, with reporting sensitivities easier, Tom provided his eye-witness account of the Vaagso raid: from preparation, through execution, to reflections on a job done. It still makes exciting reading but, alas, is too lengthy for the current Circular.

The TV informed us that training took place at Inverary. The men had to find their own digs, humble or grand, with the local people. One veteran, with a whiff of envy, reflected on how the laird in his castle had provided very comfortable lodgings for one of the company. Guess who was the lucky soul? Later, Tom told us that one morning he was late on parade. The reaction can only be imagined when Tom's explanation was "My butler forgot to wake me".

- In 1918, Jim Cranshaw (age 15), started a notebook detailing his growing interest in cycling. It has now been donated to us for safekeeping in the archive. It contains detailed route descriptions, including comments on road conditions, notes on where to eat and stay, carefully drawn maps showing his ever-widening knowledge of Cheshire and North Wales, and his cycling accounts, one of which we reproduce on page 12.
- Dave Rowatt who died in 1952, was one of the ABC's early riders. Dave joined from the Bootle Bicycle Club in 1890. Our contact with his family and descendants has long vanished. So it was a surprise to receive a telephone call from his grand-daughter, thanks to Dave Bassett who put her in touch with us. She has unearthed some original photographs of grandfather riding an ordinary. Would we like copies? We certainly would please, was the reply. In passing, she mentioned that Dave Rowatt was a tobacco importer, and, moreover, a founder of what now is BAT.
- John Farrington and Glynn Stockdale have both been on the sick list recently, with spells in hospital. We wish them both speedy recoveries, and hope it's not too long before they are cycling again.
- A new year lunch at the Pheasant, Burwardsley brought together 60s veterans Orum, Sharp, Farrington and Birchall. We met in snowy conditions. As unlikely a gang of misfits as might be found in *Last of the Summer Wine* observed one of the party. We hasten to add that the comment related only to the gentlemen, not the ladies present. Lunch was followed by a visit to the Candle Factory, at least for half of the group. For the other, apparently the message did not get passed on until too late. As a result Pippa and Vivienne, we understand, almost mutinied.

Blagging for Team Airbus – Martin Cartwright

Through the early part of last summer, I found myself riding the bike less and less. The urge to compete had dwindled as I searched for something different to motivate me. I had reached a point where my level of fitness was poor and the effort required to regain it became more and more daunting. The season would be over long before I felt right again.

Then one day in June I happened to be reading an article in a company newspaper that described a sports event that was being planned to take place in Hamburg in September to celebrate the formation of the new company, Airbus. Now normally these company events tend to focus on the team sports such as rugby and football but this time it was to involve our European partners and would involve a much wider scope of sports, including cycling.

I contacted one of the organisers and was intrigued to learn that the cycling was to be a 20km individual time trial with a team of five riders, four of whose times would be added together to determine the overall team prize. This was the one thing that I had been looking for to spark off the enthusiasm once more and very quickly I was back on two wheels and into a tough training programme. I was a little concerned that there might be some form of qualifying criteria to be met but fortunately the organisers knew very little about cycling and I was able to blag my way onto the team sheet, confident that come September I would be in good enough shape to do myself justice.

Eventually the teams were announced and I was delighted I had been invited to take part along with a colleague called Steve Bradbrook who is a 2nd cat road man. The other 3 riders in the team would be from our other partner factory in Bristol.

I'm sure some of you seasoned travellers think nothing of packing your bikes into a box and chucking it into the cargo hold on a plane but this was a unique experience for me and I deliberated long and hard about which bike and what equipment to take with me. In the end I learned that the bikes would fly out on one of our own internal company flights so weight was not really a restriction. I packed as much gear as I could get into my new bike bag and prayed it would all get there in one piece.

The day of the event dawned wet and windy and got progressively worse as the hours passed. By 2pm the rain was falling almost horizontally in a force 8 gale so things were not going to be pleasant to say the least. We learned that the event was to be held on the roads within the Airbus factory site and would be 8 laps of a short, complex course. I was immediately a little concerned as it was quite clear that this was not your typical time trial event, there appeared to be little opportunity to get into a rhythm in a big gear and there would be plenty of small sprints and hard braking. Added to this, the road surface varied between smooth tarmac, heavily worn concrete and even cobbles, hardly conditions conducive with the short, fast event that I had envisaged.

The one final burden to bear became clear once I had started. From the start we climbed a gradual gradient along a low wall that ran parallel with the River Elbe and to our great misfortune there was a major dredging operation underway just a small distance away. As a result of the strong headwind along this stretch sand and grit caused considerable discomfort and made looking up a very risky exercise.

Having initially been aiming for a time of somewhere around 28 – 30 minutes I was disappointed that my lap times were more likely to give me a time nearer 35-36 minutes. Nevertheless, despite all of the difficulties, I was quickly aware that I was passing a large number of other competitors, especially in some of the trickier areas between buildings where the swirling wind made things rather unsteady.

I started my final lap and gave everything I'd got, even managing a dangerous sprint into the final bend with some very vocal encouragement from the assembled spectators. My time on the line was 34-25 which I was initially a bit unhappy with but I knew that only one rider had passed me and once I had spoken to my team mates I discovered that they had struggled to a similar degree.

Eventually all the times were in. After a short debate on whether some riders had done all eight laps (fingers being pointed at our team by some disgruntled 'locals' who had been soundly beaten I might add) it was announced that the British riders had finished in 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th overall.

The outright winner was a young man called William Bjergselt from Bristol who happens to be sponsored by Team Raleigh in the UK mountain bike scene. He managed an amazing time in the circumstances of just 28 minutes. He's a name some of us might be getting a lot more familiar with in the near future.

I personally finished in 6th place overall and therefore the 4th fastest in the team event, which we won by quite a considerable margin. As I have already mentioned, the locals were clearly banking on the 'home' advantage and us failing to deal with the 'technical' course. Accusations continued long after presentation of the prizes, but the organisers were happy there were no irregularities and we walked away with spoils of a very hard, but satisfying, day's work.



* * * * *

My Anfield 100 – Chris Shorter

1984 was my second session of time-trialling but was the first for which I seriously applied myself to training. I knew nothing about the accepted methods of preparation and so had spent all winter on training rollers for two hours a day, with long rides on Sundays, if I considered the weather sufficiently clement. My more experienced friends rode round the cold, dark, wet streets, encumbered by layers of damp clothing, whilst, near naked, I drenched the floor of my parent's kitchen with sweat. Every session was meticulously recorded in a diary and, reading it nearly twenty years later, I

have to marvel at my stubbornness at sticking to a plan, which had no proven history of success. No doubt my antics then were a source of great amusement to my friends but a winter spent on a turbo-trainer is now considered the norm.

I began the season by winning five open events in a row and it soon became clear that my programme had achieved something more than the irreparable stain on my parent's kitchen floor. At Easter I won the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers 50 in 1-55-31, having not previously beaten two hours. It was inevitable that I became involved with the BBAR; most of my cycling mates in Hull were regulars and, anyway, I depended on them for transport, so it was either BBAR events or none! I also really cherished the dream of doing a sub-four hour 100; Stuart Whalley was the only person I had met who had done one and his epic tale of how he had sneaked in by two seconds fired my ambition.

As a result, I spent all summer chasing fast times all over the country, in the company of Derek Roe and Andy Fisher. By the end of the season, my qualifying rides were 1-47-58, 3-53-47 and 264 miles, which, at just over 25 mph, were good enough for 9th place in the BBAR; ironically these were all achieved within thirty miles of home.

Although I had enjoyed my BBAR season, I decided I didn't want to spend the next travelling the country. A season could easily be ruined if you rode the wrong event and missed, say, the fastest 50 of the year. I planned to spend half riding classic events, followed by a short late BBAR campaign on local roads.

The first target event was the Duckinfield CC 50 in their centenary year. It was extremely windy and I didn't ride well. At five miles to go, a marshall shouted I was doing great and in second place; not what I envisaged! But somehow I overcame the deficit to beat team-mate Andy Fisher to 2nd place. Andy got his own back when he won the Anfield 25 in 58-43, whilst I toured round for a perfect 59-59, a time which I joked was down to the generosity of the timekeeper (Ira Thomas, I think), as I had it at about three seconds outside the hour on my own watch. My next target event was the Anfield 100.....

Why was the Anfield 100 so important to me? Firstly, the Anfield were responsible for me starting racing and it had been my first Club. I had little choice but to leave the Anfield when I left the area and had joined Team Mirage but I had retained 2nd claim membership of the club. Ben Griffiths had shown me the black arts of time-trialling by dragging me round my first event, a 2-up 25, in 6 seconds outside the hour. Also, I had come to cycling via mountaineering, which has a very rich literature and history, and so, perhaps, I was more sensitive than most to the tales and traditions described in The Black Anfielders. I had grovelled round the 100 in my first season in 4-30-18 in terrible weather and afterwards had to suffer Mike Hallgarth's jibes: "Chris Shorter will never ride a good 100". There was unfinished business. A sub-four hour ride around those roads would do nicely.

My preparation in the final two or three weeks before the 100 mainly consisted of a number of rides in local club events around hard courses close to my home in

Beverley, with gentler rides on the days in between. I reasoned that I would need strength and stamina for the Anfield, rather than sheer speed, and so I abandoned my usual programme of interval training. My diary notes there were a number of days when there were no suitable club events, so I did self-timed rides locally instead.

Without the incentive of competition, these self-timed rides were a very pure form of time-trial, demanding considerable concentration. My diary records that my self-timed 25 personal best was 57-11 and a short 21 for a 10, which was actually quicker than my competition best. Derek and Andy regarded these solo efforts as acts approaching madness but were not adverse to an occasional self-timed team trial: together we managed a 52 "25" and 1-48 at "50". By modern standards we were over-training. Even faster lunacy ensued when Gregg Kinsell was introduced to the line-up and, although we did win bronze in the 1985 100 km TTT Championship, Gregg was so strong he unbalanced a team that would probably have done better without him.

27th May 1985. After a pleasant evening chez-Futter, Andy drove me down to the 100 start at Astley. The course in those days went Astley-Hodnet-Wellington-Hodnet-Battlefield-Prees-Battlefield-Ternhill-Prees-Battlefield-Astley. Roadworks at Ternhill led to Phil Mason, event organiser, arranging a new section: a roughly surfaced narrow lane, with a dead turn at the bottom of a steep hill, replaced the fastest bit of the course! It was already drizzling but clearly worse was on the way. The wind was getting up too. My Team Mirage skin-suit was clearly going to be insufficient and so I used my old Anfield racing top as an undergarment.

Too soon, I was down at the start exchanging jokes with my minute-man Stuart Jackson, trike rider, and multiple 24 hour champion. I started my watch as Stuart was pushed off by Mike Twigg and then I too was on my way. Propelled by a strong tailwind, the gap with the Jackson trike was rapidly closed and, I went by with a mutual "Up! Up!"

At Hodnet, I first caught sight of Gary Watts, my five-minute man who *Cycling Weekly* considered race favourite. A marshall waved me round the dead-turn north of Hodnet and I retraced to the village and off down towards Wellington. Hmm. The time gap with Gary didn't look like five minutes anymore - soon confirmed by Andy who shouted that I was "up" as I sped by.

The long leg to Wellington was all into the wind but I felt strong and gobbled up the miles. By now I was beginning to see Gary's support car and so I surmised that the gap must be closing quite quickly. At the turn he was only a few hundred yards ahead. The turn took me by surprise and I nearly fell off due to the narrowness of the lane and being over-gearred. Grovelling back up the hill, I soon passed Gary who appeared to have punctured. At this point, I caught a much slower rider who attempted to stay with me and even passed me several times. This began to affect my rhythm and so I tried to get rid of him. I stayed patient, knowing that he would have no chance on the tailwind section back to Hodnet and so it proved.

My tactic for 100s was to do a fast first 30 miles, then ride more steadily to 75 or 80 miles but to eat and drink as much as I could. After this I aimed to lift the pace to the finish. Today I planned to really go hard from Prees Island. So heading back to Hodnet I was beginning the eating phase. Andy passed me a muesli bar and yelled that I was back up on a 25 mph schedule. It was now raining steadily but I wondered whether a sub-four hour ride might be still be on.

50 miles came up ten seconds outside two hours. By now it was raining hard. A jolly crew of Anfielders waved me around Battlefield corner and then there was more tailwind fun to Prees. Due to the nature of the course, I hadn't seen any of the opposition on the other side of the road since the turns at Wellington but now I began to see riders on the way back from Prees, among them Ian Dow. In our first 2-ups together, Ben had taught me how to do time-checks on the opposition returning from turns, and he used to amaze me by keeping track of several teams. I didn't usually bother with these checks but today I made a mental note of the spot where we crossed; Ian was 12 hour champion and had a reputation for going well on hard days.

At Prees Island a very wet group of Anfielders shouted encouragement but no one gave me a time check. Here was my point to try and lift the pace. Heading back upwind towards Battlefield was a real fight and soon I regained the spot where I had crossed with Ian Dow. Whoops! I calculated that I was seven minutes down. Ian was a good rider, for whom I had great respect, but 100 miles was a bit too short a distance for him. He was obviously riding an inspired race. I believed in Stuart Whalley's dictum that a defeat by any more than a second a mile constituted a whuppin' and, as I was heading for much more than that, I felt humiliation coming on. I really piled on the power. I didn't think that I could now win but just wanted to reduce the deficit.

I had to slow right down at Battlefield as the road was so wet, and asked Brian Whitmarsh how I was doing. All I got was a smile and an instruction to "keep it going", which I interpreted as bad news. I really revved it up in the last few tailwind miles to the finish and just caught Mike Hallgarth off fifty minutes on the line.

Andy took my bike then joined me in the car, out of the rain. "I blew it Andy". He thought I was referring to my sub-four hour ambitions and so he tried to console me by suggesting that 4-04-47 wasn't such a bad time for the course in the prevailing conditions. Then there was a knock on the window and, on opening it, I could see Ernie Davies. Ern told me that I had done a great ride but when I began to apologise for not having won he started laughing. "You haven't lost at all, you've won by nine minutes!" It transpired that I had made a twenty minute error with my time check on Ian Dow and I actually had been thirteen minutes up, rather than seven down!

We all retired to the Dog in the Lane for the prize presentation and I got drunk. The Anfield was the last open event that I won. Shortly afterwards, I started climbing again and, apart from a brief dabble one Spring, I have never ridden a bike competitively since.

Extract from J D Cranshaw's "Rides and Tours from July 10th 1918

Jim's Cycling year began with the purchase of a tin of enamel at a cost 7d, and finished with a front lamp and rear lamp bracket, oil and wick for 8 shillings and 9 pence. Cycling "expences" for the year: £5-7-7.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

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President: Tony Pickles
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June 2002

No.901

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

July	6	The Buck	Bangor on Dee
	13	Club "7"	Huntington (1130hrs) followed by Grosvenor Arms Alford
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	27	Farndon Arms	Farndon
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	10	The Bull	Clotton
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	24	Carriages	New Russia Hall, Gatesheath C'ttee 1130hrs
	31	The Liver	Rhydtalog
September	7	The Yew Tree	Spurstow
	14	Club "14"	Broxton (1130hrs) followed by: The Bull Shocklach
	21	Golden Lion	Ashton
	28	Hill Climb	Eryrys (1130hrs) followed by: The Raven Llanarmon-yn-Ial

Hon Treasurer: Chris Edwards, 4 Beach Road, Hoylake, WIRRAL CH47 1HT Tel: 0151 632 3462
(**CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS:** 21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE – 7th September 2002

Committee Notes

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Autumn Tints 18 -20 October

Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-Coed

£26.50 B&B £9.50 for 3 course dinner on Saturday evening.

**Booking (£10 deposit please) by 30 September to:
Tecwyn Williams, 65 High Street FARNDON CH1 6PT**

Treasurers Report

The Club has recently had to cope with a few unforeseen circumstances, which if they continued would seriously affect our financial viability. The two main items are the deposit paid for club weekends, such as the Autumn Tints and the Captain's weekend, and overdue subscriptions.

Deposits: When booking a venue we have to write a cheque based on the number of beds we require for the weekend. If we do not fill all the beds then the hotel owner is entitled to retain the deposit. In some cases they may request additional payment for loss of business. In future to avoid the possibility of such surcharges we will have to make a decision on whether to continue with these weekend events, as attendance recently has been poor and we have had to meet the shortfall from club funds.

In the case of the Autumn Tints, the hotel gave a refund of £13.63 to each person who stayed even if they had not paid their deposit to the Anfield BC so there is still money outstanding from a few members who did not pay a deposit and benefited from the refund on their bill. The defaulters should know who you are. Can I please have the remaining monies so that we can keep the books straight.

For the Captain's weekend there was such a poor attendance that we lost our £100.00 deposit completely. Please remember that we negotiate a price for accommodation that is lower than the normal room charge. If we do not take up the order then we are in breach of our contract with the hotelier and he may seek financial compensation.

For the Autumn Tints this year we will only hold rooms for members paying a deposit at least 2 weeks prior to the weekend. If the numbers are not adequate at that time then we will probably have to cancel the weekend. Anyone paying a deposit and not attending the weekend will not receive a refund even if the Hotel refunds the deposit to the Club. The only time that a deposit will be refunded is if the weekend has to be cancelled due to lack of interest and the Hotel agrees to refund our deposit. Please remember that the Club will have to write a cheque now for £150.00 to secure the Glan Aber Hotel for October. So please help us to continue with these enjoyable social events by paying your deposits early and not leaving it till the last minute.

Subscriptions: Unfortunately the Club has to remind certain members every year to pay their club subscriptions. Subs are due in October and even by now there are still members who have not yet paid. Again, you know who you are and by the next issue of the Circular we may have to resort to a list of the usual suspects. Again if you can help the Club by paying by Standing Order or just sending a cheque in October it would be much appreciated.

Earlier in the year I explained that the CTC had increased its 3rd Party insurance premiums to such a level that the Club could not continue to fund the additional costs and we would ask for members to pay the extra for this insurance cover. The following members replied to this request and are covered by CTC insurance. All other members will have to make their own arrangements (some are already covered under CTC membership): Chris Edwards, Adam Birchall, Craig Clewley, Neil France, Karl Nelson, Tony Pickles, Geoff Sharp, Jonathan Sharp, David Brown.

Please be aware that if you are not adequately insured you may have to pay a considerable amount of money in the case of a 3rd party claim against you.

I hope that you do not find this report too gloomy. Unfortunately it is the nature of financial matters that they tend to be dull. On the positive side, the “100” was a financial success assisted by the hard work of the Ladies (Pat Twigg & Pippa Orum) running the Tea and Cake stand which returned an impressive profit this year. We have renewed the Club Standard Die so that any one with an outstanding claim for a Club Medal can now claim one. Later this year we will be awarding a trophy for the “25” that has been funded by the generosity of Club members who contributed to the Peter Colligan Fund.

We still have plenty of Club tops for any one who is thinking of smartening up their cycling or competing. You would be surprised how much faster you can go in a new Anfield BC top.

To finish off the racing season you could also be the proud owner of one of the two remaining RTTC handbooks. Hand delivered to your home (provided you live within a 40 mile radius of Hoylake), a snip at £4.50.

Chris Edwards Hon Treasurer

Obituary: John Farrington 1942 -2002

We are very sorry to report John's death on 30 March. He had been a member for 44 years having joined the ABC as a cadet in 1958.

John's character was largely shaped in the crucible of cycling the ABC way. In the late 50s and early 60s, a 70 mile ride to the Clubrun every Saturday afternoon was the norm. Meeting at the Eureka Café in the Wirral, there were few lanes in Cheshire and North Wales not explored. 100 miles on Sundays were not unusual. Mid-Wales and Snowdonia were within reach on YHA weekends, mountain tracks thrown in for fun. The maxim: "be adventurous, spontaneous and seek variety". John cycled in all seasons, all weather. There were days of wind and rain from dawn till dusk. He survived them and rides on roads that were icy and snow bound. One winter's night, I remember him riding his tricycle, Lucifer dynamo whirring, on to the frozen surface of Hatchmere. And there was the epic Berwyn crossing when the front wheel of his Clifton collapsed. We were in mist, 60 miles from home, late on a Sunday afternoon.... John helped run his school's cycle tours. One was in the Highlands, organised by fellow ABC members Les Bennett, John France and Ray Atherton. The tour included the famous roughstuff route through Glen Affric. It was a whole day of carrying and shouldering bicycles, loaded for touring.

The ABC also nurtured John's appreciation of the countryside and architecture, and fostered his interest in photography. In those days, slide shows were a feature of Club-life. And, being cadets in one of the oldest cycling clubs in the world, we were left in no doubt about the importance of history and tradition.

John was one of the few who survived the apprenticeship. The friendships formed then endured. Self-reliance, determination and stoicism, a gentle sense of humour, honesty and human fellowship are what he learned. All served him well, not least recently, in his heroic fight with cancer.

Almost ten years ago John "retired". Except that his days seem to have been more active and fulfilling than before. Right away he launched himself into music, another interest sown early, thanks to Les Bennett. John's first retirement project was to study music theory and learn the piano, with his hallmark thoroughness and dedication.

Over the last eight years John's involvement with the Veteran-Cycle Club rekindled his enthusiasm for cycling: this time round finding and restoring old bicycles too. He swiftly built up a collection of wonderful machines including a 1900s racer, 1920s roadster, recumbent, an immaculate curly Hetchins and most recently an early 28-inch frame for restoration. Through the V-CC magazine, John also found an outlet for his photographs – always a source of delight to readers.

In 1999 we explored the isle of Jura starting with a commando style landing near the Corrieveckan whirlpool. It rained the whole time, the track was dreadful and a broken spoke threatened a repeat of 1962. In 2000, we went pass-storming in Speyside and

the Cairngorms (and that time the sun shone). Last summer, with Geoff Sharp, John rode the length of the Forth and Clyde Canal towpath.

The list of John's interests was wide ranging. He was an experienced yachtsman and Commodore of the Blackness Boat Club. There were also Land Rovers, restoring valve radios, amateur dramatics, Community Council, Coast Guard, and gardening – quietly creating and keeping a lovely garden around Beechmast. John trained at the Automatic Telephone Exchange in Liverpool – under the watchful eye of Len Hill, another of his ABC mentors for a career that in 1970 took him to Edinburgh. In Scotland he settled in Blackness on the Firth of Forth west of the capital immediately.

Some 200 mourners attended the funeral at Abercorn, in the grounds of Hopetoun House, on a lovely spring day. Keith Orum, Geoff and Vivienne Sharp and David, Adam and Mary Birchall represented the ABC. Without exception, all who knew him considered his friendship unique. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Rosemary.

DDB

* * * * *

Racing Notes: Mark Livingstone

Club '14' 23rd March (Short Course)

The opening Club race of the season was once again held on a short course due to traffic lights. Without a record of the race distance (which is unavailable) it is going to be impossible to fairly award handicap times to this one. I therefore suggest that we only award handicap times in future if the event is held over the intended distance. The upshot of all this is that the 14 mile handicap prize will be determined solely on the second 14 mile event, presuming it is held at the full distance. If this race also has to be shortened then the 14 mile handicap prize will be null and void.

Race Result: Martin Cartwright 26-50; Geraint Catherall 28-08; Ben Griffiths 29-01

Thanks to Tony Pickles for officiating on the day and to the marshalls for their continued support.

Club '7' 13th April

Martin Cartwright 17-57; Geraint Catherall 18-42; Ben Griffiths 19-09; Mark Gibson (PT) 18-22
7 mile Handicap Standings after first event: Ben Griffiths 16-09; Geraint Catherall 16-42; Martin Cartwright 16-57

Club '7' 4th May

Geraint Catherall 17-38; Ben Griffiths 19-04; Mark Gibson (PT) 17-45
7 mile Handicap Standings after second event: Geraint Catherall 15-38; Ben Griffiths 16-04; Martin Cartwright 16-57

Chester RC '28' (hilly) 10th March.

Martin Cartwright 1:24:58; Ben Griffiths 1:28:48; Geraint Catherall 1:44:21 (crank came loose)

Gossip: I hear on the grapevine that Martin Cartwright is now a fully paid up member of the BCF and has his senior road race licence (I still haven't had any results from him though!).

Clubruns round-up

The Greyhound, Farndon

-

9 March

During the week an e-mail arrived from Len Walls: "I'm thinking of attending the run, and would you like some photos from the 1950s for the archive?" That set the scene for an absorbing hour at the Greyhound, with Ben Griffiths and John Williamson able to put names to faces for Mike Twigg, Tony Pickles and myself. How young and fit looked the Walls, Griffiths and Futter trio in 1952 (just as they do 50 years on). Len is a good photographer and his donation much appreciated. With no spare seats at our table, at the bar a separate Clubrun centred on Tecwyn, Dikki and Chris Jones.

Club "14", Broxton and Calveley Arms, Handley

-

23 March

The first Club 14 always seems to coincide with roadworks. This year was no exception. Road closed signs barred access to the A534 within sight of the start. So we used a shortened course either side, with a finish near Farndon. Those with time for lunch then headed to the Calveley Arms at Handley where the food is excellent and beer delicious. President Pickles, Mike Twigg, Bill Graham, Lee Nicholls, Martin Cartwright, Geraint Catherall arrived in ones and twos. Chris Edwards on time but looked shattered – "18s all the way" was all he managed before collapsing behind a pint. To blame for Chris's discomfort, was, I suspect, fresh as a daisy John Thompson. Both had ridden from the Wirral. The party was complete with the arrival of JT's mum and Maggie to give him a lift home. Ironic when it was Chris needing it.

The Bull, Clotton

-

6 April

It's not often that the wind blows from the east and the sunshine is bright and cheerful too. But today that was the rare combination: just right for an easy ride from Knutsford to Chester via the Clubrun at Clotton.

In the years when the ABC's Manchester section was strong, the lanes westward were well known to us. Nowadays there is frenetic traffic around Knutsford on Saturdays. Some roads are best avoided. Bleak it is to spend your Saturday rushing round in a car to Tesco, B&Q or worse; especially when the lanes we cycle on are used to speed the way. But it's the norm for many. For me it was the back road out of Knutsford through Plumley to Lach Dennis. Now that Davenham is bypassed, the old main road provides a pleasant enough way to the missing link – the rough track crossing the Weaver Navigation by locks and a swing bridge – on the boundary between east and west Cheshire.

The food at the Bull is very good and the beer well kept, though Ben's team sensibly stuck to orange cordial. Mike Twigg, Bill Graham, John Futter, Ben Griffiths and Geraint Catherall found a table big enough for all of us. Lunch done, there were five on bikes bound for Chester or Deeside, the wind joyously pushing us along in the sunshine. Evens all the way. Nothing could be nicer.

We have no report of **Minera (20 April)**.

Rhes-y-Cae (27 April) was closed for Ben and John Futter.

Following the **Club 7 (4 May)**, with no food at the White Horse Churton, we met at the Grosvenor Arms Alford. A reasonable turn-out though.

The committee meeting at **Gatesheath (11 May)** was also well attended, on a warm sunny day; but **Beeston (18 May)** disappointed with only Dikki, Mike and Stuart Twigg braving heavy rain.

The **Goshawk Mouldsworth (25 May)** was no better with just Ben, John Futter, Mike Twigg and the Editor. Nor was there food either. Mike and Stuart Twigg alone supported the **Trotting Mare Eastwick (1 June)**.

The crisis continued at the **Pheasant, Burwardsley (8 June)** with support only from Mike, Tecwyn, Treasurer Edwards, and David and Mary Birchall. Finally at the **Yew Tree, Spurstow (14 June)**, Mike Twigg, Ben, John Futter, Geraint and Editor sought refuge from the bar as England beat Denmark.

* * * * *

e-Clips

Those who joined the ABC before 1980 remember Frank Marriott warmly. Frank held various offices (but never President) for over 50 years. Most importantly he edited the Circular in the '30s and WW2, and from the mid-60s to his death (latterly helping Mike Hallgarth). So it was a lovely surprise recently to hear from his son, Stephen:

“I thought I'd let you know that I've just spent a very pleasant hour or so reading through issues of the Circular for 2001 courtesy of my brother-in-law (Nigel Fellows). Of particular interest was the write up of the ride to Leominster for the Autumn Tints, as on a couple of occasions I have ventured from Bedfordshire to Ludlow - Bishop's Castle, once for a couple of days in Clun, the second en route for Beddgelert.

I've always kept up my interest in cycling - in the early days of living down here it wasn't so easy as a means of storing the bike was hard to come by - and then it was just a summer only activity - odd looking back to the time when in the lengthening days of May a 5 mile trip was a big adventure. For the past few years it has been a year round activity - with usually 25 and quite often 50 miles a week being clocked up.

Last year in fact saw a few big rides - my longest ever across to the Norfolk coast - 150 miles+ in a day topping my previous best by about 30 miles, and a group cycling holiday through the Pyrenees - fairly exhausting but very satisfying both physically and mentally. The summer rides concluded with a ride from Calais to Delft - terrain not unlike that to be found in the mountains - long constant gradients!”

103rd Anfield 100

Reprint with acknowledgement to *Cycling Weekly*:

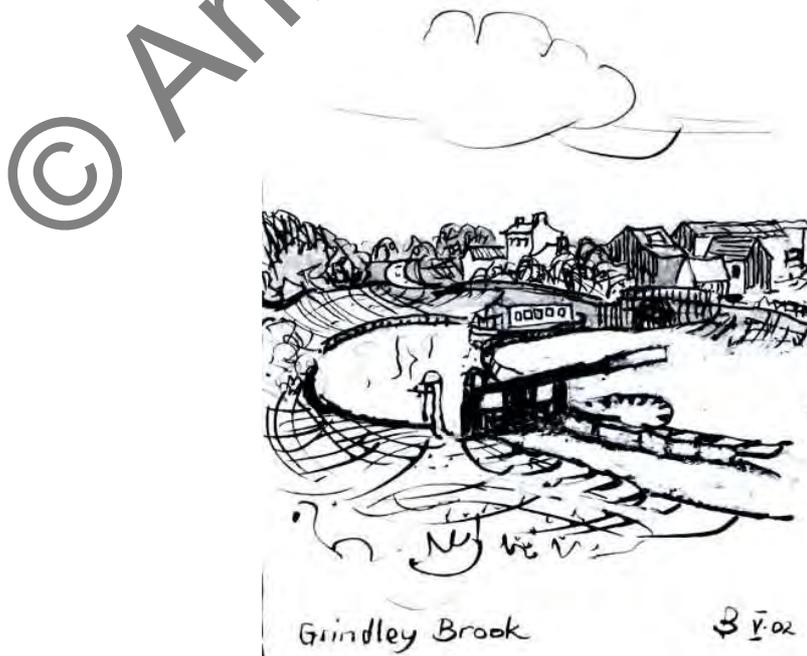
On a day made for record breaking with no wind and cooling rain Gethin Butler (Preston Wheelers) tore around the course in an amazing 3-48-52 to win by nearly 11 minutes from 2000 winner Neil Peart (On the Edge RT). Butler however fell short of his main ambition failing to beat Dave Lloyd's 20 year old event record of 3-47-10.

The expected tussle for the record between Keith Murray (Science in Sport.com) and Butler failed to materialise when unluckily Murray punctured after only four miles. Murray had specifically set out his stall to challenge Lloyd's record and was clearly disappointed. Butler for his part showed no ill effects from riding a 50 the previous day. In fact he went faster as the race went on. At 25 miles he was on a 57-58; by half way, 1-55-53; and by 75 miles, 2-52-52, and then rode the final hard 25 miles in 56-00.

Neil Peart was pleased with his 2nd place. The Midlands rider had a midway split of 2-00-15. so he too went faster over the second half. Last year's 2nd placed rider, had to settle for 3rd this time as Dave Johnson (High Wycombe CC) clocked in at 4-02 27. He was just 23 seconds down on Peart at 50 miles but couldn't match his ride to the finish.

Lynne Taylor (Walsall RCC) did a personal best for the event, 4-27-04, which augers well for her End to End and 1000 mile aspirations.

Gethin Butler (Preston Wheelers)	3-48-52	N Peart (On the Edge RC)	3-59-43
D Johnson (High Wycombe CC)	4-02-27	T McFayden (Harlech Wheelers)	4-06-47
M Sewell (Southport CC)	4-08-03	P Fleming (Preston Wheelers)	4-08-45
N Skellern (Congleton CC)	4-10-33	P Williams (N Shrops Wh)	4-15-27
D White (N Shrops Wh)	4-16-30	P Guy (N Shrops Wh)	4-16-40
Team: North Shropshire Wheelers	12-48-36	Women: Lynne Taylor (Walsall RC)	4-27-04
Handicap: Dave Biddulph (GM Fire Service) (88-00)	3-29-27		
Vets on std: Terry Coving (Stafford RC)	4-19-07 (+89-52)		(Event record)



ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (formed March 1879)

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Captain: Martin Cartwright (Tel: 01244 539979)
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September 2002

No.902

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

September	21	Golden Lion	Ashton*
	22	Open 25	Start Chester Business Park 08:00hrs
	28	Hill Climb The Raven	Eryrys (1200hrs) followed by: Llanarmon-yn-Ial
October	5	Carriages	New Russia Hall, Gatesheath <u>AGM 13:30hrs</u>
	12	The Buck	Bangor on Dee*
	18-20	Glan Aber Hotel	Bettws-y-Coed <u>Autumn Tints</u>
	26	Farndon Arms	Farndon
November	2	The Bull	Clotton*
	9	The Liver	Rhydtalog
	16	Golden Lion	Ashton*
	23	Carriages	New Russia Hall, Gatesheath C'mtee 1130hrs
	30	The Ffrwd	Cefn-y-Bedd
December	7	T'Ouse at Top	Kelsall*
	14	Golden Grove	Rossett
	21	Beeston Hotel	Beeston*
	28	The Bull	Shocklach*

*: Meet Holt Car Park for 11:00hrs; 11:10hrs prompt - departure

Hon Treasurer: Chris Edwards, 4 Beach Road, Hoylake, WIRRAL CH47 1HT Tel: 0151 632 3462
(CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS: 21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE – 23rd November 2002

Committee Notes

Autumn Tints 18 -20 October

Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-Coed

£26.50 BGB £9.50 for 3 course dinner on Saturday

Mountain bike and road rides

15 are in the party so far. To book:

£10 deposit please by 30 September to:

Tecwyn Williams, 65 High Street FARNDON CH1 6PT

Treasurers report 3rd September 2002

Outstanding Subscriptions: The Club's financial year ends on 1st September. The Club has still not received subscriptions from the following members for the year 2001-2002:

Paul Ashley (owing 2000/2001 as well), **David Barker, John Lahiff, Phil Mason, Lee Nicholls, Colin Werner, Brian Whitmarsh** (owing 2000/2001 as well), **Mike Halgarth, and Chris Jones.**

Membership subscriptions are due on 1st October. Could those mentioned above please include the outstanding amount with their subscription for 2002/2003.

Autumn Tints 18th September 2002: So far we have 15 names: G Catherall, J Futter, C Edwards, S Twigg, M Kimpton, T Pickles, M Cartwright, D Birchall, A Orme, Hugh Dauncey and friend, Tecwyn, Mike Twigg, K Orum and Chris Edwards.

This year we will only be confirming accommodation for those that have paid deposits to Tecwyn or myself by 30th September. So if you want to come on what looks to be a very well attended Tints then ***please book now***. Bringing cheques to the AGM will be too late. Please also note that deposits will not be refundable.

Financial fortunes: Overall the Club has had a successful year financially with the Anfield 100 being very profitable this year and compensating for the earlier losses caused by the Autumn Tints and Captains weekends. We do however want to invest in new equipment and establish a website with on-line notice board so we cannot be complacent. If we can collect the outstanding £165 in subscriptions then this will help to strengthen our financial position.

Obituary: Harold Catling

Harold Catling was brought up in the cotton town of Oldham. He became a textile expert with the Shirley Institute. In 1966 he was awarded a doctorate from London University for a mathematical study of spinning machinery, and in 1971 wrote a book on the history of the spinning mule. He capped his career globe trotting for the World Bank giving practical help to many rural communities in India and the Pacific rim.

His engineering skills embraced cycling too. His home workshop was a joy to behold. Indeed his cycle-engineering expertise was so highly regarded that it was Harold to whom the CTC turned when they needed technical advice in legal claims for members. With textiles and cycle engineering in his scope, so too was boat building – in his living room, the windows of which had to be taken out to allow the boat's removal.

Proposed by Rex Austin and Bert Green, Harold joined the Anfield in 1943 already a cyclist, well acquainted with adventurous touring in Britain and Europe.

Mountain climbing was Harold's other passion. In August 1939 he and a companion, chosen for his ability as a mountaineer, set off by tandem from Oldham for a holiday combining hard cycling with Alpine climbing. Unfortunately, no sooner had they reached Chamonix than they learned that the Dutch and British had mobilised against Germany. With borders closing, and fearing internment, hastily they re-traced the outward journey. Finding a passage on the overnight ferry from Dieppe they reached Oldham safely having completed the journey virtually without sleep. Not wishing to waste any of their hard-earned Wakes holiday they decided to continue to Scotland. The new destination was the Cuillins of Skye. Few cyclists can claim to have ridden from the Alps to the Cuillins in one holiday, let alone there and back.

Most of us associate Harold with tricycles. He owned a stud of them including a tandem trike on which he regularly attended Clubruns. Adventurous cycle-touring was Harold's preference, but he raced a little too, achieving modest times.

Harold regularly supported the ABC Manchester section's Clubruns. In the '70s and '80s the Catling tandem tricycle was a familiar sight in the lanes of East Cheshire as he and Mary regularly cycled from Didsbury. Where a car was deemed necessary to escape Manchester's congested roads, a cleverly designed roof rack, designed by Harold, was brought into use to carry the machine to the Cheshire countryside.

He held many Club offices and was in the President's chair from 1989 until the onset of the illness that so cruelly robbed us of his friendship and wise counsel. Latterly, as the illness became more advanced, it fell to Mary to nurse him. He found her death hard to bear, the more so because in 1948 his first wife had also pre-deceased him, their children in infancy.

In mourning the passing of so distinguished an officer of the Club, to his family in their loss, we offer our deepest sympathy.

Obituary: Rigby Band

Rigby Band was elected to membership in 1930. But his links go back much further thanks to his father Harold and Uncle Johnny who were members from 1906. His brother, Brian (also an ABC member), was killed by enemy action while commanding the submarine Olympus in 1942.

Rigby came from a generation that in the 1920s discovered the world around them thanks to the bicycle. He was an all-round club-cyclist, racing and touring. Racing in the decade before the war at all distances he achieved 321 miles in the "24" and 196 miles in the "12".

Shining from the pages of the Circular is Rigby's enthusiasm for cycle-touring: in the Scottish Highlands, Ireland and Europe. He was just as at home with the humble Clubrun and Club weekend. His accounts make delightful reading. On one occasion, a party of seven, including Don Birchall, heading for the Autumn Tints weekend at the West Arms, Llanarmon DC, planned crossing the Berwyns via Nant Rhyd Wilym - the "Wayfarer" track - in moonlight. My father demurred at such a mad idea in no uncertain terms ("not 'so and so' likely"). With Rigby he took the road over the Horseshoe Pass. Rigby captured the atmosphere of the ride and the companionship in poems published in the next Circulars.

I knew Rigby from 1960. He was always a very correctly dressed cyclist: shorts, long socks, jacket He was a perfect gentleman, sharply intelligent and courteous. In 1965, his work, paper-making, took him to Lydney, Gloucestershire.

He continued to join in Club life until robbed of that ability by his illness. In the mid-1990s, living in Chepstow, Rigby found himself close to the heart of a much younger generation of Anfielders. Briefly a Bristol section of the ABC flourished – with summer mid-week evening clubruns, to which he cycled via the Severn Bridge, meeting John Thompson, Mike Hallgarth and Adam Birchall. I was privileged to join one such get-together at Aust, near the Severn Bridge, in 1997. Sadly by that time Rigby's memory had dimmed, his recollections of the early years and his friends lost.

With Rigby's passing so ends one of the longest associations with the ABC. We offer our sincere condolences to his family in their loss.

Obituary: Russ Barker

As we were going to press the sad news reached us of the death of Russ Barker, following a massive heart attack, on 15th August. Russ joined in 1939 from the Altrincham Ravens. He scrapped with Jack Salt in our 100 in 1937. In our "12" on 14th August 1938 Russ recorded 217 miles, finishing in 9th place. A promising start to the 1939 season followed with a 1.11.29 in the first "25", before call-up and war intervened.

Russ's links were strongest with the Manchester section of the Club. It was from his post-war home in Hale Barns that he supported Clubruns in East Cheshire until 1968 saw him move to Bognor Regis. Retirement brought him back to Wybunbury, south of Crewe. On his return, Russ formed and renewed friendships, thanks to the informal Club lunches in the 1990s that linked younger and older generations, and readily responded to calls for help marshalling the 100.

The thoughts and sympathy of all members are with Mrs Barker and family at their great loss.

CLUB TOUR 2003.

For the first time in a number of years, we are planning a club tour. The destination is the Angus Glens, Royal Deeside and the Speyside Whisky Trail. July 2003 is the date. It will be a saddlebag tour to give flexibility. Trains allowing, otherwise a minibus may be required, it is planned to go up Saturday morning. The plan is to limit the group to eight. Any one interested? Contact Stuart Twigg 187 Longlands, Adeyfield, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Herts HP2 4EN 01442 260334 / 07775 996884

Racing Notes: Mark Livingstone

The upshot of a busy life is that last year I hardly turned a pedal. I have recently (2 months) returned to cycling to and from work again and am feeling the benefit of some gentle mileage at last. My tentative plan was to increase the mileage over the winter and maybe have a go at a few races next year (who knows!). I feel very guilty that I have not committed much time to club life these past 18 months. Tony Pickles has been very good to offer to run the club events for me, but I am finding it impossible to get out at the weekend for anything. Problem is that I can't see things changing much for the next couple of years. If you know anyone in the club who can give the Racing Sec job the time and effort it deserves then please encourage them to put their name forward at the AGM. Otherwise I will keep plodding on and hope I don't upset too many people before I have a little more time to give to the club.

Club '7' 13th July: Geraint Catherall 18.36; Ben Griffiths 18.29

Club '7' 17th August: Ben Griffiths 17.56; Geraint Catherall 20.41; Janet Hassall (PT) 18.20

No open event results have come my way.

Clubruns round-up

Carriages, Gatesheath

-

22 June

Tecwyn, Dikki, Tony, Ben, Geraint, John Futter, and Mike Twigg turned out for the Committee meeting, and John Stinton arrived for lunch.

Poor John Futter suffered the indignity of somersaulting off when the back wheel of his bike pulled on the climb out of Holt. He landed heavily on his chin. Very sore with much blood, but thankfully no broken bones. And his bike was undamaged (!)

Forest View, Oakmere

-

29 June

The Forest View was closed for a wedding party. So we went to the Tiger's Head Norley instead: on bikes Ben Griffiths, John Futter, President Pickles; by car David Birchall and Mike Twigg. Five. If you judge the ABC by Clubrun attendances we're in dire straits. What to do?

Grosvenor Arms, Aldford

-

13 July

Support for the General Meeting was also dire. Given the Agenda, matters arising from the 100, why so little response from members?

Firstly we thanked Martin Cartwright for hard work beyond the call of duty, while too many stood back without offering help. We always used to have a sub-committee to run the event, and we hope to provide more support next year.

The other item was to elect Keith Orum to life membership for 40 years loyal service and hard work on behalf of the Anfield with hardly a 100 missed. Recognition of Keith's eminent services not only to the ABC but to West Cheshire cycling should have been honoured at the last AGM to coincide with his 40th year of membership. Better late than never Keith.

Both items were cordially dealt with, and lunch taken in pleasant surroundings. Then it was back out into the warm sunshine for home.

Marbury Meander

-

3 August

Meandering to Marbury through Cheshire on a summer Saturday was the aim today. Mist hung in the air and was low on the fields around Kelsall, where my ride started. The way led through the hamlets of Willington, Clotton and Huxley to the Shropshire Union Canal. Beyond, Beeston Castle loomed grey in the mist on its crag above silhouetted trees.

Blue skies were not far away and by Peckforton warm sunshine had dried the roads. In the sun, after a deluge of rain during the week, the world sparkled.

The black and white cottages and farms of Marbury cluster near the medieval church – a beautiful building of mellow stone but with not a straight wall, door or window thanks to salt subsidence. At the foot of the churchyard is Marbury Mere, a sheet of water some half mile in diameter, surrounded all round by quiet pastureland and woods. It was a very pleasant place to wait for the pub to open.

Sadly there was no other Anfielder for company, so I dined alone and departed alone.

Two miles homeward, Ben Griffiths, late for once, swept round the corner. He provided a welcome and chatty ride via No Mans Heath, Malpas (did you know the blacksmith is 102, his son in his 60s – and Ben's brother works there). I also learnt, and can truly believe, that Ben is a Roman Centurian reincarnated. His march was not Hadrian's Wall, but the road from Whitchurch to Chester. Today we followed the Romans' road through Tilston, Barton and Coddington. The idea of coffee at Dave Edwards' Lilac Cottage in Churton had formed. But Dave was not in. So our ways parted – Ben to the café in Holt, where he met Bill Graham, and Christleton for me.

The Bull, Clotton

-

11 August

Ben Griffiths and John Futter on bikes, Mike Twigg, David Birchall and Craig Clewley by car. Drizzle in the air and floods in the lanes. Arrangements for marshalling next week's 12 hour event discussed.

Liverpool, West Cheshire, Manchester & District and Merseyside Ladies Open 12 Hour Time Trial and Tandem Event

-

18 August

It was a hot afternoon at Battlefield Island. And a cloudburst had us sheltering under umbrellas as we checked riders through the busy traffic. This roundabout on the edge of Shrewsbury, with five roads in and out is not a place I'd normally choose to be.

There was uncertainty about when to arrive for our duties. Left to guess, Geoff Sharp, Tony Pickles, Lee Nicholls, and David Birchall were on station some 75 minutes too early. Ira Thomas estimated it best. Ira, an Anfielder since 1937, arrived in his battery powered buggy having covered the seven miles from home at seven minutes 51 secs per measured mile (timed from a standing start said Ira) with ten minutes in hand.

The wait for the first competitor passed pleasantly enough, even if the conversation tended to the critical. The future for events like this dominated. Staging them requires a lot of very hard work. Much credit goes to Ruth Williams of the MRC for the success of this one, and for shouldering the burden so willingly. But, with friends from fellow Clubs who dropped in, we were not alone in questioning whether such elaborate and costly events are justifiable - for only 22 riders? Goodness knows how many marshals were out during the day around a course reported to have thirty variations.

Are too many events imposing too much on the goodwill of too few? What are the legal and insurance implications for Clubs and their members when things go wrong?

How about simpler courses and fewer marshals? Do audaxes make more sense? With time-trialling in decline, are three 12 hour events sensible on the same weekend? All three probably suffered. There seemed to be more questions than answers.

During the racing season, marshalling duties on ABC members are in danger of outstripping our ability to supply bodies. Week-in week-out the demands are becoming unupportable given that our total membership is not sixty and so many live far from Cheshire and Shropshire. This time the Anfield provided thirteen helpers – more than can be mustered for Clubruns. Additional to the afternoon shift, Mike Twigg, John Futter, Craig Clewley, his father, and Ben Griffiths had turned out in the morning. ABC involvement was completed with Keith and Pippa Orum on timing duties; and not least Geraint Catherall riding.

* * * * *



Silver Ink stand with Bicycle Rider: from the collection of Dave Rowatt

Little is known about this silver ink stand in the possession of D C Rowatt's family. We are told there is no inscription although it could have been rubbed away over the years. Can anyone suggest a date and origin? Freddie Del Strother, a Russian cyclist, joined the ABC while studying in Liverpool. Following his return to Moscow in 1895, he donated fabulous gifts to our riders. Traditional Russian silver work of great beauty and fine craftsmanship they included silver inlaid goblets, salt cellars and cigarette cases. Might this be a Del Strother prize awarded to Dave Rowatt?

e-Clips

* ABC membership is in decline. The peak - in the 1920s and 30s - was over 200. At one point we seriously considered limiting attendance on Clubruns. Then, after WW2, numbers fell, stabilising in the '50s at about 120. New blood failed to stem the decline. In *The Black Anfielders* Frank Marriott observed that we gently thrived. But something needed to be done.

Help came thanks to the Cadet Scheme, Les Bennett, John France and Pensby School. In today's climate a similar scheme is unthinkable. But in the late '50s and early '60s the Cadets provided the boost needed. Sadly, though scores joined, few stayed. The embers glowed again briefly in the '70s, thanks to the young Frances at Caldry Grammar. And since Jack Salt's days, De Havillands and British Aerospace at Broughton have provided a stream of good members too.

By the 1980s we were under 100. Now we're under 60, clubruns lack support (and finding members to honour marshalling duties is a problem). More falls to fewer.

Nevertheless there is enthusiasm. It's to do with our history (which *is* the history of Club cycling in the UK) and the ABC's rounded approach. The members we keep tend to be fiercely loyal, even if some are rarely seen. For loyalty we are very grateful. But sentiment and loyalty are not enough sadly. We need active support now, and new blood. And a replacement for the traditional clubrun? What to do?

* From John Moss: I trust you are all well and enjoying the English "summer". I watched the road race for the Commonwealth games on TV and it looked like normal Manchester weather. Would you put something in the Circular about a possible cycling holiday which I am considering:

I have two ideas as follows:- New Zealand south island for about 10 days, would anyone be interested in joining me probably in Feb or Mar 2003, I'm not fit so it would be sort distances, plus any advice would be welcome from anyone who has been there. I would go via Australia as I have enough air miles to get me from OZ to NZ and I would drop in on Jennifer & Craig again if they will have me. I've been twice so far this year (it's now a small world, it takes 9hrs to Perth from Jo'burg and 11hrs back because of the winds).

The other idea is to get to Heathrow then cycle through to South Wales, over to Ireland then up the East coast then over to Holyhead and through North Wales. Would anyone be willing to give me a bed for the night on the "rough" route? And is anyone interested in joining me for either part of the way or the entire route? Again short distances probably staying in B&B (pubs) I'm not sure when summer will be in UK but maybe June, July or August.

* From Rod Anderson: As you can see from the attached (a good photo of roadman Rod), I have become a "roadie" again. This came out of necessity on several counts:

- a. There is not much variety of off road without going across to Malaysia
- b. At off road speed, the mosquitoes eat you alive
- c. On a road bike the resultant breeze makes it great.

The climate still makes it pretty uncomfortable to do more than a couple of hours but I am steadily getting more tolerant of it. Cycling is a surprisingly big sport here, particularly night cycling - where people will sacrifice their safety for the cool of the night. This does not as yet appeal, especially since it only drops to 27degC even by dawn. Best wishes to all in Anfieldland!

* From Martin Cartwright: Just a quick note to let you know that Kathleen has had a little boy weighing in at 8lbs 5oz. We have named him Rhys. Hope this was a good enough excuse for not completing the 100 result sheets. {We are delighted that mother and child are fine. But Ben's worried Martin has now forgotten the way to Wally's.}

* * * * *

Mayhem and Murder by Malt on Mull – Stuart Twigg

This is an abridged version of our escapades in Scotland in 1988. The players were Bill Graham, Brian Bird, Tecwyn Williams, Phil Mason and myself.

Friday 2nd July: a warm Friday heralded the beginning of the tour at Brian Bird's in Tattenhall. I arrived first, followed by Tecwyn and Phil. We waited for Bill, who did not show so we started off without him. We collected our tickets at Crewe station then had an early lunch in the pub opposite. Back at the station we found Bill waiting for us (and later that Liz Bird had driven him there but he didn't tell us at the time). At Glasgow Central we discovered the Oban train left from Queen Street. So the driver of the Central - Queen Street bus told us to follow him, which we did at high speed.

Both Brian and I had assumed that the other had arranged the accommodation for the first night. The ticket collector recommended the Crown Hotel next to the station. A quick change of clothes and out for a pint or three in Oban and then early to bed.

Saturday: after breakfast, Tecwyn and Brian went shopping for film whilst the rest of us found a cycle shop. Bill bought a new cycle cape that reached down to his ankles. We regrouped at the ferry for Mull. Brian found the bar so he and Tecwyn started drinking wine at 10.30, the rest of us sitting on the upper deck. Here Phil was in the wrong place at the wrong time, gulls following the ferry giving him a sticky present!

We arrived at Craighure and started moving along a nice wide A-Road, which soon narrowed to single track. Then Tecwyn and I punctured, soon to be followed by Brian. The climb of Glen More began with magnificent views of the south coast and Ben More above us. Missing the turn to Rossal, we stopped at Salen for lunch, Bill impressing the barmaid with quotes from *The Black Anfielders*.

On the road to Tobermory, the rain began to fall heavily. Brian spotted an otter, which we watched for ten minutes. Descending, on wet roads, we reached Tobermory but not before a nasty off-camber right-hand bend. Four made it but Bill went straight on

Sunday: the party split with Phil retracing the route of the previous day, while we headed up a zigzag climb to Dervaig and Calgary. Unlike its namesake in Canada (which had just held the Winter Olympics that January) Mull's has only one building -

a public toilet. The only other structure was a roadside caravan selling tea. Bill ordered "oriental" tea, and was surprised by the answer, "milk or lemon?" She sold about twenty types! The tea ladies warned us of hard climbing ahead. Lunch was again at Salen. We then retraced our route to Rossal, which we had missed the previous day. Suddenly, Brian's chain snapped across the side plate. Fortunately we had a link extractor, as there was no help for twenty miles in any direction!

At Rossal, we met a group of seven Irish ladies and one man on a cycle tour. They were heading our way to Fionnphort. We found Phil in Bunnessan and our lodgings. The Argyll Arms Hotel seemed to be at the centre of social-life. The Irish tour party was already in the bar but soon left as it was getting dark and stormy. Several pints and a whisky or two later we returned to our B&Bs.

Monday: we woke to find a storm in progress, with gale force winds. I went to find Brian and Tecwyn. With the wind behind me, I must have been doing 40mph! I learned that Tecwyn had disappeared on the way home. In the morning Brian found him in a drainage ditch! He had lost his cape from his open saddlebag along with some straps. We found the cape in a bush and the straps outside the hotel. With the gale, we were stuck on the island, as the ferry was not running. The decision to stay had been made for us. As riding was impossible, after a cup of tea, we went back to the Argyll Arms to kill a few hours. Five hours later, the wind had dropped so all but Phil rode the eight miles to Fionnphort - for a couple more pints.

It was a race between Brian and me on the way back on the 1 in 10 decent into Bunnessan. Later, Brian said that I overtook him doing 60mph as his computer was reading 56mph! Dutch courage maybe. We finally left the Argyll Arms at 2.30am.

Tuesday: we woke with hangovers and the bikes scattered around the garden. Those able set off for Iona. The ferry was a flat-bottomed landing craft, so the crossing proved a bit lumpy, with Bill as white as Iona's sand.

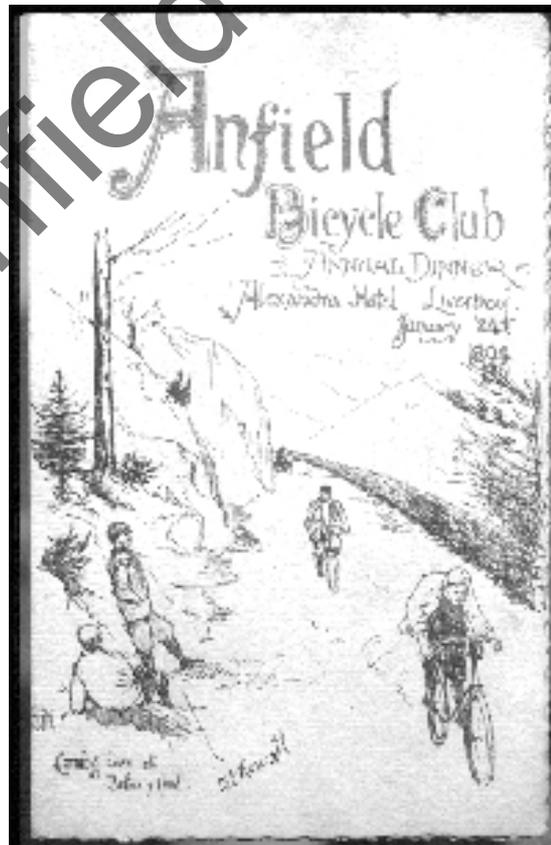
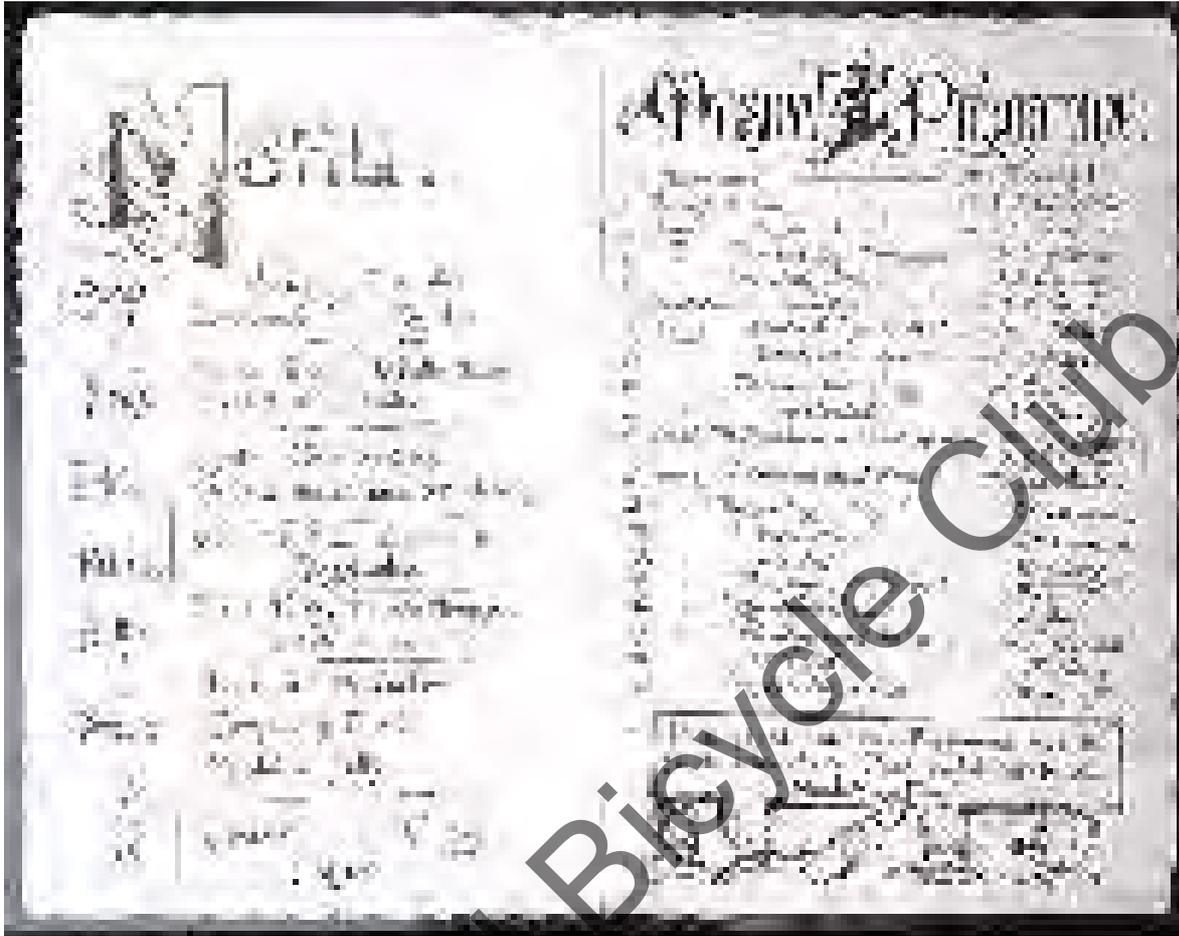
Wednesday: back in Oban, we headed south on the A816 for the Pass of Melfort. Even unencumbered by saddlebags, the climb was still difficult. We caught a heavily laden tourist who was climbing with ease. Next stop, the Crinan Canal for a cup of tea then back to Ford and Loch Awe. We followed its northern shore - very undulating with occasional short 1 in 5 sections. Passing Ben Cruachan, we eventually reached Taynuilt before climbing over Glen Lonan back to Oban.

Thursday: we crossed the Atlantic! Well, the bridge over Seil Sound *is* known as "The Bridge over the Atlantic" as Seil Sound is an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean. The bridge built by Thomas Telford is almost semi-circular. We stopped at Easdale where Bill tried to find a Graham tartan, without success. He eventually found it in Oban.

Friday: home by train, changing at Glasgow again, we were soon back in Crewe.

With some 400 miles covered over hard roads in foul weather, it wasn't the easiest of tours, but well worth it.

*From the archive:
Dinner Menu for the ABC Annual Dinner 1904*



ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (formed March 1879)

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December 2002

No.903

CLUBRUNS hic et ubique (lunch 1230hrs)

December	14	Golden Grove	Rossett
	21	Beeston Hotel	Beeston*
	28	The Bull	Shocklach*
January	4	Carriages	Gatesheath Committee 1130hrs
	11	The Buck	Bangor-on-Dee*
	18	Britannia	Halkyn
February	25	Golden Lion	Ashton*
	1	Yew Tree	Spurstow*
	8	Carden Arms	Tilston*
	15	Carriages	Gatesheath Committee 1130hrs
March	22	Th'ouse at Top	Kelsall*
	1	Bull	Shocklach*
	8	Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial
	15	Poacher	Bickerton*
	22	Grosvenor Arms	Alford Club 7
April	29	Carriages	Gatesheath Committee 1130hrs
	5	Beeston Hotel	Beeston*
	12	Grosvenor Arms	Alford Club 7

*: Meet Holt Car Park for 11:00hrs; 11:10hrs prompt - departure

Hon Treasurer: Chris Edwards, 4 Beach Road, Hoylake, WIRRAL CH47 1HT Tel: 0151 632 3462
 (CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS: 21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE – 22nd February 2003

Committee Notes

Please note Hon Secretary Craig Clewley has moved to: 38 Parkfield Road, Broughton, CHESTER, CH4 0SF (Tel: 01244 536055).

** AGM Report awaited **

Treasurers Report

Could I remind those who haven't paid that your Anfield Subs are now overdue. Also for anyone who has taken up the CTC 3rd party insurance scheme, the cost remains £10 and payment is also due now.

Chris Edwards

Open 25

Members who helped with the "25" on 22 September will know that while the event was in progress we were required to abandon it on police instructions to give preference to the movement of a wide load on the A41. The last man was ready to start when the road was closed at Christleton Island.

78 riders had entered the event. They were supervised and assisted by marshals and supporters. All incurred abortive costs and wasted time as a direct result of the police action. Motorists arriving at the island sought directions not from the police but the marshals (who were wearing fluorescent tabards) and so added an extra hazard.

Unfortunately this is not the first time that the police have closed the A41 with an event in progress. Since we ran the event under the auspices of the RTTC, we have invited the Liverpool DC committee to pursue our concerns with the Chief Constable. We would like him to refund the competitors' entry fees as a small compensation for the disappointment and unnecessary expense, not to mention a wasted morning. At the least it would be helpful if he could say why the Event Organiser was not told in advance of the wide load movement and how co-ordination within the force could be improved to avoid similar problems in the future.

** Event Results awaited **

Racing Round-up

Having had to abort last season mid way through due to having a hernia repaired, I worked my way back to full fitness over the last winter. I have enjoyed a full season this year. The season began mid March with a 28 mile time trial, followed by some 25 mile time trials and a fifty mile time trial. The early season time trials helped me build up ready for the National 24 hour Championship, which I competed in on July 26 / 27.

The race started Saturday afternoon from Farndon. Riders were set off at minute intervals I was number 34 - off at 2.34pm. The race headed towards Chester before turning south towards Whitchurch. Through the night we rode between Whitchurch, Telford and Shrewsbury being directed by marshals at all roundabouts and junctions. During the night riding I struggled with tiredness, I also found myself getting dehydrated by the early hours of Sunday – thankfully my helpers were on hand with fluids and food. By about 9 o'clock Sunday morning the riders were directed back towards Chester and onto the 14 mile finishing circuit with timekeepers every three miles. Riders continue around this circuit until their 24 hours have elapsed. A team of helpers supported me from my cycle club and my father carrying supplies of food and drink for me as well as night clothing and lights. I completed the race with a distance of 328 miles slightly less than last time – though the weather was very hot and there was a strong headwind in places. My muscles were treated to a much needed massage on the Monday to prepare me for a 100 mile time trial the following Sunday, and a 12 hour race a fortnight later. I completed the season with a 50-mile and 25-mile time trial and a hill climb up the Horseshoe Pass Llangollen.

Hill Climb (finished 46th): 13.43

WCTTA 50, 12 May: 2.26.28 (B Griffiths 2.22.06)

Shropshire CCA 100, 04 August: 5.13.53 (PB despite puncture with about 3 miles to go).

National 24 Hour: G Catherall 340.111 miles.

*** No other results to hand and confirmation of dates for 2003 Club Events awaited**

SW Team Report: There have been mixed fortunes in the SW. Back in February, professional Mike Hallgarth returned to Gloucestershire expecting a good season with 2500 Australian miles in his legs. He quickly got down to 1-1-01 for a 25, but that is some way off where he was aiming for. At first a wisdom tooth was diagnosed as the problem, but after that was fixed results got no better. A series of DNFs ended in a *lantern rouge* performance in July. Something was up. At first it was thought to be glandular fever, but it turned out to be something similar but different, with the same treatment - rest - which meant not riding the bike. He has borne this horrible sentence with cheerfulness, and his long-term enthusiasm is undiminished. At the time of writing he has got up to 20 minutes on the turbo a level 0, that is “strolling” effort.

John Thompson has had a satisfactory if largely unremarkable season on board his trike - 1-1-09, 2-8-50 and 4-34-37 for 25, 50 and 100. The one noteworthy result was a 23-49 ten, which was just 2 seconds better than his previous all time personal best.

* * * * *

Understanding the mysteries of the BAR

The first of an occasional series on mathematics and cycling by Professor Nomptosh

On the 4th April 1930 ***Cycling*** announced a new competition: the BAR (Best All-Rounder), based on a rider's best performances at 50 miles, 100 miles and 12 hours. Since then, the magazine has printed letters from readers who say that they got it wrong. The BAR, they point out, is decided by an “average of average speeds”, and that is not the “true average speed”, that is the total distance over total time.

This last statement is certainly correct. The BAR is not decided by an average speed, but that, surely, is not the point. The question is, is “the average of average speeds” a suitable statistic to decide who is the Best All-Rounder? Let us consider what

properties such a statistic should have. It seems reasonable that each distance should have an equal weight, that is, a good performance at one particular distance should not count more than at the others. This is what informs the rules of other combined competitions like the decathlon. If you disagree with this, stop here. If not, carry on.

Last year Wobbly Wheelers had a very tight BAR competition. Alf, Bert and Charlie had exactly the same performances for their 50s, 100s and 12s up to their penultimate events. They all had recorded 2:17:01, 4:54:02 and 225.000. Given their rides were exactly the same, they would be level pegging under any calculation. Their “average of average speeds” was 20.350 mph, whilst their “true average speed” was 19.547mph.

In their final BAR events Alf rode a 50, Bert a 100 and Charlie a 12. By an extraordinary coincidence, Alf and Bert improved by the same time, two minutes. After 11 hours and 57 minutes and 58 seconds Charlie had covered the same 225.000 miles that he had ridden in his previous 12. He continued at the same speed for the final 2 minutes 2 seconds to record 225.637 miles. Who made the biggest improvement? Intuitively, I think you would agree that it is Alf, followed by Bert, and then Charlie. To take two minutes out of your 50 is much more significant than being a little over two minutes up at the back end of a 12. This intuitive idea can be expressed with the percentage increases in speed which were 1.5%, 0.7% and 0.3% for Alf’s 50, Bert’s 100 and Charlie’s 12 respectively. Let us see what happened to their BAR placings.

	50 miles	100 miles	12 hours	Average of average speeds	True Average speed
Alf	2:15:01	4:54:02	225.000	20.458	19.581
Bert	2:17:01	4:52:02	225:000	20.397	19.581
Charlie	2:17:01	4:54:02	225.637	20.368	19.581

We see that the “average of average speeds”, the statistic that is actually used for the BAR, gets the placings right: Alf wins. By contrast, their average speeds are still exactly the same. This is because an average speed calculation attaches too much importance to the longer events.

I hope you are convinced that the “average of average speeds”, is better than the “true average speed”. You may ask, but is it right? The answer to that is, “not quite”. A fuller explanation will have to be the subject of another lecture.

Not the Captain's Weekend

John Thompson is running a weekend on 15-16 March 03 to Llanwrtyd-wells. using B&B with dinner at hotel to be arranged. £10.00 deposit to John Thompson John says Anfield members are welcome to join this Severn RC event. How about it

e-Clips

- Having pondered on the menu card from our 1894 Dinner (last Circular) one member has asked can a 21st Century tummy stomach a 19th Century ABC feast? We could find out by re-creating the menu. On the evidence of the Tints there should be no problem with Graham Thompson and John Futter likely to be star performers. In 1894 our home-grown entertainment also seems to have been interesting too. May be we could re-stage that? Couldn't fail to better the Glan Aber Hotel. They enthused about the local male voice choir singing there but unfortunately for us, only Karaoke (always awful) was on offer.
- Graham Thompson cycled to the Glan Aber on Tints Friday. Unfortunately his overnight bags and change of clothes were not due until Saturday. The Presidential wardrobe came to the rescue, but alas proved, dare it be said, for a girth far greater. So Graham drove to Llandudno and kitted out from C&A.
- “All he wants to do is get back to that sleepy little village near Chester and put this behind him”. Not Tecwyn on the Tints but the Queen's butler in The Times. The TV crews and newspaper reporters in Farndon on the weekend of our Clubrun there had nothing on our Social Secretary.
- It's so dark around Chris Shorter's new home in Potto that he's taken to riding on training rollers as an alternative to jogging this winter: *“If I maintain good discipline in my training I aim to ride a few local events in the spring just for fun. I haven't got a lot of time to train for cycling (I'll still be doing the strength training for climbing) but will effectively use the time that I do have. I don't think that Geraint needs to worry about any new competition for his Club-BBAR title! If I do compete a bit in the spring, I have decided that I will adopt Pol Pot's "Year Zero" approach to my competitive history and pretend it didn't happen, otherwise bad morale will be inevitable. Mind you it might not be all bad, I might not have the body but I will be able to benefit from Tri-Bars, disc-wheels etc and better wealth!”* We are delighted that Chris has reverted to first claim ABC membership and will be competing in our name. Surely the 100 beckons? As John Futter put it: “Give him some embrocation oil and get cracking”.
- Lionel Joseph (guardian of the CTC's archive before it went to Warwick) has kindly provided a video of Wayfarer's lantern slide lecture first given in 1928 about cycle touring in Ireland. Lionel comments that in those days only 10% of the population had radio, there was no such thing as television, and silent films were the norm. Wayfarer's (glass) slides are reproduced with Lionel reading the notes. More than 70 years on, Wayfarer's magic still has power, slides and commentary giving a fascinating insight to Wayfarer's world. Wayfarer was the pen-name for W M Robinson. He was an enthusiastic Anfielder – “ours” for over 40 years until his death in 1956. He was also a key figure in the CTC, and the foremost cycling journalist of his day: one of cycling's outstanding personalities. To his memory there is a carved seat near the Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden, and, on the Nant Rhyd Wilym near Cynwyd, a stone plaque and visitors' book looked after by the Rough Stuff Fellowship.

Clubruns

The Raven, Llanarmon

-

28 September

The plan was to park at the Raven, ride in the Vale of Clwyd and be in time for the Hill Climb. From the village a narrow climbing lane strikes westward through a gap in the hills and, unsurfaced, drops down to the Vale near the Three Pigeons. Hydraulic disc brakes may be high technology for bikes, but it's no good when the fluid overheats on a long descent and they seize on. That was the first problem. Then came a sprinkling of hedge clippings with a thorn duly sticking itself in the front tyre. Finally (and for the umpteenth time) the near side crank worked loose. So the gentle potter turned into a race not to be late for the Hill Climb.

With stopwatches synchronised Tony Pickles timed the start at the bottom of the hill with Mike Twigg at the top. Geoff Sharp, Keith Orum, Chris Edwards, Geraint Catherall, and Martin Cartwright competed while Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham, Lee Nicholls, John Stinton and Craig Clewley assisted.

Back at the Raven the day was pleasant enough for lunch in the garden. The main topic for discussion was the aftermath of abandoning the 25 while in progress.

The Buck, Bangor on Dee

-

12 October

After early morning rain, I left home at 10.30 a.m. and made my way via Kinnerton – Rossett to Holt. I arrived at the Cross Street meeting place a few minutes late for the 11.10 leaving time, so made my own way via Shocklach to the Buck.

It was Bangor-on-Dee races and it seems the coaches park in the village and the race-goers walk to the races along the new river embankment after a few pints in the village pubs. The Buck was packed with most people smoking. Geraint was waiting outside. We decided not to eat but return home via Shocklach and Holt. An enjoyable ride on a nice mild sunny day.

Farndon Arms, Farndon

-

26 October

John wasn't out today, so I made my way via Kinnerton getting to Gorstella at the same time as the North End. They were going to Ironbridge for the weekend with a dinner stop at Ellesmere, so I rode with them as far as Cross Lanes then turned back to Farndon.

Tecwyn was at the pub when I arrived. We were soon joined by Mike, and then a surprise visitor – Mike Hallgarth making a rare trip north. John Stinton made up the party. He had ridden out from Overton. So it was two by car, one walker. But why? Only two on bikes on a mild sunny autumn day. John and I parted company at Holt.

The Bull, Clotton

-

2 November

The forecast was spot on sadly: heavy rain from late morning. And the day had started so promisingly. Ben, John and Geraint set off but turned back with the weather getting worse. No one else turned up: just the Editor alone. And he didn't have company the following week at the Golden Lion Ashton – but the beer was excellent. Trouble was the Clubrun was to The Liver. Oh dear.

The Liver, Rhydtalog

-

9 November

I went down to John's for 10.30 a.m. Craig was also out. After a quick phone call to see if Bill was out we made our way to Kinnerton. Bill was waiting for us. So we had four for the ride.

We went via Pontblyddyn and Pont-y-Bodkin to Rhydtalog. We were soon joined by John Stinton and Chris Edwards early for once. John Futter asked Chris if he had remembered to alter his clocks as he claimed to have ridden from Hoylake, or maybe he was early in the hope of catching Colin on homeground – but he didn't turn up. The barman was very surprised. Chris wasn't.

We had six for the ride home. The flower pot men (Bill and Ben) (Ed's note: a juxtaposition I've gallantly avoided all these years) rode as far as the Eureka with Chris. He must be keen as he had lights with him. A nice mild cloudy day.

Ben

* * * * *

Autumn Tints Weekend***Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-Coed – 18-20 October***

Saturday started gloriously with deep blue skies and brilliant sunshine. A more pleasant Autumn morning could not have been wished. As if that was not enough there was also a rare display of Club riding: between Capel Curig and Pen-y-Gwryd, roadmen and offroaders joined forces. There's excitement riding in a large group – the momentum seems to catch individual riders and sweep all along with ease. Riding towards Pen-y-Gwryd through spectacular scenery it was exhilarating with an Alpine zest to the air and a dusting of snow on the mountains.

Leaving the roadmen to the five mile descent to Beddgelert, at P-y-G the MTBers (Keith Orum, Stuart Twigg, Mike Kimpton, George Elkington, Chris Edwards, and Adam and David Birchall) stopped for coffee at the inn overlooking Nant Gwynant. In our sights was the medieval drove road crossing the moors between Siabod and Cnicht.

From Nant Gwynant came a lung-busting 1000ft climb up the side of the valley. At first we scrambled, bikes shouldered, up rocks through gnarled woodland. This style of cycling – classic roughstuff that the ABC has gloried in always – came as a surprise

to Mike Kimpton. Half way up we reached open ground, and stopped in the warmth of the sun to gather breath. Far below, we could see Llyn Gwynant, dark and mirror smooth. On the far side of the valley a great amphitheatre of mountains, mist and showers drifting across rock faces, with Snowdon at its heart dominated our view.

Turning for the col, Bwlch y Rhediad, our path reached moorland, dun-coloured grasses rather than heather, and wet under wheel. This inhospitable terrain brought Chris Edwards down. He landed awkwardly with the handlebars of his bike wedged under his rib-cage. Very painful and a bit scary.

In the midst of these moors is a stand of Scots pines by the ruin of a stone building. The ruin was once an inn like Pen-y-Gwryd. The Scots pines indicated to drovers that pasture was available. The world passed by this lonely place long long ago.

With showers beating down from Snowdon, we dropped to a stream bridged by huge stone slabs and the track to Dolwyddelan. Mike thought that this was more like it as he sped off with George and Keith close behind. The rest of us cautiously took our time on the glistening and loose slates. Happily we all reached Pont-y-Pant safe.

After lunch we crossed the Afon Lledr for forestry tracks that led, up and down, almost all the way back to the Hotel. Off-road cycling demands concentration. You're very much on your own even in a group. But the group never fragments, as sometimes happens on the road, and the riding is always companionable. Today however, a mile from the Hotel, we did go separate ways. Keith, Chris and Adam talked themselves into another hour and a half's cycling to Llyn Elsi. And so they broke the fellowship, as Chris put it, like Frodo and Sam taking leave of Gandalf and Bilbo.

With heavy rain and gales imminent, there were only four takers on Sunday for a ride in the forests west of Llanrwst. A couple of hours ahead of the bad weather we rode to the old lead mines above Llyn Crafnant, although when we set off we had no definite aim. For a ride like this a map is not essential. There are so many cycling trails in this forest, with new routes being created all the time, that you can follow way-marked routes all day if you want without getting seriously lost. You can read about them on the web. And you can even get a mountain bike rider's view with images recorded on a crash-hat camera. It's all a far cry from the days when I did my dissertation on the recreational use of forests. Then public access to forestry was limited if not banned. Now there's arguably too much with MTBers everywhere. How the world changes.

Bara Brith and Cappuccinno for Real Roadmen - Hugh Dauncey

Having ridden out from Ruthin with friend Graeme via Bontuchel, the Brenig Visitor Centre (good-value food and pleasant service, but sleet as we left), Pentrefoelas and Nebo, when we reached Llanrwst we were ready for refreshment. The first café we sighted had bikes outside, which seemed like a good omen, and inside (having been there apparently for three hours or so) were the group of Anfielders who had come out via Denbigh and Llansannan (I think). Those present were Ben and John Futter,

President Pickles, Graham Thompson and Geraint Catherall. After taking tea and bara brith (Ben had some superstition about this and funerals, but we ate it anyway) we were duped into taking the “interesting” route into Betws.

In bright sunshine, Tony and John - knowing what “interesting” meant - wisely took the “flat” road to the Hotel, while Ben (leading from the back uphill, but still leading, as ever) and Graham (at the front) took us up a road with some arrows on it. Only I had to walk (just a few metres - I didn’t dare use my bottom gear for fear it would not go in, so slowly was I going, and never having used it before on my brand new bike). At the top, Ben made sure that I thought my brakes were in working condition before we undertook the descent (quite a lot of arrows) to the A5 at the Ugly House just above Swallow Falls. A short sprint (I was off the back again, being no better at descending than going up, so I have no idea who took the points for the sign, although I would guess Ben or Graham) to Betws brought us to the hotel and minor negotiations about who would have whom sleeping on their floor for which nights. We all agreed to meet in the bar after showers and watching Neighbours, the Simpsons, and other iconic TV programmes. Little did Graham Thompson realise how much television he would have to watch in sweaty lycra before being able to have a change of clothes.

The evening meal was a cheery affair, involving some obvious carbohydrate loading on the part of many (possibly those who Mike Twigg jokingly calls the “big-hitters”, whatever that means), some loading of red wine by others, and the consumption of moderate amounts of beer by almost everybody. John had the biggest meal (an enormous plate of noodles), and ate it all.

On Saturday roadies and mountain bikers made their way together - more or less - to Capel Curig, where a halt was called to re-group with those who had been rather “less” in the initial group leaving the hotel. From Capel Curig, a majestic peloton of riders of all persuasions made its stately way to the head of the Llanberis pass where the roadies and those with the knobbly tyres separated for the rest of the day.

President Pickles, Ben and John set the pace for the rest of the roadies – whose ranks were swelled with Saturday riders Karl Nelson, Alan Orme and Lee Nicholls. The long descent down Nant Gwynant led to Beddgelert where - rain threatening and arriving - a tea-break was taken. The rain having abated, and sunny conditions returned, we continued through the Pass of Aberglaslyn towards Garreg, where after some consultation of maps it was decided to take the hilly route towards Maentwrog. Under the conditions, the bunch exploded, with those on the small rings and big rear cogs (except Graham, who doesn’t bother with low gears) reaching the summit and following descent some way before those who knew the way.

After regrouping we made our way towards Blaenau Ffestiniog, a scouting group being sent on by Ben to find an appropriate place for lunch. The scouts found somewhere, but - expecting the following riders to track them into the main street - left no marker at the roundabout on the outskirts of the town. So it was only by chance that the bunch was caught and called back for lunch as it made to leave for Dolwyddelan.

Discussion over lunch centred on analysing Ben's dislike of Blaenau (every time he goes there it rains, apparently, so maybe the inhabitants have some quarrel with him) and on the merits of taking the short or longer route back to Betws. In confirmation of Ben's theory, it rained heavily as we ate - to maintain the ABC's reputation as a classy club Graham ordered a cappuccino - but was sunny as we emerged from the café, confirming John Futter's suggestion that we take the more scenic and traffic-free route back to Betws via Ffestiniog, the B4391 and then down the Fairy Glen.

A certain amount of climbing was involved - in marvellous scenery and warm sunlight. So the bunch split again, regrouping at successive junctions until high on the pass half-way between Ffestiniog and Ysbyty Ifan when those interested in an early shower and the conviviality of the hotel bar took the direct route through Penmachno and the Fairy Glen. Graham, Geraint, Graeme and I (foolishly for me) decided to prolong the ride by pushing on (down) to Pentrefoelas, (up) to Nebo, (down) to Llanrwst and (flat) back to Betws. On the descent to Ysbyty Ifan I was (as usual) immediately dropped, and then just managed to hang on until Llanrwst, where tea and cakes were taken in the same café we had patronised the day before. At about 5pm we were back at the hotel in Betws, after a very enjoyable day's riding. We must have done about 60 miles, and the group having elected to explore the Fairy Glen perhaps 45 miles.

On Sunday morning, staggered starts saw Ben, John and Geraint, then Hugh and Graeme, (caught and dropped by Martin Cartwright) taking the A5 to Cerrigydrudion. Martin powered on towards Corwen in the hope of catching the first group, and Hugh and Graeme took the B5105 directly back to Ruthin in cold rain and wind.

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Trip To OZ - John Moss

Jennifer our eldest daughter and her husband Craig immigrated to Perth in Western Australia in March 2001. Having built up a number of air miles I was able to get a free ticket from Jo'burg to Perth, then on further thought decided if I was to go all the way to Australia then I should take more time off and see more of the country.

Armed with brochures I decided that the Great Barrier Reef would be the highlight of the trip. There was a small problem that it is on the East Coast about 4500km direct from Perth. In the end I had to use my free miles to fly to Sydney, then onto Cairns for before boarding a catamaran cruising through the Great Barrier Reef. I had a go at scuba diving and lots of snorkelling and it truly was the highlight of the trip. It was then back to Sydney before returning to Perth. All this could make many write ups but I will stick to the cycling. I did not cycle in Sydney as the buses give cyclists very little room in the city. The hotel did have bikes for free use but I preferred to buy a three day travel ticket and use buses, trains and the ferry. I found out on the first day that the buses intended to go on strike the following day!!

Perth is very cycling friendly with a cycling/walking path which runs along the coast from Freemantle north for about 60km. There are also paths south of Perth and in

Kings park in the city centre. As Jennifer lives about 35km north of Perth on the coast my first trip was down towards Freemantle using Craig's mountain bike. The path runs along the edge of the sea and so there are only a few small rises, which suited me. I found the driving very considerate to cyclists and most roads have a hard shoulder. After Joburg where the driving is aggressive and fast with very little consideration to cyclists it was most pleasant.

Riding south took 1hr 45min for 30km. Stopped for a cool drink, I had to decide whether to carry on to Freemantle or turn back. The wind would be against on the way back so it had to be turned round. On the trip back I had to stop again for a drink (and not beer). I spent some time talking to the old man at the café as he was from Cape Town and over for 6 months to visit his son. It was a good excuse for a rest.

My next cycling trip was to Rottenest island, so called because the Portuguese sailors thought the local marsupials were large rats (they look like it to me but are about the size of a spaniel). The island is about 12km long by 3km wide. It has one bus but apart from that almost everyone goes by bike. Bikes can be hired from the ferry at A\$19 per day and the trip costs A\$50 return. It takes just under an hour to get there, the bikes being loaded onto the top deck by means of a ramp.

Leaving at 8 30am it gave me 6.5 hrs on the island. I set off for the farthest point and with no traffic and only bikes I thought this is what it will be like when the oil runs out, it took me about 45min to get to the end, and by now was getting hot. One thing in Australia they love their rules and the law says all cyclists must wear a crash hat, even on the island which has next to no traffic. They also say the police will fine you should you not wear one.

My next challenge was to get to the top of the mountain on which stood the lighthouse, so it was a short ride to the centre and then a mammoth effort up the lower slopes before emerging at the lighthouse all of 65m above sea level. From here you could see most of the island and I decided to follow the coast back to the town. By now it was really hot and the crash hat had to come off. If there was to be a fine so be it. Rounding a bend there was a lovely bay and having thought to take a swimming costume and towel it was a quick change on the beach and into the water. You can leave your stuff on the beach there and it's still there when you get back.

I did a little more cycling on the roads I had not yet ridden on into town for fish and chips (not very good) then a beer and wait for the ferry. The weather was good the paths well surfaced and the driving considerate and time was my own.

PS I've been back again for work, the rain came down, the wind was gale force up to 110km / hr one night, the path is good but not every day and you realise how isolated Perth is, the nearest major city is Kuala Lumpur. IT'S ALWAYS BETTER ON HOLIDAY.

Scenes from the Tints above Llyn Gwynant



L-R: Stuart Twigg, Adam Birchall, Mike Kimpton, Keith Orum



With Best Wishes for Christmas and Good Cycling in 2003