

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,  
Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

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Vol. LXV

JANUARY 1969

No. 725

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## FIXTURES

February 1969

- 1 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch. TWO MILLS Tea
- 2 BANGOR IS Y COED
- 3 Committee Meeting - Free Church House
- 8 NANNERCH (Four Seasons Cafe) Lunch.  
TWO MILLS & GOOSTREY Tea
- 9 CONWAY
- 15 HEADLESS WOMAN, DUDDON, Lunch. PARKGATE (Copper  
Grill) Tea
- 16 BALA
- 22 TREUDDYN (Lunch). TWO MILLS & SOMERFORD (Tea)
- 23 TWO MILLS 9.30. Training Run.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-.  
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,  
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 1st FEBRUARY, 1969

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: G.B.Orrell, 3 Newark Place, Lightfoot Lane,  
Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.

Will all please note that Saturday Lunches are timed for one, pip-emma.

BIRTHDAY RUN

Arthur Smith in a letter to the Editor, says he hopes to be present, and naturally we are looking forward to seeing our old friend again. There are still a few old members whom we should be very pleased to see on this great occasion, who have not yet written for a place to be reserved for them. Can we counsel them to do so soon, please? There are very few places left.

EDITORIAL

We wish to include a personal note of apology to several members and friends who have written during the past few months and who have, as yet, not had a reply. The reason for the delay is, plainly, work-days and several evenings each week of the wretched stuff. When things quieten down a bit we hope to make amends.

F.E.M.

WORTH KNOWING

If you have travelled the road from Llangadfan to Lake Vyrnwy you will remember that the way climbs from A.458 and then descends to the crossing of the River Vyrnwy at Pont Llogel before soaring again to join with the route coming in from Llanfyllin. It is not the easiest of roads.

One day, while watching the Vyrnwy flowing beneath Pont Llogel, I noticed a track heading upstream just above the righthand bank of the river. It looked attractive, it was heading in the way I wished to travel, so we, the bicycle and I, took this quiet way into the hills. Part was walkable, the last bit rideable, and in just over two miles I joined the Lake Vyrnwy road a mile above the dam, and arrived at Bryn Vyrnwy, an excellent house in earlier years, much earlier than I had hoped to. What an excellent short cut this proved to be, and a much easier route than provided by the road.

Some time later, I was able to put the knowledge of this short cut into very good use. A party of us had been weekending at Chirbury. Some camping, others sleeping under the famous roof of the Herbert Arms. Our route home was by way of Cann Office and Lake Vyrnwy.

When we left Llangadfan, Salty was, as usual, miles ahead, and the others were strung after him over perhaps a mile of road. Three of us, trailing in the rear, decided to use my short cut, and we arrived at the hairpin bend only seconds behind Jack Salt. (If only we had been just one minute earlier!)

Salty waited for us at the dam, and we waited for the others there too. You can imagine the surprise on their faces on seeing us when we should, really, have been still tailing miles behind! How in the name of all that's hot did you get here?

There have been a few more satisfying moments in life, but not many.

F.E.M.

### IRELAND, July-August 1968

One night during this otherwise magnificent fortnight I was almost unanimously elected official reporter of the Club tour. Looking back, I can see myself filling the whole of next year's Circular if I do the job properly, but to save the rest of you from boredom and to give the Editor something to do to earn his keep, I shan't. Instead here is the story of a fairly typical day right in the middle of the holiday.

It was a bit unusual in that only four out of the six took part, but the reasons why the others didn't were typical - Dave Bassett's bike had bust and he went to Galway to get some bits and Dave Jones said he wanted a rest day, but we knew he had a bird lined up, but don't tell his Dad. Actually, talking of birds, we didn't do too badly.

We stayed several nights at Kinvarra, south of Galway and on this occasion decided to do a round trip to the cliffs of Moher. That morning we joined the ranks of the great unwashed - there was a drought and water was non-existent.

Initially we headed west for Ballyvaughan and Black Head Point pausing for chats with an ancient Irishman, who said it was the best summer since 1900, and a pair of Dutch girls who were thumbing their way to the Cliffs. Johnny, all eager to show off his encyclopedic knowledge of Dutch, began a eulogy of Tour de France winner Jan Janssen. He was rather deflated to be told any fool knew it was (phonetically) Yan Yanssen.

The coast road from Ballyvaughan round the headland and south was magnificent especially on this baking hot day. Through the haze we caught odd glimpses of the Aran Islands while inland the rocky terrain was reminiscent of a scene from a Western.

A roadside bar loomed up at just the right time for lunch and we lounged outside working our way steadily through a mountain of cheese sandwiches washed down by Red Barrel. Suddenly four pint pots were lowered unsteadily to the table and four pairs of eyes stared incredulously down the road the way we'd come. A blonde, bronzed, orange-clad apparition pedalled slowly towards us. We blinked but Johnny was first to recover his senses and a friendly invitation was issued. She too was soon tucking into beer and cheese sandwiches. 'She' it emerged was a Finnish student over here in a party at Lisdoonvarna to improve her English (in County Clare of all places); the others were on a coach trip but she'd decided to hire a bike and see the country. We were then joined by a Swedish couple on the most incredible contraption I've ever set my eyes on. Stripped of its load of sleeping bags, tent, water bottles, bags and ruck-sacks it would probably have turned out to be a tandem. With them it was anyone's guess and it weighed a ton. Naturally everyone had to have a go and John Moss seized the opportunity to teach the Finn to ride his bike.

Eventually we all set off presenting the natives on the route with one of the most bizarre spectacles they were ever likely to see. At the head an orange-clad blonde sat serenely freewheeling at well over evens surrounded by a bunch of sweating, puffing youths who were struggling and jockeying to push her along. In their wake floundered the Swedish contraption. All too soon came the fateful fork - Lisdoonvarna left, Cliffs of Moher right. It was a hard decision but we tore ourselves away and headed for the cliffs.

They proved to be well worth it - the most spectacular and breath-taking piece of coastal scenery I've ever seen, in parts 750 feet sheer down to the Atlantic breakers below. It was a real field-day for the photographers.

Our return route took us inland through - believe it or not - Lisdoonvarna; if we hadn't left all our clobber at Kinvarra we'd have been sore tempted. The temptation was even sorer a mile further when the sun went in and the heavens opened. (This happened three times in the fortnight, each time the roads were awash, we were drenched but within an hour we'd ridden out of it, the only rain we had).

At Ballyvaughan again we were soaked but it stopped and the evening was glorious for the potter back to Kinvarra. There, we found, they'd had no rain at all, so we stayed unwashed.

Anyone coming on next year's tour - to Finland?

NORTH ROAD DINNER - 23rd November 1968

The eighty-third Annual Dinner of the "Anfield" of the South was, as ever, a delightfully enjoyable occasion. Held in the Abercorn Rooms in Liverpool Street, with Bill Frankum in the chair, the table was graced by members of famous clubs from far and near. Jack Rossitter, the famous End to End record breaker; Horace Pryor, a winner of the Tricycle Trophy; Maurice Draisey, of the Century, of whom it was said that he knew every 'pub' within a 50-mile radius of London; Will Townsend, R.R.A.; 'Bing' Wilson, Oxford City; John Shuter, Bath Road; Les Warner, C.T.C. Secretary; Charlie Holland, Midland, and a host of others.

I was seated between Richard Hulse (Speedwell) and Norman Turvey of 'ours' and we shared wine with Les Couzens, the N.R. organiser of this evening's function. Norman was at his benign best and I enjoyed his company immensely. Arthur Smith was there as large as life, but the proceedings were more subdued than usual due to Ed. Green's unavoidable absence.

The North Road Chorus was sung early on for a change and it went down as enthusiastically as ever.

Cecil Paget welcomed 'The Visitors' and in his reply E. C. Wilson (Director, British Cycle & Motor Cycle Industries Association) hinted that our great game can look forward to help from the Trade in fighting the possible banning of two abreast riding as suggested in the new Highway Code.

J.B. Wadley (Colchester Rovers) proposed the health of 'The Club' and F.C. Sellens responded on behalf of the North Road.

The hero of the evening was Eric Matthews (Altrincham R.C.) who was chaired to the President's table to receive the Invitation "24" Trophy, his winning mileage being 489,470 inches. Second only to Matthews was T. Ewing (Wembley Phoenix) winner of the N.R. Memorial '50' in 1.55.50. A happy and pleasing sight was the number of promising and talented N.R. youngsters who came forward to receive prizes earned in both Club and open events. Without a doubt our southern friends are ensuring their future in the history of the game.

All too soon came the time to depart after a fascinating evening. Thank you, North Road.

S.W.

KELSALL - 7th December 1968

This was a very pleasant sort of day, as I trundled along towards Kingsley, and Frodsham; I was not alone, for my "better half" had insisted I needed company, so she escorted me and on the way we collected a young lady from Runcorn by the name of Buckley (fortunately no relation to Hubert of that ilk).

We had a pleasant few miles through the forest of Delamere, and arrived at the "Globe Inn" Kelsall at the arranged hour to meet the "Fellow Ploughmen" and join them in their lunch.

A solitary tricycle stood serenely at attention outside the Global portals, bit its owner was within, eating and drinking with others who have never handled a plough.

Now let me see, I think the order went something like this - Jeff, John Leece, Len, Hubert Buckley, Jimmy Cranshaw, Percy Williamson, Frank the scribe, Rex who had cycled most of the way, President Syd, the 'Arbour Master of Acton Bridge, another tri-cycling enthusiast Mr. Alan Little, from the confines of the Weaver, and the aforesaid two young ladies.

The total diners was the Anfield's lucky number of 13, of which 10 were legitimate members, everyone voted the lunch a huge success, and vowed to make it a regular on the monthly rota, yes a very good and encouraging turnout.

A.L.L.

PONTBLYDDYN, New Inn - 14th December 1968

It was dry but bitter cold, as there had been a cold crisp frost overnight. To save time and to ensure I got back in time for an evening booking, I took the train to Chester, but enjoyed a pleasant ride from there up through Kinnerton and the quiet roads to Pontblyddyn, where I espied Jeff coming along on his trike.

We made our way to the New Inn, and enjoyed a bread and cheese lunch, and a drink of "shandy" or similar. The place appeared to be suitable for a further meet, but we were disappointed not more members had turned up on what was quite a good day.

I dashed home, and later in the day cycled to Goostrey for the Manchester Veterans' Annual Dinner, and espied Harry Duck enjoying himself in the crowd at Mrs. Bates's cafe. A Liverpool contingent including Ossie Dover and many others arrived exactly 3 hours late, due to a motor vehicle breakdown, however they belatedly joined in the proceedings and a meal was quickly forthcoming for the late comers.

A.L.L.

TWO MILLS - 21st December 1968

This was the occasion of the annual slide show, and the walls of this pleasant refreshment house positively creaked with the host of enthusiasts present. Those with us on this enjoyable evening were, in no particular order, John Leece now largely recovered from his unfortunate accident last January, Frank Marriott, and son Stephen, Frank Perkins, President Syd del Banco, Keith Orum, David Birchall, Eric Reeves, Allan Littlemore (with Marian), David Jones, David Bettaney, John Thompson, David Barker, John Whelan, David Bassett, John Moss, Len Hill, Simon Jones, Bill Page, Peter Jones and Jeff Mills. Friends were Oscar and Hilda Dover, Doug Hall, Tom Mason, George Jones and Stan Barker.

The title of the show was "A year in Anfieldland" and we were treated to a host of delightful photographs illustrating at least some of the activity which has enlivened our leisure hours in 1968. The most amusing was the rough-stuff adventure along a Shropshire bridle path, with several cars on the return from the "100" last Whit Monday.

Then we had some road riding scenes, and very good they were too. Some Berwyn rough-stuff pictures followed, and the final treat was an illustrated description of the Irish tour, of which Dave Barker presents a delightful pen picture in this issue.

A most delightful evening, and already we are looking forward to the next occasion.

F.E.M.

MACCLESFIELD - 29th December 1968

I trundled the "barrow" through the lanes to Knutsford, where coffee was very welcome, and set me up for the eleven miles to the Pennine resort of Macclesfield, surrounded on this winter's day by snow covered hill tops, in fact I was hitting snowflakes over the last couple of miles to the Chinese Restaurant, where I was very pleased to find SIX other Anfielders to wit; H.Buckley, J.Whelan, D.Bettaney, J.Moss, D.Barker and D.Bassett. Hubert had walked to the venue, after receiving an apology from Rex, in London; the others had covered prodigious mileages from their home bas in Wirral. The meal was quite good and rounded off in the bar of the pub next door, after which the participants wended their various ways home. David Barker to Manchester to meet his Mother at his flat. I wandered through the lanes trying to dodge the stern

northerly wind, but made the tea table at home just befor dusk, after a jolly good winter's day ride.

A.L.L.

MACCLESFIELD - 29th December 1968

Five stalwarts gathered in the dark at Two Mills for this first training bash accompanied by three Vics and one North Ender. The route was Chester, Tarvin, Tarporley, Nantwich, Crewe, Sandbach, Congleton to Macclesfield where we were joined for lunch by Allan Littlemore who triked and Hubert Buckley who walked. Nothing of note happened on the outward leg except that Johnny Whelan got dropped - several times: some old scores were being settled.

I can't say what happened on the way back - as a renegade Liverpudlian all I had to do was potter through the lanes to Handforth and then to Didsbury. The other poor devils had a head-wind. Those present in order of packets taken were Dave Bassett, John Whelan, John Moss and equal fittest Dave Bettaney and Dave Barker - big head.

D.W.B.

KELSALL - 4th January 1969

This Ploughman's Lunch idea is, indeed coming on nicely. On this not unpleasant morning Len telephoned, and I said nothing doing because we were going out in the late afternoon, and I hate dragging anyone away from anywhere so delightful as the Globe Inn at Kelsall. Nothing doing what, echoed my better half as I dropped the receiver, and the outcome of it all was that we all trooped out in our own car, and I had to fork out for four lunches and four drinks, but it was all well worth while, and it looks like being a regular occasion. The run was of course, a real pleasure. How nice it is to see Jimmy Cranshaw every month and not every four years or so. Hubert 'cos he was doing the driving this time was on half rations. Len, Blotto, Percy and Jeff were there too. Allan Littlemore brought his own party, consisting of Marian, Ann Buckley, Brian Waine of the Warrington, Alan Little of the Weaver Valley and also their Captain, Ann Malam, yes, a lady Captain, says Allan. Last to arrive were David Birchall and John Thompson, John full of the experiences he had in Czechoslovakia last summer. These were interesting indeed particularly the tale of how he hitched from Prague to Paris on fifteen shillings, including ten bob on beer! These two left to look for a Roman fork road in the woods on Kelsall Hill. We hope they found it.

F.E.M.



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Vol. LXV

FEBRUARY 1969

No. 726

## FIXTURES

March 1969

- 1 Derby Arms, Halewood. 90th Birthday Dinner.
- 3 Committee Meeting - Free Church Centre, L'pool.
- 8 Telga Cottage, Llandegla (Lunch). Vicars Cross  
(Tea)
- 9 Llangollen (Lunch)
- 15 Kelsall (Globe) Lunch. Two Mills (Tea).
- 16 Hatchmere (Woodville).
- 22 Nannerch (Four Seasons) Lunch. Parkgate and  
Goostrey (Tea).
- 23 Bangor-is-y-Coed.
- 29 Whitewell (Holly Cottage) Lunch. Two Mills (Tea)
- 30 Treuddyn.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 3rd MARCH 1969

COMMITTEE NOTES

News is a bit scarce this month. No one seems to be doing anything but shovel snow from their respective doorsteps. We do, however, have one small item. A brief note from Jack Newton, whom we haven't seen for years and years. Jack has moved from what is surely his ancestral abode in Great Western Street, Manchester 14, to Broadway, of all places. We gather from this that our old friend has retired from the daily round and common task to begin life anew in his delightful Cotswold Village.

Jack Newton's address is now:

JACK NEWTON, 1 BIBSWORTH COTTAGES,  
BIBSWORTH LANE, BROADWAY, WORCS.

We are sure that the kettle will be always on the hob to welcome any passing Anfielder with the cup that cheers and also, perhaps, a bit of sustenance for the ascent of Fish Hill.

RESIGNATIONS

The Committee wish it to be known that Alfred Howarth tendered his resignation some months ago. As Alfred has been such a valued member for many years we have endeavoured to persuade him to remain, but, unfortunately, to no avail. Accordingly with the greatest possible regret, we record his resignation now.

The resignation of Andrew Barker has been accepted with regret.

BIRTHDAY RUN

The long awaited 90th Birthday Run is now upon us, and within a day or so of you receiving this a host of Anfielders and friends will be merrymaking under the roof of the Derby Arms at Halewood. We shall have a full house, but this is not to say that we are pleased with the response. We had hoped to see several of our exiles from the far-flung reaches of Anfieldland, and we are extremely disappointed that they have not been able to make it.

We are, however, looking forward to seeing Len Phillip, Rigby Band, Alex Beaton and, keeping our fingers crossed, Laurie, all the way from distant Pembroke.

The stage is now set, and all that remains is for us to have the most wonderful evening ever as the Anfield's 90th Birthday celebration.

CROOKED PASS

Crooked Pass is an ancient Berwyn crossing linking Bala with one of the villages submerged beneath Lake Vyrnwy, but if you go

looking for this name on the map you won't find it. It is shown as Bwlch Gam - Bwlch for pass, and gam for crooked; and, because it has been so neglected down the years plus, recently, the adventures of the Forestry Commission in the area, it is probably one of the most difficult Berwyn crossings.

To tackle Crooked Pass, you leave Bala by the road to the Bwlch Rhiw Hirnant and just above Aberhirnant the way to Bwlch Gam swings away to the left, eventually to run fairly parallel with the other road to Lake Vyrnwy. The last cottage on the road is not far away, and we stopped and knocked at the low door. We knew nothing of the path ahead and a little local knowledge would have been reassuring, but no answer came to our knocking. The good folk were out.

The path fords through the stream several times on its ascent up the narrowing glen, and there are, or were, traces of a metalled surface for the road. On the approach to the summit there are peat workings, and the path disappears. When we - Jack Salt and I - were adventuring on these lonely slopes we had climbed into a thick black cloud, and it was patently foolhardy to continue, but we did, got lost, and eventually came down to Aberhirnant again by a different route. We realised that we were off the Crooked Pass road, but at least we hoped that we should reach civilisation again at Pennant Melangell, in the Upper Tanat valley.

This was indeed a sorry end to the day, but later in better weather conditions, Salty crossed Crooked Pass with John Futter, and came down to Lake Vyrnwy as planned.

One imagines this to be a very old route because of the presence, on the descent down the Cedig valley, of the old church. This stood some miles above the lake, at a confluence of two mountain streams, and was exceptionally old. If one trusted to legend, the edifice could have been some 1,300 years old. The story goes that among the worshippers who came here, was Melangell, a saint from Pennant, and also, although not necessarily at the same time, Wddyn, the giant from Llanwddyn, the hamlet now beneath Lake Vyrnwy.

We made the effort of tracking across the hills from Pennant Melangell once in search of this old church to find, to our sorrow, only a heap of stones in a very lonely place indeed. The Ordnance Survey used to be very keen to show the site as Yr Hen Eglise in Gothic lettering. Now the stones don't impress them any more.

F.E.M.

EXILES' SAGA

As a result of the kindness of Arthur Smith (North Road), I was able to contact C.E.Lintott of the Bath Road, who has now retired to Johnston, near Haverfordwest. Ted Lintott had decided on a trip to Marlborough to meet the other Bath Roaders, and I was able to join him.

We made the first thirty miles by train to Carmarthen, arriving there about 9.00 a.m. on Wednesday morning. We travelled eastwards along the Towy valley, but south of the river, avoiding all the heavy traffic through Ffair Fach, and byepassing busy little Llandilo. On to Bethlehem, high-altitude lanes around Myddfai, and so to Llandovery for lunch.

It might have been better to have taken the mountain road behind Mynydd Myddfai, coming to the Brecon road at Trecastle, as I did at Easter. We accepted the burden of fast traffic to Brecon, arriving at Ty'n-y-Caean Hostel ready for the evening meal.

Thursday morning saw us quietly pedalling down the Talybont-Gilwern road in company with the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal and the River Usk, with very charming views of both. Lunch at Gilwern, and some good work via Llanfoist, and Frostrey to Usk for afternoon tea, later, after further lane routes, ending up for the night at the Severn Bridge Hostel.

The following morning we crossed the Severn by the special cyclists' roadway across the bridge, half-way over I halted with a view to a photograph, and found that the whole structure was vibrating up and down with the heavy motor traffic. Rigby will know of this heavy vibration better than I do. Once over, we headed north-east, up the Vale of Berkeley to Slimbridge - the Wild Fowl Trust H.Q. Here, after some refreshment, we spent the whole afternoon wandering around amongst the geese of many countries. A slight criticism of Slimbridge - everything seemed very pricey, at least to two O.A.P's, with the exception of the cafe prices, which were reasonable.

I found the Vale of Berkeley very pleasant to cycle through; well-surfaced roads, very quiet, and not unlike our dear old Cheshire lanes. It was here, I think, where just ahead of us we saw a fox quietly crossing the road, and, a few miles later, a badger dead at the edge of the road.

Of such great interest was Slimbridge that we found we had stayed far too long! This made a long and hurried journey to our next night stop necessary, Duntlesbourne Abbots Hostel. By the help of our good headlamps and determination to climb the many hills, we

made it by 9.00 p.m. We had booked two beds by 'phone, but missed the evening meal. However, Mr. & Mrs. Hearne, the wardens, went really out of their way in kindness to two weary cyclists, gave us a splendid meal at this late hour, and away we went to bed.

After the morning's tasks we were soon away, crossing the A.417 and via North Cerney. For this was Saturday morning, and we had to be at Marlborough by six. But before the day's ride ended we very much enjoyed the south-end Cotswolds, and the long, beautiful vistas over the Marlborough Downs. We arrived at the Castle & Ball, our H.Q. for two nights, and met four elder brethren of the Bath Road, and they made us very welcome.

On Sunday we all six ventured through the rain into the Vale of Pewsey, with a ploughman's lunch at the Charlton Cat, and later a short cafe stop at Devizes, again concluding the day at Marlborough. Monday morning was bright (at least when we ventured on the road) so we headed through Savernake to the 74-mile turn in the "100". Here all was quiet concentration, feeding the turning competitors and helping them to thread their ways through high-speed traffic.

Alf West - a past Anfield "100" winner - working really hard handing up drinks, Jack Westaway, Tiny Osborne, Sam Webster, Alan Newland and others, all doing their utmost to help the riders. I was urged by all Bath Road Club members I met to pass on warm regards and greetings to Anfielders.

Ted Lintott and I returned to Marlborough, and put in some steady work to get back to Duntersbourne Abbots Hostel for Monday night. Tuesday morning saw us in bright weather heading north-westwards for the crossing of the Severn at Gloucester, lunch on the far side, then came Newent and crossing over the M.50. We cut south of Hereford to Madley, Tyberton, and Bredwardine to finish up - in the dusk - at Staunton-on-Wye Hostel.

The following morning we retraced our steps to Bredwardine, then climbed steeply up Dorstone Hill, over the ridge and down into the Golden Valley. This we found much to our liking. Through Dorstone, Peterchurch, along pleasingly quiet roads, and so to Longtown for lunch under the shadow of the Black Mountains.

After this pleasant pause a steady climb up to Graswall, past Hay Bluff towering at 2,219ft. with some quite sinister black clouds crowning all. Of course it had to rain a little, and Ted decided a puncture was in order. However, these minor troubles were overcome, and we dropped to Hay-on-Wye, bought some light refreshment which included four bananas, and sped on our way to

Talgarth. Beyond, some minor lanes were found which gave us some high glimpses of Llangorse Lake. It needed just a little more effort, and we were at Ty'n-y-Caean Hostel again, nicely in time for the evening meal.

To round up our tour, Thursday morning dawned to dull, grey skies, which later, as we pedalled to Llandovery and down the southern bank of the Towy to Ffairfach and Carmarthen, steadily worsened with driving rain, and so we ended another Bath Road trip with 30 train miles and 450 miles of pleasurable road wandering.

L.P.

#### NORTH SALOP WHEELERS DINNER - 6th December 1968

This popular Friday evening function was held as usual at the comfortable Victoria Hotel in Whitchurch, under the Chairmanship of that well known stalwart and tireless worker for the game of cycling, Jack Duckers.

We were represented by Ira Thomas, Jack Pitchford, and Allan Littlemore, all having seats on the top table, as befits old age and experience. Our members for Salop were as healthy and as lively as ever, reliving their experiences with great gusto and making frequent visits to the bar.

One or two record breakers were present, and at the prize distribution it was obvious that the North Salop club have some very fine youngsters who will soon be finding their rightful place on the top rungs of the time trial ladder of fame. A very fine evening, thank you North Salops and Jack Duckers.

A.L.L.

#### MERSEY ROADS CLUB DINNER - 25th January 1969

The President attended at this annual function as a guest and had a really enjoyable time - the company and the meal were excellent.

Among the guests noted were Derek Johnson, Eric Matthews, Ron McQueen, Tom Pinnington, Dave Rollinson, Pete Matthews and Don Spraggett. The ladies were represented in the competition world by those long distance record holders on bicycle and tricycle - Joyce Blow and Christine Moody.

The toast to the Guests was proposed by Harry Nelson in his best vociferous manner and the response was capably handled by Tom Pinnington. The presentation of a great array of trophies and medals were made to the prizewinners by Derek Johnson who also proposed the toast to the Prizewinners and which was replied to by Eric Matthews, Dave Rollinson and George Wilkinson - the M.R.C.

Time Trial Champion 1968.

A pleasant interlude in the proceedings was when Mrs. E.M. Russell was presented with a badge of Honorary Life Membership in appreciation of her work for the club over many years.

The final toast - that to the Club - was made by the writer and was responded to by Graham Allcock.

The proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Chairman - President Peter Barlow for the efficient manner in which he had conducted the occasion.

Thanks very much Mersey Roads Club for a really enjoyable evening.

S.d B.

KELSALL - 1st February 1969

At last we know what will drag the more mature Anfielder away from what he is doing on a winter Saturday morning. The prospect of a Ploughmans Lunch at Kelsall: a large hunk of village-baked bread (none of that wretched cotton wool stuff here) a sizeable slab of English butter, and a very pleasing piece of cheese. Titrate this lot with a morsel of beautiful crisp lettuce and ice-cold tomato, have an appetizer in the form of a large bowl of hot soup and you have a meal fit for any of us. You can wash it down with ale, shandy, or even ginger beer. (Pity, though one doesn't see a teapot around - this, for me, would be best of all).

A very pleasant morning saw our President awheel on his barrow soon after nine, with a pleasant prospect of a run through the Cheshire lanes. Syd confesses to having a touch of the "knock" near Tarvin, and so he hurried to the Headless Woman at Duddon for a sandwich before continuing on the last miles to Willington and Kelsall's Globe. Also awheel were Rex Austin, who used the train between Bramhall and Holmes Chapel; Jeff, and also Keith Orum and John Moss.

The motoring contingent consisted of your Editor, with son Stephen, Len Hill and John Leece. This quartet had to drive straight out because of a late departure from West Kirby. Not so Hubert, Jimmy and Percy, from the other end of Anfieldland. It was Jimmy's turn to drive, Percy's to navigate, and so this happy trio called at some old Anfield haunts before their arrival at Kelsall soon after one.

Then, out of the blue, and so pleased we were to see them, came George Connor and Arthur Birkby. They too had read about the Ploughman's Lunches in these pages and had come from Southport

and Crosby to see what it was all about. They were, we hope, delighted. Last to arrive was Allan Littlemore, sans escort, for a change.

Fourteen aboard, not counting Stephen, a recent record surely for a Saturday run. Keith said he hadn't seen so many of the Elder Brethren together for ages. I am sure he hasn't. Anyway, it was all very enjoyable indeed.

When the time came to disappear towards home we found that the sunlight had gone and this part of Cheshire was being treated to a prolonged shower of icy-cold rain, sleet, and a bitter wind. Keith and John after sheltering for a time, headed for home, rain or no rain and they had reached their respective roof trees, before the weather changed. We fancied this is what happened to Syd too. We don't know what happened to Rex. We can only hope that the weather was kinder to him than the others.

F.E.M.

#### VIA DEVANA

In one of last summer's issues of the North Road Gazette we were delighted to see a reference to Via Devana. The Editor, of our distinguished contemporary was describing a run through Buckingham Forest, followed by a four-mile stretch of Roman road "rough-stuff" towards Leicester.

Via Devana is one of the most interesting of England's Roman roads. Originally it ran in a virtual straight line from Chester to Cambridge, through Nantwich, Uttoxeter, Burton-on-Trent, Ashby-de-la-Zouche and Leicester. Beyond Cambridge it continued, with a slight change in direction to Colchester. It has been described as the N.W.-S.E. diagonal. The Foss Way is the SW-NE diagonal.

One regrets very much that this fascinating old highway has been allowed to disappear, and, indeed, most of the highway between Chester and Leicester has vanished, although there are still a few fragments left to please today's explorer. Via Devana crossed the Foss Way at Leicester, and from this point on this ancient road can be traced more or less in its entirety. On many of these East Anglian mills the road is described as Woal Street on the maps, thereby denoting to use in mediaeval years, when the other parts of the road were already decaying.

F.E.M.



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F.PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon.Secretary: J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,  
Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

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Vol. LXV

MARCH 1969

No.727

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## FIXTURES

April 1969

- 4 BANGOR-IS-Y COED (Lunch)
- 5 Headless Woman, DUDDON (Lunch) Two Mills (Tea)
- 12 TREUDDYN (Lunch) NANNERCH (Four Seasons) &  
GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 13 HOLT (Castle Cafe)
- 14 Committee Meeting - Eureka Cafe, 7 p.m.
- 19 KELSALL (Globe) - Lunch. PARKGATE (Tea)
- 20 GLASFRYN.
- 26 WHITEWELL (Lunch) PLEMSTALL (Tea)
- 27 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill)

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
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West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,  
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - MONDAY, 7th APRIL, 1969

S O R R Y !

We wish to apologise for at least two mistakes which crept into our last issue. The kind friend who produces this Circular each month is quite happy with handwriting (bless her), yes - even ours. And two words out of perhaps two thousand failed her. At the beginning of the sixth line on the Kelsall run "titrate" should, of course, be "titivate" and, in the piece on Via Devana, "Buckingham Forest" should have read Rockingham Forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"EXPRESS" apologies -  
B.F.!!!!

LEN HILL WRITES HIS ANNUAL OPEN LETTER

Dear Fellow Anfielder,

Open "100 Spring Bank Holiday  
Monday, 26th May.

Many thanks for offers of assistance so far received. A special request now: could the following members please be at their posts (we include, of course, members in spirit such as Johnny Williams and Arthur Smith) as last year.

IF NOT, PLEASE ADVISE TO OAK COTTAGE, MILL LANE, GAYTON, HESWALL, WIRRAL, CHESHIRE. TELEPHONE (051) 342-3589.

COURSE MARSHALS: J.Cranshaw and Vin Schofield.

STARTING STEWARDS: D.Brown, H.Fletcher, A.Gorman, W.Thorpe.

CROSS HOUSES AND WEEPING CROSS: J.Pitchford and friends.

HAYGATE ROAD: R.P.Jones, J.Thompson.

SHAWBIRCH: G.B.Orrell. HALT SIGN: E.G.Pullan

HIGH ERCALL etc.: L.Bennett, J.France.

SHAWBURY: A.Birkby, Norman Heath. BATTLEFIELD: I.A.Thomas

ROCKHALL: H.Buckley, J.Dodd.

HARMER HILL: J.Williams and Mersey Roads Club.

HARLESCOTT; Alex Beaton.

HIGH ERCALL: A.B.Smith )

SHIRLOWE: J.R.Band )

These positions might be adjusted.

OFFICIALS FOR THE FINISH: Poole and Buckley.

We could find jobs for Don Birchall, Geoff Lockett, Peter Rock, Albert Preston, Wally Rees, the two Selkirks, Ginner Williams, and the two Bradleys.

I shall be at the Sunday lunch fixture to hand out last minute jobs.

Yours enthusiastically,

LEN HILL.

PRICEY HOUSES

We were most interested to see the following advertisement in one of the Sunday papers a few weeks ago:-

NORTH WALES - July 1969. Investiture Week.  
Caernarvon 3 miles. Cottage, sleeps 5/6,  
Mod.Cons. Fully equipped. Car space.  
£100 p.w. Tel. ....

We were wondering whether Arthur Birkby has managed to realize on his Dolwyddelan cottage for this week of weeks. Could be worth it, at these prices.

NO RUNS?

The absence of run reports from these pages must not be taken as a sign of inactivity in our ranks. On the contrary: so much cycling is being done, particularly on Sundays, that none of the lads seem to have the time to put pen to paper. Which is a pity. The stories of their adventures would make excellent reading.

NEWS FROM NORTHUMBERLAND

Allan Littlemore has very kindly passed on a letter from John Parr, and very interesting reading it makes, too.

John has been saving up all his odd days' holidays for a really big splash, a trip that makes us green with envy. John and Beryl are heading for Norway, and not merely the fjordland which is so handy for Bergen, but distant Lapland and the North Cape, on bicycles, too! And after the North Cape they intend crossing the Arctic Ocean to Spitzbergen, where there are no roads and no maps. Indeed, the island has not been fully surveyed yet, according to John's information.

All this sounds wonderful indeed. We wonder how much time all this is going to take - three months? Anyway, envy or no, all will wish John and Beryl the best of luck on the trip.

Early in February, John climbed Cheviot, a really chilly exercise in this winter of winters. A week later he did 80 miles on the tricycle. For the last five miles to the cafe (and also the turn) the roads were running with melted snow, and John, having no mudguards, was well and truly plastered.

JOHN WHELAN

Page 28 of the issue of Cycling dated February 8th carried to our great delight, a very fine action picture of John Whelan, one of the fastest roadmen at the 25-distance on Merseyside today. Last year John had his best season ever, and this year he is looking forward to doing even better.

We were delighted to honour John for these efforts at the 90th Dinner, when Syd del Banco, in his capacity as President, presented John with the George Stephenson Memorial Prize, which this year took the form of a Travelling Clock complete with alarm. We are sure this will prove to be most useful when John resumes his travels across the country almost every weekend in search of "25's". John Whelan thoroughly deserves this recognition with his excellent showing displayed during the 1968 racing season. John was fastest in no less than seven Open and Association events and the best of all his rides was a "56". Good for you, John.

And, what we also appreciate very much indeed, is John's fondness for touring and "rough-stuff" in particular. There are very few Berwyn pathways which have not seen the wheels and felt the aching feet of John Whelan and his merry men.

DINNER JOTTINGS

Arthur Smith, in writing to say what a great pleasure it was to be at Halewood, mentions that he had some pleasant cycling in mid-Cheshire on both Saturday and Sunday, eventually meeting Rigby and Lawrie at the Silver Teapot at Minshall Vernon for lunch. Then with another machine loaded on board, the party made for Hereford, reaching Arthur's new home at 16:00 hours.

Len Killip, who has very few links on Merseyside now, solved the accommodation problem by realizing a childhood ambition - to stay at Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel. We hope it was "just the job", Len.

Alex Beaton, on a train trip from Dundee, stayed the night across the road at Hunts Hotel, Mount Pleasant.

Many of our visitors will be interested to know that the Anfield have been coming to the Derby Arms at Halewood since 1885 at least. Fixtures can be seen for that year in the second minute book, a treasured possession. The first has, unfortunately disappeared, but it is quite possible that we have been visiting this old house ever since our Club was formed. It was an old Village

Inn that lived with its reputation of the most wonderful meals - some of us remember them now vividly and with great pleasure. Only in the last twenty years has the sturdy stone building disappeared, and a modern "brewery" pub erected in its stead.

90th BIRTHDAY DINNER, HALEWOOD - 1st March 1969

Our Ninetieth Birthday Party proved to be one of the most delightful reunions the Club has had for years. Old friends from the length and breadth of Britain travelled hundreds of miles to be in Anfieldland again on this great night.

Farthest travelled was Alex Beaton from distant Dundee, although we think that Alex, for once resplendent in a natty piece of suiting, used Home Rail to get here, and not his beloved bicycle. Distance-wise, Laurie Pendlebury comes next, from his sunny home on the Pembrokeshire coast via, we imagine, Lydney and a little help from Rigby Band's car.

We were particularly pleased to meet Len Killip, whom we haven't seen since he left Merseyside for London more than twenty years ago. Apart from being a bit thin on top, Len looks as youthful as ever. We were also delighted to have Harry Austin, from Leeds, and Pat O'Leary from Wrexham.

It was a big surprise to see Jack Pitchford, together with son Dennis and Cliff Ash from the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers. We didn't know Jack was coming, and our pleasure therefore was all the greater. It must be over thirty years since Jack was at Halewood, unless, of course, your Editor's memory is at fault. Ira Thomas hoped to come along too, but was unwell at the last minute. Sorry, Ira, we should have been glad to see you.

What we do appreciate, when we have our Birthday Runs at Halewood each March, is the manner in which our good friends of the North Road Club support them. In several years recently a fast car has left the suburbs of North London around lunch-time, or perhaps an hour or so earlier, and headed along the M1 and the M6, with a final fling over Runcorn's new bridge for the last few miles to Halewood, reached around six.

Then, after being with us for some four hours or so, the party leaves at ten and arrives home between two and three!

Secretary Fred Sellens, accompanied by Tony King and Roy Cook, made the trip this year. We were very sorry that Geoff Edwards couldn't make it. And also, we hope that they arrived home safely. To our great delight our old friend, Arthur Smith made the trip from Lydney with Rigby and Ed.Green, the stentorian North Roder

from Lakeland.

Our Bath Road guest was Len Baker, at his first Anfield run since the days, some two decades past, when his work kept him in the district for virtually three years. Len, in his response for the guests, and his toast of the Club, spoke very nostalgically of those days. Very happy they were, too.

From Manchester we were delighted to have the Old Man and his Lad, in other words, Tommy Barlow and son Peter. Tommy is hale and hearty and as well as ever, we are very glad to say.

All the other old friends with us were Merseysiders Frank Slemen (who vividly remembers the 50th anniversary dinner at the George, Shrewsbury, in 1929), J.R.Williams, Eric Mustill, Bill Barrow, and Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.....

The toast to The Guests, the first on the list, fell to your Editor and he must admit to being much happier with the written word, but he did remember to mention that Arthur Smith was born in Birkenhead (which Arthur corrected to New Brighton) and ask: If Arthur's father had not shoved off to London, would A.B.S. have joined the Anfield.

Len Baker told us of his visit to the British Museum - of all places! - to find some gen on why Black Anfielders? and there found, in some old newspapers, the full story. Len also recalled the night when he turned up at the Nant Hall turn in the Mersey Roads "24" with a damned big searchlight to assist in the work!

Hubert Buckley contributed a nicely worded Response and mentioned the happy times he has had with the Bath Road, and, on occasion in F.T.B.'s day, the North Road too. It made us all very pleased in being connected, even in a small way, with the very strong links that have held the three clubs together for so long. It was very delightful, very satisfying.

The cross-toasting was mostly amusing, but we hope Ed.Green will think of some new ones for next time. His present repertoire is getting so well worn! And even rough-stuff adventure came into it too, when John Moss rose to take wine with all who had had their bicycles on Moel Lych.

At an appropriate moment during the evening, President Syd del Banco presented John Whelan with this year's Stephenson Memorial Prize.

As a post-script to this piece, we would express our great regret that our good friends Mr.& Mrs. Sharp left the Derby Arms. No catering, however well-intentioned, could ever be as good as theirs.

ALSO WORTH KNOWING

I was very interested to read of Frank's "short cut" (January Circular) from Pont Llogel to Lake Vyrnwy, as I also know of another one and it doesn't climb to 1061 ft. as Frank's does. I am sure my route would be much quicker if competing against faster riders who have carried on along the normal route.

Half a mile south from Pont Llogel on the Llangadfan road, precisely half way between the milestones shown on O.S. 1", one takes a pleasant tarmac "road" signed Llwydiarth Park, between two blocks of cottages, this is an extremely pleasing road, through quiet sheltered park land, crossing the river at the mill, by a rather bumpy bridge, carry on leaving the hill of Yr Allt Boeth on your right, and the valley of the Vyrnwy and Cownwy on your left, and you eventually emerge at Boncyn Celyn and the "nasty" hairpin, on the B4393.

This route is pleasing in either direction and can easily be followed on the O.S. No.117, (one of the most heavily used of O.S. maps in my collection). The house nearest to the bridge at Pont Llogel does a very nice afternoon tea, and was in business in August 1968, whilst the river walk on the north side of the River towards Dolanog is well worth exploration, even with a bicycle.

A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 25th January 1969

On this breezy but dry day, I dashed off to Mrs. Bates's cafe in the heart of time trial land. The weather was reasonably good and I expected to find more out than just Rex, Bob Poole and Mrs. Poole, and I made up the total to a modest 4. A satisfying meal, and the usual chatter made the journey worth while for all concerned, and a firm promise to "see you next time", especially as the evenings got lighter.

A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 8th February 1969

If you may remember our heftiest snowfall of this winter fell on the 7th, and continued into the 8th, although sunshine, in the afternoon tempted me out. I wrapped up well and shoved off on the tricycle, and it was most uncanny, once I left the Northwich bye pass and made for Lach Dennis, I was slewing about all over the road, roads deserted, I wondered if I should get back at all, as fresh flakes of snow drifted around the atmosphere and dark clouds gathered.

It was essential I attend Goostrey on this day, for I was in the "Chair" for the annual Weaver Valley Club dinner. Anfielders who had promised but were d.n.s., were Percy Williamson, Bob Poole and good lady, Dave Barker had said he might come but never showed up.

It was fantastic, as 82 persons eventually turned up to enjoy a wonderful cycling evening, out of a prior booking of 96. Quite a number came on trikes, some on bikes and the rest in cars, Stan Bray one of the chief guests had actually tricycled from Birmingham, what an enthusiast, but any man who has ridden in 797 events without packing once, must surely be expected to "get through". Another chief guest was Bernadette Swinnerton, a racing girl who has already represented England at her chosen sport, and who could easily take over Beryl Burton's crown if and when the latter retires.

A.L.L.

N.R.R.A. ANNUAL MEETING - 8th March 1969

This was held in Manchester, on a glorious spring-like day, we were represented by Percy Williamson, David Barker, David Jones, as a visitor with his Dad, George presumably representing a Birkenhead club? Allan Littlemore, and Hubert Buckley.

The business was very formal and brief and it was not long before Tommy Barlow, re-elected President, was closing the business, although some discussion had taken place re details of a 80th celebration dinner, sometime in October 1970, to be held on a Sunday lunchtime. There was no opposition to Hubert being re-elected as Secretary and Treasurer.

A.L.L.



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Vol. LXV

APRIL 1969

No. 728

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## FIXTURES

May 1969

- 3 Tegla Cottage, LLANDEGLA (Lunch)  
PONTBLYDDYN (The Stores) (Tea) GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 4 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (The Smithy)
- 10 KELSALL (Globe) (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 11 LLANGOLLEN
- 17 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) (Lunch)  
PARKGATE (Copper Grill) (Tea)
- 18 HOLT (Castle Cafe) Lunch at 1 p.m.  
MINSHULL VERNON (Silver Teapot)
- 19 Committee Meeting - Two Mills - 7 p.m.
- 24/26 OPEN "100". Sunday Lunch - Herbert Arms, Chirbury.
- 31 TRYDDYN (Lunch) PHOTO RUN. TWO MILLS (Tea)

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,  
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 10th MAY, 1969

EDITORIAL

We wish it to be known that, in all probability, there will not be an issue of this Circular out at the end of June. This is for the very simple and adequate reason, that the Editorial Department will not be around to get our paper "to bed" at this time. Unfortunately, this will have repercussions. For one thing, the story of the "100" will not be out until the end of July, two months after the event. And this, really, is not good enough.

If some kind soul would volunteer to write the "100" report, and garner a few bits and pieces of news to complete an issue, this would be admirable. Offers for this temporary and honorary post of guest editor, please, to F.E.M., address and telephone number on the front cover of this Circular.

Incidentally, there are no enveloping addressing chores. We have recently spent a few pounds on addressograph plates to put an end to this dreadful labour.

THE "100"

The time is early morning, the venue spreads like a gigantic tablecloth over the roads of North Shropshire, the date is May 26. All this adds up to one thing, our "100" the most important event in the Anfield calendar. The organization that this "do" of ours demands is phenomenal. This year one of our up and coming young men offered - yes, offered! - to cope with the secretarial work, and we wish Keith Orum well in his efforts.

Len Hill has also agreed to arrange all the necessary marshalling and checking necessary on the course. Last month we published his annual open letter to all helpers, asking for "same again" this year. This is an excellent way of going about this prodigious task, but it needs - just for Len's peace of mind - a little more than the willingness to be on the spot on Monday morning. It needs a note from you, whether named last month or not, that you will be available. Len can then record your name on his "certain" list, and the sooner this is complete the better. To write fifty or so letters is expensive in both time and money, but for you to drop him a card is relatively simple. And Len will bless you for it. We know he will.

His address is Len Hill, Oak Cottage, Mill Lane, Gayton, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire. His telephone number is (051) 342-3589.

One last word: the sooner the better!

R.R.A. TRIENNIAL DINNER

Our good friend Will Townsend, Hon. Secretary of the Road Records Association for many years, has sent details of this year's Triennial Dinner to us. It is to be held on Saturday, May 10, at the Abercorn Room, Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street, London E.C.2 at 5.30 p.m. for 6.45 p.m. Tickets are 45/-, including gratuities. This should be a very good "do" indeed, as it is open to all Record Breakers and Private Members of the Association. In a note to your Editor, Will Townsend says "This is a dinner you would enjoy!" Of that there is no doubt, but the trouble is that F.E.M. was never good enough on a bicycle to break even one R.R.A. record and also he has never got round to being a private member, which is a most unfortunate omission. If any of our record breakers have a mind to be in London on this night of nights, then we should like to hear from them. We might be able to get a few Private Members elected quickly!

SORRY!

In our report of the 90th Dinner in our last issue we unfortunately omitted to mention Alan Rogerson, who travelled from Banbury to be present. Alan left Anfieldland a few months ago to take up a new position and we wish him well in this new sphere of operations.

BRIDLE WAYS

We are delighted to be able to lift the following paragraph from the March issue of the North Road Gazette, with, of course, due acknowledgment, and thanks.

The Countryside Act 1968

Most members are aware of the Countryside Act 1968 which gives the cyclist the right to ride on bridleways. This was by direct result of the evidence given by the C.T.C. to the Gosling Committee on Footpaths in 1967. The actual wording of the relevant section is: "Any member of the public shall have, as a right of way, the right to ride a bicycle, not being a motor vehicle, on any bridleway, but exercising right cyclists shall give way to pedestrians and persons on horseback". This particular section of the Countryside Act has not been given much, if any, prominence in the National Press.

It would seem at last the Government are recognising

cyclists but there is an important qualification to the Act which states "subject to any orders made by a local authority, and to any bye-laws". The C.T.C. are receiving evidence of local authorities seeking to make orders or byelaws to prohibit cycling on specific bridleways.

If you hear of any local authority acting in this manner we are sure the C.T.C. would be pleased to hear from you, even if you are not a member of the C.T.C. which of course you should be.

"Roads used as public paths" or more commonly known as greenways are coming under review as part of the Countryside Act, and the C.T.C. are doing their utmost to get these preserved as bridleways and not footpaths or byeways open to all traffic.

### IN THE TANAT VALLEY

Alan Littlemore, in a note enclosing some much appreciated material for this Circular, says that he and Marion had a great Easter in the Tanat Valley. Weather excellent.

Alan must know every lane in this enchanting corner of Wales by now, and we were wondering whether he, or other Anfielders, have explored the old road to Bala, which runs West of, and roughly parallel with, the Milltir Cerig road.

In the manner of many ancient highways in hilly country, this old way stayed with the river as long as it could, and then soared up the slopes to the rim of the hills. A meandering shelf-road was then a luxury as yet unknown.

According to the map, this track, once on the tops, makes direct for Bala town, and we have an idea that Syd Jonas explored it at least once, years ago.

Old road books mention that the military Road from London to Holyhead crossed the Berwyns from Llangynog before Telford constructed the A5, and one would imagine this to be the old path along the valley and the direct route to Bala. From the lakeside town the troops used the old road to Llan Ffestiniog, which ran parallel on the western side with the present highway. As no doubt the men had to walk these exceedingly weary miles, one can imagine how miserable they would feel on these wide, lonely, and most inhospitable slopes.

### TOURING IN NORWAY

When Jeff Mills mentioned the other day that some friends of his were considering the possibility of a camping tour in Norway this year, it occurred to us that a few notes on this subject

would not come amiss.

Getting there: the cheapest way to reach the shores of Scandinavia is by way of Hull and Gothenburg, a 36-hour trip. The fare is £11 and for this you get 500 miles of travel and accommodation for two nights. Excellent value. The cabins, although down a couple of decks, cannot be criticized. Meals can be obtained at a cafeteria, where the prices are reasonable, and in the restaurant where they are more expensive, although excellent value.

You are ashore at Gothenburg soon after seven. Oslo is 200 miles to the north, along an excellent and delightful road, but a run through the Swedish coastal villages would be very good indeed. And when you get tired of riding you can take the ferry from Stromstad to Sandefjord, in Norway.

On the Bergen run from the Tyne you have a shorter sail and only one night on board. The fare is more expensive but you have the advantage of being in the famous Fjord country, which, after all, is what most people visit Norway to see.

To see the famous Naerofjord, surely the most majestic of all the Fjords, one can travel via Voss. Bergen being a somewhat inaccessible city, the road out of it is very tiresome, so I would suggest a fjord trip on one of the Hardanger vessels to Norheimsund, then ride along the side of the fjord to Kvanndal, from which point it is not very far to Voss.

Those wishing to see the Mabodal gorge and the wild Hardanger road should continue on the boat to Vik-i-Eidfjord. From Haugstol, on the far side of the Hardanger road an exciting rail trip can be taken to Myrdal, for the Sognfjord at Flam or Voss. A rough guide for fjord fares is 5/- an hour.

From Voss there is a 22-mile ride to Stalheim, where one can walk through the hotel to see the world famous view down the Naerodal. The steepest road in Norway takes you down to the bed of the valley - gradient 1 in 5, with fourteen hairpin bends. In seven miles, all nicely downhill, you come to Gudvangen, all set for the sail down the Naerofjord, a canyon-like arm of the Sognfjord.

One can head northwards, in two ways: by ferry to Kaupanger, then ride along the north shore of the Sognfjord to Hella, for a short ferry crossing to Dragsvik. Here a new road heads over the hills to Nordfjord, where several glaciers are easily accessible and then a day's run leads you to Merok and Geirangerfjord, surely the pearl of them all. It will be time, then,

unless you have a very long holiday, to start drifting back to Bergen. There is a route, with lots of short ferry crossings, which keeps fairly close to the coast. Alternatively, if you reach the coast you can take the coastal mail steamer back.

Roads: At one time the roads in Norway were shocking. Now they are being improved year by year and even the wild Hardanger road, which is blocked by snow for some seven months of the year, is good for almost the whole way. Three years ago the bad bit stretched for forty continuous miles. Main roads are mostly tarred mountain roads and sometimes gravel but good, but some districts maintain their highways better than others.

Accommodation: To live in hotels each night would run away with one's travel allowance too quickly. Youth hostels, one understands, are excellent, and in many villages you see houses with rooms to let. Camping sites are excellent, and there are plenty of them. Many have wooden huts you can hire (some wired for electricity) for around £1 per night per hut. This saves putting the tent up on a filthy night. To cut costs one could have an alfresco meal, purchased from a village store, at mid-day. Bread, butter and cheese, although dearer than in England, is not expensive. Meat is priceless, so keep off, and beer is five bob a bottle, so beware.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - 15th March 1969

This was a rather breezy day, and I had rustled up another visitor in the person of Dave Cane, an ex member of the Solihull C.C. and now living in Cheshire. He finished in the Mersey Roads "24" some years ago with a creditable mileage.

The two of us climbed up from the valley of the Weaver through Norley and Hatchmere, and the wooded glades of the forest which lies on our doorstep, the beauty of which we so easily take for granted.

Arriving at the "Globe" there was quite a representative gathering, and this consisted of Rex, Len, Hubert, Percy, Jimmy Cranshaw, dear old John Leece smiling as ever, Jeff, Frank with son Stephen, nearly 7' tall (not quite - Ed.) and the writer and friend Mr. Cane.

The usual "ploughmans'" fare was scoffed with enthusiasm and the chatter flowed freely, as well as in some cases the ale.

My friend Dave and I returned by way of the Yeld and the bridle path route to Delamere Station, where we took a footpath

through the delightful woodlands and emerged not far from the Forest View Inn. Dave must have been impressed, for before leaving me he ordered a copy of the Club history!

A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 22nd March 1969

Quite a nice sunny day decided us to visit Goostrey for tea, and my dear "good lady" wheeled her steed from the shed, and we had as an extra companion, a young lady from Runcorn, who has previously graced our meetings. There was a catch of course, I was the "mug" who had to put the chain on, every time it flew off the derailleur gear! After a severe struggle when the chain got stuck twixt spokes and sprocket, I was forced to purchase a tin of "Swarfega" to clean my hands before dining.

Anyway after pushing into the rising breeze, we made West End cafe, to find Rex Austin and Bob Poole and his charming wife, waiting for us. So there were 7 of us which made a jolly chatty party. A few wisecracks with the Manchester Wheelers party on the other table enhanced the proceedings.

A.L.L.

HEADLESS WOMAN, DUDDON - 5th April 1969

For a combination of reasons this was my first non-utility ride and first club run for some time and, more especially, my first taste of this splendid new innovation, the Saturday lunch-time pub session. What's more it was the first real day of spring.

After two days of decorating, it was hardly surprising that I experienced a remarkable feeling of release and elation as I sallied forth from the normally uninspiring suburban wilderness of Didsbury. Northenden and Wythenshawe didn't look bad; Rostherne and Tatton Park were positively magnificent; Knutsford, Middlewich and Winsford were thronged with busy crowds; by contrast Little Budworth and Cotebrook were as sleepy and enchanting as ever. In Duddon itself I stopped to photograph the Old Hall and at that moment Peter Jones flashed past at 15s, head down and oblivious to everything bar his front wheel. He was easily induced to provide the human interest and we then potted round the corner to the hostelry.

Syd del Banco had already finished having got the knock on the way and we were soon tucking into some superb chicken, gammon and chips. Mine hostess thought that with the breathalyser more and more pubs were turning to this kind of catering. If so, there's one thing we can thank Barbara Castle for.

Afterwards three cyclists with at a guess 70 years' experience behind them and aided by two maps got themselves lost looking for the pack-horse bridges. I suppose pub lunches have their snags. We eventually did find them and soon split up, Peter heading for Chester and North Wales, Syd and myself for the lanes through to Backford and eventually Bebington.

D.W.B.

GOOSTREY - 12th April 1969

This was a day when the beautiful Easter weather of a few days previously had disappeared completely and substituted the strongest gales for some time, which made things decidedly uncomfortable. I had the breeze at my stern and in next to no time I was at Goostrey, and was very pleased to see Rex (albeit travelling by car on such a rough day). He declared he didn't want me to dine alone, unfortunately Bob Poole had another engagement, so Rex and I enjoyed a chat and the usual nice tea. We did have company in the shape of Stan Jones, of the Warrington Club, who joined us over the meal. Three experienced cyclists can always find something to talk about, and this eased the thoughts of the impending struggle I was to have riding homewards.

A.L.L.



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,  
Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

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Vol. LXV

MAY 1969

No. 729

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## FIXTURES

June 1969

- 1 HATCHMERE (Woodville)
- 7 PENLEY (Lunch) PONTBLYDDYN and GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 8 TREUDDYN
- 14 KELSALL (Globe) (Lunch) PARKGATE (Copper Grill) Tea
- 15 HOLT (Castle Cafe)
- 21 DUDDON (Headless Woman) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 22 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill)
- 28 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch) VICARS CROSS (Tea)
- 29 PENLEY

The date of the Committee Meeting will be made known later.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
to the Hon. Treasurer, J. H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR (for June): A.L. LITTLEMORE, 5 WARRINGTON ROAD,  
ACTON BRIDGE, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 14th June, 1969

EDITORIAL

A very delightful surprise thudded through our letter box at breakfast-time the other morning. Two sizeable contributions for the Circular, entirely unexpected and unsolicited, but none the less very welcome for all that. Don Stewart felt he had to comment on our piece about Norwegian touring which we included in our last issue, and we print his delightful letter on another page.

Alan Rogerson having read our few lines about him last month comes up quite spontaneously with a nice, long, piece about his cycling activities in the evenings after his day's work is done. His mention of Dorchester and the Dorset coast, and dear old Rye and Romney Marsh bring nostalgic memories of a touring holiday along the coast of Southern England. Some of this tideline is drab indeed but the districts mentioned are as interesting as ever. Incidentally, Alan mentions with regret that he cannot help with the "100" as he will be otherwise occupied driving a service vehicle in the Tour of Britain. "However, I shall be in Anfield-land on Friday, 30th May, when the stage finishes at New Brighton".

Our hope, expressed last month, for someone to offer to be a guest-editor of the Circular for June has had results. Allan Littlemore has indicated his willingness to have a try and we look forward with pleasure to the results of his efforts. His address is 5 WARRINGTON ROAD, ACTON BRIDGE, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE. CLOSING DATE: 9th June.

LEN WALLS

We haven't had a report of the latest run to Pontblyddyn, but news has trickled through to us that Len Walls managed to make it - on a bicycle! Yes - a bicycle, when we thought he had already sold his machine, never to buy another. Len hasn't been out for some time, but we are hoping we shall see him more often now that he knows the wheels will still go round.

PAT O'LEARY

We do not see a great deal of our Member from Wrexham, but a wee birdie whispers to us that Pat is seriously thinking about having a bash at the Mersey Roads "24". We understand that Pat rides to, and of course back from, his work, and notches up the nice, tidy total of almost 30 miles a day. How nice it must be to be fit!

DON STEWART'S LETTER

Dear Frank,

Read your interesting notes on touring in Norway and only wish I could find time to do all your suggested exploring during my trips to Sweden and Norway. My trips centre me upon Stockholm, Gothenburg, Oslo and Bergen and of the four I find Bergen the most enjoyable.

My first experience of it was a warm and bright Autumn day. I was up and out of the hotel at 7.30 a.m. on a Saturday and the smell of fish in the air, drew me to the fish quay - a fine sight at that time of day - boats unloading, stalls erected, fresh fish some still alive on sale, together with a multitude of flowers and sealskins. Unfortunately there was no opportunity to bring any home, because I was only in the middle of my trip.

To anyone who visits Bergen I would advise a trip on the mountain railway which takes you to a position overlooking the town and fjord. The view on a clear day is breathtaking - on a cloudy day it is a waste of time going to the top.

Certainly with high costs of living in both countries you do not see many U.K. tourists. The £50 does not last long. After a hard day's cycling, beer at 5/- per bottle is an expensive thirst quencher. My way around this is to buy tax free spirits on the boat or plane and to dilute with soda, ginger etc. Besides being refreshing - it also tastes better if you know it is tax free!!

One day I must certainly try and get out on a club run. I have forgotten how to ride a bike but have recently bought Barbara a Moulton, so there is hope yet. Trouble is I spend so much time away from home that at week-ends must spend some time with the family.

Travel from home these days is overseas, so if you are short of material for "Slide Shows", can always find something from trips between U.K. to Japan and back.

Best wishes and regards to all. You never know I will try and get out one day.

Yours sincerely,

DON STEWART

## SOUTHERN SCENERY

Having taken to life in the south of England, and doing a great deal of motorised travelling, I decided to take my cycle with me on my travels. It fits quite nicely on its side in the back of the estate car, and some of the comments I get from people are quite noteworthy: 'I suppose you use it when you run out of petrol?' - 'Very handy when you're in London, I suppose?' - and even 'Is it a real one, or just a model?'

I find the combination of car + cycle very useful, especially when staying in a large town. I usually change into my cycling togs, get into the car and unload the cycle on the outskirts. Once or twice I have changed clothes in the car, in a lay-by, but find that someone will park just behind me, making my contortions even more subtle.

Of the many runs I have made, I select three which have scenery + variety, and no 'dragstrip'.

Starting from the roundabout on the A38 3 miles N.W. of Newton Abbot, the road climbs steadily up to the town of Bovey Tracy, and once through the narrow streets, I took the B.3344, when the climbing really began! Even in my lowest gear of 55.6, it was a struggle, but once up on the slope of Haytor Down, it was possible to see right back down the valley of the Bovey River almost to Teignmouth. Once through Manaton, an unclassified road on the left, goes right over Dartmoor to the famous Fair town of Widecombe in the Moor. With no sign of the old grey mare, I pressed on through Dunstone and Buckland-on-the-Moor, descending all the way on narrow twisting roads to the A38 at Ashburton. I would have liked to have gone down to Buckfast to have a look at the Abbey, but darkness was approaching, so I turned left and had a fairly fast and undulating run along the main road (dual carriageway in parts) back to the round-about and the car - approx. mileage 28.

Whilst staying in Dorchester I promised myself I would pay a visit to Lulworth Cove, a place I had never visited before. Taking the main Wareham Road from Dorchester, which proved to be well surfaced and relatively quiet, I headed eastwards. It was a very pleasant evening and spring had definitely arrived. The scantily disguised buildings of Winfrith Atomic Energy Research Establishment appeared on the heathland to the left and I turned off the main road to face a steep climb up through East Chaldon on an unclassified road. After a long steady climb the road descended sharply into West Lulworth and down to the cove. Despite its popularity,

the Cove is still relatively unspoilt, and on this particular evening, was especially beautiful. The water in the cove is shallow and was very calm, and the changing pattern of weed and sand could be easily seen.

Only the occasional explosions in the distance revealed the presence of the Tank Regiment Gunnery Range at Lulworth Camp, which I passed on the climb out of Lulworth. At the gates of the Camp is a full size Centurion tank with the gun barrel pointing right up the road at approaching vehicles - very menacing! A fast straight descent to the town of Wool, and a retrace along the undulating main road to Dorchester, completed a very pleasant evening.

Another of my favourite evening excursions is based on the very pretty town of Rye in West Sussex. Most of the land in this area is very flat, especially the Romney and Welland Marshes. However taking the 'B' road inland from Rye to Wittersham and Tenterden, found me in the hills known as the Isle of Oxney. Once into Tenterden with its tree-lined single main street, I turned off right for the picturesque village of Appledore, where the Military Canal, cut to stop Napoleon's advance during a threatened invasion, skirts round the houses through Brenzett, once a haunt of smugglers, and a few miles along the main road towards Hythe, before turning right for Lydd. It is here that the Airport for Cross Channel Air Ferries is situated, and the land for miles around the town of Lydd is absolutely flat. A pleasant ride along the coast to Camber, a popular holiday spot with miles of sands, came next. At this point the wind became somewhat adverse and I was glad to see the town of Rye appear, across the Harbour.

These runs, although not strictly within the bounds of 'Anfield-land', may be of some interest, and may even have been traversed by other Anfielders, as our members are so widely scattered.

ALAN ROGERSON.

#### LOST, AN "ANCIENT" TRACKWAY

One of the fascinating features of the Ordnance Inch sheet of the Snowdon area is a thin line across the mountain lands described as an "Ancient Trackway". At least it was. New editions of the map have ceased to give the track distinction in this way, and on enquiry, the Ordnance Survey explain the omission by saying that they are not really sure how ancient a trackway the old path

is, so out the Gothic lettering goes, and the old way is now no different from any other.

Yet if any mountain pathway in North Wales is worth doing it is this one. Historically, we do not know how old the track is, but it is fairly certain that it is part of the Irishmen's Road, which led up from the coast through the Llanberis Pass, which is known in Welsh as the pass of the Irishmen. This track did not descend with the modern road to Pen-y-Gwryd but dropped even more steeply to the Vale of Gwynant. Short of the lake it climbed up the steep hillside and then made across the slopes to Dolwyddelan before continuing to Penmachno and beyond. Between these two places the path is regarded as one of the finest sections of a pack-horse road in Wales.

As the path has disappeared from the lower slopes of the climb from the Vale of Gwynant, it is, one would imagine, almost impossible to try to explore the pass from this direction. From the other direction there are none of these difficulties and the crossing makes for a grand adventure in these mountains.

The path actually leaves the Lledr Valley high road at the entrance to Dolwyddelan castle, and continues around the northern fringe of the fortress to join with a lane to Roman Bridge. To save time, therefore, it is possible to continue towards the summit of the Crimea Pass, and turn for Roman Bridge, and the line of road to the pass.

For a short distance the path makes its way beneath the electricity pylons, and traces here of an ancient hollow-way may be discerned. The track has the appearance of being excavated to a degree, the material dislodged being put to one side. The path would be about a yard wide.

After about half a mile the track sheers off to the left to cross a small stream. The place can be identified by a gate, and one only hopes the stream is not too deep. On our first adventure we were rewarded with very wet feet! Beyond the gate the path climbs again and comes to a stretch of marshy mountain, with glimpses of Yr Aran directly ahead.

There is a fence here to guide and one shortly comes to the Diwaunedd River, a mighty torrent flowing swiftly from the lake of the same name sheltering in the shadow of Siabod. The old road crosses these swift waters by the sturdiest set of stepping stones

ever, and if by any chance you have missed the line of road, look for the stepping stones before you attempt to cross.

Beyond the ford a causeway heads across the boggy land towards the summit, and soon you come to a ruin of a cottage, and a fragment of a tiny wood. One wonders if ever this was once an inn. Soon one comes to the crest, and a great wall has been built across the line of the path. To find a way through it is necessary to keep well to the right and then once on the other side move back to the left again to find the line of the track. The descent is through scrub and loose rocks on the steep slope, and it is most important that the track be found. Do not attempt to make your own way down.

Leave the bicycle if necessary and do your searching on foot, and in time the place of descent will be seen, roughly in line with the causeway across the marsh. Here, down this steep rocky and bushy hillside, are a series of stairways, probably older and certainly more important than the more famous Roman Steps in the Rhinog Hills. The descent is difficult to a degree, tricky and certainly fascinating. In one place you have to "squeeze" the bicycle through a narrow gorge. On the lower slopes the path comes to an abrupt end at a wall, and why such an unusual road has suffered such undignified treatment one cannot imagine. Heaving the bicycle over the wall is difficult but it can be done, and the road then to Beddgelert is just across the meadow.

Time taken: a few hours. On our first adventure here a farmer in Roman Bridge said as he waved his hand towards the skyline: "You can be in Nant Gwynant in two hours". This was the understatement of the day - but a very good day indeed.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - 19th April 1969

The sun shone, the air was warm, and I had enjoyed a nice "lie in", which is a nice change on a Saturday. However "duty" called, so a few domestic tasks accomplished, I was away towards midday en route for the "Globe Inn", which is fast becoming an extremely popular venue of "ours".

Marian was unable to manage it this time, but on the way I collected our lady friend (Ann by name), she says she enjoys the "ploughwomen's" lunches! We traversed the forest of Delamere and soon arrived at the "Globe", albeit as usual for me, a bit late. Around the small tables were seated as far as I can remember, Syd, Len, Jeff (Airing his shorts on this springlike day), John Leece,

as cheerful as ever, his age varies inversely as his cheerful outlook on life, Jimmy Cranshaw, Hubert from Macc, and a young friend with Jimmy, I failed to obtain his name, last but not least the dilatory Captain, and a lady friend.

After the usual drinks, eats and swopping of yarns, we did not tarry too long as we wanted to have a look at a "25" which was being held on this road, at a point nearer to Northwich, so Ann and I hurried off to see the competitors. Ann's special boy friend was riding on a "trike", but when he came along he had sustained a puncture early on in the event, however it was very pleasing to see taking part no less than 4 Anfielders, to wit - Keith Orum, John Moss, David Jones and Dave Bassett. I considered this pretty good for the A.B.C., 7 and 2 friends at lunch, and 4 racing men in an open "25" in the afternoon, the age of miracles is not yet past, for believe it or not the Anfield youngsters won 1st Team award in this open "25"!

A.L.L.

#### RACING RESULTS 1969

19/4/69 Altrincham (1.2.0 limit) T.D.Bassett 1.1.57 (P.B.) 2nd Fastest. K.Orum 1.2.15 (P.B.) 3rd Fastest. J.W.Moss 1.3.29.

D.G.Jones 1.5.8 (P.B.)

Anfield Team Bassett, Orum and Moss, 3.7.41

20/4/69 Rhos-on-Sea "25". J.Whelan 1.1.30, D.Bettaney 1.3.2, K.Orum 1.5.48, T.Bassett 1.6.2, J.Moss 1.6.7, D.Jones 1.8.56

27/4/69 West Cheshire 30. D.Bettaney 1.16.33, K.Orum 1.18.47, J.Moss 1.19.42, T.Bassett 1.21.47 (2 mins.late), D.Jones 1.23.52.

3/5/69 A5 Rangers C.C. J.J.Whelan 59.30, D.Bettaney 1.3.27 (Punctured) J.W.Moss 1.3.24, T.Bassett 1.4.6.

4/5/69 Doncaster Wh's. D.Bettaney 59.24, J.Whelan 1.0.5, J.Moss 1.3.16, T.Bassett 1.3.44.

10/5/69 Westwood. J.Moss 1.2.23 (P.B.), D.Jones 1.7.39.

#### R.R.A. TRIENNIAL DINNER - 10th May 1969

We are extremely sorry that our mention of the Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association in the last issue gave such short notice that not even a scratch team could be mustered for an evening in London. This was most unfortunate. As the Anfield is one of the three remaining founder-members of the R.R.A. it is surely requisite that a sprinkling of members should be present on these occasions. However, we learn with pleasure that Mark Haslam represented the Club and replied to a toast of the Anfield proposed by our good friends the Speedwell B.C. Mark sat next to Tommy Barlow. He also met Jack Beauchamp.



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Vol. LXV

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No. 730

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## FIXTURES

July 1969

- 5 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) (Lunch)  
PLEMSTALL (Beech Farm) (Tea)
- 12 DUDDON (Headless Woman) (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 13 (Sunday) Club "25" (The Coast Road)
- 19 PENLEY (Lunch) PARKGATE (Tea) also GOOSTREY (Tea)  
C.T.C. YORK RALLY
- 26 Mersey Roads Club "24" (Start at 5 p.m. near  
Tarvin) (Assisting Marshalling etc.)

Date of Committee Meeting to be announced later in month

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
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West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,  
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 12th JULY, 1969

EDITORIAL

I trust that my efforts at having a "go" at Frank's job, during his absence are satisfactory. It would be very nice if a few snappy runs write ups were more frequently sent to the Editor, this would ensure a quicker delivery of the Circular and news. Unfortunately we have to hold over efforts from Harry Duck and Laurie Pendlebury, which will appear next month.

We hope to send to every entrant in our "100", a copy of this Circular and we hope they will be of some interest.

Best wishes to racing men, helpers, club attenders and those lucky ones on holiday.

ALLAN.

RACING RESULTS

- 11/5/69 B.N.E. Mountain T.T. J.Whelan 2.8.57 (3rd Fastest)  
D.Bettaney 2.10.27 (6th Fastest), K.Orum 2.17.46, D.Bassett 2.20.5
- 17/5/69 Concorde R.C.C."25". D.Bettaney 58.28 (P.B.) J.Whelan 58.30.
- 17/5/69 Middleton "25". J.Moss 1.1.54 (P.B.)
- 18/5/69 West Cheshire "50". D.Bassett 2.18.39, K.Orum 2.21.57
- 24/5/69 Kettering "25". J.Whelan 58.41, D.Bettaney 59.25,  
J.Moss 1.4.43, K.Orum 1.8.4.
- 25/5/69 Crest "25". J.Whelan 59.1 (2nd Fastest), D.Bettaney 1.0.31  
(6th Fastest), W.Page 1.6.59 (P.B.), D.Jones 1.13.44 (Delayed SFS)
- 26/5/69 Anfield "100". T.D.Bassett 5.6.51
- 1/6/69 National Champs. "25". J.Whelan 58.15, D.Bettaney 59.45.
- 1/6/69 Stretford "25". K.Orum 1.2.27, J.Moss 1.3.33

THE WHITSUN BANK HOLIDAY - 1969

This must have been the wettest week-end for this event for very many years. Some say 1946 was worse, others a little older, say 1913, anyway most of us know it was lousy, cold, wet and generally unpleasant. A party of nine stayed over night at the "Lion" and were regaled by entertainment from World Traveller, Stan Wild who had recently returned from Australia, need I say how tanned he looked, still wearing shorts and looking as youthful as ever.

There was plenty of rain on the Saturday, which continued into the night as far as 5 a.m. and then it cleared and resulted in a pleasant day, the tricycle racing men enjoyed a very pleasant morning indeed.

Meanwhile, the Anfield parties were making their way to the usual rendezvous at Chirbury for the annual lunch on this Whitsunday noon. There was a total of 27 sat down together at the "Herbert Arms" and members present included the following: President, Marriott and family (camping nearby) Rex, Perkins, Len Hill, Haslam, Wild, Williamson, Len Walls and family, G.Sharp and wife, (Len's daughter) Birchall, Jim Cranshaw with wife and daughter, Schofield, Dave Barker, and some friends (after stewarding in trike event), Hon.Sec. Mills, and last but not least, dear old Alex Beaton from bonny Dundee. After the usual eats and drinks and chatter, members and friends made their way back to their various resting places to prepare for the big event of the week-end, the 70th Open Anfield "100", little did we know what a "WASH OUT" it would be.

On the Sunday evening we noted our riding members were putting the final finishes to their trusty steeds, our Organiser Keith Orum who so sportingly volunteered to run the "100", and at the same time had the barefaced audacity to enter the event, such is faith in the reliability of the "Len Hill Marshalling" system; was checking his fixed wheel model. Dave Bassett essaying his first "100" was nonchalantly flicking dust from his double clanger, John Moss was caressing his tubs with some feeling of reverence.

On the Saturday, 11 Anfielders and friends had left with 4 cars and necessary bicycles to ride in shorter distance time trials, in other districts. These were highly successful expeditions for we won 3 prizes in the two events, our main stalwarts being Messrs. Whelan, Bettaney, Moss, Orum, Page and D.Jones. Results elsewhere in this issue.

On the Monday morning the rain was pelting down at 4 a.m., when my alarm did its stuff. There was no let up in the weather, I donned everything I had got, including a pair of golfers' over-trousers. The scene at the start was fantastic indeed, it was just like standing on the edge of a cliff, with a gale lashing the rain in from the ocean. It didn't take very long for anything lying around to be sopping wet through and through.

Fortunately Rex Austin who was timing this the 70th "100", and taking over from Stan Wild who has timed 20 of them, was inside a car, the rear of this car had the boot up wherein was stored the small parcels of grub, and the numbers. Poor Ossie Dover who so valiantly tried to hand out the numbers and pins, eventually gave it up as a bad job, the cards were sticking together, his was a hopeless task. Fortunate riders were sheltering in friends' cars

until their time for the off, some didn't even bother to brave the elements, for the number of non-starters (38) was considerable on such a vile morning. Mark Haslam was vainly trying to keep everyone dry with the use of an umbrella. Only 23 clocked at 50 miles and there were only 18 who finished the course and brave men they were, and each deserved a prize for battling on in spite of the adversity of the weather.

Len went round the course in the Marshall's car taking with him J.Cranshaw, Syd, F.Perkins, T.Schofield and Jack Spackman. These persons had to dodge from side to side to avoid flooded roads many times. Jack Pitchford was at the first turn, and his Mid Salop members were in evidence at most of the Islands early on. Dave Brown did a yeoman job pushing off the riders. In Wellington we found Dave Barker, P.Rock, Ernie Davies and Dave Birchall. Proceeding up course to Hodnet we spotted John Farrington, G.Sharp and D.Jones handing up drinks.

The Hodnet turn saw H. and J. Austin and Len Goodhew of the Belle Vue, doing their job well. Bren Orrell was partnered by Albert Livingstone at Shawbirch. Guy Pullan was at his usual outlandish spot at Cotwall, then Les Bennett and the Mid and North Salop Wheelers, were all sharing a job of work. John France at Shawbury and then we came to Battlefield and the keeper of this corner was Ira Thomas partnered by Ned Haynes. At 50 miles timing point Jeff (the official) was inside somebody's car so his watch was dry, as well as himself, however he did kindly allow the Captain to make use of his collapsible umbrella, which was a god-send in such conditions when one is trying to check the numbers, but as only 23 went by this spot it wasn't all that difficult. Bill Finn was also assisting here.

Hubert Buckley was at Rockhall, and that Norther stalwart Jack Duckers, at Wen bridge; this took us then to Harmer Hill where Johnny Williams and the Mersey Roaders were dispensing drinks, to the deserving riders. The turn came at Harlescott (63 miles) where Arthur Birkby was joined by Alex Beaton, Alex who came along swathed in cape, leggings, and carrying panniers, saddle and handlebar bags, all held in place (?) by sundry pieces of perished elastic. Arthur's friend Howell Griffiths of the B.N.E., had the utmost difficulty in even holding Alex's loaded cycle upright by itself, but to crown it all one item of kit which was noticed was a shoehorn!

So we retrace back and at Shawbury we find Pat O'Leary has joined John France on the corner, the North Salop Wheelers with Norman White O/i/C, were dispensing drinks, Arthur Smith and

vociferous Edmund Green were getting the few remaining riders around High Ercall corner, Doug.Ingram and Tom Hubbard were at the next junction which is only 2 miles from the finish. Bob Poole was at the finish, to lend a hand. Vivienne and Rosemary, dispensed tea from the Magic urn, and our good friend Mr.Mitchell from Shrewsbury attended to the telephone system for the result board. I did not attend the finish myself, I was so wet and cold that Jeff and I made our way to the cafe at Hadnall which opens at 10 a.m. and got warmed up. As was suggested to me, marshalls would not be needed at the finish, just one person to keep the timekeeper awake would be sufficient! If any faithful helper has missed being mentioned then I apologise, but nevertheless thanks to you all, and let's hope for better weather next year.

### THE "100" ITSELF

Ninety-four names appeared on the card, 38 were non-starters, there were 23 timed at 50 miles and 18 completed the course, which I should say is a record low. I often think, and the fact is so on this occasion, very few marshalls fail to turn out, from Len's report no one was missing from their respective posts, yet the racing men, can turn over in bed, shrug their shoulders, stay inside their cars, or their digs, and not bother to turn up if the weather is bad. All the more credit to those few who came along to do battle and so carry on the tradition of this classic event which was commenced as far back as 1889, thank you gentlemen and sportsmen, you are a credit to the sport of time trialling.

Our only finisher was young David Bassett at 16 years of age who clocked a very creditable 5-6-51 for his first attempt at the distance, hearty congratulations. Stan Lea of the Warrington was riding his 20th "Anfield", and "evergreen" Charley Alexander from Cardiff made his "umpteenth" start in our event.

The winner Dave Stalker of the Feltham Road Club actually improved on his previous best, and thus took the handicap prize also, well done. The team award went to our friends the Mid Salop Wheelers, they managed to get three members completing the course, in a respectable time of 15-33-29.

Leading times as follows:-

		h. m. s.
1. D.Stalker	Feltham R.C.	4-21-20
2. C.Richardson	South Lincs. R.C.	4-41-48
3. D.Thomas	Long Eaton Paragon	4-45-23

4. M.C.Cross	North Bucks R.C.	4-47-30
5. R.Davies	Liverpool Century	4-48-25
6. R.Lee	Oldbury and District	4-49-4
- David Bassett	Anfield B.C.	5-6-51

The Handicapping duties were carried out by Mr.G.E.Jones, to whom our grateful thanks are accorded. (Father of our young member, Dennis).

### A B O U T P E O P L E

JOHN PARR - Our member for the North East, will at this moment be en route for the frozen north, as he and Beryl are sailing in early June, their destination is the Island of Spitzbergen, I don't know if John intends to shoot any polar bears, hope not. He writes to say "We won't be cycling in Spitzbergen, no roads, it will be tent and walking boots, there are no shops where we will be staying. Nearest bread shop and milk bar will be 700 miles away!" John also adds that he covered 95 miles around the Cheviots on a recent Sunday, and I'm sure we can expect a jolly good report on the return of these two intrepid travellers.

ARTHUR SMITH - Our good friend from the North Road and his good lady, after helping in the Whitsun "hundreds", cycled off into Wales, in spite of the vile weather at the time. Arthur sends a card from Llwydiarth, to say that they went that way to find our previously reported "short cut" to Lake Vyrnwy, but the weather was so wet, after calling for tea at "Llwyn Onn", Pontllogel, they decided to stay overnight, and got dug in writing post cards to all and sundry. They report good food and service, and a busy cafe too despite the rain.

STAN BRADLEY - We were pleased to hear from dear old Stan although his news was rather unpleasant. Stan has just had 3 weeks in hospital, due to an abscess, cycling was impossible for a time, but later he did get riding O.K., but his problem was the arthritis he had developed in his legs. When Stan came to a stop, and put his leg down, it just gave way and Stan finds himself on the "deck" just in front of a slowly moving bus, he has therefore decided for the time being he must seek other means of reaching Goostrey, a venue which Stan attends at all possible times. Best of luck Stan, hope to see you anytime you can make it.

E. ALAN ROGERSON - A few weeks ago Alan and his wife and two

children had arranged to call on the 'Arbour Master of Acton Bridge for afternoon tea. However it is understood that some mishap occurred to the vehicle which they were travelling in, and Alan and Ann being so reliable and knowing what a spread there would be on Maid Marian's cuisine, decided they must inform the "A.M." without delay, so Alan made use of the police service for conveying the important message from the lush Oxfordshire countryside to the banks of the sadly polluted Weaver. Along rolls a "Panda" car to no 5, and police officer knocks on door, all neighbours doors open slightly to see what's going on, "A.M." dashes out with heart throbbing, trying to recollect which bank had been robbed recently. Police officer in true "Z" car style delivers message that a certain Mr. Rogerson will be unable to call for tea today. The result is that P.C. is warmly thanked for his services and invited into "A.M." office to while away a little time, having a "cuppa" and a smoke, and a couple of dishes of luscious trifle, a few salad sandwiches, and a nice piece of home made fruit cake, at the same time listening to the "National" on the radio. P.C. could not understand why a certain Mr. Rogerson left the police service, but concluded by saying .. "Perhaps it was as well".

DAVID STAPLETON - For those who may not know, Dave Stapleton has for many years very efficiently organised the Mersey Roads Club "24", which Club took over promoting this type of event when the A.B.C. retired from this position in 1937. This forthcoming "24" (the date is July 26th starting at 5 p.m.) ranks as a Championship event and will thus have the cream of all the "staying" fraternity on the start card, also as the ladies combine with M.R.C., the event is open to the fair sex, and it is a well known serious fact that Beryl Burton intends to compete in this event in 1969, so we could see some wonderful performances. Now, if YOU are able to assist in any way, with marshalling or the like, then kindly offer your services to Mr. Stapleton, at 9 Tennyson Road, Widnes, Lancs., he will be more than pleased to coordinate you on to the helpers' list. The A.B.C. do help at Nant Hall we know, but there may be someone who would prefer an individual job nearer home.

#### TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION "100" - 25th May 1969

For the benefit of those who do not know, the above event was first held in 1951, on the Sunday, the day preceding our "100", and usually on the same course. Previous to 1951, as the Anfield "100" received so many entries that only the fastest tricyclists were able to command a place on the start card, it was obvious that for the furtherance of the sport of time trialling, the tricyclists would have to organise their own event, and quite rightly leave the

classic "100" on the Monday for the faster and more plentiful bicycle riders.

This has been the pattern over the ensuing years, and as well as making a jolly good week-end, especially for visitors from other parts of the country, the tricycle event has assumed proportions of a "classic" event in its own right, for the three wheeled fanatics of our day and age. Some famous names have emerged in this event, like John Arnold, Dave Duffield, Howard Bayley, Johnny Pardoe, our own Alan Rogerson, and many others who have whizzed around the Salopian undulations at a prodigious speed. John Parr and Pat O'Leary have ridden in this event, whilst one or two daring souls have had the barefaced audacity to enter and ride in both "100's" on consecutive mornings.

1969's Trike event was a record in that the fastest time for the event was clocked by Eric Tremaine of the Leicestershire R.C., in 4 hrs., 36 mins., and 44 secs., this on precisely the same course as "ours", and from a list of starters numbering 25, there were 22 finishers, which is a good percentage by any reckoning, needless to say the "barrow boys" were blessed with a dry morning, in direct contrast to 24 hours later. The 2nd fastest was T. Waring from North Lincs. in 4-51-37, and "evergreen" Johnny Pardoe clocked 4-59-59 for 3rd place. Competition record for a trike "100" stands at 4-32-56, so Eric Tremaine's ride less than 4 minutes slower on "Anfield" roads is a great performance.

#### GOOSTREY - 3rd May 1969

The weather was fine and dry, and I had intended to be out early enough to have a look at a Ladies' "ten" which was taking place in the Goostrey area, but this had been held by the time I rolled up.

At the tea place there was quite a gathering of well known cycling officials; on the Sunday morn was due to be held the well known Dukinfield "50", and "Cycling" rep. Bernard Thompson with his charming good lady was at Mrs. Bates's cafe, he was to cover the forthcoming event. It is worth mentioning that in the ladies' "ten" organised by Lilian Heald the well known Manchester official, a young lady of 11 years of age had won the handicap, with a 5 mins. allowance off the scratch girl, in an actual time of 31m.3secs. The junior in question being Marion Evans, Weaver Valley C.C., daughter of a lady who was in the B.A.R. a few years ago!

Around the tea table one would find, Percy Williamson, Bob and Mrs. Poole, and myself. Mrs. Poole had brought along some very interesting photographs taken during the time trials of 1907, these vintage photographs were very interesting indeed. Mrs. Poole is of course our member Ned Haynes's sister, in case you didn't know. The photographs proved what stalwarts they must have been in days of long ago.

A chat with Alan Boden, the handsome bearded rider who won our "100" a year ago, and some of his confederates, all helped to make the tea table quite jolly indeed.

A.L.L.



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave., West Derby,  
Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

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No. 731

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## FIXTURES

August 1969

- 2 KELSALL (Globe) (Lunch) PARKGATE (Tea)
- 9 NANNERCH (Four Seasons) (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 10 LIVERPOOL & WEST CHESHIRE "12"
- 11 COMMITTEE MEETING (Free Church Centre, L'pool) 6.45
- 16 DUDDON (Headless Woman) (Lunch) PLEMSTALL (Tea)
- 23 PENLEY (Lunch) PONTBLYDDEN (The Stores) (Tea)  
GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 24 CLUB "25" HOLT (Tea)
- 30 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) (Lunch)

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/- . Under 21: 15/- . Cadet Members: 5/- .  
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
to the Hon. Treasurer, J. H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,,  
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 16th AUGUST 1969

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership:- FRANK WILLIAM BLISS, 26 Kenley Road,  
Merton Park, London S.W.19.

Proposed by S.del Banco. Seconded by A.L.Littlemore

Note:- The Editor wishes to tender his sincere regrets to members and Mr.Bliss. The note for inclusion was handed to him two months ago and by an unfortunate omission has not been published until now.

Changes of Address:- A.Beaton, c/o 295 Perth Road, Dundee,  
Scotland, DD2 1JS.  
G.Lockett, 22a Stocks Lane, Chester.

The Autumnal Tints Tour has been arranged at The Sun Hotel, Lllansantffraid, our usual venue for this fixture. Bookings to the Secretary, please.

Resignation:- The resignation of Mr. P.B. COLLINS has been accepted with regret.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITORIAL

We wish to express our sincere thanks to A.L.L. for handling last month's Circular. While he was burning midnight oil we were, on successive June evenings, dining well within sight and sound of the remarkable Rheinfall at Schaffhausen; dealing with wafery thin ham and asparagus in a little inn in Alsace; eating again on the Gurten, the famous park overlooking Berne which was once a golf-course; and finally, doing ourselves well in a lakeside restaurant at Rorschach on the Lake of Constance. Always, of course, finishing off with strawberries, and thick, Swiss cream!

There is one impression we should correct from the last issue: we were not "camping nearby" to Chirbury. We had a trailer caravan, and two bicycles, in Rhayader for a week, and while the distaff side of the family enjoyed themselves pony trekking, F.E.M. and Stephen ventured forth daily into the delightful country which surrounds the Wyeside town. It was, as it happened, mostly a week of rain, and never for a long time have we been so wet so often, but the adventures we had were great, and we hope to include a few stories in these pages in the coming months.

Incidentally, hearking back to Chirbury, we thought the meal poor. Seldom has so much been paid for so little food.

F.E.M.

EATING OUT

Eating out is fun, when you have found a good place, and, still necessary, when you haven't. We wish to record that the Vulcan Arms, three miles from Rhayader on the Builth Road is excellent. The place is a delightful country pub with accommodation, and meals at any time. The dining room menu is not expensive, but an appetizing meal is also served in the bar. The Happy Union, at Abbey Cwm Hir, serves chicken and chips for 5/6d.

Allan Littlemore also wishes to recommend a new cafe at Llansantffraid. It is the Station Grill, and is actually the old railway station. The place has been tastefully converted into a very comfortable licensed premises. Everything has the railway atmosphere, the decor and even the menu, with its "Tootplate Grill", "Fishtrain Express", "Banana Boat" Special, and so on. What is more: there is no juke box, and the place is open every day.

If any other member can recommend a good eating house we should be pleased to include details in these pages.

CONTRIBUTORS - PLEASE NOTE!

Handwriting is acceptable when you cannot lay your hands on a typewriter, but we should appreciate it very much if all names of places - and people - were given in block letters.

SOME PEOPLE DON'T READ THEIR CIRCULARS!

An unfortunate bit of confusion in our despatching department last month resulted in a few May Circulars being sent out instead of the June issue. The remarkable thing is that only one has been returned. Arthur Smith mailed his back by return of post. The others evidently have not been noticed. We should be grateful if the other recipients would let us know, and a June number could then be posted to them.

P.S. As we go to press the figure has doubled - to two!

RUN NEWS

Allan Littlemore reports that only three were at Nannerch on 22nd June. The others were Jeff and Keith Orum, both looking fit and fresh after their Isle of Man holiday.

Allan also mentions that he was apparently the only visitor at

Penley on June 29th. The cafe, he reports, is very good, although attached to a garage. With clean, satisfactory service, and no juke box, we can look forward to a better turn out next time.

ISLE OF MAN "CYCLING WEEK" - 14/20 June 1969

When in 1937 the first Manx International Road Race was held over one lap of the Motor Cycle T.T. course, Rex Austin, quite fortuitously, was present. Our own Jack Salt rode in the event and performed most creditably. The event was the seed from which the present successful "Cycling Week" derives.

Rex did not attend another event until after his retirement from business in 1957. Since then, however, he has officiated annually as a Timekeeper, with the exception of 1965 when a family bereavement kept him away. In 1964 Jeff Mills joined him and has attended every year since then; this year was the first occasion since the war that we have had members riding in the time-trials.

And right well they acquitted themselves. In the "25" on Sunday, Keith Orum with 1.5.56 was just six seconds faster than David Bassett; but in the Mountain Time-trial on Monday, over one lap of the T.T. course the position was reversed, David (1.5. ) beating Keith by seconds. As a Junior, David was entered for the "10" on Thursday morning with the convenient starting time of 10.04 a.m., but unfortunately he stayed in bed just too long, arrived late at the start and did not compete.

Ducker's "Trevelyan" proved an ideal headquarters for cyclists and most of the younger element (and also the not so young) managed to obtain second helpings as required. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the amorous designs of some of the party on Pat, the attractive waitress, were baulked by the presence throughout the week of the young man to whom she was engaged.

John Thompson spent a couple of days with the party, but whether by accident or design was never quite clear. Certain it is that when he first met Rex on the Promenade he didn't seem to realize that a "Cycling Week" was in progress. The official party was well supported by non Anfielders in the persons of Mrs. Austin, Harry and Mrs. Pearson and John Thompson's Sue.

In conclusion, it should be noted that a 1.2.27 ride by a third man would have given the Club victory in the team race. It would be nice if we could hope for a larger party next year and perhaps even better rides.

R.J.A.

ASSISTANCE WANTED, PLEASE

On August 10, the Liverpool and West Cheshire Associations are running their combined 12-hour event on a course which stretches from Cheshire to Shropshire, and back again.

In accordance with the Rules of Membership we have to supply a certain number of marshals and/or checkers to ensure that the route is adequately controlled. Also, this year, we hope to have a few members riding, and we were wondering if some of our not-so-active members would care to give some assistance with drinks etc. on the course.

Offers, please, as soon as possible to Keith Orum at 11 MEADOWCROFT, BARNSTON, WIRRAL. Telephone (051) 342-3879.

CORRECTION TO "100" RESULT SHEET

(No.43) 8th Fastest. W.C.Vetcher, Hampshire R.C. Time 4.55.51  
25 Mins. H'cap Time 4.30.51  
and not as shown on result sheet.

RACING RESULTS - JUNE

28/5/69 North Staffs: J.Whelan 59.55; D.Bettaney 1.1.12.

1/6/69 National Champs: J.Whelan 58.15; D.Bettaney 59.29

1/6/69 Stretford Whrs.: K.Orum 1.2.27; J.Moss 1.3.33.

7/6/69 Macclesfield J23: J.Whelan 1.0.25 (3rd); D.Bettaney 1.0.30 (4th); J.Moss 1.4.29; W.Page 1.7.15.

TEAM ANFIELD B.C. 3.5.24 (Whelan, Bettaney, Moss)

8/6/69 East Liverpool 50: K.Orum 2.11.5 (P.B. 1st Handicap)  
J.Whelan 2.11.45; D.Bassett 2.19.?

15/6/69 CLUB EVENT: D.Bettaney 1.1.22 (Winner & Handicap)  
J.Moss 1.5.48

15/6/69 Manx Viking 25: K.Orum 1.5.56; D.Bassett 1.6.2

16/6/69 Manx Viking Mt.T.T.: D.Bassett 1.54.16; K.Orum 1.54.21

21/6/69 Apollo Whrs.: J.Whelan 58.50; D.Bettaney 1.1.26;  
J.Moss 1.3.50; W.Page 1.5.35 (P.B.)

22/6/69 Brereton 50: D.Jones 2.17.13 (P.B.)

29/6/69 Seamons 50: J.Moss 2.11.38 (P.B.)

29/6/69 West Cheshire 100: K.Orum 4.37.57 (P.E.)  
D.Bassett 4.48.0 (P.B.)

29/6/69 Rockingham Forest 25: J.Whelan 59.31

2/7/69 East Lancs. 25: J.Moss 1.3.14

B.C.T.C. HEAT LIVERPOOL D.A. - 11th May

At the lay-by in Capenhurst Lane, where one's appearance and punctuality were secretly noted, a slip of paper was handed to each competitor: Proceed eastwards, turn right before railway, follow A5117 to Thornton-le-Moors, where turn left for Ince Church, and proceed at an average speed of 12 m.p.h. Just imagine Whelan and company "proceeding at 12's" - Unthinkable, and well-nigh impossible! By a strange stroke of fate I did actually average 12's for this section, because, of course, this speed for me means "flat out all the way".

More directions: Rejoin A5117, turn left to A56 junction, take first on right, and report for Hill Climb test, where marks will be awarded for racing style and use of gears (If you only have one gear, then that's that, as for style, well, honking isn't very popular with the judges). Proceed to height 295ft. and report to marshal at height 360ft. This was followed by a rough-ride section within the cruel confines of Foxhill, where I got full marks. I really was ruthless. I'm sure I rode all those horrible boulders, tree trunks, rough ground, obstacles etc., and, whilst within the orbit of the judge's eye, I managed to stay on.

Lunch at Simmonds Hill, Manley was a jolly affair, with everyone talking at once, and large mouthfuls of food tending to make conversation a little muffled. During the lunch break an eagle-eyed individual closely examined the machines to see if the correct equipment for touring was carried. Here, again, I got full marks - without bribing the examiner.

The afternoon commenced by taking the watersplash in Delamere Forest, and then the course continued to the climb of the Yeld, and over to Willington. On the way a sharp-eyed observer made sure everyone stopped at a stop sign. The emergency stop came down the hill to Willington. Most riders managed this all right. At the foot of the hill the map-reading instruction was received: Proceed to a place with three D's in its name, crossing the river Gowy at a bridle path (easy so far), Go under two railway bridges, and after about half-a-mile along an "A" road, proceed in a westerly direction. Then, using

"yellow" roads only, cross a canal at a point 200 yards south-west of a "Football team", keeping the canal on your left proceed to starting point and crossing a railway three times. Be at the finish before 5.30 p.m. The last few words had me worried, because I punctured in the mud near the packhorse bridges, and was forced to change an inner tube. The "football team" was Stoke, spelt, on the signposts "Stoak".

Between Duddon and the packhorse bridges there was a flooded road, which was considerable in both length and depth. After this unexpected "hazard" I was wet from the knees downwards, with water in all the bearings.

At the finish, sundry questions on observation and general knowledge were fired. I didn't do too well on the observation ones, but I got the names of all the pubs right, so by and large I didn't fare too badly, and but for a slight slip in map reading, I would have come second instead of an equal fourth.

This was a jolly good day out in a non-speed competition. Fortunately the weather stayed good, so many thanks to John Cull, C.T.C. the organiser of the event, and his band of helpers.

A.L.L.

MINSHULL VERNON - 18th May 1969

A very rough and cold morning, and I turned out with a raincoat in the bag and a pair of "golfers' overtrousers", as extras. I had been roped in for marshalling in the South Lancs. "50", on one of the Chester Road Islands. I was glad of the extra coat and leggings, for it was darned cold hanging about, albeit sunny, between the showers.

It was an interesting event, for the winner and scratch man, Mike Potts from Derby won the event, but he broke his saddle during the ride, and actually rode about 3 miles without it, just honking. Then he changed on to another machine, which was too small and later changed on to a fellow competitor's, no doubt willingly given which Potts rode to the finish, his time was 2.4.2, a really good ride in bad conditions. Second was V.Marcroft in 2.5.37, whilst local boy R.Proudfoot came third in 2.7.6.

After the event, I potted down to the Silver Tea Pot, at Minshull, a really nice cafe, clean, good food, and efficient service. Brian Kitson came along with me, Brian organises the T.A. events these days in a very exemplary manner, and he joined our party for lunch which consisted of, Jeff on his trike and again air-both his shorts and his knees, and Rex, at whose suggestion this

cafe was chosen for a Sunday lunch. My wife Marian turned up having ridden from home so I was forced to pay for two lunches, and they were very enjoyable. I think we can use this excellent cafe again in the near future.

A.L.L.

TWO MILLS - Photo Run - 31st May 1969

I pushed into the wind, which seemed to get stronger and stronger the more I faced it, so I dropped into Frodsham and decided to cross the Helsby marshes, which is still possible, quite easy, but rather bumpy in places. It is a pleasant respite from the turmoil and traffic of the main road to Queensferry, to almost hug the ship canal, and her dykes, and drift leisurely into the old world village of Ince (which always appears to me to resemble an old sea port of bygone days). From the island just outside Ince I rode along the private Oil Refinery Road, which is quiet enough on a Saturday afternoon, all one has to do is to be very careful when crossing the frequent very oblique railway lines.

Even Ellesmere Port was not very busy, as I potted through the town and so to Little Sutton, and I thought of the time when we raced through this place in "fifties" before the coming of the traffic lights and other modern hazards.

I put a spurt on as time was passing and just reached the venue, as the third exposure was about to be taken, some one pushed me into position on the front row, David Birchall, twiddled a few knobs and spoke some magic words, then dashed to his place in the group, a seemingly long wait until the camera hissed and eventually dried up with a loud click and that was that, the picture taking was all over for another year. I just managed to get my tea before the cafe closed, and had an easy ride homewards, it must have done me good for the following day I ventured out in a new pair of shorts. For those in attendance please see the photograph, soon to be released by our camera expert David Birchall, to whom we are indebted. A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 7th June 1969

MANCHESTER WHEELERS 6 - ANFIELD B.C. 3

This is not the final score of a football match, but an indication of attendances on this sunny afternoon. If we count friends and supporters who dined with us, the result would have been six all for Percy Williamson brought two, and I brought one.

A matter of great interest was the announcement, made over tea, that Jimmy Taylor will be 87 years young on June 21.

Tommy Barlow under doctor's orders, has been given pills to take ("No! not drugs, this would contravene regulation A5). Also his cat has to have pills, too, and, somehow Tommy got them mixed, and took the cat's dose for himself, with the result that Mrs. Bates dog withdrew in terror when Tommy entered the cafe.

The three Anfielders present were Rex, Percy and Harry Duck.

H.H.D.



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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AUGUST 1969

No. 732

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## FIXTURES

September 1969

- 6 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch. TWO MILLS (Tea).  
13 NANNERCH (Four Seasons) Lunch.  
TWO MILLS and GOOSTREY (Tea).  
20 PENLEY (Lunch). PLEMSTALL (Tea)  
27 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.  
TWO MILLS (Tea)

October

- 4 TRYDDYN (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)  
11 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch. GOOSTREY (Tea)  
18 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - TWO MILLS  
25/26 AUTUMN TINI'S TOUR at SUN INN, LLANSANTFFRAID.  
Saturday Lunch at BANGOR-ON-DEE.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-.  
Honorary: A minimum of 10/- and donations should be sent  
to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 WIRRAL MOUNT, WEST KIRBY, WIRRAL,  
CHESHIRE, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 27th SEPTEMBER 1969

COMMITTEE NOTES

We are delighted to welcome Mr. F.W. BLISS, 2A KENLEY ROAD, MERTON PARK, S.W.19 to full membership.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Although we have been visiting the Derby Arms at Halewood ever since 1885, if not earlier, it is probable that there have been times when the Club has been unable to patronize this fine old house. We regret very much that the Committee finds that this position arises today.

We have been unable as yet, to find a suitable and central alternative for the A.G.M., Ladies Night, and the Birthday Run. As the Annual General Meeting is almost upon us, arrangements have been made to hold this fixture at the EUREKA CAFE, TWO MILLS, CHESTER HIGH ROAD, WIRRAL. The venue is six miles from Chester, and a short distance south of the cross-ways. The date is 18th October, and a reasonably early arrival is requested so that all may be fed. We regret that this venue is not as central as we should have it.

The Secretary has asked that this note should be taken as notice of the meeting. Notices of motion should be in Jeff's hands by September 30th.

A LETTER FROM BERT LLOYD

7 August 1969

Dear Frank,

I always look forward to the Circular but the Minshull Vernon run write-up was rather disquieting - "... and he joined our party for lunch which consisted of, Jeff on his trike ... and Rex ...". I know they are both delicious personalities but ... Are we going to anything for their dependants?

There is quite an active bicycle club in the Island but all the prizes appear to be won by one or more of three brothers. I see them performing sometimes and it revives very pleasant memories of the great times we had before 1939.

Look after yourself and kind regards to all.

Aye, BERT.

Thanks, Bert.

READERS WILL NOTICE -

that we have included fixtures for two months in this issue. This means that there will not be a CIRCULAR out in September. The October issue will be out early in that month, so that the agendas for the A.G.M. can be posted at the same time. We hope to have a larger number than usual.

ANFIELD "100" 1913

In our June issue, writing about wet Whit Mondays we mentioned that "others a little older say that 1913 was the wettest weekend". We remembered this from the chapter on the "100" in *The Black Anfielders*, page 83. Our information was, when we wrote the chapter, that a strong south-east wind brought rain, in the same way as it did in 1946. In 1913 the wind was so strong that one rider asked a helper to wheel his machine up a short hill! We are not sure now, some 15 years later, what the source of our information was, but we thought it was genuine.

Now we have a letter from Wilf Armstrong, veteran East Liverpool Wheeler, to say that Whit Monday 1913, was a perfectly dry day. He and his brother rode to and from Shrewsbury, and had no capes.

Has any other reader more memories, or are we asking too much?

SID CARVER -

writes to say "(if Peter Rock hasn't beaten me to it") that Rex wasn't quite correct in his remarks last month re the 1937 Isle of Man event.

"In 1937, the Manx International was over two laps, and Jack Salt, Peter Rock and Sid Carver all rode and finished - creditably (as R.J.A. says) - if not with distinction. Just for the record, Larry Ross also rode that year - and Shake Earnshaw".

He sends his warmest regards to all.

BOB WRIGHT -

writing from the Gate House ... Woodbridge, Suffolk enclosed a photograph of E.J. Amooore, of the Bath Road Club, finishing in our "100" in 1903. One of Bob's hobbies is copying

old photographs of cycling interest for his collection. If any member has any prints that could be loaned to him for this purpose, Bob would be very grateful.

#### A REQUEST FROM THE EDITOR

Your Editor, together with son Stephen, have recently been exploring some of the tracks between Strata Florida Abbey and Abbey Cwm Hir in quest of the ancient highway(s) the monks used between the two houses.

We hope to include the story of these adventures in forthcoming issues, but in the meantime we would appreciate the loan of an Ordnance Survey Inch Map of the Aberystwyth district which shows the Claerwen watershed before the reservoir was formed. Can any reader help?

#### RACING RESULTS: JULY-AUGUST

<u>13/7/69 Club Event.</u>	D.Bassett	1.1.47 (P.B.)(P.T.)
	K.Orum	1.2.21 (Winner & Handicap)
	J.Moss	1.4.13
<u>23/7/69 Birkenhead Vics.</u>	J.Whelan	58.46 (3rd Fastest)
	D.Bassett	1.2.10
	K.Orum	1.7.38
<u>27/7/69 Abbotsford Park 100.</u>	D.Bassett	5.1.
<u>3/8/69 Pennine '50'</u>	D.Bassett	2.5.30 (P.B.)
<u>9/8/69 West Cheshire 12 hr.</u>	D.Bassett	225 miles
<u>17/8/69 Lichfield</u>	D.Bassett	1.0.28 (P.B.)

#### AN ANFIELDER IN THE SOUTH

Len Baker, veteran Bath Roader and good friend of us all, sends the following interesting piece:

Our old friends, the Bath Road, have an old-timers' run every Saturday. Here some 8-12 members gather at tea to chat over old times, and rejoice in the fact that, with Dave Loader once again a Bath Roader is among the "heads".

Len tells us that he was with the company at Abinger Hammer

on Saturday, August 16, and two cyclists came in and sat down. Across the room he noticed that one of them sported the Anfield badge. The rider was a complete stranger, and Len thought this somewhat unusual. As he had spent so much time in Anfieldland he knows most of us.

After tea Len went across and introduced himself, and it transpired that the stranger was friend Bliss, our new member from S.W.19. Len discovered that Bliss is an old cyclist of the 1930's, and used to ride with Freddie Brown of the Potteries C.C. and helped the Vegetarian and Potteries teams in our "100" in those days.

Frank Bliss told Len that he is only a temporary resident in the south as he is negotiating the purchase of a cottage near Market Drayton. On completion, he will once again return to his native heath and start riding regularly.

\* \* \* \* \*

That is nice news. Incidentally, does anyone ever see Freddie Brown now?

\* \* \* \* \*

### PEMEROKESHIRE PLEASURE

We were very happy to welcome Arthur Birkby to "Heatherlands" for a get-together, and Arthur as usual brought really good weather with him, warm sunny days with deep blue skies. We were up betimes and away over the Ridgeway to Carew and Cresswell Quay, delving deeper into the delightfully quiet byways to Lawrenny where we pulled up at the Yacht Station for a cup of tea. The Cafe hostess said as she poured the tea - "And what part of the Pennines do you come from?" and of course we told her the story of our Anfield lives - she it appeared came from Rochdale a couple of decades ago. And so on through Coed Canlas to Martletwy where we found a country call box, we rang Ted Lintott, a long established Bath Roader who lives near Haverfordwest; he curiously enough, was just about to set out for Fishguard to meet Arthur Smith (N.Road) and his wife, the three were then to make for Pwllderi Y. Hostel for the night. So Arthur (Birkby) and I thought this an excellent reason for a Pembs Reunion and gently through the byways made our way to the Square at Fishguard for 5 p.m., on our way taking in half of the Gwaun Valley, up over the moor tops to Newport to build up the

inner man, then completed a return trip through the Gwaun Valley so making it one and a half times. We all met up together at the Square and over tea and cakes talked for a full hour. It was very nice meeting the Smiths and Ted in this way, Arthur and his wife judging by panniers and bulging saddle bags were on an extended tour.

More warm sunny days gave Arthur and I the opportunity to explore the North coast of Pembrokeshire and the splendid cliffs just North of Moylegrove. Later in the week we enjoyed some miles of walking down the Lily Ponds at Bosherton, coming out to the sea at Broadhaven, after a soul-destroying slog through loose sands completing the circular back to Bosherton. Always interesting were the many varied wild flowers now perhaps at their very best and Arthur, truly a born naturalist, was able to name most of this lovely display. We at "Heatherlands" were sorry to say bye-bye to Arthur on the Saturday, he in his turn forgot to pack his slippers, could it be an excuse to come back again for them!

L.PENDLEBURY

### DYLIFE REVISITED

Once upon a time, long before I had a tent, or even a camera, Syd Jonas took me on a camping weekend in mid-Wales. One Saturday as soon after lunch as possible, we gave the Club Run a miss and ventured forth through Oswestry and Welshpool to Newtown. Half-way to Llanidloes we turned for Caersws and then took the "back" road via Trefeglwys.

I am not too sure, now, where we camped. Suffice it to say that in the morning we were in Staylitle and on the old mountain road to Machynlleth. Some two miles from Staylitle we came to Dylife, and a great surprise. Instead of a community ekeing an existence in these everlasting hills, we found an abandoned village.

Thousands of tons of derelict machinery lay scattered over the waste tips. All the houses, save perhaps one, were without windows and had long since said farewell to the last inhabitant. the place echoed and only the Star Inn continued to put a brave face to the future.

Years later, when Frank Perkins and I snatched a war-time weekend, we discussed Dylife with mine host of the Blue Bell at Llangurig, an ex-policeman. He mentioned then that one of the chores of the Llanidloes police was to make a weekly visit to Dylife to ensure that all was well.

Over the years we have wondered how this abandoned village has fared. The machinery was obviously sold for scrap during the

war years, but, otherwise what has happened to the place? An occasion to revisit Dylife came in early August this year.

Stephen and I had our bicycles at Rhayader, and while the ladies went pony-trekking, we were our adventuring in our beloved Wales.

On this misty morning we headed westwards along A44, father in front, youth behind. Otherwise the lad would have taken a minute a mile out of me on the gentle grind to Llangurig.

We could have turned into the lanes just beyond Llangurig, along a very narrow way indeed, but, instead, we ventured along A.44 for four more miles before leaving the main road. The reason for this move was simple: a cafe, where one could rest over coffee and cakes. As I explained to Stephen, never, ever pass a cafe in the mountains, you are seldom sure when, or where, you will get your next hot drink.

Just westward of the resting place the lane soars out of the Wye Valley, crests the hill at around 1300 ft. and then drops delightedly down to another river. Up again, down again, and then along another valley to come to the Severn at Glanhafren Bridge. Miles of quiet ways, and very pleasant wheeling indeed.

Here we joined the road that leads from Llanidloes through the Hafren Forest, a highway that runs along the valley of the infant Severn for some miles, eventually leaving the river some four or five miles from its source. From a point in the forest it is possible to walk to the source of the Severn, or Hafren, as the Welsh know it, but six miles for the return journey means at least two hours, and we could not afford this amount of time. One interesting feature of this woodland is that the various trees - at the roadside at least - are named, and the date of planting given.

A new road through the forest leads to the Clwydog lake, but we continued on the pleasing miles of the road to Staylitttle. Fifteen minutes after leaving this village, so named, we understand, because the miners of Dylife tended to linger at the inn here before moving on to their work, we were in Dylife too.

By the time I reached the village Stephen was already on the hill for the mountain crossing to Machynlleth, and I had to shout. This is Dylife, I assured him.

Dylife has changed. We had an idea that it had. All the rusty machinery has been carted away. More than this, all the

desolate homes and buildings have been bulldozed into heaps of rubble at the roadside, and although one still cannot describe the scene as beautiful, it is at least better than having a host of hollow-eyed houses gazing across the wastes.

Only one ruin remains, a building next to the chapel. The worshipping place is not in ruins. The edifice has been taken down to its foundations, and now gorse and bilberry bushes have invaded the hallowed acre from the hillside. Yet there lingers still one bright spot in Dylife. The Star Inn still shows a colourful face - and an ever open door.

Almost five now, and time to head toward Rhayader again. A new road avoids the climb through Staylitttle village, and we kept to it. Later we had our regrets, for surely the old road is not so hard as the new. A nice and easy level bit, and then a long walk to the skyline. A pleasing descent, and another lengthy hike to a viewpoint, overlooking the lake. A thrilling flight to the lake-end - the road crosses the valley by a dam and then a tire-some walk up a hill with a 1 in 6 gradient. Only when we had reached Llanidloes did we realize that this new way follows, for the last few miles at least, a very hilly old road. It would have been much easier to have made the short detour by way of Van.

Hot drinks and a pile of buttered scones consumed in a Milk Bar made us feel much much better. Our road "home" lay along the gentle climb to Llangurig, followed by the ever-delightful run down the Wye Valley for nine miles. This was not our original intention as we had hoped to do the hilly road through St. Harmon, but we felt that we had walked enough long hills for this day.

Stephen waited at the crest of the road short of Llangurig for my suggestion that he could hurry on if he wanted to. Ten miles to go, and the time 6.45. I would be back at the caravan at 7.30.

Any I would have been, only my rear wheel worked loose in the frame and needed attention on the way. However, I was sitting down to a very well-earned cup of tea at 7.33.

F.E.M.



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: S. del BANCO

Vice Presidents: L.J. HILL & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

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Liverpool L11 8ND. (051) 226-3285

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Vol. LXV

OCTOBER 1969

No. 733

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## FIXTURES

November 1969

- 1 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) (Lunch)  
TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 8 NANNERCH (Four Seasons) (Lunch)  
PARKGATE (Broad Beams) (Tea)
- 15 KELSALL (Globe) (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 22 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy) (Lunch)  
PLEMSTALL (Beech Farm) or GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 29 DUDDON (Headless Woman) (Lunch)  
TWO MILLS (Tea)

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 15th NOVEMBER 1969

EDITORIAL

Last issue, you may remember, we expressed the hope that this number might be somewhat larger than usual. When we wrote those lines we did not have the remotest idea where the necessary 4,500 or so words were coming from, except, perhaps, from our own reserve store of stuff. But they have come in, quite unsolicited, from a variety of sources, and we are most grateful.

John Moss contributes an Irish piece, and, also, we have Bill Finn with the story of his Whitsuntide wanderings. One thing we do envy: Bill's fantastic vocabulary. Next month we hope to include the story of John Parr's trip to Norway and Spitzbergen.

F.E.M.

REX AUSTIN

Writes to say that he was taken to task in our last issue about the International in the Isle of Man. "The slip was mine! I was writing of the first event of the series - one lap on open roads held on the Thursday of T.T. week - and gave the date 1937 which, of course, should have been 1936".

We have also had a letter from Russ Barker on the same subject. Sorry we have had to leave it out, but we just cannot find the space.

ACTIVITY COLUMN

On July 19, Harry Duck, Stan Bradley and Rex Austin visited Goostrey, while Harry Austin, Allan Littlemore and Alex Beaton supported the C.T.C. Rally at York.

A week later came the Mersey Roads "24" and a large party under Len and Jeff manned the feeding station near Prestatyn in the "wee sma" hours". Allan was at his usual check at Alpraham (Highwayside to you) and also later on the circuit. Rex and Jeff were timing. Bob Poole was out and about, as, also, was Bill Finn. The winner: R.Cromack of the Clifton, with a Competition Record ride of 507 miles.

In summery conditions Rex, Ayd, Len, John Leece, Frank Perkins, Jeff and Allan enjoyed a lunch at the Globe, Kelsall. A week later Jeff joined Allan and Marian for a meal at Nannerch. On September 6th Allan found the Two Mills Cafe closed, and he had to repair to Mickle Trafford for a meal.

The President blazed - quite unintentionally, he says - a new

trail to Nannerch on 13th September. The secret will be disclosed to anyone sending him a stamped and addressed envelope together with a fee of one guinea. Mr. & Mrs. Bob Poole and Allan L. were at Goostrey on the same afternoon.

#### NOTICE TO ALL ANFIELDERS

The 1969-70 "Ruff-Stuff & Mud" runs season opens on 1st October 1969. The dress will be "Black Bikes" (uncleaned) and "Black Sou'esters". John Moss, our racing Captain, will look after run details.

When Anfielders are participating on these expeditions whatever the conditions Dave Birchall's motto must be remembered (be Adventurous, Spontaneous, and Variable) if the Anfield's winter role is to remain aggressive when other clubs fail.

"AN ANFIELDER"

#### A LETTER FROM FRANK BLISS

It was pleasing to find myself welcomed to full membership of the Club in the August issue of the Circular and a gratifying surprise to see myself mentioned in despatches through the good offices of our mutual friend Len Baker of the Bath Road.

You ask if anybody sees my old Potteries C.C. clubmate Freddie Brown these days. I do so whenever I go up to my hideout with friends living in the country near Market Drayton (which I have done every year or so since my migration South twenty years ago) and on these occasions I always make it a point to call in to have a chat with Fred at his cycle shop in Merrial St., Newcastle (Staffs.). He has put on some weight since I rode with him in his younger days but he has not in any way changed from the boisterous, ebullient character he always was. He is now a family man having married the sister of the Haynes brothers, Jack and Ivor (also Potteries C.C. members in my days with the club) and lives at Loggerheads on the Newcastle - Market Drayton road from whence he commutes by car between home and business. He still does a lot to foster the game in North Staffordshire, and he had a hand in persuading the authorities to provide a track at Lilleshall Road on the outskirts of the town where weekly events are now held throughout the season, but he confesses that he never feels the slightest inclination to put his leg over a bike himself these days. The sight of Frank Lipscombe's name on my trike when I called in on one occasion prompted him to recall with some pained surprise that "Lippy" pipped him with a 2.10.36 against his 2.11.2 in the 1932 North Road

Memorial '50' on a terribly hot day when Southall was having one of his rare off-days and finished fourth with a 2.12.4. Friend "Lippy" was vastly amused when I saw him on my return home and told him about Freddie's painful recollection!

Yours sincerely, FRANK BLISS.

#### THAT 1913 "100"

Percy Williamson writes:-

Re your reference to the Anfield "100" of 1913; I have no doubt that the conditions prevailing were similar to those of this year. To those present in 1914 Gayler was a sensation, and that greatest of cycling historians, G.H.Stancer, always maintained that, in his opinion, Gayler's ride in 1913, because of the bad conditions, was better than his inside evens a year later. Speaking at the Anfield dinner at Shrewsbury in 1949, Stancer said "The best-ever ride of the series H.H.Gayler's win in 1913 in awful conditions doing 5.5.51 against the next man's 5.32" (vide Cycling 8 June 1949). The fact of riding home in dry weather is not relevant. This year a companion and I rode to Leominster after the "100" in dry weather, our only hazard being floods from the overnight rain. At Marshbrook we were stopped by police (along with all other traffic) and diverted on the Bishop Castle road. At Leintwardine the Wigmore road was closed and the diversion towards Brampton was flooded for about two hundred yards and a foot deep. Amongst the local spectators watching the fun was a man with a small tractor with an attachment, into which, after negotiations for a lift, we managed to put our bicycles and stand ourselves whilst we were jogged through the flood. The river Teme as seen from the bridge was certainly a sight to remember but hardly compensated for the "fare" across that stretch of flood. We had a further short tide to flounder through later but arrived dry and hungry at Leominster in the early evening.

#### DOWN CLAEERWIEN WAY

Elsewhere in this issue we record the story of an adventure on the hills towards Claerwen. Although we did not ever "rough-stuff" in this area in earlier years, these hills were occasionally crossed by other enthusiasts. We remember particularly a piece in the C.T.C. Gazette which described the crossing between Ffair Rhos and Claerwen. The writer mentioned of the track being lost on the watershed of these hills, and curiously enough, this view was echoed by a fisherman whom we met one day recently pursuing his hobby not far from

the Claerwen dam.

When he saw us coming in from the wilds he just had to talk of the days when he, too, crossed these hills with a bicycle. And, he also mentioned the trackless bit. Things are different now. From Claerwen farm a metalled way of sorts heads towards the Ancient Road, and, from where they join the old road is metalled, too. Cars frequently make the trip if the Claerddu ford is passable, but it is a bit chancy, although highly delightful, unless you have a high-slung vehicle. We heard, too, that a tarred surface is possible, soon, so those who like adventure will have to hurry before it is too late.

And we still cannot understand the "trackless" bit. We cannot imagine the Ancient Road being invisible here when it is so apparent elsewhere, and, from a hilltop just above the ancient way, you can see the ford which the Claerwen farmfolk used to cross the river near their lonely home.

#### WHITSUNTIDE TOURLET

One on the wind of the morning  
 I ranged the thymy wold  
 The world-wide air was azure  
 And all the brooks ran gold.

A murrain on the schedule! Timely anticipation of an unfettered pentecostal skeddadle turned on a tentative trip from the red sandstone battlements of Scrobbesbyrig to a bridge at Bidford-on-Avon. The sea had to be crossed and the Shropshire Plain was in the mind's eye when scanning the lie of the land according to the half-inch scale. But there was no escaping the schedule - Ferryboat to Liverpool and train-trip to Shrewsbury! Meticulous factotums insisted on recording the details of my going and coming, and class-distinction ruled the inquiry.

The bridges from the steepled crest  
 Cross the water east and west.  
 The flag of morn in conqueror's state  
 Enters at the English gate.

So, on May, twentyfirst, precisely, a lithe leg was lifted over the handlebar, the gradient was breasted without extravagant expenditure of breath and the knees ceased to creak before one could whisper - "Wyle Cop!" Sweeping down in solitary state and, with green in my eye, I sped, unchecked, across the English Bridge to

hail "the flag of morn". Over Tern bridge by Atcham to enjoy intermittent companionship of old favourites in felicitous succession: who could be lonesome? Each, in turn, bore me company up hill and down dale; all of them on the never-ending way to a timeless rally at Gloucester.

My riparian guides wended a livelong way down the Vale in cosmic obedience, every one a predestined course. A foot-loose mortal may take a wavering lead from a pixie-led compass-pointer with the easy assurance that the call of a little bridge at Bidford is only a bewitching yoke about the neck of a go-as-you-please gangrel. But even a skimpy schedule is a prime rumgumptious need. One must first decide to go somewhere before a body can go anywhere. Then, without plan or purpose, a fellow may turn aside at the behest of a wayside fingerpost flaunting tantalising names of sequestered little places. While the day is long the byroad will beckon!

What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires what fanes are those?

By Wroxeter, Buildwas, Beckbury and Chesterton earthworks; under the scarp of Abbots Castle Hill and over Highgate Common to Enville was the way that I went to Kinfare of the Romans. Kinver Edge is now, happily, under National Trust supervision. Once upon a time W.F.Ball of the Speedwell led us hither: and tither -

On the idle hill of summer  
Sleepy with the flow of streams.

by Cookley and Bellbroughton to Alcester, where we were parted from our knowledgeable leader.

Now Severn and stour led me towards Cookley once more with many a bridge to waylay the reminiscient wanderer; onwards through Wolverley and Blakedown. From Bellbroughton a lane-route was followed by Chaddesley Corbett, Cooksey Green and Cooksey Corner to where Salwarpe stream links Upton Warren with Stoke Prior; with heady gait by Hanbury and Feckenham, soberly down Muzzy Hill to Inkberrow and across Piddle Brook for Radford and Abbots Morton.

While under the spell of Salopian Severn the rambler may unwittingly resurrect the ephemeral presence of the indigenous poet but the recollection of his occasionally morbid undertones will, mayhap, be muted by the sibilant swish of the wheels. A crossing of the Salop bourne into "the queen of the cider land" dissipates the sad shade of the songster and the liquid laughter of winsome Worcestershire streams soon restores the merry mood. After Abbots

Morton came the crossing of another mearn into "leafy Warwickshire" for Wixford and Broom watered by the Arrow. Before long I came to Bidford of happy memory, to see again flashing fingerlings in Avon-water, and to smoke a peaceful pipe. Wind-whipped ripples screened the lusty trout and recalled other days, other men.

Downstream by Harvington, Chadbury and Fladbury to Cropthorne until Bredon Hill, as a lodestar, drew me up to stand and stare like the Roman of old ....

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman  
 At yonder heaving hill would stare ...  
 Today the Roman and his trouble  
 Are ashes under Uricon.

I looked my fill! Along the hillfoot by Elmley Castle, the Combertons and Eckington to recross the Avon for Birlingham. Another meeting with Sabrina at Upton and an upstream flirtation to Powick, seeking the unsung "Meeting of the Waters" in the callows away, beyond the bridge; along the Teme to Leigh, Alfrick and Lulsley, recrossing at Ham Bridge. Across again at Newmill, through Shelsley Beauchamp and over Stanford Bridge into Stanford-on-Teme.

An attractive byway connects Orelton hamlet and the Rochfords to bisect the elongated angle formed by A443 and B4204, with Tenbury Wells as apex. The proximity of Brimfield prompted the euclidean interlude and brought to fruition a long-deferred desire to follow "the romantic shortcut to Leintwardine" taken by that archetype Anfield clubman Edwin Buckley, half a century ago, when the Bravinium Lion reopened post-war doors to famished wayfarers. "The alluring Goggyn Pass on Orelton Common" is Buckley's bequest; it is virtue's own reward to riders of ramgunshock routes and to seekers of quiet paths by field and fold.

When smoke stood up from Ludlow,  
 And mist blew off the Teme.

I was away betimes into Herefordshire highlands, the site of Richards Castle entailed a short digression before descending to Elton and Burrington. Out of Leintwardine I rode, from Walford by Lingen and Kinsham to enter Wales at Broad Heath. On to Prestigne leaving the Lugg valley at Whitton to win Rhos-y-Meirch by dint of collar-work; then to Knighton and the re-entry into Salop by familiar ways to Clun. There is a snug inn hard by the twinkling headwaters of the river where ample amenities and warm welcome are available at the Anchor.

Belief in the natural goodness of beer, beef and beds is a wholesome philosophic creed, and when the salutiferous triunity is bespoke under adzed oaken beams few cycling epicures will spurn the testing challenge of spectacular terrain which demands doughty application of thew and sinew. The Forest, alas, is no longer a visual obstruction and if it was not for the Long Mynd one could scan the spread of the Plain: there lies D.12 in the ordered disorder of trellised disarray. It is no dragstrip!

Pernickety odd bods will meet at some chosen crossing of the ways to whet inherent curiosity anent sunrising ritual at Weeping Cross. The topographical Cross-ness was there long before Anfield centurions and their lictors paced the Pilgrim Way to overrun the penitential precincts of that immemorial hosting-place. But it is at T.P.21, one hundred classic miles farther on, that the dry-eyed devotee might see or hear simulated weeping and gnashing nowadays.

The Course Committee, in prosilient addiction to the Bidlake system of mertocracy, put the cart before the horse!

Our famous time-trial provided the usual sporting occasion in which clubs from all over Mercia helpfully co-operated, and there were the usual merry meetings. Manchester type of weather prevailed but, even "on a day like that", all the old dogs turned out; the "puppies" too, legged it to the chosen post and cocked a snooze at the conditions. Every point was manned, each physiognomy bore a happy philosophic grin; the old club-spirit pervaded the vernal gloom of that gale-wracked morning.

Pity it was wet! There were many husky jibbers!! All honour to the faithful few who bid "Good morning!" to the timekeeper and his assistant henchmen; they also paid unspoken tribute to the ungrudging service of those who "only stand and wait".

With gay regards of promise  
 And sure unslackened stride  
 And smiles and nothing spoken  
 Led on my merry guide.

On the twentyseventh day of May, precisely, the homeward trip was undertaken from Chester station - thanks to inquisitive booking-clerks and their schedules. Thus ended a happy tour athwart oft-trodden ways: through six shires and across half a hundred bridges spanning a dozen rivers and streams.

BILL FINN.



A DAY IN THE EMERALD ISLE

As some of you probably know, four Anfielders ventured to Ireland on a 16-day cycling tour. This is the story of one of those days.

Our goal was Shannon Airport for Saturday night. This gave us two days to ride 35 miles, not enough, we thought, and decided to go round the coast, and cover the vast mileage of 80 miles.

Thursday night saw us in Lahinch, just south of the cliffs of Moher, and what an impressive sight they are, even for the second time. The sight of the cliffs rising seven hundred feet vertically from the sea filled me with a sort of fear.

The digs at Lahinch were the worst of the holiday, with four of us packed into a room nine feet square like a mouldy battery in an old cycle lamp. Breakfast consisted of watered-down marmalade with bread made circa 1900. After this feast (?) we set off for anywhere on the coast. After only seven miles the "knock" struck, and we stopped at a village called Milton Malbay for tea and biscuits. By now we looked a very sorrowful sight. Gone was all the fitness gained after fourteen days of riding. John Whelan was unable to sit down due to a bruise of a rather severe nature on his posterior. Bill Page walking with one leg stiff. David Bettaney complaining of "gut cringe" from drinking bad water, and myself talking through my nose with a cold.

Kilkee was to be our rest place for the night, as it was only 20 miles down the road. I've never seen John Whelan going so slowly, and when Bill Page's back "tub" exploded, everyone took a welcome rest. Then Dave and I offered to "fix" Bill's gears, which had only been working on four sprockets out of the five. After much consultation between Dave and myself we decided to operate, setting to with allen keys and spanner, and dismantling the gear completely. Diagnosing the trouble, and with great technical know-how and brute strength, we reassembled the gear, and stood back, very pleased with ourselves, as Bill now went through the two gears which still worked!

A descent down to Kilkee saw us soon fixed up with digs and down on the beach. John and Bill rushing off to go swimming which they insisted was good for all forms of bruises and colds. Back at the digs, we had double helpings of everything for dinner, and sat back, unable to move for the next hour. Money by now was very low, due mostly to Guinness being 3/6d a pint, so Dave and I decided to spend the night quietly drinking away the rest of the money, while

Bill and John decided to spend it on a dance.

At 11.30, closing time, the doors of the pub were locked, with us still inside, and the local priest rather enjoying himself as master of ceremonies in the back room. Bill and John appeared again, and some of the less well-known Irish folk songs rang in our ears. Many songs later, we left. It was now 3.15 a.m. and back to the digs we rolled, ringing up the landlord from the phone box over the road. At 3.30 we all collapsed on to our beds, and slept deeply, ready to wake the next morning fully refreshed and ready for our ride to Shannon Airport, which is another tale.

J.M.

### ADVENTURE INTO SOLITUDE

One of the most intriguing lines on the map of Mid-Wales is the ageless track, shown as an Ancient Road, which leaves the Tregaron to Devil's Bridge road at Ffair Rhos, and pursues an intensely lonely path until it fords the Afon Elan not far from Pont-ar-Elan, and comes to the Old Coach Road from Rhayader to Aberystwyth.

Actually, for the stretch after the Elan fords the old path runs closely parallel to the coaching route. It can be seen quite clearly as a hollow-way making its own way towards the summit of the pass. At the 25th milestone from Aberystwyth ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  from Rhayader) a branch of the Ancient Road heads over the hills, and comes down into the Wye valley roughly mid-way between Rhayader and Llangurig.

The main branch of the Ancient Road runs parallel with the tarred road for a short distance farther, and then it merges. Where it comes out on the other side is not easy to discover. The path traverses a shallow valley known as Nant-y-Sarn - the valley of the road - and from this we can infer that the road was here before someone thought of giving a name to the valley.

The track is lost here until it comes to a ford near a remarkable outcrop of rock, and then it can be seen climbing the other side, heading over the shoulder of the hill before descending to Marteg Bridge, three miles on the Llangurig side of Rhayader. The descent is easy to trace except where it spans a sloping pasture, for here most traces have disappeared. Cross the field by a right-hand diagonal, and when you see two gates on the other side, the Ancient Road goes through the left-hand one, and slopes down to the Wye ford.

All this is very interesting, and one sunny day we left the

bicycles on the "back" road from Rhayader to Llangurig, and climbed from the Wye to the skyline of these breathless hills, but the really fascinating stretch of this ancient highway is the route along the very lonely miles between Pont-ar-Elan and Ffair Rhos. This name refers to the "market on the moor" and the road, one imagines, originally came up from the coast. The crossways is graced by a very homely little inn, the Cross Inn, where the meals are very good indeed.

One day in June, Stephen and I walked for a mile or so along the path from the fords near to Pont-ar-Elan, and decided that it was possible for a bicycle, although at that time the going was much too wet for us to try.

Came a day in early August, after a long, dry spell, when we walked slowly on the long climb that takes the old coaching road to the 1,600 ft. summit of its pass. A thrilling fling to the Elan valley, and, dodging wet feet at the ford, crossed the river at Pont-ar-Elan, and were soon on the grassy slopes of the Ancient Road.

This very ancient highway takes the form of a hollow-way, and although the hollows have been filled in - to some extent - down the centuries, it is remarkably easy, in the main, to trace this venerable trackway. We climbed for some fifteen minutes or so, to get the collar-work out of the way, and then sat at our lofty vantage point, consuming sandwiches and fruit, while the sun shone and sparkled in the uppermost of the Elan Lakes so far below.

We continued, often riding, sometimes walking, into the innermost fastness of these lonely hills. Once on the ridge, we could see the remote farm at Glan Hirin, reached by a track from Aber Glan Hirin, not far from Pont-ar-Elan. Occasionally, old peat workings disturbed the line of road, but we managed to find it on the other side. Except the last time. About three miles out from Pont-ar-Elan, and roughly half-way on our journey to the Claerwen river, we ran into some extensive peat workings, and lost the track. From here it bends to the right, and we made a mistake in not looking for it in this direction. Instead, we reasoned that the track had been lost in the tussocky grass. We carried on wheeling, and sometimes carrying, the bicycles, which is never a pleasant thing to do in rough mountain country.

At one point we left the bicycles, and made a survey, found a track, and decided it wasn't ours - when it was, although we thought the direction was wrong. It is amazing how out-of-practice with map reading one can get on rough-stuff trips. Another point: we

were using 2½" maps, which we weren't used to. Now, we have little doubt that the track is to be traced reasonably easily as far as the Claerwen fords.

So we carried on, across the wretched grassland, on which even the sheep would not feed, using the lie of the land in the direction in which we thought the track lay. Across a marsh, across a shoulder, wheeling, heaving and carrying the wretched bicycles. Would this dreadful purgatory never end? Then, when things were becoming desperate, we beheld the Claerwen valley in the distance, and eventually, and not a minute too soon, saw a road, and reached it. It wasn't much of a way: it was as rough and stony as you could imagine, but at least we could wheel the bicycles if we could not ride.

We were well out in our reckoning, at least a mile to the east. We had come out at the end of the Claerwen lake. We had the rest of our food, and never, said Stephen, has water tasted so nice. And, for him, these were strange words indeed.

We detoured to see Claerwen farm, now abandoned as a regular home because of its remoteness, before retracing to ride along the lakeside road to Rhayader. This is no picnic, but at least we could ride most of it. The seven miles took all of 70 minutes.

A day or so later we took the car to Ffair Rhos, and ventured along the Ancient Road from the other direction. Here it is tarred, although tricky, for perhaps five miles, until a lane goes off to Llyn Egnant, the highest of the Teify Pools. From this point the Ancient Road is too rough for a car, and we walked to the Claerddu, where the river was too deep, because of the recent rains, to be forded.

#### POSTSCRIPT:

Since the above article was drafted, we have once more been on the road alongside the Claerwen reservoir, and, beyond the farm, reached from the track that crosses the hills to the Claerddu. We came to the ford, and then retraced to find the Ancient Road to the Claerwen fords. The path is visible, but the terrain is exceptionally marshy, and we walked (without the bicycles) until we could see the Claerwen fords, from which the track climbs quite clearly. As there is no path between Claerwen fords and Claerwen farm, it is a good thing that things happened in the way they did on our earlier trip. The mile stretch between the two fords would have been more than heartbreaking with a bicycle.

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: J. H. MILLS

Vice Presidents: H.G. BUCKLEY & F. PERKINS

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

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Wirral, Cheshire. Tel: (051) 342-3879

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## FIXTURES

December 1969

- 6 FARNDON (Nag's Head)-(Lunch) GOOSTREY (Tea)
- 7 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED (Lunch)
- 8 COMMITTEE MEETING (Len Hill's home) 7.45 p.m.
- 13 KELSALL (Globe)-(Lunch)
- 14 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill)-(Lunch)
- 20 TWO MILLS for CHRISTMAS SLIDE SHOW - 6.0 p.m.
- 21 CHESTER (Centurion Cafe)-(Lunch)
- 27 DUDDON (Headless Woman)-(Lunch)
- 28 TREUDDYN (Lunch)

IMPORTANT NOTE: JANUARY FIXTURES CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-.  
Honorary: A minimum of 10/-. These and donation should be sent  
to the Hon. Treasurer, J. H. MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 10th JANUARY 1970

COMMITTEE NOTESApplications for Membership:

Christopher Robert Whelan, 24 Hesketh Drive, Heswall.  
Proposed by John Whelan and Seconded by Jeff Mills.

Gerald Anthony Robinson, "Wingfield", 108 Eastham Rake, Eastham.  
Proposed by D.Bettaney and Seconded by J.Moss.

The name of J.C.Futter has been removed from the List of Members under the provisions of Rule 25.

RUNS FOR JANUARY 1970

- 3 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.  
5 COMMITTEE MEETING (Len Hill's home) 7.45 p.m.  
10 NANNERCH (Four Seasons)-(Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)  
Alternative for Tea CRANAGE (Woodside Gardens)  
17 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch.  
24 TREUDDYN (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)  
31 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch.  
Sunday training runs on 4, 11, 18 and 25. TWO MILLS at 10 for 10.30

EDITORIAL

This issue of the Circular covers two months for two reasons: the Christmas post and, also, the fact that your Editor is much busier at this time of the year than he likes to be. An issue will be produced in January, and if we can make it larger than usual, then we shall. Meanwhile, we extend to all who read these words our Greetings for Christmas, and the very best of good wishes for a very Happy New Year.

F.E.M.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 18th OCTOBER 1969

When we selected the Eureka Cafe at Two Mills for this year's A.G.M. we wondered whether we should be overcrowded, and, therefore, have an uncomfortable meeting. Fortunately, all but the real enthusiasts stayed away, for one reason or another, and the result was that we had an excellent conclave.

Those present were: S. del Banco, J.H.Mills, F.Perkins, L.Hill, J.Leece, F.Marriott, J.Cranshaw, H.Buckley, P.Williamson, L.Walls, J.France, David Birchall, J.Whelan, K.Orum, D.Bettaney, David Jones, A.L.Littlemore, L.Bennett and D.Bassett.

After Jeff, as Secretary, had given us his account of the year's activities, his other self gave a masterly account of the Club's finances, and never, surely, has the Anfield's cash coffers been in better hands.

On the road we had a very successful season. John Whelan rode in 26 events, and beat the hour on eleven occasions. John Moss rode in 16 events. Keith Orum, with 15, also gained top place in the Club's B.A.R. competition. David Jones rode in ten events, and Billy Page in eight.

But we were most delighted, and surely everyone will agree with David Bassett's fine performances. Still only a youngster, David has achieved wonders. For a "25" 1.1.47; 2.5.30 in the Pennine "50"; 4.47.4 in the Huddersfield "100", and 225 in the West Cheshire "12". An excellent season on any count. David came a close second to Keith in our B.A.R. list, having a longer "100" time than Keith. We hope to print a table of times in the next issue.

On staff matters, Jeff Mills, proposed by Hubert Buckley, and seconded by the entire meeting, was elected President, and seldom has this honour been more merited. Jeff also continues to be Hon. Treasurer. He loves the job. Vice Presidents are now Hubert Buckley and Frank Perkins, and we are delighted to see our old friend from the east elevated to the peerage in this way.

Keith Orum actually agreed to be Hon. Secretary without any pushing at all, and we are all extremely grateful for the manner in which he hops up and offers his services. David Jones becomes Racing Secretary for the coming year, and John Whelan has offered to look after the "100". Allan Littlemore continues with the sinecure of Captain, bless him! (Somehow or other we did not make a list of the Committee Members. This will be included in our next issue).

CORRESPONDENCE - A last word on that 1913 "100"

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like to come to your rescue and verify the correctness of the statement in the Black Anfielders, p.83, regarding the weather on that day.

With cycling, as with any other experience in life, there are occasions which are indelibly imprinted on the memory and can readily be recalled in later years. To a lad of 13, who was fortunate enough to possess a "racing bike" with a pair of

wooden wheels and tubulars, this was one of those occasions. It was the year when we first heard of a rider called Gayler and I can well remember standing opposite him at the finish and marveling that such a fragile man could push a bike 100 miles let alone break the course record by clocking 5. 5. 0. There he was, in his black tights, holding his bike quite unconcerned and his spectacles were so splashed I wondered he could see through them at all. You are correct, Mr. Editor, it was a wet and windy day on our Shropshire macadam roads.

It may be that your correspondent, W. Armstrong, mistook this for 1914, for this was a better Whit Monday.

Youthful enthusiasm for "our man" was the order of the day and I was afield attending to his feeding. As the day wore on excitement grew as our local timekeepers informed us that he was "doing well". And so it was that he finished with a 5.32.0. and Frank Parton of the Wem C.C. won the treasured handicap prize of the famous Anfield "100". Indeed, the unbelievable had happened. But wait, the story is not complete for as though Frank's brilliant ride was not enough for one day, H.H. Gayler came home again with a record, and what a record, the "100" being ridden for the first time at under evens - 4.59.0.

That was 1914 - the end of an era - and life has never been the same again!

Yours sincerely,

A.R. MITCHELL

(Note:- Mr. Mitchell is the kind friend who provides telephone equipment for our use in the "100" each year. - Ed.)

#### HOLLAND AND ITS BICYCLES

A recent edition of "Hello Holland" devotes a page to a series of photographs to the bicycle and how we make use of it. It makes interesting viewing and certainly shows the machine in some unusual and even unlikely applications.

The saddest photograph is the cycle scrap yard with its mountain of rusty frames - just like the scrap yards full of cars which now litter the countryside.

The tourist and the racing cyclist are the obvious with the person using his bike to get him to and from work makes the mind work overtime. The sweep and the onion man are well known. The mind boggles at the window cleaner with his ladder and the troubles he can cause turning a corner, and what about the chap I saw in



Hong Kong with the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. slab of ice on the back carrier. I do not know who was to receive the end product but at his rate of progress it probably reduced itself to 2 cwt. on arrival. Then there is the photograph of the chap riding along with a nude female - until a second look showed she is only a window dresser's model - alas!

Another photograph from Holland shows the bride and groom riding away from church on brand new machines, whilst the priest from France with his coat tails flying and the undertaker from the East with the coffin on the carrier makes us stop and think life is all too short.

But the most attractive sight of the lot must be the golden haired, beautifully figured, mini skirted Scandinavian girl on her bike - sorry I must stop and book another air ticket to Stockholm!

DON STEWART

#### JOHN PARR WRITES FROM SPITZBERGEN ON THE 26th OF JUNE

After a visit to the north, two years ago, in which we just crossed the Arctic Circle, the attraction of these regions, called us even louder and we succumbed to its magic spell. We thus decided to cycle to the renowned North Cape itself, the farthest point north in Europe.

A glance at a map of Norway will show just how long a journey would have to be in order to cycle from Bergen, i.e. one thousand miles in one direction. Experience of the country tells just how slow progress can be in this terrain.

We (that is Beryl and I) decided that we would use the coastal express - boat from Bergen to Tromso, a four-day journey. This trip took us from normal nocturnal darkness to continuous daylight. We were able to see the mountainous sharp-peaked Lofoten Islands, the main highlight being the Trollsfjord, a waterway just wide enough for the passage of the boat and we saw it in the daylight of midnight!

There is one obvious way from Tromso to the North Cape, via the E6 along the coast. We took the slightly less obvious route, via the Lapland plateau; the only difference in routes is that one turns right at a particular road junction and turns left at the next one four days later! If any other course is chosen one has to start a few hundred miles farther south.

We were aware of these basic facts when we set out from Tromso. What followed underlined beyond our wildest dreams just what

elementary geographical factors lay behind the road map. Tromso was wet, which inconvenienced us more than usual, in not having had a dry day in which to run the cycles in for touring conditions, since we were laden with bags and panniers containing full camping gear. As it transpired, it was our first and last day of rain whilst cycling - continuous sunshine followed.

This was most fortunate in that the next day we cycled along the Liggerfjord and were able to view its magnificent peaks, some of which are still unconquered by man. The snow lay down to about 500 ft. a.s.l. Our journey continued to the North Cape in a south easterly direction with a full day's climbing to 1800 ft. and the Finnish border. To our surprise the two lakes at the top were frozen over, but there was less snow than we had expected. Two days of downhill were promised by the map, but every 100 ft. of descent was followed by about 90ft. of ascent.

This stretch along the Finnish side of the border with Sweden was sparsely populated, just a few remote Lap settlements were all that were visible. The tent was used that night as some sleep became a necessity. We did cross the Tormis river which forms the boundary at its highest crossing; by ferry boat and spent one night in Sweden before re-crossing to Finland.

The seventh day of cycling at last brought the change in direction to north, it also brought a cold nor' easterly head wind, and worse still, very poor road surfaces. We were regarding the Alta to Shaidi crossing of the Finmark plateau as being the severest test of our stamina, for it comprises of a 1500-ft climb from sea level, and exposed top and a 1200-ft. descent. The map showed no shelter or habitation on this crossing, and if the distance of 55 miles seems small then we can assure you that by Norwegian roads, it is a full and complete stretch of strenuous endeavour. We were hoping for a few easier days before this, but the wind and road surfaces put paid to this idea. Progress was very slow, the downhill stretches went up and down too frequently for comfort. Spokes were broken, again no habitations or trees even, only tundra.

The descent to Alta was both welcome and breathtaking, the plateau even in late June was still in the throes of winter, although little snow was visible. At last the descent to the fjord began and in the short space of a few miles, the transition into spring and then summer took place, the colour of green returned to our vision after a week's absence.

The Alta-Shaidi crossing was hard, the steepest climb was marred by a puncture, more broken spokes were cursed and the bottom gear of 35" brought into use. We hoped that the worst was over, but the anticipated "promenade" into Hammerfest did not materialise. The lack of

rain and the constant wind had formed the road into a bowl of dust, and every vehicle that passed, deluged us in dust, the final miles were the steepest, again we used the 35" gear. The Honningvag - North Cape stretch can only be undertaken after a boat crossing, which we did from this, the most northerly town in the World, Our time table caused us to decide to ride to the Cape through the night which was of course broad daylight! By chance this was also the festival of St.Hans and many bonfires were alight all over the island. An initial climb of 900ft. was followed by a descent to near sea level, followed by a climb to 1,000ft. over the worst stretch of road yet, this road is only open to traffic for some 3 months of the year, the remainder it is blocked by snow.

At last the Cape was reached, a 1,000ft. cliff, after 21 miles of hard but extremely worth-while effort, the return ride to Honningsvag was memorable as the wild life was awaking and disturbing the absolute and peaceful solitude of the North Cape.

Our cycling stretch was over, from the boat at 1 a.m., the next day we sailed past the Cape on our way to Spitzbergen.

P.S. - We have met the ice pack much earlier than anticipated and cannot land at Ny Assund where we had planned, we will have to stay further south on the Island at Longyearbyen. We only reached this place because our ship was led in by an ice-breaker. This letter will be travelling with the boat on its return trip tomorrow, whether or not we will be picked up on the next scheduled boat in two week's time is anybody's guess. We have been in thick mist all day, surrounded by ice.

Yesterday we were very fortunate to see Bear Island, in clear sunny weather, this happens on only a few days each year.

Further P.S. - Secured room in hut used by Cambridge University Expedition. The dogs used on the North Pole Expedition are just down the way.

BERYL and JOHN PARR

GOOSTREY - 19th July 1969

A warm morning - dull, but no rain - and I was away before 10 and followed my usual lane route to Broken Cross, Siddington, Somerford and Moreton Old Hall. Here I had hoped to eat my sandwiches in the garden but it was not to be. The Keeper of the Porch proved obdurate; opening time was 2 p.m. and not a minute before; if he let me in there would be hordes of others demanding a similar privilege. Obviously there was nothing doing, so I found a convenient tree under which to sit just outside his moat - and I just didn't care if it did make the place look a little untidy. Now another twenty miles or so, all in the lanes, an ice cream in Middlewich and I was at Mrs.Bates

about five. There was a garden party in progress and I wondered whether I would be welcome; but all was well and I joined Harry Duck - bronzed and well - and Stan Bradley, also bronzed but not very well who was with his wife; and together we enjoyed the usual delightful Goostrey tea. Harry acted as sub-captain and after leaving him at the church I had a happy ride home in the cool of the evening to Siddington, up the hill at Birtles to Vardentown and home by Mottram St. Andrew. Seventy-one good miles - one for each year - and no ill effects the following morning. The only regret - that more of our older members don't support these Goostrey runs. Car, bicycle or train - it really doesn't matter - just come along.

(By an oversight, this piece was missed from a previous issue -  
Sorry! - Ed.)

#### LITTLE BUDWORTH - 27th September 1969

The comfortable little hostelry - "Shrewsbury Arms" welcomed four members for lunch on this pleasant Saturday. The lunch - ploughman's variety - and the beer was good.

Syd. del Banco, egged along by John Leece, were the first to arrive, soon to be joined by Hubert Buckley and Mrs. Hubert - nice to see you again, Sadie. The party was completed by Jeff Mills on his mechanical tripod. Discussion on weighty matters concerning the Club made time pass quickly and Sadie and Hubert had to depart on business to do with some game or the other employing a little white ball and some sticks. Jeff was for week-ending at Edge Bolton leaving John and Syd to do an epic drive back to the Wirral where Syd was entertained by John to afternoon tea at Leece Castle. Altogether an enjoyable and well worth while run.

S. dB.

#### AUTUMN TENNIS TOUR

We have received from Sid Carver one of his masterpieces, a typical S.T.C. description of a wonderful week-end.

But something has gone wrong! F.E.M. cannot count his words properly! Half a page left, but not nearly enough for Sid's account of his week-end trip to Llansantffraid. It cannot be cut, so it must be left until our next issue, and in the meantime all our readers get short measure with this one. Sorry!