

# 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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Vol. LXV

JANUARY 1970

No. 735

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## FIXTURES

February 1970

- 1 RUTHIN
- 2 COMMITTEE MEETING at Len Hill's house.
- 7 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.  
CRANAGE (Woodside Tea Gardens) Tea.
- 8 SHREWSBURY
- 14 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 15 MACCLESFIELD
- 21 LLOC (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 22 CHIRK
- 28 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)

March

- 7 BIRTHDAY RUN at WESTMINSTER HOTEL, CITY ROAD,  
CHESTER.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 14th FEBRUARY 1970

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: F.W.BLISS, 22 Grove Gardens, Market Drayton,  
Salop.

BIRTHDAY RUN

Members will note from the Fixture List that we have arranged the Birthday Run at a Chester venue, the Westminster Hotel in City Road. The place is quite handy for the station, if anyone wishes to travel by train. More particulars of this celebration have been outlined in a letter which all members should have received by now.

SUNDAY RUNS

The runs for Sundays listed on a fixture page are intended for the fast lads. Those intending to participate should arrange to be at Two Mills around 9.30.

A COMPETITION

A competition - for the young in limb, and, also, those not so young if they would take part.

The idea is to stimulate an interest in writing acceptable pieces for the Circular, and we shall award an Inch Ordnance map (to choice) to those entrants whose work, in our opinion (which must be taken as final) reaches the standard we have set for this competition.

As these maps will be provided from our own (and very slender) resources, we wish to stipulate, at least for the time being, that only one map per member will be awarded. (We should delight in finding a source of hidden talent, but would be equally reluctant to provide any semblance of a map library for anyone!)

The requisite length is about 800 words, which would reach across two pages of Circular, and we would add that we want more than a "we rode here, we rode there" sort of story. It has often been said that the best way to write an article is to imagine that you are writing a letter to your best friend, and, when you have finished, strike out "Dear Joe", and "Yours truly, Paddy" and you have your piece. In our experience it wants a little more than this to write an article that will please everyone, and if you are keen enough to re-write the piece a couple of times, the article will be all the better for it, particularly if you watch your verbs.

Attractive verbs make an article.

Finally, a piece showing any promise of being a good cycling article will be polished (if the writer permits) before being passed for the Circular - and the competition. Please mark your copy "FOR COMPETITION" when you send it in.

F.E.M.

### OBITUARY

It is with sadness that we hear of the passing of Andrew Ovenall, of the Preston Wheelers. Andrew was more well known for his work for the Tricycle Association, of which he was the Regional Secretary for the N.W. Andy had organised many cycling functions and performed very creditably himself at all distances on his tri-cycle, including the Mersey "24".

Andy and his pal, Dave Jackson, were struck down, early in the evening on their way to a YHA at Slaidburn. Poor Andy was unconscious for 3 weeks before he passed away at the early age of 23.

In spite of the terribly thick fog on the 27th of December a great number of cycling personalities and friends, appeared at the Walton Crematorium at Warrington (which was Andrew's home town) to pay their last respects, to a great young sportsman. We were represented by our Captain, and his good lady Marian. Our sympathy and grief go out to Andy's parents in their tragic loss.

### IN WILDEST WALES

The Upper Towy Valley has always had a great fascination for me ever since I was first introduced to the Strata Florida section during the early 1930's by a trio of lads who were staying at the well-known C.T.C. house at Abergwesyn. Browsing through some oldish Circulars I came across and re-read with interest an excellent article by David Barker in the issue for July, 1966. David was making for Strata Florida from Llandovery, and lost the track just above Fanog because of Forestry Commission activities in these parts. He regained it after a bit of a slog, and resumed his journey to the crossing of the Tregaron-Abergwesyn road and the pass to Strata Florida.

I was due to join forces with Laurie Pendlebury at Freshwater in October for some local wanderings, and we decided to slip away on our own for a couple of days. We decided on Llandovery as a suitable base, and stayed overnight at a farm two miles along the Brecon road, Mrs. Lewis, Garddfady, telephone Llandovery 281. The accommodation is excellent at 22/6d bed and breakfast.

From Rhandirmwyn, past the lane leading to Twm Shon Catti's Cave, the road is perfectly clear for under two miles, then comes a fork, the left one is a forestry road leading to the site of the new Llyn Brianne Dam, whilst the right one soon peters out as a road and becomes the old track leading to Nant-yr-Uwch farm and the Tregaron to Abergwesyn road. Presumably this is where David went wrong as I can distinctly remember the path(?) sweeping up steeply, straight ahead to the skyline.

(Can your Editor please put his spoke in here: There was, at one time, no difficulty in finding the path up this valley. After the Twm Shon Catti cave bit the path spanned a meadow, but on the other side you were in the Towy gorge, with the flimsiest foot-bridges across the healthiest of torrents. Above Fanog the valley widened somewhat, and there was one more farm before you reached the old cattle road coming from Tregaron to Abergwesyn. After the Towy fords, which could be a problem in wet weather, the road sprang over the hills to come down to the Abbey of St.Mary at Strata Florida).

For the cyclist who likes it tough, but tempered with at least a bit of cycling, I suggest taking this left fork, where the chaos of dam-building soon comes into view. Here, Laurie and I, obtained permission from the Office of Works to have a look round. Printed details of the scheme are readily available, and we found it more than interesting.

An excellent tarmac road sweeps gently up and along the contours for several miles, exposing some of the most breath-taking views imaginable. I shall leave the scenic description of this road, and that which follows, to a more able pen than mine, merely adding that, although the surface does become rougher as the road descends into the Camdwr valley, the scenery remains superb. Once through the gorge the scene changes, and in a few short miles the 'phone box comes to view. This is the talking point on the Tregaron to Abergwesyn road, roughly about one third of the way along it. From here, if you have had enough, the miles into Tregaron are downhill, and thrilling indeed.

If you are made of sterner stuff, then turn right as if for Abergwesyn, and in about a mile, at the summit of a steep hill, look for an unmarked forestry road on the left. Almost within sight is a gate, labelled: NO ADMITTANCE. Take no notice of this, it is the gateway to about ten miles of even more beautiful desolation. It is well-graded, but a bit loose in parts. The presence of this gate will serve as a check for those doubtful of being on the correct road.

Incidentally, Laurie and I spent many fruitless miles here by trying the two right forks in succession, each of which ended up in a bog! After this all is plain sailing provided you keep left at the tin shed which, from memory, is the only doubtful turn, and soon your efforts will be rewarded by a sight of Strata Florida. Youngsters are admitted at half-price, and as Laurie commenced to roll my trousers up in a vain endeavour to make me look the part, the custodian proffered the information that old-age pensioners were also included in the reduction. So we had three pennorth!

Scars are to be seen during this lovely crossing, but on the whole it must be appreciated that many more square miles of some of the wildest country have been opened up to the cyclist who may not have the taste for the rigours of the old Towy Valley trip. So get there before it becomes too well-known for the motorist. We saw none on this section between the dam site and the telephone box, and only one between there and Strata Florida, and he was careering on the wrong road! Finally, I cannot too strongly recommend the "Vagabond Book" by Don Gardner (5/-) which deals in great detail with the ideal cycling area of Mid-Wales. Although written for the motorist, it is a "must" for the cyclist.

#### POSTSCRIPT

In a covering letter Arthur Birkby confesses that he did the above trip in a car. "Far be it from me to introduce such a topic to our Circular, but there must be many old crocks who, like me, are entirely dependent on a stink-wagon for re-living some of our youthful escapades, and this is one which is quite suitable for an average driver - it is a bit bumpy in the centre portion, but I've done it at least half-a-dozen times in the last four years".

#### AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - The "Sun" Inn, Llansantffraid

The "Anfield" part of this week-end started for me on Friday evening with some pipkins of ale with fellow musketeers - Rock and Reeves. We were only sorry that "D'Artaznan" Jack Salt was not with us to clash the rapiers of memory. Five hours of lubricated reminiscence!

Saturday started wet - and got "wetter" with a protracted lunch at Aldford's "Grosvenor", after which Eric Reeves and old friend Alf Ashworth left me to "trickle at a leisurely". Spotted Erbie Moore in Farndon, then pleasantly renewed the wheelmarks through the well-loved lanes by Overton and St. Martins to Oswestry. Being respectably up on a 17.30 ETA for the "Sun", a pot of tea

went down so well that I ended up five minutes late on that self-imposed schedule. However, the brand new President forgave me.

The festive board was graced by the following members of the "Old Guard", the "New Regiment" and "Cadet Officers":- Jeff Mills, Len Hill, Sid "Blotto", Harry Austin, Frank Perkins, Stan Wild, Sid Carver, Davids Bassett, Bettaney, Birchall, Jones, John Whelan, K.Orum, W.Page and G.Sharp.

Of these, Stan started late, preferring a touch of Megan to the soup, but he finished ex aegus with the cheese. Those who were "farmed" out missed the water sport at 2.30 a.m. At breakfast, John likened Dave Bassett to a gannet, but no mere bird could compete. A vulture would have still been circling; a flight of locusts would have gone on to the next valley. The "Sun" became a desert, before we deserted it. The car party was to meet the "over the top" boys at lunch; Stan Wild set out for Chester to meet the "Chesh"; I was sinking the first pint of the day at Gobowen when the more youthful members streamed past en route for Bangor where I eventually caught up with 'em for lunch. I peeled off before Aldford with the intention of doing a nostalgic tour of Chester but the rain drove me to discover the "Centurion" cafe and Stan Wild with the rest of the "Chesh" - one Joe Pilling. The "Eureka" saw yet another re-grouping - and then a three mile walk in the darkness pleasantly absorbed the time before the "Nag's" threw open its hospitable doors to Eric Reeves, sundry North Enders and further reminiscence.

My felicitations to you all.

Sid Carver

#### TWO MILLS - 1st November 1969

I had been working in the morning of this lovely Saturday, so took the train to Chester - as I was to return rather late on in the evening - thinking I could make the "Mills" for tea, I set off the shortest way from Chester, and was soon caught up by David Bettaney who had been on a shopping spree. Just beyond the "Yacht" we were informed by our friend from Ellesmere Port that "Addy" was closed, and there was nothing doing, and whilst we were cogitating along came Eric Reeves, to whom we imparted the sad news. We went our various ways, after a natter, I accompanied David as far as the "Little Chef" at Sealand, where I stayed back for a meal.

My object in visiting Chester was to see and hear a wonderful

slide show given by Cyril Kermode, a well known C.T.C. tourist of repute, who very vividly described a tour he had taken in the entrancing country of Greece, it was all very interesting and "mouth watering" to the true cycle tourist and about 100 persons had crowded into the Grosvenor Museum Theatre to see it. Yes, I caught the last train back but cycled the final few miles from a nearby station.

A.L.L.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL LUNCHEON - 9th November - Chorley

I was present at this very enjoyable function, attended by 110 persons, at the Royal Oak, at Chorley. Ed Green was in the chair and was his usual noisy self and kept the proceedings in good order and lively spirits. Oscar Dover and Hilda were on the top table, as was our only rep. our Captain. The chief guest was Christine Moody the women's 24-hour record holder, who gave a very pleasing speech after having presented the magnificent and awe-inspiring array of prizes to the fast and fortunate members of the tricycle trundling fraternity.

Wyn Maddock the lady veteran who never fails to charm everyone with her good spirits and dedicated enthusiasm for the pastime of cycling, said a few words, to the assembly and gave a few tips on how to keep young at 62!!! Pity some of our "old codgers" couldn't have heard her recipes for rosy health.

Andrew Ovenall very efficiently organised the proceedings and others present were Jack Duckers, Joyce Blow (24 hr. rider of repute), Jack Spackman, and many well known personalities in the cycling world.

A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 22nd November 1969

After again working in the morning, I managed to dash over to Goostrey, on this fine afternoon, more so as the cafe was soon to close its doors for good. On arrival I discovered Bob Poole and his good lady, Rex Austin, and Percy Williamson who had both cycled in, and soon afterwards we were joined by Doug. Burton of the Cheshire Roads and a pal of Percy's. I made up the Anfield score, and we dined fairly promptly as the large room was set out very tastefully for some lucky person's 80th birthday party with what appeared to be about 50 to 60 diners, who were due at 6 p.m.

The usual chat ensued amidst the chop chop of hard-working

jaws on the usual spread put before us. Just after leaving Rex had some minor trouble with his chain getting stuck amidst the crank and chainwheel, but this was righted in due course and our ex-President reached homesafe and sound, as did the rest of us. A.L.L.

GOOSTREY - 6th December 1969

Lots of folk had promised to attend on this auspicious occasion, for was this not to be our "final fling"? Mrs. Bates had intimated for some time that the cafe would close completely, at the end of 1969. After all, both she and her husband had worked hard over many years, catering for all and sundry, especially the cycling fraternity. Neither of them had enjoyed perfect health recently and it was only fair that at this time in their lives they should expect a rest and a respite from the rigours and uncertainties of catering for unknown quantities, which they have performed with such popularity and success for many decades.

Alas our representation was an extremely small number indeed to wit. Bob Poole and his charming good lady (who knows as much about the Anfield as we do ourselves) and Allan Littlemore, always a strong supporter of the Bates's catering establishment. It was a pleasant day but tinged with sadness when we knew that we should probably not again sample the gradely home fare of Mrs. Bates and her wonderful and pleasing staff. Best wishes to you Mr. and Mrs. Bates on your retirement, and may you enjoy a very pleasant and healthy retirement, and may we say "thank you" for your services over many many years on our behalf.

A.L.L.

DUDDON - 27th December 1969

After hearing the early morning weather forecast, we were very pleased to set out for the Headless Woman in bright sunshine at 11 o'clock. It was so bright we had to wear coloured glasses to drive. But we had not travelled four miles before we ran into mist which persisted all the way to Duddon.

The writer with two guests were first to arrive, followed very shortly by two members of the Weaver Valley Club, Alan Little and Ann Melia. They brought the sad news that our Captain would not be coming, as he had to attend the funeral of a member of the Tricycle Association who had met with an accident. Soon after this we were joined by Doc Dodd, Gerry Robinson and Don Birchall, bringing the news that fog conditions on Wirral were much worse than in mid-Cheshire. Later Jim Cramshaw and family arrived, making the total party up to five members and eight guests.

Our host and hostess made us very welcome, and with the willing assistance of their two small children every one was quickly served and enjoyed a good lunch. Many topics were discussed over and after the meal. The party broke up about three, pip emma. I hope everyone got home without difficulty.

H.G.B.

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Vol. LXV

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## FIXTURES

March 1970

- 8 LLANGOLLEN
- 14 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 15 WHITCHURCH (Traveller's Rest)
- 21 FARNDON (Nags Head)
- 22 BEESTON (Station Cafe)
- 27/30 EASTER TOUR TO NORTH WALES (Details from Keith Orum)

## ALTERNATIVES:

- 27 BANGOR ON DEE (Smithy) Lunch
- 28 TWO MILLS (Tea)

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 14th MARCH 1970

RACING NEWS

"Two-up" Team Time Trials hadn't been thought of when we were young, but now they have a firm place in the calendar of events. Each team of two is despatched simultaneously by the timekeeper (at two-minute intervals between each team) and the lads scrap their way around the course to the finish, and the time of the second man home is what counts.

In the Larkhill Wheelers event on March 1st, David Bassett teamed up with J.Linfield of the Port Sunlight Wheelers, and their time was 1.4.13. This seems to us quite good for an event so early in the season.

THE "100"

The Committee has been having a hard look at the "100" for this, and subsequent years. The first decision was to increase the prizes, after an interval of very many years. In the future the fastest time prizes will be to the value of £10, £7, and £5 for first, second and third respectively. Handicaps will be at the rate of £7, £5 and £3. An innovation is a Special Prize value £3 to any rider who beats Club Record. We also hope to acquire fluorescent arm bands, new turn boards, and also a new set of numbers.

And as we do not wish to soak Club funds for all this lot, a special "100" fund has been started. Contributions are invited from all who have a few shillings or pounds to spare, and, also, those who haven't. Make the effort, please.

NORTH ROAD DINNER - NOVEMBER 22nd 1969

Frank Armond, N.R. Vice-President, in a speech of rare eloquence toasting the visitors, said that among the clubs forming the Road Records Association in 1888 were his own club, the Anfield, and the Bath Road, and he was very proud that 81 years later representatives of those clubs were present tonight, as were the current Hon.Secretary and Hon.Treasurer, Will Townsend and George Martindale respectively. Incidentally, the first Hon.Sec. of the R.R.A. all those years ago was an Anfielder, namely, Sidney A. Chalk. Other visitors mentioned included Bill Temme, the famous Glendene man, one of the few to beat the great Frank Southall on more than one occasion, e.g. the North Road Memorial "50" of 1925 and 1926; John Shuter (Bath Road); Tom Anderton (Yorkshire Road Club); Walter Howe and Maurice Draisey (Century Road Club); C.G.Bowtle (Norwood Paragon); Jack Middleton (Midland C.& A.C.); and Horace Pryor (Manchester Wheelers)

Our old friend Gilbert Sutcliffe (Mersey Roads) responded on behalf of the Visitors. Earlier in the evening I had a pleasant chat with him, during which, amongst other things, we recalled the famous M.R.C. team of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties - names like Stan Phillips, Harry Pearson, Sid Ellison and Ted Bone.

"Bing" Wilson (Oxford City) proposed the health of the Club, the response being in the capable hands of Sid Mottram (24-hour organiser).

The Prize Distribution was an impressive ceremony. Cliff Smith (East Midlands) was chaired to the President's table to receive the '24' Trophy for the seventh time, a record that will be hard to beat. Smith has won 13 Open 24-hour events in all. Robin Buchan (Norwood Paragon) took the Memorial Fifty Cup and it is a pleasure to write that the N.R. won the team race in this event.

It was good to meet old friends - Arthur Smith, Cecil Paget with his two sons and I shared wine with Richard Hulse and Les Couzens.

The evening passed like lightning and it was a great joy to be present.

S.W.

### AN IRISH STORY

Some thirty years after I first heard that doyen of cycle tourists, Frank Chandler, sing the praises of Galway and Connemara, I at last fulfilled my ambition in May 1969.

Accompanied by one Bill Henry, I sat in the train from Lydney to Fishguard and watched the rain streaming down the windows. After apprehensively watching our bicycles being slung aboard by the ship's tackle, we got under way and the sun came out for our crossing to Rosslare. Thence by train to the little town of Cahir in Co. Tipperary, and a ten-mile ride to Ballydavid Wood Hostel, and our tour had started.

Next day we made for the coast of Co. Clare via Tipperary, a rather dreary town, and Limerick, just the opposite to Bunnratty and its folk village. An Irish folk tea in one of the cottages fortified us for the final leg to the coast at Lahinch, with the assistance of some Guinness en route. We stayed there the night and next day saw the cliffs of Moher in a rain storm. Northwards round the coast took us through the near lunar landscape of the Burren to Galway town and bed and breakfast.

Then into the lakes and mountains round Loughs Corrib and Mask,

and through the Partry Mountains to Leenaun at the head of Killary Harbour, where we stayed two nights. The following day we rode round Killary Harbour, and through the Mwoelrea Mountains to Clew Bay, with fine views of Clare and Achill Islands and the holy mountain of Croagh Patrick. So into Westport and back to Leenaun for a first rate dinner and a hectic session on Irish whiskey and Guinness with some locals.

From Leenaun we headed west into Connemara through delightful scenery north of the Twelve Pins to Clifden. After a short detour to see the memorial to Alcock and Brown near their landing place after their trans-Atlantic flight in 1919, we followed the coast round the northern shore of Galway Bay and back to Galway town.

We now turned inland to Loughrea and round the Slieve Aughty Mountains and Lough Derg and a night at Mountshannon Youth Hostel. From there southwards along the shore of the Lough and over the mountains to Cashel with its fine castle set on a rock dominating the town. And so back to Ballydavid Wood Youth Hostel where we had started a week previously.

One day left for the scenic Atherlow valley north of the Galtee mountains, and south by pleasant bye-ways to Cork and our last night in Ireland at the Youth Hostel. Home next day by the new ferry to Swansea, a pleasant sail round the Irish and Welsh coasts to round off a grand holiday.

J.R.B.

### IN THE SHADOWS

It was evening, an August evening. Stephen and I were in Cwm Ystwyth, riding leisurely along the Old Coach Road towards Rhayader. After a somewhat strenuous day, and a short night's sleep - for I had travelled down on the all-night 'bus to Cardiff, which ditched me at Rhayader at 5.30 a.m. - I was quite happy to stroll gently on the steeper pitches and, also, on the longer hill leading to the pass proper from the tiny hamlet of Blaen-y-cwm.

We halted for a drink from the infant Ystwyth gurgling at the roadside before the ancient highway left this river to cross the pass and join with the equally infant Elan. By this time the sun had left the hills for the calm waters of Cardigan Bay, and although the slopes were still revealed in the reflected light from the summer sky, it was getting rapidly darker. The shadows had come to stay.

This lonely and lofty valley of the upper Elan is a wonderful place to be with a bicycle, whether it be windy and wet, sunny and kind, daylight or dark. The surface is excellent, the miles glide

swiftly by, and us older ones cannot help but remember this road in the years between the wars, when the way was rough indeed, and narrow. No wonder everyone was glad, except the innkeepers, when the Aberystwyth road was taken five miles farther by way of Llangurig on a route that had only two summits, instead of at least four by this old way. The only spans then were foot-bridges, for solitary travellers too poor to have a horse.

Today, as all who travel this route well know, this old coaching highway is delightful indeed, particularly within the Radnorshire boundaries, where the wide, smooth ribbon of tarmac enables one to freewheel for miles when the wind is favourable, and even when the going is hard it facilitates travel.

It was easy wheeling this night, and the miles passed quickly - too quickly, as one by one the lights of the occasional homes set amid these ancient hills glowed from the blackness of the mountainside . . . but we must begin at the beginning.

In the first place, we had not the slightest intention to end our day cycling along the Old Coach Road in the receding light, but we were prevented by a particular savage section of marshy mountain from doing what we had hoped to do.

After acquiring some food for lunch and iron rations in Rhayader, Stephen and I ventured on a delightfully sunny morning along what is surely one of the most enchanting highways in Wales. The road climbs away from the Wye to drop to the Elan, and then twists with every curve of the far-famed Elan Lakes until, beyond Dol-y-mynach, the way climbs pleasantly through the Claerwen valley to the high dam, the lonely lake, and the track which winds with the water's edge on its way to the west.

(George Connor and I remember this valley long before the reservoir was made. While on a camping tour we crossed the hills from a point westward of Abergwesyn on the old cattle road from Tregaron, and after numerous adventures, came down in this Claerwen valley. The road then was narrow indeed, and rough withal, and we were most surprised to see a motorist here who enquired if he was on the road to Devil's Bridge. And on hearing our answer, "and isn't this the Old Coaching Road to Aberystwyth then?" We put him on his right route, and hoped fervently that his car could withstand the rigours of the road from the head of the Elan Lakes to Devil's Bridge. We admired his enthusiasm for taking his precious vehicle on such rough stuff).

Lunch ten miles out from Rhayader, at the lakeside. We had

started late on this adventure. Then on to the highway that provides a route to the Claerwen farm. It is not a pleasant road. The surface is dreadful, which makes the miles uncomfortable, and the ride to the lake-end takes more than an hour to accomplish.

Claerwen is a remarkable house, and spacious, considering its very lonely situation. Although within recent years some two thousand pounds have been spent (so we were told in Rhayader) in reconditioning the building, it is not regularly lived in at the present time. Only at seasons, such as sheep shearing, does the smoke curl from these remote chimneys now. Things should be different when the track over these hills is transformed into a tarred road, for access to the farm then will be very easy indeed.

The track beyond Claerwen is well-defined, and mostly walkable with a bicycle. However it is passable for adventurous car owners, and we encountered several. One whom we spoke to makes a hobby of doing these rough-stuff trips in Wales with his Anglia, and he was somewhat anxious whether he could reach Rhayader or not. We were able to reassure him on that score.

Our plan was to continue along this path until it joined with the Ancient Trackway that comes over the hills from Pont-ar-Blan. This, we reckoned, would be about a half-mile short of the Claerddu ford. In the event, we continued down the ford, to see if it was passable. A week or two earlier it certainly was not. Then we retraced to the Ancient Trackway, which ventured off to the north across the shoulder of a hill. (In the Circular for October last we told of our earlier adventures on this "road", and how we missed the track). This time we hoped to trace the path in the reverse direction, cross the Claerwen, and come to the point where we had missed our way some weeks earlier.

The Ancient Trackway is easily seen as it leaves the Claerwen "road". Indeed, the remarkable thing about this venerable highway is the manner in which it can be traced so easily after centuries of disuse. One often wonders who made this ancient way, and when. Where did it come from? Where did it go?

As the mountain way proved to be decidedly marshy, we decided to explore first without the bicycles, and very soon it became apparent that to take our machines on the section of the road between the two fords would be a hopeless, if not impossible, task. So we plunged on, mostly shin deep in black, peaty mire, until we came to the point where we could see the path descending to the Claerwen, and, beyond the river, climbing the bank on the other

side. Inviting indeed, but impossible with our bicycles. We were disappointed.

"What now," said Stephen. "Back to Claerwen?" No, that lakeside road would be insufferable twice in one day. We would, instead, cross the Claerddu ford, have a look at the Teifi lakes, and then drop down the Ancient Road - all nicely tarred here - to the Cross Inn at Ffair Rhos for tea. This house has a reputation for good catering. Ffair Rhos, incidentally, translates as "market on the moor", and it must have been an important hamlet in the old days.

Instead of ham and eggs and chips, we had bread and butter and boiled eggs. What bread and butter, the entire mountain of it! And what delicious eggs! We shall remember that meal for a very long time. And while enjoying it we engaged in a most interesting conversation with the locals.

Soon after six we were away on the road leading to two tongue-twisters; Ysptyty Ystwyth and Pontrhydygroes. To avoid the very hilly highway to Cwm Ystwyth we took the track through the grounds of Hafod. This estate was once the showplace of Wales, the valley to which Thomas Jones brought Paradise. Now the house has gone, and the Forestry Commission have taken charge of the hillsides. Old Thomas J. would not know his place now.

In Cwm Ystwyth we encountered an enthusiastic walker on tour. He had started from Aberystwyth around midday, couldn't find digs in Devil's Bridge, nor, indeed, in Cwm Ystwyth either. I suggested that he asked somewhere as there was nothing in the way of accommodation offering beyond - just the very lonely pass, and the mountains. (We happened to see him two days later. He didn't find a bed, and kept on walking on the coaching road in the night hours, and crept into Rhayader at ten on the Sunday morning. He said his feet were sore. Surely the understatement of our times!)

When we reached the broken iron signpost that shows the way to Pont-ar-Elan, and the long, lakeland road to Rhayader, it was dark. We stood there, and gazed into the blackness of that night with supreme pleasure, watching the cars sweeping the slopes with their pencil beamed searchlights. We hadn't had an experience like this for many years. Stephen not at all.

Onward again, walking the hill leading to the 1,600 ft. summit

of this old road, and then, amid the memories of this romantic route, we drifted downwards in all the enchantment of this summer's sable night. Not knowing the road too well, we were glad of the white lines, and the road posts.

So between the trees, to more level lands, and, at 10.0 p.m. the town of Rhayader itself. The almost countless pubs in this delightful town were full to overflowing, both with people and pleasantries. But we were glad to seek the shelter of our caravan, supper and bed, delighted indeed that our day amid the everlasting hills, and our evening in the shadows, had meant so much to us.

F.E.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

No more material available! (Editor)

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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Vol. LXV

MARCH/APRIL 1970

No. 737

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## FIXTURES

April 1970

- 4 DUDDON (Headless Woman) LUNCH
- 5 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) LUNCH
- 11 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) LUNCH
- 12 TWO MILLS (W.C.T.F.C.A. "25")
- 18 60 Km. T.T.T. (Training Event) START 2.30
- 19 TRYDDYN LUNCH
- 25 KEELSALL (Globe) LUNCH
- 26 W.C.T.F.C.A. "30"

May 1970

- 2 BANGOR ON DEE LUNCH CRANAGE TEA
- 9 DUDDON (Headless Woman) LUNCH
- 16 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) LUNCH
- 18 COMMITTEE MEETING
- 23 BANGOR ON DEE LUNCH
- 24 "SIX BELLS" BISHOPS CASTLE PHOTO RUN (Provl.)
- 25 OPEN "100"
- 30 KEELSALL (Globe) LUNCH

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Liverpool L11 8ND.

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Cheshire, L48 4EB. (051) 625-7473

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 16th MAY 1970

CLUB RUNS

Very few club run reports have been featured in these pages recently, simply because no one has written any. However, we wish to report that in the main the club runs are reasonably well attended particularly those at Kelsall, Duddon and Farndon. Here one is always assured of a very pleasant meal and an hour or so with the lads.

JOHN MOSS

We regret to report that John Moss suffered the loss of his father over the Easter week-end, and to John and his family we would extend every sympathy.

JOHN FARRINGTON

We hear with great pleasure of John Farrington's wedding with Wendy at Llanrhaiadr, near Denbigh on Easter Monday morning. Our sincere felicitations to the happy pair.

N.R.R.A.

Hubert Buckley writes to advise us that the Association is holding a Luncheon to commemorate its eightieth birthday at the Halford Hotel, Colne, on Sunday, 18th October next. Will all interested please note.

NORMAN TURVEY

We hear, with regret, that our very good friend has been on the sick list. We note with pleasure that his recovery is almost perfect up to now, and that he has resumed driving his car. The bicycle takes a little longer!

NOW FOR THE "100"

Once again our "100" looms largely in our calendar, and Len Hill pulls all his organ stops out to prevail on the rank and file of members to make their way down to Shropshire on the morning of Monday, 25th May.

Last year (Len writes) not a single man failed to arrive at his post, and, considering the vagaries of that ultra-wet morning, this was a wonderful record. The Wellington-Hodnet stretch was flooded. Those who made their way through the swirling waters wondered: Would the event be cancelled?

Once again the Committee thank members and friends for their offers of assistance. We hope the event will be run by the following,

and if for any reason they are unable to be present, please write to Len Hill at 29 Mill Lane, Gayton, Wirral, or telephone (051) 342 3589

Course marshals:	J.Cranshaw and V.Schofield
Starting stewards:	M.Haslam and D.Brown
Islands:	J.Pitchford and friends
Wellington:	H.Moore, E.Davies and D.Barker
Hodnet:	H.Austin and son
Shawbirch:	Bren Orrell
Halt Sign:	Guy Pullan
High Ercall etc:	L.Bennett and John France
Battlefield:	I.R.A. ('nuff said!)
Rock Hall:	H.Buckley and Joe Dodd
Harmer Hill:	John Williams
Harlescott:	A.Beaton
Finishing stewards:	R.Poole, H.Buckley, D.Barker etc.

Will Frank Bliss and Frank Fischer please advise where they will be available for.

Members already contacted have not been mentioned in the above notes. Any volunteers, in addition to those already named, would be welcome.

### THE DAY THE BICYCLE WOULDN'T STOP!

The week after Whitsuntide last year was not at all good, weatherwise. Some days were wetter than others, and even on the best, when the sun did shine brilliantly from a cloud-flecked sky of the purest blue, the showers that came scudding over the silent mountains were long in duration, and, also, very heavy indeed.

On one of these days we decided to forsake the tracks we loved so much, and for a change keep to the comfort of the tarred highways. We sheltered in our Rhayader-based caravan until the morning rain had cleared, and then in the clear, sunny and dustless air, ventured into the hills by way of the old coaching road heading through its pass to the upper Elan valley. This highway of many centuries soars steeply to a 1,600-ft. summit before sweeping in state to the river.

At the top Stephen stopped. "There's something wrong with my front wheel!" The cone had worked loose, and we had to cope without a cone spanner (haven't carried one for years) and then persuaded the wheel to go back between the forks. (Always a difficult job on Stephen's bicycle, this). We managed to hold the cone tight with a flake of flintstone while we tightened the nut with a spanner. Ten minutes or so, and we were away again.

We lunched near the ruins of the old toll bar just short of the Montgomeryshire boundary. As we intended to stay on the civilised ways there was no need to keep a reserve, so all our food was consumed. When we are on rough-stuff trips we always keep some back for emergencies. We could envisage no need to do so today. A stop could be made in Devil's Bridge for some food, or failing that, in Pont Erwyd. And as a last resort there are several refreshment houses between this village and Llangurig.

But in all this I reckoned without Stephen. The lad is as keen on rough-stuff as I am, and when we came to a sign UNSUITABLE FOR MOTORISTS at Blaen-y-cwm, his enthusiasm soared. He wanted to try this road, the ancient mountain way to Llangurig, and as father doesn't remember ever declining such a proposition, it was decided that we should leave the smooth, tarred surface of the old coaching road, and tackle this route that spans the hills between the Ystwyth and the Wye.

The track proved to be the Old Monks' Road, used by the brethren of Strata Florida when they had charge of the church at Llangurig.

The first thing we had to contend with was a shower which came sweeping across the valley before we had ever left the road, and we spent many minutes sheltering in the lee of an abandoned chapel. We started on our adventure in brilliant sunshine, and the UNSUITABLE FOR MOTORISTS sign positively gleamed with inspiration. Most enthusiastically it beckoned us on our mountain adventure.

The surface of the track soon proved to be shocking, and steep. So much that after half-an-hour's staggering I insisted on a ten-minute rest, and while we relaxed the rain swept over the hills more heavily than ever. Soon we were quite wet. Soaking wet. On resuming we found that we were no great way from the top, the first crest, for it was soon discovered that this road of many centuries is, really, two passes in one.

From the summit, looking across the valley through which the Afon Diluw flowed swiftly, the road appeared to be different. It looked blue - and it was, a blue tarred highway amid the loneliest wastes of these almost forgotten hills. Fantastic, but true.

Our way down slithered around a steep, almost corkscrew bend, and reached the river at a ford which was far too deep for us to consider wading. Even with trousers rolled high, and shoes hanging from one's neck, it would have been too deep. Fortunately, a hundred yards or so downstream, we noticed a sturdy footbridge - ready-made answer to our prayers. The path over the bridge led to an abandoned farmhouse.

Once across the stream we realized why the road had been transformed on this side. We were now in Montgomeryshire, and the good men of that county on Severnside had used some of their hill-roads grant to provide an alternative route to Cardiganshire and the Pembrokeshire coast, hoping, no doubt, that the Cardigan road men would improve their section in a similar manner. But they haven't, and a curious position therefore exists. In one county the track is as bad as it could possibly be, and across the boundary it is now surprisingly good. A bridge over the river here would be an expensive item, too.

Had it been a good day we could have lingered in this most delightful spot, but soaking wet in the now continuous rain, we could only move on. The slopes on either side of this valley are remarkably steep, and the tarred road stood on end in its endeavour to reach the summit quickly. We were glad, and more than a little breathless, to reach the crest, too.

From the crest it could be a pleasant ride along the spur of the hills and through the new forest lands until the final plunge to the Wye valley comes. Stephen enjoyed the adventure, but for me it was a nightmare, and a particularly nasty one at that. I had fitted those knobbly type of brake blocks (for the life of me I cannot name them properly) which, so I fondly understood, are intended to be much more efficient than ordinary blocks in wet weather.

On this particular descent they were anything but efficient. On one occasion I nearly charged into a gate, only stopping just in time. After that I was more careful, much more careful, but when the road started to descend in real earnest I was just plain frightened. I would have run into a roadside bank, but they were far too rocky and dangerous, so I hung on, clutching the brake levers for dear life until I managed to slither, with both feet out, to a halt. Never, never have I experienced anything like this before, and I certainly do not wish to do so again. I walked the remainder of the descent, only resuming the saddle when we reached the fields in the Wye valley. Llangurig then was not very far away.

By this time a cup of tea would have gone down very well indeed, but, sadly, there was nothing doing. Early closing at the Post Office, and we were too bedraggled to ask at the hotel. So Stephen hurried on to Rhayader to put the kettle on, and, fifty minutes later, I joined him at the caravan site, glad indeed that the day was over. I had had quite enough.

CORRESPONDENCE: A letter from Bill Finn.

Dear Frank,

My early travels provided a fair knowledge of the main and secondary roads of North and Central Wales in the less hurried days prior to 1939. Half-Inch Barts' sheets of early vintage were my guides, but I was only a perfunctory addict to Rough Stuff at the time.

I began reading "In the Shadows" (February Circular) with delight, but took a "packet" of annoying bewilderment half-way round that intricate route and I was completely "sold-out" with exasperation at the finish. Now you know another who admits reading the Circular. Please take a quick look again at the article for incoherent, out-of-joint composition before you natter - "That so-and-so!"

Up-to-date sheets of Barts' half-inch scale failed me because the itinerary lacked some cohesive and progressive continuity. So, I could locate only one of the landmarks on the modern roads from which you sallied into the hills in search of old tracks. Nor could I identify the subsequent point at which you liked-up later with a metalled or tar macadamised road. I knew you did retrace your tracks in one misadventure. But that is "Going from her to there", and a style unworthy of space in our mag.

My translation of Ffair Rhos is: The headland (ridge or eminence) (of the plateau) of the birch grove. This landmark appears to be located in the eskar uplands of a moraine-region dividing separate mountain ranges, and on which arborous growth would flourish.

I enclose £1 to augment the "100" Fund. Provided that a prize to the same value be awarded to the slowest Anfielder. And that, if only one Anfielder starts, and finishes, he shall be awarded the prize. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

BILL FINN

Editor's Note: We are always delighted to hear from Bill, but this piece fairly takes our breath away! We can only say that if he consulted an Ordnance Inch sheet, he would have had no difficulty in following our route at all. And "incoherent"! Someone come to our rescue, please!

SYD JONAS

In a letter to Syd del Banco (his old sparring partner) Syd Jonas regrets being unable to be present at the 91st Birthday Run. He indicates that he is in the best of health and hopes to remain so at least as long as the Brewers are in business. Syd wishes to be remembered

to all his friends in the Anfield, in particular to the survivors of the Willaston Tea Tasters, the Rhydtalog C.C. and the Pensarn Wheelers of the halcyon days of the 1930's - indeed these are thin on the ground now.

WISHING....

A pretty girl (whose fleeting smile  
Can ease the ache of every mile)  
Adds brightness to the dreary day  
That comes when rainclouds head our way;  
And so it was on Anfield Night  
When slides were shown in colours bright,  
And though outside the night was drear  
Inside 'twas full of friendly cheer.  
And when the yearly gifts were made  
(For which the Anfield lads had paid)  
The President's reward was this.....  
An unexpected, luscious kiss.....  
From Wendy.

Now here, I know, this rhyme should end,  
But must confess I can't pretend  
To like to see such favour shown  
To Anfield Presidents alone;  
For, after all, a luscious kiss  
Is something all we oldies miss,  
Why shouldn't we enjoy the grace  
Of kisses from a lovely face?  
So Wendy, when it's slide-show time,  
Just bear in mind this little rhyme,  
And if with kisses you make free  
Forget the Anfield.....think of me....  
Tom Mason.

(Tom is a good friend of ours from the Mersey Roads, and we are delighted to include this piece - Ed.)

91ST BIRTHDAY PARTY - 7th March 1970

The new Management at the Derby Arms at Halewood not having viewed the Anfield Bicycle Club in quite as kindly a manner as did their predecessors for the last eighty years or so, the Committee has consulted Geoff. Lockett, and on his recommendation had arranged the party at the Westminster Hotel in City Road, Chester. Anfield runs

have been held there in the past - indeed, the present writer's very first Anfield run, nearly fifty years ago, was to a Musical Evening at this hotel, when he politely asked Billy Cook, the awe-inspiring President of the Club, to refrain from allowing his filthy pipe to dribble all over his (the writer's) trousers!!!! As a reward for his temerity his application for membership was held up for quite a time, which shows the folly of attempting to take a rise out of an Anfield President!

An hour before the start the bar of the hotel was almost empty. Soon it began to fill and well before the meal was ready it was almost impossible to move, let alone to buy a drink. Nevertheless, loud and prolonged applause greeted the arrival from time to time of one or other of our guests. The ever polite Richard Hulse of the Speedwell B.C. ("a pint in a straight sided glass, please"), Roy Cook of the North Road, with friends Sellens and Bury, George Jones, Cliff Ash and H.Moore, Johnny Williams and Ossie Dover were all welcomed in the appropriate manner, as were Harry Pearson, John Cull, D.Pitchford (much smaller than his father), Doug. Burton of the Cheshire Roads and Frank Fischer, once of the Altrincham Ravens and now resident in Market Drayton after a long sojourn in the South of England.

Everyone's inhibitions having by now been satisfactorily removed, the guests, together with 32 Anfielders, moved quietly, but nevertheless rapidly and with determination into the Dining Room. After a wondrous, impressive and in every way magnificent "Grace before Meat" by John France (he must be a lay reader or a Chaplain or something) we all enjoyed an excellent and ample meal. This was pleasantly and expeditiously served under the supervision of the Head Waiter, who was well known to many of us, as for many years he held a similar position at the Lion in Shrewsbury.

Now the President proposed the loyal toast, after which Stan. Wild welcomed the visitors in a typical Stan Wild effort. It was like a girl's skirt should be - short enough to be interesting but long enough to cover the subject. To this Derek Johnson replied at some length in a delightful speech, full of wit and good humour, but full also of kindly thoughts and good will towards his hosts. This brought the oratory to a close and after a short interval most of us returned for a showing of the official film of the 1969 R.T.T.C. Championships. This lasted about an hour, after which the party gradually dispersed, well satisfied with an entirely enjoyable evening.

R.J.A.

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Vol. LXV

MAY 1970

No. 738

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## FIXTURES

June 1970

- 6 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch CRANAGE (Tea)
- 13 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.
- 20 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 27 OAKMERE (Cabbage Hall) Lunch.

The Lunch for Sunday, 24th May, has been arranged at the Old Brick Guest House, Bishops Castle. Names to Len Hill please.

Sunday runs in the summer months have been left open, as most of those who usually participate will be racing.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral,  
Cheshire, L48 4EN. (051) 625-7473

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 13th JUNE 1970

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EDITORIAL

This issue is half-sized for two reasons: one, for the need to get it out quickly before the holiday week-end; and, two, we just haven't the material for a full eight-page number. The competition we outlined some time ago hasn't brought any response. Are there no budding writers in the Club at all?

WELCOME BACK TO ANFIELDLAND

The following notices can be regarded as mere changes of address, but we prefer to welcome back two exiles from distant parts:

Alan Rogerson is now at 12 Crossley Avenue, Overpool, Ellesmere Port, Wirral, Cheshire. Telephone: (051) 355 1467.

W.H.Lloyd, 38 Birchall Park, Onchan, Isle of Man.

Bert writes:

We are now living in a hot-bed of cycling, but haven't seen much of it yet. Please find a donation for the "100" Special Fund.

We came here because in Jersey one (unless one is native) is forbidden to buy a small house and, as our boy and his family are permanently in Brazil, we didn't see the point of keeping up a fairly big place for their visit every few years. We now have a very small house which gives Doreen and me lots of time for fishing and golf - when the weather improves! It looks now as if Spring has arrived at last. We have had lots of sunshine but it has been a bit nippy for my old bones.

The Circular is a great pleasure to we outcasts, and in the February issue I was very envious of Rigby Band's Irish trip. I have done it in a car, but that doesn't begin to compare with a bike and Anfield company.

Editorial Note: Bert's mention of the "100" Special Fund reminds us to mention that the response has not been what we expected. This kitty is still very much short of the amount needed to cover the extra expenses mentioned. Also, it is a good thing that we are getting this issue out early. We can envisage almost countless Anfielders knocking on Bert's door scrounging cups of tea. A later issue would have missed Isle of Man Week for another year, and that wouldn't do at all.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING HERE

Arthur Birkby writes from his cottage near the Old Church at Dolwyddelan in the delightful Lledr Valley:

"I have three Miller dynamos and two dynamo headlamps kicking around and not earning their keep. One dynamo almost NEW, the other two perfect. First applicant can have them for nothing. Delivery at Two Mills.

SPRING HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

The scene is now set for yet another Anfield "100" on Shropshire's fields, and we can only hope that the weather is kinder, much, much kinder, than last year.

The traditional Sunday lunch has been changed from Chirbury to Bishops Castle. We return to the Old Brick Guest House for a one p.m. meal. The more the merrier at this function, but please advise Len Hill that you intend to be present. He has to telephone over the week-end with the number expected.

ALONG THE OLD ROAD TO RHAYADER

The old "back roads of Wales hold a tremendous charm these days, and few of these ancient highways are more enchanting than the centuries-old road running down the Wye valley between Llangurig and Rhayader. There is, of course, nothing wrong with the present route of A.44 except perhaps its traffic on a summer's day, but the narrow, fascinating road on the other side of the river provides very enjoyable travel at almost any time - if you have the hours to spare.

This latter is very important. This road must be taken in leisurely fashion. A halt here to watch a track disappearing over the emerald skyline of the everlasting hills: a stop farther on to watch the river flowing. Just to sit silently, and enjoy the lively prattling of this enchanting stream brings a full measure of contentment. There are farmyards to pass through, with the necessity to open, and close, gates. Perhaps a farmer to talk to. All this, and the travel, makes for a most enjoyable afternoon.

The road as it leaves Llangurig is a wide, straight highway, and one certainly cannot miss it. It sears across the valley as a great scar, and when it comes to the hills on the other side a track can be seen heading over the tops for the Old Coach Road, This path comes out near the Montgomeryshire border, and near enough to the summit of the road. We were informed that the way

is so little used these days that it could be difficult to trace by a stranger. One day, perhaps, we might be able to rustle enough energy and enthusiasm to make the crossing.

The "back" road here swings to the left, and winds with almost every bend of the river as both meander gently through the open valley. Llangurig and the ancient spire of its old grey church can be glimpsed in the distance. Just along the way one comes to the Youth Hostel, and then you reach Ten Ten Bridge, which provides the last opportunity to reach the main road for some miles - if one excludes several shaky footbridges and a ford it is the last chance to get on to A.44 before Rhayader.

Downstream from the bridge the valley narrows, and the little road dips and bucks like an untamed mule. Farms come and go, and then you start climbing gently for the great horseshoe bend that curves around the mountain opposite to Marteg. Marteg is the place on the other side of the valley where the road heads off to St. Harman. Hereabouts the Ancient Road from the Cardigan coast comes down to cross the Wye by a ford that can still be seen, and nearer to Rhayader there are several footbridges leading to the main road. The "back" road comes out a short distance along the old Aberystwyth road, perhaps a mile (and certainly not much more) from Rhayader.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - 14th March 1970

Refreshed after morning coffee at Hatchmere, I was tackling the switchbacks of Delamere with something approaching ease when progress was halted by a car drawing up in front of me. The occupants proved to be Hubert Buckley, Percy Williamson and Cheshire Roder, Doug Barton, all welcoming me to the new Anfield runs centred on midday meals. They left me pondering on the merits of ploughmen's lunches at selected inns in a countryside almost denuded of cafes acceptable to cyclists. Having duly achieved the Globe at Kelsall, I certainly enjoyed my plain but sustaining meal in the company of Jeff Mills, Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Allan Littlemore and Keith Orum in addition to the aforementioned trio. To those who have not yet tried these Saturday midday runs, I heartily recommend them. We broke up for our various homeward journeys in the usual manner, my selected companion being Allan, and our route the forest tracks followed by an appalling bridle-path near Acton Bridge, which left our machines covered in a particularly glutinous brand of mud new to my fairly wide experience of the substance. An unusual feature was the finding of the body of a large, finely marked badger. Altogether a good day's cycling which left me with a desire for more.

E.G.P.

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Vol. LXV

JULY 1970

No. 739

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## FIXTURES

July 1970

- 4 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) CRANAGE and TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 6 COMMITTEE MEETING.
- 11 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch.
- 12 MINSHULL VERNON (Silver Teapot) Lunch.
- 18 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch.
- 25/26 MERSEY ROADS "24".

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 11th JULY, 1970

"LINDEN LEA" IN LAKELAND

Most of us hold treasured memories of some catering houses, and those who had the good fortune to know Mrs. Braithwaite's at Kirkland House, Kendal, in those halcyon days between the wars will have good cause to remember the hospitality dispensed from that home, and the surprising valediction in the morning: "Have you enough money for your journey?"

All Lakeland tourists knew Mrs. Braithwaite and her daughter Marjorie, and many a record breaker was grateful for the brief period of comfort and the excellent food that he found here. To us, the occasion when Wayfarer (our own W.M. Robinson, or "Robbie") wrote a piece in Cycling on this Kendal house of hospitality, remains an enchanting memory.

"Linden Lea" was the title, and the theme told of Marjorie playing this delightful piece by Vaughan Williams while Robbie was staying at the house. Our only regret now is that we did not preserve those particular pages.

It is good to know that Mrs. Braithwaite is still with us. Indeed, this grand old lady reaches the age of 100 on July 1st. This short article is inspired by a letter from Ed. Green, which we append below, and we hope that all who know Mrs. Braithwaite will do as Ed. suggests. Let the cards from Anfieldland roll in in their dozens!

Dear Frank,

I am sure that the older members of the Anfield will wish to send a greetings card to Mrs. Braithwaite, of Kirkland House, Kendal, when, all being well, she will be 100 on July 1st. I saw her today (May 5) and found her to be in wonderful trim, although her sight has failed to such an extent that she cannot now play her beloved Bridge, but her mind and memory are as clear as ever, and she asked after many of your members.

She now lives at Hawthorn Hill, Stainton, Near Kendal, with her daughter Marjorie and husband Les Brooks of the Essex Roads C.C. I am sure that a card in the name of the Club to help her place the name more easily would bring her great joy.

Ed. Green

"100" JOTTINGS

There is very little more to say about the "100", as David Barker has covered the event - and the week-end - very fully indeed. However, we must say that we delighted to see Mrs. Jenny Barker and David's wife at the finish. It was a great pleasure to meet them. Also we were very sorry that Vin Schofield couldn't make it this year.

SPRING BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END 1970

Saturday 23rd May. Shrewsbury-bound.

I suppose the official story of the week-end's opening day should at least say something about the lunch run at Bangor-on-Dee. Well here goes: The following attended:- Jeff, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Alex Beaton, Keith Orum, Dave Bettaney, Gerry Robinson, Eric Reeves, Frank Fischer, Johnny Williams and Gilbert Sutcliffe (both M.R.C.) I wasn't there and so cannot say much more about it. What follows describes the unofficial pilgrimage from Manchester.

I had in fact thought of persuading my companion for the day, Brian Kitson (Altrincham R.C.) to continue through our original lunch objective, Whitchurch, to join the club. But because of our very leisurely progress and with the prospect, for Brian, of the TA '100' next morning, we decided to stick to our plan.

During the morning we potted through the lanes, skirting Knutsford, to Middlewich. The main Nantwich road took us to eleven-ees at Minshall Vernon. The tea-break was unexpectedly but pleasantly prolonged by an ex-Stretford Wheeler, now motorised, who overheard our discussion of the gears used by John Tooby on 02. Inevitably we got going on those perennial topics, pre- and post-war racing standards, road conditions, equipment, training methods etc. etc. Not surprisingly it was 1.30 before we reached Whitchurch, just as Ed.Green (N.R.C.C.) and Dave Phillipson of the Lancaster C.C. motored in. Needless to say, we enjoyed a long lunch stop, with the vocal chords, particularly Ed's, getting plenty of exercise.

3 o'clock saw us dondering Wem-wards and at Harmerhill we dropped in on the Pardoe-Rogerson luxury camp site for yet more refreshments, which kept us going to Shrewsbury. It had been a nice exercise in doing the thing in short, easy, painless stages, which suited my fitness and Brian's racing ambitions perfectly.

The hostel's forecourt was perhaps slightly less trike- and bike-strewn than in previous years, but cyclists were still present in sizeable numbers, including Alex Beaton, Ossie Dover, Doug. Hall and several competitors in the morrow's T.A. event.

Supper over, we followed the well-worn trail down to the Castle Inn which has now become the focal point of the week-end's social activities.

Sunday 24th May. T.A.100 and Bishop's Castle.

In contrast to Saturday which was warm but largely overcast, Sunday dawned bright and clear. I can vouch for the literal truth of this - the hostel annexe was in uproar from about 4.45. Sleep-sodden

trikies were pulling on racing kit, applying embrocation and gulping down rice puddings, yogurts and a thousand and one other pet confections. One enthusiast even had a stove going and was dispensing coffee in the discarded yogurt cartons.

I was to do the check at Cross Houses and after reporting to the chief commissar, a Mr. Littlemore, I sauntered through to the turn. It was about the pleasantest marshalling job I've ever done. Sun-bathing was quite on the cards at 6 a.m.

For me the T.A. '100' was over in half an hour. For most it lasted another six. At the end of a terrific scrap, Terry Waring (N.Lancs R.C.) handed out an unaccustomed beating to favourite, Eric Tremaine (Leics. R.C.), their times 4.44.43 and 4.47.11. John Kitching, Waring's club-mate, was third in 4.54.32. Jeff timed the event and even our intrepid President found the run from Roden to Bishop's Castle, starting after midday, a bit much for him.

This left 11 of us for lunch, Rex, Guy, Alex, Len, Frank Perkins, Mark Haslam, Jim Cranshaw, Percy, Johnny Williams and Gilbert Sutcliffe (MRC) and your scribe. It had been a superb run up the Hope Valley for Alex, Rex and myself and there was still time for a jar or two with the motorists before the meal which was excellent.

In the afternoon the temperature reached tropical levels. For me, a missing map meant a missed turning and a trip down to Craven Arms. I didn't fancy Church Stretton to Ratlinghope via the summit of the Long Mynd and so would apologise for a gap in this account, Sunday tea at the Post Office. I hope they enjoyed it as much as I did my tail wind run back to Shrewsbury.

Monday 25th May. 71st Anfield '100'

This year we had 85 names on the card which was not bad, considering the number of friends last year's conditions must have lost us. Quality was there too. On scratch was Roger Iddles (Oldbury C.C.) a first class short distance man who in the past year or two had started to make an impact over the longer distances. On paper he was closely challenged by established local riders like Geoff Hughes and Alan Masterson (three times runner up 1957 to 1959) both of the B.N.E., Ron Spencer (Warrington R.C.) twice a winner of the event and a past national 12 hour champion, Paddy Ward (Birkenhead Vics.) and John Atkinson (Mersey Roads). From farther afield came Martin Cross (North Bucks), J.B. Norris (East Bradford), Brian Cushion (Norwich A.B.C.) and Stan Turner (Brentwood R.C.) who had gained some experience of the course during his bronze medal ride in last year's 24-hour championship. An intriguing group of entries came from the

Liverpool Mercury, a top road racing club, several of whose up and coming young stars were down to ride.

The Club had one of its best entries for years with five on the card: John Whelan, Dave Bettaney, Bill Page, Dave Jones and Keith Orum who didn't start because of a chest cold.

At about 6 a.m. (the new starting time) conditions seemed almost ideal. The sky was mottled with light cloud, rather than overcast, it was cool, but not too cold and the drift appeared to be a very slight one. Chris Tipler and I were definitely helped by the breeze as we sped eastwards to Wellington, but it didn't seem particularly strong. However once installed there we all agreed conditions grew steadily worse as the wind freshened and the temperature dropped.

At the start Rex Austin held the watch and other duties were carried out by Allan Littlemore, Mark Haslam, Dave Brown and Ossie Dover. Jim Cranshaw drove the Course Marshal's car which contained Len Hill and Frank Perkins.

Jack Pitchford headed the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers team which manned Cross Houses and the Shrewsbury by-pass. At Telford (nee Wellington) Dave Barker did the check while Gerry Robinson and Keith Orum turned riders left into the town's suburban wilderness and Chris Tipler (Leicester Forest C.C.), J.D.Ingram and Alan Rogerson ensured that they emerged unscathed at the other end. At Hodnet Harry Austin and Leslie Goodhew (Belle Vue C.C.) checked and turned, and John Farrington (with Rosemary), Geoff Sharp, Joe Dodd handed up drinks. Bron, Orrell, Albert Livingston, Guy Pullan, Fred Butterworth, Les Bennett and contingents from the North and Mid Shropshire saw everyone safely through to John France's check at Shawbury. Between here and Ira Thomas and Ned Haynes at Battlefield the North Shropshire handed up drinks.

Jeff Mills, helped by Allan Littlemore as clerk, timed at 50 miles and an innovation this year, after many requests, was another check about 12 miles later at 100 km., carried out by Frank Fischer (Kentish Wheelers) and Frank Bliss. On the way riders passed Hubert Buckley at Rock Hall, Jack Duckers (N.S.Wh.) at Wem, Johnny Williams, Joe Davis and the Mersey R.C. drinks team at Harmerhill, and Alex Beaton, Arthur Birkby and Howell Griffiths of B.N.E. at Harlescott. Again at several points the two Shropshire clubs gave invaluable assistance.

From Alex's check at 63 miles the course retraces over substantially the same ground until near the finish. At High Ercall,

Arthur Smith and Ed.Green (N.R.C.C.) turned riders right for Roden and Bernard Wood (Clifton C.C.) and Tommy Hubbard (Marlboro') made certain that no-one had the galling experience of going off course in the last couple of miles. At the finish Mark Haslam and Bob Poole assisted Rex, friend Mitchell again provided the telephone which Dave Birchall and Joe Dodd operated. Gerry Robinson did an immaculate job on the result board and the Hodnet drinks team officiated once again at the finish. Then John and Rosemary went home to Edinburgh, Bill Finn to Dublin, Alex to Dundee, Harry Austin to Leeds, Arthur Smith to Hereford, Bernard Wood to York and so on. The '100' brings the boys together and under the oak beams in the Red Lion at Myddle a late lunch was enjoyed by Dave and Don Birchall, Dave's Bettany, Bassett and Jones, John Whelan, Keith Orum, Frank Perkins, Gerry Robinson, Jeff Sharp, Len Hill and of course, entertained by Joey Doddy.

As befits all good competing event secretaries, John Whelan was first away (for his third event of the week-end). By Wellington he had opened up an enormous gap on the road and appeared to be going very well. At this point after 13 miles there was very little to choose between the leading riders. Kevin Apter, one of the Liverpool Mercury's proteges, may have had a slight edge, but he was closely followed by Iddles, Spencer, Hughes, Masterson, Ward, Cross, Myers (Liverpool Eagle), McMurrie (Liverpool Mercury) and Atkinson. John Whelan and Dave Bettaney were still very much in contention at this point, but poor Dave Jones had lost about 10 minutes when he went off course at Weeping Cross. This cost him an 'evens' ride, for he finished with a 5.8.

The Hodnet stretch started to sort them all out after the super-fast start and it got even harder from Shawbirch to Shawbury and down to Battlefield. At Shawbury (43 miles) John France found Iddles half-a-minute up on Spencer, with Hughes another half minute down and Apter, Atkinson and McMurrie all bracketed together yet another minute behind. Ward was a further minute adrift.

Two miles further on Iddles packed, plagued by a hip injury he'd sustained in a recent road race. This left Ron Spencer in the lead when Jeff Mills' half-way check was reached. Jeff timed Spencer through in 2.5.30, Hughes in 2.5.59, McMurrie 2.6.48, Atkinson 2.6.58, Apter 2.7.5, Ward 2.7.6, Cross 2.9.8, Masterson 2.9.11 and Brian Miles (Mid-Shrops) 2.9.23.

At the finish, Spencer said he found the second '50' was really hard (and of course it's well known that the third quarter contains the worst of the "bonks"), but there was no sign that anyone else was

finding it very much easier. Hughes and Atkinson seemed to be holding their own but Apter, McMurrie and Ward all lost ground. At about 80 miles a check showed Ward 3.50 down on Spencer. Then he began his fight back as Atkinson held on and Hughes started to slip back.

Martin Cross, starting number 10, was first to finish having been first on the road for the last 30 or so miles. His 4.27.05 gave some idea of what we could expect. Masterson showed 4.26.35. Then Paddy Ward (number 40) came in very strongly with 4.21.42.

Spencer had started 10 minutes behind him and it soon became clear that the margin that had been opened between 50 and 80 miles had been drastically reduced. But had enough been done to wipe it out? At 11.10 Spencer hove into view to provide the answer - 4.20.14. The question now was whether Atkinson, who had less to pull back, could put in a fighting finish. Or Hughes, or Apter or McMurrie? It was expecting a lot of the last two, neither yet 20, both riding their first 100's and with a 95 mile division road championship as their only long distance competitive experience. They finished with 4.24.43 and 4.25.36 respectively, excellent rides both and showing the talent which good road men invariably do bring to time-trialling when they try it. It was enough to give McMurrie, with a 36 minute allowance, an easy handicap win and, supported by John Akins who did 4.34.30, Liverpool Mercury easily took the team medals in 13.24.49.

Atkinson held his ground but could do little more and pipped Ward for second place with 4.21.30. Geoff Hughes confessed to dying, particularly over the last couple of miles, and finished in 4.24.5 to take 4th place.

In all 12 riders got inside 4.30 which gives some idea of the high over-all standard, even though the winning time was slower than we've come to expect. The weather saw to that. In fact, with no disrespect to Spencer, his winning effort this year threw into sharp relief the magnificent performance of Dave Stalker in last year's atrocious conditions. Stalker was one minute slower.

One ride cannot pass without comment, that of Charlie Holland (M.C. & A.C.). The three times winner during the thirties clocked 4.45.56, over two minutes faster than his winning ride in 1932.

What of our quartet? Dave Jones's bad luck and gutsy performance have already been noted. John Whelan called it a day at 50 miles, affected by his previous exertions; Bill Page packed at 43 miles, crippled with back-ache and Dave Bettany had had enough half way between them. As Johnny said, we took the prize for consistent packing.

Finally, a word of appreciation for the work put into the event by the organisers. As event secretary, John Whelan put in all the hours and did a superb job. Len Hill was responsible for all the marshalling and checking arrangements. Dave Birchall produced a magnificent map of the course. George Jones (B.N.E.) handicapped the field to at least three people's satisfaction. Lastly the club owes a tremendous debt of thanks to the friends from other clubs without whom our promotion could never have been a success.

D.W.B.

#### ANOTHER VERSION

We have also received the following from an Anfielder taking part: At 5.01 I was pushed off by my father with the honour of showing the way round the course. I had trained hard for this event, limiting my beer to six pints a night and putting in an early morning stint, usually with just one companion.

It was an ideal morning, a little wind and long sunny spells, and I made good time to the Wellington turn with my tyres singing happily. I stopped for a brief chat with Dave Birchall, Geoff Sharp and John Farrington and Missus, before pushing on under threat from Len Hill who raged about the time I'd lost.

By taking an interesting little short cut I was once again first on the road at Rock Hall, where Hubert Buckley turned me down to Wem. I was amazed by the number of locals out, quite a few in pyjamas, waving and shouting advice to me, and becoming even more excited as I roared through on the return legs. I really started to suffer just after Battlefield and Ira (no offence, Ira!). I was forced to stop for a jam butty and a drink of coffee, at about 85 miles. Fortunately Dave Birchall was on hand to give me a push, or I'm sure I'd never have got started again! The last five miles through the lanes seemed very long, but at last, at 10.20 I crossed the line, my radio blaring triumphantly.

J.D.

(Note: David Barker says the event started at 6.0 Joe Dod started on his adventure at 5.0! But we should like to thank Joe for acting as course marshal, despite a large hole in the exhaust, and a jammed starter motor).

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: J. H. MILLS

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

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## FIXTURES

August 1970

- 1 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch
- 8 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch
- 9 W.T.T.C.A. "12"
- 10 Committee Meeting
- 15 WHITCHURCH (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)  
ALL NIGHT RIDE
- 22 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 29 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.

September

- 4 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch
- 11 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch
- 18 BANGOR ON DEE (Lunch) Tea at CRANAGE or TWO MILLS
- 25 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 19th September 1970

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Frank E. Fischer, 22 Grove Gardens, Market Drayton, Salop TF9 1HG  
Proposed by Len Hill, Seconded by S. del Banco.

WANTED

Anyone interested in the All-Night-Ride to contact Keith Orum - who would like someone such as David Birchall to organise it - (routes etc.) and plenty of volunteers to come - it won't be hard as the younger members are not fit. The President is going - so can we expect more senior members of the club to be there.

PERCY WILLIAMSON writes to tell us that his son has now moved his home to Prestatyn, and Percy is moving in with him. The new address is: Percy Williamson, Three Trees, 11a Calthorpe Drive, Prestatyn, North Wales.

DAVID BENNETT. We are pleased to learn that David has gained his Ph.D. (Zoology) and will be taking up an appointment as head of the Biology section at a Coventry Grammar School.

D.C.KINGHORN. We regret to announce the passing on May 23rd, of Douglas C. Kinghorn. Although D.C.K. joined the Club as long ago as 1906, his other interests were such that the number of the club runs he attended were very few indeed. Yet his enthusiasm for the Anfield was maintained, year by year, by the regular payment of his subscription, until he was elected to Life Membership some years ago. Douglas Kinghorn was a contemporary and life-long friend of John Leece.

BOB POOLE writes to say that he was the only member at the Cranage (alternative) run on Saturday, June 6th. He and his wife were somewhat surprised to see a notice on the door: NO CYCLING CLUBS, and after a pleasant afternoon tea Bob enquired the reason for the notice. The lady explained that owing to the unseemly behaviour during recent weeks she decided to exclude such people in future. However, she agreed to take our small parties when required.

CABBAGE HALL INN, OAKMERE - 27th June 1970

Six members attended this fixture: Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Syd del Banco, Len Hill, Frank Perkins, all by cars, and Eric Reeves on his bicycle.

A pleasant natter in nice surroundings, the pub having been re-bushed in the last few years, although the exterior does not appear to have been altered much. Unfortunately, they have dropped the catering side, and only sandwiches were available; not very sustaining for those riding the 28 miles or so to the venue.

On leaving, the Wirral motorists made good time to Two Mills, and another hour or so with the President and those racing on the morrow doing various checking jobs.

Having taken Blotto home, Len took Frank to Heswall, where Frank retrieved his bicycle, and so home after an enjoyable day.

### PASTORAL PILGRIMAGE

m.v. "Munster" docked at 7 a.m. on the Wednesday morning. She lifted her bib and dropped her apron and mine was the first vehicle ashore. I was quickly astride to dispose of the three drab warehousing-miles to Pier Head which must be endured until the new Ferry Port is ready. B.R. deposited me at Crewe before 10 o'clock.

Outside the station the pedals needed no urgent pressure as memory harked-back to Sandbach on a torrid July day: the smiling "Jim Jams" marshalling at Brickhouses and a tempting variety of tit-bits in his handlebar-basket, but the proffered cigarette was most welcome. Another happy recollection was of F.H.K. reciting "From Sandbach on to Crewe" at Easter of the same bygone year. No sing-songs nowadays, the muse has deserted us!

I back-pedalled hopefully on to the water-table of The Ancient Briton where three capacious feeding-troughs now stand. Reading my thoughts aright the lady with the broom said "Good morning but we are not open!" Summer flowers will fill the cattle troughs outside that erstwhile feeding-station.

One material objective of this day's excursion was the quest of a bed in convenient juxtaposition to D.12. So, on to Whitchurch and The Raven and its equally unenticing upstart companion, but hunger is good sauce and one must eat. Marchambley's black-and-white cottage came as a grand excuse for after-lunch rumination and fumatory ease, but the Hodnet Bear, demoted to frowsy pub-status, did not warrant a second glance. Thoughts of water-meadows and mill-ponds along the curvative Roden instinctively called for a meandering route to Shawbury and Astley, a cafe proffered tea and the suggestion that the inn at Grinshill would provide accommodation. Further random roving ended at The Elephant and Castle with a welcome and a bed and a booking for the following Sunday night as well.

"Down in the forest something stirred" and before 10 o'clock next morning my wheels were turning towards Bishops Castle and a sojourn for three nights and a two-day peregrination in the verdant basin of the Clun River where vagrant tracks, familiar but ever-new, traverse the dour salient which rang with the clamour and clangour of primitive warriors and ancient weapons in the warring days of

pre-history.

Angles and Brythonic Celts hotly disputed lordship of the strategic and fertile Severn valley; the Brythons, who called themselves Cymry or comrades, were eventually ejected and securely contained by the great Dyke of Offa. The natural features of the battle-terrain are unchanged and happily some of the Celtic names endure: of rivers in the Forest district examples are Clun, Onny and Teme; Caer Caradoc near the township is one of the notable place-names which survive. And yet, the chief heritage of this border-area is a rich galaxy of Welsh names of places but one does not need a lot of linguistic learning to note their pleasing cadence or to grasp their descriptive meaning.

Anfielders of full age who know "the smallest Borough in England" probably winced at the closure of the quaint little railway which stubbornly served an essential purpose in the Onny valley before Beeching. Some may now wonder what fate befell the small, sturdy locomotives.

Tardy advance-booking resulted in a pre-arranged change of billet. Two nights were spent at The Old Brick House and I transferred to The Six Bells, a snug hostelry, on the Saturday evening.

The road from Colebach to Cefn Einion gives an idyllic introduction to breezy hilltops and wide horizons, and on the Friday morning I sought exhilarating undulations in well-stocked sheep-country where pedestrian hill-folk are few and far between. Sequestered farmsteadings nestle in deep folds providing running water which is an elemental and ageless adjunct to husbandry. The Maen Stone is the sole object of interest within the church picturesquely sited on the road to Two Crosses. The origin and purpose of the Stone is in doubt, most likely it was a standard of weight because it is too clumsy if not too heavy for any conventional weight-throwing contest, as alternatively suggested. The route is a worth-while approach to The Anchor Inn for the leisurely traveller, and it will test the mettle of multi-gearred youngsters. The down-stream run back from the Inn makes ample amends for previous collar-work.

After depositing the saddle-bag at The Six Bells I was away to The Anchor via Clun on Saturday morning. Thence along that ravishing road abounding in delightful view-points across the parallel valleys of Teme and Clun. Bettws-y-crwyn, lies about half a mile off the route, it is Shropshire's highest village and in the church or bedehouse is a fine chancel screen. Then the deeply-cut gorge of the stripling Teme engages attention, the river is out of sight but the Radnors hire escarpment unfolds a panoramic spread reminiscent of granny's patchwork quilt. Spoad Hill lies ahead and it crosses

Offa's Dyke at a spot where the archaeologist is presented with an arresting three-dimensional distant view of the Roman Camp which overlooks the riverside village of Newcastle. This comprehensive view almost in high relief, may be more rewarding than the toilsome scaling of the earthwork itself. Clunton and Purslow marked my way to Lydbury North. The Church is an intriguing period-hotch-potch where the visitor is provided with a ground plan of the edifice on a hand-placard giving detail and date of the various features in serial order: an architectural primer in fact. Cycling company for dinner, gargling and gabbling with taproom worthies until bedtime.

One of the many ways to Shrewsbury was followed on Sunday morning. We all know the ancient Salop town, but a writer in the press recently asked why Shropshire is also called Salop.

Shrewsbury was founded by the Celts, it became the most important town in middle-west Mercia and they called it Scrobbesbyrig which means "the fortified place in the scrub". The prehistoric stronghold changed hands several times until the Saxons gained impregnable possession. When the territorial boundary of the shire or shire was defined the area so marked was called Scrobbscire.

But the bygone archivist relied on the ear rather than on the sight, if the scribe was not acute of hearing and if his informant was not clearly articulate the historic record was bound to suffer. Consequently two variants of the territorial name, Scropscire and Salopcire appear in old documents. Hence the modern use of the title, County of Salop.

Hunger-knock threatened as evening drew on and where did I go but to Edgebolton-on-the-Roden! It was a pleasure to meet the President at Castle View. Jeff was relaxing after a very long day which began with the timing of the Tricycle Association (N.W.) 100. We were hungry but loath to grumble about the unpunctuality of the motoring V.I.P. trio. The meal was seasoned by a spirited conversation in which repartee and riposte and barbed shafts of wit tipped with the foil of friendship enlivened some enlightening exchanges.

Miss Heynes had provided an excellent cyclists' tea to all irrespective of whether they were on two, three or four wheels. Residents John Williams, Gilbert Sutcliffe and Guy Pullan did most of the talking while the visiting audience listened politely but without let up on their diligent intake of protein and protease needed to raise a head of steam for the final haul to The Lion and The Elephant and Castle respectively. On my departure I had the further pleasure of exchanged greetings with Arthur and Ida Smith of the North Road C.C.

Grinshill stands at the end of a long northerly Salop chain of isolated sandstone hills and if your prime need is square triassic building material this is the spot. There are some fine examples of the stone-mason's craft in Clive village, "show-houses" in fact but you will not find a place to wet your whistle. That's why Mersey Roaders raise the latch at The Elephant and Castle.

A latish dinner in solitary state but there was congenial company in The Tank under the benign eye of Tommy Barlow doyen of the Manchester Wheelers Club. Peter was there also along with four other clubmen and the spontaneous invitation to join the convivial circle was in the old tradition which made that enjoyable evening one of the highlights of my Salop stravaiging.

Tommy regaled us with inimitable synopses of some epic End-to-End rides as seen from the seat of the observer's car. When will this busy man with the encyclopaedic memory and the facile pen add his own biographic contribution to our rather limp body of cycling literature?

An excellent breakfast-flask and food provided by our hospitable hosts enabled me to make an early start on the Monday morning. A renewal of old acquaintance at Hodnet with Harry Austin ably assisted by his charming wife. Number seven turning, reminiscent exchanges tending to intrude on the job in hand: it was time to move on. At Rockhall the morning air was redolent with aromatic smoke-rings from Hubert's pipe. Jack Duckers with a full complement of lads and lasses at the tricky cross-roads by Wem. On the ramparts of Rutunium were observers John Williams and Gilbert Sutcliffe but Roman chariots held no interest for them; Bob Williams and the Mersey Roads Club contingent busily drouking drouthy gullets at Harmerhill, and Alex Beaton the points-man at Harlescote turn-table. At the Finish I joined the swarm of drones around that hive of busy men checking the fruits of John Whelan's executive labours.

Then a utilitarian plod to Chester punctuated by a lunch-stop and a further, back-wheel, interlude with Bob Williams until a flat tyre and tub-changing had raised his dander and he shot away to regain lost time and to overhaul a friend who had passed during the operation. There was a south-bound exodus from Oulton Park and Chester was reached none too soon.

Dinner, B. & B. at the Westminster, train to Liverpool next morning and the noonday Ferry to Dublin.

THE CAPTAIN MAKES A REPORT

As it is probable that the Editor has nothing in his stockpile, it might be a good idea, if I jot down a list of some of our recent runs and mention the highlights.

Starting on July 4th (and working backwards) - I attended Cranage in the rain. I was the only one around, as this was an alternative run. On the 27th June I cycled to the Cabbage Hall Inn at Oakmere and also met no one (We wonder why, six were out - Ed.) so I went across to the Shrewsbury Arms, just in case some had gone there.

Now June 20th was good, I tricycled in the heat to Duddon, and had the pleasure of the company of Messrs. Buckley, Cranshaw, Williamson, Robinson, and with special note we had Alan Rogerson and Eric Reeves. This was a goodly turn up, with plenty of chatter, and the ride back with Alan Rogerson, to sample tea on Marian's lawn was a particular pleasure on this really sunny day. Alan has an impending short stay in hospital after his holidays and we hope all will be well on his return.

On the 13th and the 6th of June and also the 16th May, I treated Marian to a trip on the train to Chirk with our cycles and we certainly explored the Berwyns and the Ceiriog Valley. We have discovered how easy it is to be outside Chirk Station at 8.20 a.m., with all the day before us, and at least 9 or 10 hours in that delectable area. On one trip we crossed the Nant Rhyd Wilym, which has the "Wayfarer" memorials when it was very dry which made the going easy. Truly wonderful trips and one cannot fail to wipe away a nostalgic tear every time one reads the "Wayfarer" memorial stone, especially if one has had the pleasure of having met dear old "Robbie" in days of yore.

The 9th of May saw us at Duddon, enjoying the now familiar welcome, and the lucky participants were Rex, Guy, Len, Frank (VP) and John (dear old John) Leece, and myself. The weather was good and I was in shorts! May 2nd saw me making for Cranage for the "alternative and this time I enjoyed my tea with Rex and Bob Poole and his good lady. This day was the first foretaste of the good weather to come. Rex had been out for lunch, and I had met him whilst I was working in the Winsford area in the forenoon.

April 25th saw me arriving at Kelsall, but I failed to see anyone at this popular spot, although I heard that David Bettany had been there a little earlier than me. I wandered back and getting on to the Northwich bye-pass, watched some of the riders in a Manchester district "25".

April 18th was the day of the team time trials, organised by A.B.C., and I was at my usual Hoofield Hall corner seemingly "ages" before the riders came along. I was joined by Gerry Robinson who blithely informed me that quite a lot of members had lunched at the "Headless Woman", although this was not announced in the current Circular. The teams flashed by either complete or otherwise, and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves in this unusual form of time trialling. No doubt some of them were champions of the future.

April 11th, we were at Little Budworth and quite a fair number were in attendance, although I haven't all the names by me, probably because the secretary would be in the company. One thing I do remember is the look of disgust on Guy's face and his scathing remarks, when I said I wanted to be back in time to watch the Cup Final! - this was nothing to the casual remark from "Blotto" informing all and sundry that he liked to get home in order to watch the - wait for it - Wrestling, on the Telly!

Easter 1970 in spite of cold weather and flurries of snow, was a grand holiday for Marian and I, for we spent 2 days at Llanfyllin and then 4 at Llangynog, and we did our usual off the beaten track explorations when in that wonderful area, we were well clothed up and the cold did not bother us one bit. One day we went to Llanfair Caerenion and noted the local railway was being prepared for the holiday visitors. We discovered the "Plas y Llan" in Llanrhaidr, an excellent place for a meal, this is the old "Sun" temperance house, and the same remarks apply to the Station Grill at Llansantffraidd, an ideal place for a first class meal, right up till 11 p.m. Some of the boys stayed in Salop town, and had a look at the Mid Salop events over this Easter week-end.

If readers will permit me to delve back as far as February 14th it is worth mentioning that on the occasion of this "Ladies' Lunch" held appropriately enough on Valentine's Day, we had a grand turn out of 27. Of these ladies present many were wives of members, and we were also delighted that our own Elsie Salt could come along. On my way home this day, I tried some new footpaths, but it wasn't long before I was bogged down in gluey sticky mud and finally emerged through a real cowy smelly farmyard, on to the tarmac.

Some of our members were in the Island for Cycling week, including President Jeff and Rex, who were officiating, and I think David Bassett was competing in some of the events, no doubt the racing boys will be able to supply details of athletic performances.

John Parr (our hon.member from "Geordieland") and Beryl have been camping in the wilds of Scotland, Beryl by the way had an article published in a recent "Cycling", which was an excellent contribution, together with a photograph of John, which looked more like the "abominable snowman", after all it was a winter shot.

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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President: J. H. MILLS

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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: K. ORUM, 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston, Heswall,  
Wirral, Cheshire. Tel: (051) 342-3879

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Vol. LXV

OCTOBER 1970

No. 741

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## FIXTURES

October 1970

- 3 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch  
4 TRYDDYN (Lunch)  
10 LLOC (Crossways Cafe) Lunch  
TWO MILLS and CRANAGE (Tea)  
11 RUTHIN (Bridge Cafe) Lunch  
17 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - DUDDON (Headless Woman)  
18 80th BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON, N.R.R.A., HALFORD HOTEL,  
NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch. COLNE.  
24/25 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to LLANSANTEFFRAID  
Saturday Lunch BANGOR-ON-DEE  
Sunday Lunch CORWEN  
31 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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Cheshire, L.48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 24th October 1970

EDITORIAL

This is the second editorial we have prepared for this particular issue. In our first we indicated that unless we received a fairly regular flow of contributions, amounting to at least 2,000 words a month, this issue would be the last in its present form. We simply cannot continue writing more than half of the issue every month. However, as the flow for this month has been most heartening, we have enough stuff on hand for another issue.

On a happier note, we are delighted to include the story of the All Night Ride, or Midnight on Maen Gwynedd. Once we thought we were brave tackling the Nant Rhyd Wilym in the moonlight between tea and supper, but this long remembered trip pales into insignificance when one considers braving the lonely slopes of Maen Gwynedd in the midnight hours.

F.E.M.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Frank Fischer has been elected to Full Membership.

A.G.M. Will be held after lunch and notices of motion must be in the hands of the Secretary by October 5th.

TINTS TOUR: The Secretary will attend to all bookings.

Change of Address: F.W.BLISS, Anfield Cottage, Little Maplestead, Halstead, Essex.

In giving this news of another move, Frank Bliss tells us that he was due to enter St.Barts Hospital, London on September 13 for some surgical treatment on his legs. He hopes afterwards to get on the road again with a barrow. Frank asks whether the name of the Club has been used in this manner on an earlier occasion. We know at least one. When Sid Carver moved out of Anfieldland to live near Hull many years ago, the name for his new house was most appropriate: ANFIELD.

STAN WILD

whose exploits in Spain are described on a later page, had a trip to Eire with the family in the car in July. He took the bicycle and managed 400 miles in Cork and Kerry as well as 1800 in the car. In late August Stan took a party of C.T.C. members to the Italian Lakes. He hopes to be at the Tints Tour.

N.R.R.A. 80th BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

Hubert Buckley wishes to remind everyone of his notice in the March/April issue of the Circular when he announced that the Association was holding this celebration luncheon at the Halford Hotel, Colne, on Sunday, 18th October. Hubert is, naturally, particularly keen to have a good - and large! - Anfield party.

REX AUSTIN and MARK HASLAM

timed the N.S. BOYS CHAMPIONSHIPS on August 23. Organized by the President, the event was a great success. Burscough Bridge was marshalled by Buckley, Cranshaw, Connor and Hill.

PERSONAL

We learn, with great pleasure, that Edna Austin is recovering from the indignity of sustaining a broken arm, and, also, congratulations to John Leece in attaining his 87th Birthday.

MRS. KEN YARDLEY

It is with great regret that we have to report the death, suddenly, on July 30th, of Marie (Mollie), wife of our old friend Ken Yardley, Mersey Roads Club. At the cremation at Landican on August 4th, the Club was represented by Len Hill and Syd del Banco. Johnny Williams - Mersey Roads Club - was also present.

S.d.B

ANOTHER ANFIELD RECORD?

There seems to be so many records lingering in the past pages of Anfield history that one wonders whether Stan Wild's recent effort in getting his bicycle to 10,700ft. is a record.

The story of the adventure really begins at the last Tints Tour when Len mentioned to Stan that he and his family had motored to an altitude of 8,500ft. and stayed at the highest hotel in Spain. That stimulated Stan who thought that he had traversed all the high roads until he heard of the Pic Veleta, 11,247ft. above the bluewaters of the Med. and a new road, the highest in Europe. Stan's story now follows:

The Spanish trip was great. The flight to Lisbon uneventful. Countryside in Portugal lonely and wild with hotels few and far between, although excellent when you found one. I had one night at the Pousador (similar to the Spanish Partdor - nationally run) at Serpa - what a magnificent place, perched on the top of a hill like an old castle.

Seville and Cordoba, with their old world narrow streets and wonderful cathedrals, were a delight, but Granada, with its background of snow-topped mountains was the grandest place of all,

and the Moorish associations, the Alhambra and the Generalife - sheer delight.

I rode every inch of the magnificent Sierra Nevada highway as far as the Parador, 23.7 miles up where I stayed the night in sumptuous splendour at nearly 9,000ft. Then I attempted the climb of the Pic Veleta, but soon came upon drifts of snow nearly 20ft. deep. Then huge snow fields blocked the road, and after covering several of these at the expenditure of too much energy I gave it best at 10,700ft., not so very far from the 11,247ft. summit.

The air was like wine at these altitudes, but in Granada it was like an oven, and for the rest of my trip to Malaga I had temperatures of very near a hundred degrees, although when I reached the coast the heat was tempered by cool breezes. I rode along the Costa del Sol to Torremolinos and Neja before embarking on CHUSAN for a mini-cruise home to Southampton. Hotels in Spain were great and very reasonable, considering their high class. On three nights, in extremes, I stayed at roadside pensions and obtained dinner, a clean room with running water and breakfast for 10/- a night.

MIDNIGHT ON MAEN GWYNEDD. The story of the All-Night Ride  
22nd-23rd August 1970

The mixture of the Mersey Roads '24', a warm night, good conversation and excellent tea (brewed for those racing but appreciated only by Anfielders) makes fertile breeding ground for outrageous schemes like all-night rides. At Nant Hall in July, Messrs. Moss and Orum arrived having shown a clean pair of petrol-powered heels to all and sundry between Queensferry and the drinks station. They debouched from the imported luxury of their exotic sports car enthusing about the idea of cycling through some moonlit August night and informed me that I had already been allotted to the task of discovering an interesting route.

With memories of one previous all-night ride vivid even after eight years, and none of the prospective participants on this occasion having many miles in their legs, an expedition of modest distance (between 100 and 120 miles) was proposed. A very slow ride or rough stuff appeared to be the alternatives, so tentatively a Berwyn crossing was agreed upon, along a well defined track like the Nant Rhyd Wilym. Final plans inevitably proved different: the expedition grew into a crossing of the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, which, while not increasing the mileage, promised both to be more adventurous and to occupy the night more fully.

Maybe as a consequence, the appointed Saturday evening yielded only five of the expected nine; two more offered apologies for

letting us down while the other two just didn't bother. Thus, a more select band with no one demurring made its way along the main road to Llandegla. Across the moorland the moon needed for the crossing guarded distant hills. Chicken and chips and a pint of beer revived the party for the ride through cool night mists as far as Corwen. Beyond Cynwyd we started the steep climb into the pitch blackness of the mountain. Between us we had a compass, maps, some shaky knowledge of the route and due deference for the Berwyns: both the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd and Moel Sych deserve respect.

Navigating a bike, for almost six hours across remote moorland in the dead of night is not easy. After a half hour struggle through deep bracken and heather it is heartening to find evidence of the trackway, such as a gate indicating you are still right on course; even wading through marshy ground waist deep in rushes can be tolerated if not welcomed when you remember it from previous crossings. In darkness all distinctive features at the side of the route are reassuring, although those appreciated most are traces of the track itself. Along the ridgeline ahead and down in valleys around us, the pale moonlight betrayed white billowing blankets of mist. Fortunately we were not troubled by this hazard, and to everyone's relief soon the top of the pass was in sight and under a cloudless sky. By 4.30 a.m. in the twilight before dawn we were celebrating with a victory feast before settling down to await daybreak.

Three elected for the route straight down to Llanrhaiadr while Keith and I made our way to the summit cairn on Moel Sych, there to watch the morning brightening beyond lines of silhouetted hills and deep misty vales. Then followed the stumbling descent to Pistyll Rhaiadr, where as arranged (and with amazing precision) our domestique Gerry Robinson arrived by car to collect saddlebags and lamps. With our bikes very much lighter we wasted no time speeding through the cool morning following the River Tanat as far as Pen-y-Bont before climbing over the hill to Llansantffraid. There a substantial and most welcome breakfast greeted us at the Sun.

For the rest of the day our main problem was staying awake in the warm sunshine for a very lazy ride through uncrowded lanes to Bangor-on-Dee, then on to the Eureka, where we disbanded to make our sleepy ways home to bed. My companions all of whom deserve medals for stamina and fortitude were (with guests of the Anfield first): Tilly of Liverpool Eagle, and Ernie Wootton (P.S.W.) Representing the Club were Keith Orum and last (as he was, for most of the roughstuff) but not least, John Moss, nursing two bad knees and vowing to sell his bike at the first chance. By the end of the

day both he and Keith were far too shattered to blame their suffering on that euphoric mode of transport in which they travelled to the Mersey Roads '24' last July or the bewitched tea brewed in Len's urn. Personally, I only hope they cycle to Nant Hall next year instead: had they done so this year maybe this grandfather of outrageous schemes might never have happened.

D.D.B.

BANGOR-ON-DEE or TWO MILLS - 4th July 1970

I reached Oak Cottage very wet, and after some discussion we made for Willaston and John Leece. More talk, and in view of conditions settled for Two Mills, and needless to say our arrival coincided with a cessation of rain. Eric Reeves called for coffee, and I understand found Frank Fischer at the Smithy. Time passed very pleasantly, nattering to one or other of the regulars who have a meal here before going off for the day or week-end. By mid-afternoon Keith Orum, John Moss, Bill Page, John Whelan, Dave Jones and the President had gathered, and after more chat, the charioteers, Messrs. Leece, Hill and Perkins, left for home, much refreshed in body and spirit.

F.P.

KELSALL - 11th July 1970

This was a fairly warm day as I rode over the undulations of the Delamere Forest, ever delightful on a quiet afternoon. I've noticed on many occasions that Saturdays appear to be quieter days than Sundays in well known "beauty spots". However on gaining the Globe, I was pleased to be welcomed by Messrs. Perkins, Hill, Reeves, Blotto, and our new but extremely experienced cycling member, who represents fifty percent of the constituency of Market Drayton, Frank Fischer. The usual natter about this and that, followed, and on time being called, I discovered that Eric, Frank and I were on bicycles. Frank and I visited a local cyclist in Kelsall, where we scrounged a cup of tea, and later Frank left for his lengthy ride to Shropshire, whilst I retraced homewards to prepare for a night ride with some locals, which started at 11 p.m. and was quite successful.

A.L.L.

YORK RALLY - 18th July 1970

I attended this great gathering of cyclists and cycle minded folk, which is annually held on the vast Knavesmire in the fair city of York. One meets almost everyone who is something in the cycling game. Beryl Burton and her hubby were seen examining

touring bags on a famous stand at the show, whilst the first person I recognised as a cyclist was our old friend, Richard Hulse of the Speedwell B.C., he was making a bee line for some pub, where he knew the landlord. Unfortunately I never came across any other Club members but in spite of this it was a jolly good weekend and one that can be recommended as a real "get together".

A.L.L.

NANT HALL (MERSEY ROADS "24") - 25/26th July 1970

After a dull, cold day, the evening was almost perfect, and augured well for a dry night. Len and Frank left after loading the gear, and at Neston were joined by Dave Birchall and Geoff Sharp, who took over the driving.

A pleasant drive found us at Nant Hall just on midnight to find Len Walls already on the job. The urn was quickly set up, several kettles boiled, transferred to the urn, and with several tea bags added, the brew was sampled. Thereafter, additions of tea, sugar and milk kept the supply going both for riders and visitors.

Don and Mrs. Birchall arrived meantime, saw the first riders through and then made for home, leaving the checkers, Len and Frank to do their stuff, whilst the youngsters, reinforced by John Moss and Keith Orum, plied the riders with the "makings". We were kept busy from approximately 1.20 to 2.45 a.d. Two chaps enquiring for No.5, and astonished they had missed him on the long drag back, brought the news that no one else was on the road, and after a "recce" by John Moss who confirmed this, we packed up, and were away in record time.

Geoff and Dave were dropped in Neston, and after retrieving my bicycle in Heswall, arrived home at 5.0 a.m. after a traffic-free ride, and so to bed. It was a dry night, although rather cold, but the job was done, I hope, to everyone's satisfaction.

F.P.

LITTLE BUDWORTH - 1st August 1970

A fine sunny day, saw a full complement of cyclists, in the shape of Rex, Jeff, Syd, Eric and myself. The Presider and myself were on trikes, and others on singles. I have a feeling that Frank Fischer turned out but made his way to Great Budworth, but quite rightly he discovered no "Shrewsbury Arms" there!

A.L.L.

KELSALL - 22nd August 1970

After working in the forenoon, I managed to get a move on and dash over to the "Globe" where I arrived before 2 p.m. which wasn't bad and I was in time to meet up with Messrs. Buckley, Hill, Cranshaw, Perkins, Reeves, Fischer, the latter two being on cycles, making three pedalling to the venue. I was not too late to join in the chinwagging. On the morrow, Sunday 23rd, I rode in the Chester C.T.C.'s annual reliability ride for veterans, a distance of 100 miles well inside the allowed time of 12 hours, this included two hefty meals, and frequent "Elevenses", "Threeses", and "Sevenses" p.m. of course. The ride started from Mold, under the command of the local Chairman of the District Council, Mrs. E.M. Davies, there were 19 riders, ages ranging from 45 to 71, one of which was a lady. This was a very pleasant day out and the course comprised quiet lanes and tracks, for the major portion of the route. Jack Gee and I rode tricycles to make a bit of interest, and the route included, Rossett, Farndon, Tattenhall, Beeston, Bunbury, Acton, Ravensmoor, with lunch at Lightwood Green. The afternoon took in delightful lanes via Ightfield, Prees, Wem, Tilley, Lyneal, Colemere, and so to Bangor on Dee for tea. The evening session, was via Holt, Rossett, lanes to Kimmerton, and eventually by quiet ways back to Mold for 8 o'clock, an excellent day well organised by the D.A. President, Bert Bailey, a well known C.T.C. official. A.L.L.

LITTLE BUDWORTH - 5th September 1970

Some folks must have been on holiday for only three turned up today, but they had all cycled. Frank Fischer, now a mature Anfielder, had trundled from Market Drayton, and we were glad to have Percy Williamson out too on a bicycle, Percy now domiciled at Prestatyn, had quite rightly done a train trip to Chester, so as to be able to enjoy the Cheshire lanes, on his way to the venue. I was on my single, and although it was a very breezy day, we all set off together after lunch, to do a bit of tracking near Oulton Park, before Frank pushed off and I accompanied Percy to the pack horse bridges, where he went on to Chester, and I returned home, after a pleasant few miles with Percy, who was pleased to chat about his new abode.

A.L.L.

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Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary (Pro Tem): J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave.,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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Vol. LXV

NOVEMBER 1970

No.742

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## FIXTURES

November 1970

- 1 LLANGOLLEN
- 7 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.
- 8 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) Lunch.
- 14 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch. CRANAGE (Tea)  
TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 15 ROUGH STUFF ADVENTURE (Tea at Two Mills)
- 21 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 22 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch.
- 28 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 29 LLOC (Lunch).

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\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral,  
Cheshire, L.48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 14th November 1970.

EDITORIAL

We feel that we should let it be known that, because of the lack of time to do so, we shall be unable to write any pieces to fill this Circular each month in future. Ideally, we should have a new editor, but a scribe cannot be found. We have therefore, as a temporary measure, agreed to continue to get each month's issue out only if there is sufficient response from our readers to provide sufficient and suitable material.

We need 2,800 words each month to complete an eight-page issue. Can we just say, therefore, that unless we get the required material, there just cannot be any more Circulars. It is as simple - and yet as difficult - as that.

F.E.M.

RECENT WEDDINGS

On Saturday, 29th August, David Bettany married Dehlia Mary Garland at St.Mary's Parish Church, Connah's Quay. Also, a marriage between Rodney France and Janet Ann Sandham, the ceremony taking place at St.Bartholomew's Thurstaston. Our very good wishes to all concerned.

BERT PARKES

Allan Littlemore tells us of the passing of Bert Parkes, the well-known tricyclist who held the End to End for several years. We express our condolences to all his friends.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held at the Headless Woman, Duddon, on Saturday, the 17th October 1970.

Present: Mr.J.H.Mills in the Chair, and Messrs. R.J.Austin, T.D. Bassett, D.L.Birchall, D.D.Birchall, H.G.Buckley, J.D. Cranshaw, L.J.Hill, D.Jones, J.Leece, A.Littlemore, J.Moss, K.Orum, L.Pendlebury, F.Perkins, G.A.Robinson, A.Rogerson, J.Whelan and P.Williamson.

Apologies for absence were received from D.W.Barker, F.E.Marriott and S. del Banco.

The Minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting having been read and confirmed and with no matters arising, item four was quickly reached. The President with the greatest possible pleasure moved that C.Aldridge, E.Bolton, J.D.Cranshaw and F.Edwards who

have been members of the club for 50 years should be elected to Life Membership, this was seconded by R.J.Austin and carried with acclamation.

The Hon.Secretary presented his report in which it appeared that the decline in attendances had not been halted although members are not readily forthcoming with the necessary details and therefore it is not possible to make a true comparison with previous years. Leading the field once again is the President with 51, followed by D.Bassett 39, A.Littlemore 37, L.J.Hill and G.A. Robinson 30, R.J.Austin, H.G.Buckley and K.Orum 27, F.Perkins 26, S.del Banco 23, J.D.Cranshaw 22.

The Birthday Run held this year at the Westminster Hotel, Chester, was a success and the "100" equally so, although entries were slightly down. The Autumnal Tints weekend was again a full house.

The Hon.Treasurer presented his accounts which continue to show the steady improvement in the club's finances, and the surplus shown, effectively felled any thoughts of an increase in subscriptions, although it is evident that due to ever increasing costs a higher subscription is inevitable.

In the absence of the Racing Secretary a summary of the activities was given by David Bassett who was congratulated on his achievements, and also on being the West Cheshire Junior Champion.

The election of Officers and Committee met with a slight difficulty over the position of Secretary as Keith was reluctant to take the job again, even though Alan Littlemore had offered to organise the 92nd Dinner. Although Keith agreed to carry on temporarily, a conversation the following morning resulted in the President taking over for the year and this will be ratified at the next Committee Meeting.

The positions and occupants are as follows:-

President:	J.H.Mills
Vice Presidents:	F.Perkins & H.G.Buckley
Secretary/Treasurer:	J.H.Mills
Captain & Social Secretary:	A.Littlemore
Racing Secretary:	E.A.Rogerson
"100" Secretary:	J.J.Whelan
"100" Chief Marshal:	L.J.Hill
Editor:	F.E.Marriott

Contd. over -

Committee: T.D.Bassett, D.Bettaney, D.D.Birchall,  
S. del Banco, D.Jones, J.Moss, K.Orum,  
W.T.Page and G.Sharp.

The arrangements for club tours and events was as is usual left to the Committee. The open programme was confirmed as the "100" plus a Boys 10, the entry fees to be 75p. and 20p. respectively.

The meeting concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the Officers and Committee for the work done over the past year.

J.H.M.

### FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE IN FENLAND

Those who know the county of Northampton must surely regard it as one of the most attractive in our land. So typically English, with its countless, delightful villages containing that slight touch of Cotswold character, and all linked by a maze of quiet highways simply asking to be explored.

For five days in July Stephen and I toured the country east of Northamptonshire, and our pushing off point - to cross the county - was an ancient village within sight and sound of the M.1 motorway where it runs alongside the Midland main line.

Our first day was a Monday, and it happened to be raining. Not one of those rains that comes to stay, propelled by a south-east wind with its legendary viciousness. On this occasion it was a soft day, as they say in Ireland, with a south-west wind strengthening nicely.

While Stephen was eager to be away, rain or no, I flatly refused to budge until it had ceased, and increasing breaks in the sky revealed the portents of a better afternoon. Eleven-thirty, armed with a packet of sandwiches each, we were away on the long hill that climbs away from the valley to the busy highway linking Northampton and Rugby.

We were soon away from the traffic of this road, through East Haddon we ran parallel to the main way, and on the outskirts of the county town headed north-east towards the Syston Airport. By this time a mighty south-west gale made this first day on a bicycle for months (for me) a pleasure. We ate our sandwiches, with some of the innkeeper's food, at a pleasant hostelry at Great Harrowden, and there tragedy struck our enterprise. A puncture in Stephen's rear tyre that resolutely refused to be repaired. We blew it up again at the railway bridge on the main line, and

on the outskirts of Finedon had another try at fixing it. Down again, and somewhat disconsolate at the appalling loss of time, I enquired of a garage man whether there happened to be a bicycle shop in the village. What would you be needing, he asked, because if it is a new tube you want, a newsagent round the corner will only be too happy to oblige. So five minutes later we were inserting a new tube into the tyre, and all was well again.

Only we made a mistake. We slogged down the A.6 into the southwest gale towards Wellingborough until we discovered we had come the wrong way. The mistake was soon rectified, and we were quickly on the road to Higham Ferrers, being bowled along by the heavenly gale. The A.45 here is a rare delight, only ... no tea places. After some splendid miles we pulled up at Kimbolton to find it early closing day (or some such festival) and we had to be content with a large packet each of Garibaldi biscuits, washed down by two pints of shandy. Stephen didn't mind, he hadn't tasted Garibaldi biscuits before.

This is indeed delightful country, and we were even more pleased later to turn from the main highway and come to Graffham Water, a great new reservoir amid these pleasant English fields. It was time now to search for a bed for the night. Buckden, just, and only just, away from the Great North Road, would have been delightful. But the Trust House looked pricey, and the place across the road more expensive still.

There's an inn at Offord Cluny, said Stephen, but this held no hope either, so we set forth for Huntingdon, and my legs at least, were getting weary. An inn at Godmanchester we passed because it didn't look very likely, although next morning it was obvious that they provided accommodation. We wandered around Huntingdon twice, and then plumped for the Trust House here, at a nimble ten shillings each more than the Buckden House, and much noisier too. Still it was a haven, with a kettle in the bedroom, and lots of tea bags, coffee bags, dried milk and sugar. The evening meal ruined the bill: £6.17. 6 for the two. Please, someone, how much are Youth Hostels?

Next morning it was raining again, so we passed the time in Huntingdon Station, watching the trains go by. Two hour disappeared here very pleasantly indeed. And then back to Godmanchester, to explore in a small way this delightful Roman town before heading away towards Cambridge along the old road from Chester - via Devana.

In a mile or so we turned again, to come into St.Ives, with

its delightful river and bridge chapel. Here we raided (legitimately) a cake shop for some things for lunch in the hope of finding an inn on the outskirts of the town, but we didn't and had our meal in the rain on a roadside seat. The way led to the Fens, to Ely, the first object of our pilgrimage.

We reached the Fens proper at Bluntisham, and then, through Sutton, came into Ely around four in the afternoon. The most spectacular aspect of this island in the Fens comes from the east, but even from the west the far-famed Cathedral can be seen for miles.

From the sunlight of a summer's afternoon we entered the hallowed walls of this mediaeval masterpiece, and marvelled, as I have been astonished many times before, at the fantastic lantern tower. Then we watched some C.B.C. men taking a film of one of the tombs, with equipment that made my eyes come out like the proverbial organ stops. Came Evensong, and we sat enthralled for an hour.

Stephen had wanted to arrange some accommodation when we arrived, but, big-headed like, I said that afterwards would do. It "do", but only just. We asked at the White Hart, signed the book, and hardly was the ink dry before a French family came in with a request for a double in one room, and a single and a double in the other. This was already ours - a bed each. While maintaining stoutly that she would honour our booking, our charming hostess wondered if we would take alternative accommodation if she could arrange it. We said that we would of course, and while other beds were fixed for us, we had tea and sandwiches on the house! We were eventually accommodated six miles away at an inn on the New Bedford River at Mepal. We booked here for two nights, after making a ten-mile ride through the lanes on a pleasant summer's evening.

The next day we made for Wicken Fen, and then headed for Cambridge, which we reached at 3.30 after a bit of a struggle with the wind. Cambridge, as ever, is real pleasure, unadulterated joy. We listened with rapture to Evensong at Kings College Chapel, and then strolled gently along the Backs and around the town until 9.30. Mepal was 18 miles away, and reached after an effortless ride through the night, ninety minutes (including a halt for some biscuits and a drink) of wonderful effortless riding through the dusk of a Fenland day.

Next morning, Thursday, saw us in Ely again, and later we sat on the river bank at Littleport having lunch and watching the boats go by. The idea was to make for Lynn, and then to Wisbech, but after a glance at the map Stephen realized that, much as we should

like to revisit Lynn, it was just too much for the day. So we headed, with a wind side-on, on the direct road to Wisbech. Here we were in Norfolk for a few miles, and memories hurried back of treasured wartime days in the country just a few miles to the east.

We came to a caravan dispensing tea at a river crossing, and how good did this nectar of the gods go down! I had two cups, and Stephen (who doesn't drink tea) wasn't at all impressed. I don't see what you want to drink tea for. What a waste of time! Moral: don't tour with lads who don't like tea!

Wisbech came with a prospect of a nightmare ride along the A.<sup>47</sup> to Peterborough. I have vivid memories of that dreadful road into a west wind, so we took to the lanes with the intention of making for Crowland. We would have reached this ancient place, too, but Stephen spotted a railway he didn't realise existed (we hadn't a map of this district), so we had a talk with a signalman, who entertained us to a pot of tea and a long chat, with the result that we hurried the miles to Thorney to arrange digs at the inn there, and back to the signal box until almost 11 o'clock!

We saw Crowland and its strange bridge next day, and had lunch in Peterborough Station, watching the trains go by, and hoping at the same time for the wind to drop. We started to head for "home" at 3.30, into a snorter of a south-wester. We passed through Kingscliffe, and just missed (thank heaven) Corby. More shandy and a large plate of turkey sandwiches refreshed the inner man, and from Rushden we hit on a ridge road through Naseby (memories of the battle) which avoided needless dropping and climbing for two tired bodies. It was almost ten when we approached West Haddon, and a lovely downhill sweep down the back lane into our village gave us in very few minutes, our country home.

F.E.M.

FARNDON - 12th September 1970

Mounted on a Raleigh Record Ace, weight 24lb. with mudguards (racing men of today please note) kindly loaned to me by Don Birchall, I set off on my comeback trail. I was accompanied by David Birchall, whose brief was to keep me out of trouble, and in case of accident look after the R.R.A.

On arrival at the Nag's Head, we found Blotto, Hubert, Jim Cranshaw, Frank Fischer and Len Hill (together with Mrs.Hill and friend Mrs.Lloyd). Len with his two ladies were off to Spain via the Nag's Head and the Red Lion at Weobley. He reckons that both should be included in the big package tours to Spain!

We had just ordered, when Captain Littlemore swaggered in (as opposed to his usual "staggered" in!). He was wearing his "Shirt of All Nations" covered in flags. Such interesting signals as "I have run out of fuel" (pre-pub opening?) and "I am in distress" (post-pub closing?), all invaluable to club cyclists.

After a very pleasant lunch, pint and chat it was back into the wind, which wreaked havoc with two hunks of flab which presented themselves to it. Many varied excuses were used for stops, including a chance meeting with Dave Bettaney and his charming missus of a week. We finally pedalled painfully into Birkenhead, where Dave's Mum, used to reviving Anfielders, gave us the "cuppa" treatment.

J.D.

### LLOC - 10th October 1970

On seeing the Crossways Cafe in the runs list, my mind went back to my last trip two years ago, when I was battered by a north-west wind, and only just got there.

However, the day was fine, with little wind, and I decided to go. It was arranged that my wife and children would leave an hour after me, and would rendezvous at the Crossways. She would, of course, be 'en voiture'.

After having ridden over lumpy, twisting, narrow, gravelly lanes to the last few Anfield runs, it was a pleasure to savour the silky, smooth, vehicle-assisted A.55. Seriously, this highway was, relatively quiet, and the views from near Halkyn were very pleasant. After the long climb out of Holywell the cafe hove in sight. (Actually, I went to the wrong cafe, but a frantically waving Jeff Mills attracted me to the correct eating house).

Jeff had already eaten, and I waited for others, or my own tribe to arrive. They arrived shortly afterwards, and we had a jolly good meal, with many cups of tea. Afterwards, the kids marvelled at Jeff's trike, and then we were off.

Return was via Caerwys, Nannerch (the cafe still appears to cater) Rhydymwyn, and then left off the main road and through winding, climbing lanes to Soughton and Alltami. The descent to Queensferry was via the old road, now strangely quiet, and thence via Woodbank to TWO MILLS.

Several Anfielders were out and about, besides Jeff and myself (in no particular order) were John Whelan, Syd del Banco, Eric Reeves, Len Hill (fresh from Spanish heights) and Alan Littlemore. Alan was riding a Tourist Trial on the morrow, and I accompanied him for a short while before turning for home. Altogether, a very good day.

A.R.

# 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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West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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## FIXTURES

December 1970

- 5 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.  
CRANAGE (Tea)
- 6 RUTHIN (Cafe near River Clwyd)
- 12 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch.  
Committee Meeting - Eureka Cafe - 3.30 p.m.
- 13 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED
- 19 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch  
TWO MILLS (Tea) SLIDE SHOW
- 20 MINSHULL VERNON (Silver Teapot) Lunch.
- 26 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 27 WHITCHURCH (Cafe next to Bus Station) Lunch.
- Jan.2 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch.  
Committee Meeting - Eureka Cafe - 3.30 p.m.
- " 3 MACCLESFIELD.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: 30/-. Under 21: 15/-. Cadet Members: 5/-  
Honorary: A minimum of 10/-. These and donations should  
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave.,  
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\* \* \* \* \*

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 19th December 1970.

EDITORIAL

We have managed to gather enough material for this issue, and some pieces are held over. One is an amusing tour in France by Joe Dodd. Another is a David Birchall epic describing a trip across the wild slopes of mid-Wales. Also, we have had to leave over until next time an account by Hubert Buckley of the N.R.R.A. Luncheon at Colne in October.

Apropos our recent note, we have had more than one anguished letter asking what is going to happen to the Circular. The answer is: live from month to month, but if those who have something to write will only get it down and let us have it we need have no fear of the future. These remarks could well be directed towards one very old and good friend who lives within two hundred miles of the English Channel. We are very envious of his travels, and if he would only tell us about them there would be no worries for months ahead.

One last word: we hear that some of our members who marry are grieved not to see some mention in the Circular. So are we, but the remedy is easy; just write in and tell us what is happening!

F.E.M.

WEDDING BELLS

We are delighted to record the marriage between John Thompson and Susan Robinson, and we extend our sincerest wishes to the happy pair.

JOTTINGS FROM A GLOBE TROTTER

I was sorry to read you have not unearthed any budding writers for the run reports for the Circular. Unfortunately I cannot compete and cannot contribute anything of value in the cycling field. That is of course unless you are interested in the episode of following for 6 miles a professional road team training in Portugal. When I say following I was of course motor assisted. Or perhaps someone may be interested in the fact I saw the "lanterne rouge" disappearing round a corner during a kermesse in Belgium.

No these days it is other forms of transport that catch the eye. Ignore the conventional; the plane or perhaps the ship ploughing through a channel cut in the ice in the Baltic Sea in February. Unless of course it is extraordinary to note that people were walking on the ice, driving cars and tractors and fishing through holes in the ice no more than twenty yards from the ship.

The cold weather brings out a challenge to nature in the North; the athletes think nothing of a cross-country ski jaunt of 30 miles on a Sunday and even youngsters seem to be able to ski before they walk! In Sweden during the early part of March, many thousands, yes thousands, compete in a six hour plus event; the period of time being purely that of the fastest to the slowest over some 70 miles.

The chap who invented the Lambretta, did not intend it to be quick - it buzzes around many countries - you hear it before you see it. In Pakistan, they have modified it with a third wheel and covered it with a lid and it is called a taxi. For 1/6d you can be taken on a 10 miles, thrill or scare a minute trip. The brakes go on at the last moment - it may be a bus, a lorry or a camel's belly that creates the last minute diversion.

The camel was probably hauling a trailer, with a wide variety of products making up the load. He is cheaper to run than a lorry and is claimed to be more reliable. In other countries they say the same about the oxen and the donkeys.

Little boats, big boats and massive liners dot the waters surface at Hong Kong and Singapore. In Hong Kong there is a ferry every two minutes, from a number of companies in competition, moving in excess of one million people from Kowloon - Hong Kong to their work in the morning and then in reverse to their home during the evening. All at 2d per head per trip.

The little boats abound on the canals of Bangkok. The canals are the livelihood of the people. How they survive is in itself intriguing - they wash their clothes (with detergents!), their bodies, clean their teeth in dark brown liquid which passes for water and which carries all manner of rubbish and sewage to the open sea.

To bring us up to date there are the toll roads of Europe, the Middle East and the East with a generally indifferent standard of driving; the rocket shaped Tokaido train in Japan running at 200 kilometres per hour and refunding your fare if more than 1 hour late. It very rarely happens; the usual is two minutes late over a three hour run. This trip is not particularly cheap, but compare it with a three month contract ticket Yokohama/Tokyo (35 miles) the return trip working out at 4d a day. Staying on the subject of rockets, motor bikes and sidecars - with the sidecars shaped like rockets, roar many a workman (and his family) to his place of work in Bucharest. The Russians have designed them and perhaps this is a way of showing how easy it is to own your own space vehicle!

They certainly look like Kosmos XYZ.

But come back to earth, get off your bike, get out of your car and study the form of transport as the coffee girl, clad in Middle Eastern dress slowly walks towards you with your cup of Turkish coffee.

DON STEWART.

#### FARNDON - 3rd October 1970

It was a very warm day, and I still felt like exhibiting my "Isle of Man" sunburn, as I had only returned from that delightful haven of peaceful cycling perambulations, to say nothing of an occasional dip in the briny - three days earlier. I rode down the A.49 as far as Cotebrook, and then quickly turned into the breeze, and climbed up to Utkinton, a lovely view expounds itself at this spot, a few twists and turns and I was working my way through Huxley, Tattenhall, and so via Chowley up to the Farndon road, where we used to run a "50" a few years ago. The weather was quite warm by then and Summer still lingered although the brown of the "autumn tints" was commencing to manifest itself on the surrounding foliage.

I was quite peckish when I reached the "Nag's Head" and only found three others around the tables, i.e. Syd del Banco, Alan Rogerson and Gerry Robinson, a good meal put me in better shape rounded off with a gorgeous cup of coffee. I returned on my own by the shortest way possible, as I later cycled to Widnes and back (to visit my Father). This gave me a considerable mileage for the day. On the morrow I made a good start and went up to Tryddyn, where I met Keith Orum, John Moss, Bill Page, David Jones and a number of other cyclists, at this jolly good catering establishment.

A.L.L.

#### AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - 24th October 1970

As I had not experienced a "tints" tour previously under the auspices of the A.B.C., I quite enjoyed this one and unfortunately for me in a sudden fit of enthusiastic loyalty I offered to write it up! Saturday was quite warm, but the glorious weather of the previous few days had given way to dull skies and odd showers. However I was determined to get to Bangor-on-Dee for lunch and this I did, albeit with some struggling over the Peckfortons, up and seemingly always up, to Malpas, where I was tempted to sample the snack bar, but did not as I thought I may be late at Bangor. Reaching the well-known smithy, I discovered that others had been and gone, some

across to the hostelry known as the "Buck". The occupants of the smithy were just on the way out when Len's party called, but as Len said afterwards, the gigantic meal they enjoyed at the pub made ample amends. I was more fortunate as Ruby had just arrived when I did, so I had my usual cyclist's "pot and summat on toast".

Setting off for Overton I was accosted by some rude occupants of a passing car, and the said occupants very much resembled Len Hill, Geoff Sharp, Syd del Banco and Frank Perkins! So I pedalled my lonely way along familiar roads to St. Martins, and in spite of the odd shower I did not cape up. Turning at St. Martins and intending to go a "hilly" way via Selattyn, I was just about to cross the A.5, when along came a group of mud-bespattered cyclists, who immediately invited me to "get on the back", which I did with alacrity. Alan Rogerson was bringing up the rear, and he told harrowing tales of having cycled along the canal bank from Ruabon to Chirk, which included crossing the high-level aqueduct, and also traversing an unlit tunnel. No one had fortunately fallen into the canal but everyone was plastered in gluey mud.

Just after Gobowen, Alan called out "Turn right" which everyone did but after that it was free for all, as we climbed up and up on certainly much quieter roads, if not a trifle muddy.

I found myself struggling to keep up with Alan, David Jones and Bill Page, and eventually we surmounted the Crown House at 1018' a.s.l. In front of us stretched the dark humpy mound of Offa's Dyke, a boundary line twixt Welsh and English in days of yore. Riding was much easier now as I potted along with Alan, whilst David and Bill were just ahead. Alas, at the "T" junction at Llawnt they veered left and from then on we did not see them, until the destination. Meanwhile Alan and I enjoyed a very pleasant ride in the fading daylight, through Llansilin, and down to the Tanat Valley at "the Green Inn". Here we turned left for Penybont, then right for a minor "over the top" which gave us magnificent views of the surrounding, seemingly endless humps and bumps of this lovely part of Montgomery county. We arrived at the "Sun" in good order, with full intentions of grabbing a decent bed in a quiet room!

I espied Rigby Band and Stan Wild in the bar. Both were in good spirits, inside and out, but it might be easier to list the names of the 14 participants when they were cleaned up and "bibbed

and tucked" ready for dinner which did not come a minute too soon. At the top was President Jeff - who insisted on buying everyone a traditional drink, and then, in no order of preference, Len Hill, Syd del Banco, Stan Wild, Frank Perkins, Rigby Band, Allan Littlemore, Alan Rogerson, Bill Page, John Moss, David Jones, Geoff Sharp, Keith Orum and last, but not least, John Whelan (feeling his age!) The meal was first class, the room cosy and warm, and the waitresses very charming indeed. It was good to listen to Stan and his tales of many long journeys in many foreign lands, these were true stories as his suntanned appearance gave ample proof. Len and Stan, assisted by Geoff Sharp, got on to their favourite Spain - of course there are other places, but they enjoyed it.

After the meal we were informed that some guests from a local wedding would be coming in later, for a "little drink"! That was the understatement of the year. Oh, yes, it started quietly enough, with the 40 or so guests quietly chatting and drinking, with a little music on the piano and also some form of guitar. The older Anfielders were puffing their pipes, and claiming all the easy chairs, whilst the younger element had disappeared to the bar I suppose. About two hours later everybody was chatting away to each other, Anfielders, Wedding guests, the staff of the hotel - all were "one happy family" joined together by the love of good wine and ( ? ) music.

By then the "band" had increased by one, as the local groom's father had been home for his saxophone, and many tunes were hummed, sung, whistled or jiggled to. I think everything from Galway Bay to the Welsh Mountains received its fair share of vocal advertisement from all and sundry, to say nothing of the Saints who kept marching in. The landlord himself joined in, and he was no mean performer, indeed, his rendering of "Land of my Fathers" was excellent.

All too soon we were far beyond the midnight hour, but still the "razamataz" continued, yea, unto at least two hours later, when bleary-eyed singers and listeners could stand no more, and eventually a slow but deliberate move was made for the bedrooms. Perhaps it's as well we were late, as quietness soon prevailed around the various rooms of rest set aside for the A.B.C., I think Syd and Stan were sleeping out so no doubt they got to bed before the majority.

After chatting with Rigby for a short time we both soon

dropped off, and daylight came with a gentle tap on the door. The chief butler himself, Geoff Sharp, was very kindly doing the honours of morning tea.

Breakfast, a pleasant but latish meal, was enjoyed by all, and many ambitious plans were made for the journey home. This was in distinct contrast to the weather outside which was "chucking it down" with a westerly gale thrown in. After bills had been paid and pleasant goodbyes had been said, various parties went their respective ways. Rigby was making for Knighton where he had dumped his "jalopy" and he was accompanied by Jeff on his trike, who was staying out till Tuesday, and going south to Aymestrey for the following night. Stanley Wild was making a lonely ride home-wards, whilst the "fast" pack had decided on going over the "Way-farer" - whether this may have been amended later I am not to know but at least Alan Rogerson and I trailed a very pleasant lane route with plenty of mud splashes, but the gale was abaft and the rain not too heavy. We made for West Felton by way of some pleasant lanes, but the garage cafe there was shut, so we pushed on to Ellesmere by a route which I had the pleasure of riding along for the first time with Billy Cook in the dim and distant past, i.e. Rednal, Hordley and Tetchill. From Ellesmere we headed towards Overton, but pulled up at the "Trotting Mare" at Knolton, to discover that this house dispenses tea, coffee with or without cakes, sandwiches etc., in a separate room from the bar. Needless to say we had double coffees, which just put us right for Bangon on Dee, where we met, amongst others, David Bettaney.

After a quick lunch, Alan who wanted to be home reasonably early, set off with Dave Bettaney at his side, and I tucked in at the rear. This position was adhered to until two cyclists whom I recognised from my own locality approached and so I dropped off and "jangled" with them for a few minutes. From then on I rode home well satisfied with my "tints" tour, it had ended as it began, with a lone ride, but it was a jolly good week-end in congenial company, and I still wonder if anyone had surmounted the Berwyns on that wet and windy day.

A.L.L.

LITTLE BU DWORTH - 7th November 1970

This is not a long way for me, so I did my usual Saturday

morning "chores", on the bike of course, fiddling about with dynamo, mudguards and so on; these jobs - I consider - are always better done in daylight rather than in artificial light. However I managed to be ready and away by about one p.m.; it was quite bright and sunny, but there was a nasty cool breeze, which I discovered later was coming from the Nor' East.

At the rendezvous, I was pleased to see four senior members in the shape of Len Hill, John Leece, Syd del Banco, and Frank Perkins, of course I was made quite welcome and the favourite "ploughman's lunch" was enjoyed, amidst various topics of chatter. We discovered that the West Cheshire dinner due for the same evening had kept one or two away and this applied to Jeff for certain. The weather was good but the struggle home into the cold wind made me puff a bit, but it was worth it, the autumn colours were really first class around the Cheshire lanes.

A.L.L.

#### TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION LUNCH - 8th November 1970

This was held at the same venue at Colne, in East Lancashire, as was the N.R.R.A. recent dinner. There were 110 diners and apparently, the food was good and plentiful, this together with the good feeling amongst the gathering made it well worth while.

Eddie Green was in the Chair, as usual, and the speeches were first class, quite a number of well-known folk were in attendance, and the display of trophies had to be seen to be believed, it's good to know that this organisation awards prizes consisting of medals, and trophies. President Jeff had made the journey with the Ossie Dover party and Allan Littlemore was also present, and he introduced the "Andrew Ovenall Memorial Award" to the gathering and announced the first recipient as being the T.A. President, Ed.Green, who was very moved when making his acknowledged reply.