

# 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

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

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JANUARY 1971

No.744

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## FIXTURES

January 1971

- 2 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch  
Committee Meeting - Eureka Cafe, Two Mills  
- 3.30 p.m.
- 3 MACCLESFIELD.
- 9 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch.
- 10 RUTHIN (Riverside Cafe)
- 16 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 17 SHREWSBURY.
- 23 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 24 CONWAY.
- 30 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
- 31 STONE.

## 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, 16th January 1971.

GREETINGS!

TO ALL OUR MEMBERS AND FRIENDS THE AGE-OLD WISH:  
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

WHAT A "BICYCLETTE"!

What follows is a fascinating story by Joe Dodd telling of a most unusual trip to France on a most unusual bicycle. The tale is very entertaining, but before we let Joe have his say we must find room for the following prologue:

"The bicycle is an old boneshaker he's been given. No further details are available about this latest of mechanical wonders someone has landed him with - except, as Joe says "It looks like a wreck, but it goes!" The mind boggles!

Nevertheless, putting into practice his Boy Scout motto, he hopes to refocus his store of mechanical expertise away from the problems of getting suckers to push his car when the starting motor packs in, to giving his bike "a good going over" (no doubt with a trusty monkey wrench) before he sets off.

He hopes to drive to a Dover garage, leave his car there for repairs, catch a ferry to France, and ride to Paris and back. By the time he returns his car should be spick and span: not only with a functioning starter-motor, but also with a uncrumpled off-side wing, which apparently recently leaped out and inadvertently attacked a Watford police car.

Whether or not he intends to study more effective dodgem techniques from Parisien drivers we can only guess. However, all should be well so as gendarmes don't ride bicycles! Now for Joe's story:

It was a bicycle in the sense that it had the necessary pieces sprouting in the necessary places. However, any resemblance to a machine in the Anfield context was purely incidental. Firstly, I noted that it was a lady's bicycle, a very old lady's bicycle at that. It had a front mudguard, but then the handlebars were not a little bent. It was coloured black with rusty wheels, but had a very comfortable saddle about three times the bulk of a B.17.

I had unearthed it in a friend's garage, and, with the car off the road for a week, had used it to get to work, a very enjoyable week. Certainly the early morning staff at Littlewood's stores got quite a kick at seeing me pedalling laboriously down the sales floor to get through to the back yard!

I don't know exactly why I decided the cycling lunacy should

be extended to a week's holiday in Northern France. Heaven knows, even the bicycle, decrepit as it was, looked a likelier stayer than me. However, the first week of June found me parking the car in Dover, slinging my carrier bag of Instant Holiday Kit over the handlebars pedalling down to the Boulogne boat.

From Boulogne, I headed south on the N.40 to Le Touquet. There I spent the afternoon snoring on the beach in the sun. Len Hill would have been proud of me! I cycled on that evening, my mind boggling at the French birds' total lack of response to my "I'm an eccentric millionaire" pose. The following few days were very pleasurably spent exploring the back lanes en route to Amiens and its magnificent cathedral, the largest in France,

I returned via the coast, discovering a delightful little fishing village, Le Crotoy, on the Bay of the Somme, reminding me a little of Parkgate. Unfortunately, my money gave out with a day and a half to go. However, my Instant Holiday Kit produced two packets of soup, some coffee and a saucepan for such an emergency. My old Scout training produced a wood fire, and a rather surprised French lady the water for my Instant Nosh Kit. She must have wondered not a little as I rode off clutching the saucepan of water in one hand, and my bent handlebars with the other, shouting profuse French thanks (Profuse French thanks, madame!)

All in all, it was a very enjoyable holiday, and I spoke not a word of English, which added to the interest. (It's amazing the way the Northern French had such trouble in understanding me, I put it down to my Parisienne accent).

Finally, I pass on to fellow members a tip for crossing the channel free. Get an old lady's bicycle, sling a carrier bag over the handlebars, and cycle straight on, nodding to the query "Crew?"

J.D.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE

During the summer of 1969 Stephen and I ventured along the "Ancient Road" that chases an adventurous and utterly lonely route across the green slopes westward of the Elan lakeland. Although this remarkable highway is mostly well-defined, several turbaries, or peat workings, contrive to make the task of tracing the road very difficult at times.

At one point the road makes a definite bend to the right, and it does not help matters to find an extensive peat bed just at the point of the turn. It was at this particular place that we lost our way; we headed straight on instead of making more to the

westward. By wheeling, carrying and heaving the machines over the tussocky grassland, we came eventually to the road at the western end of the Claerwen reservoir, and about a mile to the east of the Claerwen ford.

Some days later we ventured on the stretch of the highway that links the Claerddu and Claerwen fords. The line of road is obvious enough, but the terrain is so dreadfully marshy that we were delighted we had missed our way on our earlier adventure. Taking a bicycle across that lot would be sheer murder.

Yet Dave Birchall has accomplished what we thought to be impossible. During the recent summer Dave set off for the Elan fords and the old road, reaching civilisation again at Ffair Rhos with a massive meal at the Cross Inn. We are delighted indeed to include his story here.

#### IN PURSUIT OF WILD WALES

Thoughts of exploring the lanes of Radnorshire, and the mountains of Mid Wales were inspired last winter while browsing through two venerable books. Of 1833 vintage, together they form the grandly titled "Topographical Dictionary of Wales" by Samuel Lewis. Within their pages beautifully engraved maps describe the highways and communities of the time, and many hours can be spent tracing places depicted in these old documents amongst the patina of hills, streams, villages and lanes of Wild Wales represented on modern O.S. maps.

The intentions of this short tour were, first, to give the country between Bishops Castle and Rhayader the once-over, using the roads of Mr. Lewis's day, then to explore the ancient highway through the mountains beyond the Elan Valley lakes to Ffair Rhos, and lastly, as a climax, to determine the practicability of blazing a trail over the summit of Plynlymmon en route for Machynlleth. The scorching heatwave and a week of end of session exams in June influenced the spontaneous decision to set off on the expedition. Inevitably at the start few cycling miles counted to my credit (in all 20 for the year).

Clun Youth Hostel was the destination of the first stage of a ride which led along narrow twisting lanes, chosen to bypass a hot summer Sunday's traffic and to give me a direct journey. The worthwhile result was an extended potter, peacefully undisturbed by motorists, though after Overton it proved a complicated affair. In the hot afternoon Melverley provided occasion for lemonade preceding the struggle to Westbury and beyond Minsterley. Nevertheless

by the top of the Hope Valley more voluminous refreshments were imperative before tackling the last long walk through the evening over the hill south of Bishops Castle. Clun hostel, a stone gabled mill of cool and leisurely character contrasted with the hot journey to it. Eighty-six hard miles had left me in no doubt about my state of fitness, and thoughts of following a byways route to Rhayader as well as the ancient highway to Ffair Rhos the next day, mellowed with the gentle night air.

But despite resolute study the map failed to offer a non-mountainous alternative. Consequently Monday began on the steep Knighton road climbing through morning mists before tumbling lanes led to the hamlets of Knucklas and Llangunllo. By midday I was bowling through Abbeycwmhir which basked sleepily in the warm sun soaking up hot cloudless skies. Lunch and sustenance for the afternoon's adventure were provided in Rhayader. Rolling wooded hills, deep valleys with glittering trout streams, and shading hedgerows teeming with wild flowers had been the ingredients for the excellent cycling terrain of the morning's route.

The lonely landscape of the Cambrian mountains west of Rhayader makes a powerful contrast with Radnorshire's intensely pastoral countryside, though sadly I noticed that the commercial forester is at work in both areas with extensive geometric plantations now striding through the scenery, uncompromising and formal. Fortunately for me, from the first summit of the old coach road to Devils Bridge the ancient highway can still be picked out: a faint line scratched along the lofty hills beyond the Elan Valley reservoirs. Circumstances suggested the next seven potentially difficult miles to Ffair Rhos would be more arduous than anticipated from the comfort of an armchair.

The last part of the ancient route where it returned from the mountain tops had looked the only section in need of respect, but after steadily climbing to the expansive ridge of Clawddu Bach it became impossible to rationally consider in which direction the track continued. The first time the route did not reappear where expected resulted in a trial of strength through deep peaty hollows and a labyrinth of cursedly tussocky grass. Shouldering a bicycle in the heat of a fierce sun is in no way amusing: after 20 minutes I called it a day, deciding some judicious map reading was overdue. The result of my deliberations took me from the ridge into a remote valley, along the steep side of which reappeared the track now on a ledge and so distinct it mocked fools who had failed to follow it in the first place.



Later the route contended to emulate its previous vanishing act but the help of map and sun before progressing put paid to uncertainty. The way led to a hilltop, from where a mountainous wilderness extended on every side, with neither sheep nor stream to interrupt the stillness. The distant landscape now looked ashen beneath an oppressively hot sky. In the foreground were two desolate valleys: across my path in one ran the Claerwen, meandering from the hills on my right, its waters draining into the Claerddu which snaked along a wide valley floor out of the jagged skyline in the simmering distance ahead.

The highway, falling steeply, proceeded into the valley and forded the Claerwen. On the hillside beyond the far stony shore, the line of the track was impossible to trace, although both map and parched moorland were subjected to much scrutiny. Without doubt the last mile from the river, ranks as the most tortuous I have ever travelled with a bicycle. Anger dissipated with relief and triumph when the metalled surface of the lowland route from the Elan lakes finally appeared beneath my feet. The way led swiftly to Ffair Rhos where welcome food and plenty of shandy, beer and tea restored spent energy for the road down the hill to Tregaron.

My shelter for the night, the hostel at Blaencarron lay in the hills four miles east of the town, and, though its primitive character provided no comforts to dispel either the aches in every muscle or the effects of the burning sun, there I found both the atmosphere and company to revive the spirit needed even to contemplate Plynlymmon, the remaining objective and the next day's journey.

DAVID BIRCHALL

(Note:- David has the Claerwen draining into the Claerddu. Should not this situation be reversed?)

#### NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS ASSOCIATION BIRTHDAY LUNCH

The 80th Anniversary Lunch held at the Halford Hotel, Colne on Sunday 18th October, attracted no less than a party of 102, who sat down to an excellent lunch. The Anfield was represented by Rex Austin, Jim Cranshaw, Bren Orrell, Jack Pitchford, Ira Thomas and Hubert Buckley, all accompanied by their wives.

During the cross-toasting the President took wine with past record breakers, and it gave me great pleasure to see two Anfielders rise to the toast. Our old friend Richard Hulse then toasted all members of the Anfield.

After the lunch Bernard Wood, Clifton C.C. proposed the health of the Association, to which Peter Barlow replied. Then Richard

Hulse proposed the toast to the Sport and Pastime of Cycling.

During the lunch Tom Barlow showed the first minute book of the Association. I was very interested in the early entries to see how much the Club had done in the organizing field in those early days. The first President was our own Lawrence Fletcher, and one of the first Secretaries was J.D.Siddeley. The Committee of 1895 included the names of R.H.Carlisle, H.Roskell, W.R.Toft, H.Hellier, E.Buckley, - all men I remember so well. With father joining the Committee in 1895, and carrying on as an official until 1955, this makes an unbroken connection of no less than seventy five years for my family.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

NORTH ROAD 85th ANNUAL DINNER - 28th NOVEMBER 1970

To win the North Road "24" once is as great an honour as there is in this cycling game of ours. But Cliff Smith (East Midlands) has won this race no fewer than eight times and he received a thunderous reception when carried in traditional style on the shoulders of two N.R. stalwarts to the President's table to receive from Bill Frankum the handsome Invitation "24" Trophy. In his speech of acceptance Cliff very generously paid tribute to Sid Mottram for his 21st year of organising and promoting the "24".

Robin Buchan (Norwood Paragon) took the Memorial "50" Trophy; C.Kearley (White Webbs C.C.) won the Thistle Hardriders' "25" prize; and a series of excellent rides by North Roaders of all ages qualified for the many imposing "Pots" competed for in club events.

All this took place in the wonderful atmosphere of the Abercorn Rooms in the City of London, with speeches to match the occasion. Fred Thorp in proposing the toast to the visitors revealed himself as a forthright and outspoken Lancastrian. Later I found that he was an old friend of Mark Haslam and concerned with him in the early days of the Lancashire Road Club. Will Townsend (Westerley R.C.) responded to this toast. E.N.Chippendale (B.C.F. President) proposed the health of "The Club" and had many interesting comments on the present state of cycling politics. Roy Cook wound up the speeches by responding on behalf of the North Road.

Many interesting personalities were present including John Shuter (Bath Road), Ken Evans (Editor of "Cycling"), Horace Pryor (M/C Wheelers), Bill Temme (Glendene), Jack Middleton (Midland), John Stephens (Southgate & R.R.A.Publicity Expert), and C.G.Bowtle (Norwood Paragon). It was nice to renew acquaintance with old friends like Arthur Smith, Cecil Paget, Fred Sellens, Dick Hulse and Les Couzens all of the N.R. Incidentally, this was the tenth

successive year that the last named has organised this splendid function. I was sorry Norman Turvey was not present, but he's assured me that he is continuing to make good progress after his recent illness. It was surprising how many people enquired about Rex Austin's health. Altogether a great evening. Thanks North Road!

S.W.

FARNDON (NAG'S HEAD) - 14th November 1970

We were four: S.del Banco, J.Leece, F.Perkins with Len Hill in command, and after an uneventful ride in murky conditions, arrived just after one p.m., and were joined by Rex Austin, by bicycle, and Hubert Buckley and Jim Cranshaw. A very welcome visitor was Pat O'Leary, who had ridden out.

Thus eight of us enjoyed lunch together, and afterwards the banter was, as is usual, tempered with the serious. Pat, whom I thought was still with the N.C.B. is now in pharmaceuticals, and he dazzled us with his talk of millions of aspirins coming off the machines each day. An interesting aside on this activity was the difference in strength between those sold on the home market (3 gr.) and those sold to the Arabs (5 gr.). Seemingly, the Arabs have thicker heads to be cleared after a riotous night.

Rex was the first away to make the most of the improved weather, for the day was now beautifully sunny. Hubert and Jim were next, and then the four charioteers, leaving Pat to ride home in solitary state. Our next stop was Two Mills, to carry out the President's request to ask if we could arrange a Committee Meeting next week. At the cafe we found John Moss, Keith Orum, Dave Bassett and Dave Jones who were chatting over their adventures on the Tints week-end.

On to Willaston, where John entertained us to a little T.V., and a welcome cup of tea. And so home in the early evening after a grand day with widely differing conditions, from morning mist and fog to a brilliantly sunny afternoon.

F.P.

KELSALL (GLOBE) - 10th December 1970

Only four attended this pre-Christmas Lunch Run. Jim Cranshaw called at Macclesfield for me, and after a pleasant run through the lanes of mid-Cheshire we pulled up between the Abbey Arms and Hatchmere, and spent a pleasant hour walking in the forest.

Arriving at the Globe about 12.45, we were soon joined by Rex, who had cycled out. As no one else had arrived by soon after one o'clock, we decided to start our lunch. Hardly had we done so when Harold Catling came in and joined us, and after a very pleasant chat the party broke up around two p.m.

HUBERT BUCKLEY



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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary (Acting Pro Tem): J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend  
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FEBRUARY 1971

No. 745

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## FIXTURES

February 1971

- 6 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch  
Committee Meeting - Two Mills - 3.30 p.m.
- 7 KNOLTON (Trotting Mare)
- 13 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 14 CHIRK (The Smithy)
- 20 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 21 DELGELLAU
- 27 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
- 28 LLANGOLLEN

March

- 6 BIRTHDAY RUN (See inside pages)
- 7 HOLT (Castle Cafe)
- 13 FARNDON (Nags Head)
- 14 MINSHULL VERNON (Silver Tea Pot)

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. These and donations should  
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave.,  
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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 20th February 1971.

COMMITTEE NOTES

The following members have indicated their change of address:  
 Squadron Leader R.R.Austin, 26 Claymoor, BOOKER, near Marlowe, Bucks.  
 E.J.Farrington, 6 West Terrace, Blackness, Linlithgow, WEST LOTHIAN.  
 E.L.Killip, Bramley, 10 Orchard Lane, DITCHLING, Sussex.

(In a letter to the Editor, Len says that it has just occurred to him that we might not be aware of his change of address, made last July! "At first I felt sure that nothing could compare with the lanes of the Chilterns for my Sunday cycling, but now I'm sold on Sussex! We're very pleasantly situated just north of the South Downs, and very much in the country. I hope all goes well with you and yours, and that 1971 will be a good year for the Anfield. Happy New Year!" Thanks, Len).

BIRTHDAY RUN

Our 92nd BIRTHDAY RUN has been arranged to take place at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester (as last year) on Saturday, March 6th, 1971. A number of well-known guests have been invited and we are to have a private bar. Tickets are £1.90 (38/-) and Allan Littlemore (5 Warrington Road, Acton Bridge, near Northwich) will be pleased to receive applications for tickets before 1st March if possible.

Note: The Editor regrets that a preliminary advice of the date of the "do" was inadvertently omitted from last month's issue.

HON.RACING SECRETARY'S NOTES

Once again the season of 'contre la montre' or 'eyeballs out', is nearly with us, and there appears to be a distinct lack of racing 'types' promising to participate in this branch of the sport.

If we are to attract new members of tender years, we must show that we have a nucleus of riders who regularly take part, either in Time Trials or Road Races. Racing is undoubtedly the facet of cycling which befits the younger man, but not exclusively so. Team effort can be as rewarding as individual performance, and to this end, it would be logical to plan our Racing from the Handbooks when they become available, so that as many Anfielders as possible, take part in the same events. If necessary, and I am contacted either by phone (051-355-1467) or personally, I could get R.T.T.C. Handbooks for all those interested. Perhaps one Wednesday those intending to race, could gather at the Eureka and plan out the year's racing. These are all suggestions for your consideration - don't forget -

it's your Club - help to keep the Anfield in the ranks of premier Cycling Clubs.

E.A.R.

### MEMORIES OF A WINTER WEEKEND

The arrival of December and a few flurries of snow to cap the tops of the Glyders and the neighbouring peaks, brought to my mind a very memorable trip in the early 1920's.

It was in either January or February when perfect cycling conditions indicated a weekend in Snowdonia. My first cycling friend with whom, I am sorry to say, I have completely lost touch, had almost identical ideas with myself as to what constituted an ideal trip awheel. We would arrange to meet on the Saturday evening at some, if possible, previously unvisited spot culled from the C.T.C. handbook, and work out our wanderings for the following day which should include a lot of cycling, some walking and possibly a bit of climbing.

On this occasion Betws-y-Coed was chosen and we stayed at a house near the Lledr Bridge which I had known for many years, and at which I was destined, some fourteen years later, to spend my honeymoon! The night was black when we arrived, and a hard frost had turned the bracken and undergrowth into strands of silver which glistened even in the feeble light of our "Silver Kings". The roar of the river a few yards from our bedroom lulled us to sleep almost before we had time to make our plans for the morrow. The countryside was still in the grip of Jack Frost as we headed up the valley towards Dolwyddelen and Blaenau Ffestiniog. The Crimea brought us out of the saddles more than once to admire the wonderful panorama of isolated homesteads so plainly visible in the snow with the huge mass of Snowdon rearing coldly and aloof in the background.

Part of this ride evades my memory, but it must have been late afternoon when I so clearly remember climbing slowly, mostly walking, through deepening snow up and up to Pont-ar-afon-Gam. The road was gated then and there was no habitation at the corner where the Yspytty road forks left. The scene which now lay before us was so superb that we threw caution to the winds and in our youthful enthusiasm decided to turn left to Yspytty Ifan, so breaking new ground. There had been few tracks on the Bala Road, perhaps one car and a few footsteps; we had certainly seen no living soul since leaving Llan Ffestiniog. Now the snow was virgin and very much deeper as we pushed our machines a few yards at a stretch, eventually having to should them and take turns at breaking a trail. Past Llyn Morwynion progress became difficult but gradually we became aware that a change

was taking place. As the sun slowly sank into the sea beyond Harlech the summits of the Arenigs became tipped with an orange glow which spread rapidly turning the moors as far as the eye could reach into a sea of crimson. The scene which presented itself was indescribably beautiful, and we stood for some time lost with admiration. Too soon the colour gradually began to fade, leaving the cold silent and apparently lifeless Earth to us and the snow. As the light faded we turned by the Eidda Wells still pushing, pulling and sometimes carrying our steeds until somewhere about nine in the evening we arrived at an inn at Gerrig-y-drudion. Here we rang up to advise our parents that we were still alive, and wouldn't be home until late, or rather "early" on Monday!

Sliding in places along the icy A5, we eventually reached Corwen for a belated snack which gave us sufficient energy to reach Birkenhead. So quiet were the roads that our presence in Bromborough at about three a.m. aroused the suspicions of a policeman with his Alsatian dog, who quite politely stopped us and wanted to know where we had been to at this unearthly hour. It would have probably been an utter waste of time trying to describe the "Moorland Sun-set" to such a down-to-earth custodian of the law. A.E.C.B.

Note:- For those not old enough to remember, a "Silver King" was an oil lamp - a wonderful thing. Ed.

#### ON MISSING LINKS, TOURIST ARTERIES AND SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Glancing at the introduction to "Bicycling - 1873" (just republished) my attention was caught by the following point which ventures the idea that "the bicycle became a tool for social and economic change, cyclists blazing a trail on many British and European roads that then carried virtually no through traffic but which were to become main tourist arteries in the motor era". Ah! yes, methought, reminded of an article in an ancient copy of Cycling (May 3rd 1923 edition - donated to the archives by courtesy of Arthur Birkby): Reginald Wellbye fits that category proposing opening up the beautiful scenery of remotest "Roadless Britain" with highways for the benefit of tourists in general, and for the convenience of cyclists in particular. Amongst his ideas were a road connecting Glen Affric with Loch Duich, another through Glen Tilt (from Blair Atholl to Inverey) and one parallel to the Lairig Ghru through Glen Feshie (from the Spey Valley near Aviemore to Inverey). One can safely conclude that Wellbye was no connoisseur of the finer points of rough stuff.

Thankfully none of the roads have been built, but his proposal



for a short cut through Glen Feshie was not new, the road and its construction have been hotly discussed for two hundred years - General Wade is said to have originated the idea. The arguments are still fiercely debated: one day last summer you could have found a group of Scottish Town Planners (with country hats on) tramping about the 30 mile route in the company of the Nature Conservancy, Forestry Commission, Estate Gillies and workers and all. Their trek was aimed at studying the effects of a new road upon the wildlife and scenery of the broad glens, sweeping heather moorland and craggy mountains that comprise Glen Feshie. Opinion cautiously tended to the view that the presence of a road would be beneficial to managing a Nature Reserve and the red deer in the area, in addition to opening up more remote slopes for skiing: in other words a new Tourist Artery.

Fortunately there is a world of difference between knowing that a road could be constructed and finding the money to do it: by which time I hope common sense will prevail so that the idea can be forgotten once and for all. I wonder what Reginald Wellbye would say now to his advocacy of opening up the beautiful scenery of Deeside if he could visit Aviemore with its hot dog stalls, go karts and holiday camp. I confess to being firmly on the side of those who would prefer this part of the Cairngorms to remain roadless, and I suspect he would as well!

Mentioning Glen Affric to Keith Orum, who is one of the few surviving members of Les Bennett's expedition twelve years ago, resulted in awakening a determination to re-enact the journey this summer (why not Glen Tilt and the Lairig Ghru as well?). If that lot is not enough there is also a movement afoot to venture across the wild Minches to the Outer Hebrides with the bikes and tents. Now that sounds more like it: the Isle of Harris and Lewis, North and South Uist, Barra and Benbecula are definitely on the tourist arteries of the boating era to come!

David Birchall.

#### NORTH SHROPSHIRE WHEELERS DINNER - 11th December 1970

This popular Friday fixture was held at the Victoria Hotel, Whitchurch under the chairmanship of that well-known helper on our "100" course - and also indefatigable enthusiasm for the cycling game - Jack Duckers.

The meal was first class, and it was encouraging to see so many youngsters present. In fact, a local headmaster had come along to present the prizes, and, also, receive a trophy won for his school



by one of the juniors.

Our representatives were: Ira Thomas, Alan Rogerson, and Allan Littlemore, and a good time was had by all, until 1 a.m., when our racing scribe brought home our frizzle-headed captain. Both were revived with coffee and birthday cake, at the 'Arbour Master's office at the ungodly hour of 2.0 a.m.

We were sorry to miss Jack Pitchford, absent because of his wife's illness. However, young Dennis was present, and through him we conveyed our best wishes.

A.L.L.

SLIDE SHOW - Two Mills - 19th December 1970

I had promised to take my wife to the Slide Show, an event she has enjoyed on many previous occasions, and as the distance is a bit "much" for December, although it was a fine day, we cycled off and craftily reached Helsby for a train to Little Sutton. A "day return" with the bikes is quite a novelty. This enabled us to have a smashing view of the "oil fields", and reach the venue in time to have tea and a chat. Many familiar faces showed up on this special occasion. Ossie and Hilda Dover, and other cycling friends were our visitors. After the tea, pots were put away and order restored, and it fell to the lot of President Jeff to call for order and ask Addi of the Eureka Cafe to receive on our behalf a Christmas gift from all our members as a token of appreciation and esteem for services rendered to the Club and others over the past 12 months. This ceremony was graciously performed and the usual "reward" was a gesture to anyone who could get near enough to Addi before she changed her mind.

Then the Show commenced - David Birchall had set up his screen and miraculously had avoided getting any pillars of the building in the way. The slides were first class, of that there can be no doubt. David is fast becoming a capable photographer, slide manipulator and raconteur. The photos which came on the screen had us enthralled by their beauty and lavish colour. Many were of Wales, our favourite hunting ground; some in Norway; some in Italy; some in Scotland, and we even had some of our racing men. These were masterpieces in themselves. All too soon came the final showing, and the resultant spontaneous applause was long and enthusiastic. John France chose to say a few words of appreciation for David's fine efforts, and this meant more applause, all well deserved. Then after a number of handshakes and good wishes for the festive season, we made our various ways homewards, and with Marian and I catching a "puffer" at 7.50 p.m.

we only had to cycle from Helsby, and on arriving home Marian summed it up by saying that the Christmas Slide Show was well worth the effort of getting to the Mills on a December afternoon. A.L.L.

LITTLE BUDWORTH - 9th January 1971

I suppose if I "write" the run up, I might qualify for a mark. I didn't manage to get inside the venue, as on my late arrival, at precisely 2 p.m., all the other participants were outside, with the pub door locked against them. I was unavoidably delayed at home. The following had dined, and were already leaving - Rex Austin, cycling away towards East Cheshire; Frank Fischer making a welcome appearance, just preparing to hit the strong wind on his long jog back to Market Drayton; Jeff, on his trike, was making for home presumably via the Mills cafe, and the other member was cheerful Bob Poole, with his charming good lady Hagar.

Making a quick decision, I asked if they would like a cup of tea, and having received an affirmative reply, I suggested the cafe at Sandiway, about three miles distant. So it came to pass that the "run" was continued at the Tall Oaks, at Sandiway, which provides a nice cup of tea and also a sandwich for me. We chatted over the tea cups and it made the trip out worth while. Fairly soon, Bob and Mrs. set off for Manchester, and I retraced homewards. A.L.L.

MID-SHROPSHIRE WHEELERS DINNER - 9th January 1971

Gerry Robinson and myself travelled by car to this popular Dinner held once again at the Shropshire Lad, Shrewsbury. Normally, this function is associated with falling snow and icy roads, but fortune smiled, the weather being very clement!

After a brief socializing session in the long bar on the ground floor, 115 members and guests climbed the stairs to the 1st floor, where an excellent table was laid. The meal was very good, the cross-toasting hilarious, and the speeches short. Chief guest was Roy Cromack who eulogized on the Sport and Pastime of Cycling; essentially the ride to work was his main theme, with touring now featuring strongly in his main interests. John Potter of the B.N.E. toasted the club and/or replied for the guests.

Following a well organised Prize Presentation, a brief interval, then - dancing. The Group members were lively, some rather dubious games were indulged in by unwitting dancers, to the great amusement of the seated spectators, and all too soon the witching hour approached. We left having met many friends and made a few more,

and most important of all, we sold some tickets for 'our' do!

E.A.R.

ASHTON - 16th January 1971

This fixture at the "Golden Lion" - a new venue for us - was by general opinion a success. Mine Host and Hostess made us very welcome and the fleshpots, though of the snack variety, were varied and ample: the soup in particular was "super". One could wash these down with a really good cup of coffee. This is not to say that the beer was not good because it was - ask Hubert!

The writer who suggested the fixture was in honour bound to attend and feeling and probably looking as old as Father Time dragged himself from between the sheets, looked at the weather and decided it was not for him so consigned himself and the bicycle into the care of British Rail as far as Chester. Here life took on a more rosy hue and a gentle tour of Cheshire lanes via Churton, Coddington, Aldersey Green, Handley, Tattenhall and Tarvin ensued.

At the venue he was greeted by Hubert Buckley and Sadie, Frank Perkins, John Leece, Len Hill and Gerry Robinson. In no time at all The President - tricycle, Eric Reeves - bicycle, Allan Littlemore - bicycle, arrived to complete the attendance (Well done Allan! Fancy, actually arriving before closing time!).

Zero hour drawing near, the party departed into the now gathering gloom of a persistent drizzle - the Wirral bound "bods" having the rather chill wind more or less astern. I hope the 'Arbour Master fared not too badly.

The "Golden Lion" will almost certainly appear again on our fixture list.

S. de B.

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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Vol.LXVI

MARCH/APRIL 1971

No.746

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## FIXTURES

March 1971

- 20 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 21 KNOLTON (Trotting Mare)
- 27 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch.
- 28 CHIRK

April

- 3 FARNDON (Lunch)
- 9 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Lunch)
- 10 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 17 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
- 24 LITTLE BUDWORTH (Shrewsbury Arms) Lunch

COMMITTEE MEETINGS: 8th March and 3rd April.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. These and donations should  
be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Ave.,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral,  
Cheshire, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 17th April 1971.

### THE "HUNDRED" FUND

Last summer we initiated a special "100" fund, an innovation which enabled us to run a very special event. Now, as the "100" looms on the skyline again, Jeff announces that the fund is open once more. Donations, please, to him in good time for the "100".

### DO YOU FANCY . . . . .

A night at the Crown Inn at Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr, on the road between Ruthin and Cerrig-y-Druidion? The inn stands on the banks of the infant Alwen at the foot of a steep hill. John Thompson tells us that the special bed and breakfast charge for cyclists is £1, and he adds that the breakfast is "terrific". John wonders whether we could not arrange a week-end run here some time.

### IRISH TOURING

Elsewhere in this issue, under the heading ROYAL COUNTY, Bill Finn tells the story of Meath, the ancient countryside that stands on the sunset side of Dublin. Those who prefer to tour, shall we say "in depth", rather than merely enjoy the sights and sounds of a day's run will, we are sure, be pleased to read this piece.

### POSTAGE CHARGES

In view of the 50% increase in postal charges - when the service returns - it is proposed to deliver as many Circulars as possible by hand. If any member can make arrangements to pick their copy up from the Editor's office or home, this would be appreciated.

### THE ROYAL COUNTY

The history of Meath reaches farther back than the Christian Era and the story of mankind proves that the urge to travel was born at the dawn of Time. At Tara was the Royal Residence and from it radiated each of five famous roads. Tara was the administrative, cultural and social axis of ancient Eireann; it was the western nerve-centre of the Druidic Hierarchy. The olden



territory of Meath constituted the regal province from which the High King (Ard Riogh) claimed dominion over all Ireland which then comprised five provincial divisions. The title "Royal County" is a cognomen connoting kingship in its own right!

The Meath boundary is only nine miles from Dublin City to the point at which it is crossed by the Navan Road at the entrance to Clonee village. From here the trail is blazed in the upper reaches of the river Tolka past Dunboyne (buinne-flood or stream: the fort by the stream) and providing an unconventional approach to the Boyne Valley. From Dunboyne the road climbs gradually out of the Tolka basin past The Hatchet Inn to surmount The Mullagh which forms a notable watershed in miniature. The cone of The Mullagh (Mul - a hill) is less than half a mile in diameter and it is marked by a modest 400 foot contour where a whimsical wind may deflect a spring shower towards Tolka or Boyne, or into Anna Liffey by way of the delectable tributary Rye Water. This southern corner of the county is not very fertile, an observation confirmed by place-names such as nearby Ballygortagh (Baile-Gortach - hungry, starved land).

Coasting down from The Mullagh past Kilmore towards Rathmolyon and the central Boyne basin the improving land provides pleasant pastoral ways by Togher to Longwood. About a mile west of the village, close to the Kildare boundary, is the Aqueduct carrying the canal and the railway over the river Boyne. These secluded upper reaches of the Boyne are beautiful in every season. The valley should be followed by way of Stonyford Bridge to Inchamore Castle, thence by the successive bridges of Inchamore, Scarriff, Derrindaly and Kilnagross to the ancient narrow bridge of Trim (Ath - Truim; Ford of Trim) overlooking the site of the old ford from which the town derived its name. Trim holds countless clues for the student in historic or antiquarian research, the deep pursuit of which is outside the scope of a simple itinerant article but the repair of an oversight on the part of some antiquarians anent the Parish Church is not out of place. The tower of St. Patricks (C.I.), built in 1499, is accepted as one of the best Irish architectural specimens of the period. Some authorities also claim that the present structure occupies the site of a church built by St. Patrick in the year 433, about two decades before Armagh was founded.

Tell town, the home of the Tailteann Games, is two miles west of Trim; seven miles north is Hill of Ward which, in the

Pre-Christian era, closely rivalled the glories of Tara and the martial and athletic accomplishments of Telltown; Athboy (Ath - Ford, Buidhe - yellow) is a nearby prosperous town centrally situated in the Meath Plain. Still pursuing a north-west course the route approaches the Westmeath boundary at Cloneasan Hill and leads to Kilskeer. It was there that the virgin St.Scire (Skeera) founded, in the sixth century, the church in which she eventually died; two weather-worn wayside crosses may indicate the site of the church. The rising road from Rathniska leads to Crossakiel, the highest village in the county, affording expansive views and an exhilarating down-hill swoop, by-passing Clonabreany (Stone house of the stench), to Hamlinstown. A very pleasant road runs past The Cross Keys to Skerry Cross Roads. It is two miles and a half to Ballaney Cross Roads; a more enchanting lakeside road would be hard to find. Oldcastle lies five miles northwards, an ideal centre, situated midway between Sliabh-na-Cailleach (Sleibhe - Mountain, Cailleach - Banshee: probably) and Lough Sheelin. This is the most beautiful area in Meath, here are lovely little roads for the rover, Sheelin for the fisher and the Sliabh for the antiquarian. Lough-crew (Creeve), south of Sliabh-na-Cailleach, is the birthplace of Blessed Oliver Plunkett. There are some notable cairns or Bronze-age tumuli on Slieve-na-Cailleach the largest of which is reputed to be the grave of Fodhla, a seer who reigned about 1000 B.C. Eastwards from Oldcastle the road straddles the shoulder of the Sliabh by Patrickstown and Ballinlough to Kells.

The Round Tower and the High Cross of Kells rank as the finest period specimens of ancient architecture and sculptural craft. The old cross in the Market Square is probably a boundary cross; it was used as a gallows in the Rebellion of 1798. Here too, in the monastery founded in the sixth century by St.Columba, was made the world-famous Book of Kells. One of the street names - "Suffolk Street" - has its origin in the townland of Sifog adjacent to the street which, even now, is sometimes called "The Sheenys", Sifog being Sitheog or common Sidhean (Sidhe, a fairy). The town commands a strategic height above the river Blackwater which is crossed at Sedenrath (Rath Sidhean) on the way eastwards towards Oristown and Gibbstown where erstwhile ranches are now farmed in economic holdings by a Western Gaeltacht community. At Donaghpatrick (Patrick's Church) is the site of one of the earliest Christian Churches built for the saint by Connall, brother of King Laoghaire. It is but four miles and a half to Navan.

Navan is the County Town, historic, prosperous and shrewdly sited above the confluence of Boyne and Blackwater; it is the only town in the country to display that ancient instrument of public chastisement, the Stocks, which may be seen outside the offices of the Urban Council. These offices, formerly the Courthouse, were recently converted into a Supermarket, the Stocks were removed. The quest for Boyne bridges now veers southwards for five and a half miles to Bective Abbey, a twelfth century off-shoot of the Cistercian Mother House at Mellifont in County Louth. Across the bridge is Bective village on the way to Kilmessan and a beautiful approach to Tara of the Kings. A woodland way by Castletown leads back over the Boyne at Ballinter, thence to Kilcairn bridge with its magnificent riparian reaches down-stream to Navan. Continuing eastwards along the North bank of the Boyne the Round Tower at Donaghmore discloses an unfortunate attempt at "restoration" by a former Board of Works. Storied Slane of Patrick's Paschal Fire affords another crossing of the Boyne at Fennor whence the route follows the river to Rosnaree (Ros - point of land: Ros-na-Riogh). About a mile farther down-stream a steep lane ascends the ridge to Corballis (Odd-town: cor-odd); an entrancing panoramic view of ancient Brugh-na-buinne (Brugh, a burial place) is the reward. Duleek nestles on the southern slope of the ridge; it is an old historic Norman town on the Naney River which accompanies a pleasant seaward road by Kilsharvan and Julianstown to Laytown Strand.

Leaving Meath's maritime mearing at Mornington (Baile-Mernain - Mernan's town: Mo-Ernan, an Irish Saint) the road strikes inland by Donacarney to Colpe where St. Patrick landed in 432 A.D. The mouth of the Boyne, hereabouts, has silted up to an extensive degree in the intervening centuries and Inver-Colpe no longer retains the salient geographic character of yore. St. Patrick travelled by coracle up the Boyne to the Ford of Trim. There is still no better way to explore the Boyne Valley; an attractive alternative for the walker and the leisurely cyclist is to follow the disused towing path from Drogheda to Navan. The road from Colpe follows a bearing slightly south of west to the vicinity of Plattin where it veers, to climb north, to that hillside hamlet dominating the tidal river shallows at Yellow island. This is an excellent approach which combines a visit to the scene of bygone strife with an inspection of Brugh-na-buinne. Close by Yellow Island is Oldbridge and the site of The Battle of the Boyne. Dowth tumulus is one and a half miles up-stream from

the bridge; one mile farther on is famous Newgrange (Brugh na Buine). Both tumuli are almost identical but Newgrange ranks as one of the most important prehistoric monuments in the world. Brugh-na-buinne was a centre of religious cult and was, undoubtedly, associated with Royal Tara in the Pre-Christian Era. Authority fixes the period approximately between 2500 B.C. and 350 B.C. On the way back to Slane, which is five and a half miles, Knowth tumulus is passed.

An undulating northerly route leads by Creewood and Lobinstown to Siddan. This pretty townland is reputed to be the Sodan from which our modern surname Soden originated. Sodan was son of Fiacha Araidhe, third century king of Ulster. A visit to the tumbled, hummocky hinterland around Drumcondra (drum - a ridge: Conra's Ridge) offers a felicitous excuse to loiter on the intervening Dee Bridge at sylvan Yellow Ford. An equally pleasing cross-country run leads from Drumcondra back to the river Dee at Lady's Bridge near Nobber; thence by Rahood and Thomastown to Carlanstown. From here a bosky byway follows Moynalty River to the picturesque village which also bears the name (Magh - Ealta: Plain of the Bird-flocks). Let us follow our artless, vagrant way and conclude this circumferaneous journey.

It has not been "uphill all the way" and there is an inn at the end; it is not far away. The countryside is gently undulating and reminiscent of Cavan whose border we overlook from Carrickspingan (Carrig - rock; Rock of Gooseberry bushes). A romping road to Ardmaghbreague (Breague - false: Pseudo Armagh) and then two demure miles entice us towards the charming village of Kilmainham. "'Tis better to travel than to arrive" but tomorrow we may be foot-loose again!

Submitted by W.J.Finn  
16 Old Finglass Road, Dublin.

Next Month - County Cavan.

#### EUROPE'S HIGHEST CYCLE ROAD

It was nice to read in a recent Circular of Stan Wild's exploration of the new roads in Spain's beautiful Sierra Nevada mountains. Stan cycled from Granada up the Pic Veleta as far as the 10,700 ft. level when the ice turned him back.

In September last we saw the hills under the tropical sun and free from ice, and from what we noticed it would be better for those with bicycles to approach from the east side. Admittedly this



would give some twenty miles or so of shovelled stones to the top, a day's adventure giving a climb of say 7,000 ft. from Capileira to the top of Europe's highest pass.

Then, as a reward, a stimulating freewheel over a magnificent arterial highway which must rank as one of the great engineering feats of the mountains, to the luxurious Paradour at 9,000 ft. Here, a dinner with bed and breakfast can be enjoyed for less than £3. We, however, went over the pass, from the top of the Pic Veleta, in the weeks after the Mediterranean sun had melted the ice that had so effectively stopped Stan Wild's passage. When Jeff saw the "SUITABLE ONLY FOR LANDROVERS" (in Spanish, of course), he said that his M.G. Midget would refuse to turn about, and he would proceed along this old song of a road. As we had traversed the highway to its uppermost point (11,247 ft.) to see the sun set (previous evening) and the sun rise (that morning) from the top of Spain's highest peak, we were in a happy mood for more of the Sierra Nevada. It is indeed rough. If any tourist desires the remote high roads in magnificent scenery, this is the stuff: vistas of grand mountains, with the blue Mediterranean only fifty miles away. What more could one want? In fact, from the top until just before Capileira, we saw not a soul, nor dwelling, nor vehicle. This was indeed remoteness at its best. Where else in Europe could you find such "awayness", and in September, too. Twenty miles in about five hours. (With a bicycle one could have done it in half the time). Jeff was "sweating cobs", filling in holes, heaving rocks away, to enable the "Midget" to wobble down the pass.

When the doll's village of Capileira appeared, we thought of refreshments in the cool of some inn, but a trickle from a spring had washed a furrow across the track, and Jeff jumped out to make two tracks for the M.G. and so diverted the precious water down the the track, where it soon became completely lost in the dust of the path. Very quickly, and to our great surprise, a very irate member of humanity appeared from below, and wanted to know in no uncertain manner what we had done with the precious water! He was a gipsy, and we were quite unaware of the existence of an encampment just below the track. The situation was soon remedied by Jeff kicking the stones back to restore the status quo, and we hurried away, very thankful for having dodged what might have been a distasteful situation.

The track ends at Capileira, and an excellent road takes over. A great pass, one half perfect, surface and succour. The other half wild and rough, hot and cold.

L.J.H.



SPEEDWELL BICYCLE CLUB DINNER - 16th January 1971

I was pleased to be asked to attend the 95th Annual Dinner of our old friends as the representative of our Club. At one time I was a regular attender but had not been since the 90th in 1966, when I was privileged to propose the toast to "The Club and its Officers". On the present occasion I was delighted to have no speech to worry about and so was able to enjoy myself to the full. I had intended to cycle most of the way to Birmingham, but an invitation to a lunch-time "Pensioner's Party" at my old place of employment seemed too good to refuse, so that in due course I caught the 2.26 train from Manchester Piccadilly. A fast run to New Street; the Imperial provided a pleasant bedroom and after a pot of tea and a change of tie I was ready for the fray.

It was a joy to meet many old friends, including our own member Stan Bradley and his wife, and time passed quickly and happily until at last we were summoned to dinner. I found myself with a seat on the top table between stalwarts Frank Greenwood and Jack Middleton, both members of the M.C. & A.C., and reminiscences flowed without ceasing. Meanwhile we ate an excellent meal, enjoyed glorious harmony from Miriam Horne and listened to adequate speeches, with one really outstanding contribution from Mrs. Margo Adams. Time passed all too quickly and soon it was a surprise to find it 11.30 and time for bed. A happy, enjoyable and entirely satisfying evening. R.J.A.

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Vol. LXVI

MAY/JUNE 1971

No. 747

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## FIXTURES

May 1971

- 1 ASHTON (Golden Lion)
- 8 FARNDON (Nags Head)
- 15 DUDDON (Headless Woman)
- 22 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill)
- 29 BANGOR-IS-Y-COED
- 30 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guesthouse) Subject to confirmation.

June

- 5 LLANARMON (The Raven)
- 12 KELSALL (The Globe)
- 19 FARNDON (Nags Head)
- 26 LLOC

Committee Meetings - 22nd May & 7th June.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. 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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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire, L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 12th June 1971.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

Neil Martyn France, "Lodore", 139 Thingwall Road, Irby, Wirral, Cheshire. Proposed by J.M.France, Seconded by J.H.Mills.  
 Desmond Ling, 17 Leslie Avenue, Greasby, Upton, Wirral, Cheshire. Proposed by J.M.France, Seconded by J.H.Mills  
 Christopher John Bridge, 96 Downham Road South, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire. Proposed by J.M.France, Seconded by E.A.Rogerson.  
 William James Barnes, 31a Ashlea Road, Pensby, Wirral, Cheshire. Proposed by J.M.France, Seconded by E.A.Rogerson.  
 All applications for CADET MEMBERSHIP.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

D.W. Barker, 31 Clarendon Road, Sale, Cheshire, M33 2DU.  
 G.E.Sharp, 39 Priory, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.  
 S.T.Carver, 24 Gladstone Street, Hessle, E.Yorks.  
 E.Snowden, 1 Eversley Road, Bexhill, Sussex.

THE OPEN "100" - Monday, 31st May 1971

Once again "100" time looms across the calendar. We have plotted the marshals as we should like to see them, at the same time apologising to the "fixed" ones like Ira at Battlefield, to name but one. These men are permanent fixtures, and we hope that they will remain so, for many, many years. If we have presumed too much, with the result that some of those named cannot be at their suggested posts, we will understand, but a word to the undersigned at 29 Mill Lane, Gayton, Heswall, Wirral, L60 2TF (telephone 051.342.3589) as soon as possible, please.

START: R.J.Austin, Brown, Dover, Haslam, Littlemore.

CARS: Cranshaw, Schofield, Perkins, Hill.

CROSS HOUSES: Pitchford, Powis.

ISLANDS: Mid Shropshire Wheelers (per J.Pitchford)

WELLINGTON: Connor and friends, Catling, Taylor, Rogerson, Ingram.

HODNET (Drinks): Farrington, Birchall, Sharp, Moss, Page.

(Check): H.Austin, L.Goodhew (Belle Vue)

SHAWBIRCH: G.B.Orrell, A.Livingstone (Dukinfield).

BRICKWALL: North Shropshire Wheelers.

HALT SIGN: E.G.Pullan

HIGH ERCALL: L.Bennett, F.Butterworth (Manchester Wheelers)

SHAWBURY: France and son, Mid Shropshire Wheelers, O'Leary

(Drinks): North Shropshire Wheelers.

BATTLEFIELD: Thomas, Haynes.

50-MILE POINT (Time Check): Fischer.

ROCKHALL (First time): Buckley.

WEM: J. Duckers

HARMER HILL (Drinks): J. Williams, and Mersey Roads Club.

HARLESCOTT: Beaton, Birkby, Griffiths, Mid Shropshire Wheelers

ROCKHALL (Second time): Dodd and North Shropshire Wheelers.

HIGH ERCALL: A. B. Smith (North Road).

SHIRLOWE SIGN: B. Wood (Clifton)

FINISH: Timekeeper's Car: R. J. Austin, Haslam, Barker.

Telephones: A. R. Mitchell

Result Board: Robinson

Marshals: Poole, Buckley

Scribe and Press: Barker

#### SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS:

Saturday Lunch: Bangor-on-Dee.

Sunday Lunch: Old Brick Guest House, Bishops Castle.

Afternoon Tea: Old Vicarage, Ratlinghope.

Monday late lunch: Red Lion, Myddle (beer and sandwiches)

L. J. HILL

#### SORRY!

In our last issue we included a longish article on Meath, the Irish county just westward of Dublin. This was a piece submitted by Bill Finn in case it should happen at some time that we were really short of material.

This article is one of a series that Bill has published in a railway magazine many years ago (and it is none the worse for that) but it did have a very old address, and also a mention that another article would be printed "next month". Obviously, these remarks should have been excluded, and although we intended to "ring" them, we (at well past the midnight hour) omitted to do so, and we hereby convey our apologies to Bill and our readers. We had already intended to include this note of our contrition when we received the following letter from Bill:

"It is unfortunate that there was no hint of the origin of my old County Meath article nor a deletion of the twentyfive years old address. Is the Editorial "loaf" being frugally used of late?

Probably some of my casual correspondents concluded that my address was changed. Since the postal services were resumed

there was notable omission in some such exchange of correspondence while all back numbers of Cycling arrived by post weeks ago. The Circular back-long arrived here only this morning. Perhaps you are hoist with your own petard?

I trust that the next issue of the Anfield Circular will convey official apology to those of my correspondents whose letters to me may be astray in the post. Yours sincerely, W.J.FINN"

#### NEWS ITEMS

It is with intense regret that we learn from Essex that Frank Bliss has suffered a severe accident, with the result that he has had to have his right leg amputated. Our very sincere wishes are with him in this dreadful experience.

Don Birchall was taken to hospital just before Easter, and, also, we learn that Les Bennett is confined to his bed for some time. May we express our hopes for a speedy recovery to our very good friends.

We also deeply regret to report the passing of Harry Pearson, our very good friend from the Mersey Roads Club.

On the sunnier side, we learn that Willi Page has recently taken unto himself a wife, and there are also rumours that John Whelan is also well on the way to the altar. Our very good wishes to both happy pairs.

Someone is whispering that Allen Littlemore has actually managed to get his tricycle down from the attic! Could this possibly be true?

Dave Bassett has started the time trialling season in his usual stirring style. He recorded (for fourth fastest) 1.0.52 in the West Cheshire "25" on 28th March. John Whelan, not yet fit, did 1.7.8. Keith Orum, due (so it is whispered) to the excesses of the previous night, was a D.N.S.

We have yet to receive a report of the run to the Golden Lion at Ashton on 22nd March. The turnout was, we understand, excellent. Ten were on bicycles of one description or another.

#### BEYOND THE BORDER ON THREE WHEELS

This is the fourth year that Ed Green has organized this particular T.A. weekend outing. For me, by including the Friday and Monday, the trip stretched into quite a nice holiday. Shortly before nine on Friday, 12th March, I was away, and soon enjoying the rural peace and quietness through Stanley Gate, Mawdsley and



Eccleston before slipping through Leyland to Walton-le-Dale, and elevenses at the Unicorn Cafe.

Beyond Preston the A.6 was very quiet, and I made good progress with a following wind to Lancaster, where I found a convenient snack bar at the junction of the Morecambe Road.

At Carnforth I had had enough of the A.6, and I turned left for Warton and through Yealand Conyers and Yealand Redmayne came to Arnside. Then along the estuary to Milnthorpe, joining the A.6 again for the short run to Levens Bridge, where a right and left through Levens village, Brigster and Crosthwaite Green to Bowness and the Ferry Nab. After a short wait the ferry took me to the Lancashire side, and I reached my hostelry at Hawkshead shortly afterwards.

For Saturday the immediate outlook was not promising as a party of four assembled at 8.15. President Ed Green, Malcolm Waters, Graham Jenkins of the Hampshire Road Club, and me. As we had a long ride ahead a prompt start was made, and we soon reached Ambleside, Rydal and Grasmere. The road was almost devoid of traffic, and we were able to enjoy the scenery on the climb to Dunmail Raise. Once over the summit, we kept to the east side of Thirlmere to reach Keswick and refreshments at the Bus Station snack bar.

We were joined here by Pete Parkin before continuing along the west side of Bassenthwaite, forking right after the railway crossing to reach the Castle Inn. A left turn led to Bothel, and here we paused whilst lunch for the following day was booked. Then, pure pleasure while a following wind wafted us easily over the 18 miles to Carlisle, and lunch.

We anticipated that the stretch to Annan would be hard, and so to eliminate a section of the main road route we deviated through Rockcliffe, joining the A.74 at Metalbridge, turning left to Gretna and left again for Annan for a welcome break at the cafe of Messrs. T.A.Francis & Son. This was the final meeting point. At 5.20, chaos reigned at Lochmaben whilst sleeping arrangements were being sorted out and ultimately resolved. A most enjoyable evening followed.

Sunday breakfast had been arranged for 8.30 with the intention of making a reasonable start. However, this was foiled by indifferent organization and the clock had turned ten before we could set our wheels turning for home. We were lucky in that the wind had changed, and was helping us on our way. Although Ed and I were soon caught and dropped by the fast pack, we still contrived to

make good progress. Annan came inside the hour, and a transport cafe four miles from Carlisle provided belated elevenses.

At Carlisle, we turned on to the Cockermouth road. On the map this does not look out-of-the-ordinary, but in fact it provides a very hard eighteen miles ride to Bothel. Lunch at 2.0 p.m. The fast pack had done us a good turn. Our meal was quickly served, it proved to be excellent, and at a most reasonable price.

With roughly forty miles still to do, we reversed our outward journey, and retraced to the Castle Inn, turning right to the Cockermouth road, and then left along the west side of Bassenthwaite to Braithwaite. Here we took up an invitation from the previous day and paused for refreshments before tackling the final leg.

Coming into Keswick I was taken through the side roads, joining the main road halfway up the long climb. This naturally called for a walk. We were soon over the hard bit, and remounted and proceeded past Thirlmere and over Dunmail Raise, enjoying to the full the long freewheel into Grasmere, Hawkshead seemed a long time in coming after a fairly hard day.

The weekend was almost over, and while waiting for the ferry from Bowness I managed to finish a film in the camera. The short but steep pitch from the lake provided an excuse for a walk, and then I realized how much climbing I had done on Friday. I free-wheeled best part of the way to Crosthwaite, where I turned right down the Lyth valley to Gilpins Bridge and Levens Bridge.

The A.6 was again very quiet, and I was able to enjoy the scenery through to Lancaster and on towards Preston, stopping at Barton for refreshments. At Much Hoole I turned into the lanes and passed through Bretherton, Mawdsley and Lathom for the final miles home. This was my first trip north on this particular outing, and I am already looking forward to enjoying it again next year.

J.H.M.

FARNDON - 13th March 1971

This was undoubtedly a very special day for me. Having acquired a 'Whitlow' tricycle on Thursday, and spent the best part of Friday night and early Saturday morning re-equipping it, I was 'rarin' to go'. I trundled warily down the A.41 to the Mercury Motor Inn, where I offered a lady hitch-hiker a back-step. She declined. It is nearly 7 years since I last rode a tricycle regularly, and obviously the permissive society has reduced the abuse and catcalls to a nullity! A farmer asked me 'how I like them three-wheelers' - I replied 'very much' - he seemed satisfied. The Whitchurch road

was relatively quiet, so I kept to it, through Waverton and Handley before turning right for Carden. Here I dismounted and allowed the trike to graze on the pasture at the side of the road. I was really waiting to see if Allan Littlemore would arrive, via Tattenhall, but he did not. Instead I met Harry Jackson of the Weaver Valley C.C., going the other way. He had been to Bangor-is-y-Coed and was returning to his home at Kelsall. We exchanged a few short breathless phrases and parted. As I climbed up and around near Carden, the rain began. It was a very fine drizzle and deceptively light. However I was soon into Farndon and heeling over for the tricky right-hander into the Nags Head car park. I saw two cycles which I could not place, and dived into the bar. The colour TV was as good as I've ever seen one, and suddenly there was John France and his young son, Neill. They had cycled from Irby. Almost immediately in came Hubert Buckley, with his charming sister - followed by Jim Cranshaw, Len Hill and Frank Perkins. Meals were ordered, pleasantries were exchanged and then - Allan Littlemore arrived (before closing time incidentally!) The time passed by very quickly, aided by alcoholic beverages and the sight of the famed 'hot-pants' outfit on a girl boarding a bus for Chester. Three ladies on cycles went down the hill towards Holt, and we all speculated on who they might be. Two more ladies dismounted from their cycles at a shop in the village. Curiosity got the better of me, and I went to see who it could be. The ladies turned out to be Millie Thomas and Sally Pratt of the South Lancashire Road Club. They were on their way to Llangollen to the Manchester & District Ladies' Weekend, at which about 40 ladies were expected (a sort of suffragette Anfield Dinner!)

The girls were invited into the Nags Head for coffee. By this time only Allan Littlemore and myself were left - very convenient. However the bell soon tolled for 1500 hours and we all ended up chatting outside the Hotel. Allan was all for going in the direction of Wrexham, but I restrained him and we trundled towards Aldford. We paused to examine the monument just outside Farndon - erected in memory of a local gentleman who fell at the Battle or Relief of Lucknow in 1857. After Aldford, Bruera, Saughton and Waverton, then the Pack Horse Bridges. I must confess I have never been over them before (cries of 'shame!'). The experience, with us both on trikes, was very exhilarating. We found a small cafe in Tarvin, and after sitting in the kitchen we were eventually shown into the Dining room! We parted at Tarvin Sands, Allan to his riverside retreat, me to my Port Palace (Ha Ha). Undoubtedly, as

I said, a very special sort of day, good friends, good food, and pleasant scenery.

GOOSNARGH - Tricycle Association "Opener" - 21st March 1971

A very popular fixture, under the Chairmanship of Ed Green, The hotel meal was excellent value for 75p, tastily served and of ample proportions. Around thirty enthusiasts were present, and it was noted that President Jeff sat on the top table, having trundled his tricycle the full journey. Allan Littlemore also cycled there and back, which was pretty good going on such a cold windy day. Others present were Johnny Williams, and Ossie Dover accompanied by his sister. A very enjoyable spring function.

KELSALL - 10th April 1971

I made my way out to the "Globe" after riding over to Widnes, to see my Father. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and the new Runcorn Expressway road system, which is festooned with exit and entry roads, hard shoulders, bridges, fly overs, and fly unders, really gives one the "willies". I suppose it is all right in a fast car, but, on a bike, it's not much fun. Peace and quiet lanes were the order from Frodsham to Kelsall via Manley, part of the Forest and along the ridge to the venue. The number was very small but of good quality, viz. David Barker, whom we hadn't seen since Boxing Day, and Bob Poole and his good lady. So we all had a jolly good natter, assuming that most others were otherwise engaged over the holiday weekend. Later, David and I made a call in the village where we scrounged a cup of tea at the house of a cycling friend, before pottering along the switchback road through Delamere to Hatchmere where David turned from Frodsham to meet his wife, mother, and sister. David still has that excellent and easy style of riding which I'm sure would successfully bring a record or a fast time, if David would really get down to it.

A.L.L.

S T O P P R E S S

Northumberland News

Our hon. member for the North East, John Parr, whom we do not see very often unfortunately, made a flying visit to Merseyside over the Easter week-end, so that he and his wife could call on their respective parents. John, not to be outdone, took a chance on catch-up our Captain at home on the Saturday evening, and this met with success. The result: plenty of nattering until the wee sma' hours. Although John has not raced for two years he has an important job, course measuring for the R.T.T.C. in his part of the world. His tales of cycle-camping (with Beryl) to the far northern shores of Norway and Lapland, made one extremely envious. We have to admire them for their choice of really "getting away from almost everything" in such outlandish but no doubt attractive surroundings.

The Dinner report will appear in our next issue.



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# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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Vol. LXVI

JULY 1971

No. 748

## FIXTURES

July 1971

- 3 ASHTON (Golden Lion) (Lunch)
- 10 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) (Lunch)
- 17 DUDDON (Headless Woman) (Lunch)
- 24 TWO MILLS (For Mersey Roads "24") Lunch
- 31 FARNDON (Nags Head) (Lunch)

## COMMITTEE NOTES:

Application for Cadet Membership: Michael Barry Holland,  
22 Elmwood Drive, Heswall.

All four applications recorded in our last issue have  
been elected to Cadet Membership.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. 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, 17th July, 1971.



WHIT WEEK-END, 29th/31st May 1971

Saturday. At one point during the afternoon potter from Bangor-on-Dee to Shrewsbury, Jeff remarked that there appeared to be fewer and fewer each year making the Whitsun pilgrimage to Salop. If this is so, and judging by the dearth of cyclists encountered all day, it probably is, then the missing hordes missed a treat this time - and most others that I can remember (1969 always excepted).

My usual companion, Brian Kitson, was hors de combat with a septic foot, so I decided to get in the miles by attending the club lunch at Bangor.

After an early start (by BCF, not RTTC standards) from Sale, it was a relief to get off the traffic-infested Chester road at Mere Corner. The neighbouring attraction of the M6 has converted the A50 into a pleasant country lane, and the only difference I noticed on turning off at Toft for Allostock and Middlewich was the width. After compact, busy Middlewich, and sprawling busy Winsford, came more lanes and the first of two short but heavy downpours as I headed for Alpraham. However the offending black cloud was moving quickly, surrounded by blue sky, and the sun was soon beating down again. Bunbury's magnificent old church was soon in view and then astern as I pressed on to Spurstow and Ridley Green. After a mile or two on the Nantwich-Wrexham road, I turned off for Bickerton and was treated to a beautiful panoramic view of the Dee valley and Welsh hills before plunging down to Tilston. Then came Shocklach (and the second shower), Worthenbury and Bangor.

The Smithy was pleasantly full without being (as it sometimes is) horribly overcrowded. Eleven members were out: Jeff, Bill Finn, Frank Perkins, Len Hill, Frank Fischer, John and Neil France, Desmond Ling, Keith Orum (en route for the North Shrops. '25') Allan Littlemore (late as usual) and David Barker. It was also a pleasure to see Mersey Roaders Johnny Williams, Gilbert Sutcliffe and Bob Martin and Eric Mustill (E.L.W.) with two of his clubmates who were all off for a week-end's racing at Builth Wells.

After lunch Jeff and I set off intent on reaching Shrewsbury by the most devious route imaginable. A measure of our success can be judged from the fact that when we parted (at the cattle-market!) the Presidential mileometer had registered 38 miles since lunch. We could have done it in 23. Jeff's encyclopaedic knowledge of the lanes round Tetchill, West Felton, Knockin and the

Nesses is quite amazing. But it's nice to know the great man is fallible. He intended to hit A5 at Montford Bridge; instead we came out three miles to the north west and he spent all three muttering about his navigational incompetence.

After glorious weather all afternoon, the clouds began to gather as I made my final detour round Uffington and Atcham, but the rain had the decency to hold off until I was safely inside the hostel. Then it started and never stopped until half way through the trike 100 next morning. It was even heavy enough to stop Ossie Dover getting down to the Castle for the night's festivities.

Sunday. It seems rare to get two good or two bad mornings for the TA and ABC 100's. After a couple of years in which we came off much the worse it was the barrow-boys' turn for a shocker, and they certainly got it - cold, wet, windy. Alan Rogerson rode and deserves an accolade for getting round, never mind returning a fine 5.28.33. Alan was helped by Gerry Robinson and girl-friend Margaret (Gerry's, not Alan's, for the benefit of Mrs. Rogerson); Jeff timed the event; Allan Littlemore was course marshal and David Barker did the turns at Cross Houses and Harlescott. The event was won, as expected, by Eric Tremaine (Leicestershire R.C.) but the time left everyone gasping: 4.38.42. Terry Waring (North Lancs. R.C.) was second in 4.48.3, a tremendous ride which would normally have been good enough to win.

One further statistic: there were twelve starters and eleven finishers, which, given the conditions, needs no further comment.

Having turned Ed Green at Harlescott I dodged through the lanes to Montford Bridge and on to the Welshpool road, intent on getting to Welshpool for elevenses. It was a nice surprise to see a pile of bikes outside a cafe in the town and even nicer to find they belonged to nine members of the Weaver Valley en route from Bridges to Ffestiniog on their Whit tour. The route through Montgomery to Bishops Castle is always a tough one because of the hills. This time the wind made it worse and I arrived for lunch well and truly shattered. Fourteen of us sat down to a superb meal at The Old Brick. It was certainly a shrewd move to go back there for Whit Sunday lunch after a spell away.

Those present were Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Rex Austin, Guy Pullan, Percy Williamson, Mark Haslam, Jim Cranshaw, Bill Finn, Alan Rogerson, Gerry Robinson with Margaret and David Barker.

Lunch sufficiently revived me to think of routes back to

Shrewsbury other than the most direct. I decided to renew acquaintance with roads which I hadn't traversed since an Easter Tour with John Thompson and Geoff Sharp several years ago - those around the village and the vale of Clun. In spite of the gloomy conditions with rain clouds always threatening, the 15 or so miles from lunch over to Clun and down the valley to Craven Arms were a pure delight. Even poor weather conditions afford their compensation for the main road north to Shrewsbury was relatively quiet.

That night I again joined the Y.H., T.A., and Mid-Shrops. Whlrs. group at the Castle. Len Hill reports that there was fine gathering of sixteen members, with assorted wives, girl-friends and fiancées, in the more salubrious setting of the Lion. Later, back at the hostel bike shed, two lads seemed to be taking an unusual interest in my top tube and then, assuming I was the bod whose name appeared thereon, introduced themselves as Bill Barnes and Mike Holland. I was delighted to meet our two new cadet members who had been to Bala hostel the previous night and were due to help at Wellington next morning.

#### Monday. The Anfield 100

The card for the 1971 100, thanks in large measure to the enterprise and enthusiasm of event secretary John Whelan, was undoubtedly the best for years. For a start, there was a full field, with abundant class and quality as well. Standing out, but not by very much, were co-scratchmen Alan Creaser (Hull Thursday), the reigning '100' champion, and Roy Cromack (R.A.F.C.A.), 24 hour competition record holder and a member of the all-conquering Clifton C.C. a year or two ago. For both this was to be their first attempt to win the Anfield. Mick Potts (Derby Wheelers) had already done so, in 1966. On current form many fancied his chances of pulling it off again. Other past winners on the card were Dave Short (Liverpool Eagle) and Ron Spencer (Warrington R.C.). If Spencer were to win, it would be for a record fourth time. Strongly fancied by the handicapper (or perhaps he was paying the penalty for his famous continental exploits) was Vin Denson, ex-Chester Road Club and former team-mate of Jacques Anquetil, now with the Harlow C.C. On the other hand, almost unnoticed at a casual glance at the card was Dave Lloyd (Kirkby C.C.) But with a Circuit of the Dales win already under his belt and rumours of a terrifying training programme, he was clearly a man to watch. Others in with a chance included Keith Boardman and Paddy Ward (Birkenhead Victoria), Mick Bowen (Oxonian C.C.) who had brought a team up for the event,

the fast-improving Mancunian Pete Kay (Apollo Wheelers) and Tom Finney (North Staffs. St.Chris.) who last year narrowly missed a place in the "top 12".

While attention inevitably focusses on the big names, the event would be quite incomplete without the other eighty or so riders whose hopes lie exclusively in the handicap section, or who aim to beat or approach their 'personals', to get somewhere near last year's time or to prove to themselves that they can 'try' for 100 miles. This year we had the usual excellent entry from the B.N.E., the Vics, the Century, Chester R.C. and Mid-Shropshire. Complete teams came from the Oxonian C.C. and the Farnborough and Camberley and riders from the Tyne R.C., the St.Budeaux C.C. and the Bedfordshire Roads. Familiar names included Stan France, Don Spraggett, Stan Lea, Stu Petersen, Len Scarratt, Harry Gaskell and Pete Broad.

After two years of indifferent or diabolical conditions, everything was nearly perfect as Rex Austin sent number one Stan France (M.S.W.) on his way. The weather could provide no excuse for not starting and indeed Dave Brown had a busy morning, pushing off 93 riders.

Generally speaking the favourites were in the back end of the field, but there was no lack of interest in the early starters with Keith Boardman (20) setting the pace. However he was unable to catch number 5, Brian Davies (Oswestry Paragon) who had a long lonely ride in his first '100'. Also showing up well were come-back men Brian Pearson (M.R.C.) and Keith Neild (Chester R.C.).

Nevertheless, try as they might, none could match the scorching pace set right from the start by Creaser, Potts, Lloyd and Spencer. Cromack would undoubtedly have been included here but for the misfortune of a puncture near Atcham, before the 10-mile point. About a minute or so separated these four at Wellington (13 miles) and Hodnet (25) with Creaser appearing to have the edge.

It was probably over the subsequent headwind stretch back to Shawbirch and the undulating leg through High Ercall to Shawbury that Creaser started to draw away. Ira Thomas had him two minutes clear at Battlefield and this rough check was confirmed by Frank Fischer three miles up the road at the half-way point. Frank timed Creaser through in 1.59.28 (the first time two hours has been beaten for the Anfield half distance). Potts was two minutes down in 2.1.23 and Lloyd, who started a minute in front of Potts, not far behind in 2.2.47.



It was only the previous night that someone had told Big Mick about the identity of his precocious minute-man, which was perhaps a good thing because it doesn't normally take 35 miles for No.100 to catch No.99 in a '100'. While we're on the subject of this scrap, let there be no murmurings of pacing or slip-streaming on the basis of 50 and 100 mile times. Potts was emphatic about this at the finish, saying that Lloyd dropped back quite correctly when caught. In fact he was dropped completely between 65 and 88 miles only to stage a tremendous fight-back.

Fourth at '50' was Spencer, still in contention, with 2.3.54 though he was hampered from the early stages by a broken toe clip. Barring miracles the winner had to come from these four, with the odds on Creaser and Potts. Many still felt Potts could do it - he knew the course, in particular the tough stretch to come. Course record moreover was clearly in jeopardy. Creaser was three minutes faster than Boden had been in 1968. Others with fast but not superfast times at the half-distance were Kay and Bowen ('5s'), Boardman (a '6') and Short, Denson and Aston (M.S.W.) (all on '7s')

Shortly after the fliers at the end of the field were speeding past Frank, the early birds were nearing the welcome sight of Rex and the chequered flag. At about 10.38 Davies hove into view to return a fine '33'. Shortly afterwards Keith Boardman arrived to set the standard with 4.22.0 in, surprisingly, only his second '100'. In fact he said, I think as a compliment, that this was his first 'real' 100; the other was on Doro! His time withstood the challenge of Dave Short (a '25'), but was narrowly beaten by local boy John Aston (M.S.W.) whose 4.21.50 was a 9 minute improvement. The lead changed twice in the next half hour. First, experienced Mick Bowen came in with 4.21.18 - the first hundred he'd finished for nine years, then up-and-coming Pete Kay knocked two minutes off this with 4.19.5 (two minutes short of his best - on Doro - and useful training for the '24' he intends to ride). Kay finished hot on the heels of Roy Cromack who recorded 4.23.59 in spite of losing an estimated 10 minutes through the puncture and further rear wheel trouble. Ron Spencer lost ground over the second half and failed by 22 seconds to dislodge Kay.

This left Creaser (90), Potts (100) and Lloyd (99) and the story is best picked up again at the halfway stage. The first Potts knew of his two-minute deficit was at this point (he said at the finish he was quite happy with the way he was going until



he heard about Creaser). Checks between 50 and 88 miles showed the margin remained roughly the same yet at the finish Mick said that he was trying everything he knew over those miles to narrow the gap, which says something about Creaser's progress. All he succeeded in doing was to drop Lloyd (by 2-3 minutes at Hodnet, 88 miles) and in the end to blow up over the final miles into the wind.

Meanwhile Creaser never seemed to falter, and after Spencer had finished all eyes were directed down the lane ready for his arrival. The twenty minutes between them at the start had been narrowed to a mere nine when a figure with deeply bronzed legs wearing the familiar blue vest flashed round the last bend. A spontaneous round of applause from the gallery (like the field the best for years) accompanied Creaser's fighting finish. None of the horde of amateur timekeepers needed official confirmation that course and event record had gone and few doubted that the winner was home and dry. Soon 4.8.39 appeared on the board.

Potts had ten minutes in which to show up but he took over fourteen, thus losing a further two minutes in the last twelve miles. He lost about the same amount, perhaps even more, to Lloyd's devastating finish which brought the Liverpoolian to within half a minute of Potts on the road at the finish.

Such was the excitement that Vin Denson's 4.24.33 (with about four minutes lost) went almost unnoticed, as did several other fine rides such as those of ex-runner Graham Wyatt (Westhoughton) whose first hundred after six months of cycling brought him third handicap, or of David Davies (B.N.E. and son of Ernie) who did a '24'. In fact never have such a crop of quality rides been done in the event, for Denson's effort earned him twelfth place.

The other handicap awards went to Lloyd and Brian Pearson while Keith Boardman was well supported by veterans Paddy Ward (4.27.35) and George Nicholl (4.30.55) and the Vics took the team comfortably from the Oxonian C.C.

There can be no doubt about the efficiency and the success of the promotion and the Club owes a tremendous debt to John Whelan (event secretary) and Len Hill (who arranged the marshals etc.) and to other clubs and individual clubmen and cyclists who again made the event possible: in particular the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, the North Shropshire Wheelers (Jack Duckers) and the Mersey Roads (Johnny Williams) and J.D.Ingram, L.Goodhew (Belle

Vue), Tommy Hubbard (Marlboro'), A. Livingston (Dukinfield), Jim Thorburn and Co. (Maryport Wheelers), Jack Spackman (Century R.C.), H. Griffiths (M.S.W.), Ken Yardley and son who timed at 100 km., Arthur Smith (North Road), Ossie Dover (Liverpool Century) and Mr. Mitchell who again provided and installed the telephone.

The response from club members once again was excellent. Those out were Allan Littlemore, Mark Haslam, Dave Brown (start and finish), Rex Austin (timekeeper), Jim Ganshaw, Frank Perkins, Len Hill (course marshal's car), Jack Pitchford (i/c the M.S.W.), Jeff Mills, Dave Bettaney, Harold Catling, George Taylor, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, Alan Rogerson and Keith Orum (all at Wellington), Geoff Sharp, Gerry Robinson (who also produced an immaculate result board), John Moss, David Jones, Bill Page, Ben Griffiths and family (all of whom handed up drinks), Harry and John Austin, Bren Orrell, Guy Pullan, Peter Rock, John and Neil France, Desmond Ling, Ira Thomas, Stan Wild, Ned Haynes, Hubert Buckley, Bill Finn, Bob Foole, David Birchall (who again did the map of the course), and David Barker. Thanks too to the girls who did such a fine job on the drinks. Finally there was someone who spent a rather uncomfortable 4 hours 52 minutes and 46 seconds. Congratulations, Dave Bassett, on a sterling performance.

Apologies were received from Arthur Birkby, Les Bennett (to both all good wishes for a quick recovery) and Joe Dodd who has only himself to blame for working in a place which doesn't recognise the holiday.

But the last word must concern Alan Creaser, a most deserving and popular winner. He said at the finish that this was the event he really wanted to win and had been training for. On the course he said, rather cryptically, it was about he'd been led to expect. What has Sid Carver been saying?

(One more bouquet - to David Barker who for the second year running has written such a delightfully readable account of the week-end's activities - a wonderful effort. Ed.)

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Vol. LXVI

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1971

No. 749

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## FIXTURES

August 1971

- 7 WHITCHURCH - Kontiki Cafe (Lunch)
- 14 TREUDDYN - Sunspot Cafe (Lunch)
- 21 BEESTON BROOK - Bridge Cafe (Lunch)
- 28 BANGOR-ON-DEE - The Smithy (Lunch)

September

- 4 FARNDON - Nags Head (Lunch)
- 11 MANNERCH
- 18 KELSALL - Globe Inn (Lunch)
- 25 TREUDDYN - Sunspot Cafe

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. 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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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby, Wirral,  
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\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 11th September 1971

COMMITTEE NOTESApplication for Cadet Membership:

Nigel Allan Griffiths, The Parsonage, Broughton, Nr. Chester.

Changes of Address:

JACK NEWTON, 41 North Street, Winchcombe, Glos. GL54 5PS.

KEITH SELKIRK, 32 Moor Lane, Bunny, Nottingham, NG11 6QX

As August is holiday time, the next issue of the Circular will appear in September.

ODDS AND ENDS

Keith Selkirk writes to say that there are plenty of quiet lanes around his new abode, and visitors are always welcome.

Rigby Band has been in trouble. He was dazzled by an oncoming car on Boxing Day, hit the grass verge, sailed over the bars, to tear his neck and shoulder muscles and put him out of action for five weeks or so. The recovery is, we are glad to say, complete, and Rigby went touring in France over Easter.

OBITUARY - Cyril Selkirk

It is with sincere regret that we record the sudden passing of our old friend Cyril Selkirk, on 6th May.

Although perhaps not as well known as he should have been to our younger members, Cyril had been an Anfielder for very many years, since 1919, to be precise. And although not an active cyclist in later years, in his salad days he was indeed a promising performer. In our teenage "roadster" days we remember Cyril as one of the fastest men on the Chester High Road at the time, and his Rudge machine was a source of wonderment to us, then.

We had the privilege of knowing Cyril since school days, a friendship which added up to a mighty lot of years, and we were indeed sorry not to be able to join Syd del Banco, Frank Perkins and Reg. Wilson at the committal service at Landican.

To Mrs. Selkirk, Keith and his younger brother, we extend our deepest sympathy in this, their greatest loss.

F.E.M.

RACING ROUND-UPLarkhill Whlrs. 2-up "25" - 28/2/71

D.Bassett (ours) &amp; S.Sixsmith 1.2.13 (3rd Team)

Stone Wheelers Hilly 40 - 14/3/71

D.Bassett 1.48.33 (Winner P.Griffiths 1.32.36)

Inter Club 25 - 21/3/71

D.Bassett 1.5.24 (3rd) (Winner K.Boardman 1.1.26)

Tricycle Assoc.(NW) 50 - 9/5/71

A.Rogerson 2.37.34 (Winner E.Tremaine 2.16.40)

West Cheshire 50 - 16/5/71

D.Bassett 2.12.45 A.Rogerson (T) 2.29.33

(Winner K.Boardman 1.58)

Inter Club 25 - 19/5/71

D.Bassett 1.2.30 (Winner K.Boardman 57.30)

South Lancs R.C. 50 - 23/5/71

A.Rogerson (T) 2.28.54 (Winner N.Copeman 1.56.11)

D.Bassett has been selected as a member of the Merseyside Olympic Training Squad - presumably if members of the Squad prove to be the fastest in events, they will represent this country in the 1972 Olympics.

West Cheshire 25 - 28/3/71

D.Bassett 1.0.22 (4th) J.Whelan 1.7.?

(Winner - K.Boardman 59.2)

Abbotsford Park 25 km. - 3/4/71

D.Bassett 49.21 (Winner B.Murray 47.48)

Abbotsford Park 50 km. Two-up - 4/4/71

D.Bassett &amp; J.J.Whelan - 1.17.15 (3rd)

Lyme Road Club "25" - 9/4/71

J.J.Whelan 1.2.? D.Bassett 1.3.39 (slight off-course deviation)

Winner: I.Myers 58.33

Merseyside Wheelers "25" - 10/4/71

D.Bassett 1.1.17 (Winner K.Boardman 57.59)

Merseyside Wheelers "10" - 11/4/71

D.Bassett 24.29 (Personal best) (Winner W.Whiteside 23.5)

Chester Roads Club "10" - 17/4/71

D.Bassett 26.04 (Winner I.Myers 24.28)

Rhos-on-Sea "25" - 18/4/71

D.Bassett 1.2.22 (Winner J.Burnham 58.?)



Tricycle Assoc. (NW) "25" - 18/4/71

A. Rogerson 1.17.52 1st H'cap (Winner T. Waring 1.8.05)

West Cheshire "30" - 25/4/71

D. Bassett 1.14.51 (Personal Best) (3rd place) (Winner K. Boardman  
1.12.57)

Doncaster Wheelers "25" - 2/5/71

D. Bassett 1.0.41 (Winner B. Breeden 57.1)

Birkenhead N.E. "10" - 8/5/71

D. Bassett 24.19 (Personal best) (Winner P. Ward 23.39)

DUDDON - 17th April 1971

A pleasant day for cycling, wind astern for the outward journey and not too much of it to worry unduly the ageing legs of the writer on the return trip, never-the-less a pause at the "Turcka" for a "cuppa and wad" on the way home helped to restore the rapidly wearing tissues.

On arrival at the "Headless Woman" Vice President Hubert and his consort, Sadie, were already holding the fort having arrived early en route for some nag races at Tarporley. There's no knowing people is there!

Then arrived in no particular order Gerry, Jeff, Alan (the Littlewood of that ilk) John and Neil France. 43% in Decimal Currency were on Triangular Contraptions. John had brought his son by car as young Neil had only been discharged from hospital the previous day having had a sharp dose of appendicitis. He will soon be "pushing 'em down again". Oh! the resiliency of youth!

S.d B.

LITTLE BUDWORTH - SHREWSBURY ARMS - Saturday, 24th April 1971

Well it was certainly the 'age of Aquarias' or of 'Jupiter pluvius'. The rain had come down like stair-rods since Thursday night, and unfortunately it didn't stop on Saturday at all. This may account for the numerically poor but good quality turnout - myself and Allan Littlemore. I detest wearing a cycle cape, and hence I got wet, but it was a warm day, and it didn't feel uncomfortable. I had a late start, as I had been visited by a new member Mike Nolland from Heswall, who was interested in the possible purchase of one of my machines. The Shrewsbury Arms was certainly a welcome sight, as I had come on a circuitous route via Manley, Norley and Vale Royal. The blazing open fire certainly helped to dry out my jacket, and a drop of 'wallop' did the reverse to my parched throat. Very soon afterwards, and well before

closing time, A.L.L. arrived. He was wearing his MANWEB colours and was on his 'hack' bike. He had been doing some crafty overtime, in order to help pay for a very expensive new frame he had just acquired from a Northwich cycle dealer, Jack Gee.

We ploughed through our cyclist's lunches and then set off for Acton Bridge.

After a quick look at the new frame and gleaming chrome-spoked wheels, followed by refreshing coffee and home-made scones, I trundled my way (still in rain) through Acton, Kingsley and a now quiet Helsby, to my home.

A.R.

### LIGHTWOOD GREEN - 25th April 1971

Although there was no 'official' run on this Sunday, I decided to try Lightwood Green, two miles west of Audlem on the Audlem-Whitchurch road. The rain of the previous 48 hours, had ceased, and the weather was colder, with a biting south-east wind (commonly known as the 'head wind'). I took the back lanes through Thornton-le-Moors, Bridge Trafford and Barrow, to Tarvin, and there kept to the main road. The wind and gradual climb to Tarpurley took its toll of my delicate state (poised between unfit and not quite nearly fit) and I staggered into the Cafe at Beeston for a large mug of tea. Another lung-searing climb brought me to Bunbury Heath where I turned left into the lanes. I skirted round Bunbury and took the road through Spurstow to Brindley and Faddiley. At this point the sun came out and despite the adverse wind, this part of the trip was exceptional in scenery and quiet. At one point one is quite high up, and there are good views all round of the Cheshire plain. On joining the main road at Faddiley and turning left for Acton, the surface was really excellent.

Over the Canal Bridge of 100-mile and 12-hour remembrance, and then sharp right for Sound and Aston. However this was where I took a wrong turn and I found myself heading along the road to Ravensmoor and Chorley. I stopped to ask a 'local' and he told me that he had only recently moved from Eastham. Small world! I carried on in a large circle, through Wrenbury and Aston, across the main Nantwich/Whitchurch road and headed for Wilkesley and Market Drayton. After crossing and re-crossing the very swollen river Weaver, I eventually came to the Audlem/Whitchurch road where I turned left and within a mile the cafe hove in sight. A large pot of tea was the order of the day and this was swiftly served the owner told me that another man on a tricycle had been

there the week previously, and it turned out to be none other than A.L.L. After listening to Steptoe & Son, I ordered the Mixed Grill and it really was a beautiful plateful. The Cafe was really nice and clean and is open from 8.30 until 7 p.m. The owner said that three cyclists had left just before I arrived, and that he usually had quite a few cyclists calling at weekends.

Feeling replenished and refreshed I set off on the return trip, almost exactly retracing, in order to make best advantage of the wind. However in Beeston I took the left turn for Tiverton, Huxley and Waverton, and really enjoyed a most quiet ride through these lanes which are normally busy with Sunday motorists and L-drivers. Near Waverton I met a lad in tracksuit and cycle shoes, who said that he does the 24-hour finishing circuit every evening - no wonder he shot past me! However he might be a potential new member, now that he knows where the Eureka Cafe is. Crossing the main Chester Road at Vicars Cross Golf Club was a lengthy process but the finishing few miles through Mickle Trafford, Stoak and Stanney were again very quiet and traffic free.

Altogether a very satisfactory sort of day, Lightwood Green can certainly be recommended as the perfect place to collapse into, after a moderately long ride.

A.R.

#### LLANARMON - 5th June 1971

I had not visited the Raven for several years, and I was advised by the President to 'book in advance'. I was unable to find the number in the phone book. It later transpired that this is under the Licensee's name - Pye. So much for 'advance booking'! There were three of us setting off from the Eureka at about 11 a.m. (Various others had commitments elsewhere; Cadets racing in the following day's '10'; Keith Orum having an appointment in Nottingham) Gerry Robinson, John Moss and myself finally tore away from Addy's super liquid refreshments, and headed via Woodbank and Shotwick for Hwarden. Eric Reeves was also with us, but when we saw the two lanes of solid traffic building up from Shotwick to Queensferry, we all took our chance getting through. Myself, being on three wheels, got jammed up somewhat between coaches and caravans, and finally managed to get onto the Queensferry by-pass using a stretch of pavement. John Moss had waited for me (Gentleman John!) and Eric Reeves was not in sight. Gerry Robinson had established a 'break', after taking off behind a large wagon, so we set off in hot (15 mph) pursuit.

We made contact on the climb up Hawarden Hill, which is one of the worst kind, as it gradually steepens towards the top. Onward through Hawarden and Pontblyddin, ever upwards it seems, until a welcome short stop in Coed-Talon, in a vain attempt to ring up The Raven. As we re-started, the pace 'hotted up' considerably, until when we turned off, past Treuddyn for Llanarmon, I was almost obliged to use my top gear! Was this an Anfield run I kept saying to myself. The nearer we got to Llanarmon, the faster we went, until suddenly up a sharp rise round the corner there it was - The Raven - unchanged - outwardly. When we staggered in, all sweaty and heaving, the reception was somewhat cool "no Clubs - no food", but when we said we were the Anfield, we got beer and sandwiches. Eric Reeves arrived shortly afterwards and, as usual, after some delay, Allan Littlemore. This was the total, and ALL on bicycles and tricycles.

After the usual abusive banter, we set off on the return journey, but Allan Littlemore soon had us going along grass-centered tracks, and then a very narrow lane with a steep descent, ending in a - FORD. The Ford was a heap of large weed-covered stones, and I got stranded in the middle of it. Thanks to a few pushes from John Moss I got even more in the middle but further downstream! With much wheel-tugging and handlebar juggling, I managed to get out with all wheels and spokes covered in green weed. To cap it all, there followed a real first-category climb, before Treuddyn was reached. On the fast descent from Treuddyn through Coed Talon, Gerry, John and myself parted company with Eric and Allan, and to cut an already long story, shorter, we 'battered' to the Eureka, and there consumed several teas and many cakes, before splitting up to return to our respective baths, showers, Ellimans, Radox and what-have-you (including aching legs!)

A.R.

CHIRK - 6th June 1971

After what I thought was a well-run Schoolboys' '10', a number of Anfielders gathered at their unofficial Clubhouse - the Eureka. It was a Sunday - we had all day before us - where to go?

Allan Littlemore (that man again!) has often eulogised over the Smithy Cafe at Chirk - good food, nice young ladies etc.etc. At the mention of young ladies, Dave Bassett was determined that we must go there!

The weather was not good. A cold east wind and overcast skies. We decided to keep to the main roads going to Chirk, and to

try and cheat the wind by coming through lanes on the return journey. Chester, Wrexham and Ruabon came and went, and after a brief stop in Rhosllanerchrugog at a well appointed comfort station, Dave Bassett had a go at tricycling. He appears to be a natural rider, and could go far (cries of 'the further the better')

The descent of New Bridge hill was marred by the wind, but the limb up the other side was quite enjoyable. Very soon after coming onto the A5 Chirk came into view, and a right turn marked 'Chirk Castle' revealed the Smithy Cafe. All was as A.L.L. had promised. The salad was excellent, the tea delicious and the girls - well, this is an all-male Club - so ask Dave Bassett for details. We retired to a local hostelry for a quiet pint but the beer was unusually foul, and the locals were eyeing us most suspiciously so we retired. No one was really sure how to get into the lanes, so we retraced to Ruabon, before taking the Overton road. On the way we crossed Allan Littlemore, who was himself on the way to Chirk, but as a representative of the Weaver Valley C.C. After a few brief shouted phrases (mainly derogatory) we carried on.

Once onto the road to Overton, the traffic declined, and the riding was very pleasant, passing through Erbistock and Ewton, to Bangor-on-Dee. We did not stop at Bangor, but carried on via Bowling Bank and Holt, to Farndon. At this point Dave Bassett appeared to suffer from a surfeit of energy, because he disappeared up the road at an ever increasing rate of knots. We did not see him again until Huntington where he gracefully deigned to wait for us. The traverse of Chester was accomplished with the minimum of traffic, and soon we were on the 'home' stretch to Two Mills. Dave Bassett again demonstrated his obvious superiority by leaving us all pedalling, but a young Merseyside Wheeler who attempted to get on his wheel, was forced to return to the peleton, which arrived at the Eureka hanging onto a tricycle axle and grateful of the excess wind protection that only this type of machine can provide.

A.R.



K O & V M  
051-342-3879

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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President: J. H. MILLS

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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary (Acting): J.H.MILLS, 58 Townsend Avenue,  
West Derby, Liverpool L11 8ND.

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Vol. LXVI

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1971

No. 750

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## FIXTURES

October 1971

- 2 ASHTON (Golden Lion)
- 9 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy)
- 16 A. G. M. TARVIN
- 23 FARNDON (Nags Head)
- 30/31 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR (Sun Inn) LLANSANTFFRAID
- 30 TWO MILLS (Tea)

November

- 6 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 13 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy) Lunch.  
TWO MILLS (Tea)
- 20 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch.
- 27 LLOC (Lunch) TWO MILLS (Tea)

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.  
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. 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, 13th November 1971

NOTES AND NEWS

Don Stewart, of 54 Atkinson Road, Sale, has some Circulars dating back to around 1948 which are on offer to anyone interested. His 'phone is 061-973-6419.

David Birchall has left Merseyside for a year to study for a Masters Degree in Environmental Conservation in Edinburgh. His new address is 35 Pittville Street, Edinburgh 15.

We understand that Joe Dodd has been released from the attentions of the wily ladies of Watford, and is now back at home for a while.

John Whelan is, we understand, to be married on October 23rd. All our members, we are sure, will wish John and his bride every happiness on this great day, and in the future that lies before them.

We are pleased to report that Frank Bliss has been discharged from hospital and is now back in his cottage and getting around in a wheeled chair.

A NEW BOOK FROM ANFIELDLAND

We are very sorry about the delay in publishing this short note, but we have only now found the space to publish this piece about a book published some time ago by Harold Catling.

He has written the history of the spinning mule from the period of the early Egyptians to the spinning jennies that one can find occasionally in industrial museums. It is the story of the men who made the early spinning machines, and with genius built up the greatest export industry this country has known. Some of these fascinating machines still survive, lovingly cared for by their curators.

Len Hill sends us this note. We haven't seen the book as yet. The title is The Spinning Mule, and it is published by David and Charles, of Newton Abbot.

EAST OF ENGLAND

Your Editor, to his great regret, cannot record a bicycle tour this year. Instead, he toured by motor caravan. Some might remember a Commer we had some years ago, which was only disposed of because we became only too aware of every fault after a month's

tour of the Continent.

Afterwards, we were sorry, and this year, when a much better Commer was seeking a purchaser in Wirral, we couldn't help ourselves. It was ours.

In late July we had some delightful days in Dorset, and then in August headed east to glimpse Lincoln again, to see the fascinating shores of the Wash, and indulge in nostalgic memories of Norfolk, where we spent many happy hours in the war-torn years. Suffolk next, to explore inland and the coast at Dunwich and Aldeburgh. Then, the Essex marshes and islands, and the historic Saxon shore.

Finally, five days in Kent, with a trip to Calais on a gale-laden day by hovercraft, proved to be delightful indeed, and we were sorry to have to head for Canterbury, for London, for home, on August Bank Holiday Monday.

#### THE CIDER MEET - ST. LO, NORMANDY - EASTER 1971

With two friends, Bill and Fred, I joined the C.T.C. party on Thursday evening at a Southampton cafe prior to boarding m.v. LEOPARD for the night crossing to Le Havre.

After an early breakfast (English, but French version), we disembarked and started a rather dreary ride through the industrial estate built on the marshes on the north bank of the River Seine. We crossed the river by the new suspension bridge at Jancarville, which is higher than our Severn Bridge. The country now became really rural. The weather remained dull and cold.

From the delightful little town of Honfleur we followed the coast road, and the town's typical seaside resorts. The River Orne was crossed by the Pegasus Bridge at Renville, the first village to be liberated by the Airborne troops on June 6th 1944. We decided to make for Caen for the night, and found a good hotel in the town centre. The evening meal at a nearby restaurant occupied the whole evening from eight until 11.0.

On Saturday morning we took a lane route to Bayeux, visiting some of the villages I knew in the summer of 1944. Lunch at Bayeux included fish soup, which was something new to us, but got a very mixed reception. However, when you are cold and hungry, anything goes. In the afternoon the sun made its first appearance. We were now in the Bocage country, hilly and wooded; very different to the coastal plain.

Through the charming villages of Castillon and Balleroy we arrived at St.Lo and reported to the Rally Headquarters for our free cider and pancake. After a conducted tour of the Franco-American Hospital, built by American subscriptions, we booked in at our hotel and later repaired to a restaurant for another three-hour meal.

On Sunday morning a display of Normandy folk dancing was laid on in front of the Town Hall, and this was followed by a Mayoral Reception inside with free champagne on tap after the speeches and prize distribution. In the afternoon two club runs had been arranged, one of 75-kilometres, and one of 50. Bill was feeling fit and went on the longer one, while Fred and I picked the shorter. Both were mainly in delightful wooded country along the valley of the River Vire, and being quite informal we got to know some of the French cyclists. The evening became another three-hour tribute to French cuisine, and so to bed.

On Monday we had to catch the afternoon ferry from Cherbourg back to Southampton, so there was not much time for dawdling. However, with the wind abaft and the sun shining the main road was not unpleasant. The country is more open than around St.Lo, and quite hilly as we approached Cherbourg. And so on board m.v.VIKING we watched the French shore disappear. Thank you, C.T.C. and F.F.C.T. for an unforgettable week-end.

J.R.B.

#### THE ANNUAL ALL NIGHT RIDE - 31st July / 1st August 1971

In recording the events of an All Night Ride one problem is writing a report that each of the participants will consider fair: the most memorable part of the journey for me (because of second wind assistance) was the ride from daybreak to breakfast. But for some of the others memories of that part of the ride may best be forgotten because at the time, waves of sleepiness were adding their share to the suffering which results from doing too many miles on too little training. Drowsiness attacked everyone at some stage during this ambitious trek, and there were times when each of us regretted donating the night to cycling.

But to compensate there were moments which rewarded. Throughout the ride the elements were kind; during the night we watched the universe seemingly revolve slowly around the North Star as the journey ventured to the outliers of Wenlock Edge. After breakfast the formidable breeze that had awoken with daybreak was blowing from the right quarter thus obliging four weary travellers with a

tail wind home, and thereby allowing us to maintain a creditable "15's" average over the last 30 miles.

Geoff Sharp, Allan Rogerson and Dave Birchall were the participants, pressganged by protagonist-in-chief for the event, Keith Orum. We convened at the Yacht Inn before pedalling through the dusk via Eaton Park to imbibe in Farndon. The journey which followed, across the Shropshire Plain under starlit heavens was a ride to be savoured, although for accurate navigation through the narrow lanes to Loppington we relied more on the Ordnance Survey than the Plough, Cassiopeia and their celestial company.

Spice was added to the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours (and the 38 miles) between Church Stretton and Llansantffraid by including a sporting  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of roughstuff: the 1000 ft. climb on the footpath which threads a route to the top of Cardingmill Valley. Five thirty on a summer's morning is the right time to do this valley: so early an hour preserves the solitude and peace of the place from its daily traffic jam of cars and coaches. We disposed of the roughstuff with remarkable speed especially when one remembers that Alan trundles a barrow. In deep heather, the path (seldom wide enough for the bikes) provided a galling experience with the trike tumbling to the brink of the steep valley side at every rock outcrop (and there were many) across the route. No harm was done to the trike, but Alan, unscathed by tiredness before Church Stretton, reached the ridge on an equal footing to the rest of us: Cardingmill Valley will for ever be imprinted on his memory. We completed the climb to find cloud obscuring daybreak.

The plunge from the mists of Portway on Long Mynd led down to the first rays of morning sunshine in the wooded vale in which nestle Bishops Castle, Montgomery and the scattering of villages well known to Anfielders. This part of the ride was terrific: we sped through the vast tract of open country along the edge of the Vale of Church Stoke which lies between Corndon Hill and Clun Forest. The descent to the meadows of the wide Vale of Severn balanced the preceding climb to Forden, a village situated on the southern tail of Long Mountain; then came the old buildings and terraces of Welshpool with its High Street still empty of people in the sunny early hours of the day.

The main road to Llanfylllyn snakes through the leafy foothills of the Cambrian mountains so we alternately walked the steepest gradients and potted where streams splashed into the waking morning, until the expansive vista of the Vale of Meifod unfolded before us suddenly over the crest of the last ridgeline at



Pont-y-wern. Once we dropped down to and crossed the Afon Vyrnwy only three miles remained to Llansantffraid and breakfast.

With one hundred miles separating the Yacht from the Sun, and the sleepy journey back to Two Mills adding forty-five more, from home to home, we recorded very respectable distances of 160 to 170 miles. The expedition doubled Geoff's mileage for the year, silenced Keith who wanted the Anfield's All Night Ride tough, and, finally, sent Alan home looking truly done for: the last ten miles were probably even more hazardous for him than Cardingmill Valley.

D.D.B.

### AND ANOTHER NOCTURNE!

ANFIELD B.C./WEAVER VALLEY C.C. NIGHT RIDE - 3/4th July 1971

Although there were only five participants in this venture, there were three members of each club present! Solution - Allan Littlemore is, of course, a member of both illustrious bodies.

The evening of Saturday, 3rd July, was not promising. The rain started at 5 p.m. and looked 'set in' for the night. I met Keith Orum at the Eureka, and we set off, the rain coming straight down like stair-rods.

Having no two-wheeler machine, I had borrowed one of Gerry Robinson's many superb machines for this occasion, and it behaved impeccably.

We traversed Chester quite easily as at 9 o'clock, the traffic was minimal. We then went via Eccleston and into Eaton Park. The road through the park is very good, and the scenery is really pleasant. The rain was easing off, and as darkness fell, the rain stopped. On coming to the gate at the far end of Eaton Park, we were surprised to find it locked. This meant manhandling the fully laden cycles over a 5 foot wall. It is quite surprising how much a 'lightweight' cycle really weighs!

We continued up the familiar road through Aldford and Churton to Farndon, where the Nags Head welcomed us. Hardly had we quaffed our first pint of ale, when the telephone rang for me. It was Allan Littlemore advising us that he would be a little late (surprise, surprise) and would have two companions from the Weaver Valley Club, Ewart and John.

The trio arrived at eleven o'clock, Ewart on a 24" frame sporting little else but a minuscule saddlebag, and John on a more conventional tourist-equipped-machine.

After much banter, we set off at approx. 1130 through lanes

skirting Bowling Bank and Bangor-is-y-coed to Ruabon. The night was very warm and overcast, and traffic was very light. We reached Llangollen by 1.0 a.m. and sat on the Dee Bridge consuming sandwiches. The sensation of quiet in a town which is usually thronged with tourists was most eerie, and we were soon on our way again, to Corwen. The mist had descended by this time, and riding was quite difficult especially descending some of the long hills between Llangollen and Corwen. Once in Corwen we discovered a veritable 'Oasis' - the Station Cafe. This establishment apparently opens up after the pubs close and remains open all night for the sale of coffee, tea, 'wagon wheels' and other consumables.

We were all beginning to feel somewhat weary now - it is said that metabolism is at its slowest between 3 and 4 a.m. - I can well testify to this.

On the road past Cynwyd to Llandrillo, the dawn began to break, and by the time we had taken the track leading from Llandrillo to the Milltir Cerrig, it was well and truly light. The track, rideable for some distance, gradually climbs up the side of a valley, and then steepens to emerge partway up the Milltir Cerrig. Breakfast was calling and a break of some kind was indicated at the summit of the pass. Allan L. got out his very efficient but simple stove and we all had hot drinks. One member of the party, who had been wearing shorts all night, now decided to change into long trousers for the day - it takes all types..... Perhaps he was thinking of the long descent into Llangynog which followed. The fast men descended in record time - I was taking it easy on the unaccustomed two wheeler. From Langynog to Llanarmon D.C., the route really defied description. I think I have erased this stretch from my memory because of the suffering involved. It was very hilly, very hard, and breathtakingly scenic. I punctured and changed a tubular somewhere along this stretch, and Ewart had the misfortune to bend his back wheel whilst braking and swerving to avoid a sheep. Despite much spoke replacement and adjustment, the wheel proved to be beyond help. Allan L. had carried on ahead through Glynceiriog to the Smithy Cafe at Chirk. We were able to contact him, and thanks to the exceptional assistance of the Cafe owner, Ewart got a lift for himself and bicycle, to the Cafe. Keith John and myself did an epic 3-up to Chirk and a really enormous breakfast, taken at the leisurely Sunday time of 10 a.m. Fortune again favoured us when the Cafe owner turned out to have a racing cycle with a back wheel to fit Ewart's machine.

Replenished with food, and machines re-built, we pressed on through various lanes to the outskirts of Wrexham. Here Allan, Ewart and John departed for the Northwich area, whilst Keith and I carried on to the Eureka and eventually to bed. It had been my first ever night-ride (apart from abortive attempts to complete Mersey Roads 24's) and turned out to be adventurous, spontaneous and variable as all Anfield ventures should.

NANT HALL: MERSEY ROADS "24"

A small gathering met for coffee and cakes at an address in Neston. Anyone observing them could be forgiven for believing it to be anything other than a pleasant gathering of old friends passing a pleasant evening. And when they all piled eventually into two cars and drove off, it could be construed to be the end of the reunion. Little did they know that, for the gathering, the evening had just begun. For the group was a team of specialists bent on a specific mission.

In Car One was none other than the Head Brewer (a title twice earned) of U.M.W.E.E. Len Hill. He was driven by 'Gaz' Sharp and in the back two who always worked together, 'Teaspoon' Perkins and Syd 'del Stirrer' Banco. Car Two was driven by 'Sugar Ray' Birchall. His passengers were 'Billy the Can' Dodd and the just add water man himself, 'Marvelman' Orum. These men together meant only one thing - trouble brewing!

They crossed the border and headed down the coast to the rendezvous.

When they arrived, they quickly unloaded and when a local police car pulled up to investigate, he found seven innocuous looking gentlemen in varying headgear and clothing seated in deck chairs. As soon as the police had gone, however, the team sprang into action. The brew was concocted, sampled and doled out to the dark figures who cycled up, drank their fill and melted into the darkness. Len Walls had rolled up to help with the handing up and after the last man had gone through, the party sped home, mission successfully completed.

Also out and active during the "24" to our knowledge, Alan Rogerson, Frank Fisher and Rex Austin.

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Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

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Vol. LXVI

DECEMBER 1971

No. 751

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## FIXTURES

December 1971

- 4 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch.
- 11 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch.
- 18 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- TWO MILLS - Tea and Slide Show
- 27 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch.
- A Club Run for the ladies.

January 1972

- 1 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch.
- 8 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch.
- 15 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy) Lunch.

IMPROMPTU SUNDAY RUNS WILL LEAVE TWO MILLS AT 9.45 a.m.

## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Honorary: A minimum of 50p. These and donations should  
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D. BETTANEY, 13 Terrig St.,  
Queensferry, Flint.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR (PRO TEM): F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West  
Kirby, Wirral, Ches., L48 6EN. (051) 625-7473

\* \* \* \* \*

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 1st January 1972

SORRY!

By some mischance which we won't try to explain, David Birchall's Edinburgh address was given wrongly. It should be No.39 PITTVILLE STREET, 15.

David is already in touch with John Farrington. On the first occasion John's machine came out after a five years' rest, and a pleasant 17½ miles run in the Linlithgow hills was the result.

PLEASE NOTE -

We should like our readers to note that ladies are specifically invited to the run at Ashton (Golden Lion) on December 27. The Golden Lion is a delightful inn in a quiet Cheshire village and the "ploughman's lunch" served there is a simple, yet superb, meal.

THE A.G.M.

Few Annual Meetings in the long history of our Club have given such a clean sweep as the occasion reported elsewhere in this issue. Several sacred cows were sacrificed, and, as a personal opinion, who wants to count club runs anyway.... But the intention of this paragraph is to mention the valiant work of Jeff Mills in keeping the Club together in recent years. We simply do not know how we would have managed without him, and everyone's gratitude for all his work must be put on record with all the appreciation we can muster.

SWAN SONG

For at least the third time we bid farewell to the Editorship of this Circular. We wish Joe all good fortune in the future.

F.E.M.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 16th OCTOBER 1971 MINUTES

Minutes of A.G.M. held 16th October 1971 commencing at 2 p.m.

Present Messrs.Littlemore and Perkins in the Chair and Messrs. Bradley, Leece, J.France, N.France, Littlemore, Reeves, Orum, Robinson, Rogerson, O'Leary, Dodd, Moss, Ling, Bassett, Jones and Thompson. Apologies for absence were received from Messrs.Buckley, Del Banco, Beaton, Barker, R.Austin, Marriott, Whelan, Wilson and Mills.

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on the 17th October 1970 were read and confirmed.



In the absence of Mr. J.H. Mills the Hon. Secretary's report was read by Mr. Littlemore and it was proposed, seconded and resolved that the report be adopted.

Again in the absence of Mr. Mills, Mr. J.M. France, one of the club Auditors, gave the Hon. Treasurer's report and it was proposed and seconded that it be adopted.

Mr. E.A. Rogerson presented the Hon. Racing Secretary's report and it was proposed and seconded that the report be adopted.

The following officials were then elected for 1972:-

President: L.J.Hill

Vice Presidents: F.Perkins, H.G.Buckley

Secretary: G.A.Robinson

Asst. Secretary: E.A.Rogerson

Treasurer: D.Bettaney

Captain: A.L.Littlemore

Vice Captains: K.S.N.Orum, D.G.Jones

Racing Secretary: E.A.Rogerson

'100' Secretary: J.J.Whelan

'100' Chief Marshal: L.J.Hill

Social Secretary: A.L.Littlemore

Editor: J.Dodd

Committee: S.del Banco, J.H.Mills, J.France, N.France,

D.Ling, D.Birchall, J.W.Moss and G.Sharp

Auditors: J.France, R.Wilson

It was proposed and seconded that the club tours programme for 1972 be decided by the committee.

It was proposed and seconded that the club racing programme be left to the committee. The open events for 1972 were confirmed as the 100 and Boys' 40.

The following motions were then proposed, seconded and confirmed:-

1. "That Harry Austin and Mark Haslam be elected to life membership upon completion of 50 years membership".
2. "Delete on lines 4 and 5 of Rule 21 'or having completed 1000 run attendances'."
3. "Delete last sentence of Prize Rule 1".
4. "Amend last sentence of Prize Rule 2 to read 'Undertaken on single bicycles, single tricycles, tandem bicycles and tandem tricycles'."
5. "That the prize for club run attendances be deleted".
6. "Insert in last sentence of Rule 30, after the word Captain 'may' instead of 'shall'."
7. "That a Dinner and Dance be organised by the club, such a function to be entirely separate from the Birthday Run. The form, venue and time of year to be decided by the committee".

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the outgoing officials for their services, special mention being given to Mr. J.H. Mills.

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Dear Editor,

Following the recent wholesale changes of Club officials it behoves us all to realise that the direction of the Anfield Bicycle Club is now firmly in the hands of the younger members. True, they have at their disposal the wisdom, experience and sage counsel of Len Hill; but the day to day conduct of Club affairs, not to mention planning for the future, is entirely theirs. The new few years will determine whether the Club is to arrive at its one hundredth anniversary as a strong and lively entity - or whether it will reach that occasion at all. Let us all, therefore, young or old, unite in planning for the future; in recruiting new and preferably young members; in providing such facilities as will not only attract them but will later keep their interest; and in offering assistance in their racing and time trial activities by provision of transport and, when required, of financial assistance. I am sure that our new Management have many new ideas; I beg them not to be hesitant but forward looking and to put forward all ideas they may have that will contribute to the revival of the Club. We wish them well and assure them that their activities will be watched with interest and supported by us all.

R.AUSTIN

Bramhall, 24th October 1971.

#### NORTHERN ROADS RECORD BROKEN

Anfielders must always be interested in N.R.R.A. records, and they had quite a hand in this one which took place on November 6th 1971.

Starting on Bowes Moor, Miss Ann Malam of the Weaver Valley C.C. (Northwich), was making her first record attempt. Her target was the ladies' record for 50-miles which stood at 2-14-56, in the name of Mrs.Irene Southart.

The weather was bright, sunny but biting cold but with the required north wind doing its best to help. Mark Haslam started the rider at 2 p.m., and followed to the finish.

Allan Littlemore also acted as an observer, whilst Harry Austin and family had turned out to identify the finish before Mark arrived.

The young lady made quite a hole in things by clocking 1 hr.55 mins.53 secs. which beats the men's record of 1-57-1. Her time also beat the National Women's "50" which stands at 1-59-14, but it was a pity she had not scheduled for this one. We can only say congratulations and raise our hats to a young lady who has set a fine example to the men.

FARNDON - 23rd October 1971

A glorious day for weather, and I decided I must get out as this was the first run after the A.G.M., so it was really the first of a new "Anfield year", anyway, that was as good an excuse as any. I got out as soon as I could, and took the main road to Tarvin, and then turned into the lanes for Egg Bridge, and Waverton. The sun was really warm and by now I had taken off both jacket and pullover. This was summer at its best (in October forsooth); my speed never faltered, and I pulled into the yard of the "Nag's" at precisely 1 p.m. I was amazed at the display of bicycles in the yard, and one really took my eye, as it was very familiar. I discovered later that this was my faithful old 24" Brooks, which I had thrown away in the direction of Alan Rogerson. He had lost no time in scraping down, touching up, and making the "bus" resemble brand new.

Inside the dining room were many faces and they were recognised as Frank Fischer (our Hon. member for Market Drayton), Frank Perkins, Gerry Robinson, Alan Rogerson, Des Ling, John France, Neil France, Pat O'Leary (the debonair Irishman from Welsh Wales), Syd del Banco, John Leece (always smiling in spite of advancing years), Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley (full of golfing stories, and any others providing he can muster a listener), the writer of this epic and our new President, Len Hill (as cheerful as ever).

After an excellent meal and drink, I intended to ride with Frank towards Salop, but I got delayed by the President, and although I chased to Tilston, I failed to catch the runaway, so I turned for the north with wind abaft and the hot sun still doing its utmost. Many quiet lanes were my lot, until Kelsall, where I made a local call (and a "cuppa") and then traversed the Forest of Delamere before reaching home just as the atmosphere was beginning to cool a little.

A.L.L.

AUTUMNAL TIMES TOUR - 30/31 Oct.1971 -"MOEL SYCH & WHITE LEMONADE!"

The week-end was later than usual in the year, due to various factors, but nonetheless the weather seemed to be holding out very

well. Our friends the Birkenhead North End had held their weekend on the 23/24th October in Llangollen, and the weather had favoured them. We could only hope for a similar blessing from the elements. Of those cycling from the Wirral, an 'early' start was required. Duly, at 10.00 on the Saturday Messrs. Neil France, Mike Holland, Desmond Ling, John Moss, Keith Orum and Alan Rogerson departed from 'The Mills'.

The first portion of the journey proved to be relatively quiet, despite using main roads to Queensferry, Hawarden and Penyffordd. From this point on, due to a combination of headwind, gradients and fit cadets, the author found things rather painful, and was grateful of 'elevenses' at the Sun Spot Cafe, Treuddyn.

However, we didn't linger here for too long and although the weather was sunny, the wind was increasing in strength, and this became particularly obvious over the Llandegla Moors. There were several 'splits' along this road, with the old man and 'fixed-wheel' man taking it easy. We arrived in one piece at Corwen and dived into the Cafe in the towncentre. It was rather strange to see the meals being brought along the street from another Cafe by the waitress - an old Welsh custom, no doubt!

Revitalized, refreshed, and with a small stimulating quantity of alcohol in the bloodstream, we set off past Cynwyd towards Llandrillo.

The wind was really fresh now, and dark clouds were gathering on the mountains beyond Bala Lake. The plan was as follows: John Moss would take the Cadets via Llandrillo and a 'reasonable' track to the summit of the Milltir Cerrig. Thence via Llangynog, Llanfyllin and Llanfechain to the Sun. Keith Orum and myself would go to the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd and then (possibly) over Moel Sych to Tan-y-Pistyll.

At 2.30 p.m. we went our separate ways. After about 400 yards Keith and I were walking up the rock-strewn stream bed which constitutes the first part of the climb. After a succession of lung-rasping efforts between conveniently placed gates, we came into the really rough stuff - a track made by tractor tyres with a high grass bank in the middle - very awkward with a cycle - walk in the rut, cycle on the grass? Or - cycle in the rut, walk on the grass? - the dilemma was soon solved when, as ever ascending, we came onto the true moorland, with heather and patches of moss. Fortunately, it had not rained for a while, but it was still rather damp in places.

The views back across the Dee valley were superb, and Keith



took one or two celluloid impressions with his camera. However the clouds were fast approaching and the sun was now fighting a desperate battle with the clouds for pride of place in the sky.

After one or two slight deviations from the correct path (which is not very clear at all) we eventually saw in the distance the final few yards of beaten down heather and grass leading to the gate which marks the highest point of the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd. The last half mile to the gate was relatively sheltered, but at the summit itself, the power of the wind became evident. The peaks to the right, including Moel Sych, were now covered in low cloud, and it began to rain. We fortified ourselves with quantities of chocolate bars and Keith's Yorkshire Parkin, and then set off up the 1 in 7 grass slope approaching Moel Sych. We followed the boundary fence between Denbighshire and Merionethshire until we came to the remains of an aeroplane which crashed here some years ago. At this point we crossed the fence and entered some very boggy land. In fact it reminded me of the area West of Clifden, Galway, where Brown & Allcock landed after crossing the Atlantic in an aeroplane. (Psychological tie-up with crashed aircraft?)

A walker going the other way had warned us that it was boggy - he was quite right. Wind was by now force 8, containing stinging rain, and visibility was about 50 yards. Not the best conditions at 2700 feet a.s.l.

After endless backaching climbing, we reached the trig-point stone which marks the summit of Moel Sych 2713' a.s.l. A brief pause here - I had to hold the cycles against the stone whilst Keith took a photograph - and then we sought the descent to Tan-y-Pistyll. This was perhaps as bad, if not worse than climbing. It was still raining, visibility was bad and underfoot was very treacherous. Also it was 5 p.m. and darkness was due at 6. We had to reach a road of some kind by then. There were no glorious views off the 700 foot cliff today, only the howling wind and racing clouds.

Trial and error found us practically on the correct descent and we soon made a traverse of the valley to reach a reasonable track on the east side. Darkness was falling as we passed Pistyll Rhaiadr, with several brightly coloured tents pitched nearby. The rain had more or less stopped now, and visibility was much better, apart from the fact that it was dark (Irishism?). The descent from Pistyll Rhaiadr to Llanrhaidr-y-M was hair-raising with wet, gravel-strewn, twisting narrow lanes. We had the wind at our backs here, and thanks to this we arrived at the Sun in good time at 7.15 p.m.



Exhilaration cooled to frustration and even recrimination when we discovered that we had to carry on to Llanymynech, some 4 miles away, due to all accommodation having been allocated as 'singles'. However, the evening meal at the Sun was excellent if a little subdued, and at about 9 p.m. the six of us set off in bright moonlight for the 'Lion'. The other pair had had a reasonably uneventful ride over the Milltir Cerrig, but were, like us, somewhat in need of a change of clothing and a good refreshing wash.

The Lion turned out to be, if not better than, then at least, the equal of the 'Sun'. Clean rooms, darts, juke box, fruit machines, pin-ball machines, colour T.V., room heaters - all the trappings of civilization were to be found in this veritable pleasure-house oasis. The faithful machines were locked away for the night in the Landlord's garage. Many games of darts were played, ale was quaffed in fair volume, and colour television was sampled later. The clocks went back one hour at 3 a.m. and we all got an extra hour's sleep.

Next morning there were one or two delicate heads, but everyone appreciated the excellent breakfast with lashings of gammon & egg. The weather was really beautiful and as we sailed along through Knockin, Eardistan and Rednal, everyones' thoughts turned to white lemonade. Parched throats screamed for a shop at every village, but alas this was Sunday in rural Shropshire - the task was well-nigh hopeless. On through the lanes to Hordley, Perthy and New Marton, thanks to the excellent map-interpretation of John Moss. At St. Martins the mileage began to tell a little and on Chirk Bank a real sort out took place, leaving Mike Holland undisputed 'King of the Mountain'.

The Smithy Cafe was the venue for lunch, but white lemonade in the form of Bitter Shandy was imbibed first of all. Eventually, cyclists began to arrive at the Smithy in ever-increasing numbers. They were coming from the National Hill Climb Championship which had been held on the Horseshoe Pass. We left at 1.30 and proceeded by some very interesting lanes through Ddol and Knowlton to Overton. In Bangor-on-Dee, we re-grouped and from then on it was 'riding on memories and reserves' to Farndon, Chester and Two Mills - the crowd at Two Mills was rumoured to have been bigger than that attending Anfield the previous day, and this being 50, a quick tea and cake, and dash for home was indicated. I assume the others did likewise; they were all bound for Heswall and environs.