

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

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Wirral. Telephone: (051) 327 1723

Vol. LXVII

JANUARY 1972

No. 752

FIXTURES

January 1972

22 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch

29 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch

February

5 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

12 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch

12 LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch

19 WHITCHURCH (Travellers Rest) Lunch

26 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

COMMITTEE MEETING AT TWO MILLS, JAN. 29 AT 4.00 p.m.

BIRTHDAY RUN - MARCH 4 (See inside)

THE MANCHESTER RUN ON FEBRUARY 12 IS AN EXPERIMENT, AND
IF SUPPORTED WILL BE A REGULAR FIXTURE.

- A VERY GOOD NEW YEAR TO ALL -

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, D. BETTANEY, 13 Terrig St.,
Queensferry, Flints.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 12th FEBRUARY 1972

ODDS AND ENDS

Willi Page's wife presented him with a bouncing baby boy not long ago, and also, just before Christmas, David Barker's wife also gave birth to a son, John. Our very sincere congratulations go to all concerned.

Gerry Robinson is fast acquiring a veritable stable of frames and rumour is afoot that his good lady may be venturing forth on a bicycle very soon.

David Barker and Joe Dodd, who is now living in the Manchester area, have made contact. Fireside talks, we are given to understand, have produced a "threat" to ride in the "100" this year.

We hear that Harold Catling has "found" a Claude Butler tricycle and acquired it. Manchester runs are now being re-introduced.

Mention of Harold provides an opportunity to say that F.E.M. has just finished his first reading of Harold Catling's masterpiece on THE SPINNING MULE, the publication of which we mentioned in these pages some months ago. The second reading starts forthwith. In our view this is a most remarkable book, for the quality of the writing, which presents a somewhat technical subject in a most lucid and delightful readable manner, and also for the tremendous task in assembling all the material, and then getting the facts down in such a pleasing way.

Harold relates how he started his working life as a young lad in a spinning mill. He doesn't tell us how, or when, he came to leave the job. We are pleased now that we decided to purchase the book, rather than borrow a copy from the library. It will remain a treasured volume on our shelves for a very long time.

TIME TRIAL NOTES

It is hoped, quite soon, to circulate copies of West Cheshire events for 1972, and Inter Club Events to be held by the Birkenhead Victoria Cycling Club, the Port Sunlight Wheelers, and ourselves.

In addition, if anyone requires an R.T.T.C. Handbook for 1972 would they please contact me, either personally, or by 'phone (051-355-1467).

Armed with all this information, it should be possible for those who intend to race, to decide which events to ride, well in advance. In this way we may be able to enter teams, with more chance of getting into events.

ALAN ROGERSON

THE CAPTAIN SAYS A "FEW WORDS" -

Re the report of the A.G.M. in the December issue of the Circular, I must point out that I was not in the Chair. The position was that the only V.P. present at the commencement of the proceedings was Frank Perkins, and he asked me to assist him with the reading of the Minutes, the Report, and to make notes. After we had got through the normal reports, Frank moved on to the election of officials, and as soon as Len had been voted in (unanimously) Frank vacated the Chair in favour of the new President, who took charge for the rest of the meeting.

ANNUAL DINNER and 93rd BIRTHDAY RUN:

This has been arranged for the same venue as last year. The Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester, for the evening of Saturday, March 4th 1972. A number of guests have been decided upon, the chief one being Johnny Helms, who in case you do not know is "Cycling's" very witty and topical cartoonist, a talented speaker and a very capable slide show entertainer, and I am sure you will all enjoy his remarks on this occasion. Unfortunately this date clashes with the R.R.A. triennial dinner in London and we can well expect some of our regular friends being absent. Tickets are now available at a cost of £1.80. Let me have your booking as soon as possible and certainly 14 days prior to the date at latest.

Finally, very many thanks indeed to Frank Marriott, for his many years of service in the production of the "Circular", I hope the Editor will publish this unsolicited appreciation for a rotten chore, well done.

A.L.L.

(One last word: Thanks and all that, but the job is anything but a "rotten chore". It is wonderful work, particularly when one can read a good article before anyone else does - F.E.M.)

AGE, BIKES & BROWN BEER

Back to Anfield, came the retired boys, and all on bikes, fancy Stan Wild from Bexhill, Harry Austin from Leeds, Laurie Pendlebury with our Bath Roader friend, Ted Lintot from Pembrokeshire, Rex Austin from Bramhall. Such is the pull of the "Tints" as it is affectionately known to Anfielders, young and "not so young", and friendships cemented through many cycling years again released the

joys of "Renewmes". Cyclists first, last and always, Laurie and Ted, spent a week on the tour, "nipping" over the Cwm Eunan to Ewlch-y-Groes, on the way home. Stanley amused us with his pictures of the ride over the Sierra Nevada, to him a mere 11,200ft. Our new 'lifer' Harry Austin, traversed several counties to be with us. The only car contained the President, del Banco and Perkins.

AN INTERESTING.....

new fixture has developed on most, if not all, Wednesday afternoons. The "leisured lot", the meandering section, make a quiet way to Two Mills for a jar of tea and a bite. We haven't heard of Eric Reeves getting there yet, but del Banco (who lives nearest) Perkins, John France and Oscar Dover get out when the weather is nice. Len Hill can only make it when he is "off sick".

AUTUMN TINTS 1971

Wednesday, October 27th, saw Laurie Pendlebury and myself making our separate ways to Carmarthen by train and meeting there at around 11 o'clock.

The customary cup of tea at the buffet was much enjoyed, but the request for a slice of apple pie met with a cry of dismay from the charming dispenser, who confessed that B.R. had withdrawn this item from the menu as it proved to be uneconomic - strange how a popular and good selling line always appears to come in for this kind of treatment.

However, a suitable substitute was found, and like giants refreshed we were soon on the back road to Fair Fach and Llandovery on a day of glorious sunshine. A slightly cool head wind kept the pace down and enabled us to enjoy once again this year this very scenic route, the colours of autumn standing out against a blue sky and more in keeping with mid-summer.

The daylight was fast disappearing by the time we rode into Llanwrtyd Wells and the uncertainty of obtaining accommodation at Abergwesyn forced us to call it a day.

The next morning gave promise of another good day, and after calling on Miss Evans for a coffee, we were once again basking in sunshine and grand views from every climb, and the Beulah-Newbridge road provides plenty of these. An adventurous day in Radnor Forest found us at Knighton for a well-earned rest and an appetite well satisfied at the Red Lion.

This town is a good place to join the long distance path - Offa's Dyke - and we paid a visit to see the commemorative stone and plaques depicting the opening of this path in conservation year.

Unfortunately, after leaving the town my 1923 map let me down, and we found ourselves in a farm yard well off the beaten track, With no sign of a way out, we retraced for about a mile to the tarmac and after the hills we were in good time to partake of a light lunch and read that famous poem at Clun.

The afternoon spent wandering in this border country was most pleasant and much easier on the leg muscles, and finding ourselves in Church Stoke enjoyed a fair tea, and conjured up thoughts of that famous Anfielder who made many a pilgrimage to this village.

After a few more miles of pleasant riding came the most trying part of the trip, the Oswestry-Welshpool road from Buttington to Four Crosses on a Friday around lighting-up time. This was something of a nightmare.

Llansantffraid provided the necessary victuals and rest in spite of us being a night too soon, this being due to our caution in case we were caught out with adverse weather conditions.

The Saturday evening gathering of fifteen Anfielders around a well-laden table at the "Sun" was the highlight of the weekend, the younger generation being well represented, and their various stories of the days exploits on the tracks leading to the venue made those of us who are now past these efforts somewhat envious.

Presiding over the company with his usual sang-froid, the President soon had everyone recounting their holiday journeys over the past year, to find that both he and Stan Wild had been over the same Spanish route, but under rather different conditions. Stan still being able to do his touring by bicycle, as proved by his showing of a collection of slides taken this year.

Judging by the enquiries made to Stan by various members, one would gather his next year's tour will be over subscribed.

Sunday morning's start was considerably delayed, and with much reluctance, just before mid-day, came the parting of the ways. Most of the company making for the North, Laurie and myself taking the Llanfyllin road over to Lake Vyrnwy in glorious sunshine to spend the afternoon on the climb over to Bwlch-y-groes, by which time we were glad to don an extra jersey, and use the gloves we had carried since leaving home.

Discretion being the better part of valour, we walked some distance down the much improved road arriving at Dinas Mawddwy

around lighting up time, which came as rather a shock after three years of "continental" time.

May I extend my thanks to the Anfield B.C. for a most enjoyable weekend, due in no small measure to my having had the good fortune to contact Laurie soon after my moving to Pembrokeshire.

TED LINTOTT, B.R.C.

LLOC - 27th November 1971

The club run to the Crossways Cafe was well attended, mainly due to Len Hill's talent for persuasion. First to arrive was the Hon.Sec., somewhat the worse for wear after a strenuous morning's ride, closely followed by Len and John Leece. The latter two had been chauffeured by John France, and all four soon settled down to the serious business of eating and talking.

Their meal was almost over when Harold Catling and George Taylor arrived having spent the morning searching for a disused wooden railway at Glyndyfrdwy. Last to arrive, complete with tricycle, was Jeffrey Mills, somewhat damp since it was now raining.

After a pleasant discussion the company parted at about two o'clock and made their various ways home. Altogether an enjoyable day's outing.

G.A.R.

NORTH SALOP WHEELERS DINNER - 10th December 1971

This popular fixture was held again at the Victoria Hotel, Whitchurch, under the Presidency of Norman White, who was assisted by Jack Duckers, the organiser. The goodly number of younger members going up for prizes gave the appearance that this old established club has no worries for the future. The chief guests were Mr. & Mrs. Lewis of the Travellers' Rest Cafe, as they had done yeoman service to the local cycling fraternity, as well as opening their establishment during the early hours for the Mersey Roads "24" helpers and friends. We were represented by Jack Pitchford, Ira Thomas, Gerry Robinson (and lady), Alan Rogerson who had cycled to the venue, and Allan Littlemore, who had cycled half way ditto.

A jolly good evening in jolly good company, and to top it all

our Captain won a prize during the dancing, to wit a packet of small cigars (what he did with them is anybody's guess!) we are sure he hasn't started smoking as a result.

DUDDON - 11th December 1971

After the frivolity of the previous evening and the lateness of the hour of arrival home from Whitchurch, I managed to open my eyes in time to prepare for the run to the "Headless Woman".

The weather was good and it was a pleasant ride to the pub, where I espied Alan Rogerson's steed, he having stayed overnight at Whitchurch, and made a run of it on the Saturday morning. Others present were: Len Hill, Rex and Mrs. Austin, Frank Perkins, John Leece, John France, Syd del Banco, Gerry Robinson, Keith Orum, Jimmy Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley, and the writer. The usual chatter went on mainly dealing with Christmas festivities, and the forthcoming slide show due for a week hence. However before time was called we were surprised and pleased to have the company of John Thompson, who had cycled from Nuneaton. John certainly tucked in to the "chicken in the basket", after his long ride, but we understand he intended to stay at his Mum's place in Wirral before returning on the morrow. Yes a good day, and I am certain everyone reached home before dusk.

A.L.L.

SLIDE SHOW - TWO MILLS - 18th December 1971

A fine day, and as I had promised Marian she should again visit the very popular slide show, I agreed to make part of the journey by train. So we cycled over the undulations of Kingsley and Manley to Helsby, and arrived at the station in plenty of time. The train which runs to Hooton is very useful and I was pleased to observe well patronised too. Alighting at Little Sutton, we soon made our way to the venue, where many old friends young and old, were greeted.

After the committee meeting things got under way, and the partnership of Birchall and Sharp contrived to make the tea room into a very comfortable room for slide entertainment. David Birchall acted as commentator, and his pictures were excellent indeed. His theme was the conservation of the countryside and this was exemplified with wonderful shots of Wales, Norway, Italy, and our own England. Towards the end of the show one or two cycling stars came on the screen, which led to much applause.

Twenty-four enjoyed the show including old friends, Ossie and Hilda Dover. I was pleased to note that Arthur Birkby had put in

an appearance from his far flung home in Dolwyddelan. John Leece kindly presented Addi with her Christmas gift on behalf of the Club, and I'm afraid we had to scamper for the last train across the oil fields, but we had a pleasant evening spin over the hills from Helsby, well satisfied with the trip.

A.L.L.

ASHTON - 27th December 1971

To say that this ladies' run was a success is to put it mildly, the weather was murky and damp but this did not deter the vast number of members, wives, ladies and friends who turned out. I happened to cycle out. In spite of the damp, it was quite warm and easy. Alan Rogerson also cycled.

We had President Len and his good lady as well as Len's very charming sister; Rex and Mrs. Austin; Syd and Mrs. del Banco; Elsie Salt, whom we are always pleased to welcome; to Mrs. K. Barker the same remarks apply and from whom we learned that young David has become the proud father of a prospective Anfielder. Peter and Lily Rock; Gerry Robinson and lady; Geoff Sharp and his good lady Vivienne; Joe Dod and lady; David Birchall solo; Keith Orum and lady; Hubert Buckley and Sadie; Jimmy Cranshaw and his sister and daughter; Percy Williamson accompanied by his son; Bob and Mrs. Poole; Lastly but by no means least, Mrs. Littlemore.

As extra friends with kindred interests, we had invited Ann Malam of the Weaver Valley Club, the new NRRRA ladies' record holder, and a fair number of her clubmates were also present and joining in the chatter, and eating and drinking on this jolly occasion. There would be a dozen members of the Mid Cheshire Club present. This was one of our best turnouts of recent years at a "Ladies invited" lunch and the staff of the "Golden Lion" worked overtime in a very charming manner to cater for our needs.

Later some of us were invited to Harry and Nell Jackson's abode at Kelsall, for tea and a cake, and this took Alan Rogerson, Gerry and his lady, Marian and myself, as well as a few others. Lighting-up time drew quickly and I made a hurried retreat for the home base, after a very enjoyable "Christmassy" function.

A.L.L.

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Vol. LXVII

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1972

No. 753

FIXTURES

March 1972

- 4 BIRTHDAY RUN (Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester)
- 11 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 18 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch
& LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch
- 25 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
- April KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 1 KELSALL (Globe) Lunch
- 8 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch
- 15 BEESTON (Bridge Cafe) Lunch

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 1st APRIL 1972

ODDS & ENDS

Judging by the number of Anfielders seen in the Wirral area, pushing their machines as fast as possible in solitary pursuit of fitness, there may be 7 or 8 racing members this year. No names, no pack-drill, as they say.

The proposed Anfield Dinner and Dance, or Disco, or Hop, has been fixed for Friday September 29th 1972 at Heatherlands, Thurstaston, Wirral. Although the exact nature of the after-dinner entertainment has not been fixed, we are assured of a good meal, according to one senior Anfielder who has already sampled the culinary fare at the Heatherlands.

For those interested, a 'Gentlemen's' Section' leaves Two Mills on Sundays at 0930 hrs. The intention is to 'cram' as many miles in before 1300 hrs. when all concerned return to the bosom of their families and undertake compensatory domestic duties, i.e. washing up or decorating. Many Merseyside clubs are represented, and some Anfielders can testify to the 'hot' pace undertaken.

Joe Dodd's new address is: 57 Arundel Avenue, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.

Joe hopes to be taking the editor's job over very shortly. Until then, stuff to F.E.M. please.

This is a last minute reminder that a few tickets are still available for the Dinner at Chester next week. Contact Allan Littlemore if you can, or Telephone Len Hill at 051-342-3589. The venue is the Westminster Hotel, City Road. Bed and breakfast is available.

John Thompson has acquired a tricycle. It is the most expensive piece of machinery on three wheels, excluding of course, but only just, motor cars. We did hear a whisper of how much it had cost, how many pennies, yes, new pennies, had to put down to acquire it. It fair took our breath away.

John Leece, in the hope of starting a cycling museum, has been saving a Silver King oil lamp, circa 1900. Now he has given up the idea. David Birchall hopes to have the lamp.

THE SPEEDWELL DINNER

Being a complete stranger to Birmingham I asked a neighbour of mine, who lived there for many years, the best way to get to Barrows Restaurant, at the "Five Ways". He told me exactly how to get there, and all went well until I was within 200 yards of the "Five Ways".

What my neighbour did not know was that the "Five Ways" no longer exists, being replaced by an Underpass and a Ring Road. After diving through the Underpass I parked the car and eventually found the entrance to Barrows Restaurant Car-park by walking around.

After driving up an Alpine Pass with hairpin bends to the Car-park, which was on the roof, I could not find any doors up there, so started to walk down to ground level, when another driver who had just parked his car, asked me if I knew the way in to the Speedwell Dinner. This gentleman turned out to be the President of the Speedwell, so if he did not know the way, who did?

Barrows Restaurant consists of two large rooms, in one of which the Dinner was served, and then we moved over to the other room for speeches and entertainment, a good idea. The meal was really excellent, good food with good service. I was sitting opposite Ed Green, with Richard Hulse alongside him, and on the other side was Arthur and Mrs. Morris, of the Old New Inn, Bourton-on-the-Water. Arthur is of course a member of the Speedwell, and was one of the top riders in the country in the 1920's. They had brought with them from Bourton several members of the Belle Vue CC. for the only previous Speedwell Dinner I have been to I travelled from South London with 18 members of the Belle Vue, 16 of us sitting in the back of a large removal van and two in front with the driver, quite a trip'.

The first Toast was Ladies and Visitors, an excellent and amusing speech by D.R.C. Ford. Replies came from Margo Adams (wife of Speedwell member Jack Adams) and Bill Oakley. Margo is probably one of the best lady speakers in the country, someone referred to her as resembling Barbara Castle, but better; a fair description, but one not liked by Margo, who is Chairman of a Women's Conservative Association! Bill Oakley gave a most interesting account of a trip he did some years ago from Llanrhaiader-Y-M., over the top of Moel Sych and down to Llandrillo. This would no doubt have interested Alan Rogerson and Keith Orum, as they did the same trip, only in the reverse direction, on the Autumn Tints Week-end. This was followed by an amusing little speech by Paul Carbutt, winner of the Speedwell 100. He said he hoped to win it again in 1972, if he could get time off from the Olympics! T.C. Godwin then proposed the Sport & Pastime, and the Dinner Organiser, John Matthews,

proposed the health of the President, Mr. L.W. Williams.

During the intervals of the speeches Jimmy Griffiths, a tenor with a very good voice, sang popular songs (I don't mean "pop"), and towards the end of the evening, one of the Speedwell members, Frank Jackson (Jacko) also obliged with some of his favourite songs.

A most entertaining evening in every way, and I was very pleased that I had been asked to represent the Anfield at the Dinner of the oldest active cycling club in England.

FRANK E. FISCHER

MID SHROPSHIRE WHEELERS DINNER - 8th January 1972

It has been my custom to attend this function for the past several years, but on no two occasions have I arrived by the same means of transport.

Tricycle, bicycle, various motor vehicles, and this year, the ultimate in leisurely travel - British Rail.

I had intended to cycle to the venue, the Shropshire Lad, Harlescott, Shrewsbury, but with a biting cold S.E. wind and hints of snowfalls, I 'chickened' out.

My wife was travelling in the car, later in the evening, to the Dance, so she gave me a lift to Chester, where I entrained. Passing through Chirk and Gobowen, there was indeed a carpet of snow; but no sign of snow in Shrewsbury itself.

With time in hand, I walked the couple of miles out to the Shropshire Lad, arriving just in time to partake in a drink with Gerry Robinson of 'ours' who had only just arrived with his girl Margaret. Very soon we all seated ourselves at the Dinner Table. I believe there were 118 persons altogether, a very good number. Vin Denson and wife, Vi, were chief guests, also guests were Len Scarratt and wife, and many notables were present, including Jack Pitchford and Ira Thomas.

After a somewhat protracted speech session, the Dancing started. A Discotheque arrived and was very favourably received. Many types of music were played, to suit all tastes and all too soon the evening was over. I can only recommend this function, to all who can possibly attend, in 1973.

A.R.

MRS.MORRIS OF DINAS MAWDDWY

In an issue of THE TOURIST, the journal of the Bristol D.A. C.T.C. now some months old, we were pleased to see a reference to

Mrs. Morris, who for many years kept a very good house for tourists at Dinas Mawddwy, first at Arwel, and then at Glyndwr. The warmth of the welcome, the comfort of the beds after hours a wheel, the splendid food, all combine to provide glorious memories even after the passing of many years, and we were really delighted to know that Mrs. Morris is in her eighties and well. Of course, she does not cater now.

Although we knew Dinas Mawddwy and Mrs. Morris between the wars, we hold vivid memories of the time when Frank Perkins and I pedalled gently up the valley from Machynlleth one night late in October 1942 to meet Salty and Billy Rich at Mrs. Morris's. Some years later a larger party gathered there on an October Friday. It was twenty four years ago, or maybe even twenty five, and a thinned-down extract from a piece we penned for The Bicycle at the time will help to fill these pages.

Although the article is titled: MIDNIGHT ON BWLCH-Y-GROES, we went on to say that it was hardly midnight, because at the witching hour we were all safely ensconced in Mrs. Morris's C.T.C. house at Dinas Mawddwy, and spreading ourselves into a splendid supper. This particular occasion was a "Tints" week-end, and Salty, Eric Reeves, Peter Rock, Arthur Williams and myself contrived to add a little more to the enjoyment of the week-end by getting away smartly at Friday teatime, and having a meal at the cottage on the A.5 where the Ruthin road comes in.

The evening, warm, moonless and calm, gave sheer delight, and we dawdled on the climbing miles to enable Eric (who had started later) to catch up. From the summit the party was complete, and what a wonderful fling in the brilliant beams from three dynamos down the exciting miles to the Dee valley. Bala was enlivened by a fair, but we carried on. Beyond the town the waves of the lake were washing softly on the rocks below the road, and on the farther side the reflections of a train quivered across the water,

At the lake-end the fast pack - Salty, Peter and Eric - were half-a-mile ahead. The idea was for a halt at the inn at Llanuwchllyn, but the village policeman easily stalled that one. "Closed at nine!" was his gruff greeting, and his presence in the vicinity precluded the back-door method, which is always such a promising gambit in Wales. The early slopes of the famous pass heralded toil and sweat, yet the trio soon leaped away. Higher, on the shelf road, much could be ridden, and how pleasing to find Eric and Peter waiting at the first gate. Salty was, as ever, miles ahead. Eric walked with us: Peter

hurried after the maestro, and soon his rear light disappeared around a bend in the skyline.

In the intense darkness the passing of the highest point was not easily noticed, and only when the smooth surface of the crest gave way to the traditional rough going of this, the highest carriage road in Wales, did the descent really become evident. The tense silence of night brooded over the narrow valley, and save for the sight of a man swinging a lantern while he walked along the lonely road, not another thing moved. The only sounds came from the whirr of wheels, and the distant chatter of the infant river. The six miles to Dinas Mawddwy seemed, at the end, to stretch to sixteen, and the last uphill bit to the lights of the village appeared to be the worst of all. And so to the house of Mrs. Morris, to one of her wonderful suppers, and eventually, rest.

Saturday morning, golden and glorious, brought Mallwyd, and nearer Machynlleth we turned to Llanbrynmair for elevenses, and Carno, for lunch. At the Aleppo Merchant we were told that had we written, we could have had goose. "As it is, you'll have to put up with rabbit!" The bunny sank into a sea of soup, and after the sweet came the cheese which walked - cheese so ripe, so green, so lively, that it almost travelled across the table unaided! Never before, surely, were so many maggots living in so small a hunk of cheese!

A cooked meat shop in Welshpool provided food for the homelarder, Sunday's supper to be more explicit, although it was somewhat difficult stowing the pie upright while the gravy jellied. We had tea at Mrs. Sambrooks at Four Crosses. From Oswestry we turned for the exciting road over the hills. The road to Selatyn turned right on the outskirts of the little town, but not realising this in the darkness, Salty yanked us to the very crest of the route to Llansilin before tumbling swiftly into the lanes. Yet from that high horizon the miles were grand. Unknown roads swept into forgotten valleys, and in the lap of the most thrilling fling came Selatyn.

A hairpin bend, a gently ascending road to the heights again led to a shelf road, where we could see lights flickering across the valley. Then a last long and fierce drop to the Ceiriog, and a short climb brought journey's end. The meal was ready. The yarns, naturally, were good. Midnight, and we were abed once more.

FARNDON - 1st January 1972

The first day of 1972 was fine, with very little wind, in fact, a very fair day for cycling.

Only Desmond Ling and myself set off from the Eureka, and we went via Woodbank, Saughall and Saltney Ferry to Saltney. With a short stretch of main road, we were soon into the lanes beyond Kinnerton and then heading for Lavister. All roads were very quiet, even the usually busy Chester to Wrexham Road. Onto the Anfield '25' Course, it seemed only a very short while before we were crossing the narrow Dee Bridge, and swinging into the courtyard of the Nag's Head.

Many Anfielders were already in attendance, Messrs. Buckley, Cranshaw, Perkins, Hill, France, John Leece and Gerry Robinson. I apologise if I have missed anyone out - oh yes - Allan Littlemore (early!)

After the usual good meal and some liquid refreshment, Des, Gerry, Allan and myself, headed for Churton, Aldford and Chester. Allan L. peeled off for Kelsall and home, and Des, Gerry and myself carried on along the excellent Chester Ring Road to Two Mills. The day was good for scenery, company and weather, and augured well for the coming year.

A.R.

ASHTON - 5th February 1972

The Golden Lion is a most popular venue, and rightly so. The atmosphere is convivial, the service and food excellent, and the location is ideal for both West and East Cheshire members.

On this day the weather was very uncertain. Clouds rolled in from the south-east, hastened by a strong wind. There was evidently some rain due, according to the weathermen.

On arriving at Two Mills, I met Eric Reeves, Des Ling and Bill Barnes, the latter has not been on many runs recently because of Rugby matches played on Saturdays. However, he is now free of these obligations, and by all accounts, intends to pursue racing quite seriously this year.

The four of us set off, and by devious lanes, traversed Capenhurst, Dunkirk, Backford, Cherlton and Mickle Trafford. Crossing the main road, the route lay via Christleton, Duddon, Clotton and Willington, to Kelsall. Rain had arrived by this time and the remainder of the journey to Ashton was under cape.

Ensnconced in the lounge of the 'Lion' were Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, John Leece, Syd del Banco, Gerry Robinson. Allan Littlemore arrived very shortly afterwards, and Eric Reeves had gone on to Bangor-on-Dee.

A pleasant hour was passed in cross-conversation, then Des Ling had to leave in order to be home early. Some while later, Gerry, Bill and myself, cut back to the Wirral, with a comfortable tail wind, via Manley, Dunham Hill and Queensferry road to Capenhurst and Two Mills. Whilst at Two Mills, some heavy showers descended, but after a discreet wait we scurried to our respective homes without getting wet. Quite an achievement on a very squally day.

A.R.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - 15th January 1972

This was a day that a certain D.Ling will remember for quite some time. Due to a persistent cold south-east wind and a fairly long ride, he succumbed to the 'knock' or 'bonk' and was truly glad to see the Smithy. It happens to us all, at some time or other, and no one ever forgets that feeling of 'jelly legs' aching arms and light headedness.

However, we did make the Smithy, and already tucking into Bacon, Egg, Beans and Sausage, were John France, John Leece, Len Hill and Frank Perkins, and on bicycle Gerry Robinson. Allan Littlemore arrived shortly afterwards, and we all had a very good lunch.

Des did not seem to be feeling any better after his meal, so John France very kindly offered him and his machine a 'lift' back to the Wirral.

Gerry, myself and Allan rode back through Holt, Farndon and Churton, to Aldford, where Allan took the right fork. Gerry and I carried on to Chester, The Mills, Refreshments and finally, home.

A.R.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We have a few lines left to fill the last page, so we should take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to Alan Rogerson for the large amount of material he has submitted for this issue. We honestly do not know how we would have managed to fill these pages without his help. Thanks too for his piece on the Speedwell Dinner to Frank Fischer.

And will all please remember that when Joe Dodd takes over, he will need all the help you can possibly give.

F.E.M.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 108 Eastham Rake, Eastham,
Wirral. Telephone: (051) 327 1723

Vol. LXVII

APRIL/MAY 1972

No. 754

FIXTURES

April 1972

- 22 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 29 Schoolboys' "10" (2.30 p.m. D.51b)

May

- 6 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch
& LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch
- 13 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
- 20 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch
- 27 BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Smithy) Lunch
- 28 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick House) Lunch
- 29 OPEN "100"

Committee Meetings will be held at the Eureka Cafe at
4 p.m. on April 15th and May 20th.

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, D. BETTANEY, 21 Alwen Drive,
Connah's Quay, Deeside.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue:- SATURDAY, 6th MAY 1972

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for Membership: John Edward Hawkins, The Court,
Kirket Lane, Bebington
Proposed by S.del Banco. Seconded by L.J.Hill

* * * *

Harry Duck has been transferred to the Honorary List at his own request.

We very much regret the following resignations: -
T.D.Bassett and George Parr

Dave Bassett is an extremely promising rider and he felt it necessary to join the Mercury Club so that he could participate in a road racing programme. We are exceedingly sorry that he has left our ranks.

TREASURER'S NOTES

David Bettaney wishes to record his pleasure on receiving donations from the following:- Arthur Birkby, John Leece, Rex Austin, Bill Finn, Syd Jonas, Harry Duck, Don Stewart, Syd del Banco, Dave Brown, Len Hull, John France, Dave Barker and Harry Austin. Oscar Dover, an old friend to whom we send a Circular each month, has made a contribution to cover costs and postage.

EDITORIAL

It never rains but it pours! How delightful to have enough material for a 12-page issue! The real boast to our supply lines is Stan Wild's piece on Pic Veleta, the high and mighty road in the mountains of south-east Spain. We've been waiting for this a long time. So long indeed that we thought Stan had forgotten us. As if, of course, he would - or could! To maintain an issue of the usual size, we could divide Stan's article and carry some forward to our next issue. But we've decided to be prodigal. Here goes....

We make no apology for including more than one report of some runs. If there is one way of putting people off contributing to these pages, it is not including their stuff when they do.

Incidentally, we were wondering whether John Thompson could find the time to pen a piece on his epic winter's day ride from Nuneaton to Langley and back. On a bicycle this would be a ride to remember, but on a barrow..... which route did you use John?

Changes of Address: T.Sherman, O.B.E., "Christleton", 1B Fulshaw Park South, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

A.Beaton, c/o 21 Windsor St., Dundee, DD2 1BN

ALAN ROGERSON wishes to remind everyone that we are running a Schoolboys "100" on Saturday April 29th at 2.30 in the afternoon. The course is on the Lancashire side, in the vicinity of Bickerstaffe/Rainford bypass. Marshals and stewards for the course are required and Alan would be grateful to receive offers. See him if you can, if not, please ring him at (051) 355-1467.

Also, Alan is keeping a record of racing results, and he desires details of all performances by our members as soon as possible after the event. Once again, see him if you can, or please telephone.

JOHN THOMPSON has been going great guns on his new tricycle. In the T.A. East 25 on course B.19 John recorded fastest time with 1-12-55. He describes the event as "gale-force winds - both ways"! On course K.16 on 26th March John recorded 1-11-35, as against Alf Engers 1-1-01. John says that he wouldn't mind being 10 minutes slower than Engers, all season. Once again there was a veritable gale blowing.

THE "100" FUND

Last year we mentioned that a "100" fund had been inaugurated to help provide the increased prizemoney and certain extras. The response was a pleasure to behold. We were delighted. Now, with yet another Anfield "100" in sight we should greatly appreciate the same amount of help today. Thank you all, very much.

"100" HELP TOO

And, of course, we need stewarding help, too. Len Hill would be delighted to hear from you.

WE ARE SORRY....

To record the passing of Bernard Wood, three times President of the Clifton C.C., and a good friend of us all; and, also, Martin Cross from Lower Peover, who was killed in an accident during a road race in March. Martin had ridden in three Anfield 100's and was known to several of our young members.

TOM SHERMAN

We have received a rare letter from our old friend advising the change of address which is noted elsewhere in this issue. It is a thoughtful letter, and sad, too, because Tommy tells of losing his wife last year, and since then he and his son have been endeavouring to adjust their lives to a new routine. We hasten to extend our sincerest sympathy in this the greatest loss the Shermans have had to bear,

Tommy also mentions a highlight of his life which occurred two years ago, an award of the O.B.E. for services to the Royal Marines Reserve. We must regretfully report that this great honour to an Anfielder never reached our ears, and, therefore, failed to be recorded in these pages. For this, and sincere apologies, and, better late than never, the heartiest possible congratulations. We are all very pleased indeed.

WE REGRET.....

To report the passing of Harold Pullan, elder brother of our own Guy, Harold was always a very keen cyclist, and was a member of the Walton C.& A.C. To Ann, Harold's widow, and Guy, we extend our sincerest sympathy.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING N.R.R.A. - 9th March 1972

The A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A. was held in Manchester, under the Presidency of Tommy Barlow.

Hubert Buckley of ours was re-elected to the secretarial and treasurer's position with no opposition, whilst Allan Littlemore was put on the committee, there being two vacancies, so he, together with Joe Boot, from Sheffield, completed the quota. Jimmy Cranshaw represented the Club.

It was reported that during the year, two records had been successful, i.e. the ladies' "Fifty bicycle" and the men's "Tandem fifty": certificates were presented to the tandem riders who were present.

The most important item on the agenda - a proposal for a straightout "25" was carried. There would be no lowest standard, the committee to approve all claims.

It was decided that next year's A.G.M. would be held in an evening rather than a Saturday afternoon.

A.L.L.

93rd BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION - 4th March 1972

Although bookings were slow to come in at first, when the historic night arrived the attendance figure had reached fifty. On this same evening the R.R.A. was holding its Triennial Dinner, but this unfortunate clash did not lessen the success of our 93rd held, for the second year running, at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester,

President Len Hill opened the proceedings, and alongside him were our guests: Johnny Helms, Warrington R.C.; Frank Mumford, Mersey Roads; Jack Duckers, North Salop Wheelers; Bill Hewitt, Birkenhead North End, and handicapper for our "100"; Oscar Dover, Liverpool Century; Les Lowe, Speedwell B.C., Peter Williams, East Liverpool Wheelers; Cliff Ash, Mid Salop Wheelers; and Ken Matthews, "Cycling".

After an excellent meal, and much amusing cross-toasting, the President toasted the Queen, and Alan Rogerson proceeded to welcome the visitors in a speech that was very bright and breezy. Johnny Helms, a most knowledgeable and active cyclist, responded. His reply to the welcome was delightful: he praised the Anfield and all that it stood for, with, also, some very pleasing comments on our Black Anfielders history.

For the second part of the evening Johnny Helms provided a slide show that was both excellent and unique, with delightful photographic shots interspersed with many of his own well-executed comic cartoons. Some of his sunset shots were absolutely first class. One view of Runcorn Bridge was a real picture, while a glimpse of the Maen Gwynedd was familiar to many members of the audience. Thank you, Johnny, for an excellent entertainment.

David Birchall produced an excellent and unique menu card, which, also, embodied the Anfield song. Finally, a word of appreciation for all those who helped with the arrangements.

A.L.L.

THE HIGHEST IN EUROPE

The Pic Veleta began for me as long ago as 1935. In the summer of that year I had crossed the Stelvio Pass (9,050ft.), the highest in Europe, and, in more senses than one, I felt on top of the world. Judge my surprise later in the same year when I saw in the daily press a description of a new road, the Pic Veleta, in the south of Spain, which read "the road 26 miles long climbs to a height of 11,247ft. above sea level - 2000ft. higher than any other

road in Europe, the famous Stelvio and the uncompleted Col de l'Iseran not excepted". My appetite was whetted for more information but alas! the Spanish Civil War in 1936 followed by World War II threw a blanket of darkness over Spanish affairs for many years.

During 1969 Len Hill disclosed that he had recently motored into the Sierra Nevada to a height of nearly 9000ft. and reported favourably on the new road. This revived my interest and in May 1970, with time to spare in retirement I indulged in what I intended to be the tour of a life-time. I cycled from Lisbon to Malaga but unfortunately my attempt on the Pic Veleta from Granada came to an untimely end at well over 10,000ft. when huge snowdrifts barred my way almost a stone's throw from the summit.

The trip was so enjoyable that I took the disappointment philosophically. Then at the Tints week-end I learned that Len Hill and Geoff Sharp had made the crossing in an M.G. a week or so earlier. Inevitably September 1971 found me in Granada once more. This is one of the most beautiful cities in Spain, famous for the Alhambra and the Generalife, homes of the Moorish kings, with the high Sierra Nevada range forming a magnificent background - a romantically delightful place to revisit.

Granada is a long way to travel for a cycling trip and for this return visit my wife accompanied me on a motor-caravanning cum cycling holiday. We used the motor ferry from Southampton to Bilbao and included many interesting places on our way to the capital of Andalusia. Burgos, Segovia, Madrid and Toledo were visited and as the bicycle was always first out and last in as far as the caravan was concerned I experienced much pleasant cycling in and around these old world cities. I rode the bike every day and during a tour of over 1,700 motoring miles cycled nearly 300 miles. A tribute to my determination and above all to the indulgence of my wife.

Finding an excellent caravan site on the north side of Granada (where we stayed four nights) I decided to lose no time in making my assault on the Pic Veleta. The round trip, right across the mountain range and back to Granada approximated to just over a hundred miles. Not wishing to leave my wife alone in camp for more than one night, I expected to cover the round in two days. So on a lovely autumn morning I left Granada (2,195ft.) to journey upwards into the heart of the mountains, hoping to reach the Parador at 9000ft. for the night. Beyond this point civilisation ended for 30 miles and if accommodation was unobtainable I would have no alternative but to return to Granada. For the first few miles the road climbed gently through the Genil Valley. Then skirting the village of Pinos Genil it turned

right across the river and began to climb in earnest. Winding round and round, the road, skilfully engineered, wide and of good surface, maintained a consistent gradient of 1 in 10. Using a Sturney-Archer 5-speed hub with a bottom gear of 28 inches I rode steadily and well within myself. It was warm enough in the sun but the drier heat here was conducive to more comfortable riding conditions than would be the case in a similar temperature in Central Europe. The country gradually changed from sub-tropical to wild and rocky mountainside and there were splendid views looking back towards the ancient Moorish capital. Ten miles up a little bar provided "elevenses" and six miles further (at 6,000ft.) a small restaurant (the El Nogel) opportunely appeared just in time for lunch. The gradient continued to be easily rideable without too much strain and despite the increasing altitude the air was like wine and kept me as fresh as a daisy. A feature of the climb was the almost complete absence of traffic and I reached the "Parador di Sierra Nevada" late in the afternoon. Situated at 9,000ft. and 25 miles from Granada the hotel, to my great relief, had a room available. Paradores are a chain of first class hotels run by the Spanish Government, and at this one, luxuriously furnished in the "Sun Valley" tradition, dinner, breakfast, and room with shower and toilet cost less than £3. I had a splendid night here and dined with the Pic Veleta in full view from the outsized dining room window of the hotel.

On the morrow the sun blazed down in all its glory. So warm indeed that my zipp jacket was immediately consigned to the saddlebag and just after 9 a.m. I commenced the final miles of the climb. Los Penones de San Francisco (9,121ft.), a fierce outcrop of rocks, were soon achieved and still riding easily I continued towards the skyline. A series of alpine zig-zags constituted the hardest going so far, and then, six miles from the Parador I came to the summit of the main ridge. Here an inconspicuous sign simply marked Capileira pointed to the right, indicating a much narrower and rougher road than the main Sierra Nevada highway, which continued to the left with no diminution in quality or width. This point (the main ridge) I estimated to be quite 10,500ft. in height. The Capileira road continues across the watershed and thus constitutes a true pass and is, therefore, the highest pass in Europe. There are official figures for the height of the Pic Veleta but I have no information on the precise height of this ridge. It was originally intended to drill a tunnel 1,312ft. long through the mountain at the 10,170ft.

contour. This plan did not come to fruition but it does make my estimate of the highest part of the main ridge to be about right.

From the signpost the road spiralled acutely towards the now dominant peak which was my goal. The gradient steeper now, forced me from the saddle and I was glad to walk most of the remaining distance to the summit, a mere one and a half miles, to where the road ended on the very top of the Pic Veleta. Thus I had climbed over 9,000ft. in 33 miles from Granada to achieve a long standing ambition - 11,247ft. - the highest road in Europe. This is the second highest mountain in Spain and from it unfolded an incomparable circular panorama of majestic splendour. I was in the land of limbo and not a sign of man or his works (road excepted) could be seen. From my vantage point the mountain dropped into a huge amphitheatre of sheer wilderness, the terrain then rose spectacularly to the black and sombre whale-back outline of Mulhacen (11,421ft.) the highest mountain in the Iberian Peninsula. There was just nothing at the top, so after absorbing the magnificent views for some time and taking a few photographs, I descended rapidly to the main ridge and followed the Capileira sign. Here a notice in Spanish was quite understandable - it meant that the way ahead was unfit for all vehicles except Land Rovers. The road fell sharply with so rough a surface that in many parts I dismounted to walk past small boulders and large areas of loose stones. The scenery was absolutely stupendous as the road climbed again along the side of that mighty mountain. Mulhacen, and although the gradient was not severe it was too rough to ride. I did not care. The views were completely spell-binding - this was nature in the raw and solitude in the extreme. The way began to drop once more but progress was laborious - very slow riding along the roughest of surfaces with an occasional walk when the bicycle wheels skidded in the rubble. After hours of travelling without a single sign of civilisation I turned a corner and saw a gladdening sight. There was Capileira, a shining cascade of white houses tumbling down the natural terraces of the mountains. The time was nearly 3.30 p.m. It had been a long and hard stint but utterly magnificent and just about the greatest experience of my life.

An ample meal in the village inn and I continued downwards. Now the road was of excellent surface and I just belted down from the 4,760ft. altitude of Capileira to the small town of Orgiva (1,329ft.). Just imagine a drop of nearly 10,000ft. in 25 miles with just an odd car to bother you. There is no doubt that when the southern section of the Pic Veleta road is raised to the standard

of the northern side it will be not only the highest but the finest highway in Europe. I feel privileged to have used this route before the motor car takes over!

Now in hilly country, with the high mountains away in the distance I climbed to Lanjaron (2,254ft.) and reached the main road from Granada to the sea. I turned northwards and there were 16 miles to go when darkness fell, but it was with intense satisfaction that I rode into Granada beneath the floodlit walls of the Alhambra. I reached the camp site at 9.30 p.m. The caravan was empty and contained a laconic note from my wife "Gone flamenco dancing at the Sacromonte". So all was well! Repairing to the camp restaurant for a meal I drank a toast (in best Sherry, of course) to just about the finest day I have ever had with a bicycle. Actually it was also one of the most strenuous days ever as in addition to attaining great heights the day's route had covered 78 miles. A good day for any man, young or old - I was more than satisfied.

For the record the highest pass in Central Europe is the Col de la Bonette (9,193ft.) sometimes known as the Col du Restefond, in the Alpes Maritime.

S.W.

LANGLEY - 12th February 1972

As Hubert had arranged this venue, quite a lot of support was promised. Marian and I rode to Macclesfield, via Knutsford, and so to the climb up to Langley. Near Sutton we came upon a tricycle rider, none other than John Thompson, who had ridden his gleaming new tubular-shod machine all the way from Nuneaton.

The venue, formerly the "New Inn" has been changed to the "Leather Smithy". The view from the inn is superb, with the whole of the Langley reservoir gleaming before ones eyes. Inside, we were joined by Hubert, who had walked; Jimmy Cranshaw, Rex Austin, Gerry Robinson, Alan Rogerson, Harold Catling. All had cycled, Harold, though, was on a fiery red tricycle reminding me of a fire engine.

The food was good, and no doubt John Thompson enjoyed his more than anyone. He needed to, as he intended riding back to Nuneaton again, a mighty mileage indeed. Marian and I cycled around the lake on undulating roads, called for a cup of tea at a cottage at Pexall, and then after visiting Gawsorth, made for Knutsford by way of Over Peover and pleasant lanes. A call in Knutsford brought more refreshment and, as the "blackout" commenced, we took the

train for the last few miles home. Quite a pleasant day, and a suitable and popular venue.

A.L.L.

ASHTON - GOLDEN LION - 11th March 1972

The forecast said sleet and snow, but, although there was a cold east wind, the day was dry and sunny when I got out the Moulton.

Setting out on my first club run for almost a year; down the lanes into Chester, and out through Christleton passing the 'Ring-o-Bells', I wondered what was wrong with its old name 'Red Lion'?

On over the pack horse bridges - judging by the tracks and mud, still well-used by horses!

A left turn at the end soon brought me into Tarvin, then half a mile of main road, and left again to Ashton. Already entrenched there I found the President, Len Hill, Vice-President Frank Perkins, John France, and R.Poole and wife. Some few minutes later Guy Pullen, Gerry Robinson, Bill Barnes and Neil France arrived, on the stroke of one Allan Littlemore came in bragging at having arrived before Alan Rogerson, Gerry soon cleared the air, by announcing that Alan sent his apologies; as he could not be there before Mr.Littlemore, he would stay at home, and nurse his sick wife.

Ten of us dined amiably and well; and some ninety minutes later, when the party broke up, we set off to make our various ways home; for myself a nice tail wind through the lanes to Saighton and Aldford, over the iron bridge and through the Duke of Westminster's estate (ignoring the Point-to-Point races). So safely home, a very nice day out!

BEN GRIFFITHS

LANGLEY - 18th March 1972

This is the second occasion we have been to the Smithy for a Manchester Section Run on a Saturday lunch time. I left home to walk on a fine, warm morning. It took me just under an hour for the journey.

When I arrived I found that Jim Cranshaw had come on a bicycle. Stan Bradley, and Bob and Mrs. Poole had already arrived. We were soon called to The Bar, and shortly afterwards were joined by Rex Austin, on bicycle, and Harold Catling, on a tricycle. We had just ordered our lunches when in came Gerry Robinson and Alan Rogerson, who both seem to find this run makes a very suitable training ride.

Soon after this we were joined by The Captain.

A very pleasant hour was spent over lunch and drinks, and Rex suggested that we ought to go to the Smithy again. So it was decided that we should fix the next occasion for 6th May. This happens to be Cup Final Day, and the writer invites anyone who attends this run to watch the match at 253 Park Lane should he so wish. All will be welcome.

When the party broke up the Captain led Gerry and Alan on a tour of the lakes before setting course for Acton Bridge. The rest of the party set off for home. Jim walked and wheeled his bicycle to accompany the writer back to Park Lane for a cup of tea before setting off for Stockport.

H.B.

LANGLEY - 18th March 1972

Gerry Robinson and myself had been to this venue in February; and decided to travel there again. On this March day the wind was entirely the opposite to that which prevailed throughout February, and consequently we had a hard ride out.

Our route lay via Frodsham, Kingsley, Acton Bridge, Little Leigh, Comberbach, Pickmere and Knutsford. On the Heath there is a very pleasant cafe, but 'please do not lean cycles on the fence!!' We unwittingly did this, and they were promptly moved! A group of racing cyclists from Oldham area were already ensconced, and discussing their various exploits. We quaffed our coffee rather quickly, and got back on the road, as, despite the wind, it was a bright, sunny, day. We chose to remain on the main road to Macclesfield, due to lack of time, and eventually having crossed a very busy town centre, took the turning for Sutton and Langley. The road gets harder as it passes through Langley village, and the last half-mile is really tough. The fact that the Leather Smithy is at the top of this last stretch makes climbing even more distressing.

We could see, from the black and blue bicycle outside, that Rex Austin was within. A bright red tricycle identified itself with Harold Catling, and a gleaming black roadster with Jim Cranshaw. Also inside were Bob Poole and his wife, Hubert Buckley, and Stan Bradley.

There followed the usual exchange of badinage and good humoured conversation, taken over food and drink. Allan Littlemore arrived very soon afterwards, and the party moved outside into the

sunshine for an examination of machines.

The route for home encircled the reservoir immediately in front of the inn, thence via Langley and Maggoty Johnson's Grave at Gawsorth. At Pexall, Allan L. introduced us to a very pleasant tea-stop, run by a Mrs. Waine - here we had tea and cakes, and met an ex-cyclist who remembered "Mrs. Waine's" from years back. There are not many such places left, and they are, of course, getting rarer.

With the wind behind us, we sped along through Monks Heath and to Seven Sisters Lane, thence via Peover and Plumley to Great Budworth and Comberbach. At Little Leigh I said farewell to Allan, as lighting-up time was but an hour away, and I arrived home just within the legal limit. However, as it was a bright day, I really had time in hand. I can really recommend a run to Langley: the scenery and the mild beer justify it.

E.A.R.

TAILPIECE

Extra pages or no, it has been quite a task fitting this issue together. Some pieces have been mangled unmercifully - ask Allan Littlemore, and two pleasing contributions from Alan Rogerson must await our next issue before they see the light of day.

F.E.M.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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

Captain: A. L. LITTLEMORE

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 108 Eastham Rake, Eastham,
Wirral. Telephone: (051) 327 1723

Vol. LXVII

JUNE/JULY

No. 755

FIXTURES

June 1972

- 3 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 10 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch
- 17 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms) Lunch
- 24 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch

July

- 1 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch
- 8 BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Smithy) Lunch
- 15 FARNDON (Nags Head) Lunch
- 22 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

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Honorary: A minimum of 50p. These and donations should
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Comah's Quay, Deeside.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue:- SATURDAY, 8th JULY 1972

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for membership:-

MICHAEL JOHN TWIGG, 14 Barkhill Road, Vicars Cross,
Chester CH35 JQ.

Proposed by Frank Fischer and Seconded by Len Hill.

PHOTO RUN

Someone has had the bright idea that the best venue for the Photo Run is the finish of the "100", just as soon as the tumult and the shouting dies. This is an excellent suggestion, and should provide one of the finest (from a numbers point of view) photographs for years. Members are hereby requested to make their way to the finish to join the happy throng.

A DILEMMA

For some time now, Jeff Mills has been responsible for the Secretary's and Treasurer's jobs in the Liverpool D.C. R.T.T.C. and, also Treasurer of the Veterans. Although we have known of this for some time, we have not, at Jeff's request, made mention of this valuable work. Now, at President Hill's direction, we must. Sorry Jeff.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Len writes to say that it is nice to recollect the joyful gatherings in the little bar at The Lion on the Sunday evening before the annual battle for the winning time in our "100. What happiness radiates from the party of members, friends, wives and fiancées who gather here, and we all look forward to a similar gathering this Spring Holiday Sunday. The little bar is on the left as you enter by the Lion main door in Wyle Cop. (That is, if we have interpreted Len's directions aright - ED.)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

M.HOLLAND - 6 Border Road, Barnston, Wirral.

J.S.WHELAN - 12 Edgewood Road, Bromborough, Wirral

Telephone: (051) 327-3809

DAVID BARKER'S Telephone No:- (061) 962-3261

EDITORIAL

We wish to express our regret for there being too much "F.E.M." about this issue of the Circular. Last month we had to leave over a couple of pieces from Alan Rogerson, but this month we have received only the article on a tricycle trip to the Dales from Harold Catling. The total wordage for the three amounted to a thousand words.

And, as we have stated many times, the regular appetite for each normal issue is 2,800 words. So the amount of filling in we have had to do has been considerable. We can only hope that we haven't bored you too much.

BITS AND PIECES

Joe Dodd returned recently from his honeymoon to a very disturbing circumstance - the loss of his job! Joe asks if we will continue in the Editorial Task just a little longer. Of course we will, and no doubt all will wish Joe every success in his search for a new post.

Stan Wild's story of his adventure on Pic Veleta in last month's issue has aroused a tremendous amount of interest. We are sure that this most adventurous highway is "down for doing" in the future projects of many of our readers.

Our Secretary Gerry Robinson tells us that he and Margaret, whom many of us know, became engaged to be married on April 23rd. We extend our sincerest wishes to the happy pair.

By the time you receive this Circular yet another Anfield "100" will be with us. If you can get Shrewsburywards on the Spring Bank Holiday, and haven't fixed for a job, Len Hill will be delighted to hear from you - 051-342-3589.

Equally important, David Bettaney will be pleased to receive last minute donations to the "100" fund.

Athletes both: We learn with pleasure that Bill Barnes is a Schoolboy Boxing "Champ" for the 4th year, and Mike Holland is a cross-country expert.

A LETTER FROM RIGBY BAND

Rigby writes the following under date of February 21. We were unable to include it in our last issue -

Dear Frank,

Although I am no longer a member, I recently spent a very pleasant evening with the Gloucester City C.C. at their 80th Annual Dinner and Dance. The guest of honour was David Duffield of trike records fame, supported by Jack Cotton, a veteran of the Bristol D.A. of the C.T.C.

The pleasures of the evening were enhanced by meeting several old friends: Arthur Smith of the North Road and Ida, Richard Hulse of the Speedwell, Lewis Morris, one-time Rhos-on-Sea C.C. and Bill Griffiths Stow Wheelers whose son Philip is the current Gloucester City Star and B.B.All Rounder.

I shall not be able to make Chester on 4th March. Please pass on my best wishes to all old friends.

Yours sincerely,
RIGBY.

...and BILL FINN

Joe,

Frank Bliss, in a very cheerful letter, says that he is now quartered in a private Residential Home for Elderly people. When he has been fitted with artificial legs and master the art of using them he hopes to return to his own "Anfield Cottage" at Little Naplestead.

Frank has now taken up the threads of his Wayfarer project: a sketch-history of Robbie, the man, and a selected miscellany of Robbie's writings which will form the main body of a book.

I feel sure that a visit to OUR patient would help that very "lame dog over the stile". Members touring or trialling down Essex way could note Frank's address; greetings on a picture post-card could boost his courageous outlook.

Address: LYNDERSWOOD COURT, LONDON ROAD,
BLACK NOTLEY, BRAINTREE, ESSEX.

I trust that you are now comfortably installed in the Editorial chair.

With kind regards and best wishes for a successful and rewarding term of office.

Yours sincerely,
BILL FINN

22.2.72

WEAVER VALLEY DINNER - 26th February

As in 1971, the venue for this well-attended function was the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Over, Winsford. The distance being reasonable,

and the weather very clement, I decided to ride to Winsford.

The weather remained fine, and despite a very dark few miles, with several close passes by motor vehicles, I made the Wheat-sheaf in good time. Several bikes were in the outhouse specially provided by a very thoughtful licensee, and conviviality already reigned within the hostelry.

After a few minutes of devout cycling conversation, the call came to mount the stairs and soon a full complement were seated. To cut a possible long story short, the meal was excellent, the cross-toasting was in very good vein, and speeches by Richard Proudfoot and Derek Johnson, were respectively factual and fanciful. My own brief effort was undoubtedly eclipsed by Derek Johnson's brilliant monologue. Wyn Maddock presented the prizes, many won by the younger members of the Club, and guest of honour Barry Davies, professional cyclist, made a very good speech completely 'off the cuff'.

As with all good Dinners, closure loomed all too soon, and after many farewells, especially to Joe Summerlin, North Road, and Gail Pilnick, Faith Murray, and other delightful lady cyclists, a party set off for Acton Bridge, all on cycles.

At this latter 'staging post' we listened to Dave Stapleton relating many tales of the Mersey '24'. Eventually at 2 a.m., I set off for home on a clear cold night, and arrived with another memorable evening to recall.

E.A.R.

INTER CLUB 25 + AFTER - 12th March 1972

In this early-season event on the Welsh Coast Road, no Anfielders essayed forth to compete, but Gerry Robinson and myself had 'volunteered' to marshal the turn at Talacre. We had an early and cold start to be at the turn at 0820, but after the event, we continued on our way through Prestatyn (no cafes) to Abergele (no cafes open) to Rhuddlan (no cafes open yet!) to St. Asaph (still no cafes open yet) and so on to Denbigh, where at the top of a long, ever steepening hill, we found one - an open cafe!

Although there was a very cold east wind blowing, the sun was shining brightly and on the lee side, it was quite warm.

The Cafe appeared to be the Sunday morning meeting place for the residents of a nearby Mental Hospital, and quite a brisk trade was going on whilst we gratefully ingested a large cooked breakfast.

Soon we were en route again and carried on along the pleasantly undulating main road to Ruthin. After Ruthin, Gerry took me

on some very new and extremely arduous lanes. The lanes were parallel to the Nant-y-Garth, but steeper and much more demanding. Gerry was twiddling away on 49 and chatting, whilst I was purple and speechless on my bottom gear of 63. Eventually we met the Nant-y-Garth, but turned left for Llanarmon. It was not very long before we gratefully entered the Raven and asked for Mild Beer. To our great surprise the lady informed us that Mild was not served at all - no demand. We settled for Bitter Shandy, and soon we were back on the road, via Loggerheads, Mold and Queensferry to Two Mills.

Later, many people commented on what a cold day it had been, but we had found it very warm in places, and generally a very pleasant and varied perambulation.

E.A.R.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION PRESIDENTS WEEK-END - 25/26 March 1972

After a winter spent pottering about the Cheshire Lanes the prospect of a week-end in the Yorkshire Dales was irresistible. Golden memories of sunny days on the high fells overcame misgivings as to my own fitness and a threat of gale-force winds. The journey through darkest Lancashire has little worthy of notice except that it does become tolerably pleasant north of Pendle. Saturday lunch was taken in the Forest of Bowland, within sight of Giggleswick's green dome, and by two o'clock I was tackling the steep climb out of Ribblesdale from Stainforth. It is quite a pull up to the 1400ft. contour and the afternoon was so unseasonably warm that, although I had discarded jacket and pullover, perspiration dripped steadily from my brow.

The vista from the shoulder of Pen-y-ghent was, however, well worth the toil of the ascent and so too was the dramatic descent to Halton Gill. Littondale, free of traffic, was dozing gently in the sun, oblivious of the mad motor-ridden world outside, and it was not until I joined Wharfedale that I saw my first car of the afternoon. Northwards, following the river through Kettlewell, Starbotten and Buckden, the road was virtually deserted and there was no other traffic at all crossing the col from Wharfedale into Bishopdale. By this time the shadows were becoming very long indeed, and it was clear that my original schedule had been distinctly optimistic. Afternoon tea being now a distant memory the prospect of a Dales dinner provided the necessary spur, and Aysgarth Youth Hostel was reached with a few minutes to spare. The main party was already moving off on foot for the dinner venue,

leaving President Ed Green to act as sheepdog. His bark is worse than his bite but he quickly marshalled the stragglers, and within a very few minutes thirty-five tricyclists were recounting the hardships of their respective journeys over pre-dinner drinks. It proved to be a very good dinner, the company was excellent and I have rarely enjoyed a cycling occasion more,

Breakfast at the hostel too, was good and lavish, but by this time the official weather forecast had been fulfilled. A westerly gale was blowing with a threat of rain. The Geordies and East Yorkshiresmen were delighted, but others of us, whilst not allowing it to spoil our breakfast, had some reservations. And well justified they were. In the teeth of the gale the twelve almost level miles of Wensleydale from Aysgarth to Hawes took ninety minutes of determined hard riding. Turning slightly south at Hawes brought some relief but it was still a very hard climb over Gayle Moor, and it was fully three hours after leaving Aysgarth before the great viaduct at Ribbleshead was sighted. From this point onwards life was very much easier. Turning a few points off the wind revives the spirits greatly and it was pure delight to follow the infant Ribble down through Horton and Helwith Bridge to Settle.

Altogether it was a most satisfactory and satisfying week-end. It has however left me just a little doubtful as to the entire suitability of a 69" fixed gear and one caliper brake for tricycling in the Dales. It is perfect in Cheshire and not at all bad in Derbyshire, but I am at last beginning to suspect that freewheels, gears and brakes may have something to commend them in the Dales.

H.C.

CROOKED PASS

This is a story against myself. It concerns a crossing of the Berwyns known as Bwlch Gam - Crooked Pass, which crosses these well-known hills a short distance towards the dawn from the better known Bwlch-rhiw-Hirnant, the exciting road which links Bala with the quieter end of Lake Vyrnwy.

There seems to be little doubt that Bwlch Gam was, once, an acknowledged crossing of these lonely hills. Its road drifted down from the summit into the lonely Cedig Valley, to join with the path from Pennant Melangell. Lower down it came to Yr Hen Eglwys (The Old Church) which stood, bygone ages back, at a confluence in a remote part of this lonely valley, until recently the Ordnance Survey kept this sacred spot intact by giving the name in the Gothic lettering which they use for ancient places. However, this

practice has now ceased, and on recently issued sheets the name has disappeared. However, one must admit that there was little of an old church to see, merely a heap of stones to mark an ancient worshipping place. I have read that it was a round church.

Local legend has it that Wyddyn, the giant from Llanwyddyn, a village hidden beneath Vyrnwy's waters for well-nigh ninety years, and the Saint Melangell, from Pennant, regularly worshipped here in the early centuries of Anno Domini. Whatever the elements of truth the legend might contain, it remains a pretty story.

An attempt on this pass makes an admirable adventure on the Tints weekend, and this is what the late lamented Salty and I had in mind one somewhat wet weekend years ago.

We headed on the Berwyn way (the road through Llandegla) one Friday afternoon to seek shelter and supper at Corwen's Crown, a very good inn in the old days. And on the Saturday we ventured along the Dee valley road towards Bala. Salty hurried ahead to buy a pair of boots in the town. I waited where the road to Lake Vyrnwy heads for the hills. A short distance along this mountain highway we turned left and then, in time, right, to pursue a parallel way into the Berwyns. A lonely cottage stood near a pond. Inhabited, yes, but when we passed the occupants were out. We were sorry about this, as we wished to have some local information on the crossing of Crooked Pass.

Actually, in the wet conditions prevailing, we should have turned back from the point where the track leaves the cottage. Ahead, a great bank of black cloud wreathed the horizon of the hills, and, really, it was folly to continue, but we did. There were traces of surfacing in the track, but much had disappeared with the operations of the Forestry Commission.

In time we reached the cloud and had lunch, sodden sandwiches eaten while standing in the lee of a bank. The track disappeared amid some peat workings, and we tried to find the way. Salty went ahead to look for the road but in the thick mist we were really lost, although we were not aware of this. We had never been lost before, so why now?

The summit came, we descended and ran out of the cloud. It was shortly after this that I realized that we were not on the route to Lake Vyrnwy. Pennant Melangell, much more likely, then we found a path, a rideable route, and we hurried along to reach the morning's route near the cottage! How we had gone wrong we shall never know, but without a compass we couldn't have been really sure. The real mistake was, there is no doubt, our decision to climb into the cloud. I have not had an opportunity since to conquer Crooked Pass, but it must be recorded that some months later Salty and John Futter made a successful crossing, and this ancient route can be recommended to our enthusiasts of today.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Vol. LXVII

"100" EXTRA

No. 756

SPECIAL NOTE:

This is a special issue of the Circular to cover the "100". In recent years we have sent all competitors a copy including the "100" report, and this seems to be generally appreciated.

Once again we pay tribute to David Barker's exceptional ability in putting the story together. A tiresome task in which David excels superbly.

We have included the piece about John Thompson's exploits because a report of the Bangor-on-Dee run by Alex Beaton seems to have gone astray.

F.E.M.

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, D. BETTANEY, 21 Alwen Drive, Connah's Quay, Deeside.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

BISHOPS CASTLE - SPRING HOLIDAY, SUNDAY 28th MAY 1972

My old friend, Gilbert Sutcliffe, of the Mersey Roads, had prevailed on me to forsake my Raleigh for the comfort and ease of his car. Not that he needed to do much prevailing because the near gale conditions were not conducive to easy cycling and a day in his company meant a feast of wit and mutual reminiscing. So, from our headquarters at Edgebolton we headed for the T.A. "100" where we learnt of John Thompson's solitary ride at the head of the field, his 5hrs.8mins. being good value for a windy morning. E.Tremaine (Leicester R.C.) was fastest in 4hrs.36mins. It is very gratifying that John continues the Anfield tradition of speedy long distance tricycling.

Then followed the run out to Bishops Castle via Shrewsbury and the long climb through the Hope Valley, overtaking near the summit Rex Austin becaped and jostled by the wind. Also, clad in his cape of brilliant psychedelic hue, was Alex Beaton walking the last few yards to the Old Brick Guest House to be greeted by President Len Hill, Vice President Frank Perkins, Keith Orum, Jim Cranshaw, John Moss and friend Wendy, and Percy Williamson. A good lunch was despatched amid genial chatter, Len was in good form and it should be mentioned that Keith on learning that Len was without transport had generously deserted his bicycle to bring him by car from Shrewsbury. Another willing volunteer was John, who was taking it easy in preparation for the morrow's "100" which was to give him a hard windy ride gallantly completed. The "100" had received 114 entries which was acknowledged to be a tribute to John Whelan's enthusiasm and personal popularity with his fellow speedmen.

Our route back to Shrewsbury was by the Ratlinghope crossing which permitted Gilbert to mourn the disappearance of the water-splash at Castle Pulverbatch in which, years ago, he had ridden over the prostrate body of a club-mate lying prone after a spill in a "dust up".

E.G.P.

THE ANFIELD "100" - MONDAY 29 MAY 1972

A glance at this year's card might have led to some disappointment when the star-studded field of 1971 was recalled. Certainly last year's 'big four' were absent, Creaser in Germany, Lloyd and Cromack on Milk Race duty as rider and manager respectively and Mick Potts still getting over the inappropriately named Peace Race.

But then closer inspection revealed a predominantly local field of consistently high quality which gave rise to intense speculation and intriguing prospects. The only 'names' from outside the Merseyside/West Midlands area were Kevin Fairhead (Hounslow) and John Burnham (Rockingham). It subsequently emerged that Fairhead was riding his own clubs' "100" the day before, perhaps aiming at a unique double. The entry of Burnham, a top short distance time-trialist, was a particularly intriguing one (perhaps as Johnny Williams' son-in-law he should be counted as an honorary local).

Fairhead and Burnham were receiving one minute and six minutes respectively from scratchman Ron Spencer (Warrington) who first won the event nine years ago and had notched up two more victories since. There were plenty determined, and perhaps able, to prevent him making it four. The two names most frequently mentioned were Kevin Apter (Liverpool Mercury) and Bill Nickson (East Liverpool Wh.). Apter was well placed when he last rode the Anfield as a junior two years ago - his only previous hundred. Since then he had made rapid progress as a roadman and was just back from a spell of racing in France; furthermore, the previous week he scored a morale-boosting win over Spencer in a '50'. Nickson, Eric Mustill's protege, really has hit the headlines this season with some top quality wins, particularly in the BNE Mountain time trial which is often a good guide to '100' form. Keith Boardman (Birkenhead Victoria), well placed last year and going well this, could never be discounted, while other short-markers included Brian Hession (Oldbury), P.R.Lewis (Elizabethan C.C.) and very local John Aston (Mid-Shropshire. Apter was supported by a strong team including roadmen Ernie Potter, Jake Akins and Ricky Garcia any of whom could spring a surprise and who collectively seemed a good bet for the team award.

As usual there were good entries from the Mid-Shropshire, BNE, Birkenhead Vics, Port Sunlight, Stafford R.C., Liverpool Century, Mersey Roads, Chester R.C.; from further afield came Oxonian and Gainsborough Aegir teams and there were riders representing the Icknield R.C., Luton Wheelers, Bedfordshire R.C. and Bramley Wheelers; it was also nice to see 'exiles' like Phil Boden (ex-Prescot now Aberdeen) and Phil Guy (now New Forest C.C.) Finally there was a name tucked away unostentatiously at No.34, one J.Moss Anfield B.C. It was 60 years since a Moss last won the '100'; could this be a portent?

The 1972 Spring Bank holiday is doubtless in danger of going down in the Guinness Book of Records as the windiest ever. Conditions on the Saturday would have been thought a little extreme in February or March. Sunday was nearly as bad. What would Monday bring? There were times in the early hours when I wondered whether rain would join wind in an unholy alliance that would usurp the place of the 1969 torrents in the Anfield folklore. Knutsford to Middlewich at about 1 a.m. was one of the unpleasantest stretched I can remember. Another downpour followed at Harmerhill at 4.30; the clouds showed no break and the wind, a south-westerly, was freshening all the time. At a quarter to six Weeping Cross was a bleak scene - cold, gloomy and wind-swept. The rain was always threatening and we were lucky to escape with a couple of sharp showers during the next two hours. In the circumstances the fact that only 15 or so riders out of a full field failed to start was quite remarkable.

The first check of real significance came at Telford/Wellington (13 miles) and showed that Apter (40) was already starting to carve out a lead on this predominantly wind-assisted stretch. A "nearest minute" count showed him one minute up on the pack which included Boardman (50), Spencer (60), Nickson (70), Burnham (85) and Keith Denny (Liverpool Century, 97). They followed the north-south Hodnet and back leg (mainly a crosswind but harder coming back). By the time they reached the right turn at Shawbirch (35 miles) Apter had stretched his lead further and the challenge was starting to fragment. Nickson was $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes down, Boardman $2\frac{1}{2}$ and Spencer, Burnham and Denny all at 3 minutes.

From Shawbirch to Battlefield (and more especially from Shawbury) the course turned more into the wind and then a 3-mile tailwind stretch took the riders to Frank Fischer the 50-mile time keeper. First on the road at this point was John Aston (10) who went through in 2-10-44 (almost exactly half his final time last year and some indication of how much slower times would be). No-one challenged this until Apter stormed past in 2-3-22; Nickson lost a few more seconds in the intervening miles and was timed at 2-5-27; Burnham was third fastest at this point in 2-6-58 but he had only one second to spare from Boardman. Well in the picture at this stage was Steve Heyes (Chester R.C.) with 2-7-33 but he was later to retire. Denny's time here was 2-7-39 and he was followed by Ron Spencer who had lost a lot of ground and went through in 2-8-20. We subsequently learnt that he had collected

a slow puncture at Shawbury and after stops to pump and then change he packed at Harmerhill (60 miles). Going well here was Gordon Smith (BNE) with 2-8-36 though a late start rather belied his rapid progress.

At this stage two predictions could be made. The first (requiring us great crystal gazing qualities on such a day) was that Alan Creaser's event record was in no danger, since Apter was four minutes slower at this stage. The second was that two minutes plus was an awful lot to pull back, particularly from a man of Apter's obvious form and fitness. The real test would come over the next undulating miles through Rock Hall and Harmerhill and then along the flat, but exposed, headwind stretch back from Hodnet to the finish. Who would crack? Indeed, would anyone crack?

The answer was becoming clear by the time Battlefield was reached coming back (79 miles). Apter still led but Boardman seemed to have pulled a little back (2.50 down); Burmham was at $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes holding Apter and losing a little to Boardman. The main loser over this stretch was Nickson now back in fourth place and four minutes down. He said at the finish that he knew he was finished when he couldn't take advantage of the tailwind from Battlefield to Hodnet; the watch shows that the signs were there rather earlier. Denny had lost a further minute on Apter and was five minutes behind.

A feature of these final miles was the way Apter was closing in on the early leaders, Aston and Akins (17). Just before 10.50 Aston struggled past time-keeper Rex Austin well and truly shattered by his battle with the elements, his time 4-39-28, some eighteen minutes slower than last year. Akins who had been gaining steadily over the later stages came in with 4-36-38, a good start for the Mercury team. Seven minutes after Aston arrived Apter was home and dry in an amazing 4-16-18. No-one knowing the intermediate times had any doubt that the top spot was filled and those behind were now fighting for the 'minor' placings. This perhaps took some of the interest and tension from the rest of the proceedings, but in no way does it detract from some superb performances which after due allowance for the conditions would bear favourable comparison with many recent winning times.

Boardman lost a bit to Apter (and, as it turns out, to Denny) over the last 20 miles and still finished with 4-20-52, an

improvement of something over a minute on his time last year set up in near perfect conditions. Boardman was 50, Spencer (60) had packed, leaving Nickson as the next VIP to finish. He came in completely shattered with 4-26-21, a fall from grace in those final miles which Eric Mustill told me to "put down to inexperience". There will doubtless be another time for this highly promising rider.

Burnham's deficit on Boardman remained almost the same over the final miles and he finished in 4-21-50, complaining of back trouble, but otherwise well-satisfied with a time he needed in order to qualify for the National Championship. It also secured him third place, but only just, for Denny was storming over the last 20 miles to reduce Burnham's margin from 1½ minutes to 25 seconds at the finish. Apter apart, Denny's must rank as the ride of the day - a personal best and a seven minute improvement on last year!

With Denny in, the fight for the scratch awards was over, though Gordon Smith was not far from causing an upset with his 4-24-40 with secured 5th place and relegated Nickson to 6th.

In the team section Apter and Akins had obviously given Liverpool Mercury a fine start; perhaps surprisingly the other (in fact second) counter was the less well known Seddon (4-29-9) and their aggregate time of 13-22-05 was some fifteen minutes too good for BNE (Smith, David Davies and the evergreen Alan Masterson 2nd as long ago as 1957).

The handicap went to Apter who made good use of an apparently generous 13 minute allowance; Denny was second and Seddon tied for third with Dave Butterworth (Port Sunlight).

At the finish Apter was in a quite undistressed condition (most winners seem to be); he said he had been troubled by his back more than his legs, the consequence of a crash in France. He had had the big gears in all the way round, using 108! mostly. That was the end of the conversation as I pondered on the struggle I had up Harmerhill on 68 a few hours earlier.

Altogether a superb event in which fitness and determination overcame really hard conditions; and congratulations to all finishers who included John Moss 5.24 might not sound a great achievement but to have got round on such a day was a feat.

THE "100" AS SEEN FROM THE COURSE-MARSHAL'S CAR

Leaving the Lion at 5.30 in Jim Cranshaw's food and flag laden car plus Frank Perkins and his copious notes, and it slowly dawned that we were in the throes of yet another Anfield "100". Rex Austin, Mark Haslam, Dave Brown, Allan Littlemore and friend Dover were all ready, so the stage was set for a rough and windy "100".

Ahead of first man we were away to Cross Houses to see portly Jack Pitchford and friend Powis. Then on by Weeping Cross (Jeff Mills) to the vital Wellington turn. Here we met Mr. & Mrs. Russ Barker, new member Mike Twigg, friend Ingran and son, and Pat O'Leary, all alone. Harold Catling and George Taylor headed the riders off to Hodnet.

The Anfield drinks station hereabouts was staffed by (in no particular order) Dave Birchall, Orum, Sharp, Barnes, Ling, and while these worthies were content, and even delighted to sample the hot tea dispensed here, we are given to understand that the ladies of the party, Wendy, Vivienne and Patie would have none of the stuff. Or is it that they were reluctant to drink from a can?

At the Hodnet turn we were greeted by Harry Austin and his wife, who had just arrived from Leeds, with our hard-working Belle View friend Les Goodhew. Their dedication struck home as we jogged to Shawbirch to see Bren Orrell, looking fit, and Albert Livingstone still very youthful.

High Ercall was staffed with Eric Reeves and Jack Hawkins, whilst Peter and Lily Rock were awaiting first man. At the important Shawbury check we saluted John and Neil France who were awaiting Pat O'Leary to rush from Wellington after the last man had passed.

The fixture at Battlefield is the Salopian Ira, aided and abetted by Eddie Haynes, and not far away cheerful Frank Fischer, assisted by Tom Sumner, took the 50-mile times. Hubert Buckley and Sadie at Rock Hall, Jack Duckers at Wem, and then we were at Harmer Hill to meet a very good friend in the form of Johnny Williams, aided by Gilbert Sutcliffe and a band of Mersey Roads stalwarts marshalling and serving drinks. Thank you all, Mersey Roads.

How nice to arrive at Harlescot to meet the international brigade, Alex Beaton from Dundee, Spackman from London, Duncan and Greta from Glasgow, and smiled on by Alan Griffiths from Shrewsbury. Everyone at their posts. What a relief!

We have made no mention yet of the North Shropshire drinks at 45 and 80 miles and also the Mid-Shropshire club. These boys are everywhere silently assisting where required, great sportsmen who help to make and keep our game a sport.

The finish is always exciting. Friend Mitchell's phones and score board. Jerry Robinson's immaculate results sheets. Tea made and dispensed by "you know who" provides a pleasing touch to the proceedings. Guy Pullan on the phones, Bob Poole and Hubert Buckley marshalling, Hilda Dover shouting herself hoarse with "Number please".

Handshakes as old friends meet. Fathers telling their sons of great riders of the past. Mr. & Mrs. Stan Wild reminiscing with Percy Williamson, Tommy Hubbard and friend Armstrong (East Liverpool) who reckons he has seen 50 "Anfields". What of the riders who are also part of the scene: tired, apprehensive, disappointed, overjoyed, but always ready for another bash. A cheer goes up. It is our own John Moss finishing. Someone asks "Where is Frank Slemen?" A hundred finish without Frank is unheard-of.

Around the course we noticed much more than we have written about. Arthur Smith and Ida, Ken Yardley and son. Timing at 100 miles Dave Bettaney, Alan Rogerson, Bill Finn, Dave Jones, Tom Pearce, Bill Page, Ben Griffiths and, of course, John Whelan and Jane. Words cannot adequately appreciate John's weeks of work. But one thing can - SUCCESS.

L.J.H.

GOOD WORK ON THREE WHEELS

As we noted in an earlier issue, apropos John Thompson's winter ride to Langley from his Midland domicile, our young enthusiast is rapidly acquiring some prowess on three wheels. John has just submitted details of his performances for the period early April to early June, and interesting reading they make, too.

In the Leicestershire R.C. "25" he clocked 1-13-58, and a week later, on April 9, improved this to 1-7-24 in a Midland T.A. event, a ride which merited second fastest and first handicap prizes. Winning time by E. Tremaine, 1-5-38. The Leicester Forest "50" produced an inside event time of 2-28-56. On April 29 in the Cambridge United event, John clocked 1-10-03 against the winner's 59.51. John laconically reports: Gale. A week later in the Glenfield time trial, 1-7-43. Yet almost certainly the epic was the Birkenhead NE Mountain Trial in North Wales, a run of 48 miles. John went round in 2-39-06 "aided" by a bottom gear of 73-ins! On a tricycle, remember. The Kettering Amateur event produced 1-10-32 and two weeks later on 3rd June in the Notts and Derby Clarion "25" John excelled himself with a 1-4-53. Personal best, course record, and 4th handicap. Very good work indeed.

One last word: In the Mountain Trial John Mentions that he: Hit cattle grid bxx!xx wheel bxx!xx. We will leave you all to sort that one out.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Vol. LXVII

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

No. 757

FIXTURES

July 1972

29 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch

August

5 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch

12 BANGOR ON DEE (Smithy Cafe) Lunch

19 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

26 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

September

2 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch

9 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch

16 BEESTON (Bridge Cafe) Lunch

The next committee meeting will be held on Saturday,
29th July in the Eureka Cafe at 4.00 p.m.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £1.50. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of 50p. These and donations should
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Closing date for next issue:- Saturday, 2nd SEPTEMBER 1972

COMMITTEE NOTESNew Members

We are delighted to report that J.E.Hawkins (Jack to many of us for more years than we dare tell) and Michael Twigg have been elected to full membership. We express the sincere wish that their years with us will be many and fruitful.

Application for Membership

Paul Harrison, 27 St.David's Drive, Connahs Quay, Deeside.
Proposed by J.L.Bennett, seconded by G.Robinson.

NEW HANDBOOK

With this issue is enclosed the new handbook which was promised at the last A.G.M. In the Rule section, one small error has crept in on page 12. The final sentence: "No member is eligible to receive any Club award unless he has attended at least 20 Club Runs during the current year" should be deleted. The address section contains one wrong address. Somehow, Bren Orrell's old address has crept in. It should read: 3 Newark Place, Lightfoot Lane, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs. We also wish to apologize to J.D. Granshaw, C.Aldridge, E.Bolton and Frank Edwards, for not including their names in the Life Members section. The reason for this unintentional discourtesy is that we relied on a photo-copy of an old list, rather than have the labour of typing a completely new one out. Sorry!

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

We hope to hold the Annual General Meeting in Tarvin on a Saturday in October. Notices of motion to the Secretary by 20th September, please.

A DINNER DANCE

Something very special, and very new, has found its way into our programme. On Friday (note, Friday) September 29, we have arranged a dinner and dance at the Heatherlands Restaurant, Thurstaston, Wirral. Travelling northwards, the venue is a few hundred yards to the east of the A.540 on the road to Irby. Turn right at Thurstaston cross ways, about 16 miles from Chester. We are assured that this will be a super "do". Sherry will be served on arrival. There will be a four-course dinner, and dancing to follow for those wishing to indulge in the light fantastic.

Speeches will be conspicuous by their absence. The exact costs have yet to be assessed, but tickets will be around £1.50. A very pleasant evening can be had by all. Please give this innovation your support. Tickets in due course from Alan Rogerson.

JOE DODD

We very much regret to report that Joe Dodd is having a spell in hospital. His address is Joe Dodd, Uplands Ward, Park Side Hospital, Chester Road, Macclesfield. We wish him a speedy recovery. As this illness has precluded him from taking over the Editorship of the Circular in the immediate future, the Committee has asked that the "pro-tem" bit be dropped from the notices. In other words, F.E.M. has landed the job yet again! There seems to be no end to it!

STAN BRADLEY

We are also sad to learn that Stan Bradley is having a long spell in dock with a spot of hip trouble. He is in Ward 2, Wrightington Hospital, near Wigan. Stan hopes to be out and about on the bicycle before very long.

BREN ORRELL

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Bren Orrell on the recent passing of his wife. Those of us with long memories will remember with gratitude Mrs. Orrell's kindness to us in our youthful days when we made earnest, but often futile, attempts to excel in road sport on the East Cheshire lanes.

THE AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

The Autumn Tints Tour will be held on October 21st/22nd at the Lion Hotel, Llanymynech. Members wishing to attend should write to Gerry Robinson before September 30, enclosing a 50p. deposit.

FRANK W. BLISS

Some four years ago a very keen cyclist who had lived most of his working life in London joined us in preparation for a return and a retirement to Market Drayton. Hardly had he settled in Shropshire before ill-health made it necessary for him to move to

be near his daughter in Essex. Further misfortune came in the form of a serious accident in which he lost a leg, and now we mourn the passing of a keen wheelman and a devotee of Wayfarer, our own W.M. Robinson. Gilbert Sutcliffe, a very good friend from the Hersey Roads Club, lives now in Essex, and he made contact with Frank. He writes as follows:

FRANK WILLIAM BLISS

Over twelve months ago I heard that a member of the Anfield Bicycle Club lay in Black Notley Hospital. Although so far away from Anfieldland it is only five miles from my pleasant place of exile in Essex, so I called and introduced myself to Frank Bliss,

He was there as the result of a serious accident and one leg had been amputated. I called fairly regularly all summer and although in almost constant pain with his remaining leg - it was amputated also a few months later - his interest in all things to do with cycling was unabated.

Later, in a nursing home, with his books and papers around him he continued his researches into a proposed biography of Wayfarer but, on my last visit, it was obvious that his reserves of strength were becoming exhausted and he died on Sunday, 21st May. The funeral service was held at the Round Church, Little Maplestead near to his retirement home, appropriately named Anfield Cottage.

It is good to know that the material he collected about the life of Wayfarer is likely to pass into the sympathetic hands of Bill Finn who has always shown a keen interest in the project.

Gilbert Sutcliffe.

THE ANNUAL ALL NIGHT RIDE

Plans are already advanced for the All Night Ride. As we go to press, the actual date has not yet been fixed, but we understand that David Birchall has some rough-stuff in mind. Please contact Keith Orum if you are interested. The date will be soon after this Circular is issued, so hurry!

WHAT IS OUR LINE?

We append below a short piece which first appeared under the title: WHAT IS OUR LINE? in a recent issue of one of our local contemporaries. As no names are mentioned, perhaps we had better continue in the same vein, but there can be no possible doubt, of course that it is the Anfield, OUR Anfield, that is the subject of

these strictures:-

Attending recently a dinner given by one of the oldest and most revered clubs in the area, I noticed that the grey-beards outnumbered the juniors by about eight to one, and that the thinking and talk was all about times long gone. The guest speaker's suggestion that the fortunes of the club could perhaps be revived by more active participation in the sport, and (heresy indeed) perhaps by running a road race, caused quite a few eyebrows to be raised. All this made me wonder if that club had lost sight of its real purpose - cycling - and had just become a convenient name for identifying a congregation of reminiscing old-timers.

At the outset, can we say that we are somewhat saddened that an individual who is knowledgeable enough to be appointed editor of his club's journal should be so unaware of the Anfield and its aims.

The Anfield is a Club that set out at its inception in 1879 to be different, and different it has remained, and also, incidentally, outlived all the local clubs that flourished at the time. This different attitude is not maintained in a snobbish sense, and we sincerely hope that no one regards us in this way.

We cater for the individual wheelman who knows what he wants to do, and does it. Perhaps alone, or with a few friends, but never trailing (for want of a better word) behind a leader. Individuality is the keynote. The lone rider has a place - a real place - in our Club.

He can travel silently when and where he wishes, and in his coat lapel shines the blue and black enamel button with the legend A N F I E L D to signify that he is a member of what to us is the finest cycling club of all. We have our runs on Saturdays, and only the venue is stated. To this point members make their own way. Sunday is left to the freedom of the individual, which is as it should be.

This freedom, which Anfielders cherish so much, can be held responsible for the certain amount of absenteeism, which our contemporary mentions, on the occasion of the Birthday Run. It so happens that many of our members, young and not so young, find dinners and the accompanying speeches not to their liking, and also it so happens that such functions are not in the Anfield tradition. Only in very recent years have we widened the scope

of the Birthday Run so that it is more of a formal dinner than it used to be.

Does our contemporary wish to judge the virility of the Anfield by the number of members who foregather at (say) Two Mills for the regular run? By this standard we should, we know, fail miserably. But this is no standard. The only real standard is achievement, no less in touring than in road sport. Achievement for a club in road sport is a matter of good fortune in attracting those with the ability to excell at competitive cycling. Achievement in touring is a matter of enthisiiasm, and is as much the lifeblood of any club as road sport, perhaps even more. Because one can continue to tour for many years after racing becomes quite impossible.

From the tail-sting about the Anfield leaving sight of its real purpose - cycling - it is evident that the writer is quite unaware of our varied activities (As he hasn't been an editor for very long, he has not seen many of our Circulars). The criticism is, of course, quite unfounded, and we are at a loss to know on whose, or what, assertion the statement was based. Our members of all ages yield to no one in their love of silent travel by bicycle, either on the open road or the quiet and ancient track-ways of the hills.

It would not be proper to recite again, however briefly, the story of our recent adventures, but we could mention last year's All Night Ride, when the party explored the ancient Port Way on the Long Mynd in the silent hours. A year earlier it was Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, highest (at 2,200 ft.) pass of the Berwyns, and a very ancient road known also as Ffordd Gam Elin - Helen's Winding Way.

But we have already written too much on this subject: we would only say now that to our infinite regret the Anfield way of cycling does not these days attract as many new members as we would desire. This is a great pity, but we would not wish to change.

F.E.M.

Note: We crave the pardon of our older members for this recital of what they already know, but we include it in our pages for two good reasons. One, in the hope that our editor critic will have the courtesy to include this reply in his own columns, and, also, that it is a grand filler - for our pages as well as his. Ed.

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BANGOR ON DEE - 8th July 1972

Saturday was dull but dry when the writer met Len, Frank Perkins, John France and John Leece at Two Mills. Our way led through Capenhurst lanes to Backford where we joined the stream of traffic heading for Chester.

After a brief encounter with the Army on the Whitchurch Road we turned off for Aldford and Farndon and through quiet lanes for Bangor, passing on the way our new recruit Mike Twigg heading at great speed for the nearest hotel where he expected to see a white Austin 1300. That's his story anyway!

We were in the process of consuming large quantities of Tea, Eggs and Toast when we were joined by Frank Fischer, then Gerry and Alan Rogerson, finally looking a trifle ruffled came Keith Orum, Des Ling, young Neil France, and our party was complete by the arrival of Jeff Mills. This day indeed took the writer back many years. We found time to admire the Smith at his work, and also met an old cyclist and his wife riding a tandem that was used for a successful attempt on the Liverpool to Lancaster and back by W.G.Tweddle and the writer.

We left Alan Littlemore replacing a spoke in his back wheel and while the rest caped up Len and party drove through the lanes via Shocklach, Worthenbury, Saughton and Lea to Two Mills.

Attendance: L.J.Hill, F.Perkins, F.Fischer, J.Leece, M.Twigg, J.France, N.France, A.Littlemore, A.Rogerson, Des.Ling, G.Robinson, K.Orum, J.Mills, J.E.Hawkins.

J.E.H.

(Jack ends with a cryptic note: "Once kidded, twice shy!")

RACING RESULTSJohn Thompson

John started early in the year, having 'stacked in' quite a few miles during the Winter. All are tricycle rides.

T.A.East 25	12-3-72	1.12.55	Winner
Leics.R.C.25	2-4-72	1.13.58	Fastest Trike
T.A.Midl.25	9-4-72	1.7.24	1st Handicap, 2nd Place
Leics.Forest 50	23-4-72	2.28.56	
Birkenhead M.T.T.	7-5-72	Not known - last seen descending Llanfihangel at 50 m.p.h.	

J.J.Whelan

John epitomises the natural athlete who can very quickly achieve a

high degree of fitness in a very short period of intensive training:

Mid.Shrops.50	2-4-72	2.12.59	4th	R.Cromack	2.6.59
Mid.Shrops.25	3-4-72	1.4.15	7th	R.Cromack	1.1.03
W.C.T.T.C.A.	9-4-72	59.41	Winner		
Rhos-on-Sea C.C.	16-4-72	1.0.44	2nd	F.W.Nickson	59.51
W.C.T.T.C.A.30	23-4-72	1.12.44	3rd	D.Johnson	1.12.40
Middleton C.C.25	29-4-72	1.0.23	2nd		
Leigh Premier C.C.	25	30-4-72	1.2.29	4th	
B'head H.T.T.'48'	7-5-72	2.7.26	4th	F.W.Nickson	2.6.-
Westwood R.C.25	13-5-72	1.0.28	2nd	D.Allport	59.51
W.C.T.T.C.A.50	14-5-72	2.7.19		K.Boardman	2.1.06

D.Barker

Despite being isolated from the main 'Anfield Racing Squad', David has competed in events in the Manchester area whenever Anfielders have been allowed to race in that part of the world.

Cheshire R.C.25	22-4-72	1.6.15		R.Ganss	1.1.12
Leigh Prem.C.C.25	30-4-72	Punctured			
Westwood R.C.25	13-5-72	1.11.41		D.Allport	59.51

D.Bettaney

Dave has done very little serious training this year, and at the time of writing, has declared his intention of retiring (yet again!)

W.C.T.T.C.A.25	9-4-72	1.4.46		J.J.Whelan	59.41
Rhos-on-Sea C.C.25	16-4-72	1.6.44		F.W.Nickson	59.51

J.W.Moss

John has a remarkable turn of speed, especially after one or two pints, but tends to run out of inertia after a few miles. In order to counteract this tendency he has fitted a 112-inch gear to his machine, and come rain, hail or wind, he can be seen turning this gear from the last turn to the finish, in any event he rides.

W.C.T.T.C.A.25	9-4-72	1.6.49		J.Whelan	59.41
Rhos-on-Sea 25	16-4-72	1.8.39		F.W.Nickson	59.51
Preston Wh. 25	23-4-72	1.7.42		M.Gadd	59.40
Leigh Prem. 25	30-4-72	1.9.23		R.Tobin	1.2.07
Westwood R.C.C.25	13-5-72	1.8.01		D.Allport	59.51

Other Reports unavoidably left over.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: A. L. Littlemore

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 108 Eastham Rake, Eastham,
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OCTOBER 1972

No. 758

FIXTURES

Sept. 1972

23 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch

30 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

October

7 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch and

LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch

14 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch

21 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Smithy) Lunch and AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

28 DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch

A committee meeting will be held at the Eureka Cafe on Saturday, 28th October, at 4.00 p.m.

The A.G.M. will be held in the Tarvin Village Hall, as last year commencing at 2.30 p.m. on 14th October.

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, D. BETTANEY, 21 Alwen Drive, Connah's Quay, Deeside.

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

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Closing date for next issue:- SATURDAY, 14th OCTOBER 1972

COMMITTEE NOTESApplications for Cadet Membership:

David Andrew Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral

Philip Edward Mason, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral.

Both proposed by John France and Seconded by Len Hill.

Increasing pressure of traffic on the "100" course has prompted us to form a "100"-Sub committee with the object of finding an improved course. Rex Austin, Dave Birchall, Hubert Buckley, Jack Hawkins, Jeff Mills, John Whelan and Ira Thomas. Mike Twigg has accepted the Secretarial duties.

Stan Bradley is now fit again and is preparing his tricycle for the road. We take this opportunity of apologizing to Stan for omitting his name from the recent list. His address is 10 Mentone Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, SK4 4HF.

Stan Wild is not now at his Bexhill address. Stan returns to Anfieldland as soon as his new house in Nantwich is ready. In the meantime, c/o 14 Waverton Road, Manchester M14 7E8 will find him.

DINNER-DANCE, FRIDAY, 29th SEPTEMBER

Tickets, £1.50 each, are now available from Alan Rogerson, and your support will be appreciated. The dancing will - we hope! - be to everyone's taste, although we are featuring a rather special item - DINK INTERNATIONAL DISCOTHEQUE. Remember this is a very special "do", with positively no speeches, although some cross-toasting might be permitted by the President.

MERSEY R.C. 24-HOUR, 22/23 July 1972

For some of us this started with the midday meeting at the Golden Lion, Ashton; those present were Len Hill, Jack Hawkins, John France, John Thompson, Alan Rogerson, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson and Margaret, and myself. After a pleasant lunch-hour we dispersed our various ways, Ben Griffiths and I followed Mike Twigg to his home, where we met his charming wife Pat, daughter Sarah and little son Stuart. (His eldest daughter Sally was camping at Beeston Castle). After tea and sandwiches Ben and I left our cars and made for the start in Mike's car.

There was the usual animated scene at the start, with many well-known characters, too many to mention all, but I noticed two more Anfielders, Bill Finn from Ireland and Keith Orum. Other notabilities were Tom and Peter Barlow, Chief Timekeeper Ron MacQueen, Organiser Dave Stapleton, Bill Kiddle of the Wessex R.C., Ed Green of the T.A.,

and Alec Smith and his wife and four daughters. Alec won the first three Mersey R.C. 24's, 1937, '38 and '39, and was all set to beat the then Competition Record of $444\frac{3}{4}$ and also attack the Land's End - John O'Groats record in 1940 but fate decreed otherwise. In addition there were of course the chief actors in the drama, the mere riders. Of the 42 on the Card, 39 started. It appeared to be very open as to who might win, and more than one person, including myself, thought it might be won on three wheels, by Eric Tremaine, who I thought might do 450 to 455, and no-one on two wheels seemed likely to beat this. On hearing that Tremaine had scheduled for 465 I was more doubtful, I've seen these very ambitious schedules come unstuck before. Other riders of interest were Terry Waring, also on a trike, Les Lowe of the Speedwell and S.Old, now riding for the Mersey R.C.

After the last man had left, Mike, Ben and I made for the first turn, at 23 miles, where Allan Littlemore officiated. Several riders turned just inside or on the hour, and it was remarked that No.39, Robert Stapleton, son of the Organiser, had already caught No.38, Tremaine. Stan Spelling on a trike arrived very late, having lost 17 minutes just after starting, when his rear axle seized up. We made for the 50 mile point near Burford Cross-roads, and soon after we were joined by old friends Tom and Nora Sumner (Altrincham Ravens) and then by a near neighbour of theirs, David Barker, heading for his marshalling point near Ridley Green.

We then made for the Nags Head, Haughton Moss, where Johnny Helms, "Cycling's" Cartoonist, turned the riders, and a huge concourse of helpers were enjoying the scene, in and out of the Bar. At this point, 61 miles, several riders were still close together in the lead, no real pointer yet as to a likely winner. Mike took us via Broxton Island (91 miles on the course) to his home at Chester, where after some coffee and sandwiches we made for Nant Hall, near Prestatyn, to do a Time Check at 170 miles. Here we found Len Hill i/c drinks for the riders, and in addition to Anfielders already mentioned above we had Eric Reeves, John Moss, Len Walls and Percy Williamson, who lived only a mile away. By now quite a lot of sorting out had taken place and of the 39 who started only about a dozen had done the full course. Of these, young Stapleton was now in the lead, 8-10-19, then R.Thomas, S.Lancs R.C. 8-14-46, L.J.Green, Oldham Century 8-23-33, followed by three riders all about 8 hrs.37 mins., J.W.Taylor (Birmingham St. C.), J.H.Hooper (Oldbury) and E.Richardson (W.Pennine).

As the slower riders came through we were told that a tri-cyclist had had a serious accident about a mile short of the Turn,

and two of our party left to see what they could do. It turned out to be the unfortunate Stan Spelling, and he was taken by ambulance to hospital with multiple injuries and at the time of writing this I have had no further news of his condition. Shortly after another rider, P.Stevenson (Preston Wh.) was also hit by a passing car and was also taken to Hospital, but was not seriously injured. He was however kept in for the night, which was reasonable, as by then it was about 3 a.m.

The last man on the road was T.Finch (Bon Amis C.C.) on a trike, and he stopped to have his rear light bulb replaced. He mentioned he was riding his third 24 in one month, a glutton for punishment. When we left at 3-30 a.m. it was very misty and Mike drove carefully back to Chester, dropping Ben off near his home, and then Mike and I got to bed just before dawn, to snatch a few hours sleep.

By the time we had finished breakfast the thunderstorm which had threatened all night was going full blast and continued most of the morning, as we drove to Whitchurch, where the rain had stopped but the roads were flooded in many places. The riders had had similar conditions to contend with and when we reached Wem we were able to get the latest news of the leaders, retirements, etc., from Tom Barlow himself. Stapleton now led from Green, by 29 minutes, with Hooper in third place, a further 20 minutes back, then Taylor, with Terry Waring on the trike going well in fifth place. Other early leaders, Thomas and Richardson, had both retired, as also had Eric Tremaine. It seems his rear axle had fractured and he had carried on on a spare trike, but had lost a lot of time and decided to turn it in. After seeing Stapleton, Green and Waring back from their final detour from Welshampton, we drove back to my timing point on the Finishing Circuit, which was M.S. Chester 3, on A41, overtaking the riders on the way, passing Stapleton just before he turned off to join the Circuit.

Tom and Nora Summer soon joined us at M.S. 3, and then Gerry Robinson and Margaret, and later Ben brought Len Hill along. Things were quiet for our first hour there, only about five riders came by, but eventually nineteen riders passed my point and as this was near the end of the Circuit there may have been one or two more finishers. From the time riders had left when they went by for the last time I estimated that Stapleton would do $457\frac{1}{2}$, Green 449, Hooper 435, and Taylor and Waring (trike) between 420 and 425.

When I got to Ashton on Saturday I had no idea I would be writing this somewhat lengthy report of the Mersey R.C.24, but one of those present at the Golden Lion twisted my arm to write something, so there

it is. He also informed me that I must, repeat must, mention that the Mersey R.C.²⁴ is a direct descendant of the Anfield 24, first run in 1884, making it the oldest of all 24's. The last Anfield 24 was run in 1936, and it is with pleasure that I look back to the three Anfield 24's that I rode in, in 1933, '34 and '35, gaining an Anfield Silver in each. In 1933 the winner was W.T.Melia, Mersey R.C., with 401 miles, the first time that 400 miles had been beaten in the North. And in the 1972 Mersey 24 Tommy Melia was No.5, rode steadily throughout and passed my point on the Circuit with half-an-hour to run. I have no idea of his actual mileage as of course he omitted a number of the optional detours, but he finished.

Final thought: what a mixed sort of an event for that excellent Organiser Dave Stapleton, the triumph of his son winning, and the disaster of the accident to Stan Spelling.

Frank E.Fischer

I now have to add a sad Postscript to the above. Mike Twigg has just 'phoned me to say that poor Stan died on Sunday morning. I feel I can say no more. F.E.F.

DUDDON - 29th July 1972

In answer to any criticism that the Anfield is merely a "Club" and does not have any 'Cyclists' or active members, this run represents a high spot in attendance. It does not mean that other runs have been poorly attended - in fact the usual number has been between 8 & 12 for some time.

Whilst six members were contemplating the Night Ride, and one was racing, the following persons were at Duddon (in no particular order), Len Hill (C), Rex Austin (B), H.Buckley (C), F.Perkins (C), Sid del Banco (T), F.Fischer (B), Mike Twigg (B), Jack Hawkins (T), John France (C), Neil France (C)-(enforced due to cycle crash), Paul Harrison (B), Dave Eaton (B), Jim Cranshaw (C), and Eric Reeves (B). C = Car, B = Bicycle, T = Tricycle.

Not a bad turnout on a Saturday for an "effete, wash-up, finished, old fashioned" etc.etc. Cycling Club.

E.A.R.

NIGHT RIDE - 29/30th July 1972

Preparation for a night ride may have been very different in the 1930's, but the companionship is undoubtedly very little changed. A good balance in numbers and temperament is really essential, and I venture to say that on this occasion we had such a balance.

John Thompson had ridden up from Leicester on the Friday,

using his 'hack' bicycle complete with dynamo and bottom gear of 67 inches.

John Moss of 112" gear fame, on his racing machine equipped with mudguards and saddlebag.

Gerry Robinson, pedaller and 'grimpeur' supreme, suitably attired with a gear in the upper 40's.

Mike Holland, albeit a cadet, but very good in the hills, and subsequently to prove himself a 'stayer'.

Keith Orum, who set off on multiple gears, but was soon to return to his beloved 'fixed' 70 inch gear - through misfortune rather than choice.

Yours truly with 'one-and-only' machine, complete with wheels still showing the kinks and wobbles of a previous night ride.

Four rode out from Heswall to rendezvous with the other two at the Yacht Inn; at 9.40 after liquid refreshment we set our jibs and spinnakers for Queensferry and Mold. John Thompson was clutching a map in his right hand, and seemed to be permanently attached to it for half the night.

Despite this hazard, we managed to find our way to Queensferry and up to Hawarden. By this time, all lamps were ignited, and only John Moss's rear lamp was showing a tendency to send out morse signals.

Once in Mold, we were attracted to a Fish & Chip establishment - the 'Big Fish'. A sample of the provender showed the name to be a gross contravention of the Trades Description Act. John Thompson had eschewed fish and chips and went looking for a chocolate-bar dispenser.

Soon after leaving Mold, halfway up the Rainbow climb, we turned left and immediately came into real 'night-ride' lanes - gravel in the middle and nasty overhanging herbage to flick the face, and cause the pulse to race even faster.

After much climbing and twisting about we emerged onto a fairly good road between Nerquis and Erryrys. Soon there came a long winding descent, used in former years by the Anfield as a hill climb/freewheel hill. At the bottom of the descent a large patch of loose gravel caused much alarm, but no one came adrift.

On passing the Raven at Llanarmon, some reminiscences were aired, and after a few more miles of pleasant lanes, we arrived at the Nant-y-Garth road. Here our intrepid map reader made a rather serious error, resulting in a visit to a farm and a field full of dozing cows. The cows were almost as surprised as we were!

Retracing proved easier, as the waning moon had deigned to

shine and gave quite some assistance. Wheeling down the Nant-y-Garth we took a sharp left turn on to a hard climb up on to the tops between Ruthin and Corwen.

At Bryneglwys we encountered the Gwynedd Rally - a car event - and we quickly passed by, intent in getting off the main road before they overhauled us. The main road remained quiet, and we turned off for Carrog, entering Corwen over an elegant bridge spanning the Dee. The Station Cafe was closed, so sandwiches and squash were taken at this point, and Keith Orum returned to fixed wheel. A broken handlebar gear cable left him with a gear of 100. Not too healthy. He exchanged wheels with Mike Holland who had a British Hub gear/fixed rear wheel. Someone supplied a fixed cog, and with a chain rivetter, everything went very smoothly.

Mike Holland never looked back after getting Keith's rear wheel - inspiration or aspiration?

The Rally cars reappeared whilst repairs were going on, and they shed plenty of light on the scene. At 2.15 a.m. we resumed our tour, and took the B Road by Cynwyd and Llandrillo, to Bala.

A Milk Machine in Bala proved our focal point. Everyone was feeling a little tired at this stage, but the brief stop, revitalized and revived us all.

We kept to the main road by the lake, as it was very quiet, and a treat to cycle along. However, on turning left for the Bwlch-y-Groes we saw headlights in the sky. The Rally cars were coming at us over the Bwlch! Nearly all the cars had passed us by as we started up the lower slopes, but a couple of them forced one or two members of our party to take to the grass.

As we climbed higher, it was evident that the summit would be in the clouds. A most eerie situation developed - one could not see over the edge of the road, or even very far ahead. Gerry, Mike and John Thompson forged onward, their red rear lamps bobbing ahead. Keith, John Moss and myself resorted to walking for long stretches. Soon John T. hove in sight, having given best to his high bottom gear.

We refreshed ourselves from a mountain stream some way from the top, and quite soon, Mike and Gerry at the summit, together with 2 sheep, were seen. The sheep did not seem to have seen many visitors at this hour of the day, and they looked perplexed, (can a sheep look perplexed?).

Being covered in a fine wet mist, we decided not to remain for too long at the summit. A short sharp descent brought us to the left fork for Lake Vyrnwy. After a short distance we came out of

the cloud, and could see the mirror-like surface of Lake Vyrnwy before us. By 5.30 a.m. we were on the shores of the Lake. The stillness and the low clouds, cutting off the tops of the hills, constituted quite an experience.

My first puncture came halfway along the lakeside, and on stopping, six million midges attacked us. Suffice to say, I have never changed a rear wheel innertube so quickly before.

The second puncture arrived whilst crossing the dam itself. Midges were less in evidence here, and the time spent on repairs was correspondingly longer.

By this hour in the morning, John T. had fallen by the wayside, into the arms of Morpheus. As we all passed him, gently slumbering on the grass verge, he slipped from her clutches and followed on, up the hairpin and the ensuing steady descent to Llanfyllin. Gerry was having some trouble with his rear mudguard and carrier, and Keith and myself waited for him near Llansantffraid. (We couldn't have gone any faster, or further, as it happened).

At 8 a.m. we entered the main street of Llansantffraid, with its superb public conveniences and large grain mill. John T. was again slumbering by the roadside, but as if by a miracle, he appeared punctually at the Sun, for breakfast at 8.30 a.m.

The breakfast itself was really excellent and well worth the mileage. Once again the Sun had 'done us proud'. After a refreshing 'wash and brush-up' we departed at 10 a.m. taking the lanes to Llyncllys, Hordley, Tetchill and Ellesmere. Along this beautiful stretch, the pace built up considerably. John T., Gerry and Mike were going for every prime or 'hot-spot' in sight including 'Road Narrows' and 'Eggs for Sale'. This same excellent pace was maintained through Overton, and Mike pressed home his advantage to take the Bangor-is-y-coed prime, after doing the seven miles from Ellesmere in 18 minutes!

The Smithy was reached at 12.30, just prior to the arrival of several other cyclists. We took a light meal instead of the usual full dinner. Very soon, a large number of 'fast men' and adherents had arrived, and we deemed it politic to leave. With the wind at our backs, the steady pace was maintained as before. However, John T. still managed to get into a pub, down a pint, and catch us up again before Shocklach.

Rain began to fall at this time, on the outskirts of Farndon. Capes were worn to Aldford, where the Heswall group carried straight on for Chester and Two Mills. Gerry and myself had an uneventful ride to our respective homes, arriving at about 2.15 p.m.

Hearsay sources reveal that Mike and John T. were still contesting every sign between Chester and Heswall. Keith Orum even offered to ride into Heswall to contest the sprint with John T. but his bluff was never called, fortunately. John M. says he was just about hanging on, and daren't look at anyone in case they detected his true physical condition in his bloodshot eyes.

To sum up, it was a near-perfect ride both for timing and weather - the scenery was splendid, and the company was good. A proposal to hold a ride next year, based on the Sun at Llansantffraid, with an excursion to Moel Sych, Bala, Dolgellau and Newtown is under consideration, and any 'new' ideas would be most welcome.

E.A.R.

N.R.R.A. '25' RECORD ATTEMPTS - 12th August 1972

Since the N.R.R.A. recently introduced 25 miles as a distance for record purposes, a plot had been hatching for the Anfield to have "first go".

There are many lessons to be learnt from the following sequence of events, and I think the participants have realized that many factors have to be considered before an attempt should be made.

Back in February this year, Allan Littlemore and myself were looking over some maps. We thought that the road from Pistyll Rhaiadr to Llanrhaiadr to Llyncllys, Knockin and Montford Bridge would provide 25 miles in a North West to South East direction. It APPEARED to be a gradual descent, and with the right wind, suitable.

Frank Fischer, our very willing and able friend from Market Drayton, measured the course, and 25 miles appeared, 1100 yards before Montford Bridge. It was decided not to wait until September or October, in case we were preceded, so we picked August 12th, a Saturday, at 1 p.m. for a starting time. Rex Austin was timekeeper, Allan Littlemore an official observer, and Mike Twigg and my wife provided valuable assistance in following cars (unofficial and official). Enough, enough, I hear you say - who was actually RIDING on this attempt? Well, John Moss has a rather fine tandem of unknown vintage upon which he takes his young lady out, on a Sunday. We decided to put the seat-pillar up about a foot, cap it with a Unica saddle and hope for the best. We had about four excursions on this machine, to the Eureka, and once even through Chester to the Huntington '10' course. We seemed to ride all right, I had every confidence in John's steering and braking abilities, and with a newly built pair of sprints - 14/16 gauge spokes tied and soldered with heavy tubulars we were all set,

The other aspirant was Gerry Robinson on a solo machine, shod with the very lightest wheels and in a very aggressive looking position vis a vis handlebars and seat.

The day dawned bright and sunny, the wind was light, but in the south. By some means or other we all got to start with an hour to go. John Moss had left his car by the finish and I had transported the tandem from there. We fitted the wheels securely (or so we thought) and sat down on the grass bank in view of Pistyll Rhaiadr waterfall to have a picnic.

Rex expressed some fears about the first three miles of the course which are narrow, twisting, gravel-strewn and single track. However, we felt it might not be too bad, and at lunch-time, should be quiet. Then came the last few anxious minutes of frantic changing, leg rubbing, deep breathing, and racing pulses. We wore crash hats naturally, and whilst they may be quite useless in a bad fall, they boost one's morale and moral fibre quite considerably.

We started at a rise about 900 yards from the Waterfall itself, and by 1 p.m. the south-south west wind was, I'm afraid, very much in evidence.

We fastened ourselves into the clips and waited. Gerry was to set off four minutes behind us. Rex said the immortal words 'five-four-three-two-one-go'. We pushed - nothing happened - except the back wheel pulled over, and we were left hanging at an angle of 45° supported by Mike Twigg and another. Very embarrassing! The wheel had not been tightened in our nervousness. We were allowed two minutes to re-start. As you can imagine we were shaking and the two minutes went by and we made a correct start. Rex's impression of the first three miles proved correct. It was too narrow, too winding and had just been re-surfaced, so there was gravel everywhere. After half a mile we met a mini. If it had been a bigger car we would have ploughed into or over it! After that we took things a little easier! Once past the 2-mile point the road did widen, and here we passed another two cars coming up.

At the 'slow' sign in Llanrhaidr we were waved out and then we settled down to really go, or so we thought. The persistent wind at the front of our right shoulder, meant we could never really get going. It was a struggle all the way and we were fighting each other as well as the tandem and the elements. By Llyndys we seemed to be going better and Cliff Ash really got us across there very well indeed. From there to Knockin and Nesscliff, the road proved much harder than realized. We kept changing from 104 to 97 back to 104. Hubert was out to cheer us on at Knockin, and Ira Thomas and

Jack Pitchford at the junction with the A5. About 21 miles covered and we punctured. Despite a heavy rear tyre - brand new - our frantic efforts had been too much for it. A great deal was said in a very short space of time, but I was off and pulling at the wheel before John had unstrapped himself! In our frantic haste we were both pulling different ways on the same wheel! We got ourselves sorted out - John ripped the tyre off, quickly put the spare on (not a new tyre by the way) and whilst he was re-aligning it in the frame, I was working between his arms, trying to get some air into it. We remounted and discovered that there was very little air actually in the replacement tyre and also that the rear wheel had pulled over again and was nearly touching the frame. We therefore took it easy for the remaining four miles, merely wishing to finish the course, and ended up with 1-5-15, a time which John had bettered on his bicycle on an out-and-home course the previous week!

After finishing we examined the rear tyre and found that a stone had lodged between the base-tape and the rim - thus accounting for a bumpy last four miles!

We were all-in, and very despondent - however we went back to the finishing point and saw Gerry finish. He did 1-8-33. He had also had some trouble, when his chain lodged between crank and chainwheel and he had to dismount and wrench it out. He had also some rather caustic comments about the wind and the hilly nature of the course! However, as I said at the beginning we learnt a few things and if any of us ever get a chance to go again, we certainly will consider many other courses before this particular one!

I would like on behalf of all the riders to thank everyone who gave such valuable assistance, both in marshalling and also with verbal encouragement - I do not know everyone's names, once again - thank you very much.

P.S. I don't think John Moss has been out on his tandem since this effort, and Gerry has had enough racing for this year also. What a profound effect 25 miles of road can exert!

RACING RESULTS - Continued from last month

G.A.Robinson

Gerry has amassed a considerable mileage this year by regular week-end and mid-week riding. He is competing not only in time-trials, but also in track events and road races.

Mid-Shrops. 25	3-4-72	1.8.23	1st Handicap	R.Cromack	1.1.03
W.C.T.T.C.A.25	9-4-72	1.4.56		J.Whelan	59.41

G.A.Robinson - Contd.

Rhos-on-Sea 25	16-4-72	1.5.11	F.W.Nickson	59.51
Cheshire R.C.25	22-4-72	1.7.32	R.Ganss	1.1.12
W.C.T.T.C.A.30	23-4-72	1.21.30	D.Johnson	1.12.40
Leigh Pr. 25	30-4-72	1.7.36	R.Tobin	1.2.07
Birk M.T.T. 48	7-5-72	Retired	- mechanical trouble	
Westwood R.C.C.25	13-5-72	1.3.57	D.Allport	59.51

W.Barnes

Bill has a new 'iron' built solely for racing, and has been putting it through its paces.

W.C.T.T.C.A.	9-4-72	1.8.42	3rd H'cap J.Whelan	59.41
Anfield B.C. 10	29-4-72	27.14	1st Team D.Mallinson	25.38
Inter-Club 10	4-5-72	27.05		
Inter-Club 10	18-5-72	26.10		

N.France

Neil has confined his events this year to 10 miles, and appears to be improving consistently.

Anfield B.C.10	29-4-72	29.18	D.Mallinson	25.38
Inter-Club 10	4-5-72	28.31		
Inter-Club 10	18-5-72	28.25		

M.B.Holland

Mike has been riding consistently in 10 mile events, and in his second '25' he gained 1st Handicap.

W.C.T.T.C.A. 25	9-4-72	1.11.18	1st H'cap J.Whelan	59.41
Anfield B.C.10	29-4-72	27.30	1st Team D.Mallinson	25.38
Inter-Club 10	4-5-72	27.15		
Inter-Club 10	18-5-72	27.15		

D.Ling

Des has not raced very much this year, but has done very well, especially in our own '10'.

Anfield B.C.10	29-4-72	27.31	1st Team D.Mallinson	25.38
Inter-Club 10	4-5-72	28.30		

Other Results unavoidably left over.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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

Captain: J. W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 108 Eastham Rake, Eastham,
Wirral. Telephone: (051) 327 1723

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NOVEMBER 1972

No. 759

FIXTURES

November 1972

- 4 FARNDON (The Nag's Head) Lunch
- 11 BANGOR ON DEE (The Smithy) Lunch
- 18 KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch
- 25 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (Drover's Arms) Lunch

December

- 2 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 9 STEEL HEATH (TILSTOCK) (Heather Cafe) Lunch
- 16 TWO MILLS (Eureka Cafe) Tea

The Committee Meeting will be held at the Eureka Cafe on December 16th at 4.00 p.m. and the slide show will be held at 6.00 p.m. following the Committee Meeting.

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, D. BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE.

* * * * *

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

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Closing date for next issue:- SATURDAY, 2nd DECEMBER 1972

COMMITTEE NOTES

Messrs. Paul Harrison, David Andrew Eaton and Philip Edward Mason have been elected to Cadet Membership. We wish to extend our good wishes to these boys and we hope they enjoy their cycling with us.

Applications for Membership:

William Gray, "The Leeks", Station Road, Bangor-on-Dee.
Proposed By L.J.Hill, seconded by J.M.France

Cadet Membership:

Karl Hugh Nelson, 7 Northway, Heswall Hills, Wirral.
Proposed by K.S.N.Orum, seconded by J.E.Reeves
Duncan John MacNicoll, 96 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral.
Proposed by J.M.France, seconded by G.A.Robinson

The Birthday Run will be held at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester on Saturday, March 3rd. Details later.

The Committee have agreed to donate the sum of two guineas to Cancer Research in memory of the late Frank Bliss

The George Stephenson Prize

The Committee have unanimously decided to award the prize this year to Frank Marriott in appreciation of his work as Editor of the Circular.

Changes of address:

D.BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE COTTAGE,
ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT.
Connahs Quay 3078

W.T.PAGE, 6 CEDAR AVENUE,
CONNAHS QUAY, DEESIDE.

S.WILD, 7 HELLATH WEN, NANTWICH, CHESHIRE.

(We take this opportunity of welcoming Stan back to Anfieldland and if anyone wonders what "Hellath Wen" might mean, might we say that this is the old British name for Nantwich, "the town of the white salt". Incidentally, Northwich used to be Hellath Ddu - "the town of the black salt" - ED.)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 14th October 1972

The preliminary function to our usual October deliberations was a lunch at the Golden Lion at Ashton, a pleasant village on the fringe of Delamere Forest.

Here a goodly turn-out sampled some excellent Cheshire fare. Our only regret was that we could not be sampling it too, but we were having some work done at home, and could not get away until two. Those who did share the pleasures of the Golden Lion were, in no particular order: Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Hubert Buckley, Gerry Robinson, Alan Rogerson, Mike Twigg, Stan Bradley, John France, Percy Williamson, James Cranshaw, Don Stewart and prospective member Bill Grey. Of the younger generation, we were glad to have Neil France, Des Ling, Paul Harrison, Karl Nelson, Duncan MacNicoll, David Eaton and Phillip Mason.

The meeting was held at the Tarvin Village Hall, and those who could not make the lunch were John Moss, Jack Hawkins, Allan Littlemore, Eric Reeves, William Barnes, Mike Holland and your Editor.

We were delighted to have Don Stewart with us once more, and equally pleased to see a "cow" (Widnes-ese for tandem-trike) partnered by Alan Rogerson and Gerry Robinson.

Minutes of an Annual General Meeting held at the Village Hall, Tarvin on 14th October 1972 commencing at 2.30 p.m.

Present were Mr.L.J.Hill in the chair, and Members present as above. Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. Austin, Barker, Beaton, Bettaney, Birkby, Jones, Lloyd, Sharpe and Whelan.

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 16th 1971 were read and confirmed as a true record of the proceedings.

The Hon.Secretary then read his report and it was proposed, seconded and confirmed that the report be adopted.

In the absence of Mr.Bettaney, Mr.J.France read the Hon. Treasurer's report. The meeting then adopted the report subject to the auditing later of the balance sheet.

Mr.Rogerson, the Hon.Racing Secretary, then gave his report and it was proposed, seconded and resolved that the report be adopted.

Votes of thanks were passed after each report for the work carried out during the year by the Hon.Secretary, Hon.Treasurer and Hon.Racing Secretary respectively. The meeting also expressed its appreciation of John Thompson's racing performances during the season.

After discussion and amendments the following motions were proposed, seconded and confirmed:

1. That the boys '10' be enlarged to include juniors.
2. That W.Henderson, J.Long, F.Perkins and T.V.Schofield be elected to life membership on completion of 50 years membership.

3. That the existing standard medal times be reviewed by a committee and standard medal times be set up at 10 miles for cadets and a set of times be drawn up for veteran riders.

The following officials were appointed for 1973:-

President: L.J.Hill
 Vice Presidents: H.G.Buckley and F.Perkins
 Secretary: G.A.Robinson
 Asst.Secretary: E.A.Rogerson
 Treasurer: D.Bettaney
 Captain: J.W.Moss
 Vice Captains: A.L.Littlemore and W.Barnes
 Hon.Racing Secretary: E.A.Rogerson
 100 Secretary: J.J.Whelan
 100 Chief Marshal: L.J.Hill
 Editor: F.E.Marriott
 Committee: J.Cranshaw, M.J.Twigg, J.France, N.France,
 L.Bennett, M.Holland, D.Ling and J.Hawkins.

It was proposed, seconded and confirmed that M.J.Twigg join the committee as Press Secretary.

The George Stephenson award was awarded to F.E.Marriott in recognition of his services as Editor.

An unresolved discussion then took place on whether the predominance of licenced premises on the fixtures list was suitable considering the increased number of cadet members.

This concluded the business of the meeting.

RACING JERSEYS

Gerry Robinson says that he intends to place an order for racing jerseys in the near future. Anyone interested should apply to our Secretary forthwith.

VIN SCHOFIELD

We were delighted to have a call on the telephone from our old friend the other Sunday afternoon. Vin wishes us to know that he is about to leave Stretford as he has purchased a house and around four acres at Dolwen, near Bettws-yn-Rhos, on the old road to Tal-y-cafn ferry. He intends to move in January. Vin feels very honoured being elected a life member of the Club.

ARE YOU PLANNING TO MOVE YOUR HOME SOON?

If so, could you please let us know as soon as you receive this Circular? Our reasons for this request are that we have to adopt a new system for despatching the Circulars, and a new set of address plates will be necessary. As we do not wish to bear any

unnecessary expense in this regard, please do let the Editor know if any change is contemplated.

F.C.O.T. LUNCH AT COVENTRY - 1st October 1972

Only Bill Finn and myself from "Ours" attended this excellent function held in delightful surroundings in the Crypt of St. Mary's Guildhall. After a satisfying and well-served meal speeches were cut to a minimum and we repaired to the Herbert Museum to view the exhibits of cycles, motor cycles and cars on view. From there we were taken to the Maltings to see the rest of the collection held in store.

It was good to meet many old friends again: Johnny Williams, Oscar and Hilda Dover, Gus Russell from Anfieldland, a large contingent of North Roaders including Frank Armond, Ed. Green, Arthur Smith and Ida. Frank Marston was asking for news of Norman Turvey. We were also pleased to see three celebrities from the racing days of the 1930's, Jack Middleton, Charlie Holland and Horace Prior of the Manchester Wheelers.

J.R.BAND

W.T.PAGE

Travellers on the Chester High Road might have noticed a fleeting figure on a hurrying bicycle in the mornings and evenings of these past few months. Billy moved to Connah's Quay to a house built half way to Northop, in March, and most days in the summer he cycled to and from his place of business in Hoylake. Now, with dark mornings and dark evenings, Billy has put his bicycle away (as far as travelling to work is concerned) for a time.

THE THURSTASTON DANCE

We haven't had a written report of this function, which took place on the last Friday in September, but we understand that it was a wonderful "do".

SOME TECHNICAL TIPS - (1)

Care of Tubular Tyres.

After 12 years of riding on tubular tyres one lesson stands out: tubulars are expensive; a little care can save a lot of money. Tubulars should be left in a dry dark room for a few months before use to harden off.

New sprint rims have a coating of polish. This should be removed from the well with petrol or spirit and the well roughened

slightly. File down protruding spokes. When fixing the tyre on the rim, liberally coat half the circumference with rim cement, fit the tyre, then inflate it. The remainder of the rim can be cemented by lifting the tyre clear of the rim and cementing the rim beneath it. Ensure the rim is cemented completely, straighten the tyre and leave the wheel for a few days before using it. Clean excess cement from the braking surfaces and tyre walls.

Never be sparing with cement. At worst the tyre will roll off the rim, at best you shorten the tyre's life. Lack of cement has two main effects, "creep" and "roll". With creep the tyre moves around the rim straining the valve, causing leaks and eventually tearing the valve from the tube. Roll occurs when the tyre twists on the rim leaving the sidewall uppermost instead of the tread. The tyre then rolls off the rim completely, or punctures, or both.

For the aforementioned reasons it is not recommended practice to ride to an event on heavy tubulars and refix light ones on just for the race.

Most tyres fail through damage to the walls, the main culprits being oil and damp. Scrub the tyre walls regularly to remove oil. Never leave a tyre to dry out when completely deflated. Cuts in the tread allow water to penetrate the fabric beneath. Fill the cuts with treadstop (Bostik 692 sealer is good) first taking care to remove oil and grease, or the treadstop will not bond with the tyre.

Tubulars are best stored on rims. Tyre protectors will prevent chafing when travelling to events by car (old tubulars make an excellent substitute).

The spare tub. behind the saddle should be wrapped in plastic (not paper) to prevent chafing and keep out moisture. The front tyre should have a larger cross sectional area and more tread. Never fit a damaged or suspect tubular on the front wheel. Blowouts, especially downhill, tend to be dramatic.

A tyre pressure gauge is a good investment. Typical tyre pressures are:-

	<u>Front</u>	<u>Rear</u>
Training	80 lb/in ²	90 lb/in ²
Road Racing	90 "	100 "
Time Trials	100 "	105 " (smooth roads)

On the track considerably higher pressures are used. These pressures will vary slightly with the riders weight.

G.A.R.

NOTE: This peace by our Secretary will we feel sure enlighten many, if not all, of our young enthusiasts in the care of tubular tyres. This is the first of what we hope will be an occasional series. - ED.

FARNDON - 15th July 1972

It was 12 Noon when I left Bebington en route for Farndon and, although there was promise of the day being a scorcher there was sufficient breeze to temper my enthusiasm and keep me from selling out on this my first long? run for over ten years.

Chester was soon reached and as soon left behind, my watch recording 1.30 p.m. when I clocked in at the Nag's Head at Farndon, to find Hubert, Gerry, Mike Twigg, Frank Fischer, Alan Littlemore and friend, looking very cool behind partly empty glasses. I noticed our new friend Gray and wife from Bangor-on-Dee, but the gathering seemed strangely quiet and it was not until Chief Ironside arrived with feminine company that things began to liven up. We were then joined by Keith Orum, together with 'you know who' and husband driving the Land Rover and I gathered from the conversation that some pass storming was in the offing. It was nearly three o'clock when the party broke up, cars first, then Alan and friend, leaving Mike and myself. We said cheerio to Len and fair sex and took the road back via Aldford for home. Old places, old lanes, old thoughts passed through my mind as Mike and I rode along in that companionable silence that exist between two friends. We reached Chester all too soon and here Mike left me and turned for home whilst I carried on to Two Mills for a well earned, for me! pint of tea.

J.E.H.

THE NAG'S HEAD, FARNDON - 15th July 1972

I request the Editor's permission to digress from describing a ride to Farndon, because, for six people, this was a club run "in passing", savoured briefly on route for the all-Anfield week-end expedition to the little-known north face of Plynlimon. A well-balanced team had been assembled, the participants being Geoff Sharp as expedition mechanic and driver; Sherpa Orum - interpreter and financial advisor; Vivienne as chief cook, bottlewasher and quarter-master (or should it be - mistress?) glamorously assisted by Pattie and Norma; and David Birchall in the vulnerable role of navigator and route finder. For the connoisseur of motorised transport, our mode needs special mention; take a deep breath: a long-wheel-base-four-cylinder-petrol-engined-Land-Rover-Series-III with Carawagon conversion, custom-built by Searle of London: the new arrival in the Sharp household. At the start it still looked shiny and pristine with 1800 miles on the clock, but at the finish...oh dear!

The first intermediate stop was scheduled for the Nag's Head, Farndon, more to collect on board essential cargo for the expedition than to coincide with the club run. Although stopping here can in no way be described as a mistake, I had the misfortune to be discovered by Allan Littlemore, demon captain, who promptly exercised the powers conferred on him by his Senior Position on the Committee; with no hesitation he selected his victim for writing up t' Clubrun. I received a small piece of paper on which names were written, roughly as follows: Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Frank Fischer, Mike Twigg, Jack Hawkins, Len Hill (and harem) and, last but not least Gerry Robinson and Mr. & Mrs. Grey, friends of the Anfield on a tandem from Bangor-on-Dee. With the precious cargo on board we took our leave of the merry party for the road to Oswestry, then to Meifod: preliminaries before climbing into the hills of Montgomery and Cardigan.

Base camp was pitched within sight of the summit of the mountain to allow visual reconnaissance of possible routes before our early morning bid for the top. The Land Rover had enabled us to travel far beyond the reach of lesser vehicles to a spot which was little short of idyllic, at the side of a track which threads its way through the hills from Machynlleth to Ponterwyd. I explored this territory by bicycle several years ago; cycling-only enthusiasts can continue to sleep peacefully, because (I am happy to report) the bicycle remains supreme for crossings of this type: soft ground beyond our campsite proved too much for the Land Rover. The next day we had to retrace our tracks. But in the meantime our cooking staff excelled themselves; under Plynlimon's shadow we dined splendidly on roast beef, desserted on melon, and were refreshed by Riesling wine of the finest vintage. When the overnight mist cleared next morning, the ladies bade farewell to the summit party, and prepared to bathe in the sunshine of the hottest day of the year (so far). Though the day was brilliant, haze limited our view from the top of Plynlimon, but since none of us had previously stood at the summit of this mountain, such an imperfection mattered not at all.

The climax of the weekend was not the stroll to the top of Plynlimon: this was reserved for the end of the day. The hills along the coast from Portmadoc to Aberystwyth afford breath-taking views across Cardigan Bay: and they are laced with the highways of earlier times, when pack horses were the best method of moving goods in this terrain. To watch the sun set across Cardigan Bay we took advantage of one such mountain road which climbs from the busy Machynlleth-Aberdyfi highway over the top to Towyn. At the end of one hour (maybe more - all of us were far too busily occupied protecting the vehicle from damage) several members appeared to have aged a lifetime. We had travelled less than two miles: in true Safari style, the Land Rover was nosed through bonnet deep bracken, around rocky outcrops (inches to spare on either side) and cautiously, along high grassy ledges. All was well, in spite of the drama, until the route plunged deep into a boggy mountain stream. Here, unfortunately our last adventure came to an untimely end: our transport almost followed the track, went in front wheels axle deep, and at an interesting angle even for a Land Rover. At this point, several prayers were uttered. But more than that: the Chief Cook and bottlewasher instantly fired the navigator and, to add insult to injury, confiscated all the maps. Thus, alas, the weekend finished. D.D.B.

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Vol. LXVII

DECEMBER 1972

No. 760

FIXTURES

December 1972

- 23rd DUDDON (Headless Woman) Lunch
26th SHOCKLACH (Bull Inn) Lunch
30th REDBROOK MAELOR (Redbrook Hotel) Lunch
and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch

January 1973

- 6th ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
13th KELSALL (The Globe) Lunch
20th BANGOR ON DEE (Smithy Cafe) Lunch
and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms) Lunch
27th BEEESTON (Bridge Cafe) Lunch
and CLOTTON (Bulls Head) Lunch

The Ladies' Run will be held on January 6th and a Committee Meeting has been fixed for January 13th at 4.00 p.m. in the Eureka 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, D. BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE. CH6 5TH

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Closing date for next issue:- SATURDAY, 13th JANUARY 1973

SEASONAL GREETINGS TO ALL OUR READERS

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Members. The following have been elected: William Gray, K.H.Nelson (Cadet) and D.J.MacNicoll (Cadet).

Applications for membership:

Sydney Hancock, Cryor Farm, Newbridge, Penzance, Cornwall.
 Peter Bromiley Richmond, 31 Percy Road, Handbridge, Chester.
 These applications are proposed by L.J.Hill and seconded by G.A. Robinson.

A NOTE - FOR HONORARY MEMBERS ONLY

This is an appeal; rather than amend a rule, and break a long-standing tradition, we have decided to ask honorary members to let us have a little more than the minimum of 50p per year, providing, of course, that they are able to do so. This subscription just does not cover costs. Some honorary members realize this, and increase their commitment accordingly. Others who can afford to do so please copy! The Treasurer will be exceedingly glad.

INCIDENTALLY....

On the question of finance we wish to point out that we are at least £70.00 outstanding on "good" last year's subscriptions. This is extremely embarrassing when it comes to finding money to pay accounts. Will the "culprits" (we cannot think of a better word) please pay up NOW. The Treasurer has let us have a list of the faithful who remit (with donations!) early in October. Because of pressure on space, this has to be left over.

BOXING DAY

From the fixture list you will see that we have discovered a new venue: the Bull Inn at Shocklach. The hamlet is a few miles south of Farndon on the road to Threapwood. Ladies are cordially invited to this run.

REMINDER

The Birthday Run or Annual Dinner, call it what you will, has been fixed - as mentioned previously - at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester. Accommodation for the night is available. The date is Saturday, March 3rd. This will be our 94th Birthday. Let us make it a full dress rehearsal for the 95th - and 100th!

READERS

Will note that on subsequent pages we report on the Tints Week-end, when we had 29 at the Dinner. This was an excellent turn-out, reminiscent of the really enthusiastic thirties.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

You might remember that last month we mentioned a new envelope addressing system which we hope will be operating smoothly soon. It has since occurred to us that post codes should be included on the new plates. So, if the envelope in which this Circular reaches you does not show a post code, will you please let the Editor know yours as soon as possible. Also, we hope to include a list of telephone numbers in a subsequent issue. If you would wish to see yours in the collection, please let us have details.

JIMMY TAYLOR

We regret to announce the passing, at the quite useful age of 90 years, of Jimmy Taylor, Manchester Wheelers. Jimmy was a gem. In the years between the wars (and maybe perhaps even afterwards) Jimmy would load his car with a consignment of pop and peppermint, and sally forth every Sunday morning to the East Cheshire events. And it wasn't just the men of the Wheelers who tasted this glorious nectar of the gods: Jimmy and his friends dispensed to everyone regardless of club, and we Anfielders were grateful many times for the largesse. We mourn with our friends in the Manchester Wheelers the passing of a real gentleman.

NORMAN TURVEY

In response to our brief mention last month, we have had a welcome letter from Norman Turvey. Norman has recovered from the stroke which "clobbered" him in December 1969, except for a rebellious right leg. "Cycling is, therefore, a joy of the past and, as walking is greatly restricted, I do not get far from this house; so I have every opportunity of enjoying to the full a comfortable home and a very dear wife. With them and wonderful memories I do indeed 'count my blessings'." We have sent Norman some "dope" on the F.C.O.T., and we now hear that our old friend has joined this august organization.

Norman sends his greetings to all who remember him, and also his best wishes for the future of the Anfield.

(North Road Gazette please copy)

NORTH ROAD C.C. DINNER - 25th November 1972

At Edgebolton, Alan Rogerson suggested we might represent the club at the North Road C.C.'s dinner the following weekend. Les Couzens, the dinner organizer, kindly offered to put us up overnight, so Saturday the 25th found us heading south via the motorways to Potters Bar.

After a wash and tea Les drove us to the dinner venue, the Red Lion at Hatfield, where the diners were starting to gather. A pleasant half-hour was spent talking with, amongst others, Richard Hulse of the Speedwell, Eric Tremayne, tricyclist par-excellence, and ex-Anfielder W.H.Pryor.

At 7.00 p.m. prompt we were summoned to the dining room where Alan and I found ourselves seated at the top table, an honour indeed considering our relative anonymity. Fortunately however, we were able to hide behind the magnificent array of trophies. After an excellent meal interspersed by much cross-toasting we settled down to listen to the speeches. By this time I was suffering a strange numbness which "Doctor Rogerson" diagnosed as "mild alcoholic poisoning brought on by North Road hospitality".

The visitors were welcomed by Sid Mottram, a mammoth task since those present were virtually a who's-who of time-trialling in the South-of-England. Alan Gordon of the Norwood Paragon, at one time a team-mate of Frank Southall, then proposed the toast to the club recalling North Road events of yesteryear. After Bill Frankum, the Chairman, had presented the awards, W.H.Townsend, the Chairman of the R.T.T.C., replied for the visitors. The speeches were drawn to a close when Alan Blackman, an excellent speaker, replied for the club. The remainder of the evening was devoted to conversation and the dinner ended at about eleven-thirty.

The next day, after an undeserved lie-in and a late breakfast, we drove home along an almost deserted A5. Apparently the motorways have taken the bulk of the traffic from this road.

Altogether an excellent weekend and our thanks go to the North Road, especially Les Couzens, for their hospitality. Alan and I both look forward to attending their dinner in future years.

GERRY ROBINSON

THE AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - 21/22 October 1972

The President steered twenty-eight to the table for a magnificent dinner at the Lion Hotel, Llanymynech. All but a few having pedalled their way on the bicycle through the well-known and lesser-

known lanes that are Anfieldland.

Those seated in the ballroom, on either side of the long, rectangular dining-table, under the President's ever watchful eye, were the hardcore of gentlemen - Rex Austin, Stan Wild, Allan Littlemore, Rigby Band, Frank Fischer, Percy Williamson, John France and Ben Griffiths. The hardcore of trenchermen included John Moss, Alan Rogerson, David Bettany, John Whelan, Keith Orum and David Jones. To this latter category we may add the names of Bill Barnes, Neil France, Des Ling and Mike Holland - this was their first "Tints". Paul Harrison, Carl Nelson, Dave Eaton, Alan Griffiths and Phil Mason also were enjoying themselves as First Year "Tinters". Jack Hawkins and Mike Twigg (under the heading of "Gentlemen, Experienced Cyclists and Anfielders") joined the party for dinner, regretfully to return home later in the evening.

Our guests on this weekend were Dr. Bill Henry, President of the Gloucester City Road Club and Fred Pace, a prominent member of the C.T.C. The party was incomplete without Frank Perkins, who had remained at home suffering from conjunctivitis.

The evening followed the usual tradition of pleasant, constructive conversation and gentle drinking. Bill Barnes and Mike Holland were absent for a short time during the proceedings but, fortunately, they were soon retrieved - from the hands of two young ladies, who were attending another function being held in the hotel! There was none of the boisterous activities of previous years. Only at breakfast was it revealed that treachery had lurked in the dark hours - holly leaves concealed in bedding and missing door keys, resulted in a general disorder. John Whelan complained bitterly of finding a female between the sheets of his bed but, alas, sighed heavily, when merely a blonde wig and the legs of a dummy were uncovered. (The President, somewhere along the line, was involved in this plot).

The morning was dry with a rising east wind, forecasting a mild day and by 10.30 a.m. members were preparing to go their different ways home. Alan Rogerson, Des Ling and myself made tracks along the picturesque Tanat Valley, which was clothed in all the splendour of Autumn colour. We stopped for a coffee in Llanrhaidr before tackling the hard climb to Llanarmon, where the party took ale at the "West Arms". Forging on towards the "Wayfarer" we passed Harry Beech, descending into Llanarmon. Apparently, we were not the first party of cyclists to tread the

well-worn track of the Nant Rhydwylym that morning for the Chester Road Club were having coffee in a wooden shack, which they claimed belonged to them. They, also, were surveying the peaceful scenery of the Berwyns. Unfortunately, with the wind fierce in our faces and within sight of the memorial stone, we paid our respects to Wayfarer and made haste our descent to Corwen for lunch, before enjoying the wind-assisted ride home to Two Mills.

K.S.N.O.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER - 28th October 1972

Waking at the crack of noon, I realized that I could not pedal to Loughborough (from Leeds) in time for the Dinner. I raced to the station (I "felt" that a train was due) and just caught a train to Sheffield.

The climb out of this town (the cleanest dirty-town in England, so I am told) proved to me that I was UNFIT. Making my way through Baslow to Matlock (through Chatsworth Park, a bit neat for me), I was puzzled to see many cyclists, both individuals and in groups, travelling in the opposite direction. Later it clicked; they were going to see the National Championship Hillclimb on the Winnats.

Though I had a tailwind my condition prevented me from keeping to my schedule (worked out on the train) and all diversions had to be abandoned. I pushed straight down the A.6. I arrived at the Bulls Head, Loughborough, shattered. (Technically, the hunger bonk, 3rd degree).

It is, of course, part of the tradition and atmosphere of these occasions for people to cross-toast in a witty fashion. This is O.K. for those WITHOUT THE BONK. Unfortunately, I could not enter into the spirit of the proceedings, until about the apple pie.

The main toast of the evening, to the Association, was proposed by Charles King, a Kentish Wheeler and an accomplished speaker. He said that trike men were eccentrics, extroverts and true individuals. We all took this as a compliment. In the response to the toast Big Eric (Tremaine) took the opportunity to describe the trials and tribulations leading up to his 457,895 record ride. Apparently his schedule was for 465 miles, but something "went wrong" in the small hours!

I took some "loot" away from the Dinner, the Midland and Southern trophies, so that the next day I avoided the hills. I got back home tired, but inspired to get back in training for next Season.

JOHN THOMPSON

EDGEBOLTON - 18th November 1972

This was not an official club run. A week previously the "100" Course sub-Committee had decided to visit Shropshire, and a suitable venue was decided. Personally, it is many years since I actually stopped at Edgebolton, having passed it many times in events.

Saturday dawned cold, frosty, but clear. Gerry arrived at my house bemoaning how cold it was. By the time I was ready to leave he was sure that it was five degrees warmer - I didn't think it very warm at all! We reached the official setting-off point - a secret known only to a few, and situated in an area of Chester suggestive of an irate curate. There to meet us was Mike Twigg, and Pete Richmond of the Chester Road Club.

The side roads were covered in frost, so we elected to keep to the main highways. Along the Whitchurch road traffic was relatively light, and we were able to ride two abreast. Many topics were discussed - notably the problem of finding courses in the Wirral and Chester area. The nearer to Whitchurch we travelled, the thicker became the snow lying on the ground.

The final long drag up to Whitchurch had me - and certain others - gasping a little. The Travellers Rest Cafe welcomed us with steaming 8oz. cups of tea, and after a short but refreshing stop we resumed course. A new stretch of dual-carriageway to Prees Heath has certainly improved this formerly dangerous stretch of road, and again traffic was light. Conversation flowed freely, and the miles seemed to glide by.

After passing Hawkestone Park on the Shrewsbury road, we turned left and took some pleasant lanes to Booley and thence on to the A53. Turning right for Edgebolton we realized that in only six months' time athletes would be straining along this stretch in our own "100". This spurred one or two of our party to a steady increase in revolutions, followed by a brief sprint for the lunch venue. Frank Fischer was already ensconced, as well as (in no particular order) John Leece, Len Hill, Frank Perkins and John France. The last four had actually passed us on the road near Tushingham, but claimed that their windows were so steamed up that they failed to recognize us!

The meal served up was excellent; roast beef, Yorkshire pud., cauliflower, carrots, roast and boiled potatoes, followed by a huge helping of apple pie and custard. Coffee completed the meal. Unanimously we declared that we must visit Edgebolton more often.

Conversation before and during the meal ranged around the "100" course, naked bathing in the Lake District, the Anfield "12", the Bath Road Dinner, and lighting-up time. With the latter subject in mind, we left Edgebolton at about 2.15 p.m. Travelling via Shawbury and the Rock Cutting to Wem, we came across a most unusual sight. One, Gerry Robinson, had eaten so well that he actually dismounted to walk up a steepish hill! Actually, he ran up it, going faster than those who were riding.

From Wem we took the Whitchurch road, turned left for Ryeford, and thence, courtesy of Pete Richmond, via a veritable maze of lanes through Whixall, and Whitewell and the Wyches to Threapwood, Churton and Aldford. The wind was now rising from the south-west, and we made good speed.

In Chester, Pete Richmond made for his home in Handbridge, and we carried on to Mike's house for refreshing coffee and home-made cakes. Pete Richmond proved to be an encyclopaedia of Cheshire and Shropshire, and will be welcome on our Club runs.

Gerry and myself eventually parted company at Little Sutton around 6.30, after a very good, sociable winter club run, and very determined to revisit Edgebolton in the near future.

E.A.R.

ALLOSTOCK - 25th November 1972

The first thing to hit me on arriving at the Drover's Arms was a tricycle of gaudy hue parked at the rear of the hostelry. This, I opined, belonged to Harold Catling, a man who cannot ride a bicycle (some say he cannot ride a tricycle either!) so I was sure of some congenial company. Inside I found Hubert Buckley holding forth at some length, whilst Rex Austin and Edna listened and Bob Poole and his wife did their best. I managed a seat adjacent to Harold Catling, Stan Bradley and Jim Cranshaw. It's a good many years since I had the opportunity of a long chat about tricycles because whatever anybody might say about Harold's prowess on a tricycle, he is the most knowledgeable of men on their innards. Stan Bradley reported that he hoped to be out on a tricycle soon and I must say how pleasing it is to see his return to fitness. Bob produced a packet of photos from the late 'twenties and it was most interesting to look at the characters of so long ago. The whole session proved to be most delightful and time for departure came all too soon. Just on dusk I became the victim of thorn trouble and had to find and repair a puncture in semi-darkness with a light drizzle falling. The sort of puncture nobody ever wants but when it occurs the victim rises manfully to the occasion.

J.W.