

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: J. W. MOSS

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Vol. LXVIII

JANUARY 1973

No. 760

FIXTURES

February 1973

- 3rd ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 10th SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch
- 17th BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Smithy) Lunch and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy) Lunch
- 24th FARNDON (The Nags Head) Lunch

March

- 3rd BIRTHDAY RUN
- 10th ASHTON (The Golden Lion) Lunch

The next Committee Meeting will be held at the Eureka
Café on February 24th 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
be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, D. BETTANEY, HONEYSTONE
COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
CH6 5TH.

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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 13 Wirral Mount, West Kirby,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 24th FEBRUARY 1973

COMMITTEE NOTES

New Members: Sydney Hancock and Peter Richmond have been elected to full membership, and once again we extend the sincere wish that these new friends will find every satisfaction in being Anfielders.

Application for Membership: Geoffrey Clewes Richmond, 31 Percey Street, Handbridge, Chester. Proposed by L.J.Hill and seconded by G.Robinson.

Postal Codes: Last month we issued a request for postal codes. We have had a mere five by post. Can we say now that this is just not good enough. As we have retired from business the old plates cannot now be used. As the use of postal codes might be made mandatory at some time we do not intend to have new plates made until we have codes. This means that, in addition to producing an issue of the Circular each month or so, we also have to address by hand dozens of envelopes. When all postal codes are in, this dreadful chore will cease. So HURRY.....PLEASE!

VIN SCHOFIELD

We have had a note from our very good friend. He has now disposed of his Urmston Lane Nurseries, and is now settling down in his new home - with a much smaller plot - at Tyddyn Bach, Betws-yn-Rhos, Abergele. This is on the old road to Tal-y-Cafn Ferry. Vin says that the nearest inn is two miles away, and "as I don't like cars - being brainwashed by Billy Cook, I would like to try my luck on a tricycle again". So if anyone has a tricycle for disposal, with about a 66" fixed gear, Vin would be glad to hear about it.

R.T.T.C. HANDBOOKS

Alan Rogerson has ordered a supply. Please ask him if you want one. Price 30p each. Alan says that the annual list of Liverpool D.C. and Inter-Club events will be out in February.

EASTER IS AHEAD.....

John Thompson is organizing an Easter Y.H.A. tour and would be grateful for names and suggestions for the Tour Hostels. Please contact him at 45 Cortsway, Greasby, Upton, Wirral. Telephone (051) 677 3795. Deadline: 14th February.

EARLY WARNING

The Dinner and Dance, which was so successful last September, is being repeated on a Saturday, October 6th 1973. The venue will be

the Heatherlands, Thurstaston, as last time. PLEASE keep the date open. Details available later.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Bert Lloyd must be quite used to moving home. His new place is at "Rosemount", Fildraw Road, Ballasalla, Isle of Man.

Jack Newton, one of the precious few to have sent in his postal code, sends his kindest regards to all.

Stan Bradley is out and about once more on his tricycle. Nice work, Stan!

Harold Catling has resumed full membership.

As noted elsewhere on these pages, Hubert Buckley is handing over his N.R.R.A. job this coming March. It will be quite strange not having a Buckley around the Northern Records attempts.

A NEW "100" COURSE

During the last few months a great deal of work has been done behind the scenes in an endeavour to formulate a new "100" course. With road conditions getting more difficult each year, finding a new route is equally troublesome. However, despite some obvious question marks, the Course Committee has come up with the following, and we all should express our gratitude for the amount of work involved in getting the route together. Start and finish have not yet been exactly decided, but the following is a brief sketch of the route:

Shawbury, Hodnet, Crudgington. Left for some distance towards Chetwynd, and about turn to Crudgington and Shawbirch. Right to High Ercall, about turn and back to Shawbirch, Hodnet, Shawbury, Battlefield, Prees Heath, Tern Hill, and about turn at end of dual carriageway, and back to Prees, with a finish near Battlefield. The early morning turns should be achieved before traffic gets really going, and the Tern Hill turn does not offer any real difficulties.

FINANCE

How delightful it would be if we could run this Club without money. So we make no excuse in returning to the subject. Firstly, could all please make a serious note that subscriptions are due on the 1st October in each year. Those who are dilatory with their payments perhaps do not realize how we manage to eke each year out on a subscription that is very much out of date. At the end of September there is nothing in the kitty to pay bills, and the dear

treasurer goes positively hairless in trying to raise the wind.

As expenses rise, the deficit on the "100" grows more frightening each year, so once again we announce the "100" fund for 1973, and commend this worthy cause to your generous notice.

THE BIRTHDAY RUN

This will be the last issue of the Circular before the Birthday Run, held at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester on March 3. It is a ticket affair, available from either Allan Littlemore or Mike Twigg. Mike's phone number is Chester 4126399. The price of the tickets has not (as we write) been fixed, but it is expected to be around £2.00. Speeches there will be, but the highlight of the evening is a talk by Stan Wild, illustrated with lantern slides, on the High Road Passes of Europe. Stelvio, Col de L'Isèran, Pic Veleta and a dozen others. Stan has made a speciality over the years of "collecting" these lofty skylines, and the evening should be interesting indeed.

OBITUARY - George Brendon Orrell

We deeply regret to record the sudden passing, on January 4, of our one and only Bren Orrell, surely one of the finest men ever to ride a bicycle. Bren was riding home after a visit to Bren Jr. and apparently collapsed, for he was found at the roadside.

Bren Orrell joined the Anfield in 1920, and although we haven't seen a great deal of him recently, except of course at the "100", in which he was a regular and enthusiastic helper, in his more youthful years he was a keen and regular attender at the runs.

Bren's particular enthusiasm, roadwork, did not leave him oblivious to the beauties of the countryside in the early mornings. We well remember after one of his "100" wins Bren telling us how lovely the country looked as he travelled around! Bren never gave the impression of riding "eyeballs out". He was more a super tourist riding his stripped machine purposefully, very purposefully indeed.

Bren won our own "100" in 1930 and 1933. In the Manchester Grosvenor "100" he was fastest for six consecutive years from 1927 to 1932, and third in 1934. In 1930 he was chosen to ride in the Worlds Championships in Belgium.

In N.R.R.A. records Bren features several times. He secured the 50 mile tandem bicycle in 1927, and again in 1928. The "100" tandem bicycle also came his way in 1927; the 100 mile bicycle in 1928 and the 12-hr. bicycle in 1929. The tandem bicycle 12-hour was notched up in 1931.

Lastly, but by no means least, Bren was a powerful member of the famous Anfield team of the 1930's, when many team records were broken. Those who knew him will remember Bren as a grand sportsman and a very good friend. We extend our deepest sympathy to Bren Jr. in his very sad loss. The Club was represented at the committal service at Preston by Rex and Edna Austin, Jack Pitchford and George Connor.

ASHTON - 2nd December 1972

The morning looked bright and I decided to make an early start for Ashton, but after pumping tyres up and donning numerous pull-overs it was 10.30 before I reached Two Mills.

Paul Harrison arrived and after a chat with Eric Reeves, Paul and I set off for Ashton through Capenhurst lane and up to Chester Zoo. The sun had now gone in and a light rain started, but we were in plenty of time and a very steady pace saw us reach Little Barrow around 11.30, then through some very nice lanes via Long Green and Mouldsworth to Ashton for 12.00.

Len Hill, John France, John Leece and Frank Perkins had already arrived by car and we were soon joined by Hubert Buckley and Jim Cranshaw. Then Stan Wild, now returned to Anfieldland and many more club runs we hope; Mike Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Alan Rogerson and Pete Richmond then arrived on bikes. Dave Birchall and Keith Orum came by car en route to the finish of the "100", with the hope of getting photographs of the finish. The party was then completed by Allan Littlemore.

After lunch Mike, Gerry, Allan, Pete, Paul and myself took to the tracks, or should I say fields? We took a small lane leading out of Ashton which soon lead us to a ploughed field, then a ditch, then a mud bath of a lane which finally emerged at Hollowmoor Heath. Whilst crossing one field we were joined by a herd of cows which Allan said he knew as the "Udders-field" Whrs. but despite all these obstacles we managed to get through without mishap, if rather muddy.

It was now starting to rain and getting dark so we decided to go down the main road to Chester where Pete left us. Gerry and Allan went to Mike's for tea. Paul and I carried on through the lanes to Parkgate island where Paul went straight down to Queens-ferry and I turned for Heswall.

JOHN MOSS

CHRISTMAS SLIDE SHOW AT TWO MILLS - 16th December 1972

Firstly, an apology for not including in this report a list of those present.

When, years ago, someone suggested a Christmas Slide Show so that we could enjoy yet again the adventures and delights of the past years, we did not realize quite what a wonderful idea it was.

In the intervening winters the fixture has gained a popularity that appears to be permanent, but it is limited by the fact that Eureka has not - at least not yet - elastic walls, and until then a bit of pushing and shoving to get in must be tolerated. The venue was once again packed to the limit, but Eric Reeves and Hubert Buckley had to leave before the show started, and perhaps this was as well for our creature comforts.

One delight of these occasions is the presentation to Addy of the Eureka a small gift to show our appreciation of her kindness to us during the year. John Leece performs this little act magnificently. John tells us, on the quiet, that he would love to have a bicycle again. "But my family won't let me have one. What a pity!"

For the slide show, yours truly pushed the boat out with a few glimpses of East Anglia, Kent, Dorset, finishing off with a selection of rough stuff shots in the pleasant hill land around the Radnorshire Elan Lakes. Dave Birchall and Geoff Sharp also contributed, but surely none will cavil if we say that John Moss stole the show.

When you have a good man behind a good camera near-perfection can be achieved. John's shots of our racing men in action were superb. Then we were treated to a host of pictures depicting rough stuff adventures, the stories of which never see these pages, because, as John says: "We might frighten people off!" Writing as one who delights in rough stuff trips, these slides were great. These happy times away from the tarred roads in both mountain and vale reveal an enthusiasm that is both delightful and promising.

F.E.M.

THE BULL INN, SHOCKLACH - 26th December 1972

Christmas Greetings are warmly extended to all readers from Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, John Moss and Wendy, Gerry Robinson and Margaret, Alan Rogerson, Hubert Buckley, Sadie and brother, Stan Wild, Stan and Mrs. Bradley and C.T.C. friends, Peter and Mrs. Rock,

Don and Mrs. Birchall, Bill and Mrs. Grey, John Thompson, Allan Littlemore, Len Hill and Flo, Geoff Sharp and Vivienne and Pattie and the Scribe.

This convivial band of Anfielders, their ladies and friends had travelled across the Cheshire farmlands to the Bull Inn, Shocklach on Boxing Day. In the hours between midday and three all could be found in the room behind the bar, sampling the food, drinking the beer, and exchanging tidings of joy and good cheer.

As many as ten fitnits can boast that their bicycles, tri-cycles and tandems were parked outside the Inn. Everyone else chose the "soft" alternative (i.e. the motorcar). But no matter what powered our preferred modes of transport, for the day after Christmas, all seemed unanimous that a Clubrun through quiet tarmac lanes would afford just the right blend of therapy (for those who had indulged in too much high living) and jollity (for those who thought they had not).

Several participants deserve special mention for long distance endurance. Len "I was a carol singer" Hill made for the venue direct from Christmas night jollifications at which he entertained (not alone) Neston by dancing (facilitated by whisky) and serenaded the sleeping town with carols (fired by black wine). Appropriately the President led his aiders and abettors, namely the delicate company of his wife, and Vivienne, Pat, Geoff and the Scribe. The party lacked one reveller, namely Keith Orum, who, having fallen by the wayside, could be recorded as D.N.F.

As the Landrover rattled through Huntington, John Thompson hove into view and signalled with drama his need for ale. Fortunately for John (who arrived last) the beer plentifully flowed and, though they took some time before making their entrance, there were ham rolls for all.

The winter's day offered mild, dry conditions, but, in spite of this, so far as I know, no one, not even the cyclists, had ventured on the network of fieldpaths and tracks which follow the Dee along its banks to Chester. There had been rain during the preceding days to make the going heavy; but some gentle roughstuff would have been all right for the bikes. No doubt had John Thompson been less shattered, the adventurous alternative would have happened; thereby he could have avoided the hammering he tells of, on the way back to Wirral, hanging on to the backwheels of those fitnits Messrs. Barnes and Holland.

Though the Presidential party's navigator had nothing special

planned, on all expeditions in the company of a certain young lady, he now carries a duplicate set of maps. This helps to avoid the embarrassment of suddenly finding himself unmapped. Consequently on leaving the Bull the party was able to go half a mile east of the surfaced road to look at the green track that goes from Shocklach Castle to Aldford. The sortie came to nothing for two reasons: but mostly because water logged the track, thus making the going too heavy for easy negotiation by Landrover. The other reason results from the rigorous Presidential Jollifications Programme - our lengthy stay at the Bull had jeopardised the Festivities Timetable, and so a speedy return to Wirral beckoned. You must agree, life is eventful if you are the Anfield President!

D.D.B.

REDBROOK LODGE - WHITCHURCH - 30th December 1972

I decided to take advantage of the freak warm, sunny weather and took a day and a half to reach this venue. On the Friday I re-explored the lanes behind Ruthin up the Clywedog valley. The sun, bright and low in the sky, flickered through the trees, and picked out the streams rushing down the valley sides. At Cyffylliog the local junior guerillas, recently re-equipped, opened fire. Little did they know that I had watched the Lone Ranger. Cornering down low, I avoided their shots, and fired back under the cross-bar.

Farther up the valley the road went crazy climbing the valley side only to drop down again. Ascending a very steep climb, where the road turns back on itself, I found a gated road: "Brynbad - NO THROUGH ROAD". This I knew to be the place of John Farrington's Christmas retreat. Some two miles up the road I found John and family obviously enjoying their stay in a perfectly situated cottage. Not wishing to retrace, I sought John's advice on a rough stuff route up to the Clocaenog forest road.

Darkness fell as I made my crossing (B.4501) to Bala. Westwards the afterglow made an eerie but beautiful sight behind the mountains - especially that one which looks like a horizontal curly bracket. What is it called? I left Plas Rhiwaedog Youth Hostel (an ancient Manor House designed by Len Hill) early for a dash over to Vyrnwy, to Llansantffraid and by the Shropshire lanes to Redbrook. Here I was delighted to find another well-attended run, eighteen in all, most of whom had arrived by puff-power. (Bicycles/tricycles to you).

I returned to Wirral with the "bunch" at a variable speed

(fast and very fast) by a crazy route conceived by John Moss. Sometimes we travelled south-east; we went into Wales twice, but eventually emerged from the lanes at the Yacht Inn. At Two Mills we learnt that some of the senior racing men, though not on the run, had been out on bicycles.

JOHN THOMPSON

(Those present were: Len Hill, John Leece, John France, Neil France, D.MacNicoll, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Gerry Robinson, Alan Rogerson, Mike Twigg, Pete Richmond, J.Thompson, Frank Fischer, Mr.& Mrs. Gray, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, J.Moss and David Jones)

LANGLEY - 30th December 1972

Although the BBC with its customary refusal to recognise the existence of a world north of Watford reported that dense fog covered the whole of Britain it was, in fact, a bright sunny day in East Cheshire. So fine a day that I left home early with the intention of travelling to Langley by way of Pott Shrigley and Jenkins Chapel. Everything was going according to plan until suddenly, whilst crossing the little bridge over the Dean at Adlington, my near side tyre deflated with remarkable rapidity.

The cause of the trouble was quickly found. A few inches of greenery with a thorn embedded in the tyre seemed sufficient explanation for the phenomenon. Within a few minutes the cover was off and a patch applied to the tube, then like a good boy scout I ran my fingers round the inside of the tyre and was rewarded by the discovery of a second thorn - and a corresponding neat round hole in the tube. This too was soon repaired and the process repeated and repeated. In all the tube had been penetrated by seven separate thorns. An hour later, running short of patches, rubber solution and patience, but still cheerful (after all the sun was shining) and resigned to making the remainder of the journey to the Leather Smithy by the most direct route, the tyre was back in place and ready for re-inflation.

The repaired tyre was tight, everything was packed away and I was about to remount when I noticed that the offside tyre was in need of attention. This really was the last straw. Or more accurately, as it turned out, the last thorn. Quite an easy job - just one thorn and one hole - but my morale had sunk to a low ebb and with it my speed and skill. By the time mobility was regained it was too late to think of pushing on to Langley but over a lonely lunch I consoled myself with the thought that I had set up a new personal best and perhaps even an Anfield record with eight

simultaneous punctures. H.C.

(Note: Harold says he thinks he has set up a record which few will hope to better. Very frustrating on a fine day and a most attractive lunch venue - Ed.)

LADIES' RUN -- ASTON - 6th January 1973

All roads on this misty day led to the Golden Lion at Ashton on the fringe of Delamere Forest. The occasion was the only run in the Club Calendar when members are officially allowed to acknowledge that they possess wives and sweethearts. From a comfortable corner of the lounge Len Hill and the presidential entourage consisting of his wife, Geoff and Viv (not forgetting Pat!) dispensed warmth and friendliness all round. It was a pleasure to see our oldest member, John Leece, looking so fit and well and uncrowned king of a corner containing Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw, John France, and our former President and famous record brecker, Sid del Banco, accompanied by his wife. Nearby were Gerry Robinson and Margaret, John Moss and Mike Twigg, Gerry apparently angling for advice anent the fateful day in March. Another group comprised Herbert Buckley and Sadie with Hubert's sister and brother-in-law. Margaret Buckley, a real chip off the old block, still rides a bicycle daily! Incidentally, when Hubert gives up the Secretaryship of the N.R.R.A. in March it will bring to an end a period of nearly 80 years during which father and/or son have held unbroken office in the Association. Stan Bradley and his wife were there and Percy Williamson and his son John rolled up before the end. Rex and Mrs. Austin were on the way but turned back owing to thick fog. Amongst the others present were Pete Richmond, Dave Bettaney and spouse, John Thompson, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, David Birchall, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Neil France, Karl Nelson and Stan and Mrs. Wild. Altogether a most pleasant fixture and one of the best "get-togethers" I can recall.

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RACING RESULTS (Concluded from October Issue)John Moss (Continued)

100	29.5.72	Anfield B.C.	5.24.48
10	29.6.72	Interclub Farndon	28.01
25	9.7.72	Interclub	1.5.32
10	13.7.72	Interclub Farndon	26.46
25	16.7.72	Liverpool Eagle	1.6.15
10	20.7.72	Interclub Farndon	26.02 (P.Best)
25	22.7.72	Altrincham Ravens	1.4.31
10	27.7.72	Interclub Farndon	26.04

E.A. Rogerson

50	2.4.72	Mid Shropshire	2.23.47
25	3.4.72	"	1.11.47
25	28.6.72	Inter Club	1.8.37
10	6.7.72	Chester R.C.	26.58
25	9.7.72	Inter Club	1.6.48
25	12.7.72	Inter Club	1.7.45
25	22.7.72	Altrincham Ravens	1.6.35
25	5.8.72	Weaver Valley	1.14.48 (Trike)
50	6.8.72	Warrington R.C.	2.23.48 (Puncture)

John Thompson's earlier performances have been recorded on page 8 of our special "100" issue No.756 and page 7 of No.757. The following—apparently—complete the "bag" for the season:

Kettering Amateur "25"	20.5.72	1.10.32	P.Wells	54.58
T.A.(N.W.) "100"	28.5.72	5. 8. -	E.Tremayn	4.39.?
			(4th, and first handicap)	
Notts & Derby Blarion "25"	3.6.72	1.4.53	M.Johnson	55.21
			(P.B. C.R. 4th handicap!)	
Rockingham Forest "25"	12.7.72	1.4.07	Club record	
T.A. (London E.) "50"			Went off course on about	2.12.0
T.A. (London E.) "100"	6.8.72	5.3.54	P.B.2nd 1st Handicap	
			(First ride on conglomerate trike!)	
Sheffield Highgate "25"	27.8.72	1.4.24		
Bruce Kingsford Memorial "50"	28.8.72	2.16.08	2nd 1st Handicap	
			Club record	
T.A."25" (Mid.Reg.)	16.9.72	1.11.13	John says that this is	
			the effect of desperate stages of thesis writing.	
P.S. Apropos the word "apparently" above.			There do not appear to	

be any results for June. Perhaps J.T. will remedy this situation.

TAILPIECE

COURTESY CALLS

On the Friday before Christmas, while son Stephen was travelling to Reading for a party, your Editor took advantage of the trip to have a nostalgic look at the Old Bath Road "100" course once more. Shillingford Bridge, Wallingford, Moulsoford, Streatley We didn't get as far as Pangbourne because we found good food and a bed at the Miller of Mansfield at Goring.

In the morning we walked for three hours exploring the Downs and the old Ridge Way. However, the real reason for this piece is to apologise to friend Henderson for not calling at Talbot Cottage in Enstone. Had we known the exact whereabouts we could have called on the way home on the Saturday afternoon. The same goes for Snitterfield, too. Although we knew at least that Eddie Haynes lives on the Green, which house on the green would it be? So in the dusk of that December day we looked at the signpost: Snitterfield $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and continued on. A cup of tea would have gone down delightfully, too.

F.E.M.

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Captain: J. W. MOSS

Hon.Secretary: G.A.ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN

Vol. LXVIII

MARCH/APRIL 1973

No.761

FIXTURES

March 1973

- 17 SHOCKLACH (The Bull Inn) Lunch
- 24 FARNDON (The Nags Head) Lunch
- 31 BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Smithy Cafe) Lunch and
ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms) Lunch

April

- 7 REDBROOK MAELOR (The Redbrook Hotel) Lunch
- 14 ASHTON (The Golden Lion) Lunch
- 21 SHOCKLACH (The Bull Inn) Lunch and EASTER TOUR.
- 23 REDBROOK MAELOR (The Redbrook Hotel) Lunch

A committee meeting has been fixed for Thursday, 12th
April at Oak Cottage commencing at 7.45 p.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, HONEYSTONE
COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
CH6 5TH.

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 7th APRIL 1973

A WEDDING

Pride of place to the announcements in this Circular must this month be reserved for our Secretary and his bride, nee Margaret Owens, who were married on March 3. Many of us have met Margaret, and all will be delighted. Our kindest thoughts are extended to the happy pair, and we wish them all that they would wish themselves. Our Secretary's new address is: G.A.Robinson, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars Cross, Chester CH3 5LN. Telephone (Business hours) Chester 24678 Extension 89.

NEW MEMBER:

Mr.G.RICHMOND has been elected to full membership, and we hope he enjoys his association with us.

AUTUMN DINNER DANCE

The date has been amended to Friday, 5th October, which kindly note. Time: 19.30 for 20.00 hours. We shall have complimentary sherry, a four-course meal, no speeches (unless democratically desired) and excellent music from DINK INTERNATIONAL discotheque, and all this until 01.00 hrs.

We understand that Heatherlands (last year's venue) has been extended and even further modernised, so we are assured of an excellent function in comfortable surround.

A LETTER FROM BREN ORRELL JR.

I read the obituary of Dad with a lot of sadness and a great deal of pleasure, realising the high esteem the Club had for him. The Anfield and cycling brought him such a great deal of happiness. I must also belatedly thank the Club for the flowers which were sent to the funeral.

Wishing you all the best, BREN ORRELL

OLD CIRCULARS

In the very near future the Editor will have to consider turfing out a number of old Circulars which are at present surplus to requirements. If anyone should like to add to their collection, please let us know fairly soon.

O B I T U A R I E S:ERNEST SNOWDON

We deeply regret to record the passing of Ernest Snowden, which took place on January 25. He was 93. Ernest joined us in

1932 as an enthusiast for cycling, which quickly extended into the three-wheeled variety. Touring, and week-ending with W.P.C., Snowden was a stalwart of the Club for several years until he retired and left the district. Particularly were we grateful to him for a spell of Editorship of this Circular in the 1930's.

JACK NEWTON

Jack Newton passed away in hospital at Cheltenham in the early morning of February 18, and it gives us great sadness to record this fact. Jack was 67. Although he was a life member, both of the Manchester and Stretford Wheelers, he was ours on Saturdays, and we were grateful for his friendship and regular attendance at the runs. Since he retired to Cotswold country, first to Broadway, and then to Winchcombe, we have seen little of him but his absence has not dimmed our appreciation of a very fine friend. Laurie Pendlebury travelled from Pembroke to represent the Club at the committal service.

ANDREA SALT

Also, we were very, very sorry to learn that Andrea Salt, Salty's only son, came to an untimely end by an unfortunate accident early in February. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Elsie and the other members of his family at this very sad time.

EDITORIAL

The most delightful thing about this issue is the number of club runs reported. For Ashton on February 3 we have had two, and as there is no duplication both are included.

Re Postal Codes. Despite our pleas, our exhortations, we are still only halfway to target. So regretfully, we must come to the conclusion that at least half of our members don't bother to read the Circular. As we MUST have the plates made before we move our home (see separate announcement) we shall have one more try this month. A note will be on all envelopes without postal codes to the effect that the envelop should be returned to me with the code shown thereon. These codes are useful. One of the contributions in this issue (no names, no packdrill!) was addressed to 13 Wirral Mount, Wirral, Cheshire, but the code ensured prompt delivery. (Once we had an important letter from London addressed to 13 Wirral Mount, Cheshire, and it arrived the next morning!)

MRS. BRAITHWAITE OF KENDAL

Members will, we hope, remember a note we included some time ago, about two years to be more exact, mentioning that Mrs. Braithwaite of Kendal had achieved her centenary. Mrs. Braithwaite ran, at Kirkland House, Kendal, a C.T.C. house that was out of this world. Wonderfully fed, reasonably priced, no wonder we thought that the place was the best in Britain. You were welcomed when you arrived, and asked, when it was time to leave, whether you had enough money to get home. This was, indeed, a rare valediction.

Now Ed Green writes to tell us that Mrs. Braithwaite passed away in January, at the age of 102½. Her soul, surely, will rest in permanent peace.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MOVING HOME

For some time it has increasingly occurred to us that West Kirby as a district to live in has its disadvantages. For those who delight in messing about in boats this outpost of Wirral is near enough ideal, but for he who prefers travel (particularly bicycle travel) many other places have greater appeal.

So, more than a year ago, we started to look elsewhere, and (to be perfectly honest) caring not one whit who would edit this Circular if we went beyond the bounds of Anfieldland. We thought of the bracing air of East Anglia, where we spent happy years during the war. In pursuit of this we ventured, last February, to St. Ives, in Huntingdon, and had a good look round. This delightful old town, with its handiness for London, and convenience for Cambridge, would have suited us fine. But all properties were spoken for, and we returned home empty-handed.

Then we thought of how nice the North Wales coast would be. This didn't work out, either, but perhaps we didn't try hard enough. But we have since been satisfied, and shortly we move to Mynydd Isa, a mile and more on the Chester side of Mold. Our new home is quietly placed at the end of a cul-de-sac, with wondrous views of the Clwydians and other hills from our front windows. In our new place we shall be much nearer to all the places that matter, and farther only from Birkenhead and Liverpool. This concerns us not at all. We hope to announce the date of the move in the next issue of this Circular. In the meantime, all "stuff" to Wirral Mount, please.

F.E.M.

PERSONAL COLUMN

John Thompson tells of a "trial trip" (his words) in mid-February over Bwlch-y-Groes; he was hoping to ride up, following the ignominy of his dismount on the All Night Ride! "Not only did I walk up, but also DOWN. The road was covered with snow. Seriously, though, the views back towards Bala were particularly splendid in these wintry conditions".

Don Birchall has changed his address to Clwyd House, 38A Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead L42 9LW.

Ben Griffiths is now at 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, and Arthur Birkby has apparently forsaken his Dolwyddelan abode, for he advises a change of address to 57 Hart Street, Southport.

We note from a January issue of The Liverpool Echo that Peter Stephenson has been nominated for the appointment as Junior Vice-President of the British Federation of Master Printers for 1973/74.

Mike Twigg has taken over the task of collating racing results for inclusion in the Circulars. Members are requested to advise Mike promptly of their various performances. Alan Rogerson previously made himself responsible for this feature of our activity. But Alan for several reasons has had to disappear into semi-retirement for a time.

A "TOUR" WITH A DIFFERENCE

Whilst in the employ of a cycle dealer based in a large Yorkshire spa town I had the opportunity to drive a Service Vehicle in the Tour of Britain, or Milk Race. This was back in 1969, and whilst time has clouded the memory somewhat, there are still a number of outstanding recollections.

As a preliminary, it was essential to collect the vehicle, an estate car, from the Milk Marketing Board H.Q. at Thames Ditton. At the time I was living near Banbury, so I decided to ride to London on a spare machine to be used during the race. I remember it was a beautiful day, and I had a very enjoyable ride through Amersham and the Chilterns, Gerrards Cross, Feltham and Hampton Court.

There followed several days of preparation, assembling complete machines, choosing wheels, tubulars, blocks, chains and tools needed to work on any faulty machines. Working alongside me as a mechanic was Cliff Peters - yes, the same Cliff Peters who made, and still makes, shoe plates and other accessories. He had the most enormous selection of tools in a huge box, which, when placed in the estate car, lowered the suspension by about three inches.

We motored down to Worthing for the start, and I had my introduction to following in a cycle race.

There were four service vehicles, and each had a "station" to maintain. One in front of the bunch to follow any break which had established a lead of at least one minute. One more behind the chief commissar, immediately behind the bunch, and two more behind him. If several bunches developed, there might be a service vehicle for each one, but always one left behind the main group.

The first day proved to be a tragic one. A Czech rider in a moment of confusion forgot about keeping to the left and went round a right-hand bend on the right side of the road. He collided with a lorry, and was killed instantly. The Czech team then withdrew.

The most difficult part of driving a service vehicle is in regaining station after having assisted a rider who has punctured. This always involved changing a wheel, and then labelling the punctured tyre and wheel with the rider's number. In the evening one visited each team's mechanic to retrieve the spare wheel and tyre, or wheels and tyres as the case may be. The chase to get back on station has to be experienced to be believed. If the bunch are travelling at 25 mph it takes a long time to catch them up. Then one has to try and pass to get back to the front or perhaps return to following a breakaway group. Liberal use of the horn was necessary to keep the bunch from eschelonning right across the road in front of the car.

Inevitably, as soon as the car was in place behind the riders, another hand would go up, and we would be off again. I believe our record for one day was 12 wheel changes, one new chain and a complete bicycle for Pete Buckley, who had chain block slip. Very often, immediately before a start, a rider would ask Cliff to change one or two sprockets on the block. Cliff would do this in record time, but very often it would be touch and go as the start time approached. Individual incidents are hard to single out, but the following may be of interest:

Following a lone German breakaway rider up the ever-steepening grade to Malvern, as his speed dropped and dropped and dropped, and he was overhauled by a chasing group of five riders about 200 yds. from the line.

Struggling to keep up with riders as they swept down the twisting descents on the Heads of the Valley road between Malvern and Porthcawl. Genuine speeds of 55-60 mph were recorded on the

speedometer - and the roads were wet!

A Russian rider gesticulating to us and pointing to his handlebars about four miles from the Caernarvon finish. We couldn't understand him, and he wouldn't stop. It subsequently transpired that his stem was cracked nearly all the way round, and after finishing he heaved on the bars and the stem snapped off!

A spectacular pile-up at the Stoke finish after a 28 mph average stage from New Brighton - with seven riders crawling and limping over the line to finish - dragging their battered machines after them.

The Milk Race has altered a little since this particular event, but no doubt the service arrangements are very similar. If you fancy a chance of going grey in two weeks, then apply to your nearest neighbourhood cycle dealer. You will need a clean driving licence and several changes of underwear - oh! and don't forget your little tin of hand-cleaner.

E.A.R.

A TOUR FOR EASTER

Looks like an adventure for Easter, too. When one glances through the itinerary one wonders what our young enthusiasts are up to. Corris on the Friday evening seems to be innocuous enough, but to conjure up an off-beat route to Blaencaron (near Tregaron) for Saturday opens up a whole load of possibilities. What an adventurous and exciting day that should be!

And then Sunday, back to Bridges in south Shropshire. (John reminds us that the Youth Hostel is just 25 miles from the start of the Mid-Shropshire "25"). We wonder if the lads have their eyes on the track from Strata Florida to Rhayader by way of Claerwen. This is the old monks road linking Strata Florida with Abbey Cwm Hir, and well worth doing. As a slight variation you can come to Claerwen from Ffair Rhos, two miles or so north of Pontrhydfendigaid. Much of this is rideable, although the first few miles climb a bit. The inn at Ffair Rhos is a very good house.

These crossings are not strenuous, but the "road" around the Claerwen reservoir can be a bit disheartening, although the reward comes beyond the dam when from 1,000ft. you have a glorious swoop to Rhayader on a wonderfully smooth road.

John tells us that he has ten names. Youth Hostels and B. & B. places will be used for accommodation. A happy holiday to you all. Tailpiece: the rough stuff piece mentioned is high on

the list for improvement and a coat of tar. Try and do it before this happens; it is worth it, if only for being in such a remote part of Wales.

THE 97th SPEEDWELL DINNER

I intended making a cycling week-end of this, and arranged to meet Richard Hulse and Ed Green at Rugeley, for a midday snack. But on seeing the weather that Saturday morning (a damp mist, with a bitterly cold S.E. wind) I chickened-out, and went by car. I overtook Richard and Ed, on bikes, just north of Rugeley, and we met at a snack-bar, where a good meal was pleasantly served by an attractive young waitress, with whom of course Ed Green flirted, and made a big hit (I think). We next met up at the place in Lichfield where we were to stay the night, washed and changed, and walked to the Station to catch a train to Birmingham. Bill Oakley, the new President of the C.T.C. joined our train at Sutton Coldfield, so we were then three Presidents and one Commoner, myself.

We were almost the first to arrive at the Dinner venue, the Barrows Restaurant, only John Matthews, the Social Sec., being ahead of us. So we were again among the first up at the Bar when it opened. Then followed a very good meal, with lashings of wine for those on the top table, generously provided by the President, Richard Hulse. After the loyal Toast, the Ladies and Visitors were proposed in a witty and able speech by B.Newton, who had a good knowledge of the Ladies and Visitors present. Jim Parker, of the Belle Vue C.C., replied, with a pleasant and competent speech. Several of the Belle Vue were there, they usually have a good attendance at the Speedwell Dinner.

After this we then moved into the adjacent room, for the rest of the evening. Following the distribution of Prizes, Paul Carbutt (Saracens C.C.) made a most witty response for the Prize-Winners. For the second year running he won the Speedwell Open 100, but only after being pushed by an up-and-coming Speedwell rider, name of O'Hara, who in his first year of racing, beat the hour on a none-too-easy course, and clocked a 4-22 in his first 100, the Speedwell Open. For such a successful first season he also won a special award donated by the President. "Cycling, the Sport & Pastime" was ably proposed by J.A.W.Walker, holder of many Midland RRA Records, and Secretary of that body. Finally D.O.Davis proposed the health of the President, Richard Hulse. I do not know what to say about this speech, but many felt that the

President had been done far less than justice.

Again it was very nice to meet so many old friends; I cannot mention them all here, just a few; the "Old Ruin" Frank Greenwood, who was winning Open events before 1914, Gordon-Smith, and members of the Belle Vue, etc. Many thanks again to the Speedwell, and to Richard Hulse, for a most enjoyable evening.

FRANK E.FISCHER

ASHTON - 3rd February 1973

I left home at about 9.45, arriving at Mike Twigg's house ten minutes later. After being greeted by Mike and the rest of his family, I was offered fuel for the oncoming ride to Ashton. This came in the form of high-octane tea and biscuits. Mike and I left Chester at 10.15, and headed towards Beeston through the lanes. Nearing Beeston we got tangled up with a hunt, and so decided to head for Tarporley. Here we headed down the A.51 towards Nantwich. On passing Calveley we passed Stan Wild going in the opposite direction. The rest of our ride to Ashton consisted of Burford cross roads, Cholmondeston and Winsford.

By the time we arrived at Ashton the following were already there: Len Hill, John France, John Leece, Frank Perkins, Mr. & Mrs. Poole, Hubert Buckley, Alan Rogerson, John Moss, Neil France, Des Ling, John Thompson, Gerry Robinson, Jim Cranshaw, Stan Bradley, Phil Mason, Karl Nelson, and last, but not least, Stan Wild.

After lunch, Gerry Robinson remarked that his right arm was aching. "Too much ale?" I asked. "No, too much paint". Of course you've guessed it, Gerry is in the process of decorating his new home at Vicars Cross.

The main force of riders left under the captaincy of John Moss V.C. (Bravery in the fields). Rumour has it that John is considering a free transfer to the Rough Stuff Fellowship. After a quick word with Allan Littlemore about the Club Dinner, Mike and I departed for Chester.

P.R.

ASHTON - 3rd February 1973

Not realising that John Thompson was also going, I set out that morning looking forward to a leisurely club run to Ashton. Neil France and I rode to Two Mills, where we met John Moss and

Karl Nelson. Phil Mason arrived to complete the party, and we set off through the lanes for Ashton via Capenhurst and Chester Zoo.

We were the first to arrive, and ordered straight away. We were a little dismayed to learn that the menu had been cut down to a few choices of sandwiches. Gradually more members arrived until there was a large and noisy crowd of Anfielders.

Sandwiches having been consumed, and John Thompson having worked out a route home, Alan Rogerson, John Moss, John Thompson, Phil Mason, Karl Nelson, Neil France and I departed. From Ashton we rode through the lanes to Great Barrow. Here John Thompson suggested, he claims just as a joke and not to have been taken seriously, following a footpath to Guilden Sutton.

John Moss had an early blow-out, and so wisely wheeled his machine for the rest of the journey along the footpath. The other members of the party continued to ride. The path crossed three fields and two streams, the first spanned by a thin bridge and the second, the Gowy, by a slab of concrete. We emerged at the other side covered in mud, and with 13 punctures and seven bicycles. Is this a team record?

Whilst mending them Jack Hawkins arrived and offered superb advice: "You shouldn't have done it!" John Thompson contributed by lending people his pump.

The punctures mended, Alan decided to carry on straight home, and John Thompson accompanied Phil Mason part of the way to Chester to purchase a new inner tube. The rest of the party continued to Two Mills, and after refreshing ourselves carried on home.

DESMOND LING

SHOCKLACH - 10th February 1973

The sound of hailstones rattling against the bedroom window is not the best introduction to a club run, but fortified by breakfast, I set out for the "Mills" and a quick cuppa. Fortunately the rain and those little round white things that hurt, had ceased, and I was able to make good time, or so I thought, until a filthy red bicycle appeared at my shoulder, and I was urged to "get a move on". Even after a quick cuppa the nagging voice persisted, and visions of a quiet ride disappeared and I found myself watching that front wheel with my right eye, and dodging pools with my left.

I was surprised to find, on arrival at the Bull, a marked absence of bicycles, and wondered if we might call this an A.B.M.C. day, out of respect for the weather, or "Anno Domini". Friend Bellis, mine host, caught my eye, and I placed my order thinking John and I were late, but it appeared that a fire in the kitchen had delayed proceedings.

I must, at this point, apologise to those present for being served first. Such was not my intention, and I hope this will be understood. Some time later the gathering broke up, and I joined forces with Mike Twigg, John the Trike, John Moss, Peter Richmond, and young Karl for a leisurely (?) ride through the lanes towards Chester. How wrong I was!

That fiend with the voice was in front again. Water, mud, stones, rain, you name it, we got it, and except for a slight delay with a puncture, a road closed, and an irate motorist, we arrived at Aldford where Mike, Peter and I still hanging on, parted from the rest to carry on to Chester.

Sad to relate, a mile further on I touched Mike's back wheel and found myself gazing up at the sky. However, a kind offer from Mike to pop in for a reviver bucked me up and I soon found myself relaxing with tea and cake and telly. I wish I could and so ended Saturday, but my misfortunes were not over.

Passing through Willaston I was suddenly blinded by lights from an oncoming car, and once more hit the dust, or perhaps I should say mud. This time for once I was alone, and although I was only five miles from home, those five miles were an awfully long way. However, a hot shower, a drop of the hard stuff, two Disprins and "Match of the Day" made me feel a bit better and in retrospect I can only say: It was a really good day.

J.L.H.

(Note: Those present, in addition to members already mentioned, were: Bill Grey, Len Hill, John Leece, Syd Jel Banco, Harold Catling, Keith Orum, John France, Frank Perkins, Gerry Robinson, Frank Fischer, George Taylor, and Stan Wild with his good lady)

BANGOR ON DEE - 17th February 1973

A beautiful Spring day in February, hardly a breeze and the sun shining as I wended my way to the Nags Head at Farndon. I

had mislaid my Circular, and I "thought" it Farndon, but I was wrong, it was Bangor-on-Dee. I waited a quarter of an hour, and then rode across country to Bangor. Between Bowling Bank and Cross Lanes the Anfield Peloton passed me, heading for the Pool, I presume. When I got to the Smithy I found the President in company of Allan Littlemore, John Leece, Frank Perkins, Stan Wild, John France, and Alan Rogerson and daughters. The Peloton, who had left before I arrived, consisted of Mike Twigg, Peter Richmond, John Moss, Des Ling, Neil France, Bill Barnes, Karl Nelson, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Duncan MacNicoll and Jack Hawkins. A total of 19 members.

When we broke up, I left (sorry, Pat, the next word is just unreadable - Ed.) the bridge, then up the hills through Ruabon to Wrexham.

P.O.L.

FARNDON - 24th February 1973

A fine but bitterly cold morning, following a week of winds, hail, clouds and sunny patches.

A hurried breakfast and away along the snow-skirted roads, being chauffeur driven by my friend H.G.B., not being communicative myself I settled down to listen to my pal's cheerful news while comfortably belted in my seat.

A nonstop run through country reflecting the mood of the year.

The Nags Head was, as always, ready to cater to our every whim; what a menu, at moderate prices! What company! Good food and good company, what more could one ask? The old Club blooms again.

We cheerfully drank to the coming nuptials, one Jerry and Margaret, the future Mrs. Robinson.

The ganglings around Keith Orum look promising enough to warm the hearts of father and elder brethren, wallflowers though they be. Seventeen members for lunch in February is no mean achievement and very promising for 1973.

J.D.C.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: J. W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN

Vol. LXVIII

MAY 1973

No. 762

FIXTURES

April 1973

28 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch

May

5 CLOTTON (The Bull) Lunch

12 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch

19 SHOCKLACH (The Bull Inn) Lunch

20 SCHOOLBOYS and JUNIOR "10" T.T.

26 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) Lunch

28 "100" - SHREWSBURY

June

2 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

A Committee Meeting will be held at Oak Cottage, Gayton
on 10th May.

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.

* * * * *

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 5th MAY
(To Wirral Mount. Promptly please - no later)

OUR PRESIDENT WRITES:-

Anfield 100 1973 - We very much regret that, for various reasons, we shall have to use our old course again this year. However, we must press on and organise as last year. We suggest the following duties: please advise if you want a change, or will not be available, the usual more complete marshal sheet will be forwarded with the Start Card, finalising these joyous stints. Please, can we have a team of volunteers, stalwarts and brave men, for the "murder mile" - the Wem-Rockhall right turn to Battlefield, this hazard, we think is due to the heavier traffic going to the air display. Timekeeper: R.J.Austin. Start: Littlemore, Brown, Haslam, Dover. Cross Houses: Pitchford, Powis. W.Cross: M.S.Wheelers. Wellington: R.Barker, Catling, Taylor, Ingram, Rogerson, Twigg. Hodnet: H.Austin, L.Goodhew, Sharp, Moss, Jones, etc. Shawbirch: Livingston, Bettaney. Brick wall tri: Hawkins. Shawbury: O'Leary, (Volunteers please). Drinks: J.Duckers etc. Battlefield: Thomas, Haynes. "50" Timekeeper: F.Fischer. Wem: J.Duckers. Harmer Hill: J.R.Williams etc. Harlescott: Spackman, Beaton, Duncan, Griffiths. Hodnet: H.Austin, L.Goodhew, Reeve. High Ercall: P. & L. Rock. S' Sign: A.B.Smith. Telephones: A.R.Mitchell. Timekeepers car: Haslam, Pullan. Dave Barker, as usual please. Will cadets please be available for our drink stations.

L.J.H. (051) 342-3589

COMMITTEE NOTES

Due to a family bereavement the Smithy at Bangor-on-Dee has closed permanently as a catering house. On a recent Saturday we crossed the road to the Royal Oak near the Dee bridge, and were well served. Bangor-on-Dee runs will be to the Royal Oak in future.

The runs for the Spring Bank Holiday week-end are as follows:

- 26th May: Royal Oak, Bangor-on-Dee (Lunch)
 27th " : Old Brick Guest House, Bishops Castle (Lunch)
 28th " : Red Lion Hotel, Myddle (Late Lunch)

Bookings for Bishops Castle are necessary. Please see Gerry Robinson about this, or, at Shrewsbury, Frank Perkins, who telephones from the Lion on Saturday evenings. A good three course meal - home cooked - about 70p. The Red Lion at Myddle is a good meeting place after the event. Sandwiches, tea and beer are available until three or so.

EDITORIAL

All being well, there should be one more Circular to emanate from Wirral Mount. As we write, we are still not sure of moving day, but it should be in the third week of May. Our new address will then be: 11 TREN AFON, CHAMBERS LANE, MYNYDD ISA, Nr.MOLD, FLINTS.

We are somewhat sorry that the name "Tren Afon" is, now, only a pleasant figure of speech. According to our dictionary, it can be roughly translated as "rapidly flowing river", and when we secured the property a gentle brook did in fact prattle along at the bottom of our garden: we looked forward very much to the pleasure of it all. However, the local council, in its wisdom have buried our little "afon" in a culvert, and all we have in its place now is a very prosaic fence.

An invitation to call is, of course, extended to all. From the A.549 Chambers Lane runs from Mynydd Isa towards New Brighton. About 200-yards along, turn left into a new (and as yet uncompleted) estate, and then immediately right. This is Tren Afon, and at the far end our place has the right hand of the twin driveways. From New Brighton turn left at the Rose and Crown, bear right with the lane, and then follow the above directions. The map reference is 108-109/256642.

F.E.M.

DES. LING

We were delighted to see Des Ling's name in Calday Grange Grammar School's recent Prize List. Des merits his award for attainment in work during the past school year. Well done!

A NEW EVENT

Captain John Moss has agreed to be responsible for running a new event, a 10-mile stint for schoolboys and juniors. The date is May 20, and the venue is Two Mills in good time for an 8.00 a.m. start. The event is an open, and we hope for a goodly number of entrants, both from our own boys, and others. John is in urgent need of helpers; telephone him at (051) 342-4631. Please!

JUST TO REMIND YOU AGAIN

The Autumn Dinner Dance at the Heatherlands, Thurstaston has been arranged for Friday, October 5, at 19.30 for 20.00 hours. Please do not let this "do" pass from your mind. Last year's was a great success, and this should be even better.

WE LEARN.....

That there is no truth at all in last month's story of Arthur Birkby emigrating from Dolwyddelan. Arthur, most surprised, asked whoever could have put this one over. We could explain that we were informed verbally, by a third party, and as most of our news comes this way, we accepted the story without question. We admit to being somewhat surprised, but as the source was good, in it went. A dreadful mistake. So sorry!

TREASURER'S CORNER

David Bettaney wishes to apologize to all for not writing when he should have done, but he has been busy building an extension to his home, and every available minute is being spent on this work. We are grateful for the following donations in the current year: Gerry Robinson, T.V.Schofield, S.del Banco, J.E.Reeves, John Leece, S.Hancock, J.Hawkins, F.Marriott, R.R.Austin, D.H.Brown, D.Stewart, A.E.C.Birkby, Alex Beaton, W.H.Lloyd, W.Finn, H.Catling, E.G.Pullan, W.G.Connor, F.Perkins, A.R.Mitchell, D.W.Barker, N.Turvey & H.Austin.

Our recent appeal for financial help for the "100" was gratifying in its results, but a little more help would be greatly appreciated. We are sure that the above list does not exhaust our roll of generous members. Perhaps we could add that we prefer to enlist help in this manner, rather than increase subscriptions, and we hope none will cavil at this. To save postages, which, at 2¹/₂p a time, mount up, we hope to include lists of subscription payers and donation givers in these pages from time to time. Also, we have a handful of reluctant payers. Keith Orum is writing to these worthies, and we sincerely hope that there will be no need to do any "striking off".

SYD HANCOCK

Our enthusiastic new member for Cornwall has donated the sum of £10.00 as a Special Prize for the first rider who beats four hours in our "100". And this is not the safe bet we once thought it would be.

OBITUARY

Alan Gorman writes to say that Harry Duck passed away suddenly from heart trouble on February 24. Alan and Hugh Fletcher represented the Club at the committal service. We haven't seen much of Harry in recent years, since his retirement, actually, but in earlier years he had been a regular at those runs conveniently situated

to Manchester. It is sad to know that we shall not see him again.

CAPE-UP NON-MILES

For some years I have kept a record of the number of miles ridden with a cape on. My old friend Frank Clark of the Wessex R.C., introduced me to this interesting but completely useless sideline of mileage recording. Taken yearly the percentage of miles ridden 'caped-up' is surprisingly small, never more than 5% for me, and often less than half that figure.

The other day I set off in hazy sunshine for a short ride, intending to make a brief stop at the Heather Cafe, near Tilstock. Quite soon it clouded over and in Shavington Park a sharp shower of sleet and hail made me take shelter against the broad trunk of a fine Chestnut, and in a few minutes out came the sun and I continued on my way. But soon I noticed a much more threatening completely black cloud was approaching rapidly from the north. A peculiar fact was that the smoke from a farmhouse chimney was rising straight into the air and I could feel no wind, yet this cloud was moving fast. I pressed on, thinking that in the still air I might yet make the Cafe but when about four miles off a sudden gust of wind hit me so unexpectedly it nearly took my cap off. With it came spatterings of hail and sleet, and seeing another friendly tree, this time an oak, a hundred yards away, I made for its shelter. I thought it best to cape-up, and very soon a blizzard of snow arrived, driven at right angles across the lane by a gale of wind. This continued for about twenty-five minutes, during which time only one vehicle went by, a delivery van, which made broad tracks in the wet snow. Quite suddenly the skies cleared, the sun came out and the wind dropped. So also had the temperature, about ten degrees I reckoned. My cape was quite wet, as of course quite a lot of wet snow had swirled around the tree-trunk, but I was now able to take it off, roll it up and put it away.

So when I got home I was able to enter in my C.T.C. Diary the mileage for that day as "24 miles, caped-up miles 0". This seems to suggest a further extension of Frank Clark's idea. Keep a record of your "Caped-up Non-Miles".

Frank E. Fischer

THE 94th BIRTHDAY RUN - 3rd March 1973

I would like to take wine with those who capture the heart and soul of cycling: the wise greybeards who, at the Westminster Hotel, Chester, during a rainy March night, celebrated, with speeches and

cross-toasts, the Anfield's 94th Birthday. But with the vintage wine I toast Stan Wild for inspiring adventure in those of us with only a handful of years to our credit as cyclists. Following the meal, seventy-four Anfielders and friends were able to share Stan's enthusiasm for cycling, as he pedalled, and when the going got tough, pushed his bicycle to heights of 11,000 feet through the snowy Sierra Nevada, and to only marginally lesser summits in the great Alpine passes.

Gavel wielding Hubert Buckley, for the occasion playing the part of toast-master managed the evening with style - and was alive to the dangers of having no pint for the Queen's toast. Fleetinglly, sadness clouded the festivities as Rex Austin remembered Ernest Snowden, Bren Orrell and Jack Newton, Anfielders from the Club's glorious and youthful years. The Anfield is ever-youthful in spirit, if no longer in years, and quickly the custom of winetaking highlighted the presence of illustrious guests such as Richard Hulse, Cliff Ash, Jack Duckers, Bob Williams and, frequently, Oscar Dover, and his adversary, Edmund Green. There were others, all welcome, and Anfielders who we see infrequently: Bill Finn, our Dublin delegate was observed by the scribe to be in residence at the Hotel. Also present amongst the less frequently seen Anfielders were George Connor, Arthur Birkby, Percy Williamson and Guy Pullan. Between mouthfuls of succulent roast beef, as the cross-toasting continued, we discovered those who had, and those who had not, completed the Anfield '100', and we heard the reason for the absence of our Hon. Sec. and his Bestman Rogerson.

Demands from the cadets for more apple pie and cream were greeted with frowns from the Hotel staff, and so there remained hungry Anfielders at the end of the meal. John Moss, in his maiden Anfield dinner speech, proposed the guests and hoped the beer would not run out. In reply Ed Green of the North Road Club, volubly corrupted the morals of the Willaston Tea Tasters, and supported the Beer Bibers, hope having been abandoned for theirs decades ago. He honoured the older members' loyalty to the Anfield, and discoursed upon the Club's continued vitality as represented by the youngsters; he remembered the Anfield's great past and looked forward to our centenary.

Then came the seductive high Alpine passes on summery days to complete the evening's entertainment. After the last image had vanished from the screen, Johnny Helms thanked the speaker on our behalf, and concluded that the following morning's ride through

Delamere Forest would now seem very ordinary. And having seen such spectacular cycling country that sentiment was endorsed unanimously by young and old alike.

D.D.B.

LEATHER SMITHY, LANGLEY - 17th February 1973

Thwarted by punctures in an earlier attempt to attend a Langley run by way of Lamaload, I feared that I was again to be beaten, this time by the weather. The only real snow of the winter had fallen during the week and frozen hard on the Pennine foothills of Cheshire. Come Saturday, the frost was still holding but bright sunshine made the prospect of tricycling over snowbound byways most attractive.

Down on the plain the lanes were almost clear of snow but up amongst the hills it was a different world and the collar work from Pott Shrigley up to the 1300-foot contour at Blue Boar Farm was well rewarded by Alpine vistas. From this point the route is a switchback of ups and downs to where it crosses the A.537 before plunging to Th'oven Bottom at the head of Wildboardclough.

Out of the Clough height is quickly regained by a very steep ascent to Forest Chapel by a "Motor Cars Prohibited" track. Here, in the wind shadow of the hill, the snow lay deeper and softer and in places the track was passable only with difficulty but once over the crest the snow was again hard and wind-scoured. From the summit the views were breathtaking. The combination of bright sunshine and a covering of snow had quite transformed the normally dun landscape. The descent from Toot Hill to Higher Ridgeway is always something of an adventure and the polished snow added further interest on this occasion and I was thankful that my hill-country trike has a smooth, powerful brake acting through the diff. on both sidewheels.

Already installed in the Leather Smithy were Rex Austin and Bob Poole with wives, Hubert Buckley, Stan Bradley and Jim Cranshaw without, and shortly we were joined by George Taylor. Of the three cyclists Jim was the first away on his bicycle. Stan and I, on our more stable mounts, followed at leisure and enjoyed a potter in the sunshine. Stan is certainly doing very well now with his man-made hip joint.

H.C.

FARNDON - 24th March 1973

The distance from Bangor to Farndon not being great, we find it necessary (usually, that is) to sort of "detour" in order to

put in a mile or two. Not that we bother too much about mileage. Let's face it, everyone knows that Gray only "goes for the beer!" This is obvious by his non-attendance at most cafes.

Eileen mounts her Fothergill, and I my John Marston Sunbeam, and away to the Nags Head, there to spend a care-free hour or so in the pleasant company of John Leece, John France, Len Hill, Frank Perkins, Gerry Robinson, Mike Twigg, Alan Rogerson, Peter Gallagher, Ben Griffiths, Bill Burns, and last, but by no means least, Jack Hawkins. Then, it's head into the wind for home.

BILL GRAY

BANGOR ON DEE - 31st March 1973

A sad spectacle met us as we approached the friendly old Smithy, a clumsy sign marked "CLOSED" hung over the door. A quiet atmosphere prevailed, so we enquired: yes - it was the funeral of our friend, the dear old lady. Was this the last of the catering cottages? She had served Anfielders for many years, our memory goes back for forty years, or more. Pleasant memories, of pushing cycles past horses waiting to be shod, the Smith making horseshoes, the warming of cold hands by the fire, a great comfort after a cold winters ride, and then, the warm welcome and the home cooking. So we went to the Inn by the 14th century bridge and got a welcome, the staff nicely commented on our three generations present. After all sixteen years to eighty nine years is not too bad, for a band of boys bonded together by the Anfield badge. A nice lunch was had by Perkins, Leece, France, Fischer, Twigg, Robinson, Rogerson, Barnes, Holland, Reeves, Griffiths and friends Eric Jones and Peter Calligan, all under the eagle eye of our Captain. As we drank our coffee, we saw the funeral cortege slowly proceed into the ancient church, nostalgic memories, but optimism soon prevailed as we saw the youngers sprint away, with Mickey hooked on, yes, training for his first veterans event.

L.J.H.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS HELD OVER.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: J. W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN.

Vol. LXVIII

JUNE 1973

No. 763

FIXTURES

June 1973

- 9 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 16 FARNDON (The Nag's Head) Lunch
- 23 CLOTTON (The Bulls Head) Lunch
- 30 BANGOR-ON-DEE (The Royal Oak) Lunch

July

- 7 REDBROOK MAELOR (The Redbrook Hotel) Lunch and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy) Lunch
- 14 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch

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.

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr. Mold.
(Tel: 0352-55037)

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 9th JUNE 1973

COMMITTEE NOTES

Applications for membership:

Peter James Colligan, 79 Waylands Drive, Liverpool 25.

William John Rhydwen-Jones, 2A Daleford Manor, Sandiway, Northwich.

Proposed by: L.J.Hill, and Seconded by: G.Robinson.

OPEN "100"

The scene is set for yet another Anfield "100". Those who have not yet been posted to a job by the time this appears are requested to phone Len Hill at 051-342-3589 as soon as possible. There is a great need for several marshals at Shawbury Corner. Onlookers tend to spill on to the roadway for a better view, and it is essential that this should not be permitted. We must ensure that spectators do not encroach on to the road here, or, indeed, anywhere else on course.

We repeat the social arrangements for the weekend. Lunch at Bangor on Dee on the Saturday for those who find this venue convenient. Bishops Castle (Old Brick Guest House) on the Sunday (names to Frank Perkins on the Saturday please) and, on Monday after the event, a late snack at the Red Lion at Myddle.

THE NORTH ROAD TRAGEDY

Heartfelt sympathy from us all is extended to our good friends in the North Road Club. A dreadful tragedy occurred on Good Friday when three members, one of whom was Peter Bury, a real stalwart of the Club, lost their lives in an accident in which a lorry was involved. All three were riding to York on the traditional Good Friday run.

JOHN FRANCE

Is in Ward B2 of Wrightington Hospital, near Wigan, having his hip fixed up. He hopes to be on the bicycle again in six months.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

When Hubert, together with Sadie and her brother, was returning from Uttoxeter Races on Easter Monday, the inexplicable happened. They halted at a cross roads - and then woke up in hospital, not knowing at all what had happened. All were sadly battered. Hubert and Sadie are home now, but as we write Sadie's brother is still confined to a hospital bed.

HAROLD CATLING is in urgent need of a tandem tricycle.

RACING RESULTS11.3.73 Club 25 D21

W.J.Barnes 1-7-33
 M.B.Holland 1-8-53
 D.Ling 1-10-07
 D.A.Eaton 1-13-27
 P.E.Mason 1-18-27
 M.N.France 1-19-24
 K.H.Nelson 1-21-33

24.3.73 M.L.C.C.A. 10 D51B

M.B.Holland 27-50

8-4-73 W.C.T.T.C.A. 25 D16R

W.J.Barnes 1-8-28
 J.W.Moss 1-8-41
 M.B.Holland 1-9-42
 D.A.Eaton 1-11-10 2nd H'cap
 J.F.Thompson 1-13-40 (Single)
 M.N.France 1-14-31
 D.Ling D.N.F.

15.4.73 Trike Assoc. 25 D54

E.A.Rogerson 1-16-55

28.4.73 Cheshire R.C. 25 J20

J.W.Moss 1-6-43

18.3.73 Chester R.C. 2 Up 25. D.16

J.W.Moss and P.B.Richmond
 1-4-47

25.3.73 Nova C.C. 2 Up 25. J23

J.W.Moss and W.J.Barnes
 1-6-20

1.4.73 Club 25 D21

J.W.Moss 1-7-34
 M.B.Holland 1-8-06
 W.J.Barnes 1-9-16

14.4.73 Club Schoolboys & Juniors

10. D6
 M.B.Holland 27-17
 W.J.Barnes 27-37
 D.A.Eaton 28-33
 M.N.France 29-12

15.4.73 Rhos on Sea C.C. 25 D16R

J.W.Moss 1-6-43

28.4.73 Birmingham St. Chr. C.C.C.
(Trike) 25 K16

J.F.Thompson 1-7-00
 E.A.Rogerson 1-11-40 ?

Any rider not seeing his results listed please report them to me by 'phone or letter to my home: 14 Barkhill Road, Vicar's Cross, Chester, CH3 5JQ. Tel.No. Chester 26399.

MIKE TWIGG

CYCLING IN CORNWALL

Someone once remarked "What is speed for the racing man is ease for the tourist". Another has said, "When a rider has to dismount on a hill, it is because of over-gearing". When conditions permit, I would agree, but down here in Cornwall, and I mean the Land's End peninsula, we are not blessed with dragstrips - nor is the whole county either - and all too often the hills come along the road to meet us with an occasional whiff of Bwlch-y-Groes or

Wenlock Edge. However, cycling holds many pleasures, and a 60 mile club run on a Sunday can be far more enjoyable than the 100 miles done in Cheshire or Shropshire.

Most riders still prefer 11 or 12 oz. tubs. or pressures, as the road surfaces are good and many of our side roads leading to the wild rocky moors, such as those which surround the Jamaica Inn on Bodmin Moor, or go off to the sea eastwards or westwards, are in very good state. The A30 from our boundary near Launceston runs through Bodmin and Camborne where the lads meet by the town clock in Trelowarren Street. This is the starting place: so to Penzance, turn left along the promenade - the finish and start of the professional stage races, and sometimes a kermesse in the evening drawing a huge crowd of interested people to be entertained and have free fags! - to Newlyn, where a visit is paid to the harbour to see the fishing boats of all shapes, sizes, gaily painted, together with trawlers and Belgian and French crabbers. A camera loaded with colour film is a must, a picture or two taken, for these harbours like the coves, sandy beaches and villages, are never the same on the next visit.

Then to Mousehole with the whole of Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount. A truly beautiful sight, the air so clear that the Lizard Point and lighthouse can be clearly seen, so out come the cameras, a snap or two, then into Mousehole with its so tiny harbour, the wheeling and screeching of seagulls, bikes leaning against the railings and more snaps of this pretty little fishing place. Out of Mousehole, not by climbing Raginnis Hill used by the pro's for their hill climb, but the road to the right on to the minor road by the stones called Ring and Thimble, along a country metalled road to Lamorna Cove. Turn left to Lamorna down a wooded narrow valley with its stream, then suddenly, as always "the skies open wide in Cornwall", and the sea, the cliffs, the tiny cove, a few outboard boats nicely painted, a tea-shop... and more snaps. The only noise comes from the gulls and the gentle roll of the waves over the rocks. Seawards in a rich blue, the Chammel and the Atlantic meet. Sometimes peacefully, sometimes disagreeing, as the fishing boats bob up and down.

Climbing out of Lamorna, passing the pub, turning left and on past the Merry Maidens stone circle and the Pipers standing stones, to Porthcurno where undersea cables come in from around the world. Another beautiful spot. Cliffs, deep blue sea, and sand, and just around the right-hand cliff is the Minack Theatre in the open air on the cliff edge, where during the season plays are held in the

darkness. Out of Porthcurnow and on to Land's End. Land's End. Well it couldn't go on indefinitely, could it? A place of majestic cliff scenery. The Longships Lighthouse just a mile or so to the west and its white horses, the great rocks, the Dollar Cove, graveyard of many seamen and ships (one wreck is there while I write this). The Land's End Hotel, the place of so many hopes and triumphs in which many of us have shared. Lunch here at the snack-bar for a very hungry and thirsty lot of lads. By the way, no plates on our shoes, instead a thin extra sole is added to climb these hills and roam round the rocks. So to lunch, before cameras are out again and then on to St.Ives. But that part of the club run is another story.

SYD HANCOCK

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION PRESIDENTS WEEK-END - AYSGARTH - 24 March 1973

After giving us almost three weeks of fine dry weather, the annual pre-Easter anti-cyclone began to drift away from this island on the Thursday and the London Weather Centre forecast that Friday would be the last day of settled weather. Determined to make the most of it I took the train and my hill-country trike to Hebden Bridge on the Friday morning. It was an inspired decision which enabled me to snatch a near-perfect day of cycling before the weather did in fact break. By 10 o'clock I was climbing out of the small town towards the high moors of the Bronte country and marvelling again at the views across the incredibly steep-sided valley. The exhilarating descent into Airedale and the sharp climb over Rombalds Moor into Wharfedale was just sufficient appetiser to warrant a leisurely lunch at Bolton Bridge before beginning the real business of the day.

At any time Wharfedale is impressive but in the afternoon of so perfect a day as this it was superb. The lighting brought out to the full that air of spaciousness and tranquility that is the essence of the Queen of the Dales. On such a day the miles slip effortlessly by and it seemed no time at all before Kilnsey Crag was above me and the Bluebell at Kettlewell was beckoning with a promise of afternoon tea. With the shadows lengthening across the dale even the last few miles up the now steepening road were pure delight and it was with a feeling of regret that even the most perfect day must eventually come to a close that I reach Buckden and checked-in at the Buck Inn.

Saturday was grey. Occasionally the sun broke through but

it was clear that the forebodings of the Weather Centre were completely justified. Nevertheless the climb out of Langstrothdale and the descent to Hawes was a most enjoyable overture to the main work of the day. It is many years since I last cycled over the Buttertubs Pass and the road surface is now very much better than it was. The gradient however seems to have become somewhat steeper. The same impression prevailed during the climb northwards out of Swaledale and I was more than ready for a little refreshment by the time I reached the hospitable door of Tan Hill, the highest Inn in England. The descent from Tan Hill, through Arkengarthdale, to Reeth was something of an anti-climax, though spiced by the fact that a blustering wind from the South made the behaviour of a tricycle on the steeply cambered descent something less than completely predictable. From Reeth to Aysgarth is no more than ten miles but over Ridmire Moor into the teeth of what had now become a gale it seemed very much further.

Forty-two of us sat down to dinner at one long table with President Ed Green at the head of it. It struck me most forcibly that although when young Ed was quite remarkable for the strength of his voice he has, over the years, so perfected its use that in his declining years he has become a veritable Stentor. Even at the remote end of this very long table his merest whisper could be clearly heard. As most of us had ridden to the meeting, the majority on tricycles, a great deal of the talk was about the journeys of the day. The Geordies had had a hard ride, a contingent from Lincoln had fared somewhat better but only the Lancashire and Cheshire members (amongst them clubmate Jeff Mills) had had a tailwind all the way.

Sunday dawned even greyer and the wind had in no way abated, although it had veered a point or so to the west. Climbing slowly out of Bishopdale with the aid of a 42-inch gear I gave thanks for my relatively recent conversion to variable gearing. I even gave some thought to the possibility of fitting a double chainwheel but once over the summit of Kidstones, progress became easier and the renewed majesty of Wharfedale dispelled all such mundane thoughts.

Once out of Wharfedale the journey home began to become something of a chore. The mill towns of East Lancashire are not a cyclists paradise and it was by no means displeasing shortly to encounter my son with car and roof-rack ready to offer me a timely lift.

DROVERS ARMS - ALLOSTOCK - 31st March 1973

Mid-Cheshire lacks the topographical interest of the Dales, the Peak and the Welsh hills, but it is still very rewarding cycling country. The spring flowers were a blaze of colour, the almond blossom was newly out and the hedgerows just beginning to show green as March, after coming in like a lamb, prepared to go out like a lion. With, as I thought, plenty of time in hand, I was happily exploring again a tangle of lanes which I fear I will never fully comprehend when, in the middle of Peel's Victory, I suddenly realised that time was, in fact, running very short indeed. A spell on the hooks did something to retrieve the situation but even so I was the last arrival at the Drovers Arms.

Stan Wild, elated by his downwind run from distant Nantwich was enthusiastically holding forth to Stan Bradley, Rex Austin, Hubert Buckley and Sadie. As is usual on these occasions the topics of conversation were wide-ranging - from the practical problems of continental touring to the identity of a somewhat shadowy individual in a club group of 50 years ago and from the pre-war price of Hercules bicycles to the precise location of Howard Springs home in Didsbury.

A statistical breakdown of the means of transport used by members attending this run gives food for thought. Exactly 80% cycled and only 20% came by car. The cyclists were equally divided over the matter of two versus three wheels. It must mean something.

H.C.

CAMBRIAN HILLS AND APRIL WINDS: THE EASTER TOUR

The adventures, the trials, tribulations and situations in the following write-ups described through the eyes of four of the participants, the progress of an arduous Easter tour in the grand scenery of North and Central Wales in four days, a respectable 350 miles were disposed of, and no less than 13000 feet were climbed in the most appalling Easter weather for years.

It is a reflection of the tour's success that memories of the cold, the stinging rain and wind melt into insignificance when looking back over the events of four days. The tour was one for the annals: and that says much for the companionship, enthusiasm and fitness of all involved.

Each stage possessed its own character: Good Friday was the day of sensational descents from the Clwydians into Ruthin; and from lanes into Corwen. The marvellous dive from Bwlch-y-Groes

into Dinas Mawddwy exhilarated: but no more so than the remarkable track which first climbed, then tumbled through the Dovey forests into Corris to complete Stage One. John Thompson, scribe for Good Friday, relates the bunch's progress to Corris Youth Hostel:

At 9.30 a.m. Two Mills, nine Anfielders - Des Ling, Bill Barnes, Mike Holland, Karl Nelson, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Keith Orum, Dave Birchall and myself. Our loaded machines posed for a group photograph which will record the fact that 1973 saw the biggest Easter Tour for many a year, and will, no doubt, remind the participants in years to come of the multitude of incidents and adventures it brought.

The ride from Addy's up those familiar bonks, Ewloe and the Rainbow was speedy; a strong northerly wind and the enthusiasm on beginning the tour ensured that. The bunch, like a serpent, slipped in and out and around the stationary cars which are still a Bank Holiday feature on the roads into Wales.

After elevenses we left Ruthin to take the network of lanes through Llanelidan which eventually drop down into Gwyddelwern, just outside Corwen. Having initiated the group to "minor minor" roads, that is narrow, up and down, with dirt or grass in the middle, Dave Birchall and I decided to execute a plot hatched five years previously. We proceeded straight across the A5 at Tyn-y-Cefn, near Corwen, passed the NO THROUGH ROAD sign, and made for the Alwen ford. Setting an example, we discarded our shoes and socks and waded across. We reached the other side, but no one followed. The above knee-deep water, its icy temperature and the mud track which constituted the route on the other side were all given as reasons for the resulting mutiny. Dave and I were left to make our own way along lanes down the Dee Valley whilst the rest retraced to the main road and the traffic congestion.

Regrouping at Bala, after chips and chocolate, everyone agreed to take the hard route - over the Bwlch-y-Groes. The dozen miles from Bala Lake to Dinas Mawddwy were twice that number of ordinary riding. Following the "mountain road" sign often repeated on the tour, necessitates a special physical effort but brings the unique satisfaction of "making a crossing". At Dinas Mawddwy we therefore desired, and deserved, refreshment. The Dol Brawd Maeth Hotel provided a giant pot of tea with the usual refill of milk and water, and, following a loudly-whispered suggestion ("more tea bags?") a complete rebrew. In view of the charge - 25p - this antibonk depot can be wholeheartedly recommended.

The final ten miles to Corris were very hard. Using the

terminology adopted above, the forest road from Aberangell should be described as "minor to the nth degree". No cars were seen on this stretch of "road", indeed, its rough rubble surface made Dave Birchall's claim to have crossed it in his Morris years ago scarcely credible. The descent was very exciting (it cost a puncture, a spoke and a back mudguard) particularly because it was interrupted by a huge pile of logs which blocked the track. Advanced cyclo-cross techniques, with machines weighing up to four stone, were required to negotiate this obstacle. The photographic evidence will be shown at the next Christmas Slide Show.

At Corris we turned up the hill to the Youth Hostel to find the bicycle shed full (which is both annoying and pleasing) leaving Keith and Dave to seek a Bed and Breakfast on the road to Machynlleth.

Stage Two: Corris to Tregaron

David Birchall now takes up the tale: On Saturday morning the remoteness of the wide landscape in Plynlimmon's shadow was imposing, but the afternoon heralded impressive scenery in the form of wind agitated majestic forests, stupendous gorges and breath-taking cascades at Devil's Bridge.

The stage began with a potter to our Machynlleth rendezvous through tall spruce forests and then across the ancient stone bridge spanning the Dovey. The market square was crowded with locals and holiday makers. In the midst, there were upturned bicycles and Anfielders setting right the problems made apparent on the first day: a new tyre fitted on the spot for Des Ling, and one as a spare for Keith Orum.

Under the clock tower a route was plotted for the roadmen: recommended lanes were discussed and maps distributed. They departed, and in the opposite direction the rough-stuff group set course for the morning's pass storming. On the Barts map of Central Wales we were heading for the areas where the contours are the deepest browns and where few tracks penetrate.

The bicycles were ridden and carried across the moorland below the slopes of Plynlimmon, the infant rushing Afon Rheidol was forded and then we picked up the rough track to Nant-y-Moch. Both groups - pass stormers and roadmen met at a cafe in Devil's Bridge in time for well-earned lunches all round.

Tregaron followed hot on the heels of lunch; the following wind, sporting hills, hair-raising descents and sprints for Ysppyty Ystwyth, Pontrhydfendigaid and other irresistible signs created havoc with any semblance of orderly club riding. Thus our destination was

reached before 4 p.m. by the break away group. To the hostellers, Tregaron meant SUPPLIES: the local bakery benefited most from our presence. Its limited supply of bread - freshly baked and still warm - was instantly demolished by the Anfield. Leaving the foray, Thompson and the scribe pedalled on to Llandewi Brevi and Lampeter, before returning for the evening's entertainment in Tregaron.

Tregaron has a friendly atmosphere; that and the bar of the local hotel led to a memorable evening. Until morning dawned we forget our concern about the blustery weather and that north-easterly gale. But at breakfast the big question still remained; for two days the wind had helped us. What weather would the new day bring for our ride to Bishops Castle and Ratlinghope?

The emptiness of the Cambrian Mountains is overpowering, and from Tregaron, Sunday morning's journey is best described as an escape to the wide and mild Shropshire landscape. Des Ling relates our adventures during Stage Three.

Escape to the Welsh Marches

After spending the night in Blaencaron Youth Hostel the seven hostellers in the party were awakened at six o'clock on Sunday morning by the leader of a group of bird watchers, who had got up then to see what bird life was around at that hour on the Cambrian Mountains. Mike took advantage of his authoritative position (a top bunk) to stop one of the bird watchers tramping around the dormitory in large walking boots and making a disagreeable noise.

By half past eight we had all eaten and were ready to go. We swept into Tregaron where Keith and Dave rejoined the party. Then the nine of us set out on the road from Tregaron to Abergwesyn. This proved to be one of the toughest and wildest roads I have ever cycled (and walked) along. It climbed up a few steep hillsides, only to plunge into deep valleys on the other side, with hardly any signs of habitation along the whole road. The weather varied from a strong, cold wind to short snowfalls. John, who was intent on keeping his plates on his shoes for a race next day, rode up just about every climb. Further adjustments were made to Karl's rear mudguard (i.e. removing it) just before the magnificent descent to Abergwesyn.

Then we removed our capes and carried on following a river valley until we reached Llanwrtyd Wells where we drank a refreshing cup of coffee. Then we set off towards Builth Wells along some minor lanes. The party split up; the fit-nits setting a hot pace along this stretch. It was here that the rain started in earnest to dampen the spirits of the party, the only event to break the monotony

being when Dave Eaton took a dive for a hedge and luckily escaped unhurt.

Upon arrival at Builth Wells plutocrats Keith and Dave Birchall went into a hotel for lunch, while the less fortunate members of the party had to be content with a meal in a cheaper cafe. Having eaten, the party regrouped in the pouring rain, and nine sets of gears began grinding as we continued towards Llandrinod Wells. While riding along this road the group was photographed by some passing motorists. This made us quite enthusiastic and we soon reached a village called Crossgates, where we turned right along the A44 towards Pen-y-Bont. It was along here that Mike had a blow-out in his rear tubular. Before setting out he had declared that if it survived the tour he could recommend it. He thought of sending it back because he had "only" ridden it over 200 miles of Welsh countryside, footpaths and lanes! It was suggested that a blow-out would not have occurred with a couple of chunky tyres on high pressure wheels.

However, by the time he had put another "tub!" on the rain had stopped, so we removed our capes and set off again. A few miles farther we turned left over a desolate, hilly road towards Knighton. This was a hard stretch with a strong headwind, few trees at first, and many hills to make it even harder. However, we finally arrived at Knighton where we refreshed at a cafe.

It was along the next stretch from Knighton to Clun that the Carlton team had its moment of glory. Two-thirds of it, Karl and Phil, broke away from the bunch which refused to take the attack seriously. About a mile farther on the bunch followed the road down a steep hillside and round a sharp corner just in time to see Karl pick up his machine and throw it at the hedge. Spasms of laughter prevented the bunch taking advantage of the incident, and its members were forced to walk up the other side of the valley. Dave and Keith stopped to fix the damage, while the rest carried on as far as Clun where they waited for news. Karl had changed down too soon and his gear mechanism had become wrapped up in his spokes.

The party then continued to Bishops Castle, where the bed and breakfasters turned off to seek somewhere to stay, and the rest continued to Bridges Youth Hostel. Honours for the day went to John Thompson for riding farther than anyone else, even though his plates finally did come off; and to Karl for providing so much amusement at his own expense.

The Final Day

The cold north easterly wind of the previous day had moderated,

bringing drizzle which continued until lunch. Nevertheless, for Dave and myself the six mile ride through the lanes to meet the others at Bridges Y.H. was enhanced by the thought of appetizing food and hospitality from Liz and Rick Osborne at the Border Valley Guest House in Bishops Castle.

The ride from Bridges to the Club Run stop at the Red Brook Mador Hotel was uneventful until Des Ling, with four miles to go, stripped a block. John Thompson and Bill Barnes pushed him the distance to Red Brook, where Wendy and John Moss, Alan Rogerson, Mick Twigg and Ben Griffiths awaited to accompany the tourists on the final miles home.

After lunch Des Ling was reduced to single fixed and five miles later the "sitters in" achieved a successful break which was only re-united over tea at Tow Mills. It had been a reasonably hard tour, successful and enjoyable. Who's for the All Night Ride - Moel Sych!

SHOCKLACH - 21st April 1973

A dull day it was, with rain threatening, when the writer set out for the local rail-head to take train to Chester - a procedure in which he indulges on occasion when the flesh is weak (very often!) De-training, a course was set for Shocklach, calling at Waverton, Tattenhall, Carden, Tilston with a detour towards Worthenbury.

The usual friendly welcome by Mine Host at "The Bull" was accorded to the weary traveller, and a glass of "plonk" soon put things right. Already in residence were Gerry Robinson and Mike Twigg. The party was completed by Bill Gray, Alan Rogerson, Stan Wild, John Moss, Ben Griffiths and Syd del Banco.

In no time Mine Hostess had the fleshpots prepared, which were soon "downed" and enjoyed, and while the writer and Stan Wild indulged in serious conversation, snippits of wisdom concerning 10's, 25's, Vets etc. emanated from the "pack".

Leaving the inn, the weather proceeded to give of its worst - wind, rain and hail. Yours truly was soon overtaken by the fast pack and maintaining a steady 5's at this break-neck speed Chester was reached by the shortest route and the sanctuary of British Rail achieved. In addition to the members present we were also pleased to welcome Mrs. Bill Gray and Bill's brother Harold, Mrs. Alan Rogerson and family and Brian Kirkham, T.A.

S.de B.

Stan Wild also has written a report, but it is crowded out - sorry!

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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Captain: J. W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
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Vol. LXVIII

JULY 1973

No. 674 764

FIXTURES

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- 28 ASHTON (The Golden Lion) Lunch

August

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ALLOSTOCK (The Drovers Arms) Lunch
- 25 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch

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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EDITOR: F.E. MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr. Mold,
Flintshire. (Tel: 0352-55037)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 11th AUGUST 1973

COMMITTEE NOTESApplications for Membership:

Albert Frodsham, 15 Rothesay Drive, Eastham, Wirral L62 8EA.

Proposed by Len Hill and Seconded by John Thompson.

A.R.Mitchell, Headford, One Shelton Road, Shrewsbury SY3 8ST

Proposed by Len Hill and Seconded by Gerry Robinson.

As our Secretary will be away on holiday for the first two weeks in September, it is suggested that notices of motion for the A.G.M. should be in his hands by August 25.

PLEASE

Do not forget the Autumn Dinner Dance. The venue: Heatherlands Thurstaston, Wirral. The date: Friday October Five. The organizer: Alan Rogerson. It promises to be a wonderful "do".

COAST TO COAST

John Thompson comes up with an idea that shows infinite promise. He wonders what the reaction would be to a super week-end run from coast to coast across England. He suggests Kings Lynn as the destination, and the night could be spent at the Y.H.A. hostel there. "The distance, nearly 180 miles, is possible because there are no bad hills and the roads are good and pleasant to cycle along. A "sag" waggon would be, I think, essential: but details like this can be worked out later if enough people are interested".

To avoid the bad hills, John envisages going south of the Peak District, but several miles can be saved by tackling the Cat and Fiddle and getting in and out of Nottingham. Beyond Grantham there is a lonely stretch until you come to Pinchbeck and its leaning towered church, but through Spalding and Holbeach and across the reclaimed Wash lands the road is pleasant (at least to your Editor's eyes) and above all flat. Please contact J.T.

A TRADITION

Has been gently shattered. History has been made. A young lady from Manchester, one Jane Fantom of Denton, entered, rode and finished in our Schoolboys' and Junior "10" held on May 20. Although we were bound to accept the entry to comply with R.T.T.C. ruling, we sincerely hope that no one will nod his head in doubt and dismay at such a happening.

R.T.T.C. or no, surely it would have been churlish to decline

to accept the entry just because the enthusiast was a charming young girl. And enthusiast she must be, because Jane and her father arrived at the start on the Saturday, having mistaken the date. That meant two early risings for the family.

We made an occasion of this unique event, and Len presented Jane with a decorated copy of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS, and, in turn, Jane expresses her appreciation in the appended letter.

Denton, May 20 1973

Dear Mr.Hill,

I would like to thank you most sincerely for the presentation of the copy of the Anfield B.C. history. I am afraid that most clubs don't do very much for schoolgirl cyclists, and this has been a pleasant surprise.

I am sure you will know that the competition is rather hard against the schoolboys, and there is not usually any special prize or consideration for any girl entrants. In fact, I have often been to many events when I have come and gone without being noticed as a girl, and once or twice in circuit races where there is a race commentary, the commentator has said something like this: "the young lad just coming up the finishing straight seems to be struggling a bit; never mind, he will be up with the leaders when he gets a bit bigger". Probably I was suffering at the time, but mostly from not being recognised as a girl. I will always remember that the Anfield B.C. have recognised me in this way.

Yours sincerely,
JANE FANTOM

LANGLEY - 12th May 1973

It is a fair ride from the farmlands of south Cheshire to the hills of Langley, but I followed an interesting route. First place of call was the delightful village of Barthomley. This, with its picturesque thatched pub and handsome church must be the prettiest in the county.

These parts were strongly Parliamentary during the Civil War and the story goes that as the King's men approached, the villagers sought sanctuary in the church tower. The Cavaliers smoked them out, and slaughtered each person, man, woman and child, as they descended.

Then via Rode Heath and Congleton to traverse the private road through North Rode Park. Only a few miles to go, but they were hard ones. A steep climb from Fool's Nook, and finally the

teepest of the lot brought me to the Leather Smithy, situated in the shadow of Tegg's Nose at 769-ft.

Two trikes in the yard denoted the presence of Harold Catling and Stan Bradley. Stan is getting so fit now that like the legendary John Gilpin "he carries weight" festooning his trike with heavy chains to slow him down. Really, though, it is great to see Stan's return to fitness.

We learned with regret of Hubert's car accident, and were relieved to hear that all concerned are doing well. Rex interestingly revealed the presence of a nest of herons along the valley. Jim Cranshaw had travelled with Hubert, so my presence made us a round half-dozen. Yes, a session of serious talk, humour and good fellowship which passed far too quickly. The wind was tough, mighty tough from the west, and it will no doubt give Harold great pleasure to learn that I had a hard ride home.

STAN WILD

SHOCKLACH, THE BULL INN - 19th May 1973

The strong south-easterly winds which had been blowing for most of the week were still very much in evidence this Saturday morning, so I expected an easy ride from Market Drayton, and I was not disappointed. I even used my top gear (it's only 84") in places. Once or twice I thought this will be hard going back, but one has plenty of time for return trips in daylight from April onwards.

Fifteen of us assembled at the Bull Inn, and this pleasant hostelry looks like becoming more and more popular with Cheshire-based Clubs, especially with the closure of the Smithy, Bangor-on-Dee. One is sure of a pleasant welcome, with a good choice of snacks or sandwiches, and on Sundays a good lunch for 60p. Those present this Saturday were, going around the room in a clockwise direction, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Gerry Robinson, Peter Callaghan, Alan Rogerson, Mike Twigg, Frank Fischer, John Leece, Bill Gray and his wife, Stan Wild and friend Fred Lee, Syd del Banco, and last but by no means least, Len and Mrs. Hill.

Mike Twigg was rather modest about his first ride as a Veteran the previous Saturday, but admitted to doing a 1-8 on a hard day, not bad after a lay-off of sixteen years. As he had 10 minutes handicap I asked him how he was placed in this and he said he missed 1st Handicap by 4 secs. I knew 10 minutes was too much, but perhaps it was 5 seconds too little.

The time came for us to disperse our various ways, and I was

ble to accompany Stan and Fred Lee via Malpas to Wrenbury, where left them. On the way we paid a visit to Malpas Church, which as well worth seeing. All the brass nameplates etc. were highly polished, and it is obvious that a lot of trouble is taken to keep everything spick and span. As we were walking up the path to the church we commented on the fact that we were a party of two anfielders, two Cheshire Roads, two Norwood Paragons, two FCOT's, just a few other Clubs as well. It sounds like a big party visiting Malpas Church, but there were only three of us!

FRANK E. FISCHER

SCHOOLBOYS' AND JUNIOR "10" - 20th May 1973

The third Schoolboys' 10-mile Time Trial, whilst not claiming to be a classic event in the same way as the "100" was, nevertheless, somewhat a break from tradition. If the eye were to be passed down the start sheet to number 55, it would be seen that the entry had come from a Miss Jane Fantom. This young girl made history: she was the first lady to compete in an Anfield event for 74 years. To mark this most unusual occasion, Jane was presented with a bedecked copy of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS by Len Hill at the finish.

The first rider started at 8.0 a.m. on the A.540 at Two Mills. The day was overcast, and 57 schoolboys were down to ride, among these three of our own members: Des Ling, Phil Mason and Duncan MacNicoll. The junior field contained only ten riders: four being Anfielders, Mike Holland, Neil France, Bill Barnes and Dave Eaton.

The first 26-minute ride was recorded by J.Gillmore off No.10. This held the lead for only five minutes until D.Ledsham came in with 25.58, and then Alan Old of Ellesmere Comp. recorded 25.34. All eyes now were on Alan Matthews, the winner of the Birkenhead N.E. event two weeks previously on the same course, who, despite falling at the first turn, took the lead with 24.53. Next came Chris Lees of Westwood High, who had a 22-minute ride to his credit the previous week, but despite all his efforts was beaten by the smallest of margins, recording 24.54 for second place.

Des Ling recorded 28.09, our best-placed rider in 18th position; Phil Mason 24th with 28.31 and Duncan MacNicoll 43rd with 31.47. The schoolboys team was won by Neston Comp. in 1.20.04.

Miss Jane Fantom recorded 29.34 for 36th place.

The Junior event, although short in numbers, was not short in interest to Anfielders. Alan Roberts, Chester R.C. won with 24.27.

Our own Bill Barnes second in 26.22, Mike Holland third 27.11. Dave Eaton 6th with 27.58, and Neil France 8th with 28.24. The team award was ours with 1.21.31.

Special mention must be made of all the marshals and helpers. Jim Cranshaw drove through the night from Birmingham to marshal the first turn. Others out to help were: Len Hill, Alan Rogerson, Gerry Robinson, Eric Reeves, Karl Nelson, Geoff Sharp, Dave Birchall, Mike Twigg and family, Syd del Banco, Dave Bettaney, Ben Griffiths, Keith Orum, Dave Jones, John Whelan and Don Birchall.

To all who helped and rode I should like to express my thanks.

JOHN MOSS

SPRING HOLIDAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Ever since the days when no Anfielder would admit that summer had come until W.P.Cook had assumed his "holland coat", I have followed the Club's fortunes with interest and admiration. Now, in the serene and yellow of retirement, I value the annual invitation to join the A.B.C. at their pre-100 fixtures and, on Saturday, May 26th 1973, made my way to the Royal Oak, Bangor-on-Dee. Just before getting there, I overtook Alex Beaton on his multi-gear wonder, soon surely to be computerised and got some up-to-the-minute news of road sport in Scotland.

Sitting on the wall beside the river, I apologised to Frank Fischer for my inability to keep an appointment on the previous evening and could not help feeling that if I had kept fit as he has done and used a bicycle I might have got there in time. The informal atmosphere of the bar made it easy to renew old acquaintances and make new friends. I was delighted to greet that eminent stylist, Bill Finn, once again, hear about the elaborate arrangements for the event organised by your President - unfortunately he hadn't done anything about the weather as we discovered later - and I found that Frank Perkins was born in a vintage year. Others present were Bill Gray and his better half, David Birchall, Keith Orum, Peter Corrigan and Ben Griffiths.

Guy Pullan sat silent in the car, exhausted by my chatter as we entered Bishops Castle on Sunday, May 27th, The Old Brick Guest House welcomed us in brilliant sunshine and, although muscle-power was not so evident as on the previous day, Rex Austin and Alex Beaton had scaled the heights by their own efforts and looked very well after doing so. The conversation during the excellent meal was bright and cheerful. I have known such occasions when our talk

ipped with nostalgia and we sighed for the quiet roads of yesterday. But not this time. The astonishing news that a young lady had competed in the recent junior event promoted by the Club was accepted with equanimity and the delightful letter she had written gave much pleasure to everyone. Wonders will never cease. From a gleam I perceived in the eye of at least one elderly gentleman I suspect that even in the 100, women riders would not be entirely welcome. Once again, the President was in very good form, Don Archall had brought his wife along to add tone and charm to the proceedings, Jim Cranshaw and Percy Williamson completed the gathering at the big table but poor Frank Perkins was condemned to sit apart. However, he was allowed to collect the money for the sale in compensation for his exile although I doubt whether he made much out of it. Thank you, Anfield, for asking me. I hope you'll do so again.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

THE "100" - 28th May 1973

At 5.30 just south of Meole Brace island, the traditional Spring Bank holiday performance was enacted once again. Bikes and bits of bike unloaded from roof racks, car boots or backs of vans and assembled; patent concoctions internally consumed or externally applied; warm-ups started; hand-shakes, earnest conversation and good-natured banter as old friends and old rivals met; reminiscences, speculation, forecasts. The seventy-fourth Anfield "100" was underway.

To the onlookers the morning looked nearly perfect. There was virtually no wind, perhaps a suspicion of a drift from the East; it was warm (the writer had worn shorts for the overnight trip from Manchester, and one sweater was at times almost redundant); and though there was no sun or clear sky, the cloud was high and looked quite benign. Recollecting the last few days, all assumed the sun would break through and provide us with a repeat of 1971; no-one was prepared for a re-enactment of 1969 when, in the immortal words of Derek Johnson, the New Brighton life-boat was on duty at Battlefield corner.

An excellent field had been assembled for this, the last event on the present course. The limit has now been raised to 120 riders and, while we were short of this, a card of 108 represents a first-class entry. Three former winners were vying with one another to repeat the performance: Ron Spencer (Warrington R.C.) with three wins under his belt, the first ten years ago; Mick Potts, now with

Long Eaton Paragon but a Derby Wheeler when he won in 1966; and Kevin Apter (Liverpool Mercury) last year's winner. The last two in particular had been in good recent form; in fact Potts had left Spencer several minutes adrift in a '50' the previous week, a win which he said had put him in good spirits for the Anfield. The handicapper, however, did not expect any of this trio to get within five minutes of scratchman Phil Griffiths (Stoke A.C.C.), national '100' champion and B.A.R. winner in 1971. Griffiths' photo had been emblazoned on the front of 'Cycling' the previous week when he held the yellow jersey in the Peace Race. While there was some discussion whether he would be storming or creeping after such a gruelling race, the main debate at the start was whether he would appear at all.

Only two other riders had handicaps in single figures, Keith Boardman (Birkenhead Vict.) last year's runner-up and in good form this year and last man off Mike McGann (West Pennine) who had turned in some excellent performances last year in Bury Clarion colours. Then we had Rod Brooks (Nova) winner of the Manchester Wheelers '12' in 1972, Howard Wilkinson, a clubmate of Spencer, who had scored a magnificent win in the Circuit of the Dales earlier this year, Keith Denny (Liverpool Century) who so narrowly missed a placing in last year's event, Paul Bennett (V.C.Ventoux) a prolific road race winner and Alan Masterson (B.N.E.) who got the first of his three second places sixteen years ago behind Bill Bradley.

The local clubs continued to give the event excellent support. The North End had 5 riders entered, the Vics 7, the Mid-Shrops 9 and there were teams from the Mercury, Century, Stafford R.C., V.C.Ventoux, Chester R.C., Warrington and Nova; and, from further afield, Newark Castle, Gainsborough Aegir, Eckington Wheelers and Bedfordshire R.C. Nearer home the Anfield was fielding a threesome, Thompson, Moss and Rogerson.

At 6.01 Rex Austin and Dave Brown combined to despatch Stan France on his way and settled down to work for the next hour and three quarters. Only 11 riders failed to answer the call, but among these were Wilkinson, Boardman and Griffiths; because of their absence, some of the above speculations became somewhat academic, but at the same time the event was thrown wide open.

The general consensus was that the race was probably between Potts and Apter, and the early checks tended to confirm this view. At Wellington after 13 miles Mike Twigg had Apter slightly in front

Potts, Spencer and Bennett bracketed together within a minute. From there the course turns north to Hodnet where the turn is situated just beyond the 25 mile point. Here Les Goodhew carried out a 'nearest-minute' check and found Potts had levelled with Apter and the pair of them had opened a two minute gap on the next three riders Spencer, Denny and Steve Heyes (Chester R.C.); Bennett was a further minute down.

The next stretch back to Shawbirch and then through High Ercall and Shawbury to Battlefield was considerably faster as the wind freshened and remained in the East. From Battlefield it is barely three miles to the fifty mile check carried out once again by Frank Fischer. It was about 8.15 when Frank was first called into action as number 5 J.H.Hooper (Oldbury) went through with a lead on the road he was to hold to the finish. The first real contender through was number 30, R.P.Harrison (Newark Castle) in 2.8.47; Spencer, off number 40, followed in 2.6.48 while Bennett (45) was slightly slower but, significantly, had almost eliminated his deficit over the second quarter. Indeed with 2.6.52 he had overhauled Denny (50) who was showing 2.7.17. Heyes (55) maintained his speedy first half with 2.6.33 and proved to be third fastest at this point. The gallery at Battlefield had gasped as Potts (70) hove into view fractionally under four minutes up on any of his earlier rivals. Frank confirmed their calculations when he timed the Long Eaton man through in 2.2.28. Apter (90) must have lost something like a minute and a half to Potts from Hodnet, 2.4.03 being his time at 50 miles. The only other rider with a time to compare with these at this stage was Ray Speake (Rhos-on-Sea), unseeded at number 107, with 2.7.10.

The general feeling was that the race was slipping away from Apter and that none of the other contenders was likely to bridge a gap this size, particularly when a man of Potts' class and experience has the bit between his teeth. However the "hard" stretch through Rock Hall and Harmer Hill was still to come and miracles and/or accidents could always happen.

It was just about now that an accident, of sorts, did happen, and went on happening for the next three hours. The early starters had completed the 'alpine' section and were battling up the Battlefield-Hodnet leg at about 80 miles when suddenly the heavens opened, and in no time the roads were awash and the rain just kept coming. It probably wasn't quite up to, or down to, the standard of 1969 but it did its best.

At Battlefield (79 miles), Ira Thomas turned the riders left and took a check which indicated how they had fared over the punishing stretch down to Harlescott and back. To the nearest minute and with an approximation to timekeeper's time, the check showed the following position:

	<u>Total Time at 79</u>	<u>Time between 50 and 79</u>
Potts (70)	3.16	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bennett (45)	3.23	1.16
Apter (90)	3.25	1.21
Denny (50)	3.26	1.19
Harrison (30)	3.27	1.18
Spencer (40)	3.27	1.20
Speake (107)	3.27	1.20

In other words Potts was forging even further ahead, while Bennett was moving clear into second place and Apter was slipping back towards the pack. At this point, in fact, Bennett was breathing down the neck of his five minute man, Ron Spencer.

At about the time that Potts was turned on to the final Hodnet leg, the trail blazers were retracing through High Ercall and along the lane to Roden and the finish. Hooper was first in at just after 10.34 with a 4.29.-, followed by No.10 Phil Guy (New Forest). A significant early finisher was B.Pownall (Warrington), number 14, whose 4.31.43 with 43 minutes allowance eventually proved good enough for second handicap. Harrison was well in contention for a place at 79 miles and he was the first of the leaders to finish with 4.25.1. Bennett had been four minutes up on Harrison at Battlefield and he stretched this lead by $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to finish in 4.17.32. Spencer sagged badly over the final miles to finish just outside 4.30 and Denny too lost ground, but not as much, his 4.26.27 being several minutes slower than last year.

Potts had started twenty minutes after Denny but the gap had narrowed to one of five minutes at the finish when Mick stormed past Rex Austin in 4.11.59 just twelve seconds slower than his winning time, then a record, in 1966. No-one was in any doubt that the 1973 winner was home, if not dry. It is worth noting that Bennett took something like $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes out of Potts over those last 20 miles.

The interest was now on the struggle for third place. Would Apter hang on? Had Harrison done enough? Apter continued to lose ground but his 4.24.32 was still half a minute too good for

Harrison but then Ray Speake put in a powerful finish to record 3.20 and take the third spot.

In the team stakes Bennett was well backed up by V.C.Ventoux team-mates P.Smith 4.28.4 and G.Dolan 4.47.53 and their aggregate time of 13.33.29 was nearly ten minutes too good for the Birkenhead North End trio of Alan Masterson (7th) 4.26.28, Roger Dutton 4.36.49 and Don Spraggett 4.39.22.

The handicap winner was W.Whitcomb (Liverpool Mercury) who made good use of his 69 minute allowance and recorded a net time of 3.41.46. Second was Pownall and third P.T.Nowell (Kent Valley) with 58 minutes and a net time of 3.51.10. Griffiths would have had his work cut out to make much impression on these lads.

Two of our three starters finished. John Moss in 5.10.8 and John Thompson in 4.44.19 after crundling his barrow round the previous day! Alan Rogerson called it a day - he'd also ridden the F.A. event.

And so another '100' ended, a highly successful promotion, a superb winner and a great occasion marred only by the weather which ruined the traditional carnival atmosphere and the socialising at the finish.

John Whelan did yet another magnificent job as event secretary and the Club owes him a tremendous debt of gratitude, as it does also to handicapper Peter Richmond, Mr.Mitchell who once again provided and operated the telephone, Dave Birchall who did the map of the course, Gerry Robinson who drew up the result board and then filled it in under atrocious conditions, to all the "tea girls" and to the helpers, marshals and checkers from other clubs. Many Thanks.

DAVID BARKER

NOTE: Once again we cannot let this opportunity pass without paying tribute to Davide for this excellent report - Ed.

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

In the still of the early morn, we left the Lion. Timekeeper Rex, and Jim Cranshaw, Frank Perkins, Percy Williamson, and yours truly. For the first time in many years we were without Mark Haslam, and we missed him. Dawn was breaking on another, the 74th, Anfield "100".

The Dover family reported all items complete, and Dave Brown reflexed his muscles to push off another card of riders. Syd Hancock took over the duties of Starting Steward from Allan Littlemore, who couldn't make it.

Jim's car knows the way around this course. It saluted the Tid Salop boys at Weeping Cross, the Anfield team and the Ingrams on the route round Wellington. After timing twenty-one Anfields, Stan Wild may have thought that two Hodnet checks were an easy stint. We wonder. You turn them all once, then dash to the next corner and turn them all again. (Ask Harry Austin, he volunteers each year for this. This year he couldn't come). The younger Anfield force were at full muster, handing hot drinks.

Eric Reeves and Jack Hawkins at Shawbirch, Stan Bradley and his good lady at the SLOW SIGN. Ben Griffiths wielded a big broom at High Ercall, and Blotto, O'Leary and Arthur Smith were at Shawbury. Ira Thomas and his friends at Battlefield. Frank Fischer and Tommy Sumner at the "50" point. A host at Rock Hall, a tricky task. Jack Duckers and North Shropshire friends at Wem. The Williams family with Gilbert Sutcliffe at Harmer Hill, and Alex Beaton and Glaswegians Peter Duncan and Greta at Harlescott.

Then came the rain. Proverbial "stair rod" stuff, and most unfair on the late starters and tail-end marshals. At the finish, despite the weather, the social scene prevailed, and consideration of space only prevent us from mentioning all our friends individually. (Although we must mention being pleased to see Mark Haslam there). We dished out some ten gallons of tea, and next year we must remember to provide a cover for Gerry Robinson and his score board. Thanks, everyone, for valued help in promoting yet again another Anfield "100".

L.J.H

NOTE: This piece of Len's has had to be trimmed drastically to fit. We also cannot find room for the monthly results list. This will appear next month. - Ed.

EDITORIAL

This Circular is the first, for many years at least, to come from Wales. As we write it is Sunday morning, and the thought comes tantalizingly to mind that Bwlch Pen Barras is only five miles away, and how nice it would be to be up there just now. Yet if David Barker disciplined himself to stay up until 2.0 a.m. to finish his piece, the least we can do is to stay put until this issue is complete. After all, there is always tomorrow!

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: J.W. MOSS

Hon. Secretary: G.A. ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN.

Vol. LXVIII

AUGUST 1973

No. 766

FIXTURES

September 1973

- 1 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
- 8 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) Lunch, and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy) Lunch
- 15 CLOTTON (Bulls Head) Lunch
- 22 FARNDON (Nag's Head) Lunch
- 29 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) Lunch

October

- 5 DINNER DANCE at Heatherlands
- 6 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch

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. BERTANEY, HONEYSTONE
COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT, DEESIDE,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 15th SEPTEMBER 1973

SECRETARY'S NOTES

The A.G.M. will be held at the Village Hall (next to the church) in Ashton on the 20th of October commencing at 2.30 p.m.

The Autumn Tints tour has been booked at the Lion Hotel, Llanymynech on the 27th of October. Anybody requiring a reservation should send me a deposit of 50p as last year.

Committee meetings have been fixed for August 21st and October 2nd at Oak Cottage.

The following applications for membership were accepted at the last committee meeting:- P.J.Colligan, A.R.Mitchell, W.J.Rhydwen-Jones and A.Frodsham.

The committee accepted with regret the resignation of K.Selkirk.

ADVANCE NOTICE.....

The 95th Birthday Run has been arranged for 2nd March 1974 at the Westminster Hotel, City Road, Chester.

Not so far away is the A.G.M. to be held in the Ashton Village Hall after a pleasant lunch at the Golden Lion on October 20.

WEDNESDAY GET-TOGETHERS

As some time has elapsed since Wednesday runs were mentioned in these pages, for the benefit of those who have forgotten, or the few that didn't know, we should like to remind everyone that a sizeable gathering collects at Eureka, Two Mills, on Wednesday afternoons. Your presence, if you can make it, would be appreciated.

AND.....

Writing of Wednesdays, we are delighted to report that the youngsters have been out in strength on several of these mid-week days. Training spins, they are described to the unsuspecting. On a Wednesday early in August the Captain appeared, too, and we learn, second-hand, of a typical John Moss adventure.

Mold, Maeshafn, Llanarmon-yn-Ial, and more lanes brought Corwen for a latish lunch. Then the ancient cattle road across the Berwyns via Nant Rhyd Wilym, with a halt at the Wayfarer Memorial Stone to sign the book. Homewards via Llanarmon D.C. and Chirk to reach Two Mills at 8.0 p.m.

THE AUTUMN DANCE

This issue will, almost certainly, be the last before the function at the Thurstaston Heatherlands on Friday 5th October. We

regret not having more information as we write, but Alan Rogerson has all the details.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Dave Birchall has forsaken Matlock and returned to 38A Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead. Bill Page has moved from the beautiful country just below Northop to - Hoylake! He is now at 9 Hadfield Road, Hoylake, Wirral. Telephone 051-632 4854.

RACING RESULTS

(Due to extreme pressure on space, results had to be omitted from our last issue. The amount of activity involved, and consequent enthusiasm for the game, can be judged from the length of the list. We are most grateful to Mike Twigg for recording all the following results - Ed.)

<u>24.3.73 M.L.C.A.10 D.51B</u>	<u>20.5.73 PENNINE C.C.25 V134</u>
D.A.Eaton 28.26	J.F.Thompson 1.5.25 1st hand
<u>29.4.73 W.G.T.T.A.30 D20</u>	trike
W.J.Barnes 1.24.56 3rd Junior.	<u>ANFIELD JUNIOR OPEN 10 D6</u>
<u>6.5.73 B.N.E.C.C. JUNIOR 10 D6</u>	W.J.Barnes 26.22 3rd)full
W.J.Barnes 27.25) First Team	M.B.Holland 27.11)report
M.B.Holland 27.48)	D.A.Eaton 27.58) in
D.A.Eaton 27.56)	N.M.France 28.24)last
<u>HARWORTH & DIST. 25 02</u>	D.Ling (Schoolboy Section))issue
J.F.Thompson 1.7.37 Trike	28.09)
E.A.Rogerson 1.12.39 "	P.E.Mason " " 28.31)
<u>12.5.73 CHESTER R.C.10 D8</u>	<u>23.5.73 CLUB 25 D162</u>
J.W.Moss 26.07	J.F.Thompson 1.5.46 single
G.A.Robinson 26.26	<u>V.T.T.A. 25 J.32</u>
J.F.Thompson 26.42 trike	M.J.Twigg 1.2.50 1st hand
J.R.Griffiths 27.18	<u>24.5.73 CLUB 10 Hungtington</u>
E.A.Rogerson 27.54 trike	J.R.Griffiths 25.34
P.J.Colligan 28.13	G.A.Robinson 26.04
<u>CONCORDE C.R.C. 25 K16</u>	J.W.Moss 26.10
M.J.Twigg 1.8.10	<u>26.5.73 M/c.ST.CHRIS. 1.0.0 limit</u>
<u>13.5.73 B.N.E.C.C.MOUNTAIN T.T.</u>	G.A.Robinson 1.6.58
J.F.Thompson 2.30.31 3rd hand	<u>SHEFFIELD PHOENIX 25 02</u>
2nd trike	M.J.Twigg 1.4.45
E.A.Rogerson 2.52.33 trike	<u>27.5.73 T.A.100 D.12</u>
<u>17.5.73 CLUB 10 HUNTINGTON</u>	J.F.Thompson 5.6.20)First
G.A.Robinson 26.13	E.A.Rogerson 5.44.36) Team

28.5.73 ANFIELD 100 D.12
 J.F.Thompson 4.44.17 Single
 J.W.Moss 5.10.8
2.6.73 STAFFORD 25 K.65
 G.A.Robinson 1.7.34
SEAMONS 30 J.30
 E.A.Rogerson 1.24.24 2nd fst.trike
3.6.73 STRETFORD WHLRS.25 J.32
 J.W.Moss 1.5.57
6.6.73 HYDE OLYMPIC J.32
 M.J.Twigg 1.5.02
PRIVATE EVENING 10
Huntington
 G.A.Robinson 25.29
 J.W.Moss 26.04
 J.R.Griffiths 26.17
9.6.73 ROYAL SUTTON 25 K.16
 J.F.Thompson 1.3.09 Club tri.
 record.
BUXTON 25 J.32
 G.A.Robinson 1.5.20
 J.W.Moss 1.6.14
14.6.73 CLUB 10 D.18
 G.A.Robinson 25.36
16.6.73 SEAMONS 10 J.26
 G.A.Robinson 25.11
17.6.73 CLUB 50
 J.W.Moss 2.15.29
 J.F.Thompson 2.21.45 trike
21.6.73 CLUB 10 D.18
 J.W.Moss 25.57
23.6.73 JANUS R.C.25 J.24
 G.A.Robinson 1.5.00
 J.W.Moss 1.7.15
 E.A.Rogerson 1.10.16 trike
24.6.73 T.A. NN 50 J.36
 E.A.Rogerson 2.28.12 2nd hand.
OTLEY C.C.25 V.131
 J.F.Thompson 1.0.45 Club tri.Rec.
26.6.73 LICHFIELD C.& AC.25 K.16
 J.F.Thompson 1.3.01

28.6.73 CLUB 10 D.18
 G.A.Robinson 25.04
 W.J.Barnes 25.58
 M.B.Holland 26.29
 D.A.Eaton 26.39
30.6.73 SPEN VALLEY 25 V.134
 G.A.Robinson 1.4.47
 J.W.Moss 1.5.02
 J.F.Thompson 1.6.14
1.7.73 SOUTHPORT R.C.C.25 D.54
 M.B.Holland 1.6.35
 W.J.Barnes 1.6.36
 D.A.Eaton 1.9.32
5.7.73 CLUB 10 D.18
 G.A.Robinson 25.22
 M.B.Holland 25.39
 W.J.Barnes 26.05
 D.A.Eaton 26.14
7.7.73 KYNOCH C.C. 25 K.16
 J.W.Moss 1.2.42
 M.J.Twigg 1.4.47
HYDE OLYMPIC 10 J.26
 G.A.Robinson 25.33
8.7.73 MOLYNEUX C.C.25
 J.W.Moss 1.4.25
11.7.73 C.R.C. Private TT 25 D.7
 G.A.Robinson 1.4.22
12.7.73 CLUB 10 D.18
 W.J.Barnes 25.34
 M.B.Holland 26.05
 D.Eaton 26.32
14.7.73 MERCIA C.C. 10 K.16
 G.A.Robinson 23.03 Club record
15.7.73 HARTLEPOOL C.C.25 T.254
 J.W.Moss 1.1.34
 J.F.Thompson 1.5.14 trike
LIVERPOOL EAGLE 25 D.54
 W.J.Barnes 1.5.49
 M.B.Holland 1.7.47
 D.A.Eaton 1.9.35
18.7.73 CLUB 25 D 16 R
 W.J.Barnes 1.5.05
 M.B.Holland 1.6.47
 D.A.Eaton 1.9.31

<u>21.7.73 V.T.T.A. Champ.25 H 51 B</u>	<u>25.7.73 C.R.C.Private TT 25 D7</u>
M.J.Twigg 1.3.08	G.A.Robinson 1.2.26
<u>22.7.73 B'HEAD VICTORIAN 25 D 16 R</u>	<u>29.7.73 PORT SUNLIGHT 25 D.21</u>
J.W.Moss 1.4.30	J.R.Griffiths 1.2.59
G.A.Robinson 1.4.33	J.W.Moss 1.3.22
W.J.Barnes 1.5.05	W.J.Barnes 1.3.52
M.B.Holland 1.6.43	M.B.Holland 1.5.16
	D.A.Eaton 1.6.30

ASHTON, GOLDEN LION - 28 July 1973

On rare - very rare - occasions these days, circumstances permit me to attend a Club run. On this particular Saturday, as lovely a day as you will get on this island of ours, I outlined a nice, quiet route to Ashton, and then realized that some shopping in Chester was a "must". So away went the good intentions of a bicycle ride, and, instead, I came to Ashton by car. As Stan Bradley said: "It's a good story as any".

I was not quite last to arrive, but nearly so. Rex Austin wished me a Happy New Year, and, then, bless him, bought me a drink. Len and Mrs.Hill, with John France, radiant as ever, in attendance, sat just beyond. On the other side were Bill Gray and his good lady, Stan Wild, the aforesaid Stan Bradley, and Frank Fischer. Mike Twigg, new member Hayward, Alan Rogerson and John Moss brightened the threshold a little later. Frank Fischer came over to renew acquaintance, and we fell to wondering whether it was 38 or 40 years since we last met! As if it mattered!

As usual, conversation ranged over many topics, but chiefly the talk was about the event of the year, the National Championship "24" which would be starting on a mile from our venue in less than four hours time.

It seems that the only person who didn't intend being involved was yours truly, who, years and years ago, made up his mind, on the occasion of a dreadfully wet and miserable "24", that that was the last.

F.E.M.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "24" - 28/29 JULY 1973

The Anfield's contribution to 24-hours racing now is modest compared with the gigantic task which faces the Mersey Roads Club each year of organizing a most complex event. The Anfield knows what it is like, because we ran the first real "24" and nurtured the present event in its formative years. By tradition the Anfield is a

long-distance club. As if to show interest in the continuing success of the "24", during the event at least 30 Anfielders were out to cheer the racing men on their way.

The main platoon of Anfielders were in the esteemed Brewing Team which traditionally stirs on the last week-end in July - with large wooden spoons, torches, warning triangles, washing-up buckets, sponges, and, of course, the basic ingredients. This is the time when brewing devices and stirrers assemble at the Organizer's den for the annual sortie across the border to Nant Hall, where Gaz-powered holiday caravans surround and heavily outnumber the Anfield invasion force. But this year the enemy was caught napping: gone are the days when primuses were prayed at and kicked, when the brew sizzled in reprieved motor-oil cans. Now the Brewing Team swings into action with expertise.

As one a.m. approached, Frank Fischer sat in a deck chair, watch in hand, timekeeping under the starry sky. Then shadows danced in the lights of crazy headlong rushing cars as racing man and marshals began their Mad Hatters Tea Party. Operations were directed by President Hill, who welcomed the help of Geoff Sharp, Pat O'Leary, Mike Twigg, Les Bennett, John Moss and Wendy, Dave Bettaney and Delia, Ben Griffiths, Percy Williamson (on his bicycle) from Prestatyn, and Bill Carsonberg (a presidential guest). Vivienne and Pattie are especially thanked, because they helped the most, keeping the drinks flowing throughout - and 24-hour men have big thirsts and a taste for a fine brew. It is with pride that the Brewing Team can say that some asked for seconds.

The racing men came through steadily and at Nant Hall, after 170 miles it was Carline (Morley C.C.) leading the field. He turned in 7.44.34 representing a fast average speed of 22 m.p.h. Though he went on to win, with 490 miles, he could not maintain that rate of progress. E.W. Matthews (7.49.50) turned little more than 5 minutes down on Carline, and G.M. Bettis, No. 64 and last but one competitor off, was the only other rider to record inside 8-hours at Nant Hall with 7.55.38.

In the midst of the action, Keith Orum and Dave Jones appeared with intentions of cooking an elaborate banquet for father George Jones (competing). But he did not seem able to find the time to stop, and Keith, Dave and banquet were last seen chasing down the road after him. The Brewing Team followed long after the last man on the road had vanished into the darkness.

Next afternoon, Rex Austin officially led Anfield support on the finishing circuit and was augmented by Don Birchall, Syd del Banco

and their spouses. Remnants of the Brewing Team were out and about, basking in warm sunshine which was fine for spectators, but too hot for competitors. A contingent of cadets and others were present, having represented the Anfield in a local "25" earlier in the day (more of which elsewhere in this issue).

It is reassuring to see that our racing men's enthusiasm and successes being rewarded with continually improving personal bests achieved in mid-week and week-end events - so much so that several are going for gold standards.

Our current racing aims are modest compared with those of the 24-hour competitors and the Anfield tradition; but the Club is building a formidable 25-mile team, which, given support, will be hard to beat on Merseyside next season. With the Anfield approach to cycling, here we have the basis for a crack long-distance team.

D.D.B.

P.S. Syd Hancock sent a card to your Editor saying that he would be out on the course.

MOONLIGHT AND MIST IN WALES

As I look through the window at the pouring rain on this very wet 15th of July, it hardly seems possible that just one week ago I was under a clear star-lit sky in the Berwyns, enjoying solitude that few are able to attain these days.

However, down to the real story. A night ride for '73 was a "must", after two very agreeable runs in 1972. The exact date should be, of course, near to the shortest night and the brightest moon: this latter assistance varies from year to year, but the longest day is constant. Due to various other commitments, I had to settle for the 7th and 8th of July. Those other cyclists who were planning a nocturne, both in the Club and other clubs, had chosen other dates - hence, this year was to be a solo night ride for me.

Taking advice from the doyen of North Wales excursionists, Allan Littlemore, I started out on a fine sunny Saturday evening, and took the train from Chester to Chirk. Promptly at 10.0 p.m. the train left Chester. The sun was well and truly laying down, and a half-moon was placed nicely in the azure evening sky. Chirk was reached by 10.45 p.m. I put on some more clothing, as the night was beginning to get a little chilly, and set off along the road towards Glyn Ceiriog. After a short downhill stretch, I turned left for Wern and Selattyn, and started the first of a large

number of steep climbs. Bottom gear of 52 proved satisfactory at this early stage.

The moon by this time was moving farther west, and although getting larger, it was also beginning to set behind the hills. In fact, it gave no assistance at all. From Selattyn, through Carreg-y-beg and Llaunt to Llansilin, the road was very arduous, but the descents, with dynamo whirring, were really good, if cold to the extremities. Llansilin to Llanrhaidr - a killing piece of road as the contours show, but being a tourist I took it all at a moderate pace and made good use of gears.

Of course, there was a great lack of motor vehicles at this time, and the road was occupied only by me. The same was true of the equally severe road from Llanrhaidr to Llanfyllin. By about one a.m. I was in the area of Llanfyllin and, turning sharp right on the road to Lake Vyrnwy.

All those who have travelled this road to Vyrnwy will be aware that after a few miles one gets the feeling that the impressive dam wall and shimmering waters of the lake will never be reached. After the steady climbing and a final steep section, bringing one to 1,100ft., there follows a hairpin descent to Llanwddyn at 720ft. At the causeway across the dam, the scene was quite eerie, and for the first time I realized that I was miles from anywhere and completely alone at two in the morning. The sky was absolutely cloudless and filled with countless stars, many in familiar constellations. There was no wind, but the lake had a very slight swell, just moving the otherwise dark waters. Lights from the pumping station and the outflow tower played on the arches at the top of the dam, and also on the southern shore, making giant shadows. I sat on a bench opposite the causeway and had some sandwiches and coffee.

By the light from the pumping station I perused the map. The Eunant and Bwlch-y-Groes were out - I was getting very cold by this time, and John Thompson's account of crossing the Bwlch in February in the snow made me feel even colder. I would go over the Hirnant to Rhos-y-Gwaliau and Bala.

The ride along the lake to the start of the Hirnant was uneventful, but cold. By the time I turned right off the lakeside road I was warm again, and very soon got even warmer as the road reared up in front of me under very dark pine trees, thickly planted, and with a quickly-running stream immediately to my right. Coming out of this forest section I was able to ride a short way before coming to a bridge over a stream. It was now three a.m.

and it would be light in just over the hour.

As I was feeling tired, it seemed a good idea to have a sleep, but this proved impossible. I had two capes and a piece of waterproof cape roll, and I tried to make a sort of sleeping bag by putting one cape on in orthodox fashion, and putting the other one on, upside down (feet through where the head should be). By overlapping the two, I thought I could beat the cold, which was now at its worst. The result was that I got colder, the ground got damper, and the capes got condensation all over the inside from my shivering and heavy breathing. After about an hour of trying to relax and possibly rest, I gave up.

By the time it was breaking dawn, and I went through the gate and past a sign proudly announcing SIR FEIRONNYD, and so began the descent. The sun was making the underside of all the clouds a dull red colour, and I thought: red sky in the morning, cyclists' warning. Of course, it was rather early, 4.30 a.m., so I didn't really worry too much. The cold was another thing, though. For July it had been a cold night, and I had practically all my reserve clothes on, including hat, gloves and scarf. Descending made it even worse, even at my slow speeds.

Some mist was forming as I came along the valley past the Youth Hostel at Rhos-y-gwaliau, and took the final plunge down into Bala. The lake itself, and the Dee running into it were covered in a mist-cloud - just like candyfloss, and only the hills behind the town could be seen.

By five a.m. I was replenishing my water-bottle from a milk machine in the centre of Bala, and looking for the best route to Trawsfynydd. This was to be my breakfast stop, booked in advance, and I wanted to be there about 8 o'clock. The weather was getting better, but the sky was overcast, with no sign of the sun breaking through. The first person on foot I had seen since leaving Chirk was a man cleaning out all the rubbish bins in the main street. He said he started at 5.0 a.m. 'to get tidied up, before the tourists arrive'. I don't think he expected to see any tourists at this time on a Sunday morning.

Having done two lakes, it seemed possible to "do" two more, Llyn Celyn and Llyn Trawsfynydd, before breakfast. This being the object, I took the road for Ffestiniog out of Bala, and a good road it turned out to be, with a good surface, gentle gradients, and beautiful views. Approaching Llyn Celyn, I saw where the now disused railway line took a path directly to the foot of the dam, and at the roadside I stopped to read the inscription on a large

natural stone memorial to a homestead, now below the waters of the lake, whence many Quakers emigrated to America.

The road winds round Llyn Celyn, and here I saw the first fishermen emerging from their vehicles. They seemed to be eyeing the lake rather dubiously. I suppose the water level was too low for any serious fishing. From the lake to Trawsfynydd, via Cwm Prysor, the road keeps company with the old railway line, except where the latter does a remarkable traverse across the face of a mountain, Y Garn, for about seven miles. The re-opening of this line must surely be a good commercial proposition, as the views are stupendous, and the engineering really imaginative.

Having descended to Trawsfynydd, I went to have a look at the Power Station (not worth it) and made a crossing of one arm of the lake on a somewhat precarious footbridge which is about 600-yards long. The planking was parallel to the direction of walking, and with $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 1" gaps, riding was not really considered! Some planks were new, others were not, and had a slight "give" to them. I was glad to return to terra firma, and to find Mrs. Roberts' house, Y Frongaled, where I had an excellent breakfast of corn flakes, egg, bacon, sausages, tomato, fried bread, toast and marmalade. Highly recommended. Incidentally, Mrs. Roberts also does accommodation, but she tells me that she only has one double bed for visitors, so pick your travelling companions carefully!

Reinvigorated and refreshed, I left Trawsfynydd on the Dolgellau road, but almost immediately turned left on a very minor road signed Pont Aber Geir. This way climbed gradually across the hillside, then less gradually up the hillside until a gate forced me to dismount. After two more gates the road divides, and the left fork is for Llanuwchllyn, which was my destination. From here, for the next 13 miles, the road is an excellent mountain road, with long climbs, many gates, panoramic views, and sheep (of course). Signs by courtesy of the Ministry of Defence gave a warning not to touch anything, otherwise it may explode and kill you. Despite this sombre touch, the weather was improving, and soon, as I neared the top at 1,742ft. the sun came out.

The track down to Llanuwchllyn was not really all downhill, but in places the twistings and turnings were very close together, and apart from a few hikers, I had the way to myself. At Dol Hendre the road comes down to the lush scenery which one associates with Bala lakeside, and the lake appears on the left, at the main road.

By the time, around 11.0 a.m., it was really sunny and warm, so I discreetly changed into shorts, removed several layers of clothing, and went round the lake on the south-east side, through Llangower. I had a mid-day rendezvous in Bala, and sure enough, over the bridge and into the town he came, whistling a merry tune, brown legs flashing, orange and white cycle frame shouting "professional", all the way along the crowded street. Yes, it was Allan Littlemore who had recommended the breakfast stop in Trawsfynydd and had elected to meet me on the Sunday.

After pleasantries had been exchanged we took a very reasonable lunch at a cafe near to the northern end of the town. Thence we braved the main road for a couple of miles before turning off for Llandderfel to continue along a very quiet by-road to the north of the Dee. This was a very pleasant little lane, and eventually brought us out at Cynwyd. Along familiar roads to Corwen, in the warm afternoon sun, with the tyres humming and the flies battering at our glasses, we sped, and once in Corwen, we crossed the Dee and turned right along the "B" road to Carrog and thence to Glyndyfrdwy. Here we stopped at a small store to load up with "pop" and some food.

Allan took me over a track which I had never done before, which starts immediately behind the church in Glyn, and rises 1,000ft. in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, bringing one out on the top of the ridge between the Dee and Ceiriog valleys. After this very hot climb (mostly on foot) on a very rough track, we rode for some miles on the same rough gravel, until the road surface improved, and we were crossing two roads, one of which comes up from Llangollen (Allt-y-bady), and the other, which descends to Glyn Ceiriog. Both have gradients in places of 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$. We did not take either of them, but continued along the ridge to the wireless towers overlooking a magnificent view to the north across Cheshire to Wirral, to the east across Cheshire to the Derbyshire hills, and to the south across Shropshire to the Wrekin and the Long Mynd.

At this point we lost a lot of height in a short time, and crossed Offa's Dike behind Chirk Castle. A gruelling ride along a traffic infested road to Ruabon followed, but by 6.0 p.m. we were on the train and heading back towards Chester. At Chester we parted at Vicars Cross Island, Allan to ride home via Delamere, and myself along less picturesque but certainly welcome roads to home, bath, food and bed.

Postscript: Solo night-riding I would not recommend to those of a nervous disposition.

E.A.R.

CLOTTON - THE BULL - 11th August 1973

Back in the driving seat after spare part hip surgery, John France, accompanied by the writer, piloted us swiftly and smoothly to The Bull. We filled in the minutes to opening time by walking along the road comparing the old and new styles of building and probable cost in these days of inflated property charges.

In the pub lounge we were joined by Ben Griffiths, and followed at varying intervals by Dave Birchall, Keith Orum, John Moss, Bill Grey and Eileen with her brother, Stan Bradley on the trike (another testimony to the marvel of the hip-bone replacement technique) Rex Austin and Frank Fischer, and lastly Stan Wild, all by bicycle.

After tucking away tasty snacks, meeting the individual fancy, conversation never flagged, and near me the leg-pulling over John Moss's hope of 58-minutes in a 25-mile event next morning provided a lot of opportunity for banter. As Benno is due to start three minutes after John, the necessary spur to go is certainly there.

We returned by way of Egg Bridge and Mollington, and here we called to see an old friend of John France, and after an hour's chat in the garden it was home after a pleasant day in every aspect, particularly John's return to driving without any undue strain resulting.

The next step is a return to the bicycle in the not too distant future.

F.P.

EDITORIAL

It happens from time to time - and much too often really - that we miscalculate the number of words, or the amount of stuff, we have for a particular issue. This month we worked it out that we had too much, and Alan Rogerson's piece had to be gently trimmed to fit. When the typing was all but complete, we were informed that we had submitted 400-words short! So it is apologies to Alan. One other point: from time to time we have been chivvied for OUR post code. When we arrived in this delightful neck of the woods one had yet to be allocated, but now we are informed it is CH7 6YR.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L. J. HILL

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

Captain: J.W.MOSS

Hon.Secretary: G.A.ROBINSON, 7 Oldfield Drive, Vicars
Cross, Chester, CH3 5LN.

Vol.LXVIII

SEPTEMBER 1973

No.767

FIXTURES

October 1973

- 13 REDBROOK MAELOR (Redbrook Hotel) Lunch and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms) Lunch
20 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch
27 AUTUMN TINTS

November

- 3 CLOTTON (Bulls Head) Lunch
10 BANGOR ON DEE (The Royal Oak) Lunch
17 HATCHMERE (The Forest Cafe) Lunch
24 FARNDON (The Nags Head) Lunch

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, 10th NOVEMBER 1973

COMMITTEE NOTES

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Village Hall, Ashton, immediately after lunch at the Golden Lion on Saturday, 20th October.

Application for Membership:

Albert Edward Dixon, 1 The Birches, Birches Close, Heswall.
Proposed by L.J.Hill, seconded by D.L.Birchall.

Change of Address: J.Moss, 13 Hope Farm Road, Great Sutton,
Wirral Cheshire.

Last month we recorded Bill Page's address as Hadfield Road, Hoylake. It should have been Hadfield Avenue. We express our regret for the lapse.

WEDDING BELLS

We learn, to our intense delight, that our Captain, John Moss, and rough-stuff enthusiast extraordinary, is to be married, in late October, to Wendy Allen. We express our sincerest wishes for a wonderful and bright future to the happy pair.

OUR PRESIDENT

Len has just returned home from a seven week spell "in dock" for a check-up and treatment. He has improved wonderfully, and he now expresses his sincere thanks to all who made such frequent visits, and wrote such pleasant letters.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

A copy of the agenda for the Annual General Meeting is enclosed with this issue of the Circular, and, more particularly for those unable to attend, we have been asked to amplify some of the items for discussion.

Firstly, finance. Amid a welter of rising costs, mainly postages, we now find that it is virtually impossible to manage on our present income. We have made tremendous efforts to avoid the necessity of increasing subscriptions, and we could point out that the last increase (of a mere 5/-) was levied just after the war. The previous increase must have been in the 1920's. So few can grumble now. We have some very generous members who donate regularly and well, and we are very grateful to them for their continued kindness, but, tilting the scale the other way, more members have rendered things difficult by not paying promptly. The habit of paying

every two years or so is increasing, and must be depreciated.

Another recurring problem we have is the recruitment of new members, young members in particular. In the last 15 years or so Leslie Bennett has been instrumental in solving this problem for us by his dedicated and selfless devotion to the cause of getting his boys (he is a schoolmaster) interested in cycling, and the Anfield in particular. He is largely responsible (with some assistance from John France) for the excellent force of young and enthusiastic members we have today. We consider this to be an eminent service, which justifies Leslie's election to Life Membership.

One last item: many years ago, certainly well over forty, and even perhaps fifty, several enthusiastic members had the mortification of being asked to resign because of their attitude to Sunday racing. They did so, never to return, except one. This particular member joined in 1914, and rejoined in 1945, when all, and a war, had blown over. But for the unfortunate difference of opinion this friend would next year be celebrating his sixtieth year of membership. But because he hasn't been in the Club for 50 years, he is still an ordinary, but well-loved member. We are of the opinion, and we ask all members to concur, that loyalty extending for almost sixty years can only be regarded as "eminent service" and accordingly we are taking this opportunity of proposing the election of Percy Williamson to Life Membership.

RACING RESULTS

<u>2.8.72 Club "10" D.18</u>	<u>26.8.73 NORWOOD PARAGON"25" G231</u>
W.J.Barnes 26.01	M.J.Twigg 1.4.57
<u>5.8.73 Club "25" D.21</u>	<u>27.8.73 NOVA "25" J32R</u>
W.J.Barnes 1.3.31	W.J.Barnes 1.4.48
<u>11.8.73 EAST LANCS"25" J32R</u>	<u>1.9.73 NORTH HANTS "25" H1R</u>
G.A.Robinson 1.3.45	M.J.Twigg 1.2.55
<u>12.8.73 LICHFIELD "25" K16</u>	<u>2.9.73 SPARTAN "25" T254</u>
W.J.Barnes 1.2.03 2nd hand.	W.J.Barnes 1.3.06
<u>18.8.73 LYME R.C. "10" J54</u>	<u>9.9.73 CHESTER "50" D.10</u>
G.A.Robinson 23.35	W.J.Barnes 2.12.26
W.J.Barnes 24.13	<u>V.T.T.A.NORTH LANCS."25"</u>
<u>25.8.73 ABBOTSFIELD PARK "10" J.26</u>	M.J.Twigg 1.3.57 First
G.A.Robinson 24.44	
<u>FARNBORO & CAMBERLEY "25" H1R</u>	
M.J.Twigg 1.1.48	

Mike Twigg, besides competing regularly throughout the season,

has done an excellent job in collating all the results for inclusion in the Circular. He also, this month, sends two notes, one serious, one social:

Serious - The R.T.T.C. are handing out 6-months suspensions to riders who ram cars with their heads lowered. So, keep yours up, so that you can see what you are hitting!

Social - The West Cheshire Time Trials Association are holding a Luncheon at the Oaklands Hotel, Hoole Road, Chester on Sunday 18th November. The Bar opens at 12 noon, and closes at 4.0 p.m. Lunch will be served at 1.0 p.m. Tickets, priced at £1.40 will be shortly available from me. Those of you who have ridden in the time trials know what efforts the Association have made on your behalf, so please try and make an appearance, because a loss at this event could put the Association in a serious financial position. There has been talk of holding a Pint to Pint with Keith Boardman on scratch, and Alan Masterson owing two pints. So it looks like being a good time.

MIKE TWIGG

AN AUGUST TWO DAY TOUR

The weather on the Tuesday morning following Bank Holiday may very well have been that correctly prescribed by the B.B.C. Weather Man - Mainly warm and dry, with occasional sunny intervals, wind light to moderate.

Determined not to use the main roads, Mike Holland, Bill Barnes and I proceeded to bridge the Dee at Saltney, and through Kinnerton and Hope make Brymbo and World's End. Unfortunately, at this point Bill Barnes managed to break a spoke in his 40-spoke rear wheel. Nothing serious, so we continued on the crossing, enjoying the plateau view, with the sun shining on a splendid moorland, carpeted in pale mauve heather as far as the eye could see. On the descent, for the second time in his career, Bill Barnes managed to plunge, bicycle and all, into the ford, while we were wreathed in hysterical laughter at the spectacle.

In Llangollen the wheel was respoked over a fish and chip lunch on the Dee Bridge before we tackled the steep Barbers Hill climb to Glyn Ceiriog. Refreshments at Llanarmon D.C. and a half-hour's break while the two racing men replaced "duff" equipment (not used in descending 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ tracks) and then on to Llanrhaidryn-Mochnant. A pleasant breeze down the Tanat valley, a beer, and a dinner at the Sun at Llansantffraid.

Good food is always one of the pleasantries at the Sun, and

Breakfast was no exception. The return route was discussed - Vyrnwy, Bwlch-y-Groes, Bala? - No, still mindful of the weather on the Easter tour, and with conditions already deteriorating, we settled for Llandrinio and a viewing of Molverley Church before continuing through the lanes to Pentre, Nesscliff, and Baschurch for refreshments.

The Navigator - who wishes to remain anonymous - directed a route through Weston Lullingfields, Myddle and Wem, for lunch. Unfortunately, through various distractions an error crept into the proceedings, resulting in the party passing through Bagley, Lower Hordley, Hordley and Tetchill to lunch at Ellesmere.

The rain was heavy and continuous, but riding was pleasant until the farmers of Penley and Halghton, having trimmed the hedgerows, had failed to sweep the cuttings from the road, so we were forced to carry the laden machines for several hundred yards. We continued through Holly Bush, Worthenbury and Farndon, towards Chester. We arrived at Two Mills to be met by the Wednesday afternoons, Messrs. Hawkins, Perkins, del Banco and Reeves.

K.O.

A WEEK-DAY AWAY

As the weather had been fine for a number of days, I decided to take a day off work and go for a steady(!) ride in Wales. The idea was put to Bill Barnes and Mike Holland, rather foolish this, as they are now off school and ride their bicycles almost full time: they agreed, and we set off from Heswall at ten o'clock down the Chester road.

The Eureka was already open, and the maps were spread on the table, Corwen being our objective for dinner. Then the Clocaenog Forest, or I hoped the "Wayfarer" if the lads could be talked round to the idea. The route to Corwen was very unusual, to say the least. After braving the main road to Mold we turned left into what Bill described as a "minor, minor" road, then we just kept heading uphill until, after going round in a circle, the lane finally deposited us in Llanarmon. From here it was plain sailing to Bryneglwys and Corwen.

The maps were again spread on the table, and after much discussion we headed for the "Wayferer" through Cynwyd, then swinging left on to the Berwyn range. The weather now was varying from windy to sunny, but with a south wind to blow us home we were not worried about the time, although the pundits at Two Mills thought that to start to cross this pass at 2.45 p.m. is a little late.

The lower slopes were ridden until my older legs got the better of me, and we walked, pausing every now and again to look back down into the valley, now flooded in parts after the rain earlier this month. We reached the first level part of the crossing, and mounted for what we thought to be an easy ride over the grass. Then I realized that all was not well: a grind, a crunch and a sudden halt as my rear wheel locked followed by a crash as Bill rode into the rear end of my machine.

On inspection we saw that my gears had jumped into the rear wheel, removing five spokes in the process. Mike said that as it was a 40-spoked wheel the loss of five would make no difference. Oh! if this were only true! The gears removed, and a fixed cog substituted with the wheel doing erratic movements between the stays, we settled down for a long walk until we reached the summit.

We were not the first Anfielders over this year. For there in the book were the names of Alan Rogerson and Ben Griffiths on bicycles, and two others, Keith Crum and Geoff Sharp, by Land Rover. Surely not the way to cross the "Wayfarer" for two young men? Descending to Llanarmon D.C. we had the wind on our backs all the way to Chester, reached at 7.30 p.m. despite two punctures and my back wheel threatening to collapse at any moment.

P.S. This form of advanced training has been proved, as both Bill and myself beat our personal best 25-time the following week-end, and Mike finished 7th in a road race. Next Training Run - 27th October - Autumn Tints Tour.

JOHN MOSS

ALLOSTOCK - 18th August 1973

It may not have been Confucius, but somebody once said: Give me sunshine and I will show you a happy man. Or words to that effect. I was that man as I pedalled serenely towards the Club-run beneath a sun of such intensity that the Cheshire Plain was a glorious golden bowl. Just beyond the Bells of Peover I espied a figure comfortably reclining by the roadside. This proved to be our ex-President, Rex Austin, renowned for his precise recording of the Kew "A" minute. I joined him for a few minutes before we rode along together to the Drovers' Arms.

Here we joined Bob Poole (with his wife), Stan Bradley, per trike, Jim Cranshaw and Hubert Buckley. During quite a long session we naturally put the world in order (conversationally, it's easy) and discussed the attractions (both physically and otherwise) of Beryl and Eileen. Not surprisingly the name of Carlene cropped up after his recent splendid performance in the Mersey Roads "24". But

the "raconteur of the day" award surely went to Hubert with his amazing story of the way he quenched his thirst in a heat wave. With such enterprise he should be in space!

After reaching home and hearing reports of 86 degrees in Manchester, the news of rain stopping cricket in Eastbourne (the sun trap of the south) gave me almost as much pleasure as the day's run.

S.W.

SHOCKLACH - 25th August 1973

It is many years since I first visited Erbistock, a delightful spot by the River Dee. With a few extra miles this run gave me the opportunity to see whether time and progress have impaired its beauty. It is as lovely a piece of river scenery as ever, but the ferry has gone, and most of the ground along the river is sacredly private to the Boat Inn, a super-residential hotel, which doesn't encourage casual callers. Ah, well!

The first arrivals at the Bull were John Leece, John France and Frank Perkins, then came Stan Wild, Bill Gray (the bold bad baron of Bangor) with his brother Frank, who is respectable by comparison. The racing lads were next to arrive, visibly perspiring and pretending to be quite fresh - these were Bill Barnes, Karl Nelson, John Moss, Mike Holland, and Dave Eaton. Some minutes later came my handsome young friend, Keith Orum, also perspiring and bearing a non-chalant air, indicating that he certainly hadn't been dropped! Not too convincing, however. Frank Fischer, Ben Griffiths, Syd del Banco and Peggy completed the party.

A most pleasant run until V.P. Frank Perkins, usurping privilege of the sub-captain, approached me with such low cunning that before a belligerent negative could be uttered, I found myself meekly and uncharacteristically agreeing to write the story of this run. S.W.

SARN MILL, NANNERCH - 8th September 1973

What a battle it is to persuade people to have adventures, be spontaneous, and discover original routes to club runs. Amazing places await exploration between Two Mills and Nannerch, where this club run had been convened. On this September Saturday arch-adventurers Keith Orum and John Thompson greeted the scribe at the Eureka, before the rising sun had dispersed the early morning mist, and had everything planned by the time the others had arrived (which was late).

John Moss, riding a "50" next morning was excused for intending to follow a direct route, and Bill Barnes for providing company for John. Even so, when the adventurers left, they were able to count among their number Mike Holland, Neil France and Dave Eaton. Neil got separated from us by the weekend traffic jam on the Queensferry road, after a caravan and a glinting car sandwiched him - but he escaped unscathed and found his way alone to Nannerch.

John Thompson rides an unreliable bike, and suffered a blow-out because he thinks tyres do not need renewing until large amounts of innertube show through the cover. During repairs we sat on the edge of Mold, and Frank Marriott pedalled up on his huge bicycle, bringing with him a chatty twenty minutes. But a truly adventurous ride had been hopelessly jeopardised by leaving the Eureka late, by the traffic jam at Queensferry, and now by the puncture. Time was not hanging about, and John appeared likely to remain in a pickle indefinitely with innertubes and glue, and becoming generally mucky. So the remnants of the travellers salvaged what they could of the morning, and set off for the mountains to find a more aesthetic place to wait for John.

The morning was a fair and warm as could be dreamed: with the crunch of tyres on gravel, with the roads to Bwlch Pen Barras sweeping beneath our wheels, and with the touch of gentle air whispering past faces, such a day makes up for all those windy rainy days.

But, alas, there were no green tracks for us - just roadwork - before lunch. We descended into the deep Vale of Clwyd and rode to the north through leafy lanes. Then we climbed back over the Clwydians via Moel Arthur for shandies at the Cross Foxes in Nannerch, and sausage, egg and chips at Sarn Mill. Many Anfielders already basked on the lawn by the stream because they had arrived promptly, at the correct time. Among them were John Leece, Frank Perkins and John France, whom I have not mentioned so far.

Of the afternoon's ride, the description should be of how we journeyed westwards for two miles in the direction of Bodfari, how we explored the green contour road high on the edge of the Vale of Clwyd, and how we made our way to Llanarmon-yn-Ial, before a cool and fast descent through evening air back to Wirral. But some unimaginative clot turned in the wrong direction outside Sarn Mill, and headed towards Mold along the main road before the adventurers could do anything about it. In the circumstances the best the travellers could do was to lead the bunch 'left' at the Rising Sun, and so our return to Wirral started with impromptu grassy but surfaced tracks to Ysceifiog, and Halkyn, which was less than fair exchange for the Clwydians. In the end it was Ben Griffiths, of all people, who was the culprit - shattering the clubrun for the second Saturday in succession - by putting his head down, glueing it to the tarmac, and leading the cadets off the front along UNINTERESTING MAIN ROADS. WHY? With incredible traffic volumes to the coast you must be crazy to bash along main roads from choice. Not only are they full of peril - they are objectionally smelly, with petrol fumes, and noisy as well, and negate all that cycling is about. The result was that the main roads contingent reached the Eureka sooner than the adventurers, who had been left to their leafy lanes with Karl Nelson and Peter Colligan.

But both parties regrouped, and the day's travelling ended in the garden of the Eureka where copious volumes of orange juice were sipped in the welcome company of Dave Bettaney, John Whelan (and Jane) and, later, Alan Rogerson.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: L.J. HILL

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

Captain: J.W.MOSS

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NOVEMBER 1973

No.768

FIXTURES

December 1973

- 1 ASHTON (Golden Lion) Lunch.
- 8 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch.
- 10 COMMITTEE MEETING - Oak Cottage.
- 15 KELSALL (Windy Ridge) Lunch.
- 22 NANNERCH VILLAGE (The Cross Foxes) Lunch, and
LANGLEY (The Leather Smithy) Lunch.
- 26 CLOTTON (The Bull's Head) Lunch
- 29 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) Lunch.

January 1974

- 5 BANGOR ON DEE (The Royal Oak) Lunch, and
ALLOSTOCK (The Drover's Arms) Lunch.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £2.00. Under 21: 75p. Cadet Members: 25p.
Honorary: A minimum of £1.00. These and donations
should be sent to the Hon.Treasurer, D.BETTANEY, HONEY-
STONE COTTAGE, ROCKCLIFFE LANE, ROCKCLIFFE, FLINT,
DEESIDE, CH6 5TH.

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 15th DECEMBER 1973

ADVANCE NOTICE

On 1st February 1974 the Club shall be running a Disco at the Old Wirralians Rugby Club, Thornton Common Road, Bebington (near Clatterbridge Hospital) starting at 7.30 and ending at midnight, with a late bar until 11.30 p.m. The price of the tickets will be in the region of 50p and available from Bill Barnes as soon as possible.

NEW MEMBER

We extend a warm welcome to our old friend Albert Dixon.

SUNDAY MORNING

Training runs will recommence on December 30, leaving the Eureka Cafe at Two Mills at 9.30 a.m. prompt.

A VERY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY

Our own John Leece celebrated his ninetieth birthday in September, and, of course, we wish him well and many more. John is a frequent attender at club runs, and a very popular figure.

Not surprisingly, when you come to know him, John's one regret is that he cannot have a bicycle. His family won't allow it! And, perhaps, no wonder, for some ten years ago, on one of his regular five mile trips to Prenton Golf Club, he was knocked from his machine by a motor car and was extremely fortunate not to lose a leg.

John Leece now is so fit that he, and we, are eagerly looking forward to his century.

NEW ARRIVALS

News drifts in to the effect that our Treasurer, Dave Bettaney, and his wife now have a baby daughter, and Joe Dodd and his good lady a son, Christopher. Our best wishes to all.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

J.Dodd, 28 Meadow Lane, Fearnhead, Warrington.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 20th OCTOBER 1973

In Wirral, the morning appointed for the A.G.M. dawned pale. A silver horizon hung brightly over Wales. By midday soft rain was falling on Cheshire. But a goodly number of Anfielders, many on bicycles, were scurrying undaunted from diverse corners of Anfield-land to Ashton. In the shadows of the Golden Lion a merry crowd was assembling.

For the serious business and speeches, Ashton Village Hall had been booked, and there the meeting reconvened as rain danced with hail on the roof in steadily growing ferocity. Apologies and 1972's A.G.M. were reported efficiently by Gerry Robinson, in his role as Hon.Sec. There were no surprises when, reflecting upon the year passed, Gerry showed clubruns supported with enthusiasm, and increasingly formidable racing strength. Filling in before the arrival of the Treasurer, Alan Rogerson gave us details about the year's racing, and many a meritorious ride was mentioned, not least Thompson's achievement (47 seconds away from the trike "25" competition record).

Not a second too soon in walked the Hon.Treasurer, and was gently cajoled into giving his report, which he did clearly and with commendable conciseness. He explained the overall black financial year (by "black" I mean "red", if you follow). Once and for all expenses were largely to blame: e.g. a big reserve supply of medals, address blocks, but increasing printing and postage costs and other expenses all conspired against balancing the books.

Reports were all accepted and seconded with grateful thanks to those responsible for the hard work. No time was then lost in re-electing L.J.Hill as President, and, had the Rules permitted, all would have proposed and as many seconded him. Frank Perkins and Hubert Buckley are Vice Presidents once again. The Hon.Secretary's job was earmarked for Keith Orum, and he got not a chance for a word of protest.

Captain Moss rides again - in drier weather next year, I hope, and on reliable pressures (not tubs.) to set a good example as befits his office. Sub-captains are Mike Holland for Wirral, and Jim Cranshaw in charge of Wednesday Manchester lunch runs for retired and/or leisured members.

Our Hon.Treasurer remains Dave Bettaney, despite criticisms of his first year by some (building your own house, raising a family and collecting Anfield subs. are formidable tasks, and so he had the meeting's sympathy).

The youngsters strongly represent the racing scene, as follows:

Bill Barnes	-	Hon.Racing Secretary
John Whelan	-	"100" Secretary (because in his time he <u>has been</u> a great racing man and knows everyone)
John Moss	-	"10" Secretary
Len Hill	-	Marshal-in-Chief

Frank Marriott continues his life in the editorial chair (and is wished prompt and many run write-ups). Potential auditors were hard to find, but in the end John France and Syd. del Banco found themselves thus labelled. Committee Members are Gerry Robinson (with special responsibility for the Birthday Run and February Dance). Mike Twigg, and juniors Neil France, Karl Nelson, Des Ling and Dave Eaton.

With the officials organized, the meeting came back to the matter of finances. Not all that was spoken and debated need now be told. It appeared that the basic question was: do we need to increase subscriptions? The issues were clear and the resolution quickly resolved: 50p a year more for full and honorary members. Thus the inflationary bandwagon has overtaken the Anfield, after so many years! Though the new rates apply from the start of the current financial year, prompt payers benefit - only those like me not up to date before the meeting part with their extra pence. Many and various were the ideas aired under the same item for raising cash, but this part of the discussion caused much procedural deliberation, and little real progress, though bright ideas there were in plenty!

At last we had come to the happy matter of electing life members. Les Bennett, for his contribution to the success of the Anfield, a contribution greater than he realizes, and Percy Williamson for his lengthy devotion to the Club. The secret which was guessed by no-one was the third candidate. With appropriate quotes from enabling Rules, life membership was proposed for Len Hill, and duly he was elected with the acclaim of the meeting. Of the President's contribution what praise could be said more?

Outside the Village Hall, the skies had lifted, and the autumn trees seemed more deeply coloured. The cyclists pedalled off again, on roads washed with rain, to the farthest corners of Cheshire, while the motorists (and they were few) looked on with envy. Those present, cycling or motoring, were: Messrs. Barker, L. Bennett, Bettaney, D.D. and D.L. Birchall, Bradley, Buckley, Colligan, Cranshaw, del Banco, Eaton, J. and N. France, Harrison, Hawkins, Hill, Holland, W.R. Jones, Ling, Mason, Moss, Nelson, Orum, Perkins, Rogerson, Twigg, Wild and Williamson.

D.D.B.

ONE WAY OF GETTING TO COVENTRY - ON TIME!

"Ye canna beat British Rail!" Opinion differs, so the Irish Four and one Cornishman from Dalkey, his surname bereft of ethnic

tag: Pol, Tre or Pen, chose to travel via B.& I. After crossing the Irish Sea which rolled and heaved on the stormy night of 20th October (m.v. MUNSTER only did the heaving) the party assembled in the station buffet at Lime Street (B.R.)

When John Williams gave us a cheery "Good morning boys" we moved to secure adequate and compact seating accommodation in the train standing at Platform 9. An eye-catching costume, enhanced attractive femininity but effectively disguised the famous record holder 24-hours expert and Birkenhead to Ludlow and back: Ruth had arrived with dapper husband Bob as escort.

Father, son and wife exchanged filial farewells, the charming time-trialling housewife then graced our company, all bound for Coventry and a reunion of the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers. Ruth came as a guest visitor: it will, alas, be years and years and years before she qualifies for membership of the motley gang.

With an unprecedented (?) Late Start of six minutes, B.R. gears meshed for the Runcorn crawl followed by a wee daunder from "Sandbach on to Crewe" (to take a slice of F.J.Cheminais' famous song) happily offset by slow-motion unrolling of the familiar Cheshire pastoral scene. We ambled into Staffordshire. A ticket checker intoned: "Change at Wolverhampton!" And so it came to pass that the wanderers suffered a nasty shock. The connection out of Wolverhampton was scheduled in time for Auld Lang Syne. But there was no panic!

Shrugging aside well intentioned platform staff and their vague suggestions of improbable road transport and costly taxi rides John, supported by one old steam-man and a young diesel expert, put the problem before the alert Chief Inspector. That worthy had but two ears, one pair of hands and a bank of three telephones.

After John's succinct explanation one receiver was hunched to the right ear, a pencil and pad were grabbed, North Cabin signalman was told to hold the Euston express and await Stop Orders, meantime a second Order was ready. Receiver No.2 lifted to left ear - Coventry came in, accepted explanation. At the right ear Birmingham granted permission for two unscheduled stops as Coventry listened in.

Then North Cabin was given "All Clear" and we were told to

"run like hell" across to the other platform. With hasty but sincere thanks we regrouped and all bolted with alacrity, each according to ability and agility negotiated sixty treads of stairways, one up, one down, and almost one hundred yards on the flat.

An apologetic wave to a non-plussed train guard, we were aboard, and the "non-stop express" was under way. Passengers were mildly surprised by the determined enrush of The Seven, but one of them enquired about the stoppage. He met the explanation with a grim smile and said: "What matter, I'm already half-an-hour late for a London appointment!"

After a period of silence John, in poker-faced monotone, uttered one North British Anfielder's famous boast: "Ye canna beat British Rail!"

On arrival at The Golden Cross we found most of the assembled party still on their feet, and consuming aperitifs at the bar. An excellent meal followed in company which was lively and enjoyable.

At 17.12 hours we were again in the hands of British Rail. Wry smiles were exchanged as, on entry, the ticket checker told each to change at ----- . Renewed and more leisurely thanks were accorded to the Chief Inspector for prompt, kindly efficiency displayed some hours previously. Thanks and good wishes were later confirmed in writing from Liverpool and Dublin.

Unhappily no other Anfielder was sent down.

BILL FINN

HILLS AND FORDS IN WALES

This particular Wednesday in the school October holidays turned out bright and sunny - a freak repeat of the weather experienced on this day in 1972. I called for Neil France, and we made our way to Two Mills: Bill Barnes joined us en route, and we arrived at approximately 10 o'clock, to find Mike Holland and Karl Nelson already there.

Bill Barnes proclaimed his faith in my map reading by saying that he had brought his own map in case we got lost - as if we could!

We left Two Mills at a quarter to eleven, and made for Hawarden village, where we turned right on to the Wrexham road. After about

half-a-mile we turned left into a lane which runs parallel to the main road as far as Hope. At Hope we rejoined the main road for a mile as far as Bridge End. Here we turned right after the railway bridge and up round Caergwrle Castle.

From the top of this hill there are some magnificent views across the Cheshire Plain. We continued along the lane and turned left at Cymau Post Office into a minor, minor road, which brought us rather breathtakingly to a ford, which Bill refused to believe was a ford, because it was too deep, and wide. After much deliberation as to who was going first, it was decided that the navigator had to. I retraced up the lane for about ten yards to get a good run at it, selected bottom gear, and tried. But, alas; half-way through one boulder proved too large, and I emerged on the other side with a pair of wet feet.

After seeing my attempt Mike decided to try. He removed one sock and shoe, and got as far as the middle, and then he too received a rather damp foot. The other three-fifths of the group showed the roadman's attitude to fords, and crossed by means of a bridge close at hand.

After this touch of light entertainment we took the "B" road down the side of Brymbo steel works to Coedpoeth. From here we were supposed to tackle another ford at Rhosberse, but somehow we missed it. Perhaps the navigator had had enough of fords for one morning. It was now one o'clock, and we stopped for tea and coffee at a cafe in Minera. Mike declared it an "official butty stop", which answered Neil's question about when we were going to have lunch.

Following lunch we followed the lane to meet the Llanarmon-Minera road at Tan-y-bwlch. We took this "B" road as far as Graianrhyd. Here we turned our wheels towards the village of Eryrys and the highlight of the day. We went straight through the village on a road which deteriorates into little more than a muddy, greasy and very wet track. This lane is a "must" for all rough-stuff enthusiasts.

At Bryn Alyn we put right what went wrong along the lane. Karl seemed to have started a leaf collection under his rear mud-guard, and Neil's belated appearance was explained by an unshipped chain. From Bryn Alyn we turned right and then left at a hamlet called Pot Hole to tackle another ford. Bill and Karl were

certainly showing they have a streak of John Atkins in them. Unfortunately, hearts failed again at the sight of the ford, and a cattle bridge was used to cross the River Alyn.

On the opposite bank Bill showed some advance cyclo-cross techniques with bike on shoulder, and feet in four inches of mud. We lifted the bikes over a gate which carried the statement: TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED, and turned right to Llanferres.

We passed through Llanferres, and turned right into a lane for Maeshafn. Mike desperately tried to persuade Karl into riding - or was it swimming? - yet another ford, and even promised to lend him his towel if he got wet, which wasn't very likely as the ford was only two feet deep, and flowing rapidly! Whilst Mike was trying to persuade Karl, a hen seemed to take a liking to the "butty" in Mike's hand. It flew up and nearly pecked his hand off. It got the sandwich anyway.

Neil then decided enough time had been wasted looking at fords, and so we headed for Maeshafn, where we turned left for Rhydymwyn, with a brief stop at the Hand Inn, Waen. Our final objective for the day was the ford at Northop. We laboured up the Hills to Rhosesmor, and then enjoyed a terrific descent on roads wet with surface water out of the hills, to Northop. Everybody negotiated the ford at Northop without mishap.

The rest of the tale is of a rapid descent to Connah's Quay, and then familiar roads to Two Mills, where Don Birchall, Len Hill, Jack Hawkins and Ben Griffiths greeted us.

DAVE EATON

(Dave Eaton is one of our younger members, and we are extremely pleased to know that he reached for his pen to record the adventures and pleasures of a delightful day. We hope to see more of his writings soon - Editor).

STAN SPELLING MEMORIAL '25' - 15th September 1973

When Stan Spelling lost his life in the Mersey Roads 24 of 1972 the Tricycle Association thought it appropriate that the memory of so dedicated a member should be perpetuated by the establishment of a memorial trophy to be competed for annually in a Championship '25'. The inaugural event was run on K16, a Trent Valley course between Lichfield and Derby on Saturday the 15th of

September. It attracted an entry which can only be described as a fantastic yet fitting tribute to Stan's personal popularity and the esteem in which he was held by his brother tricyclists. A full card of 120 riders and 15 entrants for whom a place could not be found within the rules is, to say the least, unusual for a tricycle event.

After a minute of silence in memory of Stan the first man (Ed Green, the President) was despatched at 1.46 p.m., by which time the lanes around the village of Fradley were teeming with tricycles. As the K16 has gained something of a reputation as a particularly fast course, hopes had been entertained that the hour might be broken on this auspicious occasion but a strong wind from the East dashed all hopes of record-breaking times.

Riding in my first time trial for more than 25 years I found the miles out to the turn, almost directly into the eye of the wind, very hard indeed. The return was a real flyer but it is impossible to make up with the wind what one lost against it and Eric Tremaine, the winner, did very well to return a 1.3 ride within four minutes of his previous best on this course. However, hard though it was, it was a most enjoyable occasion culminating in a pleasant little ceremony at which Alec Glass, the founder of the Tricycle Association, presented a very handsome new trophy to the worthy winner.

P.S. There were three Anfield entrants, Alan Rogerson, John Thompson and myself. Alan sent an apology and did not start. I don't know what happened to John Thompson.

HAROLD CATLING

FARNDON - 22nd September 1973

From my new abode Farndon cannot be very far, perhaps some twelve miles, but in my present state of fitness, far enough. Although rain came sweeping intermittently and gently across the Clwydians, it seemed to be a good day for one of my rare club runs by bicycle. Also, I had an old road book for David Birchall, but when I telephoned to confirm his presence at the run, it seemed that the weather was much worse in my old town of Birkenhead. Dave hadn't intended to make Farndon "in this lot", but in the end he capitulated, and came out.

From a height of just under 500ft. I have to get into the Alyn Valley, and achieved this down a narrow lane with a nice drop into Llong. On the Wrexham road a new lot of showers came spreading over the hills, but as the rain was not heavy my cape remained dry, but soon I became very wet indeed.

Near Caergwrlle a turn for Hope, and then short of the Llay road another turn for quiet miles to Rossett. (Quiet miles are a treasure these days). Here the rain became heavier. I caped up, and the watering ceased. A dry arrival at the Nag's Head. A gent in a very natty suit proved to be no other than our very good friend Pat O'Leary, and then I noticed President Len, Secretary Gerry, Keith Orum, John Moss and, later, Dave Birchall. (Can I put in a word to apologize for anyone missed. Due to forgetfulness, this is being written six weeks after the run!)

Back to Rossett by the same road, and then easy - and quiet - miles to Higher Kinnerton before the slog up to Pen-y-mynydd and Buckley. There is one real snag about returning to this new home: the hills.

F.E.N.

SHOCKLACH - 6th October 1973

The weather was warm and sunny, so donning shorts and anointing my legs with a goodly mixture of olive oil and cocoa to consolidate the recent summer sun tan, I pushed off into a light breeze down the A.49. Not having been on a run of late, due mainly to holidays and "one thing and another" I was hoping that this run would be a good "un".

Turning off A.49 prior to Cotebrook, I delved into the maze of lanes, and through Utkinton, Clotton and Huxley came to Tattenhall (not to be confused with Tatton Hall, near Knutsford, which a car party had obviously had done when they enquired of their whereabouts).

Climbing out of the village a bunch of hard-riding pedal pounders passed me by, but one of them, being a gentleman, stayed behind and escorted me the remainder of the way to the Bull. So Alan Rogerson and I had pleasant chatter as we sped along, climbing around by lofty Carden Bluff, with long distance views of the border country, and so down to the quiet village of Tilston, where I was pleased to show my companion the famous ford just on the

village outskirts, and he showed me a house which he "nearly bought" recently.

Arriving at the Bull I was astounded at the number of bicycles adorning the various walls and surrounds of this very popular eating and drinking establishment. Alan entered the inn just before me and just then his good lady arrived by car with the children, so I escorted them into the lounge, much to the surprise of some of the occupants, who immediately thought I was bringing my wife and children!

The turnout was fantastic - coming up to thirty. Food and drink were good, and the staff coped excellently with difficulty due to the landlord being called away for the day.

The return journey saw me riding along with Alan, who had agreed to explore a "track" I had not done previously. So we turned off to a sign for "Castletown" at one mile along the road to Farndon. The Inch map shows a bridleroad over two miles long, but after about 300-yards of tarmac, this became grass, weeds, bracken, twigs, barbed-wire, mud, blackberry bushes, cow-flop etc. Anyway, being good "rough-stuffers" we pushed on regardless on what obviously was a little-used track and after about one hour's hard labour we emerged into civilisation at Wetreins Green. As the thunder clouds were gathering we took the shortest way home by way of Churton, Aldford, Egg Bridge and Tarvin, most of this being accomplished with capes on as heavy rain was now the order. At Tarvin we parted company for our respective abodes, which were reached safely but with the necessity of drying off extremely wet and muddy shoes and socks. Not a bad day though.

A.L.L.

DROVERS ARMS, ALLOSTOCK - 13th October 1973

Bob Poole writes to say that, in addition to he and his wife, Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Stan Wild attended this lunch run. In the afternoon they went to see a ten mile event for juniors, seniors and ladies that started at Cranage, headed north for Toft and then back to Cranage.

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REDBROOK MAELOR - 13th October 1973

After morning coffee at Twigg Towers, we sallied forth with Mike and Pete Richmond in the lead while Peter Colligan and I took up the rear. Dynamos, saddlebags, high-pressures and single gears are now the order of the day, so the bikes felt a trifle sluggish, but Mike was soon demonstrating the art of ankling, pausing to freewheel only once or twice before he got the hang of 66" fixed again.

Chester's traffic being what it is, we headed straight for the lanes through Saughton and Aldford towards Shocklach. Near Oldcastle, Pete directed us down a lane signposted Dymocks Mill. After a steep descent to Wychbrook, crossed by a wooden bridge, the road deteriorated into a track climbing steeply up the valley side where Pete and I took to our feet. We were soon shamed into remounting when Mike charged past claiming his feet were strapped in too tightly for him to dismount. Passing a farmhouse the track degenerated into a quagmire worthy of John Moss's attention.

Regaining the road, we headed for Bettisfield and thence to Redbrook, where we found Messrs. Hill, Perkins and Leece together with their chauffeur, John France, already in possession. Neil France and Karl Nelson rolled in a few minutes later having dropped Phil Mason and Dave Birchall in a burn-up over the final miles.

After satisfying thirst and hunger the group settled down to conversation interrupted by the arrivals of Frank Fischer, Alan Rogerson and Bill Gray accompanied by his wife and brother.

We left in the direction of Malpas assisted by a strong tailwind, and made good time through Harthill and Tattenhall to Chester. The afternoon was rounded off with tea and cakes at Mike's house, after which we wended our separate ways home.

GERRY ROBINSON