

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 5 Eddisbury Road, West Kirby,
Wirral, Merseyside

MARCH/APRIL 1977

No.791

LUNCH FIXTURES

March 1977

- 5 FARNDON (Nag's Head). Birthday Run (see note
inside)
- 12 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
- 19 HATCHMERE (Tudor Cafe)
- 26 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and LANGLEY (Leather
Smithy)

April

- 2 KELSALL (Globe) and Oasis Cafe
- 9 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
- 16 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 23 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George &
Dragon)
- 30 ASHTON (Golden Lion)
Committee Meeting at 3.0 p.m. at 1 Pennine Walk,
Little Sutton, Wirral.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet
£1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon.
Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
Wirral, Cheshire. (Tel: (051) 339-5076)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 12th March 1977.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Chris Edwards, one of our young enthusiasts, has taken over the Hon. Secretary's tasks from Keith Orum. The gesture is very much appreciated.

New Member: Hugh Dauncey, of 53 Forest Road, Great Meols, Wirral, has been elected to membership. We hope he will find his association with us a happy one.

Michael Wiles lives at 25 Cable Road, Hoylake, not 23.

HANDBOOKS: The following handbooks will shortly be available from John Moss: R.T.T.C. at 60p. B.C.F. at 75p.

BIRTHDAY RUN

As foreshadowed last issue, what could be described as a "low key" Birthday Run has been arranged for March 5 at the Nag's Head, Farndon. This is a lunch-time fixture, and "low-key" because we haven't ordered anything special in the way of a meal, but the usual food, chicken and chips etc. will be available. We do not expect costs to exceed £1 per head. The main thing is that we should like to have as many members as possible come to Farndon on this day. An upstairs room should seat some 30-40. To have this number of members milling around would be grand and, we are sure, the ladies wouldn't mind remaining downstairs - just for this occasion. We would appreciate prior notice of your support if possible, if not, just come. This excellent idea emanated from Ben Griffiths, but as Ben does not have a telephone, he says that John Moss will only be too delighted to take any names!

NORTH ROAD CLUB 91st ANNUAL DINNER - 20th November 1976

The North Road once again provided a memorable evening on the occasion of their Annual Dinner, held this year at the Horseshoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. President Bill Frankum chaired proceedings, and many well-known personalities of the cycling game graced the fixture board of this famous club. Jack Rossiter, winner of our "100" in 1921, Will Townsend, R.R.A. Secretary (he sent his best wishes to Rex Austin). Horace Pryor, Anfield winner of the Tricycle Trophy in the North Road "24" of 1920, with 354½ miles. Rex Warner, C.T.C. Secretary, Jack Middleton, M.C. & C. (a competitor in our "100" on many occasions) formed just a cross section of the famous people here tonight. Jack Aston, with a party of Bath Roaders, gave me cheerful greeting. Cecil Paget wished to be remembered to Hubert Buckley. Arthur Smith sends regards to all.

The speeches, as ever, were of excellent quality, and to your representative fell the honour of responding to Tom Lynch's toast -

"Our Guests". The Prize Distribution, with many impressive cups and trophies, proved to be the climax of the evening, and it is always a wonderful sight to see the winner of the "24" (this year George Bettis) chaired to the President's table amidst tremendous applause. Another warming moment came with a presentation to Sid Mottram in recognition of his remarkable record of promoting twenty-six North Road "24's". Thank you, North Road, for your generous hospitality.

STAN WILD

LIVERPOOL CENTURY DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER - 27th November 1976

Nearly two hundred members and friends of the Liverpool Century Road Club gathered at the St. George's Hotel, Liverpool, to celebrate a great landmark in its history - the completion of sixty glorious years of continuous cycling.

President Oscar Dover, in magnificent voice, was in charge of proceedings. He generously singled out the Anfield for a special toast at an early stage in the festivities. It was nice to rub shoulders with such great men as Norman Shiel, ex-world champion, and Bill Nickson, 1976 Milk Race winner, and even nicer to hear them speak. Right well they performed, as did Eric Mustill and Paul Olson, who were also on the toast list. The success and strength of the Liverpool Century in its 60th year was most impressive. The Presidents of all the Merseyside clubs were honoured guests, and the writer felt highly privileged to wear the Anfield button on such a great and enjoyable occasion.

STAN WILD

CHEATING THE "BONK"

Last season "Prof." Hallgarth surprised himself by beating the Club "100" record by some eight minutes. Mike got the day on a fast course as he was coming to form, but that is not all: he used the "Saltin" diet. Later, despite indifferent form, I improved the trike record, thanks to the same preparation.

Before describing the diet, I shall explain the theory behind it. The body is an engine which "burns" fuel. Oxygen is supplied by breathing, and, in our sport, a fit competitor should usually have no difficulties. Only sprinters suffer an oxygen shortage. The fuel consists of fat, and glucose. The more violent the exercise, the greater the proportion of glucose used. Unfortunately, whilst the stores of fat are practically unlimited, the body only contains 1½% to 2% glycogen, a crystallin form of glucose, stored in the muscles. This puts strict limits on the possible length of time "all out" effort can be maintained. For marathon runners, fifteen to twenty miles is the critical distance. Using a normal

diet, glycogen was out at this point, the body burns "low-grade" fuel, poisons are produced as bi-products, and the legs become "baked". In our language they get the "bonk" or the "knock".

This theory and the running experience fits exactly with what we know about time-trialling. Speeds between 10 and 50 miles are similar, fit men can go all out, and food is not needed.

<u>Distance</u>	<u>Competition Record</u>	<u>Speed in m.p.h.</u>
10 miles	20.36	29.1
25	51.00	29.4
30	1.2.27	28.8
50	1.43.46	28.9
100	3.46.37	26.5

The "100" is, however, different. Everyone knows the choice, to start fast and hang on for the last thirty-odd miles, or to pace oneself. In the first case I assume glycogen was out at about 70 miles, in the second, by reducing the work rate, the proportion of fat burnt is increased, thus saving glycogen reserves. Either way the overall speed is reduced. The Saltin diet, which increases the reserves of glycogen, would seem to be particularly appropriate for the 100-mile time trial.

THE SALTIN DIET

The diet begins six days before the event. For the first three days hard training is combined with a low carbohydrate diet. Potatoes, sugar, bread etc. are avoided, whilst any amount of meat, cheese etc. can be eaten.

At the end of the three days, the glycogen levels will be reduced to virtually nothing. For the last three days the bike is left in the shed, and all stomach space is taken up with starchy food and sugar.

I was on holiday in London during the six days, and I trained over a set circuit of nearly 60 miles in Essex.

This is what happened:	<u>Day</u>	<u>Weight</u>	<u>Time for 60 miles</u>
	1	10.6	3 hours
	2	10.1	3.45
	3	9.13	4.50
	4	10.6	-
	5	10.9	-
	6	10.10	-

By the third day, I was giddy. By the sixth, I had spots with all those sweets! However, it paid off. On the homeward leg of the E.8, into a strengthening wind, I found extra resources of strength. If you ride a "100" this year, try the Saltin diet.

JOHN THOMPSON

(Note: We include the above piece exactly as received from John. - Ed.)

RACING NOTES

The Club B.A.R. was won again by John Whelan, with times of 57.31, 1.57.20 and 4.21.36. Fourteen members ride on ten-mile events: Bill Barnes, 23.07 (P.B.): Chris Edwards 23.23 (P.B.): Ian Griffith 23.46 (P.B.): Mike Hallgarth 24.17 (P.B.): Dave Eaton 24.23: Mike Holland 24.30: John Whelan 24.36: John Thompson 25.07 (Tri.P.B.): Dave Barker 25.22: John Moss, Tim and Mike Clark also rode in club events. Thirteen members rode in 25-mile events: Ben Griffiths 57.30 (P.B.): John Whelan 57.31: Bill Barnes 58.44 (P.B.): Mike Hallgarth 1.0.0 (P.B.): Chris Edwards 1.0.31 (P.B.): John Thompson 1.0.32 (Tri.P.B.): Ian Griffith 1.0.45 (P.B.): Gerry Robinson 1.0.58: Dave Eaton 1.3.50: Dave Barker 1.6.57: Mike Holland 1.7.42: John Moss 1.8.26: and Harold Catling (Tri.) 1.16.45. Eight riders inside 1.1.0 - quite good. Next season the aim is ten riders inside the hour. Five members finished 30-miles. John Whelan 1.12.48: John Thompson 1.15.23 (P.B.) - a new club record for a trike. Ben Griffiths 1.16.48: Dave Eaton 1.19.41 (P.B.): Chris Edwards 1.21.43 (P.B.). Ten riders at 50-miles. Fastest was John Whelan 1.57.20 (P.B.) - new club record. Ben Griffiths 1.58.42 (P.B.): Mike Hallgarth 2.4.49 (P.B.): Bill Barnes 2.8.15 (P.B.): John Thompson (bicycle) 2.8.59 (P.B.): Chris Edwards 2.10.06 (P.B.): Dave Bettaney 2.12.50: Ian Griffith 2.16.11 (P.B.): Dave Eaton 2.27.54 and Alan Rogerson 2.31.51 on a trike. At 100-miles we had five riders. Mike Hallgarth was fastest with 4.13.04 (P.B.) - a new club record. John Whelan 4.21.36 (P.B.) - club record for a few months. Ben Griffiths 4.29.29 (P.B.): Bill Barnes 4.33.27 (P.B.), and John Thompson 4.52.18 on a bicycle. We did not have any riders at 12- or 24-hours last season, but in 1977, who knows?

So much for last year's achievements. Can we emphasize that the training season is now well under way for 1977. All racing men should be getting on their bicycles, even if you don't like riding in the dark, and who does? If you cannot get out during the week, you should be out on the Club runs, or the Sunday training runs. Both, if possible. Those of you who must train in the dark would be well-advised to wear the ROSPA approved armbands on your ankles, as these get you noticed at a good distance. The movement tends to catch the motorists' eyes more readily.

BENNO

FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO - A MEMORABLE "ALL-NIGHT" RIDE

A pair of rimless glasses and a faulty electric light bulb were partially responsible for the developments in a solo all-night

tricycle ride which I had planned for a beautiful spell of weather during June 1925.

Leaving Wallasey, around 7 p.m., I was scheduled to arrive in Llangollen for a good meal to keep me going until breakfast time. My sole means of illumination was a Lucas "Bobby-dodger". I had no spare bulb and there was no moon! As you will have already surmised, I was somewhat inexperienced in deciding what was necessary to keep a pretty fit youngster well, and above all warm and happy, during the small and lonely hours.

Chester was soon disposed of, Wrexham dropped astern and I revelled in the deserted roads. On through Johnstown, keeping company with the roughly cobbled tram-track with its terrifying loops so dangerous at night for the cyclist travelling in the reverse direction. Few lights shone from the "Wynstay" at Rhuabon and I sped down the hill past the old village lock-up, and on through Acrefair and Trevor. The cafe at Llangollen, where I had previously booked a meal, was ready and waiting. 10.30 p.m. and not a soul about, I had the village all to myself and the first stage of the journey in the bag, so to speak! 11.30 saw me gently urging the trike up the gradual climb to Berwyn. It was very dark but the small beam from the lamp was quite adequate to light my way along the white dusty roads of that era, and I remember so well enjoying my almost effortless progress. Now solitude is very soothing and enjoyable whilst all is well with man and machine, but I had not reckoned with the attention of the father of all BATS which flew into my face knocking off my glasses and shattering them into fragments on the road. The blow was quite painful and I was fortunate to be on three wheels. I could see sufficiently well without them however and after recovering from the surprise and shock I pushed on, but misfortune had another trick up her sleeve. Just past the Toll Bar cottage, which, until fairly recently, still exhibited the board detailing the various tolls, my bulb failed and I felt like a ship without a rudder.

From my recollection, this part of the A5 was in reasonable condition and not particularly banked, so that I experienced little difficulty in keeping on the road with my three wheels, but at a very much reduced pace. It must have been in the neighbourhood of 2 a.m. when I made Bala via Llandrillo and commenced the climb out of the sleeping village towards Fron Goch. The strain of trying to keep on the road was beginning to tell and to make matters worse, this road, with a better surface than the rest, had been quite severely cambered, so that I found it well nigh impossible to keep in the centre, the trike continually trying to run downhill into the left and right gutters alternately. Just where I gave up I can't remember as the

country hereabouts is now vastly different in appearance,

However, I pushed the Grubb into the deep grass verge, uncoiled an oilskin cape (Holdsworth Goldskin!) and using this as a sleeping bag crept into a hedge and tried to sleep!!! Yes, there was still blossom on the hedges with the rich sensuous scent of honeysuckle, but I was too cold to appreciate nature, and each succeeding half hour found me colder and colder until my teeth started to chatter. Still wearing my cape I started to walk and it was not very long before dawn came to bolster my shattered morale. At Capel Celyn, now submerged under the new dam, a gate marked the end of the rideable portion and the surface, poor at the best of times, became loose stones and mud. Hereabouts, at Rhyd-y-fen was the famous Pussyfoot Hotel often referred to by Wayfarer. Photographs of famous Anfielders graced the walls when I last visited the place, all now, unhappily, under the waters of Llyn Celyn.

The extra effort now required to push and heave the machine soon provided the warmth I was so in need of and I thankfully discarded the cape.

Sunrise must have been around 4 a.m. and I have seen the particular effect created on this occasion many times since, but at that time it was new and so very beautiful. Past Pont-ar-afon-Gam and through what was probably the last, or perhaps next to last, gate, the road reaches the skyline opening out a scene of great beauty. On the morning in question a wonderful transformation had taken place. The whole Vale of Ffestiniog was filled to a depth of 500 feet or so with pure white milky cloud, the black tips of a number of hills peeping out like so many giant "chocolate whirls" set in a dish of cream. What a sight, this more than compensated for my earlier ordeal. Lost in wonder for some time, I began to realize that I was very hungry and thirsty and sped down to Penrhyndudraeth and so to the ever lovely Beddgelert. No doubt Plas Colwyn saw to my needs, I cannot be sure. The day was, of course, warm and sunny, the lakes Dinas and Gwynant reflecting the surrounding mountains on their mirror-like surfaces. Potholes and loose stones with acute bends on the Penygwryd/Capel Curig stretch necessitated caution and indeed the A5 was very little better, but the remainder of the journey fades into oblivion.

(Note: Arthur Birkby let us have this piece many months ago, and we have been awaiting an opportunity to include it. The article invokes many memories: water-bound macadam roads, as thirst provoking as they could possibly be. And that worst way ever, linking Bala and Llan Ffestiniog. What dreadful miles. Just one point: we were under the impression that Rhyd-y-fen Hotel stood at the junction of

the old and new roads to Bala, and therefore would not have been submerged in Llyn Celyn. But we cannot be sure. One other point, we haven't seen or heard of Arthur for at least three years. - ED.)

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION NORTH WEST 'CLOSER', COLNE - 7th Nov. 1976

The journey from South Manchester to Colne on the north eastern boundary of Lancashire can be a most trying and depressing experience. At one time, it is said, it was possible to travel the whole of the way by tramcar and even today the direct route is almost entirely built up and completely lacking in natural scenic appeal. There are, however, other routes.

Early on Sunday mornings traffic is light enough to take most of the horror out of the town miles from the Mersey to the Medlock and thereafter the journey becomes progressively more and more rewarding. The climb out of Milnrow, by Tim Bobbin Brow, was no less steep, but the views of rolling moorland seemed more extensive, warmer and more colourful than in those pre-war days when I lived in these parts. It may be no more than nostalgia but I think the clean air acts have done a great deal to brighten the scene. The waters of Hollingworth Lake looked as cold and inhospitable as ever but the hundred of seagulls bobbing about on its surface seemed well content.

By this time the sun was well up and, bringing out the autumn tints in a blaze of browns, golds and russets, made the valley route through Todmorden to Hebden Bridge a riot of colour. At Hebden Bridge the character of the route changes dramatically. A suicidally steep little road, sign-posted to Heptonstall and New Delight, rears upwards out of the valley demanding hard collar work before the high plateau of Widdop Moor is reached. On the way up one is rewarded by breathtaking views at every corner and across the top of the moor a narrow, but open switchback road offers a most invigorating ride for those fit enough to enjoy it. It was on this latter section of the route that the first metaphorical cloud crossed my horizon in the shape of three very fit members of the South Lancs. Road Club. They were half a mile or so ahead moving relatively slowly along a rough track converging on my route. I should have kept out of sight and let them get further ahead, but rather foolishly I overtook them at the intersection of our ways. It was very nice to see them, particularly as Claud Farrar had undertaken to provide me with transport home after the meeting, but I must confess that the S.L.R.C. idea of a comfortable pace for club riding strained my abilities to the limit. It was particularly unfortunate that our paths met at the foot of

Thursden Bank, scene of many competitive hill climbs in the years before the war. In those now distant days I actually enjoyed storming up the Bank on a single fixed gear of about 48" - come to think of it, I would probably still enjoy doing so if only I could. However, the South Lancs boys are an extremely considerate bunch and we were able to stay together for the remaining miles to Colne. The meal was excellent, Ed Green was in good voice and I had the unexpected pleasure of renewing acquaintance with my sometime professional colleague, Irene Southwell, currently president of the Manchester Ladies Cycling Association, who most charmingly presented the prizes. Anfield members present were Stan Bradley, Jeff Mills, Alan Rogerson and myself.

H. CATLING

ALPRAHAM, TOLLEMACHE ARMS - 20th November 1976

On the strength of an encouraging weather report we made an early start and, with the tandem trike on the roof of the car, motored out to Middlewich. This ploy allows leisurely exploration of South Cheshire and the pleasure of attendance at a joint run without making too hard a day of it. By nine o'clock we had parked the car and were travelling southwards under leg power along the high road to Nantwich, and before long were enjoying that charming little secondary road which links our President's home town and the village of Wrenbury.

The charm of this road is preserved by a number of cunningly worded and strategically sited signposts. At every point at which a traveller might be about to join the road a boldly lettered sign points "Wrenbury" in some quite misleading direction - and most would-be users of the road accept these signs at their face value. The more suspicious minded of us however read the very small print at the bottom which says "Alternative route for track laying vehicles" and rightly assume that it is merely a con trick devised to discourage use of this very pleasant byeway.

The road westwards from Wrenbury to Cholmondeley is gently undulating and scenically most attractive in the views it normally affords of the Peckforton Hills and the Welsh mountains. Unfortunately on this occasion visibility was down to about five miles and we were denied the longer vistas. Even so it was a pleasant ride to Bickerton and along the ridge of the Peckfortons before dropping down to the plain again at Spurstow then through straggling Bunbury (where the bridge is being re-built) on to our lunch venue.

The Tollemache Arms soon took on a busy look with 21 members

and friends present, despite the absence of most of our younger active members - presumably out on some energetic expedition organised in the interests of greater fitness. Members present were The President, S.Bradley, H.Catling, S.Cooper, A.Dixon, F.Fischer, J.France, B.Gray, B.Griffiths, L.Hill, F.Marriott, J.Moss and R.Poole. Also present were the wives of Messrs. Catling, Cooper, Dixon, Moss and Poole, the new Moss baby Jenifer, a friend of Frank Marriott and prospective member Ray Basford.

H. CATLING

R U N S

KELSALL - GLOBE - 4th December 1976

A lovely sunny and cold morning, and on my way to the Eureka Cafe I imagined a good turn out, but by 11 a.m. I was feeling very disallusioned. No-one had turned up, so it was a solo ride to the Globe. I was first to arrive, soon followed by Stan Bradley from Stockport, 35 miles all the way on his trike. That should shame some Wirral youngsters! Stan Wild completed a very select party on what was a lovely winter's day.

BIENNO.

ALLOSTOCK - DROVERS ARMS - 11th December 1976

The disappointing turnout for this run was entirely justified. Although it was a fine bright morning the Manchester Weather Centre forecast dense fog over East Cheshire later in the day and only three of us were foolish enough to yield to the temptation of the early brightness. The morning was delightful and from the ridge of Alderly Edge the Post Office tower on Croker Hill could be seen winking in the sunlight. It was a lovely ride out but almost immediately after lunch the fog came down quickly. By 2.30 we were using our lights and picking our way hesitantly through the thickening gloom. The remainder of the journey home was a terrifying mystery tour. Those present were: Stan Bradley, Harold Catling and Stan Wild.

H.C.

GREAT BUDWORTH - GEORGE & DRAGON - 18th December 1976

A nip of frost in the air and being the last shopping Saturday before Christmas limited the attendance on this otherwise ideal cycling day. A pity because this is a delightful house conveniently situated for winter meetings between East and West without either party having to cover an inordinate distance. Twenty miles from Manchester as also from Chester, it is 25 miles from Liverpool and only 30 from the furthest corners of Wirral.

My own ride out was uneventful. Apart from a little hard-frozen

snow on the steepest part of the descent to the Bollin at Castle Mill the lanes were clear. A freshening breeze from the East upset my judgement of speed and distance to the extent that, uncharacteristically, I reached the venue fifteen minutes or so before opening time. However, Great Budworth is an interesting old village through which to stroll on a bright crisp morning and I was back at the George & Dragon just as the church clock boomed out opening time simultaneously with the arrival of Hubert Buckley and family.

Our numbers grew quickly and conversation became animated. Ben Griffiths waxed most scornful on the topic of the contribution which ultra-expensive equipment, such as micro-set seat pillars which cost about £10, can make to winning races. Ben is probably right, certainly he knows much more about winning races than I will ever know, but I must confess to a reluctant feeling that it must be rather nice to own and to use the very elegant and highly functional pieces of duralumin jewelry which are available today. Our greybeards disbursed many useful and interesting pearls of information. Amongst those I can recall were; From Bob Poole, that Bren Orrell was for many years known as The General because, having joined the army late in 1918 he was never involved in any real fighting and enjoyed a very comfortable billet throughout his period of service. From Stan Wild, that we have had no lady members since 1885 during which year two were in membership. From Hubert Buckley, that in 1915 Hubert Roskell, for some reason unable to join the British armed forces, made the journey to Paris at his own expense and joined a French field ambulance unit. He was subsequently honoured by the award, made by Marshall Foch in person, to Croix de Guerre.

By the time we left the cheerful the light breeze of the morning had become a piercing icy blast and to at least Stan Bradley and myself the journey home was by no means easy. Those present were: Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley with Sadie and Alfred, Harold Catling, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Bob Poole and Hagar, Stan Wild and prospective member Ray Basford.

H.C.

ALPRAHAM - TOLLEMACHE ARMS - 28th December 1976

This was the Boxing Day Run two days late because of the extended holiday. What is delightful is the way this fixture continues to be a family outing, and we were also very pleased to see Mike Hollan again. Mike resigned from the Club a couple of months ago, and yet here he is out with us again. Why did you resign, Mike? Now we can allow Bill Gray to take up the story:

A cold, clear bright morning, many icy patches and stretches in

the lanes. I made it all in one piece to this popular venue, which slowly but surely filled with Anfielders, their families and their friends. The cheerful company consisted of: Stan R.I.S.E. and Mrs. Wild. Stan and Mrs. Bradley, their son and friend Charlie Chatham, Harold Catling, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Hubert and Sadie, Hubert's elder sister and Alfred, Ben Griffiths, Bill Barnes, Mike (the fantastic) Hallgarth, John Moss, Wendy and Jennifer, John Whelan, Jane and Russel, Dave Birchall, Mary, Ann and Norman, Dave Bettaney, Delia, Rohan and Laura, John Williamson, Mike Holland, and prospective member Carl Futter. (Carl is a son of John Futter, who will be remembered). And a good time was had by all.

P.S. R.I.S.E. is short for Resplendent in Sartorial Elegance.

BILL GRAY

HATCHMERE - TUDOR CAFE - 8th January 1977

If ever there dawned a day for giving the club run a miss it was this: cold, wet, dismal, miserable. Two wheels, with a Committee Meeting thrown in as well, were not in the running. So out came four, and how pleasant now being able to avoid Chester on a Saturday morning. The forest switchback still charmed, and I recalled the day last summer when a fireman, uniform helmet and all, sat on a seat in the sun, hoping hard that trouble wouldn't come. No fire engine, though, just a car. Inside the Tudor Cafe all was warm and well: Hugh Dauncey with Mike Wiles: Ian Griffith, Ray Basford, Chris Edwards and Ben Griffiths; Stan Bradley, looking more prosperous than ever; Mike Twigg, just when we were beginning to think he had given us up. Mike Hallgarth, quite unrecognisable in the bushiest bunch of hirsute we have encountered for some time. The party was completed by Stan Wild and Harold Catling with their respective wives, and, also yours truly.

F.E.M.

NANNERCH - SARN MILL - 15th January 1977

A wintry day with some of Thursday's snow still lingering around. Ben Griffiths and John Thompson reached this attractive venue.

GREAT BUDWORTH - GEORGE & DRAGON - 22nd January 1977

As I drifted into the warm room of the George & Dragon all eyes - or nearly anyway - immediately went down to my feet. The searing question could be seen in every expression: Has he ridden it? No, sorry, he hadn't. After a round trip of 70+ miles on a winter's day you would be looking for another editor next week. So it was four wheels, on a nice day, with pleasant company at journey's end. Stan Wild, Stan Bradley, Harold and Mrs. Catling (our pair must be familiar figures in East Cheshire on Saturdays now), Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey and Mike Miles. Also, once again.

F.E.M.

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Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 5 Eddisbury Road, West Kirby,
Wirral, Merseyside.

MAY 1977

No.792

LUNCH FIXTURES

May 1977

- 7 CHIRK (Smithy Cafe) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
14 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
21 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
Committee Meeting at 3 p.m. at No.1 Pennine Walk,
Little Sutton.
28 TARPORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)

June

- 4 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak)
5 BISHOPS CASTLE (Old Brick Guest House)
6 OPEN "100". Headquarters: Lion Hotel, SHREWSBURY

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 7th MAY 1977

COMMITTEE NOTES

Open "100". Keith Orum has accepted the responsibility of Chief Marshal, but he would appreciate the assistance of a Wirral-based member who can be at the runs more often than he.

SORRY!

We wish to express contrition for two errors which crept into our last issue. On two occasions, in the Fixture List, and again in the reports, we referred to the venue at Hatchmere as the Tudor Cafe. This, of course should read the Forest Cafe.

WANTED

A wheel. Hubert Buckley is searching for a second-hand 27 x 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ wheel for high pressures and with a Sturmey Archer three-speed gear. If you can help, please contact Hubert at 253 Park Road, Macclesfield.

DELEGATES

Shortage of space last issue prevented the publication of a list of delegates. They are as follows:

R.T.T.C.	John Moss and John Whelan
W.C.T.T.C.A.	Ben Griffiths and Jack Hawkins
R.R.A.	(Left with the President)
N.R.R.A.	David Barker and Bill Barnes
B.C.F.	Ian Griffith

JACK WALTON

Wrote in early February from his new address in Giggleswick. He sends his kind regards to all who remember him, and says he is quite fit. Jack's new address was included in our No.790.

KEITH ORUM

Wedding Bells. Keith and Pip were married on March 26, and we send our best wishes to the happy pair. Sympathy, too, for Keith's father passed on early in March. We are with Keith and his family at his sad time.

OBITUARY - A.R.Mitchell

In the age-old town of Shrewsbury, a place often regarded as our second home, a dwindling band of enthusiasts take a life-long interest in the Anfield and our annual "100". One of these men was Bert Mitchell. His father used to ride in the "100" in the distant twenties, and since those days Bert's keenness for the Club has never faltered. Indeed, in 1960, he offered to provide inter-com facilities at the finish for relaying times from the timekeeper's car, and every year since he continued to perform this exemplary service. As

some form of reciprocation we placed Bert's name on our Circular mailing list, and in 1973 he became a member.

It is now our very sad duty to record Bert Mitchell's sudden passing on March 3, while on holiday in Teneriffe. He had been away for a month, and was due to return home the next day. Ben Griffiths and Frank Marriott represented the Club at the committal service. Jack Pitchford hoped to be present, but was precluded from doing so at the last moment.

To bring in a personal note, after a lapse of some years we turned up at the "100" finish in 1975 looking for a job. Len Hill asked if we could assist Bert in taking times. The result was some hours of delightful conversation, a most enlightening experience to be repeated in 1976. For some time now we have been looking forward to a similar treat this year but it was not to be. We are also grateful to have had Bert with us on the occasion of the annual mid-week banquets at Edgebolton.

Everyone who knew Bert Mitchell is the poorer for his passing, and we hasten to extend our sincerest sympathy to David and Sheila in their great loss.

WE HAVE SINCE -

Received the following letter from Mr. David Mitchell:

Dear Mr. Marriott,

It was kind of you to write to me following my father's recent death, and to travel some distance to attend his funeral. I have gained much support and comfort from the many expressions of sympathy received, and I would like you to know how much your thoughts were appreciated.

I was pleased to have had the opportunity of a chat with you and Mr. Griffiths, and as I said then, I would be happy for your Club to have the inter-com system which Father used to fix up for the "100". He always had a great affection for the Anfield Bicycle Club, and I am sure that would have been his wish.

With my best wishes for the continued success of the Club.

Yours sincerely, DAVID MITCHELL

RACING NOTES

Results: March 6 LARKHILL "25" John Moss)
Ben Griffiths) 1.2.14

FEATHERSTONE HILLY "30" John Whelan 1.21.14

March 13 STRETFORD "25" Ben Griffiths 1.3.54

The first event of the season is always a crucial one, although I, like the majority of racing cyclists, keep a careful diary, and

graphs of all my training and racing from previous years. You can never be certain you have done everything right until after that first event. All that winter training in the cold, but did I do enough hill training? Have I done enough speed training? Did I rest enough before the event? These and a score of other questions get answered in that first race of the season.

My first event in 1977 was the Larkhill Wheelers two-up with John Moss on the first Sunday in March (make an early start before everyone gets too fit). My build up starts as soon as the start sheets drop through the letter-box. Analysing the start sheet is half the pleasure of racing. What numbers are we? Nos. 9 and 10, off at 8.10 a bit early. Who, if anyone, can we catch? This studying takes a few hours that should have been spent training. Sunday dawned quite mild and dry, so I rode the fifteen miles out to the start on the Whitchurch road. John Moss, also riding out, caught me up. At the start a hundred other racing men, looking very fit and lean, were milling about, some looking apprehensive. Soon it was time to start, a word with the timekeeper, a check of the watch, and we were away. Not very fast - no pushers off - but we soon got into a rhythm, with the wind behind for the first six miles to Christleton Island, round the island and into the wind for the next thirteen miles, but we kept it moving well with John showing good early season fitness.

The last turn, and a tail wind home. That is what I like, and it was my turn to go well. (Not everyone can go well down hill with the wind behind). As we came to the chequered flag John came up to take the sprint. Johnny Williams soon arrived to tell us our time of 1.2.14, not bad for the first event of the season. A wash and we were on our bikes heading for the Eureka. Later we learned our time had remained fastest for almost 50 minutes.

BENNO.

THE CULTURAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CHAINSET DRILLING - An attempt to explain the phenomenon to the unconverted.

Last year, it may be remembered, we carried a story of Mike Hallgarth's overdrilled chainset collapsing on Bwlch-y-Groes while our young hopeful was out watching the Milk Race. During some sort of a "scrap" the entire outfit collapsed, and Mike had to hitch home as best he could. - Editor.

This article attempts to explain why time-triallists often drill their chainsets. The non-believer will cynically remark that the believer thinks the weight-saving alone will make it worthwhile.

I hope I can dispel the unenlightened viewpoint with a movement away from the mechanical approach and towards a cultural, sociological and psychological one.

What is the cultural significance of chainset drilling? I hypothesize that it is an art-form: a sort of Neo-classical plea for understanding in a mechanised ethos. Psychiatrists have suggested that the chainring subconsciously represents the Sun - the centre of the Neo-classical universe, and hence the majority of drillers attack the component first. Sometimes drillers remove the supporting arms of the chainring in an attempt to isolate the ring from the crank. A word of warning is perhaps necessary.

Engineers working in the field of chainset drilling have recently presented a report, after many years of research. In it, they conclude, that if there are "n" arms to a chainset, then the maximum number that can be removed is "n"-1. To the ignorant, this mathematical resume means that at least one arm must be left otherwise pedalling is largely non-productive.

Why are chainrings themselves impregnated with myriads of small holes? Again we must turn to the psychiatrist for the answer. It is suggested that the slight "twinkling" that such holes cause when revolving is a subconscious reminder to the time-triallist of what he sees when suffering in pursuit of a fast time. Engineers again point out that over-drilling results in slower average speeds, as chainrings have been known to collapse in some experiments.

The observation of low sales of factory drilled chainsets brings another question into the discussion. Why does the keen time-triallist spend two or three hours drilling and filing a chainset when ready drilled ones are available at only a slight increase in price?

The answer must lie in individualism. The driller not only expresses this in the design of the pattern, but also in the neatness of it. Thus each and every chainset carries with it a hallmark of the driller's own personality - his extension of being into a metaphysical, followed by a spiritual world.

In conclusion, I recommend that the reader takes some time out of training the body, and balances his training time with a fuller understanding of his own cycling ego through the medium of chainset drilling.

MIKE HALLGARTH

WINTRY SNOWS - IN SEPTEMBER!

Leaving Sargans in Eastern Switzerland on September 1st, I made steady progress through Chur (inadvertently riding along a motorway

for several miles) climbed the 5087-ft. high Parpan pass to Tiefencastel, and I was desolated to find that the once beautiful road through the Schyn Pass has been completely ruined by a new motor road which bye-passes the gorge with a mile-long tunnel.

Late one afternoon I found myself in the village of Splügen at the foot of the pass of that name. The intention was to spend the night here, but not liking the look of some stormy clouds over the mountains, I decided to climb the pass that night. The road rose in serpentine windings for seven miles, and the 6,944-ft. summit (and the Italian frontier) came just as dusk fell. Three kilometres down I had no difficulty in finding a room at Monte Spluga at well over 6,000-ft.

The next morning was unbelievable. Snow covered the mountains, and heavy sleet was falling. I had a feeling of satisfaction that I had climbed the pass the night before. It was bitterly cold, and I had a drop of twenty miles ahead of me. The sleet had turned into heavy rain, and I did not fancy getting cold, wet feet. So I scrounged a couple of plastic bags which I fastened over my shoes with elastic bands. In a torrential downpour, and with an icy wind on my tail, I set off down the pass. The Italian side of the Splügen is noted for some sensational stretches of road. At Pianazzo, the highway descends an almost vertical cliff face in such a small space that the bends are literally built on top of each other, like negotiating a staircase. Interspersed with lengthy tunnels, the descent was quite an ordeal, but despite the heavy rain and high wind it was a relief to find that my brakes held beautifully. The plastic bags mercifully kept my feet dry, and I reached the low level of Chiavenna (1092-ft.) in a cold but reasonable condition.

It was a long climb along the Val Bregaglia where Switzerland was re-entered. The superbly engineered windings of the Maloja Pass (5960-ft.) provided a tough finish to a cold, wet day. It is a reflection on the weather that I revelled in the comfort of the centrally-heated Hotel Sport on the summit.

The next day was brilliantly sunny, but so cold that as I rode down the Engadine I had to don my cape to keep warm. A bitter north-east gale was dead against me until at Pontresina I changed direction and was blown up the Bernina Pass (7642-ft.) almost without effort.

The mountains of the Bernina Group, including the famous Pitz Palu, were magnificent in their snow-covered splendour. Once more the gale-force wind necessitated the wearing of a cape for the long dash to Tirano.

After crossing the modest Aprica Pass (3875-ft.) to Edolo, my stopping place was Ponte Di Legno before attempting the rough, second-class road across the Gavia Pass. This proved to be the hardest crossing of the tour. Leaving Ionte di Legno on a cold, sparkling morning, ideal for climbing, the first three miles were easily ridden. Then I came to a barrier across the road. Enquiries revealed that snow to a depth of one metre stretched for one kilometre across the summit, and I was advised to turn back. I am neither a fool, nor a brave man, but failure to continue would mean a detour of a hundred miles, which, firstly, I had not the time to do, and, secondly, the Stelvio would have to be cut from my itinerary. I pressed on. Two groups of roadmen warned me to desist, and four miles from the top, by the side of a huge snow-drift which blocked half of the road, two motorcyclists stopped me with the information that they had had to turn back, and that I could not possibly get through.

But I was over half-way up, and the die was cast! Intermittently I ran into lengthy stretches of deep snow, which were most fatiguing to negotiate, but clearer portions of road enabled me to make progress. With a great feeling of satisfaction I finally completed the nine-mile climb, most of which had to be walked, to the Gavia's 8,599-ft. summit. With relief I found the refuge open, and fed and rested before commencing the descent. The road was covered in snow for six to eight inches in depth, and would have been unrideable had not an odd motor car made the journey from Bormio, leaving wheel tracks in which I was able to ride. Several minor falls were sustained during the descent, and I was a happy man when Bormio was reached with a whole skin and no damage to the bicycle. The snow-capped mountains were at their brilliant best, and although strenuous, the crossing of this pass had been absolutely magnificent.

Now came the Stelvio Pass (9,055-ft.) which, until 1936, had been the highest road in Europe for a hundred years. For outstanding scenery and fantastic road engineering it is still the "Daddy of them all". The western side is wild, austere and lonely, and I rode the whole of the thirteen miles to the summit. Again the weather was brilliant, but so cold that I finished the climb with a dry shirt. At the top I leaned the bicycle against a snow-drift (instead of the usual wall) and was immediately surrounded by interested motorists, many of whom must have passed me during the climb. They wanted to know all about my trip, the number of teeth on my chainwheel and cogs, and were most persistent in

enquiring my age. When I told them I was 21 it fairly brought down the house and they dispersed in a roar of laughter. The scenery on the eastern side is terrific, with the giant Ortler (12,800-ft.) the highest mountain in the eastern Alps, rising high above the road. Close by is the gleaming Madatsch Glacier, huge and beautiful to the last degree, whilst the neighbouring peaks combine to form a panorama of gorgeous splendour. So down the sensational windings of the pass, forty-eight breathtaking bends in all, to Trafoi. There were huge snowdrifts here and there, but the snowplough had been out and there were no hold-ups. It is not everybody's good fortune to see this great pass in "winter sports" conditions and on such a scintillating day.

In warmer weather the Austrian Tyrol was reached by way of the Resia Pass (4,912-ft.). From Landeck I climbed easily for thirty miles to the 6,700-ft. summit of Silvrettastrasse. The nine miles of descent to Partenen constitute one of the steepest main road passes in the Alps. A gradient varying from 7% to 12% down a series of short, acute hairpin bends entailed holding the hands hard on the brakes for the whole of the drop.

The weather broke again, and more snow came as I climbed along the Arlberg route from Bludentz to Stuben, not very cold but dry and brilliantly sunny weather returned as I reached the top of the 5,852-ft. Flexen Pass. From Lech came the final pass, the Hochtannberg (5,886-ft.) exquisitely beautiful on its western side. A break on the shores of Lake Constance and my last night on the road was spent in the romantic principality of Liechtenstein. The circle of twelve Alpine passes (most of which were ridden on my low 27-ins. gear) entailed 500 miles of riding, was completed at Isargans, where I entrained for home. Never did I imagine during the many months of our 1976 heat wave that in early September of the same summer I would experience freak weather conditions more suited to winter sports than cycling.

STAN WILD

R U N S

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - January 29

After a dull week of warm wet westerlies the wind went round to the East and gave us an ideal cycling Saturday - crisp and bright with the sun winking gaily from the roadside ice. So attractive a day indeed that, instead of making a beeline for our rendezvous, I left home early for a wander into the foothills of the Peak.

My broad schedule was entirely satisfactory and early progress

was so good that with less than ten miles to go I found myself with considerably more time in hand than was really necessary. Foolishly I yielded to temptation and essayed a new route in an area where crossings of the river Dane are few and far between. The growing proximity of Bosley Cloud warned me that my map reading had been unequal to the difficulties of the terrain and it was no great surprise when I eventually surfaced on the wrong side of Congleton with roughly ten miles to go at a time when I should have been already at Holmes Chapel.

Not unexpectedly I was the last to arrive at the George and Dragon. Already present were, Stan Bradley, Bob and Mrs. Poole and Stan and Mrs. Wild - a very small turn-out for a fine sunny day. Perhaps other potential attenders were deterred by the bitterly cold wind and the radio warning of icy roads. A pity, they missed a glorious day on which to be out and a wheel.

HAROLD CATLING

KELSALL - The Globe - 5th February 1977

A sunny day of extreme mildness, a marked contrast to the recent severe weather, provided ideal cycling conditions. Near the Fishpool Inn a human tornado in the form of Mike Twigg rode alongside. To my relief he did not stop, enabling me to continue in comfort.

At the Globe, Mike had found his rightful place among the fast men, whilst a coterie of older members gathered round a cheerful fire. The party now consisted of the aforementioned Mike, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, and our promising couple of youngsters, Hugh Dauncey and Mike Wiles. John France (who plans another trip to South Africa), Stan and Mrs. Cooper, Albert and Mrs. Dixon, and the writer.

Then to our delight in walked Geoff Lockett. It was a great pleasure to see him once more, and a lengthy conversation ensued. Rex and Edna Austin, looking very fit, were the next to appear, and everyone seemed anxious to have a word with them. The party was still not complete, however, until the arrival of Frank Marriott, and, at a much later hour than usual, Harold Catling, showing evidence of his hard ride from Manchester dead into a tough south-wester. The attendance proved to be a delightful blend of youth and experience, and this run all round proved to be the most enjoyable of occasions. Even the discovery of a flat tyre when I emerged from the inn could not spoil the pleasure of the

day. The puncture was quickly repaired, and even a hard-fought headwind on the journey home could not make this day other than one of the best on record.

STAN WILD

OLLERTON - Dun Cow - 12th February 1977

We had not been to the Dun Cow for quite some time. We had given it up because on our last visit we had found the place very crowded. So when I set out to go last Saturday I was wondering whether I should find it crowded again. But, fortunately, when I arrived there was plenty of room.

As it was a rather damp morning I did not leave very early, and went more or less straight to Ollerton, going over by Over Alderley to Great Warford and then across to Ollerton. When I arrived I found only Stan Bradley and Harold Catling there before me. Soon after I arrived, the President joined us.

After a pleasant hour we all left by different routes for home. In the past I have made appeals to other members in the Manchester area to try sometimes and join us at these Saturday lunch runs. They are always very enjoyable, and I am sure they could be much better if more members could manage to join us.

HUBERT

ALPRAHAM - The Tollemache Arms - 19th February 1977

After two days' rain, Saturday dawned cold but sunny. I decided on an early start to get a few extra miles in, so at 8.20 I was on my way to the Eureka. With a good wind behind me I soon did the nine miles round the new Chester bypass to Christleton. This was so enjoyable I decided to retrace the 7.2 miles to Broughton (to try it again!) before going to meet the lads (we are not all locked away yet). However, at Broughton I had a change of plan, and climbed my old familiar road up the Warren to Mold, and then down through Ewloe to the Eureka at Two Mills. (Thirty-four miles to cover six - not bad).

Chris Edwards was already entrenched at the Cafe. After a cup of the stuff that cheers, we decided at 11 o'clock that no-one else was coming, so we were on our way to Chester. Then down the lanes to Christleton, Stapleford, Burton, Huxley; a sharp turn right before Tiverton brought Beeston Castle, across the main road at Bunbury Heath, through Bunbury and over the footbridge at the canal (they are still repairing the roadbridge) and so to the Tollemache Arms.

Already there were Stan Wild, Hubert Buckley with Sadie and Alf. Next to arrive were Stan Bradley and Harold Catling, soon to be followed by Mike Twigg. Seven Anfielders only for a joint run to such a spot as Alpraham, which can be approached through the lanes from any direction, is not very good. After lunch, and wishing Stan a good holiday in the Antipodes, we set out on our very different ways home. Chris and I making slow progress into a strong westerly wind to the Eureka.

BENNO

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 5th March 1977

With the aid of a strengthening tail wind I flew down to Two Mills to join the few Anfielders already there. We were later joined by Ian Griffith, who had decided to come out of his early retirement and join us on the run.

After all the mugs of tea had been supped, we mounted our machines, and the five of us set off for the Welsh foothills. With the tail wind we made fast work of the main Chester road to Saughall, and soon were winding our way down the lanes on to the Sealand road, and the Saltney footbridge.

The pace picked up as Dodleston and then Pulford flew past. Ben complained that the pace was far too slack for him. He was racing the next day and he had a thirsting for speed training. We soon reached Holt, and one of those young enthusiasts took the sign. I think it was Chris, but by the time the slip road to the Bangor bridge was reached via the Is-y-coed lanes, he had realized the follies of his youth. On his last wheels he made a desperate effort to reach the bridge before all the others, and failed.

We sat, drank and chatted at the Royal Oak for a good hour. Those present were: Ben Griffiths, Stan & Mrs. Stan Cooper, John France, Albert Dixon and Eileen, Bill Gray and Eileen, Frank Marriott, Chris Edwards, Ian Griffith, Hugh Dauncey and Mike Wiles.

Ben, Mike, Hugh, Ian and myself left the venue at half-past one, and we headed home through Worthenbury and Shocklach to Alford and into Chester. Ben took the front most of the way, and really, the four of us were no match for him as he ploughed into the headwind.

Soon we were all extremely reluctant to join Ben on the front (an attitude which upset Ben somewhat. He thought it might have been a personal problem). As we went through Chester, Ben

struck his final blow, and left us poor youths to suffer on the road to Two Mills. What had started out as a club run finished like the "Giro", with Ben the easy winner.

Still, I got back to the Mills with Hugh, and Mike was not far behind. Although people like myself will abuse our members who win the Mills sprint by unfair means, such as these new-fangled sprints and tubs, I am sure this day will be remembered as pleasant in parts, but a bit too fast!

CHRIS EDWARDS

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 12th March 1977

Four wheels again, with a really good excuse this time: I was on the way to Bolton to visit friends. The only other petrol assisted arrivals were Bob Poole and his good lady, but even this erstwhile veteran has threatened to dig out his Grubb now that Hubert has taken to a bicycle again. (Some months ago we mentioned Bob's shining Grubb, all nicely oiled, waiting to be wheeled on to the road again).

Hubert stole the show. He is so enthusiastic that he fitted a cyclometer on New Year's Day, and is ever so keen to see the miles mount. But he confessed that he was a little disturbed to find that Great Budworth's miles from Macclesfield reach to twenty-one, and, worse, no short cuts home. There must be something good in this cycling game: Hubert ordered two lots of sandwiches!

We were also pleased to see Guy Fullan. Guy finds British Rail facilities for senior citizens admirable, and he can come to Acton Bridge with his bicycle for a mere song, and have a good day in the Cheshire lanes. Also present were Stan Bradley, keen as ever, and, of course, Harold and Mrs. Catling on the now celebrated tandem tricycle.

A very pleasant party was completed by the arrival of Ben Griffiths and Chris Edwards, and, just a little later, Bill Barnes from Salford. Good news, though. Bill let be known that he will be working in the Ewloe area for some six months during the year. It will be grand to have him around again. So much is his company sought that Ben suggested a pleasantly circuitous return to Salford by way of Wirral. But Bill was not having any of that.

F.E.M.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 5 Eddisbury Road, West Kirby,
Wirral, Merseyside.

JUNE/JULY 1977

No.793

LUNCH FIXTURES

June 1977

- 11 BEESTON (Beeston Castle Hotel) and LANGLEY
(Leather Smithy)
18 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George &
Dragon)
25 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

July

- 2 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
Committee Meeting at No.1 Pennine Walk, Little
Sutton
9 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and MARTON (Davenport
Arms)
16 TREUDDYN (Sunspot Cafe) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
23 KELSALL (Globe/Cotters Kitchen)
Mersey Roads "24".
30 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)
Aug.6 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet
£1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon.
Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
Wirral, Cheshire. (Tel: (051) 339-5076)

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold,
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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 2nd JULY.

COMMITTEE NOTES

The following resignations have been accepted with regret: Jeff Mills, Alan Rogerson and Albert Frodsham.

TREASURY NOTES

We wish to thank the following for paying their subs. during the first half of the current year. The names are in no particular order, and a list of donations is not included. This will follow later:

R.R.Austin, J.R.Band, D.W.Barker, R.Barker, A.Beaton, D.Bettaney, A.E.C.Birkby, S.Bradley, D.H.Brown, H.Catling, C.R.Griffiths, J.E.Hawkins, F.E.Fischer, H.Fletcher, J.M.France, W.Gray, Ian Griffith, N.S.Heath, J.S.Jones, E.L.Killip, Stan Cooper, J.W.Moss, J.Pitchford, W.G.Portsmouth, E.G.Pullan, J.E.Reeves, G.G.Taylor, J.F.Thompson, M.Twigg, S.Wild, W.J.Finn, W.H.Lloyd, R.Poole, T.Sherman, J.R.Walton and F.W.Smith.

If you have remitted, and your name is not on the above list, please communicate with the Hon.Treasurer. Might we add that the list has been included as a gentle reminder to those members whose hands are still in their pockets!

LOST - ONE ANFIELDER

On April Second, the day when Anfielders deserted the Club Run for their television sets, one John F.Thompson set off for the south ostensibly on a camping tour in the Pyranees. We now report, with much concern, that not one postcard has been received by his friends, neither has he been seen since. We can only conclude that he might be lost. He couldn't be stolen, but it is possible that he strayed.

THE "HUNDRED"

Start cards and course details are enclosed with this issue. Keith Orum, Chief Marshal, is in the throes of moving house at the present, and consequently is unable to come to the runs as often as he would wish. Will all members and friends on regular "100" duty please repeat last year's duty unless they hear from Keith to the contrary. Keith can be contacted at 11 Meadowcroft, Barnston, Wirral, Merseyside. Telephone: (051) 342 3879.

A NEW ARRIVAL

David and Mary Birchall have pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of another David early in March. All are well, and we, of course, are delighted.

RACING NOTES AND RESULTS

The season is now well under way, and as can be seen by the results, only nine members have raced so far. With the evening ten's starting (May 5 was the first) we should soon see a good increase in the number of youngsters racing. Our thanks to Jack Hawkins, Pat O'Leary and friend Ken Yardley for stewarding in the first two West Cheshire events, and they have already volunteered for the "50" on June 12.

Many thanks to Mike (last Circular) for explaining so clearly the phenomenon of chain-set drilling. This will be a great help to the R.T.T.C. sub-committee, which has been studying the problem for the last fifty years, and due to report soon. The theory held was that the "twinkling" of a series of different-sized holes in a certain sequence (known to very few) had an hypnotic effect on the rider, this in turn does away with the need for the "operation" (for the removal of the time triallist's small fragment of brain), and so should be banned along the motor-pacing and other artificial stimulants.

BENNO

RACING RESULTS

20.3.77 Chester "Two-up" "25"
Ben Griffiths-John Moss 1.3.21

27.3.77 Brereton 26-mile Hilly
John Whelan 1.10.54 2nd fastest
& fastest on Stile Cop Prime Hill
Ben Griffiths 1.12.18
John Moss (D.N.F. - off course)

3.4.77 Nelson (Dales Circ.) "50"
John Whelan 2.19.49
Mike Hallgarth 2.26.20

10.4.77 Mid-Shropshire "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.10.10
Mike Hallgarth 2.14.46
John Whelan 2.18.03

16.4.77 New Brighton "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.1.57 (fastest vet.)

17.4.77 West Cheshire "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.1.30
Mike Hallgarth 1.3.14
Dave Eaton 1.8.26
John Moss 1.11.01

20.3.77 Stone Whlrs. "40"
Three counties T.T.
John Whelan 1.40.00 3rd fast.

3.4.77 Merseyside Vets "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.5.51 (puncture)

3.4.77 Tricycle Assn. "25"
Harold Catling 1.31.21

8.4.77 Port Sunlight 17-mile
John Whelan 41.50

11.4.77 Mid-Shropshire "25"
John Whelan 1.1.35) First
Ben Griffiths 1.3.54) Team
Dave Bettaney 1.4.22) Award
Mike Hallgarth 1.5.00
Ian Griffith 1.5.55

17.4.77 Wrekinsport 44-mile
Dave Bettaney 2.2.14 Hilly
24.4.77 Merseyside Vets "30"
Ben Griffiths 1.18.22 (fastest)

TO MAEN GWYNEDD - BY SHANK'S PONY

Ffordd Gam Elin and its old sighting stone, Maen Gwynedd, the solitary sentinel at the 2,200-ft. Berwyn crest, has been mentioned in these pages on many occasions over the years. Countless Anfielders have spanned the Berwyns by this ageless route, usually approaching the slope from the direction of Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant, and descending to the Dee. Some years ago a party of enthusiastic Anfielders ventured on these historic hills during an All Night Ride.

It must be some thirty years since I last heaved a bicycle over Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, but in July 1976 it occurred to me that I should like to see Maen Gwynedd again. Not with a bicycle - I just couldn't rustle enough energy for that, but an excellent excursion with walking boots. The day was grand, sunny and cool with a north-west breeze. Ideal conditions.

I had as company a teenager from next door, a lad who is English, but whose family are at present domiciled in the United States. Being devoted to anything of a historical nature, he was keen on exploring the pre-Roman trackway with me. We left the car by the river at Llandrillo, and slogged up the steepish slopes of the Ceiriog cattle road before coming to Ffordd Gam Elin at the cross-ways.

I promised John that we could have lunch at the stone circle, and having explained as best I could what this ring of stones signified, he was delighted at the prospect. However, that stone circle was a long time in coming, and we were both ravenously hungry by the time we reached the relic at 1.30.

At two we were away again, walking and enjoying the splendid views. On our left a vast heath fire threatened the hills above the Ceiriog valley. It had been burning for weeks. The delightful thing about this crossing is that one is seldom in doubt as to the direction of the path. The mark of those who made the road all those centuries ago has lasted extremely well.

We reached the second summit, where Maen Gwynedd stands, at four o'clock. What amazed me was the manner in which the ancient monument has been re-sited. The last time I sat in this lonely spot the old stone leaned with the weight of years. Now it has been reset and secured in an upright position. What a task this must have been. Maen Gwynedd is a very heavy stone indeed.

R U N SBIRTHDAY RUN - Nag's Head, Farndon - 26th March 1977

When Easter falls on the last weekend in March the result is usually fine, bright weather, if maybe a trifle cool. This year the same weekend proved to be a disappointment, if not a wash-out. The Saturday dawned dry, but long before journey's end at Farndon the rain spread in a cold sodden blanket from the east, resulting in damp arrivals.

This "low-key" Birthday Run proved to be an excellent idea, more than doubling the usual turn-out. In the absence of Stan Wild in Australia, we can mention first Jim Cranshaw, member for fifty-seven years, and now domiciled in Sutton Coldfield. Jim decided to come, and was surprised to find it a mere two hours' leisurely driving. Then, in no particular order, we were delighted to have the following members with us: Stan Cooper, Albert Dixon, John France, Guy Pullan, Len Hill, Pat O'Leary, Les Bennett, Harold Catling, George Taylor, Stan Bradley, Mike Hallgarth, Mike Wiles, David Barker, David Bettaney, Chris Edwards, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Bill Gray, Hubert Buckley with Sadie and Alfred, and Frank Marriott. We were also delighted to have the company of Mr. A. Chamberlain, friend of Mike Twigg, Ken Yardley and Oscar Dover.

What a wonderful opportunity to talk endlessly with old friends once more. But one by one the conversations ceased, and we drifted homewards. Even at 3 p.m. when yours truly had to make an exit, a happy nucleus was still enjoying what had been an excellent fixture.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - Globe - 2nd April 1977

Something had better be done about the Grand National. It keeps Anfielders at home. When yours truly arrived at the Globe only John France and Stan Cooper were lunching. No sign of the other regulars. John Moss, Ben Griffiths and Chris Edwards quickly slid in, and just as quickly slipped out again, homeward bound to see Red Rum.

Then Stan Wild filled the doorway. Suffering somewhat from jet lag, and certainly nostalgic for Australia, Stan was taken aback by the cold wind on this bright English day. Stan made us green with envy with his Australian tales. We should probably be still listening, but John and Stan wanted to hurry home, yes, to

see Red Rum. So Stan and I chatted after the others disappeared. I could listen to the radio, but made it home just in time.

F.E.M.

IS-Y-COED - Plough - 9th April 1977

Recently back from a month in Australia, Stan Wild gave us a most entertaining account of his visit there. After shocking us by saying he had been cycling there with nothing on, he amended this to: "Well, just shorts and shoes". He also said he expected to continue riding over here in shorts, but had a rude awakening in early April.

A friend of a friend of his took him to a small outback town of 1700 inhabitants, which glorified in the name of Goolagong, and boasted a hotel of that name, which Stan photographed. Having some time to wait for his friend, who was doing a job of work in the town, Stan went in for a drink.

His voice betrayed him at once as a Pommie, and all the tough-looking customers surveyed him in total silence. On finishing his beer he took the glass back to the bar and was about to leave when some of the toughest stopped him and insisted that the "Pommie bastard" should have a drink with them. This phrase is intended in a friendly spirit, not as an insult, and Stan had many drinks pressed upon him. And he was not allowed to buy any back.

In due course his friend arrived, and as many of the locals knew him, to Stan's horror the whole thing started all over again, with more beer forced on them. Stan did not go into much detail about his return to his wife, but said that later he was able to sleep most of the after-effects.

Only six were here to hear this most interesting tale: the others being Carl Futter, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Michael Wiles and Frank Fischer.

FRANK FISCHER

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 16th April 1977

After Easter's icy winds, a delightful Spring day. Venturing into Wirral to pick up an old friend, it was then main roads to Chester for a call in the city. Then, being latish, more busy roads through Tarvin and Tarporley to Alpraham and the Tollemache Arms.

With a little time in hand we walked down the road towards the Bunbury Lane End, and noticed Bill Barnes a good five lengths ahead of Chris Edwards and Mike Wiles. Inside, beside the aforementioned trio, sat Stan Bradley, Mike Hallgarth and Mike Twigg. Stan Cooper,

Bob Poole and Harold Catling were supported by their respective better-halves. Harold had postponed a business trip to Turkey until early Sunday morning so that he could be with us on the run - noble fellow! Frank Fischer, Frank Marriott and friend completed the party for the moment, Stan Wild arrived later. Home by the lanes through Bunbury, Beeston and Tattenhall proved to be a gentle journey of rare delight. But once I dropped by friend in Ness there could be little point in lingering any more.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 23rd April 1977

A perfect Spring morning, warm in the sun, found me making easy progress towards Holmes Chapel. Delightful lanes to Warmingham and Brereton, and a fast finish along the A50 road to the lunch venue.

The George & Dragon is a comfortable and friendly house, and provides excellent food. The attendance although moderate, was of quality material, and it was very pleasing to welcome Stan Cooper and his good lady from their fastness on the Wirral. Others present were Hubert Buckley, Stan Bradley, and the writer.

Hubert expounded on his new hobby - oddly enough, riding a bicycle - and it was good to see his enthusiasm. After lengthy conversation Stan and Hubert left together and rode in the direction of Chelford. This left Stan and Mrs. Cooper to entertain the writer in an interesting second session, in which Stan was revealed as a much-travelled man who still rides his bicycle regularly. Of course, there were too many Stans out today!

On resuming the pigskin (as the cycling journalists have it) I quickly discovered the reason for the easy ride out. A fresh and blustery wind from the south-west and the need to wear a cape resulted in really hard going. The wind seemed to become even rougher, and the rain heavier with every mile I covered, and for once I was glad to reach home and write 'finis' to my exertions.

STAN WILD

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 23rd April 1977

For almost a couple of hours on the Friday evening I had the bicycle out around the lanes, and reached home with the firm opinion that if the strong wind stayed put for the Saturday I would be in for a right hiding. And Nannerch is only eight miles from home! So four wheels it had to be. I never liked being caned!

Ben Griffiths, Mike Wiles and Chris Edwards were already tucking into lunch when I arrived, and not long afterwards Adrian

and David Walls ushered themselves in with smiling faces. They hadn't been trying! Ben and Company were quick off the mark, being off to the Vale of Clwyd to see a massed-start race. Bill Barnes, we learn, arrived later, guessed where the others would be, and found them. An enjoyable day was had by all.

F.E.M.

ASHTON - Golden Lion - 30th April 1977

After a comfortable ride from south Cheshire I actually arrived at the Golden Lion well before noon. No members had arrived, so I went for a wander around. On my return Stan Bradley was espied fastening his trike to the pub by means of his celebrated anchor chain. Then Albert Dixon came along riding a very smart bicycle.

The Golden Lion has some good points, but food supplies leave something to be desired. Before we could vent our feelings, the Skipper, Ben Griffiths, with his fast young men Mike Wiles, Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey and Bill Barnes augmented our number. Frank Marriott completed a muster of nine and it was indeed a very happy gathering.

I was first away in order to reach the Committee venue at Little Sutton. To my mortification Ben and his boys overtook me in the lanes, and although Ben graciously reduced his speed considerably, this proved to be about twice as fast as I was previously travelling. I was soon in possession of a moist shirt but Ben escorted me by way of a tricky lane route which completely lost me. However, John Moss's abode was reached in good time and perhaps the moment is opportune for us to thank John and Wendy for their hospitality.

Others joining us at the Moss mansion were John France (per bicycle); Jack Hawkins, astride a gleaming new bicycle with speed written all over it; John Whelan and Eric Reeves.

In the fulness of time I commenced my fairly lengthy return journey. A break for a snack near Vicars Cross, and I took to the lanes and travelled via Waverton and Huxley, completed the romantic circuit of Beeston Castle, and a glorious evening of sunshine ended my day's ride of some 70 miles of delightful cycling - except for that in Ben's company!

STAN WILD

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 5 Eddisbury Road, West Kirby,
Wirral, Merseyside.

AUGUST 1977

No.794

LUNCH FIXTURES

August 1977

- 6 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
13 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
20 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) and
LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
27 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
(Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk, Little
Sutton)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet
£1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon.
Treasurer. J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
Wirral, Cheshire. (Tel: (051) 339-5076)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 6th AUGUST 1977

A "HUNDRED" ISSUE

This issue of the Circular is mostly devoted to the "100", and once again we express gratitude to those whose efforts have made it such a worth-while event. To Rex and Edna Austin; John Whelan for such a superb promotion; and David Barker for telling us about it in the nicest possible way. And only two to go to the Centenary.

Two famous figures were missing from the course this year; Arthur Smith, who is pretty much a fixture at Shawbury Corner with Ida, had an argument with a dog some weeks ago, and he finished up in hospital. Arthur did hope to make the "100", but the doctor vetoed the idea. It must be some fifty years since Arthur missed an Anfield "100".

We learn with the greatest possible sorrow that Frank Slemen passed away some weeks ago. Until ill-health limited his activities Frank had been a familiar figure at the "100" for perhaps even longer than Arthur Smith. For many of the post-war years Frank served as a handicapper of the "100". He proved a good friend of all and we extend our sincerest sympathy to his family and also his Club, East Liverpool Wheelers. Guy Pullan represented the Anfield at the committal service.

"100" JOTTINGS

First the good news: How thrilled and delighted we all were to have Mark Haslam back after an enforced absence. Mark is as robust and hearty as ever, and Mrs. Haslam is coming on nicely, too. For this news we are most grateful.

The bad news concerns Benno, our erstwhile captain. Checkers and marshals around the course were wondering where he had got to. The sad truth is that Ben came a cropper before the first turn. Bruised and visibly shaken, he just could not resume for the rest of the ride. Even at three o'clock, after a pint and a bite at Myddle, he wasn't too happy. (And a week later he still hadn't recovered properly, and was still off the bicycle).

When our young hopeful, Mike Hallgarth, riding No.1 and finishing first, came in with a handy 4.31, we thought that Mike could be an excellent candidate for the "under 21 prize". He didn't get it though: Roberts, the ultimate winner, is still only 20, and, in fact, Mike came third.

Forty years ago a purposeful young man - whom we know now as Tommy Sherman - strode into our office in Liverpool, and asked your

present editor if he could join the Anfield. After the war Tommy moved to Manchester, and because of countless other activities could not see much of us very often. This morning he and his son took the Bletchley check, and then came on to the finish. Then, unlike others we can - and shall - name, he looked everywhere to seek old friends. And he stuck his head into the car in which yours truly and David Walls were taking the times on the inter-com. We had a nice natter afterwards in the spit and sawdust at Myddle.

Not so others. News filtered through while we were so engaged that George Connor and Arthur Birkby were around. Did they look for all old friends? Not likely! And after we had finished the birds had flown! George, we might mention, was delighted indeed to meet an old Army friend in the person of Frank Lake of the Kentish Wheelers. Sid Hayward, President of the Kentish Wheelers, and Stan Woodington, of the same club, were also present as guests of Frank Fisher.

The doubtful honour of being the largest man in the Anfield must surely go to Jack Pitchford. With a 51" (chest, not tummy) and weighing 17½ stone, Jack has problems with clothes, and bicycles, too. Particularly wheels strong enough to carry such a weight. The bicycle man who made the last pair is so proud of them, as Jack parades around Shrewsbury on his machine, that he would like them back to put on show as the strongest pair of wheels in town!

Some days before the event Jack Pitchford took delivery of the inter-com set presented to the Club by Mr. David Mitchell, and he instructed John Whelan and Keith Orum how to set it up. And it worked perfectly. Full marks, too, to Jack Pitchford and his son for a first-class board, complete with cover to keep the rain off. This Jack organized when he heard the weather forecast the night before the event. And was it needed!

CHIEF MARSHAL'S REPORT

Start: Rex and Edna Austin, John Whelan, James and Mrs. Cranshaw, Stan and Mrs. Wild, Dave Brown, Bill Finn, Johnny Williams (Mersey Roads), Oscar and Hilda Dover (Liverpool Century), Keith Orum, David Bettaney, David Barker, (No one reported seeing Sid Hancock).

Hodnet: Cliff Ash and other Mid-Shropshire Wheelers.

Crudington: Harold Catling and George Taylor. J.D. Ingram and son and Fred Butterworth officiating at the turn.

Shawbirch: Eric Reeves and Jack Hawkins. Once again masterly organization.

25-mile Check: David Bettaney and Chris Edwards. (David and Mary Birchall had been earlier asked to perform other duties).
"Go Slow" Sign (Between High Ercall and Shawburch): Jack Pitchford and son, with C.Powis (Mid Shropshire).
High Ercall drinks: Mersey Roads Club out in strength.
Shawbury Turn: John Thompson and friend.
50-mile Check: Frank Fischer and Tommy Sumner (Altrincham Ravens)
Battlefield: Mike and Sally Twigg, and others.
Preston Brockhurst: Bill Gray.
Prees Heath Island: Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred. Les Bennett and son, with Neil France. We missed Peter Colligan and his boys here.
75-miles: Ken Yardley.
Drinks (Near Bletchley): Mike Wiles, his father, and others.
Bletchley Turn: Tommy Sherman and son.
Drinks (85 miles): John Moss and Wendy, Ian Griffith, Mike Wiles & Co.
Finish: Rex and Edna Austin, Mark Haslam and Guy Pullan in Time-keeper's Car. Frank Marriott and David Walls in second car taking the results. John Whelan and others on the board. Keith and Pippa Orum handling the finishing drinks.
 Others around, apart from those mentioned earlier, were: Alex Beaton, Alan Rogerson, Albert Livingstone (Dukinfield), Jack Davies (Potteries), Len Walls and Adrian, Bill Finn and Ira Thomas.
 Our sincere apologies to those inadvertently not mentioned.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak, 4th June 1977

BISHOPS CASTLE - The Old Brick Guest House - 5th June 1977

I am one of those fortunate non-members who receive the Circular regularly. With map in hand I follow the wheel-tracks of the Anfield throughout the year and see, in my mind's eye, the stamping ground of my youth. I am impressed with the high standard of recent contributors so it is with some diffidence that I again assume the mantle of a guest scribe and write about the two runs that lead up to the big event.

The lounge of the Royal Oak is a welcoming place although local resident Bill Gray and his wife would make any spot hospitable. Soon I was peering down the years with Frank Marriott and your globe-trotting president who was looking fit and well in spite of a period when he was upside-down. I had my annual reunion with Alex Beaton and met Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards together with Mike Hallgarth, whom I had previously seen only in passing - rather quickly.

Bill Finn was there, too, and I was glad to have his company back to Edgebolton. When he had his bike he would have scorned to enter my tin can but time changes all things. For the benefit of posterity, I record a mysterious message on the list of attenders given to me. "Early arrivals not known". That should teach them not to hurry.

On the following day, at the delightful Old Brick Guest House in Bishops Castle, a most select company carried out the fixture. Stan Wild and his wife with Guy Pullan and Bill Finn who received a most affectionate welcome from his fellow countrywoman, the charming hostess. Together we enjoyed a well-served meal in dignified surroundings.

Afterwards, in a comfortable room, we relaxed, as they say, and talked and talked. We had expected Alex Beaton but he did not appear. We found him later on our way back to Shrewsbury. He had suffered the deflation of a tyre but not of his spirits although he had been compelled to lunch alone elsewhere. Most of those I missed on the runs I discovered at the finish and soon after plunged down the wet, windy, oily motorway with sufficient happy memories to last me for another year.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

THE ANFIELD "100" SPRING BANK HOLIDAY - 6th June 1977

For those who eagerly awaited their "100" start sheets, there was one sure certainty this year. There could be no repeat win. At least not unless there was substance to the rumour that Falcon were specially releasing Frank Lyon for this event and he had been using London-Holyhead for training. Alas the rumour proved baseless, but there was more than ample compensation in the form of a full field. This was an excellent tribute to the efforts John Whelan has put into promoting the event.

Fastest on paper and the only sub-four hour man in the field was George Bettis, reigning "24" Champion. Possibly he was combining his first attempt on the Anfield with a spot of crafty reconnoitring of the Shropshire triangles ready for his defence of the title in the Mersey Roads event. Several others may have had the same idea, most obviously ex-champion John Cahill, Rod Goodfellow, Cliff Smith and the Clayton brothers. Last man off and one of the fastest on paper was Alan Roberts, Chester R.C. who had been in superb form this year. Another in form was Jack Courtman, Merseyside Wheelers, while three times winner Ron Spencer was also going well. Two others had, in recent years,

secured places in the coveted top twelve - Geoff McGann, West Pennine, and Seamon's veteran, Fred Minshull.

Minshull looked a strong candidate for the fastest veteran award along with John Edney, Warwickshire Roads, Ben Griffiths and D.Lee, V.C.Elan; fastest rider under 21 looked certain to be Roberts, with Simon Edney most likely to provide a challenger. It is interesting that there were four veterans in the field, compared with ten under "21's". The team competition looked considerably more open than for several years, with the Kirkby and the Port Sunlight most likely winners.

At five a.m. the crowd began to gather. It was a cold, grey overcast morning, and the south-westerly, of which there had been a suspicion during the night, began to freshen perceptibly. Among others, this year's trail blazer, Mike Hallgarth, was there with plenty of time to complete his preparations. Rex Austin left him in no doubt about the weight of responsibility on his shoulders. In the two previous years Dave Bettaney and John Whelan had left their pursuers floundering and returned to Rex with substantial leads. Mike was quite definitely expected to do the same.

At six a.m. came his moment of truth, and the drilling socio-psychologist was duly despatched, wind assisted, in the direction of Hodnet. As the remainder began their pursuit, the most notable events for the spectators at the start were the non-appearance of Minshull and McGann, and an extremely unpleasant and prolonged shower made the prospect of riding 100 miles anything but inviting. It would have been interesting if someone had counted just how many competitors started with arm-warmers. It was that sort of morning.

Dave Bettaney and Chris Edwards were doing the 25-mile check near High Ercall. By this time Mike had carved out a big lead on the road and went through in 1.4.30. This set a standard which comparatively few of Mike's rivals were able to improve on. Courtman (60) and Roberts (120) had established an appreciable lead of about two minutes at this early stage. Courtman, having the edge by some 16 seconds (1.1.09 to 1.1.25), Lee (70) was third in 1.2.59. Five riders were doing 1.3's. John Clark (Molyneaux, 75) M.Coupe (N.Staffs St.Christophers 25) Dave Mitchell (Kirkby 55) B.Sunter (Condor R.C. 80) and Ron.Spencer (50). Bettis, John Edney and Brian Whitmarsh were all keeping Mike company on 1.4.

Tragically, Ben Griffiths failed to reach this point, having crashed heavily on a slimy surface during the Crudgington detour. The cuts looked nasty, but the more worrying problem was a badly

wrenched shoulder. We hope Ben is fit again soon.

Meanwhile Mike was hurtling towards the half-way stage, his lead growing apparently with every rev. Interestingly, his closest pursuer on the road at this stage was a Mersey Roader named Williams. Nothing unusual about this, until you learn that he is the grandson of Johnny and son of Bob and Ruth. What a pedigree! Anyway, Mike recorded 2.8.45 for 50-miles which was to be seventh fastest. By this point Roberts had levered himself decisively clear of Courtman and the rest, going through in 2.3.09. Courtman was still second in 2.6.25, but it was significant that he had taken quite a bit longer over the second quarter than a number of those behind him. Sunter, for example, had taken nearly two minutes out of him and was timed at 2.7.27. Besides Mike, there were four others on 2.8. Clarke, Mitchell, Lee and Bettis, while Edney, Spencer, Whitworth and Coupe were all showing 2.9.

The next quarter, with the exception of the stretch through Shawbury and the start to Battlefield Corner, was just about the fastest of the race; but if this was so, then the last quarter back from Prees promised to be the hardest - a real test of fitness, determination and judgment. Had Roberts gone off too fast? Would he buckle when the going got really hard? And if so, who would take advantage?

The third quarter began to supply some of the answers. Courtman continued to fall back, losing another three minutes to Roberts, and being overtaken by both Sunter and Mitchell. It also began to look as though we might expect a real battle between Roberts and Sunter, for Sunter took a minute out of Roberts over those twenty-five miles, and was now just over three minutes down (3.6.04 to 3.9.20). Mitchell held Roberts and remained five minutes down (3.11.04). A dog fight for the minor placings seemed likely with Courtman on 3.12.14 then four riders within 16 seconds of each other, a minute behind (Whitmarsh, Bettis, Edney and Lee) and then Clarke and Hallgarth not far behind.

And so into the final finishing quarter. It was here that Mike (like a lot of others) died a horrible death. At 75 miles his time was 3.14.27, but those last cruel miles took him 1.17. His 4.31.44 represents a triumph of mind over matter and furthermore there was no-one within twenty minutes of him on the road.

Brian Whitmarsh (30) was next to finish, his 4.21.25 representing a fairly judged ride of 2.9.51 and 2.11.34 for the two 50's. Brian's lead stood for just under twenty-five minutes when Dave Mitchell came in with an excellent 4.18.45, almost certainly good

enough for a place and a sound foundation for the Kirkby team. As expected, the writing was on the wall for Courtman from soon after quarter distance, but he battled on to finish in 4.25.26, to be pipped ten minutes later by Lee who came in with 4.24.36 which proved good enough to give him the fastest veteran's prize.

Sunter's arrival was now awaited. Memories of last year were fresh when Frank Lyon had snatched victory in the last few miles. The gap between Roberts and Sunter was similar to that which Lyon had bridged. But as the minutes slipped by it became clear that he was not likely to produce the kind of finish that was needed. In fact he only narrowly held his second place from Mitchell, the story of the final phase being less one of Sunter's challenge for first place than one of a superb finish by Dave Mitchell, which saw him take a minute out of Sunter (and, as it transpired, a little out of Roberts).

Bettis came in with 4.23.49, by which time £10 was already safe, and a minute later event record and another £3 was secure. In fact there was to be another ten minutes wait before Roberts flashed across the line in 4.14.18, which gave him victory by four minutes. It had been a classic tactic of establishing superiority through a fast start and then hanging on. In fact the first four had times for the second half that were within a minute of each other, the margins having been established by 50 miles.

Afterwards Roberts was philosophical about his win. He was obviously happy to have landed the Anfield, but at the same time saw it as one of the events building up to his real ambition - gaining a place in the top twelve. His biggest disappointment was missing out so narrowly on this last year. We wish him well.

It's nice to be able to switch from one of the youngest riders in the race to one of the oldest. The winner of the veteran standard award was none other than George Jones with a plus of 45.30. There couldn't be a more popular or more deserving winner.

In the team section there was a tremendous struggle and in the end less than two minutes separated the Kirkby (Mitchell, Parkinson, Ellis) from the Liverpool Century (Olson, Spencer, Jones).

And so yet another "100" came to an end. It had been superbly promoted and organized by John Whelan. It produced a winner of rare talent and promise and a further crop of outstanding rides. Unfortunately we did not get the weather worthy of the occasion. Better luck next year.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 5 Eddisbury Road, West Kirby,
Wirral, Merseyside.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1977

No.795

LUNCH FIXTURES

September 1977

- 3 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
- 10 KELSALL (Globe)
- 17 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 24 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)

October

- 1 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 8 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and
LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 15 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at 2.00 p.m.
Lunch at Golden Lion, Ashton.
- 22/23 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to Llanymynech (Lion Hotel)
- 29 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) and
CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet
£1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon.
Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
Wirral, Cheshire. (Tel: (051) 339-5076)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 10th SEPTEMBER 1977

COMMITTEE NOTES

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Village Hall, Ashton, on October 15, at 2.0 p.m. Notices of motion are requested by the Secretary by September 10.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

The Lion Hotel at Llanymynech is again the venue for the Autumn Tints Tour on October 22/23. Names please, with a deposit of 50 pence, to the Secretary.

THE "100"

We have been taken to task for not mentioning in our last issue that Len Hill's absence from the "100" was the first in at least forty years. The difficulty here is that we were whisked by John Whelan into the second car immediately on arrival at the finish. (We were a little late, having chatted too much and far too long with friends around the course). From the arrival of Mike Hallgarth until the last man made an appearance we were performing our very pleasant task. This precluded us from wandering around garnering news for the Circular. Honestly, we were not sure whether Len had been present or not. Sorry, anyway.

A serious omission, however, did occur in our pages. Quite accidentally, Keith Orum did not get any credit for the immense amount of work he did in finding checkers, marshals and other helpers around the course. This assembling was a wonderful job, particularly during a period of exceptional domestic stress. Sorry, again!

GEOFF LOCKETT

Our very good friend is once more in dock. Geoff spent the most of July in Walton Hospital, Liverpool, and at the end of that month he moved to Barrowmore Hospital, Great Barrow, Chester. When this Circular sees the light of day he might be home, but letters addressed to Geoff at 22A Stocks Lane, Chester, would be much appreciated.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

The other evening the 'phone rang. "And where is this 'ere Trem Afon?" A good question when the Editor's domicile is concealed amid a square mile of new property. The caller was Syd Jonas, and we had a pleasant evening recalling all things Anfield. We are looking forward to the evening when Syd is in Chester again.

JOHN THOMPSON

The way our member for Greasby gets around never ceases to amaze. A recent postcard to Len Hill was posted in California!

NEW MAPS FOR OLD!

But not, we hasten to add, very old! David and Mary Birchall wish to complete their set of Ordnance Survey Inch maps, seventh series, folded. These can easily be identified by their cream/red, or bright red, covers. David and Mary will willingly replace each one accepted with a new metric O.S. map. Not tatty ones, please. The numbers required are as follows:

No. 96	Leeds and Bradford	102	Huddersfield
104	Gainsborough	124	Kings Lynn
126	Norwich	131	Birmingham
137	Lowestoft	147	Bedford and Luton
150	Ipswich	154	Cardiff
156	Bristol and Stroud	160	London N.W.
164	Minehead	168	Winchester
178	Dorchester	181	Chichester
182	Brighton and Worthing	189	Lands End

David's address is: 1 Broadlake Cottages, Neston Road, Willaston, Wirral, Cheshire. Telephone (051) 227-2512.

RACING NOTES

I have now fully recovered from my fall in the "100". I should like to thank George Taylor and Harold Catling for the lift to the finish. Also a big "Thank you!" to Pip Orum for the repairs. It was very considerate of Keith to marry such an able nurse! The racing results have not been coming in very well this year. I have heard of Bill Barnes doing a short 59, and Mike Hallgarth doing 59.27, but full details will have to wait until the next Circular.

BENNO

RESULTS20.3.77 SHIRLEY R.C. TWO-UP

Mike Hallgarth & S.Cooper (Shirley)
1.2.26

1.5.77 DUKINFIELD "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.5.33)
John Whelan 2.7.43) H'cap
Dave Bettaney 2.9.24) Team
Bill Barnes 2.14.16

7.5.77 CHESTER "10"

Ben Griffiths 25.10

14.5.77 MERCIA "30"

Ben Griffiths 1.11.35 P.B.
Club Rec.

Mike Hallgarth 1.23.06
(puncture loss - 6 mins.)

15.5.77 L.T.T.C.A. "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.7.25

17.5.77 LYME "10"

Dave Eaton 25.53

25.5.77 MANCHESTER VETS "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.2.55

29.5.77 WARRINGTON "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.2.37

6.6.77 ANFIELD "100"

Mike Hallgarth 4.31.44

25.6.77 CLEVELYS "10"

Dave Eaton 24.52

Phil Mason 27.39

3.7.77 WARRINGTON "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.9.21

3.7.77 BRAMLET WHL. "50"

Mike Hallgarth 2.4.23

(P.B. Puncture loss 2½ mins)

6.7.77 CHESTER "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.2.34

Phil Mason 1.10.39

17.7.77 B'HEAD VICS "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.3.40

Chris Edwards 1.5.23

Dave Eaton 1.6.52

15.5.77 ATHERSTONE "25"

Mike Hallgarth 1.3.04

19.5.77 SHIRLEY "10"

Mike Hallgarth 24.04 P.B.

22.5.77 E.L.W. "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.6.15

4.6.77 NORTH SALOP "25"

Dave Eaton 1.4.37

11.6.77 BUXTON "25"

Dave Eaton 1.5.42

29.6.77 PORT SUNLIGHT "25"

Mike Hallgarth 1.0.52

Ben Griffiths 1.3.20

Chris Edwards 1.3.30 Sub.to Conf.

Dave Eaton 1.5.15

3.7.77 MERSEYSIDE "25" (1.00 limit)

Dave Eaton 1.4.31

5.7.77 PRESCOT EAGLE "10"

Dave Eaton 25.12.

Phil Mason 27.32

10.7.77 MERSEYSIDE VETS "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.8.08 fastest

24.7.77 SHIRLEY "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.4.47

TO MAEN GWYNEDD - BY SHANK'S PONY (Continued from June/July issue)

Four-thirty, and back to the first summit for the descent. This time by way of Clochnant, the nearest way to Llandrillo. The first stretch was delightful; the second would have been very very wet in a normal summer. The third length down a steep and stony lane found us very tired. By the time we reached the car we had completed ten miles of a grand mountain walk.

For many years now I have wondered where Ffordd Gam Elin came from, and where it went to. Since moving into the fringe of Wales four years ago I have been learning a little about Helen's Winding Way. Where the road started seems to be still a mystery, but apparently the way crossed the Tanat by a ford some three miles east

of Llanrhaiadr. The crossing still can be discerned, with the old road curving down to it.

Beyond the Dee the old way made for Maerdy, where there was an important ford on the Alwen. Then on the tops to a point between Cerrig-y-Druidion and Llanfihangel. The way maintains the same direction for a time, and then curves to cross the Alwen again near Caer Ddunodd. Old Six-Inch maps reveal the track here to be Ffordd Gam Elin, and an Enclosure Map states Queen Helen's Way.

By way of Hafotty Wen and Hafod Lom the route joined the old Cerrig-Denbigh road, much now submerged in the new Brenig Reservoir, and continued to Garreg Lwyd before descending to Nantglyn. A 17th century Welsh archaeologist one Edward Lluyd says that it finished up in Henllan.

This opinion, of course cannot be questioned, but surely there are easier ways of taking a road from the Tanat to the Clwyd valleys than via the Berwyns and the inhospitable Denbigh Moors
F.E.M.

(NOTE: One of our readers has tried to find Ffordd Gam Elin on an "ordinary" road map, and failed lamentably. As the new O.S. Metric is also very shy with its details, perhaps we had better elaborate for the benefit of the few who do not know this old road. The way approaches the parish of Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochmant from a Tanat ford two miles away. Berwynwards, it heads along the valley of the Twrch, keeping the river on the left. Beyond Maen Gwynedd farm the path dips to span the stream, and then curves in a great arc under the crag of Craig Berwyn to reach Maen Gwynedd, the old markstone on the crest. Incidentally, we did not take a bicycle this way, invariably we headed directly to the summit across tussocky grass land. When we have managed some more exploration, we hope to write again).

R U N S

CHELDFORD - Egerton Arms - 7th May 1977

Under a stormy-looking sky I left my retreat among the farmlands of south Cheshire to follow a route of infinite delight. The thatched pub at Barthomley; Rode Heath and Somerford; and then the pleasure of finding the private road through Davenport Park still open to the itinerant cyclist. This brought me to Swettenham, a typical hamlet consisting almost entirely of church and public house. The rain kept off, and I reached Chelford in comfortable style.

A small but select group at the friendly Egerton Arms provided a most satisfying luncheon session. Hubert, still bubbling with his new-found enthusiasm for cycling, revealed that he is out regularly at time trials in East Cheshire. Stan Bradley, tri-cyclist in excelcis, Bob and Mrs. Poole and the writer proved to be excellent listeners and in turn contributed to the lengthy and varied conversation. A steady ride homewards with a fairly stiff sou'wester brought a most enjoyable day to an end.

STAN WILD

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 14th May 1977

Finding a lane route without a map can be a bit of a problem after a lapse of years. Beyond the refineries road came Alvanley with its charming and ancient houses. Kingsley then (but not, after looking at the map later at home, the most direct way). Crowton along a road long forgotten. Acton Bridge Station, with a left turn down to the Weaver.

On this once-familiar road we espied a cyclist on flats in what appeared to be a lounge suit. Allan Littlemore, looking very fit but obviously not making for the club run. Through Little Leigh and Comberbach we reached Great Budworth safely. Of the Manchester men we had Stan Wild and Stan Bradley; Hubert had even come on a detour from Macc. and he hoped to reach a total of fifty miles before reaching home. He must be improving. Last time we were at Great Budworth a mere 42 had been an ample mileage for an afternoon. Making up the youthful element were Bill Barnes and Chris Edwards from Wirral. The party just had to be complete with the arrival of yours truly and Cyril Drury, an old business friend.

We had a look at Great Budworth's splendid church before wending a pleasant way home through Northwich and Delamere Forest.

F.E.M.

TARPORLEY - Oven Door Cafe - 28th May 1977

Near Ridley Green a car stopped; Frank Fischer, . complete with bicycle in the boot on the way to a Tourist Trial at Manchester. Bulkeley, and a turn to traverse the rough sandstone track through Peckforton Gap. Steep climb, excellent views towards Chester, and a pleasant pint at the Pheasant at Burwardsley. Tattenhall (shades of the Bear and Ragged Staff) and a run to Tarporley through a labyrinth of lanes.

Guy Pullan, Frank Fischer, Chris Edwards, John Thompson, Bill Gray, and the writer. John told an interesting account of his

recent adventures in the Pyrenees: Guy has had his Raleigh R.R.A. model "done-up", very nice, too: Bill, our warlock from Wales, had lost his bell and candle, but managed to produce his book of names. Good to hear that Eileen is making satisfactory progress.

All seemed to feed well, and the boys departed leaving the others to a long chat. One good thing about the Oven Door, they don't ask you to move on after the end of the meal.

STAN WILD

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 11th June 1977

A new venue on a dreadfully wet morning. Pricey perhaps, but an excellent meal withal.

My usual Saturday exercise is to head for the lanes with only memory as a guide, Black Dog, on A41, many recollections. At Hatton Heath, a turn for Gates Heath, and so to Tattenhall. Burswardsley by the straight road. Years since I came this way, and I only remember one way out, the path through the woods to Beeston. At the top of the village I found one NO THROUGH ROAD, and then another, but one lane did lead away: UNSUITABLE FOR COACHES.

A sunken lane, deeper and much narrower than ever you'll find in Wales led me I know not where. But Harthill came in time and so to Gallantry Bank on Welshman's Way. Peckforton, where I passed Stan Wild, Beeston Smithy and so to Beeston Brook. And all the time it rained.

Inside: Hubert, Sadie and Alfred. Ben still suffering from Monday's crash. Stan completed a select and very pleasant party. As it was still raining when we were ready to move, Stan made for a lane route home. Hubert and Company edged forwards to Ridley Green, while yours truly sauntered gently through the lanes from Tiverton to Christleton. A spot of shopping at Chester, and so home.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 18th June 1977

Despite the chilly breeze and complete absence of the sun, this was an enjoyable day's cycling. It started off well with the aid of the recently conceded free bicycle rail ticket as far as Winsford. The R.R.A. Raleigh newly tuned-up and resplendent in Anfield colours of black with blue trimmings seemed to require only rhythmic turning of the pedals so that the miles came easily. There were interesting things to see too, such as the Pullman

coach in Brighton Belle livery, complete with its interior luxury, forming an extra wing to a pub, and near Moulton a modern rock salt mine with pit-head gear and site looking amazingly clean.

Lanes and map-reading brought Holmes Chapel, once familiar but after a lapse of many years strangely altered. The George and Dragon is now a modern comfortable pub with a long window reminiscent of a Heath Row observation lounge. There gathered President Stan Wild, Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Bob Poole and Mrs. Poole and the writer, their orders for lunch being attended to by an attractive Asian girl with an unaffected charm all too rare in these graceless days.

The chat I am afraid was that to be expected of elder brethren, of events and people known in days departed, all very warm and "clubable!" Stan Wild and I rode together to Middlewich, this stretch of road has memories for me for on it in 1927 my brother, the late Harold Pullan, finally took over the third place in the last hour of the "24" after I had occupied it for some time. Bereft of Stan's company, more lanes and the map filled the afternoon. At Winsford station I inspected some massive stone sleepers, one to a rail, dating from 1837 when the line was opened and discovered during excavations in 1961 when the station was rebuilt. All in all it had been an enjoyable day.

GUY PULLAN

IS-Y-COED - Plough - 18th June 1977

Bill Barnes offered (well, hardly offered!) to write this report. It is still coming!

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 25th June 1977

Bill Gray is convinced that brevity is the soul of wit: Sun, wind, rain. Members present as below: Stan Bradley, Bill Gray, Mike Hallgarth, Mike Wiles, Mike Twigg and Ben Griffiths.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 9th July 1977

Easy going, along pleasantly quiet highways, brought me to Bangor to join Frank Fischer, Stan and Mrs. Cooper, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards and Frank Marriott, who were already dining. Entered then the incumbent bishop, resplendently arrayed in everything except gaiters. Bill was accompanied by Eileen and his brother Harold, so the Grays were out in full force, and one had to be careful

Frank Fischer had a 1925 issue of Cycling, carrying a report of Frank Southall's first 2.8 in the Etna "50" which he won by a margin of six minutes. This apart, Cycling of those days seemed a far more readable paper than its counterpart today.

I had the good fortune to ride home with Frank Fischer, again by quiet lanes, but this time into quite a stiff breeze.

STAN WILD

TREUDDYN - Sunspot Cafe - 16th July 1977

A cool but sunny morning commenced with the gathering at Two Mills of Chris Edwards, Bill Barnes (complete in his spartan's kit of short-sleeved shirt and shorts), Dave Eaton and myself. Four!

We departed at half-eleven, negotiated a long traffic jam at Queensferry, and then succeeded in taking the wrong road which led to Mold. At this point the other three left me, obviously taking advantage of the fact that I was using a 40-tooth chainring for the outward journey (the front changer cable had snapped a few days previously). Thus I was left to find my own way, and had to ask a native policeman, who didn't think much of my pronunciation of Welsh place names.

Still, I reached the Sunspot Cafe, only to find that the prices had almost doubled since earlier this year. And, when Mike Hallgarth eventually turned up and joined the ranks, he decided after seeing the prices on the menu, that a Mars bar would suffice his needs.

Now using a 52-tooth ring, it took the hardened "racing" men (?) until R.A.F. Sealand to drop me, now succumbing to a strong headwind as well as the fast pace.

P.S. Being so far behind, details of the sprint finish at Two Mills are not known.

MIKE WILES

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 16th July 1977

The food and comfort of this inn is always first-rate, and when the attendance is like today's with first class raconteurs like Rex, Harold and Bob the pleasure is doubled. Those present were Rex and Mrs Austin, Bob & Mrs Poole, Harold & Mrs Catling, Stan Bradley and the President.

STAN WILD

KELSALL - Globe - 23rd July 1977

For both Len and me this was the first run for months. A leisurely run through the lanes brought the Globe on a fine morning, and Albert and I had a walk around the village before opening time. On our return a goodly company had already ensconced, and making short work of a host of ploughmen's lunches, a favourite meal at the Globe.

Twenty-one members and friends turned up, mainly because the Mersey Roads "24", due to start in the late afternoon, always attracts a goodly throng. John France passed round photographs of his recent South African tour, and whetted the appetites with menu brochures from the S.A.VAAL.

Ruth Williams was present with Johnny and Fred in attendance. Ruth made Len's day by offering to help him with his ploughman's lunch, an offer duly seized upon, and very much appreciated. At closing time several were invited to Mike Twigg's home to partake of more refreshment whilst waiting for the start of the "24".

The usual crowd was at the start, with many old friends present. With the last competitor safely away, the crowds just melted. We arrived back at Len's place at 6.45.

Those present were: Stan Wild, Stan Bradley, Len Hill, Bill Finn, Mike Twigg, Albert Dixon, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Harold Catling, Frank Fischer, Bill Gray, Hubert Buckley, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Wiles and John France. Visitors: Sid Hayward, Johnny and Ruth Williams and Fred. Rex and Edna Austin and Jack Hawkins were at the start. Friends included Richard Hulse, Oscar Dover, Bill Hewitt and Ken Yardley.

JOHN FRANCE

ALLOSTOCK - The Drovers - 30th July 1977

One of the charms of mid-Cheshire is that it is possible to travel from almost any one place to almost any other place along quiet lanes with only the most transient contact with busy roads. Certainly there is a wide choice of such routes between our nearest crossing of the Mersey and Allostock. We travelled out very pleasantly by Castle Mill, Tatton Park, Knutsford and Plumley to arrive at Allostock a minute or so before 12 o'clock.

But we were not the first arrivals. Stan Bradley, who had

been there for some time making a very pleasing sketch of the hostelry, had just been joined by Eric Reeves and friend Jack when we arrived. Within minutes the party was augmented by Bob and Hagar Poole and a little later Hubert Buckley. The last arrival was, of course, our worthy President.

As usual, we talked about a wide range of interesting topics. In particular the changing attitudes to personal pride. In this connection Hubert's father regarded it as being near-sacrilege to take out a bicycle without first cleaning and polishing it. His view was that it was as disrespectful to friends you might meet to go out on a dirty bicycle as to go out in muddy boots - when on tour he always cleaned his bicycle before having breakfast.

Together with Stan Bradley we travelled home by the "mountain route" - over Alderley Edge from Redesmere to Mottram-St. Andrew. The highest point is barely 600 feet above sea level but it gives fine views of the Pennine foothills to the East and the Cheshire Plain to the West. In addition there is the bonus that it ensures an easy end to the day's riding with much more downhill than uphill in the last ten miles or so.

HAROLD CATLING

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 30th July 1977

The trouble with arriving first at a run is that you always run the risk of being the only one. Not very often, though. Mike Wiles had similar thoughts at our delightful Welsh venue. He was seated, alone, and just about to plough a lonely furrow through chips and trappings when yours truly drifted in. Then followed, between mouthfuls of delicious food, a most interesting discussion on dams. No, not the female variety, but the methods used to keep the water of a reservoir in its place. Amid this highly technical discourse Hugh Dauncey had also survived the traffic to arrive without incident. On the way home Mike and Hugh took the old road to Nannerch village. I followed, and, daft-like, took the wrong turning and reached the Mold road again much too soon.

F.E.M.

FARNDON - Nag's Head - 6th August 1977

The curious thing about a Farndon run is the way it brings the people out. Len Hill, for example, managed to elbow everyone out of the way for once and arrive in style with John France and Stan and Mrs. Cooper. Guy Pullan had a free bicycle ticket to Chester and drifted in along well-loved lanes. Stan Wild, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Wiles, Chris Edwards and Dave Bettaney all but completed the bicycle brigade. The "all but" refers to Bill Gray, but how did Eileen arrive? This only leaves yours truly.

F.E.M.

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ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake,
Wirral, Merseyside.

NOVEMBER 1977

No.796

LUNCH FIXTURES

November 1977

- 5 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
12 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George
& Dragon)
19 TARPORLEY (Oven Door Cafe)
26 PENTRE DWR (Britannia Inn) and LOWER PEOVER
(Crown)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet
£1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon.
Treasurer, J.W.MOSS, 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton,
Wirral, Cheshire. (Tel: (051) 339-5076)

* * * * *

EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold,
Flints. CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD.Code 0352)

* * * * *

Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 5th NOVEMBER 1977

COMMITTEE NOTESChange of Address:

Chris Edwards, 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake, Wirral.

J.R.Band, Griffin House, 8 Upper Church St., Chepstow, Gwent NP6 5EX

Eric Bolton writes to tell us that his address is more correctly: 124 Bleams Road, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 3W5. He has not moved his home, but years ago we got the name of the road down wrongly, and R.R.2 (R.R. stands for Rural Ride) is now out of date. Eric lives on a "rural ride" no longer!

ANNUAL SLIDE SHOW

The annual slide show will be held at the Eureka Cafe, Two Mills on December 17 at 6 p.m. Dave Birchall has some Scottish scenes to show us, and Mike Hallgarth a few slides on Eddie Merckx on Eastway. More slides will be very welcome.

IN FOR LIFE!

Many years ago, someone (we think it might have been Ken Barker) suggested that all who had completed fifty years of continuous membership should be elected as Life Members at a subsequent Annual General Meeting. This year we have two candidates: Norman Heath and Syd Jones.

Way back in the twenties and early thirties Norman could be the life and soul of the party with ever-ready quips and jokes even when taking a right hiding on the Whitchurch Road. Since moving to Shrewsbury we have seen little of Norman, but our loss has been Salop's gain.

Syd Jones in the early days was a "rough-stuff" enthusiast, on a gearcased Sunbeam, and few tracks in Wales did not see our old friend in those distant times. But Syd had a perverse streak. He insisted that everyone should have a go at club events. Your present Editor (who also had a gearcased Sunbeam) thought with that machine he could get away with it. Not so, Syd rustled a bicycle from somewhere and that was the start of many hard times, also on the Whitchurch Road!

Syd became a record breaker, too. With George Glover he gained the Edinburgh-Liverpool, and London-Liverpool on a tandem. Edinburgh-Liverpool on a tricycle, and the Twelve Hours on a tandem tricycle (with del Banco). All R.R.A. records. And 45 years after achieving these splendid rides "J.S.J." looks little different now.

APOLOGIES

For the short measure last month. After savagely pruning several pieces so that we should first have twelve pages, the resulting issue came to very little more than eleven. This was entirely due to running out of our usual supply of paper, and having to cope with several different sizes.

JOHN THOMPSON

Wrote to us in June last, and we only now can find room:- The report of our President's pass crossing prowess has shamed me to silence. I had snow, but I turned back. As a result my maximum height was only half his.

If I could forget my unheroic Easter tour I should like to comment on Prof. Hallgarth's learned and illuminating essay on chain-wheel drilling. The chain-wheel is, for him, a mandala which, as the racing Captain has pointed out, does away with the need for preparation. These ideas confirm my belief that cycling is not a chronic illness, as Les West has suggested, but a cult closely resembling eastern mystery religions. Time trialling can thus be understood as a technique for changing consciousness, which, like the other yogas, involves an attempt to restrict awareness to a single unchanging source of stimulation in order to achieve "one pointedness of mind".

The time triallist hopes to exclude all thoughts except "go faster". His nightly meditation (training) is rewarded by the feeling of total relaxation that comes at the end of a 25-mile blow out.

JOHN THOMPSON

RACING NOTES

By the time you get this Circular the 1977 racing season will be over, and the Sunday runs about to start. The first run will be the week after the Tints Tour, 30th October, leaving the Eureka at 10.0 sharp. For those who may not be up with the modern racing scene, let me explain that the season now lasts about 32 weeks from late-Feb. until mid-October. During the height of the season we may race three or four times in a week. In 1977 I have raced 55 times, covering 1,651 racing miles finishing in three "100's", ten "50's", one 26-mile hilly, twenty-five "25's" and fourteen "10's". So you see the modern racing man leads a very hectic life, much more racing than in pre-war days, or so I believe. Particularly when you also include forty-seven regular Saturday club runs.

BENNO

RACING RESULTS29.6.77 PORT SUNLIGHT "25" D/25/1.

Chris. Edwards amended figure - 1.2.58

The following are Bill Barnes' times not included in earlier issues:

8.5.77 Kirkby/Walvale 50 miles Road Race Sixth

15.5.77 RIBBLE VALLEY "50" 2.12.44

24.5.77: 31.5.77: 7.6.77 BIRKENHEAD PARK HANDICAP SERIES 3 x 26 mls.
Finished all three unplaced.

29.5.77 PRESTWICH PHOENIX ROAD RACE 80 miles. Finished in bunch,

12.6.77 LIVERPOOL CENTURY "25" 1.3.58

19.6.77 REDDITCH ROAD RACE 56-miles. Punctured.

26.6.77 PRESCOT CABLE ROAD RACE 50-miles. Ninth.

2.7.77 BUXTON "10" J54

Ben Griffiths 23.55

Bill Barnes 23.59

Dave Eaton 24.37

23.7.77 CHESTERFIELD SPIRE "10"

Mike Hallgarth 26.33

30.7.77 WEAVER VALLEY "25" J32

Ben Griffiths 1.3.20

Dave Eaton 1.5.12

31.7.77 MERSSEYSIDE "25" D25/10

Ben Griffiths 1.1.47

Dave Eaton 1.6.14

6.8.77 HYDE OLYMPIC "25"

Bill Barnes 1.3.47

7.8.77 PENNINE "50" V153

Mike Hallgarth 2.2.35 P.B.

13.8.77 PRESTON WHL. "10" L101

Dave Eaton 24.26

14.8.77 LEEDS WELLINGTON "25" V133

Ben Griffiths 57.22 P.B.

Mike Hallgarth 58.36 P.B.

20.8.77 STONE WHLR. "10" J54

Chris Edwards 23.39

Bill Barnes 24.47

28.8.77 CLIFTON "50" V153

Ben Griffiths 1.57.10

Personal best and Club Record

by 10 seconds.

9.7.77 CLEVELEYS "25" L252

Bill Barnes 1.3.33

Dave Eaton 1.5.43

20.7.77 NOVA "10" J28

Mike Hallgarth 24.38

24.7.77 PENNINE "25" V134

Mike Hallgarth 59.27 P.B.

30.7.77 RICHMOND & DARLINGTON"25" T.254

Bill Barnes 59.07

6.8.77 V.C. PRESTON "10" L101

Dave Eaton 24.24

7.8.77 NAT. CHAMP. "100" J502

Ben Griffiths 4.18.24 P.B.

13.8.77 CONDOR "25" V133

Mike Hallgarth 57.32 P.B.

Chris Edwards 59.45 P.B.

13.8.77 PRESTATYN CRIT. 27-miles

Bill Barnes Fifteenth

14.8.77 LEEK "25" J57 rev.

Dave Eaton 1.3.33

21.8.77 MANCHR. & D. "50" J39Dave Eaton 2.13.58 P.B. by 7
mins.21.8.77 YORKSHIRE C.F. "100" V176

Ben Griffiths 4.31.44

Contd.....

11.9.77 L'POOL TTCA "25" D25/10
Ben Griffiths 1.2.51

4.9.77 CHESTER "50" D50/1
Ben Griffiths 2.11.40
Chris Edwards 2.11.45
Phil Mason D.N.F.
Dave Eaton D.N.S.

Also, Bill Barnes returned the following performances during Harrogate Week:

23.7.77	NEW BRIGHTON CRITERIUM	Tenth
24.7.77	ELSWICK HOPPER ROAD RACE 36-miles	Ninth
25.7.77	JOE MANSY HILLY TEN	29.52
26.7.77	CHESSINGTON LEO ROAD RACE 36-miles	Thirteenth
28.7.77	WRANGLER JEANS HILLY TWENTY	54.20
29.7.77	FIBRAX ROAD RACE 36-miles	Tenth

SLENDER HIGHWAY

Assuming the premise that a narrow highway must be an ancient highway, then one road leading out of Mold is very old indeed. As a pleasant way of reaching the Alyn Valley near Loggerheads, the lane can have no parallel, and, cars are discouraged. You come to it along Clayton Road, alongside the Dolphin Hotel, and opposite the Parish Church, or, turn left off the Ruthin road a couple of hundred yards west of the Hillfield Garage. Even here the way is at times narrow, and it has had to be designated a One Way Street.

This is Hendy (or Hen Dy) Road, and once past the houses, steepens considerably. At its narrowest between the high banks, which cannot be shaved any more, the road is only 8ft. wide. However, in the open once more, it spreads normally, and continues westwards. Between the cross road linking Cadole (on A494) with Gwernaffield, the road climbs again, and then dives steeply, often quite narrow, to the last crossways. From this point it heads, straight and still slender, down to the Alyn.

Although I have yet to discover any reference to Hen Dy road in local literature it seems obvious that here is a very old way out of the town of Mold. Yet the real pleasure comes in meeting with the river. A footbridge, and a rare ford unchanged in many centuries. A local legend tells of an "army" coming this way to do battle with the Saxons in the 7th century.

Beyond the river the lane continues, and shortly joins with the age-old road making for Cilcain, and, eventually, Holywell.

A FRAGMENT FROM FLANDERS

Starting from Ostend Youth Hostel we rode south-east across the flat land of West Flanders, which soon gave way to the gentle hills of the Flemish Ardennes bordering both sides of the River Scheldt. Two days riding brought us to Namur, in the Meuse Valley, where we spent two nights in a truly marvellous Youth Hostel. We spent a day riding up the river bank into the French Ardennes to spend our only night in a hotel as the hostel at Roscroi was closed. The Meuse Valley is reminiscent of our own Wye Valley, but on five times the scale.

Two days were spent in the Belgian Ardennes centred on Han-sur-Lesse. This is a delightful combination of forest and mountain, broken up by steep valleys. Returning to Namur for another night with our friendly warden, Jacques, we bought rail assistance to Brussels, to give more time to visit the picturesque Flemish cities of Aalst, Ghent and Bruges. The latter is a truly fascinating city worth a longer visit. The return to Ostend came too soon, as Belgium is high on my list of countries to re-visit.

J.RIGBY BAND

MAPS

David and Mary Birchall wish to express sincere thanks to all who wrote offering maps after the note in our last issue. The position is now that they are only two short of a complete set: Lowestoft (No.137) and London N.W. (No.180).

MERSEY ROADS "24" - Nant Hall - 23rd July 1977

Notable absences from the Circular in recent months have been contributors other than F.E.M. and S.W., and, in the last issue, the efforts of the Anfield at Nant Hall on the squally night of the "24" went unrecorded.

John Williamson, Keith Orum and David Birchall were responsible for brewing and serving warm tea to most of the thirty-five riders who reached Nant Hall. At Queensferry, shortly after midnight, the first of the competitors had over 160 miles in his legs, and was being buffeted by the headwind on the wretchedly long main road which leads to the Nant Hall turn, near Prestatyn.

The weather conditions had been so inclement during the night that the last of the riders was struggling to reach us before day-break, some fifty minutes down on the field. We had tea for that rider, too, but its effect on him will remain for ever unrecorded.

DAVID BIRCHALL

HIGH ADVENTURE ON BLACK SAIL PASS

At the 1977 "100" finish, a careless word dropped to our President about a recent Youth Hostel tour, including a second crossing of Black Sail Pass after forty years, resulted in an order, reinforced by the Editor, to write an account of the adventure. On that trip in 1937 I had been the lone cyclist with a small group of walkers, and the problem of locomotion then was made easier, because having only a saddlebag I was able to shoulder the bicycle, and use one hand to correct any foot slips.

At one time my cycling shoes were so slippery up one slope on Helvellyn that I hung them round my neck and used stockinged feet to get a grip. On this occasion I had saddlebag and two panniers, total weight 65lb., too much and too awkward to get on to one's shoulder. I don't like rough-stuff myself, the immense exertion required leaves no time to do anything except look closely at the immediate area to be traversed. Nancy Sinatra sings: "Boots are made for walking", which I paraphrase to: "Cycles are made for cycling" and not pulling and dropping them up and down mountains. My companion, Jim Collier of the West Pennine C.C. was set on it, so I tagged along.

In 1976 we had made the east to west crossing of the Roman Steps, a mixture of exhaustion and danger, which had not whetted my appetite for more. This adventure started at Kendal, where we proceeded by way of the crossing of the Gate Scarth Pass east of Harter Fell, which is a 1,900ft. climb of intense effort aggravated by the usual problem of slipping and tripping one's feet. I was labouring under three disadvantages: my companion was 10 years younger, he is just the right blend of Sherpa porter and chamoise for this business, and his training shoes were new, whereas mine were getting worn and causing me to slip more. The crossing was made more interesting by a chance meeting with a Warden doing one of his inspection tours. He explained that the track at the 1,250 ft. mark was laid by the miners of the quarry by Wren Gill. Stones, edges upwards, gave them (and us) a grip: he pointed out a rusting bogy and told us how the overwork killed the miners at an early age. If he had not pointed the tiny cairns to us we should have wasted some time finding the way out.

We brewed up alongside Haweswater, then rode along the east side of Ullswater to Dalehead, and across Boardale Hause to Patterdale. On the way a stream had to be crossed, which entailed a steep drop over rocks to the bed of the stream, and an even steeper rocky exit to the opposite side. The first efforts to get up out

of this spot failed despite some minutes of trying to crack the problem. The descent off the mountain to Rooking into Patterdale was really hair-raising, there were moments when bike and man could have glissaded off the track. The Lakeland paths are getting badly worn, sliding feet would be aggravated by the bicycles doing its own thing. Many times I lifted the bicycle on to some ground where the wheels had a grip, then put the brakes on before moving my feet to a safer place, what is known now as pushing one's luck. The Kirkstone Pass then followed to Elterwater via Ambleside. The next day a north-west ride up Langdale down the western side of Lingmoor Fell, down the eastern side of Coniston Old Moor, then up the Duddon Valley to join, at Wrynose Bottom, the road up Hardnott and down to Eskdale Hostel. The warden was a keen motor-cyclist, and enjoyed ribbing we cyclists.

Then came the day of the renewed acquaintance with Black Sail after almost two generations. Eskdale is a really beautiful valley, which we left via Santon Bridge for a mid-morning ride alongside Westwater under the shadow of those glowering screes. On the approach to Wasdale Head the scar of the track on the southern slopes of Great Gable was temporarily thought to be our route, but a few minutes work with compass and map proved us in error. A further confirmation was that Black Sail Pass has a stream below it on the left, whereas the scar had the stream below on the right, so it could only have been Styhead Pass.

Black Sail Pass is not visible until one has gone through a farmyard up a slope through a gate, and a further slope up to the left. Then Mosedale Beck was revealed to our gaze. Jim is an excellent map reader: his bike is equipped with a small plane table and pointer, and he knows where he is to within a few yards. Incredibly, he elected not to use the path, but to go up on the right-hand side of one of Lakeland's indestructible dry walls. This turned out to be a mistake, as we kept having to lift the bicycles over slippery ground, where streams were coming down Kirkfell. I suggested that the track below us looked a less strenuous one, and eventually Jim agreed. Then we had to look for a way to breach the wall. This was eventually accomplished, but a boulder field extending for some 300-yards had to be crossed to reach the track.

Characteristically, Jim took the diagonal path, but I descended straight down to the track with the bike across my path. By extending first the rear wheel forwards two feet, and then the front wheel forward in turn: this held me on to the slope. To try to wheel or lift the bike down would have pulled me down also. We joined the main track and it was not so good as it looked from above. When

there was room for one's feet, there was no position for the bicycle: even to progress a yard or two required as many foot and bicycle movements as a Samba. So we forced our way upwards with short bursts of effort, then a pause to recover. On the 1000ft. contour we had to cross the stream, which from there to the top would be on our right.

The crossing of the stream took a lot of time, as there were so many uneven stones in the water. At one point a stone pushed up into my instep, and there was a slight tilt to my ankle as 16-stone of man and machine had to be supported. No sprain, but there could have been. How would one explain to a rescue force if you did have an accident with the bike on the mountain. If they called you a fool you would have to agree with them. The crossing negotiated, we anchored ourselves to the slope, and brewed up, which gave us one of the very few chances to look back down the valley from our eyrie. The next 100ft. consisted of traverses barely longer than one's machine, and looking up the extremely steep slope revealed only the next two traverses and the sky above.

Having at last conquered this stretch, one could see the final approach to the exit into Ennerdale, though it would take nearly an hour to get there. This section to the foot of the exit could be covered by pushing hard on the bars with the left hand and heaving with one's right hand clasping the saddle cantel. Two walkers expressed their great surprise on seeing two elderly cyclists in essentially walkers' territory. Now for the final trial - the last two hundred feet. It was so badly broken that I thought it was going to defeat all our efforts. A very wide swathe of loose platelets of rock, almost a scree. Jim moved over to the right where some grass remained, but this brought us to the edge of the drop down to the stream. If one paused, the bicycle had to be set at right angles, or else it would have dropped us off the slope.

At last we reached the point where the climb was finished. Jim spent a few moments with map and compass pointing out Hay Stacks, Brandreth and Green Gable, then I started the descent, following the main track, but Jim started bounding down the outside on the grass. The descent was even more hair-raising than the climb. At times I anchored the bike on the track to scout ahead to see which way was the least hazardous. At one point the two outer alternatives were six-inch wide footpaths, with the bikes to be held out in space, so I chose the centre. This was a trench of rock, one foot at the base and 1½ at the top, and three feet deep. I had to put the bike into this, hold it at the rear, scramble to a side hold leaning over the gap, and then a jump down in front of it to lift it out with a most awkward lift. Then another scree failed

me. Jim had come back shouting not to use this way. He grabbed my bike and went charging down a slope profiled like a sphere, as sure-footed as a mountain goat, with my bicycle bouncing beside him.

As I slid down after him I expected every moment he might hurl into a ravine off this dreadful slope. Below us could be seen the Black Sail Hostel, the only memory I had retained of the trip forty years earlier. We had another brew of tea at the junction of the Scarth Gap track and the forestry path into Ennerdale. Jim said he was going to Buttermere over the 1,400ft. Scarth Gap crossing. I considered the Black Sail quite enough for one day, so we agreed to part. Past Ennerdale Water, Lowes Water and Crummock Water I came to Buttermere, where Jim had beaten me to the hostel by half-an-hour.

We had eight glorious days of roasting sunshine in the beautiful Lakeland scenery, but the lesson learned for me is that it would be better to leave the bike at a hostel, and make a round trip of the pony tracks on foot.

As a postscript to this tale the warden at Eskdale says that the Ramblers Association are trying to petition for cyclists to be kept off the footpaths in the Lakes. I am thinking of offering my support, thus to protect fellow cyclists from their own follies.

ERIC REEVES

NOTE: In a covering letter Eric mentions that he may have overstated the physical effort of the trip, but this underlines what happens "when you take a bike in such country. On foot you can stop for momentary glances around, but with a bicycle the exhaustion leaves only enough energy to concentrate wholly on the climb", and, might we add, the descent. A few days after receiving this piece from Eric, we saw glimpses on T.V. of motor-cyclists using these Lakeland tracks. - ED.

R U N S

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 13th August 1977

There could be no better example of the joy and satisfaction to be obtained from a club run than today's well-supported fixture. Twenty-two members and friends were present, and heading the list was our genial skipper, Ben Griffiths, sharing with us his pleasure at having recorded 4.18 in the recent Championship "100". Stan Bradley and Harold Catling had achieved a long ride out and were first away on their arduous return journey. Frank Fischer had covered a fair distance from Market Drayton, and it was good to see Guy Pullan giving his R.R.A. another airing. John France had, to our great pleasure, brought out Len Hill, as cheerful as ever, together with Stan Cooper and his wife. Frank Marriott, accompanied by

daughter Alison, sat next to Hubert Buckley who is still enthusing about this cycling game.

Bob and Mrs. Poole ably represented the city of eternal sunshine, and the celebrated blue and black bicycle denoted the presence of Rex Austin. A rare attender was pre-war record breaker Peter Rock, with his wife, who shares his latest hobby of bird watching. Albert Dixon still turns a nimble pedal. Albert returned 5.13.5 for 13th fastest time in our 1927 "100", no small feat in the days of long ago. Ken Yardley of the Mersey Roads was a welcome visitor, and Eric Reeves rolled up after most of the party had left. Bill Gray must not be overlooked - he approached me with all the charm of a rattlesnake! Hence this write-up!

Frank Fischer, Eric Reeves, the writer and Bill Gray were supposed to be the last to leave on a mutually agreed lane route, but at the last moment the incorrigible Bill disappeared into the pub, and we saw him no more.

STAN WILD

BEESTON BROOK - Castle Hotel - 20th August 1977

Leaving home around 10.30 I was soon into the lanes through Bretton, Dodleston and Pulford. Then down to Holt, across the Dee and then the lanes through Aldford, Bruera and across the A.41 to Gates Heath, Newton and Beeston. A good meal in good company is still the Anfield way. Len Hill, Stan and Mrs. Cooper, John France, Albert Dixon, Frank Marriott, Stan Wild, Bill Gray and Ben Griffiths made up the company.

Bill Gray, doing a moan about no holiday in 77, surprised us a bit when he mentioned the amount he says he spends on whisky and Guinness. Impossible, he's too fit for that! Our route home took in Beeston Castle, Peckforton Gap, Burwardsley, Harthill, Farndon, Rossett and Kinnerton. Next day saw me up at 3.30 and out driving to Wetherby to ride a "100". But that's another world.

BENNO

IS-Y-COED - The Plough - 3rd September 1977

For those who are guilty of infrequent Clubrun attendances, be warned: Bill Gray is merciless in seeking out Anfielders who fall into this category. This was only the second clubrun on my new Walvale in almost a year, and Bill Gray unerringly headed my way at the Plough, attendance list in hand.

I do have some miles in my legs from quiet evening and Sunday morning potters in Wirral. When cycling in Wirral you cannot avoid using main roads, and they are always busy, and so my aim was to follow a lanes route, as far as possible, to Is-y-Coed. Beyond Saughall I crossed the tidal Dee by footbridge at Saltney, and

then made for Kimmerton and Rossett. In the lanes south of Holt I caught up with Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Wiles and Mike Hallgarth, tyre-changing, and took the front for the remaining two miles.

At the Plough were Bill Barnes, Mike Twigg, Frank Fischer, Bill and Eileen Gray, and Albert Dixon, all with bicycles outside. John France, Len Hill, Frank Marriott, Stan Cooper and his wife complete the list.

The plotting of an interesting route back to Two Mills by the Captain, provided Bill Barnes and team the opportunity to set off at a great speed. Since Ben intended riding a "50" the next day, I said I was prepared to ride back steadily with him. He accepted, and agreed to ride at my pace. Which was just as well, because he later admitted to having trimmed 10 seconds off the Club "50" record the previous week-end.

Four miles short of Two Mills I concluded that quiet evening potters are not sufficient if you are to take Anfield clubruns seriously. By the time I was reaching for a seat at Two Mills, I realised that by far the most subtle penalty for infrequent Club-run attendances is the suffering induced by club riding, and to make matters worse I could not blame my Walwave for that missing edge of speed.

DAVID BIRCHALL

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 17th September 1977

How often is the way to warmer climes paved with the best of intentions! Ben, Chris, and Mike Hallgarth left Sarn Mill after lunch with the avowed intention of taking the back road to Nannerch village, then the London Bridge crossing into the Vale of Clwyd, returning over Bwlch Pen Barras to Mold. But someone must have been excessively persuasive: all three were later seen gently trifling with the easy miles on the direct road!

John France, Albert and Eileen Dixon had hoped to bring Len along, but our ex-President happened to be laid low with a cold. But it was Sarn Mill all the same, and our trio actually walked up the hill to Ysceifiog to have a glimpse of the ancient village. Lunch then waiting for the others to arrive.

Yours truly arrived last, to an echoed chorus of: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself". But two hours doing the Circular takes its toll.

F.E.M.

TAILPIECE: A decided reluctance to write run reports has been revealed recently. As we complete this issue (on Sept.20) we still await Lower Withington, Aug.20; Hatchmere, Aug.27; Lower Peover, Sept.3, and Kelsall, Sept.10.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: STAN WILD

Vice Presidents: JACK PITCHFORD & J.W.MOSS

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: C.G.EDWARDS, 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake,
Wirral, Merseyside.

DECEMBER 1977 / JANUARY 1978

No.797

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 1977

- 3 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
10 IS-Y-COED (Plough) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
17 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe) - TWO MILLS SLIDE SHOW
(Committee Meeting at 3 p.m. 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton)
24 KELSALL (Globe) and LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
26 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)
31 WORTHENBURY (Emeral Arms) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

January 1978

- 7 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
14 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
21 PENTRE DWR (Britannia Inn) and LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
28 KELSALL (Globe)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £5.00. Junior (under 21) £3.00 and Cadet £1.00. These and donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold, Flints. CH7 6YR, (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD.Code 0352)

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Closing date for next issue - Saturday, 7th JANUARY 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: W.G.Connor, 62 Lynton Road, Hillside, Southport
Merseyside, PR8 3AP.

BOXING DAY RUN

Will all interested kindly note that the venue has had to be changed. Because of catering difficulties at the Tollemache Arms, Alraham, we had had to make alternative arrangements at the Beeston Castle Hotel, Beeston Brook.

OBITUARY - W.Henderson

We regret to announce the passing of Bill Henderson at Enstone, Oxford, his retirement home. Bill joined the Anfield in 1922, and although his active membership was apparently short, as we do not remember him at any of our early club runs, he retained his interest to the last. It will be remembered that following a visit from Stan Wild last year Bill wrote a letter which we were able to print in these pages.

RACING RESULTS

Final figures for the year are as follows:-

11.8.77 INTER-CLUB "10"

Hugh Dauncey 26.37 P.B.

Mike Wiles 27.47 P.B.

28.8.77 CLEVELEYS "30" L.301

Dave Eaton 1.18.37 P.B.

18.9.77 W.C.T.T.C.A."25" D25/10

Ben Griffiths 1.2.32

10.9.77 RIBBLE VALLEY "10" L101

Dave Eaton 25.38

25.9.77 B'HEAD VICS 2 up "25" D25/3

Ben Griffiths)

Hugh Dauncey) 1.2.03

17.9.77 OLDHAM CENTURY "10" J28

Hugh Dauncey 26.40

Mike Wiles 28.28

2.10.77 MERSEYSIDE VETS "25" D25/4

Ben Griffiths 1.6.15

EASTER TOUR

Easter seems a long way off, but tour arrangements must be made now. John Thompson is all set to organize a tour in the Border Country, staying at Youth Hostels. This, however, is dependent on being able to borrow a van so that the first night could be arranged at the Youth Hostel at Carlisle. If a van cannot be acquired for the week-end, it would probably be better to explore the traditional Anfieldland country, i.e. Wales.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH JOHN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. 45 Cortsway, Greasby, Wirral, Merseyside (051) 677-3795.

AND, TALKING OF EASTER....

Christmas is nearer still. Might we once again extend the age-old wish to all. A Happy Christmas, and a wonderful New Year.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - Ashton Village Hall - 15th October 1977

Present: Mr. Stan Wild in the chair, and Messrs. Moss, Edwards, Marriott, Williamson, Hill Mason, Wiles, Dauncey, Hawkins, Reeves, Cranshaw, Bennett, Buckley, Griffiths, Gray, Twigg, Bettaney, France, Birchalls (Don and David), Catling, Thompson, Cooper, Dixon and Bradley. Apologies for absence were received from: Fischer, Poole, R.J. Austin, Churchill, Lloyd, Perkins, Orum, Whelan, Barnes and Hallgarth.

After receiving and accepting the various reports, the first business of the meeting was to elect Norman Heath and Syd Jonas to Life Membership, both of whom have completed fifty years ordinary membership.

CENTENARY SUB COMMITTEE: Messrs. Edwards, Griffiths and Hawkins, and the President (ex-officio) were appointed to deal with Centenary Matters.

CENTENARY DINNER: A proposal to have the Centenary Dinner at the Lion, Shrewsbury, proposed from the chair, was defeated in favour of an amendment by Hubert Buckley, and seconded, "That the venue for the Centenary Dinner be arranged in Chester or on the Wirral peninsula". This was passed with a large majority, the dissentients being Marriott and Hill, with perhaps one abstainer.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "100" IN CENTENARY YEAR: This matter received a great deal of discussion in order that we can be in a position to reply if and when an approach is made by the R.T.T.C. As our "100" is traditionally held much earlier in the year than the Championship "100" it was decided that, should an approach be made to us, that it would be preferable to let an offer to promote the event pass.

BLACK ANFIELDERS: The feeling of the meeting appeared to be that it would be a pity to let our history pass out of print, and that a re-publication in Centenary Year would be desirable, always bearing in mind the question of costs at the time.

Officials for the current year are as follows: Stan Wild (President) John Moss and Jack Pitchford (Vice Presidents), Captain: Ben Griffiths, Sub Captains: Bill Gray and Stan Bradley. Hon. Secretary: C. Edwards, Hon. Treasurer: Phil Mason, "100" Secretary: John Whelan, Editor: Frank Marriott. Committee: Bettaney, France, David Birchall Hawkins, Reeves, Barnes and Wiles. Auditor: Mike Twigg.

CLUB ROOM: Enquiries are being made to ascertain if a venue for a weekly club room can be arranged.

Delegates: R.R.A.: R.J. and R.R.Austin; N.R.R.A.: D.Barker and W.Barnes; West Cheshire T.T.C.A.: C.R.Griffiths and J.Hawkins; B.C.F.: Chris Edwards; R.T.T.C.: J.Moss and John Whelan.

THE CENTENARY DINNER

Many Anfielders will view the report of the Annual General Meeting with sadness and surprise. A committee of three is at present looking at the possibility of holding our Centenary Dinner at a venue either in Chester or on the Wirral peninsula. The situation stems from an amendment, proposed by Hubert Buckley and seconded, and carried by the meeting with two dissentients, and perhaps one abstainer.

Hubert will not mind us wondering what father - one of the great Anfielders of his day - would have thought, and said, on hearing his son advocating what can only be described as second-rate hotels, or even a village pub for the Anfield Centenary Dinner!

The facts leading up to this situation are as follows: as Anfield celebratory dinners have always been held in Shrewsbury (the Liverpool dinner in 1939 was confined to Anfielders and ex-members) in 1929, 1939, 1949 and 1959, it can be fairly stated that a precedent has been established. Some months ago, with the knowledge and permission of the Committee, a letter, drafted by your Editor, and signed by the President, was sent to all members asking to be informed of their preference by returning a tear-off slip. Just under one-half of the total membership responded, with a 10-1 preference for the Centenary Dinner to be held at the Lion, Shrewsbury, on the Saturday preceding the Spring Bank Holiday, 1979. (Newer members might not be aware, because a new list is very much overdue, that our membership touches the one hundred mark).

While the result of this Opinion Poll cannot, under our Rules, be regarded as a postal vote, it is as well for all to realize that the members whom we seldom see are, financially, the mainstay of the Anfield. It should be crystal clear to all that the Anfield could not keep afloat on the subscriptions of the active membership, and therefore we rely on the loyalty and support of our distant members. It follows that, in the interests of natural justice, that the preference of these absent friends should not be ignored. Yet this elementary right has been denied to them.

Hubert is in no wise self-seeking. He has in mind those to whom a Shrewsbury venue might be inconvenient, but not, we would stress, inaccessible. It must be patent to all that we cannot please everyone, but surely we can please the majority. Young married members

were mentioned, but these people happen to be very much in a minority.

We would be the first to admit that a venue as suggested would be easier to reach for most of the active members, and we think it possible that many of those present voted for Hubert's amendment because of their own convenience. In our view Hubert and his supporters have their priorities wrong. (To support his point, Hubert even mentioned the name of a very good Merseyside friend who is not even an Anfielder!)

Surely we have to consider the Club as a whole, and keep in mind the greatest good for the greatest number. Shrewsbury has always been the highlight of the Anfield year, and what could be more natural than to have our Centenary Dinner where we have always held celebratory dinners, in Shrewsbury, on the Saturday of the Spring Bank Holiday, the place where all Anfielders worthy of the name prefer to be.

As we hold the firm opinion that members should be consulted on this very important topic, letters expressing any viewpoint are welcome, as soon as possible, please. All letters will be printed, so long as we are allowed to include the sender's name.

F.E.M.

SUNDAY TRAINING - AN ODE

Have you heard as you wander by valley or glen,
 The deeds of our athletic bike-racing men,
 Our bikemen are oiling their gears and their hubs,
 All eager to ride for the fame of their clubs.
 Our wheelmen are trained for the sweat and the tears,
 The gruelling and climbing, and changing of gears,
 Tis grand to be young, and grand to be free,
 And grand to be riding in good company.
 The Eureka is left, and the boys are away,
 One hundred and ten is the mileage today.
 The men of the Anfield have planned the route well,
 And the rest of the story is easy to tell.
 Edwards and Barnes are a very good match,
 But Whelan is a very hard man to catch.
 At Conway Bettaney is well to the fore,
 Griffiths rides now as never before,
 On the Sportsman Hallgarth makes his play,
 But the lads won't let him get too far away.
 Denbigh to Mold saw Thompson shine,
 But Eaton came up to take this prime.
 Mold to home was a real free-for-all,
 Where lots of good riders' pride took a fall.
 Of all the great riders none greater than he,
 The mighty John Moss won from this company.

AP GRUFFYDD

"SLENDER HIGHWAY"

On page five of our last issue we included a hurriedly written piece to fill half-a-page describing what appears to be an ancient way out of Mold. It occurs to us now that the last two lines may have led to some confusion. Beyond the ford the lane, still heading westwards, comes quickly to Maes-y-Groes, a very fine old farmhouse. Here the lane joins with the age-old road from Tafarn-y-gelyn (where the old Clwydian coaching road leaves the "new" Ruthin highway) to Cilcain. The reference to Holywell was included because this way has every indication of being at one time a pilgrims route to the famous well.

"MAD ENGLISHMAN ON A BICYCLE" - SUMMERTIME IN CALIFORNIA

Guy Pullan once suggested a motto for a cycling tour: Spontaneous, Adventurous and Variable. I will let you judge whether or not my summer trip lived up to it.

The idea of going to the U.S.A. has been with me for years, but it was only in May, 1977 on the spur of the moment, that I decided. The trip started with a whimsical window shopping visit to Thomas Cooks, where I was told that just one cheap flight had vacant seats. What is more, to ensure being on the flight I had to buy the ticket the same day. After a chat with my bank manager I borrowed the money and bought the ticket.

So, sitting on the Pan-Am flight with my world record hand luggage (including tent pegs, tools, stove and all my clothes) I had to pinch myself to check if I was awake. Only then did I begin to think seriously about where I should go. My Californian fellow-passengers convinced me that I should go to Northern California - the south, they said, was crowded by the Los Angeles sprawl. Their conversation and the attentive service of our air hostess in supplying drinks made the eleven-hour flight pass quickly, so that on landing I was completely confused about what time it was, and what time it felt like. By the time I had been processed by customs and immigration officials and had re-assembled my bike it was 9.00 p.m. or 5.0 a.m. our time.

The day started, after a two-hour sleep, at four a.m., with a ride to Manchester Airport. It ended in San Francisco, and imagine the shock when I discovered that the only road out of the airport was a free-way! Nothing else to do but ride down the 12-lane monster highway! Somehow I made the fifteen miles to San Francisco. Using an exaggerated English accent: "I say, awfully tricky getting out of the airport, isn't it!" I was able to fend off patrolmen.

Not a very auspicious start, you might think, but after a

week-end in San Francisco I had worked out what time it was, bought maps and supplies and firmed up my decision to head north. Early on the Monday morning I crossed the Golden Gate bridge to start my ride up the winding Route One coastal road. My route followed the bike-centennial trail, and I was happy to find frequent "WATCH OUT FOR BICYCLES" signs warning motorists along the road. I crossed many cyclists heading south, but I caught none, and no-one caught me, an observation, I later discovered, that was not unconnected with the fact that I had continuous headwinds, whilst they were being blown along. I used the State campsites which, as part of the bike-centennial provision, had special biking sections, where you could camp for 50-cents (30 pence) a head. Some of the sites had showers, wash rooms etc., so the fee was good value, and using these official stops gave me the opportunity of meeting American cyclists. Their enthusiasm soon convinced me that cycling in the U.S.A. is no passing fashion and that, whilst there may be some trendies who drive round with expensive bikes on the roof, there are many more genuine hardriding cyclists.

Good company in the evenings, warm and sunny weather and magnificent coastal scenery all made for a most pleasurable beginning, but after four days of similar country, the Anfield credo called me to make a change. Thirty miles north of Legget I turned off the bike-centennial route and headed east into the steep, winding, dusty, back roads of Trinity County.

At a rough estimate the temperature went up a degree for every mile I travelled inland. After four days of toil, zig-zagging through the backwoods, with temperatures over 100F in the shade, I began to wonder: "Is this a good idea?" Struggling up a never-ending hill in 24 gear, with my wrists bleeding with sunburn, and rattle-snakes clicking on every side, I thought, "This is enough!" Five minutes later a car pulled up and the driver offered me a can of ice-cold beer, and suggested that I come to dinner. His house was fifteen miles down the road, and I was a quarter of a mile from the top! How things can change.

Gordon Van Lee is an art teacher from San Francisco. His house "down the road" was his own self-built rather weird log cabin without electricity or any other "modern inconveniences". He treated me to an excellent meal, his wife washed my clothes, and after a bath I almost felt alive. He warned me that the route to the Sierra Nevada mountains was blocked by the terribly hot Sacramento valley. (That day in Reading, at the foot of the valley, the temperature had reached 116F!) Gordon suggested that I spend the next day with them, swimming and lounging about, and that I cross

the valley at night. I agreed.

Alan Rogerson once wrote: "Solo night rides are not for those of a nervous disposition". He was right. On the night of August first a full moon and the mountains and lakes of the Trinity Alps made an impressive sight, but the din of the crickets, the deer that ran out on the road, and the snakes my lamp picked out on the tarmac, all scared me.

By 4 a.m. I had covered the seventy miles to Reading. One cafe was open, but the menu was rather restricted, so I dined on coffee and doughnuts. Outside it was 90°F. The blue light from the east gave me a sense of urgency, for I knew I must climb at least 4,000-ft and cover forty miles before 9 a.m. I made it, put up the tent, and fell fast asleep.

A day and a night of eating and sleeping put me back together, and early the next morning I began the ascent of the Lassen pass, which at 8,350-ft was my first big one. Lassen mountain is a rugged semi-active volcano with moon-like scenery. However, it is the smells more than the sights of this day I remember. Blue lupins on the way up the valley, sulphur springs on the way down.

From Lassen I wound my way back and forth down the Sierra Nevada range. The journey was full of incidents, but a shortage of space necessitates the exclusion of all but two episodes. One evening I rode until dusk. I was tired, it was warm and dry, so I made the stars my roof. About 2 a.m. I was awakened by a loud crash. A bear pawing my bike! I lay frozen (the right thing to do, I later discovered). After what seemed like hours, but was probably no more than a minute, he decided that he was not interested in my "Walvale" and walked off. The next day I got "wised up" on what to do with bears.

The high point of my holiday was the Yosemite Park. I climbed the Tropa Pass from the east, and camped near the summit at 9,500ft. Cooking potatoes or rice is hopeless at this altitude so I dined on my concoction of soya bean chicken (soya bean protein lumps in chicken soup) bread and fruit. Early the next morning I reached the summit, 9,941-ft, and pedalled through the Yosemite. My early start avoided the crowds. (Yosemite is like our Lake District - too popular in summer).

One problem remained: should I go to the Yosemite Valley? In favour it was, by all accounts, a most spectacular sight with 3,000-ft. walls and the third highest waterfall in the world. On the other hand, the floor of the valley would be crowded with visitors, and to reach it would require a detour, and a "forbidden" there-and-same-way-back ride. Over lunch I thought of a solution.

Why not cut across the fifteen miles to the valley by a direct rough-stuff route?

Aloud, I said: "Why not?" and turned by bike into the forest. The first four miles were mostly rideable. However, once I became committed, the trail turned nasty. Crags required agile bike lifting operations, and, with all the kit, this was only just possible. By tea time I still had four miles to cover to reach the top of the waterfall, so I made camp. Passing back packers told me the route down to the floor of the valley would be "completely impossible" by bike, so, after hanging my food in a tree I ran to the waterfall. At first, I thought: "Impossible!" The trail fell down some 3,000-ft. but after talking to some rock climbers camped at the edge, I decided it was just possible.

Next morning I made an early start, and reached the top of the valley wall at 10 a.m. With panniers slung across my shoulders I lifted and pushed the bike down the three miles of winding path. I reached the bottom at 2 p.m. On the lower sections I crossed many hikers who were shocked and appalled by the sight of a mad Englishman with a bike.

After Yosemite I made a southern loop so that I finished as I started, riding north up the coast. Back on the bike-centennial route I again met other cyclists following the well-pedalled trail.

JOHN THOMPSON

R U N S

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 27th August 1977

After a pleasant potter through the lanes I arrived at the Forest Cafe to find a good crowd already there. Stan Bradley and Harold Catling (with his wife) had made their usual lengthy journey. Bob Poole and Hagar from the City of Sunshine, and Albert Dixon had pedalled in his usual immaculate style from Heswall. Guy Pullan had been exploring the lanes, and Ben Griffiths headed a contingent including Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey and Bill Barnes.

The Editor was missing, with an excellent reason. His daughter's wedding day! I left for a lane route through Delamere and across Wirral to be in time for a meeting at the Moss establishment. I learned later that Rex had turned up afterwards with tales of rough-stuff tracks in the forest (due to taking a wrong turning) and expressing much satisfaction at triumphing over odds. Sorry to have missed you, Rex!

STAN WILD

KELSALL - The Globe - 10th September 1977

The ride out to Kelsall from Two Mills by way of Capenhurst, Backford, Guilden Sutton, Cotton Edmunds and Oscroft was uneventful, although rain threatened at first, and a gusty wind throughout made speedy progress uncomfortable.

Mike Hallgarth was not himself: his moods ranging from song:- "It's good to be back on two wheels again" (after driving to London and back earlier in the week): sorrow at the realization that there were nine thousand seven hundred hours before the return of his Polish girl friend, and hypochondria about a sore, and apparently constricting, sore throat.

After a substantial, if pricey, meal at the Cotter's Kitchen, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Mike Wiles and I moved up the road to the Globe, to join Len Hill, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France, Stan and Mrs. Cooper and Bill Gray. Our stay at the Globe was brief, however, and we were soon rolling through the narrow, secluded, leafy and sunny lanes towards the Eureka Cafe and mugs of tea. Shortly after arrival in came John Moss and daughter, and, a little later, John Whelan.

On the very last leg of our journey home to the tip of Wirral Mike Wiles and I met up with Dave Jones, who is back from Oxford for a while.

HUGH DAUNCEY

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 24th September 1977

Things seem to have changed within the ancient portals of the George & Dragon. New faces - different meals. Until now one has had to be content with sandwiches, and, today, Harold Catling ventured to remark that "The cheese isn't very good!" This didn't worry at all as we should have preferred a tasty morsel of ham.

Then we noticed something seldom seen at Great Budworth before: a meal on a plate! So Cyril (an old friend of mine) investigated. We could have two slices of tongue, greened up with a lettuce leaf or two, and then topped with a fantastic variety of trappings. The list was endless. All, and a table cloth! - but in the front bar.

So for perhaps twenty minutes or so we deserted our good friends sitting in the usual place: Harold and Mrs. Catling, Stan Bradley, Hubert, and of course our bronzed President, just back from Brittany, or was it Burgundy?

Heading for home on forgotten roads can be adventurous without

a map. It took almost five miles to get to the crossways, a mere half-mile from the George & Dragon. All right then to Acton Bridge, Crowton and Norley. We recognised one signpost-less turn, but too late to take it, and hoped to correct, but we couldn't. After wandering around in a full circle we found the same lane again, took it this time, and in very minutes came to the Forest Cafe at Hatchmere for a cup of tea and a slice of delicious cake.

F.E.M.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 1st October 1977

Exactly a year ago I staggered into the Forest Cafe at Hatchmere very pleased indeed. From a fruit farm on the verge of Delamere we had acquired some 18-lb of delicious apples for three pence per pound. This day, in the hope of more such apples, we visited the fruit farm again, only to find that the price would be five pence, and pick your own, off the ground, but not today.

So, appleless, it was a matter of up and over the Yeld to Kelsall, then Utkinton and Cotebrook before the turn to Eaton. Eaton holds vivid memories for a handful of Anfielders way back in the 1930's. Hubert Opperman, the noted Australian record breaker, intended to have a try at the End-to-End, and would the Anfield please marshal the lane from the Crown crossways through Eaton, and on to A.49 again. On a week-night, a Monday, just after we were trying to get over a hectic week-end.

Fish and chips in Chester, midnight in Handley. The old coaching road through Barnhill to Broxton village, then Gallantry Bank came before the descent to Bickerton and Ridley Green. Then along to Eaton. "Oppy", riding well, came through before 2 a.m. and we were climbing the Wishing Gate Hill above Clatterbridge when the dawn welcomed another day. It was just four a.m. and time for a few hours sleep before another spell at work.

The turnout included Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Hallgarth, Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, John Thompson, David and Mary Birchall, Stan Wild, Frank Fischer, and Frank Marriott with friend Cyril Drury.

We drifted home through Bunbury (for a glimpse at the church), Beeston Castle, and lanes to Christleton and home.

F.E.M.

WORTHENBURY - Emral Arms - 8th October 1977

Is Bangor-on-Dee too far? The answer will vary with your state of fitness. John Moss says it is, so he caused a strike at the brewery, and closed the Royal Oak, or did he? Or was it Bill Gray getting in some extra miles?

After a hard ride through the lanes we arrived at Bangor to be met by Stan Wild, who informed us the run had been changed to the Emral Arms at Worthenbury, owing to our usual hostelry being closed. Did this extra two miles really take all the fight out of our very unfit members, or was it the change of beer? Whatever the cause, some very sorry sights arrived back at the Eureka. The Emral Arms was a friendly, if rather expensive pub. Those present were Stan Cooper, and Elsie, Len Hill, John France, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Bill Gray and Eileen, Frank Fischer, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril, Stan Wild, John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Hugh Dauncey, Chris Edwards, Mike Wiles and Ben Griffiths.

After lunch John France and Albert Dixon went to examine the church with its box pews, while the rest of us made tracks for home. Also seen out was Peter Colligan, but we are not sure whether he called at the Emral Arms.

BENNO

TAILPIECE

As we complete yet another issue, two items come to mind which we have missed. One, a word of appreciation for Bill Gray for the meticulous way he keeps the attendance figures. Bill and his book are inseperable. Lastly, but in no ways least, Ben Griffiths is coming on nicely with his writing. Good work, Ben.