

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.

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1978

No.798

LUNCH FIXTURES

February 1978

- 4 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
- 11 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk at 2.0 p.m.
- 18 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 25 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)

March

- 4 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 11 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) BIRTHDAY RUN
- 18 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 25 KELSALL (Morris Dancers - ex Globe)
- April 1 - PENTREDWR (Britannia) 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, 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, 4th MARCH 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Centenary Dinner. In accordance with the resolution passed at the Annual General Meeting, the sub-committee has suggested that the Queens Hotel, a Trust House/Forté house adjacent to Chester Station, should be the venue on the first Saturday in March, 1979. More particulars are given on a separate sheet sent with this Circular. Will ALL members who intend supporting the function please return the tear-off slip as soon as possible.

Resignations: We very much regret to report that Bill Barnes and Albert Preston have resigned from the Club.

Changes of Address:

Ira Thomas, temporarily to Ferndale, Nook Lane, Weston under Redcastle, SHREWSBURY. From 1.5.78 to 9 Catteralls Lane, Broughall, WHITCHURCH, Salop.

Arthur Birkby, 41 Brooke Road East, Waterloo, Merseyside L22 2AN, Telephone: 051-928-2259

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RESIGNATIONS are sad things, and we particularly regret that Bill Barnes wished to leave us. Bert Preston, too, after so many years. Stan was saying only the other day that we haven't had a new member while he has been President; early in December we had the following note from Harold Catling:

"I am concerned about the future of the Club, and fear that the attention now being given to the matter of the venue for the Centenary Dinner is likely to distract us from consideration of what I feel is a much more important matter. You may recall Oliver Wendell Holmes poem, 'The Deacon's Masterpiece' which was about:

..... the wonderful one hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran for a hundred years to the day
and then collapsed

..... in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground.

This I fear could be the end of the Anfield story. Poetically glorious such a demise might be, but it is not what you or I would like to see happen. Club promotion is not an activity for which I claim any expertise - worse than that I am probably the most inept person one could put to such work. I do, however, feel a strong foreboding that unless this nettle is grasped firmly in the very near future the Club will be doomed. Can anything useful be done to stimulate club activity? Would a recruitment drive to strengthen our ranks

be worthwhile? Perhaps if the Committee were to set up a Working Party to look into the possibilities something would emerge.

Although I do not know what to do about it I feel very sure that the future of the Club is very insecure and that action cannot be delayed if we are to survive. Is this an unduly pessimistic view?"

We have been in this situation before. Recruitment drives have, in the past, been completely ineffective. Those who joined at these times resigned, or just left, as quickly as they came.

NORMAN HEATH writes:

Will you please pass on my sincere thanks to the Officers and members of the Anfield club for electing me a Life Member.

I never dreamed of achieving this distinction when I joined in 1927 (being introduced by a past President, Bert Green) but think myself very fortunate to have been an active member during the "glorious Thirties" of which I have very happy memories.

Best wishes to yourself, and all Anfielders young and old.

"NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP '100' IN CENTENARY YEAR"

In our last issue, on page 3, under the above heading, we included a somewhat bald account of the decision to forego the privilege, should we be asked, to organize the National Championship "100" in our Centenary Year. This has brought disappointment to several, so perhaps we could outline the reasons which led to the decision being made.

In the first place the Championship "100" is usually held in August, and certainly the Spring Bank Holiday is much too early for such an event. So, if the privilege had been offered to us and accepted, we should have had to stage two 100-mile events in a matter of months, a tall order indeed unless we scrapped our own "100" for 1979. To scrap the Anfield "100" in our Centenary Year would be unthinkable, and we can only hope that the majority of members consider that the decision made was right and proper in the circumstances.

WANTED - A TRICYCLE

As if Harold Catling hasn't enough "wheel-barrows", he still wishes to buy a pre-war trike with an Abingdon axle: preferably with the small differential case and a frame size not less than 22". It is very important that the differential case must be sound. Harold rather fancies restoring one to its original condition and using it sparingly on a single fixed gear during the winter months. Address: 57 Kingston Road, Didsbury, Manchester M20 8SB.

061-445-3041.

OBITUARY - Geoff Lockett

Forty-eight years ago, in the early months of 1930, a fresh-faced teenager, whom we came to know as Geoff Lockett, left his home on the western environs of Manchester every Saturday for the Anfield club run. Not long later he joined, and quickly made an impact by seldom missing a run in his early years.

In the mid-thirties Geoff forsook his trade, and enlisted in the Chester City Police Force. The nature of this work meant that we could only see him much less regularly. In later years, because of other interests, we saw him even less, but interest was maintained, and Geoff came to the club runs, and the "100" as and when he could.

In recent years we were all greatly saddened to learn of his lengthy spells in hospital, and recurring bouts of ill-health. Judge then our delight when Geoff, as fresh-faced as ever, came to the Kelsall run early last February, a pleasure indeed on a delightful day.

By the summer he was back again in hospital for a long spell, and to our intense sorrow he passed away early in December. All we can do now is to mourn his loss, and extend our deepest sympathy to his widow. Stan and Mrs. Wild, with Frank Marriott, were present at the committal service.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED?

We have for some time been wondering what has happened to Pat O'Leary, whom we haven't seen for many months, and Syd Hancock, from distant Penzance. Pat used to show up at the runs now and then, to let us know he was still in the land of the living. We missed Syd at the "100", and his picture postcards have ceased flowing. We hope nothing is seriously wrong.

EDITORIAL

Elsewhere in this issue we include the letters received on the question of the venue for the Centenary Dinner. This problem could be solved by pleasing both factions. The Dinner at Chester for Anfielders and ex-members only, and the celebratory dinner at Shrewsbury to share with our friends. Many, we are sure, will be delighted to spend a Centenary week-end at Shrewsbury, with the Dinner on the Saturday, a country lunch on the Sunday, and a very special "100" on the Monday. Our Centenary could not be celebrated in a more effective manner than this.

THE CENTENARY DINNER

In our last issue we invited comments on this somewhat vexed question. Anfielders are not prone to writing letters for the

Circular, nor, for that matter, to completing and returning tear-off slips, our only way of ascertaining members wishes, but the situation has driven some to their pens and pads. The letters are included in the order in which they were received;

BERT LLOYD, 1.12.77

Circular just to hand. How sad! The change from Shrewsbury to Chester or the Wirral is akin to sacrilege - another blot on the Club's history like the abandonment of our famous "24". "Plus ça change...." and all that, but to me, it was lousy news. Ichabod!!! I was intending to move Heaven and earth to get to the "Lion", but now my keenness is blunted somewhat.

FRANK FISCHER, 6.12.77

There is no doubt that most of those members who took the trouble to reply to the "Opinion Poll" on the Centenary Dinner venue believed that they were in fact taking part in a Postal Vote. In the three pages of the 1972 Handbook, on Meetings, pages 2, 3 & 4, there is no mention whatever about Postal Votes being ineligible. As many older members live considerable distances from the AGM venue, it would of course seem reasonable that a Postal Vote was being requested. In my opinion, a Postal Vote now of the whole membership on this matter should be arranged as soon as convenient.

Personally, I have no axe to grind on the relative merits of Chester and Shrewsbury. (But there is a very good Hotel in Market Drayton, the Corbet Arms! Any supporters?) But seriously, though, a Centenary Dinner is, or ought to be, a great occasion, and the Lion, Shrewsbury, on the Spring Bank Holiday Saturday, outweighs any other venue or date.

HUBERT BUCKLEY, 6.12.77

Regarding your report in the December issue of the Circular. I think my late father would have accepted the findings of the Annual General Meeting with good grace, being, as you say, one of the great Anfielders of his day, and also, I believe, a fair-minded gentleman considerate of others.

There was no suggestion at the meeting of "second-rate Hotels or Village Pubs" for the Anfield Centenary Dinner, or do you believe Merseyside and Cheshire are short of good Hotels, which would be more convenient for everyone, young and old. What are rules if not to be adhered to. If it would satisfy you to call an Extraordinary General Meeting I should be pleased to add my name to the request.

HAROLD CATLING, 6.12.77

The Centenary Dinner should celebrate the occasion in a manner worthy of so distinguished a Club as ours is, I am sure, accepted by all, and I, for one, am perfectly content to leave the arrangements of the dinner to the elected officers of the Club, with such reference to rank and file membership opinion as they may feel to be desirable.

HARRY AUSTIN, 14.12.77

I was surprised to learn that the Centenary Dinner is planned for a hotel in the Wirral peninsula. It may be perhaps because I have been associated with the Club for over half-a-century, for a greater part of the time alas, not very active, that the words, the Anfield, the "100", and Shrewsbury have become almost synonymous in my thoughts. Many of us have happy memories of Whitsuntide at Shrewsbury and mine go back to the first "100" after the 1914-18 war when as a youngster I rode down to Shropshire on a Rudge-Whitworth roadster to which I had fitted dropped handlebars as these were "the thing". I recognise that all this will be lost on the younger generation of members, but I would like to urge further consideration be given to the Lion at Shrewsbury.

SYD JONAS, 14.12.77

To read in the Circular that my old friend, Hubert Buckley, proposed that the Centenary Dinner be held in the Wirral amazed and shocked me.

The Wirral is a grand place - I know - I was born in it, and it would be most entertaining to have the dinner there and watch the diners start looking at their watches from about 8.30 p.m. onwards and muttering: "I must be going soon, the wife/mother/father/kids/landlady/girlfriend (or someone else's) etc.etc. is expecting me back just after nine - no I mustn't have another drink, I'm driving".

The Centenary Dinner is the time to get away from all encumbrances and where everyone can be within walking distance of his bed, look forward to an enjoyable Sunday in Shropshire and have the excitement of the "100" on Monday morning.

This is an occasion when a three-hour or so meeting is not long enough and a whole holiday weekend is necessary to do justice to the celebration.

The actual meal is the least of it, and the thing that matters is being back amongst friends and in surroundings that reek of the Anfield. If the majority of the members want to have the Jubilee other than in Shrewsbury, then it is obvious to me that the traditions of the Club have gone, and I will, with no regrets, not be attending.

I will, however, look forward to standing by the Gates of Heaven when Hubert Buckley arrives, and watch, with great satisfaction, to his getting his backside well and truly kicked by his father, "Mr. Buckley" and his godfather, "Tiny" Roskell. The Pagan One (W.P. Cook), for once, will be on his knees praying for a lost soul!

REX AUSTIN, 28.12.77

I am entirely in accordance with your comments in the Circular regarding the Centenary Dinner. I trust that we may see a change of heart and in the end have the "100th" at Shrewsbury. Apart from anything else I can visualise certain leading cyclists whom we would like to have with us looking much more favourably on the Saturday before Monday's "100" than on some other date in Wirral. I would be willing to use my personal friendships for Shrewsbury - I doubt whether I would for Wirral. You will recall an excellent week-end party for I think the 80th - I do hope we can manage the same again.

ARTHUR BIRKBY, 31.12.77

I thoroughly agree that for sentimental reasons the Lion at Shrewsbury would be ideal. However, the fact cannot be ignored that it is extremely inconvenient. I wonder how many of those members who supported the idea by postal vote would be prepared to travel to Shrewsbury, returning in the early hours of the following day. Very nice if you could stay for the "100", but the week-end would make an awful hole in £12. It would be a disaster if only a few of the Lion advocates turned up and many of the others were debarred by reason of inaccessibility and/or expense. I realize that it is a unique occasion, and my loyalty to the Club is second to none, but personally, I would rather the Dinner be celebrated at a FIRST CLASS Hotel in say Chester when it would be quite an easy matter to get home and back again for the "100". Whatever the outcome, I hope to be there.

ALAN GORMAN, 2.1.78

After reading your article in the Circular, and giving the matter some consideration, I am of the opinion that you are right, and that a Centenary Dinner should be in Shrewsbury. Subject, of course, to the Lion or another first-class hotel being available. Whilst writing to you I want to say that I enjoy the Circular very much, and wish to thank you for the pleasure it gives.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION North West 'Closer', Sunday 13th November 1977

For many years now this annual event has been held at the Hendley Hotel, Colne in North East Lancashire. The valley road which climbs slowly from Burnley to Colne passes through some of the most depressing industrial slums bequeathed to us by our Victorian forbears. Once clear of the valley however it is a wonderful cycling area, very rewarding to the rider who does not put level roads and easy gradients high on his list of priorities.

To make the best of the day I packed everything ready the night before with a determination to have a ride in the hills come hell or high water. By 6.30 am I was on my way with my low-g geared trike up on the roof of the car. Glassy new-frozen snow on the high road between Bury and Burnley made it a somewhat hazardous journey but by eight o'clock I had parked the car and was riding by the shortest (and steepest) route from Colne to the Yorkshire boundary.

Very soon the watershed was crossed and by the time I was descending to the valley of the Aire at Gargrave the sun was up and it was becoming a delightfully bright, crisp morning. From Gargrave to Malham the road is hard, but from Malham to Settle it is even harder, although relieved by a most spectacular descent of the precipitous limestone cliffs which lie between Scalebar and the valley of the Ribble.

The crossing of the Ribble was the apogee of my ride and as soon as the higher ground of the fells above Rathmel had been reached it seemed not too self-indulgent to take a little time off to eat an alfresco second breakfast whilst also enjoying the panoramic view. Visibility was excellent, the snow-covered Yorkshire trinity of Ingleboro', Pen y Ghent and Whernside were magnificent to the North East whilst to the South the Lancashire peak of Pendle, also snow-covered, although rather less magnificent was nevertheless an impressive feature of the landscape.

From this point on the going was very much easier, first - and mostly downhill - through Bolton-by-Bowland to re-cross the Ribble at Gisburn and then, by the relatively well graded road which climbs to the shoulder of Pendle before descending to Barrowford, back to Colne just in time for the formal lunch. Stan Bradley was already there and had been good enough to reserve a table place for me. Jeff Mills was at the same table as also was Alan Rogerson who had ridden over from Blackburn on a tandem crewed by his daughter - yet it seems no time at all since she was just a toddler!

The principal guest and presenter of the awards was Denise Burton and, as is usual on these occasions the business of the day

was carried out enthusiastically and efficiently, but by no means briefly, under the chairmanship of T.A. President, Ed Green. All in all a most enjoyable day out.

HAROLD CATLING

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - 22/23 October - Lion, Llan y Mynech

The morning of 22nd October arrived and in their respective abodes fifteen pairs of eyes looked out in incredibility. Could this be the week-end of the Autumn Tints, with its tradition of monsoon conditions? The morning sun shone out of a clear blue sky to greet our heroes as they sat in "The Mills" discussing their training for the week-end. Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth and Chris Edwards had been "Boro-bashin'" all summer, while John Thompson had used the Rocky Mountains as high altitude training for the Berwyns.

Mike Twigg admitted to being unfit, but had teamed up with Dave Bettaney, who was trying a revolutionary new gear mechanism. John Moss sat in the corner with a superior knowing smile like that of the Mona Liza.

John has found the secret of speed that does away with all on-the-bike training, subsequently revealed as "ego-training". Once a week he travels to Lincolnshire - home of the famed "02", and sits on a bridge over the dual carriage-way. With the aid of trepanation, he meditates for 59 minutes and 59 seconds, then drives home. So far it seemed to work as he had managed to arrive at "The Mills!"

At 10 o'clock everyone departed towards Hawarden from where they proceeded to Hope and Llay. Here John Thompson, Ben, Chris and Mike turned off towards Minera in their search for the hilliest route to Llan y Mynech. John Moss was obviously in a nirvanic trance because he carried straight on towards Wrexham with Dave and Mike Twigg.

World's End was tackled with some vigour, and the group made their way to Corwen via Llantysilio and Carrog. Taking advantage of the good weather the Wayfarer Pass (Nant Rhyd Wilym) was conquered, and Ben placed a new visitors' book by the memorial stone. On the descent the weather broke, and it rained until Llanarmon. In the village the heroic four sat in a bus shelter to discuss the next stage in the day's activities. Eventually the quickest way to Llan y Mynech was followed, and they arrived at about five o'clock.

Already at the Lion Hotel were John Moss, Dave Bettaney and Mike Twigg, pretending they had just arrived. Soon afterwards George and Dave Jones came in, to be followed by Keith Orum and Dave Birchall. (Tragic cases, but still bachelors at heart!) Keith and Dave boasted they had been to Lake Vyrnwy, and all were suitably impressed. John Williamson, Stan Wild and Rex Austin

arrived soon after dark to join those at dinner. Phil Mason arrived after the meal, and explained that he had been supporting Everton all afternoon, then caught the train to Wrexham and cycled the rest.

A quiet evening ensued, and the morning eventually arrived. Both John Williamson's and Phil's chainsets needed adjusting, but soon a departure was possible. Keith and Dave set off for Lake Vyrnwy, where they apparently had a car waiting for them, and had not, as was assumed, cycled from Wirral to the lake, on the previous day. Chris announced he would extend his weekend to a tour to Swansea, and Stan Wild rode away by himself for a mystery excursion of his own. Meanwhile, the main bunch weaved its way through an intricate system of lanes towards Ellesmere.

Captain Ben decided upon some rough-stuff, and the group followed the muddy path around The Mere, followed by an equally muddy path alongside the canal. Satisfied that he had got his own back on those who had chickened out of the Wayfarer Pass, Ben called a tea-break. After half-an-hour everyone forced their attentions away from the waitress and on to the journey ahead.

It was decided that lunch would be at Bangor-on-Dee, but unfortunately a brewery strike had closed the Royal Oak, and it was necessary to continue to Is-y-coed. George and Dave Jones were left behind before the decision to visit the Plough, but traced the muddy wheel-tracks in true scouting fashion.

Towards Holt a leisurely ride continued, but near Farndon bridge Mossy exploded into action. Somewhere from the back of the bunch there was a "click" as he switched his brain off, followed by a rush of wind as he rocketed for the Farndon sign. In fact he nearly won the prime, and he nearly won all the other primes back to "The Mills", thus proving that his training technique had nearly worked. Unfortunately, Ben had teamed up with John Thompson (the club rotter) to drop the rest and arrived some considerable time ahead of the stragglers. After pints of tea had been drunk, everyone slowly made for home after an enjoyable week-end.

MIKE HALLGARTH

NORTH ROAD DINNER - Horse Shoe Hotel London - 19th November 1977

The North Road Dinner, always a splendid occasion, was this year unique: LADIES were present for the first time in 92 years. Their presence added a delightful touch of colour to the proceedings.

Geoff Edwards, the new President, ably filled the chair, and Bill Frankum (immediate past-President) toasted the visitors. Other speakers were the delightful Eileen Sheridan, Phil Ligget (Finsbury Park), "Bing" Wilson (Oxford City) and Ken Lovett (North Road). Among the famous names present were Will Townsend O.B.E., Horace Pryor, Jack

Rissiter, Jack Middleton and Charles Bowtle. I had a friendly chat with Jack Aston (Bath Road) and his wife, and commiserated with Arthur Smith on not yet being fully mobile. Altogether a most enjoyable evening. Thank you, North Road!

STAN WILD

R U N S

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 29th October 1977

A nice run via the airport, Mobberley and Marthall to find Harold and Mrs. Catling, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Stan Bradbury and Hubert Buckley.

BOB POOLE

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 29th October 1977

Faddiley with its lovely thatched pub, Ridley Green with old-time "50" memories, Gallantry Bank and down to the Durham Heifer. Right for Tattenhall and, eventually, Beeston Brook. Len Hill, John France, Albert and Mrs. Dixon, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril Drury. Bill Gray, large as life and twice as natural, was, as usual, at the heart of things. He was wearing his other hat today, that of a snake charmer!

With good food and good service a happy time was had by all. I rode through Eaton, Darnhall and Wettenhall to complete a run of 50 miles.

STAN WILD

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 12th November 1977

Wild, wet and windy this day, but I managed to reach Holmes Chapel without having to don my cape. Stan Wild had a different tale to tell, Harold and Mrs. Catling, too. No one else present. On the return journey I was not so lucky with the rain, but the wind was helpful.

STAN BRADLEY

FARNDON - Nags Head - 12th November 1977

Ben has written an epic about this day, but it is still floating around somewhere. John Moss and Chris on a tandem; Ben, Mike Wiles, Hugh Dauncey and your Editor made the venue. Windy all the time, nice when the sun shone, but all hell let loose when the rains came.

F.E.M.

TARPORLEY - Oven Door Cafe - 19th November 1977

Force nine gale for this one. Three: Stan Wild, Mike Twigg and Bill Gray.

PENTREDWR - Britannia Inn - 26th November 1977

A good day for the Mountain Trial (mine!). Present: Len Hill,

Stan Cooper and Elsie, John France, Frank Marriott and Stephen, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey and me -

BILL GRAY

LOWER PEOVER - Crown Inn - 26th November 1977

At this time of the year a confident forecast of fair weather is needed to get us awheel early enough to permit the luxury of any departure from the shortest route between home and the lunchtime rendezvous. On this particular Saturday a cold but fine and sunny day was virtually guaranteed and we rose early enough to essay a modest venture into the foothills of the Peak. The direct route to Macclesfield was followed by some hard collarwork to gain the 1200 foot contour above Clulow Cross. It was a brilliant day on the tops with the hard-pressed snow at the road edges melting gently in the sun but light mists rising from the valleys rather spoilt the distant views. Despite this The Cloud rising from the mists behind Bosley reservoir was most impressive during the distinctly hairy descent from Golden Slack to Bosley Crossroads.

Down on the Plain again it would have been sensible to hare along the main road through Congleton and Holmes Chapel and reach the Crown comfortably by about 12.15. In the event our addiction to byeways proved too strong and we enjoyed a very pleasant, but time consuming, wander through a delightful maze of lanes before reaching Lower Peover a little before 1 o'clock. Stan Bradley was already comfortably at ease and Hubert was tackling a substantial portion of home-made cottage pie. But we were not the last. Hubert's discarded pie dish had been licked clean by the pub dog and we were already tucking in to our vegetarian toasties when our President arrived to complete the party.

The shortness of the winter afternoon and a lack of enthusiasm for riding in the dark decreed that the journey home should be by the shortest route and this was made the more pressing by the discovery that Hubert had a thorn-punctured rear tyre which led to some delay in leaving. Despite this we were all awheel and homeward bound before half past two.

HAROLD CATLING

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 3rd December 1977

A cold and bitter S.E. wind. A widely-curved route took me to Wrenbury Hall, Ravensmoor, Swanley Bridge, Faddiley and so to Bunbury and Beeston. Full marks to Frank Fischer after riding up from Market Drayton, and to Harold and Mrs. Catling and Stan Bradley for their long ride from Manchester. Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards and Ben Griffiths may not have come quite so far, but their ride must have been pretty tough. On this severely cold day our Editor had gone on a trip to Devil's Bridge with a crowd of railway enthusiasts. We left the warmth and comfort of the inn early and with one idea, to reach the home fireside as quickly as possible. Frank Fischer must have had a very tough journey indeed.

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.

APRIL/MAY 1978

No.799

LUNCH FIXTURES

April 1978

- 8 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
(Committee Meeting at Little Sutton at 2.0 p.m.)
15 GREAT BUDWORTH (George & Dragon)
22 WORTHENBURY (Emral Arms) and LANGLEY (Leather
Smithy)
29 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) and
ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)

May

- 6 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
13 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and CHELFORD (Egerton
Arms)
20 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
27 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon.)
SPRING BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END. OPEN "100".
Monday Lunch at MYDDLE.

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, 22nd APRIL 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Centenary Dinner. The proposal to hold the Centenary Dinner at Chester in March, 1979, has had to be abandoned because of insufficient potential support. Just over forty slips were returned. Seventy-five percent agreed to support Chester, and of these some would have preferred Shrewsbury. An Extra-ordinary General Meeting will have to be held to reverse the decision reached at the October General Meeting.

Change of Address: R.R.Austin, 17 Farmers Close, Cox Green, Maidenhead, Bucks.

Resignation. We regret that the resignation of Reg Wilson was not reported earlier. The resignation was accepted at the August 1977 Committee Meeting.

The "100". Once again our annual event looms on to the horizon. We are delighted to say that Ira Thomas has agreed to be responsible for the checking and marshalling arrangements. Ira would be grateful if all the regulars would take their usual posts (and this means Stan Bradley at Hodnet Corner) AND IF THESE KIND SOULS WOULD DROP IRA A NOTE TO CONFIRM THE ARRANGEMENTS HE WOULD BE MORE THAN PLEASED. And if they cannot, please let him know immediately. In other words, please write whether it is yes, or no.

Ira's address for the time being is: Ferndale, Nook Lane, Weston under Redcastle, Shrewsbury. Telephone: Prees 726.

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OBITUARY. We very much regret to record the passing on January 14 of Oscar ("Ossie") Dover, "the cycling tailor", who, although never an Anfielder, had long been one of the great friends of our Club. "Ossie" had been plagued by failing eyesight for many years, but his passing came quite suddenly.

One of the lessons we learned from him was marketing. Until the supply ran out he always kept three copies of The Black Anfielders in his saddlebag, and we shall always remain grateful for the number he sold. Anfielders present at the committal service were Len Hill, Stan Cooper, John Thompson, Albert Dixon, Jack Hawkins and Allan Littlemore. To his sister Hilda, also a very good friend, we extend our sincerest sympathy.

ALLAN LITTLEMORE. We were more than delighted to have A.L.L. on the Sarn Mill club run. Allan tells us that he doesn't come out very often because he is reluctant to patronize pubs. Can't stand the

taste of ale, it seems. He isn't the only one. Perhaps it should be more generally known that we only visit inns for our Saturday lunches because the meals, generally speaking are better. Coffee and tea are available on request at most. Innkeepers as a rule do not object to anyone bringing sandwiches. Cafes, frown on this practice, and also tend to be more expensive.

Some months ago we mentioned seeing Allan riding "in a lounge suit". Allan wishes it to be known that he would not dream of riding a bicycle so garbed. His attire on this occasion was his "demob. suit", left to him on his retirement from a public service industry. Labels removed, it makes a serviceable outfit.

* * * * *

GLOBETROTTERS ALL

Peter Rock and Lily have been wintering in New Zealand. Bert and Mrs. Lloyd spent the New Year in Brazil with their son and family. Mike Wiles has been to Berlin, and Harold Catling visiting Singapore and Hong Kong, for the first time. Now we hear that John Moss has managed to get away to Spain for a few days, with his bicycle. Who was the man who dared to say that being green with envy was a mortal sin?

WALTER PORTSMOUTH

We have had a pleasant letter from our friend. Referring to Bill Gray's pieces in our last issue, he says that someone in authority should tell Bill to cut the cackle and get down to the nitty-gritty of reporting. It is not given to all of us to grasp the implications of his never-ending, unimportant details. If you take the trouble to refer to our last issue, you will see what Wally is getting at!

HILDA DOVER

Wishes to say a sincere "Thank You" to all members for the many kind thoughts and deeds following Oscar's death. The messages of sympathy have been so numerous as to make impossible the task of replying individually. Hilda would like all to know the great comfort the messages have brought to her during the sadness of the past few weeks. A "Thank You" also to those who attended the funeral at such short notice.

OBITUARY - Stan Cooper

A name frequently mentioned in this and recent issues of the Circular has been Stan Cooper, and now, just as we close for press, we are very sorry to say that Stan passed away, quite suddenly, in

the last days of February.

Stan was a lifelong cyclist. For many years he was a member of the Liverpool Century until he retired to live near Kings Lynn. In 1974 after his return to Wirral he joined us, but his cycling was then confined to the Heswall district. Longer journeys, and club runs, had to be made by car. Stan and Elsie loved to come on the lunchtime runs.

And now it is our sad duty to express our sincerest sympathy to Elsie and their daughter, with whom they lived in Heswall.

NEWS FROM JOHN THOMPSON

The Pentredwr Run. Last week-end I reached the Britannia Inn after you had left. Chris Edwards escorted my friend Maggie and me - on tandem - across World's End. We were the first across, pushing our machines through thick snow. After a brief thaw-out, Maggie and I crawled up the "Shoe". Chris soon disappeared, but we re-caught him using a big gear on the descent.

On Recruitment. Whilst I think Harold's forebodings are extreme, I cannot agree with your comment. Were it not for the efforts of Les Bennett and more recently, John France, there would be very few members under forty to see the Centenary. Also, I do not think that the experience of belonging to the Anfield is a waste - to the individual or Club - just because the membership may not be "for life". (Note: When we referred to "Recruitment Drives" in our last issue as being "completely ineffective" we had in mind the practice of advertising for members in the Press. Those who joined in this way were out again in a matter of months (not years). Surely a waste of their time - and ours. - Ed.)

"Internal Punctures". My letters to the C.T.C. Magazine have brought me many letters, including one from California. With my reply I enclosed a copy of the last Circular, which included my piece "Mad Englishman in California". He enjoyed the article, thinks it deserves wider publicity, and is sending it on to his Club (Orange County Wheelman) secretary. He also writes: "I miss the social bit described in your magazine" (his club has over 500 members) so maybe the Circular will encourage the Anfield style abroad.

* * * * *

IN OUR LAST ISSUE

We wondered whether Pat O'Leary and Syd Hancock had become "lost, stolen or strayed" as we had had no news for months. Pat showed up at the Bangor run on March 4, and from Cornwall comes a

colourful card from Syd Hancock: Still neither L.S. or strayed. Had a rough 18 months. My eyesight failed the driving test, so reduced to where I started - 2 wheels. Shall be in Shrewsbury for the "100" by train and bike in 1978 and 1979. My preference is The Lion at Shrewsbury. Thanks for the mention - SYD HANCOCK.

SNOW FUN

The mention on another page of John Thompson, crewed by his girl friend Maggie on a two-seater, and Chris Edwards, having fun in recent snow on the Minera-World's End crossing, recalls another adventure in the same vicinity.

The day was a Sunday in a very distant March. Your present Editor and Dick Ryals (who sadly became one of our war casualties) met Syd Jonas on the ridge road south of the Vale of Llangollen. The day, sunny and delightful, had been brightened by a carpet of glistening white snow.

Several tracks descend this slope to the Dee; the one we chose was grassy. In the deep snow, even on a gradient, the pace was pleasant, but, being late March, lower down it had disappeared completely. Down that emerald slope we flew as never before, and would those wretched bicycles yield to the brakes? Would they.....! Snow makes a wonderful lubricant on steel rims. Dick Ryals had a fixed wheel and a front toggle brake. Syd had a gear-cased Sunbeam. So had I.

Well, we were hurtling down this hillside for all we were worth, brakes not functioning at all, when round a bend came a gate, barring our path. All I could envisage was the three of us hitting the wretched thing fair and square. When all hope of halting had completely vanished, Dick, slightly ahead, managed to stop. And he just had time to drop his machine and open the gate so that Syd and I could come to a halt on a bank beyond. Phew! What a near miss!

After lunch in Llangollen we headed for World's End and the Minera trackway, then a rough bit of path if ever there was one. From this primitive way - two lesser known routes head off to the left. One, which we knew as the North West Passage, is probably the line taken by the Offa's Dike Path today, but another, possibly not a right of way, headed towards the Four Crosses Inn. This Syd knew as the North-East Passage.

I think Syd knew the way; we certainly didn't. Only a short trip, perhaps a mile and a half at the most, but..... What with lugging the bicycle across streams, and dropping almost waist-deep

into snow-drifts, this proved to be an adventure that I, for one, didn't bargain for. Darkness came down on that wild moorland, and I was beginning to wonder whether Syd really knew the track, or whether it was a first for him, too.

Then, thanks be! a lane on which we could ride until the lights of the inn provided the most delightful welcome ever. It must have been seven o'clock when we knocked on the door and asked if we might have some tea at this late hour. After an excellent meal an hour later we were hurrying down to Rhydtalog and the well-known miles to Wirral, home and bed.

R U N S

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 5th November 1977

Ben and I sat in the "Eureka" on this cloudy Saturday morning awaiting the arrival of a throng of Anfielders, but, alas, none came. So we set off down the lanes that by-pass Chester and the Zoo, chatting as we went about the potential dangers of next season, and whether or not they would come out on the training runs. Occasionally refreshed by the odd shower of rain, we were soon on the road through Delamere Forest and closing on the Forest Cafe.

There were only a few members present, but those absent were most probably building bonfires, or making toffee apples in preparation for the evening's festivities. Present were: Stan Wild, Ben Griffiths, Stan Bradley, Chris Edwards and Harold and Mrs. Catling. Because of the chances of a power cut, the cafe was not serving any exotic meals, but suitably nourished by the cyclists' staple diet of beans on toast, Ben and I left to take a track around the forest, passing Stan Wild on our way.

After our small "rough-stuff" ride, Ben and I were on the road to Ashton, and thence to the Two Mills cafe, that stronghold of cycling. A cup of tea, and Ben and I separated to go to our separate homes. Mercifully a quiet day, for who knows what torture the next day awheel might bring.

CHRIS EDWARDS

IS Y COED - Plough - 10th December 1977

Mine hosts consented (under Gray pressure) to open their doors for the Anfield: Len Hill, John France, Stan Cooper and Elsie, John Thompson, Frank Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Wiles and Mike Twigg.

BILL GRAY

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 10th December 1977

A fine morning after a poor week. Riding via Siddington, Lower Withington and Twemlow, I was first to arrive, and in time to change

a tyre before the others loomed up: Stan Bradley, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Harold Catling and the President. A small party. It seems a great pity that no other members in the Manchester and East Cheshire area do not make an effort to come and join us.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 17th December 1977

"Something terrible's happened!" to quote from the ever-remembered Tommy Handley radio show of years ago. We have mislaid our notes of the day's activities, and now, two months later, raking one's memory becomes quite a task. A sad sort of day, not very bright, and enough slight rain around to keep the fog away. A goodly throng had assembled in the Forest Cafe: Harold and Mrs. Catling, Stan and Mrs. Wild, and Stan Bradbury. Mike Twigg and yours truly. The younger fraternity were represented by Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Chris Edwards and Mike Hallgarth.

A longish Committee Meeting at the Moss establishment put paid to the prospect of tea at Two Mills, since Addie closes at five, but Wendy Moss provided Chris and me with an excellent meal. Wendy, thank you very much.

In the evening Dave Birchall entertained us with an excellent batch of slides, including some delightful pictures of Scotland, and, in particular, the Glen Affric crossing. Others brought more pictures to complete a pleasant evening.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - The Morris Dancers - 24th December 1977

Quite a good day for cycling on the eve of Christmas, and all things considered, a good turn-out. The younger end was represented by John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth and Hugh Dauncey, all of whom, judged by appearances, had indulged in some pretty fast riding. The not so young present were Frank Marriott and Stan Wild, who remained long after the others had departed, indulging in the relaxing art of conversation. Easy lane riding brought the day to an enjoyable end.

LOWER WITHINGTON - Red Lion - 24th December 1977

Using a lane route when I could, it was solitary riding till I reached Congleton. Traffic conditions became a bit different when I used the main road, through Marton to where I turned off for Withington.

One thing about riding a trike. Motorists seem to show more respect when overtaking than if you were riding a bicycle. S'pose must thank the back axle for that. What the motorists do not

realize is that, in my case, my shoulders are just as wide as a back axle (28 ins.) Already at the Lion were Hubert Buckley, Bob and Mrs. Poole; Harold and Mary Catling soon followed me in. The party was complete when we were joined by Rex and Mrs. Austin. Mine host made us welcome. He has experiences of cycling in the past.

STAN BRADLEY

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - Boxing Day 26 December 1977

The Eureka Cafe was closed today, so I packed a flask of coffee and some sandwiches in the bag, and made an early start, via Wrexham and Ellesmere. A conveniently placed bus shelter near Bronington provided a seat in the sun for elevenses. Twenty minutes later I continued through Whitchurch to Beeston.

Quite a good party of members and friends gathered, twenty-six in all. Those present were Rex and Mrs. Austin, Stan and Mrs. Wild, Bob and Mrs. Poole, John and Mrs. Williamson, Hubert and Mrs. Buckley, with Alfred and sister. Stan and Mrs. Bradley, with son Peter and Diane, and an old friend from the Midlands, Charlie Chatham. Harold Catling, Dave Birchall, Mike Hallgarth, Bill Gray, Hugh Dauncey, Dave Bettaney, Ben Griffiths and Chris Edwards completed the party.

On the homeward run Dave Birchall was for crossing the Peckforton Hills, so Mike, Ben, Chris and Hugh set out to find how fit he was. Over the top and through Tattenhall Dave hammered us, until near Christleton he played his trump card by saying: "This is as far as I go, if you would like a cup of tea, you are welcome!" Mike, Chris and Hugh said: "Yes, please!" Ben made straight for home, another good run in the past.

C.R.G.

WORTHENBURY - Emral Arms - 31st December 1977

After a pleasant ride from Prestatyn I was rewarded by the sight of very favourable company in the persons of Len Hill, Stan Cooper and Elsie, Mike Twigg, Frank Marriott, John France, Bill Gray and Eileen, preparing to do justice to good pub fare, as I spotted them from the distant bar. I soon found the right entrance and was in good conversation with Len Hill about my ambitions to embark on a tour of Southern Ireland.

Before long, the younger generation stampeded into the place as I noted the presence of John Thompson, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Chris Edwards and Mike Hallgarth. Somewhere in between Stan Wild had slipped in to join us, solo. The conversation seemed just as lively as the eating and drinking in all directions, and what could provide more convivial circumstances for a New Year's Eve gathering in the countryside.

But the light is short-lived these days, and most were soon ready to find their way home, leaving, it would appear, in reverse order to their arrival, with the young fellows off at a cracking pace. I too, leaving Len Hill and friends, mounted for a hard push homewards.

JOHN WILLIAMSON

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 31st December 1977

Situated in the Cheshire foothills North East of Macclesfield Langley is usually most attractive as a base for either a cycle ride or a walk; but on this New Year's Eve the lowering and very wet cloud made the dry and warm interior of the Old Smithy most inviting. Inside were Hubert - somewhat quieter than usual - Bob Poole with Hagar, his wife and driver, Harold Catling without his usual stoker and so perforce on a single trike, Stan Bradley complete with notebook and unusually mounted on bicycle and Rex with Edna. Also one George Taylor whom the writer had not seen on a club run for a very considerable time. He had left his transport at Forest Chapel, 500 feet above us and two or more miles away by road and had had rather a wet walk. But how good it was to see him again and to enjoy his conversation and his company. And wouldn't it be nice if some of the seven or eight local members who are almost strangers to us were to turn up and come to see us sometime? Appropriately enough for New Year's Eve the conversation was largely of the past and Rex made all our mouths water with his tales of sumptuous club run meals in the twenties, served by luscious hand maidens at ridiculously low prices. Mutual good wishes were exchanged for the coming year and as we were away the clouds cleared away and some of us swore that we had seen the sun.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 7th January 1978

A pleasant day, and a goodly number at the run. Stan Bradbury (of course), Stan Wild, too. Bob Poole and Hagar, Harold and Mary Catling, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Ira Thomas, and yours truly. (Our apologies if this is not a complete list: we made a mental note but when we reached home we forgot to put the names on paper). Ira Thomas, who is half-way to a new abode just east of Whitchurch, likes cycling in Cheshire - much flatter than Salop, his nativeland.

F.E.M.

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 14th January 1978

The Cheshire plain was shrouded in mist on this sharp winter's day. Apparently I was first at the venue, beating Ben Griffiths and Mike Twigg by a short head. Later in came Tony Walne from

Stockport, who introduced himself as a friend of John Thompson. John was supposed to be on his way per tandem, with a mystery crew. We were agog to gaze upon the face of the unknown stoker, but, not surprisingly, John failed to appear, and we had to bear our disappointment like men. Then Bob Poole and Hagar rolled up after lunching at the Cock Inn in the company of Harold Catling and Mary. This quartet had reached the George & Dragon before it had opened, and were forced to find an alternative venue. After lunching Harold and his better half had immediately departed for home to avoid the ever-deepening fog. Understandably the ride home was dull, but at least the day had been dry.

STAN WILD

(Note: we also had a piece from Harold about this, and we hope he is not to disappointed at its omission. The four only moved to the Cock Inn because they were under the impression that my host of the George & Dragon did not intend to open for the lunchtime session. - Ed.)

LOWER WITHINGTON - Red Lion - 21st January 1978

Realizing that the weather might not be so good, I was in a quandary: trike or bicycle? The wireless said that there was ice on the roads, so it was the trike for the trip. Lower Withington is no great distance, so was able to do a circular tour and reached the Red Lion for 12.15 p.m. Harold Catling, also on trike, soon followed, followed by Stan and Mrs. Wild. Stan gave us the sad news of Ossie Dover. He was not an Anfielder, but a very respected cyclist and a T.A. member.

No other members arrived, so the journey home in the company of Harold was made in the rain. A bicycle has mudguards!

STAN BRADLEY

PENTRE DWR - Britannia Inn - 21st January 1978

Although the previous Thursday's snow had more or less disappeared from the roads, I had to give the usual Horse Shoe Pass route the miss. A shopping expedition to Wrexham had to be fitted in. On my arrival at the Britannia John France and Len Hill already had their feet in the trough. Stan and Elsie Cooper too, with Ben Griffiths, all enjoying the warmth and comfort of this pleasant inn.

And while we were relaxing in this way an epic was taking place in the hills. John Thompson, ably supported by friend Maggie, were heaving and shoving their tandem through deepish snow drifts on the narrow way between Minera and World's End. Chris Edwards took a fiendish delight in watching all this expenditure of energy, when everyone knows that a bicycle is best in snow conditions.

The pity of it all is that the rest of the party had left the

Britannia by the time John and company had arrived. Pity, because we cannot be really certain whether the trio were shooting a line, or not. Don't think so, though.

F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 4th February 1978

A very wet morning, and after hanging on a little longer than usual, I caped up and set out. Near Wilmslow was overtaken by a party of about 25 cyclists. Although it was raining so hard, I don't think that more than half-a-dozen were wearing capes, even saw one without mudguards. Learnt later that they were making a fast ride to Whitchurch and back. I suppose it takes all sorts.

Making the best of conditions I reached the Egerton Arms to find Stan and Mrs. Wild already installed. Harold Catling completed the party. In fine weather Harold and I had a wind-assisted ride home, but no sooner had we reached journey's end when the rains came again.

STAN BRADLEY

LLANARMON YN IAL - Raven Inn - 4th February 1978

It was so wet this morning that even the Aylesbury's were tapping on the duck-house door, eager to get away from the wretched rain. Yours truly had ideas of parking the car at Loggerheads and reaching the venue by shank's pony, and doing a little leat exploring on the way. But not in this lot.

On Gwernymynydd we passed Phil Mason, and inside the Raven found Ben, Chris and Hugh. Everyone else had shied at the stair-rod rain. After a pleasant lunch, and the others had left, I join a group of locals in the tank, in the hopes of eliciting a little local lore. It's amazing what you can learn in this way.

On a pleasant afternoon, not wishing to return home by the outward route, I headed for Graianrhyd, the Rose & Crown, to pass the farm (forgotten venue for Sunday teas years ago) and so towards Llanfynydd, passing the Stone Zoo on the way. Pleasant country this. A glimpse - after countless years - of the ancient bridge at Ffrith, and then back to Coed Talon, Pont Blyddyn - and No.11.

F.E.M.

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 11th February 1978

In the midst of the coldest February for years a delightful day. Brilliantly sunny, and a pleasure to be out, but, for all that, cold with the wind. We didn't have Stan Wild, because a freezing fog had clutched Nantwich in its icy fingers. Stan Bradley also had a touch of fog in East Cheshire.

Stan complained of a touch of the "screws". All right on the

bicycle, or tricycle, apparently, but on his legs these "screws" come loose, so to speak, and Stan then limps painfully. We all hope for a quick recovery.

Harold Catling, decked up to prevent being cold, arrived beaming at his progress from home. Mike Twigg just looked in with a wave and a smile: "So sorry, I just cannot stop". Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards and Hugh Dauncey completed the party, but they couldn't stay long. With a Committee Meeting arranged for 2.0 p.m. at Little Sutton, the run meant little more than a bite to eat before being off again into the forest glades.

F.E.M.

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 18th February 1978

In one of the coldest easterly winds I can remember, a solitary cyclist could be seen twiddling (wind astern!) a nimble pedal on the Denbigh Road. With the aid of a B.R. S.S. ticket, and the bicycle for free, Allan Littlemore travelled from Cuddington to Chester, and, much more important, back again, for a mere 50 pence.

On my arrival, John France, Albert and Sylvia Dixon were just departing. Something had gone wrong with the arrangements, and they couldn't stay longer. Inside Ben Griffiths and Hugh Dauncey were tucking into mountains of chips and trappings. The arrival of Allan completed the party.

Ben and Hugh drifted off for some Clwydian crossings, ice permitting. Allan and I stayed around to talk, and talk. Around 2.30 we left. A.L.L. to head for Chester and the train in that very nasty wind.

F.E.M.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 25th February 1978

Another day when the ducks wanted to get in out of the rain. Ben made a detour by way of Bangor, to find out how Bill "the Ink" was getting on. A cup of nice coffee, and the rare sight of W.G. sweeping his chimney. Dave Bettaney, also out for a ride, made for Whitchurch, and Nantwich, before arriving at the Tollemache Arms.

Nice to see Ira Thomas, too, from his temporary Hawkstone home. (Ira's new place should be ready in July). The party was complete with the arrival of yours truly on four wheels.

It is pleasant to record that chips have now found their way back on the menu of the "T.A.". And the hot pies are heavenly. Ira's best story told of a young chap in a car on the Cynwyd side of Nant Rhyd Wylm, or, as some have it now, "The Wayfarer". This laddie had his vehicle bogged down so much that neither he, nor Ira, could shift it. So Ira did the youth a favour by offering to telephone his parents when Ira reached civilisation again. The phone-call must have worked. Next Ira passed that way the young man, and the car, had disappeared.

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, 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake,
Wirral, Merseyside.

JUNE 1978

No.800

LUNCH FIXTURES

June 1978

- 3 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 10 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 17 IS Y COED (Plough) and LOWER WITHINGTON (Red Lion)
- 24 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)
(Committee Meeting at 2 p.m. Little Sutton)

July

- 1 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 8 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)
- 15 PENTRE DWR (Britannia) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
- 22 KELSALL (Morris Dancers) and MERSEY ROADS "24"
- 29 ASHTON (Golden Lion)

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,
Glincs. CH7 6YR. (Tel: MOLD 55037 - STD.Code 0352)

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 10th JUNE 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for membership: Mr. Carl John Futter, 7 Ellesmere Ave.,
Broughton, Chester.

Proposed by C.R.Griffiths and Seconded by C.G.Edwards.

Mr.Sid Mottram of Leicester has written to say that a party of North Roadmembers hope to join us for an "After-100" - lunch at Myddle.

THE "100"

Once again our annual event is with us. Ira Thomas has done an excellent job as Chief Marshal in getting the "staff" together. If you haven't a job, and hope to be out, please ring him at Prees 726.

RACING NOTES

The 1978 racing season got off well, if rather cold and windy at times. John Whelan started in his customary fashion (at, or very near, the top) by being second in his first race, and only four seconds behind the winner. Chris Edwards also made a good start - 1.0.53 in the West Cheshire event - but exams may slow him for a few months. Hugh Dauncey with 1.4.55 in his first solo "25" is a very promising junior. With nine starters and finishers in the West Cheshire "25" we look to be in for a very good season.

BEN

RACING RESULTS12.3.78 WEST PENNINE 34 mileMOUNTAIN TIME TRIAL

John Whelan 1.31.55 (2nd fast)

Chris Edwards 1.38.16

19.3.78 STONE WHLRS 40-mileTHREE COUNTIES T.T.

John Whelan 1.41.12

Chris Edwards 1.42.50

19.3.78 CHESTER TWO-UP "25"

Ben Griffiths)

Hugh Dauncey) 1.1.18

24.3.78 BUXTON 32-mil M.T.T.

John Whelan 1.38.59

26.3.78 MID-SHROPSHIRE "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.18.47

27.3.78 MID-SHROPSHIRE "25"

John Whelan 1.6.07

Ben Griffiths 1.8.15

1.4.78 MERSEYSIDE LADIES "10"

Dave Eaton 26.41

Phil Mason 36.36

2.4.78 MERSEYSIDE VETS "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.3.43

2.4.78 WREKINSPOUT 44-mile HILLY

Chris Edwards 2.3.53

8.4.78 CITY OF STOKE "10"

Dave Eaton 24.56

9.4.78 STRETTFORD "25"

Dave Eaton 1.6.07

9.4.78 TRICYCLE ASS.N.W. "25"

Harold Catling 1.23.20 (2nd H' cap)

9.4.78 BRERETON 26-mile HILLY

John Whelan 1.9.05

Chris Edwards 1.9.34

Ben Griffiths 1.12.16

John Moss 1.24.48

16.4.78 WEST CHESHIRE "25"

John Whelan	59.35	Dave Bettaney	1.2.35	John Moss	1.11.57
Chris Edwards	1.0.53	Dave Eaton	1.4.40	Carl Futter	1.16.21
Ben Griffiths	1.2.26	Hugh Dauncey	1.4.55	Phil Mason	1.16.37

WHAT'S ON? SOME LOCAL EVENTS FOR THE FUTURE:

June	4:	SOUTH LANCS "50" Chelford-Northwich bypass	J 39	a.m.
	4:	B'HEAD VICS 2-up "25" Trefnant-Rhydymwyn	D 25/3	a.m.
	11:	WEST CHESHIRE "50" Whitchurch Rd. (A41) Broughton	D50/1	a.m.
	17:	JANUS "25" Monks Heath-Twemlow	J 24	p.m.
	18-25:	ISLE OF MAN WEEK		
	24:	GTR.MANCHR. POLICE "25" Northwich bypass	J 32	p.m.
	25:	WEST CHESHIRE "100" Nantwich-Whitchurch-Chester	D100	a.m.
	25:	SEAMON'S "50" Chelford-Northwich bypass	J 39	a.m.
	28:	PORT SUNLIGHT "25" Handley-Broughton	D 25/10	Eveng.
July	1:	ALTRINCHAM RAVENS "10" Northwich bypass	J 28	p.m.
	2:	WARRINGTON "50" Winwick-Eccles	J 17	a.m.
	2:	MERSEYSIDE "25" Tarleton-Hutton-Ormskirk	D 25 4	a.m.
	5:	CHESTER "25" Handley-Broughton	D 25/10	Eveng.

IN FELLOWSHIP

The Fellowship of Cycling Old-Timers held its Luncheon and Annual General Meeting at Chester on Sunday, 12th March. Anfielders present were Rex and Mrs. Austin, John France, Bill and Mrs. Gray, Syd Hancock, Albert and Mrs. Dixon and Guy Pullan, who helped to make up the attendance to 150. Bill not only thanked the lady helpers of the Fellowship, but backed it up by marching across the room to bestow kisses on the ladies concerned, which delighted everybody.

Syd had come from his Cornish home by train to Crewe and cycled the rest. He took the opportunity to express his appreciation of the Fellowship. Another speaker was Horace Pryor, who as an Anfielder won the Tricycle Trophy in the North Road "24" of 1920 with 354½ miles and two years later as a Manchester Wheeler competed in the World Sprint Championship at New Brighton! Still cycling in his 90th year, North Roader Frank Armond, once a prolific winner at all distances, spoke movingly of the friendship that was always existed between the North Road and the Anfield.

E.G.P.

A LETTER FROM SYD JONAS

I would like to express my thanks to the Committee and Members of the Anfield Bicycle Club for electing me to Life Membership. Being a member has been, and still is, a privilege I would not like

to have missed.

I really only joined for the grub. A tea, when out on a ride, meant two poached eggs, bread and butter, jam and cake, and numerous cups of tea at a country pub. A feast for one and sixpence.

When I was invited to a run at Acton Bridge and saw what the Anfield called tea, my immediate thought was to get in on it, and I did.

I deny having a perverse streak as stated in your November 1977 issue. I was loaned a racing bicycle by Capt. Harold Kettle, of happy memories, and persuaded to ride in the 12-hours. I was told that it was just like going out for a long ride, except that one wore tights. I learned then there was a world of difference between a Sunbeam with $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. tyres and a Terry saddle, and a racing machine.

I have never been the least bit ambitious, except that I did want to be able to swim, live where the wine was cheap and plentiful, be a marshal at Club races, and sit on a gate and smoke while the youngsters sweated past, doing "evens". Hitler saw that I achieved my first two ambitions. I may achieve the third when I retire.

With all good wishes to all Anfielders, and, on this occasion, especially to my fellow new Life Member, Norman Heath.

SYD JONAS

THE CENTENARY DINNER

After further consideration, despite the paragraph in our last issue, the decision has finally been taken to hold the dinner at the Queens Hotel, Chester, on the first Saturday in March, 1979. The Queens, a Trust House, is next to Chester General Railway Station. Those who prefer Shrewsbury see this as a great disappointment, but we must realize that times change. Also, having dinners in Shrewsbury only once every twenty years or so does not exactly help to perpetuate what is to some a very delightful tradition.

However, all is not lost. Anfielders with long memories are anxious to recapture the enchantment of a Shrewsbury week-end in 1979, and what better highlight for the occasion could there be than an informal dinner at the Lion on the Saturday evening. Speeches would be kept to a minimum, and we could have a very happy party.

The function could be open to the ladies, and friends. We might even have enough to reserve the ballroom. If this prospect appeals, please get in touch with F.E.M. as soon as convenient, so that we can have some idea of the support that might be forthcoming.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

To mark our Centenary the Committee has decided to authorize a second edition of our history, brought up to date with the story of the last quarter-century. Peter Stephenson will be in charge of the actual production, and David Birchall has agreed to recall the various Autumn Tints Tour adventures. We need someone to write about the "100". The edition will be in an attractive paper back, and the price should not exceed £3.00, probably less. We hope to have the volume available in time for the Centenary Dinner.

The general feeling in the Club is that The Black Anfielders should not be allowed to pass out of existence. This is greatly appreciated by those remaining members who toiled so assiduously on the history twenty-five years ago.

Also it has come to our notice that some members have the impression that the first edition was remaindered off cheaply after the initial costs had been met, a situation that applied to perhaps one dozen copies at the most. This small exception apart, all copies were sold at the full published price and proceeds credited to Club funds.

EASTER TOUR 1978Day One: Wirral to Hawes

Six Anfielders had booked for Thommo's Easter tour; however, Dave Birchall preferred to do some forestry work in his garden - wise man! The five who caught the 08.15 ferry to Liverpool were Hugh Dauncey, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, John Thompson and Dave Eaton. On the ferry it became apparent that one 'tester' who likes drilling things had brought a drilled toothbrush to save weight, but no food apart from an edible bobble hat! It also transpired that another tourist had no pump, another no lights, and the leader had brought a plaster cast along attached to his broken thumb - just for a lark, or so he said!

A brief stop at Kath's Cafe in Preston. John knew where it was, so it only took him twenty minutes to sniff the place out. Mike showed his inexperience of Thommo's Tours by putting five pence in a jukebox - did he realize what five pence might be worth by day four?

Lunch in a village called Tosside, reached by way of Longridge, Chipping and Slaidburn. The afternoon saw us press on up Ribblesdale in glorious sunshine, with splendid views of Pen y ghent, Whernside and Ingleborough. At Ribbleshead, with its impressive viaduct (designed by Ben Griffiths?) we turned right for Hawes, and

with a tailwind for the final ten miles arrived at the Youth Hostel dead on opening time.

John described Day One as being "easy". At the time I had my doubts, but in retrospect he was right - you ain't read nuthing yet!

DAVE EATON

Day Two: Hawes to Once Brewed

After rising late at 7.20 we soon had breakfast and traditional hostel chores over with. By 9.30 we were leaving Hawes for Askrigg along the back road with a strong tail wind. Once Askrigg was passed the real climbing started over Askrigg Common. Due to extremely complicated logistical moves and low gear (relative to the rest of the group) Chris managed to ride up this one, the rest walking in parts.

The descent was rapid. A short Mars Bar break and a Brake adjusting session allowed the stragglers to catch up. When we joined the B road to Reeth, Mike and I stopped to tighten a few loose bolts. My problem was speedily rectified so we set off to join the rest. Mike had further trouble with his pedal, so I left him and rushed to Reeth.

Unfortunately I overshot the turn to Langthwaite, and so had to retrace. Thinking that Mike would have meanwhile come down and gone on to Langthwaite, I started to chase, and hoped to catch the other four before Barnard Castle. Progress was slow, due to the extreme hills, and a stop in Langthwaite to purchase a map. I had no idea where I was going. Twelve miles later I was still on the trail of the others, and just approaching Barnard Castle I asked a local bobby if he had seen any cyclists, and he directed me to where he had last seen them, the town centre. I found John, Hugh and Dave sitting in a cafe, but no Mike. We did some shopping in the vain hope that Mike might still turn up.

Reluctantly we headed for Middleton in Teesdale via Lartington. It started to sleet, and by the time we reached New Biggin what had started as a bright sunny day had deteriorated into a wet and windy one. We climbed in capes into sleet and snow with everyone hopelessly over-gearred. Just before the top we had a Mars Bar break, and John administered some of his Mum's home-made fruit cake to Hugh as a placebo. On descending to Daddry Shield, Hugh told me his front cable had virtually snapped, this meant he had to walk some of the steep parts.

After Daddry Shield we moved down the A689 to Cowshill, having tea in a little village en route. Then it was over Stangend Currick to Allendale, Hugh descending with some trepidation, and on to Bardon Mill. Unfortunately the enjoyment factor was low due to the

persistent snow and blizzard conditions. Once through Barden Mill we climbed the hills behind the mill to Hadrians Wall, and the Youth Hostel with its hot showers and drying room.

CHRIS EDWARDS

Mike's story:

After being deserted by my fellow Anfielders in the middle of nowhere with a damaged crank, I hitch-hiked up and down Yorkshire in an attempt to find a good bike shop, but was unsuccessful.

Eventually I caught the train home, and persuaded Neil France to part with the suitable equipment needed to complete the tour. The idea that I should not finish the tour was never in question, and early the following morning I motored to Lancaster. The name of the third hostel as being Eskdale had been mentioned, so I made leisurely tracks for Windermere, which was full of a lesser species of tourist. After Ambleside the road turned into a lane directed towards the Wrynose and Hardknott passes. Towards the top of the Wrynose a light rain fell which soon turned into a heavy rain followed by horizontal sleet for the next two hours.

Eventually I was reduced to pushing up the 1 in 3 slopes. "This'll give me something to boast about to the others!" I mistakenly mused and at 6 o'clock I arrived at the hostel. But there was no sign of the others, and three hours later I had given them up for lost. As I was leaving for the local pub to drown my sorrows, a voice, as if from the other side of the grave, greeted me.

The sight before me was dreadful! The tracksuit definitely that of an Anfielder. A bright red face, sandblasted by the sleet, shone through layers of mud and further examination revealed the remains of a cyclist called Dave! As I last remembered him he was a fit youngster, but the experience of the past twelve hours had aged him considerably.

The others looked almost as bad, and as I was told that Chris had been sent to Coventry, I persuaded John to come for a drink. He, too, had obviously suffered from the experience, as it took over two minutes of persuading.

Only after a couple of pints did he tell me of the day's traumatic route.....

MIKE HALLGARTH

Day Three: Once Brewed to Eskdale

Sunday, the leg of the tour after the "rest day", was the day I started with the knock! We set off early, escaping duties and jury-rigging a front brake on my bike. The first ten miles or so into the fierce headwind necessitated a line out and only when we took to the lanes did the exertion decrease.

Accurate route planning and split-second decisions from the man with the map, J. Thompson Esq., ensured only one mile of main road before we joined the Penrith-Keswick road. After a last gasp for solids (oranges and Mars bars) the last eleven daunting miles into Keswick for lunch were disposed of in line-out fashion. Once in Keswick, group indecision was causing difficulty in choosing between two cafes until Chris decided for us by saying which his Gran always uses!

Over lunch our route for the afternoon was discussed - it involved little cycling, circa thirty miles and a little rough-stuff from Seathwaite at the head of Borrowdale over the Sty Head pass between Great Gable and Scafell to Wasdale Head.

We started the rough-stuff at twenty past four. After an exhausting, time consuming and abortive foray up "the easy track", we retraced our steps and chose a slightly less precipitous one. We reached the summit of the pass (circa 1,500 ft.) after hauling and carrying our bikes up a thousand feet.

The pass had emptied itself of climbers and was filling up with cloud - as we started the descent we could scarcely see from one path-marking cairn to the next. The strong wind eventually dispersed the cloud but made the descent of the narrow, very steep and very slippery path even more hazardous. We reached Wasdale Head at sundown after having averaged "ones" over the four miles and two and a quarter thousand feet of the pass. We reached the hostel after considerable trouble finding it in pitch darkness at about a quarter to nine.

Looking into the drying room through its external window, Dave announced that Mike's clothes were drying on the racks - was he really inside, or was someone just using his kit? His bike was in the shed - had somebody found that as well as his clothes? We stumbled expectantly into the hostel.....

HUGH DAUNCEY

Day Four: Eskdale - Home

How could I get up? My legs, back and arms had been replaced by dummy substitutes. What could I do with these useless appendages? Would I be able to ride my bike? On the previous afternoon's rough-stuff I had fallen flat on my back into bracken water. Now I was stuck in my Yo-Ho bunk.

Somehow I rolled out of bed, hobbled through the morning chores, and set out to tackle the Hard Knott pass. Mike, Chris, Dave and Hugh would soon catch me up. I only just managed to walk.

"Extra-energy" Edwards, and "hitch-hiker" Hallgarth (who had a car parked ten miles south of Windermere) soon disappeared over the

skyline. Hugh, who walked up and down the hills (with only one brake, who could blame him?), me, with my slow creaking joints, and Dave, who always seemed to be slow in the mornings, followed their tracks along Wrynose and down into Ambleside. Here we took in a second breakfast and, with a puncture (mine) to repair, it was noon before we left. No sign of our speedier companions, and the chance of a re-meeting seemed remote. Hugh's morale dropped as he realized that his lifeline, Mike's car, was probably lost. Still the sun came out, and a tailwind quickened our pace over into the Gilpin valley. As expected, Dave turned on the pace and it was fortunate for me that the sunshine eased my joints. I just held on.

Somewhat to our surprise, on reaching the A590 we saw the distinctive figure of Prof. Hallgarth. He had his bike safely tucked away in his car but, as enthusiastic and exuberant as ever, he encouraged us to "get down the road" and catch super-Edwards. We said our goodbyes, leaving Hugh to take his lift. Dave wound it up, and all I can remember from then on is the blur of back mudguards. Chris was hauled in, and we "three-upped" down to Lancaster - where we could get no lunch, to Garstang - where we did get lunch, down A6 to Preston.

At Ormskirk Dave took a train (shattered and lampless, it was a wise choice) leaving Chris and me to pedal down "Scotty" Road, through the tunnel, and so to home. Despite mechanical troubles and some horrific weather, everyone enjoyed the tour. Going north, instead of using the well-pedalled roads of Wales, had made for an interesting trip. Mike is even talking about next year!

JOHN THOMPSON

R U N S

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 25th February 1978

Fingers crossed for fine weather - trike out! Via Woodford and Alderley Edge I arrived at the inn at the same time as Harold Catling. We were not the first: Hubert Buckley behind a pint, Bob and Hagar Poole, Stan arrived later. Stan said he had ridden into the wind from Nantwich, and I found it tough coming from Stockport. Easy on the way home, though.

STAN BRADLEY

(Stan was kidding, as the following piece shows).

Cheshire Roads dinner this evening, so I was driven to Manchester where I picked up a bicycle. East Cheshire by old familiar ways through Styal, Knolls Green, Marthall and Bate Mill to Marton. The session at the Davenport Arms was a delight. A pleasing pub and

a good attendance for a miserable day. Hubert was in expansive mood, but I did get a word in now and again. Hubert and I were last to leave. We sought out the famous Marton Oak, now merely a shell but retaining its diameter of 14ft. and the reputation of being the largest oak in England.

STAN WILD

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 4th March 1978

A dry but cold Saturday brought me out to the Royal Oak. When I arrived only Mike Twigg had beaten me to the venue. We were soon joined by Frank Marriott, Eileen and Bill Gray, then John Thompson and Maggie on the tandem. John was still full of his Californian tour, and the photographs (not his) he had to show us were excellent. The racing lads, led by Benno, were in evidence: Chris Edwards and Hugh Dauncey.

PAT O'LEARY

BIRTHDAY RUN - Beeston Castle Hotel - 11th March 1978

Curious, but we did not have such a good turn-out this year. Perhaps the F.C.O.T. occasion on the Sunday had something to do with it, although we did have Richard Hulse (Speedwell) and Len Baker (Bath Road) as visitors on their way to the function. (Some of us didn't go because we haven't got round to regarding ourselves as "old-timers". Not yet, anyway). Also we had the pleasure of Alan Chamberlain of the Hounslow, now a Chester resident, and Iain McKeown.

The rest of the party was solid Anfield stuff: Stan Bradley (with just a touch of Speedwell), Bob Poole, and his "missus", Hubert with Sadie and Alfred, Frank Fischer, John France, Len Hill with Flo and Geoff. Bill Gray, Frank Marriott, Dave Bettaney, Ira Thomas, Stan Wild and Jo, Ben Griffiths, John Thompson, Mike Hallgarth, Mike Twigg, Chris Edwards and Hugh Dauncey.

It would take a lot of space, even if we knew, to relate how that lot reached the venue, and of their adventures in so doing. Suffice it to say that we all had a happy time, with nice meals and very prompt service.

Next year the 100th. It should be quite an occasion.

F.E.M.

FARNDON - Nags Head - 18th March 1978

Sunny, cold, but ideal for cycling, and the wind even followed me into the lanes. To hear Frank Fischer (who had travelled in a similar direction) say that he had an easy ride gave no satisfaction at all.

Others present were John France with friend Tony King. Pat

O'Leary, Ben Griffiths, Bill Gray, Mike Twigg and Mike Hallgarth. Good food, comfortable inn, excellent company. Badinage followed freely and the usual compliments were exchanged between two of the unworthies present.

Frank was first to go, followed shortly by the fast men (Pat no doubt being flattered at being included in this group). Mike Twigg, Bill and I stayed on much longer and eventually I left, in Bill's company, by a series of narrow lanes and footpaths which I did not know existed. Despite Frank's easy ride out, my homeward journey came on the wings of the wind. So there must have been a headwind in the morning.

STAN WILD

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 25th March 1978

A good day to start with on this run, but somehow I always seem to come unstuck on this one (even though "Rusty" - the new landlord) changed the name - and I remembered true to form. Inside I found Stan Bradley, Harold Catling and Mary, John Moss, Stan Wild, Mike Twigg, Ira Thomas and Hetty, Ben Griffiths and Bill Gray.

The return journey was a test of even my - ahem - great strength. Howling wind, snow, sleet, and stair rods. I promise (some day) to try and please Wally, but remember a reasonable recorder does not make a reasonable reporter.

BILL GRAY

PENTREDWR - Britannia Inn - 1st April 1978

Although it wasn't Red Run's day, attendance was thin. Evidently not enough time to reach home from the Horse Shoe Pass by the hour of three. Breakfast runs on Grand National day in future. The prospect of loads of bacon and eggs at the Britannia (or any other good pub) makes one positively drool! Does anyone know of a house, suitably placed for a club run, serving succulent ham amid a mound of nice, fried eggs?

Mike Twigg, enthusiast always, and Dave Bettaney, just as keen, were already installed when your Editor and friend Cyril arrived. Mike and Dave had travelled via Wrexham - flatter and faster, explained Dave. Hugh Dauncey eventually arrived with Ben hard on the heels of John Thompson and Mike Hallgarth.

Naturally the chat got round to the price of cycling requisites, and after learning of the existence of a pair of wheels, fashioned from titanium for a figure - unless our ears deceived us - of around £250, it quickly became apparent that motoring is not such an expensive pastime after all.

After that revealing piece of information we made for home.

Mike to do a spot of shopping in Wrexham, and Dave to crest the skyline of the pass before the run down to sea level.

An excellent run. The only thing we missed was a glimpse of Bill ("the ink") struggling up from the Vale Crucis Abbey on his last legs to the inn. Probably B.G. had his eyes glued to the T.V. set, too.

F.E.M.

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 8th April 1978

Elsewhere in this issue Syd Jonas remembers those wonderful days when a couple of eggs and trappings with loads of tea set you back for one and sixpence. Today, with only one egg and no trappings it will cost ten times that at some places. At Hatchmere, if you have an afternoon tea (even at lunchtime) you can have a wonderful wedge of custard pie as afters. And wonderful is the word.

Guy Pullan and I lunched sumptuously in this fashion, and on a nearby table were Harold and Mary Catling and Ira and Hetty Thomas. Stan Bradley, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Mike Wiles and Hugh Dauncey completed the company. Stan had already been. We saw him by the duckpond crossways on his way to Little Sutton for the Committee Meeting.

GREAT BUDWORTH - George & Dragon - 15th April 1978

By Castle Mill to Ashley, then on by Tatton Park and Plumley to Pickmere was pure delight. A very rough lane skirting the eastern shore of the mere leads to a very fine view of Great Budworth and its church. Unfortunately the tawdry and sordid shanties which sprang up around Pickmere between the wars still blight the immediate vicinity.

Guy Pullan appeared, riding towards us. Memories of a once delightful spot tempted him to follow the old lane, but learning that it was still as nauseating as ever he turned, and we ambled on together to Great Budworth. At the moment the George & Dragon is a very sick pub. Shortly after one o'clock a limited quantity of sandwiches appeared for our party of fifteen members and friends, and only by careful rationing were we able to stave off our hunger.

With Stan Bradley we came by Hoo Green and Rostherne to the west gate of Tatton Park. Present were: Stan Bradley, Harold Catling and wife, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Bob Poole and wife, Guy Pullan, Ira Thomas and wife, John Thompson and Maggie, Mike Twigg and President Stan Wild.

HAROLD CATLING

(Our apologies for cutting this piece - ED.)

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.

JULY/AUGUST 1978

No.801

LUNCH FIXTURES

July 1978

15 PENTRE DWR (Britannia) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

22 KELSALL (Morris Dancers) and MERSEY ROADS "24"

Please - helpers wanted for the Nant Hall drinks
station.

29 ASHTON (Golden Lion)

August

5 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and CHELFORD (Egerton
Arms)

12 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

19 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)

26 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

September

2 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

Committee Meeting at Little Sutton at 2 p.m.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR OCT.14

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.

* * * * *

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

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Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY, 12th AUGUST 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Mr. Carl Futter has been elected to Full Membership: we hope he will come out to the runs as often as he can, and if he can persuade 'is Dad to come as well, so much the better.

CENTENARY DINNER: QUEENS HOTEL, CHESTER - March 3, 1979

To satisfy an early clamour for tickets, the sub-committee in charge of this function have agreed a really mouth-watering menu with the good people at the Queens, loaded the price a little to cover the inevitable inflation, and single tickets are now selling for £8.50 each. The limit for seating is 230, and from what we can glean already (not from Anfield sources) there is a rush for tickets. With this trend continuing we can anticipate a sell-out. Get yours from the Secretary, NOW!

"100" JOTTINGS

In addition to those mentioned in the official report on another page, we were delighted to meet the following at the finish: Gilbert Sutcliffe, Russ Barker, Alex Beaton, Johnny Williams, Sid Mottram (North Road) and Frank Lake, Sid Hayward and Stan Worthington (all Kentish Wheelers).

* * * * *

Quite a number were wondering who the nice bloke with the almost blond beard could be. We can reveal that it was Bill Barnes. All will remember Bill as an Anfielder until some months ago, when he deserted us for another. We are still wondering why. Anyway, we were very pleased to have Bill around again.

Don Stewart only just made it. Donald only returned from a trip to the Far East four days beforehand.

Tommy Sherman caused much hilarity by unearthing a couple of volumes of the Circular from the thirties, and together he and his contemporaries of those distant days lived again the terrific tear-ups on the Whitchurch Road.

John Whelan set himself off on No.1 mark and kept well ahead of everyone. Ben Griffiths did the ride of his life and gained second prize. Both excellent rides, 4.18.40 for Ben and 4.23.11 for John.

"100" REPORT

We regret having to complete this issue without the "100" report. No fault whatever can be attributed to David Barker, but holidays have intervened this year, and a long delay will occur unless we can submit our copy quickly.

The lunch fixture at Myddle continues to increase in popularity. We were pleased to see John Moss, Mike Twigg, David Bettaney and David Birchall with their respective families.

Does Alex Beaton display a touch of sadism sometimes? Our good friend had intentions of heading for Wales, to watch the riders in The Milk Race suffering on that heartbreak of highways, the ancient cattle road between Tregaron and Abergwesyn.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Twenty-three years ago, when (somewhat weary) we were putting the finishing touches to the Club History, little did we realize that we would be involved once more in producing a Centenary edition of The Black Anfielders. When the idea was first brought up (and NOT by your Editor by the way) several letters were sent to personal friends to test the reaction to the project. The result was encouraging, so we included a note in these pages asking who would be prepared to let us have funds on loan, repayment to be made from sales income. Promises were all that we asked, but the cash came rolling in. Cash in hand for this particular purpose is around £180, and promises have been received for a like amount.

The final figure needed depends entirely on how much new text is required to bring our story up to date, but the cost will probably be around £650 for producing 500 paper-back copies. We append below the names of those noble souls who sent cash - without being asked! - and the equally estimable members who promised. The Treasurer is now ready to receive their contributions. The money will be accepted as a loan unless it is expressly stated that we can regard it as a donation.

Cash has been received from Stan Wild, Syd Jonas, Bill Gray, Alan Gorman, Norman Heath, Hugh Fletcher, Dave Birchall, Rigby Band and the late Geoff Lockett. We understand that promises have been received from the following: Hubert Buckley, Dave Brown, Bert Lloyd, John France, Les Bennett, Len Walls, George Taylor, Harold Catling, Peter Colligan, Derek Byron, Len Hill, James Cranshaw, Tommy Sherman, Alex Beaton, Frank Fischer, Harry Austin, Walter Portsmouth, Mark Haslam, Frank Marriott, Guy Pullan, Vin Schofield, Syd Hancock, Don Stewart and George Connor. Also, there might be others of whom we are unaware.

This leaves some £300 to be dredged from somewhere, and the book must be ready for the Centenary Dinner in March. Perhaps some members whose names have not been mentioned would like to be associated with this second edition of The Black Anfielders.

RACING NOTES

As will be seen from the results below, we have all improved our times as the weather has become warmer. Hugh Dauncey with 1.2.56 in only his second "25" was a very good effort. Of the others Ben Griffiths and John Whelan seem to be going best, with good rides in the East Liverpool "50" and our "100". On behalf of all the riders in the "100" I should like to congratulate John on another impeccable production. Ira for motivating so many members to come out and assist, and Jack for his turn and corner signs. These are the best I have ever seen. Finally, thanks to all timekeepers, marshals, and drink station workers, not forgetting those at the finish.

BEN

RESULTS22.4.78 NEW BRIGHTON "25"

John Whelan 1.0.25
Ben Griffiths 1.0.36
Hugh Dauncey 1.2.56 (P.B.)
Dave Eaton 1.3.51
John Moss 1.9.40
Phil Mason 1.14.02

23.4.78 MERSEYSIDE VETS "30"

Ben Griffiths 1.14.40 2nd fast.

23.4.78 PRIESTWICH PHOENIX "25"

John Whelan 1.2.09

29.4.78 L'POOL CENT. HILLY 23-miles

John Whelan 59.27 3rd fastest

30.4.78 WEST CHESHIRE "30"

John Whelan 1.16.27 3rd fast.
Ben Griffiths 1.18.00
Hugh Dauncey 1.25.54
John Moss 1.29.16

7.5.78 DUKINFELD "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.6.57
Dave Eaton 2.21.19
John Moss 2.29.39
Phil Mason 2.43.56

7.5.78 B'HEAD N.E. MOUNTAINTRIAL 48-miles

John Whelan 2.8.43
John Thompson 2.25.56 (fast.trike)
14.5.78 LIVERPOOL T.T.C.A. "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.5.23

13.5.78 EAST LANCs "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.3.08
John Whelan 1.4.13
Dave Eaton 1.7.45
John Moss 1.11.08
Phil Mason 1.18.25

14.5.78 CITY OF STOKE "25"

John Whelan 1.2.50

16.5.78 LYME R.C. "10"

Ben Griffiths 23.04 P.B.

19.5.78 V.C.TOUTOURIEN "25"

Ben Griffiths 59.34

21.5.78 STONE WHILRS. "25"

Dave Eaton 1.4.52
John Moss 1.7.35
Phil Mason 1.16.14

21.5.78 EAST LIVERPOOL "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.0.46 2nd fastest
John Whelan 2.2.07

27.5.78 MAN.ST.CHRISTOPHERS "25"

Dave Bettaney 1.1.19
Dave Eaton 1.4.25
John Moss 1.6.33

28.5.78 ABBOTSFORD PARK "25"

Dave Bettaney 1.1.28

29.5.78 ANFIELD "100"

Ben Griffiths 4.18.40 2nd Fast.
John Whelan 4.23.11

4.6.78 B'HEAD VICS TWO-UP "25"

Ben Griffiths & 1.0.13
 Hugh Dauncey
 Mike Twigg & John Moss 1.4.45

11.6.78 WEST CHESHIRE "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.4.59 3rd fast.

John Whelan 2.6.10

7.6.78 NORTH STAFFS "30"

Ben Griffiths 1.14.39

WHAT'S ON - A LIST OF SOME FUTURE LOCAL EVENTS:

Jly.9	Vets.Nat.Championship "50" - Whitchurch Rd - Broughton	A.M.
15	Altrincham Ravens "25" - Northwich Byepass	P.M.
16	B'head Victoria "25" - Trefnant-Rhydymwyn	A.M.
22/23	MERSEY ROADS "24". OFFERS TO ASSIST AT NANT HALL URGENTLY NEEDED.	
23	Port Sunlight "25" - Flint-Nant Hall	A.M.
29	Weaver Valley "25" - Monks Heath-Chelford-Somerford	P.M.
30	Merseyside "25" - Whitchurch Road-Broughton	A.M.
Aug.6	Liverpool & West Cheshire "12"	A.M.
5	Hyde Olympic "25" - Northwich Byepass	P.M.
13	National Junior Championship: Chester R.C. - Whitchurch Road-Broughton	A.M.
19	Westwood "30" - Northwich Byepass-Middlewich	P.M.
20	South Lincs "100" - Northwich Byepass-Twemlow-Middlewich	A.M.
20	Phoenix "25" - Tarleton-Hutton-Ormskirk	A.M.
26	Altrincham Ravens "10" - Northwich Byepass	P.M.
27	Wrexham "25" - Whitchurch Road-Broughton	A.M.
Sep.2	Seamons "25" - Northwich Byepass	P.M.
3	Chester "50" - Whitchurch Road-Broughton	A.M.

SPRING BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END AND "100"

Not so much of a "week-end" holiday as we should like, but very enjoyable nevertheless. As in recent years, the scene opened on Saturday within the very comfortable portals of the Royal Oak in Bangor on Dee. Outside, the river flows swiftly, and people lean (as ever) over the parapet of the ancient span to watch the water, or lounge in the sun on the riverside fields. Inside, everything is right. The company good, the food excellent, the comfort superb. Only Bill Finn was missing. Pity. But let Gilbert Sutcliffe, a friend for more than half a century, take up the story:

As a camp-follower of the Anfield Bicycle Club since the spacious days of Cook and Kettle, my annual intrusion into their midst on the occasion of the "100" is something to which I look forward with eager anticipation. Even more so this year after reading in the Circular about the epic Easter Tour which proved, if proof be needed that this ancient and historic confraternity is still young at heart.

The sun was shining brightly on Bangor on Dee when I entered the Royal Oak in the company of Alex Beaton, that first-class traveller from the north. I was so very pleased to find Len Hill and Flo there and enjoy their conversation once again. Pleased, too, to meet Bill and Eileen Gray, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France and Eric Reeves.

But I was disturbed to learn from president Stan Wild, who came in with his wife and friend Malcolm from Australia, that he was considering taking up residence in Opperman-land. I only hope that some Laker-like person will make it easy for him to make flying visits back to Anfield-land as often as possible. Bikes free, of course.

Frank Fischer, chief consul for Market Drayton, introduced me to Mike Twigg, and I gave a respectful salute to captain Ben Griffiths. I envied the streamlined figures of Professor Hallgarth and Hugh Dauncey and, after hearing voices from above, found myself in the congenial company of tall Frank Marriott and even taller son Stephen. As ever, this was a happy and nostalgic week-end for me, and the lunch fixture at Bangor was one of the best bits of it.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

THE "100" - COURSE MARSHAL'S REPORT

We haven't a clue of the time Ira Thomas rose from his bed this Monday morning, that is, if he ever went near it! Ira spent hours wandering around the course before even the sun was up! Then he took charge at the start, and he can surely be justly proud of the excellent job in recruiting the various checkers, marshals and other helpers which resulted in such a successful event. Ira didn't miss a trick.

Similar praise to John Whelan. Surely the best event secretary we have had for many, many years, and this was his ninth consecutive effort. And, besides organizing the event, John entered, went round the course as No.1 man, and did a very good ride, too.

Timekeeper, Rex Austin and Edna. Starter, Syd Hancock. Hefty pusher-off, Dave Brown. Hilda Dover with the numbers. Stan Wild and James Cranshaw as course marshals. The race was on. Don Stewart and Len Walls at Hodnet. John Moss, Tommy Sherman and Frank Marriott at Tern Hill. Mike Twigg and Stan Bradley at Hodnet Corner. Harold Catling and George Taylor at Crudgington. J.D.Ingram and B.Hazeldine at Tibberton Moor turn. Timekeeper at 25-miles, Stan France. Eric Reeves and Jack Hawkins once again brought a model of organization to Eyton Bratton turn. Hodnet drinks: Chris Edwards, Phil Mason,

Mike Hallgarth, Dave Eaton, Hugh Dauncey and Bill Barnes. Jack Pitchford and son, Charlie Powis, Tom Edwards and Cliff Ash at Shawbury Corner. Frank Fischer and Tommy Sumner taking times at the half-way point.

We are grateful to the Mersey Roads for drinks at 52-miles. M.Jones at High Ercall; Mr. & Mrs. Wellings of the Wrekin Sports at Cottwall. Fred Butterworth, G.Davies and Tom Humphries at the Shirlow turn. Peter Rock, George Connor and John Thompson at Battlefield Corner. Bill Gray at Preston Brockhurst. R.Page at Rock Hall cross-roads. Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred at Prees Island, with, also, John France, Albert Dixon and Peter Colligan with his two sons.

Ken Yardley with the watch at 75-miles, and drinks very kindly dispensed by the North Shropshire Wheelers. Tommy Sherman, John and Carl Futter at the Bletchley turn. And so to the finish. Rex and Edna Austin, Mark Haslam and Len Walls in the timekeeper's car. Bob Poole checking numbers. Results: Frank Marriott, D.V.Pitchford, Mike Twigg, Dave Bettaney and John Moss. Drinks: Dave Birchall and John Thompson. Dave Barker our roving reporter.

R U N S

WORTHENBURY - Emral Arms - 22nd April 1978

Good job Anfielders don't wear jeans, not on club runs anyway, 'cos they're not welcome at the Emral Arms. But once you do get inside, everything is delightful. Large plates loaded with lovely grub, and pleasant surroundings in which to natter afterwards. A pleasant party today: Stan Wild, Ira and Hetty Thomas, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Chris Edwards, Bill and Eileen Gray, with yours truly and friend Cyril Drury.

F.E.M.

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 22nd April 1978

A fine day for riding. I arrived at Leather Smithy with a feeling of satisfaction. Was soon joined by George Taylor and while in conversation with George the rest of the party arrived: Harold and Mrs.Catling, Bob and Mrs.Poole. So by way of a change we were able to enter the hostelry together.

With the walls covered with old and odd gadgets, combined with a low ceiling, the pub takes on an old fashioned appearance, and several flashlight photographs were taken for posterity. Pity that some of our regulars were missing.

Outside, across the road, a pillory and stocks have been

erected. I have not seen anyone leaving the Smithy in a state of inebriation to warrant being put into one of those contraptions. Anyway, it might be just as well. I was of the opinion that anybody in the pillory would find it very tight round his wrists, but easy on the neck, so long as he wasn't bigger than 20-inches.

STAN BRADLEY

ALLOSTOCK - Drovers Arms - 29th April 1978

(Will all who read please note that with this piece, history is being made: so far as we are aware, it is the first run report to be written by a lady. Thanks, Hagar. - Ed.)

A fine Spring morning as we made our way to the Drovers Arms to find Rex, Hubert and Stan Bradley behind sandwiches and pints of wallop. Rex wished us a "Happy New Year", and said that he had not been on a run since New Year's Eve at Langley. Edna had a major operation early in the year and was now well on the road to recovery. We send her our best wishes, and hope to see her soon.

After an hour's pleasant conversation came the crunch. Stan asked Rex to write up the run. He promptly refused and suggested that as ladies were always welcome on a club run, it was high time that one of them wrote about it. Being the only female in the party, and having enjoyed Anfield time trials and club runs for more than half a century, I could hardly refuse.

We then made our departure. Rex and Stan for home. Bob and I to Chelford to watch an open Ladies "10" time trial, where we were later joined by Hubert. Members present were Rex Austin, Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Bob Poole, and the writer:

HAGAR POOLE

(Thanks, Rex, for the best idea ever. And Bob need write no more club runs in the future! - Ed.)

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 29th April 1978

My first twelve miles on the A41 proved on this overcast day to be anything but pleasant, a nagging wind and a surfeit of holiday traffic. So I was pleased to turn off at No Mans Heath into the quiet and peaceful lanes of south Cheshire with the hedgerows showing their green virgin growth and the damson trees breaking into blossom, the banks carpeted with celandines competing with the dandelions in a glorious display.

My route lay towards Bulkeley Hill via Egerton and Gallantry Bank. Right into A534, then left at the monument. The road climbed up on to the hill where on a clear day one is rewarded with a wonderful panorama of the surrounding counties. Surely one of the

best in Cheshire. Leaving the tarmac the track developed into a sandy track which descended to a junction guarded by a stone gatehouse to Peckforton Castle. Taking the left hand track to Burward-sley with the Pheasant Inn on the right, one entered the grounds and woods of Peckforton Castle, a most pleasant area, the silence only broken by the flight and call of the pheasants which are reared there. The track brought me to Moathouse, and I then espied Bill Gray turning a nifty pedal towards Beeston one mile distant.

Entering the venue we found Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France and Frank Fischer in occupation, followed by Frank Marriott and friend Cyril. Before we had consumed our revive the fast pack of Benno, Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards and Mike Twigg, backed up by the President. During the meal at which Benno produced several photographs of the past, the conversation ranged from having cycles stolen, the coming "100", the news that Stan would be leaving for Australia in the autumn, and of special trips run by British Rail.

All too soon came the time to depart, so Frank Fischer and I wended our way through the lanes towards Salop, parting on the A.530; Frank to Lightwood Green, and the Shropshire Lad for home via Ash and Prees.

IRA THOMAS

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 6th May 1978

A misty day, with slight drizzle most of the time - not ideal for cycling. According to the dictum of R.L.S. hopeful travel was better than arrival. Be that as it may, my arrival was a joy on this murkiest of mornings.

A useful group of members had gathered inside the Tollemache Arms, the friendliest of inns, with a judicious blend of youth and experience. In one corner sat Dave Eaton, Hugh Dauncey, Ben Griffiths and Mike Twigg. Not far away was Stan Bradley, John France, Bob and Hagar Poole, and to our great pleasure Len Hill accompanied by Flo. In splendid isolation Frank Marriott and the writer brought the complement to the round dozen.

Lucid and congenial conversation has ever been a feature of Anfield runs and today, long after the younger end had departed, the not-so-young indulged to the full in the pleasures of reminiscence. It seemed a shame to end the session, but eventually the road had to be sought for the finest miles of a most enjoyable day.

STAN WILD

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 13th May 1978

The honours of this day go to the gentlemen of Wirral. They rode far and fast to join their Manchester confreres in east Cheshire. Shades of the days when Reeves, Rock and Marriott made a habit of it. Eric and Peter will remember a day just after the war when they hammered into a gale to Buxworth (reached in a sad state) before continuing to Dove Dale for the week-end.

Today's stalwarts were Mike Twigg, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Dave Eaton and Phil Mason, the last two apparently having lost their way and suffered in consequence. The pleasure of seeing our Liverpool friends was so great that the excellence of both the inn and the conversation paled into insignificance, and it only remains to record the rest of the attendance, viz: Bradley, Austin, Fischer and...

STAN WILD

Stan Bradley also writes in the same vein. After expecting a sparse attendance with the Catlings and Pooles on holiday, Stan was another delighted attender, and, as he says, the fact that we could all sit around one large table gave a party spirit to the assembly.

LLANARMON YN IAL - Raven - 13th May 1978

A cluster of odd jobs nearly prevented me from making this run. (Does this happen to anyone else?) With the morning almost over Maggie and I strapped the tandem on her old Austin, and raced out to Llanarmon. There we found Frank Marriott, John France, Len and Flo, all out in motors. Hugh Dauncey had been, and gone. Bill Gray was the other pedaller, and his route, dodging Wrexham, was a right up-and-downer.

Intent on getting some miles in we had a quick lunch, said our goodbyes, and motored on to Corwen. From here we pedalled up to Cynwyd, through Llandrillo and then along the back of Bala lake. Maggie had never been to this part of Anfieldland before, and, since it is one of my favourite routes, I took a special pleasure in showing her.

By the time we reached the far end of the lake we were just getting into our stride, so, instead of returning along the main road, we took the mountain road to Trawsfynydd. This relatively new road climbs to over 1,600-ft. The wind was against us, and it began to rain. In more than ten miles we saw no cars, walkers, or anyone else. How quickly you can get into the wilds.

At Trawsfynydd we were seriously behind schedule, but with a strengthening wind, we scorched down the A4212 to reach Corwen well before lighting-up time.

JOHN THOMPSON

Editor's note: John described the mountain road as "relatively new". It all depends what he means by that. The only thing new is the tarred surface. We traversed it as a rough track: the Romans knew it, too.

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 20th May 1978

The C.T.C. Centennial '100' mile ride organised by the Manchester D.A. starts from Manchester and follows interesting lanes in Cheshire, with Kelsall at almost exactly mid-distance. After a fortnight of hammering the tandem round north Pennine and Cheviot byeways (mostly uphill), we felt capable of combining a rehearsal of the Centennial ride with attendance at this Run. The outward journey was not too demanding, except on the helmsman over a rather rough section which crosses the Waver between Moulton and Whitegate, and we arrived at the Morris Dancers in good time.

There was the usual good company and conversation over lunch, although our President contributed rather less than is his wont. Stan used to arrive rather late, but was thereafter prepared to stay and talk until the party broke up. His new habit appears to be to arrive early but then to depart with almost indecent haste on the pretext of having to get to a meeting on time. The excuse that a 2 o'clock meeting in Little Sutton entails leaving Kelsall at 12.45 is very thin indeed. I wonder what the old gentleman is really up to?

The going seemed easy enough after lunch as we proceeded westwards, but after something less than an hour, by which time our heading had become roughly north-east, we suddenly became aware that a deceptively strong wind was blowing from that quarter. Very quickly our feeling of fitness deserted us, and we soon deemed it necessary to forego the pleasure of a number of scheduled minor diversions in order that we might reach home in a state of less than complete exhaustion. In fact it was touch and go. We arrived with just sufficient reserves of energy to be able to pour out the Newcastle Brown but could not have survived the delay which the brewing of tea would have entailed.

Those present were: Stan Bradley, Harold Catling and Mary, Hugh Dauncey, Dave Eaton, Frank Fischer, Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, Frank Marriott, Ira Thomas and Hetty, Mike Twigg and Stan Wild.

HAROLD CATLING

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 3rd June 1978

Not exactly flaming June, but very pleasant. Just the day, in fact, for lazing beside the little Afon Chwiler which prattles

very delightfully between Sarn Mill and the busy main road. If the others had stayed long enough, they would have seen yours truly and friend Cyril sunning themselves in this way, but the younger element were away, heading for the high skylines.

We had been quietly engaged in consuming lunch when the others stormed in: Ben, Hugh, Mike Hallgarth and a friend. From then on there was no need to think of something to say to keep the chatter going. No one could get a word in edgeways! Mike was in super form. From past times on the "Borough" to wondering how on earth he could get to Poland to meet his girl friend. All good listening though.

For our part we descended into the Vale from London Bridge and headed along the old highway through the valley. At Craig Fechan we turned south west to enquire about an old bridge spanning the Afon Hesbin. Drawing a blank, we continued towards Llanellidan.

By the church we found the Leyland Arms Inn (a Lancashire name in a quiet Welsh village), and the afternoon tea the good people were serving to a Dutch couple looked so inviting that we asked if we might also have some. A pleasant interlude indeed.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 27th May 1978

Lanes through Gawsorth and Marton took me to Holmes Chapel. At Hulme Walfield I met Harold and Mary Catling, and after a short talk we proceeded via Radnor Bridge to Somerford, then Brereton and Davenport to the venue. Bob and Mrs. Poole followed us in, and we were joined soon after by Stan Bradley. Hundred help on Monday proved to be the main topic of conversation.

Our homeward route was by way of the bridle road across the Dane to Swettenham, then on by Eaton and Gawsorth. Home at 4.30 after another enjoyable trip.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 3rd June 1978

The lush greenness of the English countryside was a joy on this early summer's day of prolonged sunshine. Lanes, gloriously quiet lanes, were followed all the way to Marton, where, if the attendance was moderate, its quality was excellent and a very good time was had by all. Bob and Hagar Poole, Hubert Buckley and the writer indulged in the usual lengthy conversation piece until the warm afternoon sun enticed us out once more. More quiet ways. I rode through the ever-delightful village of Swettenham, took the bridle-road through Davenport Park and finished a leisurely day of some sixty miles by early evening.

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, 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake,
Wirral, Merseyside.

SEPTEMBER 1978

No.802

LUNCH FIXTURES

September 1978

9 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

16 PENTRE DWR (Britannia) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

23 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)

30 HATCHMERE (Forest Cafe)

October

7 WORTHENBURY (Emral Arms) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)

14 ASHTON (Golden Lion) followed by ANNUAL GENERAL
MEETING to be held at the Village Hall at 2 p.m.

21/22 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to LION HOTEL, LLANYMYNECH
and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

(Bookings, with a deposit of 50 pence, to Chris
Edwards as soon as possible)

28 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

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.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

DEADLINE for next issue - 16th SEPT. 1978 - No later, please.

COMMITTEE NOTES

Application for membership: Mr. Arthur Gore, 61 Summertrees Road,
Great Sutton, Ellesmere Port, L66 2RN.

Proposed by C.R.Griffiths, Seconded by C.G.Edwards.

A.G.M. Notices of Motion to Chris Edwards by Sept.16th please.

YOUNGER MEMBERS NEED NOT READ THIS

The fund subscribed forty-five years for maintaining the F.T. Bidlake Memorial Garden at Girtford Bridge, on the Great North Road, and providing the silver plaque for annual presentation has, because of inflation, become quite insufficient to cover the calls made upon it.

The Trustees have, therefore, made an appeal in the hope that sufficient will be subscribed to continue maintaining the garden and awarding the plaque. The Club has made an official - but token - donation, and several members have also sent their cheques. This note is addressed to all others who might wish to subscribe. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. C.H. Paget, 8 Becket's Close, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Cambs. PS17 1ET. Please enclose S.A.E. if you wish to receive an acknowledgment.

HAROLD CATLING....

has for a long time been in quest of ancient tricycles. He now writes: Thanks to the good offices of Derek Roberts I now have a machine which is ideal for my purpose in that it is a first-class example of the racing trikes of fifty years ago, which has not suffered "butchering", "improvement" or damage. It can, therefore, be restored to its original condition, and this I propose to do.

It was built by E.F. Russ (of Russ forks fame) is very light with an ultra-short wheelbase and a 29" Starley axle. The axle width is a peculiar feature about which I would like to know more. Starley/Abingdon axles were available in two nominal widths, 28" and 30". The former offered low wind resistance, and the latter gave greater stability when cornering on unfavourable cambers. Our 29" axle is a compromise achieved by combining the nearside half-shaft of a 28" and the offside half-shaft of a 30" axle. The result is an assymetric 29" axle with all the stability of a 30" when negotiating sharp left hand turns - right turns can never be really sharp when cycling on the left hand side of the road.

This is an intriguing gimmick - or was it a well-established practice followed by all the best tricyclists of those days? Perhaps some of our older members can tell us.

RACING NOTES

John Whelan has again produced the sort of ride we all know him capable of. On Saturday July 29 he set a new club record for 50-miles with 1.49.41, an average speed of 27.351 mph! Chris Edwards has got over his exams and already clocked a personal best "25" of 59.38, with Dave Bettaney doing his fastest ride for ten years. Dave Eaton, John Moss, Hugh Dauncey and Ben Griffiths all going well, competition for team places is again getting fierce. When I remember how Keith Orum beat John Whelan in the East Liverpool "50" in June 1969, I wonder how fast Keith could move now, if only someone could prize him out of that rocking chair!

BENNO

RACING RESULTS3.6.78 HARROGATE "30"

John Thompson 1.23.45 (trike)

4.6.78 SOUTH LANCs "50"

Dave Eaton 2.17.03

14.6.78 TUNSTALL "25"

John Whelan 59.40

Ben Griffiths 1.0.0

17.6.78 JANUS "25"

Dave Bettaney 1.2.26

18.6.78 BIRCHFIELD "25"

Dave Eaton 1.2.30

18.6.78 HOLME VALLEY "50"

Ben Griffiths 1.59.55

John Whelan 2.1.12

24.6.78 GREATER MANCH.POLICE "25"

John Moss 1.5.09

Mike Twigg 1.7.34

25.6.78 LPL & WEST CHES. "100"

Ben Griffiths 4.29.31

28.6.78 PORT SUNLIGHT "25"

John Whelan 59.00

Ben Griffiths 59.26

Dave Bettaney 1.1.51

John Moss 1.4.10

1.7.78 YORKS VETS "25"

Mike Twigg 1.1.39

1.7.78 ALTRINCHAM R. "25"

Dave Eaton 24.04 P.B.

John Moss 25.12 P.B.

2.7.78 BRAMLEY "50"

Ben Griffiths 1.57.53

John Whelan 1.58.36

2.7.78 MERSEYSIDE "25"

Dave Bettaney 1.1.38 fastest time

4.7.78 RIBBLE VALLEY "25"

Dave Eaton 1.2.32

5.7.78 CHESTER "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.0.33

John Whelan 1.1.05

John Moss 1.4.48

Dave Eaton 1.5.04

8.7.78 CHESHIRE TWO-UP "25"

John Moss & Mike Hallgarth 1.3.23

9.7.78 VETS NAT. CHAMP. "50"

Ben Griffiths 2.2.03 Fastest time

Mike Twigg 2.14.11

15.7.78 ROYAL SUTTON "25"

John Moss 1.4.23

16.7.78 B'HEAD VICS "25"

John Whelan 1.0.37

Ben Griffiths 1.0.52

Dave Bettaney 1.2.11

Chris Edwards 1.3.06

16.7.78 PRESTON "50"

Dave Eaton 2.12.44 P.B.

19.7.78 NOVA "10"

Dave Eaton 24.59

22.7.78 GLENDALE "10"

Dave Eaton 25.18

23.7.78 PORT SUNLIGHT "25"

John Whelan 59.49

Ben Griffiths 59.57

Dave Bettaney 1.0.41

Dave Eaton 1.2.51

Hugh Dauncey 1.3.27

John Moss 1.5.00

29.7.78 OTLEY "50"

John Whelan 1.49.41

* CLUB RECORD BY 7 MINS 29 SECS *

30.7.78 NAT. CHAMP. "100"

Ben Griffiths 4.19.37

30.7.78 MERSEYSIDE "25"

John Whelan 59.27

Chris Edwards 59.38 P.B.

Dave Eaton 1.1.49 John Moss 1.3.21

Hugh Dauncey 1.5.07 SECOND TEAM

OBITUARY - D.L.BIRCHALL

One of the saddest duties the Editor of this journal has to perform is writing to record the passing of an old friend.

Don Birchall had been a member for forty years. Business precluded him from being a regular attender at our Saturday runs, but Don has always been a Treasurer's joy. He just couldn't pay his dues quickly enough.

One memory will be always with us. Seven, on a Tints tour, halted at the turn for the Horse Shoe Pass above Llandegla. Five had already agreed to have tea at Corwen's Crown and cross Nant Rhyd Wilym - more commonly known now as the "Wayfarer" - in what we hoped would be moonlight. Two, one of whom, was Don, demurred emphatically. "Not so-and-so likely!" as he and Rigby Band disappeared down the Llangollen road.

All we can do now is very much regret his passing, and extend our sincerest sympathy to Evelyn and David.

John France, Frank Marriott, Arthur Williams, Albert Preston, Hilda Dover, John Williams (Mersey Roads) were among those present at the committal service.

JOHN FRANCE

Early in July, John France scared everyone out of their wits by being whisked off to Clatterbridge and placed in an Extensive Care Unit for a time. However, we are delighted to record that it wasn't long before John was home and all smiles again. He was at the Bangor on Dee run on August 5. And were we glad to see him!

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

As sufficient funds have accumulated in the "kitty" to have the original volume photographed, this is now being done. Dave Birchall and your Editor are getting the extra material ready, and this will have to be set up, and printed, before binding. Although some have fulfilled their promise to contribute, not all yet have done so.

Please could we ask for prompt payment without an individual request, and just a little more is also needed.

AND

While on the subject of finance, quite a number of subs are overdue. Some members have developed an unfortunate habit of coughing up only every two years. This really won't do. Please can the Hon.Treasurer have your dues, NOW!

STAN WILD

In preparing for his move "down-under" our President has now vacated his Nantwich home.

HUNDRED REPORT - 29 MAY 1978

History was within three minutes of being made this Spring Bank Holiday. Well, Anfield history at any rate. This was the margin which separated Ben Griffiths from becoming our first winner since 1935. As if that were not enough, John Whelan's excellent seventh place ride combined with Ben's meant that our third counter only needed a 5.2. ride for us to take the team. Unfortunately, we didn't have a third counter. A day of ifs, maybe's and might-have-beens.

To start at the beginning, the start sheet must have been a disappointment to many after last year's full field, and over one hundred for several years before that. It must have been particularly galling to John Whelan after the work he had put in. Still, before we get too upset, it is well to remember the 50's and 60's we were getting fourteen or fifteen years ago. And a drop in quantity gave little indication of a drop in quality. Alan Roberts, last year's winner, was back and last man off. He looked most likely to be pressed by Vic Smith, C.C.Orpington/Saba who gave Phil Griffiths such a fight for the B.A.R. in 1976. On paper Smith was comfortably fastest.

The race looked to be between these two, with a struggle going on for the minor placings between "comeback" men Geoff Hughes (Birkenhead North End), Normal Powell (Gannett C.C., ex-Oldbury and District) who rode the event in the mid-sixties). Ben Griffiths and the Edney twosome (Warwickshire Roads). One intriguing entry was that of Phil Looby, one of ours until he joined Port Sunlight to further his road-racing career. Readers of CYCLING will know how well he has succeeded. Moreover, good roadmen often do well in the event and there were many who fancied his chances.

From a motoring perspective the morning looked almost perfect:

fresh and still with a suspicion of a breeze and bright sunlight. But while this may have been so in the early stages, as the morning wore on the sun, which was making onlooking an idyllic occupation, was making life progressively more uncomfortable for the riders, and the breeze freshened.

A number of questions were answered at the start for both Vic Smith and Dave Roe (Rockingham) were non-starters. Smith's non-appearance might have been expected to leave Alan Roberts clear favourite, but the gossip (well-informed) had it that Alan's form and enthusiasm did not compare with last year. It began to look wide again.

The amended course starts as before between Shawbury and Battlefield, and heads through Shawbury and Hodnet to the first turn short of Tern Hill (10 miles). After returning to Hodnet it rejoins the old course heading south towards Wellington. The Crudginton detour is retained - in fact extended - and it was here that Stan France (Mid-Shropshire) took the 25-mile check. Once again the Anfield hare had given the hounds the slip as John Whelan went through in 1.5.21, nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ahead of the nearest chaser.

John's time remained unbeaten until the arrival of Ben Griffiths in 1.4.15. Norman Cowell had reduced his arrears on Ben to 4.37 on the road, going through in 1.3.52. Ten minutes later Geoff Hughes passed a mere six seconds down on Powell, but then came the big surprise as John Bunting (West Pennine) shot into a clear lead with 1.1.44. No one could (or wanted to) match this early pace though Roberts, Looby, Edney Jr., Taylor (Liverpool Century) and Wood (Holme Valley) joined the pack of chasers.

After the Crudginton detour the course heads south towards Wellington, and turns to retrace to Hodnet and as far as Shawbury corner. On the old course the left turn for High Ercall was the signal for a last ditch effort; on the present route it comes before half distance, which is actually situated on the stretch back to Shrewsbury from Cottwall. Here Frank Fischer took the check and duly noted John Whelan's passage in 2.9.35, then settled down to ten more minutes of inactivity. As expected, Ben was first to beat this with 2.6.31. The signs were that the second twenty-five was a minute or so faster.

Just under five minutes later Powell passed keeping his slight lead (2.6.10). Geoff Hughes was giving nothing away with 2.6.42. A minute and a half later Bunting rocketed through over three minutes up in 2.3.13. Wood showed 2.7.33, a time which Phil Looby improved by half a minute. The 80's were having a rare battle with the Edneys, Stuart Jackson (Farnham), Taylor and Joe Pilling (Cheshire) all

between 2.8 and 2.11, but John Edney was just holding off last man Roberts (2.5.37).

A rider with a two-minute lead at half-way has been common enough in recent years, and when the rider in question has been Dave Allan or Alan Roberts, the betting has been that he would hold it. But on this occasion those in the know were aware that Bunting had been turning in good 50's, and those not in the know were asking: "Who is Bunting?"

At the finishing point (57 miles) the queries about Roberts were substantiated when he pulled into the pits, leaving Bunting a three-minute lead over his nearest challenger, Norman Powell.

The course is now unchanged: Battlefield, Prees, Bletchley and retrace, with Ken Yardley officiating at three-quarter distance on the Prees-Bletchley leg. Again, John was through first in 3.16.45 and gaining remorselessly with a lead of 15 minutes on the road. Ben contrived to close on John, pulling back two minutes on this stretch. His time was 3.11.25. Unbelievably Powell went through 25 seconds up, an almost identical lead to those he held at 25 and 50 miles. Geoff Hughes must have hit a bad patch here, for he slipped back about three minutes to record 3.14.34.

Surprisingly, Geoff had not been caught by Bunting, whose time of 3.12.05 was less significant than the 1.9 he had taken over those 25 miles. Wood remained very much in the picture with 3.12.55. Looby followed Roberts into retirement and oblivion, leaving the 80's to continue their private battle. Simon Edney's 3.14.30 was followed by Taylor 3.15.12, Jackson 3.16.45, John Edney 3.16.50 and Joe Pilling dropping back to 3.20.12.

Everything hung on the last quarter, with Ben having an excellent chance of pulling it off. John continued his superbly judged ride to finish in 4.23.11 and extend to four years the Anfield record of starting and finishing first. A quarter of an hour later eyes were gazing up the finishing straight for a glimpse of Ben. He arrived in 4.18.40, having in fact lost a little to John over the last 25. While we were still wondering whether it would be enough, Powell quickly put us out of our misery. In fact he closed the gap on the road dramatically on this stretch, and finished in 4.15.41. Geoff Hughes also finished fast, gaining on Ben but not enough. His 4.20.00 gave him fourth place. Bunting's non-arrival caused some speculation, which was forgotten when Wood came in with 4.19.10, third.

It all seemed settled unless the 80's could inspire each other to something special. They couldn't, not quite. Simon Edney's 4.20.53 was good enough for fifth place, followed by Jackson, whose

late burst took him past Taylor (4.22.53 and 4.23.02). John Edney and Pilling finished with a "26" and "28" respectively.

Apart from Ben's near-miss in making history, history almost certainly was made. Have three out of the first four ever been veterans before (including the winner, of course)? And have the first four prizes ever been settled by the time number 50 has got into his track-suit?

Finally, after congratulating Ben and John, might I make a suggestion to the Committee: will they insist that Geoff Hughes uses his Hell-Cat Voucher to get a can of oil? And did you know that a telecommunications system miraculously made contact with Bert Green? On being told that Ben Griffiths had come second in the Anfield "100" in 1978, he is supposed to have said, "How came they only to get two entries? He'd be too decrepit to push the blighters off by then."

DAVE BARKER.

Note: Some of us will never cease to wonder how John Whelan makes such a superb job of organizing the "100" and still find time to train sufficiently to ride so well. And, search the Circulars for seventy years if you dare, no one ever has described our "100" as well as David Barker. Both John and David display a touch of genius.

ED.

R U N S

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 10th June 1978

A bitterly cold morning for the time of year found me riding along the Whitchurch road towards Aston. Here the name of the Bhurtpore puzzled me for a very long time. The solution lies in nearby Wrenbury, where two inns The Salamanca and the Cotton Arms provide the clues. Staileton Cotton, of Combermere Park, became Lord Comer-mere for his services in the Peninsular War, including the Battle of Salamanca. Whilst serving in India later he captured Bhurtpore for the East India Company - hence the unusual name of the inn at Aston.

Facing a cold wind I travelled via Faddiley and Haughton Green and reached the comfort of the Tollemache Arms with satisfaction and relief. I joined an excellent company consisting of Bob and Hagar Poole, Harold Catling, Frank Fischer, Chris Edwards, Mike Twigg, Mike Hallgarth and Arthur Gore, the last named being a likely looking prospective member and we hope to see more of him. As usual at this establishment a most pleasant interlude ensued.

Everyone seemed anxious to make an early departure and I completed my circle of lanes by way of Eaton and Wettenhall, the sun's appearance making life much more comfortable.

STAN WILD.

LOWER WITHINGTON - Red Lion - 17th June 1978

Via Woodford to Alderley Edge, and a bit of a catastrophe near Wilmslow. Someone who evidently doesn't like trikes had been indulging in a spot of pipe laying, making the road surface atrocious. Into the lanes again I cleared Chelford and using a circular road through Marton reached the Red Lion. Here I was joined by Bob and Hagar Poole and Hubert Buckley. Perhaps holidays are to blame for the poor turnout. The return journey turned out to be a bit of a slog into a headwind.

STAN BRADLEY

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 17th June 1978

This day must surely rank as one of the best. Yours truly, with friend Cyril, shopped around Chester and then took the Wrexham road to Rossett. Away from the traffic the remaining miles through Holt were a real delight. A saunter along the river bank provided a pleasant prelude to lunch, and then in through the portals of the Royal Oak.

To be quite honest, we haven't the remotest idea who arrived first, but a goodly party already had their feet in the trough. (It has just occurred to us that we first encountered this description of Anfield meal times when we first joined. It is not exactly complimentary to Anfield table manners, which are, of course, although not always have been, exemplary.)

In the party were Mike Twigg, Hugh Dauncey, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth and Arthur Gore. Stan Wild, of course. John Thompson and Maggie were keeping quiet whether the tandem was clinging to the car or on its own two wheels. They breezed in just to say "Hello!" had a quick, very quick, liquid lunch, and then disappeared. Bill and Eileen arrived then to complete the party.

F.E.M.

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 24th June 1978

With a strong westerly wind bringing frequent showers, it was not a particularly attractive day for cycling. Even so, it was very disappointing to find myself the only customer at the Forest Cafe. I arrived at 12.15 and after a lonely meal in the otherwise completely empty cafe, left at 1.05.

HAROLD CATLING

Note: Harold didn't wait long enough. Mike Hallgarth, Ben Griffiths, Arthur Gore and Hugh Dauncey breezed in after he left.

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 1st July 1978

Arriving at the Eureka a little late, I hoped the speed-men would have already left, but, no, they were still waiting to hammer

me, so a quick cup of tea and some anti-bonk and we were away. Just five of us, as Dave Eaton was going racing. As the others looked very fit I decided on a lane route, with plenty of variations from the normal. Over the Saltney footbridge and through the lanes to Farndon, then I was soon dropped as soon as the Bull began to call.

After a lapse of two years we found the Bull still a very friendly pub, and none the worse for its recent face lift. Present were Len Hill and Flo, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France, Bill Gray, Arthur Gore, Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey and Ben Griffiths.

After lunch they again decided to drop me. First to go were Chris and Hugh doing bit and bit and were soon out of sight. At Chester Mike caught an Italian bus, and very quickly disappeared. Arthur apologised and gave chase, so I was left to enjoy a nice steady pace for the last six miles to the Eureka.

BENNO

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 1st July 1978

Rain, and a cape, so it was Langley by the nearest route, by way of Macc. Hubert, Harold and Mary Catling - just four of us. The many antiques hanging around tend to make a very pleasant atmosphere, and with a touch of heat around it would have been even better.

STAN BRADLEY

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 8th July 1978

Holiday time, and only four, but what quality. Our usual room was crammed full of casuals, so we repaired to the peace and quiet of the "spit and sawdust". Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Stan Wild and F.E.M.

PENTRE DWR - Britannia - 15th July 1978

Floating around somewhere is a well-written tale of adventure, of blood and toil and, yes, tears, encountered by the Energetic Ones on the rough-stuff route to Pentre Dwr. When it does reach No.11 (hopefully soon) we hope to include it in the next issue.

LOWER PEOVER - Crown - 15th July 1978

Plenty of sunshine and no rain at all! And a happy gathering at the Crown. Stan Bradley displayed some recently-taken flashlight photographs and even demonstrated the art. Bob and Hagar Poole, with Bob's tales of the old days. Harold and Mary Catling were the last arrivals with their tandem-trike lashed to the roof of their car. A week's cycling in Charnwood Forest must have been very pleasant indeed.

STAN WILD

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 22nd July 1978

The day of the Mersey Roads "24" usually produces an excellent attendance at our club run. Today was no exception. After an easy wind-assisted run I entered the Morris Dancers to be greeted by a very good crowd. Hubert's welcome was vociferous (rather too much so) but after he had quietened down he seemed almost human. Others present were Harold and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, Albert Dixon, Mike Twigg (accompanied by Gerry Robinson whom we were delighted to meet once more) Stan Bradley, and the inimitable Bill Gray. Ira Thomas and Hetty, John Thompson and Maggie (in a car - disgusting!) Phil Mason and Frank Fischer with two Kentish Wheeler friends, Syd Hayward and Frank Lake. Bill and I were last to depart and observed Allan Littlemore hovering outside at a late hour but he did not enter.

Everyone was making for the start of the Mersey Roads "24". I took the road to Stamford Bridge and Cotton Edmunds to traverse the celebrated bridle road across the Gowy pack horse bridges. On the narrowest section of the track I was delighted to meet Reg Wilson and Olive and party. A pleasant conversation ensued before I continued to Austin Hill, which I reached in good time for the start. I rode homewards into the teeth of a rising south-wester, and didn't envy the competitors one bit.

STAN WILD

ASHTON - Golden Lion - 29th July 1978

My position weakened by Hagar Poole's precedent, I was unable to resist Bill Gray's blandishments, and agreed to write up this run.

Brought from the land of peace by a voice saying "How about getting up, we could be on the road by 8 o'clock"; I groaned inwardly. Oh to have a man less brisk early in the morning, but I crawl out and we eventually get away nearer 9 than 8 o'clock.

Now fully awake to a lovely morning, we travelled fast by main roads to Winsford. Cars passing seemed to be loaded with luggage, all away to distant parts. From Winsford we took to the lanes towards Eaton. Here it was wonderful with only an occasional car to disturb us. An elegant lady driving a pony and trap gave us a cheery good morning and as we heard the clip-clop fading away we thought how nice it would be to have people travel this way instead of in noisy cars.

Still in the lanes, through Birch Heath and Huxley to join the traffic again at Tarvin. A nasty, busy little place in the centre, at which point we heard a shout. On looking back I saw that it

came from Bill Gray eating what I presumed were fish and chips from a paper. We did not stop as it was an awkward place and we knew we would see him later.

At Ashton it was nice to see the younger end of the club outnumbering the elderly although during the next quarter of an hour the balance was restored. The young ones were soon away but the older end stayed yarning away, as usual, about times as they used to be and it was quite late before we started for home. The wheels were not turning quite so easily as they had turned during the morning but we plugged on through Hatchmere, Acton Bridge and Great Budworth and enjoyed every mile of it.

Those present were: Stan Wild, Harold Catling and Mary, John Thompson and Maggie, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Dave Eaton, Albert Dixon, Mike Twigg and guest Gerry Robinson, Bill Gray and Peter Rock and Lil.

MARY CATLING

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 5th August 1978

A pleasantly uneventful day. The morning was fine and my ride through the lanes was nicely judged to bring me to our rendezvous at the right time and with a connoisseurs appetite for the good fare of the Egerton Arms. Bob and Hagar Poole arrived a few minutes later and we were shortly joined by Rex and Edna Austin. The Party was just breaking up, with Rex away to time a '25' on the J27, when Allan Littlemore made one of his now rare appearances.

Allan was riding his very neat Higgins trike shod with extremely venerable, if not actually geriatric, Michelin '25's. Although, with the risk of a puncture or worse, I sympathise with his reluctance to despoil a beautiful lightweight trike by fitting the crude monstrosities which are now the only 26" tyres commonly available. We rode together through the lanes to Goostrey where Allan went westwards towards Plumley and the Weaver valley whilst I rode in the opposite direction by Bate Mill and Redesmere.

Just before reaching the mere the heavens opened to bless East Cheshire with a torrential downpour and rain continued for the rest of the journey, ceasing only as I crossed the Mersey within sight of home.

HAROLD CATLING

* * * * *

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.

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1978

No.803

LUNCH FIXTURES

October 1978

- 14 ASHTON (Golden Lion) and A.G.M.
21 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
28/9 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to LION HOTEL, CERRIG Y DRUIDION
and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)

November

- 4 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) and
LANGLEY (Leater Smithy)
11 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
18 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
25 ASHTON (Golden Lion).
Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton

December

- 2 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
9 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

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, 18th November 1978

COMMITTEE NOTES

Please note that the Annual General Meeting will be held at the Village Hall, Ashton, at 2.0 p.m. on October 14 following lunch at the Golden Lion. An agenda is enclosed with this Circular.

Arthur Gore has been elected to full membership. We sincerely hope that he finds the association with us a happy one.

OUR PRESIDENT - Before another issue of this Circular sees the light of day Stan Wild and Jo will have left England's shores for New South Wales. We wish them Bon Voyage and a happy and prosperous future in their new surroundings.

TINIS TOUR - The Editor rather "jumped the gun" with the announcement in the last issue. It has been decided to make a change, the venue will be the LION HOTEL at CERRIG Y DRUIDION, and the weekend date a week later than originally announced. It is now to be held on 28/29 October. Bookings, with a deposit of 50 pence, to John Moss, as soon as possible.

CENTENARY DINNER - 4 March 1979. Just a reminder that tickets are on sale from members of the Committee.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS. Enquiries are already being received for our second edition, and this pleases us immensely. Barring accidents, the new volume, in an attractive paper back, will be on sale at a reasonable price at the Centenary Dinner. The celebration should give it a good send-off. The only thing we are slightly troubled about is finance. Two issues ago we included a list of those who promised. These promises amounted to some £400. We could do with a little more, even if only on loan, but if not, we might be able to raid club funds and replenish from sales. BUT WE DO NEED THAT £400, AND AT THE TIME OF WRITING WE ARE MORE THAN £100 SHY. PLEASE, IF YOU HAVE PROMISED - OR EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T! - LET US HAVE YOUR DONATION OR LOAN BY OCTOBER 31. WE DO NOT WISH TO WRITE INDIVIDUAL LETTERS. And thanks very much.

SUNDAY RUNS - Will be starting again on Sunday, 2nd October, leaving the Eureka Cafe at Two Mills at 10.0 a.m. prompt, with a return around 1 p.m. Please note that for the next few months the Eureka Cafe will remain open on Wednesdays until 9 p.m. and we hope that a goodly number of Anfielders will be out for a tea and a chat.

IN QUEST OF MEDALS. In this Jubilee Year of the Tricycle Association, Harold Catling thought it a good idea if he could merit one T.A. Medal this season. As it turned out Harold was delighted to lay his hands on two, second handicap in the opening "25", and a first handicap in the closing event. The comment of many we are sure will be: Nice Work!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED -

to quote from a once well-known radio show - to Mike Hallgarth. Readers of these pages will have gathered that Mike has acquired a Polish girl friend. At the beginning of July, before having to start working for his living, Mike set off for a six weeks' holiday in that distant land. We know that he arrived safely, but Mike did not arrive back on September 4, and we became somewhat anxious. It transpires that on his way home Mike parked his faithful Fiat on a lay-by in East Germany and somebody - could it have been a friend in disguise? - reversed a lorry into it, leaving the trusting steed a complete write-off. Mike then made his way to West Berlin (and had his car transported with him) and the latest news is that he apparently likes the place. He has found himself a job, and intends to stay until next April. A story from Mike of how it all happened would be appreciated.

RACING NOTES

The 1978 season ended as it started, wet and windy. Yet still the times improve, and I have three new club records to report this month. John Thompson improved his trike records for "50" and "100" miles with 2.8.27 and 4.27.17. When one considers that the National Tricycle Record for one hundred miles is 4.25.45, and John was only 92 seconds outside this time, John must obviously be reckoned as a top class rider. John Whelan shattered Mike Hallgarth's club record this month with a 4.12.45.

BEN

RESULTS5.8.78 T.A.(N.E.REG.) "50"John Thompson (trike) 2.8.27
(P.B. New Club record)5.8.78 HYDE OLYMPIC "25"

Mike Twigg 1.4.53

Peter Colligan 1.7.46

6.8.78 L'PL & WEST CHESH.TIME TRIALS "12"

Ben Griffiths 232.05 miles

13.8.78 LEEDS WELLINGTON "25"

John Whelan 57.05

13.8.78 LEEK "25"

Dave Eaton (to be confirmed)

13.8.78 NEW BRIGHTON 45-MILE R.R.

Chris Edwards 11th

19.8.78 WESTWOOD "30"

Chris Edwards 1.14.58 P.B.

Hugh Dauncey 1.19.15 P.B.

20.8.78 YORKSHIRE C.F. "100"

John Whelan 4.12.45 P.B. C.R.

Ben Griffiths 4.17.49 P.B.

27.8.78 WREXHAM "25"

Chris Edwards 1.0.42

Ben Griffiths 1.2.05

Hugh Dauncey 1.5.11

John Moss 1.6.17

28.8.78 ESSEX C.R.A. "100"

John Thompson 4.27.17 P.B.

New club record for trike.

Contd...

3.9.78 CHESTER "50"

Chris Edwards 2.3.29 P.B. Ben Griffiths 2.8.31 Mike Twigg 2.9.04
 Hugh Dauncey 2.13.08 P.B. (first "50") Dave Eaton 2.17.26
 John Moss 2.21.07.

PYRENEAN PASSES

After my "winter sports" tour of the Italian Alps in September 1976, I decided in 1977 to holiday earlier and in warmer climes. So late June saw me making for the Pyrenees. There could be no more romantic starting place than the old world city of Carcassone for a trip in this famous mountain area.

Passing through Quillan and Axat, I turned off on a D road, well-surfaced but wild and lonely, for the arduous climb of the Col de Jau (4,962-ft.) to eventually reach Prades. A short detour to visit Vernet-les-Bains, beautifully situated in the shadow of Mount Canigou, described by Kipling as a "magician among mountains" and regarded by local people as the abode of fairies and spirits. The long, gradual climb to Mont Louis and the Col de la Perche (5,179ft.) followed, and a series of minor climbs (and descents) brought me to Bourg Madame, and the difficult ascent of the Col de Puymorens (6,821ft.).

Some miles down I turned off for the Port D'Envalira (7,898ft.). When I first crossed this pass in the early 1930's it was a rough muletrack, and according to Kuklos topped the 8,000ft mark. I checked this in Freeston's Passes in the Pyrenees, and surely enough in pre-war days it was listed at 8,025ft. So when the new road was constructed (since the war) a slightly different line must have been taken, resulting in a lower altitude than the old road.

The upper reaches of the Valley of Andorra are as beautiful as ever, but every genuine tourist must look askance at the commercialism of Andorra-la Vella (the capital) and Les Escaldes which years ago were attractive mountain villages. Entering Spain just above Seo D'Urgel, I progressed down the fine gorges of the Segre valley to Coll de Nargo, where I turned westwards to follow a route of third-class roads running parallel with the main Pyrenean range.

The Boixoll Pass (4,526ft.) may be minor in height, but it requires a major effort to surmount its eleven tough miles to the summit. The road surface was good, but the heat terrific and for nearly fifteen miles there wasn't a single place where food and drink could be obtained. A drop to the village of the same name, (except for the addition of "s") Boixolls and the road climbed again to the Faidella Pass (4,100ft.) before a lengthy and glorious drop to Tremp. After the murderous heat of the day, I was rewarded by finding a most comfortable hotel in this pleasant town.

An identical day followed. Hard climbs in hot sunshine of the Perbest Pass (4,428ft.) and the Viu Pass (4,346ft.) and a night near Pont de Suert. Another day with two more cols, the Coll de Espina (4,614ft.) and the Coll de Fadas (4,821ft.) was too much of a good thing and at Casterjon de Sos I felt pretty fatigued after so much hard work in the gruelling heat. Luckily I now had a couple of easier days, which although intensely hot resulted in the return of much of my energy.

In the vicinity of Ainsa signs were noted pointing to France via the Bielja tunnel. So at long last the Spanish side of the Bielsa Pass has been completed, and it now supersedes the Port D'Envalira as the highest pass in the Pyrenees.

The new pass however, was not for me. I travelled on to Torla, the gateway to a magnificent cul-de-sac, the Ordesa National Park. The road follows a minor gorge, hemmed in by a phalanx of snow-clad cliffs so high and spectacular that the area has understandably been compared with the Grand Canyon. Anyone would be wise to visit this glorious valley before the Bouchard Pass leading from Gavarnie is opened on the Spanish side. When this happens it will be the end of the Ordesa National Park as one of the most beautifully secluded districts in Europe.

In gruelling heat I completed my last two Spanish passes, the Cotefablo (4,667ft.) and the Portalet (5,877ft.) crossing into France on the summit of the last-named. At the foot of the Col d'Aubisque the road was closed to allow the Tour de France competitors to pass. A wait of three hours was involved, but when the riders did come they presented an exciting and colourful picture which quite made my day. The next morning I climbed the Aubisque (5,608 ft.) and the Soulor (4,831ft.) two delightful passes, dropped to Argeles and took a packet on the last four miles of rising road to Bareges. The Tourmalet pass (6,037ft.) was the last pass of the tour, and possibly the hardest, but I managed the whole of it on the 27" gear of my Campag.

Dropping easily to Bagneres de Bigorre and Lourdes I had the good fortune to spend my last night on the road at a charming family hotel at St. Pe de Bigorre before completing my tour at Pau, having covered 533 miles in a fortnight and surmounting over a dozen passes in the Pyrenees.

STAN WILD

R U N SPENTRE DWR - Britannia Inn - 15th July 1978

We sat in the Eureka cafe at Two Mills supping tea and examining start sheets for the morrow whilst awaiting the arrival of C. (Climber) Edwards for the ride he usually makes his own. We eventually set off without Chris, some of us I'm sure heaving private signs of relief.

With Mike Twigg and Dave Eaton on the front, alternating the lead with Ben and Arthur Gore, I found my rightful place at the back of the bunch as we wound our way through the lanes past Kimmerton and Hope to Brymbo and Minera. Once past the first test of Cefn y Bedd to Minera, we clawed our way with much clashing of gears and clinking of shoe plates to the summit above World's End. Once on the top however it all became worthwhile, with the narrow stone road snaking its way through a sea of billowy heather under a cloudless sky. At the Britannia however, the turnout was poor, with only Frank Marriott adding to the company.

On the way home the strong men, Ben and Mike, went to the fore, with Arthur especially weakening, perhaps due to the effects of a diet allowing him only a half of mild for lunch! The Eureka sprint, as so often happens without catalytic Chris, turned into a non-event as Mike (blue team) and Hugh (red team) who were supposedly contesting it, reached a gentleman's agreement a hundred yards from the line.

HUGH DAUNCEY

NOTE: Hugh only tells half a story. Arriving somewhat early at the inn, we strolled down the narrow lane leading to Pentre Dwr to meet Hugh storming up the slope with all the signs of blood (perhaps!) and toil and sweat on his face. The others were nowhere to be seen. He must have lead them a merry dance. It seemed minutes before the rest of the party staggered up. And, later, when sunning ourselves in the heather above the Bwlch Rhiw Felin - the old road to you - Hugh was minutes ahead, thereby indicating that he had ridden more of this very steep highway than the others cared to. Above all, Mike Twigg deserves a medal for riding with these enthusiastic youngsters. (We nearly wrote "that lot"!). Ed.

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 5th August 1978

"The Anfield is more than a bicycle club, it is a way of life". This was the first remark I heard when re-entering the Royal Oak after a short walk round the village with Albert Dixon. We had been stretching our legs after an extremely satisfying meal amid the good company usually associated with Anfield runs. The speaker was a

recruit and enthusiastic about a state of affairs we older people take for granted. He is absolutely right, it is a way of life which we ought to emphasize more vociferously when extolling virtues to prospective recruits. It is a unique something that binds us together, something that has been with us for a hundred years, a tradition to be proud of.

We were pleased to welcome Eileen Gray who, with Bill, were the life and soul of the party, ably assisted by President Stan who, with his usual repartee, kept the conversation to a high level - of insult! Other members present were Len Hill and Flo, Albert and Sylvia Dixon. Ben Griffiths (riding a "12" the following day) Arthur Gore, Hugh Dauncey, Chris Edwards, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason and John France.

The new bridge and bypass will make a tremendous difference to the village, which will once more resume its interrupted slumbers. The rain on the homeward journey came down in torrents. It must have been very hard on the cycling section.

JOHN FRANCE

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 12th August 1978

On arrival at the Tollemache Arms we were greeted by the advocate for Women's Lib: Rex Austin, who had pedalled his way to the venue with a little train help. With him were Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, Phil Mason and our promising youngster Hugh Dauncey. Harold and Mary Catling with Stan Bradley had tricycled their way through the lanes, and Harold was pleased to inform the company that a neighbour of his had purchased a tandem trike. We await with interest Harold's account of how his friends have managed to tame the beast.

Stan and Jo arrived to inform us that they would be leaving their Nantwich home in the coming week prior to their departure down under. Frank Marriott and his family arrived to complete the company. Bill Gray delighted us all with the tale of how he obtained sixteen whiskies from as many Irishmen for his rendering of "Kathleen Mulvaney". Bill will have to entertain us with this old ballad at some future date - but minus the whiskey!

IRA THOMAS

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 19th August 1978

A fine day, but a strong wind made the going tough - tough enough to look forward to the ride home. Bob and Hagar Poole soon joined me at the inn, followed by Harold and Mary Catling and Rex Austin. Keeping to his regular timetable, the party was completed by Stan Wild.

In the report of our last run to Marton, Stan Wild wrote about a large oak tree in the village. Today, Stan was challenged to produce this wonder of nature for all assembled to see. So we set out on foot from the inn, and we seemed to do a Felix, and kept on walking. Stan's reputation was at stake. At last we were shown a glimpse of a tree from over a hedge, and too far away to give a good impression. After an enquiry in the village we followed directions and came to the tree. The oak is still living, even if only a shadow of its former grandeur.

STAN BRADLEY

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 19th August 1978

Getting through Queensferry on a summer Saturday brings problems, but John Moss, Ben, Hugh and Arthur made it. Over Halkyn Mountain, probably. Where the others went we do not know, but our afternoon led into the lanes for Cilcain and Llanarmon yn Ial before soaring up to Eryrys.

F.E.M.

FARNDON - Nag's Head - 26th August 1978

A beautiful day meant that it was not difficult for Dave Birchall to persuade a new cyclist out on an easy ride to Farndon. With Dave road-testing new low gears, Mary took the opportunity to try out her new Raleigh 20.

On the long straight into Aldford we passed Allan Littlemore relaxing by a field gate with his old acquaintance, Jeff Mills. At the Nag's Head were Frank Fischer, John France (looking fit and well) Albert and Sylvia Dixon, Mike Twigg, Carl Futter, Bill Gray, Allan Littlemore, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril.

After lunch Albert and Sylvia went to explore a nearby antique shop, and Bill Gray plotted a "pub ride" home with Frank Fishcer. Frank Marriott left to look at an old highway, having first provided us with the information that Stretton Mill was now operating.

We set off from Farndon with Allan for a lanes ride via Crewe Green and Carden to Stretton Mill, where we stopped to watch the now restored water wheels providing power to mill small quantities of grain. Beyond Stretton we climbed from Lower to Higher Carden and between Clutton and Tattenhall detoured to explore a bridle road which invited our attention. At Huxley, Allan left for Tarporley and home, while we continued to Waverton and Christleton.

Results of road gear excellent; but 28 miles quite enough for a new cyclist!

MARY BIRCHALL

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: JOHN W. MOSS

Vice Presidents: W.GRAY and HAROLD CATLING

Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

Hon.Secretary: Mr.DAVID BIRCHALL, One, Broadlake Cottages,
Neston Rd., Willaston in Wirral, Cheshire.

DECEMBER 1978/JANUARY 1979

No.804

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 1978

16 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and CHELFORD (Egerton Arms)
Followed by Slide Show at Two Mills.

23 PENTREDWR (Britannia) and LOWER WITHINGTON
(Red Lion)

26 BOXING DAY RUN to BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle
Hotel)

30 WORTHENBURY (Emral Arms) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)

January 1979

6 NORLEY (Tiger's Head)
Committee afterwards at 1 Pennine Walk,
Little Sutton

13 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)

20 COMBERBACH (Spinner & Bergamot)

27 PENTREDWR (Britannia) and LOWER WITHINGTON
(Red Lion)

February

3 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

10 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and CHELFORD (George
& Dragon)

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, 13th January 1979

- SEASONAL GREETINGS TO ALL -

COMMITTEE NOTES

Changes of Address: W.J.Finn, 11 Haroldville Ave., Rialto, DUBLIN 8.
 Stan Wild, 15/61 Avalon Parade, Avalon Beach, NEW SOUTH WALES 2107,
 Australia.

Peter Colligan has been co-opted on to the Committee to fill a vacancy.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION GOLDEN JUBILEE DINNER

This dinner, held at Warwick on October 28, had Bill Finn and John Thompson as our representatives. Founder member Alec Glass gave a very interesting account of the origins of the T.A. - how he and the other "young enthusiasts" begged financial support and trophies from the old timers, including our own G.P.Mills.

JOHN THOMPSON

OBITUARY - E.Haynes

Forty-seven years ago a tall young man, son of an Anfielder, joined us from his home in Manchester. His name was Edward Haynes. We soon found him to be pleasant, quiet in manner with the delightful ability to be ready with his wit. Some came to know him as Eddie, some as Ted and he quickly became a regular attendee at runs, and a participant in the summer struggles along the Whitchurch road.

Then came the war, when we all scattered each to our task. Some did not return to Anfieldland, and Ted was one of them. He had found a haven for a home in Snitterfield, near Stratford on Avon. We have seen him since, but not very often. Ted loved the country and the mountains, and he walked and read a lot in pursuit of these pleasures. He recently retired to enjoy them even more, and then suddenly he had to go to Coventry Hospital, where he passed away early in November.

All we can do now is bitterly regret his passing and extend to Rene, whom we all love very much, our sincerest sympathy. Included in these wishes are, of course Hagar and Bob Poole, sister and brother-in-law.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

All the extra text is now with Peter Stephenson, but we have had to exclude some. We did hope to include Stan Wild's piece on the Pic Velita, and John Thompson's adventure in California, but space forbids. Some recollections of Artie Bennett have suffered in the same way. And now finance: some who promised a total of some £40 are still shy. This leaves £200 plus, to be found. Will those who so far have prevented their hands from delving into their pockets consider paying for copies in advance? We expect the cost to be £2.50 a copy, or with postage and packing, £3.00. Withholding will not prevent

our second edition being published, but it will cause problems for your Editor who has been landed with the job of seeing the book out.

EDITORIAL

Despite strenuous efforts to be - shall we say - a most reluctant editor, the Annual General Meeting has once again insisted that we take the task for another year. The strange thing is this: Secretaries, Treasurers, Captains, and yes, even Presidents come and go, but we are expected to carry on regardless. It seems that our only escape will be to rustle a few pounds together and take a world tour for six months. Then something will have to be done.

THE CENTENARY DINNER

As mentioned elsewhere in this issue, the Centenary Dinner will be open to the ladies. Other clubs have opened their doors in this way, so why shouldn't we? No reason at all. Tickets £8.50 each, are obtainable from Committee Members. The venue is the Queens at Chester on the first Saturday in March, and a positively drooling menu has been arranged.

RACING NOTES

John Thompson has again won the Tricycle B.A.R. He only rode in seven events during the season, but broke three club records. John, started his season in May by being fastest tricycle in the Birkenhead North End Mountain Time Trial. He rode a "30" in June. We then had to wait until August for his B.A.R. bid: 2.8.27 for "50". 4.27.17 for the "100". In September he rode the Stan Spelling Memorial "25" - 1.8.33, then on September 17 he did 237.211 miles in the Oldbury "12" on what was reported to be a bad day. John Whelan won the Club B.A.R. in a new record time of 6.59.31, just over 25 m.p.h. for the 175 miles. His times included two new club records 1.49.41 for "50", 4.12.45 for the "100" and a 57.05 "25". Ben Griffiths won the Veterans National Championship "50", was second in the East Liverpool "50" and our own "100", Liverpool Time Trials B.A.R., West Cheshire B.A.R. and the Merseyside Veterans B.A.R. with personal bests at 10 miles 23.04, 100 miles 4.17.49 and 12 hours 232.05 miles. Chris Edwards had a season in two parts, getting close to John Whelan in the early mountain events, and he returned in July to record personal bests at 25 miles 59.38, 30 miles 1.14.58 and 50 miles 2.3.29. Hugh Dauncey personal bests at 25 miles 1.2.56 and 50 miles 2.13.08. Dave Eaton personal bests at 10 miles 24.04, and 50 miles 2.12.44. Dave Bettaney rode seven "25's" and won the Mersey Wheelers one hour limit "25". His slowest time was 1.2.35, and fastest 1.0.41. John Moss personal best at 10 miles 25.12,

Mike Twigg personal best at 10 miles 25.15 got down to 1.1.39 for a "25" and 2.9.04 for a "50". Carl Futter, Phil Mason, Harold Catling and Peter Colligan also rode well but I have no personal bests recorded for them.

C.R.G.

RESULTS

9.9.78 Gt. Manchester Police "10"

M. Twigg 25.15 P.B.

10.9.78 Liverpool T.T.C.A. "25"

Ben Griffiths 1.8.01

Mike Twigg 1.9.12

17.9.78 Oldbury & Dist. "12"

John Thompson 237.211 miles

Club Record for tricycle.

9.9.78 T.A. Stan Spelling "25"

John Thompson 1.8.33

Harold Catling - time to be confirmed

17.9.78 West Cheshire "25"

Chris Edwards 1.0.40

Ben Griffiths 1.4.28

Mike Twigg 1.4.59

John Moss 1.7.31

Peter Colligan 1.9.58

NOTE: John Thompson wishes to express his thanks to Phil Mason and David Birchall for "nursing" him for eleven hours in the "12", and then finally squeezed the last drops of energy "out of me" on the finishing circuit. "After this relative success I planned to attempt the Birkenhead to Ludlow and back. However, the next week in a "50" I discovered I had knee problems. The time, 2.37.46 was a personal worst. My apologies to any members who were not informed of the cancellation of the record attempt."

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of the A.G.M. held at the Village Hall at Ashton on Saturday October 14 1978 commenced at 2.15 p.m.

Present: Mr. S. Wild in the chair, and Messrs. Bennett, Bettaney, Birchall, Bradley, Buckley, Catling, Cranshaw, Dauncey, Dixon, France (John), Gray, Griffiths, Marriott, Mason, Moss, Poole, Reeves, Rock, Thomas, Thompson, Twigg and Williamson. Apologies for absence were received from: Messrs. R. J. Austin, Eaton, Edwards, Hill, Sharp, Whelan and Pullan. Proposed by M. Twigg and seconded by C. R. Griffiths that the minutes of the last A.G.M. be taken as read.

Mr. Birchall read the Secretary's report for last year in the absence of Mr. Edwards. This was adopted.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Mason, read his report and this was adopted.

The Hon. Racing Secretary reported on a successful racing season, with particular honours to Messrs. Whelan and Thompson for their achievements, and also to Mr. Griffiths for his outstanding rides.

Proposed by the chair and seconded by Mr. Moss that appreciation

be extended to Mr.Gray for compilation of club run attendances last year.

The following officials were elected:

President: John Moss. Vice Presidents: Messrs. W.Gray & H.Catling
 Hon.Secretary: D.D.Birchall. Hon.Treasurer: P.Mason
 Editor: F.Marriott. Racing and Captain: C.R.Griffiths
 Open "100" Secretary: I.A.Thomas. Open "25" Secretary: J.Moss
 Vice-Captains: S.Bradley and W.Gray
 Committee: H.Dauncey, D.Bettaney, J.Whelan, J.France, D.Eaton,
 M.Twigg and J.Hawkins.

The following delegates were elected:

B.C.F. Mr.C.Edwards. R.T.T.C.: Messrs. J.Moss and J.Whelan
 W.C.T.T.C.A.: Messrs. C.R.Griffiths and J.Hawkins
 N.R.R.A.: Messrs. H.G.Buckley and D.E.Barker
 R.R.A.: Messrs. R.J. and R.Austin. Auditor: Mr.J.E.Reeves

CENTENARY DINNER

It was reported that arrangements for the Dinner were well in hand. It was proposed by Mr.Twigg, seconded by Mr.Griffiths that "the dinner be all-male". After considerable discussion the motion was defeated by 8 votes to 6. As a substantive motion the alternative proposition was again put to the meeting with 11 votes for, and 7 against.

CENTENARY "25"

The meeting also agreed to the promotion of a Centenary "25" to be held on the Chester-Whitchurch road on a day in May, 1979. The final motion of the meeting was a proposal by John Moss and seconded, that Stan Wild, on his imminent departure to Australia, be immediately elected to Life Membership.

The meeting concluded with Stan expressing his amazement and delight at this surprise move.

MIKE HALLGARTH

In a recent issue we mentioned how Mike had had his Fiat shattered on his way home from Poland, and that he had found a berth in West Berlin for the time being. We have this morning (as we write) had a letter from Mike. His address is c/o Walter, 26a Market Strasse, 1000 BERLIN 41. He has sent a letter and an article. The letter follows. The article will be in our next issue:

Dear Frank,

As requested, here is an article for the Circular. Not one about the failings of four-wheeled transport, but more of a general reflecting upon the Anfield and cycling in other countries. Hope

it is suitable. A few weeks ago I came across a small flower shop with pin boards outside and cycling posters fixed to them. Inside was a certain Heinz Kalupa, track star of the late 1930's. Do any of the older members remember him?

I've also recently read a book about Russia in general and it gives a reference to a British cyclist who, in the 1890's, decided "on the spur of the moment" to visit the country. With no visa restrictions whatsoever he simply filled his pockets with five pound notes and was away! There is no mention of his name but he has apparently written a book (probably a long time ago) called "Round the World on a Wheel". Do you know anything about this book, as it seems to have been written by a most colourful character?

When you see Chris next can you ask him to go around to my Mother's and take the tyres of both sets of Campag wheels. She will be expecting him.

Please feel free to check spelling and grammar in the article. What with having to brush up my French, and learning German from scratch, my knowledge of English seems to be suffering.

Kindest regards, MIKE HALLGARTH

(Note: Would the book Mike mentions be by Sir John Foster Fraser, or am I being confused - Ed.)

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

The Anfield has at last departed from a long-standing tradition. We have a youthful President. With possibly only one exception, John is the youngest President we have had in a hundred years. (The exception is Dave Fell. Dave was president in the early 1880's, and we remember him being around in the 1930's). John Moss is one of our new generation. He joined in 1964, and has already been a pillar of strength in our organization. A rough stuff enthusiast, good on the road (considering the time he has for training) and a true Anfielder. All, older and young alike, will wish him well.

NORTH ROAD DINNER

With ex-President Stan miles and miles away, and John Moss unable to be present, your Editor was only too delighted to step in and represent the Anfield in London on November 18. Richard Hulse had to look twice, never having beheld us in a lounge suit before. We were delighted to renew acquaintance with Arthur Smith, getting around with the help of a stick. Then Fred Sellens and Geoff Edwards who remember our Halewood parties. Even older friends present were Cecil Paget and Frank Marston. It was a great pleasure to meet them all again, and, all in all, a wonderful evening. Thank you very much, North Road.

F.E.M.

LANGLEY - The Leather Smithy - 26th August 1978

On this glorious summer's day a grand turn-out at this pleasant inn situated in the stimulating atmosphere of the Cheshire Hill country. Ten - and very good these days for the Manchester section - comprising Rex Austin, Hubert Buckley, Bob Poole and Hagar, Harold and Mary Catling, Stan Bradley, Ira Thomas and Hetty, and Stan Wild.

Abundant talent in the art of conversation, and everybody had something of interest to say. Consequently time absolutely flew, and reluctantly the party dispersed. I expressed a desire to have a last look at Wildboarclough, and to my surprise Hubert elected to accompany me. Together we pushed and panted to the 1178ft. summit of Standing Stones, paused to admire the magnificent view embracing the Cat and Fiddle and Shutlings Low, the last-named often referred to as the Matterhorn of the Cheshire Highlands. Down to that former popular club venue, the Stanley Arms, up to the 1400ft. contour at Foxstake (with more panting) and then the final sweeping descent into Treacle-town, where, after a most enjoyable afternoon, came the parting of the ways.

STAN WILD

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 2nd September 1978

Despite the non-arrival of summer this year the cereal crops have done well, to judge by the harvesting activity going on apace on this pleasant Saturday morning. A reasonably direct lane route between Didsbury and Kelsall takes one through rich farming country to Ollerton, Lach Dennis and Davenham before a short main road spell is needed to effect a crossing of the Weaver. The lanes may then be resumed to potter through Whitegate, Little Budworth and Utkinton to rejoin the main road very near to the Morris Dancers.

At lunch we seemed to be a rather more than usually varied assortment of individuals interested in an equally varied assortment of topics. Jo, our President's wife, was making wistful (if not actually tearful) adieus on what may well be her last meeting with us before they go into voluntary exile in the Antipodes. In contrast, Guy Pullan had the air of a man who had inherited a fortune or been given an elixir to ensure perpetual youth. In fact it transpired that this state was engendered by his having broken one of the cranks of his beautifully restored vintage Raleigh bicycles. When it was suggested that this called for commiseration rather than rejoicing he said: "Not so, after sixty years of trying to break a crank the achievement of this ambition in one's 76th year is surely a matter for congratulation." You certainly have a point there, Guy.

Stan Bradley too was in high spirits. For some months now he has been threatening to paint an artist's impression of "Anfielders At Table". Today he announced that he had done so and that any who cared could view this masterpiece, together with several other examples of his work, in the public car park at Knutsford during the afternoon. In the event the pictures drew a small crowd of viewers who, from their remarks, obviously found them attractive. "Anfielders At Table" is certainly a striking picture, showing five of us with drinks and sandwiches in the Leather Smithy at Langley. We all have an air of lively informality, and the picture as a whole delightfully evokes the authentic atmosphere of a club lunch.

Those present at The Morris Dancers were: Stan and Mrs. Wild, Frank Fischer, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Phil Mason, Mike Twigg, Bob and Hagar Poole, Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Dave Eaton, Bill Gray, Allan Littlemore, John Thompson, Albert Dixon, Frank Marriott, John Moss, Guy Pullan and

HAROLD CATLING

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 9th September 1978

It must be many years since last I wrote up a club run. The ever watchful little man with the cherubic countenance claimed that I had promised to write when first attending the venue per cycle - so I just had to capitulate.

The morning was warm with a strong blustery wind swinging from South West to Westerly. At Two Mills Benno was waiting for some of the fast pack to arrive and shortly after eleven, five of us set forth on the high road towards Chester.

The Autumn race meeting promised traffic congestion in the city area so we chose the lanes at Mollington.

On leaving Two Mills I had foolishly slipped into the lead with Benno but up Caughall Bank the process of natural selection asserted itself and from then on my place was firmly in the rear. Somewhere near Huxley my lack of fitness fully evidenced itself and the pack drew away, with Hugh Dauncey staying behind to keep me company over the last few miles to the Tollemache Arms. Twenty one members and friends met together for a pleasant lunch in the customary agreeable atmosphere and topics ranged over a wide field.

My tale closes in similar vein to its commencement, in close contact with the pack until the Christleton rise on the A41, then a solitary and somewhat slower plod to Two Mills to sup some tea with Benno and Co. before continuing homewards.

Members and friends present: Rex Austin, Dave Bettaney, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Hugh Dauncey, Chris Edwards, Jack France,

Carl Futter, Frank Fischer, Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, Jack Hawkins, Frank Marriott with friend Cyril, Bob Poole and Hagar, Peter Rock, Stan Wild and Jo. Also Stan's sister; Ken Yardley of Mersey Roads completed the party.

PETER ROCK

PENTRE DWR - Britannia - 16th September 1978

It sometimes happens when your Editor is not around - on this occasion he was renewing acquaintance with the Yorkshire Dales - that no one even dreams of letting us have a report of the day's activities. However, we have discovered that a goodly number presented themselves at the Britannia for a tasty meal: Ben Griffiths, John France, Albert and Sylvia Dixon, Dave Eaton, Arthur Gore and Hugh Dauncey. We also report with the greatest of pleasure that Bill Barnes also found his way to the venue.

ALLOSTOCK - Drovers Arms - 16th September 1978

Only four, and apparently not a good do at all: Bob and Hagar Poole, with Harold and Mary Catling. Bob tells us that the meat pies were a bit dry, and only just edible, and Harold and Mary apparently didn't like their sandwiches a little bit.

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 23rd September 1978

A pleasant morning heralded my return to Anfield club runs and the Eureka Cafe where I joined company with John Moss, Hugh Dauncey and Arthur Gore. After a brief stay we left on a sedate run to Bangor on Dee.

Hugh acted as navigator, guiding us through a series of lanes which I am sure could not be retraced. After an exchange of words with a motorist attempting to pass us on the single-lane bridge crossing the Dee (which resulted in a large traffic jam) we arrived at the Royal Oak. Outside we met John France, Frank Fischer (with bicycle as always) and Phil Mason. Because of the Bangor (Horse) Races the Royal Oak was full; a quick decision saw us pedalling the three miles or so to the Emral Arms at Worthenbury.

In less crowded surroundings a very pleasant hour seemed to pass too quickly in the convivial company of John France, Bill Gray and Eileen, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Phil Mason, Frank Fischer, Arthur Gore, Hugh Dauncey and John Moss. Apologies must be due to any members arriving at the original venue after we left at 1.10.

PETER COLLIGAN

HATCHMERE - Forest Cafe - 30th September 1978

No joy at Hatchmere today. No joy anywhere. The rain can only be described as torrential at times. Mike Twigg was - as far

as we know - first to arrive, and it was disappointing in the middle of a downpour to find a stern notice: CAFE CLOSED. So Mike promptly returned to the forest's rippling road, and equally promptly punctured!

He tried to wave to us as we passed, but we did not see him. At the crossways we headed towards Kelsall and were pipped by Ira Thomas and Hetty. Just as we arrived Mike appeared from over the skyline. So a quintet enjoyed a pleasant lunch and some delightful conversation on all manner of topics. And bicycles weren't mentioned once. Those present were: Mike Twigg, Ira and Hetty Thomas, and Frank Marriott with friend Cyril. We just don't know where the others had got to.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 7th October 1978

A very happy gathering at the George & Dragon on a dull morning which had blossomed into a beautiful day. Conversation varied and delightful: food excellent and the comfort of the inn something to remember for a long time. Of course, the writing of the run report was worked across me, and I promised to do a "Bill Gray" on everyone, but really I haven't the heart. It was too enjoyable an occasion for that.

Hubert had something in store though. A route homewards with plenty of mud and rough stuff. After dealing with a thorn-provoking puncture, I followed H.G.B. along a rough road by the handsome residence known as The Hermitage, across Rose Cottage Lane to Boot Green, past the Drovers Arms and finally we began the walk along the muddy bridle road (inches deep in rich black stuff) through The Peover Superior Estate.

Hubert didn't turn a hair, but I took a dim view of the mud my shoes and bicycle picked up on this admittedly pleasant excursion. Mixed feelings on my way home: this was my last Anfield run in East Cheshire. As Tommy Royden used to say: "All good things come to an end!" And when I recall the many kind ways I have described Bill Gray it is perhaps just retribution that before long I shall be eternally referred to as a "Pommie Bastard!" Those present were Harold and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, Stan Bradley, Hubert and STAN WILD

WORTHENBURY - Emral Arms - 7th October 1978

When our Saturday run leads us to this quiet community between Bangor on Dee and Malpas the scope for lane travel is tremendous. Chester avoided, we tolerated the traffic on A41 as far as Handley. Lanes then to Aldersey and Barton, and the ancient road towards

Malpas. But not for long. Soon we turned left for Stretton Mill, which has been recently refurbished, and is open to visitors from April onwards. Even on Saturdays. But today it had been closed for the winter. Pity.

More lanes led through Tilston to Worthenbury, where we found Hugh Dauncey, Arthur Gore, Frank Fischer, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, and Phil Mason. Your Editor and Cyril completed the party. A very pleasant meal - as usual - and then all to our respective ways, which meant, for us, a visit to Wrexham for some shopping.

F.E.M.

ASHTON - Golden Lion - 14th October 1978

A fair day, no gales, no rain. On the return journey however the words of Stan Bradley came to mind when I breezed into the inn in shorts: "It's not that bloomin' hot!" came into the mind via cool legs. I think my idea of phoning in advance to announce the arrival of the Club for lunch seems to bear fruit. In the past, I can recall late arrivals at The Lion remaining unfed. It also improves the service. Those present included the members mentioned elsewhere in the report of the Annual General Meeting, and Guy Pullan (who couldn't wait) and Hagar Poole, Sadie Buckley and Alf. and Valerie Williamson.

BILL GRAY

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 21st October 1978

No report of this run has been received.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - Cerrig-y-Druidion - 27/28 October 1978

A delightful week-end, with many interesting adventures. David Bettaney is writing about it all, and hopefully, we hope to include his piece in our next issue.

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 4th November 1978

No report of this run has been received.

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 4th November 1978

Making a round about run to Langley is a bit of an uphill job, and if the direction of the wind is unfavourable, as it was today, the going can be very slow indeed. After travelling via Mottram St. Andrew and Broken Cross, it was 12.15 p.m. when I crossed the canal swing bridge at Fool's Nook. Another half-hour and I had reached the Leather Smithy. Already inside were Harold and Mary Catling, George Taylor, Hubert Buckley, all settled down into their lunches.

I thought that I must be last, for a change, but Jim Cranshaw

and his daughter arrived later. After a pleasant interlude a much easier run home.

STAN BRADLEY

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 11th November 1978

A tandem tricycle, a tricycle and a bicycle. The Anfield had arrived. Four, making six with your Editor and friend Cyril. Still, a happy party consisting of Stan Bradley, Harold and Mary Catling, and Frank Fischer. A nice meal, pleasant conversation and we thought that would be all. Then, around one of the clock, the door opened and the other Anfield fell in - the Energetic Ones. Fell is nearly the right word to use, but not quite. They all managed to maintain their foothold with the floor.

Shattered is the word for the entire party. Who had been caning whom? No answer to that question at all. They were speechless. President John Moss, Hugh Dauncey, Arthur Gore with Mike Twigg and Peter Colligan. When the food arrived the tongues were loosened a little, but we could not discover anything at all about the morning's adventures.

Yet that is not all: before the arrival of the E.O. another shattered Anfielder had brightened the threshold. "Haven't been on the bike for a month!", but a few glasses of the cup that cheers him soon put matters right. Most had left home in bright sunlight, but Alpraham lay under a pall of fog. The only name we haven't mentioned is Bill Gray.

F.E.M.

LLANARMON YN IAL - Raven - 18th November 1978

Crossing the Mersey via the 9.55 a.m. ferry a windy and wet ride brought me to the Eureka Cafe, where I met Mike Twigg and Hugh Dauncey in the company of Gerry Robinson. The threat of more rain gave our famed oasis an extra feel of warmth. Mike made the first move - probably he was in his car and had to return home to do some work. As we were about to leave John Thompson and Maggie arrived on tandem. Not wanting John to absorb more energy than he already has, we left immediately. Gerry accompanied us to Hawarden, where he left us and headed for home. Sensible!

A very wet ride into a head wind via the Llandegla Moors and back route brought the remainder of us to the Raven. Inside, already enjoying refreshments were Ben Griffiths and John Moss, accompanied by his two-year old daughter. The journey home proved to be even wetter than the outward one. Such a foul day could perhaps be regarded as compensation for the poor turn out.

PETER COLLIGAN