

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

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FEBRUARY/MARCH 1979

No.805

LUNCH FIXTURES

February 1979

- 3 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
- 10 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and
CHELFORD (George & Dragon)
- 17 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton
- 24 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)

March

- 3 KELSALL (Morris Dancers) and CENTENARY DINNER
- 10 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and
MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 17 NORLEY (The Tigers Head)
Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton
- 24 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel) and
CHELFORD (George & Dragon)
- 31 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)

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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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 10th March 1979

COMMITTEE NOTES

After occupying the post of HONORARY SECRETARY for a few short weeks, DAVID BIRCHALL has had to resign because of an impending move to Edinburgh, where he takes up a new post on April first. DAVID EATON of 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside L61 4UQ, telephone (051) 648-3563, actually volunteered to take on the task, and we are very grateful to him.

RESIGNATION: The resignation of Des Ling has been accepted with regret.

NEW BADGES are available from John Moss (1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton) at 50p each. You might like to sport one at the Dinner.

CENTENARY DINNER: Will members who hold unsold tickets please return, together with cash for those they have disposed of, to Jack Hawkins, The Court, Kirket Lane, Bebington, Wirral. You can contact Jack on the telephone (051) 645-8704. Tickets and cash to be returned not later than February 10.

AT LAST

The great Centenary Dinner is upon us - the "do" of a lifetime under the roof of the Queens Hotel, Chester, just across the road from the main railway station, on Saturday March 3, at 7.30 for 8.00 p.m. This occasion is quite unique. There will be no "next time" (unless some Russian comes up with some special monkey gland serum in the interim) for any of us. Therefore it behoves on all who humanly can make it to join our throng on this most important Saturday for a century. WE MUST MAKE IT THE "BEST EVER".

Now is the time to dig everyone out. "What", says Syd Jonas, "about Jimmy Long and Frank Perkins?" These are two who should be there for a start, and, of course, there are many many others. Vin Schofield and Arthur Williams to name just two. And do you know of any ex-members you could drag along? We will do our utmost to provide transport for those who need help in this way.

The other day we talked to an old member - who shall be nameless - and when we asked if he intended being present he replied: "Of course, but I haven't bought my ticket yet in case I 'snuff it' first!" The time is approaching for us all to take that chance. Tickets at £8.50 from Dinner Secretary, Jack Hawkins, address as above. Perhaps we should explain that the cost is somewhat "pricey" because we have selected a superb menu from the hotel's offerings. To take advantage of a really wonderful meal we suggest a starvation diet after breakfast on the great day. Indeed to this end we have asked mine host of The Morris Dancers at Kelsall to arrange a special lunch for Anfielders that day consisting of stale, sliced bread,

eaten dry and washed down by as much good, clean cold water as can be taken!

Seriously, though. This is the event of the century for all, and a wonderful opportunity to renew acquaintances old and new. And don't take too much notice of the 7.30 time. A solitary half hour is certainly not enough to fraternize as we should wish. Get there at six if you like. Someone will welcome you with a smile, BUT PLEASE COME. AND REMEMBER, THIS IS A LADIES NIGHT ALSO; THE FUNCTION IS OPEN TO ALL.

NEWS COMES FROM STAN WILD

And we have also read in the newspapers, that a heat wave has descended on New South Wales. But as far as Stan is concerned there are no lanes for quiet cycling, no roadside inns for a quiet drink, and what is the use of a heat wave without a nice country pub to slake one's thirst? All drinks must be carried, a pleasant thought indeed! Stan sends his kind regards to all.

TRAINING SPINS

The regular Sunday morning training runs start from Two Mills at 9.30, with our President leading the pack - until the others get their second wind, and then there is no holding them. Distances increase almost weekly, so it is no good at all waiting for better weather. The mileage then could hurt, horribly.

HOME THOUGHTS - FROM WEST BERLIN

Being deposited in this island bastion of democracy gives me time to reflect on the failings of four-wheeled transport and the merits of two-wheeled vehicles.

The arrival of the last Circular, my first contact with the Anfield since July, has brought with it pangs of homesickness and nostalgia. Was it only four months ago (this was written in November. ED) that I raced against (or was it supposed to be with?) Mossy in a two up? It's good to hear that John France is back in action and, if his writing is anything to go by, obviously full of his usual enthusiasm.

A belated congratulations to John Whelan for taking the "100" record, although I can hardly agree that a 19-seconds improvement can be called "shattering!" A better description would be that it was taken, but only by the narrowest skin-of-the-teeth margins. Anyway, I don't bear any grudge against John, only a little black book full of marks against his name, to be appeased in a devastating come-back in 1980!

I met several cyclists in Poland who were all extremely keen,

but hampered by the unavailability of quality components. When I uttered the word "Campagnole" there would always be an awe-inspired, almost religious, silence followed by a questioning as to whether I actually owned any of these components. Such was their dedication to the sport that they would have been quite willing to buy a chain-set for a two-months' salary.

At the other end of the scale however, the top amateurs all rode the best quality bicycles and could be seen training at all times of the day, throughout the week. Apparently the Government insists all the international riders keep their amateur status by having jobs, but at the same time actually pays them not to turn up for work. A fine process of "doublethink", as Orwell readers will observe.

There is no time-trialling in Poland; a great pity, because some roads and terrain are just like the Vale of York. For instance, one of the main roads was a well-surfaced, rolling dual-carriageway for an unbroken 120 miles, and no-one could understand why I was so excited about it. These unenlightened roadmen had clearly never experienced the thrill of levering a 118-ins. gear along a rolling dual-carriageway!

Here in Berlin, despite the lack of space, there seems to be a fairly active interest in cycling. When a cyclist rides by I look the other way and pretend that cycling no longer exists in the world ... it is the only way to avoid the withdrawal symptoms caused by separation from the Anfield. But I can be consoled by telling myself that in a few months I'll be back in amongst that fine group of individuals collectively known as THE ANFIELD!

MIKE HALLGARTH

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

(Most Anfielders, we hope, appreciate and enjoy the Circular, but few realize that, as with everything else that lives, our journal requires regular feeding - with acceptable reading matter. Most issues we can manage to fill, but this one promises to be half-starved, so we lift the following from a piece we penned for the cycling press years ago.)

This Saturday was of November, yet a forgotten gem lingering from summer's jewel case. The bright sun warmed the atmosphere with a memory of June. A soft west wind caressed the autumn coloured countryside. Our club run had been arranged for this particular occasion at Holmes Chapel, a Cheshire village some forty miles from home. How grand to ride along Wirral, and cross Cheshire alone to Delamere, the Weaver valley, Rode Heath with its memories of highwaymen, and so to the venue. A good meal, yarns would fly in the

firelight, experience would be exchanged, opinions sought, before the final pleasure of the long run home.

In the hour after noon, Birkenhead's suburbia receded, Storeton ridge leaned over by the old Wishing Gate and its hill, and beyond the spreading fields and woods of Wirral came misty glimpses of the far-flung hills of Wales. Gently descending, the slope gave a care-free fling in the sunshine and warm wind. Short of Willaston an old and narrow lane wandered through the shadows of a hundred oaks. Three miles farther a quiet and winding way reached to Capenhurst. From Stoak's square, sandstone tower throb the chimes of Wirral's oldest bells.

Manley Bank meant a climb from the flat lands, a breathless struggle (if you ride) on a shelf curving around a great sandstone bluff into the wonderful and wooded hill-land that is Delamere Forest. Left at the fork. Left again farther on. The crossways come to where a right turn lures you to a thrilling fling down Rangers Bank - a grand name for a forest road. The hour of three has not yet chimed, but the shadows are spreading. Holmes Chapel is little more than sixteen miles. I could still dawdle somewhere while the delight of the afternoon remained.

Came the four ways in the clearing of the forest. Straight on, an exhilarating road sweeps over a steep ridge and dips into Kellsall; right for Mouldsworth. Left to Delamere, and the loveliest lane of all. The duckpond gleams in a remnant of the light, and a gaggle of Christmas dinners comes waddling from the farmyard to the water. Camera at the ready. One by one the noisy birds slip into the muddy shallows. I dodge this way and that, but no picture presents itself.

"What, no photograph!" A dark-eyed and demure young lady garbed in the green and breeches of Land Army costume evidently is of an enquiring mind. I drop on the grassy bank beside her. What a heaven-sent opportunity for lingering!

"I'm only going to the hostel. How far are you?"

"Holmes Chapel. I've to meet the club there for tea at 5.30".

"And where do you intend staying the night?"

"At home. It's only forty miles after the meal".

"That's silly. Riding all of eighty miles in an afternoon and evening merely to have a meal at Holmes Chapel with the lads, I don't see what you serious cyclists see in riding in the dark. You've ridden twenty-odd miles now. That means fifty-odd still to do".

It was not easy to describe to anyone the pleasures of riding in the calm blackness of a November night, and my young friend

thought evenings were much more fun when spent singing around the fire in the Youth Hostel rather than "getting them round" on a dark and lonely road. Truth to tell, I thought so, too.

That little spot of lingering, mentally scheduled for ten minutes at the most, stretched very delightfully into almost an hour, and it was nearly four before I moved off again on the last miles to the rendezvous for tea.

"Hope you get there!"

The woodland road dips to pass beneath the railway, climbs by the Fox Howl Youth Hostel (where Eileen was staying the night) and then swings easily eastwards. In the sunlight of any day it is the most wonderful way for miles around. Now, after lingering so pleasantly by the duckpond, all the light had gone. The shadows had taken over, and already a cool wind came rustling through the treetops.

Ten minutes for a cup of tea and a cake or two at the Forest Cafe, and I could be away once more, winging on the miles to Holmes Chapel. Inside the cafe it was bright and warm. The proprietress, unaware of my meagre requirements, offered home-made pork pie, chips, bread and butter, cakes and tea. I surrendered! My hunger was ravenous at the mere mention of such food. It would take time, though, and I should have to hurry. Sixteen miles by way of Over, Winsford and Middlewich. No time for lanes now.

Outside it grew dark. Evening mists drifted down. Quite suddenly Holmes Chapel seemed very far away, almost in another land. Eileen's words came back quite clearly:

"What a silly game, riding all those miles, just for a meal with some friends and then pedalling like mad home again!"

The main road through Winsford and Middlewich would not be pleasant. The homeward run almost certainly a perspiring struggle in the wake of the fast pack.

"What a silly game!" The words re-echoed.

Ever was woman the temptress. Ever was woman the winner! I turned it in, but not, I would emphasize, back to the Youth Hostel. A gentle drift homewards and an evening with the radio would complete a perfect day.

Two miles or so of the Tarporley road enabled a courtesy call to be paid on the good lady of the Fishpool Inn. Memories are still vivid of the wonderful teas provided at this pleasant hostelry years ago. Home-made bread, home-made jam and cakes. Beautiful butter. And if we wanted another plate of bread and butter the extra charge was a mere penny! Happy days.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

Several months ago I suggested that for a change we should try somewhere other than the usual Llansantffraid/Llan y myneoh area as I felt that by now, after so many years, we had exhausted the possibilities of this region.

After several reconnaissance rides in the Cerrig/Bala/Betws y Coed area it was finally decided to make the White Lion at Cerrig y Druidion our base for the week-end, and an excellent choice it turned out to be.

Six of us left the Eureka at 10 o'clock on the Saturday morning, a little later than expected, and made our way up to Rhydtalog where we called to pick up Ben from work only to find he had gone in the car - again! I can remember when he travelled to work on his bicycle practically every day for a couple of years, but now, oh dear, how times have changed. It must be all those hills which have scared him off - it's difficult to get a 60-tooth chainring turning going up them.

We continued on our way through Corwen and up the A5 to our hotel at Cerrig, where we were a great source of amusement to the hotel's two young waitresses-cum-chambermaids who had great difficulty controlling themselves, so much were they laughing at our "ballet tights and tap shoes". After booking in and dumping saddlebags, we sampled the local brew and then went to the cafe down the road for lunch.

Out came the maps to plan the route. The week-end was just beginning. For the past few hours we had been on all too familiar roads, but now we would be either in brand-new territory, or, at the least, on roads which we had only occasionally been along previously. We decided to head towards Bala on the back road to Fron Goch and then past the Llyn Celyn reservoir. It was in this area that Arthur began his yo-yo act off and on the bicycle. He hadn't been too happy on the last few miles up the A5 to Cerrig, but now he was really starting to feel it - he shouldn't really come out on runs on his wife's shopping machine.

Around the end of the reservoir we turned into the wind at the same time as the hills started. A bit of half-wheeling at the front and "Arthur's off" shouted Mike. If I had a pound for each time I was to hear these words I would have been a rich man before the day was through. A couple of miles later the road forked off to Trawfynydd, but we kept clear of that and headed towards Ffestiniog.

It was very pleasant now (Arthur would disagree) with hardly

any traffic at all, although the wind was becoming quite troublesome. At Pont ar afon gam we stopped at the small cafe for a very welcome pot of tea and scones. Out came the maps again to decide on the next stage - we estimated about another one and a half hours before dark. Off, then, towards the A5, and after a few minutes riding turned left along the minor road to the hair-raising drop down to the Afon Machno valley, through Penmachno and on to the A5 near the Conway Falls.

All that remained now was about twelve wind-assisted miles back to Cerrig. It was about half-way along this stretch, in the Pentre Voelas area, that Arthur finally met his Waterloo, just as the President decided to make a run for home, closely followed by Chris Edwards, Mike Twigg and Peter Colligan. I eased off to keep Arthur company; how he suffered. I quite enjoyed watching him really.

We finally arrived back at the hotel just on lighting-up time. Dave Birchall had got there just before us and Ben came very soon after, followed by John Williamson. During the course of the evening we were joined by the motoring section of Frank Marriott, baby-sitter John Whelan, Phil Mason, who had just been to watch Liverpool beat Everton and, wait for it Arthur Birkby, who had taken advantage of a club run not too far from his doorstep.

One big advantage of spending the night in a small out of the way village is that the local inhabitants decide on their own licensing hours. People were still coming in for a pint well after midnight, including the village p.c. still in uniform. When we asked what time the bar closed, the landlady - Sue was her name - replied: "When everyone decides to go home". This turned out to be about 2 o'clock.

Next morning we had a large breakfast, followed by the customary photograph outside the hotel. There was a short delay before we left while we tightened John Williamson's right-hand bottom bracket cup. Last year exactly the same thing happened, only then it was the left-hand cup which had come loose. Fancy him riding a hundred miles, spending ten pounds or more, and staying away from home for a couple of days just so he can have his bracket cup tightened up each year.

Hugh Dauncey had joined us just before we started off. He had been spending the week-end with his parents at their retreat in Clocaenog village. John Whelan took most of the saddlebags back to the Eureka in his boot, so that all except two of us were travelling light.

Our first stopping point was to be Ruthin for "elevenses". I don't really know how we got there, except to say that we went over some very interesting roads through the Forest - so interesting in

fact that some of them were even new to Hugh, and he practically lives there for a fair proportion of the year.

We left Ruthin on the back road past the hospital, along the lanes. These slowly petered out into a track, and then into walking territory. On it went, up and up, harder and harder, until, at last, it happened yet again - those all too familiar words: "Arthur's off!" shouted Mike. And he was, too, flat on his face in a pile of mud. We shouldn't have laughed quite as much as we did.

Down to the Raven at Llanarmon yn Ial for a very welcome lunch and a pint or two or three . . . The Raven has always been one of my favourite venues, but it will never be as it was on the Saturday tea-time runs of a few years ago. We took what is probably the most pleasant of the "direct" routes home, namely, over the hills to Eryrys and then down to Nercwys, Mold and Two Mills.

I think it was generally agreed by everyone that we made a good decision in moving from the usual club week-end area of Montgomeryshire and Shropshire. Two suggestions have already come forward for next year. One is that we move further out into Snowdonia and make our base in the Betws y Coed area, and the other is that we get to our hotel on the Friday night so that we have the whole of Saturday to explore new ground.

Everyone on the week-end has already been mentioned by name except one - ME!

ANON

R U N S

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 18th November 1978

Fine when I left home: raining hard at Spaghetti Junction. Cape on, and so it remained for the rest of the ride. Under these conditions it was a case of the shortest distance between two points. At Marton the party was complete by the arrival of Harold Catling and Ira and Hetty Thomas. The return journey was just as cheerful as the out trip - depending, of course, on how much cheer one could rustle up on such a miserable day.

STAN BRADLEY

ASHTON - Golden Lion - 25th November 1978

With the object of combining a useful rural ride with a Saturday afternoon committee meeting I motored to Ashton, trike on roof-rack, and started by cycling from the Golden Lion car park shortly after 9 o'clock. The first few miles seemed to be almost directly into the sun and the dazzle from that blazing orb was a source of some irritation, but not for long. Just before crossing the Gowy the sky darkened and a most ferocious storm of freezing sleet began

to rage, completely transforming the landscape within a few minutes. Somewhere between Bruera and Aldford the barrage ceased as abruptly as it had begun and the sunshine returned to make the foothills of the principality into an even more than usually attractive picture.

Surprisingly the storm had been very narrowly localised - there was no evidence of it on the ground in the valley of the Dee between Farndon and Bangor. The hunt was out in force at Shocklach and from the general demeanor of the many followers who thronged the lanes it was obvious that they had not been bombarded with freezing sleet. The localised nature of the storm was confirmed as I continued my circular tour. A frozen carpet of hail first appeared near Chowley and became steadily deeper until between Tattenhall and Huxley it was fully two inches and the glass hard. This made cycling both hazardous and difficult but from Duddon onwards conditions rapidly improved and back at Ashton the roads and fields were completely clear. Present at the Golden Lion were Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, Peter Colligan, Ben Griffiths, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril, Phil Mason, John Moss and Ira Thomas.

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 2nd December 1978

The only bicycle rider to arrive on this snowy morning, and almost certainly the only one to set out, was Mike Twigg. Mike braved the arctic conditions of Vicars Cross - two or three inches of snow - and headed for Chester to do a bit of shopping, before making for the club run. Huntington, surprise, surprise, the snow had not reached, and, for a December day, the run was described as quite pleasant. And Mike must have been grateful to set his own pace, for once.

Your Editor, with Alison and Nigel, arrived first, and were already dealing with delicious sausage, eggs and chips when Mike arrived. It wasn't the intention to be on the run at all really. A wedding at Croydon was the accepted date for the day, but the blizzard conditions at Mold between 6.30 and 8.30 a.m. knocked that idea cleanly in the head.

The next, and last, arrivals, were foot sloggers, all the many yards from the lovely cottage in Station Road. "The Bishop of Bangor" has a message for Stan Wild. The "Paddy" hasn't been touched yet - saving it for something special. Eileen thought this was a wonderful idea.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 9th December 1978

Let us mention the muster first: John Moss, Mike Twigg, John Thompson, Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, Ira and Hetty Thomas, Allan Littlemore, Arthur Gore, Peter Colligan, Frank

Marriott with friend Cyril.

A pleasant - very pleasant - day for those who didn't mind the occasional and short-lived showers, and a very satisfied muster sat within the warm walls of the Morris Dancers. Ploughmen's lunches seemed to be the order of the day, beautiful bread and cheese with a notion of salad with it. Not for everyone, though. Kelsall's meat pies can only be described as delicious, and with chips they come as a superb meal.

When Stan Bradley disappeared, we thought he was heading for home (Stanley always disappears first) but in a moment he was back, and taking all manner of candid flashlight shots of those present. We wondered what it was all about, and Harold Catling explained: Stan in about to make a sketch of members at a joint run in the same way as he has portrayed a group at the Leather Smithy at Langley. This particular work of art seems to be satisfactory to everyone - except Bob Poole. Bob doesn't like it a bit - face much too bloated he says. We can hardly wait to discover what we look like in Stan's eyes.

F.E.M.

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 16th December 1978
and TWO MILLS Slide Show

Believe it or not, we have it seems seen the last of the days when the recipient of a piece of glass or what have you had to set to and mend the puncture while the rest of the party sat on a gate, if one happened to be handy, ever-ready with advice that might not always be helpful. We have a Sir Galahad in our ranks.

On the way home from Sarn Mill, a delightful place even on a December day, one of our new President's tyres sank to the road with a sickening thud. John doesn't remember looking helpless - he is most certainly not the type, but he was as good as delighted when Peter Colligan rose to the occasion said: "Don't worry, John, we'll soon fix that!" (Or words to that effect, we were not actually present to witness this delightful incident). And Peter did, smartly. Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, and indeed John himself looked on with delighted amazement.

These four, with your Editor and friend Cyril completed the turnout. The numbers at the Slide Show were at a minimum, too. Just Dave Birchall, Mary and son, John Moss, Ben Griffiths and Frank Marriott. The opportunity was taken - always just before Christmas - to make a presentation to Addy as a measure of our appreciation of her kindness to us during the preceding year.

F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 16th December 1978

By way of Redesmere and Siddington I came to Chelford, to find Stan Bradley and Harold Catling already present. Harold, solo, explained that the T.T. was undergoing a refit. Then followed Bob and Hagar Poole, with Rex arriving soon afterwards. The usual conversation ensued, with Rex setting all tongues wagging when he suggested that all veteran lady cyclists are good looking! I reached Macclesfield by lanes and bridge paths through Nether Alderley and Whirley.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

PENTREDWR - Britannia Inn - 23rd December 1978

Chris Edwards has promised a report of this run.

LOWER WITHINGTON - Red Lion - 23rd December 1978

Having gained the reputation with Stan Bradley of refusing to write up the run, there was nothing that I could do but volunteer. And really it was a very ordinary occasion except for one item of news that gave intense pleasure to us all. The Speedwell Bicycle Club, of which our Manchester Vice-Captain is a lifelong member, had offered him the highest honour in their power by inviting him to become their President. All congratulated him: congratulations which he received with his usual charming modesty. Those present were the two Pooles and two Austins by motor car; Harold Catling and Stan Bradley by tricycle, and Hubert the sole exponent of the bicycle.

REX AUSTIN

BOXING DAY RUN - Beeston Castle Hotel - 26th December 1978

As a family outing this run is extremely popular, such a favourite indeed that the private room allocated to us was far too small. Ira Thomas on a bicycle, Harold Catling solo on a tricycle, David and Mary Birchall with friend Norman Griffiths with two wheels each. Ben Griffiths too, with Chris Edwards and Bill Barnes. Boxing Day is the only occasion each year when we see Stan Bradley on four wheels. He comes out with his good lady and Mr. and Mrs. Chatham. The list seems endless: Rex and Edna Austin, Bob and Hagar Poole, Hubert, Sadie and Alfred, Peter and Lily Rock, John Thompson with Maggie (we haven't seen J.T. in a car yet, but perhaps this was the first time). John Williamson and his good lady from Prestatyn. Heading the family outfits were John and Jane Whelan, John and Wendy Moss and David and Delia Bettaney. It was so very pleasing to see everyone, including a momentary glimpse of Peter Colligan, who with his family had escaped into another room. Perhaps we could make better arrangements next year.

F.E.M.

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Captain: BEN GRIFFITHS

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APRIL/MAY 1979

No.806

LUNCH FIXTURES

April 1979

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 - 14 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
 - 21 COMBERBACH (Spinner & Bergamot)
 - 28 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- Committee Meeting at 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton

May

- 5 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 12 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)
- OPEN "25" - see note inside.
- 19 NORLEY (Tigers Head)
- 26 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak)
- 28 OPEN "100"

June

- 2 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and
LOWER PEOVER (The Crown)
- 9 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
- 16 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 28th April 1979

COMMITTEE NOTES

EASTER TOUR 1979. Following requests made at the Centenary Dinner, the following programme has been arranged:

FRIDAY APRIL 13: Meet at Woodside Ferry for 8.45 a.m. boat.

The night will be spent at Ingleton Youth Hostel.

SATURDAY at Barnard Castle Youth Hostel.

SUNDAY at Malnam Youth Hostel.

At the time of writing this, the party will consist of Hallgarth, Edwards, Thompson and Dauncey. Dave Barker is meeting the party at Malham. Anyone who feels like a really energetic week-end will, of course, be very welcome. PLEASE MAKE YOUR OWN ARRANGEMENTS - AND HURRY! Latecomers might have to resort to B. & B.

David Bassett of 31 Merlin Ave., Saughall Massie, Upton, Wirral, has applied for re-election to membership. The request has been granted. In the 1969 "100", the worst ever from a weather viewpoint, David clocked 5.6.51. A tremendous ride for one only 16 at the time.

OBITUARY - L.J.Hill

Amid all the celebrations for the Centenary, we have the sad task of recording the passing of Len Hill, an Anfielder for thirty years, and as keen on wheels as anyone. Rough-stuff, too, sometimes. Once, years and years ago, we copped him washing mud from his bare feet in a stream miles above Lake Vyrnwy. Little did he worry that the same water would be flowing from someone's tap, soon!

Len occupied the treasurer's chair for two years in the sixties, and he served as President for four years from 1972. Soon afterwards the malady which made his life a misery left him no option but to vacate the position which he filled so enthusiastically. Len continued to come to the club runs, with the help of John France, in a wheeled chair, but, lately, even this has not been possible. Len passed away on March 2nd. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Flo, Vivienne and Geoff Sharp.

Among those present at the committal service were: Rex and Edna Austin, Peter and Lily Rock, Geoff Sharp, Frank Perkins, George Connor, Guy Pullan, John Thompson, Frank Marriott, Keith Orum, Dave Birchall, Les Bennett, John France, Jack Hawkins and Len Walls. We were also pleased to see Jenny Barker and Peggy del Banco.

We were somewhat amazed to discover that Ed. Green (he of the stentorian voice) had travelled from his Lake District hide-out in a bowler hat! Len, looking down from somewhere up above, would have smiled delightedly at that, and pleased, too that a tricycle - John Thompson's - could be seen nearby.

CENTENARY "100" SPRING BANK HOLIDAY

This year the "Head Serang's" task has been taken by Ira Thomas. Please let him know, at 9 Catteralls Lane, Broughall, Whitchurch, Salop, whether you can do the same job as last year, or whatever. Please let Ira know as soon as possible.

DINNER JOTTINGS

SAD NEWS from Vin Schofield. Vin telephoned during the proceedings to apologize for his absence. Vin had the great misfortune to lose his wife some weeks ago, and now the delightful home nestling in the fold of the hills above Bettws-yn-rhos is not the same. Vin sends his kind regards to all and we, in turn, extend our sincerest sympathy on the passing of his partner of so many years.

WE WERE DELIGHTED to meet and talk with Dennis Ford, retiring President and Editor of the Speedwell Bicycle Club's magazine. As being (so we think) the only two club mag. editors present, we all but wept on each other's shoulders at "members' inhumanity to editors" to paraphrase an old saying. It seems that Speedwell people (just like ours) are avid for their magazine, but seldom does anyone from either camp do anything about it. It is so easy to expect others have done so, and that means that the long suffering editor has to fill the pages somehow. Dennis has found a remedy. He is moving his home away from Speedwell-land to the hills of south Shropshire. To avoid being tied to this task until the end of our days it looks as if we shall have to do the same. So watch this space!

IF YOU WERE ABLE TO recognize Jack Pitchford on this pleasant evening you must have had the surprise of your life. Never what one would describe slim, or even slender, Jack has now built his bulk so much that he scales between 19 and 20 stone! Don't worry, though, Jack has never looked fitter, but what he is doing about wheels for his bicycle we just don't know. Perhaps the plastic contraptions recently demonstrated on T.V. might withstand his gentle weight.

SOME PEOPLE were surprised at the late hours of the meal. Eight did seem a bit late, but the hotel management had to stipulate this hour before accepting the booking.

THANKS to Jack Hawkins for organizing the "do", and getting such a delightful menu together. The bicycles, illustrations old and new, were class. But we do wish, on a personal note, that everyone would remember that our name has two "t's" at the end, not one.

ERIC BOLTON, OUR CANADIAN EXILE wrote to offer his hearty congratulations on attaining the century. "Although I have not been a physically active participant for most of the years, I am very proud to have maintained my membership and to be a life member. The A.B.C. has meant so much to me.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

We are pleased to report that the Centenary Edition has been completed in time for the Dinner, and 42 copies were sold on the evening. To keep the financial situation straight, it has been decided to regard all contributions as loans (despite some verbal assurances to the contrary), to be repaid as and when sales materialize. Any "free" copies requested will be deducted from amounts outstanding.

If any member wishes us to accept his "loan" as a donation, the Treasurer would be grateful to have a note in writing to this effect. Copies (including "free" issue as outlined above) may be obtained from the Editor of the Circular. Non-contributors should send £3 to cover postage and packing. Others can have the £3 deducted from the outstanding amounts.

A REMINDER

The Open "25" will take place on the Whitchurch Road on the afternoon of Saturday, May 12. First man off at 14.01 hours. All other particulars from John Moss at 1 Pennine Walk, Little Sutton, Wirral.

CENTENARY DINNER - Queens Hotel, Chester - 3rd March 1979

How does one start to report a function as important as our Centenary Dinner? The pushing-off process always poses problems. One could quote Coleridge: "The guests are met, the feast is set, mayst hear the merry din". Only this wouldn't be quite correct. For a start the feast wasn't set. We should have to wait until eight of the clock for that. And, also, the sound of Anfielder greeting Anfielder, friend meeting friend, hardly could be described as a "merry din". However, the mere mention of this minute extract from the Ancient Mariner has at least enabled us to get going.

First of all, we must express appreciation of the support extended by our friends. Will Townsend and his lady, now we hope well on the way to recovery, travelled from London to propose the toast of the Anfield Bicycle Club. The toast could not have been in better hands. With the wealth of information at his disposal Will

was enabled to touch on many important features of our story that some are inclined to overlook, and we are extremely grateful for his recital of the Anfield's past accomplishments. Incidentally, Will and his wife retain happy memories of the week-end at Shrewsbury on the occasion of our 80th, twenty years ago.

Our appreciation, too, to the North Road Club, who supported the dinner extremely well. Geoff Edwards, as President, came as our guest, and Geoff arrived supported by his lady and Roy Cook. Our own Rigby Band conveyed Arthur Smith and Ida, while from distant Suffolk we had Cecil Paget. Nora also hoped to be present, but was prevented from doing so at the last minute. And how delightful, yes, delightful, to have Jack Beauchamp, President of the "Barf" Road Club, with us again. Some of us had gained the impression (fortunately and very obviously wrong) of our old friend on his last legs almost, and strutting slowly around Worthing on a couple of sticks. Jack looks as fit as ever he did, and we are all most grateful for that. We were also pleased to have Sid Hayward. Sid is President of the Kentish Wheelers.

From the Midlands two Speedwell representatives feeling even older than we do. The Speedwell, you might remember, celebrated their centenary a couple of years ago. Dennis Ford, out-going President and long-suffering Editor, and Richard Hulse. We were delighted to meet Dennis, and see Richard once again. We were most grateful for the support of local clubs: they flocked in as if it was their dinner! We have many local friends now. The days are long gone when the Anfield ploughed a lonely furrow. We were also pleased to have Mr. & Mrs. Ron Kitching, from Harrogate, and Harry Aspden, of Langho, near Blackburn. Harry is surely the only rider who regrets the elimination of the Tanat valley from our "100" course.

Now we can come to our own support for the dinner. We counted forty-four, and our sincere apologies if we have missed anyone. This turnout can be regarded as excellent, considering the manner in which the Grim Reaper has been taking many a swipe at Anfield membership over recent years, and, sadly, we have not had the younger intake to make amends. Anfielders came from far and near to be present on this great occasion. Mike Hallgarth probably takes the prize for the longest distance: Mike travelled from West Berlin, and to our delight he does not intend to return. Syd Hancock and his lady, laden with flowers for the occasion (Syd loves to do things properly) and we accordingly thank them both very much for their efforts. After the arctic conditions prevailing around

here for the past few weeks it does the eyes a world of good to see Spring flowers once again. Mr. & Mrs. Syd had to be on the 7.50 train from Penzance to be here with the decorations in good time. Without the flowers the 10.20 would have got them to Chester in ample time.

John Farrington travelled from Edinburgh. Such a long time, since we have seen John that we had to look twice! At least two Anfielders arrived by boat: Bill Finn, from Dublin, and Bert Lloyd, Isle of Man. Laurie Pendlebury from distant Dyfed (Pembroke to you). A quick handshake was all we could manage, but it was really grand to meet Laurie again. Jimmy Cranshaw, elected to membership in 1920, drove up from Sutton Coldfield, but we didn't manage to have a word with him. Prior to moving to the Midlands, Jimmy was a regular run attender, so kept well in touch. Harry Austin (1921) and his lady must have felt somewhat strange amid all the newer faces. We hope they did not feel out of it too much.

So much for the distant Anfielders. Mention must now be made of the locals, from Manchester and Merseyside, not forgetting, of course, the Shropshire section. We list the names in no particular order: John Moss, Rex Austin, David Birchall, Stan Bradley, Arthur Birkby, Bill Gray, Peter Stephenson, Hubert Buckley, Jack Pitchford, John Williamson, Peter Colligan, John Thompson, Guy Pullan, Phil Mason, Geoff Sharp, Ben Griffiths, Frank Marriott, Tommy Sherman, David Eaton, Keith Orum, George Connor, John Whelan, Len Walls and Albert Dixon. For the sake of posterity we should mention that John Thompson and Albert Dixon arrived ON BICYCLES. We were also delighted to have with us ex-Anfielders in the persons of Bill Barnes and David Bassett, John Futter and Wally Rees.

A mention, too, of the ladies present, and if by some mischance we have happened to omit any names, please accept our sincerest apologies: Mesdames Moss, Birchall, Stephenson, H. Austin, Buckley, Colligan, Band, Thomas and Rock, in addition to those already mentioned. We note with pleasure that Arthur Gore brought his girl friend along, just to show her, no doubt, what sort of a crew he has signed up with! Lastly, but by no means least, our good friend Addy of the Eureka Cafe was present.

As we have already written, Will Townsend proposed the toast of the Anfield in masterly fashion. Our own response had to be in a different class. Running late, with John having one eye on the clock, we decided to speak without notes, a certain way of curtailing a speech. Anyway, one minute and 40 seconds later we were down, again, to the infinite relief of all. We will return to our topic,

Manchester men in a Liverpool club, in a future issue of the Circular.

To John Thompson came the task of proposing the toast of The Visitors, and surely few have ever done this so well. The humour, the asides, the gentle cracks were enjoyed by all, and we were very sorry when John sat down, his task completed. Derek Johnson, of the Birkenhead North End, replied. The final toast, The Sport, was covered well enough by Paul Olson, but one must ask: Is this toast necessary? It is a most difficult subject to tackle in a few minutes, to know what to include, and what to leave out. One has the impression, and not exclusively from this particular occasion, that this is a toast that could be safely eliminated in future. By this time the clock had reached 23.33, the bar closed at 23.45, and many whistles apparently needed wetting. Jack Beauchamp had asked for the opportunity to say a few words on this most auspicious occasion and, if time allowed, John has agreed. But, in the end, time did not permit of this delight, and we all missed a treat.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the considerable amount of cross-toasting that took place. Some perhaps might think that this practice detracts from the dignity of a dinner. Maybe, but it certainly does create a happy atmosphere, and in our opinion the dinner was one of the most enjoyable we have ever attended.

Finally, a word of congratulation to John Moss on his first, most important, function. He can now look forward to the second century

R U N S

Note: In our last issue we stated that Chris Edwards had promised to report on the Pentredwr run on December 23rd. We were mistaken. Chris had offered to write about the Worthenbury run a week later, and here it is. Pentredwr must remain a missing link in our story - just because the Editor was otherwise engaged.

WORTHENBURY - Emral Arms - 30th December 1978

I was the first to arrive at Two Mills Cafe on this overcast and freezing day for the last club run of 1978. While sitting in this cyclists' refuge wondering whether I was to be joined in my adventure into the well-known, Ben and John Moss arrived.

We made our way through Chester, and then on to the Farndon road, from which we glimpsed the swollen river Dee and its flooded flood plain. By Aldford bridge the level of water was close to road level, and gave the area an air of impending doom. We carried on to Churton, and then turned off towards Shocklach and our venue

at Worthenbury. Here we were told that they could not cater for us, so we moved on to Bangor-on-Dee, where a welcoming venue and bright coal fire warmed us thoroughly.

Here we met Mike Twigg and Bill Gray, who completed the party. We sat in the inn for some time until eventually coaxed out. The home route took us along the Welsh side of the Dee, and the occasional blizzard with a high pace set by Mike, showing early season strength in depth, were the only incidents of merit. We left Mike at Chester, having turned down his offer of prescribed substances for tea, and arrived at the Mills, where we were surprised to meet the evasive Mike Wiles and Hugh Dauncey. A steam mug of tea concluded the day.

CHRIS EDWARDS

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 30th December 1978

A day fine and cold with a favourable wind makes cycling worthwhile, to the venue anyway. Getting home can be quite a different story. First arrival at noon, then Harold Catling, followed by Hagar and Bob Poole, and Edna and Rex Austin. A sandwich lunch in warm surroundings, and then a T.V. topic for discussion. Interesting to know what the others think. Not so good riding home. A headwind as expected, but the blizzard on the approach to Manchester wasn't wanted at all.

STAN BRADLEY

NORLEY - Tiger's Head - 6th January 1979

Nine weeks ago, when I returned home from the Norley run, I immediately drafted a report for the Circular. The job is better done then. And now, can I find it - can I? Fortunately, the memory remains. A cold, slushy day that kept the Manchester men away. A new venue with a log fire and new, interesting meals. I remember John Moss, Mike Twigg, Chris Edwards and John Thompson. I am doubtful about Ben. I am almost sure he didn't make it today. Working, or something.

F.E.M.

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 13th January 1979

And another note has disappeared! A bright day, cold. Main roads all right. Lanes dicey. I happened to be first, so went for a walk along the lane to Tilston, watching the way carefully. I have a long way to fall. Back in The Bull, and sipping a lime and lemon, in arrived John Moss, Hugh Dauncey and Ben. Bill Gray slithered in a little later, and we sat talking until 3 o'clock. I disappeared and went Wrexham-wards for some shopping. Bill, I gathered later, isn't quite sure how he got home, but he did, and that's all that matters.

F.E.M.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 13th January 1979

Plenty of snow about, but the going good if one kept to the main roads. To Chelford and Withington was all right, but when I turned into a lane at Windy Harbour I struck hard, packed snow. Then the trike performed most tricks except turn over. Roads cleared of snow near Marton, and I made a bee-line for the Davenport Arms.

Noon, and no one had arrived. Leaving the trike, and taking to shanks' pony trekked to the oak tree. One o'clock, and still no one, so I entered, had some lunch, and then decided on an early return. Nobody to ask to write the run up!

STAN BRADLEY

COMBERBACH - Spinner & Bergamot - 20th January 1979

No reports received, and we doubt if anyone made it. At your Editor's 475ft. up home the snow exceeded a level 12-inches. Not quite so much elsewhere, but enough to deter most people.

PENTREDWR - Britannia - 27th January 1979

Probably no one.

WITHINGTON - Red Lion - 27th January 1979

The advantage of living in the Shropshire area is that one has the choice of runs, and as the weather gave very heavy snow in the Llandegla area, we opted for the run to the Red Lion.

On a day blessed with sunshine we travelled through the snow-bound countryside to the venue to find that we were the only attenders; however, after an enjoyable talk with the locals we made our way home through the snow covered lanes.

IRA THOMAS

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 3rd February 1979

After leaving tons of anything-but-white snow strewn at the roadside of the Welsh border, it proved a revelation to descend the Warren's straight mile to find no snow at all. At the venue a lot of faces milling around - this inn is becoming more popular than ever - but we did notice Stan Bradley. Stan tells us that the snow of recent Saturdays kept him in. We have been wondering what the reason was. Bob Poole, quietly supported by Hagar, was waving an envelope around: "It's my sub." he shouts, "my last!" Bob joins the honoured throng this year of those who have been members for fifty years.

Those present, apart from the aforementioned, were: Peter Rock, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, John Thompson and yours truly, F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 10th February 1979

Only a small muster on this fine but cold day. Still a few pockets of snow in the fields and on the paths in the lanes. A new manager at this house has meant a doubling of prices. A ploughman's lunch, once reasonably priced at 30 pence, now costs 60 pence. When we questioned the price the impression was given of take it or leave it. Roll call: Stan Bradley, Hubert, Sadie and Alfred, Hagar and Bob Poole.

BOB POOLE

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 10th February 1979

The President (just back from Malta), Ben Griffiths, John Thompson (boisterous as ever) and I set off from the Mills for Bangor-on-Dee. Thommo was mildly restrained by his fixed wheel tri-cycle, and Mossy declined to unleash the form developed through training around Malta.

At the Royal Oak were assembled Frank Marriott, Ira Thomas and Hetty, John France, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Mike Twigg and Bill Gray. Joan Davies - an old friend of several present - joined Ira and Hetty for a few minutes.

After lunch I gingerly test-tried Thommo's trike, but as I juddered a tortuous path around the car park, Thomas jumped on my bike with Mike Twigg and Mossy. Ben, kind soul that he is, offered to ride the trike (seeing that I wouldn't get more than four or five miles an hour out of it) and with me balancing on his machine we set off in chase. The wild headlong pursuit ended two or three miles up the road at Worthenbury, where the breakaway trio had stopped to replenish liquid reserves. Mossy then showed me how to ride the trike - accelerating briskly, he would steer a ruler-straight course for 50 or 100 yards before almost inexplicably drifting down the camber to collide with the verge or kerb.

When Thommo eventually regained his trike he made the most of the tail wind by employing his 140-in. gear: this he engaged by lifting one rear wheel and holding it stationary off the road. At Two Mills we joined Dave Bettaney and family, and John Whelan came in for a moment.

A slight shadow was cast over the day's proceedings when Thommo came into the cafe from the car he had borrowed from friend Maggie. He was complaining that when he tried to put it into gear it made a noise like "an old washing machine".

HUGH DAUNCEY

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 17th February 1979

John Thompson, on a tricycle. Arthur Gore: was this the first time Arthur had surfaced since the "Arthur's off episodes" described in our last issue? John Moss, on a bicycle, of course. Mike Twigg, Ben had to slip away from work too late to get his bicycle out, so he arrived by car. Ira Thomas, John Thompson's friend Maggie and yours truly all but completed the party. Dave and Mary Birchall with the charming little lad who makes up the family arrived to put the seal on the attendance of the day. Quite a pleasant occasion. We must put on record that not one Manchester man could be sighted. We understand that Harold Catling has quite a good excuse: globe trotting again. First to the Philippines, and then Washington. Home must look very good to our Harold.

F.E.M.

LOWER PEOVER - Crown - 24th February 1979

A sunny day. Spring at last in the air. By way of Mobberley and Toft to reach Peover before time, so a detour around Lach Dennis filled in a little. Back at the Crown with Hagar and Bob Poole, we were nicely settled in when a member from another country turned up in the form of Frank Marriott. The Manchester section of the Anfield must consider themselves highly honoured with his company. The party became complete when Rex Austin showed up.

Both Rex and Frank produced copies of the current issue of CYCLING, containing an article on the Anfield's Century of Road Sport, and we were all very interested in a picture of Bob Poole handing up a drink to Bren Orrell in the 1934 "100". The opinion of our visitor is that the Crown "was not a bad place". Everyone in a pleasant frame of mind when departure time arrived.

STAN BRADLEY

(Your Editor did a little trespassing on this very pleasant Saturday because, after six weeks or so of arctic landscape in the Mold area a glimpse of some green countryside was called for. The local club run to Llanarmon yn Ial, would have produced even more snow. We were early, and went for an hour's walk on lanes and a footpath - getting somewhat muddied up in the process - before reaching the cobbles leading to Peover church. Ed.)

LLANARMON YN IAL - Raven - 24th February 1979

Your Editor not being present, no report of this run has been received.

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 3rd March 1979

The time, one Sunday afternoon two weeks ago. Around 5.30 the telephone shattered the silence of No.11. "Mike here!" "Mike who?" "Mike Hallgarth". "Where are you speaking from? Berlin?" "Yes, and I only have a minute or so. I want to come to the Dinner, and where is the club run that day?" "Kelsall". "O.K. See you there".

Came Friday, March first, and another phone call. "You don't recognise this voice do you?" Some people do talk daft. As if anyone could miss Bert Lloyd's once you have heard it. Well, the upshot of the conversation was that I should pick him up in Chester and we would talk our way all of the miles to Kelsall. Already ensconced, already fed, Stan Bradley looked very comfortable indeed. Sometimes we wonder: the habit Stan has of reaching the venue in the middle of the morning, does he get turfed out without any breakfast, or something? Stan certainly gets first choice of all the food that's going.

And while we were quaffing our own particular brews (Bert tried to get me to have a whisky - but I hate the stuff) in breezed President John Moss with Ben and Chris Edwards making a happy party indeed. But this was not all. Looking out of window a few minutes later we spotted Arthur Smith (North Road) and Rigby Band, with their respective spouses. (I have since been trying to remember when Rigby and I last met. I haven't a clue). And still we were not complete. Mike Twigg brightened the threshold with friend Hayward of the Kentish Wheelers. And last, but by no means least, behind a very nice piece of hirsute, obviously assiduously cultivated, came Mike Hallgarth. Even the delights of West Berlin could not keep Mike away from an Anfield Centenary. And as Bert Lloyd ventured: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to come to the club run every week".

F.E.M.

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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

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Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 648 3563

JUNE/JULY 1979

No.807

LUNCH FIXTURES

May 1979

26 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak)

28 CENTENARY "100". Please show up if you can to
make this a very special event.

June

2 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and LOWER FEOVER (Crown)

9 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

16 FARNDON (Nags Head) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)

23 ASHTON (Golden Lion)

30 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)

July

7 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

14 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

21 COMBERBACH (Spinner and Bergamot)

28 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)

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, PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral,
Merseyside.

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE:- Saturday, 30th June 1979

IRA'S ON THE PHONE

When Ira Thomas moved into his new home some months ago he was told that the waiting period for a telephone would be many weeks. Ira has apparently been pulling some strings. A new handset now glistens in his cottage: the number is WHITCHURCH (Salop) 4100. Nice and handy with the "100" coming on. If you are not fixed up with a job, ring Ira NOW.

THE DINNER

The brickbats keep falling around our ears. Apologies to Mrs. Gore for referring to the lady as "Arthur's girl friend". We are really sorry about that. We should have known better.

Sid Hayward, Mike Twigg's friend from the deep South, is a Past-President of the Kentish Wheelers. Finally, Ira Thomas is a bit cut up because we did not mention him at all. If the truth were known he really doesn't deserve to be: for forty years he has taken a delight in mis-spelling our surname. If we had referred to him as Ira Thoma all the time the fat would really be in the fire.

EDITORIAL

Eleven years have slipped by since Ken Barker's untimely passing in May, 1968, when we were asked to take the job on temporarily "until a new editor could be appointed". This is our third spell at the task, and the time is nigh for a change. At several Annual Meetings recently our pleas for a new editor have gone unheeded.

The Circular needs a new editor, someone who is in closer contact with the younger fraternity. When North Roader Cecil Paget was at our Dinner he mentioned seeing and talking with John Whelan at St.Neots on one occasion. A younger editor would no doubt have reported this: we just didn't know.

All have learned to read and write, and although it must be conceded that some are better at it than others, it is amazing the amount of skill that comes with just a little practice. We hereby give notice that we intend to dig our heels in at the October A.G.M. A new editor must be found.

One other point: while reports from the Manchester alternative runs continue to come in regularly, those covering joint runs are conspicuous by their absence, particularly when Bill Gray or yours truly are not around. Requests are occasionally forgotten, too. The Anfield Circular is unique, so far as we are aware, in having these individual reports of week-by-week activities. It doesn't take much imagination to realize that the Circular would be as dead as a dodo without them.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

As reported briefly in our last issue, the Centenary Edition of our History is now, thanks to Peter Stephenson, an accomplished fact. For those members and friends who are not conversant with the first edition, published in 1956, this is the story of the Anfield: several chapters were written by a handful of members, and we were particularly grateful to Louis Oppenheimer for his piece on Early Years. Louis started his most fascinating chapter with an excerpt from the Book of Ecclesiastes: "Let us now praise famous men". Only a genius could commence writing the history of a bicycle club in this way. Louis Oppenheimer was in his eighties when he penned this delightful chapter, and to everyone's regret he did not live to see his work in print.

The book also contains several well-written chapters lifted from the many cycling papers that flourished in the last century: the story of the second Anfield "100" from the *Bicycling News* is certainly worth reading, and a contribution from another issue comes from the pen of John D. Siddeley, later Lord Kenilworth, and whose name still lives in the aircraft industry. Jack describes an End to End trip with Lawrence Fletcher and gives a splendid pen-picture of all the trials and tribulations that contrived to make so very difficult for both the record breaker and his organizer.

Another story from the *Bicycling News* takes us from "LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROATS: From End to End with G.P. Mills". The writer is anonymous, with not even a nom-de-plume to keep us guessing, but when in the midst of all the hurry of a record ride he can stop and tell us: "Hodnet was next passed, and then Whitchurch, while yet the many girls of the place were wrapt in their virginal slumbers. . ." we can only admire the man and his imagination. This was the epic occasion when, a mere four miles from the end, Mills lay down and slept for six hours, and nothing could be done to rouse him.

Another chapter taken (with permission) from the *Manchester Guardian* tells of a "12" and "24" by E. Buckley in 1908. "Mr. Buckley's ride was a highly meritorious one. Not only did he break both records, he covered 199 miles in 12 hours, and finished with $347\frac{1}{2}$ miles to his credit - but for 18 or 19 hours he rode under conditions that may without exaggerating be described as downright villainous... The roads were so wet that two pairs of mudguards had to be requisitioned ... " The book costs £2.50 and if you have the nasty habit of lending, then you will need two.

From the Editor

TALES FROM THE OLD DAYS

In this, our Centenary Year, it is perhaps fitting that we should include some tales from the early days of the Anfield. Those we had were included in THE BLACK ANFIELDERS, but a spot of good fortune, coming by way of Ken Yardley (Mersey Roads) and Guy Pullan, brings us some notes written by Archie Bennett, a well known Anfield rider of the nineties:

I started riding in 1886 a solid-tyred high machine and used one up till and including 1890 - called the penny-farthing. In 1888 I was in a club called "THE OLD BOYS" and rode in their 25-mile race and got fastest time. But they would not give me the medal as they said I rode and trained in the week days, but I never did.

My next big race was the Open "50" of the Sefton & Dingle Club on a terrible day, 27th October, 1888. The rain the day before made the roads (macadam) deep slush and big puddles of water very heavy going. There were 103 entries, but only six finished, the roads and day were so bad.

1st: H.Robinson	Sefton & Dingle	6m start	time	3.51
2nd: J.A.Bennett	The Old Boys	20m "	"	4.11
3rd: J.Bibby	Sefton & Dingle	19m "	"	4.11
4th: J.Reilly	Manchester R.C.	10m "	"	4.4
5th: W.Smith	Rusholme B.C.	5m "	"	4.5
6th: T.Price	Sefton & Dingle	20m "	"	4.21½

Men from all over the country were in the race. The only food I got was some lemon peel. There were no feeding arrangements.

I was 19 years old when I joined the Anfield in January 1889. Most of the old Anfield riders were middle-aged men. My next race was as an Anfielder on May 4, 1889. 50 miles on the Ordinary (Penny-farthing solid tyres).

1st: C.E.Thompson	Safety-solid tyres	4.3
2nd: J.A.Bennett	Ordinary	4.10
3rd: Lawrence Fletcher (scratch)	Safety-solids	3.53 fastest

(Bennett came third in a "50" on July 10, 1889, but no times are available. For another "50" on October 8, Bennett was awarded a special medal for his fastest time of 3.39)

May 6, 1890. Dawned very wet for the Anfield "24" and the race was not run. (We do not know the reason for the cancellation) but I thought I would see what I could do as "practice" and covered about 220 miles.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

R U N SMARTON - Davenport Arms - 10th March 1979

After a couple of months in foreign parts the prospect of my first run of the year was very attractive indeed. Mary's letters telling me of the lovely cool snow at home whilst I endured the 95^oF shade of the Philippines - even the sea in those parts is rather warm for swimming - had given me a great longing to get home and out on the old trike again. It was early on Friday morning before I could get away from Washington, but it was not too late and Saturday morning found me dusting the cobwebs off No.1 trike before setting out in high glee on the snow-fringed roads of North East Cheshire.

After only a few miles my euphoria was spent and had been replaced by a feeling of physical inadequacy. Even on the level it seemed very hard and up the hills it was all I could do to keep the wheels just turning. As I had been attributing this state of affairs to ten weeks without a ride it was encouraging to learn from Stan Bradley, already installed in the Davenport Arms, that the real trouble was an exceptionally strong headwind. He was quite right. The return journey was a real sleigh ride, the wind being strong enough to make pedalling a mere formality even when climbing the steepest parts of the several hills which constitute the charm of my favourite return route by Redesmere, Birtles and Over Alderly.

Those present on this bleak windy day were: Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Bob and Hagar Poole and the writer,

HAROLD CATLING

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 10th March 1979

One of the pleasures of the Bangor venue is that one has the opportunity of using the delightful road between Rossett and Holt. Today this highway could not be described as "pleasant". I realized when I passed five blue-garbed speedmen that progress seemed to be a bit sluggish. When breath returned at Bangor, "You wouldn't know" they said, "just how hard - damned hard - it was just there."

Already at the venue when I arrived were John France and Albert Dixon, and, I later learned, that they had been to the Gray establishment for a nifty quick one before bringing Bill and Eileen to the Royal Oak. Before the others arrived I managed to grab some lunch, a mighty plate of sausage, egg and chips, a sightwonderful to behold. The five arrived in the forms of John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Hugh Dauncey, Ben and Arthur Gore. All were ravenous, and some even partook of sandwiches while their lunches were cooking.

Then, to complete the complement, arrived the Birchall trio:

Mary, David and their genial infant son, getting in as many runs as possible before shortly heading off for Edinburgh.

F.E.M.

NORLEY - Tiger's Head - 17th March 1979

At six-forty-five the alarm bell rang. I arose and dressed with a narrowness of intent essential for a long distance ride. The planned route indeed was a serious one: over a hundred miles into a strong north easterly to join my fellow tricyclists at Aysgarth Youth Hostel.

Outside it was snowing, and six inches of the stuff covered the ground. I thought it prudent to ring Alan Rogerson and check the conditions ahead. They were extreme, the roads were blocked, there was little chance of my reaching the venue.

All dressed up, with nowhere to go. I brewed up again, and paced about until it was time to set off for Norley. At ten-thirty I was Hilda's second customer at the Eureka, and no Anfielders had been sighted. Impatiently, I drank my tea and had just left when Prof. Hallgarth arrived. Delayed again!

At last we were off. The joys of pedalling, even in snow. We made our familiar way past the Zoo and through Delamere topics ranged widely. The relative merits of Vittoria versus Clement tubulars: of a planned versus free market economy, as well as the usual detailed analysing of our own and other club members' racing careers.

Mike has obviously "seen life" in his trip abroad, but "seeing life" takes it toll, and by the time we reached Norley half-blind (glasses are no good in snow) and a bit shattered, he was, as the President said: "Not a pretty sight!" The picture was not improved when, to my horror, he removed his socks in the lounge bar, with no officials present to put him in order. Frostbite is no excuse for bad manners.

With two excellent "Tiger's Head" steaks inside us we headed for home. A direct route was not possible since the return must, in my opinion, never follow the path of the way out. Conversation was somewhat drowned on this return trip because of an increasingly loud grinding noise from my back axle. Mike reckoned I would have to strip it down. I hoped a bit of oil might do. But it got louder and louder. Something terrible was going to happen.

But then, halfway into the mud of the "Missing Link" - a mid-Wirral rough-stuff trail - the noise suddenly "went" as mysteriously as it had started. As the Bard put it: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Hallgarthio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

JOHN THOMPSON.

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 24th March 1979

Tandeming into Two Mills we found a row of blue-tops crowding out one of the benches: Pete Colligan, Hugh Dauncey, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, chip-thief Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth and newcomer Phil Randeles. Time for a quick half (tea) with Ben straining at the leash (press-ups on the forecourt) then OFF.

The pace seemed to be a degree up from the club run usual - could it be that those recently returned from winter migration (hibernation?) were eager to show that this didn't mean they weren't as fit as the next man, and in turn the next man was eager to show . . . This situation was not helped by a promising club-run debut from young Phil Randeles, who never needed waiting for, despite the strength of the icy wind.

No main roads today: through lanes of Cheshire oaks breaking the sky into tiny fractures. Easter Tour arrangements were clarified by means of a complicated series of inter-changes of riding partner. Beeston hump was sited and got gradually larger - a lovely run for those able to sit back and admire the terrain, the foliage still greyish winter colours but everything about to become jade green. How much farther to that pint, then suddenly round the corner was the Castle Hotel, where Ira had just arrived on two wheels. John France, Albert and Sylvia Dixon on four, likewise Frank Marriott and friend Cyril. Dave and Mary Birchall were soon to follow. A turn-out that filled the room.

Back through woodland along the edge of the Peckforton Hills, a track too narrow for cars, and too wide for walkers. Some aggro on the way in a Thommo-Mike Hallgarth direction, something I don't entirely understand about Being - and yet Not Being - at the front of the Bunch, and its Relationship to Wind Direction.

A good day.

MAGGIE

(Once again we welcome a contribution from the fair sex. These "intrusions" are all too rare, and we do wish our lady friends were not so reluctant in letting us having a piece now and then. After all, they all read the Circular, so why not write for it?

- Ed.)

CHELDFORD - Egerton Arms - 24th March 1979

With the prospect of a fine morning, because the wireless weather man said "Rain later", I set off in high hopes. By a round-about reached Goostrey, decided that I had comfortable time to reach Chelford and someone else had the same idea. I was overtaken by Harold Catling, and together we made our way to the Egerton Arms.

We found Hubert Buckley already installed, and the arrival of Bob and Hagar Poole completed the party. Conversation drifted to the topic of garage space: Hubert explained that by changing his car for a Mini he has much more room in his garage. He further suggested that Harold might find it advantageous to do the same, with so many tricycles to house. Harold thought he was quite right, but as his car is not falling to bits yet, there would be no immediate need.

Then the topic turned to cousins, and I mentioned that I had many in Birmingham, but had not bothered to call on them. Harold claimed the record of having more cousins than most: one of his uncles at Macclesfield had no less than twenty-four children!

Harold and I travelled home together. The wind was quite hard, one might even say that it was a give-and-take wind. O.K. when it was with you, but when adverse I wished it would be topical, and go on strike.

STAN BRADLEY

ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear), SHOCKLACH (The Bull), KELSALL (Morris Dancers) and COMBERBACH (Spinner and Bergamot) - No report of these runs has been received.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 7th April 1979

Quite a change after so many bad week-ends to get a fine day for the run to Marton. I left home not very early and went by Gawsworth and North Rode. In the last mile before reaching Marton I met Stan Bradley. We were soon joined by Harold Catling and, later, Bob and Hagar Poole. Rex arrived just after we had started lunch, having come out via Chelford. This was the extent of the party.

Two o'clock, and we were away again. After realizing that the wind was south-east I decided to ride against the wind to North Rode, and in this way have a following wind to help on the hills back to Macclesfield.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

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: DAVID EATON, 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby,
Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 648 3563

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1979

No.808

LUNCH FIXTURES

August 1979

- 4 NORLEY (Tiger's Head)
- 11 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and CHELFORD
(Egerton Arms)
- 18 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 25 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

September

- 1 LLANARMON YN IAL (Raven) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)
- 8 ASHTON (Golden Lion)
- 15 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)
- 22 COMBERBACH (Spinner & Berganot)
- 29 NANNERCH (Sarn Mill) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: All items for the Agenda to
be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Aug.18.

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, PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral,
Merseyside.

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE:- Saturday, 25th August 1979

COMMITTEE NOTES

Address changes: John Thompson, 11 St.David's Close, Rainhill,
 Prescot, Merseyside L35 4WY
 David Birchall, 19 Alnwickhill Crescent, Edinburgh.
 J.E.Reeves, 57 Greendale Road, Port Sunlight,
 Merseyside L62 5DG

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

In these days when people are more aware of their legal rights, the Committee has felt it right to take out insurance cover against Third Party claims up to £250,000 for club members. The cover includes claims from one member against another, whilst riding, organising events and marshalling together with claims from other third parties. This cover is of particular advantage when taking juveniles out on club runs, when members are responsible for their safety. We hope this will to some extent relieve the worries of parents. We hope that members will never be in a position to have to take advantage of the cover now made available, but if anything should happen which conceivably result in a claim under the policy, all details and claim forms can be obtained from the treasurer.

RACING NOTES

A few words of warning to all racing men who have tubulars stuck on all winter, with the wheels in the warmth and dryness of your home. The rim cement is apt to dry out under these conditions. While out training over World's End on Wednesday, April 25, Dave Bettaney's front tub. rolled off on a sharp corner. Dave fell heavily and lay semi-conscious for about 15 minutes until a car picked him up, and he spent the next two days in hospital with concussion, but apart from a cracked cheek bone, and the loss of a bit of skin, Dave is now fit again. John Whelan has again made a good start to his racing season, with a second and a third in Mountain Time Trials. Dave Bettaney also made a good start in getting down to a long 1.1 in the West Cheshire "25". The rest of us have not yet been visited by the fitness bug. (Note: by an unfortunate misunderstanding, the above notes were received just too late for inclusion in our last issue).

RESULTS

<u>18.3.39</u> CHESTER TWO-UP "25"	<u>25.3.79</u> LIVERPOOL CEN.24-mile hilly
Peter Colligan - John Moss 1.8.33	Dave Bassett 1.10.52
	John Moss (punctured) 1.13.18

1.4.79 MERSEYSIDE VTTA "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.6.41
 Peter Colligan 1.11.51
1.4.79 LICHFIELD 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile hilly
 John Whelan 2nd fast. 1.15.36
 Dave Bassett (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ mins.late)
 1.23.36
8.4.79 BRERETON 26 mile hilly
 John Whelan 1.10.12
 Ben Griffiths 1.14.14
 Dave Bettaney 1.16.11
 John Moss 1.19.40
 Dave Bassett 1.22.00
8.4.79 ALTRINCHAM "25" (1.3
limit)
 Peter Colligan 1.13.22
13.4.79 BUXTON 32 mile Mountain
trial
 John Whelan 1.37.28
 Dave Bettaney 1.44.00
 John Moss 1.49.22
15.4.79 MID SHROPSHIRE "50"
 John Whelan 2.11.47
 Ben Griffiths 2.12.46
 Dave Bassett 2.20.06
16.4.79 MID SHROPSHIRE "25"
 John Whelan 1.2.27
 Dave Bettaney 1.3.41
 Ben Griffiths 1.4.35
21.4.79 NEW BRIGHTON "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.6.08
 John Moss 1.9.15
 Dave Bassett 1.9.20
 Peter Colligan 1.12.10
22.4.79 WEST CHESHIRE "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.1.59
 Ben Griffiths 1.2.13
 John Moss 1.6.41
29.4.79 ADORIOR 40 mile MTT
 John Whelan 1.55.27 (3rd
 Ben Griffiths 2.1.31 fast.)
 John Moss 2.14.04

6.5.79 DUKINFIELD "50"
 Ben Griffiths 2.14.22
6.5.79 BIRKENHEAD N.E.48 m. M.T.T.
 John Whelan 2.8.42 (5th fastest)
7.5.79 B'HEAD VICTORIA "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.2.55
 John Whelan 1.2.48
 Dave Bassett 1.9.41
12.5.79 ANFIELD "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.1.42
 John Thompson 1.3.11
13.5.79 CHESHIRE "50"
 Ben Griffiths 2.10.42
 John Moss 2.16.50
 Peter Colligan 2.21.54
20.5.79 SOUTH LANCS "50"
 John Whelan 2.8.05
 Ben Griffiths 2.9.50
20.5.79 TAMWORTH "25"
 John Moss 1.5.29
 Peter Colligan 1.9.11
26.5.79 M/C. ST.CHRIST. "25"
 Peter Colligan 1.7.34
28.5.79 ANFIELD "100"
 John Whelan 4.29.01
 John Moss 5.6.51
3.6.79 RHYL "10"
 John Whelan 23.45) 3rd fastest
 Dave Bettaney 24.33) 1st team
 Ben Griffiths 24.40)
 John Moss 25.47
 Dave Eaton 26.45
3.6.79 SOUTHPORT "25"
 Peter Colligan 1.6.50
6.6.79 STAFFORD "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.2.53
7.6.79 MERCIA TWO-UP "25"
 John Moss - Peter Colligan 1.1.33
9.6.79 MANCHESTER POLICE "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.3.05

Contd....

10.6.79 WEST CHESHIRE "50"
 John Whelan 2.4.27 2nd fast.
 Ben Griffiths 2.13.18
 John Moss 2.14.36
17.6.79 VTTA NAT.CHAMP."50"
 Ben Griffiths 2.7.26
17.6.79 LEIGH PREMIER "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.3.06
 John Moss (punctured) 1.6.17
23.6.79 BUXTON "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.1.50

24.6.79 SEAMONS "50"
 Ben Griffiths 2.8.14
27.6.79 PORT SUNLIGHT "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.0.44
 Mike Hallgarth 1.3.16
1.7.79 MERSEYSIDE WHEELERS "25"
 (1.0.0 limit)
 Dave Bettaney 1.1.09 (fastest)
 John Moss 1.6
 Peter Colligan 1.9

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

THE R.T.T.C. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "100" WILL BE HELD ON JULY 22nd ON A COURSE VERY SIMILAR TO OUR OWN "100" COURSE. THE VICTORIA C.C. ARE ORGANIZING THE EVENT, AND THEY HAVE REQUESTED OUR ASSISTANCE TO MARSHAL PREE'S HEATH ISLAND FROM AROUND 8.30 a.m. ONWARD. AT LEAST EIGHT MARSHALS/CHECKERS WILL BE REQUIRED.

THE ANFIELD HUNDRED - 28th May 1979

I hope that this report will provide some illumination for those who bought CYCLING on 31 May in the vain hope of finding out what happened, three days earlier, on the wind and rain swept roads of Shropshire.

Some things are supposed to come in cycles, and early this Monday morning it looked as if 1969 was back to haunt us. At Knutsford the straining, flapping flags suggested a promising washing day, but by Market Drayton even these modest hopes were dashed as the storm beat a deafening tattoo on the car roof. It did stop, but not for long. Vicious showers punctuated the whole event, and the south-westerly gale never let up. And it was cold. Overall, it may not have matched 1969, but my lasting memory will be of Cliff Ash at the end of the field, his face screwed up against the wind and the near horizontal deluge, struggling back towards Crudgington. He finished and he, along with his fellow sufferers, deserved more credit than he got from "our Merseyside correspondent".

This year John Moss was given the onerous responsibility of dropping everyone out of sight. Behind him the field of 111 contained three former winners, Norman Powell (1978), Alan Roberts (1977) and Frank Lyon (1976). All were now riding with different clubs. There were also two ex-runners up, Brian Sunter (1977) and Ben Griffiths (1978). Any of them could be fancied, though we learnt that Powell had been involved in an accident the previous day, and

Ben felt the 'flu starting. A strong challenge could be expected from a Rockingham team, headed by former B.A.R. Mike McNamara, and ex-12 hour champion Ticker Mullins (who, as it happened, didn't start).

Many would be prepared to back Len Orrick, a consistently classy B.A.R. rider and Simon Edney, who had won the Mid-Shropshire's "50" so impressively. Altogether it was one of those fields in which no-one stood out as a clear favourite and which promised a gripping contest. (This bit was written beforehand, and I short-listed Roberts, Edney, Sunter and Orrick).

After a wind-assisted jaunt to Tern Hill the real business started on the return to Hodnet and down to Crudgington. The 25-mile check was taken with unbelievable incompetence somewhere on the little leg from Crudgington. My only excuse is that I'd never seen a stop watch at such close quarters before, and half the time I couldn't see out of the window. At this stage Lyon and Edney were almost inseparable, and had carved out a half-minute lead on Roberts. Sunter was close behind while McNamara and Orrick were some $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes down on the leading pair. The question was already - who had judged their fitness and the conditions better, the pace-setters, or the wily campaigners behind?

The next quarter provided a fair mixture of head-wind, cross-wind and tail-wind, with precious little shelter in this exposed, hedgeless and tree-less landscape. Roberts had the bad luck to puncture and by the half-way stage was five minutes down on Edney, who recorded a 2.7. As if we didn't know, Dave Allan's record was safe. Sunter was a minute back, and Frank Lyon had lost ground. So too had the 'wily campaigners'. Orrick and McNamara who were both timed in at 2.10. For what it was worth, history was on Edney's side, for only once in recent years had the half-way leader been overhauled. That was in 1976 when Dave Allan's hat-trick had been thwarted by none other than Frank Lyon. On the other hand, does history allow for a cruel, brick-wall headwind from Prees to Battlefield? We'd see.

The early finishers gave an indication of just how hard it had been. John Clarke, for example, was minutes back on last year with 4.34. Ben and Alan Roberts had both packed, and it was Roger Iddles (40) who took the lead with 4.26. Powell had also been forced to retire, and suddenly Orrick was in with 4.20.10, a ride of remarkable consistency, and one which suggested that he'd judged his form and the conditions to perfection. He won one admirer on the long, hard road from Prees. John Whelan, caught for

five minutes, was full of praise for his immaculate, rhythmic, "effortless" style.

Sunter had started ten minutes behind Orrick. What could happen to his two-minute lead? Almost incredibly, Orrick put six minutes into him in the second half, Sunter finishing with 4.24.31. Orrick had pulled back four minutes over the second half. Frank Lyon's bid to repeat his 1976 win was also blown away across the bleak terrain. Like Sunter he finished with 4.24.55. And so to the finale.

Could Mike McNamara prise back those precious seconds? The big man's pounding, bobbing, big-gear style was in marked contrast to Orrick's. And it proved almost as effective, for at the line Mac was just 32 seconds down in 4.20.42. He had some consolation in leading the Rockingham to a team win, and in emerging as fastest veteran. Twelve men inside 4.30 added up to a tense contest, and it was tragic that the crowd was so pre-occupied with keeping warm and dry that they couldn't really savour it.

I take no pleasure in concluding this report on a sour note, but feel obliged to return to the CYCLING report. It has to be admitted that there were faults, especially at the finish with the results service, and refreshments (though as far as I could see riders were getting tea taken to them when they entered the lane, which doesn't happen in many events). This might have merited a paragraph at the end of a report, not a story whose dominant theme was destructive criticism. I have heard no criticism of start-sheet, marshalling, checking, drinks, signboards, time-keeping (even at 25 miles). Presumably the weather, the non-starters, and the non-finishers were not our responsibility. A field of 'only' 111 may not look impressive, but it has to be seen in perspective - compared with the fields we were getting in the 60's; in the light of the reduction in the number of "100" promotions nationally, especially on sporting courses. It is worth remembering that when the CYCLING correspondent's own club promoted the National Championship "100" in 1967 it attracted 75 entries. This is not a piece of juvenile you-too criticism. The Liverpool Century promoted a superb event - I know, because I rode in it. It is merely intended to suggest a sense of balance, perhaps a sense of history, is needed. And a sense of balance might have paid more attention to the struggle between Orrick, MacNamara, Edney and company, and to the grit displayed by Cliff Ash and the rest of the finishers.

DAVID BARKER

"100" SECRETARY'S REPORT

The "100" of 1979 was the 79th "100" that we have promoted. The standard of the event has always been high, and it is difficult to raise the level of promotion. However, we must not be complacent about this, and one must be alert to any weaknesses in the organization and next year we must improve the communications between the timekeeper and the finishing board, and provide better facilities for refreshments for riders and helpers. The latter had been considered, but was found to be impracticable this year.

I should like to thank Ruth Williams and the Mersey Roads for manning a drinks station, Fred and Rene Butterworth, Tom Humphries and his Wrekin Sport colleagues, Malcolm Jones, Brian Hazeldene, Roy Page, Charles Powis and Jim Edwards all of the Mid Shropshire Wheelers, Doug Ingram and son. A special thanks to Dennis Pitchford for transporting and erecting the finishing board. To all those of "Ours" my grateful thanks for their invaluable help. Without that help there would be no "100".

IRA THOMAS

We conclude the "100" story for this year by expressing two well-deserved tributes: one to David Barker for yet another superlative account of the event, and the other to Ira Thomas for his excellent organization and planning.

EASTER TOUR 1979. DAY ONE: TO INGLETON

The day started clear and bright, with all the promise of it lasting all week-end. I was late (as usual) as I made my way down to Woodside and the ferry. When I got to Liverpool Mike Hallgarth and John Thompson were sitting on a bench. John was not his usual cheerful self, singing the praises of 62-tooth chain rings and such like. He looked very ill.

Mike however was chirpy, and had enough enthusiasm for all of us. I know Mike is a self-confessed "light weight tourist", but I thought that even for him just carrying a cape roll was travelling light for four days away from home. That was until I found out that he intended catching the train home from Lancaster for his sister's wedding, and then joining us again at Barnard Castle! But less of these deviations, and on with the ride.

We left Liverpool through Aintree: the pace was slow because of John's untimely illness (must have been something he ate), until at Cunsough Hall on B5192, John stopped, laid out his cape, put on his Alpaca, and went to sleep. Mike and I left him and rode on to Preston through the lanes round Ecclestone.

We had lunch at Preston in the local Wimpey. Under Mike's direction we took the B6243 to Longridge, then on the lanes through Chipping, Dunsop Bridge, Newton and Slaidburn, stopping at a pub for liquid refreshment on the way. The lanes were very busy with holiday traffic.

After Slaidburn we took a lane that led us up to Croasdale fell and then petered out into a track of the "Wayfarer" class. Mike and I struggled over the top trying as best we could to avoid the large areas of marsh. We eventually came down into Salter and over Whit Moor where we came to a fork in the road. Mike went left to Lancaster to get the train home, and I went right into Wray, through Wennington and into Ingleton.

When I arrived at the Hostel at seven o'clock I was met by John who wanted to know where I'd been. He looked fully recovered and ready to carry on the tour. He got the train from Preston. What a "kop-out".

CHRIS EDWARDS

DAY TWO: INGLETON TO BARNARD CASTLE

Hugh's unauthorized absence, and Mike's compassionate leave, left just John Thompson and Chris Edwards for stage two. I have always found that riding in pairs induces a greater tendency to hammer along than either solo riding, or riding in a group, and since Chris is noted for his round the year fitness, I set out expecting to suffer. I had, however, one piece of information, which I was able to use to my advantage. On Friday evening Chris had told me how he had fixed up his machine for the tour with a set of gear ratios down to 40 x 28 (= 38.6). This he considered low enough for anything. My aim was to take him over a route where he would be over-gearred, and I could craftily slip in my 26 x 28 (= 25.1).

In clear bright sunshine we climbed out of Ingleton up the back road between Crey Hill and Whernside. The road climbed steadily more than a thousand feet before falling down into Dentdale. I took it easy on the descent, the surface was broken and strewn with gravel and, since the road up was gated, so, I concluded, might the road down. Chris came past at breakneck speed, but I was soon to find him with a front wheel entangled with a gate! "Had my brakes full on" he explained. No damage was done, and we continued.

The climb out of Dentdale more fitted my purpose. The road climbs more than 1200-ft. in a little over a mile. The road near the summit was banked with snow, even though we enjoyed warm sunshine. At Hawes we bought food for lunch, the weather demanded a

picnic. Bravely Chris accepted the challenge to continue following the minor roads route. We climbed over 1200-ft. to cross to Thwaite, from where a mere 600-ft. climb took us to Tan Hill - the highest inn in England (1753-ft. if I recall correctly).

We reached Middleton at five o'clock. Here we remembered the experiences of 1978. As we passed through Middleton then it began to snow. The warm sunshine of today made a pleasant contrast.

Barnard Castle, our destination, was a mere eight miles down the road, and too early to cycle the direct route. Foolishly Chris again entrusted me with choosing the roads, and I took him up another 1,000-ft. climb over the Pawlaw Pike. Our efforts were rewarded with the discovery of what seemed to be the lost country east of Hamsterley Forest. The quiet and light of dusk added to the enchantment. We landed at the Hostel after eight, shattered. Chris was convinced that "low gears are not a gimmick".

JOHN THOMPSON

DAY THREE: BARNARD CASTLE TO MALHAM

The third day of the tour dawned without any sign of bad weather. Chores were completed and the trio departed from the hostel, free-wheeling down the main street of the quaint old town of Barnard Castle. But sightseeing seems not to be important on an Anfield tour. The object seems to be to cover the inter-hostel distance with the maximum effort, given a time limit of 12-hours (often exceeded). If the Anfield want to cover the distance from A to B, five miles of flat terrain, it is considered too simple (nay, downright cowardly) to take the direct route. Invariably hills and muddy tracks are followed, and to arrive at point B two hours later than expected is not unusual.

Chris had told me of the previous evening's horror and my expectations of a quiet, relaxed day were not high. A quiet lane route was followed for a few miles, until it was decided, at Newsham to take the road over the top of Scargill High Moor. This was just the first of many climbs, and soon the back wheels were sliding in perspiration. Sailing down the ensuing downhill stretch, John collected a puncture, which seemed to take hours to repair. Off came his back wheel and he attempted to patch quite a few holes, but gave up. The next problem was after he discovered that his spare inner tube was for a smaller wheel. No one wanted to help him at first, but eventually we were able to continue on our way.

A lunch stop was called at Leyburn, and afterwards a long climb past the Leighton Reservoir again had us stretched to the limit. Chris tried to slow us down by persuading his derailleur

gear on to the first sprocket with the most ungentlemanly language! We were in hysterics and found it difficult not to fall off! Eventually he caught us at the top, and we descended to Pateley Bridge. Then we went over the Rock Stones Moor to arrive in Grassington.

At this point, after just six club runs since my return to England, I was shattered, and so decided to stop for tea while the others pressed on. It was only eight miles to Malham if a certain track was followed. I traced tyre tracks to the top, and then decided upon a detour. It seemed a good idea at the time, but after a while I found myself wading through mud and climbing over fences - it was becoming harder. Eventually I arrived at a small reservoir. It must have been new, I thought, because there wasn't one on the map. It couldn't have been the one five miles to the south - could it? It was! When I finally arrived at the hostel I knew that the direct route of eight miles had taken over two hours - quite definitely a detour that was spontaneous, adventurous and variable.

MIKE HALLGARTH

DAY FOUR: HOME FROM MALHAM

With a good tailwind we made fast progress south down to the Ribble valley and along the back roads through Holden. Sawley, Waddington down to Longridge Fell. Here, in order to cross the Ribble, we were forced to take to main roads and for an hour or so we had some unpleasant fume-filled miles.

After some navigation errors we were back in what have become my training roads - round the back of Parbold up over Up Holland and through the thread of green which leads through Tarbock Green to Childwall. Fine weather, and a route away from our well-pedalled roads provided a most enjoyable tour. I hope we do it again next year, and perhaps in slightly larger company.

JOHN THOMPSON

MIKE TWIGG

As we go to press we learned that Mike had to go into hospital for a few days. However, we understand he is home again and on the mend.

R U N S

KELSALL - The Morris Dancers - 14th April 1979

In mid-June it is not possible for me to recall the details of this run. I don't think it was raining, but I do know it was hard, due, no doubt, to lack of pedal power. The company were: Mike Twigg, Bob Poole and Hagar, Harold Catling, Stan Bradley (now President of the Speedwell), Frank Fischer, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Hugh Dauncey, Ira Thomas and Hetty, and me.

BILL GRAY

-SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 21st April 1979

No report has been received of this run.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 28th April 1979

Club runs combined with Committee Meetings always raise a challenge, and usually a little sweat. Do I leave early and make a solo journey, or leave with the lads, and wipe the pace up. Today I decided on the latter course.

Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Arthur Gore and Bill Barnes were at Two Mills. We decided on a brief section of main road and then through the lanes to Waverton. It was here I induced Arthur to make a break, with me riding shotgun on his wheel. A shout to Arthur that we should turn right resulted in Arthur deciding to make a U-turn in front of me, with the result that I went diving over the bars after hitting his rear wheel.

Ben came into his own with his vast experience, and promptly jumped on Arthur's wheel to remove the buckle. This done, we made rapid progress to Alpraham where we met Harold Catling and Stan Bradbury. After a quick lunch we then lined out behind Ben, who motor-paced us all to the Committee Meeting by 2.30 p.m.

JOHN MOSS

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 5th May 1979

Fine weather and a feeling that all's well with the world. But not for long: before Gawsorth I had to don my cape for a snow shower. I reached the Leather Smithy just in time to dodge a snow storm. Mid-winter again! Already installed, wined and dined were: Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole. I was the last to arrive.

Bob has always complained that the Smithy was a cold place. No longer though, Bob this time was installed by a bright coal fire, and looked very content. The weather was fine when we dispersed, but for me as I reached Macclesfield, it was cape on again.

STAN BRADLEY

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 5th May 1979

No report of this run has been received.

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 12th May 1979

I arrived, under pressure, on my wife's twin lateral, ordered a meal, took the first quarter off a pint, and they were all pushing past me with Chris Edwards saying something about a "25". I did manage to put away two pints. Present were: John Moss, Mike Twigg, Chris Edwards, Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred, Mike (pro.) Hallgarth, Phil Mason and Ben Griffiths. The names I have as being at

the President's "25" are: D. Bettaney, D. Bassett, P. Colligan, J. Hawkins, H. Dauncey, I. Thomas, D. Eaton, L. Walls and J. Thompson.

BILL GRAY

(Footnote: This is a sample of the "orrible" write-ups you must suffer if you refuse to be coned - B.G.)

NORLEY - Tiger's Head - 19th May 1979

Whenever one visits the Forest of Delamere it is a point of honour to take the switchback route through the forest, savouring the ancient woodland in its many moods. Five miles of A.56 from Chester led to the lane for Manley, and the climb up Manley Bank into the forest. Two left turns and a right, and yet again I was thrilled with the descent of Rangers Bank. Left at the crossways, where once there was a duckpond - and ducks - (pity how places change sometimes) and so to the undulating miles through the woodland.

Inside the Tiger's Head a goodly crowd had gathered: John Moss, complete with Wendy and family, Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Guy Pullan, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Arthur Gore, Peter Rock, Ira Thomas and Hetty, Peter Colligan and his lady, and yours truly. Curiously enough, no-one seemed anxious to hit the returning road today. We lingered inside until near enough three o'clock, and then proceeded to watch a game of bowls on what must have been one of the bumpiest greens ever.

F.E.M.

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 26th May 1979

For years my bachelor week-end in Anfieldland has been sacrosanct as a careful perusal of the Circular had convinced my wife that, as far as your club was concerned, Adam had retained possession of all his ribs. But recently, interesting and entertaining articles over feminine by-lines had raised vague doubts so, on Saturday, 26th May, I found myself ushering the companion of my joys and sorrows into the Royal Oak, Bangor-on-Dee. Women manage these things in a subtle and mysterious way far beyond mere male comprehension.

Muriel was placed in the charming charge of Flo Hill and Sylvia Dixon and I looked round to see whom I remembered from the really old days. Too few, I thought, but I was comforted by the presence of Frank Marriott and delighted to greet Peter Rock again after very many years. There was Albert Dixon, too with reminiscences of long past CTC days and more recent friends like John France, vice-president Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths and Mike Twigg.

After studying Monday's card stuffed with so many veterans that it had quite a geriatric look I was reassured to meet today's officials bubbling with youth and fitness. President John Moss, secretary David Eaton and treasurer Phil Mason together with their lieutenants Mike Hallgarth and Hugh Dauncey. And I was particularly glad to make the acquaintance of your globe-trotting vp Harold Catling.

On Monday we returned to Essex happily clutching the Centenary Edition of The Black Anfielders. Later, I offered to lend it to a fellow exile in a nearby town. He is a non-cycling football enthusiast and he politely refused. He said he was not interested in race-relations in Liverpool as a fervent Everton supporter the name Anfield was anathema to him. You can't win.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE.

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: DAVID EATON, 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby,
Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 648 3563

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1979

No.809

LUNCH FIXTURES

October

- 6 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)
- 13 ASHTON (Golden Lion) and ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
- 20 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 27 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to CERRIG Y DRUIDION (White
Lion)
- Alternative fixture to KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

November

- 3 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and LOWER PEOVER
(Crown)
- 10 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 17 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 24 KELSALL (Morris Dancers)

December

- 1 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(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, PHIL MASON, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral,
Merseyside.

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EDITOR: F.E.MARRIOTT, 11 Trem Afon, Mynydd Isa, Nr.Mold,
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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 27th October 1979

COMMITTEE NOTES

Change of Address: John Parr, 8 Bournemouth Gardens, WHITLEY BAY,
Tyne and Wear

The Annual General Meeting has been arranged at the Village Hall, Ashton, on Saturday October 13 for soon after 2.00 p.m.

Application for Membership:

George J. Elkington, Sunningdale, Feather Lane, Heswall L60 4RL.

Roger S. Cogan, 111 Arrowe Road, Greasby, Wirral.

Proposed by John Moss and Seconded by Ben Griffiths.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

The venue, as last year, is the White Lion Inn at Cerrig-y-Druidion. Arrangements have been made for those wishing to start the tour on the Friday to do so, if they will contact Dave Eaton first. All bookings as soon as possible with a deposit of £1.

JACK BEAUCHAMP

As we close for press, news comes of the passing of our old friend for long, the President of the Bath Road Club. An appreciation will appear in our next issue.

JOHN PARR. We understand that John Parr is now back in this country after doing a spell in Africa. Quite a change from a winter or two in the Shetland Islands.

ALLAN LITTLEMORE from whom we get the John Parr news, has been elected top of the poll in the local Parish Council election.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Sales of the second edition are coming along nicely. We have disposed of 150 in six months, with the advertising campaign now getting well under way. Our old friend Bill Oakley penned an excellent review in the August/September issue of CYCLETOURING, and the number of people who have just read that and then reached for their cheque books can only be described as heartening. The advertising columns of the same journal also carry an advertisement, which will be repeated in the next five issues. We have an occasional classified in CYCLING, and Derek Roberts, of the Fellowship of Cycling Old Timers, has agreed to review the book in the December issue of the Fellowship News. We have also decided to try an advertisement in FREEWHEELING, a new cycling paper domiciled in Scotland. Meanwhile, have you got your copy yet?

Ted Daw, of Plymouth, in writing for a copy, says that "I can remember seeing you at an Anfield "100" back in the late 1920's or early 1930's. I recall that the reporter in CYCLING (the dear old

Temple Press CYCLING) referred to your long legs and your steady and consistent pedalling speed! Funny how such things remain in our memory. But perhaps it was the gentle insinuation that you were really a tourist rather than a racing man, allied with the fact that my own clubmates in the then Plymouth C.C. were in the habit of describing my efforts as "touring in tights".

Note: actually the year was 1932, but we will forgive Ted that very slight lapse. What a wonderful memory he has!

C. E. GREEN

Ed. Green, a member of the North Road and long-time President of the Tricycle Association, died whilst competing in a tricycle '50' on the Brock course on the 29th July 1979. His dedication to the extraction of the maximum amount of physical punishment from every mile ridden goes back to at least the CTC tours of the 1930's with Neville Whall and continued in the form of tricycle time trials and races right up to the moment of his death at the age of 71. As a staunch supporter of the TA, in committee, in office and on the road, he will be sadly missed.

H.C.

Note: As might have been expected, a considerable number attended the committal service. Stan Bradley made the journey, as also did Rex and Edna Austin. Stan did not notice any others of "Ours", but there might have been. - Ed.

VANISHED HIGHWAY

Several years have elapsed since the Upper Towy valley's lost highway had a mention in these pages. Only towards the end of last May has your editor had an opportunity to re-visit this hill-rift after an absence of four decades. Time was when you could head north from Llandoverly with the river, have tarred road as far as the old mining village of Rhandir y mwyn, and many hours later reach civilisation once more at Pontrhydfendigaid, a few miles north of Tregaron. The path became primitive a mile or so north of Rhandir y mwyn.

Two miles or so north of the village the way and river parted company, and only came together again at the first farm at the lower end of the Towy Gorge. Trawsnant was the name. In the next four miles perhaps three farms survived, but, in time, one by one became deserted. The younger folk could not bring themselves to live amid such silence. These were the days when the postman, on horseback, arrived every two days, and brought the papers, too. Radio could be counted as a blessing, although the nearest place the batteries could be recharged was at Abergwesyn, along a four-mile mountain path.

Now all HAS changed. The track we loved in our youth has vanished completely. The Towy Gorge, and the nearby Camddwr river, form

part now of Llyn Brianne. A motor road careering in lively fashion across the contours eventually comes to the old path at the lake end, and short of Nantyrhwch farm. The point where the Tregaron-Abergwesyn cattle road crosses is not far away.

The hill slopes, green and sheep ridden in our young days, are now mostly devoted to forestry. The transformation from sheep walks to timber is now largely a matter of economics. One acre of these uplands will feed only one sheep in a year, whereas the same area will provide living room for countless conifers. And it is a forestry road that the last miles to Pontrhydfendigaid use. We must try it some time. On our recent trip, we turned on to the cattle road and headed into the setting sun for Tregaron. Those ancient miles are some of the most exciting, and enchanting, in the Principality.

F.E.M.

SCOTTISH HOLIDAY BRINGS AN "INCIDENT"

Once was the time when all the roads in the north-west of Scotland were empty. This is no longer the case, and a successful cycle tour needs careful routeing, just like anywhere else. Maggie and I pushed our tandem from Glasgow along the Clyde, over the Rest and Be Thankful, down around Loch Awe, up to Oban, around Mull, north to Mallaig using the newish link road from Ardmolich to Lochailort. (Harold Catling and Frank Fischer were there earlier this year).

By ferry we hopped to Skye, crossed back to Kyleakin, and then rode up to Ullapool. This was our most northerly point; unfortunately in the season the road to Durness is now choked with (mostly foreign) cars. We returned by ferry to Stornoway, pedalled around Lewis and Harris, and returned to Skye from Tarbert. Here was the problem. How could we continue south without retracing or using the A87 trunk road? There was an obvious route, up Glen Arroch, over to the mainland by the Kylerhea ferry, around to Loch Hourn, up to Loch Quoich and along to Invergarry.

Unfortunately there is no road between Corran and Kinloch Hourn, but the O.S. "one and a bit" inch map shows a footpath which climbs out of Corran, up Glen Arrisdale to 240 metres, and drops back down to Kinloch Hourn. Even with a tandem four or five miles of rough-stuff should not deter an Anfielder, so we made our way to Corran. Here the locals told us that the footpath was good; they expected us to find it not too difficult. We set out about six in the evening, and made half way by about nine o'clock when we made camp.

There had been one or two stiff parts, pushing the tandem at

times was rather like taking a wardrobe up stairs, but with patience it can be done. That night it rained. Next morning the stream by our tent had broken its banks, and wet feet were unavoidable as we crossed streams with stepping stones awash. This additional discomfort was shortly to be seen trivial because, near the top of the pass, the path crosses the river Arnisdale. No bridge, and the river was in full flood.

It was obvious that the water would go above the level of the panniers, so I removed them and carried them across. Only then did I realize how serious the situation was. The water was about two and a half feet deep, and the strength of the current had nearly swept me, and the bags, away.

We tried to push the tandem across, but before we had got very far the back had washed round, with Maggie hanging on grimly. We returned, stopped and I thought: This is it, we're stuck! The only solution was to strip the tandem right down and for me to carry it over my head. This I did, but only just. Four more journeys saw all the bags, and Maggie, safely across.

It had been a near thing, and although we were drenched with icy water we felt no cold. Quickly we packed up and pushed the beast over the top and down to Kinloch Hourn. As we sped along the shores of Loch Quoich, our pace quickened by a strong tailwind, I could not help thinking how different things would be if I had stumbled. The old Bates would have been smashed in minutes.

JOHN THOMPSON

R U N S

KELSALL - Morris Dancers - 9th June 1979

Maybe it is a sign of advancing age or merely a reluctance to put pen to paper. By the time the inclination arrives, the memory of what took place has sadly faded.

As I recall, it was one of the fairest of this June's days when a small group of us moved off from the Eureka Cafe. Ben and John Moss leading off with Hugh Dauncey, Peter Colligan and Peter Rock following. A pleasant ride through lanes ensued by way of Capenhurst, Coalpit Lane and Mollington, to join the main highway at Backford. John Moss had by then developed tyre trouble so the pace was more leisurely than usual. A further essay into the lanes was decided against due to recent tar-spraying.

At Kelsall we found a strong Manchester contingent in possession. Hubert Buckley had taken shares in B.R. Knutsford to Delamere with a pleasant linking cycle ride at each end of the journey. Harold Catling and Mary had enjoyed the full journey by tandem trike while

Bob and Hagar Poole had travelled by car. Also in the car contingent were Frank Marriott and friend Cyril, while Albert Dixon had cycled from Heswall.

During the pleasant meal and various conversations, Bill Gray and Dave Eaton arrived followed by tandem pairs John Thompson and Maggie and their friends Mike and Cilla Taylor.

The ride homewards was somewhat more volatile. This time through winding lanes via the forest fringe through Ashton, Dunham and Croughton to meet up together again at Two Mills.

PETER ROCK

FARNDON - Nag's Head - 16th June 1979

First task today was to visit Kelsall, to retrieve a mac left there last week. Then delightful lanes to Farnndon. We turned left soon after leaving the Morris Dancers and headed for Willington, then left again for Utkinton and Tarporley. Right at the Crown crossways, right again farther on for Beeston Castle, and then left through Peckforton to pick up Welshman's Way at Bickerton. The crest came at Gallantry Bank, and then easy all the way to Farnndon.

Here we found Ira Thomas, Frank Fischer, Mike Twigg, Peter Rock, John Moss, Phil Mason, Bill Gray, and yours truly with friend Cyril. Frank Fischer let us have more details of his ill-starred Scottish tour with Harold Catling. It seems that at Fort William Frank fell foul of Harold's tricycle and needed some hospital treatment, so the trip was well and truly off. Harold loaded both his trike and Frank's bicycle on to his car, and brought Frank back to Market Drayton.

F.E.M.

ASHTON - Golden Lion - 23rd June 1979

Not one of our best days. Bob Poole with Hagar journeyed all the way from Manchester to be with us and found a very disappointing turnout. Harold Catling, also from Manchester, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Hallgarth and Ben Griffiths.

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - 30th June 1979

To ensure that I should not get lost in the Norley-Kingsley-Crowton triangle I put the map out to bring along, and then left it at home after all. Never mind, we went by the feel of it, and made the venue in nice time. From Manley Bank we made for the New Pale and then dropped down to Kingsley and Crowton. Acton Bridge was only two miles away and the Hazel Pear quite easy to find.

Inside we found a happy party indeed. Bob Poole and Hagar, Mary and Harold Catling, Stan Bradley, now apparently recovered after his serious encounter with a motorist who apparently hadn't

seen a tricycle before, and Hubert Buckley. So much for the Manchester section who had arrived first. From the other end of Cheshire came Peter Rock, Arthur Gore, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Hallgarth and Ben. It only needed Phil Mason, yours truly and friend Cyril to complete the party.

A satisfying meal, with fruit pie and cream for those who could find room, puts the Hazel Pear high on our list of venues. Yet no-one stayed for long. The day was too good, and shortly after two all were away. On our way home we halted for a cup of tea and a chocolate éclair at the Forest Cafe at Hatchmere. All very nice, excellent tea, the cake acceptable, but the bill (for two) came to 80 pence. Cor!

F.E.M.

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 7th July 1979

Wet to start with, and after waiting awhile it was still raining. We waited so long that it meant the direct route, and with cape on we headed via Macclesfield for the venue. From "Macc." I think of the road as five up-hill miles, and whilst riding up the fourth I was overtaken by Harold Catling. When I reached hill five, a hill I traditionally walk, Harold continued riding. So when he reached the inn he placed an order which was ready for when I arrived.

Harold and I were the only two attenders. The rain had stopped when we left for home. Harold decided to make a ride of it and turned left on leaving the inn and made for the hills. For my part I turned right which was downhill, and continued to Macclesfield.

STAN BRADLEY

NO REPORT of the Shocklach run has been received.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 14th July 1979

Here I am, tricked into this chore by the toss of a coin, but I must do my best.

It is a fair ride to Alpraham and back for us. Usually we ride all the way but on this occasion Harold begged for a shorter ride because in the morning he was due to go off early to try his powers in a T.A. "25" - silly old man. So, we took the car to Winsford and started our ride from there.

The trouble with starting from the riverside car park at Winsford is that whichever way you go it is steeply uphill before you have got your cycling legs warmed to their work. However, we kept the tandem trike moving briskly (for us) and reached the top of the hill without disgrace. It was a pleasant day, cool and dry and the

lanes by Little Budworth and Eaton were almost car-free. Having time to spare we crossed the Gowy by the little humpbacked bridge just below Whartons Lock, climbed the bluff to Beeston Castle, then on through Bunbury to approach Alpraham from the West.

We were first to arrive but were soon joined by Bob and Hagar Poole and then Frank Fischer. It was the first time I had seen Frank since his mishap in Scotland when on holiday with Harold. We were pleased to see him looking fit and well and with the score or so very neat stitches in his face almost perfectly healed. It was nice too to see Mike Twigg out and about again after his recent illness. By 12.30 the place was awash with Anfielders. Lots of chatter and laughter - a jolly crowd. Time soon passed, the party broke up and we departed for the all too short ride to Winsford. Those present were: John Moss, Chris Edwards, Mike Hallgarth, Hugh Dauncey, Rex Austin, Bob Poole and Hagar, Ben Griffiths, Frank Fischer, Mike Twigg, Pat and Stuart, Bill Gray, Harold Catling and Mary, Frank Marriott and Cyril, Peter Rock and Phil Mason.

Postscript. In the evening as we were about to take our after-dinner coffee a ring of the door bell heralded Stan Bradley, calling to tell us his tale of woe. He had motored to Middlewich and set out to ride to Alpraham. Shortly after Nantwich he had a puncture and discovered that his spare inner tube was not in its place and the damage was too severe for a patch to hold. He was reduced to going back to Nantwich and buying a new tube but by the time this was fitted it was too late to join us at the Tollemache Arms. Do you think he warrants an attendance mark for this? I do - he very nearly made it.

MARY CATLING

COMBERBACH - Spinner and Bergamot - 21st July 1979

Showers, laying the dust nicely, made the morning very pleasant. We thought we would take the refineries road to reach some new lanes, but it wasn't worth the smell, so we will pass over those miles and climb into Alvanley from Helsby, away from all the traffic. Right, left, right again along some delightful highways, right again to come in a couple of miles to Kingsley. Crowton, Acton Bridge, Little Leigh and we were almost there.

Outside, Mike Hallgarth and Phil Mason were making an endeavour of some sort to coax a portable T.V. plus a portable aerial into producing some pictures of the Tour de France. But no T de F in Comberbach this day, so disappointed, the pair trooped in for some food, to join Ben Griffiths, Stan Bradley, Harold and Mary Catling, John France, Albert and Sylvia Dixon. John Thompson, only

a short ride from his new Lancashire home, John Moss, Hugh Dauncey and Chris Edwards from far-away Wirral. Then, to cap it all, Geoff Sharp brought along Alec Morris, an enthusiastic friend. The party was complete with yours truly and friend Cyril.

When we eventually surfaced, Allan Littlemore was waiting outside. Harold and Mary had already been to see him, but Allan, feeling a bit under the weather, was having a catnap when the pair called. Anyway, the visit spurred Allan to manage the three miles to Comberbach, so we had another club run outside. Altogether a very pleasant outing indeed.

F.E.M.

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 28th July 1979

A tandem tricycle represents a substantial capital investment these days and, so far as the present year is concerned, ours has been so under-used that depreciation and interest charges on the vehicle have been running at almost 5p per mile. My economic soul rebels at the idea of owning a white elephant, even a three-wheeled one, and the only way I can see of justifying continued ownership is to increase our weekly mileage.

Accordingly, on this Saturday morning we were on the road before eight o'clock heading southwards into a warm but persistent wind following more or less main roads as far as Middlewich. We then took to the lanes and minor roads, crossing the Weaver at Church Minshull and on by Aston-juxta-Mondrum and Poole into that paradise of byeways which lies within the Whitchurch, Tarporley Nantwich triangle. This provides virtually endless possibilities for interesting variations of route, and also for getting lost. It was, therefore, very satisfying that we regained our bearings at Lower Bunbury with just nice time to join the busy A49 for the fiftieth and final mile to our venue.

We were a well assorted party and time passed with 'never a dull moment', as they say, until, a few minutes before two o'clock, there was a mass exodus of members off up the road to see the start of the Mersey Roads '24'. Our own journey home was comfortably wind assisted and, having got in during the morning sufficient miles to bring our overheads-per-seat-mile figure down to about 1p for this week, we were content to return by a less circuitous route. Even so we felt we had had enough cycling for one day by the time we reached home.

Those present were, Rex Austin and Edna, Harold Catling and Mary, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Chris Edwards, John France, Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Frank Marriott and Cyril, John Moss and Bob Poole and Hagar.

HAROLD CATLING

NORLEY - Tigers Head - 4th August 1979

A phone call at 9 a.m. aroused the No.11 household. "Where's the club run today?" Dave and Mary Birchall, having managed to get away from Edinburgh for a longish week-end, wished to be present. Avoiding Chester by the lanes through Stanney and Stoak, we only had two miles or so on the A.56 before disappearing into the lanes again at Dunham on the Hill. Interesting little hamlet, this. Up Manley Bank, down Rangers Bank and so the forest undulating highway, where enough time was in hand to lounge on a grassy bank for a few minutes. Then the fast pack passed, so after giving them time to clear we headed on towards the venue.

Peter Colligan had brought along two friends, Harold and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, Ben Griffiths, Chris Edwards, Dave Eaton, John Moss, Mike Twigg and Dave and Mary, whom we were very pleased to see. Your editor and Cyril completed the party.

F.E.M.

CHELFORD - Egerton Arms - 11th August 1979

In a moment of forgetfulness I chose to pass the venue of a Steam Traction Engine Rally being held near to Chelford. Not much traffic though, maybe the amount of rain we have had lately put them off. Inside the Egerton Arms I found Bob and Hagar Poole, along with Hubert Buckley. With my arrival the party appeared to be complete.

There are new people at the Egerton Arms, and with their arrival charges are now to modern ideas. However, as we prepared to depart, something out of the past waited outside: a bicycle with all the gadgets on it for grinding and sharpening scissors etc. Then I noticed: LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED, and I have no idea of how that job could be performed. Can't remember when I last saw one of these contraptions.

STAN BRADLEY

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 11th August 1979

The venue Bangor on Dee is a mere 12½ miles from Whitchurch, too short a distance for the time I had, so I headed for that quiet backwater of Salop, Whixall Moss. My route lay through Allington and Whixall and then past Bostock Hall, which in the past must have been a very imposing residence, but now very badly neglected. I rode on over the canal at Dobson's bridge to Northwood, where right for a mile and then left to Lyneal and so to Colemere to watch the dinghies for a while before proceeding to Spunhill and so to Ellesmere, where the visitors were feeding the wildfowl as always.

Ellesmere was choc-a-bloc with traffic, but turning right off

the Wrexham road I followed a delightful lane to Penley, then left to turn right opposite the picturesque Madras School, and through Hollybush and so to the Royal Oak.

I arrived at the same time as the fast pack, to find Peter Rock lathered in sweat from his efforts to drop the Presider, Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey, Arthur Gore, Mike Hallgarth and Dave Eaton. Already ensconced inside we found Albert and Sylvia Dixon, John France, and our tandem-trike pair, Harold and Mary Catling, venturing outside their normal territory. We were very pleased to see Eileen Gray in the company: Bill was at the bar ordering his quota of Liffey water.

Whilst partaking of an excellent ploughman's lunch with a pint generously donated by Mike Twigg I espied Eric Reeves on the bridge, and on rushing outside I was disappointed to find he had ridden on. It would have been great to have had a natter with him. What about coming out on a run or two, Eric?

First away were John and Mike Twigg, followed by the fast pack leaving the senior citizens to follow with Frank Marriott and friend Cyril, while Bill Gray was still at the bar consuming the poteen of the South. He delegated the writing of the run to yours truly. My way home lay through Malpas, No Mans Heath (shades of the "50" course) to Bickley and so to that gem of a village Marbury, set in the folds of the North Salop hills with its fine church and pools.

IRA THOMAS

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - 18th August 1979

Some club runs come, quite naturally, better than others, and, holiday season or no, this can be counted one of the best. We are not sure of the first arrival, Stan Bradley, probably, because he is always first. Stan's tricycle has still not been repaired since the mishap we reported in our last issue, but he has since rustled another trike from somewhere.

Second to arrive could only have been Mike Twigg. Mike has now been given a clean bill of health, and he was out on the bicycle again. Walking all the hills, yet managing the miles from Vicar's Cross in an hour.

In the next half-hour or so the others came flooding in: John Moss, Hugh Dauncey, Dave Eaton, Chris Edwards and Ben Griffiths. Bob Poole and Hagar, Ira Thomas and Hetty, John Thompson and Maggie, Guy Pullan (resplendent in a natty piece of suiting), Allan Littlemore with Alan Rogerson as a very special guest. We were also delighted to have the company of Stan Spragget, Birkenhead N.E. in the company. Yours truly and friend Cyril completed the party.

With such a splendid ensemble the conversation could only be described as fast and furious, yet when John Thompson told his tale a curious hush descended on the company. Most of us at one time or another have had the experience of carrying a bicycle head-high with arms outstretched over a difficult piece of terrain. John accomplished the same feat, crossing a flooded river some two and a half feet deep, not with a bicycle, but a much heavier tandem! John's own story is told elsewhere in this issue.

F.E.M.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 25th August 1979

This was to be an exercise in main road dodging from Chester but it didn't work. After Waverton we made for Stapleford, and did all the right things except one, and came on to the main Tarpurley where we didn't intend to. It wasn't far then into Tarpurley, and only a few minutes more before we reached the Tollemache Arms. Inside, Stan Bradley was sitting behind a lonely drink, but not for long. Others soon followed: Bob Poole and Hagar, John France with Albert and Sylvia Dixon, John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Arthur Gore and then Ira Thomas, who had been looking for mud in the lanes around Aston - and found it in plenty. Your editor and friend Cyril completed the party.

In time, when everyone had had their say, and their fill, one by one they drifted away. Ira Thomas and yours truly had much to talk about and we were the last to leave. Ira weaving a way south on more lanes from Bunbury, while we were much more successful in our lane quest.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 1st September 1979

Ideal conditions for riding, especially as the outward journey had the wind in our faces. We hoped it would stay that way. Holmes Chapel is a favourite fixture, but I was wondering who I would find when I arrived. In the car park I noticed a bicycle and a tandem trike. So Harold Catling was back from Africa. Inside were Rex and Edna Austin, Harold and Mary Catling and Hubert Buckley. The conversation flowed freely whilst waiting for the food to arrive, and it seemed to be a long time. The return ride home was quite a success, too. The wind hadn't changed at all.

STAN BRADLEY

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: DAVID EATON, 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby,
Wirral, Merseyside. Tel: (051) 648 3563

DECEMBER/JANUARY 1980

No. 810

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 1979

- 3 COMMITTEE MEETING at Club Room
- 8 LLANELIDAN (Leyland Arms) and LANGLEY (Leather
Y.H.A. Weekend to Cynwyd. Smithy)
- 15 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
- 22 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)
- 26 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)
- 29 NORLEY (Tigers Head)

January 1980

- 5 FARDON (Nags Head) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
- 12 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 19 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 26 GRAIANRHVD (Rose & Crown) and MARTON (Davenport
Arms)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

* * * * *

EDITOR: MIKE HALLGARTH, 241 Pensby Road, Heswall, Wirral
Merseyside L61 5UA. Tel: (051) 342 6047

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 29th December 1979

SEASONAL GREETINGS TO ALL

COMMITTEE NOTES

Applications for membership:

Mr. John Mahon, 23 Aspen House, West Terrace, Folkestone, Kent
Proposed by Mike Twigg and Seconded by Ben Griffiths.
Mr. Rod Anderson, 9 Circular Drive, Heswall.
Proposed by C.R. Griffiths and Seconded by M.J. Twigg.

BOXING DAY VENUE

For the last couple of years we haven't been completely satisfied with the facilities provided at The Beeston Castle Hotel, mainly for the reason that the place isn't big enough for this very popular fixture. With a change in mind, we made enquiries at the Hazel Pear at Acton Bridge, where there is a large room on the first floor that would suit us nicely. Our hopes soared, and then they fell: Mine host just couldn't get the staff, so our booking had to be declined. With no other alternative, as we know of, it is back to Beeston.

DINNER SOUVENIRS

Dave Birchall has loaned us some photographs of the Dinner along with negatives suitable for printing. Anyone wanting these to refresh their memories should contact the Editor.

OBITUARY - Jack Beauchamp, President of the Bath Road Club

As briefly reported in our last issue, news came to Rex Austin on September 17th that our very good friend, Jack Beauchamp of the Bath Road Club, had passed away. For some years now we haven't seen much of Jack, but he did grace the top table at our Centenary Dinner in March. He told us then that he would have loved to say a few words, but because of the exceptional long-windedness of the last official speaker there could be no time to hear Jack. We were all very sorry, and the opportunity was lost.

In the good old days when a sizeable party foregathered at The Lion at Shrewsbury each Whitsuntide for the Anfield festival, Jack and his good lady were regular attenders. And, what is more, they proved to be the life and soul of the party everywhere they went. These were great days, and to a considerable extent it was Jack Beauchamp who made them so. Now that happy voice has been stilled for ever we can now only express our deepest sympathy to his family, and, of course, our good friends of the Bath Road Club. The Anfield has expressed willingness to contribute towards the

cost of any memorial trophy the Bath Road Club might consider acquiring.

EDITORIAL

After more than eleven years of the third stint at this not unpleasant task, a new, and almost willing Editor has been found in Mike Hallgarth. Mike, perhaps naturally, approaches the job with some trepidation, but we shall be on hand to help. This Circular, with its reports of (nearly) every run, is unique, and this characteristic must be sustained. Yet few seem to bother how the Editor is managing to find the material to fill every issue. He needs more stuff, all the time! Meanwhile, we bow out with as much grace as we can muster, and a load of thanks to all involved in the presentation of a handsome volume (on walking!) at the A.G.M.

F.E.M.

AN EXILE LOOKS AT LIFE

Although I am many miles away from most club activities, retirement has enabled me to have three unofficial mid-week club meetings this past summer. The first occasion was two nights in Ludlow with Eric Reeves at a well-recommended B & B house. We spent a whole day circling the Cleve Hills via Bridgnorth, Bewdley and Tenbury Wells, delightful country too rarely visited.

In August, I joined forces with Hubert Buckley and James Cranshaw for a couple of nights at Edgebolton. The day we had together was pretty wet and windy, but no matter, the company and the beer were good. September provided a train-assisted trip to the Gower Peninsula to meet Laurie Pendlebury at the Port Eynon Youth Hostel. Again the weather was disappointing, but still enjoyable.

In June I had one of the best tours ever to Touraine and Poitou, south of the Loire Valley. Beautiful river scenery, good accommodation, both hotels and youth hostels and also hot, sunny weather. Only one snag: on the return journey from Tours French Railways would not let the bicycles accompany us, and we had to wait 48 hours in Cherbourg for them to catch us up. My kind regards to all.

RIGBY BAND

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

With the aid of advertisements in the C.T.C. magazine CYCLE-TOURING, orders continue to be received. And what delights us even more is when those who have purchased a volume write back to tell us what a delightful book it is. Andrew Choffin, of Taunton, writes: "What a marvellous book THE BLACK ANFIELDERS is. It's certainly

worth a place in my (small) 'cycle' book collection". Mr.G.E.M Lee of Bristol: "I am writing to thank you for sending me the copy of THE BLACK ANFIELDERS and would like to say how much I enjoyed reading it. My cycling days go back to the 1940's, but at that time I knew a cyclist who raced in the 1890's. He used to tell me of his early days, so the names of some of the old-time cyclists, in THE BLACK ANFIELDERS were familiar to me."

BERT LLOYD

Writing to convey his apologies to the Presider for his absence at the Annual General Meeting, Bert Lloyd relates of how he was on an operating table for 4½ hours, followed by a spell in an Intensive Care Unit recently. He hasn't long been out of hospital. He reports continued progress, and for this news we can only express gratitude.

OUR SINCEREST SYMPATHY

To Bill Gray, whose wife, Eileen, whom we knew very well, passed away recently after a long illness.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of the A.G.M. held on 13th October 1979, held at the W.I. Hall, Ashton, at 2.35 p.m.:

Present: John Moss in the chair, and Messrs. Eaton, Thomas, Reeves, Marriott, Colligan, Hallgarth, Twigg, Bradley, Williamson, Connor, Birkby, Buckley, Bettaney, Littlemore, Catling, Thompson and Hawkins. Messrs. Cogan, Elkington and Anderson were in attendance.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. Whelan, Lloyd, France (J), Churchill, Gray, Austin (H), Cranshaw, and Austin (R). The Minutes of the last A.G.M. were read. Mr.Griffiths proposed, and Mr.Marriott seconded, that they should be accepted as a true record.

The Secretary then read his report, and it was moved by Mr.Twigg, and seconded by Mr.Griffiths that the report be adopted.

The Treasurer then read his report, and Mr.Twigg proposed and Mr.Griffiths seconded, that it should be adopted. A vote of thanks proposed by Mr.Twigg and seconded by Mr.Marriott be accorded to the Treasurer for the tremendous amount of work he has done over the year.

The Racing Secretary then read his report, and it was moved by Mr. Buckley, seconded by Mr. Twigg that the report be adopted. The "100" Secretary then read his report, and it was proposed by Mr.Twigg and seconded by Mr.Reeves that the report be adopted.

A vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Twigg, seconded by Mr. Griffiths was passed to Mr. Thomas for his efforts in promoting the event. Mr. Moss then gave a brief report on the "25". MECO were thanked for their generosity in sponsoring the event. It was then proposed by Mr. Twigg, seconded by Mr. Griffiths, that the report be adopted. Life Membership. It was then proposed by Mr. Griffiths, seconded by Mr. Twigg, and passed unanimously, that Messrs. J. Pitchford, B. Poole and J. Walton be elected to Life Membership on each completing 50-years membership.

Officials. The following were elected for the coming year:

President: John Moss	Hon. Secretary: D. Eaton
Hon. Treasurer: Phil Mason	Editor: M. Hallgarth
Vice Presidents: J. Pitchford and W. Gray	
Captain: C. R. Griffiths	Sub-Captains: W. Gray and S. Bradley
Racing Secretary: C. R. Griffiths	"100" Secretary: I. A. Thomas
"25" Secretary: M. Hallgarth	Social Secretary: J. Moss
Auditors: J. E. Reeves and K. Orum	
Committee: M. Twigg, J. France, F. Marriott, D. Bettaney, J. Hawkins, P. Colligan.	

RETIRING EDITOR. A vote of thanks, proposed by A. Littlemore and seconded, was extended to Mr. Marriott for his efforts in editing the Circular over recent years. This was carried unanimously.

Delegates: N.R.R.A. - Messrs. Buckley, Bradley and D. Barker.
 R.R.A. - R. J. Austin and R. Austin
 R.T.T.C. - J. Moss and C. R. Griffiths.
 B.C.F. - Chris Edwards
 W.C.T.T.A. - C. R. Griffiths and J. Hawkins
 B.C.C.A. - J. Thompson

Under any other business, after a short discussion, Mr. Marriott proposed that the Club should investigate the possibility of placing a half-page advertisement for The Black Anfielders in the R.T.T.C. Handbook, and at the same time publicizing our two Open Events. Seconded by Mr. Twigg, this was put to the meeting, and was passed, with two dissentients. Mention was also made of arrangements concluded for a Club Room at the Olde Red Lion, Little Sutton, Wirral, available every other Monday evening at 7.30 p.m., starting from November 5.

The meeting concluded with Mr. Marriott and Mr. Hawkins being presented with George Stephenson awards for services rendered.

The meeting closed at 3.50 p.m.

THE CLUB ROOM

As an experiment, we have found facilities available for a club room. The venue is the Olde Red Lion, Little Sutton, Wirral, every other Monday, at 7.30 p.m. and we hope as many as possible will attend. Until Christmas, the dates are November 19, and December 3 and 17. A Committee Meeting will be held on December 3, but there will be plenty of room for all.

WINTER TOURS

The racing is over, and now we have been asked to mention touring opportunities in the near future. The week-end of 8th/9th December has been suggested by John Thompson to stay at Cynwyd Youth Hostel. Although it may be possible to book at the last minute, John recommends that you contact him on (051) 426-4622. The club run is to the Leyland Arms at Llanelidan on the Saturday, just six or seven miles from the Hostel.

The Oxford City R.C. have asked if we are interested in a tour of Southern Ireland during the week before Christmas. As they intend to tour in the Himalayas next year, it can be imagined that this will be a hard week. Contact the Editor for more details.

Easter is a long time away, but as the famous "Thomo Tour" becomes an established part of our calendar, we are already receiving enquiries. The suggestion is that the Thursday night should be at Carlisle to receive the full benefit of the four days in new territory. Those accustomed to hostelling will know that Easter and the Spring Bank Holiday are the busiest times of the year, so contact John. Only Chris Edwards has completed two of these tours, will he make it a hat trick?

TALES FROM THE OLD DAYS (Continued from Issue No.807)

(The last instalment concluded with a mention that the 1890 24-hour event was not run, so Artie Bennett had a trial on his own and covered about 220 miles).

As a rule there were only feeding arrangements in 100 miles and 24 hour races, but in the 50's there were no feeding places. I myself never wanted anything to eat or drink in 50's. The same in 100's as it only slows you down, except a few raisins. I used to feed up well the week before on beef steak and veg. and stewed fruit and cheese etc., and I think I was the first to go through the "100" without anything.

I never cared for cigarettes. They spoil your breathing. I could jump off the mark at start, and never suffered in this respect. The machines were very heavy - 45lb to 50lb., with

solid tyres till 1890, when 2" pneumatics were used stuck on the rims with canvas, and if you punctured you had to slit the canvas and cut tube in two, tie a piece of string to one end, and pull tube out. Then, after repair, pull the tube back with string and solution the ends together. Then canvas stuck back.

I rode six inches from peak of saddle to behind crank shaft centre as you claw the pedal back much better like this with good ankle action. I always used a hard racing saddle, Brooks B10, as your reach is always even. With springs to saddle you are all over the place. My weight was about 9-stone all the time. I expect I was overtrained if anything, as I rode hard always.

I had wonderful luck with machines and tyres. When I had a smash I always escaped the worst of it, which happened to others. I had some nasty spills, first one eyebrow scraped off, and another time the other, so I have little of them left. I fell off a bad grid in the dark and when I was taken home in a cab I came to again in about two hours with a broken bone in my right hand near wrist.

Anfield "50" (With Pneumatic Tyres) July 21, 1890

1.	J.D.Siddely	25 min.	3.19.30	
2.	J.A.Bennett	1 "	2.57.30	(first inside three hours in the north)
3.	R.H.Carlisle	7 "	3.12.6	
4.	L.Fletcher	12 "	3.21.0	
5.	H.B.Saunders	7 "	3.18.0	
6.	R.Bath	20 "	3.33.10	
7.	D.R.Fell	17 "	3.23.20	
8.	N.Deakin	Scr.	3.16.30	

September 1, 1890, 24 hours. J.A.Bennett and Lawrence Fletcher rode together. 139 miles in 12 hours and 264 miles in 24 hours, beating G.P.Mill's old record. Very muddy roads.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RACING SECRETARY'S REPORT

It has been a very quiet season for the Anfield, with only 12 men racing. John Whelan has again won the Club Championship with times of 1.2.27, 2.4.27 and 4.29.01. At 10 miles John was fastest with 23.45, at 25 miles Dave Bettaney was the only one to beat the hour with 59.57. At 50 miles John Whelan was fastest with 2.4.27, John was also fastest at 100 miles with 4.29.01. No Anfielders managed the 12- or 24-hours this year, but in 1980, who knows?

BEN GRIFFITHS

RACING RESULTS

1.7.79 Warrington "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.12.14

4.7.79 Chester "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.1.01
Dave Bettaney 1.1.47
Mike Hallgarth 1.3.19
John Moss 1.5.11

8.7.79 Merseyside Vets "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.6.53

15.7.79 Oldbury & Dist. "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.6.10

15.7.79 Port Sunlight "25"
Dave Bettaney 59.57
Mike Hallgarth 1.3.16
Hugh Dauncey 1.3.56
John Moss 1.6.-

22.7.79 Natl.Champ. "100"
Ben Griffiths 4.37.33

29.7.79 Merseyside Whlrs."25"
Ben Griffiths 1.1.43

Mike Hallgarth 1.3.20
Chris Edwards 1.4.02
John Moss 1.5.05

18.8.79 Westwood "30"
Ben Griffiths 1.16.41

26.8.79 Wrexham "25"

Mike Hallgarth 1.3.24
Hugh Dauncey 1.3.56
Ben Griffiths 1.4.40

2.9.79 Chester "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.10.53

9.9.79 Liverpool TTCA "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.2.44

16.9.79 West Cheshire "25"
Ben Griffiths 1.3.40
Mike Hallgarth 1.7.28

AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND - 26th/28th October 1979

July 2nd: the start of my Tints training programme - from now on I cycle daily to the office: 3.5 miles (21 traffic lights) each way, 35 miles a week, including a sporting climb over the last mile home.

Wednesday October 24th: Keith Orum phones to say that bar snacks only will be available at the White Lion, and opts out. Not deterred, I pack saddlebag and bike in the car.

Thursday 25th: the drive from Edinburgh to Chester is 4 hours; at 10.30 p.m. I phone Mike Twigg, and we arrange to ride to Cerrig-y-Drudion the following evening.

Friday 26th: we pedal in mist and drizzle to Mold where we meet John Moss and Peter Colligan at the Milk Bar in the High Street: it closes at 5 p.m. Drizzle over the Clwyds make it too hot on the ascent for capes, and too cold without, on the descent into Ruthin. In Clocaenog forest the trees are drenched with mist: we follow the white line. Two pints of beer each at the Crown, Llanfihangel, whilst other visitors chat to us; the

locals speak in Welsh. Outside we wipe water droplets off saddles and face the short distance to Cerrig-y-Drudian. Mike walks the 300ft climb out of Llanfihangel, John and Pete press on into the mist; I use very low gears.

The White Lion is already crowded with Anfielders in the lounge bar. The landlord supervises the garaging of our bikes, invites us to order chicken and chips, and we scramble for the remaining beds: the best are already taken. The Juke Box in the bar below my bedroom still plays at 2 a.m.

Saturday morning: Ben Griffiths is up at 6.30 a.m. - by 8.00 the sun rises from behind Llechwedd-y-gaer: ice blue sky and mists, and frost on the roadside. We ride as a club along a lane between old stone walls over Swch-y-Llan; the pace is fast, and immediately a line-out begins, and I make use of my lowest gears. The lane narrows: there is grass between the tarmac strips; beyond a gate, stones replace the metalled surface and then a grass track stretches over the hillside ahead. This, the only rough stuff of the day (Bwlch Blaen-y-Cwm, on the slopes of Foel Frech) is not intended: a group diverts into the valley, but the path has the feel of an old drove road, with shallow banks on either side of it: no more than a shadow along the hillside, but definite. I follow it alone, and it leads to a gate and another; while the others decide whether to follow, I reach the farmstead of Cerrigellcwm Isaf, beyond a wide ford. Ben and Pete join me, and we descend to Ysbyty Ifan without waiting. I count seven milestones on the wild road from Ysbyty Ifan to Pont-yr-Afon-Gam. There is a reminder of Autumn: hill farmers and their dogs are poised to bring their sheep off the immense moors known as Migneint. The first of our party to arrive at the cafe at Pont-yr-Afon-Gam are some 15 minutes ahead of the last.

From Ffestiniog we ride as a group to Maentwrog. The deciduous forests above Tan-y-Bwlch, in the Vale of Ffestiniog are in full leaf: autumn has not arrived here. The climb to Rhyd splits the party; ultra low gears enable the steepest hills to be ridden. I ride alone, in silence.

From Garreg (and until the Aberglaslyn Pass) we ride as a club again, past whimsical buildings of stone and slate, built by Clough Williams-Ellis, and around the edge of Traeth Bach. Beddgelert: the hotel by the bridge is selected for lunch. It provides fine ale (the President, though, prefers keg); the food is expensive. The Captain buys Anadin.

I note that no one pursues the option of riding the circuitous

route to Bettwys-y-Coed via Caernarfon and the Llanberis Pass. Llyn Gwynant is mirror smooth, the sunshine warm, the buildings on Snowdon's summit shimmer - white: I ride with Mike Twigg, and we watch the line-out, led by Arthur Gore, stretch the party over a mile of road on the 700ft climb to Pen-y-Gwryd: their pace is frantic. Conversation stops as we ride hard to Bettwys-y-Coed: the advance party is trying! Three select the direct route back to Cerrig-y-Druidian. I soak in a hot bath, then stroll to Cerrig's cafe for bacon sandwiches and mugs of tea. John France and Phil Mason join us. One by one the fit men arrive, lathered in sweat: John Whelan is reported buying Mars bars at Glas Fryn: he was not alone.

Chris Edwards arrives from Vyrnwy, the Hirnant Pass and Bala. Dinner is arranged nearby at the Geeler Arms (4 miles away) and we drive there. John Thompson and Alan Rogerson arrive very late on fixed-wheel trikes from Lancashire and Cheshire lanes, and the Milltir Cerrig. They are glimpsed fleetingly and exchange few words about the lack of space at the White Lion. A Disco and wedding party at the White Lion continue until 5.30 a.m. At breakfast however the landlord satisfies our demand for toast.

Punctures delay the start, so George Elkington tries out John Thompson's trike. Our route is exacting for the trikes: Alan walks up the hills, and down, and makes the decision to find an easier route. John Thompson struggles on. Simon Cogan and others ride out of sight. Bill Barnes, Mike Hallgarth and Dave Bettaney are in the party that follows forest tracks to Bont Uchel. We re-group in Ruthin and drink tea. John Whelan returns to Cerrig to collect his car, while we take a circuitous lanes route to lunch at the Three Pigeons, Graig Fechan.

Outside the Three Pigeons, the homeward journey remains: under rain clouds we did not expect. Next year's racing men ride into the drizzle over Boncyn-y-waun-grogen. I stop to cape up, and John Thompson trundles past into the gloom: Specs sliding down my nose, visibility steadily decreasing, condensation from the cape trickling down my back: I hate riding in rain! I make for Rhydtalog, Pontblyddyn, and the direct route to Chester alone. With lights on at 3 o'clock so the weekend finishes.

D.D.B.

* * * * *

THE WEEK END OF THE MERSEY ROADS "24"

..... Provides an annual duty for the Anfield, and this year, the dangerous Welsh coastal road section having been scrapped, our marshalling point was moved to Hodnet. Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Chris Edwards and myself were due to compete in the Merseyside Wheelers "25" on the Sunday morning. John suggested we used his new caravan and stay overnight at Hodnet, and then go directly to the event.

Some may suggest that marshalling (and, no doubt, drinking) until the early hours is not the preparation for racing that dedicated athletes should contemplate. Brushing all these ideas of preparation aside, we hurried home from the club run and by 7 o'clock we had our racing machines stowed away for "the off". At the 100-mile check Mike Twigg and Frank Fischer informed us that only two riders were inside "evens", such was the strong, southerly wind. One rider on a fixed wheel was struggling so hard that he turned back soon after we saw him. When the Almighty has blessed science with the ability to invent multiple gears, why do some people still insist upon a bike with one gear?

It took a considerable time to manoeuvre the caravan, as this was its first outing with Mossy at the helm. Plenty of advice was offered by Ben, who once lived in a caravan. In fact, his enthusiasm to take command was so great that he could hardly contain himself! The argument was ended by Mossy stamping his feet and shouting: "It's my toy, and you're not playing with it!" Arriving in Hodnet we found Jack Hawkins, garbed in orange, pointing the riders towards Tern Hill and asking "Number please" in a manner befitting a Wimbledon umpire.

The village that we find so quiet on Spring Bank Holiday mornings was a hive of activity, the pub folk spilling out on to the lawn, and a discotheque providing quite a din. We downed several pints and staggered down the pitch-black lane to the caravan. Mossy remembered packing some matches for the lamp - or had he? Eventually we persuaded a sober (relative to us) passer-by to light it for us. Our President's Boy Scout training had clearly not left its mark (he never likes to say why he was asked to leave after the first summer camp).

The morning dawned, and we travelled to the start of the event. Anxious to make up for the incident of the matches, our President informed us of the culinary delights of our breakfast. The menu was a straight forward choice of raw bacon, with bread, raw bacon

with burnt toast, black-burnt bacon with raw bread, or black-burnt bacon with black-burnt toast!

Despite all these setbacks we managed to turn out very respectable times in the "25", and then went back to John's house to unpack. Wendy asked us if we would like to stay for lunch. At first we were dubious - was her surname not Moss? But our fears were unfounded as she and Elaine Griffiths served us with an excellent meal that made a fine conclusion to an otherwise hungry week-end.

Perhaps our host could be persuaded to prepare our breakfast after next year's marshalling - it would infinitely be preferable to all that awful bacon!

MIKE HALLGARTH

R U N S

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 15th September 1979

Mike Hallgarth, Ben Griffiths, Hugh Dauncey, Mike Wiles, George Elkington, Simon Cogan and I set out from Two Mills, taking the lane through Capenhurst. We decided to take the main road via Backford Island as the new M56 motorway now cuts off the side road route.

After Backford we again turned into the lanes, taking the road through Stoak and then along the main route to Mickle Trafford, and then into the lanes towards Manley. It was at this point that Mike and I decided to renew our half-wheeling contest (Arthur, where are you now?) only for the rest to sprint past up Manley Bank, which we considered was not within the rules of true half-wheeling, and gracefully slid off the back.

The lanes took us through the edge of Delamere Forest, where we passed Harold Catling and stoker, who shouted that the others were only half-a-mile ahead. This news encouraged me to make some effort to catch up, but also Mike is not the man he was, and engaged a touring gear to "plod" along at a most reasonable pace.

On the long straights I could see George, and made my effort, which I guaged would bring me up to them for the final drop into Kelsall. Ben was yet to play his ace, going straight across the main road towards Willington and yet more climbs, luckily for me they took a wrong turning which enabled me to catch up and so we arrived in Kelsall in a lather of sweat. Others out were Harold Catling and Mary, Chris Edwards, Dave Bassett, Bob Poole and

Hagar and Mike Twigg.

The ride home was uneventful except for Mike Wiles sliding down the hill by the Zoo when he hit a "rock" in the road. After this the pace was more sedate until we reached Two Mills, and Mike was patched up.

JOHN MOSS

COMBERBACH - Spinner & Bergamot - 22nd September 1979

As the racing season ends, so the club runs get faster, and the Comberbach run, with a committee meeting afterwards, became more like a road race, with the start sharp at 11 a.m., but only eight starters. 1. John (Anquetil) Moss; 2. Ben (Coppi) Griffiths; 3. Mike (Koblet) Hallgarth; 4. George (Kubler) Elkington; 5. Simon (Bobet) Cogan; 6. Nick (Steenbergen) Garrow; 7. Bill (Raas) Barnes; 8. Arthur (Thurau) Gore.

The early miles were neutralized, but once into the lanes around Newton every hill was fiercely contested. No.8 (Thurau) Gore was first (out of the back door) and wasn't seen again that day. Next to go was (Raas) Barnes at Kingsley. (Anquetil) Moss punctured and the pace shot up through Acton Bridge and Little Leigh, with the remaining five working well. (Coppi) Griffiths led out for the Comberbach sign, but (Kubler) Elkington got up for the first stage win, then immediately punctured. This time the rest of the bunch stopped and watched as (Coppi) showed how it should be mended.

At the R and R stop were Dave Eaton, Mike Twigg, Harold and Mrs. Catling, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Chris Edwards, Phil Mason, Guy Pullan, Peter Colligan and the seven racing men. After our rest and recuperation Mike Twigg was offering lifts to the committee meeting. This was too much for (Anquetil) Moss as he downed an extra pint or two, but in the bunch we had subs Peter (Knetemann) Colligan and Chris (Merckx) Edwards. The pace was fast, straight from the start and when Guy Pullan was spotted climbing the hill to Acton Bridge, the m.p.h. shot even higher as (Raas) Barnes again went (out of the back door).

Through Norley and Delamere Forest every hill saw one or the other attack, but the bunch, working well brought them all back. The Prime at Ashton was won by (Coppi) Griffiths from a fast finishing (Knetemann) Colligan, but before Dunham on the Hill they both climbed off, and were last seen putting bikes on Mike Twigg's roof rack. (Kubler) Elkington and (Bobet) Cogan saw to it that no

one had any rest in the bunch, as they did bit and bit at the front for most of the remaining miles.

The finish at the Eureka proved to be a non-event, for some of the bunch went off course at Mollington, only three miles from the finish. It seems to me that the marshals for this event will need better organization next time. Maybe Ira could help.

ANON

NANNERCH - Sarn Mill - 29th September 1979

Having had the car pushed off the road by a mishap in mid-September, the problem loomed: How to reach the club run now? On the previous Saturday I used the 'bus to take me to the Committee Meeting, and Mike Twigg very kindly ran me home. From the time table I discovered two convenient 'buses to and from Nannerch. But the bicycle had to see the light of day again sometime, so why not now?

I excavated the machine from the back of the garage, did the tyres a bit of good with a puff or two, checked the tools and puncture stuff, and was away. The wind happened to be helpful, and, always conscious of the fact that I had to get home again, I took the ride very easily and enjoyed a pleasant journey. John France, a friend, Albert and Sylvia Dixon were already seated when we arrived. (I trailed some of the fast pack for the last mile). Soon the room was filled with the forms of John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Peter Colligan and his two sons, Chris Edwards, Arthur Gore, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, John Thompson and two prospectives Simon Cogan and George Elkington. Yours truly completed the party.

Eating completed, talking done with, we made our ways homeward once more. We noticed, with a touch of amazement, the sight of John Thompson, on a tricycle, riding the steep bank along the hilly road back to Nannerch village. We do not know where the others got to.

For our part, the homeward run necessitated a display of tactics. Using the main road, into a head wind, was out. So, instead, we soared (walking, of course) along the narrow lane to Ysceifiog, whence a pleasant road leads to Lixwm and Rhes y cae. A walk to the crest of Moel y Crio, and easy miles then to Rhosesmor, where the fast pack overtook me. Downhill to Mold, and so home.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 6th October 1979

Hagar and I were the first to arrive, quickly followed by Stan Bradley. We ordered our drinks and food (quite a good selection at reasonable prices) and then Mary and Harold arrived. It was a lovely morning, windy but sunny.

Stan had some colour snaps of his holiday in Northumbria, also a good one of the late Ed Green on his trike, and one of Harold, also on a trike. We were later joined by Hetty and Ira, who had motored over from Whitchurch. Members present were Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, Ira Thomas, Bob Poole, and the three ladies.

BOB POOLE

BANGOR ON DEE - Royal Oak - 6th October 1979

When I arrived at Two Mills it was 11.05 a.m. and the Wirral based members were already leaving. However, they allowed me enough time to have a quick drink and a sprint up the road to catch them. It was good to see our three new contingents with the bunch, i.e. George Elkington, Simon Cogan and Bob Anderson.

Ben Griffiths, Arthur Gore, Mike Hallgarth, John Moss and myself completed the party. The ride to Bangor on Dee moved along crisply, due mainly to the aspirations of the new trio. Inspired by the pace, Arthur made a lone break, only to be caught by Mike. The pack had almost pulled them back when they missed a left turn. They evidently decided to continue on what was a main route, thereby arriving at the venue some minutes before the main group.

Credit must go to navigators John and Ben for the superb route they introduced us to on this run. On arrival at the Royal Oak we were greeted by Bill Gray, Frank Marriott and daughter Alison, and Mike Twigg, who seems to be well set on the road back to fitness.

P.S. It was mentioned in the last Circular that "two friends" accompanied me on the Norley run. They were in fact my two sons, Stephen and David.

PETER COLLIGAN

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - 20th October 1979

A delightful day for any club run, but Acton Bridge, in my state of lack of fitness, is much, much too far. Without rail help I should have been a casualty amid the woodland glades of

Delamere Forest, quickly hidden by the descending leaves of autumn. Fortunately, therefore, trains, and also a Senior Citizens ticket which makes such travel reasonably priced are available. (Bicycles travel free now - a great help). I picked up one train at Shotton, and another dropped me at Cuddington, three miles, at the most, from Acton Bridge.

Bob and Hagar Poole were already seated when I arrived, but it was not long before the doorway brightened with the forms (in turn) of John Moss, Peter Colligan, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Simon Cogan, George Elkington and Bob Anderson. Mike Hallgarth arrived later, to be finally followed by Ira and Hetty Thomas. Then followed good food and cheery chatter for an hour and more, until, one by one the folks drifted away leaving only Ira and Hetty Thomas, and me left. Then I had to disappear to pick my train at Cuddington again. A pleasant run to Chester, and another spell to Flint. The last miles to my home were hard at times, but we made it without any distress.

F.E.M.

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 27th October 1979

For those living west of Chester who are desirous of getting to a club run at a venue due east of the city, there is one considerable drawback. There aren't enough bridges spanning the Gowy. Only the ancient trio of packhorse spans stringing along the old path linking Christleton and Duddon hold out any hope of some quiet miles.

On the way to Chester I made an interesting discovery: the flat, fenlike miles on the road stretching between Queensferry and Saltney offer a fairly traffic-free ride. And at Saltney you are only two miles or so from Chester. By the Old Trooper on A41 I escaped the traffic again, and through Christleton revelled in the quiet miles that take you to the bridges and on to Hockenhull. A left turn after the crossways brought me to Oxcroft, the first time, as I can recollect, I have ever been in the hamlet. A short two miles on a quiet road brought the Morris Dancer when, I must confess, I was just about shattered.

We weren't expecting many out today, but even so, the turnout could only be described as "thin". Hagar and Bob Poole, and yours truly. Excellent company, and we had a pleasant lunchtime session. Homeward bound I had to tolerate 4 miles of the main road before diving into the lane for Guilden Sutton and the quiet way to Chester. For the remainder of the journey I took Home Rails, the easiest way of reaching the 500ft. contour beneath which my home is perched.

F.E.M.