

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,
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FEBRUARY/MARCH 1980

No. 811

LUNCH FIXTURES

February 1980

- 2 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George and Dragon)
9 GRAIG FECHAN (Three Pigeons) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)
16 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
23 BEESTON BROOK (Beeston Castle Hotel)

March

- 1 BIRTHDAY RUN to ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
(See Special Notice inside)
8 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
15 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
22 NORLEY (Tigers Head)
29 GRAIANRHYD (Rose and Crown) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George and Dragon)

April

- 5 COMBERBACH (Spinner and Bergamot)
12 BANGOR-ON-DEE (Royal Oak) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 1st March 1980

COMMITTEE NOTES

We wish to welcome the following new members to our ranks: Messrs. George J. Elkington, Roger S. Cogan, Rod Anderson and John Mahon. We hope all will enjoy their membership, and the first three are already extremely active. Mr. Mahon, living at Folkestone, is a little too far away to be an active member.

BIRTHDAY RUN

Has been arranged at the Hazel Pear, Acton Bridge, one of the best venues on our fixture list.

A special Buffet Lunch has been arranged at an inclusive figure of £2 per head. Tickets are now available from either John Moss or Peter Colligan. John Moss's address, for orders by post is: No. 1 Pennine Walk, LITTLE SUTTON, South Wirral. Try and get your ticket at least a week previously so that we have a good idea of the numbers in reasonable time.

EASTER TOUR

The festival is rapidly approaching, and John Thompson urges those interested to contact him on (051) 426-4622 as soon as possible. Transport can be provided for the Thursday trip to Carlisle Youth Hostel.

JACK BEAUCHAMP - A MEMORY

Reading of the passing of our old friend Jack Beauchamp I was reminded of the only occasion I recall seeing him far from the Bath Road. In 1966 I combined a tour centred on Tenbury Wells, and doing a few checks for David Duffield, who was suffering on a trike for 1,000 miles. (Yes, he got the R.R.A. Record 3 days, 12 hours, 15 minutes).

After checking David just north of Welshpool I had several hours before I was due to meet him again near Ludlow, so passing through a village I had never heard of before, Chirbury, I was amazed to see the elegant figure of Jack, framed in the doorway of the Herbert Arms. Of course I stopped and asked him what he was doing in a Foreign Country; he was meeting the Anfield there for lunch, it being the Sunday before the Open "100". While we talked the Anfielders arrived and I remember being surprised at the number of ladies present, as I knew the Anfield to be an all-male Club. Although I probably saw Jack since then, this surprise meeting with him stands out in my memory.

FRANK E. FISCHER

ALLAN LITTLEMORE of 5 Warrington Road, ACTON BRIDGE, near Northwich, wants a CHATER LEA right hand crank or both... 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. also a flat "W" type bend. He also has for disposal a number of Williams and Chater chainwheels, mostly $\frac{1}{4}$ ", also a number of fixed sprockets and lock rings all $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - 1980

This fixture is a very long time ahead, but we must be always on the lookout for new venues. When the noble four who crossed the Bwlch Rhiw Hirnant to Lake Vyrnwy on that windy December Sunday recently they were much impressed by the facilities offered by the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel. Despite the place being decidedly "upper crust" the prices for the food were most reasonable, and, talking about accommodation for the next Tints Tour they would be pleased to quote a special price for a party of (say) around twenty or more. The prospect of a nice, comfortable weekend in what appears to be a delightful hotel pleases very much. Keep it in mind, and we will refer to the topic later in the year.

A MISTAKE

Crept into the report of the A.G.M. in our last issue. In copying the minutes we inadvertently stated that the Vice Presidents were Jack Pitchford and Bill Gray. This was a lapse for which we apologise. The V.P.'s are Harold Catling and Bill Gray.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

The other day we received an order from a Mr. James Gibson, who now lives at 10 Saunton Close, Allesley, Coventry CV5 9EB. Mr. Gibson tells us that he was a member of the Anfield from 1920 to 1922, when "I left England to go to Canada. Since I returned I have lived in the Midlands, but have never forgotten my association with the Club. I have a group photo of about 62 members taken at Acton Bridge in 1921 with 'W.P.' in the front." Does anyone remember Mr. Gibson now? Sales have increased until we now are almost touching the 200 mark, which means 40% of the print order in a year. We are now in a position, and much earlier than we thought we should be, to be able to repay outstanding loans made to finance the issue of this second edition. Applications to the Treasurer, please.

JOHN PARR

We just cannot keep up with John Parr's globetrotting. Allan Littlemore now tells us that John left Kenya some months ago, returned home to Whitley Bay for a short while to get his trike out, and is now away again.

John, with Beryl, are now in the wilds of Nepal; they are in a valley some distance from Katmandu, and the only access is by air at present. Things will be different when John and his men have built the road they are working on. The work is done by natives

and when it is the Hindu festival, no work is done at all instead of very little! Necessities are very scarce. No matches, a few poor quality vegetables and potatoes. Water is carried from a well, and they have three hours electricity daily. Cooking is on Indian primus stoves, and "Made in India" is to John just another way of saying that is best quality rubbish! Their only link with the outside world is the B.B.C. World Service. Their address is c/o N.D. Lea and Associates, P.O. Box 675, Kattmandu, NEPAL.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION Luncheon 11th November

As our tricycling reporter, Harold Catling, was temporarily out of the country, I decided I had better make a report of the very successful "Closer" which took place at the Hendly Hotel, at Colne, on remembrance day.

The weather was extremely cold and I was pleased that our old friend Ken Yardley of the Mersey Roads offered to take me there and back by car; rather a long journey in the one day for an "old man".

About 85 persons were present and the chairman's duty was performed with dignity and decorum, and with no loss of efficiency, by another friend, Alan Rogerson, now of the North Lancs R.C. It was of course extremely sad to realise that this was the first time a substitute had to be found for the late long-serving Eddie Green, for which a respectful silent tribute was paid, together with others who had passed on during the year.

The meal and speeches were very good and the excellent speakers included, Jim Bailey, C.T.C., council chairman, John Roughley, Lancashire R.C., Claud Farrar, honorary secretary, and visitor Johnny Pardoe of the Seamons C.C. The charming lady who presented the many awards was Mary Dawson, from Teesside, a well known and successful racing girl of a few years ago, with a very pleasant personality.

David Gabbott was the fastest trike rider present having clocked a 1. 0. 28 for a "25" being the season's fastest!

Anfielders present were Rex Austin with Edna both looking fit and well, Stan Bradley, in good spirits and ebullient John Thompson who had persuaded Maggie to shove him along on the tandem most of the way. I was pleased to be present as it was nice to renew acquaintances with a number of pre-war enthusiasts, like Ossie Jackson, Dave Scott and the Henderson brothers.

ALLAN LITTLEMORE

R U N SLOWER PEOVER - Crown - 3rd November 1979

It was a fine and windy morning as Bob and I set off through the lovely Cheshire lanes for this venue. The trees are magnificent in colour and still very leafy. Stan Bradley was at the bar when we entered the pub, and we sat down to Cottage Pie and drinks. Harold Catling arrived shortly afterwards, without Mary, so I missed my pal for a good gossip.

Discussions on bikes, trikes, cranks and prices (pre-war and post-war) followed. Stan showed us his new cycling cap for which he had paid £3.50. Harold said he had bought a similar model pre-war for 1/6¹/₂d (about 7¹/₂ pence) thus giving his age away. Stan and Harold left for home on their trikes, Bob and me for a tour of more lanes by car.

HAGAR POOLE

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 10th November 1979

After a day when the first snow of the winter fell on North Wales, Saturday was cold and showery - but somehow we managed to miss all the showers. I arrived at the Eureka to find John Moss, Peter Colligan, Simon Cogan, George Elkington and Rod Anderson ready to leave. The captain was allowed to choose the route. (As most of you will know, Coalpit Lane at Dunkirk is closed to traffic to allow for the extension of the M56). So now we have to ride two miles down the A540 before we can turn left into the lanes at the south end of Coalpit Lane. We crossed the A41 at Lea-by-Backford, through the lanes to Mickle Trafford, straight across the A56 to A51 and across and into the lanes through Waverton, and Huxley. A right turn past Beeston Castle brought us into sight of Mike Twigg donning waterproofs, so now seven strong we crossed A49 through Spurstow and Bunbury, where the lads saw a sign 1¹/₂ miles to Alpraham and were gone. (I find that if I can keep them in the lanes they stay near until they see the finish). Stan Bradley, Ira Thomas and Bill Gray made up the number. Ten all under their own steam.

After the meal it was back into the lanes through Bunbury and Spurstow, across the A49 and over the Peckforton Gap, where Rod Anderson and John Moss managed to fall from their bikes on the sandstone steps, but neither came to any harm. Through Burwardsley (no, Bill, we didn't stop at The Pheasant) down hill to Tattenhall, right to the A41. I kept the others in sight until after Chester, and that was the last I saw of them until I arrived at the Eureka.

BENNO

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - 17th November 1979

A dull and breezy day awaited Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Peter Colligan, John Thompson (on trike) George Elkington, Rod Anderson and myself as we left the Eureka. (Mike Hallgarth was again conspicuous by his absence).

Everyone was managing to ride as a club, until Delamere Forest, when the pack split into its usual chaos on being confronted by a hill. One hour later, several haggard Anfielders gradually filtered into the warm atmosphere of the Hazel Pear, and none-too-soon as it began to rain, to meet the rest of the party - Guy Pullan, Harold Catling and Mary, Bob Poole and Hagar, Ira Thomas and Hetty, Stan Bradley, Allan Littlemore, Mike Twigg and Phil Mason (who foolishly confided to me that he has never written up a club run!)

Interesting conversation was enhanced by delicious food which seemed to have refreshed most, judging by the speed with which the pack glided away on the now wet roads. An extremely vigorous pace was later incited by a certain member with a wooden spoon in order to cause John Thompson a little discomfort. This resulted in the splitting of the pack yet again, which never regrouped until the Eureka.

SIMON COGAN

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 24th November 1979

South Liverpool via the Mersey Ferry and on to the Mills provides me with a useful (some may even say essential) warm up. Useful if one intends to complete present-day club runs, essential if one intends to contest the many sprints for signs en route. I remember the day (not without some affection) when apart from half-wheeling anybody appearing to be a little unfit, or beginning to flag, the only other effort was a sprint for the village sign at the lunch venue.

Even though this was usually quite seriously contested, neutral bystanders often thought the rush was due to a beer shortage at their local. Things have changed. Almost anything resembling a sign can now provide an attack. Signs such as: Beware of the Dog, Plant Crossing Road, Free Range Eggs and even Damsons For Sale have been upgraded to Prime status.

Leaving Two Mills in the company of Rod Anderson, Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Simon Cogan and George Elkington, I was not surprised to find Rod immediately half-wheeling me and setting a cracking pace, so much so that I was forced to hurl a few unprintable words at him in order to reduce his speed. After plenty of Primes and swift climbing up the few hills between Two Mills and Kelsall, we arrived at the Morris Dancer. Inside and already engaged in the arts of eating,

drinking and conversation were: Flo Hill, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France, Harold Catling, Stan Bradley, Bob Poole and Hagar and Frank Marriott.

We were very pleased to see Flo Hill, her presence lending not a little credit to the Anfield Bond. The return ride to Two Mills was a mixture of breakaways, sprints and punctures, which resulted in a complete fragmentation of the bunch. Because of this we arrived at Two Mills in one's and two's, and I am still not sure who was disappointed and who was pleased that the Prince of Primes, the Hoylake/Queensferry Sign was not contested.

PETER COLLIGAN

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 1st December 1979

As we all well know, some roads can provide hard going both ways in a cross-wind, and on others the exact opposite happens. The road between Wrexham and Bangor-on-Dee is one such highway. Four weeks ago I scuttled so easily down to the river's ancient crossing that I could not be at all happy about the return trip, yet is of only five miles duration although slightly uphill. Worst of all, I had left it with little time to catch the rattler, yet I made it - just, to my complete surprise. With the aid of a Senior Citizen Railcard, I had some twenty miles of rail travel for a mere 41 pence, very helpful indeed when the miles in one's legs happen to be a bit scarce.

And now, on as delightful a day in December as one could imagine, once again I left Wrexham and drifted gently down to our venue hard by Bangor's ancient bridge. The wind was quite strong, with a touch more south in it than last time, so I was all right for the homeward passage. The strong wind probably brought the fitness out in the Wirral contingent. In no particular order they were: John Moss, Ben Griffiths, George Elkington, Rod Anderson, Simon Cogan and last, but by no means least, Dave Bassett. From other points came Mike Twigg, with Pat and Stuart, Ira Thomas, Pat O'Leary, Frank Marriott and Bill Gray.

As a guest of Bill Gray we were exceedingly honoured to have with us Ruth Hatton, a C.T.C. stalwart from Whitchurch. Without mentioning ages, which we prefer not to do anyway, Ruth is senior by several years to the oldest Anfielder present, and she is still a regular rider in the C.T.C. Veterans "100" starting and finishing from Mold on a summer Sunday. Ruth rides a vintage Buckley bicycle, and remains both vivacious and bright-eyed. May we say, in all sincerity, more power to her pedals!

Two o'clock, and the Wirral contingent were away, no doubt to enjoy themselves on such a pleasant afternoon with the added

delight of a wind "abaft the beam". Mike Twigg and his family departed, leaving Ira, Pat, Bill to keep Ruth company for a time. That only leaves yours truly to be disposed of. We left the venue a little earlier than last time, with the intention of being in good time for the train. A three-mile walk at the other end without lights was not to be contemplated at all.

F.E.M.

LLANELIDAN - Leyland Arms - 8th December 1979

Although this turned out to be an excellent fixture no report has been received, and what follows is an account of the weekend run.

After the club run to Llanelidan I was pleased to attend the Birkenhead Victoria Golden Jubilee Dinner at The Glyder Hotel at Eastham. I had a lift with Brian Whitmarsh, Vics. club champion for 1979 and his wife Pat. Members, wives and friends present numbered 152, including two other Anfielders: Eric Reeves, club champion in 1931/32 and Peter Rock with Lily. A lot of ale went down and I was glad to have Pat Whitmarsh drive me home at 2.20 a.m. I was up again at 6.30 for the ride out to Cynwyd to meet the weekenders.

I left home at 7.30 in the dark, gale force wind (against) and pouring rain. By Treuddyn it was daylight and stopped raining. I was very glad to decape. Over the moors the wind was very strong, at times I almost walked. Riding without a watch I had no idea how long it had taken me. From home to Cynwyd is only 26 miles and I thought about two hours at 13 m.p.h. But no, upon arriving at the Y.H.A. as John Thompson thrust a pint of milk into my shaking hand, I saw it was 10.00 a.m. I had only managed ten miles per hour.

The lads soon sorted themselves out: George Elkington, Simon Cogan and Rod Anderson going straight home - homework, they said. Chris Edwards was taking advantage of the wind by riding back to Sheffield. That left only four for the day's ride. John Thompson, Alan Rogerson, Mike Hallgarth and myself. The route was along B4407. At Llandrillo we had to cape up, for the first of many times, a left turn before Bala for Aber Hirnant, and the fight was really on. Mike Hallgarth, with a bottom gear in the 20's made a break and soon climbed out of sight. John Thompson, 15 gears with a bottom of 25, rode up slowly. Alan with a 54 walked. I had a gear of 37, so I rode while it was dry and walked when I had my cape on, the top was reached without anyone getting blown away. We made our way down and around the left (easy) side of Lake Vyrnwy, and as it was so hard we decided to have a meal at the Vyrnwy Hotel. (This is quite a large place, but the prices are reasonable). As we waited for food we found we had only done 19 miles since breakfast: 10.30 - 1.00 p.m. Eight miles per hour.

At this time John Thompson did his Capt. Oates bit. He said he was unwell and wanted us to go on without him, but we refused. He then used the words: I'm just going outside, I may be some time. But Alan, being an ex-P.C. managed to restrain him. After chicken and chips and a pint we made for Llanwddyn, a left turn at last with the wind behind us. But it was too late for John, who was now very weak. Along B4396 past Carl Birkby's old home Hen Tafarn at Hirnant (how I remember those scones!) and so to Pen-y-bont-fawr and down the Tanat valley to Oswestry. John decided to take the train from Gobowen to Chester and Warrington, but as it was only 3.45 p.m. and the train didn't leave until 5.30 we put him back on his bike and made him ride to Chirk. We had tea at the Smithy Cafe near the station.

After making sure the waitress would wake John at 5.20 for his train we left him staring into space, and made our way by main roads to Wrexham. Alan and Mike made for Chester, where Mike stopped, so only Alan arrived at the Eureka for Mrs. Y's refreshments.

BEN GRIFFITHS

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 8th December 1979

In spite of the time of the year, today was fine and wind direction favourable for the return ride. As I neared Langley I overtook Hubert Buckley taking life easy up the long drag. On reaching the reservoir an unusual sight of parked cars whose owners were buying Christmas trees. At this point Rex Austin and Harold Catling arrived from the opposite direction. We later congregated at the Leather Smithy where we were joined by Bob and Hagar Poole. The room was warmed by an open coal fire; I do hope that Bob was warm enough.

STAN BRADLEY

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 15th December 1979

Ben Griffiths, John Moss, George Elkington and myself left Two Mills together. The outward journey was pleasantly wind assisted and there was only one delay when John punctured. We joined the main road to make up for lost time and were soon at Kelsall where we joined Frank Marriott, Harold Catling, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan and Simon Cogan.

The return to Two Mills was to say the least, windy. We took lanes to Chester to try and get some shelter, but in vain. John Moss dropped behind to talk with Mike Twigg, and then made a valiant five-mile attempt to rejoin the group. With Mossy stirring the pace at the front (from behind) George Elkington and Peter Colligan soon covered the miles to Chester. I took the front after Chester, but

was unable to shake off George's wheel which was always close behind. We arrived at Two Mills to meet Mike Hallgarth, and then after a cup of tea parted into the wind.

ROD ANDERSON

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 22nd December 1979

To those of us who have not yet abandoned our pagan ways as followers of Ra the sun god, 22nd December is the winter's day to anticipate most of all, because it is the day on which the sun starts its long ascent of the southern sky. On the first day in November I calculate that I will have to wait until early February before the sun gets back to the same position in the sky. It seems an awful long time to wait.

The final six miles of my journey to Bangor-on-Dee were completed in company with George Elkington. In the bar Ira Thomas, Bill Gray and I squeezed on to a narrow seat: at our backs were Albert Dixon and Sylvia, John France and Flo Hill. Grouped cosily around a low table were Ben Griffiths, Rod Anderson, Simon Cogan, Mike Hallgarth, Treasurer Phil Mason and the President completed the party.

It seems that this day, being also the last shopping day before Christmas, suffered by a reduced turnout. There was the usual couple feeding the Juke Box and making conversation almost impossible. Ira Thomas told us of a cafe where one could insert coins and press a choice for silence instead of the noise of the latest group. He had done this much to the chagrin of a group of angry motor cyclists.

Hoping to avail myself of some shelter back to Two Mills I foolishly joined a group of seven, the first two hills out of Bangor saw me off the back, but our kind-hearted President pulled me back on again. The next fourteen miles proved to be quite an effort, and three miles from Chester I stopped for what the work study experts euphemistically call "personal needs". Thus I was able to complete the final miles at a more comfortable pace. I would have been burnt-off up Sandy Lane into Chester under which there must be large deposits of magnetite, for it is much harder to climb than the gradient would indicate. The day was very cold and it was necessary to watch the gutters for patches of ice. Writing up the run is made easier by Bill Gray for he provides the writer with a list of members attending the run.

ERIC REEVES

(Note: Your ex-Editor started out, but much too cold for the bicycle. One bus missed the other in Wrexham by a few minutes, and the only way of making Bangor was a bus to Marchwiell, and then walking. When I totted up the footsteps I should make for every mile I decided to go no farther - F.E.M.)

BEESTON CASTLE HOTEL - Boxing Day

A report of this run has yet to be received.

NORLEY - Tigers Head - 29th December 1979

It was cold and dry as I did my usual Saturday morning dash around the supermarket. It had clouded up by the time I arrived at the Eureka. I was first in, soon to be followed by Dave Bettaney, Mike Hallgarth, Rod Anderson, Simon Cogan, George Elkington and John Moss. The Wirral men all told tales of hailstones like marbles, as the clouds gathered we made for Norley (well some of us did). Dave had been out early and went back home. Mike was making for some far-flung Youth Hostel so that left five for the club run. I was on my best bike and made for the main road, while the lads went through the lanes. I remember little of the ride to Norley except that it wasn't very pleasant with sleet, snow and hail. I took the main road to Ashton and then through the forest. By the time I reached Hatchmere the roads were getting bad.

Dave Birchall was at the Tiger's Head when I arrived and getting a bit worried in case he had misread his Circular. The other four were not far behind, then as the snow came down in earnest, Mike Twigg drove in. When it came time to leave, the snow had stopped, but the roads were still bad. Dave Birchall turned left in the forest to do a few tracks and Rod and George went in with him. (They will soon learn). John, Simon and myself did the usual lane route down Manley Bank as the sun came out and the snow cleared. John went straight home so Simon and me supped tea at the Eureka until George and Rod arrived. Another good run in the past, the only pity is that there were only seven out to enjoy it.

BEN GRIFFITHS

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AN APPRECIATION OF SUNDAY

A social run? What a joke,
 It's a time to hammer weaker folk,
 Any with a bug they can't shake off,
 An ache, a pain, or perhaps a cough,
 Are battered, splattered, shot off the back and
 left for dead.
 They're as sociable as a kick in the head.

* * * * *

A day when revenge is sweet,
 When caring and comradeship are obsolete,
 A time to cause a rival pain,
 To hammer him, again and again.

* * * * *

And yet; I do not know,
 Why our morals have sunk so low,
 But there is one thing I'm sure I know,
 I'll get that bastard again tomorrow!

ANON.

On this unusual note we complete this issue. To explain: On Sunday runs, for November and December, a truce was agreed, that everyone would cease from primes, tear-ups, half-wheeling, or what have you. The rides would be undertaken at an easy speed, and everyone would be nice and kind to each other. But, alas and alack. Some there were who just couldn't ride like that, they just couldn't keep the spirit of competition quiet for just two months. So someone - we know not who - just had to get his complaint in somehow.

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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

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

APRIL/MAY 1980

No.812

LUNCH FIXTURES

April 1980

19 PONTBLYDDYN (New Inn) and LOWER WITHINGTON
(Red Lion)

26 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)

May

3 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

5 OPEN "25" Headquarters HANDLEY (Calvaley Arms)

10 GRAIGHFECHAN (Three Pigeons) and
LOWER PEOVER (Crown)

17 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

24 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak)

26 ASTLEY (Dog in the Lane): after "100" lunch meet.

31 HUXLEY (Farmers Arms)

June

7 LLANELIDAN (Leyland Arms) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)

14 COMBERBACH (Spinner & Bergamot)

NOTE: CRAIGHFECHAN is 4 miles south east of Ruthin on B.5429

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 26th April 1980

COMMITTEE NOTES

The resignations of Messrs. W.G. Portsmouth and Arthur Williams have been accepted with regret. The names of I.M. Griffith and W.R. Jones have been struck off the membership list.

Application for membership: Brian Whitmarsh, 8 Vernon Close, Saughall, Chester. Proposed by John Moss and seconded by Ben Griffiths.

Change of Address: Hugh Dauncey, Brynhyfryd, Pwll Glas, Ruthin, Clwyd, LL15 2PE. Telephone: 082 42 2515

One amendment should be made to the list of members included with this issue: Arthur Birkby is more conveniently reached at 41 Brooke Road, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 2EN, (051) 928 2259.

Another is that Bill Finn is, of course, a Life Member.

EASTER TOUR

Members who require up-to-date information are recommended to phone John Thompson at (051) 426 4622. And while on this topic, STAN WILD writes from Australia to suggest that John & Co. might care to have a go at the High Cup Nick crossing in the Pennines. Starting from the Langdon Beck Hotel, above Middleton-in-Teesdale, you eventually "surface" at Dufton, near Appleby. At just over 2,000ft. the track encircles a spectacular amphitheatre in the mountains. It is not super-tough and can be done quite easily in a long morning, or a long afternoon.

THE BLACK ANFIELDERS

Some members have asked why we have not sent automatically copies of the book to those who kindly provided funds on loan, and deducted the cost from the amount outstanding. We have preferred to leave the loan figure intact, and only to send a book when requested. Meanwhile, as mentioned in our last issue, we can now start repaying those who were kind enough to loan money to get the volume published. All applications to the Hon. Treasurer, please.

THE OPEN "100"

It is time to start considering the annual "100" once again. With the completion of road works in the Shawbirch area, it has been decided to make minor alterations to the course. We have cut out the leg from Crudgington to Tibberton, and we now round the island at Shawbirch and follow the road through High Ercall to turn short of the Fox & Hounds at Shawbury, and retrace. This is virtually the same route as previously, and has been remeasured.

As you know, we cannot marshal, check and man drink stations without the help of others, though we should endeavour to man as

many jobs as possible, so if you could do a job, or would like a change from the job you have done in the past, please let me know at WHITCHURCH (SHROPSHIRE) 4100.

A change has also been made in respect of the awards for the successful riders. Previously, prizes have been given for the fastest ten: this year we have adopted a group system, the field being split into three groups. In group "A" there will be four prizes, and in groups "B" and "C" three prizes each. This system we hope will give a just reward to those riders who have done a good ride in their own class but would not get material awards otherwise. Kindly note that the "get together" after the event will be at the Dog in the Lane at Astley, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the finish.

IRA THOMAS

RACING NOTES

As the Anfield enters into its 102nd year, the prospects for the next decade have never looked better. The Larkhill Wheelers 2-up "25" started the 1980 season on February 24, and two of our young riders started their racing career in this event. George Elkington rode with Mike Hallgarth, and what a start they made! 1.2.01 on a cold and foggy morning to take seventh place from a field of 56 teams, and only 3 mins. 23 secs. behind the winners. Simon Cogan agreed to tow Ben Griffiths round and had to push him up a few of the bigger hills, but still we managed 1.5.42 from No.2 spot on the card.

As you will see in this issue, we have now been joined by one of Merseyside's top time triallists, Brian Whitmarsh. With Brian joining forces with John Whelan, Dave Bettaney, John Thompson, Chris Edwards, Hugh Dauncey, Dave Bassett, John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Dave Eaton, Peter Colligan, Arthur Gore, Phil Mason, Ben Griffiths, and now George, Simon and Rod still to make a start, we should see the Anfield name winning a few team prizes and appearing in the CYCLING lists every week. I look forward to the coming events, and wonder will I be able to get into the third team.

BEN

MY FIRST RACE

It was with some trepidation that I left home - carrying my bike along (unmetalled) Feather Lane to avoid soiling my recently acquired "tubs." However, my thoughts soon turned to Ben and Simon who were to start in just half-an-hour. I found the brief descent of Pensby Road to Mike's house quite chilly in winter club run gear.

Five minutes after my arrival at Mike's house, we were on our way, with my trusty steed stowed in the boot, and the Editor's gleaming mount resting on the back seat. I have previously worried

that my bottom gear of eighty-three might leave me over-gearred on the hills after Broxton, but a ride on the course on Tuesday went some way to allay my fears, until I glanced in the rear-view mirror which was almost completely filled by Mike's chain-ring of what appeared to be at least 62 teeth! Would I hold his back wheel? Mike assured me his top was a "mere" 54 x 13, mine was 52 x 13.

My 'butterflies' really started as we approached Christleton Island; soon afterwards we saw the first riders (from Birkenhead Vics) looming out of the mist with Ben and Simon in hot pursuit. Mike parked the car and we built up our respective bikes - I was totally unable to pump up my tubs hard enough to satisfy Mike's rigorous standards. I was very nervous as we rode to Broxton for a warm-up (or thaw-out as Mike put it). At the Island we waited for our club mates and cheered them on. It looked hard - more butterflies.

Suddenly there was just quarter of an hour to change and fit numbers. Then we both shivered (in shorts) as the man told us "Thirty seconds, then five, four, three . . ." I seemed to lapse into a trance. I awoke trying to get my left foot into my toe-strap - there was no one to push off. The first two miles were the hardest, as I knew they would be. Thereafter my legs were warmed through in contrast to my inactive arms and (gloved) hands which were totally numbed by the cold - gear changing was a clumsy chore for both of us.

By Handley we knew we were up on Benno and Simon, and really started trying as the course became more hilly. After a joggy turn in the road, and some hair-raising temporary traffic lights, we passed Ira Thomas and stormed down through Broxton trying for a "one" - I didn't change out of top. We finished with a 1.02.1: seventh place and a pair of toe-straps each - a very pleasing first event.

GEORGE ELKINGTON

THE AUTUMN TINTS TOUR - A SEQUEL

In the last issue a mention was made of the delicious scones that once were available at Hen Dafarn, at Hirnant, when it was occupied by Carl, Arthur Birkby's brother and family, we now have had a letter from Joan, Carl's daughter: "I was most interested to read of Ben Griffiths and party's nostalgic run over the Hirnant from Bala, and the chicken and chips at the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, then past Hen Dafarn at Hirnant. Those scones are still being made, same recipe, but I am afraid I lack my mother's magic touch! To anyone who remembers me, my kindest regards.

We used to look forward to the Anfield's annual invasion. They were happy days!" Joan writes from "Tegfan", Cellan, Lampeter, Dyfed.

A SNOW RIDE - NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO

When he was our President, W.P.Cook usually rode to London for the Annual Meeting of the R.R.A. held on the last Monday in February. In 1933 he was elected the Association's President, and despite country-wide blizzards and snow drifts set off for London as usual. On the Whitchurch road he ran into deep, unrideable snow as far as the eye could see, over which he had difficulty in wheeling his bicycle. Reaching a clear road again he was faced with a succession of similar drifts.

Prees Heath was clear, but after Hinstock there was a barrier of snow with a gang of men digging out cars and lorries. The men helped the Old Gentleman with his bicycle and he regained clear roads to Newport, after which there was deepish snow rideable at a slow pace, and reaching the Miss Rowlands' well-known cyclists' haven on the canal wharf at Gailey, he enjoyed a square meal and a roaring fire. Only a short unrideable stretch at Brownhills marred the ride to Erdington, where Cook stayed with friends. Next morning a stiff wind, sleet and snow made for slow going, until at the foot of Edge Hill (the site of the battle) came deep, unrideable drifts, and shouldering the machine he essayed the climb.

Half-way up two locals digging out their car spoke of other vehicles abandoned in drifts, and advised him to retrace to a farm lane through Arlescote, which joined up with the Warwick-Banbury road. This Cook did, negotiating five gates and riding in a track of water. At Banbury 16 miles had taken $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours but now roads were clear, and in pouring rain through Bicester and Aylesbury he reached Ivinghoe for the night. On Monday morning, in brilliant sunshine Cook rode into London, and docked at his hotel feeling fit enough to push buses over!

(W.P.Cook was also President of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, making a triple distinction never likely to be equalled.)

GUY PULLAN

TALES FROM THE OLD DAYS - Continued from Issue No.810

THE BORDEAUX-PARIS RACE held May 27, 1891, the week after the Anfield "100".

1.	G.P.MILLS	Anfield	26.32.57
2.	M.HOLBEIN	North Road and Catford	27.50.47
3.	S.F.EDGE	Surrey B.C.	30.13.49
4.	J.E.L.BATES	Surrey B.C.	30.13.57

Contd...

5.	JIEL LAVAL	Bordeaux	32. 9. -
6.	- COULLIBOEUF	Bordeaux	33.49. -

I paced the riders from Bordeaux to Barbezieuse - 55 miles - where G.P.Mills' machine broke down, so I let him have mine. P.C.Twentyman gave up here so we palled together back to Paris. This was the great event of the year. Mills fed on Valentine's Meat Juice, and being a northern rider he revelled in the hills and caught Holbein at Poitiers - he won by 1 hour and 18 minutes.

When Mills was training in France he was bothered with dogs racing at him (very fierce ones) so he shot five with his revolver. At Angouleme, 80 miles, a large crowd was assembled, the first to appear were the Englishmen who arrived at 10.30, covered with mud. They stopped for five minutes, had soup and refreshments and books checked. They left in a body. By the time Poitiers was reached, Jiel Laval and Coulliboeuf were beaten, and after this it was a race between the English riders.

Chateau Renault was reached by Mills at 5.15, and left three minutes later followed by Holbein, Edge and Bates. Mills kept the lead right to the finish. He did the last 10 kilometres in 25 minutes. The reception at the finish was very enthusiastic.

It was said that Mills had 14 pacemakers and spare cycles ridden to help him, and two by train from place to place. He rode seven different machines besides my "R & P". Mills fed on beef tea and Valentine's Meat Juice mixed very strong, but no solid food, although plenty of fruit. It was on the hills that he got away from Holbein.

In the Anfield 100 race on May 20 1891 I rode with Carlisle and took turn about, but we had no pacemakers. It was a very hilly course part of the way. It started from Rainhill to Warrington, Mere, Tabley, Knutsford, Peover, Holmes Chapel, Congleton, Waggon & Horses (food if wanted), Church Lawton, Holmes Chapel, Knutsford, Tabley, Mere, Warrington to Rainhill. Carlisle and I had no feeding, or drinks, except a few raisins. When we got to the hill out of Cranage on the way back I dropped Carlisle and then went all out on the level roads to the finish. The last 30 miles alone. (65 entries: P.C.Wilson, scratch - did not start).

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

J.A.BENNETT

R U N SBEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - Boxing Day 1979

A late night telephone call, which dragged Mike away from cabaret and after-dinner mints on Christmas Night, fixed our rendezvous for the Boxing Day run. As is the norm, I was late arriving at the Glegg Arms, and Mike left without me (He just doesn't realize how hard that head wind can be on the extra seven miles I have to travel from Hoylake). But not to be defeated, I battled on to Two Mills, where I met up with Ben, Simon and George.

George told us with great enthusiasm (as usual) about his plan to cycle that day to Newport, where he was going to visit his Granny, and return that same day. None of us had any doubts about him being able to return from Newport. With such a strong tailwind he couldn't fail, so long as he got there. We plodded down the Chester road, and then the Whitchurch road, taking turns to attack the strong, strength-sapping gale which tried to push us back to Two Mills. Had the cafe been open, it might have succeeded with me.

After the railway bridge at Handley Ben, Simon and I turned towards Tattenhall, and with the gale now almost behind us, we made rapid progress to Beeston Brook. By the time we arrived at 12.30 the room which had been taken over by the Anfield was almost full. So great was the turn-out on this popular Boxing Day treat that unfortunately some of those present were banished to another bar. Members and friends present are as follows: Ira Thomas and Hetty; Bob Poole and Hagar; John Williamson and Val.; Stan and Mrs. Bradley with Charlie Chatham; John Thompson, Maggie, and Maggie's Mum and Dad, Lucy and Clare. Hugh Dauncey; Ben Griffiths; Chris Edwards; Mike Hallgarth; Simon Cogan; Dave Bettaney with Delia and family; our good friend Addy of the Eureka Cafe, Two Mills - did she really shut up shop just to attend our run?; John Whelan, Jane and family; John Moss, Wendy and family; Mike Twigg with Pat and Stuart, Sally, Sarah, Mum and Dad; Dave Birchall and Mary; Peter Colligan and Maureen; Hubert Buckley, Sadie and Alfred; Cecilia Koeber; Rex Austin and Edna; Bill Gray; Bill Barnes and Alan Rogerson, both of whom we were very pleased to see. It was great, seeing all those friendly faces again, a lot of whom I haven't seen since the summer. Everyone was having a good time and the whole place was filled with cycling chatter.

Having finally dragged myself away from the crowd, it was time to journey home with Ben, Mike, Simon, Dave Birchall and Bill Barnes. We set off down the wet lanes towards Beeston and the Peckforton Gap. Dave - never go on roads if he can find a harder way -

Birchall decided on a forest route to end the day. So we all trundled off along a wet and very muddy forest track with Bill telling us how he had just meticulously cleaned his bike.

We soon reached Tattenhall, but were delayed for a while, in the drizzle, as Mike repaired a puncture, and Ben gave a display of his famous thumb technique. (The talk of Anfieldland). Then on to the Whitchurch road. Dave and Ben left us at Christleton island. We declined Dave's offer of tea and crumpet because we all know that once we stopped we'd never get started again. So we plodded on through Chester and past Two Mills, there's nothing quite so depressing as the sight of the Eureka Cafe with its doors tightly shut. The conversation went on until the Glegg Arms was reached, at which point we said our goodbyes and went our several ways.

CHRIS EDWARDS

LOWER PEOVER - Crown - 5th January 1980

(Note: What follows might apply to the 9 February run, and conversely, the write-up under the later date could apply to the January date. Just to confuse us all, Stan has given the 5 January date for both fixtures! - Ed.)

Not the sort of weather one would wish to romp about in the grass. After a fair share of headwind, I reached the Crown first, although joined soon afterwards by Harold Catling. The two of us, as it happened, were the full complement of the run.

STAN BRADLEY

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 12th January 1980

Alpraham Hall is well worth a visit. It stands in extensive grounds about half a mile from the Tollemache Arms on the side road coming out just opposite the inn. The main building probably dates back to the 1850's, and is a substantial Victorian family house, but the outbuildings, connected to the farm, are considerably older. I would imagine that the house has been rebuilt on earlier foundations.

Albert Dixon and I have always made this visit a pilgrimage when visiting the Tollemache Arms, and have never been disappointed with the scene, the neatly-kept lawns and gardens, the bright paintwork of the house and outbuildings, and the occasional glimpse of children and horses, always making a delightful picture.

When we returned to the inn a goodly company of Anfielders were already assembled, and tucking into the food for which this hostelry is famous. Soon we were joined by the stalwarts from Wirral. The usual bandinage associated with the Anfield was

indulged to the full before Stan Bradley made a move to depart, soon to be followed by the cycling contingent. Frank Marriott arrived by 'bus, but we undertook (very kindly too - Ed.) to give him a lift to Chester where he wished to do some shopping. Being in the car the necessity of a quick start was not so compelling: we made a leisurely run to Tarporley where a stop enabled the ladies to do some essential shopping, and a further halt in Chester to drop Frank. Then a pleasant run home and the end of our second run of the new decade.

In no particular order, members present were as follows: The President, John Moss; Stan Bradley; Harold Catling; Frank Marriott; Bob Poole and Hagar; Albert Dixon and Sylvia with Flo Hill; John Thompson and Maggie; Bill Gray; Mike Hallgarth; Ben Griffiths; George Elkington; Arthur Gore; Rod Anderson; Ira Thomas; Peter Colligan; Simon Cogan; Eric Reeves, whom we were delighted to welcome, and John France. A surprisingly windy turn-out for a cold and windy Saturday.

JOHN FRANCE

ACTON BRIDGE - Hazel Pear - 19th January 1980

No report of this run has been received.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 26th January 1980

What a beautiful morning to set out for today's run, after a week of atrocious weather. Instead of going on the main road through Wilmslow, which is besieged by shoppers on a Saturday morning, we took the lane route round the back of Manchester Airport.

We were the first to arrive, followed by Stan Bradley and Harold Catling. Then came Edna and Rex, and last but not least by Hubert. Conversation was varied, but mostly about the Birthday Run to the Hazel Pear. I did make sure that our good ladies were welcome at this function before purchasing our tickets, so I am very happy about it. Members present were: Rex Austin, Stan Bradley, Hubert Buckley, Harold Catling and Bob Poole.

(There has been a bit of a fiddle here. This particular piece was signed "Bob" while it is evident to all that it emanates from Hagar's pen. We wonder why we haven't banned the ladies writing pieces for the Circular, and have no intention of doing so. - Ed.)

GRAIANRHYD - Rose and Crown - 26th January 1980

At precisely three o'clock of a sunny afternoon I was drifting homewards - on four wheels - just past Nerquis on the long drop down from Eryrys towards Mold. (Extremely good on a bicycle this, particularly in the dark, and an excellent alternative to the drop down Gwernymynydd). However, as I was saying, on the hour of three a blue-garbed figure on a bicycle approached on his way into the hills -

John Thompson, I am fairly certain. It seemed pointless to heave the anchors out for a hurried halt at that moment, so I let the occasion pass. Now John has a reputation for arriving somewhat later than the others at a run, but what he hoped to achieve at Graianrhyd at 3.30 (or thereabouts) I just wouldn't know. (He might have made it before that hour, but not much). The rest of the Club would be well away by then.

I was on four wheels, when two would have done me much more good. But it was bitterly cold early on, and I just cannot ride fast enough to keep myself warm, but when I did reach the Rose & Crown I was sorry. The sun had quite a lot of warmth in it, and while I should have to do quite a lot of walking a cycling Saturday would have been very pleasant.

I passed Mike Twigg on the long and winding climb through Coed Talon from Pont Blyddyn - the others, John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan, Simon Cogan, George Elkington and Rod Anderson had arrived before me. John was repairing a tyre - our President surely holds the puncture record - the previous Saturday, at Bridge Trafford, he was doing a repair when I passed.

A pleasant meal, lively conversation as usual, and the shadows were already beginning to lengthen when he emerged into the daylight again. Where the others got to I haven't the remotest idea, and if John Thompson managed to meet them, he can count himself very lucky indeed.

F.E.M.

BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon) -
2nd February 1980

No reports of these runs have been received.

Graigfechan - Three Pigeons - 9th February 1980

Because of the early morning rain I chose to leave home mid-morning, thereby riding out to the venue alone. Although warm for February, it was damp with intermittent rain, not quite wet enough to warrant capping up, but wet enough for discomfort. Arriving at the Three Pigeons at 1.45 p.m. those present were finished as far as lunch was concerned. Although a little spartan, the coal fire, and ale, served from a large enamel jug, help to make this a desirable stopping place (not to mention the quiet and beautiful setting). Those present were Simon Cogan, Mike Twigg, Rod Anderson, George Elkington, John Moss, Frank Marriott and Ben Griffiths.

Leaving Graigfechan warmed and refreshed, we head for Two Mills via the Llandegla Moors. Due to the brisk pace that followed, arrivals at the Mills were somewhat intermittent. Arriving

later than most, due to a puncture and gear problems, George Elkington was reminded by John Moss of the advantages of being a member of a club! Happy days!

PETER COLLIGAN

LOWER PEOVER - Crown - 9th February 1980

(As explained on a previous page, this account might possibly refer to the 5 January fixture).

A tough ride into the wind to reach the Cheshire lanes. Considering how much rain had fallen, it was great for the weather to be fine. When I reached the Three Greyhounds there was a meeting of the horse owners' clan, cars and trailers were all over the place. A policeman on point duty at the crossroads didn't think I was important enough to be given instructions to negotiate the crossing. Riding a trike gains one the advantage of getting in the middle of things and stubbornly waiting for a way through.

Reaching the Crown at Lower Peover (or, as some might say, Swan Green) a blue tandem trike outside signified that Harold and Mary Catling would be in residence. It was a pleasure to see Mary out and about again. For several weeks Mary has been unable to get out because of the illness of her Mother. Later on we were joined by Bob and Hagar Poole. Their arrival as it turned out to be the full complement of the run.

A question on my part to settle a painting problem: what was the colour of the Salford tramcars? With a deep puckering of brows, etc., brought forth quite a number of interesting observations into the past. I am not sure if I did get to know the colour of those trams. As we prepared for the homeward journey, the sun came out.

STAN BRADLEY

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 16th February 1980

Venturing on to a club run on four wheels gives little to write about, but once inside the Morris Dancer we found a delightful party indeed: Harold Catling, John France and Flo Hill, Ira Thomas and Hetty. The fast pack consisted of John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan, Bill Barnes, Simon Cogan and Rod Anderson. Allan Littlemore arrived last as usual, and this merely leaves yours truly to complete the party.

F.E.M.

BEESTON BROOK - Beeston Castle Hotel - 23rd February 1980

Beeston is rather a long way for no-longer-young, Manchester-based riders in the depths of winter, but a high and rising glass on Friday evening tempted us to make preparations for an early start on the morrow. Nor were we disappointed. A flying start by car,

enabled us to enjoy a delightful morning's cycling entirely on quiet lanes. Through Wettenhall (the turn at the Boot and Slipper bringing back memories of Club 50's) and on by Poole to cross the A51 at Burford, continuing south to Wrenbury before turning NW towards the Peckforton Hills.

Hundreds of cars and scores of horse boxes lined the normally quiet lane past Cholmondely Park, but as they were all empty, their late occupants being occupied, together with the Heir Apparent, in a fox-hunting ritual within the Park, we were in no way inconvenienced. An hour or so later I imagine pandemonium reigned as sportsmen and their mounts struggled to regain their respective vehicles, but by this time we had climbed Gallantry Bank, made the traverse of the Peckfortons and descended to the warmth and comfort of Beeston Castle Hotel.

Marginally first, we were able to sit back and greet successive arrivals during the next hour or so and note that not all arrived daisy-fresh. Amongst the later arrivals Ira Thomas had been delayed by a puncture, but Allan Littlemore, at 1.30 p.m. the last of all, was actually early by his own standards. By 1.45 Mary was making it clear that she thought it a sinful waste of a lovely afternoon to sit chatting in a pub when there was a lovely tandem trike without, impatient to be ridden.

Point taken. Within minutes we were again in quiet lanes, through Brassey Green, Clotton, Utkinton and Cotebrook to return to a short mile of main road on entering Winsford. Those present were: Harold Catling and Mary; Simon Cogan; Peter Colligan; Arthur Gore and Angela; Bill Gray; Ben Griffiths; Allan Littlemore; Frank Marriott; John Moss; Ira Thomas and Mike Twigg.

HAROLD CATLING

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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JUNE/JULY 1980

No. 813

LUNCH FIXTURES

June 1980

- 21 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
28 GRAINRHED (Rose & Crown) and LOWER PEOVER (Crown)

July

- 5 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
12 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
19 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George &
Dragon)
26 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)

August

- 2 PONTBLYDDYN (New Inn) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
9 COMBERBACH (Spinner & Bergamot)

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, 28th June 1980

THIS ISSUE OF THE CIRCULAR . . .

is thin, and starvation is the answer. It is the old, old story, plus the fact that when we put a closing date in, some do not take a blind bit of notice of it. We can only hope that things will be better next month.

But for the incidence of the "100" once again, we could have waited for a few more days, but to save a considerable amount of postage, the Circular must go out with the Start Card. If you can get to North Shropshire this Spring Bank Holiday we shall be very pleased to see you. And if you feel like doing a job, please ring Ira Thomas at Whitchurch (Shropshire) 4100.

* * * * *

TOMMY SHERMAN will not be at the "100" this year, and we shall miss him. Over the Spring Bank Holiday Tommy will be on a business assignment in the U.S.A. We hope he enjoys the trip.

CONGRATULATIONS

We extend our very best wishes to John and Wendy Moss on the safe arrival of their second daughter.

Arthur Gore and his good lady announce the arrival of their first offspring. We gather from Arthur that the infant has a lusty pair of lungs!

RACING NOTES

As will be seen from the results, Brian Whitmarsh has made a big difference to the Anfield team, with Simon Cogan showing real talent when riding on his own. We have won the team race on each occasion that Brian and Simon have ridden together, the first time with John Whelan, the second with David Bettaney, and the third with Mike Hallgarth. Simon has been fastest junior in each of his rides, and won first handicap in his first two. The Daily Post (Liverpool) for Monday April 14 in a report on the Rhyl "25" commented: "young man for the future is Simon Cogan, a junior from the Anfield B.C. who did 1.2.26". He took first handicap, and helped the winning team along with new recruit Brian Whitmarsh. And with Dave Bettaney we are being noticed by the Press. Rod Anderson made a good start with second place in a 1.3. limit event on his first solo ride.

RESULTS

<u>24.2.80 Larkhill Wheelers 2-up "25"</u>	2.3.80 Crewe 2-up 28 mile
Mike Hallgarth & George Elkington	Hilly T.T. Simon Cogan & Ben Griffiths
Ben Griffiths & Simon Cogan	1.11.10 (Ben fastest vet.)
1.2.11	
1.5.42	

9.3.80 Port Sunlight 4-up "25"
 Simon Cogan, Ben Griffiths)
 George Elkington & Dave) 1.0.38
 Bettaney)

16.3.80 Chester 2-up "25"
 Simon Cogan & Ben Griffiths 1.1.24
 George Elkington & Rod
 Anderson 1.5.52

16.3.80 Stone Whlrs. 40-mile Hilly
 Dave Bettaney 1.46.54

23.3.80 North Mids "25"
 Mike Hallgarth 1.4.56

29.3.80 Merseyside Ladies "10"
 Dave Eaton 28.41
 Phil Mason 33.59

29.3.80 M/c. & N.W. Vets "25"
 Peter Colligan 1.13

30.3.80 T.A. N.W. "25"
 Harold Catling finished

30.3.80 Ruthin "25"
 Dave Bettaney 1.4.08

30.3.80 Altrincham M.M. "25"
 Rod Anderson 1.5.48 2nd fastest
 & Fastest Junior

George Elkington 1.8.40
 John Moss 1.11.17

30.3.80 Lichfield 29-m. Hilly
 Simon Cogan 1.14.15 2nd fastest
 & first Handicap

Brian Whitmarsh 1.14.47 4th fast.
 John Whelan 1.15.06 5th fastest
 Mike Hallgarth 1.15.50
 Ben Griffiths 1.21.11
 First three names won first team
 medals

6.4.80 C/Stoke 22-m. Hilly
 Dave Bettaney 59.43

4.4.80 Buxton 32-m. M.T.T.
 Brian Whitmarsh 1.33.14
 John Whelan 1.35.23
 Dave Bettaney 1.40.09
 Ben Griffiths 1.42.31

6.4.80 Mid-Shropshire "50"
 Mike Hallgarth 2.7.49
 Ben Griffiths 2.11.03

7.4.80 Mid-Shropshire "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh 1.2.19
 John Whelan 1.3.32
 Ben Griffiths 1.5.40

12.4.80 East Lancs 2-up "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh &
 John Whelan 1.0.30

13.4.80 Rhyl "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh 1.1.40
 Simon Cogan 1.2.26
 (1st H'cap fastest Junior)
 Dave Bettaney 1.2.50
 John Whelan 1.3.37
 Ben Griffiths 1.6.18
 Rod Anderson 1.8.26
 Dave Eaton 1.10.13
 John Moss 1.14.00
 (First three names gained first
 team prize)

13.4.80 Nelson (Circuit of the
 Dales) 50-miles
 Mike Hallgarth 2.27

19.4.80 New Brighton "25"
 Simon Cogan 1.7.11 (Fast.Jnr.)
 Ben Griffiths 1.10.31
 George Elkington 1.11.41
 Rod Anderson 1.12.12
 Dave Bassett 1.16.03
 Dave Eaton 1.17.25
 John Moss 1.17.48

20.4.80 West Cheshire "25"

Brian Whitmarsh	1.3.50 (Fastest time)
Simon Cogan	1.4.41 (Fastest Jnr.)
Mike Hallgarth	1.5.29
Ben Griffiths	1.6.55
Rod Anderson	1.9.21
George Elkington	1.13.13
John Moss	1.14.24

20.4.80 West Pennine 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ -m. M.T.T.
John Whelan 1.35.11

85 YEARS AGO . . .

We are greatly indebted to Dennis Ford, Speedwell B.C. who, while searching in the WELLINGTON JOURNAL & SHREWSBURY NEWS for June 8, 1895, came across the following report:

HUNDRED MILES BICYCLE HANDICAP. The Anfield Bicycle Club 100-miles handicap, the greatest event of the year in Northern cycling circles, took place on Monday under the most favourable conditions. The majority of the competitors and their pacemakers arrived in Whitchurch on Saturday night, and the remainder on Sunday, there being, it is estimated, nearly 300 cyclists in the town on Monday morning. The limit men were timed to start at 10.40, and those from scratch 50 minutes later. A start was made from Prees Heath, from there to Ternhill, on to Shewbury, Eyton Corner, Hodnet Corner, back to Shawbury, Eyton Corner, Crudgington, Chetwynd Church, Ternhill, Crudgington, Chetwynd Church, and finishing at Prees Heath. There were 23 starters, and the names and times of the first nine are appended:-

1. W.N.Owen, A.B.C. (18 minutes start) 5 hrs 23 mins 18 secs.
2. W.Turner, Manchester B.C. (20) 5.25.7
3. W.E.Gee, Manchester Wednesday (20) 5.26.40
4. H.W.Smith, A.B.C. (18) 5.33.40
5. R.Thomas, A.B.C. (18) 5.36.21
6. A.F.Ilsley, North Road C.C. (scratch) 5.24.59
7. J.A.Buck, Manchester Wheelers (15) 5.49.12
8. B.H.Wright, North Liverpool (limit 50) 6.29.12
9. F.T.Bidlake, tricycle, North Road C.C. (35) 6.16.27

There were three prizes (medals), the first being value 5 guineas, the second three guineas, third two guineas, and a gold medal for fastest time, which was also won by Owen. The latter, it may be remembered, won the Anfield 50-miles race some three weeks since, the distance being accomplished in 2 hrs 35 mins. Bidlake beat the tricycle record by 3 minutes, Mr. W.F.Collier, Northern Roads Records Association, was starter and time keeper.

The same issue also contains a note to the effect that Liverpool F.C. which also hails from Anfield, finished at the very bottom of the First Division Football League in the season 1894/5.

THIS IS THE FINAL EXTRACT FROM ARCHIE BENNETT'S NOTES

I never intended to start in the 1892 Anfield "100", as I had been busy stocktaking for about two weeks. About a week before the race I met T.A.Edge in Manchester, where I worked. He said that Carlisle would do the best time, or R.J.Isley, and when he said to me "You have no chance!" as the two riders he mentioned were well-trained, and in exceptional form.

This stuck in my gill, and when I got back to business I talked it over with a friend, and asked if I could get fit in a week. He was a very good judge on training of all kinds of sport, and he said that it was too late as I had done no cycling, being busy every night. However, he said "Leave it till this afternoon". At 4 p.m. I asked him, and he seemed doubtful. He then said "Are you very keen on it?" I said I would do anything to go in for it and make a good show.

The upshot was I never touched a bicycle till I got to the start on the Chester to Whitchurch road. The skipping rope was the training on hot summer nights. I must have lost a stone in weight, but inside one week I was ready to start. The start was made by R.J.Isley, Carlisle and myself and the road was lined with pace-makers, a fresh one every mile for 25 miles, going all out, chiefly path men. So you can understand the gruelling we got. I saw Carlisle's shoulders going up and down (this meant he was finished). At about 23 miles Charlie Fletcher (Manchester Wheelers) joined in to pace me. A fresh pacemaker again, and Carlisle dropped out. After some more gruelling miles Fletcher tired and I started to keep the speed up, then Fletcher came on again and paced.

Later, at the turning to Wem - 70 miles - feeding place near to, Isley wanted to feed and said I would be sorry if I did not feed, but I went the other way to finish near Chester. I did the last 30 miles alone, and caught the limit man about four miles from the finish, and the winners on tandem (Lowe and James 8m) had just got in one minute before me and were leaning against the hedge on tandem. Finished, from what Dave Rowatt told me. I know I had been going fast, especially the last 30 miles, like I did in the last 30 miles of the 1891 "100". I did not stop at the finish, but rode on to Chester - Bull & Stirrup, and Dave Rowatt rode with me. He said I had beaten the world's record.

First: Lowe and James (tandem) 8 mins. 5.53.47

Second:	J.A.Bennett	Scratch	5.46.50
Third:	W.Hood	30 minutes	6.25.10
Fourth:	R.J.Isley	Scratch	6.1.51
Fifth:	W.R.Toft	15 minutes	6.17.13

And so ends a most enlightening glimpse of the Old Days.

J.A.B.

R U N S

BIRTHDAY RUN at the HAZEL PEAR, Acton Bridge - 1st March 1980

The sun was bright for this day of our "Super" club run to Acton Bridge. On arriving at the Eureka I was met by George Elkington (of two-up fame), Simon Cogan, Rod Anderson (training run stars). Arthur Gore (crash specialist), and the Captain, complete with no socks! The route was as normal, through the lanes past Chester Zoo, then Delamere Forest over the switchback road, which is one of my favourites, although I do prefer to ride it in the other direction.

Two miles from the venue the pace went up four miles per hour as Rod and Simon hit the front and I left the back to watch the sprint for the Acton Bridge sign from afar. It is hoped that this low-key "dinner" was enjoyed by those who attended, as the Club considered that after last year's 100th birthday dinner it would be better to have a change, and also allow people to attend without having to meet the high costs involved with a formal dinner.

Those present at the Hazel Pear on this birthday occasion were as follows, the names not being in any particular order: Jim Cranshaw and Lilian, after a long trip from the West Midlands; Hubert Buckley and Sadie, with Sadie's sister and Alf; Allan Littlemore and Marian; Ira Thomas and Hetty; Bob Poole and Hagar; George Jones (BNE) and Eric Reeves; Harold Catling and George Taylor; from Sheffield, Chris Edwards and Alan Deeley; Peter Colligan and Maureen, bringing Guy Pullan and Vi.; Arthur Gore; John Moss, Wendy and family; John Whelan, Jane and family; Mike Hallgarth; Simon Cogan; Ben Griffiths; Rod Anderson; George Elkington; Phil Mason; Mike Twigg, Pat and Stuart; Dave Bettaney, Delia and family; John France and Flo Hill; Arthur Birkby and George Connor; Frank Marriott and Jim Ruffle (MRC), who started F.E.M. on his wheeling way more years ago than are worth counting; and Bill Gray.

JOHN MOSS

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 8th March 1980

With the wind blowing cold enough to make living a little

uncomfortable, I set out on my regular Saturday morning pilgrimage. The direction of travel caused me to take the main roads a bit more than usual, via Alderley Edge. However, when the lanes are reached, one comes into villages such as Dicklow Gap, Gleadsmoss and Hulme Walfield before reaching the Davenport Arms at Marton.

The warmth in the inn gave a very welcome feeling. Our party was made up by Harold and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, and the party was complete when Hubert Buckley arrived. The possibility of a strong headwind for the return journey was not inviting. However, accepting the conditions and a steady plod the journey was not too bad at all.

STAN BRADLEY

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 8th March 1980

John Moss and Simon Cogan were waiting at the Eureka when I arrived. A quick cup of tea and we were away. John had his weekly puncture just before we reached The Bull. Mike Twigg and Frank Marriott and Cyril were already eating when we arrived. Bill Gray made up the party - only seven on a cold damp day. Mike and I had time for an extra pint while watching John repair his puncture and then it was a case of straight back to the Eureka Cafe, and home.

BEN

Note: Bill, we learned later, had a very pleasant afternoon. He got talking with some friends, and the time just flew, and before they knew it the pub was open again. Perhaps it had never closed. Ed.

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 15th March 1980

A sullen sort of day, with the odd vestige of a shower now and again. Stan Bradley said it was a good day for cycling, or, more correctly in the circumstances, tricycling. And Stan should know, because he has been at it longer than most people. Not today, though. This March morning the car had conveyed Stan to Middlewich, and there it waited until his return. Harold Catling was braver - and younger, which counts for a lot - he tricycled the many miles from Didsbury. The Manchester section was complete with the arrival of Bob and Hagar Poole, whose Morris 1000 is a joy to behold, and no wonder, the time Bob takes in giving it the once over with a nice, clean cloth.

The general turnout was not so good, either, with several regular faces missing. Ben Griffiths evidently met Peter Colligan at Two Mills, and no Wirral resident turned up. John Thompson, from the environs of Liverpool, reached Cheshire by way of Runcorn, and that left Ira Thomas to come from Whitchurch. Four by their own power, that was all, for the day. We were pleased to see Mike Twigg, with Pat, and Stuart, and the party was complete with the arrival of

yours truly and friend Cyril. John Thompson told us that he had no takers for his annual Easter Adventure. Everyone had shied off. So being alone, John intended to stretch his holiday into a fortnight, from four days to fourteen. A promising prospect indeed.
F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - 29th March 1980

A cold day and with the knowledge that Harold Catling was indisposed, I wondered who else would be attending the run. Harold had damaged a tendon during a dancing session! Once underway the conditions did not seem so bad and as I reached the George & Dragon Bob and Hagar Poole turned up. Then, just as we were becoming aware that we were a mere three, Rex and Edna Austin arrived to make a very pleasant party indeed. No one else, though, but we had a very pleasant session.

STAN BRADLEY

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 12th April 1980

When I set out to go to the club run it had turned out to be a very good day. Or so it seemed, until I found the wind to be very strong and very cold. So I decided to shorten the ride and travel by way of Higher Sutton, to arrive at the venue about 12 o'clock.

I had just settled comfortably when Stan Bradley joined me, to be followed quite soon by Bob and Hagar Poole. And around 12.30 we were very delighted to see Rex and Edna Austin, who had walked over the hill from Macclesfield. Rex was in great form.

Our conversation was soon enlivened by some of Rex's tales from earlier days. The time soon got round to 1.30, and as I had promised to be at Gawsorth at 2.30 to marshal in a Macclesfield Wheelers "10", so I had to leave. The others were also ready to depart. I hope all got home safely, and that Stan found the going easier with the following wind and the downhill roads.

HUBERT BUCKLEY

LOWER WILTHINGTON - Red Lion - 19th April 1980

The Red Lion has changed hands, and as a result the prices of food have been increased. The room where we enjoyed our "eats" on earlier occasions now has a juke box, a one-arm bandit, and a pool table. All right for those who like this sort of noise, but we don't. The Red Lion is not for those who appreciate a quiet room for a meal and a chat, so perhaps we need not go to this particular inn again.

BOB POOLE

S T O P P R E S S - We regret to announce the death of Hubert Buckley in a road accident on Saturday 3rd May. A full appreciation will appear in our next issue.

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 1980

No. 814

LUNCH FIXTURES

August

- 2 PONTBLYDDYN (New Inn) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 9 COMBERBACH (Spinner and Bergamot)
- 16 GRAIGFECHAN (Three Pigeons) and HOLMES CHAPEL
(George & Dragon)
- 23 NORLEY (Tiger's Head)
- 30 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers Arms)

September

- 6 BWLCH GWYN (Four Crosses) and BASLEY (Harrington
Arms)
- 13 HUXLEY (Farmer's Arms) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 20 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 27 BRYNFORD (Crooked Horn) 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, 30th August 1980

COMMITTEE NOTES

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: Notices of motion for inclusion on the Agenda should be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary not later than August 11th.

AUFUMN TINTS TOUR: We have made a provisional booking for 25 at the GLAN ABER HOTEL at Betws-y-Coed, the scene of many happy Anfield gatherings in earlier years. We hope to make a two-night "do" on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, October 24th and 25th, heading for home again on Sunday, the 26th. The idea for the Saturday run is an adventure on The Roman Steps. The Glan Aber has quoted a special price of £10 per night, dinner, bed and breakfast (including V.A.T.) Definite bookings will be arranged with the hotel on an individual basis, and all names will be submitted in advance. John Moss, 1 Pennine Walk, LITTLE SUTTON, South Wirral, Cheshire, has agreed to take charge of the arrangements and definite bookings, together with a deposit of £5 should be sent to him, not later than September 27.

FILM SHOW: John Moss has made arrangements for a film evening to be projected at WHITBY COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL on September 26. The films, 16 mm with sound, are two in number: STARS AND WATER CARRIERS, the story of the 1973 Tour of Italy, and THE IMPOSSIBLE HOUR, a description of an attempt made on the Hour Record in Mexico City in 1975. Admission £1.

SYD HANCOCK has agreed to be our delegate to the Road Records Association.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Alex Beaton, c/o 7 Hunter Street, AUCHTERARDER, Perthshire PH3 1PA
D.J. Byron, Oakleigh House, Chittlehampton, Umberleigh EX37 9RN
Telephone: Chittlehampton 359

MIKE TWIGG has reverted to First Claim Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

Robert Charles Fram, 8 Pear Tree Close, Heswall, Wirral.
Andrew John Kelly, 1 Wittering Lane, Lower Heswall, Wirral.
Proposed by John Moss and seconded by Dave Eaton in each case.

FOR SALE: Dave Eaton wishes to dispose of the following equipment: PAIR OF HIGH PRESSURE WHEELS, Weinmann Alloy Rims, Normandy Large Flange Hubs. In very good condition. Dave can be telephoned on 051-648 3563.

RACING NOTES

Well, what can I say about this 1980 season. Simon Cogan, a very real revelation, set the Anfield in motion by being the first Anfielder to beat 25 m.p.h. in 1980 with 23.47 for the "10". Three weeks later he broke the Club record with 22.53, and on 18th June he did 57.01 for a "25". And he is still a 16-year old schoolboy! Brian Whitmarsh has just had the better of Simon on the flat courses, and when Brian went to Harrogate for a week in May he improved Simon's "10" time to 22.41, and he knocked four seconds off John Whelan's 1968 Club record with 56.21. 25 m.p.h. has already been beaten 24 times this season by five riders and we are only in June. So we have some very good times to come yet.

BENNO

OBITUARY - H.G. BUCKLEY

Hubert Gerrard Buckley, aged 73 years, who was killed so tragically in a collision with a lorry in Mill Street, Macclesfield, was the son of Edwin Buckley, a well-known Anfielder who joined the Club in 1893. And so a rare link, forged 87 years ago, is broken. The accident happened on Saturday, May 3rd, when Hubert was on his way to the Club Run at Langley. He had been a member since 1923.

Cycling was Hubert's first love, although golf, motoring, and latterly bowling played a big part in a very energetic life. Hubert, unlike his father, did not race very much, but enjoyed to the full, assisting by checking or marshalling whenever required to do so. Hubert was Vice President in recent years, and only relinquished the post because he was of the firm opinion that such jobs were made to go round. He also served on the Committee.

Hubert had a prodigious knowledge of the early days of the Club, much learned from his father, but he also loved the roads, and his knowledge of a good house was always particularly valuable. Hubert made life-long friends wherever we ventured. During the war he saw service in France and India with the Royal Air Force.

Hubert will be greatly missed by his wife, Sadie and brother-in-law Alf, to whom we extend our heartfelt condolences.

J.D.C.

HUBERT

The last issue of the Circular reported briefly that Hubert Gerrard Buckley, a life member of the Club, had died as a result of a collision with a motor vehicle whilst cycling to the Club run to Langley on May 3rd. The funeral at Macclesfield was attended by a goodly number of Hubert's many friends, whilst the Club was represented by Rex Austin and Jim Cranshaw, clubmates for nearly sixty years, as well as Alan Gorman and

Stan Bradley. Stan Livingstone of the Dukinfield C.C. and several members of the Macclesfield C.C. also attended. At the subsequent inquest the widow was represented by Peter Walthall, Chairman of the R.T.T.C., whose firm are the family solicitors. A very fair and patient investigation produced a verdict of "Accidental Death" - and after the considerable weight of evidence from eye witnesses, no other verdict was thinkable.

Hubert's father, the late Edwin Buckley, was a member of long standing, and a Vice President of the Club, and so it was natural for him to join his father's Club. And so, early in the year 1923, at the age of 16, he was elected a member, just one month before the present writer. He was never a successful racing man, although he competed from time to time in Club events; he was, however, a regular attender at our Club runs and a ready and willing helper for the Club's events. During the last war he served in the Royal Air Force and when later, the need arose for a Secretary of the Northern Road Records Association it was natural for Hubert to be thought of, especially in view of the many years that his father served the association as Secretary and later as President. Hubert was a conspicuous success in the office, in which he served for some thirteen years.

During this period he found time to serve the Club as Vice President and Committee man. His cycling mileage at this time was minimal, but later his enthusiasm for the game revived, he acquired a new bicycle and attended many Club runs both near and far, to some extent by the crafty use of British Rail. As well as being always available to assist in the Club's own events, he was a checker for many of the cycling events held in East Cheshire. He made a special point of attending all the Club's special occasions, no matter where they were held, and was a regular at the runs of the fast diminishing Manchester section. Hubert was well liked and held in high regard by all who knew him and will be much missed by us all. The Club wishes to extend its sympathy to Sadie and Alf at this sad time.

REX AUSTIN

(NOTE: The Club was not represented by members from Merseyside at the committal for the reason that we didn't know of the tragedy until too late.)

We also wish to acknowledge receipt of a letter of sympathy from our old friend Richard Hulse of the Speedwell B.C.

RACING RESULTS

12.4.80 Merseyside Vets "25"
Peter Colligan 1.9.45

26.4.80 Macclesfield "25"
Peter Colligan 1.9.01

27.4.80 West Cheshire "30"

Simon Cogan	1.14.42
(3rd fastest & fastest Junr.)	
Ben Griffiths	1.17.10
George Elkington	1.19.11 (1st H'cap)
Rod Anderson	1.20.08
Dave Bassett	1.20.36
John Moss	1.22.12
Dave Eaton	1.22.59

27.4.80 Adorior 40-mL.M.T.T.

Mike Hallgarth	1.51.04
Brian Whitmarsh	1.53.12
Dave Bettaney	1.55.02

3.5.80 Middleton "10"

Dave Eaton	28.27
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4.5.80 Warwickshire "50"

Mike Hallgarth	2.12.17
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4.5.80 L'pl Century 24-mile Hilly Event on Halkyn Mountain

Simon Cogan	59.55 (3rd Fast. Fastest Jnr.)
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Brian Whitmarsh	1.0.29
Chris Edwards	1.1.15
Dave Bettaney	1.2.25
George Elkington	1.5.42
John Moss	1.6.30

4.5.80 Dukinfield "50"

Ben Griffiths	2.15.25
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5.5.80 Anfield "25"

Brian Whitmarsh	1.0.41
Simon Cogan	1.2.11 (P.B.)
Dave Bassett	1.3.52
Chris Edwards	1.3.56
Dave Bettaney	1.3.59
Rod Anderson	1.6.10

10.5.80 East Lancs "25"

Dave Eaton	1.8.11
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11.5.80 Cheshire Roads "50"

John Whelan	2.14.05
Mike Hallgarth	2.14.55
Ben Griffiths	2.18.12

14.5.80 Crewe Clarion "10"

Simon Cogan	23.47 (P.B.)
Mike Hallgarth	24.57

17.5.80 L'pool Century "10"

Simon Cogan	23.33 (P.B.)
Phil Mason	29.34

18.5.80 West Wales "50"

Mike Hallgarth	2.8.47
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18.5.80 Tamworth "25"

Brian Whitmarsh	57.24)
Simon Cogan	58.04) 2nd Team
John Whelan	59.12)
Ben Griffiths	59.35
Dave Bassett	59.52
John Moss	1.2.15
Dave Eaton	1.3.46
George Elkington	1.8.59
Simon Cogan P.B. & fastest Junr.	
George Elkington punct. - 7 mins.	

24.5.80 M/ch.St.Christophers "25" (M.M.)

Simon Cogan	59.52 Fastest time
Dave Bassett	1.3.29
Rod Anderson	1.4.24

24.5.80 North Shropshire "25"

Brian Whitmarsh	59.08
John Whelan	1.3.06
Dave Eaton	1.6.03

26.5.80 Anfield "100"

Mike Hallgarth	4.28.36 (S.F.S.)
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31.5.80 Rhyl "10"

Brian Whitmarsh	23.04) 3rd f.
Simon Cogan	23.21) 1st
Ben Griffiths	23.58) Team
George Elkington	24.29
Rod Anderson	24.41
Phil Mason	28.10
Simon Cogan P.B. & fastest Junr.	

31.5.80 C.C. Bexley "25"

Dave Bassett	59.21
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1.6.80 Warrington "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh 1.2.26)
 Simon Cogan 1.2.40) 1st
 Ben Griffiths 1.5.21) Team
 George Elkington 1.7.24
 Peter Colligan 1.10.58

5.6.80 Mercia Two-Up "25"
 Simon Cogan)
 Mike Hallgarth) 57.10
 John Moss)
 Ben Griffiths) 1.013

5.6.80 Stretford Wheelers
Two-Up "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh)
 John Whelan) 57.51

7.6.80 Merseyside Vets "25"
 Ben Griffiths 1.2.21
 Mike Twigg 1.4.35
 Peter Colligan 1.5.25

7.6.80 West Pennine "10"
 Simon Cogan 22.53 P.B.
 (New Club record)
 Dave Eaton 25.14
 Phil Mason 26.56 P.B.

8.6.80 West Cheshire "50"
 Brian Whitmarsh 2.1.26) fast.time
 Mike Hallgarth 2.4.50) 1st
 John Whelan 2.5.46) Team
 Ben Griffiths 2.6.30

8.6.80 L'pool Century "25"
 Simon Cogan 1.1.12
 Dave Eaton 1.6.59
 Phil Mason 1.14.27

OLDBURY & DISTRICT "50"
 Brian Whitmarsh 2.0.50
 John Whelan 2.9.51
 (off course - loss 8/9 mins)
 John Moss 2.11.07 P.B.

15.6.80 Snowdonia "25"
 Simon Cogan 1.0.54 fast.Jnr.
 George Elkington 1.5.19 P.B.
 Rod Anderson 1.7.26

18.6.80 V.C. York "25"
 Simon Cogan 57.01 P.B.
 Ben Griffiths 59.10

21.6.80 Janus "25"
 Simon Cogan 1.0.18
 Rod Anderson 1.6.25

22.6.80 L'pool & West Cheshire
"100"
 Mike Hallgarth 4.29.09
 Fastest West Cheshire rider -
 awarded Jack Salt Rose Bowl
 Ben Griffiths 4.39.25
 John Moss 4.52.03 P.B.
 Phil Mason 5.32.23 (1st "100")

22.6.80 Warrington "50"
 John Whelan 2.6.07
 Dave Eaton 2.18.57

22.6.80 Otley "50"
 Brian Whitmarsh 2.1.00

23.6.80 Harrogate "10"
 Brian Whitmarsh 22.41
 New Club Record

24.6.80 Harrogate Nova "25"
 Brian Whitmarsh 56.21
 New Club Record

25.6.80 G.S.Sunlight "25"
 Simon Cogan 59.41
 John Whelan 59.56
 Ben Griffiths 1.2.08
 John Moss 1.4.24
 Dave Eaton 1.5.54
 Peter Colligan 1.7.17

"AGONY" COLUMN: George Elkington had the misfortune to come in slight contact with a car whilst competing in an event held in the Raglan district on June 29. George was slightly injured, but on the Monday evening following he was his usual bright and smiling self.

- - - - -

THE "100" - 1980 - A MESSAGE FROM THE EVENT SECRETARY

This year's entry showed fewer names than last year, but it still was a very representative field, ranging from Scotland to Hampshire, with riders from no less than 38 clubs, but with one sad note - only two of "Ours" entered and rode. However, it was noticeable that there were more of "Ours" performing various duties in the event.

In the past we have been criticised for not catering for the club folk who attend the event, and this year we did just that, and thanks to Pat Twigg and daughters, Hagar Poole and Hetty, a most efficient snack-bar was set up which was a great success. We must be grateful to these ladies for supplying the refreshments, and also to Stuart Twigg for the various jobs he did.

My personal thanks to John Moss for drawing up the result board, to Mike Twigg for his recording of the results which made my tasks lighter, Mark Haslam for assisting Jeff Mills, who timed the event, and Jack Hawkins for the direction signs which were most distinctive.

The venue after the event, The Dog in the Lane, Astley, seemed to be very popular, members of several clubs were heard discussing the "100" and enjoying a drink in most enjoyable surroundings. Finally, my thanks to all those who helped in any way, and contributed to the high standard to which we must maintain.

IRA THOMAS

THE "100" SPRING BANK HOLIDAY, 26th May 1980

As George Jones (Birkenhead North End) rider in the Anfield "100" for more years than even he can remember, ventured at the finish: "It is a poor do when a bloke does 4.6.40 and even then cannot win the Anfield "100". And so it is, but it actually happened this year. (George was on the card again, but as he looked so fresh at the finish, and we do not remember him coming to the Bletchley turn, we assume that the day, excellent though it was, could not have been to his liking.)

The field of 87 could be described as disappointing, and we have not yet solved the mystery of the variations (in most years) in the number of entrants. And of this 87, no less than 33 were veterans, and this makes one wonder what the field will be when, one by one, these super enthusiasts of the time-trialling game, decide to hand up their sprints and tubs. and call it a day.

0.

Yet although we didn't field a full quota, the quality was present. Our own John Whelan, giving the ride a miss this year, tipped Iddles to win at the start, but the result could never be a foregone conclusion. Only during the last 25 miles did Iddles superiority become revealed. At the first "25" check two riders were inside the hour, Mellor, riding well in 59.21 and Iddles, with a 59.56. Other contenders were outside: Denny in 1.01.56, Garrett, 1.02.09 and Gilbertson, hard on his heels, with 1.02.15.

At the half-way stage things were hotting up. Mellor stormed through with a 2.0.4 and we hoped then for a super ride, with, perhaps event record being broken. It was an excellent morning, with just the odd drop of rain to lay the dust, temperature about right, and, most important of all, not much wind. Hard on Mellor's heels came Iddles, in 2.0.46. Barring accidents, the race was becoming to be a tussle between these two. Only Denny was inside 2.6.

The same picture presented itself at 75 miles. Mellor had come through from the "50" point in 1.1.27, and Iddles in 1.1.96. This meant that Mellor had a "bit in the bank" of 1 minute and 11 seconds. If he could maintain that lead, or most of it, he would be home and dry as the winner of the 1980 Anfield "100". Yet, as we all know, the race can be won and lost on those final miles. And this was the year when Mellor lost. The "bit in the bank", plus another 54 seconds, just vanished, and Iddles triumphed with 4.5.46, only 57 seconds slower than Dave Allan's 1974 event record of 4.4.49. Iddles stormed across the last 25 miles in 1.03.04, while Mellor had to be content with 1.05.09. In the last 2½ miles from Battlefield, Iddles took 15 seconds out of Mellor. Truly a most exciting finish.

Garratt, winner of the "A" section, also performed extremely well. After a 1.02.09 for 25 miles, and 2.06.12 for the 50, he rode the third stretch in 1.3.43, and the final length in 1.3.12, to finish in 4.13.07. A well-ridden "100" if there was one.

In the "B" section, P.S. Bennion also performed excellently. First man on the road for much of the ride, he clocked 1.04.13, 2.09.01 and 3.14.02 to finish in 4.19.44, another excellent example of consistent riding.

Evergreen Johnny Williams, of the Mersey Roads, was particularly delighted this morning. His grandson, Jonathon Williams, also a Mersey Roader, gained fastest time in the "C" section with a quite acceptable 4.36.42. Of our two riders, our very youthful George Elkington did not finish, while Mike Hallgarth came up with a very respectable ride of 4.28.36.

We would extend our sincere thanks to all who entered and

rode, and our gratitude goes to all, particularly the non-members, who so willingly rallied round to help: Jeff Mills, who held the watch, and Messrs. Lake, Butterworth (and his good lady), Jones, Humphries and members of the Wrekin Sports. The list is endless: D.Ingham and R.Page, B.Hazeldene, Jack Duckers, W.Jones and Brian Tudor of the North Shropshire. We also appreciate the provision of drinks at the 52-mile spot by members of the Mersey Roads Club.

At the finish an innovation in the form of a Refreshment Tent, ably staffed by the distaff side of the Twigg family, Hetty Thomas and Hagar Poole. Don Pitchford with his usual efficiency made an excellent job of the results board.

The finish of the "100" has for many years been a meeting place for friends to congregate and renew old acquaintances. We were delighted to see Percy Stallard, Fred Butterworth, Tom Livingstone, Les Heald, Alec Smith, Johnny Williams and family, Gilbert Sutcliffe, Dennis Ford and Les Lowe.

And if the help of our friends is most helpful, the assistance of Anfielders is indispensable, and a host of them were working at the start, around the course, and, of course, at the finish. First of all, Ira Thomas, who made the job of organizing the event so eminently simple - which it isn't. The Club is most grateful to him for his relentless work.

At the start, a youthful lot, with Dave Brown probably the eldest, and Mike Twigg not far behind. John Moss, and Keith Orum as Course Marshal. Harold Catling and George Taylor at Tern Bridge, Jack Hawkins and Eric Reeves at Shawbirch Island. At Battlefield Corner we had John Thompson, John Whelan, Dave Bettaney, Dave Bassett and Brian Whitmarsh. Bill Gray occupied a lonely post at Rock Hall crossroads. John and Neil France, with Albert Dixon, at Prees, and Frank Marriott, with the help of friends already mentioned, at Bletchley.

At the finish Mark Haslam graced the timekeeper's car, and the Finishing Board was in charge of John Moss, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Keith Orum and Dave Birchall. The drinks teams consisted of Peter Colligan, Simon Cogan, Chris Edwards, Ben Griffiths, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Rod Anderson, Hugh Dauncey, Geoff Sharp, Dave Jones, Carl Futter, Arthur Gore, and Rodney France. A splendid effort by all.

Other Anfielders at the finish we noticed were Peter (who has grown noticeably even rounder since leaving his bicycle alone) and Lily Rock, Mike Hallgarth, Jack Pitchford (looking as prosperous as ever) Jimmy Cranshaw, Bob Poole, George Elkington, and Len Walls.

The change in the post-ride rendezvous to the Dog in the Lane Inn at Astley was much appreciated. Much nearer, and better food.

Finally, if there seem many shortcomings in this report, we can express regret. Only at the very end, during a conversation with Ira Thomas, did we learn that this all important job had yet to be filled. Consequently, many newsy items escaped us. David Barker, our usual recorder, could not make the "100" this year.

F.E.M.

R U N S

NORLEY - Tiger's Head - 22nd March 1980

Sandwiched between much wintry nastiness, this was a day that gave the first promise of Spring. Limbs long chilled with east winds warmed to the task, eyes once again revelled in distant views, albeit these revealed snow on far-off hills. Young Anfielders on their way out doubtless tested their fitness in fierce effort and mutual challenge, but for me it was opportunity to stop and stare at a bank of purple crocus, and to welcome hedgerows with the occasional hint of green.

It was good to be out and about on a bicycle, and to arrive at the inn to be greeted by an assembly of Anfielders and friends. This included the President, one Vice-President, Captain, Editor, Secretary and Treasurer (see front cover!). Supporting the fine array of officials were Mary Catling (the stoker on the Vice President's tandem trike); John France, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril; Geoff Sharp and Vivienne and Flo Hill; Bob Poole and Hagar; Guy Pullan; Stan Bradley; Mike Twigg; Simon Cogan; Rod Anderson; George Elkington; Ira Thomas and Hetty; Peter Colligan; Eric Reeves and Allan Littlemore. The fast brigade were sporting the new training tops with the A B C motif re-designed and very smart they looked - and not a trade name in sight.

Leaving early to make the most of the afternoon, I potted around favourite lane routes, visited the back-waters of the Weaver and at last found myself with time to spare at the cross roads near Weaverham. Seated on the old mounting stone which once helped horsemen to their saddles, and pioneer bicyclists on to their high spidery machines, I did a little mental digging to uncover the one-time romance of the open road. It was not too difficult, above my head the Hanging Gate inn-sign read:

This gate hangs well, hinders none, refresh and pay, travel on. The road was none other than the famous End to End road. Over the years aspirants had passed this spot by all manner of means to set up records between the north and south of the land. It was easy

to visualise G.P.Mills of the Anfield on his many attempts passing here, surrounded by pacemakers and helpers with spare machines, hurrying over the easy miles before encountering the setts of Lancashire, the rise of Shap, and the torments of the Highlands. His clubmates, Lawrence Fletcher and R.H.Carlisle also passed this way on the same drawn-out quest. To the swarms of motorists speeding by this is a world unknown but to the initiated there is still a little of the romance to be seen - a wayside inn with cycles of all descriptions stacked outside indicating that the Anfield is holding its Saturday club-run as it always has done.

GUY PULLAN

GRAIANRHYD - Rose & Crown - 29th March 1980

Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Mike Hallgarth, Simon Cogan and myself were just about to leave Two Mills when a car arrived, on top of which was a black tandem. Who else but John Thompson and Maggie. We were soon on the road, our route being via Hawarden, Cefn-y-bedd, Bwlchgwyn and Rhydtalog. Mike slipped off the back at Hawarden and was not seen again until Graianrhyd. John Thompson and Maggie were delayed for well over an hour by a puncture near Bwlchgwyn. The rest of us arrived a bit wind-blown at the Rose & Crown. Here we met Frank Marriott and friend Cyril. Hugh Dauncey also made one of his rare appearances, and seeing Simon, was able to give lessons on how to climb hills even better.

ROD ANDERSON

COMBERBACH - Spinner & Bergamot - Easter Saturday, 5th April

There is magic cycling through Cheshire on a day of warm Spring sunshine, and no more than the merest hint of a south-easterly wind. My Easter Saturday journey to Comberbach began in Christleton, the base for the holiday, by negotiating the canal bridge which spans the Shropshire Union, and following the road beyond the red brick and sandstone of Christleton out into the grassy landscapes of the Cheshire countryside. I bowl through Duddon, and down lanes lined with trees, nose through Utkinton, note the Hall (17th century?) and its venerable boundary wall and woodland, and freewheel down to Cotebrook. By Oulton Mill Pool I check the route, and head for Whitegate.

Later, after more map reading, I regret not visiting Little Budworth. Involved navigation avoids the worst of Northwich, and leads to Winnington. Here, I.C.I's factories crown round the road to the bridge over the Weaver, and in their midst are two bronze statues wearing Victorian greatcoats and big, floppy hats, gazing importantly at the scene. Though I didn't know it at the time,

they are Messrs. Mond and Brunner, who started the business in 1873.

In two miles I arrive at Comberbach, and lock my Constrictor-Asp clad black Walvale next to a Constrictor-Asp clad black R.R.A., and a black tricycle. Guy Pullan and Stan Bradley have arrived. We discuss why the top gear of 65 on Guy's R.R.A. should feel so different to a top gear of (if I remember correctly) 63.5 on his second bike. Such a conversation is for connoisseurs! A local man enthuses to us about Constrictor-Asp rims - because his dad used to make them.

The lads arrive, a business-like team clad in Anfield training tops. They are Arthur Gore, George Elkington, John Moss, Ben Griffiths and Simon Cogan. The group is completed with Mike Twigg, Allan Littlemore, Frank Marriott, Stephen, and friend Cyril, and Mike Hallgarth. Outside, the day is worthy of early summer, not just Spring! I elect to ride back with the Captain's team. On reflection, this was probably not a mistake, although I am firmly of the view that some members do not take the club runs seriously. Club runs should not be confused with training work-outs. My journey back allowed me time to note that mine was the only bike shod for touring; all my companions rode racing machines: tubs, sprints, close ratio blocks: gleaming machines with just about the minimum of everything.

We flee from Comberbach, through Acton Bridge, Norley, Delamere Forest, Ashton, and Bridge Trafford without pause for breath. Fortunately, at Mickle Trafford the Captain leads his team northwards back to Wirral, leaving Mike Twigg and myself to head back into Chester. I am not too proud to say that I did not go off the back, but despite the crawl through Guilden Sutton and Littleton, I had not recovered by my return to base at Christleton.

DAVID BIRCHALL

PONTBLYDDYN - The New Inn - 19th April 1980

(Cliff Farebrother, a noted Cheshire Roader of 30 years ago, has taken over the New Inn at Pontblyddyn, and we went to see him).

On a bright and breezy morning a party of seven gathered at Eureka. John Moss and Ben Griffiths were due to ride in a "25" that afternoon, so took to motorized transport at Hawarden. After a brief spell off the front to Queensferry, Mike Hallgarth and a bearded Arthur Gore slipped off the back in Hawarden. The remaining trio of Chris Edwards, Peter Colligan and me turned off into the lanes past Penyfordd and on to Hope, where we took the Brymbo road. Turning off at Ffrith brought us out below Treuddyn, where

we descended to the New Inn at Pontblyddyn.

Awaiting us were John France, in jubilant mood about Neil's forthcoming marriage and move to South Africa. Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Frank Marriott and Cyril, Mossy and Ben, Mike and Arthur having gone direct from Hawarden. The venue should be highly recommended for its Marston Pedigree Bitter, and excellent beef sandwiches.

After watching the finish of the Paris Roubaix race on T.V. we dashed off towards Christleton Island to see some of the riders in the New Brighton "25". We cheered on several Anfielders braving a wicked wind, and then headed back to Two Mills for some much-needed refreshment.

BILL BARNES

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - 26th April 1980

We are not too sure as to who arrived first: it might have been Bob and Hagar Poole, and it could have been John France with Albert and Sylvia Dixon. First of the bicycle riders was Mike Twigg, who had enjoyed the sunny morning tootling in the lanes around Beeston Castle. Next to arrive were Frank Marriott with friend Cyril. Then the fast pack, in no particular order: John Moss, Arthur Gore, Chris Edwards, Dave Eaton, Ben Griffiths, George Elkington with friend Simon Gilbert, and Rod Anderson. Ira Thomas quickly followed, and Bill Gray and Mike Hallgarth completed the very pleasant party.

As usual, the varied topics of conversation were the high spots of the proceedings. Our Anfield runs have developed considerably in this direction down the years, making the club runs very enjoyable indeed. If anyone has the impression that we just down the food and hurry off again would be very much mistaken. We must report however, that we heard Hagar Poole chivvying Bob, not with much success, to down what was left of his pint and make a move for home. They had, it seems, been sitting there for more than 2½ hours, so perhaps a move was justified.

F.E.M.

LANGLEY - Leather Smithy - 3rd May 1980

With a very strong wind blowing with more east in it than anything else it was a tough ride to reach Langley. However, a rest in the sunshine on arrival at the reservoir side made me feel that it was worth the effort. Made my way to the Leather Smithy and had quite a surprise when I was greeted by Alan Gorman, looking quite fit and well. Cannot remember when I last saw him on a run.

Beside new management at the inn there were other changes going on. A building extension at the rear, and quite a few gadgets missing from the walls (and there were plenty of these). The best change

was a log fire. Our party was made up by Rex and Mrs. Austin, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Alan Gorman and myself. We knew that Harold Catling was in faraway places, and could not be with us. But we were more than a little puzzled by Hubert Buckley's non-appearance. We learnt of the tragedy later. Had we known at the time the atmosphere would have been very, very different. We are going to miss Hubert very much.

STAN BRADLEY

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - 3rd May 1980

A breezy but sunny day greeted those of us leaving the Eureka - John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan, Mike Hallgarth, Arthur Gore and myself. A pleasant quiet ramble through Huntington was enjoyed by all. Most of us had been transformed into peaceful un-aggressive cyclists due to the threat of a "50" or a hilly 24-mile on the following day.

I arrived at the Bull amazed at how easy cycling can be, to find Frank Marriott, Bill Gray, Frank Fischer and Mike Twigg and soon to be greeted by the noticeable arrival of Phil Mason - en velo. The new, large size club run left the Bull in sunshine to meander off towards Chester. I was just thinking an element of sanity might be returning to club runs when Ben Griffiths went off the front, and John Moss screamed off in hot pursuit, thinking it was the final break. A mile later, with the realization that he was racing tomorrow, and in order to suggest a detour through the Eaton Gardens, John Moss sat up.

Meanwhile, back in the bunch Phil Mason made frantic efforts to sneak off the back unnoticed, but Ben Griffiths was having none of it, insisting that he should stay and enjoy himself. And so closes another chapter in the history of club runs.

SIMON COGAN

LOWER PEOVER - The Crown - 10th May 1980

Coming in from brilliant sunshine it was difficult in the comparative darkness of the "Crown" to recognise anybody who looked like an Anfielder, but a close search revealed the unmistakable likeness of Rex Austin. We greeted each other with some enthusiasm. Neither of us mind cycling alone, in fact we enjoy it, but we do like to eat with company. The news of Hubert Buckley's sad death came as a terrible shock to me, he will be sorely missed on these Manchester runs. Rex was to time the Cheshire Roads "50" the following morning and left early to survey the starting and finishing points. We had discussed how designers of courses tend not to appreciate the needs of the timekeeper, especially at the

finish, where a long finishing straight is essential for smooth recording of times.

The day was made pleasant for me by the unusual number of greetings from passing clubmen which is an old custom somewhat neglected these days by newcomers to the game. Subjects for the camera were found near Peover church with the cottage gardens alive with a Spring colour (the cobbled lane gets no easier for old bones!) and later the largest inn-sign and the oldest somnolent stones were snapped, but what these really are can perhaps be discovered with the aid of John France!

GUY PULLAN

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - 17th May 1980

What is the cause of the weather? What is the purpose of a heatwave in May? The Meteorological Office have the biggest computer in the world, and they don't know, neither do I. However, I am to testify to one direct effect of these conditions. Maggie and I dropped all our planned projects, packed up the tent, and set off for a week-end on the tandem. By some coincidence Alpraham had been my last run; I really had got out of the habit.

We arrived to find only the older Generation: Frank Marriott, John France, Albert Dixon and Sylvia, Frank Fischer, Ira Thomas and Hetty, and Bill Gray. The lads, I thought, would be on time trial duty, but I was wrong, in walked Rod, dripping like a racehorse, followed by George Elkington, Rob Fram, Peter Colligan, Ben Griffiths, possible (hopefully) recruit Stan Gilbert and Dave Eaton, and, after an interval, looking his usual shattered self, the President John Moss. Looking much better, no doubt, through the aid of the internal combustion engine, came the Twigg family: Mike, Pat, Stuart, Sally and Sarah. Our number was made up to a round two dozen with the arrival of Eric Reeves. A man of true Anfield grit Eric put me to shame; the temperature was insufficient even to force him to remove his black greenspot jacket. What would the founders have thought of my Californian vest. Never mind.

"Ira" I asked, "got an easy job for me?"

"Yes", he replied, "you can look after Battlefield Corner".

Perhaps it was the sun, maybe sun plus beer, but I simply said, "Thanks very much!" Such a display of a loss of judgment was the signal for Bill Gray: "You can do the write-up!" he cried. "Yes, please" I replied. Never mind.

That afternoon it got even hotter. We pottered by Bunbury, Peckforton and through some lanes by Bickerton that now I cannot find on a map. How can you describe those Cheshire scenes, so familiar, yet always delightful. It should be called the Cheshire

Forest, because that is what it is, with clearance for cows. We emerged at Chirk and then pedalled up through Llanarmon Dyrffryn Ceiriog to the "Wayfarer". We camped a mile from Pentre. It was a pleasant surprise to wake up in such surroundings. Sunday proved to be another perfect day. So perfect, in fact, that five Anfielders beat the hour that afternoon. A good week-end.

JOHN THOMPSON

BANGOR-ON-DEE - Royal Oak - 24th May 1980

The late G.K.Chesterton once sent a telegram to his wife which read "Am in Birmingham, where should I be?" A classic example of absent-mindedness but it pales into insignificance when compared with the adventure of your Mr. John Thompson during the "100" week-end.

Unloading the frame of his bicycle from the roof of his car at Bangor, Gwynedd, in anticipation of an invigorating run across North Wales to Bangor, Clwyd, he discovered that he had omitted to bring the wheels. He recounted the incident and its sequel to my wife and me in the Royal Oak on our annual visit to Anfield-land.

Muriel, quite properly, is somewhat in awe of your historic fellowship on account of the reports she has had from me over the years. She listened to John Thompson as Desdemona might have done to Othello, and, no doubt, thought, "In faith, 'twas strange 'twas passing strange" - and so it was.

There were plenty of bicycles with wheels outside the back door of the pub, and I was glad to make the acquaintance of still another generation of Anfielders who promise to gain much "honourable mention" - as Marjorie Braithwaite of Kendal used to say - in the racing news.

Those of my older friends who still survive were not around this time but I was comforted by the presence of ever-faithful Frank Marriott. Today's top brass were well represented - president John Moss; your very sociable vice-president Bill Gray; captain Ben Griffiths; treasurer Phil Mason and Mike Hallgarth Esq. - contributors must always be respectful to the Editor. (The pen is mightier than the half-wheel - Ed.)

Then there was Frank Fischer, for whom I was due to act as office boy at the 50-mile point on the Monday, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan, Arthur Gore, Rob Fram and Dave Birchall. Visitors John and Adrian Durnell C.T.C. completed the party. My platonic love affair with the ABC has been going on for a very long time indeed and though absence makes the heart grow fonder, this pleasant once-a-year rendezvous makes it fonder still.

GILBERT SUTCLIFFE

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1980

No. 815

LUNCH FIXTURES

October 1980

- 4 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 11 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at ASHTON PARISH HALL at 2.15 p.m. LUNCH at KELSALL (Morris Dancer) at Noon.
- 18 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)
- 24/26 AUTUMN TINTS TOUR (Glan Aber, Betws-y-coed)
- 25 Lunch run to ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)

November

- 1 HUXLEY (Farmers Arms) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 8 GRAIANRHYD (Rose & Crown) and BOSLEY (Harrington Arms)
- 15 NORLEY (Tiger's Head)
- 22 SHOCKLACH (The Bull) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)
- 29 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache 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.

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, 25th October 1980

COMMITTEE NOTES

Please do not forget the Annual General Meeting on October 11 at 2.15 p.m. The venue, Ashton Village Hall, is the same, but the meal venue has been changed to Kelsall. Only a mile farther, but a much more satisfactory meal.

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR to the Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-coed. Names, please, with a deposit of £5 to John Moss as soon as you get this Circular.

NEIL FRANCE: We haven't seen Neil for a long time, but members might like to know that he was married on September 13, and early in October he and his bride head for South Africa for Neil to take up a new appointment. We wish them well.

A "SLIP-UP"

In the issue No. 807, for June 1979, we made a mistake, proving most conclusively that a little knowledge can be dangerous. In this particular Circular we stated that Louis Oppenheimer's opening sentence in The Black Anfielders - "Let us now praise famous men" came from the Bible book of Ecclesiastes.

Now Stan Wild, after scrutinizing the small print of those particular pages with a magnifying glass, complains that he cannot find the quotation. And no wonder. We must now humbly confess that we confused Ecclesiastes with the book, in the Apocrypha, of Ecclesiasticus. Stan will find it there in chapter xlv, verse i. Sorry and all that.

ASSAULT ON GLEN AFFRIC

Towards the end of June a 'phone call to Edinburgh informed David Birchall that the lads intended to spend a week in Scotland exploring some rough-stuff, and could he possibly manage a crafty weekend? Now follows the story of this "stolen" holiday.

Ratagan Youth Hostel stands amongst a small group of white-washed buildings by the shore of Loch Duich, on Scotland's northwest coast. It is 180 miles and a world away from my base in Edinburgh. Mike Hallgarth's tour, starting and finishing at the hostel, would at the outset feature the grand rough-stuff crossing through Glen Affric to Cannich, and this part of the tour presented the prospect of an adventure not to be missed.

Hurried activity followed the decision to join in, and involved scanning train times, arranging transport, joining the Y.H.A., purchasing the largest possible rear sprocket for the R.R.A., and

not least raiding the office map library. Bill Barnes, touring for the full week (compared with my long weekend) provided a lift to Ratagan from Perth, his base.

When we arrived at the hostel late on Saturday afternoon the mountains of Kintail, which contribute so much to the beauty of Loch Duich could not be seen behind mist and low cloud, but by Sunday morning the air was calm and more of our surroundings visible. Mike's ambitious plans for the day, discussed over maps in the hostel during the previous evening, included an 80-mile round trip, with six miles on paths, prior to Glen Affric. Though he did not know it, he had committed Chris Edwards and friend Alan to 18 hours riding in some of the most gruelling cycling terrain in Britain.

Bill and I set off on a more sensible morning's ride as a prelude to Glen Affric. Even so, our leisurely route of 25 miles turned out to be a five-hour epic, thanks to our guide, an interesting little book called Scottish Hill Tracks, which led us along paths through a forest, which can seldom have been frequented since it was planted a long time ago. We journeyed round the coast to Glen Elg, where the backdrop is Skye and the Sound of Sleat, and returned to Shiel Bridge over the Mam Ratagan pass.

I was using my father's old R.F.A. Raleigh now some 45 years old; it is equipped with flat bars for commuting riding in Edinburgh. A 22t sprocket on the Sturmey Archer 3-speed hub gave gears of 39, 52 and 69, which, on this morning's outing, proved ideal.

We recovered from the morning's episode in a welcome cafe in Shiel Bridge. The journey to Glen Affric began, at 3.45 p.m. on the two miles of modern highway by the shore of Loch Duich. Near Croe Bridge a gate marks the start of a rough track, along which we rode through grazing land on the floor of Gleann Lichd. Many streams tumble across the route, and we forded these and splashed through pools of water from the previous day's rain. In four miles we came to Glen Lichd cottage, now used as a mountain rescue base when needed. This cottage looks out on wild scenery: the broad floor of the lower glen stretches westward, and all around are deep, steep sided corries, and the high mountain ridges of the Five Sisters of Kintail and Beinn Fhada.

Here the hard work began: a faint path through broken terrain led to two bridges, slung across the main tributaries of the River Croe. Old climbing ropes held the first together, and eight feet of the wooden catwalk, on which we stepped carefully, was missing on our side of the bank. The second bridge sagged and swayed more uncertainly than the first, and the catwalk of this one hung at an angle of 45°. With the centre section rotted, we passed the bikes by

hand across the gap. Our alternative would have been to wade through the rivers at their confluence where they become the River Croe, and this too could have been risky with heavily laden bikes in less than perfect conditions.

Beyond the bridges, the path zig-zags upwards to the watershed dividing western and eastern Scotland. We climbed steeply, shouldering the bikes: outcropping rocks caught the pedals of the bikes on this section, a problem solved by strapping the cranks to the frames. The route is narrow, steep, and negotiates the side of a precipitous valley on its climb to a gorge through which Allt Grannda pours far below; waterfalls cascade across the path, and into the river. We crossed two passes before reaching the broad glen known as Fionngleann, down which we travelled for over an hour to arrive at Allt Beithe hostel at 8.15 p.m. The journey of 14 miles from Shiel Bridge had taken 4½ hours of steady travelling.

The Gaelic place names for the landscape around us say all that can be said about the character of the area: from Shiel Bridge we had journeyed along the Glen of Floods (Gleann Lichd), by the River of Sheep pens (River Croe). We had climbed from the Burn of the Deep Corrie (Allt a Choire Dhomdain), into the gorge of the Fearsome Burn (Allt Grannda), passing by the Lagan Dubh (the black little hollow) and Cuile Doire - a recess or groove, and had crossed the watershed into the Fair or White Glen (Fionngleann) with its heather corrie and grey corrie before reaching the hostel by the Stream of the Birch Trees (Allt Beithe). One name remains uncertain: Allt Beithe stands at the entrance to Gleann Gniomhaidh, and this could mean the glen of the hewn stone but at present I cannot be sure. We collected water for drinking and cooking from the stream above the footbridge, and washed below it. In the still evening air we awaited the arrival of Mike and party. By eleven o'clock there was no sign of them in the growing twilight: we could see westwards to the shoulder of Beinn Fhada, across which we had travelled earlier, and we knew that we had taken well over an hour to reach the hostel from that point. Maybe they have been delayed, and are staying at Katagan we thought... but no, next morning their bikes could be seen leaning against the hostel walls. They had arrived during the night: between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., as we discovered over breakfast. A midnight crossing of Glen Affric by bicycle is an adventure indeed.

During the day's journey ahead, the contrast between this timeless hostel and the world of Edinburgh was impressive, and was something I had not expected to be demonstrated so dramatically. The foot-path from the hostel, towards Cannich deepened the sense of

wilderness which had grown during the previous evening's miles. For four miles our route on the broad floor of Glen Affric, never far from the river, led across moor and heather towards Loch Affric, the first of the two great lochs in the glen. For a further five miles a Forestry Commission track took us beneath the open canopy of native birch and pine woodland to a tarmac road along the north side of the second great loch (a hydro electric reservoir) and on to Cannich and lunch. In the damp, drizzly conditions of the afternoon we sped towards Beauly. Here, Mike's route led the party north, but for me I turned east along the side of Beauly Firth for a ferry ride from North Kessock across the estuary to Inverness. The late afternoon train carried me swiftly through the Spey valley and Strath Tay to Perth, my car, and the motorway drive back to Edinburgh. By 8.30 I was negotiating the elegant streets of Edinburgh, and the transition from the wilderness of Glen Affric was complete: but I would have given much to be heading northwards, though perhaps less hurriedly than Mike's party, for the remaining days of the tour.

DAVID BIRCHALL

(Rigby Band, Stan Wild, and others who have done Glen Affric will no doubt read David's piece with the utmost pleasure. - ED.)

THREE ON AN EASTER TOUR

Simon Cogan, George Elkington and myself decided that it was about time to go on a tour. We all agreed, before the start, that it would be a leisurely tour with no sprints, line-outs or hill climbs. Our venue was our dear old caravan, parked alone in a field at Ratlinghope on the Long Mynd. It proved to be quite successful, although George found the ceiling a bit low. The route down there was through lanes via Shocklach, Hanmer, Baschurch and Pontesbury, not stopping for lunch until we reached Montford Bridge, near Shrewsbury.

The following day we made a circular route around Ludlow, Knighton and Clun. We started by crossing the Long Mynd and descending the treacherously steep Burway Hill, and then to Wenlock Edge. From Ludlow we climbed Bringewood Chase and on to Knighton after a pub lunch at Brampton Bryan. The sun came out around lunchtime, and the temperature soared, finding us very ill-equipped in our training togs. Nevertheless we survived until Skiborrry, where we paid a visit to George's aunt for tea and home-made cakes. After a long break we set off again on the very hilly road to Bishop's Castle via Clun, to arrive back at the caravan exhausted.

The following morning we made a trip to Church Stretton to buy some food. Our route was indirect so as to be able to climb a 1 in 4 hill (which lasts for nearly a mile). Unfortunately, hill climber supreme, training run champion... none other than Simon (Hirnault) Cogan was forced to walk. We bought our food and then did some more marathon hill climbing. By now it had been realised that a handicapping system was in order. This took the form of the unequal distribution of the shopping. The scratch man received one 5lb tin of peaches, a loaf of bread, 1lb marmalade and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of butter. Unfortunately this system proved unsuccessful, as Simon had to get back before the butter melted in the hot sun. After a few long steep hills we were uncertain as to whether Simon or the butter would melt first.

The winner back to the caravan was Simon (surprise, surprise). I came a not so close second, and we are convinced that George walked down the hills, as well as up. After a lunch of soup, followed by more soup, we went on a shorter ride to Pontesbury and back over the Stiperstones. By this time the tour had turned into a stage race. When George and I returned Simon was already cooking the meal. Thursday morning we had to pack up and head for home. It should be pointed out that this was the Thursday before the notorious New Brighton "25". The wind was a strengthening north-westerly, and we had seventy miles into it. Most of the distance was covered as a team time trial, proving that the urge of racing can only be suppressed for a day or two.

ROD ANDERSON

RACING NOTES

The 1980 season goes on with club records being broken on seven occasions. Mike Hallgarth improved his own 24-hours record by 24 miles in the Mersey Roads "24", when he recorded 428.305 to finish fourth, and also fourth in the West Cheshire "12" with 237.173. John Whelan regained the 25-mile record with a fine 55.20, a 61 second improvement. Ben Griffiths improved his own 30-mile record from 1.11.35 to 1.10.17, only to have Brian Whitmarsh set new figures of 1.8.49 in the same event. Simon Cogan became the first Anfield rider to beat 2 hours for 50-miles on the Whitchurch road, and is regularly beating the hour on local courses. John Moss has personal bests at 50-miles, 2.11.07; and 100-miles, 4.36.43. George Elkington has personal bests at 10-miles, 24.10; and 25-miles, 1.1.06. Dave Eaton has personal bests at 10-miles, 23.35. Phil Mason personal bests at 10-miles 26.56 and 100-miles, 5.5.00. Chris Edwards had personal bests at 30-miles, 1.10.44. Rod Anderson,

10-miles, 24.41 and 25-miles 1.3.40. I have recorded at least 11 riders recording personal bests. Some have improved almost every week.

BENNO

RESULTS

23.6.80 BRAMLEY Hilly Ten
Brian Whitmarsh 25.56

28.6.80 ALTRINCHAM "10"
Mike Twigg 25.37

29.6.80 STH STAFFS "100"
Mike Hallgarth 4.30.52

29.6.80 NOVA "50"
John Whelan 2.6.12

29.6.80 NUNBROOK "50"
Brian Whitmarsh 1.57.00

2.7.80 WEAVER VALLEY "25"
John Moss 1.4.18

5.7.80 BRAMLEY M.M. "25"
George Elkington 1.7.08
Phil Mason 1.14.51

6.7.80 MERSEYSIDE VETS "50"
Ben Griffiths 2.6.50
Mike Twigg 2.17.10

6.7.80 PRESCOT EAGLE "25"
Simon Cogan 58.50 (2nd fastest)
Dave Basset 1.3.45
John Moss 1.3.57

12.7.80 ROYAL SUTTON M.M. "25"
Rod Anderson 1.3.40 fastest & PB
Phil Mason 1.13.48

16.7.80 NOVA "10"
Simon Cogan 22.56
Dave Eaton 24.56

19.7.80 GLENDALE "25"
Simon Cogan 1.2.04

20.7.80 PORT SUNLIGHT "25"
George Elkington 1.3.41 P.B.

27.6.80 NUNBROOK Hilly Twenty
Brian Whitmarsh 50.02

29.6.80 PORTH & DISTRICT "25"
Simon Cogan 59.19
(3rd fastest and fastest junior)
Ben Griffiths 1.0.53
Rod Anderson 1.4.19 PB

29.6.80 MERSEYSIDE 1 hr. limit "25"
John Moss 1.2.11
David Barker 1.2.24

2.7.80 CHESTER "25"
Brian Whitmarsh 57.49)
Simon Cogan 58.33) First
John Whelan 58.42) Team
Ben Griffiths 1.1.54
Mike Hallgarth 1.2.08
Dave Eaton 1.4.57

6.7.80 NAT. CHAMPIONSHIP "50"
Brian Whitmarsh 2.0.31
John Whelan 2.1.24

10.7.80 MIDDLETON "25"
John Whelan 59.01
John Moss 1.3.21
George Elkington 1.4.30 PB
Dave Eaton 1.4.46

13.7.80 B'HEAD VICTORIA "25"
John Whelan 59.51)
Brian Whitmarsh 1.0.12) Second
Simon Cogan 1.1.36) Team
(fastest junior)
George Elkington 1.4.40 3rd h'cap
Dave Bassett 1.5.16
Ben Griffiths 1.5.20
John Moss 1.6.19

26.7.80 BUXTON "10"

Dave Eaton	23.25	PB
George Elkington	24.10	PB

26/27.7.80 MERSEY ROADS "24"

Mike Hallgarth	428.305
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(4th fastest - new club record by 24 miles)

27.7.80 MERSEYSIDE "25"

George Elkington	1.1.06
------------------	--------

(personal best by 2.35 first handicap)

John Moss	1.3.18
Dave Eaton	1.3.36
Peter Colligan	1.6.15

3.8.80 EAST LIVERPOOL "50"

Simon Cogan	1.59.40
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(this was the first 50-mile event Simon has ridden, and he came in third fastest!)

John Whelan	2.2.09
Ben Griffiths	2.4.20
Brian Whitmarsh	2.4.38
Dave Barker	2.8.00
John Moss	2.17.04

10.8.80 JUNIOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP "25"

Simon Cogan	57.59
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20.7.80 NATIONAL CHAMP. "100"

John Whelan	4.13.24
Ben Griffiths	4.25.47

27.7.80 EAST BRADFORD "25"

John Whelan	55.20	PB
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(new club record by 1 min 1 sec.)

Brian Whitmarsh	57.25
Ben Griffiths	58.23

(new club team record 2.51.18)

3.8.80 DUKINFIELD M.M. "25"

George Elkington	1.5.50
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5.8.80 TUNSTALL "25"

John Whelan	57.07
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9.8.80 SANDWELL "30"

Brian Whitmarsh	1.8.49	PB
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(new club record)

Ben Griffiths	1.10.17	PB
Chris Edwards	1.10.44	PB

11.8.80 W.CHESHIRE "12"

Mike Hallgarth	237.173
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(4th fastest)

EXCLUSIVE CLUB

The 300,000 Mile Club is the most exclusive of clubs, yet it had only one rule, its members must, beyond doubt or quibble, have cycled at least 300,000 miles in their lifetime. Currently it has thirty members, of whom our own Frank Fischer is placed tenth with 457,035 miles recorded to the end of 1979 over a period of 53 years. Frank is mentioned first because the club is his idea, and is administered by him meticulously. But another Anfielder, Stan Wild, occupies a higher rating, being sixth with 491,389 miles ridden over 56 years on two and three wheels. Curiously, both mile-eaters cycled last year in Australia. Frank, during September and October in Western Australia, and Stan in New South Wales, where he now lives. A feature of Stan's mileage is that it covers most of Europe,

including all its high passes. The late W. P. Cook would certainly have qualified for membership on his long series of mileage charts with their consistent weekly levels broken by peaks only at Bank Holidays. Another prime candidate for membership would have been Harold Catling, had he kept a complete record of his mileage, because for some years he was riding at the rate of 17,000 miles a year. But that single rule, applied without fear or favour has meant that only thirty mileage merchants to date have made the grade.

GUY PULLAN

CORRESPONDENCE - A letter to the Editor from Guy Pullan.

Dear Mike,

Congratulations on your good rides at 12- and 24-hours. It gives me, and others I am sure, real pleasure that the Anfield is prominent at the longer distances once again.

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

GUY PULLAN

R U N S

HUXLEY - Farmers Arms - May 31

"RAIN". The first for nearly two months, greeted me when I awoke. This involved some remedial work to my bike equipped with mudguards, so I set to, fixing puncture, changing blocks and chains, whilst up to my eyes in oil and grease. The 'phone rings: "Mike Twigg here, want a lift in the car to the club run?" I naturally declined his kind offer. (I'm a cyclist).

On arrival at Two Mills, 15 minutes late due to the repairs not going according to programme, a blast from the past. Keith Orum was waiting to come part way with me. His excuse being he had to go home to rebuild his track bike. (Is this a real comeback?) Through the lanes we rode, reminiscing about the old days, until we reached Christleton, where Keith turned for home, and I slugged on to Huxley.

There already were Harold Catling and Dave Birchall, but no Mike Twigg. He later arrived by bike, saying he'd been to Comberbach in error, but had managed one pint before ringing home to find out where the real run was. The party was then completed by John Thompson, who informed Harold that he would have a head wind home. Harold looked shocked. He said that it had taken him four hours to get there, and then left.

JOHN MOSS

COMBERBACH - Spinner and Bergamot - June 14

It might have been June, but it certainly wasn't a summer's day. The rain just poured down. First arrivals were Ben on a bicycle, followed by John Moss with his young daughter. Mike Twigg, Frank Marriott and friend Cyril completed the party. However, as the inn could not permit young children in the lounge, we had to move off for pastures new - the Tiger's Head at Norley. (Had we gone to the Hazel Pear at Acton Bridge, we would, no doubt, have gladdened the heart of Harold Catling, who had confused the venue). Around 1.30, when Frank and Cyril were about to shove off for Norley, Phil Mason and Dave Eaton arrived, and for the record, on bicycles. They had their meal, and joined us later at Norley. A mixed up day, but very pleasant.

F.E.M.

ACTON BRIDGE - The Hazel Pear - 14th June 1980

Although the weather-man promised heavy rain all day and a north-easterly gale springing up from nowhere in the early afternoon I was not dismayed. Sixty miles in the rain with the return journey into the teeth of a gale is a small price to pay for the delight of a convivial meeting with one's clubmates. Despite this the open door of the Spinner and Bergamot looked very inviting as I passed through Comberbach. It did occur to me that it would have been more convenient if that had been our venue on this particularly foul day.

Resisting the temptation I pushed on to the Hazel Pear and ate that hostelry's excellent cheese-and-onion pie in lonely state. Still alone at 1.30 I decided that the cyclist of today is too easily put off by a few drops of rain, donned my cape and proceeded home by way of Antrobus and Broomeedge.

When, back in the bosom of my family, I remarked on the poor attendance at Acton Bridge, Mary replied, with good natured understatement, that it was surprising that anyone at all was there in view of the fact that the day's run was to Comberbach. She had a good point there - must remember to read the Circular next time and give up relying on intuition.

HAROLD CATLING

LOWER PEOVER - Crown - June 28

After so much rain experienced of late, it was very pleasant to be able to ride without having to dive into a cape at any minute. Was glad when I reached Wilmslow to be able to get away from the main road. Then, after more of a solitary ride, reached the Crown at Lower Peover. Found Harold Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole already

installed. Later we were joined by Rex Austin, who, as it turned out, completed the assembly. The Crown provides good food, and roomy conditions in which to partake of the meal. It seems that the "pub grub motorist" has not cottoned on to the place yet.

STAN BRADLEY

GRAIANRHYD - Rose and Crown - June 28

Bill Gray deserves first mention today. He left his home at Bangor on Dee full of expectations for a pleasant day out. He knew it would not be easy, getting to the venue, for the route is nothing short of mountainous. He dodged Wrexham by a slight detour to take in Bersham, and so to the crest of his climb at Bwlch Gwyn. An easy ride, then, to Graianrhyd. (He managed to get home all right too, we saw him in Wrexham on the Monday).

We were very pleased to have Hugh Dauncey with us. Being a university exile we see little of him these days. The party was completed, as far as bicycle riders were concerned by John Moss, Dave Eaton and Ben Griffiths. Frank Marriott and friend Cyril completed the party, and a most enjoyable time was had by all. Incidentally, Frank completed his 50th year of membership on this day. We didn't tell the others, they might have insisted on a pint all round!

F.E.M.

SHOCKLACH - The Bull - July 19

The Bull at Shocklach does not appear in the Good Food Guide as yet. This is an omission which should be remedied as soon as possible, the consensus of opinion of those present was that the food was excellently prepared, and served by an extremely friendly Mine Host, ably assisted by two charming youngsters. The prices were reasonable, and the helpings generous. Unfortunately, this could not be said of the weather on this untypical summer's day, the sunshine and showers alternated to give a wet ride in both directions for the five cyclists who attended. The strawberry harvest was in full swing and all along the roads approaching the invitations to "Pick Your Own" were numerous. The President circulated among those present, inviting them to the Autumn Tints weekend to be held at the Glan Aber Hotel at Betwsy-coed, a return to the old Anfield haunt which should be very popular with the older members, and the prices about right for the younger element.

Returning to those present, it was very pleasant to meet Frank Marriott and Bill Gray, and to notice that Albert Dixon was looking

much better after his spell under doctor's orders. Mike Twigg looking as fit as ever, and Ben Griffiths urging his men on to greater effort, ably assisted by Dave Eaton.

JOHN FRANCE

ALPRAHAM - Tollemache Arms - July 26

We made a mistake arranging today's run to Alpraham. For two reasons: this being the weekend of the Mersey Roads "24", we should have gone to Kelsall, a venue much nearer the start. The second reason for avoiding Alpraham today was that the inn's catering facilities were at a minimum, during the holidays. The only choice was hot pies, or cold pies, and no trimmings, not even bread and butter. For yours truly it seemed a good reason to miss a meal. First in were Johnny Williams and some others whom we did not recognise. Of "ours" John France brought Flo Hill along, and Ira Thomas had Hetty with him. Franks Marriott and Fischer, Mike Twigg, and Sid Hayward (Kentish Wheelers), John Moss, Ben Griffiths, Simon Cogan, Chris Edwards, Harold Catling, Phil Mason and lastly, but by no means least, our eminent member from the Emerald Isle, Bill Finn, over for the "24".

F.E.M.

MARTON - Davenport Arms - August 2

Once more the female of the species has been "persuaded" to write up the club run. It was a pleasant change to be in the Cheshire countryside once again, after a month in Warwickshire, where we are looking after a very large garden and greenhouse for my sister-in-law. We were only home for the weekend, so a visit to Marton was a "must".

The Manchester section has now got down to four members, who were all present. The day was warm and sunny, and we had a very good lunch. Enormous portions at reasonable prices. I got through mine with an effort, but Rex had to give up and leave a goodly portion of chicken and chips. The others had sandwiches, so managed to polish them off in true Anfield style.

Stan entertained us with a brochure of Bangor gaol, which he had visited on holiday. It looked most repulsive. Bob and I went on to Redes Mere for the afternoon, and the others wended their ways home. Those present were: Rex Austin, Stan Bradley, Harold Catling, Bob Poole, and the scribe.

HAGAR POOLE

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: BEN GRIFFITHS

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 1981

No. 316

LUNCH FIXTURES

December 1980

- 6 BWLCH GWYN (Four Crosses) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 13 KELSALL (Morris Dancer)
- 20 HUXLEY (Farmers Arms) and ALLOSTOCK (Drovers)
- 26 ~~NORLEY (Tiger's Head)~~ MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK)
- 27 HANDLEY (Aldersey Arms) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

January 1981

- 1 TWO MILLS (Yacht)
- 3 FARNDON (Nag's Head) and MARTON (Davenport Arms)
- 10 ALPRAHAM (Tollemache Arms)
- 17 SHOCKLACH (Bull) and HOLMES CHAPEL (George & Dragon)
- 24 ACTON BRIDGE (Hazel Pear)
- 31 BANGOR ON DEE (Royal Oak) and LANGLEY (Leather Smithy)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £7.00. Junior (under 21): £4.00 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.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - Saturday, December 27th.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

A new president should always be welcomed, and all will hail Ben Griffiths on his appointment. Ben has been an Anfielder for well-nigh thirty years, and he still displays an ardent keenness for road sport and cycling in general. We wish him well.

AGONY COLUMN

We wish a speedy recovery to John France, Bill Gray and Mike Twigg, all three have been indisposed.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held at the VILLAGE HALL, ASHTON, on Saturday, October 11th 1980, at 2.30 p.m.

Present: President John Moss in the chair, and Messrs. Mason, Reeves, Hawkins, Williamson, Anderson, Hallgarth, Marriott, Colligan, Bassett, Cogan, Poole, Birkby, Twigg, Littlemore, Whelan, Bradley and the Hon. Secretary, Dave Eaton. Apologies for absence were read from Messrs. Thomas, Gray, R.J. Austin, Thompson, H.Austin, Churchill, J.France, Orum and Connor.

The Minutes of the 1979 A.G.M. were read and confirmed.

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

The Hon. Treasurer presented the accounts for the year and after some discussion it was proposed and seconded that they be adopted. The Racing Secretary then read his Report, commenting on the excellent results achieved, and paying particular tribute to Mr. Cogan in his first season of racing.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP: Messrs. Wemyss Smith and J.R.Band having each completed 50 years of membership, were on the proposition of M.Twigg, seconded by D.Bassett, elected to Life Membership in accordance with custom.

At this point of the meeting Mr. Moss resigned as President, but agreed to remain as Chairman for the duration of the meeting. The following officials were then elected for the coming year:-

President:	Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents:	H. Catling and B. Gray
Hon. Secretary:	D. Eaton
Hon. Treasurer:	P. Mason
Hon. Editor:	M. Hallgarth
Captain:	Ben Griffiths
Racing Secretary:	S. Cogan
"100" Secretary:	I.A. Thomas
"25" Secretary:	M. Hallgarth
Social Secretary:	P. Mason

The following were elected to serve on the Committee: Messrs. Bassett, Hawkins, Twigg, Anderson, Elkington, Colligan, Reeves and Marriott.

Auditors: Messrs. J. France and K. Orum.

Under item (10) of the Agenda the Hon. Treasurer proposed, and seconded by the President, that subscriptions should be increased to (full) £7.00, (junior) £4.00, and (cadet) £1.00. After a brief discussion, Mr. Colligan tabled an Amendment to the effect that the subscriptions should be £8.00, £4.00 and £1.00 respectively. A further amendment, proposed by Mr. Littlemore, and seconded by Mr. Marriott that subscriptions for members over 65 years of age should remain at £5.00. After some discussion the first proposition was carried, and the two amendments defeated.

In the absence of Mr. Thomas, the President read a brief report of the 1980 "100", and Mr. Hallgarth gave a brief word about the 1980 "25".

Under Any Other Business, Mr. Littlemore proposed that a vote of thanks be extended to John Moss for his sterling efforts as President during the past two years, this was seconded by F. Marriott, and carried unanimously.

A discussion on sponsorship for the "100" followed. The members present, after agreeing to discuss the matter at the meeting, agreed a proposition by Mr. Colligan, seconded by Mr. Twigg, that Mr. Bassett explore avenues of sponsorship and reports back to the Committee. The meeting then closed at 4.30 p.m.

A LETTER FROM SADIE BUCKLEY

Under date of August 22nd, Sadie writes as follows:

Dear John,

I am writing to thank you for your very kind letter sent to me at the great shock of Hubert's sudden death.

I would appreciate it if you could please put a note in the Circular, thanking all his friends in the Anfield for their very kind letters to me.

Sincerely,

SADIE BUCKLEY

SUNDAY RUNS

These runs, under the guidance of Ben Griffiths, will take off from Eureka at 9.30 a.m.

JOHN MOSS

After only two years as President, John Moss has had to relinquish the post. At the moment he is working in Norwich, and commuting each weekend to his Wirral home. However, it is on the cards that he might finish up in South Africa in the near future. We should very much like to put on record what an excellent President John has been over these past two years. The amount of thought he has put into the job in hand, and the number of bright ideas resulting therefrom can only be described as remarkable. We shall miss him very much indeed, and we hope John realizes that good wishes from us all will be with him wherever he goes.

SUBS

In this hard world the subscriptions have had to be upped once more to keep the Anfield afloat. Postages and envelopes present the biggest problem. We thought we had a good idea in using plastic bags instead of manilla envelopes, until someone brought us to earth by asking how does one stick postage stamps to plastic! So we are back to square one, unless anyone has other ideas.

AN EXCLUSIVE CHESHIRE TIME TRIAL

On Sunday, October 5 1980, Simon Cogan was very pleased to accept an invitation from the Merseyside Wheelers to ride in a 32-mile hilly time trial around Delamere Forest, against 26 of the very best time triallists and road men in the land. A trial run around the course showed it to be very hard: twice round a 16-mile circuit. The start was at Hatchmere, and went to Frodsham, turned left into Manley Road, up Overton Hill and then through Manley, Mouldsworth and Ashton. Left on A556, up Kelsall Hill, left at the Abbey Arms and through Delamere to Hatchmere. We decided that Simon should aim at 40 minutes per lap.

Simon started No. 2 on a cold windy morning, with just a hint of rain. Up Overton Hill he did 3 minutes, 10 seconds, against the fastest time of 2.56 by the nation's top road man Steve Joughin, Manchester Wheelers. At the end of the first lap Simon did 40 minutes, exactly on target. The fastest time was 37.23 by Sean Yates, 34 Nomads C.C. 10-mile Competition Record holder, star pursuit, and top class road man. The second time up the hill, Simon forgot to change down, and did 3.25 against the fastest time of the day. 2.52 by the National Hill Climb champion, Jeff Williams Manchester Wheelers. Through Ashton, Simon got caught by No. 5, Steve Joughin, and received a sharp lesson on cornering. Joughin took 30 seconds out of him in almost as many yards, but he stuck

to the 24 m.p.h. to finish in 1.20.18 against the 1.14.49 of the winner, Yates.

Joughin, winner of the season-long Pernod Star trophy competition was second in 1.16.21, Williams third in 1.19.33. Ian Cammish, British Best All Rounder, sixth in 1.20.02. Simon came seventh, and more than a minute in front of ex-pros. Les West, 10th in 1.21.22, Bob Chadwick, 13th in 1.21.35. They are just some of the names that Simon has beaten in his first season of competition.

BEN GRIFFITHS

RACING NOTES

In the National Junior Championship B.A.R. 2 best 10's and 2 best 25's, Simon Cogan finished well up with times of 22.53 and 22.56, 56.13 and 56.29 for an average speed of 26.4055 m.p.h. He rode six 10's all faster than 24 minutes average speed 25.727 m.p.h. Twenty four solo 25's, thirteen inside the hour, average speed 25.028 m.p.h. and two 50's, both inside 2 hours for an average speed of 25.4125 m.p.h.

RACING RESULTS

<u>17.8.80 YORKSHIRE C.F. "100"</u>	<u>17.8.80 SOUTH LANCS "100"</u>
Ben Griffiths 4.27.52	Dave Barker 4.36.?
J.Thompson 5.6. ?	
	<u>23.8.80 NORTH LANCS VETS "10"</u>
<u>17.8.80 PHOENIX (AINTREE) "25"</u>	Ben Griffiths 24.18
Simon Cogan 58.53	
Second fastest, fastest junior	<u>23.8.80 FERRYHILL "25"</u>
	Mike Hallgarth 57.51
<u>24.8.80 STAFFORD "100"</u>	<u>24.8.80 CLIFTON "50"</u>
John Moss 4.36.43 PB	Ben Griffiths 2.0.45
(and faster than Keith Orum)	
Dave Eaton 4.57.15	<u>24.8.80 WREXHAM "25"</u>
Phil Mason 5.5.00 PB	Simon Cogan 59.21
	George Elkington 1.3.01
<u>30.8.80 SEAMONS "25"</u>	<u>31.8.80 RHYL "25"</u>
Dave Eaton 1.8.35	Ben Griffiths 1.3.11
<u>31.8.80 Y.C.R.C. "100"</u>	<u>6.9.80 NORTH LANCS "10"</u>
John Thompson 4.39.58 Trike	Dave Eaton 25.53
	Phil Mason 27.06
<u>7.9.80 CHESTER "50"</u>	<u>13.9.80 GTR.MANCHR. POLICE "10"</u>
Ben Griffiths 2.11.45	Simon Cogan 23.38
Rod Anderson 2.20.54	
(fastest junior)	<u>14.9.80 SEVERN R.C. "50"</u>
<u>14.9.80 CHESHIRE "25"</u>	Ben Griffiths 2.14.25
Simon Cogan 1.0.10 (2nd fastest)	

21.9.80 WEST CHESHIRE "25"

Simon Cogan 58.33 fastest and
1st handicap
Ben Griffiths 1.3.06
Mike Hallgarth 1.3.23
John Moss 1.5.09
Phil Mason 1.14.07

28.9.80 HARROGATE NOVA "50"

Simon Cogan 1.56.29
Second fastest ever by an
Anfield rider.

12.10.80 YORKSHIRE CLARION "25"

Simon Cogan 56.29

27.9.80 CLEVELAND "25"

Simon Cogan 56.13
PB Second fastest ever by an
Anfield rider.

28.9.80 B'HEAD VICS 2-UP "25"

Ben Griffiths/John Moss 1.2.08

5.10.80 MERSEYSIDE WHEELERSINVITATION HILLY 32-mile

Simon Cogan 1.20.18 7th
fastest.

THE CLUB BEST ALL-ROUNDER LIST

John Whelan again came top of the list from Ben Griffiths with Mike Hallgarth in third place.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>"25"</u>	<u>"50"</u>	<u>"100"</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
John Whelan	55.20	2.1.24	4.13.24	7.10.08
Ben Griffiths	58.33	2.0.45	4.25.47	7.25.08
Mike Hallgarth	57.51	2.4.50	4.28.36	7.31.17
Dave Barker	1.2.24	2.8.00	4.37.00	7.47.24
John Moss	1.2.11	2.11.07	4.36.43	7.50.01
Dave Eaton	1.3.36	2.18.57	4.57.15	8.19.48
Simon Cogan	56.13	1.56.29	-	-
Brian Whitmarsh	56.21	1.57.00	-	-
Dave Bassett	59.21	-	-	-
George Elkington	1.1.06	-	-	-
Dave Bettaney	1.2.50	-	-	-
Rod Anderson	1.3.40	2.20.54	-	-
Chris Edwards	1.3.56	-	-	-
Mike Twigg	1.4.35	2.10.10	-	-
Peter Colligan	1.5.25	-	-	-
Phil Mason	1.13.48	-	5.5.00	-
John Thompson	-	-	4.39.58 (Trike)	-

"THE FIRST DAY WAS THE HARDEST, AFTER THAT IT GOT WORSE!"

After a three-week Scottish tour in March, the temptation to go back was so great that I took a valuable week's holiday to repeat it. Strategically planned as training for the Mersey Roads "24"

the others were in for quite a shock. Taking the first Saturday and the last Sunday to travel to and from Ratagan Youth Hostel, gave us seven full days of touring, and with the long Scottish daylight hours we had a big mileage potential. Glen Affric was snow-bound in March so it was my priority for the tour, and remembering Dave Birchall's liking of this Glen I had no problem persuading him to come with us for that day's ride.

MIKE

SUNDAY - Ratagan to Glen Affric

The first day of the tour really started the night before with a rigorous briefing from Dave, and did not end until the early hours of the second day. It would be very easy for me to accuse Mike, our glorious leader, for some 17 hours of combined cycling and rough-stuff, which was to be the overture for our Scottish tour, so I will.

The day started bright and early with Mike waking Alan and me at seven o'clock to make his breakfast, do our hostel jobs and get out on the road by eight-thirty. As we left Ratagan Youth Hostel the road rose steeply as we climbed the 1 in 6 forest road. Mike soon stopped to remove certain items of clothing in order to stop his radiator running dry. Alan went storming on ahead, and I took it easy as my legs thought they should be still in bed.

We were soon on the rapid descent to Glenelg. By this time the land was clear of its early morning mist and we travelled along the coast road with breathtaking views of Skye across the Sound of Sleat. After posing for a photo at Upper Sandaig we were rapidly descending into Arnisdale and then Carron, with their small clusters of fishermen's cottages huddled round an immense loch. From Corran we followed a well-marked track alongside the River Arnisdale, which led us up into the mountains and through a pass between Druim Fada and Buidhe Bheinn. There was a bridge at a point where John Thompson waded across with a tandem and Maggie on his shoulders (as written in the Anfield's legend) so we had to forego the pleasures of an early dip.

This rough-stuff crossing took us about four hours, but after taking a slight detour on our descent into Kinloch Hourn, which involved sliding round in a forest for some time, we were on the road again. We rapidly climbed the road to Loch Quoich and assisted by a "Mike Hallgarth tail wind" we struggled to Loch Garry along Glen Garry. At one time we lost Mike after he stopped to fix his dynamo, but he caught up when we stopped at the junction with the A87 (pity!).

A strong tail wind then blew us up the hills from which we gained aerial views of Loch Garry and Loch Loyne. By 6.15 p.m. we were at

the Cluanie Inn, where we received the usual Scottish hospitality of "If you'll wait an hour, we'll be open, Jimmy". So we moved on down the immense Glen Shiel to Shiel Bridge. Mike and I were deeply moved by the overpowering majesty of the surrounding scenery. (Mike was moved to about 25 m.p.h.) Meanwhile Alan was "knackered". By the time Mike and I reached Ratagan Youth Hostel he was a few minutes down.

We collected our saddle-bags and provisions. I was charged with the eggs for breakfast. Then we set off to Glen Affric after a light snack at the Invershield Inn. It was now 8.15 p.m. The lane to Croe Bridge soon petered out as we rode alongside the bubbling River Croe. The Landrover track was completely rideable, although Mike seemed to have a bit of difficulty and was shedding tins of rice pud to save weight. Like all good rough-stuff tracks it ran out and we were left with finding a way of crossing two raging torrents, by two of the ropiest suspension bridges it has ever been my misfortune to stumble across.

The second, however, was not only missing many slats but also broken in the middle of its deck, and it was heeling over badly to one side in true Tarzan style. We formed a human chain and passed the bicycles along this rickety bridge, each of us standing in a reasonably insecure piece of bridge. I suppose you could call it a sort of bicycle chain (sorry!) Mike very nearly lost Alan's machine, but fortunately caught the saddle as it fell through the large aperture in the bridge.

It took us half an hour to cross both bridges and in the process Alan injured his shoulder when he decided to vault over his bicycle, for some reason best known to himself. This delay meant that the light was running out.

The path now rose very steeply into the mountains and the bikes had to be carried most of the way, as the path was strewn with boulders. Occasionally we would see cycle tracks left by Dave Birchall and Bill, who had passed that way earlier in the day. Or were they left by Don Spraggett as Mike believed. The path levelled out for a short while as we traversed a steep precipitous cliff, and watched the waters from a hanging valley floor some hundreds of feet below us. As the sun finally died on us this waterfall was the last view we were to make out properly before the dawn. As the steep climbing continued "Old Tracker" Mike assured us that just over the ridge it was flat all the way to the hostel. Were we in trouble! Alan, overcome with fatigue and a stiff shoulder, decided the only way to carry his machine was on his back, which he did for the next three hours!

Progress was very slow as the hillocks gave way to marshland, in fact we averaged just under one mile an hour, but still we trudged on. At 10.30 the psychological barrier of last orders was passed, and my mood changed to concerned depression as my pumps filled with marsh gas. Mike was still full of himself and whistling merrily which did nothing to cheer Alan or me. After all, here we were in the middle of nowhere at midnight, with the Scottish mist descending on us - and Mike was whistling!

At eleven o'clock we had paused outside a bothy, and Mike had cheered us with the news that the hostel was only one and a half miles away. I only just kept my hands off him. I shall never forget that $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which lasted $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. We pushed our bikes through that marshland and thick heather, waded across rivers, and peered into the unyielding darkness with every hump on the mist line being mistaken for the hostel.

Eventually we were all relieved at one o'clock to be crossing the River Affric on a suspension bridge and wading through the hostel front swamp. We then brewed up in the hostel's kitchen, and as Alan and I thankfully fell into bed Mike tucked into a curry. As Mike said, "The first day of the tour is the hardest, after that it gets worse!"

CHRIS

MONDAY

Monday morning I awoke and was quite surprised to find that we were in Glen Affric and still alive. We cooked breakfast, and then discovered how difficult it is to remove bacon fat from the frying pan in a mountain stream. Outside the hostel we assembled amidst the mountain mist, posing for a team photograph, taken by the warden, to prove if only to ourselves that we did get there. At just turned nine we were making quite a rapid exit from Glen Affric along a track and then down along a road. Already, Mike had dropped off the back of the leading party as a result of his inability to balance on rough-stuff.

Somewhere along the road a wooden cafe/restaurant was sighted. Dave gave up his dash for the early train from Inverness and we descended on the cafe for lunch. Here we met our "Waitress of the Tour". We meekly gave our orders as the waitress hovered above with folded arms. Bill was forever being dragged in for replacing spokes. On receiving our meal, which was only just sufficient to keep a cat alive, I quite expected to hear cries of "If ye don't eat ye meat ye can nay have any pudding!"

Slightly refreshed, we continued to the turn off for Inverness, here Dave departed from our company (the sensible thing to do) to return home whilst we battled on against a head wind to Beaully. Just the

other side of Beaulieu Mike demonstrated how "fancy" cageless water-bottles leap off bikes when filled with Cola. Further up the road Mike decided our company was not elite for him, and he departed at high speed towards Carbisdale Castle.

This hostel possessed much needed showers and we managed to acquire a private kitchen for ourselves. Bill, after Mike had recommended HIS cooking, demonstrated his culinary skills and provided us all with a bolognese.

TUESDAY saw us part company, as I wanted to do a massive mileage to get to Tongue via John O'Groats. Early rain and continued high, northerly winds put paid to the idea, and I decided to ride straight to Tongue. At Lairg I downed cups of tea and wrote several post-cards and then decided to travel the 18 miles to Altnabarra as fast as possible. Into the wind this was quite hard, but at the Altnabarra Inn I was pleased with my efforts. Over a ploughman's lunch and soup, another such stint of similar mileage was planned through Strath Naver to the coast road. I really began to enjoy myself; this was training in idyllic surroundings with very few cars on the road and I was feeling on form. A couple of miles before the coast road junction I decided to continue the last eight miles at the same maniac speed. After all, was I not incredibly fit? The answer came quite soon after the left turn along the coast road. It was the first real hill for 40 miles. I began to feel tired - then giddy. I fell off on the verge and went to sleep. The cold wind woke me after a while, but I just put an anorak on and went back to sleep. The last few miles went by at a horribly slow speed. My main concern was that the others should not see me and take advantage of this weakness in some revenge for the Glen Affric crossing. Arriving at Tongue I just put my best face possible as the others had arrived a while before me. Riding to the local hostelry I tried to conceal my weakness, but, once there, liquid refreshment provided the miracle cure.

MIKE

WEDNESDAY

Feeling a little daunted at the mileage in store for us we put on a brave face and set off into the wind along the undulating coastal road to Hope. Here we turned off the main road and headed down a quiet lane which wound its way alongside Loch Hope. This, Mike assured us, was a flat road. The undulations were only illusions. My legs were not convinced. Eventually we climbed away from the loch and were soon at the turn off to a private hunting lodge, which would take us through, after some 12 miles to the main road at More on the road to Laxford Bridge.

Stopping briefly to don capes and check that this was in fact the correct track, we plummeted precariously, brakes full on, down a steep boulder-strewn track. We quickly strung-out as varying degrees of bike handling skills came into play. Once down alongside the river the track levelled out and I pushed on alone after decaping. Passing through the lodge safely without meeting any gun-slinging gamekeepers the track rose sharply, and a brief walk was necessary. Once at the top the rest was rideable and I soon picked up a fair old speed, splashing in and out of the many waterlogged ruts. One or two proved to be deeper than expected, creating quite a splash. After a brief encounter with a land-rover in which I narrowly avoided falling down a deep ditch, I emerged on to the main road once more.

The wait for the others turned out to be longer than expected. This was partly explained upon Alan's arrival by a sudden, desperate urge in which an S.F.S. had been in order. (I am assured that this is the recognised abbreviation!) Feeling slightly parched with thirst we were disappointed when the village post office Mike had promised did not serve any form of refreshment. So we continued to Laxford Bridge and on to Scourie. At this stage Chris and I became detached off the front and struggling on one of the numerous banks we latched on the back of a JCB G.T. which towed us the best part of the way to Scourie. Consequently we were minutes up on the others when we collapsed into the local supermarket in search of food. Feeling a little refreshed, the four of us continued to the Kylestrome Ferry. Following the quiet crossing, I for one was dreading the next leg of the journey. This was approximately twenty miles from Kylesku to Lochinver, hugging the coastline and involving some 14 gradients of 1 in 7, or steeper. However, the road was magnificent, although extremely arduous. Alan and I took turns at being "last man" leaving Mike and Chris to do the pass storming. I looked on in despair as they romped away, knowing I was in no state to do anything about it.

After what seemed like an eternity - we descended into Lochinver in much need of a rest. Mike was complaining that Chris had pushed on all the way without allowing a pause to admire the magnificent scenery. I said nothing. I was on my knees, and suffering badly. A meal in Lochinver followed by a quiet pint rose our spirits as we set off for the final leg.

After several more hills we passed Inverpolly rearing up on our left hand side and dropped down to Badagyle. The road actually levelled out at last as we rode around the headland and on towards the hostel. The drama however was not yet over. As we passed through the

village and on down a lane, which became narrower and narrower we were getting a little anxious. It was now 10.30 and darkness was quickly approaching.

We really came to the end of the road. Now totally exhausted we staggered down an overgrown track towards a likely looking building. It was not to be the hostel. We had passed it a good two miles back. Storming off back down the lane we saw the huge Y.H.A. sign and located the correct turn-off.

With some relief we came across the hostel over a wooden bridge with no handrails. (Nobody dared ride!) After a quick splash in the icy cold river at 11 o'clock at night we retired to bed feeling quite shattered and when the thought of an early rise in order to make the morning ferry at Ullapool some 27 miles away. All good character-building stuff, this.

BILL

THURSDAY

I didn't think that I'd manage it, but I did actually wake up at 6.00 a.m. and rouse the sleeping beauties around me. We crept about the hostel getting ready to depart. It's not easy to be jolly at seven in the morning, but somehow Mike was - revelling in everyone else's misery - sickeningly so. We made our way into a strong headwind with occasional showers, passing two isolated lochs on our way to the main road to Ullapool. Conversation was down to a base minimum of "It's your turn at the front", and, "Hold on, Mike." Once on the main road the wind was behind us and this made pedalling up this undulating road quite pleasant.

I managed to easily win the sprint for the Ullapool sign as Mike had misjudged the number of hills we had to climb (as usual), and being surprised at the last one. He blamed it on some soup which "must have been off!" While waiting for our boat to come in we had a nice, big breakfast in the "Fishermen's mission". We could have stayed there for the rest of the week. We loaded our bikes into the hold of the ferry and were soon sitting in the comfort of the saloon bar drinking shandies and writing postcards. It was a pleasant trip, but like all good things it came to an end after three hours when we docked at Stornoway, in Lewis.

After lunch and shopping in the town we set off into the severe head wind down the island to Harris. We soon lost Mike when he stopped for a puncture and we wouldn't wait for him - true Anfield spirit of comradeship! Alan's back wheel was also giving trouble. The thirty miles down the island seemed to take forever as the wind was so strong. There was a marked change in the scenery as we left the moonscape and began to climb the massive mountains of Harris. The rain really lashed down on us, and visibility was very poor.

I'm sure the view from the top of the mountain pass was spectacular in clear weather. But it wasn't our lucky week, I suppose.

After a very hairy descent down the mountain to sea level at Tarbet we went to see if we could find out what time our ferry left for Uig the next day. To our horror it sailed out at 6.30 a.m. lucky for Mike that he was somewhere back down the road as it could have proved fatal for him.

It was not far from Tarbert to Stockinish (our beds for the night) but it was still hilly and very wet. We arrived about six to find the place taken over by foreigners and professional photographers complete with Hassenblads. The hostel was very warm and quite pleasant, even if it was a bit difficult to get near the fire. And as I lay in bed that night, listening to the wind and rain outside, I spared a thought for Alan, who was still in the porch, re-aligning his back wheel, with only the "super wheel builder" Mike for company.

FRIDAY

CHRIS

Friday morning we arose and left Kyles Stockinish Youth Hostel at around 5.30 a.m. forfeiting breakfast in order to catch our ferry at Tarbert. The road to the ferryport took us through heavy cloud and driving rain along a lane, which seemed to be uphill for 5½ miles and downhill for the last half-mile. We arrived in time, and tried to dry our clothes over semi-warm radiators around the bar. However, we did not make use of the bar facilities.

The ferry docked on time at Uig on Skye. After only a few yards Mike sprinted off towards the horizon after unprintable comments were made and a chase was not started. However, we soon caught him up, womanizing with a young lady cyclist from Cambridge. (His eyesight is certainly much better than his balance). The pace for the next few miles was very sedate which certainly contrasted with the rest of the tour, until we arrived at a town (Portree) big enough to support a "Greasy Joe's Cafe" where we stopped for breakfast. After breakfast we parted company from our female companion, and continued on our way at the usual tour pace again.

Lunch was taken at the Sligachan Hotel before moving on to the ferry for Raasey, this hostelry turned out to be the last civilised place before the ferry port. We arrived at the ferryport two hours early, so the opportunity was taken to sit down on the grass verge, I was so unaccustomed to this I fell asleep. I was woken up sometime later by a small dog, barking. Totally bewildered I looked around - everyone had gone! I looked back to the ferryport relieved that I had not missed the ferry, where I found Mike with his eyes fixed upon a couple of very fit Dutch cyclists, female of course, while Chris and Bill were elsewhere.

Eventually the ferry arrived and we took the short trip across to Raasay. The youth hostel was only a short ride from the ferry, and we arrived at a reasonable time. The hostel possessed an Aga heater, around which we actually managed to dry our clothes for the first time in the tour. After dinner we discovered a big planning mistake. Raasay is dry! This resulted in a civilised game of "Scrabble". (N.B. The word "suffer" was uppermost in our minds, but no one had the letters to spell it.)

ALAN

SATURDAY

The last day started off fairly fine and we soon rode from Raasay to Broadford. We'd had a lie-in after two early mornings to catch ferries: this was welcomed by all. Arriving at Broadford at 11 o'clock we had ample opportunity to ride to Elgol. This was by far the best part of Sky, with the Cuillins towering over the winding coast road. The final 1 in 3 descent to the shore made us grateful for efficient brakes. Lunch in Broadford was the prelude to the crossing of the Sound of Sleat by the Glenelg ferry. The climb over Mam Ratagan was a repetition in reverse of the first day, except that it was Chris's last chance to save face after being always second in the mountain stages. Glued to the "Ace Grimpeur's" back wheel he was determined to win this one. But foul tactics were used. Hearing Chris muff a gear change, the "Ace Grimpeur" pounced and narrowly won the prime. He was, however, disqualified and the prize was given to Alan, who refused to wait at the bottom while a rain shower passed, and leisurely climbed to the summit a full ten minutes ahead of us.

* * * * *

It has been a superb tour - and a welcome break from racing. Alan, a relative novice to cycling, had come through seven strenuous days with flying colours. Chris had again survived a tour without possessing a single map. Bill and Dave had opportunity for a group tour with clubmates from Sassenach country. For my own part I went on to complete 428 miles in the Mersey Roads "24" a week later. Yes, it has been a superb tour.

MIKE

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!

Arthur Birky, (41, Brooks Road, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 2EN - 'phone 051-928 2259) wishes to dispose of a large sized cycling cape in perfect condition, and, also, a bound volume of CYCLING for 1926. No charge at all, but please don't expect him to pay the postage!

CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor wishes to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, special pieces from Bill Finn, Guy Pullan, Chris Edwards and Rod, Simon and George. These will be included when space permits.

RUNSHOLMES CHAPEL- George & Dragon - June 7

It was a dull morning when Bob and I left home. The run was scheduled for the George & Dragon, but on our last visit there, members present decided to try the Swan Hotel instead on our next visit. We arrived in a deluge, and had to sit out in the car for ten minutes. Most of the tables had been reserved, and we found a quiet table for three. The menu was varied, reasonably priced, and quickly served.

Harold Catling arrived when we had finished our meal, and he completed the party of three. It was very crowded in the Swan by one o'clock, and I can now see the reason for the reserved tables. Maybe it would be better if our next visit was in the winter to avoid the crush.

HAGAR POOLE

(Note: Our sincere apologies to Hagar for the delay in including this piece. It should have gone in our last issue - ED).

KELSALL - Morris Dancer - July 5

The day started dull and cloudy, so I had to make the supreme sacrifice. The only way to brighten up the day was to fit mudguards and high pressures. It worked! This done I rushed down to The Mills to meet the President and all his men. Stories were exchanged concerning events lost or won and other diverse topics, enough to get the unfittest of us keen.

Ben soon had us all on the road through Mollington and Upton to Stamford Bridge. Then in the shadow of the mid-Cheshire ridge we reached Ashton and were soon at the Morris Dancer. Although there was no mighty throng of Anfielders there was the warm, friendly company of Frank Marriott and Cyril, Harold Catling, Mike Twigg, Bill Gray and the mob I rode out with: Ben Griffiths, John Moss, Simon Cogan and Rod Anderson.

We managed to drag Ben, John and Mike away from the bar at about 2 p.m. with Mike protesting that at least another hour's good drinking could be had. Down the lane towards Tarvin and then over the packhorse bridges, with Simon objecting to getting his silks dirty. At Chester a slight disagreement resulted in the pack splitting, and I only just got to the Mills ahead of John. Can I be that unfit? As always a mug of tea ended yet another pleasant day in the

company of such selfless clubmates.

CHRIS EDWARDS

PONYBLYDDYN - New Inn - August 2

A bright, sunny day, and I thought it would be a change to go to the New Inn, now owned by a very well-known racing cyclist of pre- and post-war. I decided to invest in B.R. so for the cost of about the same amount as Bill Gray would outlay on a small glass of pick-me-up, I booked return from Cuddington to Chester.

A nice cup of tea at the Sandwich Bar in Cuppin Street, and so by the quiet lanes through the Kinnerton villages, the long climb to Hope, which place I managed to avoid, and so to a couple of miles of busier road to the venue. Cliff Farebrother came over to chat with us, Cliff was a very fast rider in his day, and he still possesses that athletic appearance despite the gray hairs. The final group consisted of smiling John France, with friend Bill Litherland, Captain Ben, Mike Twigg, President Moss, Bill Gray, with notebook poised, Frank Marriott who had cycled, myself and Hugh Dauncey, who arrived even later than me. Bill decided to leave at 2.45 in order to see his friends at the Bridge Inn, just down the road. And by Stryt Isa, the Golly and Broad Oak I came to Dodleston and eventually Chester for a short train ride and three miles downhill to my home.

ALLAN LITTLEMORE

COMBERBACH - Spinner & Bergamot - August 9

A pleasant day, in pleasing company. We did hope that David Birchall, who has come to be mighty handy with a pen, would write this account. But Dave, on a crafty weekend from Auld Reekie in the car, begged to be excused. "I could do a much better job had I arrived on a bicycle." So would we all.

However, John Moss, the aforesaid Dave Birchall, Frank Marriott, Harold Catling (no mistakes this time) Stan Bradley, Phil Mason and Rob Fram enjoyed a very pleasant meal, John Thompson showed up a little later, full of his experiences on a camping tour in Spain. We might get an account for these pages one day, but as John "is so busy", on the other hand we might not. Allan Littlemore completed a very pleasant party, and we all made our separate ways well satisfied with the day.

F.E.M.

HOLMES CHAPEL - George & Dragon - August 16

Is it a sign of the times, or is it holidays? The average for the Manchester section is down to two! Harold Catling and myself, both on tricycles. The George & Dragon showed signs of new management. For the better? I wonder, there seemed to be plenty of room. After a pleasant chat on this sunny day we departed on our ways home. Harold for the hilliest route he could find, and me for the flattest.

STAN BRADLEY