

A N F I E L D B I C Y C L E C L U B

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

PRESIDENT - BEN GRIFFITHS
VICE PRESIDENTS - BILL GRAY & HAROLD CATLING
CAPTAIN - MIKE TWIGG
HON. SECRETARY - DAVID EATON, 29 Glenwood Dr.,
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JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1983

No. 826

December 27th - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) Ladies Invited
January 1st - WOODBANK (YACHT)
" 8th - BANGOR - ON - DEE (ROYAL OAK) LOWER PEOVEL
(CROWN INN)
" 15th - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) Committee Meeting
" 22nd - HUXLEY (FARMERS ARMS) BOSLEY (HARRINGTON ARMS)
" 29th - CLUB WEEKEND, QUEENS HOTEL, OSWESTRY.
" 29th - KELSALL (MORRIS DANCER)
February 5th - ALPRAHAM (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
" 12th - NORWEY (TIGER'S HEAD)
" 19th - FARNDON (NAG'S HEAD) MARTON (DAVENPORT ARMS)
" 26th - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) Committee Meeting.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over - £7.00. Junior (under 21) - £4.00. Cadet - £1.00.

These and donations should be sent to the Hon Treasurer - PHIL MASON
39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

EDITOR - BEN GRIFFITHS, 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyl.
Closing date for next issue - SATURDAY 29th January, 1983.

CLUB WEEKEND

29th January, 1983 - Queen's Hotel, Oswestry.

Following the success of last year's pipe opening weekend it has been decided to repeat the torture. The charge for bed, dinner, supper and breakfast will be in the order of £12.50. Would you let me have your names along with a £2.00 deposit by 27th December.

MIKE TWIGG.

Eric Reeves has had a short stay in the New Arrowe Park hospital, we are pleased to report that he is now out, and has started to get the miles in again (weather permitting.).

The Treasurer wishes to remind all members that our subs are due on the 1st October, one year in advance, to enable the accounts of the current year to be paid, so we again quote Bob Knipe. 'How can the treasurer treasure where no treasure is?'

At the time of going to press we could soon be losing John Whelan from Anfield land. He is now working near Mansfield and is at present commuting each week.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

It is our intention to feature one rider - past or present - in each issue, so if you would like to know what has happened to any of your old mates, let me have their names and we will do our best to find out.

JOHN PARR - John joined in 1956 and resigned in 1978 when in Kenya. His reason for resigning was that when mail did reach him it was about 12 months late. In a letter sent in June, 1982 John wrote from c/o N.D. Lea & Assoc., P.O. Box 675, Kathmandu Nepal and said 'at present where I am living there is no road upon which to ride a bike, without pushing it most of the way, but should any Anfielders be touring in his part of the world, he will be pleased to see them. (Tommo or Hallgarth please note!)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

W. J. Finn - 39 Monalea Wood, Firhouse Rd., Tallaght, Dublin
Republic of Ireland.

G. E. Sharp - Little Oak, School Ave., Little Neston, S. Wirral
Cheshire L64 4BS. Tel: 051 336 2092

NOTA BENE

Club Buffet and Disco March 5th, 1983 at the Cross Keys, Chester.
Tickets will be available soon from Mike Twigg 0244 26399 or
Phil Mason 051 648 5168 - Book early, limited number of tickets, £3.00.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

HERBERT CHARLES MOORE - 88 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead

Proposed by ERNIE DAVIES Seconded by MIKE TWIGG

Hereby has been a good friend of the Anfield for many years, and we are
very pleased to welcome him as a new member.

FOR WANT OF A WORD

Frank Marriott writes: Some three years ago, after the A.G.M. of 1979
I used the word 'sponsor' to describe an effort made by several members
to brighten the "100" Prize list for just one year. Truth to tell,
I just couldn't think of another word to use to describe the particular
situation. Some members enquired of our motives, but the word had
greatest effect on Guy Pullan. Guy is, as everyone knows, a well
respected member of the cycling scene, but our (innocent) use of that
word made him most indignant.

He came to a club run at the Hazel Pear, Acton Bridge, and vented his
feelings on anyone who happened to be in earshot. Several of us
explained the situation very carefully, and we came away with the
impression that his anger had been placated. Sometime later, to the
surprise of us all, he resigned his membership. We did not include
the news in these pages as we thought it best to let the matter lie
and were quite certain that Guy would have had second thoughts. Three
years have now elapsed, with no word at all from our old friend. We
can only express complete regret that our use of just one word should
have cost the Club a very valuable member.

RACING NOTES

We must apologise to Billy Page for missing him from the last racing
notes, Bill in his first comeback season improved $1\frac{1}{2}$ mins at 25 miles
to 1.4.09 and 6 mins at 50 miles to 2.13.49.

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT - A.G.M. 1982

This covered a successful year's programme with a good attendance at fixtures, Membership stands at 80, the same as last year. During the year we lost 6 members with the death of Rex Austin being the worst blow. Mike Wiles, Carl Futter and Allan Littlemore resigned, S. Hancock and J. Mahon were struck off for non-payment of subs. Against this we have had 6 applications for membership. Three of them being cadets, R. Andrews, S. Twigg and D. Futter and one Birkenhead N.B. rider, H. Moore so the future is still bright. Both the club tours in 1982 were based at Oswestry and went down very well. The club dinner took the form of a Buffet-Disco and although only a few Anfielders were present it was very successful. The Hon Treasurer again made a small profit and so didn't need to put up the subs for another year (Good work Phil)

After some discussion it was agreed to withdraw from the British Cyclists Federation. Ben Griffiths was voted Editor of the Circular and John Whelan to life membership.

DAVE EATON - HON SEC.

FINAL RACING RESULTS 1982

28.3.82 TA(NW) '25'

Harold Catling 1.29.10 Trike

27.6.82 BRAMELY WHS '25'

John Thompson 1.5.31 Trike

3.7.82 CLIFTON C.C. '50'

John Thompson 2.9.03 Trike

8.8.82 NORTH LONDON C.C. '50'

John Thompson 2.6.47 Trike

29.8.82 YORKS CENTURY R.C. '100'

John Thompson 4.44.00 Trike

4.9.82 STAN SPELLING MEMORIAL '25'

John Thompson 1.4.40 Trike

Harold Catling 1.25.42 Trike

25.9.82 MERSEYSIDE LADIES '10'

Phil Mason 27-29

25.9.82 NOVA C.C. '25'

Peter Colligan 1.4.17

Mike Twigg 1.5.22

26.9.82 Birkenhead Vics

GRAND PRIX DES GENTLEMEN

25'
Dave Eaton) 1.3.12

Ben Griffiths)

Phil Mason) 1.7.17

Mike Twigg)

John Thompson) 1.9.38

Stan Cave) on trikes

John Thompson with 71 year old Stan (Walton C and AC) were easy winners of the event on standard,

I work out that a 40 yr.old vet would have needed to do 45.35 to beat them.

FINAL RACING RESULTS 1982 cont.

3.10.82 MERSEYSIDE VTTA '25'

Peter Colligan 1.3.42

A SNOWBOUND TOUR 19-20th December, 1981

I arrived in Liverpool at 5 p.m. on a wintry Friday night having stolen the afternoon from work in London.

By 7 p.m. I was fully kitted out with ermine trimmed ear muffs and CHRIS BONNINGTON bonk cubes. My saddle bag was brimming with winter woollies, mars bars and five pound notes. Destination to be CYNWYD YOUTH HOSTEL E.T.A. 10 p.m. (No Chance)

Living in the south as I do these days, I did not really believe all these tales of snow but by the time I reached HESWALL on roads shrunken by the Arctic freeze I knew that this trip would be 'No Sunday Stroll in the Park'.

It was darker than BRILXTON and the traffic gave no quarter on the treacherous roads. I pedalled on steadily through the night and QUEENSFERRY, HAWARDEN AND TREVYDEN were soon passed. I always find that time and distance pass quickly in darkness, but this time was running out. Once past the LIVER the roads became covered with drifting snow. My bike's reaction to this was for the dynamo to slip along with the back wheels.

I stopped at the CROWN, LLANDEGLA for some supper and some anti-freeze. The locals were amazed to see a cyclist out in such weather and they gave me quite a warm welcome. I reluctantly left at 10.30 p.m., my deadline for CYNWYD had come and gone! I would have to use some of the late hostel entry techniques I had learned on previous tours with 'THOMMO' if the warden had not been locked into his local.

I had little trouble finding the '13 BONKS' road as some had kindly illuminated it with flashing amber lights and various road closed signs, which of course meant nothing to a cyclist. The progress made on this road was slow, control of my machine was at times tricky. The whole of the valley was covered in a thick eiderdown of snow with a wall of snow lining the roadsides.

At midnight I finally arrived in CYNWYD with a warming sense of satisfaction at actually getting there. One slight problem though WHERE WAS I STAYING?

The first casualty in the battle for survival is timidity I was soon knocking on doors and trying to get hints as to where we were all staying. I got directions to the Warden's house who I eventually knocked up out of his warm bed. I could see by the way he pulled on his gum boots over his pyjamas and tightened his dressing gown cord that he was not too pleased to see me.

Once we had found the cottage I was soon in the dorm with Rod and Simon who were sleeping very soundly. They had used the Hostels entire supply of blankets. There was no sign of Maggie and John or anyone else for that matter. So I stole the blankets reserved for John and which were not covering Rod's snoring cherubic face. The temperature inside was equal to outside, the pipes had all frozen but I was too tired to care! I slept that night fully clothed, only taking my gloves off.

In the morning I introduced myself to Rod and Simon who (I think) were pleased to see me. We decided while in bed, to maintain some impartiality, that to return to the WIRRAL was wise in these conditions. We had, after all, got to CYNWYD unlike the others booked for the weekend. This decision taken we all got up with the sense of a great burden lifted, which was actually the case for Rod and Simon who were each covered with about twenty blankets.

Rod and Simon very kindly shared their breakfast with me - I didn't have even a teabag to my name! It was while we were about hostel chores that the Warden visited us with the news of a tandem parked against the wall in the village. We all froze (it was quite cold) and in unison uttered the word 'THOLMO'. No sooner said than John and Maggie came bounding in with his faithful saddle bag bulging and Maggie set to preparing their breakfast.

What a tale of woe John recited. Left destitute at 2 a.m. in the heart of frozen Wales, unable to wake the Warden as I had, they were about to leave for a hotel in CORWEN when they were taken in by a truly good Samaritan who just happened to be coming home after a hard day's cheffing in CORWEN. They had not managed to get much sleep so we did not rush.

Of course Rod, Simon and I were going home, I was to think of this again later in the weekend. We left the hostel with little of the morning left and rolled along towards BALA on the B4401. I was with John and Maggie (his talents are wasted in cycling, he should be a second hand car sales man) and our first major test of the day was the MULTI CERRIGS. This was climbed slowly although the roads were quite clear. John and I strained our way up this formidable climb fighting both the incline and the wind blown snow, which rapidly ate into our reserves of breakfast. Meanwhile Maggie told us of her dislike of regimented conifers and privet hedges.

To celebrate our arrival at the summit John decided to roll Maggie in the snow under the guise of 'falling off'.

The beauty of the BERWYN range was highlighted by the disguise it was wearing and the area had a fresh new feel to it that could not be captured on a summer's day.

We slipped and slid our way down to LLANGYNOG where we stopped ostensibly for a whisky. However, by the time we had settled by the log fire with a collection of small furry animals in competition with us for the radiated heat we were tucking into a three course meal, well almost.

When lunch was over we tried to think of as many reasons, in the forms of drinks, for not leaving. But with daylight fast disappearing we had to be on our way through ABERNANT, LLANFYLLIN and BWLCI-Y-CIRAU to WELSHPOOL. Although the distance was short the cold and undulating countryside combined to make time pass quickly and yet give the impression of sloth. The border landscape had a clean winter sharpness which highlighted the hills as they reached into England.

By the time we were shopping in Welshpool for an evening meal Maggie was feeling the cold quite badly and John had to organise us into an effective shopping team (as only John can). We got just about everything imaginable to eat for dinner. The way we felt, money was no object. Brandy was purveyed for Maggie's feet, there was a doubt in my mind that she may have applied it externally but I was quickly assured that it was a strictly internal medication. Once John had fitted his new front lamp, his last one being in a telephone box at CLWYS, we were rolling through the dark Shropshire lanes towards Wilderhope Youth Hostel. We cycled on into a biting crosswind which was gathering force. This tended to reinforce the rumours we had

heard in Welshpool of an imminent blizzard. Little detail was discernable along the A490 through MONTGOMERY and CHURCH STOKE. The tandem had slowed right down on the climbs and Wilderhope seemed to be getting more distant with each anguished cry from John, obviously Maggie doing all the work as usual. Conversation was getting to be as scarce as daylight. At Snead we halted for a comfort stop and a short walk to increase circulation round our frost bitten extremities. It was here that John suggested a deviation from our planned destination. It was that cold that J.T. was suggesting a 'kop out'. But, with the wind gaining strength each minute and us loosing ours I was quick to see the obvious advantages of staying at the Castle Hotel BISHOPS CASTLE for one night's bed and breakfast with evening meal. In only a few moments from having the weight of a trudge across the frozen waste of SALOP we were climbing the main street of BISHOPS CASTLE with a warm comfortable night ahead of us.

The Hotel was indeed palatial, warm and very addictive even if the Manager and protege were slightly more off beat than the establishment. We soon found our attic rooms and were unpacked and ready for dinner. There was a lack of cooking facilities in our rooms so we opted for the hotel five course evening meal (at great personal expense).

A completely uncharted dimension of sophistication was explored as we pored over the menu and its suggestions for oral delight. Smoked mussels and garlic mushrooms were heartily devoured followed by steak and veal and so on.

A bottle of Bull's Blood was keenly guzzled and some of the House Red which John complimented for being 'very good for home brew'. The conversation ranged over many topics from 'Why's it so draughty in here?' to AYSENBURG'S 'On certainty principle' which apparently states that if you know you have a towel in your saddle bag the chances are you will not be able to find it.

All three of us I'm sure enjoyed this detour from a 'normal' hostel weekend even if it was slightly marred by a rather inane under manager who, in attempting to emulate his Basil Fawley type boss had fallen somewhat short, not just in stature!

The Shropshire Blue (which is orange!) and biscuits completed the fine repast so we retired to our attic refuge for Cognac and Yoghurt and an early night.

While we slept the roof timbers cracked under the wind or was it due to a tremendous snow load being applied?

In the morning we awoke to a fresh blanket of snow about an inch or so thick. This would make our last day interesting. At breakfast John congratulated himself, quite rightly so, on the decision not to go to Wilderhope which was by now most probably completely cut off.

We ate as much as possible slowly psyching ourselves up to what was going to be a tough ride.

With the bill paid and John still working out how much we all owed each other for the previous night's excesses we trundled down the lane and onto the main road A488 to SHREWSBURY. The road was deep in snow and made tandem travel quite precarious. I was more fortunate being solo in that I could quickly compensate for slides without over-reaction. We had a superb tail wind behind us which made for effortless travel along a road which was lined with snow covered trees like fugitives from a Bing Crosby film or a Solzhenitsyn novel.

On one of the more exposed stretches of road there were deep get off and walk drifts with a whipping wind to cut across exposed flesh, but this was short lived and as we dropped down to ANNSCROFT through HOPE the snow cleared completely from the road and what was falling turned to sleet. Our arrival in SHREWSBURY tied in quite well with the opening times of the pubs so we drank plenty of fluids and ate Maggie's sandwiches which had kept quite well. This was not surprising as they were probably frozen for most of the trip.

A direct route to WHITCHURCH was taken via WEM and TILSTOCK but avoiding the A49. Once WHITCHURCH was reached our

fellowship was dissolved in a cafe and while John and Maggie thawed I pressed on up the Chester road and through to Hoylake via Two Mills cafe, alas it was shut. The tail wind all the way meant good time was made and when I arrived home I had time to shower and eat and get to Lime St. station for the 8'o'clock to Euston.

A weekend full of unusual tourists and unexpected occurrences which may have resulted in additional but prudent expense. The most costly item however must have been the phone calls to my parents to assure them of my well being.

ANFIELD CLUB RUN TO BANGOR ON DEE - Sat. 10.7.82

This is one of the venues that I dare not miss, as no excuse can cover missing a run only 5 miles from one's own home, but the network of lanes in this area leave one with a great choice of routes over even such a small terrain.

Considering the lovely warm day, the numbers were disappointingly small, but we hear that many were riding time trials both on the Saturday and Sunday.

Joan and Ernest Davies called early-ish on Bill Gray only to find him with T.V. at the ready to watch the Tour de France, so not being particularly interested themselves they pressed on to the 'Oak' to get in a crafty pint. However, before this had been raised to the lips they were happily joined by Frank Fischer and Mike Twigg was hot on his heels, as was Frank Marriot. We were just dewrying our depleted numbers, when in rolled Bill Gray, fresh from the Franch Racing Scene, and our only other very welcome guest was Herbert Moore.

The only lady of the group soon left, accompanied

by Frank Fischer, with whom she rode as far as Wem. Both of them rode in the Shropshire D.A. 100 in 10 the next day. This is of little interest to Anfield members, I know, but this is one of the happy things about cycling, how our paths are always crossing, and how our involvements are never ending.

ERN DAVIES.

KELSALL MORRIS DANCER July 24th.

Once upon a time this particular fixture could be counted to be very special. It occurs on the occasion of the Mersey Roads 24" week-end, and we always had a goodly number of Anfielders and friends present. But not any more, though. The start of the event has been brought forward from 5.00 p.m. to 2.00 p.m. - an arrangement which interferes with the lunching process.

We were very pleased to have with us three old clubmates of Mike Twigg and Frank Fisher: Syd Haywood (now happily recovered from a serious indisposition) Frank Lake, and Charlie King. An excellent sprinkling of Anfielders, too: in addition to the said Mike and Frank we had Chris Edwards (Now a London exile) Bob Poole and Hagar, Harold Catling, ploughing a lonely furrow, for once, Ernie Davies, Phil Mason, Bill Gray and Frank Marriott.

Usually, we sit and yarn, sometimes as late as three, pip Emma, but not today. But by the hour of two most were at the start of the '24' at Austin Hill, near Tarvin. That left only Frank and Bill, and when they couldn't find anything else to talk about a start had to be made home.

F.E.M.

GRAIANRHYD Rose & Crown July 31.

The last time I came to Graianrhyd some weeks ago proved to be a dead loss. On that particular Saturday the inn served as H.Q. for a local carnival, and although mine host assured Bill Gray on the phone that we could be accommodated easily, the number of people entering the inn and presumably lunching, made it appear that space would be at a premium. So I waited outside from 12.20 until 13.00 hrs. No other Anfielder turned up, so I drifted back home for a snack.

Today it was different. We had a pleasant party of seven, not at all bad for holiday times: Ernie Davies, Frank Marriott, Phil Mason

Dave Eaton, Roger Andrews, Hugh Dauncey and Bill Gray. We were particularly pleased to see Hugh Dauncey, whose home is now a mile or so west of Ruthin. He usually tries to get to our Welsh runs, but with University, and a year spent in France, we haven't seen very much of him.

On the way home I reached Mold by way of what we once knew as 'the sewer'. This involves keeping straight on at Traddyn instead of turning right at Coed Talon. The straight road gets narrower, and narrower and overhung with trees until you come to an old railway bridge. A right turn at the top brings Leeswood and Pontblydyn.

F.E.M.

ACTON BRIDGE Hare & Hounds August 7th

When we said farewell to the Hazel Pear Inn some months ago we were under the impression that that would be our last visit to the village for some time. Where else could we enjoy such delectable cheese and onion pie? However, our latest house seems to be even better, serving an infinite variety of excellent food.

As we mentioned some time ago, the individually made steak pies are something out of this world. A new venture today was cauliflower cheese. On this warmish sort of day we just didn't feel quite up to tackling one of these masterpiece pies, and settled for something less, but we will admit to a touch of drooling while watching Bob Poole tucking into his. Eric Reeves had a sort of longing in his eyes, too.

For once the Manchester section, in the forms of Bob and Hagar Poole, and Harold and Mary Catling, had a numerical superiority - of one. Only three of us Eric Reeves, Ben Griffiths and Frank Marriott. However, before the hatches closed Mike Hallgarth strode manfully into the inn, and while he tucked into another of those luscious pies he regaled us,

between bites, with rough stuff adventure in Mid-Wales.

FARMER'S ARMS Huxley, 14.8.82

A fair good day for this run. It is straight across and back and I had the company of Joan and Ern Davies on the return trip. Ern to Clutton and Joan to Shocklagh. The company was as follows, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Ira Thomas, Ern & Joan Davies, Phil Mason, Roger Andrews, Mike Hallgarth, John Futter and son and David and Bill Gray.

MOULDSWORTH - The Goshawk 25.9.82

I left home at 10.30 a.m. on this sunny, if windy, day and headed into the strong southerly wind. After reaching Christleton Island I decided to take to the lanes, I took the right turn into Pearl lane through Christleton then down Plough lane for the pack horse bridges, down by the river Gowy, it was very wet (the result of torrential rain on Friday evening). I walked over the three bridges and up most of the narrow track eating the blackberries that overgrew the path. After remounting I kept in the lanes across the A57 at Austin's Hill through Ascroft across the A54 at Kelsall then through the forest to Mouldsworth. Already seated outside were Dave Eaton, John France and Ernie Davies by this time the Goshawk had opened so we went in, soon to be joined by Bob and Mrs. Poole, Eric Reeves, Jack Hawkins, Phil Mason, Mike Twigg and Frank Marriott, soon after the meeting started Ira and Mrs. Thomas arrived. They were quickly followed by John Futter just as the meeting was ending Mike Hallgarth arrived and we were also pleased to see Herby Moore B.N.E.C.C. Phil Mason and Mike Twigg were going racing while Dave Eaton had to dash away to Anfield to watch the reds trounce Southampton 5-0, On the return to the Eureka Herby and John Futter showed Mike Hallgarth and myself how bicycles should be ridden but we managed to hang on until the Cafe. Eric Reeves was already there and we were soon joined by Rod Anderson, George Elkington and Dave Bassett and after the usual pints of tea it was time for home. It had been a very enjoyable day out.

BENNO

HANMER Hammer Arme 2.10.82

Hanmer is a pleasant enough hamlet clinging to a lake shore a few miles north of Ellesmere. Because it has a church and an inn, with a lot of history thrown in, it could rank as a village. The inn is a very pleasant place indeed, and only earlier this year did we realize that

it would make an excellent venue for our runs, The distance for our north Wirral friends would probably extend to some 30 miles. And you do not need to trouble yourself with Wrexham and its Saturday traffic.

We used the lane route on our way home today. Just North of the village you cross the short bye-pass road and then the Bangor to Whitchurch highway. This brings Tallarn Green where you drift down to the river's bridge at Sarn. Threapwood comes next. Threapwood today reveals nothing of its history as a lawless place where the law of the land did not prevail, and the men used force to maintain those rights. The place is peaceful enough now. Right on to the Bangor road from Malpas, and then a 'straight on' lane leading to Shocklach and Farndon. We had a pleasant party: Frank Fischer, Ernie Davies, Frank Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, John Futter, Bill Gray, and Mike Hallgarth. We were also pleased to welcome our old friend Herbie Moore.

F.E.M.

MOULDSWORTH - The Goshawk 9.10.82

Owing to having to work in the morning I had to take the most direct route to Mouldsworth. Chester southerly bypass than the A56 through Tarvin, a left turn through Aston and I'm there. It is about 45 mins ride and those present were Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw, Bob and Mrs. Poole, John and Mrs. Williamson George Connor, Frank Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Roger Andrews, Phil Mason, Bill Gray, John Whelan, Ernie Davies, Harold Catling, Ira Thomas and John Thompson. At 2 p.m. we made the move up the road to Aston village hall for the A.G.M. Waiting for us were Les Bennett, Jack Hawkins, Mike Hallgarth and Eric Reeves. So with 19 members for the 1982 A.G.M. with nothing of any great concern on the agenda this was not such a bad turn out. Harold Catling sat in for the secretary and most members seemed satisfied with the way the club was being run and the only changes of any note were Ben Griffiths

taking over from Mike Hallgarth as circular editor and John Whelan being awarded life membership.

BENNO

MARTON - Davenport Arms - 6.11.82

After a waterlogged week the clerk of the weather relented and Saturday was fine and bright. Just the day for a short foray into the foothills of the Peak then down to Marton on the plain. Although only a tiny village Marton makes two bold claims to fame - what is said to be the oldest (or is it the largest?) oak in Britain and the oldest half-timbered church still in use in Europe. The great oak is something of a disappointment. There can be little doubt as to its antiquity. Nor is there any doubt that in its heyday it was a very large tree but it is now pathetically infirm, though still alive. The black and white, half timbered church on the other hand is a little gem, beautifully kept and well worth a visit.

Alas, I was the only attender on this fixture but, the Davenport Arms being a friendly, uncrowded little pub, I enjoyed the break. Although not to my taste, impecunious epicures amongst us may be interested to note that the house offers hot-pot served with crusty bread for 70p.

Shortly after 10'clock I left the hostelry and a few minutes later a large skein of grey geese passed overhead moving northwards and honking loudly. After a mile or so the whole skein swung round in a great arc and I was just in time to witness the spectacular landing, into a strong southerly wind, on Redesmere. It certainly created a major disturbance amongst the many smaller birds already on the mere.

From Redesmere a most helpful wind made it an easy climb over the shoulder of Alderley Edge and I was home in nice time for afternoon tea.

HAROLD CATLING.

MOULDSWORTH - The Goshawk 30.10.82

A pleasant pastime, sitting by the fire at home, is the planning of new and better routes but if interest in the pastime is to be maintained one must occasionally brave the elements and test the soundness of one's planning. Having worked for some months on a new route from Midsbury to Mouldsworth, using as a criterion of excellence the ratio of miles of interesting lanes to miles of busy road it was now time

to test the theory,

Unfortunately, raising my criterion of excellence generally raises also the total number of miles to be covered and the latest new route was no exception. Accordingly I set out shortly after 8 a.m. on this not so bright Saturday morning to investigate from the saddle the terra incognita which my armchair studies of Sheets 109, 117 and 118 of 1:50,000 OS series had revealed.

Aided by a favourable wind and the forbearance of some rather ominous rainclouds the route was completely successful and I was able to laze over not-too-belated elevenses in one of the picnic areas of Delamere Forest with my outward journey almost completed. Whilst sitting there reading a blow-by-blow account of Eric Tremaine's great End-to-End ride in the TA Gazette I was joined by a small family - Mum, Dad and two tiny children. They had collected a huge sackfull of horse chestnuts which they spread out on the picnic table. Dad brought out a huge clasp knife and, to my surprise, proceeded to break open the nuts which the family devoured most avidly. Times must be very hard in Britain today for the motoring peasantry!

At the Goshawk a goodly party was gathered, attenders were R. Andrews, H. Catling, E. Davies, D. Eaton, J. France, Flow Hill, J. Futter, B. Griffiths, J. Hawkins, F. Marriott, P. Mason, B. Poole and Hagar, G. Robinson and M. Twigg. There may have been other late arrivals as I left early to make a rendezvous at Cuddington with a train which could save me a few miles and, hopefully enable me to reach home before dark. In the event I caught the train and avoided riding in the dark, thanks to British Rail and my pensioner's Rail Card.

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (formed MARCH 1879)

President : BEN GRIFFITHS

Vice Presidents : BILL GRAY and HAROLD CATLING

Captain : MIKE TWIGG

Hon. Sectetary : DAVID EATON , 29 Glenwood Drive
Irby, Wirral, Merseyside

Tel: 051 648 3563

MARCH/APRIL 1983

No. 827

- FEBRUARY 18/19 - YHA WEEKEND - WILDERHOPE, CORRIS
19 - FARNDON (NAGS HEAD) MARTON (DAVENPORT ARMS)
26 - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE MEETING
- MARCH 5 - HUXLEY (FARMERS ARMS) BOSLEY (HARRINGTON ARMS)
5 - CHESTER CLUB BUFFET - DISCO (CROSS KEYS) 8p.m.
12 - HANMER (HANMER ARMS) LOWER PEOVER (CROWN INN)
19 - CROWTON (HARE & HOUNDS)
26 - GRAIANRHYD (ROSE & CROWN) MARTON (DAVENPORT ARMS)
- APRIL 2 - FARNDON (NAGS HEAD) LANGLEY (LEATHER SMITHY)
9 - ALPRAHAM (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
16 - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE
23 - BANGOR ON DEE (ROYAL OAK) ALLOSTOCK (DROVERS ARMS)
30 - CROWTON (HARE AND HOUNDS)
- MAY 2 - OPEN '25' COAST ROAD WOODBANK (YACHT)
7 - KELSALL (MORRIS DANCER)
14 - FADDILEY (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
21 - MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE
28 - HANMER (HANMER ARMS) LOWER PEOVER (CROWN INN)
30 - OPEN '100' ASTLEY (DOG IN THE LANE)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00 Junior (under 21) £4.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to the Hon Treasurer - Phil Mason
39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside

Editor - Ben Griffiths, 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - SATURDAY MARCH 26th, 1983

LES BENNETT. With the utmost sorrow we must inform everyone that Les Bennett lost his wife, very suddenly, at New Year time. We are sure that all will extend to Les their sympathy in his very sad loss.

COMMITTEE NOTES

All night ride. It is proposed to run an all night ride on the night of Saturday 25th June, an organizer is needed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Flo Hill - 'Little Oak', School Ave., Little Neston, S. Wirral, Cheshire L64 4BS (Tel: 051 336 2092)

ERIC REEVES has again had a short spell in hospital, this time for an eye operation and is not permitted to ride his bike until March, we are sure all will wish him a very speedy and complete recovery.

ANFIELD '100' Ira is again seeking assistance and will be pleased to hear from anyone who is available Ring Whitchurch 4100

'100' FUND Any member wishing to make a donation towards the cost of running the '100' should send them to Phil Mason, the Hon Treasurer.

CLUB BUFFET AND DISCO, March 5th, 1983 at the Cross Keys, Chester. Tickets are now available from Mike Twigg 0244 26399 or Phil Mason 051 648 5168, Book early limited number of tickets £3.00 8p.m. - 12 midnight.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Christopher John Shorter, Bassett House, Station Rd., Rossett, Clwyd.

Proposed by - Ben Griffiths, Seconded by Mike Twigg

CYCLING CLUB BADGES If any members are interested in buying or selling cycling club badges, Mr. Tom Houghton of 3, St. Annes Cottages, Ellerigg Rd., Amblaside, Cumbria, LA22 9EU would be interested to hear from them.

CLUB TRAINING TOPS have been ordered, there are two types, ordinary tracksuit (12.00) and nylon fronted (17.00) some spares have been ordered, if interested, please contact Phil Mason or Dave Eaton.

Y.H.A. WEEKEND

Friday 18th February - Wilderhope

Saturday 19th February - Corris

Wilderhope can be reached using the British Rail £1.00 ticket from Chester to Church Stretton. Trains leave Chester at 5.38 and 7.20 p.m. The journey takes about an hour and a half. If interested contact John Thompson on 051 426 4622

G. P. MILLS - The Secretary has received a request from Roy Pascoe (maker of the film 'A Sunday in Hell - Paris - Roubaix 1976') for a photograph of G.P. Mills. Apparently Mr. Pascoe is making a film of John Woodburn's successful end to end attempt of 1982 and is hoping to portray some of the history of this epic. A photo has been sent but if any members have any pictures or information that may be of interest, please write to Mr. Pascoe at his work address. Roy Pascoe, Paramount House, 162 170 Wardour St., London W.1.

CLUB HISTORY Frank Marriott raised the point of how are we to sell 200 copies of the history? Ideas to Frank or any committee member.

A final word on the 1982 '100', the Secretary was asked by the committee to write to Dave Lloyd expressing our congratulations for his ride of 3-47-10 setting a new event record. The following reply was received:-

Dear Dave and members of the Anfield B.C.,

Thank you very much indeed for taking the trouble to write to me to congratulate me on my ride in the Anfield 100. I rate it as probably my best ride this season, and the course really suited me, you can keep your drag-strips!! as they say it is horses for courses.

I also rate the classic league much higher than the B.A.R. and was pleased the Anfield was included in the classic league. Thanks again and all the best from
DAVE LLOYD.

RACING SEASON 1983

Yes, it is here. Entry forms for the first events have already been posted. Please let me know your results early (tel 051 426 4622)

At the A.G.M. last October Ben Griffiths made the point that if doing a personal best was 'what it is all about' (and the previous President John Moss was once heard to declare that doing a personal was the thrill of his life) then Phil Mason was the champion of 1982. Out of this remark the Committee has agreed to make a 'most improved rider' award. There are innumerable ways this could be calculated but we have chosen the simplest - the award goes to the rider with the most number of personal bests in the season.

SUNDAY TRAINING

I awoke at 7 a.m. to the sound of driving rain. By 8.15 I wheeled my training iron from the garage, it was just light very cold and raining. By 9.15 I was sitting in the Eureka with seven other Anfielders and a lot of B.N.E. riders and sharp at 9.30 we left for Ruthin. Up Ewloe the rain turned to sleet, I started to whistle but the others cursed a lot so I gave up. After Mold the sleet changed to horizontal hail, each piece of ice stinging as it tried to pierce the skin. Soon Hallgarth went shooting away with Whelan after him but I just increased the pedal rate a little and got on the back. Over the top, I glanced back, to see Whitmarsh about 100 yards down, with no one else in sight. At Ruthin Brian caught us so we were four strong at the Nant-y-garth. Hallgarth attacked first, quickly countered by Whelan and I sat quietly on the tops waiting. As we neared the top, I made my move and quickly dropped the others (if only Mossy had seen me) and at Llandegla the hail was getting deep but I was well away on my own. As I climbed the moore a glance back showed no one else in sight. Next minute I heard a voice beside me - It must be Dave Lloyd (but it sounds like my mother) what is he saying? "Wake up, it's one o'clock your dinner's ready."

As I downed the second pint that night. I was heard to remark
'The training runs are very easy these days.' ANON.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR 15/16.10.82

Queen's Hotel, Oswestry

Most weekenders now start on the Friday morning, and we had arranged to meet at the Sun Spot Cafe at 1 p.m. and leave at 2 p.m. (Some readers may not believe that we would meet in a cafe when the pubs are open but it is true).

I left home about 11.30 a.m., first stop was the local cycle shop (for an extra tube) then back through Hawarden and Pen-y-ffordd then up the A5104 for Treuddyn, but soon after Rontybodkin I was caught by a flying Mike Twigg and as the Railway Inn was in sight a pint was indicated.

We left the bikes in easy sight of the road and within minutes had trapped Brian Whitmarsh but just as Phil Mason dismounted we drank up and left, yes, for the Cafe at Treuddyn.

We four were soon joined by Dave Bettaney, Peter Colligan, John Whelan and Dave Bassett. By 1.55 we were ready to leave, after telling the Cafe proprietor our route in case anyone else turned up, we left. At Rhyddalog we turned left then straight on at Four Crosses for Minera, a sharp right and we were climbing the Exclusham Mountain for World's End. As most readers will know this is quite a stiff climb and as was expected the bunch soon split, what we did not expect was to see Phil Mason at the front with John Whelan and Brian Whitmarsh on his wheel. At the ford we re-grouped on the descent. John Whelan punctured so we had the pleasure of watching how a tube can be changed without getting your hands dirty. At Llangollen we crossed the main A5 and took the lane for the Alt-y-Body and this hill soon had us walking as sitting in the saddle meant the front wheel lifting and standing up meant the rear wheel slipping (Phil Mason was again forcing the pace at the front).

Then it was down to Glyn Ceiriog where we stopped outside the Glyn Valley Hotel to inquire if we could get a cup of tea in the village. The answer was No but the memories of lots of very happy tints tours in the past came flooding back. My main thought as we took the lane for Selattyn was of Jack Salt and what a gent he really was and how after all the years we still miss him, on these runs especially. However life goes on, so through Selattyn and down past the girls' school to Oswestry, some back street manoeuvring brought us to the

hotel's back door and after a wash and change we went into the town on foot for a cup of tea as dinner was not until 7.30p.m. As we walked up the main street a cyclist in an Anfield top was seen and with some difficulty was identified as Chris Edwards. It was the clean shaven, slim line, fit look that had us worried. After finding a cafe it was back to the hotel for a pint before dinner when we were joined by Mike Hallgarth and John Thompson and so we had eleven for the first night.

Saturday we were ready for the road soon after 9.00 a.m. and took the A483 to Llyncllys then turned right on the A495 for Llananfraid (as we passed the Sun more nostalgic memories of yet more tints tours) and Meifod. A right turn on the A458 to Llanfair Caeremion and we found a cafe for morning coffee but when we went to order we found we were down to ten as Dave Bassett had turned round and gone back (we later found he had gone all the way back home). After coffee and toast we rang the Red Lion at Dinas Mawddwy to book lunch and then we took the Newtown road out of the village (in pouring rain). We soon turned right for Carno and over Cribin Hill it became very windy. At the top Peter punctured but was lucky to find a workman's hut to do the repair. In, most of us continued down the hill through Rhyd to the A470 where we waited in a bus shelter for him. He soon came and we went with the wind down the A470 to Llanbrynmair where we turned right down the lane for Dol-fawr. This was a very pleasant lane mainly down hill, with the wind, but it ended with a stiff climb to the A458, a left turn then right on the A470 and we were at the Red Lion.

After lunch (during which Peter again repaired a puncture) we took the lane for the main climb of the weekend, the Bwlch-y-groes but with a full gale behind us, most of it was rideable. Mike Hallgarth was first to the 1780 ft. summit, beating John Whelan by $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, where we regrouped for the ride down to Vyrnwy. At the lake we left Mike Hallgarth to wait for Dr. Thompson (who has some theory that riding a 70 in fixed gear in North Wales is good training). Near the dam Mike caught us up and we enquired after John only to be told he had punctured but to carry on. We decided to wait at Abertridwr but after ten minutes,

Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Peter Colligan and Phil Mason decided to carry on, through Hernant village (I have had some fine teas and holidays at Carl Birkby's) to Peny-bont-fawr. We then turned right down the Tanant valley and now had a strong head wind, so were soon caught by the others, but John was not with them. We got on the back and had an easy ride to Oswestry and arrived back at 5.40 after a hard day's ride. In the usual dash for the bathrooms I noticed Billy Page sitting with a nice pot of tea. Dave Birchall had also arrived just as dinner was being served and John also turned up having failed to repair the tyre and after having ridden the last 30 miles on a flat rear tyre. It is just as well he uses a hub dynamo. David Birchall now takes up the story from his start in Chester on Saturday morning.

You can cycle from Chester to Oswestry avoiding main roads, and so the feature of my solo ride on Saturday to the Queen's Hotel was that it led along lanes awash with mud, surface water and hedge trimmings. The route meandered through Harthill and Bickerton into a rain laden south-westerly headwind. One of Malpas' inns provided a lunch of hotpot and good ale. The afternoon's journey through Lower Wych, Eglwys Cross, Hanmer, Lyneal Tetchill, Hordley and Rednall, splendid names all, led to Oswestry and the luxury of an early bath.

Blue skies and towering clouds and an unmoderated wind, came with the Sunday morning. John Thompson did a first-aid job on his blown-out tyre and really had no choice about a prudent route home. Phil Mason, most sensible of Treasurers, showed commendable strength of character and accompanied John. Peter Colligan wisely followed too. Most of the bicycles which remained were, I noted, equipped for 'fast training'. This is code, meaning that mudguards had been fitted to machines which many a cyclist would aspire to race on, and bags were off. I noted too that my companions were all racing-fit and at the end of a successful club season. Thus we burst out of Oswestry at a quick pace and made for Llyncllys and the Tanat Valley. Llangynog marks the start of the four mile, 1,000 foot climb to the Milltir Cerrig and on this Sunday morning, with a strong tail wind the road was the scene of a fast and furious battle between super tourist Hallgarth and Campagnolo Whelan. At the top, it was later rumoured, Mike used his digital wrist-stop-watch the more accurately to savour his victory. The long descent halted abruptly on the final hairpin with a blown inner tube on the front wheel of the Twigg machine. During repairs a canopy of trees gave some shelter from the driving wind and torrential rain. Conditions in the Dee Valley were

punishing with roads awash with surface water and spray. Riding fast in close format in these conditions, here the price of too few miles in my legs was paid, because what speed I had gave out between Cynwyd and Corwen.

What dismay when it became clear that 'early lunch' at Corwen meant the prospect of a quick snack before the final stage to Two Mills. Off we went, newly fortified, and my grateful thanks are due for the teamwork involved in keeping me in touch with the pack on the hilly road to Bryn Eglwys and over the Llandegla Moors. At Pen-y-fford Mike Twigg turned towards Chester and I followed. Oh how pleasant was the thought of the bath awaiting me in Chester.

The arrangement had been made for Ben to collect by car the saddlebags left at the Queen's Hotel and return them to an agreed meeting place. Thus the weekend finished when in the evening I made my way with Mary to the Wheatsheaf, Mollington and the company of Mike and Pat Twigg, John and Jane Whelan, Brian and Pat Whitmarsh, Dave Bettaney, Phil Mason and the President.

DAVE BIRCHALL.

HARRINGTON ARMS BOSLEY October 2nd

The full Manchester contingent turned up at this venue, namely, Mary & Harold Catling, Hagar and myself.

Although the Party is small it is very pleasant to meet for a Saturday lunch together. BOB POOLE.

23rd October, 1982 - Morris Dancer - Kelsall

Filled with renewed confidence after completing the full Tints course the week previously I decided to go to the Mills to meet the lads. After the second pint of tea I decided that no one was coming and maybe I was the sole survivor from the weekend and had better proceed in haste to Kelsall to inform the non weekenders of my fears.

Having half wheeled myself into the ground I arrived at the pub. Through the mist of pain I saw Ernie Davies who had a pint in his outstretched hand. Having grabbed it and swallowed its contents, I revived sufficiently to notice Ben's cheery form and thought 'Great at least another survivor'. Other forms swam into view, Frank Marriott, Bob and Hagar Pool and John France were their owners.

Herb Moore, now a member arrived shortly after, followed at intervals by Dave Birchall, Phil Mason (two more survivors) Bill Gray, survivor John Thompson and Maggie.

After much discussion and comparing of notes on the weekend we made a move for home. On the way out Dave Birchall suggested that we go home via the Pack Horse Bridge. Ben and I decided that we would avoid this delightful thought when Dave said he knew a short cut. However, bolder spirits in the form of Phil, John and Maggie decided to follow him. Phil being on tubes was overjoyed when he passed through a carpet of thorns without a puncture. His joy was to be short lived, broken glass claimed the life of a tube. Being a considerate chap, he told the rest of the party to go on and that he would follow the road that Ben and I had already departed on, our route being the shortest route known to mankind we were soon passing the lane that leads to the Bridges. I must say we saw no evidence of tyre tracks so we pressed on keeping to the normal lanes. Phil failed to catch us. Only the Lord knows what happened to the others.

MIKE TWIGG

GRAIANRHYD Rose & Crown, November 6th

Some folks love to play the hero and our Bill Gray is one such person. He is very brave, really. Well on the wrong side of sixty he takes his bicycle along the most mountainous route possible, perhaps in order to gain an appetite for Rose & Crown fare. In the opinion of most people, his road to Graianrhyd, taking in the road to Minera and a nasty 1 in 6 hill, is one to be studiously avoided. He has to crest the 1,100ft. contour, but by another way he need only tip over the 900ft line. Two hundred feet is a mere nothing when stretched out but stand it up on end and the proposition becomes difficult. Still, despite these exertions Bill contrives to arrive with a smile on his countenance. Enough of this picking on friends! Eight of us gathered into a very pleasant party: Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Ernie Davies, John Futter Gerry Robinson (available for runs again over the next few months) John Thompson, Frank Marriott and Bill Gray. John T. living in the distant environs of Liverpool, took the car to Two Mills and cycled for the rest of the journey.

As usual conversation flowed fast and free for the best part of two hours: we regaled ourselves with vivid memories of Salty and his prowess on a bicycle. These adventurous tales could go on for hours. Many years have passed since he left us, but recollections are still vivid.

Eventually we had to move off. Those on bicycles, and one who was not, climbed the hill to Eryrys before the headlong fling into Mold. Yes, a very good outing once again.

F.E.M.

FADDILEY - Tollemache Arms

The morning of November 13th was truly a beautiful one, clear blue sky, slight southerly breeze, a little on the cold side, I left home about 10a.m. and took the Chester Southerly by-pass to Christleton then the A41 to Hatton Heath, a left turn through Tattenhall then, two left turns for the lane that leads to Harthill, this is a real old Cheshire village, all sandstone (but no pub). After Harthill I joined the A534 near Mad Allens Hole. (Just who was Mad Allen?) on Gallantry Bank Frank Marriott came speeding past (Maybe Frank knows the answer). I soon dropped down through Bulkeley and Ridley Green to Faddiley, those present were Harold and Mary Catling. Harold is soon to take another trip to India but hopes to be home for Christmas. Bob and Hagar Pool, Ernie and Joan Davies, Frank Marriott, Frank Fisher and Bill Gray. We ten were soon joined by Gerry Robinson and Phil Mason and just as I was celebrating getting a run up on the captain, he arrived saying that he had had a hard ride back from Ludlow (We didn't believe him). At 1.50 a cyclist was seen outside, some thought it could be Dr. Thompson but 1.50 is a bit early for John and soon Peter Colligan joined us (He had spent some time at the Police station owing to his son having had his car stolen) At 2.30 as we left for home, we saw a tandem outside and then Maggie looking very pale leaning against the wall. She managed to mutter something about John's map reading ability, before collapsing into the pub (how many times did you get lost John?). John was sitting on a bench and had that dazed look that comes with the knock.

By now the weather had changed, it had gone colder and clouded over. Mike, Peter, Gerry Phil and myself took the lane for Haughton Moss and Spurstow, I did some weather forecasting and decided that if we went straight on at Spurstow we would miss the rain (we didn't). At Peckforton we turned with the wind to Beeston (a stop to remove capes) then left and through the lanes for Chester where we parted company. I reached home just before dark and more rain after a very enjoyable day.

BEN

CROWTON Hare & Hounds November 27

This delightful inn at Crowton must surely be regarded as a very happy choice of venue for our two regular members who have their homes on the Lancashire side. They can be at Runcorn more or less, in a matter of minutes, and then in certainly less than ten miles come into Crowton. On a nasty, end-of-the-year Saturday such convenience must be considered a bonus. But this afternoon was anything but nasty.

Crowton lies on the eastern fringe of Delamere Forest, on the road that comes gently sweeping down from Kingsley to Acton Bridge. For those living in Wirral it is not a particularly easy ride, but today the journey through the ancient woodlands can only be described as delightful.

For a change, we'll come to the Lancashire folk first: Peter Colligan and John Thompson. Then, in no particular order were Roger Andrews, Phil Mason, John Futter, Frank Marriott, Mike Twigg and Ben Griffiths. And all made their respective ways into the wonderful food - grand home-made fare - that our host and his good lady had prepared. Yes, another excellent outing. F.E.M.

'TOLLEMACHE' Alpraham 11.12.83

After a few weeks enforced lay off it was a 'hard ride'. Mind you we (Ben and I) were lucky with the sun, certain riders as underlined arrived soaked (with rain, the beer was later). I caught some rain on the way back 'not a lot'. The company of seven was made up by Ben Griffiths, John Thompson, Peter Colligan, Mike Twigg, Frank Marriott, Phil Mason and Bill Gray.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

At the beginning of the Christian era we find beer was already the National drink of the Celtic and Germanic races of Western Europe including the Britons. Evidence suggests we are indebted to the Danish invasion for its introduction. Even then laws were in being to control Ale houses.

BILL GRAY

Christmas Weekend - Cynwyd-Bridges 17/18 December

Observant readers will notice that this weekend was originally planned 'Cynwyd - Wilderhope'. Fortunately for the participants I realized that Wilderhope might well be 'a ridge too far' and the booking for Saturday was changed to Bridges. Our party consisted of Mike Hallgarth who was obliged to come after the scandal last year when he went to Majorca to get out of the Christmas weekend, Roger Andrews one of our cadets who through courage, foolishness or

youthful innocence ignored the forebodings issued by certain members, and two friends of mine Dave Scott and Mick Mangan who are not Anfielders and therefore had no opportunity to read last month's Circular. The scribe and his stoker Maggie made up the half dozen.

Different paths were taken to Cynwyd but by 8.30 we were all supping Burtonwood Ales and making plans for the morrow. Super-star climber Hallgarth was to do the Bwlch y Graes, the main party the Mullfir Gerrig and we were all to meet for lunch in Welshpool.

The next morning we found four or five inches of snow had fallen during the night and worse it was still snowing. Would we have to make do with a very uninteresting ride down the A5 to Shrewsbury? Eventually we decided to pedal along as far as Pale, review the situation, and if necessary return along the A494. The snow along the 'E' road was deep and crisp and very uneven and the eight miles took almost an hour. Despite this and because the snowing had stopped and the sun shone, everyone without exception voted we go over the top. (I think it is reasonable under these conditions to use a phrase traditionally reserved for the tougher 'WayFarer route'). The exertions of climbing, the slight tailwind and the sunshine soon had us stripped down to three or four layers of clothing (I felt almost naked) and before us lay the unique and magnificent Berwyns, a sight which could not be captured on film and cannot be evoked by this writer.

The Powys snowclearers had been much more active than their Gwynedd and Clwyd counterparts and we made a rapid descent to Llangymrog for elevenses. I had to cajole the party from this brief experience of comfort and warmth, I knew all too well that between there and Welshpool there were many banks. Our progress was delayed by the rear chain of the tandem snapping. I had no riveter (I sometimes carry one but not this time) nor did anyone else. The job was done with a sledge hammer, well almost, and a six inch nail. This repair only lasted ten miles and the next hammer to be borrowed was if anything even bigger. However I was gaining some skill in dealing with the precision technology 'ultra six' chain using crude farm-yard equipment - the second job lasted all weekend.

After lunch Maggie gave us shopping lists which, combined would provide the ingredients for a slap-up meal that evening. The load was unequally divided amongst the crew. The inexperienced Mick had to carry the spuds plus assorted vegetables whilst Mick ended up with just one packet of biscuits. Whatever one says about this rider his tactical ability must go unchallenged. Bridges Hostel was certainly far enough, an extra dozen miles were not needed. A blazing coke fire welcomed us and the warden was quite happy to let us turn the common room into one vast airing cupboard. He also disclosed, and I only repeat this because the Circular is 'Private and Confidential' that he was a contestant in the finals of the local darts and dominoes competition, there was an extension and despite YHA rules, we were welcome to give our support.

Sunday morning saw a complete transformation. All the snow had melted and heavy rain meant we should start caped-up. The brooks of the Long Mynd and the mighty Severn were brim full of brown swirling water from the night of rain and thaw. We made the traditional lane route via Habberley, Minsterely, Westbury, Crewe Green, Maesbrook and Maesbury to Oswestry for lunch. The Thorn ridden lanes had cost us three punctures which goes some way to explaining our late arrival - 1.30 p.m. The cafes were closed and Pub Grub venues without grub. Only an Indian restaurant and the 'Black Gate' were open. No-one wanted to carry on so to the 'Black Gate' we went. It was immediately evident, candles on tables, waitresses in uniform, etc., that this establishment was up-market from our usual requirements. However the wet, fired bedraggled hungry army was in no condition to ride to Chirk, the next feeding point, and the manager, far from being snooty, welcomed us in and encouraged us to remove booties, overshoes and other soggy apparel and dry them out round the fire. He even took Maggie's socks away to be whirled in his tumble dryer! Re-charged by an excellent meal we set off in various directions. Dave and Mick to Llangollen, Mike to Frank Marriot's place and Roger and the tandem to Chester. 'Complete well-being' that is the only way to describe my own feelings that Sunday afternoon. Could it have been just a sense of relief that no disaster had occurred or was it that the rain had stopped, always good for lifting one's mood, or the strong southerly that made evens quite easy, or the brandy I took with my coffee? No doubt it was all of these but I would still reply to the question "What's a better way to spend a weekend" with the answer 'There is none.'

The Goshawk - Mouldsworth December 27th.

After a very mild Christmas, Monday 27th was a bit cooler but still mild for late December. I left home at 9.30a.m. and rode with the wind for 1 hour. I then stopped near Beeston for a cup of tea and piece of cake. I stopped in a quiet lane, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, some lambs frolicked in the nearby field and the birds sang, I really thought that spring had started early.

I decided that for the next hour I would take the first left then first right, this took me around Tarpurley through Eaton and Utkington. When the hour was up I was near Crowton so I turned left for Kingsley then over the hill to the Goshawk. Phil Mason and Dave Eaton were already tucking in and we were soon joined by a good turnout of 18 members and 21 friends. In no particular order I noted Dave and Mary Birchall (down from Edinburgh) John Thompson and Maggie (on tandem) John and Mrs. Williamson, Bob and Mrs. Poole, Jim and Mrs. Cranshaw with daughter Anne. John and Jane Whelan with children Russell and Karen, Billy Page and Janette Lave and Delia Bettaney with children Rowan and Laura. John and Mary Futter, Mike Hallgarth, Chris Edwards, Ernie Davies, Peter Colligan, Mike and Pat Twigg with Sally, Sarah and Stuart. Mike had roused the family from their beds at 7.00 a.m. in London and had them in Chester for 11.45 in order not to miss a club run. (that's what I call dedication). We were pleased to welcome Bill Larns and Katherine, they were heading for Perth the next day (a true Scots lass could not miss Hogmanay) also some friends of Dr. Thompson, Mike and Cilla, who hadn't come by tandem for reasons I will not disclose. However Dr. Thompson assured me that he had fed all available data into his computer and the answer was that it is not true. After the usual beverage and meal we said our goodbyes and made for home, all the bikes going the same way for once. John Thompson set a very fast pace or was it Maggie, John Whelan and Mike Hallgarth are both very fit and Billy Page, Peter Colligan, Chris Edwards and Dave Eaton are not far behind. That left Phil and myself a long way off the back so I went the short way home.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CLUB RUN 1983. 'YACHT' WOODBANK

I leapt out of bed and threw on my cycling kit, just managing to beat the midday barrier. Encouraged by this major achievement, I felt I could risk some cereal (Shreddies, I think) It was then that I made the fatal mistake of looking through the window ... rain and wind. Seeing my face drop, my devoted mother made the most of a rare opportunity to spoil me and suggested I take Dad's car as it needed a run. WELL THAT IS MY EXCUSE MR. PRESIDENT, CAPTAIN SIR ... AND I'M STICKING TO IT.

So a tedious route for me, unlike my companions: John Whelan, Brian Whitmarsh and Bill Page had obviously done some serious cycling, despite the weather. Others present when I arrived were Frank Marriott, David and Mary Birchall, Rod Anderson, Mike Twigg Phil Mason, Roger Andrews, Benno, Ern and Joan Davies, Bill Gray and John Futter who, I was glad to see, had brought along two young prospective members, Craig Clewley and Steve Robinson. I was most interested to hear Craig had bought a Raleigh Grand Sport a lovely bike, but I am rather biased as I am employed by the group who own Raleigh. Unfortunately Craig went on to tell me what was wrong with his bike. Still, I think he is very lucky when I was a lad I could not even afford handlebar tape and Rod had to make mud flaps out of Fairy bottles. Last arrival was Dave Bettaney who had also got some miles in and with the party complete the conversation in my corner turned to training runs and gear ratios and all brought back many fond memories. My thanks to all those present for giving me such a warm welcome despite not having seen me for so many months. I had almost forgotten what it means to be an Anfielder. GEORGE ELKINGTON.

Oh if anyone is in Cambridge do not hesitate to drop in and see me at 15 Memorial Court, Clare College. (N.B. last bit applies to you too Mike but E. Anglia is a bit boring for touring.

George can you guarantee a champagne breakfast? EDITOR.

BANGOR-ON-DEE Royal Oak, 8th January, 1983.

Arriving at St. David Hospice, Rainhill, on a bright but cool Saturday morning, I discovered Maggie making last minute preparations, i.e. putting on three pairs of socks and oversize bootees and John staggered in with a large bag of groceries, his 'weight training' for the day. Soon we were off to meet Pete Colligan in Widnes, and with the tandem setting a fast pace, the first few

miles into this gateway to the South were a blue. After crossing the bridge, we took one of John's short cuts which eventually involved climbing over a newly erected fence and crossing a dual carriageway. However Runcorn was swiftly left behind, as the Anfielders in the party scented the Cheshire lanes ahead. Out of Frodsham we tackled Overton Hill on the way to Kingswood and Kelsall, here it was that Pete showed the benefits of his intensive winter preparation, by surging ahead. Near the top we waited for the tandem, and learned from a passing cyclist, that mechanical trouble had stopped it. In fact such was the pressure exerted by John and Maggie that the chain had parted, fortunately with no damage to riders or machine. Being a true tourist John had re-riveted the chain, on the spot, and we carried on through Kingswood and the Yeld, to Kelsall. After a few yards of main road, we turned back into the lanes via Willington, Clotton, Huxley and Tattenhall. Not having been in Cheshire for some time, I had forgotten how glutinous and persistent the surface of the road can be, especially when riding behind 'no flap Colligan' Soon I was covered in small spots of a mixture which is usually applied to gardens at this time of year. Onward, ever onward, through the undulating lanes of Shocklach and Threapwood, to the final descent to Bangor-on-Dee. As John said, I was just out of the medals Gold to Pete, Silver and Bronze to John & Maggie.

We were the last to arrive, and already in situ were Joan & Ernie Davies, Frank Marriott, Benno, Mike Twigg, Bill Gray, Pat O'Leary & Phil Mason. As we sped along the road to Holt Benno peeled off and we unfortunately lost Twiggie with a second puncture. Chester was negotiated without too much problem but we were unable to stop at the Eureka cafe because of ferry times. Mike Hallgarth joined us for a few miles of his animated conversation. On the approach to Birkenhead panic set in but after a frantic round the houses ride to the Ferry terminal 10 minutes in hand for a quick cuppa and board the ferry. We soon left Liverpool and climbed up to the lights of Rainhill. An unusual and very rewarding day for me, with essential ingredients, good weather good scenery and most of all, good company.

Alan Rogerson.

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (FORMED MARCH 1879)

President : BEN GRIFFITHS
Vice Presidents : BILL GRAY AND HAROLD CATLING
Captain : MIKE TWIGG
Hon. Secretary : DAVID EATON, 29 Glenwood Dr.,
Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.
Tel 051 648 3563

APRIL/MAY 1983

No. 828

April 9 ALPRAHAM (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
" 16 MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE
" 23 BANGOR-ON-DEE (ROYAL OAK) ALLOSTOCK (DROVERS ARMS)
" 30 CROWTON (HARE AND HOUNDS)
May 2 OPEN 25 COAST ROAD WOODBANK (YACHT)
" 7 KELSALL (MORRIS DANCER)
" 14 FADDILEY (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
" 21 MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE
" 28 HANMER (HANMER ARMS) LOWER PEOVER (CROWN INN)
" 30 OPEN '100' ASTLEY (DOG IN THE LANE)
June 4 FARNDON 'NAG'S HEAD) HOLMES CHAPEL (BISTRO CAFE)
" 11 GRAIANRHYD (ROSE AND CROWN) LANGLEY (LEATHER SMITHY)
" 18 ALPRAHAM (TOLLEMACHE ARMS)
" 25 NORLEY (TIGER'S HEAD)
July 2 MOULDSWORTH (GOSHAWK) COMMITTEE

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00 Cadet £1.00 Junior (under 21) £4.00

These and donations should be sent to the Hon Treasurer - Phil Mason, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.
Editor - Ben Griffiths, 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd.

Closing Date for Next Issue - SATURDAY MAY 14th, 1983

FRANK MARRIOTT 1906 - 1983

It is with a deep sense of sorrow that we have to record the passing of one of our most illustrious members - Frank Marriott - who died in his sleep on February 20th.

He had been to the club run on the Saturday and passed away peacefully during the night of the Saturday and Sunday morning 19/20th February.

From the moment he became an Anfielder in 1930, Frank threw himself into the affairs of the club with the remarkable zest and enthusiasm which was to characterise his association with club affairs throughout the next Fifty-three years. During that time he served as Captain for five years 1933-1937, as Secretary for ten years 1957-1966 and as Treasurer in 1967, but his record of service in these offices was to be completely overshadowed by his absolute devotion to the office of Editor of the Anfield Circular - an office he filled with distinction for Forty years. He also served on the Committee for more than fifty years.

Frank joined the Club mainly as a touring cyclist and possessor of a Sunbeam complete with gearcase and oil bath but this was soon to change. In 1932 Frank surprised and delighted all by winning 1st Handicap in over '100' with a fine time of 5-04-33 against the winning time of 4-48-00 by Charlie Holland - and Holland was no mean performer.

Frank was, however, first and foremost a cycle tourist indefatigably seeking out new places and routes of interest. Inhospitable mountain tracks, sylvan glades and routes of interest all had their appeal to him, and he could write about these things in a lively, even lyrical style which enabled thousands of readers to enjoy, if only vicariously, the delights of a moonlit, midnight crossing of the Bwlch Maen Gwyneth or an exploration of the ruins of the 7th century abbey at Much Wenlock.

With his flair for writing and his conviction that the pen is mightier than the sword, it was natural for Frank to take a leading part in the preparation of the 'Black Anfielders' the story of the Anfield Bicycle Club from 1879 to 1955, and the success of that publication owed much to his efforts both as editor and part author. Again, in preparation for our centenary year, it was Frank who provided much of the drive and effort entailed in the preparation of a second edition to take the story up to the end of our 100th year. To the end of his days he was busy writing and continued to contribute a 'History Corner' column in the Chester Chronicle, and was a regular contributor to many of the leading local and country journals. Only a week before his unexpected death he was gleefully telling of a new source of archaeological data which he had just come across and which he saw as a treasure house of ideas for expeditions he proposed to make in the future, alas, Frank has made his last contribution and our club is very much the poorer for his passing. To his son Stephen his daughter Alison, son-in-law Nigel and sister Mollie we offer our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

The following members attended the funeral service at Chester Crematorium: Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Phil Mason, Arthur Birkby, Mark Haslem, Ernie Davies, Eric Reeves, Jack Hawkins, Ira Thomas, George Connor, Harold Catling, Jim Cranshaw, Bill Gray, Pat O'Leary, Gerry Robinson, John France, Peter Rock, George Taylor, Peter Stephenson, Peter Colligan. I apologise to anyone that I missed, but with so many cycling friends present it was difficult to note everyone present. I also spoke to Guy Pullen, John Williams, Ken Yardley and Brian Sedgewick.

The Editor wishes to thank George Connor and Harold Catling for their obituaries on Frank Marriott.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP (CADET)

CRAIG TERENCE CLEWLEY 92 Victoria Rd., Saltney, Clwyd CH4 8SZ
STEVEN JOHN ROBINSON 4 Delgrave Avenue, Saltney Clwyd.

Both Proposed by JOHN FUTTER

Seconded by BEN GRIFFITHS

COMMITTEE NOTES

Chris Shorter has been accepted as a member of the club. We have agreed to accept a very kind offer by the Kentish Wheelers C.C. to donate their Donovan Trophy to the Anfield to be presented annually to the winner of the Anfield '100'.

It was agreed to pursue a more positive attempt to attract younger members into the Club, this will involve ALL members of the club, in talking to young lads who live near you, giving them old copies of 'Cycling' etc., it is essential we do this now, not later, it was also agreed to organize alternative runs for younger riders leaving the Eureka at 11.00 a.m. sharp for a cafe, sandwiches can be taken. The runs will be under the guidance of at least one senior member. 1st Saturday in month Ben Griffiths, 2nd Mike Twigg, 3rd John Futter 4th and 5th Phil Mason or Dave Eaton. If other members are willing to go on the rota we will be pleased to hear from them.

The Treasurer reported that £185 was still outstanding in subs, to those it concerns please pay soon, in order to prevent the subs having to be raised at the next A.G.M. Change of Address - Harry Austin, 14 Stockwell Lodge, Stockwell Lane, Knaresborough, North Yorkshire H65 0NE Tel: Harrogate 865861

Dave Eaton has one R.T.T.C. 1983 handbook for sale. £1.50 please give him a ring if you want it on 051 648 3563.

Sports Injuries.

Anyone suffering from the following (form a queue) aches & pains, sprains & strains, bruises and back-ache (Sorry not alcoholic poisoning) a Mr. Dave O'Brien L.C.S.P. (ASSOC) B.Ed.(Hons) has recently opened his own practice in North Wirral. Anyone needing advice or treatment should contact Dave on 051 652 1145 (J.J. please note)

'Star' bird of the Month?

Phil Mason's recent enforced spell of inactivity has seen him turn his considerable skills to a new pastime - darts. He has recently entered a National competition run by a newspaper of some repute, will we soon see him topless on page 5? Do Ubble Tops.

Racing Round Up

At time of writing six Anfielders have faced the timekeeper and they have all moved fairly quickly for the time of year. Recent recruit Chris Shorter has made a quite exceptional start to time trailing. His first seventy five miles have been covered at an average speed of 25.058 m.p.h. RING 051 426 4622 with your results.

27.2.83 Larkhill Whls. 2 up 25

Ben Griffiths/Chris Shorter 1-0-06

13.3.83 North Wirral Velo 2 up 25

John Whelan/Brian Whitmarsh 58-43 (2nd)

Mike Mallgarth/Chris Shorter 59-58 (5th)

Pete Colligan/Ben Griffiths 1-3-40

20.3.83 Chester R.C. 2 up 25

Ben Griffiths/Chris Shorter 59-28 (5th)

Brian Whitmarsh (solo) 1-0-5

Tour of Ireland

John Williamson is interested in touring in Southern Ireland and writes to see if anyone is interested in accompanying him, he aims at 50-70 miles a day staying at Y.H.A. or local Inns. John's address is 11a Calthorpe Drive, Prestatyn, Clwyd.

Long ago, long before I ever rode a bike, I read an article in some Sunday supplement or other, in which a journalist with some passing interest in cycling, was entered by his editor in a 2-up's 25 with some star of the day. He had never broken the hour and it was a tale of pain and agony as the young man paced time to an eventual long 59. The story must have made some impression on me since I can still remember it, so my first ambition on taking up cycling was naturally to break the hour. On reading 'Cycling' it appeared that this would not be too difficult a proposition

as everybody seemed to be doing it; what I didn't realise of course was that for the ten riders in a result there were 110 riders behind, half with dreams of 'going under'. However, after a few Birkenhead training runs, which I didn't quite understand, it seemed a good idea to use the little fitness I had left in the Larkhill 2-up.

Ben picked me and my clean, though not 'Hallgarth clean' (i.e. sterile) bike up and drove us to Flint. We warmed up and changed into shorts. Ben rubbed some foul smelling oily concoction into his legs and then passed me the bottle. I was most disappointed as I'd always thought the shine on cyclists' legs was healthy energetic sweat. "It keeps you warm," I was told and indeed it did seem to. We both had chain trouble before the start, me with a tight link and Ben's was just falling apart. We pinned our numbers on - Ben with 49 'My age' and myself with 50 'Twice mine!', and off we went to the start where we gave my chain last minute first-aid.

The time-keeper counted us down and Ben went off like a shot: I missed my toe clip and it was 400 yards before I caught him. I was somewhat shocked at the velocity that appeared necessary but soon I became curious and nosed around Ben for a turn at the front. To me anyway we were certainly moving and I was pleased to be getting some value for money out of a previously almost unused 13 cog. Somewhere beyond Mostyn the wind swept round against us and we had to fight to the turn where we were informed that we had reached it in 29.32. "Going at the right speed" I thought and sprinted away from the turn accidentally opening a gap with Ben, in a fit of enthusiasm. Soon the return journey got hard, especially when my chain jumped into top gear and it was four miles before I noticed. We rode shorter turns and with three miles to go Ben proclaimed that we were 'under'. Unfortunately we let it all slip away on the final dual carriage-way as we quickly tired in the cold wind and we crept past the timekeeper to record 1.0.0

FARMER'S ARMS - HUXLEY 22nd Jan. 1983

If a strong Westerly Blows I can be sure of a 'Flyer' to Huxley and a good push home, mind you, the senses are by this time fairly immune. 'So'. The company of nine was made up by Ben Griffiths, Frank Fischer, John Futter, Chris Shorter (Prospective) Phil Mason, Mike Twigg, Mike Hallgarth, Peter Colligan and Bill Gray.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The word INN itself is Saxon originally meaning a chamber and later a number of chambers. It must be presumed that 'Eadu-Hus' or 'Ale House' consisted of a wooden or wattle structure which in due course adopted certain Roman characteristics of the Tabernae one of these being the Inn-sign. Later they merged with the Plantaganet Hostel to become the Forerunner of our modern Hotel.

BILL GRAY

KELSALL Jan. 29th 1983

It was a fine, but cold morning when Bob and I left Manchester for this run. We were just finishing our lunch when we were joined by Peter Colligan who completed the turn out for this run, the other members we presume were on the weekend run to Oswestry.

HAGAR POOLE

'TOLLEMACHE' ALPRAHAM 5th Feb. 1983

I arrived at this 'INN' in the company of Ern Davies. The way it turned out on leaving I was very glad Ernie's car stood outside even the tough Joan gave in. The company consisted of Frank Marriott, Ben Griffiths, Ern & Joan Davies, Mike Twigg and Phil Mason.

BILL GRAY

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

With the coming of the monasteries and subsequently an increase in the number of travellers using the guest chambers the time came when demand exceeded supply and it became necessary to extend their lodging rooms to houses nearby. These houses eventually became Inns. It would appear from the evidence available that our present day Inns have developed their characteristics throughout the centuries from the influence of the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons and the monasteries but as a general rule it appears that the larger Inn giving accommodation is a direct descendant of the Monastic lodging houses. Whilst the small country Inn comes from the old Saxon Ale Houses.

BILL GRAY

FARNDON 19th Feb. 1983

I set out for the Nag's Head, the day was dry with a strong cold wind. When I got there I found Frank Fischer and Mike Twigg in early attendance, soon followed by John Futter and Ben Griffiths 'Our President'. Frank Marriott and Bill Gray.

Another chappie, who said he used to be in the club, in the 60's 'Henry Ashcroft' came and was soon in conversation with Ben and John.

Later, Peter Colligan came in reporting that he had a headwind all the way.

When I set out for home I found out how cold the wind was.

A nice way of spending Saturday afternoon.

PAT O'LEARY

THE GOSHAWK MOULDSWORTH 26th Feb. 1983

Committee Meeting

A hockey match in the afternoon forced me to use four wheels instead of two, and despite a slight headwind I was at the Goshawk for mid-day, we took advantage of the landlord's offer of our own room (we can now scream and shout at each other in private)

We had learned of the death of Frank Marriott earlier in the week, he will be sadly missed by us all.

Those present were Bill Gray, Ern Davies, Mike Twigg, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Peter Colligan, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Chris Shorter, Bob and Hagar Poole, Jim and Lillian Cranshaw, Herb Moore, and Stephen Marriott.

DAVE EATON

CROSS KEYS CHESTER - BUFFET/DISCO 5.3.83

60 members and friends had a very enjoyable evening at the Cross Keys.

I arrived very early to make sure the beer was up to to Boddington's high standard. After several pints I gave it my official seal of approval, as the other guests arrived they soon agreed that it was a good pint, there was plenty of food to go round, and for the dancers plenty of music and flashing lights. All seemed to have a good time, particularly the bar flies. Anfielders I noted were Dave Bettaney, Peter Colligan, Dave Eaton, John and David Futter, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Mike Twigg, Phil Mason

Billy Page, Chris Shorter, John Thompson, Brian Whitmarsh
John Whelan, my apologies to any I missed. I had trouble
with the room, it kept going round and round

LTWER PEOVER The Crown 12th March, 1983

With the option of Hammer or Lower Peover it was not difficult for us to make up our minds. At this time of the year and in our present state of cycling unfitness Hammer was clearly too far and although Lower Peover is too near it is always possible to make a too-short ride longer; and this we did. A route was planned to suit the time available and a very pleasant route it turned out to be with the Spring flowers out earlier and in more than usual profusion. Our timing was happy, our arrival from the South coincided exactly with the arrival of Bob Poole and Hagar from the North. I was able to chain our tandem to their car as a sop to security. The false sense of security engendered by this act enabled us to enjoy the very wide range of excellent fare which the Crown always has to offer. No other members attended but friend Alan Littlemore, who has a penchant for that revolting speciality of the house, apple'pie' smothered in Brylcream, joined us a little later.

HAROLD CATLING.

HANMER ARMS - HANMER 12.3.83

It always seems to be blowing a gale these days or perhaps I didn't notice it when I was younger (or maybe) just fitter. It has always blown, of course, I can well remember Eileen saying "It's alright for me" I just hide behind your broad back. It seems to me Eileen much preferred the tandem when windy. The company at the Inn Frank Fischer, Ira Thomas, Chris Shorter, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Phil Mason and Bill Gray.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The further influence of the Monasteries on the life of the Inn is found in the markings on beer barrels (still used) of X, XX or XXX these marks typified the strength of the brews. They also seem to have been a mark of guarantee when the Monasteries were the recognised brewing centres. The original marks were nearer a crucifix than an 'X' probably denoting that the monks had 'sworn on the cross' that the brew was of Sound Quality.

BILL GRAY

FORGOTTEN HIGHWAY IN SNOWDONIA

In the heart of Snowdonia, between the ice-worn valleys of the Lledr and Glaslyn, there is a remote track which climbs high amongst fine mountains. I have wanted to explore this forgotten way ever since discovering the words 'Ancient Trackway' next to it on the Ordnance Survey one-inch map of the area. The opportunity for an expedition came with a recent September holiday in North Wales at Glan Conwy.

To make the most of my plan, a cloudless day was essential so when Mary and Adam decided to spend a day which promised sunshine and warm temperatures on the beach at Llandudno, I decided the time was right for the journey. Little did I know that Snowdon's fickle weather would let me down, and that the mountains would be hidden by mists and rainclouds.

Initially the route travelled southwards along the Vale of Conwy, through Llanrwst, by Betws-y-coed, and then westward along the side of the Afon Lledr to Dolwyddelan. The valley of the Lledr is always a delight: the road climbs, never far from the swiftly flowing river, by lush waterside meadows, through woodland and pine forests, and below rocky crags; each turn in the road reveals new scenes of river, woodland, meadow and mountain: the essence of cycle touring!

Gradually, the landscape became more desolate, with the hill farms, sheep pastures and derelict slate quarries in the upper reaches of the valley. There are twenty-two miles between Glan Conwy and Dolwyddelan, and for most of the distance a gradual climb from sea level. But as I pedalled towards the mountains, the sunshine of the coast gave way to warm drizzle, and strengthening headwinds.

The track to Nant Gwynant begins at Blaenau Dolwyddelan, a lonely hamlet near the head of the valley of the Lledr. Though the path was shown on older Ordnance Survey maps to be an 'Ancient Trackway' there is, Frank Marriott tells me, proof that it had no right to the distinction. A boundary dyke, built late in the 12th or early 13th century near the crest of the pass, is pierced by the track, which, therefore is more recent.

Accordingly, the special mention given the track on earlier maps has vanished from up-to-date versions.

A few minutes ride beyond Blaenau Dolwyddelan led to an isolated farmstead, and beyond the gated yard began the steep climb, initially on a rough track towards Clogwyn-yr-Adar (The Crag of the Birds) and then on a path striking upward to the moorland above Ceonant Ty'n-y-Ddol (The Ravine of the Place of the Meadow). To begin with the path is well marked with posts at 100 yards intervals, and despite the worsening weather, with mist rolling across the landscape, map reading was not required. But waymarking does take the fun out of what is otherwise an ill-defined route requiring careful navigation.

I rode caped-up against the weather, along the slopes of a broad valley. The weather was becoming wretched with heavy squalls of rain now washing the open moorland. Sooner than expected, and beyond a small, long disused mine working, I reached a rough bridge made out of huge stones. Beyond the bridge, the path climbs past a stand of conifers on the empty lower slopes of Siabod to the ruins of a stone building and a junction with a more northerly route through the forest.

A beautifully illustrated book 'The Drovers Roads of Wales' by Fay Godwin and Shirley Toulson suggests that farmers offering food and accommodation for drovers and their animals would plant three Scots pines to signify hospitality. Could the pile of stones with conifers nearby in this out of the way place be the remains of a drovers inn? Very probably, but at the time, the thought was at the back of my mind: Thick wind-driven mist swirled around, and with not a way-marking post in sight came the realisation that concentration and care were needed after all. With map to hand, and scanning the ground for signs of the route, I kept the wild grassy slopes of Siabod to the right, and the moorland leading to Cnicht to the left, and stepped cautiously westward.

A stone wall appeared through the mist at the side of the track and shortly, the summit of the route: a 1,225ft. high pass, referred to as Bwlch-y-Rhediad on the O.S. 1:25,000 map. The steep descent into Nant Gwynant, the valley of the Afon

Glaslyn lay ahead. Frank Marriott has followed the track down countless steps which descent in an exceptionally long stairway to the valley floor: but this route is difficult to find and is no longer followed by the modern path. On reaching the first trees in the oak woods on the slopes of Nan Gwynant, the end of the route became fleetingly visible through breaks in the clouds with a glimpse of a distant white cottage, nestling below the far wall of the deep valley.

The sound of a motor car climbing the road to Pen-y-Gwryd confirmed that I was on target. The path descends steeply, losing some 550ft. in a quarter of a mile. At the best of times a descent like this, with a bicycle, is exacting, and rain-soaked ground made it doubly so. I stumbled through woodland down to a gateway in the wall bordering one of the meadows above the Gwynant road.

Cheated of the magnificent views promised by the route, and seeing more squalls of rain sweeping down from Crib Goch and the Pass of Llanberis, I decided this was no time for further exploring. From Pen-y-Gwryd, top gear and fast pedalling quickly led to Betws-y-coed. On the leafy back road along the west side of the Vale of Conwy I was homeward bound, in relative shelter and under clearing skies to soup, tea and toast, a warm bath and dry clother.

When Mary and Adam returned from the beach - which really had been sunny and warm - they were hardly able to believe my story of mist, rain and winds.

D.D.B.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(FORMED MARCH 1879)

President: Ben Griffiths

Vice Presidents: Bill Gray and Harold Catling

Captain: Mike Twigg

Hon. Secretary: David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral
Merseyside Tel: 051 648 3563

JUNE-JULY-AUGUST 1983

No. 829

- | | | |
|-------|----|---|
| July | 2 | Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee |
| | 9 | Farndon (Nags Head) Langley (Leather Smithy) |
| | 16 | Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Lower Peover (Crown Inn) |
| | 23 | Kelsall (Morris Dancer) (Mersey R.C.24) |
| | 30 | Crowton (Hare & Hounds) |
| Aug. | 6 | Graianrhyd (Rose & Crown) Allostock (Drovers Arms) |
| | 13 | Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee |
| | 20 | Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe) |
| | 27 | Norley (Tigers Head) |
| Sept. | 3 | Alraham (Tollemache Arms) |
| | 10 | Graianrhyd (Rose & Crown) Langley (Leather Smithy) |
| | 17 | Crowton (Hare & Hounds) |
| | 24 | Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee |
| Oct. | 1 | Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe) |
| | 8 | A.G.M. Ashton Mouldsworth (Goshawk) |
| | 15 | Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Allostock (Drovers Arms) |
| | 22 | Autumn Tints Capel Curig |

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

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These and donations should be sent to:-

Hon. Treasurer: Phil Mason.

39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Merseyside.

Editor: Ben Griffiths

17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE, SATURDAY 13th AUGUST, 1983.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

James Wilson Middleton,
1, Westbourne Rd., Chester CH1 5BA.
PROPOSED BY Mike Twigg
SECONDED BY Ben Griffiths

Committee Notes

Craig Clewley and Steven Robinson have been accepted as cadet members of the club

Change of Address

Chris Shorter, 10 Cross Street, Beverley HU17 9AX

Tel: 0482 860265

George Jones (Birkenhead N.E.) 3 Orchard Rd., Wrafton Braunton, Devon.

A.G.M. 8th October 1983

Members are reminded that any items for the agenda, proposed and seconded should be in the hands of the Secretary by the end of August.

Autumn Tints 1983

Final details of the Tints weekend have not yet been arranged but it will be based in the Capel Curig area of Snowdonia, next circular for details.

Memo to Mossy

Long ago in the mid 1970's when 'O' levels were finished and school seemed miles away, the juniors in the club would often go for a 'bash' on Wednesdays (The day Two Mills cafe opens in midweek) Very often an old timer called 'Mossy' would foolishly take a day off work and come with us, Rides of 100 miles were quite common. I often remember John saying things like 'Ride as a club' and I thought he was a responsible cyclist, however some ten years on I know how he felt - - - 'Smashed'.

Some weeks ago Roger Raleigh Andrews and I went out on a Wednesday, not very far, probably less than 50 miles and I got 'the treatment'. It was all part of my crash course of

training for a 'ten' on the Saturday. The crunch came as we left The Mills coming home, Roger cheerfully suggested 'Paddington lanes', my heart sank, at the thought of more hills and torture, but outwardly I agreed (so he wouldn't realise my true state).

Shouts of 'ride as a club' and 'put it on the small ring' have no effect on juniors at all do they John?

Struggling up the hill out of Parkgate to Heswall I thought, I must be getting old as Roger powered away on his aerodynamic machine.

As we arrived home Roger asked 'Are you going out tomorrow night?' but I thought of an excuse quickly playing darts or something!

A 1974 Junior

P.S. Experience showed on the Saturday as I beat Roger by a few seconds in the Ten-Mossy would have been proud of me!

Anfield B.C. Open '25'

2nd May, 1983

The rain didn't seem too bad as I made my way to the start, but I knew it had rained hard in the night, as I placed the numbers at the start a motorist stopped and reported that the road was flooded so I jumped in the van and went to see (sea!) I soon saw that marshalls would be needed, to assist the riders avoid the cars that were already stuck in the floods. A quick dash back to the start to organize some, then I drove around the course to check if the turn marshalls had got through (they had) so I returned to the start, stopping a few minutes to watch the riders wade through the flood. John Whelan really enjoyed himself with the fastest time. 1st Handicap and led the winning team. He told me afterwards that he rode his training bike so he didn't want to dirty the good one. (he should ride it more often) only 24 riders finished as will be seen by the result sheet. However only four managed to get to the club run after the event, Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, John Futter and Chris Shorter.

Open 25

1.	100	J. J. Whelan	Anfield B.C	58.32	1	57.32
2.	60	D. Keen	Tunstall Wh.	1.00.13	0.45	59.28
3.	70	B. Whitmarsh	Anfield B.C.	1.00.40	1	59.40
4.	120	P. Guy	Manchester Wh.	1.00.47	SCR	1.00.47
5.	92	J. Williams	Weaver Valley C.C.	1.1.44	4	57.44
6.	116	C.J. Shorter	Anfield B.C.	1.2.08	4	58.08
7.	75	K. Crosbie	Merseyside Wh.	1.3.47	2.30	1.01.17
8.	107	I. Grivell	Mid.Shrop.C.C.	1.3.59	5.30	58.29
9.	61	D. J. Quinn	Chester R.C.	1.5.52	3	1.02.52
10.	42	K.A.W. Watson	Victoria C.C.B'head	1.6.07	6.30	59.37
11.	53	K.J. Prince	Victoria C.C.B'head	1.6.15	6	1.00.15
12.	47	P.C. O'Brien	North Wirral Velo	1.6.27	7	59.27
13.	72	B.H. McShane	New Brighton C.C.	1.7.42	9.30	58.12
14.	103	C.J. Diggle	Kirkby C.C.	1.8.18	7	1.01.18
15.	51	R.H. Beech	Chester R.C.	1.9.29	3	1.06.29
16.	119	W.J. Jackson	Atherstone C.C.	1.9.42	5	1.04.42
17.	29	D. E.Jenkins	Victoria C.C.B'head	1.10.25	10.30	59.55
18.	32	C. Dean	Mid.Shrop.Wh.	1.11.29	9	1.02.29
19.	43	R. Jump	Larkhill Wh.	1.13.57	8.30	1.05.27
20.	67	A. Garner	Deeside Olympic	1.15.09	9	1.06.09
21.	83	R. Jenkins	Victoria C.C.B'head	1.15.20	16	59.20
22.	78	E. Rainford	L'pool Century C.C.	1.15.43	14.30	1.01.13
23.	58	B. G. Gammon	Victoria C.C.B'head	1.21.51	18	1.03.51
24.	28	J. McHugh	Deeside Olympic	1.22.22	9	1.13.22

Numbers 32 C. Dean and 28 J. McHugh 3 mins late start No. 78 E. Rainford 1 min. late start. Non starters 67 apologies received from most, 2 D.N.F.

My congratulations to all who started in the atrocious weather, it is not every event that needs lifeguards in place of marshalls. Congratulations also to John Whelan on a great ride. My thanks to the timekeepers, marshalls and all helpers for braving the floods. Thanks also to Keith Boardman for a very good handicap event

BEN GRIFFITHS

The 84th Anfield 100

Dave Lloyd decided to have an easier Whit this year, foregoing the pleasures of our Shropshire roads for open pro-am road racing. However, even in his absence, points in this Classic League event would be well earned. The entrants included four of the 1982 B.B.A.R. top twelve and two 1982 National Champions.

Looking down the start card Danny Horton and Roger Iddles stood out as joint favourites; both are members of that very exclusive group of riders who have beaten four hours in an Anfield 100. Other contenders included Brian Sunter, Phil Guy, Steve Goff and our own John Whelan.

Such, anyway, were my prognostications as I waited with Pete Colligan for the first rider at 25 mile drinks. It was cold and wet with a moderate North Easterly wind. Soon those familiar figures began arriving: first man off the ever cheerful Don Spraggett, the tricycling Tremaine brothers who find the T.A. 50 insufficient for one weekend, and dozens of others who come back year after year. John Whelan (off number 60) was carving his way through these early starters reaching the 25 mile point in 1-0-25. By now the rain had stopped and with no noticeable increase in the strength of the wind everything seemed to favour John's challengers. In fact no-one beat that time for 48 minutes when Danny Horton came through in 58-49. Five minutes later Simon Edney was timed at 1-0-15. Was Edney the dark-horse? A three year best of 4-14 put him safely in 'group B', but he is a former Junior Competition Record holder and how many riders have, like him, beaten four hours for a 100 before their 21st birthday? The only other riders inside 1-2-0 were Phil Guy (1-1-37) and Brian Sunter (1-0-36). Roger Iddles didn't arrive. Pumpless he had punctured after just three miles. Horton, then, seemed out on his own and Edrey, Whelan and Sunter within half a minute of each other took 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Over the next 25 miles John confirmed his progress through the field. At 50 miles only two riders remained in front of him, but his time (2-3-04) was to prove too slow for the competition behind. Sunter (2-2-10) edged in front of Edrey (2-2-37) whilst Horton continuing at 25 plus m.p.h. stretched out his lead to arrive at half-way in 1-58-33

Waiting for Mr. Iddles at the 30 mile turn I just missed John Whelan coming back through Shawbury (53 miles), but a short cut ride down the B5063 and left at Moreton Corbet brought me onto the A49 in good time to see him come through. My vantage point was perfect, the top of an exposed drag just where the road veers north east, directly into the wind. This ride to Prees would be the hardest part of the race; wind and gradient are a cruel test of legs softened by sixty miles of pedalling. Danny Horton had no problems, dropping down to a 93 inch gear, he rode with a steady sure rhythm, increasing his lead with every revolution. From 50 miles he took 53-27 to Prees (71.8 miles) whereas Whelan took 56-6, Sunter 56-0 and Edney 55-53. Edney was chipping away at Sunter's lead, he took another 3 seconds off by 75 miles, and John Whelan had virtually stopped, but not reversed, the losses made between 25 and 50 miles. Less than a minute separated these three at 75 miles. No one could predict the final placings. Also Phil Guy after his relatively slow start had stabilised his position by 50 miles (2-4-19) and his time from there to Prees 55-41, looked good.

As the morning went on the wind became more easterly and the later starters had to cope with torrential showers. Despite the struggle out it was not to be a fast ride home. Phil Guy was unable to find the strength to make a late challenge, he dropped back and his 4-14-19 was only just good enough to beat off Veteran Brian Morris (4-14-33) for an eventually fifth place. First man to finish John Whelan was the fastest on the board with 4-12-25 until Danny Horton stormed in with 4-1-47. Shortly afterwards came Brian Sunter in 4-10-23 but Simon Edney took 33 seconds out of him in the last 25 miles to take second place in 4-10-07. (He was, of course, the winner of the B group).

It says something for the recent improvement in standards that the winning time did not seem special, yet it was 3½ minutes faster than anything done before 1981, and under the conditions it was an excellent ride.

Time trialling is not only about scratch winners, Gerry Smith at 49 did 4-22-58 which gave him a plus of 51-29

to win the vets prize. Chris Shorter did 4-30-18 and our cruel President was insensitive enough to point out that he had been beaten by a man twice his age and two thirds his height! Take no notice Chris, unlike 10's, 25's and 50's, riding a 100 needs a measured effort which requires some experience to get right, and there are not that many riders who can boast of a faster first 100.

Eight teams competed on the start card but only two clubs could get three men back to the finish. The Mersey Roads were second to the Manchester Wheelers.

The last word must go to Joan Kershaw who made history by being the first woman to finish the Anfield 100. Despite some back-ache she enjoyed the ride and doing a hundred miles in 4-54-17 had been 'good training'.

The 84th Anfield 100, 1983

This year's 100 was again well supported, the entry being a total of 88 including for the first time ever a lady, Joan Kershaw of the Prescot Eagle R.C., she being the only lady entrant was disappointing as we did hope to have a more representative entry from the fair sex.

Also for the first time a trophy was to be presented to the winner, this trophy the W. R. Donavon cup was presented to the club by the Kentish Wheelers and was given to the winner of the event D. Horton - Halifax R.C. with a time of 4-1-49 by Syd Hayward representing the Kentish Wheelers.

Once again the weather was unkind to us, torrential rain falling during the event which affected the times of many riders and full credit must be given to those who completed the '100', these rides were recorded on the result sheet which has been sent out. We must congratulate John Whelan on his ride of 4-12-25 giving him third place in his category but missing third-place overall by 2mins-13 seconds, and mention must be made of Chris Shorter's ride of 4-30-18 a really good effort. It is a pity that our third man did not start, he would only have had to have recorded 4-40-26 for the Anfield to have won the team event.

The '100' was again included in the Classic League and apart

from the publicity generated in Cycling I personally see no benefit for our 100 in being included in this competition.

As you know we reformed the organisation and through circumstances arising our foresight in making this change was beneficial. I wish to thank the timekeeper and his assistants, all checkers and marshalls without their help there would be no Anfield '100'. A special thanks to Bob and Ruth Williams of the Mersey Roads for manning the drinks at 55 miles, also to Mike Twigg for the many jobs he did for me and to Ben for sign posting the course and finally the girls of the Anfield for manning the refreshment tent and their resulting contribution to the '100 fund.

I wish to end this report on a personal note, I have been actively engaged in the promotion of the 100 continuously since 1937 with one exception and I do wish to continue to do so but I must ask you to look for a new organising secretary in the future.

Racing Round-Up

Eleven Anfielders have braved the timekeeper so far this season. Pete Colligan, Chris Shorter and John Whelan have all done personal bests, Craig Clewley finished his First ever '25' and John Futter his First '25', for more than a quarter of a century. (The rest has done him good!) After some early season back-ache problems John Whelan has really got into his stride as the most casual perusal of the results below will show. Most noteworthy are his winning our 25 and his third place in the highly competitive Classic League Birkenhead N.E. mountain time trial. Chris Shorter continues his excellent first year of competitive cycling; with Brian Whitmarsh he backed up John Whelan to give us first team in the Anfield 25. That speedy pair, Whitmarsh and Whelan, with support from the President clocked up a best ever Anfield team time and won the team prize on the '0 2' course against some top class competition. All round it has been the best start of a season for years.

JOHN THOMPSON

27.3.83 Altrincham R.C. 25

Pete Colligan 1-5-00 4th

27.3.83 Ruthin Road Club 25

Brian Whitmarsh 1-0-51) 3rd P.B.)
Chris Shorter 1-2-21) 1st) 1st
Ben Griffiths 1-4-41) H/C) team

1.4.83 Port Sunlight Whls. Hilling 22

Brian Whitmarsh 55-57
John Whelan 56-34
Ben Griffiths 59-25
Mike Twigg 1-6-34

3.4.83 Mid Shropshire Whls. 50

Chris Shorter 2-6-33) P.B. 1st
Ben Griffiths 2-12-59) H/C

4.4.83 Mid Shropshire Whls. 25

Brian Whitmarsh 1-0-45) 2nd team
John Whelan 1-1-22) by
Chris Shorter 1-2-15) 1 second

10.4.83 W.C.T.C.A. 25

Chris Shorter 1-2-11 P.B. (3rd)
Brian Whitmarsh 1-2-20
Mike Hallgarth 1-4-27

16.4.83 New Brighton C.C. 25

Brian Whitmarsh 56-47 6th
John Whelan 57-59
Pete Colligan 1-1-01 P.B. 3rd Vet.
Ben Griffiths 1-1-19
Mike Twigg 1-4-41

17.4.83 W.C.T.C.A. 30

John Whelan 1-11-03 P.B. 1st)
Brian Whitmarsh 1-11-30 3rd) 2nd
Ben Griffiths 1-16-40) team

17.4.83 Hull & East Riding R.C. Hilling 37½

Chris Shorter 1-42-30 2nd

23.4.83 Clifton C.C. 25

Chris Shorter 1-0-16 P.B.

24.4.83 V.T.T.A. (Merseyside)

Pete Colligan 1-4-01 5th

28.4.83 Rhyl R.C. 25

Brian Whitmarsh 58-30 1st
John Whelan 59-17 4th
Ben Griffiths 1-3-47
Mike Hallgarth 1-5-10
Bill Page 1-8-36

30.4.83 V.T.T.A. (North Mid) 25

Pete Colligan 1-3-01

1.5.83 Holme Valley Whls. 25

Chris Shorter 1-1-06 2nd fastest
Ben Griffiths 1-6-21

2.5.83 Anfield B.C. 25

John Whelan 58-32 1st)
Brian Whitmarsh 1-0-40 3rd) 1st
Chris Shorter 1-2-08 6th) team

3.5.83 Local 10

Chris Shorter 23-08 (P.B.)

7.5.83 Manchester V.T.T.A. 25

Ben Griffiths 1-2-31
Mike Twigg 1-4-54

8.5.83 Cheshire R.C. 50

Brian Whitmarsh 2-4-39 6th
Ben Griffiths 2-11-38

8.5.83 Birkenhead N.E. Mountain T.

John Whelan 2-2-8 3rd
Chris Shorter 2-7-50
Mike Hallgarth 2-17-4

8.5.83 Manchester V.T.T.A. 30

Pete Colligan 1-22-48

14.5.83 Concord R.C. 25

Pete Colligan 1-10-51

15.5.83 Scala Wheelers 25

John Whelan 55-40 5th)

Brian Whitmarsh 56-38)1st

Ben Griffiths 1-0-02)team

(Team time 2-52-20 Anfield record)

15.5.83 Y.C.F. Interclub 50

Chris Shorter 2-1-05 2nd P.B.

21.5.83 Merseyside V.T.T.A. 10

Pete Colligan 25-08

22.5.83 Phoenix C.C. 25

John Whelan 57-45

Brian Whitmarsh 1-0-20

Ben Griffiths 1-1-35

Pete Colligan 1-4-0

Mike Twigg 1-4-37

22.5.83 Queensbury R.C. 25

Chris Shorter 59-21 P.B.

29.5.83 Rhos on Sea C.C. 25

Ben Griffiths 1-2-31

John Futter 1-7-41 2nd

Craig Clewley 1-12-12 Handicap

30.5.83 Anfield 100

John Whelan 4-12-25 4th

Chris Shorter 4-30-18 (first 100)

1.6.83 Hull & East Riding 10

Chris Shorter 23-06 P.B.

4.6.83 Hull Thursday 25

Chris Shorter 59-32 4th P.B.

4.6.83 Merseyside V.T.T.A. 25

Ben Griffiths 1-1-45

Mike Twigg 1-4-32

5.6.83 W.C.T.C.A. 50

Brian Whitmarsh 1-59-38 3rd.

Ben Griffiths 2-8-34

Pete Colligan 2-10-10

Billy Page 2-15-33

8.6.83 Knaresboro' C.C. 25

Mike Hallgarth 59-55

11.6.83 Manchester Police 25

Pete Colligan 1-4-45

12.6.83 South Lancs R.C. 50

John Thompson 2-20-08 (trike)

FARNDON 2nd. April 1983

(Nag's Head)

David Birchall our intrepid hero of Bwlch mael Gwynedd and Moel Sych, made his way south with Mary and Adam in the Volvo. He probably had many thoughts on his mind as he continued on the concrete jungle of the motorway to Anfieldland for the Easter Vacation. The evening of Good Friday was to be spent in the Orum's company, with a discussion on the proposed Scottish adventure/ruff-stuff.

Another thought was probably the Farndon Club run, the meeting place, Christleton from where the ladies would drive to the venue, while Birchall cunningly enticed Orum on that crisp spring morning to a ride through the lanes of Waverton, Hargrave and Huxley towards Beeston and Peckforton, to cross the A41

at Hampton Heath to Malpas, via the intricate network of lanes, wind assisted to Farndon and the Nag's Head where John France, Ben Griffiths, Ern and Joan Davies, Mike Twigg, Bill Gray, Phil Mason, John Futter, Chris Shorter, John Thompson, Mary and Pip gathered.

Food and several pints of good ale were consumed before the party made their various ways home. We continued among the lanes which took in a conducted tour of the working Stretton Water Mill. The weather, by now was deteriorating, bringing with it sudden hail storms, the conditions were beginning to take their toll on us. Five miles to go, and the truth was, that Birchall had to gear down to stop Orum going off the back, a noble gesture, but well calculated as to not kill him on his imminent comeback. Christleton, a welcome sight after a most enjoyable day.

Rose & Crown Graianrhyd 26.3.83

After a very cold, wet, windy week, Saturday was dry and sunny, but still cold, we quite often have a cold spell at this time of the year, we country folk call it the Blackthorn winter, as it seems to coincide with the Blackthorn coming into blossom, (enough of this meteorological observation)

I left home at 10.30 a.m. for the Eureka, by 11-10 I had decided I was on my own, so with the wind behind I took the main road to Ewloe and Mold, then a lane route that took me through Maeshafri, over Nercwys mountain, and down to Graianrhyd.

At the Rose and Crown were Joan and Ernie Davies just home from holiday and sporting a good suntan, John on a very smart machine. We were soon joined by Mike Twigg, John Futter, Phil Mason (on a bike again) John Thompson and Maggie (on tandem) and were very pleased to see Dave Birchall (on a Mike Twigg machine) and surprise, surprise, Hugh Dauncey (in a car). We were also pleased to welcome Nigel and Alison Fellows and Family (The late Frank Marriott's, daughter and son-in-law) and Stephen Marriott on Frank's old Clifton. We left the pub, and took the lane from Eryrys but on the first climb, I came to a sudden stop as my chain snapped, a rather slow repair (maybe the alcohol didn't help) had the others champing at the bit, on the drop down to Mold the tandem had the advantage. At Mold the group split with Phil Mason, John Futter and Ben Griffiths making for the Eureka, and Mike Twigg, Dave Birchall, John and Maggie deciding to go up the hill again, (maybe alcohol didn't help them either). John Whelan, Mike Hallgarth and Eric Reeves were at the cafe so after tea and a chat, it was home with John Futter proving he can still half wheel. Another enjoyable day out on the bike.

HANMER ARMS - HANMER 28.5.83

Hammer, Flints. pop 343 which has a Tudor church and an attractive mere was an entirely new venue for Muriel and me when we paid our annual visit to the ABC.

President Ben Griffiths was already esconced in the inn to greet us and, soon after, a small but select company arrived. Youth and beauty were represented by Keith and Pippa Orum and David and Mary Birchall, the chaps bringing back memories of cadet days organised, I think, by my old club-mate Guy Pullan.

There was Chris Edwards bubbling with energy and the one and only Bill Gray who brought us up to date with a year's news, while the party was completed by Captain Mike Twigg.

We know that Anfielders don't come from Anfield. Now, it appears, they increasingly come from Kent. I seem to remember the spear-point of the invasion when, in Grinshill at the 1969 100, the wet one, I met Frank Fischer who announced himself as a Kentish Wheeler. On the spur of the moment, the only one of his compatriots I could remember was one, W. R. Donovan, a distinguished rider who never wore a black alpaca jacket like the rest of us but one of a lighter hue.

Now the name of Donovan will be familiar, too, to new generations up North by virtue of the magnificent trophy which was on view on the following Monday. It seems a very happy association. Gilbert Sutcliffe

CROWTON 19.3.83

My long suffering stoker has rebelled. Tired of the view that the rear seat affords she has bought herself a solo and plans to go her own way. In a vain attempt to put this rebellion down I tried to 'smash' her on this our first detached club run. My ungentlemanly conduct failed but the scorching pace did at least enable us to arrive before the President.

Outside the 'Hare & Hounds' rested another new machine, a super aero-dynamic Raleigh, which we soon discovered belonged to Roger Andrews. (I think he was fast enough on the old one) With him, a rare attender during the hockey season, was our secretary Dave Eaton (it transpired that a water logged pitch had forced a match cancellation, the rain had done some good!) and Bob and Hagar Poole. In order of appearance we were joined by Ben, with huge Springtime chairing, Harold Catling, on one of his geared tricycles, Mike Twigg who thought the fact that he had gone to Swindon and back that morning was sufficient excuse to arrive by car, and Mike Hallgarth and Phil Mason both below A.1. fitness and therefore choosing motor transport.

After lunch the sun came out and following nearly a month's forced lay-off the bike I was grateful to be amongst the pedalers even if it did mean returning home shattered after about forty miles for the round trip.

J.T.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President: Ben Griffiths

Vice Presidents: Bill Gray and Harold Catling

Captain: Mike Twigg

Hon. Secretary: David Eaton,

29 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral, Tel: 051 648 3563

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1983

No. 830

- Sept 24 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
- Oct. 1 Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
8 A.G.M. Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
15 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Allostock (Drovers Arms)
22 Autumn Tints, Capel Curig, Kelsall Morris Dancer
29 Paddiley (Tollemache Arms)
- Nov. 5 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
12 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
19 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
26 Norley (Tiger's Head)
- Dec. 3 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Lower Peover (Crown Inn)
10 Alraham (Tollemache Arms)
17 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
24 Ewloe (Crown and Liver) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
26 Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
31 Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Allostock (Drover's Arms)
- Jan. 2 Woodbank (The Yacht)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00 Junior (under 21) £4.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to :

Hon Treasurer - Phil Mason, 39 Glenwood Drive, Irby, Wirral

Editor - Ben Griffiths, 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside Clwyd

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE SATURDAY 15th OCTOBER, 1983

WALTER PORTSMOUTH passed on and was cremated on Tuesday 19th June, his ashes were scattered at Pentre Bychan with his wife Irene's.

Walter was a cyclist of long standing being a member of southern clubs.

His favourite bike was his 19" Saxon.

Gentlemen, I give you Walter Portsmouth!

Bill Gray.

Applications for Membership

John Alfred Stinton - 1 Orchard Rd., Whitby, E.P.

Proposed by Brian Whitmarsh, Seconded John Whelan

Derek James Wootton (Ernie)-14 Highfield Ave., Mynydd
Isa, Mold

Proposed by Ben Griffiths, Seconded Phil Mason

Henry James Ashcroft (Harry) - Briarley, Glanlynn Rd.,
Bradley, Nr. Wrexham

Proposed by John Futter, Seconded Ben Griffiths

Anthony John Pickles - 22 Llys-Y-Wern, Sychdyn,
Nr. Mold

Proposed by John Futter, Seconded Ben Griffiths

Colin Robert Jones - 6 Calne Close, Irby, Wirral
Proposed by Dave Eaton, Seconded Ben Griffiths

Mark Ian Rowlands - 39 Heathbank Ave., Irby, Wirral
Proposed by Dave Eaton Seconded Ben Griffiths

Jonathan Stagles Edwards - 10 Stanley Rd., Hoylake,
Wirral.

Proposed by Ben Griffiths Seconded Dave Eaton.

A Message of Importance to all Tints Weekenders

The Anfield Baggage Train will arrive at the Wheatsheaf, Mollington at not later than 8.30 p.m. on Thursday 20th October and will accept your weekend's survival kit. Depending on how much hospitality the driver (Your Captain if I get your votes once again) and the shotgun driver, Mr. Philip Mason receive will depend on the time they depart. So arrive at suitable pint consumable intervals but not too late! otherwise

only disappointment and subsequent pain will be your lot.

On the Sunday the train will leave, if sober quite early, in order to force its way through to Hawarden, where the self powered mechanical contrivance will be left to cool down. Its crew intend to mount a more suitable civilised form of transport and join you at your lunchtime watering hole which will be the Rose and Crown Graianrhyd. Of course any hospitality (and Backwheel) you care to lavish upon the Baggage Train Crew will ensure a safe arrival at 8.30 that same night of your kit at its original point of departure.

Dear Fellow Anfielder,

The Annual General Meeting of the Anfield Bicycle Club will be held on the 8th October, 1983 at the Goshawk, Mouldsworth, commencing at 1.30 p.m. Please note the change of venue. Please make every effort to attend.

Dave Eaton,
Hon Secretary.

AGENDA

1. Apologies for absence
2. To confirm the minutes of the last A.G.M.
3. Matters arising
4. To receive and confirm the Hon. Secretary's Report
5. To receive and confirm the Hon Treasurer's Report
6. To receive and confirm the Racing Secretary's Report
7. To receive and confirm the Open 100 Secretary's Report
8. Election of President, Officers & Committee for the coming year.
9. Any other Business.

Committee Notes

Autumn Tints 1983

will be held at COBDEN'S HOTEL, CAPEL CURIG on 21st & 22nd & 23rd OCTOBER. Bar snacks are available for Friday night and a dinner on Saturday night. B & B for Friday and/or Saturday night

night will cost £9.50 per night. Deposits of £5.00 to Dave Eaton A.S.A.P. and not later than 8.10.83

Annual General Meeting is to be held at the Goshawk, Mouldsworth on the 8th October, 1983 commencing at 1.30p.m. Please note new venue and earlier time.

OPEN EVENTS 1984

'100' on 28.5.84 D100/2 event sec. Phil Mason

'25' on 7.5.84 D25/11 event sec. Ben Griffiths

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

have been received from Harry Ashcroft, John Stinton, Ernie Wooton, Tony Pickles all full members and cadets Colin Jones, and Mark Rowlands.

CLUB FINDER - CYCLING MAGAZINE

Details of the club have been forwarded to Cycling for the Club Finder section

TREASURER'S REPORT

£104 is owed in Subs - if you are guilty or not sure if you are guilty please contact Phil Mason.

CLUB RUNS

If any members have any suggestions for new club run venues please let Mike Twigg know.

Dave Eaton.

'100' Report

My apologies to John Thompson for not giving him the credit for his very excellent '100' report in the last circular.

Editor.

Racing Round Up

At the time of writing the Anfield has taken the First team award on no less than nine occasions this season. Anyone like to guess what the total will be by October?

Well done Keith Oram on your successful come-back. A personal best after four events is not bad. Other personal bests were recorded by John Whelan also taking club 25 mile record, Mike Hallgarth, Billy Page, Chris Shorter, Craig Clewley, Dave Eaton, Brian Whitmarsh and, beating the hour for the first time, Pete Colligan.

11.6.83 Rhyl R.C. 10

Ben Griffiths 24-41
Dave Eaton 26-17
Roger Andrews 26-40

12.6.83 Y.C.F. 50

Brian Whitmarsh 1-59-40
Chris Shorter 2-0-14 P.B.
Ben Griffiths 2-3-33

18.6.83 Chester R.C. 25

Pete Colligan 1-2-36
Billy Page 1-3-34
John Thompson 1-7-32 trike

18.6.83 Meersbrook C.C.

John Whelan 55-13 P.B. club 2nd
Brian Whitmarsh 55-54 P.B.
Ben Griffiths 58-15

2-49-2 A.B.C. team record

19.6.83 V.C. Halton 25

John Whelan 57-21 2nd) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 59-10) team
Ben Griffiths 1-1-20)

22.6.83 Port Sunlight Wheels 25

John Whelan 57-02 2nd) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 57-31) team
Mike Hallgarth 1-1-46
Ben Griffiths 1-2-14
Dave Eaton 1-4-49
Peter Colligan 1-6-04

26.6.83 Snowdonia C.C.

John Whelan 57-45 1st) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 58-35 3rd) team
Ben Griffiths 1-2-13
Mike Hallgarth 1-2-56
Keith Orum 1-4-28
Billy Page 1-5-30
Dave Eaton 1-6-14

29.6.83 Seacroft Wheels 25

John Thompson 1-3-51 trike

2.7.83 Prescot Eagle R.C.

John Whelan 58-05 2nd) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 59-14 4th) team
Ben Griffiths 1-2-52)
Billy Page 1-5-28

3.7.83 Sherwood C.C. 100

Chris Shorter 4-13-40 4th P.B.

6.7.83 Chester R.C. 25

John Whelan 55-58
Brian Whitmarsh 56-55
Ben Griffiths 1-0-40
Mike Hallgarth 1-0-43
Dave Eaton 1-2-21

7.7.83 G.H.S. L'pool Final 10

Stuart Twigg 28-34 1st event

7.7.83 Mid Shropshire Wheels 10

John Whelan 20-17 3rd
Ben Griffiths 24-20

9.7.83 Altrincham Ravens 25

Dave Eaton 1-4-06

10.7.83 Birkenhead Vics 25

John Whelan 57-26 1st) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 58-54) team
Ben Griffiths 1-1-25)
Keith Orum 1-3-06
Mike Hallgarth 1-4-11
Billy Page 1-5-12
John Futter 1-6-17
Craig Clewley 1-11-59 P.B.

17.7.83 National Championship. 100

Chris Shorter 4-10-24 P.B.

17.7.83 Port Sunlight Whls 25

John Whelan 56-51 2nd) 1st
Brian Whitmarsh 57-17 3rd) team
Ben Griffiths 1-1-55
Mike Hallgarth 1-2-15
Keith Orum 1-2-34
Dave Eaton 1-3-45
Peter Colligan 1-4-30
Billy Page 1-5-21

20.7.83 Nova 10

Dave Eaton 23-47

23.7.83 Rutland 25

Peter Colligan 58-56 P.B.
Dave Eaton 1-0-03 P.B.

24.7.83 Merseyside Whls 25

John Whelan 58-47
Keith Orum 1-1-38 P.B.
Dave Bassett 1-2-04
Ben Griffiths 1-2-24
Billy Page 1-4-19

30.7.83 Pindle Forest 25

Dave Eaton 1-2-09

31.7.83 T.A. 50

John Thompson 2-32-36

2.8.83 Preston Whls 25

Mike Hallgarth 1-0-83

7.8.83 North Road 50

John Thompson 2-15-06

7.8.83 Pennine C.C. 50

Mike Hallgarth 2-1-39 P.B.

9.8.83 Lancaster C.C. 25

Dave Eaton 1-2-09

NAG'S HEAD' FARNDON 4.6.83

I slipped quietly away from Bangor, past the 'Lotta Bottle' Factory or M.M.B. if you so prefer, Bowling Bank, Ridley Wood

Molt over the river to Farndon and the 'Nag's Head' to join the company of:- Frank Fischer, Ern & Joan Davies, Dave Eaton, Roger Andrews, Mike Twigg, John Thompson and Denis Raybould (C.T.C. & U.S.R.) - Bill Gray.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

THE PROOF is in the Drinking! The Alcoholic strength of drinks in this country is measured by a heap of gunpowder. 'Proof' is the amount of alcohol in which gunpowder soaked in it, will burn with a steady flame, A weaker or a stronger solution will either put it out or cause a terrific blaze. Our 100% proof means 57.1% alcohol. The French systems means what it says -100° alcohol. The American system is different. Absolute Alcohol in Britain is 175° proof, in America 200° proof. As a guide compare some of our popular drinks Beer is the lowest strength. Table Wines about twice as strong as beer. Fortified Wines (i.e. Port etc.) about twice as strong as Table Wines. Spirits are about twice as strong as fortified wine. The strongest spirit (for drinking) is Polish Plain Spirit (140° Proof) The body absorbs alcohol fastest at a strength of approx: 20% this creates the curious anomaly that although fortified wines are only half as strong as spirits, their intoxication effect is more rapid than straight spirits. Similarly whisky with half water is faster than neat whisky, with soda water the intoxication action is further increased. N.B. the best (Irish) is spelt thus Whiskey.

'His Warmest Welcome. At an Inn - Shenstone -

FINIS

BILL GRAY

TOLLEMACHE ALPRAHAM 18.6.83

It was a bit of summer to-day, pity about going by car (with Ern) but we did make sure Joan was on the bike. On leaving we went to Handley to watch the riders (whilst drinking bitter) go by, and then to the finish at Broxton where we met John Futter, Keith Oram, John Thompson and Maggie. Present at the inn were Bob And Hagar Pool. Frank Fischer, Dave Eaton, Roger Andrews, Mike Hallgarth, Ern and Joan Davies and Bill Gray. Note Joan and Frank were to ride the C.T.C. '100 on Sunday starting from Chester.

'Nag's Head Farndon 9.7.83

I thought the summer would have brought out more members to this run, I expect it's the fact that the large quantities of liquid food on Saturday and up at the crack of dawn to race on Sunday puts some members off. Present at the inn Frank Fischer

Ern and Joan Davies, Herb Moor, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Mike Hallgarth. Visiting friends Simon Flood, Denis Raybould, N. Shrops and Bill Gray

'ROYAL OAK' BANGOR-ON-DEE 16.7.83

I managed to find this place through the good offices of Frank Fischer who provided a route card. Present at the inn, Frank Fischer, Ern Davies, John Futter, Mike Twigg, Craig Clewley. Potentials Tony Pickles and Keith Huxley, Bill Gray.

'MORRIS DANCER' KELSALL 23.7.83

A nice cool morning for one of my longer rides, caught in a 'Mini' storm at Kelsall. Present at the inn. Frank Fischer, Ira and Hetty Thomas, our southern friends, Sid Hayward and Frank Lake. I thought perhaps I would see some members at the '24 no dice. Bill Gray.

MOULDSWORTH GOSHAWK 13.8.83

Yet another dry sunny day this year will be remembered for a very long time for its good weather and yet in the spring it looked very different. When I arrived at the Eureka Dave Eaton, Roger Andrews and new cadet Colin Jones were ready to leave and we were soon away and into the lanes through Capenhurst, Stock, Dunham on the Hill and up Manley bank on the climb Roger showed his skill by quickly dropping the rest of us. As we approached the Goshawk we passed John France and Flo Hill walking towards the pub. We six were soon joined by Eric Reeves who arrived rather out of breath, having ridden the last 1/2 mile a bit faster than he wanted to, to prevent two young ladies passing him (I would have waited for them) Jack Hawkins, Phil Mason, Mike Twigg, John and David Futter, Craig Clewley, John Thompson. Tony Pickles and Harry Ashcroft made up a very good attendance of 19 members and three ladies at the committee meeting. One of the items on the agenda was six applications for membership from John Stinton (Stinto), Derek Wootton (Ernie) both old friends of the Anfield. Henry Ashcroft (Harry) an ex Anfielder from the late 60's who will be remembered for occasionally running to the club run. Tony Pickles a workmate of John Futter and two cadets from Irby, Colin Jones and Mark Rowlands friends of Roger Andrews so we are still doing well for recruits. The return run was like old times with most of us on bikes.

BEN GRIFFITHS

We have since received one from John Edwards, brother of our Chris.

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Bill Gray and Harold Catling
Captain : Mike Twigg
Hon. Secretary : David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Dr.,
Irby Wirral Tel 051 648 3563

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1983

No. 831

-
- Nov. 19 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
26 Norley (Tiger's Head)
Dec. 3 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Lower Peover (Crown Inn)
10 Alpraham (Tollemache Arms)
17 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
24 Ewloe (Crown and Liver) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
26 Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
31 Bangor on Dee (Royal Oak) Allostock (Drover's Arms)
Jan. 2 Woodbank (The Yacht)
7 Christleton (The Plough) Lower Peover (Crown Inn)
14 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
21 Kelsall (Morris Dancer) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
28 Crowton (Hare & Hounds)
Feb. 4 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £7.00 Junior (Under 21) £4.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to: Hon. Treasurer:-
KEITH ORUM, 5 Brunstath Close, Barnston, Wirral

Editor:- Ben Griffiths, 17 The Highway, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - SATURDAY 31st DECEMBER, 1983

Arthur Birkby. With the utmost sorrow we must inform everyone that Arthur lost his wife, very suddenly, just before the AGM. We are sure that all will extend to Arthur their sympathy in his very sad loss.

Arthur also writes:

'In spite of the fact that I am rarely, if ever, seen I follow events within the club closely, I wish I could participate in the social life again.

I have a complete collection of Circulars from 1931, very roughly bound by me just to keep them in order. Would anyone in the club like them? I have also a properly bound volume of Cycling for April/December 1925. In addition there is a Cycling volume for March to November 1921, but this has been previously promised to David Birchall if he still wants it. I don't know his present address.

If I remember correctly an upto date list of members with 'phone numbers has been promised.

I was very interested in David Barker's trip over the Bwlch Ehediad. This revived memories as I have done it twice, once in the 1920's and both occasions the weather was perfect. What a pity David missed the wonderful views from the summit. The farmer, Mr. Noble, put the guide posts in thereby giving the would be trespasser no excuse. A plane crashed many years ago somewhere near the summit and I understand the bodies were buried on the spot after a funeral service. It is certainly very steep down to the Gwynant road and I could not find the steps referred to.'

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP (Junior)

David Paul Shepherd, 348 Telegraph Road, Heswall, Wirral.

Proposed by: Ben Griffiths Seconded by: Keith Orum

COMMITTEE NOTES

The hilly/hardriders event will not be run this year. After consideration the Committee decided to concentrate our efforts on the 100 + 25.

It was proposed that the Club buy a digital watch for timing events.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 8/10/83 AT THE GOSHAWK

Present: B. Griffiths, D. Eaton, P. Mason, M. Twigg, E. Davies, J. Futter, B. Gray, R. Andrews, C. Jones, M. Rowlands, J. Cranshaw, B. Bird, J. Middleton, S. Twigg, P. Colligan, J. Williamson, I. Thomas, J. Hawkins, H. Moore, K. Orum.

Apologies: B. Whitmarch, C. Edwards, H. Dauncey, H. Catling, J. France, D. Birchall, J. Whelan, W. Page, F. Fischer, A. Birkby.

The Secretary's report was read. The retiring Treasurer presented the accounts for the year and a note of thanks was passed to Phil for his efforts. Racing Sec. gave his report paying tribute to Chris Shorters rides which gave him the Club B.A.R. 100 Sec. gave a brief report and a note of thanks was passed to Ira for all the hard work he has put in over the years.

OFFICERS FOR 1984

President	Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents	Bill Gray & Harold Catling
Secretary	D. Eaton
Treasurer	K. Orum
Captain	M. Twigg
Editor	B. Griffiths
Racing Sec.	J. Futter
100 Sec.	P. Mason
25 Sec.	B. Griffiths
Social Sec.	P. Mason

DELEGATES

W.C.T.T.C.A.	J. Hawkins - J. Futter
B.C.C.A.	J. Thompson
R.R.A.	C. Edwards
N.R.R.A.	M. Twigg
R.T.T.C.	P. Colligan

COMMITTEE

J. Hawkins	P. Colligan	E. Davies
E. Reeves	B. Bird	E. Davies
C. Jones	S. Twigg	R. Andrews

MEMO FROM MOSSY (South Africa 27th August, 1983)

How dare 'The 1974 Junior' question my integrity 'Long ago in the mid 1970's'.

All who know me will remember my concern for all Club members. Who was it when Whelan was smashed on training runs refused to leave him and made the others wait 'to watch him suffer'. I'm glad to see John is having one more last racing season.

Who was it that improved George Elkingtons moral fibre by leaving him to chase when the North End wanted to wait (you don't need brains to go fast).

I remember one horror tints weekend taking in Moel Sych and 'a

short cut' of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours up a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile track with two foot thick mud. 'A journey through hell'. It was me who controlled myself and refrained from leaving Dave Birchall in a pool of blood on the track (if only I could have found him in the dark).

I see Hallgarth managed to sneak to Knaresboro for a quick '59' not bad for a one legged cyclist (I will be starting a fund to buy him a canoe).

Glad to see Orum is talking about a come back. I remember when he used to be a cyclist but retired at 19 after burning himself out in the West Cheshire 100.

But truly I miss the Club Runs and weekends and especially the lads of the Club. There is no 'cycling atmosphere' over here and I hope that one day I can afford a holiday to 'Anfield Land', although everyone must ride as a club as I now carry a little more weight and my moral fibre is strong enough.

CYCLING THE ROUGH BOUNDS OF KNOYDART

Knoydart is remote and difficult to get to. Over the past 150 years it has been forcibly de-populated, mainly in the interests of game preservation, and to this day remains under developed. A tiny village, Inverie, exists to service the vast estate, and a few incomers have revived a handful of crofts scattered along the Sound of Sleat. It is a place of dramatic scenery, of sea loch and mountain, and weather systems sweeping in from the Atlantic. Successive generations have brought about bit changes to the landscape; much of the natural woodland has gone and large tracts within the glens are empty. But red deer roam beyond count, new forestry has been planted, cattle introduced, and a fishery established in recent years. To many, the mountains, sea lochs, emptiness and isolation of Knoydart provide the essence of Highland scenery, and the area is regarded as one of Britain's last great wildernesses. Over the past year Knoydart has been in the news because of the laird's intention to sell the estate, and because the Army were attracted by its potential as a training ground. All this coincided with our plans to visit the area with bicycles.

There are two main routes to and from Knoydart. The locals and most visitors travel by converted fishing boat from Mallaig on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The alternative is overland from Kinloch Hourn by a long and arduous footpath on which

few venture. Our plan was simple: we would arrive on Friday's boat, explore the area with bicycles and depart on Monday, Mary and Adam by boat, me overland to our base at Invergarry in the Great Glen. Whilst arranging accommodation, the feeling grew that visitors are not encouraged, but persistence was rewarded with bed and breakfast in an estate worker's cottage. Once there, we discovered there is also a hostel the key for which is held by the head stockman.

There are a few vehicles in Knoydart: they arrive by landing craft and drive up the shingle beach to the road (single track and poorly surfaced) which twists for six miles over stark moorland to Airer, a nearly deserted clachan (crofting hamlet) on the Sound of Sleat. From this road we discovered superb views down to the head of Loch Nevis and across Inverie Bay. More energetically, I explored solo, a landrover track which snakes for seven miles along Glen Guiseran to a croft which takes the name of the glen. The croft is linked with Airer by a footpath, and so a round trip back to Inverie is possible. But the ford giving access to the path was impassable on the day I tried it, with the River Guiseran, some 50 ft wide, in spate and definitely too deep and fast to wade.

Torrential rain dogged the whole of our stay and by Monday morning estate workers were carting shingle from the beach to rebuild tracks washed away in the downpour. MV Western Isles arrived at 10.30 am and Mary and Adam stepped aboard. I joined a handful of villagers and watched the boat depart for Mallaig. For me the overland route lay ahead. With Highland rough stuff it pays to be cautious about timetables, and careful study of the OS 1:25000 maps suggested a total of 8 hours would be reasonable for the 15 miles to the roadhead at Kinloch Hourn, and a further 2 hours for the 25 miles to Invergarry.

As I set off, rivers and burns were overflowing and distant hillsides were ribboned with streaks of white water. Riding was possible (and an unexpected bonus) for the first 5 miles to Lochan Dhu Lochan, thanks to a rough track and extensive use of gears in the range 27" - 40". Beyond the loch, a footpath climbs steeply crossing frail bridges over countless burns which on this awful morning thundered into the glen far below. With the cloud base some 500 ft below me, nothing could be seen of the grand mountain surroundings. The final haul to the 1500 ft summit of Mam Barrisdale on this day was memorable not for the

view, but for the reverberating thunder of unseen water all around.

From the summit the descent was rapid, through ankle-deep peat and water, and out of the cloud to Barrisdale a suprisingly inhabited place with a couple of farmsteads and a bothy. It had taken $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach the shores of Loch Hourn. I rested over a bite to eat and drank from an overflowing burn. Despite the weather the prospect from Barrisdale was impressive. Here Loch Hourn becomes a narrow fiord hemmed in by big mountains, with Scots Pine woods down to the water's edge. The 5 mile path along the south shore to Kinloch Hourn is narrow and rocky; from sea level it goes over 5 headlands (involving a total of some 1200 ft of climbing). The 5 miles took 3 hours of strenuous effort. Carrying is unavoidable on much of the path which in places is a perilous ledge between loch and mountain.

Tarmac is reached at Kinloch Hourn. A glance at my watch showed $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours had elapsed. The road to Invergarry which lay ahead was built by Telford in the never realised expectation that Kinloch Hourn would become a major fishing port. Anfielders know the road for the long steep climb to the watershed two miles above Kinloch Hourne, and for the superb descent which follows - for some 23 miles - to Glen Garry.

By the time I reached our caravan based in Glen Garry, Mary and Adam were already back having driven the 70 miles from Mallaig. The sun was shining warmly, but in the far distance could be seen the Rough Bounds of Knoydart, its mountains still hidden in mist. David Birchall

THE HANMER ARMS 20/8/83

The Irby CC (Unaffiliated) met at 10.15 minus one member, who was still in bed (dreaming of the day he rediscovers cycling). New recruit Colin, Roger and myself were soon at Two Mills. We were joined by Jack Hawkins who was on a circuitous route to Chester and Keith Orum who was on a direct route home.

Our party of three left the Mills at 11 am and ploughed into the headwind towards Chester.

Passing through Huntington we caught up with Mike Twigg. By the time we got to Shocklach I was hanging on. Mike tried to bribe a pint out of me by asking did I know where I was - but I had a map. Sign of experience there. On reaching Hanmer Bill Gray greeted me with 'By heck Dave you look rough'.

The last couple of weeks have shown a great increase in numbers attending runs and to-day was no exception, fourteen and all on bikes!

In no particular order the following were recorded by W. Gray as 'in attendance' Joan Davies, Frank Fischer, Ben Griffiths, Harry Ashcroft, Craig Clewley, Dave Eaton, Mike Trigg, Roger Andrews, Bill Gray, John Futter, Colin Jones, Tony Pickles and prospective members John Edwards (younger brother of Chris) and Ian Swift.

Ben was off for a weeks holiday in Norfolk - or was it Hanmer Ben?

About 1.45 we departed without the Captain who was looking after Bill & Ben (The Pint Pot men!). The nine of us - I think it was nine we were going so fast it was hard to count, made good time mainly thanks to J. Futter esq. and J. Edwards. (Why do cyclists called John go so fast? and where was Thommo today?)

The Welsh team left us in Chester and headed for the hills and Colin, Roger and myself headed down the A540 assisted by a tailwind. Just out of Chester John (Edwards) caught us, he had overshot Chester at 35 mph, he then proceeded to shout greetings at a young lady (who he said he knew) walking a dog, obviously John will be a big asset to the Club when he joins.

We soon reached Two Mills for refreshments served as ever by Hilda and Addy.

On leaving The Mills for home, I caught a glimpse of John Whelan going the other way.

Altogether a very enjoyable day out. Dave Eaton

CROWTON - HARE & HOUNDS 17/9/83

After a couple of weeks letting the bad weather get the better of my good intentions I finally brushed the mud off the trusty steed and set sail for Chester. One business call later I was heading for the Eureka for the first time in 15 years. Didn't see much of it though, as on arriving Ben was just leaving. After a very quick tea and the arrival of the 'fast bunch' I was quite ready to tag on behind.

Toe straps tightened I set off in hot pursuit of the bunch through Capenhurst. Down past Stanlow and the pace is hotting up Right at Thornton le Moors and I'm just about all in. Someones

got a puncture and we all stop! Thank God thinks I and promptly fall over sideways onto the road having forgotten to loosen my toe straps. Brushing myself down amid the laughter I decided there and then that my return to cycling with the bunch was definitely not a good thing and with Manley Bank looming ahead and my back playing me up after the fall I discretely dropped off the back to make my more usual progress on paths and tracks.

The Sandstone trail can be joined at Manley Bank and this makes an excellent alternative to the switchback for the more adventurous. Emerging from the jungle at Hatchmere I was just in time to see a cyclist flash past and after a mile or so I caught up with John Futter and friend. The final leg of the journey took place at a much more sedate pace.

Quite a crowd in the pub well settled in and in direct conflict with a party of wedding guests at the bar. Cycling clothes and Morning Suits make a wonderful contrast.

A well intentioned start with the bunch soon saw me lagging behind once again so I turned South through Delemere and Tarporley to explore an area suggested by Ernie Davies. Near Tiverton I once again joined the Sandstone Trail and after crossing the canal at Whartons Lock made my way across the meadows to Beeston Castle. A quick snack here and on my way following the trail over to the Pecforton Hills. With the intention of arriving in Tattenhall I entered new country and immediately went wrong. Half an hour later I'm standing up to my knees in a muddy tyre rut surrounded on all sides by 500 hungry young pheasants asking for their dinner and me looking at a notice reading 'Trespassers will be shot'. Military training coming in to play I pick up the bike and run like hell for the nearest road. Time for home with a quick run through Coddington and Holt. I arrive home just before dark with 60 miles behind me and a cwt of best Cheshire clay for the garden. Harry the Fish.

Present: Mike Twigg, Stuart Twigg, Ern & Joan Davies, Brian Bird, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Harry Ashcroft, Roger Andrews, Mark Rowlands, Mike Day, Colin Jones, John Stinton, Bill Gray.

HANMER AFMS 15/10/83

This was one of those days, that make you doubt the sanity of cyclists, but you remember days like that for many years. It was blowing a Southerly gale, pouring with rain and very cold.

I left home at 10 am and called at the local cyclists tailer

for a new training top, when I told him I was going to the Eureka to meet the lads for the club run, he suggested I have a cup of tea at his house and return home, as no one else would be daft enough to turn out on a day like this, but I said I would ride to the Eureka just to be sure, when I walked through the cafe door my heart sank, 5 fresh faced Juniors all eager for the fray. Roger Andrews, Colin Jones, Mike Day, Mark Rowlands and David Shepherd, we soon got under way as the rain had eased for the moment, at Backford it again came on very heavy and continued for the rest of the ride to Hammer. We went via Christleton, Bruera Churton, Shocklack where we had the first of many punctures. The lane for Threapwood and Sarn was covered with thorns, so we turned around for Worthenbury, as we went through the lanes for Penley Mikes rear tyre again started to go down, Dave and Colin stopped to assist him, when I returned to look for them, they had disappeared, I guessed they had taken the lane to Overton, so I chased Roger and Mark to Penley, on the run up the main road the wind was from the side (a change from head on) and Mark had the pleasure of dropping Roger at the pub, Jim Middleton, Brian Bird, Stuart and Mike Twigg, Ernie and Joan Davies, they had already eaten. Soon Ernie and Joan were ready for home and offered Stuart a lift - it was quickly accepted. Ernie said he would direct the lost three if he met them. Soon Colin and Dave arrived saying Mike had again punctured but Ernie had lent him Stuarts wheel. It wasn't long before Mike made the party complete; after all had eaten and got a bit warmer, we made a move for home (with the wind) the rain had almost stopped. Only two punctures on the way home. At Chester the party split with Mike Twigg, Jim and Brian going home after offering to run the lads home. It was a lot pleasanter with the wind and all said they would ride, we six had a line out from Chester to try to get to the Eureka before closing time. We didn't make it, but Addie made us welcome and soon made a fresh pot of tea. After a pint and a piece of cake we made our way home for a hot bath - at least that was my priority.

Ben Griffiths

FADDILEY TOLLEMACHE ARMS 29/10/83

Illness having kept me out of the saddle for six weeks the 80 or so miles entailed in a reasonably interesting round trip, with Faddiley as the lunch venue, was clearly beyond my powers.

Accordingly the old tandem trike was hoisted on to the car roof and we made Middlewich car park, the starting point for a leisurely excursion through lanes bright with Autumn tints. It had been a very cold night and ice crackled under our wheels but the sun shone brightly and the day quickly warmed up. Our all-lanes route crossed the Weaver at Church Minshull then on by Alpraham and Bunbury where the sight of that glorious red sandstone church makes one wonder what was behind the building of so great an edifice in so small a village. Almost in Faddiley we encountered Frank Fischer getting in a few extra miles and prevailed upon him to take us on a conducted tour for the elucidation of certain mysteries surrounding the tangle of lanes about Gradeley Green.

By the time we reached the Tollemache Arms several members were already installed and others were arriving thick and fast. The fare provided was excellent and very reasonably priced for today although how these prices relate to our pre-war high teas for which the usual charge was 3/6 (17½p) it is difficult to say. Harking back to those days when the club run was a Saturday afternoon affair with the focal point high tea served at 6 pm (i think), brings back memories of long dark rides on winter evenings and no requirement to carry a rear lamp - although it was important to have a bell. It was a very different cycling world.

Although most of our company was assembled by 12.30, a surprising number rolled up, in ones and twos, very much later, the last I think being Mike Hallgarth who arrived about 2 o'clock. Shortly afterwards we began to break up (no offence to you Mike) and take to the road. Mary and I went off with Ira Thomas and Frank Fischer by Gradeley Green to the canal bridge where they turned South towards Wrenbury and we turned North to follow more lanes through Poole, Aston-juxta-Mondrum and Church Minshull back to our car in Middlewich.

Those present were: Roger Andrews, Brian Bird, Harold Catling and Mary, Peter Colligan, Ernie Davies, Mike Day, Frank Fischer, John Futter, Bill Gray, Ben Griffiths, Mike Hallgarth, Colin Jones, Pat O'Leary, Bob Poole and Hagar, John Stinton, Ira Thomas, John Thompson and Maggie, Mike Twigg.
Harold Catling

Bonfire night is normally cold and wet, even some snow, but November 5th 1983 was dry, sunny and warm. Just the sort of day for a gentle potter through the lanes, a pint or two in good company and potter back home. Upon arrival at the Eureka I found Roger Andrews, Tony Pickles, Mike Day, Colin Jones, Mark Rowlands and Dave Shepherd waiting and I saw at a glance that I wouldn't be able to go slowly unless, I didn't tell them the way too soon. We went via Capenhurst and down the main road where Colin punctured, this was an act of providence, for as we did the repair, a cyclist rode up and asked had we seen the Anfield pass by, we quickly introduced ourselves, it turned out that he was Jeff Lewis and had been to the Eureka to meet us, he had arrived late and was very lucky to find us so soon, so now eight strong we took to the lanes through Durham-on-the-Hill, a left turn on Manley bank put me at the front as the others had gone straight on, they quickly caught me up, Mark and Mike punctured in quick succession, we then went over the hill to Kingsley where I let them go for the last 2 miles. I was too far behind to see who won the sprint, however, I did see that I was last. At the pub were Brian Bird, Jim Middleton and Stuart Twigg on bikes. Bob and Hagar Poole and Mike and Twigg by car soon after we arrived, we were very pleased to welcome John Williamson, who had caught the train to Chester and then cycled around Delamere Forest, we all hope he will do this more often (we would like to see some others doing the same). The ride back to the Eureka was steady. At the cafe we were pleased to see six more Anfielders, it's a pity they didn't make the club run. They were Mike Hallgarth, resting for the Sunday social(?) run. Bill Page just left the shop. Eric Reeves, out for a potter, and Dave Bassett who had dragged our University exiles Rod Anderson (Hull) and Simon Cogan (London), it's some time since we last saw Simon but he still looks very fit.

Ben Griffiths.



Lawrence Fletcher an Anfield 'Great' from 100 years ago