

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB (Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
 : Ira Thomas
Captain : John Futter
Hon. Secretary : David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive
 Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

FEBRUARY 1985

No 836

- Feb 2 Christleton (Plough Inn) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
9 Duddon (Headless Woman) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
16 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
23 Woodbank (Yacht Inn) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
- Mar 2 Beeston (Beeston Castle Hotel)
9 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Allostock (Drovers Arms)
16 Norley (Tigers Head)
23 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Lower Peover (Crown Inn)
30 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
- Apr 6 Haughton Moss (Nags Head)
13 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
20 Kelsall (Morris Dancer)
27 Alpraham (Tollemache Arms)
- May 4 Graianrhyd (Rose and Crown) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
6 Club Open '25' Christleton (Plough Inn)
-

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

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE 2 MARCH 1985

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Chris Edwards - 10 Stanley Road, Hoylake, Wirral,
Merseyside L47 1HW.

NORMAN S HEATH

With the passing of Norman Heath another link was broken in the chain of those of 'Ours' who between the war years kept the club's name in the annals of long distance cycling. Norman participated in several '24s' and though he did not win one he always did a very creditable performance. Though his active racing career finished in the mid thirties, he remained a keen tourist and was a founder member of the Shropshire DA of the CTC.

In recent years although he was no longer an active cyclist he retained his interest in the club and always asked about his contemporaries. His other interests included gardening and the organisation of showjumping events, about which he was an authority.

Ira Thomas

RACING NOTES

Feb 24	Larkhill Wh 2-Up TTT	D25/2
Mar 10	N. Wirral Velo 2-Up TTT	D25/11
Mar 17	Chester RC 2-Up TTT	D25/11
Mar 23	Merseyside Ladies CA '10'	D10/1
Mar 31	VTTA (Merseyside) '25'	D25/4
	TA (NW Region) '25'	D25/4
	Wrekinsport CC Hilly '39'	D39/1
Apr 5	Port Sunlight Wh '22'	D22/1
Apr 7	Central Lancs RC '25'	D25/4
	(mm 1-2-0 Lts slowest 120)	
	Oswestry Paragon '25'	D25/12
Apr 8	B'head Vict CC	D25/11
	(mm 1-2-0 Lts slowest 120)	
	Mid-Shropshire Wh '25'	D25/14

Those riders who are slower than 1-2-0 may be interested in entering the two middle marker events on April 7 and/or 8. Racing results should be forwarded to Jeff Lewis

(Chester 28217) as Racing Secretary for inclusion in the circular. Good luck to all riders for the coming season.

ALL NIGHT RIDES

Whilst reading through my copy of 'The Black Anfielders' I came across the chapter headed 'The All Night Rides'. I found it interesting and at a later club run suggested to those there that an All Night Ride might be organised and asked for opinions.

It has been suggested that a route might be planned, taking in stops where food and drink would be available. Any suggestion by way of a route, food stops and names of those interested could be brought up at a future committee meeting as also could a date for the ride, taking into consideration the moon and racing events that might coincide.

Jeff Lewis

(All night rides have been an occasional feature of Anfield life in recent years and we have several memorable expeditions to our credit. The Anfield have pedalled through summer nights to see the sunrise or at least the daybreak from the top of the Bwlch-y-Groes, Moel Sych and the Long Mynd. See 'The Black Anfielders' pp 150/151 - Ed).

AUTUMN TINTS TOUR

SEDBURGH : The Bull - 26/27 October

A late addition to the "Tints" attendance list, I decided that I should arrive in the time honoured style of straight to Sedburgh from my front door. Obviously for this mammoth undertaking careful preparation was essential. So the two weeks previous were spent strengthening my right arm, as it had grown weak from lack of use whilst I lived in France (a wine glass weighs somewhat less than a pint glass, even when full). I had no desire to be "dropped" during the evening stages of the tour.

So it was on Friday morning that I awoke and prepared myself in a trance-like state for the coming trial. I was soon rolling down Hoylake towards Birkenhead, with my saddle-bag bursting and a feeling of great adventure. The Tints this year had broken away from tradition by being based in the

North of England rather than Wales and new lanes awaited discovery.

As I approached the Birkenhead ferry terminal the overcast and showery weather deepened the depressive nature of the deserted docklands.

Whilst crossing the Mersey I again had time to ponder the stark and silent harbour scenes that now dominate the estuary. There was little activity on either side, only the renovations of the Albert Dock. This once proud estuary that had thriving ports on both banks was still and devoid of people. The words "LIVERPOOL WELCOMES THE TALL SHIPS" written along the waterfront warehouses seemed like a prayer for the return of an era that has forever vanished.

Once in Liverpool I was away through Walton Vale and heading towards Preston along the A59, dodging showers as I went.

At Preston it was time to leave the main roads and progress at a more leisurely pace along the lanes to Longridge. Here I made my lunch stop and warmed myself by the log fire in the Royal Oak. After a most satisfying meal I continued forth once again into the rain and headed for "the hills". I made reasonable progress through the lanes by Hesketh Lane and Whitewell, sticking as closely to the valley floor as possible. At one point I went from clear sunshine to hail in a matter of only half a mile as the strong westerly wind swept showers from the Irish Sea over Bowland.

On I went through Dunsop Bridge and Newton with only the swollen River Hodder for company, until I left it behind at Slaidburn and climbed to Tosside, from where I descended into Ribblesdale via rolling lanes through Long Gill and Rathwell which would throw magnificent views of The Yorkshire Dales in front of me. Ye Olde Naked Man of Settle was my teatime stop, where I indulged in tea and crumpet (a most enjoyable pursuit).

The last stage, before Sedburgh could be reached, took me from Settle along a road that climbed steadily to Gayle Moor and intertwined with the railway, crossing it no less

than six times during the ascent. Whilst climbing through Horton in Ribblesdale I enjoyed a sunset of romantic proportions and by the time I had reached the B6255, part of the "Circuit of the Dales" time-trial course, it was time for lights. With my lights making little penetration into the absorbing blackness of the moorscape, I climbed steadily to Gayle Moor and with only 13 miles to Sedburgh, commenced the rapid descent to Dent Dale. The road dropped away beneath me and the smothering darkness heightened this sensation of falling rather than rolling down. The only feature that emerged from the gloom was the Dent Dale viaduct, carrying the Settle to Carlisle railway line, its silhouette of arches standing out starkly against the dark blue sky. Once beneath this mighty structure I made steady but cautious progress along the Dale through these unfamiliar lanes masked in darkness.

The cobblestoned streets of Dent were soon bounced over and by eight o'clock I was in Sedburgh and noting to my delight that there was a Marstons Pub which warranted further investigation.

Once washed and refreshed I soon met the other members of our party in the Red Lion (quite a coincidence that this was the aforementioned Marstons Public House). The company were well into relating their stories of past seasons and planned improvements so I sat back and listened, while wondering what tomorrow might bring.

Those present for the weekend were: Ben Griffiths (our glorious leader), Captain Jeff Lewis, Colin Jones, Roger Andrews, Mark Rowlands, Tony Pickles, John Futter, Mike and Stuart Twigg, John Thompson, Brian Bird, Dave Bettaney, Chris Shorter and Chris Edwards.

The gathered company had arrived early at Sedburgh by car and then had ridden towards Shapfell, lunching on route. The group then split; some climbing Shapfell, whilst the others returned to Kendal and climbed back to Sedburgh.

Saturday morning saw us making a surprisingly early start with four separate groups. One group headed for the Lake District by car to cycle complete circuits of various Lakes, whilst Colin Jones and Roger Andrews went their own way, John Thompson (proving yet again that sanity is statistical)

set out for Hawes. The main vanguard of the Anfield pedalled to Windermere via Kendal then lapped the lake via Hawkshead and Lakeside, where refreshments were taken at the Swan Hotel. I had discovered an interesting fact that meant that I was rarely left behind; even though my cycling performance lacked sparkle, I was the only person with a map. I would wait until everyone had raced on and left me behind before deciding that a turn off was called for, then having made the move I would wait for the others to retrace and find me, thus allowing me plenty of time to get my breath back. For this plan to work successfully it was necessary to avoid main roads as much as possible, as a long stretch of dual carriage-way would have meant my being dropped too far behind and they would have found their way back using the traffic signs!

After Lakeside we lunched in Newby Bridge and then raced down the A590(T) before taking to the lanes again (much to my relief) around Milnthorpe. The day was sunny, with only a slight wind blowing, so from time to time everyone had a go at seeing just how unfit I really was.

Once the M6 was crossed we climbed a pleasant leafy lane from Burton to Hutton Roof. At the peak of this climb we got a chance to look across the Lune Valley and Kirby Lonsdale to take in the peaks of the Yorkshire Dales.

We descended on Kirby Lonsdale like a flock of vultures and led by Dave Bettaney (who seems to have a supernatural power for this) took tea and gateau, no less, in a cafe set in a courtyard and well hidden from a casual glance by a passing cyclist.

As the sun began to sink behind the Fells we made our way through more lanes, following the meandering course of the Lune. With the Lune crossed at Rigmaden Park, and the route to Sedburgh clearly signposted (worst luck), our cheerful crowd split into two groups. Dave, Chris Shorter and Jeff racing on ahead to run baths, I wrongly assumed, for Ben, Stuart, Tony and myself, who brought up the rear at a leisurely pace, enjoying the sight of lush green pastures bordered by hedgrows and copses in their autumnal splendour(!)

Back at the Bull we were soon revived by hot baths and bar meals, with a few heading for the Fish and Chip Shop as well.

During the evening events, where some of the younger members showed their true talents, we were visited by John Walton and his son, Roger. John, now resident in Settle, took advantage of our new Tints location to drop in for a few pints and a chat. The conversations between us were too many and too diverse to be recounted here. But we all thoroughly enjoyed making the acquaintance of the Waltons and all marvelled at John's good health and humour. Hopefully we may see more of them now that John has met the latest Anfield generation.

We all woke bright and early on the Sunday morning, thankful that the quality of the hotel's beer had meant we had slept well and woken refreshed. After a wholesome breakfast and our bill settled, some cycled first then motored home, whilst others motored then cycled and the elite just cycled. The morning cyclists got the best of the day before the dull overcast sky gave up its heavy burden of rain.

And so ended, for another year, a full and varied Autumn Tints, with a good turn out by the Club. Notable absences were John Whelan and Brian Whitmarsh, who unfortunately had to work. The rest of us managed to explore new areas of the North of England by choosing routes which suited our individual abilities and interests.

Chris Edwards

(The account of Chris and John Thompson's ride home will appear in the next issue - Ed).

AWAY FROM IT ALL

In the final week of July, during the best of 1984's blistering summer, I took off on the "Johnny Berry" for my annual Youth Hostelling jaunt. From home in Prestatyn a tour of the Welsh mountains often appeals; straight off the mark, pedalling every mile of the way, unaided by car or train.

During a sandwich and lemonade lunch by Bala Lake I was greeted by two fellow cyclists who had overtaken me beyond Ruthin. They were amazed that I had arrived before them, but it turned out that they had added 2 or 3 miles going into Corwen, while I crossed the A5 at the Dee Bridge. A pleasant journey ended at Corris Hostel which offers such a splendid view of the Dulas Valley.

Next day I followed the traffic to Aberystwyth and then began the long climb towards Tregaron. Last year I suffered on the long mountain road between Tregaron and the Towy Valley. This time I made for Llandewi-Brevi intending to scale the top by Farmers making for Rhandir-mwyn. But with the temperature 80°F, I chickened out and went round by Lampeter. My goal was the remote hostel at Bryn-Poeth-Uchaf. It is the kind of place I delight in; log fire, friendly company, down-on-the-farm atmosphere and air like wine.

A more than usual early start was needed next day as the walk from the hostel through the fields, beside brooks and along tracks, took half an hour before one could ride. A pleasant free-wheel down to Llandovery for stocks and a spin along the A40 led to Brecon. After lunch I was able to cross the Usk and take the quiet route to Crickhowell and Abergavenney. Keeping from the crowds I continued on switchback lanes to Monmouth, a tough stretch indeed.

After a night at YHA Monmouth I intended to tackle the Black Mountains again (as last year), but this time across to Hay. Unfortunately in trying to find my way across to Pandy on the Hereford road I lost my way, went round in circles and wasted an hour. So I settled instead for the Golden Valley route, crossing the Wye at Bredwardine, and then pushed on to YHA Knighton, a converted school-house.

My next day was a planned sentimental journey up to the Anchor. I had only been there once before as a novice cyclist with my father, I don't remember how long ago. I always wanted to re-trace those steps. I had a solitary lunch at the deserted Anchor Inn, but got more than I bargained for in taking a route to Bishops Castle up the most persistent rise I ever remember to Two Crosses -

phew! However, I eventually made Shrewsbury for my final bednight. And so back home, greeting the Ellesmere ducks en-route and challenging yet again the Horse-shoe Pass to Ruthin. About 350 miles I think.

John Williamson

CLUB RUNS

HUXLEY : The Farmers Arms - 3 November

Having changed early into my cycling gear I waited patiently for the torrential rain to stop. This was very optimistic as it had been pouring down for the last 24 hours. Just after 10.30 am it eased a little so I made a move and rode with the wind and rain on my back through Rossett and Holt across the flooded River Dee into Farndon, then on through Barton, Coddington and Tattenhall. Just after Tattenhall I was overtaken by a car-borne Brian Bird and daughter Charlotte. I made straight for the Farmers Arms, as this was not a day to go far, so arrived early, but still fairly dry.

We were joined by Ernie Davies and Tony Pickles. Tony had brought photographs of the Tints weekend and very good they are. Mike and Stuart Twigg had spent some time fixing the gears on Stuart's bike and rode out the short route. Eric Reeves was making an all too rare appearance and we were very pleased to welcome Rigby Band with his wife Eva - in Chester for a cousin's golden wedding celebration. Captain John Futter, looking very fit and efficient, handed me the list of names; Roger Andrews, Colin Jones and Justin Rawsthorne were not allowed in the same bar as the rest of us, so they cycled on to Beeston and had lunch at the cafe. Jeff Lewis was the last to arrive and completed the party. I am sorry to say so but at the next committee meeting we will have to remove the Farmers Arms from the Club Run list while the present landlord is in charge.

When the three exiles returned we set out for the Eureka. After the first couple of miles the heavens opened again and we had full wet weather gear on for the rest of the ride to the Eureka where we were again joined by Rigby. He was able to tell us some of the stories about John Walton

(Rigby remembered him as Jack), whom we had met for the first time on the Tints weekend. (It was John's first club run since 1946). At about 4.30 pm the rain stopped again so I quickly rolled up my cape and leggings and rode the six miles home.

Ben

HANMER : Hanmer Arms - 10 November

After seeing that the weather forecast predicted 'blue skies' I decided to take the opportunity to get some miles in and also to visit Carrog, a place I'd last been to whilst doing my Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

Up before the sun, and after a good breakfast, I set out through Chester and Broughton. Although the sun was shining brightly the air was quite chilly. As I headed uphill towards the Sunspot, I got in behind a JCB which made the climb a little easier! In no time I was over Lladegla. Nearing Bryneglwys I saw a sign for a cafe that said 'open'. Looking forward to a cup of tea and something to eat I turned off the road, only to find the place wasn't 'open'; and so the 'looked forward to' cup of tea had to be missed.

Going left at the signpost saying I was 25 miles from Chester, I climbed a narrow lane down which water was flowing. I noticed a squirrel scamper across the road. A few miles further and I reached the village of Carrog which was my goal. I rode down to the old stone bridge over the Dee, the river being swollen as it had been raining heavily for days before. On the A5 I headed for Llangollen, now and again passing through the cold shadows of the surrounding hills. Through busy Llangollen on to Ruabon I rode, where Ribena and Kit-Kat were welcome as it was about 3½ hours since breakfast.

Turning for Overton by the Wynstay Arms I headed for Hanmer via Penley. Arriving early I rode down to the Mere and watched an artist painting the scene. At the Hanmer Arms I was soon joined by Ern Davies and, a while after, by Tony Pickles and Ben, Tony accusing Ben of "winding it up" on the way out. Others present were John Williamson, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Pete Colligan (who had ridden out from Liverpool), David and Rowen

Bettaney, A Moore, Joan Davies, John and Paul Futter, S Lloyd and Craig Clewley.

After having something to eat the cyclists set off for home via Chester. It had been a typical Anfield club run, where people had ridden out in small groups and by different routes. That day the weather was fine and I got 74 miles in - and the memory of a good ride.

Jeff Lewis

GRAIANRHYD : Rose and Crown - 8 December

A mild, dry and sunny morning, so I made an early start on my good bike, calling at the Sunspot for tea and toast before setting off over the Llandegla Moors. I descended the Nant-y-Garth into Ruthin, then climbed back over the Clwyds via the Bwlch and Llanarmon-yn-ial, arriving at the Rose and Crown at the same time as Captain John Futter and Craig Clewley. We pondered on a strange machine outside.

Inside was the answer; a guest visitor, Paddy Boyd, a fast man from the 50s, now making a comeback. -Paddy had ridden out with Pete Colligan. Also present were Mike Twigg with wife Pat, daughter Sarah and son-in-law Mike Kimpton. Stuart Twigg had cycled out with Brian Bird, whom he had met at Farndon. (Brian has moved to Tattenhall, and now has a good ride to and from work so should soon be getting fit). Wayne Walker climbed from Nercwys (must be almost four miles!). John Thompson arrived next having ridden direct from Rainhill via Runcorn. For once John was not last to arrive as Tony Pickles entered after him, having worked until lunchtime before setting out. Racing thirty years ago was the topic of conversation over dinner.

On the return ride to the Eureka, Paddy Boyd showed why he is so good by dropping us all on the freewheeling miles into Mold, then keeping the pace fast for the rest of the journey. A very enjoyable day.

Ben

NORLEY : Tigers Head - 15 December

A south easterly wind meant an assisted ride out. Passing through Delamere Forest the roads were busier than usual due to the sale of Christmas trees. As I neared Norley I was caught by Brian Bird, who had been on a detour around Beeston Castle from his new home at Tattenhall.

We were the first to arrive but were soon joined by Bob and Hagar Poole, Eric Reeves, Jeff Lewis, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Harold Catling, Peter Colligan and Ben Griffiths completing the party. The President had come out via the Mills, where he had met the younger members, but Christmas shopping duties had prevented them making an appearance. Conversation varied from Stuart's new Raleigh frame and equipment to the water-bound macadam road. I was surprised to learn that tarmac roads were not in general use until the thirties. The return journey was through Hatchmere, where Brian and Mike rode off to check on a new club venue, whilst we continued on via Mouldsworth. Our little group became 'strung out' as we were led down the deceptively fast and twisty Manley Bank by Jeff and Stuart. On re-grouping we continued at a steadier pace until Mickle Trafford was reached, where I took my leave for home.

John Futter

KELSALL : Morris Dancer - 22 December

It was a damp, dullish morning as I set off from Wrexham taking a favourite and comparatively easy route through Holt and Farndon, Aldford, Waverton and Willington.

There must have been a 'taily' as I arrived ahead of schedule, being the first person present. Before the roaring fire my damp jacket, scarf and gloves were soon dried to a crisp. Eight of us were present, which is a nice cosy number to assemble around two bar tables. The hot soup was really delicious, as were the steak and kidney pie and other goodies. We were glad to welcome David Birchall - a long ride from Edinburgh - Ben Griffiths, Mike and Stuart Twigg, John Futter, Ernie and Joan Davies and their guest, Pattie Williams.

A wet, but satisfying journey home - just reversing my outward route - completed a most enjoyable club run.

Joan Davies

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APRIL 1985

No 837

May 11 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee
18 Duddon (Headless Woman)
25 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
27 Club Open "100" Astley (Dog in the Lane)
June 1 Christleton (Plough Inn) Lower Peover (Crown)
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Hon. Treasurer - Keith Orum, 5 Brunstath Close,
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TREASURER'S NOTE

Gentlemen - Just to remind you subscriptions are now overdue and there are some members who are two years in arrears. If you are in doubt as to how much you owe please telephone the Treasurer.

Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent
Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 4 MAY 1985

EDITOR'S NOTE

That pleasant morning when the Anfield Circular drops through the postbox has for me been replaced by the equally welcome (perhaps more so) arrival of items for the next issue. Please keep them coming: I appreciate them much more than bills!

One letter with a South African postmark has provided John Moss's new address - and a write-up for a future issue. John comments "that it is good to see so many new names in the Circular - also so many returning to the Club. The racing seems to be well supported even though JJ looks as though he's decided he's now too old to race". John will be pleased to hear from us and will write back.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

John Moss - P.O. Box 281, Melmoth, Natal 3835, South Africa
Brian Bird - 52 Greenlands, Tattenhall, Cheshire.

RACING NOTES

LARKHILL WHEELERS 2-UP - 24 FEBRUARY

February 24th and the event that hails the start of the local racing calendar. Although a bit on the chilly side the sun was shining when at 9.26 am Roger Andrews and Colin Jones set off against the clock. No other team represented the Anfield probably because of the poor weather associated with the event in past years.

Roger and Colin returned a time of 1-4-47, a good ride on a reasonable day. (Winning time: 54-46: Dave Hinde and G Watts.)

FROM CUMBRIA TO MERSEYSIDE

In our last issue Chris Edwards described the Tints Tour based in Sedbergh, Cumbria. The 'elite', namely he and John Thompson, cycled all the way home. Chris takes up the story:

On Sunday morning, a party of seven set off at a brisk pace along the muddy lane of Dentdale. John and I left the company of the others as they assailed Garsdale Head to complete a circuit to Sedbergh. Our course was virtually due South. From Dentdale we climbed Deepdale; John using his 27" gear to good effect and I my feet. At the summit of this almost sheer climb we were plunged into thick mist with its accompanying deadening of sound. The descent to Ingleton was rapid as we shot past groups of speliologists exploring caverns.

The next mighty ascent was from Keasden over Burn Moor to Stocks Reservoir. This road proving to be of gentler gradient than the "wall" of Deep Dale, meant that steady progress was made through desolate terrain where only a few sheep dared tread. Although the weather was far from ideal the grey skies lent a mystical air to this road and the lack of traffic was a tremendous relief. The rain set in as we descended past Stocks Reservoir and crossed the Slaidburn road to drop down into Holden near Bolton by Bowland. Here we were enticed out of the rain and into a warm pub for food and a couple of pints of Thwaites. John managed to eat what appeared to be a whole chicken (bones and all) and we both enjoyed the beer so much that leaving the pub was difficult. Eventually we mustered up the strength to go once more into the rain John quipping that because Maggie hadn't cooked chicken for some time we might be eating it once more today.

The rain was steady as we headed down towards Preston through Grundleton and Longridge just managing to avoid climbing over Longridge Fell: I have been over there once before with John and I knew better this time. Night fell as we left Preston on the A49 to Leyland and the rain showed no signs of abating. My navigation and John's local knowledge created a slight problem as we approached Leyland: there was a roundabout with three exits all of which were marked A49. Having never encountered anything like this before you can imagine that John was a bit annoyed but finally made a decision based on years of experience and added a couple of extra miles to our journey.

As we left the street lights of Leyland another problem befell us: my rear tyre went flat. As is to be expected it was on an unlit road with the rain pouring down and my front lamp supplying little lumination. I suppose I might as well mention that all my spare tubes had punctures as well (I was never a boy scout). So John helped me out and then lectured me for the next five miles on the necessity of being prepared (he must have been a boy scout). Although slightly delayed our progress was brisk through Eccleston, Mawdesley and down to Bickerstaffe with John's reminiscences of being caught in snow drifts along these lanes one winter to keep me cheerful. By the time St Helens was reached I was relieved that John and Maggie had kindly invited me to dinner and bed and breakfast in Rainhill. As we rounded our last corner that night into

St David's Close my rear tyre exploded and I completed the last few yards to John's front door on foot. We were welcomed by Maggie with glasses of home brewed wine and a fine turkey dinner which unfortunately reminded John too much of his lunchtime snack (all the more for me!) Over dinner we discussed the possibility of finding a Thwaites pub for next year's Autumn Tints (or sooner). John also insisted that turkey was exactly the same as chicken only the bones weren't so easy to eat.

The next morning, having been woken by John in one of his enthusiastic D.I.Y. moods, we sorted out my puncture by buying a new rear tyre (apparently you can't just replace the walls) and I was on my final leg or last legs home. Just over the Runcorn Bridge and then past Stanlow and up the Wirral, once more on familiar ground.

Chris Edwards

CLUB RUNS

MOULDSWORTH : The Goshawk 26 December

Boxing Day was bright, clear and crisp and I enjoyed a two hour spin on the Carlton before setting off by car for my first club run for some time. Within a mile I passed Dave Bettaney cycling to the Goshawk with Laura and Rowan and felt somewhat guilty about my mode of transport.

During the morning the Mouldsworth 'Fun Run' had taken place and on arriving at the Goshawk I found it packed to the gunwales with joggers of all shapes and degrees of fitness. Their attire was sufficient to make the cyclists appear over-dressed. After a brief recce I located the Anfielders. They had secured a room to themselves (complete with bar of course) and proceedings were in full swing with much lively banter about who was going to do what to whom once the racing season started.

The arrival of Alan and Ann Rogers, whom I had not seen for several years, with their son Ian made my afternoon. It's not often you meet your best man and godson on a club run. We were soon deep in conversation catching up on each other's news. All too soon it was 3 o'clock and proceedings broke up. Alan, Ann and Ian returned with me to Vicars Cross to continue the reunion before returning home to Lower Darwen. All in all a most enjoyable day, especially if like me you do not manage to attend club runs regularly.

Those present were Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg with Stuart, Sally and family group, Mike Kimpton, Roger Andrews, Justin Rawthorne, Frank Fischer, Ernie and Joan Davies, Mike Hallgarth, Jeff Lewis with Jane, Sarah and James, Bob and Hagar Poole, Dave and Mary Birchall, John Whelan and Jane, Karen and Russell, Brian Whitmarsh with Pat, Sally and Peter, Jim Cranshaw with Lillian and Anne, John and Margaret Williamson, Dave Bettaney with Delia, Laura and Rowan, Alan, Ann and Ian Rogerson, Chris Edwards with brother Martin and friend.

Gerry Robinson

WOODBANK : The Yacht 1 January

1985 started fine, dry and sunny. The only fault was a strong, cold, north wind. I left home at 9.15 and with the following wind almost freewheeled to Wrexham. I had intended to go out via Ellesmere and Whitchurch but with such a strong wind I began to worry about the 26 miles from Whitchurch back to the Yacht. So at Wrexham I called on Pat O'Leary hoping for a cup of tea. But Pat was out - and I had no alternative but to take to the lanes through Farndon, Churton and Bruera. Across the A41 at Waverton and the A51 by Vicars Cross golf course, and on through Guilden Sutton, I headed into the wind through Stoak, into Whitby-down Hope Farm Road (past Moss's old house) - and back over the A41. So to Capenhurst and the Yacht where I arrived just a bit early. We soon had a good gathering: Roger Andrews and Justin Rawthorne, Ernie and Joan Davies, Brian Birch, Mike Day, Brian Bird, Mike Twigg, Jeff Lewis, John Stinton, John Thompson, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason and Brian Whitmarsh. 15 in all, 11 by bike, 4 by car. Ernie had the best excuse (Doctor's orders), Dave and Phil not a bad excuse (on their way to support Everton. That leaves Brian Whitmarsh who lives the closest (about 2 miles): his excuse (a party that went on until 4 am) is not good enough so he only gets half a club run.

Ben

CROWTON : Hare and Hounds 19 January

Early in the New Year Chris Edwards booked my tandem for this Saturday, taking up an offer that I'd made on the Autumn Tints. As the snow piled up and the thermometer dropped I felt sure the plan would be off, so it was a pleasant surprise to hear from Chris on the Friday night. He and Elaine (his stoker to be) were keen to go ahead,

Chris and Elaine did not quite make their 10 am appointment at St David's. The poor quality of the beer at the dinner dance the night before had forced them into gin and this had no doubt made an early rise something of a challenge. After checking the tandem positions and fitting Elaine with suitable footwear we set off towards Warrington. (Maggie was to motor to Frodsham and pedal from there to the Hare and Hounds.) I was looking forward to watching Chris grovel up the climb out of Warrington but I think he got more support than I usually do and though his speed was a little dampened it was clear that this pair could be a force to be reckoned with.

We entered the lanes at Frandley. At last the quiet of traffic free roads. Now we could appreciate the splendour of the winter scene, stark black trees against the snow. It was somewhat annoying to find those little signposts with a bicycle painted on them. Have the road engineers nothing better to do than direct people from one lane to the next?

Our 'unofficial' route took us through Little Leigh over Acton Bridge to reach Crowton before 1.00 pm. Here we found the youngsters: Ben Griffiths, John Futter and Pete Colligan discussing the rights and wrongs of the Manchester Wheelers and its antics; Jeff Lewis who had pedalled a lengthy, circuitous route through Cheshire from his Boughton home and Stuart Twigg who had left Mike down the road. We were soon joined by Maggie who was bright red from the effort of the climb up from Frodsham under her own steam, Mike Twigg and Dave Bettaney.

The whole party, except Mike who decided to taste another pint, made off through Delamere. The Rainhill party went only as far as Manley. We returned over the top to drop down to Frodsham. We might have covered a few more miles but I'm now of the view better too few than too many. The tandem trial had been a success. Another day well spent.

John Thompson

BANGOR ON DEE : Royal Oak 26 January

Nine o'clock on Saturday I started to organise my bicycle for the clubrun to Bangor. The day was dry but the grey sky threatened snow. New mudguards were correctly fitted to the frame as the ESNA unbreakables had fallen apart. Saddlebags

packed, a quick goodbye to the family and then away. No such luck! Charlotte was standing in her cycling top next to the tandem demanding to be taken and would not be dissuaded.

After a phone call to Stuart and Mike explaining that I would not be on Farndon bridge at eleven, I left with my stoker working well making the pedals seem light to my feet. Through Tattenhall past Bolesworth Castle, Brown Knowle and on to Hampton Heath. The livestock market was in full flow so we stayed and observed whilst Charlotte ate her first 'Mars' of the day.

Up the hill to Malpas, past the teashop, we turned right on the Cuddington road. Saturday morning in Malpas is very hectic: an ageing Metro driver was considering where to park thus forcing us to the wrong side of the road with on-coming traffic.

Malpas to Worthenbury was pleasant except for the snow which had begun to fall. The slope was in our favour and the fields were full of life. Lapwings, coots, a fox, moorhens, grey squirrels and new lambs. On to the Oak only stopping for further 'Mars', the stoker is insistent about her energy levels when pedalling. After examining the river which was in full spate and discussing swimming or drowning we adjourned to the bar for refreshments, where we were joined by Mike and Stuart Twigg, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Keith Orum and Pippa, Ben Griffiths, Ernie Davies, Joan and Tricia, Frank Fischer, Nigel and Allison Fellows with Clare and Debbie, Ray Page (M.S.W.) Herbie Moore and Elsie, Jeff Lewis, Dave Bettaney and Rowen. Charlotte was pleased as Ernie and Joan had brought their granddaughter Rebecca with them - another 4 year old to talk to.

At 2.30 we left in the company of Mike and Stuart for a few miles but we then slowly retraced our path to Malpas taking further refreshments at the very pleasant teashop.

Brian Bird

CHRISTLETON : Plough 2 February

A bright and breezy day was to accompany me to the club run at Christleton. I raced along the Chester High Road towards Two Mills because this was only a short run. On arrival at the cafe I found Mike, Ben and Jeff finishing off their teas.

Something about Jeff caught my eye; his white legs had come out of hibernation. Could it be the warm weather or is he mad? (It must be the warm weather.) After my cup of tea we set off to buy a skinsuit from Don Jenkins in Shotton. As soon as we left his house I was lost. We ended up on the new southerly by-pass along which we cruised in top gear until we reached Christleton Island, only one mile to go through the lanes. Unfortunately for us as we arrived the cook was leaving to go on holiday. (Is this the work of our captain John Futter who did not attend?) Those present were Ernie and Joan Davies; Herbie Moore; John Thompson; Dave and Rowen Bettaney; Maggie White; Stuart Twigg; Chris Edwards; Mike Day; Jeff Lewis; Ben Griffiths; Brian Bird; and Gerry Robinson. Another good day out cycling with the club.

Roger Andrews

MOULDSWORTH : Goshawk 16 February

After re-visiting Liverpool to have some final adjustments made to my new frame, I set off for the club run heading out towards Helsby and turned off to Alvanley. It had been a while since I had climbed the short steep hill up to Alvanley and still it got me (oh! how it clears the lungs). Up over Simmonds Hill and then down into Mouldsworth where I arrived at the Goshawk at 12.50 pm.

I was the first to arrive and took the opportunity to sit in the winter sunshine. Shortly afterwards Colin and Roger came up the hill having come out along the Manchester road, and not too far behind came Ben, saying that Roger had dropped him on the way. Once the committee meeting was out of the way, out came the long awaited RTTC handbooks, quickly followed by many £1.75s with Keith trying to "balance the books". No doubt the handbooks provided many hours of reading that night.

In one's and two's the cyclists left for various places, some riding to the Mills and myself straight home. Those present: B Bird, J Thompson, E Davies, M Twigg, P Colligan, S Twigg, H Catling, J Futter, B Griffiths, D Eaton, J Lewis, R Andrews, C Jones, D Bettaney, Bob and Hagar Poole, Keith and Pippa Orum.

Jeff Lewis

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
 : Ira Thomas
Captain : John Futter
Hon. Secretary : David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive
 Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

MAY 1985

No 838

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- | | | |
|--------|----|--|
| May | 25 | Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe) |
| | 27 | Club Open "100" Astley (Dog in the Lane) |
| June | 1 | Christleton (Plough Inn) Lower Peover (Crown) |
| | 8 | Norley (Tigers Head) |
| | 15 | Farndon (Nags Head) Stretton (Appleton Thorn) |
| | 22 | Mouldsworth (Goshawk) Committee |
| | 29 | Faddiley (Tollemache Arms) |
| July | 6 | Huxley (Farmers Arms) Allstock (Drovers Arms) |
| | 13 | Four Crosses (Four Crosses Inn)
Whitley (The Millstone) |
| | 20 | Farndon (Nags Head) Lower Peover (Crown) |
| | 27 | Kelsall (Morris Dancer) |
| August | 1 | Committee Meeting - Thingwall Recreation Centre
(7.45 pm) |
| | 3 | Alraham (Tollemache Arms) |
| | 19 | Grianrhyd (Rose and Crown) Holmes Chapel
(Bistro Cafe) |
-

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 051-342 4860

Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent
Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 29 JUNE 1985

HIGH SHERIFF SHERMAN

Attention has been drawn to the following piece which appeared in the Manchester Evening News on 29 March 1985 about "our" Tommy Sherman:

"EX-NEWS CHIEF TO BE HIGH SHERIFF -

A retired newspaper executive is to be appointed High Sheriff of Greater Manchester.

Mr Thomas Sherman of Wilmslow, will make his declaration of acceptance at an investiture in County Hall early next month.

Mr Sherman, born in Liverpool, has spent his working life in newspapers before retiring two years ago as Northern advertising manager for the Mirror group in Manchester. He is a former chairman of Manchester Publicity Association.

In distinguished war service he served with No 2 Commando. He is still Honorary Colonel of the Merseyside Reserve (Territorials).

Originally, the High Sheriff was chief officer of the Crown in his county, responsible for maintaining law and order. Now his duties are mainly ceremonial."

Congratulations Tommy!

RACING NOTES

After a promising start to the 1985 racing season with the Larkhill 2-up, it all seems to have gone wrong, with returned times in races somewhat similar to pre-war results. This can be put down to the cold, wet, and very windy conditions which, I hope, will improve in the very near future.

To ensure that as many results as possible can be recorded in the Circular, and accurately, I would be grateful if, prior to the closing date for the Circular, riders would give me a list of their personal times.

Jeff Lewis

RACING RESULTS

Larkhill 2-up "25"

D25/2 24.2.85

R Andrews/C Jones 1.4.47

Chester RC 2-up "25"

D25/11 17.3.85

R Andrews/C Griffiths 1.1.59

J Stinton/T D Bassett 1.3.48

Ribble Valley CC "35"

L351 17.3.85

J Thompson

(Fastest Trike) 1.48.03

Merseyside Jets "25"

D25/11 31.3.85

C R Griffiths 1.6.17

P Collegan 1.6.11

Port Sunlight "22"

D22/1 5.4.85

C R Griffiths 1.2

Abbotsford Park RC "10"

J3/1 6.4.85

T D Bassett 24.30

N.W.V. "25"

D25/11 7.4.85

J Lewis 1.6.25

T D Bassett 1.3

J Stinton 1.2

C R Griffiths 1.6.41

Nelson WH "50"

L503

J Thompson

(Fastest Trike) 2.41.11

WCTTA 25

D25/11 14.4.85

J Lewis 1.11.42

K Orum 1.10.59

J Stinton 1.6.41

T D Bassett 1.8.10

R Andrews 1.11.49

New Brighton CC "25"

D25/10 20.4.85

J Lewis 1.6.11

C R Griffiths 1.8.21

W Pennine RC

L351

J Thompson

(Fastest Trike) 1.46.24

West Cheshire TTCA (14 April 1985)

The regional weather forecast at 9 pm Saturday, 13 April for the next twenty-four hours: "Storm warning - Irish Sea area". Sunday morning 6 am, wind driven rain pounding against the bedroom window.

The scene was set, as one hour later Pippa and I called for Mike Hallgarth in anticipation of the 8 am start at Broxton. This was my first event of the season. There were 103 entries this morning which included 7 Anfielders. Guy Silvester (BNECC) and Paul Pendrey (Chester RC) were off scratch.

It was a full 'westerly' blowing, a fast first half mile to Broxton Island, and then an 82 and 87 inch gear grind to Christleton. From here to the Wrexham Road Island, 3½ miles into the full gale, was ferocious; Geoff Hughes (Birkenhead CC) who recorded a '2' considered that in parts his speed was reduced to 12 mph. At one point the temptation was to walk. Mike Twigg, Brian Bird, John Futter and Craig Clewly braved the bitter conditions to see the riders around this turn. Once round, 93, 100, 108 and 117 inch gears came into play. The rain continued throughout the event only to abate as the late starters returned from the far turn.

The 'fifty five' minute men, Silvester and Pendrey could only manage a '3' and '0' respectively; the latter was second to Paul Holt (Chester RC) who claimed victory with a 1.0.38, five seconds faster than Pendrey, while Elaine Roberts courageously took the ladies prize with an excellent 1.9.38.

There was no 'booty' for the Anfield. The results recorded:

J A Stinton	1.6.41	R P Andrews	1.11.49
T D Bassett	1.8.10	C R Griffiths	DNS
K S N Orum	1.10.59	M Hallgarth	DNS
J Lewis	1.11.42		

K S N Orum

CLUB RUNS

Tigers Head, Norley - 16 March 1985

If nothing else I think that I could easily claim the earliest start for this club run; I got up at half past three and an hour later I slithered into Hull on icy roads. Dawn saw me sitting in a railway carriage somewhere on the way to Sheffield which I reached at about eight. Climbing out of the city it started to snow and the northerly wind made for

hard going. Soon it became apparent that all was not well with my bike as the chain lacked the inclination to stay on any of the sprockets for any length of time; my training bike was in its usual state of mechanical excellence and hygiene. However I found that I could reasonably use three gears as long as I didn't press too hard. This was easy enough on drags but I wondered how I would pedal gently on the one-in-sixes yet to come.

I left Sheffield behind on the road towards Hathersage but turned off left and down wind to swoop down the hill through the forest under Froggratt Edge, to the traffic lights at Calver. Then it was into bottom gear again as I ascended Stoney Middleton Dale, a haunt of my rock-climbing days. The road on the top was bitterly exposed to the wind and jet-propelled hail and snow and so I was glad to turn off left for the shelter of Tideswell Dale. Soon I was in the bottom of Miller's Dale and crossing the river Derwent by the Angler's Rest. Not surprisingly there were not any climbers on the cliffs; only icicles hung from the overhangs. The ascent out to the A6 was made tricky by slipping gears; I tried to use 52 x 14 as it seemed the least worn combination but too late I realised that they were just as bad as the others. I almost stalled and just had time to U-turn down the hill and start again in a lower gear.

Up on the A6 an inch or two of snow lay and I carefully picked my way down to Buxton where the snow was deeper. I left Buxton on the road to the Cat and Fiddle but left it, above the steep bit, for the switchback road to Congleton. This was very slippery in places and I nearly fell off when two sheep crossed my path. On the steep hill out of Allgreave my gears were jumping with every pedal stroke, and I used a lot of energy swearing. Luckily the steep descent past the Bosley Reservoir was snow-free and I reached the traffic lights at the bottom still intact. I had to divert right here as the bridge on the Congleton road had collapsed in the night!

The way to Macclesfield was straight into the wind and soon I was plastered over with snow and doing an impression of Frosty the Snowman. My moustache froze for the first time in its short life. From Macclesfield I made my way across Monk's Heath to Chelford and took to minor roads around the back of the Jodrell Bank telescope. Soon I was consulting the map

every couple of miles or so on very unfamiliar roads. Eventually I got out onto the Northwich Bypass and rode round this until I could escape on to minor roads again. Unfortunately this marked the limit of my map and it was more by luck than good navigation that I stumbled upon the Tigers Head.

Inside were John Thompson, Stuart and Mike Twigg, Jeff Lewis, Dave Bettaney, Ben Griffiths and John Futter. I'd been planning to return over the Pennines and catch the train home from Sheffield but the assembled company had little difficulty in persuading me to make a weekend of my little excursion. Conversation was wide ranging as usual, including John Thompson trying to get me to agree to ride the circuit of the Dales and giving me a detailed explanation of how I might convert my prized "testing" bike into a Mountain Bike for that event. Chris Edwards arrived at this point and soon it was time to ride back to Chester. I have no idea what route we took as I was following wheels and so had no need to consult a map.

John Futter had kindly agreed to put up with me for the night and we said goodbye to the others at Christleton lights and followed the bypass round to the Wrexham island and hence through lanes to "Chez Futter" at Broughton. Here I was received with tea as I was pretty tired after covering around a hundred miles in less than perfect conditions.

Chris Shorter

Downing Arms, Bodfari - 23 March 1985

With the lads riding the Merseyside ladies "10", and the Twiggs and Brian Bird boat buying, Anfielders looked like being thin on the ground for the club run. So when Chris Edwards called I was pleased to have company even if he did drop me on every hill.

We left Hawarden by the old A55 now free of traffic (the new bypass works very well). We went via Ewloe-Northop then up the lane through Rhosesmor and up past the ancient Fort of Moel Haer (it was too misty to climb to the top to admire the view) ... so on through Rhes-y-cae and Babell. We skirted Caerwys then turned left for Sodom (an aptly named place) then down the steep drop into Bodfari.

At the Downing Arms were Ernie and Joan Davies with visitor Paul Futter. We were soon joined by Peter Colligan who had come via the boat and main roads and lastly by (Uncle) John Futter who had worked until 12 noon and then ridden out. For the return, the weather turned wet, so we headed straight home through Mold and Ewloe where the Dee-side and Merseyside paths diverged.

Ben

Nag's Head, Haughton Moss - 6 April 1985

Easter Saturday was a rare day for this spring with warm sunshine between light showers. Study of the map to find out where Haughton Moss is, caused a plan to be hatched. The delightful village of Bunbury, I discovered, lies just a couple of miles to the north of Haughton Moss. Bunbury's jewel is its medieval church dedicated to St Boniface, the tower of which commands the surrounding countryside. Fine buildings are produced from Cheshire's red sandstone, and St Boniface is no exception. My plan was to do some sketches of the church, then to walk across the fields to the Nag's Head for lunch.

Drawing complete, I shod myself with wellies, loaded my rucksack and with 2½" OS map set off into the network of fields between the two villages. An hour's walk led to the Nag's Head, and a pint of bass, a bowl of sustaining home-made soup and the Anfield for company. After lunch as I put my wellies back on, I could not help feeling somewhat envious of the lads. They set off for the ride home looking very much a formidable team (our new training tops and hats are most impressive), and the pace, as they wound away from the Nag's Head in the direction of Beeston, seemed to match appearances!

Those present in the lounge of the Nag's Head were: Mike and Stuart Twigg, John Futter and Paul, Ernie and Joan Davies, Bob and Hagar Poole, Jeff Lewis and myself.

DDB

THE WIZARD OF CREEGH

The despair I felt that Holy Thursday! Fifteen miles north of the Shannon I was bashing South, hoping to catch the last ferry to make camp ready for a comfortable ride the next day to the Dingle. Attacking a short bonk in the lanes, my gear mechanism swung too far, taking half the spokes and wrecking the wheel beyond any repair I could accomplish. Where could I get a new wheel, and when? No shops would be open until the Tuesday.

In Ireland, no matter how off the beaten track you are, there is always someone around. A middle aged couple came walking down the road.

"Are there any bicycle shops?" I asked, pathetically.

"There is a man in Creegh, but he will be going to church", the woman answered. She sounded disapproving. "Ask for Mr Green", added the man, "he might be there". Pushing, lifting the bike along the road, without hope, I could feel how tired I was. The three miles to Creegh took more than an hour, dusk approached, all seemed lost. Enquiries brought me to a track leading to a farmhouse. At the far end, Mr Green, hands on his hips, stood motionless watching me drag my machine towards him. He had no "racing" wheels, or spokes to fit, but by magic he trued the wheel with all those spokes missing; he said that it would just last to the end of my holiday. Accepting no charge he gave me water and a place to camp. I felt overawed: here was a man who could grow food and mend bicycles!

Next morning I was greeted by an old man who had just collected his bike. He had a starched collar, ready for church, and a black suit which matched his proud Raleigh Roadster. I could understand nothing that he had said other than that he was happy and good humoured. Feeling the need to reply I said, (pointing to the farm) "He's a wizard". My friend paused, thought for a moment and replied "Agh, 'e is!"

All this took place at Easter 1976. Incredibly the wheel did survive to Dublin (it almost collapsed on the ride to Greasby). I send a card to Mr Green, thanking him again for saving my holiday. Though I have returned to Ireland since, I had not returned to Creegh until last summer. Maggie and

I were making our way North from the South-West up to Connemara. A visit to Mr Green seemed in order and, after checking at a bar to make sure he was still there, we made our way to that track where I'd met him more than eight years before. He was standing, in the same position, with the same posture as before. "You've got trouble?" he asked. "No. I don't suppose you remember me?" He paused, screwed up his eyes and exclaimed "I do! You were the one with the buckled wheel. I remember. And you sent me a card. I've still got it".

We shook hands. Mr Green admired the tandem. I'd come on in the world. "Perhaps next time you'll be in a Mercedes". "No", I answered "bikes are best". "They are. They are".

Despite rumours heard at the bar, he was not considering retiring. He was the only one repairing bicycles in the entire County. He regretted the gradual disappearance of the roadsters. "They all want the gears now", he said, resigned to this new fangled complication.

We made our goodbyes and returned to the bar. The landlady had agreed to let us camp round the back. The bar was part of a farm and the farmyard seemed full of children. It turned out that the brother of the farmer and his family were visiting. The children showed off, climbing trees, swinging up-side-down, chasing the bullocks. All for our benefit. "Would you like a fish?" asked the oldest little girl. "My daddy has caught a fish, would you like a fish?" No sooner had we answered than she returned with two mackerel caught an hour before.

I needed no excuse anyway but we had to buy this fisherman a Guinness. He was out, but a pint was reserved for him and we took our place on the wooden bench opposite the bar. Was it a place for a lady? Maggie was the only female that evening but no-one seemed to mind. The chap next to me had a habit of spitting on the floor; it did not bother me, but Maggie was ever thoughtful of how it was to be cleared up. (What is a floor for?) We were the obvious topic of conversation. Where were we from? What did we think of Ireland? "The air here is the cleanest in Europe", someone noted. "Cleanest in the world, that is what we were told in school", added a young man. My spitting companion agreed: "It is,

it is, it is, it is", he asserted. I explained the significance of my visit to Creegh, how Mr Green had miraculously repaired by bike back in Easter 1976. The man who spat gave me a long hard look. "Did you camp in his field?" he asked. It took a moment for it to sink in. This was the man that collected his bike on the Friday morning. "I saw you!" "You said 'E's a wizard!' Sent him a card. He showed me."

A bone crushing handshake followed. More pints. "He is a wizard", repeated my companion with great enthusiasm.

On the way back to the tent I felt strangely saddened: to come back next year would spoil it. A decent decade would need to pass, and, then, what would I find and what would I be?

John Thompson

An Alternative Training Weekend (Edinburgh 18 April 1985)

A 700 mile round trip: not as bad as it sounds because 500 miles were taken in M6 motorway travel with an excursion into the Lake District en route. This was a planned long weekend to see David and Mary Birchall.

Pippa and I had taken bicycles because a bit of pottering was contemplated. On the Friday David and I managed a 25 mile meander through the lanes around Rosewell. Hills and strong winds made the going tough and at times hazardous!

Saturday was to be an adventure with David, Mary, Adam, Pippa and myself embarking on a train from Edinburgh Haymarket, all with bicycles safely stowed in the guard's van on the Inverness train: our destination Pitlochry. Some 70 miles later and 2 hours of fine scenery behind us we disembarked to cycle with the wind along the valley of River Tay. A superb pub lunch at the Logierait Inn and, for me, two pints of draught Guinness later, the party continued in the direction of Dunkeld. At this stage good timing was essential because it was from here that we would catch the return train that evening. We were in the vicinity of Loch of Lowes, osprey country, a visit to which proved irresistible, but we were not to be in luck. Suffice it to say that while we were in the observation hide peering through binoculars, a winter squall blew up from nowhere. It whipped up the

waters of the loch and the hail beat against the sides of the hide. I remarked to David that it reminded me of my days in destroyers in the North Atlantic. Well imagination sometimes runs amuck! The final hour was spent exploring Dunkeld Cathedral, a mixture of Gothic and Norman style built in several stages over two hundred years (1312-1501). Before this it was the site of a wattle monastery (570 AD). Parts of the present building were rebuilt by Kenneth MacAlpin, King of Scots (848 AD). Tea was taken at the Atholl Arms before the return journey.

On arrival in Edinburgh, the ladies and Adam took the Volvo with the bicycles upon the roof the four miles home, while David and I rode the distance through the lamplit streets of Edinburgh. A pleasant finale to a fine day.

On Sunday, John and Rosemary Farrington travelled to join the party, from their base on the shores of the Forth. In respect of this event, please could the Captain note our claim for a clubrun with 3 Anfielders, 1 prospective cadet and ladies present - (maybe we should initiate a family membership scheme).

The plan for the day featured a visit to Dawyck arboretum in the Tweed Valley (not far from the Cyclists' Touring Club hut). Here we explored the fine grounds of Dawyck House which are notable for the collection of trees and plants grown from seeds collected by the explorer and traveller who lived there some 200 years ago.

Pippa and I returned home on the Monday. It had been an enjoyable weekend with new places explored; and nostalgia had its place with a slide show on Sunday evening of early 1960s racing and touring - John Whelan going through Christleton Island at speed on 84 inch fixed, Dave Bettaney riding, I think, a '12'. A shot of the crowd at the finish of a 1960s Anfield '100' captured many faces past and present who have all contributed to this Club's history. May it continue.

Keith Orum

© Anfield Bicycle Club

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: Ira Thomas
Captain : John Futter
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AUGUST 1985

No 839

Aug 17 Faddiley (Tollemache Arms)
24 Bangor-on-Dee (Royal Oak) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
31 Huxley (Farmer's Arms)
Sept 7 Bodfari (Downing Arms) Holmes Chapel (Bistro Cafe)
14 Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
21 Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Lower Peover (Crown)
28 Norley (Tiger's Head)
29 Open "25" Christleton (Plough Inn)
Oct 5 Faddiley (Tollemache Arms)

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 7 SEPTEMBER 1985

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

John Whelan has moved to 19 Langfield Grove, Bromborough, Wirral, L62 6EG (Telephone No 051-327 7570)

* * * * *

We are delighted to publish the report which follows on the Anfield 100. Chris Edward's write-up may well be unique, since to your Editor's knowledge no other Anfielder has both participated in the event and thereafter put pen to paper to provide us with a rider's eye view of the day. Our sincere thanks are due to Chris.

ANFIELD HUNDRED - MONDAY, MAY 27, 1985

It was with some disappointment that I noticed that only seventy seven riders were to compete in this year's 'Hundred', and none of the previous winners were mentioned amongst them. Perhaps it was a case of 'once bitten twice shy!'

Once again the main stay of this esteemed event was to be the veterans, who this year made up virtually fifty per cent of the field and always proved to be most appreciative of this sporting hundred course.

Favourite for the race had to be our one time first claim member, now relegated to 'second claim', Chris Shorter, who would no doubt be thinking of his ride two years previously and be intending to show his true worth. Other contenders were Paul Holt, Oakley and Ian Dow. I was glad also to see that Don Spraggett would be riding this year.

It was to be my first 'Hundred' and the conditions seemed almost perfect as I prepared to start. Mike Twigg, our starting steward, mentioned the change of course to me, due to a lorry shedding its load some weeks previous on the A41; he did not elaborate on the change. I suppose he assumed that either I might not get that far or that the course marshalling was that efficient that I should just put my faith in their hands. So it was that I was pushed off at 6.43 on this bank holiday Monday

Three other Anfielders had started in front of me: Keith Orum was off number one, Mike Hallgarth and Dave Bettaney who was only seven minutes down the road from me. As I was settling into my first 25 miles Kerry of Lancashire Road Club had already done 1.2.31, to be beaten five minutes later at 1.0.41 by Holt.

There would then be a lull of 25 minutes before Oakley would cut this to 1.0.23. Once through Shawbirch and the 25 mile check I was diverted down the new Rowden leg of the course, which had been substituted for the A41 stretch. Along here were the more sprightly members of the club brewing cups of tea. After my morning cuppa, and Billy Page quipping that I could have toast on the way back, I was descending a fair hill to the Rowden dead turn and back to Shawbury. I noticed that Jerry Smith had punctured as I hauled myself back to the summit on which the drinks station was perched, and before I caught my first glimpse of Chris Shorter as he sped down the Rowden leg, having completed 25 miles in 58.11, over two minutes clear of his nearest rival. Chris looked comfortable and even had time to shout some words of encouragement to me. So long as he could keep this pace up he would have little competition on this day. The psychological barrier of 50 miles neared for me and with it the realisation that there was an Anfield jersey ahead and I was closing fast. Ernie Davis checked both Dave Bettaney and I through 50 miles but as I drew close enough to pass Dave he sat up to stretch his back, a certain sign that he had decided not to finish. I later found out that a similar fate had be-fallen Keith Orum, who had also decided that 50 miles was to be his distance on this day.

Paul Holt had managed a very respectable 2.3.39 at 50 miles which was only to be beaten by Chris Shorter with 2.0.10, further consolidating what seemed to be an unbeatable lead. The large differences in times between 25 miles and 50 miles for many of the riders could be accounted for in punctures with many occurring down the lanes.

The event was now looking like a one man race with Chris Shorter $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ahead of his nearest rival, Paul Holt. The race was however only half way and there was still the A49 to be faced by the riders and there was a rising southerly wind, bringing with it clouds heavily laden with rain.

Hodnet was regained and the undulating A53 carried me back towards Astly. At 65 miles I was chasing Elaine, who was sprinting down towards Battlefield holding a banana like a relay batton, and running at a pace I had difficulty matching. This nourishment was welcome and spurred me on to the Battlefield drinks station, manned by the Mersey Road Club. I was waved round Battlefield corner by Brian Whitmarsh whilst

Tony Pickles took avant-garde photos of cyclists' skin-shorts!!

Now on the A49 with an assisting tail wind I felt the first few drops of rain, which were to be the overture to the coming bank holiday deluge.

I recognised Ben at the 75 mile check and realised that, as was traditional, the last 25 miles would be the toughest on legs already softened by the Shropshire lanes.

Paul Holt had taken lead of the field, after 50 miles, from Kerry and further pressed home his advantage with 3.4.57 to Kerry's 3.10.35 at 75 miles; this would stand for a further thirty five minutes when Chris Shorter would storm through on 3.2.00.

The positions were thus; Chris Shorter leading Holt by 3 mins and Cowley was in third place. Other contenders for the top placings were Oakley, Greenwood and Kerry, the latter now in sixth position.

The leg to Prees Island was far too fast and Mike Hallgarth even seemed to be within my grasp as we crossed outside Prees Village. John Futter was captaining the penultimate drinks station so I gave my order for a water chaser on my return, little expecting there would be water in abundance before the finish.

Once the island was rounded my speed dropped sharply as the wind bit into the final sixteen miles. I knew that Ian Dow would soon be passing me as he had been snapping at my heels as I turned back for Battlefield Corner. I struggled on as the flat road from Prees gave way to the undulating hills that would culminate in "School Girls Hill". It was here that I was passed by a solitary rider, Wood of the Holme Valley Wheelers, not Dow as I had expected; I would later learn that Ian had punctured and lost several minutes.

The cold wind and rain cut through the slight protection that my skin suit gave me and like so many other riders on the day I was forced to surrender valuable minutes to the elements.

Kerry finished with 4.15.44, only to be bettered three minutes later by Holt with 4.13.21; he had lost eight minutes in the last 25 miles which could have been attributed to his winning an event the day before. Paul Holt held the lead until Crowley returned with 4.13.13.

Meanwhile I had managed to finish, with a tail wind for the final three miles from Battlefield Corner, and record 4.27.04; which was quite pleasing for a first "stab" at the event. The only other Anfielder to finish was our Bristol exile, Mike Hallgarth (for the first time in many years!) with 4.54.51.

No sooner had I finished than Chris Shorter was winding down along the finishing lane having produced a most impressive 4.4.47 to be the undisputed winner of the event by a margin of eight and a half minutes; quite an achievement considering the day and the course change where lanes had replaced main road.

I quickly changed and went to the finish area to take refuge in the refreshment tent and be revived by copious cups of tea and sample some of the delights prepared by the Anfield ladies. Whilst standing by the result board I heard the same recurring theme of punctures affecting all sections of the field; for once the weather was of secondary importance. Oakley finished with 4.16.51 and a couple of punctures, whilst Greenwood took sixth place in 4.17.14 and he was the fastest yet on standard, recording a plus of 57.13. There was only one lady entrant this year, Miss Smith of the Holme Valley Wheelers, she finished with 4.50.41.

Once all the riders were finished the result board and refreshment tent were towed away, with the aid of many willing Anfielders and friends, ready for our next event. Then it was all down to the Dog-In-The-Lane for a well deserved lunch for all those involved and to watch Chris receive the W R Donovan Cup, presented by Mike Twigg on behalf of both the Kentish Wheelers and the Anfield BC, along with a bottle of whisky from the Landlord.

So as the pub began to clear, the end of another June bank holiday hundred had come and all concerned would now look forward to next year's event. I am sure that all the riders of the event would agree with me when I say that the organisation of the "100" is of a standard that must be envied by many clubs. The marshalling was done effectively and the clear signposting before the turns kept the rider in no doubt as to what manoeuvre would be performed, the drinks stations were well organised and the refreshments at the finish were delicious. Thanks are therefore due to all members of the club and their families and friends, without whom this event

would not exist and who gladly come along each June bank holiday to assist and encourage the riders in the Anfield "100".

CHRIS EDWARDS

RACING RESULTS

Liverpool Century "25"

18.5.85

R Andrews	1.3.55
	2nd H/Cap
J Stinton	1.0.22
C R Griffiths	1.4.18
J Lewis	1.4.30
TEAM PRIZE	

Southport RCC "25"

R Andrews	1.1.25
T D Bassett	1.2.17

Phoenix CC (Aintree) "25"

19.5.85

J Lewis	1.7.16
J Stinton	1.3.04
J Thompson	1.11.59 (Trike)

Rhyl RC 37 Mountain TT

K S N Orum	1.54.02
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M'Side Jets "30"

P Collegan	1.17.41
C R Griffiths	1.18.50

WCTTA "50"

2.6.85

C Edwards	2.6.17
J Lewis	2.19.11
	(Punctured)
J Stinton	2.5.21
K Orum	2.7.58

Anfield BC "25"

6.5.85

C Edwards	1.5.47
K Orum	1.6.24
J Stinton	1.2.18
J Lewis	1.7.22
W T Page	1.7.53

M'Side Associations "100"

(D100/4)

J Stinton	4.25.25
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Meersbrook "25"

J Stinton	59.10
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CLUB RUNS

Hanmer Arms, Hanmer - 25 May 1985

The Hanmer Arms, in the picturesque village from which the Inn takes its name, provided the opening venue for the 'Hundred' weekend. Hanmer is a good location for a Club Run. You can pedal through delightful countryside and villages almost entirely on quiet roads.

In Tattenhall, Brian Bird joined the Editor for a brisk ride via the Peckfolton Hills to Hampton Heath and Malpas. South of Malpas, where the lanes plunge into the Valley of the Wyches, the character of the landscape changes from that of south Cheshire to that of North Shropshire. In fact you are in what was formerly known as Flintshire (Detached) though you would never guess this without a map.

Brian maintained the pace at a pitch where legs hurt. Shower clouds spreading on the moderate south-westerly wind forced us into capes for the last hard couple of miles. I must admit that the Hanmer Arms came into view not a moment too soon. Within were seated a robust and representative section of the Anfield and our friends. By the time last orders were called President Ben and '100' Secretary Phil Mason had arrived, having earned their lunch by carrying out final checks to the temporarily modified course.

Outside, the weather had improved and a tail wind gently pushed us effortlessly northward for our homeward journey through the lanes linking Threapwood, Shocklach and Alford.

DDB

Nag's Head, Farndon - 15 June 1985

A following semi-gale and gearing of 52 x 13 engaged, enabled me to dawdle along at just under evens to the venue. With the tail wind and brilliant sunshine I thought I must be dreaming.

On arriving at the Nag's Head most of the arrivals were already there, including prospective member, Ian Andrews, and as if to reinforce the summer-like conditions, also present was Dave Eaton on two wheels, hockey sticks discarded.

Mike had ended a two year search of every cycle shop in the land to find a decent pair of leather cycle shoes, only to locate them in Chester.

Chris Edwards broke off from his 'warm up ride' to have a meal, nip back to Broxton only to lose 1st place by just one second in the Chester RC 25. Hard luck Chris, but congratulations are in order all the same.

The return journey was made via Broxton Picnic Centre, (Race HQ) in the company of Jeff, Ian, Stuart and Dave. With everyone taking a turn at the front we made fairly light work of the head wind on the return journey to Chester where Dave and myself were left to continue on to the Mills and welcome pints of tea, rounding off an excellent day with good company.

Those Present: Ian Jones (Wrexham RC), Dave Eaton, Jeff Lewis, Bill Graham, Mike Twigg, Brian Bird, Stuart Twigg, Ian Andrews (Prospective), Chris Edwards and

JOHN FUTTER

Tollemache Arms, Faddiley - 29 June 1985

Craig and myself having met up with Stuart and Ian on the downhill run into the Tollemache Arms, were met with the beaming countenance of Brian Bird. Looking tanned and exceedingly fit he informed us that the Inn was rather full. Once inside however, we found a room off the bar with ample space. As it turned out, the total complement of the Club Run was only six; somewhat disappointing for a venue that is reputed to be ideally placed for members from all corners of Anfield Land.

With the time at 1.20 pm and the likelihood of more members arriving looking remote, we decided to make a move. On the return journey, Brian, Stuart and Ian, took the high road over Peckfortan Gap, whilst Jeff, Craig and myself on lighter tyres continued our way home, with an occasional soaking from the summer showers via Broxton and Farndon to Chester.

Those Present: Stuart Twigg, Ian Andrews, Brian Bird, Jeff Lewis, Craig Clewley and

JOHN FUTTER

Low C of G

Having emigrated to South Africa and spent 3½ years in Port Elizabeth, (is it really that long!), we decided it was time to move to another area.

Being offered a job in Northern Natal it seemed like a good idea to move further north (it's 500 miles nearer to Club Runs).

Let me try to describe the horrors which awaited. Imagine if you can, the Rainbow out of Mold followed by another, then another and yet another for 100 km. Sugar cane in the fields and timber on the higher ground, temperatures in the range 35°C to 40°C, with humidity, NO PUBS!! in fact no anything:- this then is Northern Natal.

Since leaving the UK, and in an endeavour to improve my descending I have radically altered my shape. With a forced diet of Castle lager I have lowered my centre of gravity, the end result being 12 stones of rippling "muscle", mainly around the middle. I was not looking forward to all the climbing when I ventured out on my first run, although I was well prepared for the descents.

We live on top of a hill, about 1 in 10, so the first 400 m went well, then the hell began, climbing on 42 x 24, the sweat rolling down my face I made my laborious way up the first climb. The road is well surfaced and climbs through a cutting and into the open. The climb can be seen ahead, so at least you know when the top is near. After 14 minutes I reached the top, then before I realised what I was doing I was plummeting down the other side, the descent lasted about 2 minutes.

It was at this point I considered the merits of my new low C of G shape. Is it better to be the right shape for descending (mass x acceleration) for 2 minutes? or could it possibly be better to amend the shape for the 14 minutes of climbing.

Anyway, back to the hell. Having descended: guess what followed, no not another Rainbow - but two!! My theory was now really put to the test. After 30 minutes of ascent, again on 42 x 24 I had misgivings and decided it was time to turn for home.

The descent was fast, even allowing for my lowered centre of gravity: I was hanging on the brakes and the heat on the rims caused the tubs to creep. This, I found most worrying as I was travelling at 40 - 50 mph. The return took 20 minutes, then just to round it off I had the 300 m of 1 in 10 up to the house.

Items for discussion over 3 or 4 pints at the Tints;

1. Should one try to lower one's centre of gravity?
2. Is lager the best method?
3. Can the time lost climbing be made up on the descents with said improved C of G?
4. Is it better to stay in the pub and have another pint to discuss it?

Answers on a postcard please.

JOHN MOSS

ISLAND HOPPING

Your Editor spent a couple of weeks recently in the Western Isles, bicycle in attendance. Imagine the surprise at finding a pair of well-used "Clifton" machines safely stowed in the bow area of the Caledonian-MacBrayne ship 'Columba' bound from the remote island of Coll for Tobermory on the island of Mull. Closer inspection revealed that on board could be found Harry and Mrs Watson, longstanding CTC members from Chester. Cyclists are easy to spot and the reward was pleasant conversation on deck as we sailed across the grey waters of the Sea of the Hebrides, with, all around us, superb island and coastal scenery.

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© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President : Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling
: Ira Thomas
Captain : John Futter
Hon Secretary : David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive
Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

OCTOBER 1985

No 840

- Oct 12 Mouldsworth (Goshawk) AGM Ashton Parish Hall 2.30 pm
19 Tattenhall (Sportsman)
25/26 Autumn Tints, Capel Curig (Cobden Arms)
26 Kelsall (Morris Dancer)
Nov 2 Huxley (Farmer's Arms)
9 Graianrhyd (Rose and Crown) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
16 Duddon (Headless Woman)
23 Dutton (Talbot Arms)
30 Farndon (Nag's Head) Lower Peover (Crown)
Dec 7 Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
14 Haughton Moss (Nag's Head)
21 Bunbury (Dysart Arms)

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. 051-342 4860

Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent
Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 16 NOVEMBER 1985

EDITOR'S NOTE

This Circular is the last in the Anfield year, and the place to thank you for your contributions which have filled the pages of six issues. The well-being of the Circular, of course, depends on write-ups and notes - about Club Runs and Racing Results - and adventures awheel, modest or heroic. If you read this and haven't put pen to paper in the last year, how about resolving to do your bit now - and help the Circular thrive. We know that Dave Bettaney and Brian Whitmarsh (to name just two) are acquiring a good knowledge of Alpine and Pyrénnean randonnées - and John Thompson's recent training ride (preparation for the MRC 24 hr event) from Milan to Rainhill should not go unrecorded in our pages.

* * * * *

A VERY SPECIAL WEEKEND

The weekend of the 28/29 September promises to be a very special one. On the Sunday we have our "Open 25" on the Whitchurch Road, based at Broxton, organised by Keith Orum. (Offers of help for marshalling to Keith please).

On the Saturday our Ex President, Stan Wild, hopes to be out on the club run at Norley (The Tiger's Head). It is hoped that as many members as possible will be there. A club photograph will be taken and we hope this will be the start of an annual photograph run.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held on Saturday, 12 October 1985 at Ashton W.I. Hall, commencing at 2.30 pm. The club run that day will be Mouldsworth (The Goshawk). Any items for the agenda, proposed and seconded, to the Secretary as soon as possible please.

AUTUMN TINTS WEEKEND: FRIDAY AND SATURDAY 25/26 OCTOBER 1985

This will take place at the Cobdens Hotel, Capel Curig. B & B, H & C, 2 sharing a room £10 per person (VAT included) per night.

Dinner (4 courses) Saturday night will be £6.50 (7.30 pm approx). Bar snacks available on Friday night.

If you intend going please contact Dave Eaton now, indicating how many nights you will be staying. A £5.00 deposit is required. (051-648 3563)

Please note if any of our younger members would prefer to stay in the youth hostel about 100 yds from the hotel John Thompson would like to hear from you, now. Phone him on 051-426 4622.

It promises to be a great weekend.

NORTH ROAD CC DINNER

The Centenary Dinner of the North Road will take place on Saturday, 26 October at Hertford. If anybody who is not going on the Tints and will be in the Hertford area on the day and would like to go please contact Dave Eaton.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

An application for junior membership has been received from Ian Derek Andrews, 20 Harwoods Lane, Rossett, Nr Wrexham. Proposed by Mike Twigg and seconded by Dave Eaton, it has been accepted by the Committee.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Rigby Band : 4 Mount Way, CHEPSTOW, Gwent NP6 5NF.

CRAIG CLEWLEY

We are pleased to report that Craig has passed his 'A' levels and is going to study Engineering at Liverpool University. We wish you all the best Craig for your studies, and the Captain hopes you will continue to spare the time for club runs.

* * * * *

OBITUARY: J S JONAS

In 1927, veteran George Molyneux rode his tricycle from Edinburgh to Liverpool in 13 hours 40 minutes and became the first Anfielder to break an RRA place to place record since R A Fulton took the Liverpool to London tricycle record in 1910. Molyneux's very fine ride proved to be only the first of seven RRA records which were to fall to Anfielders during a great decade of renaissance within which Syd Jonas was a leading light.

His first success in attacks on RRA records was an Edinburgh to Liverpool tandem bicycle ride in partnership with G A Glover in 1930. His next, again in partnership with Glover, was on that glorious day, September 13, 1931, which 'The Black Anfielders' described as a great day in Anfield history. On that memorable day five members earned 'frilled' badges by breaking three records - the RRA Liverpool to London bicycle and tandem bicycle and the NRRRA tandem bicycle 12 hour records.

Record breaking fever had now become endemic in the Club and on May 22 (the weekend after our '100' of that year) came another serious outbreak. Jack Salt on a bicycle and Syd Jonas on a tricycle were moved to attack the respective Edinburgh to Liverpool records. Both were successful and of the tricycle ride 'The Black Anfielders' records

' ... the descent of the Devil's Beef Tub was made in an awe-inspiring manner and the occupants of the following cars expected to find the corpse of the tricyclist round every bend. The six miles down from the summit took just 14 minutes and at least one mile was covered inside two minutes ... (he) continued to make effortless progress, climbing Shap at an average speed of 15 miles per hour ... found the westerly wind troublesome from Preston but finished with a glorious 'blind' through the tram lined streets of Liverpool'

and J S Jonas had taken the Edinburgh to Liverpool record with a time of 11 hours 56 minutes - one hour and 18 minutes inside the record set by Ed Tweddell only a year earlier.

A measure of the merit of that ride of 53 years ago is contained in the fact that the record today is only one hour and 2 minutes faster, despite much better graded roads, much better road surfaces and, most important of all, the present availability of variable gearing on tricycles. Jonas had an Abingdon differential trike with 24 toothed chain-ring driving the unchangeable 8 toothed single sprocket by means of a 1" pitch block chain. This gave him a single fixed gear of 78 inches. As a tricyclist of that period, familiar with hill-country roads of the early 1930s and at least averagely proficient in the handling of racing trikes of that day, I was both thrilled and awed by the

vision of that courageous descent of the then notorious Beef Tub's road. On a modern freewheel trike there is considerable scope for acrobatics in the interests of keeping the inside wheel down when cornering fast on unfavourably cambered roads, but when busy twiddling a 78" fixed at 30 mph the scope for stabilizing acrobatics is very severely restricted.

As well as being a breaker of records Jonas was also no mean performer in competition. Here, perhaps, his most outstanding achievement was in the Anfield '24' of 1932, a year when there was a special award for tricycles. Then, as now, the Tricycle Trophy was the most prestigious award open to riders of tricycles. It is open to all tricyclists and is competed for annually in rotation at 50 miles, 100 miles, 12 hours and 24 hours. Jonas took the trophy most convincingly with a magnificent ride of 374½ miles, 22¾ miles ahead of his nearest rival and the third greatest distance in the event as a whole.

This brief account of Syd's tricycling prowess would be incomplete without some mention of his partnership with fellow Anfield tricyclist Syd del Banco. The most memorable successful event in this partnership was their setting up of new RRA and NRRRA 12 hour tandem tricycle records at 229½ miles in September 1932.

Jonas was also a keen clubman in the best Anfield tradition. Sometime editor of the circular, a regular on club runs and weekends, whilst living on our side of the Pennines. Even after he took up residence in Leeds we had the pleasure of his company on occasional weekends from time to time, when his always cheerful, friendly and unassuming manner always added to our enjoyment of a club meeting.

Harold Catling

* * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear David,

In the report for the club run of June 29 at Faddiley it stated that only six were present, somewhat disappointing for a venue that is reputed to be ideally placed. In fact the number present was eleven as no mention is made of the first five to get to the Tollemache Arms, i.e. Harold

Catling and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole and myself. By the time the later arrivals appeared, the main lounge was certainly very full, and perhaps this explains why we were missed.

Still on the subject of club runs, may I make a plea for a more accurate definition of the venue, naming the village correctly and the pub. The run for July 13 is stated as "Four Crosses (Four Crosses Inn)". The only place named Four Crosses on either the $\frac{1}{2}$ " or 1" maps of mine is on the A483 about one mile south of Llanymynech, so there I went. There were two pubs, one the Four Crosses and another, so I circulated from pub to pub, but no sign of any Anfielders. Later I learnt that the real venue was the Four Crosses Inn at the village of Bwlchgwyn, many miles away, north west of Wrexham. I wonder if the Anfield Treasurer would consider an Expenses Account for half a gallon of beer!

Frank Fischer

(We are pleased to print elsewhere in this issue Harold Catling's account of the club run to crowded Faddiley, which thus completes the record for that day. Our apologies to Frank for his wild goose chase to Four Crosses, and especially the lack of Anfield company on arrival. Perhaps, Frank, the only comfort is that to reach your false goal you were lured into a delightful cross country journey from Market Drayton - through Wem, Baschurch, Ruyton-Xl-Towns and Knockin, with maybe time to look in the timber frame church on the banks of the River Severn at Melverley? - Ed).

THE NORTH ROAD CC YORK RIDE 1985 CENTENARY YEAR

An invitation for the Anfield to be present at this annual gathering saw Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Phil Mason and Dave Eaton travelling to York to attend this informal function.

We were not too sure which part of York the dinner was to be held in; never mind the venue, as the letter of invitation had been lost and no tickets for the dinner were issued. However, with the President navigating we headed for Monk Bar (The Friar keeps an excellent pint) and found a pub full of North Road CC and Speedwell BC members. Whilst we were in the pub some of the North Road members who had

ridden from London that day arrived looking shattered. Apparently the ride from London qualifies you for a North Road medal. (So does a ride from London via Lincoln with a night's stop.)

Richard Hulse of the Speedwell had been to one of these gatherings before and guided us round the side of the Minster to the Freemasons' Hall where the dinner was to be held. The meal was very good and was consumed whilst much cross-toasting took place. Arthur Lancaster said a few words on behalf of the North Road (their President, Geoff Edwards is not in the best of health at the moment) and Richard Hulse replied on behalf of the visitors who were ourselves, the Speedwell BC and the Clifton CC.

All too soon the evening was over and we were soon speeding back to Merseyside. Quote of the evening from one of our party "I'll never drink again". It was a good 'do'.

David Eaton

A FOLLOWING WIND TO TENBY

I see John Thompson from time to time and I was telling him about going down to Freshwater East in Pembroke to stay with Senior Anfielder Laurie Pendlebury and his wife for a few days. Using the OAP concession last November I went all the way for £2, including bicycle.

The interesting thing is that though it was November, Laurie and I had a splendid cycle ride on the Sunday afternoon, around Bosherton, via the coast road and around Pembroke. On the Monday after lunch we cycled with a following wind to Tenby, via some delightful lanes, and actually enjoyed tea and biscuits on the promenade. When I suggested returning by the afternoon train Laurie said "no" ... so we cycled back and just made it after lighting up time. Rather novel wasn't it? ... 2 veterans cycling to Tenby and back. Laurie is over 82. He enjoys his bike and twiddles the lowest gear with style.

The next day was vile, with a gale lashed front, so we stayed indoors in the house perched up above the lovely bay. Laurie's secret is the stationary bicycle which he rides when he feels like getting some miles in in the dry, with lovely views along the coast!

Allan Littlemore

(We are delighted to print this piece from Allan, who is of course, a much esteemed friend of the Anfield - and, erstwhile stalwart of the Circular. We were sorry to learn from Allan's letter that his wife Marion died early in 1984 - Ed).

CLUB RUNS

Tollemache Arms; Faddiley - 29 June 1985

The account of this run which appeared in the August Circular was, no doubt inadvertently, substantially erroneous. The total number of attenders was not six but eleven, of whom two were wives.

Mary and I, on our tandem trike, were the first to arrive, closely followed by Frank Fischer. We were shortly joined by Bob Poole and Hagar, and took our places in the back room usually occupied by us. By the time Brian Bird arrived, making us a party of six, there was virtually no room left. The coming of a further party of five posed a problem which was solved by the new arrivals being found space in another room and Brian joined them. Our Captain's thinking that there were only six attenders is easily explained by the fact that the later party of five was ushered into their room without them having set eyes on the older and earlier party of six already accommodated in the usual room.

So, to set the record straight, those present were: Ian Andrews, Brian Bird, Harold Catling and Mary, Craig Clewley, Frank Fischer, John Futter, Jeff Lewis, Bob Poole and Hagar, and Stuart Twigg.

Harold Catling

Tollemache Arms, Alraham - 3 August 1985

The morning commenced fine and warm with a mild breeze (to help or hinder cyclists) in spite of an adverse weather forecast for the north west.

John France was first to arrive, quickly followed by Frank Fischer, Harold Catling, Mike Twigg, John Thompson and Joan Davies. The poor quality of the food on offer was more than made up by the sparkling conversation of these "Anfield Oldies". The subjects ranging from the shortcomings of the Government to British Aerospace and the latest fighters, British Steel Corporation's achievements in the last decade, to the new finish that Harold had conjured up for his trike, "superb" and the envy of John Thompson who was quick to point out the shortcomings of his own machine.

All too quickly the time arrived for farewells to be said and assisted or not by the freshening wind our stalwarts made for their various homes at the conclusion of yet another "Anfield Run".

John France

P.S. Mike Twigg said the beer was not too good and mentioned many other pubs where a more delectable beverage is on tap. Neil France and family are home for the next month from East London, South Africa. He has been in touch with John Moss before he moved to the Transvaal, and now has two daughters. He sends his best wishes to his old club-mates.

RACING REPORT

We are pleased to report some notable rides so far this season. Pride of place must go to John Thompson who takes the 24 hour record (with a ride of 439.53 miles in the National Championship on 27/28 July) from Mike Hallgarth. Mike could see the record slipping away from him at first hand because he helped John throughout the event!

Keith Orum celebrates beating the hour for the first time with a ride of 59.53 in the Rutland CC 25 early in July. Mossy should take note.

Amongst some other good rides this season, take note that Chris Edwards and John Stinton are doing very well. With the return of J J Whelan and Brian Whitmarsh next season we will have a reasonable racing squad!

In detail (though not in date order), the results are as follows.

Chester RC 25 D25/11 (3/7/85)

T D Bassett	1.1.53
C G Edwards	59.48
C R Griffiths	1.2.18
J Lewis	1.4.23
K Orum	1.0.51
J Stinton	59.30

24 Hr National Championship D24/1 (27-28/7/85)

J. Thompson	439.53 miles
	CLUB RECORD

Birkenhead Vics 25 D25/11 (7/7/85)

C G Edwards	1.2.01
C R Griffiths	1.4.20
K Orum	1.1.36
J Stinton	1.0.59
T A 50 D50/3 (26/5/85)	
J Thompson (T)	2.27.85

Bromley Wh (mm 1.2.0) V133

J Thompson (T)	1.5.19
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Worcester St John's CC 10
K8 (8/6/85)

C G Edwards 23.42

Chester RC (mm 1.2.00)
D25/11

C G Edwards 1.0.26

Prescot Eagle 25 (D25/10)

C R Griffiths 1.4.07
J Stinton 1.0.47

Mid Shropshire Wh 10
D10/9 (4/7/85)

C R Griffiths 24.37

Altrincham Ravens 10
J3/1 (29/6/85)

C R Griffiths 23.54
J Stinton 23.09 PB

Yorkshire VTTA 100 (V179)

C R Griffiths 4.31

Nunbrook Wh 50 V153
(23/6/85)

J Stinton 2.0.22 PB

Holyhead CC 25
D25/2 (21/7/85)

R P Andrews 1.6.14
(fastest Junior)
B Bird 1.12.21
(3rd Handicap)
T D Bassett 1.4.38
J Lewis 1.3.17*
K Orum 1.2.09*
J Stinton 1.1.21*

*TEAM PRIZE

Merseyside Wh 25
D25/10 (14/7/85)

T D Bassett 1.3.85
P Colligan 1.2.48
J Lewis 1.1.34
K Orum 1.0.43
J Stinton 59.56

Knaresboro' CC
(faster than 59.00) V134

T D Bassett 58.16
J Stinton 56.18 PB

Oswestry Paragon 25
D25/12 (25/8/85)

J Lewis 1.6.55

Birkenhead Club 25
D125 (10/7/85)

J Lewis 1.3.10

Chester Club 10
D130 (11/7/85)

J Lewis 25.25

Chester Club 10
D130 (18/7/85)

J Lewis 25.30

Port Sunlight Wh 25
D25/10 (27/6/85)

C G Edwards 59.47
J Stinton 58.53

Rutland CC 25
02 (20/7/85)

K Orum 59.53

Jeff Lewis
Racing Secretary

* * * * *

A SCOTTISH SUMMER WEEKEND

It wasn't a long tour, but neither was it a long summer north of the Border - just one weekend at the beginning of June. We had returned to Broughton near Peebles as on a previous visit we had identified several tracks and quiet roads suitable for family cycling.

Our campsite was a secluded field beside an ancient church and behind the 'Beechgrove', a garden on the A701 well known to passing tourists in summer for its colourful bedding displays. Mr Shearer, the owner, grows all his own plants - no mean feat when you consider the short growing season in the north and, at 700 ft above sea level, late frosts. From our campsite we could look across the narrow valley to Broughton Place, a splendid Scottish Baronial style castle on the opposite hillside which now houses an art gallery.

We set out at 10.00 am on the Saturday morning and approached Broughton Place up the wide tree-lined drive where narcissi were still in flower. Halfway up, the drive twists around an attractive old farmhouse and outbuildings with a disused waterwheel and nearby a curling pond. Past the 'castle' and the start of the track into the hills climbing steadily with a delightful if hazy view down the flat valley of the Broughton Water, (a river incidentally that can flow out either to the east or the west). The track reaches a crest beside a forestry plantation and descends to a small stream. The character of the way now changed as we were in a bowl surrounded by heather clad hills and a sense of stillness I'd only previously experienced in Cwm Nantcol in the Rhinogs. Unfortunately, as the view to the valley behind disappeared so did the wide rideable track and as the sun rose higher we had to toil along sheep tracks which had formed mini-gorges amongst the heather roots making bicycles a distinct disadvantage. The heat shimmered off the hills and Dave made a superhuman effort getting first his bike so far and then returning for Adam's bike which although small, being made of steel tubing, is heavier than ours.

Later we were able to contour the hill at the top of the valley and after a tentative start Adam and I discovered it was possible to cycle, if rather bumpily, across the

heather. Through a gate and over the watershed the heather gave way to sheep grazing land and we could continue to cycle. That is until I demonstrated that when on a ledge path if you put out a foot to save your balance the leg on the downhill side is not long enough to reach the ground. Thus I executed an inelegant descent, closely followed by my bicycle. Slightly winded I continued but with less bravado than before.

At Stobo Head there is a tiny cottage and a landrover track leads from here down to the Tweed valley. So with the hardest part of the ride behind us we picnicked beside the cottage. After lunch it was an exhilarating 2 mile freewheeling descent, the scenery changing from wild open hillside to an attractive manmade landscape with forests and lakes and so we arrived in the beautiful parkland of Stobo House Hotel. I had been expecting a drink and we entered the plushiest most luxurious entrance hall imaginable only to be told that it was an exclusive Champneys Health Farm and they refused to serve us - we must have looked too healthy. However, they provided a booklet on the place and we stopped for our own refreshments in their Japanese garden. Rejoining the road, our route back to the campsite was beside the Tweed until turning westwards we climbed the final hill of the day and freewheeled into Broughton.

Day two: and a more modest plan to cycle the four miles from Broughton to Biggar. Although the valley floor is flat the road dips and climbs over every available outcrop. It being a sunny day, Biggar was busy. We sat for a while beside the stream outside the pub, drinking shandies, and then cycled through the park and along the disused railway line to eat lunch in a meadow beside Broughton Water. Pushing our bikes up through the meadows to rejoin the road was warm work. The day became so very hot that we returned to base early - this time on the south side of the valley - and collapsed in the shade to enjoy the view.

The weekend over we returned home having enjoyed the new off-the-road routes we had discovered and, moreover, the sunshine.

Mary Birchall

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(Formed March 1879)

President	:	Ben Griffiths
Vice Presidents	:	Harold Catling
	:	Phil Mason
Captain	:	John Futter
Hon Secretary	:	David Eaton, 29 Glenwood Drive Irby, Wirral. 051-648 3563

DECEMBER 1985

No 841

Dec	14	Haughton Moss (Nag's Head)
	21	Bunbury (Dysart Arms)
	26	Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
	28	Kelsall (Morris Dancer)
Jan	1	Woodbank (Yacht)
	4	Bangor-on-Dee (Royal Oak) Holmes Chapel (Bistro)
	9	Committee Meeting:Thingwall Recreation Centre:7.45 pm
	11	Farndon (Nag's Head) Bosley (Harrington Arms)
	18	Broxton (Durham Heifer) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
	25	Norley (Tiger's Head)
Feb	1	Beeston (Beeston Castle Hotel)
	8	Huxley (Farmers Arms) Lower Peover (Crown)
	15	Faddiley (Tollemache Arms)
	20	Committee Meeting:Thingwall Recreation Centre:7.45 pm
	22	Duddon (Headless Woman)
Mar	1	Tattenhall (Sportsman's Arms)
	8	Crowton (Hare and Hounds)
	15	Mouldsworth (Goshawk)
	22	Hanmer (Hanmer Arms) Stretton (Appleton Thorn)
	29	Duddon (Bull's Head)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £10.00 Junior (under 21) £7.00 Cadet £1.00

These and donations should be sent to:

Hon. Treasurer - Keith Orum, 5 Brunstath Close,
Barnston, Wirral. 051-342 4860.
Editor - David Birchall, 5 Alnwickhill Crescent,
Edinburgh EH16 6XY. 031-664 9084

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 8 FEBRUARY 1986

EDITOR'S NOTE

In our last issue we published an obituary for a club member who happens to be very much alive and well. Harold Catling in writing the appreciation at the request of the Committee, and your Editor in its publication were party to a most unfortunate chain of events. We apologise to Syd Jonas for reporting news which, to quote Mark Twain, was greatly exaggerated, and we wish to thank George Connor and John Thompson for drawing attention to and speedily getting the mistake corrected.

* * * * *

A TRAINING WEEKEND

1 March 1986 has been earmarked for the Captain's training weekend. The Venue is to be decided but will be in the Church Stretton/Ludlow area: superb countryside, sensible riding distances and the prospect of a comfortable inn. Those interested please let John Futter (Tel: Chester 532865) know by 1st January 1986 .

COMMITTEE NOTES AND AGM REPORT

Jack Hawkins has written to the Secretary thanking members for their kindness and good wishes during his recent spell in hospital.

Boxing day run ...

... will be held at The Goshawk, Mouldsworth. It is hoped this will be very much a family gathering for Anfielders and friends, and we look forward to a big turnout.

AGM REPORT Ashton WI Hall Saturday 12 October 1985

Present: Griffiths, Eaton, Orum, Mason, Whitmarsh, Thompson, Catling, Williamson, Cranshaw, Reeves, Lewis, Futter, Pickles, Twigg M, Twigg S, Andrews I, Andrews R, Poole, Bird, France, and Edwards.

Apologies received from: Jones, Thomas, Beaton, Walton, Hawkins, Birchall and Birch.

Minutes of the 1984 AGM were read and confirmed as a true record.

The Secretary then presented his report of the year's activities which was accepted by the meeting.

The Treasurer produced the accounts for the year which had not been audited. The September '25' would have to be included in the 85/86 balance sheet. He proposed a vote of thanks to Mike Twigg for looking after the printing of start and result sheets for the open events.

Expenditure was currently exceeding income. The report incorporated, at the Chairman's consent, a discussion on the Circular and its cost to the Club. A proposal from Mr France seconded by Mr Orum that the Circular should appear four times a year was opposed by Mr Thompson. After a vote the motion was carried by 12 votes to 5.

Mr Thompson pointed out that there were certain organisations in receipt of the Circular who, he felt, should not be entitled to a copy. The question of sufficient material was raised in a letter to the chair from the Editor and it was made quite clear that the contributions from members must increase to keep the Circular going.

Mr France mentioned that the Club Histories were a costly item on the balance sheet and that sales had all but dried up. It was agreed that Mr Catling write to a publisher in Birmingham to see if we could sell some more.

Racing Secretary's report indicated 18 members had raced with Chris Shorter (2nd claim Anfielder) winning the '100', and Club BAR going to John Stinton.

100 Secretary's report noted the success of the '100', but highlighted the need for support from club members which was only about 25-30%. Mr Twigg proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Mason.

The Captain - John Futter - then thanked all who had marshalled in open and association events and then drew attention to the problem of getting members to write up club runs.

Election of Officers

President B Griffiths, Vice-Presidents H Catling, P Mason, Secretary D Eaton, Treasurer K Orum, Captain J Futter, Vice-Captains R Andrews, J Lewis, Editor D Birchall, Racing Secretary J Lewis, 100 Secretary P Mason, 25 Secretaries

K Orum, B Griffiths, BCF P Colligan, J Thompson, WCTTA
J Hawkins, J Futter, B Griffiths, RRA --- , NRRA H Catling,
RTTC P Colligan and J Thompson.

Committee

S Twigg, B Bird, M Twigg, C Jones, T Pickles

Auditors - E Reeves and J France.

Subscriptions were increased as per the proposal put forward
by the Committee. Full members £10.00. Juniors £7.00.

Dave Eaton

CLUB HANDBOOK

Here is the handbook at last. Everything has been triple and
double checked but there may still be mistakes. Please check
your own details and let us know where changes are required.

You will see that we have recognised Junior and Cadet club
records. Whilst I am confident of the Junior records, despite
many pleasant hours of lucubrations* with old Circulars, I am
not completely certain of the Cadet records. If anyone knows
of a faster ride, by an Anfielder, under 16, please let me
know.

John Thompson

(* lucubrations = laborious study: MEDITATION. So now you
know! Ed.)

OBITUARIES

Jimmy Long

It is with deep regret that we have to report the loss of yet
another link in the chain of our elder brethren, Jimmy Long.

He joined the club in 1922 and was a regular attender at the
Saturday runs. In the early days he was a keen racing man
competing mostly in long distance events. All Night Rides
and the very popular Autumn Tints at Llanarmon DC and the
Glyn Valley Hotel were not complete without Jimmy. He was
invariably one of the party accompanying members competing
in away events such as the Bath Road '100', and could be
relied on to time our own '50' on the Whitchurch Road when
needed.

For several years he was Treasurer; his experience prior to
retirement with Birkenhead Corporation in that capacity
enabled him to extort subs with great efficiency!

The loss of his great friend, Tommy Mandall, was a great blow and gradually with the onset of arthritis he took to the car and over later years became housebound, being ably looked after by his wife, Lois, to whom all extend our most sincere sympathy.

Arthur Birkby

J L Bennett

I first became acquainted with Les in 1957 when we both joined the Anfield. He was then music master at Pensby Secondary Boys School, and was planning a Youth Hostel tour for a few of his older pupils as a cycling holiday down to Crickhowell in South Wales. Rodney, who was then 11 years old, and a keen cyclist, was anxious to join in, but Les ruled him out on account of his age. I then suggested that I would like to accompany him on our tandem, Les agreed, and a partnership ensued that was to last for the next 28 years.

In all, 8 further tours in Scotland were the outcome, with the highlight being the traverse of Glen Affric in 1962, when 18 boys managed to cover 19 miles in 13 hours. Incidentally, there were 6 Davids and 8 Johns on that tour, rather confusing at first! On another occasion Les and I met a gentleman in Perth who turned out to be the organist at Perth Cathedral. He insisted on us returning to the Cathedral and Les enjoyed a half-hour on the organ - a wonderful experience.

The tours were full of similar incidents, throughout which Les was always a cheerful and amusing companion. He had served in the Navy during the war and most of his reminiscences were hilarious. In all things he was the typical schoolmaster, a veritable Mr Chips, kindly and thoughtful, but also a disciplinarian. I enjoyed his company immensely, and, although for the past few years neither of us have done much cycling, we have kept in touch. He was the mainstay in recruiting youngsters for the Anfield in the late fifties/early sixties and many of his former pupils now hold office in the club. He will be sadly missed by all members of the club to whom he represented the ideal club cyclist, a good companion, and a dear friend. Our thoughts go out to Mrs Bennett at this sad time and to David - Good-bye Les.

John France

(The club was represented at the funeral by John France, John Thompson, Keith Orum and Dave Eaton.)

CORRESPONDENCE

From Bert Lloyd to Stan Wild -

Of course, it would happen that our chance of a chin-wag is frustrated - on the 28th I will be somewhere between Manchester and Southampton en route to New York.

I will, however, be thinking of you and, please, don't forget to give my regards to all of our vintage who might be at the "Tiger's Head" and of course the youngsters.

As always, Bert Lloyd.

From Jack Hawkins to Dave Eaton -

I thought you would like to know I was at last discharged from hospital yesterday and I have to start on the road to recovery.

I have been given at least six months before I can even think of riding a bike or driving a car, so at least I have some hopes of future activity. I can console myself with the thought that I know I no longer have to waken at 6 am each morning and get out of bed for a wash and a shave.

Another consolation is that there is still hopes of a little sunshine. My kindest regards to all the boys and my thanks for your good wishes.

Sincerely yours, Jack Hawkins.

CLUB RUNS

Hanmer Arms, Hanmer - 21st September 1985

Saturday the 21st was a warm pleasant early autumn day, with the wind warm from the south. I left home at 10.15 am and went immediately into the lanes past Gresford Church, crossed the Chester-Wrexham road and continued past Gresford Flash to Little Acton. I called in on Pat O'Leary for coffee, stopping just long enough to persuade him to come to Norley the following week, and admire his newly painted racing frame (hanging on the washing line to dry). I then continued around Wrexham to Cross Lanes through to Cock Bank then along the A528 through Overton and Penley arriving at the Hanmer Arms at 12.50.

Inside were Ernie and Joan Davies, Brian Bird and Stuart Twigg. I made it four Anfielders: a very disappointing turnout on a pleasant warm day - and to one of the best pubs in the country (I like Tetley Bitter)! Joan was soon away to go home via the Wychs (where even the locals get lost). We had to stay until three o'clock in case anyone else should turn up (they didn't but the wait was very enjoyable).

The ride home was easy with Brian turning at Farndon and Stuart leaving me at Chester; I continued to the Eureka just making it for 4.30. After tea and cakes with the North End I soon rode the last six miles home, an enjoyable day out.

Ben Griffiths

Tiger's Head, Norley - 28 September 1985

Warm sunshine gently dispersed early morning mist on this vintage late September Saturday. From Christleton I followed eastwards the lanes route which leads to the Gowy valley and thence "beats the bounds" of Tarvin Parish. Tony Pickles glimpsed a distant sight of my Anfield Jersey when I crossed the A54 near Oscroft. He made a superhuman effort (such was my pace) and caught me up beyond Ashton. We followed the "switch-back" through Delamere Forest and then negotiated labyrinthian lanes at the heart of which is found ... the Tiger's Head.

This was a special occasion on which we welcomed back from Australia, Stan and Mrs Wild. Stan's stentorian intonations were as mellow as the day and a delight to hear again. As if in celebration of Stan's European holiday, an impressive turnout of members and ladies was present. I was particularly pleased to see Geoff Sharp and Vivienne introducing Jonathan and his friend William. Flo Hill was present too with John France. From the northern banks of the Mersey it was good to see George Connor and Arthur Birkby. Others present were Mike Twigg, Keith and Pip Orum, Pat O'Leary, Ernie Davies, Brian Bird, Ben Griffiths, Harold and Mary Catling, Bob and Hagar Poole, Ian Andrews, Stuart Twigg, Dave Eaton and Phil Mason.

Such a large party stretched the Tiger's Head catering capacity to the limit, and it was closer to three o'clock than two, by the time we assembled on the bowling green for the Official Photograph. Cameras were arrayed and shutters buzzed. The official business was completed in next to no time and informal shots followed.

The President's return route led via the Pack Horse Bridges. It has taken me many years to realise that the idea of rough-stuff as a pleasant diversion can be rapidly displaced by concern which grows in inverse proportion to tyre weight. All our machines had tubs or lightweight HP's. My Walvale is shod with Specialised 5 oz "Turbos", so the route was definitely against my better judgement but we all emerged unscathed. Once back in Christleton our paths separated.

DDB



Standing L-R: Messrs Sharp, Fischer, Griffiths, Wild, Birkby, Mike Twigg, Mason, Eaton, Poole, France, Connor, Catling.

Kneeling L-R: Messrs Birchall, Bird, Ian Andrews, Stuart Twigg, Orum, Pickles.

(Photo: T Pickles)

Wrexham/Fibrax R.C. Hill Climb, Horseshoe Pass - 13 October

The Horseshoe Hill Climb must have had the best weather for years: a sunny still day is something we haven't seen a lot of this year. My next door neighbour and I rode up to the Horseshoe to find Ben already sunning himself at the top, carefully positioned next to someone else with binoculars.

We rode as far down as the Pink House to cheer and photograph the competitors as they climbed what I consider the nastiest part of the climb. John Stinton, our Club's representative, heaved his way past on a gear I thought would be more suitable to the flat, to finish only a couple of minutes behind the eventual winner Chris Boardman on 9-10. Gwyn, my neighbour, just stared disbelievingly when John said he would

go down the Shoe, get changed, ride up again, then ride home with us. With Ben as navigator we returned to Mold leaving Gwyn stunned by the speed he and John set for us to chase. Partly due to this speed Ben got me to my girlfriend's for dinner 10 minutes early, far better than my normal 30 minutes late.

Tony Pickles

The Sportsman's Arms, Tattenhall - 19 October 1985

A phone call from Jeff Lewis on Friday night began this particular club run; a meeting was arranged for 8.30 am at Pont Blyddyn. Saturday was dull and misty, I was half hoping for a cancelling phone call but we met at the appointed hour.

We climbed up through Treuddyn to Llandegla and into a cloud of mist surrounding the Horseshoe Pass, the descent of which was rather worrying because the cloud reduced visibility to next to nothing. We passed some heavily laden tourists going up and must have left them wondering who said 'hello' as we sped into, then out of, sight. Tea and buns at May's Pantry in Llangollen then through Ruabon and Overton to Banger on Dee. Up then to Malpas and an easy run to Tattenhall.

We were the first to arrive with Mike Twigg and Brian Bird in hot pursuit, our numbers swelled to ten in all with John Thompson last again. The small innocent looking fire soon began to have an effect and two chairs quickly became available for the unwary. The talk was mainly of the coming "Tints" but soon spread to cover past tours of the hills, the gearing and beer.

A small band of five headed towards Two Mills, Gerry, and his fixed, peeled off at Christleton; this left Roger leading us through Chester, Jeff Lewis dropped quietly down Sandy Lane to leave three for the Mills.

The tea and cakes and seats at the Mills seemed like paradise compared to my bike seat. The thought of riding up to Mold was beginning to worry me; I had been up enough hills for one day. But eventually as the warmth of the sun faded I headed home and with complaining leg muscles I climbed the stairs to a hot bath, which after a long ride soothes the parts that the beer doesn't reach.

Those present were: Brian Bird, Mike Twigg, Tony Pickles, Jeff Lewis, Gerry Robinson, Roger Andrews, John Futter, Harold Catling, Bob Poole, and John Thompson.

Tony Pickles

Autumnal Tints Weekend

Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig - 25-27 October 1985

A glorious October has made up for 1985's rainy summer. But would the fine weather hold for the Anfield venture into Snowdonia? The weather forecast promised it would, but pedalling westwards from Christleton in thick mist this promise had yet to be fulfilled. It was Kinnerton where the sun began to burn away the mist, and I arrived at the Sunspot Cafe in bright sunshine.

Plans were agreed over cups of tea and then the President, the Editor and (future Circular contributor) David Bettaney climbed away from the Sunspot to the Llandegla Moors, and, in perfect conditions, rode briskly to Bryn Eglwys. Jeff Lewis and Tony Pickles joined the party as we turned south for Carrog in the Dee valley.

The Editor is not unfit but does not have the advantage of many long miles in his legs, so he was interested to see at what point he would blow up. We were passing the freehouse at Llanderfel when the strength in his legs vanished. How I wished lunch could have been taken there! But a firm Presidential push in the small of the back ensured that we all reached Bala together.

A street market and fair had more than taken over the town but we found a cafe for lunch with seats enough to spare. The post lunch plan was ambitious. Stage 1 involved riding into the hills on the road above the north shore of Llyn Celyn to where the Ysbyty Ifan road forks north. Here we were joined by John Whelan. Here also the time had arrived to play my trump card.

Hard miles to Capel Curig, via Maentwrog, the Aberglaslyn Pass and Nant Gwynant gleamed in the eyes of my companions. But I preferred the descent to Cwm Penmachno and Betwys-y-Coed. Fewer and easier miles meant that the Hotel was reached at a reasonable hour allowing some of the aches acquired during the day to soak away at leisure.

Cobden's Hotel is a hospitable and comfortable place. Our large party was made welcome. Nineteen were present, and in addition to those named, in residence on Friday evening were: Mike and Stuart Twigg, John Futter, Dave Eaton, Phil Mason, Chris and Jonathan Edwards (and friends), Colin Jones, Roger Andrews, Brian Bird and Mike Hallgarth. Last but not least

Rigby Band and Eric Reeves joined the party following a ride which had covered some of the same ground as the President's elite.

I was obliged to make the homeward journey on Saturday and others will have to recount that day's adventures in the next issue. For me, elevenses by the Afon Alwen at Llanfihangel in Clocaenog Forest with the mist clearing from the tree tops was memorable. (It is amazing how appreciation of the rural scene is heightened by a humble Mars bar.)

The climb over the Clwydian hills on the old drove track from Ruthin to Llanarmon-in-Ial completed the morning. Lunch was taken at the Raven where the gammon, egg and chips and Burtonwood bitter are renowned. The descent to Chester completed two well-balanced days' riding and an enjoyable weekend.

DDB

Circulars Past and Present

Quite a time ago Arthur Birkby got in touch about some Anfield Circulars for which a good home was sought, and since then they have been safely stored awaiting a suitable custodian. At last in Jeff Lewis we have found the very man. One summer Saturday Jeff innocently declared an interest in learning about long distance riding, particularly 24 hour events, and what better way to find out about such things than from the Circular? Thus Jeff is spending winter evenings studying more than 50 years of Anfield life, and long may he be inspired as a result.

The Club archive should contain a complete set of Circulars. Some years ago the very early Circulars were loaned. Sadly, no records exist as to whom they were loaned and thus all trace of them is lost. The missing Circulars (in bound sets?) date from the earliest years of this century to 1912. Can anyone help find them?

One of the features of life in the late 20th century is our dependence on television and the broadcast word as a source of information and means of communication. Maybe it is coincidental but we in the Anfield have been finding it increasingly difficult to obtain the written material to justify publishing the Circular every second month. We are most grateful to the handful of Members who send contributions to the Editorial desk. But it is necessary to be realistic, and, as readers will have noted, the AGM took the decision to reduce the number of issues from 6 to 4 per annum. The decision is something

we should regret, since aspects of Anfield life will go unrecorded, and also, it serves to weaken contact with our more distant less active members. But sadly as they say there is no alternative

DDB

* * * * *

THE PRESIDENT, EDITOR AND COMMITTEE
WISH ALL OUR READERS A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
AND SUCCESSFUL CYCLING IN 1986

* * * * *

© Anfield Bicycle Club