

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

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JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB  
(Formed March 1879)

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President : Phillip Mason  
Vice Presidents : Harold Catling  
John Futter  
Captain : Tony Pickles  
Hon Secretary : John Stinton  
1 Orchard Road  
Whitby  
Ellesmere Port  
051 355 9422

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JAN 1989

852

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FEB	4	Beeston Brook	Beeston Castle Hotel
	11	Kelsall	Morris Dancer
	18	Captain's Weekend	Bishops Castle (Alt. Sportsmans Tattenhall)
	25	Gymmau	The Talbot
MAR	4	Bunbury	Dysarth Arms
	11	Tattenhall (Bruera Circuit)	Sportsmans Arms
	18	Oakmere	Forest View Inn
	25	Tilston	Fox & Hounds
APR	1	Graianrhyd	Rose and Crown
	8	Shocklach	Bulls Head
	15	Kelsall	Morris Dancer
	22	Ffrith	The Poacher
	29	Bwlchgwyn	Four Crosses
MAY	1	Tattenhall	Sportsman's Arms
	6	Frodsham	The Bridge
	13	Little Budworth	Red Lion
	20	Llanarmon-yn-al	Raven
	27	Farndon	Nags Head
	29	100	

CLUB NIGHTS held in the Eureka Cafe, Two Mills, 6.30pm on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of the month, plus 5th Wednesday where applicable.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS will be held in conjunction with club nights on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE  
6th MAY 1989

COPY OF MINUTES AGM 1988

Minutes of the AGM held at W.I. Hall Ashton. 5th October 1988

Commenced 2.30pm

PRESENT:- John Stinton, P. Mason, K Orum, B Whitmarsh, B Griffiths, S Twigg, J Futter, P Colligan, E Davies, J France, J Cranshaw, A Birkby, G Conner, J Williamson, E Reeves, T Pickles, B Bird, B Graham, T Williams, G Robinson, H. Catling, J Thompson and H Moore/

APOLOGIES were received from the following:- J Hughes, J Lewis, M Twigg and D Booker.

MINUTES OF THE LAST AGM

Read and accepted.

HON SECRETARY'S REPORT.

There was a small increase in membership, mainly younger members. Club nights and Committee meeting were quite well attended/ Committee meetings will be on the first Wednesday of the month in conjunction with club nights at 8pm.

TREASURER'S REPORT

The club was on a good footing mainly due to large savings on Circular Printing thanks to B Bird, and his resources, and the other printing courtesy of Weatherwise Roofing and Cladding. Mr E Davies proposed a vote of the thanks to the Treasurer, Doners and the ladies for the catering profits. Mr G. Connor proposed a vote of thanks to the Club Officials and the Committee.

RACING SECRETARY'S REPORT

1988	SCHOOL BOY AWARD	-	R WILSON
1988	JUNIOR AWARD	-	J HUGHES
1988	SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP		B WHITMARSH

JUNIOR 10 CLUB RECORD J HUGHES 22.51

LIFE MEMBERS

R BARKER and T SHERMAN were elected to Life Membership.

ELECTION OF OFFICIALS AND COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Phillip Mason
VICE PRESIDENTS	Harold Catling John Futter
HON SECRETARY	John Stinton
HON TREASURER	Keith Orum
CAPTAIN	Tony Pickes
VICE CAPTAINS	C. Clewley, B Griffiths
EDITOR	Brian Bird
RACING SECRETARY	Ben Griffiths

CONT/.....

100 SECRETARY		Ben Griffiths
25 SECRETARY'S		B Whitmarsh and B Bird
BCF DELEGATES		P Colligan and J Futter
WCTCA DELEGATES		B Griffiths and J Futter
RTTC DELEGATES		P Colligan and J Futter
NRRA DELEGATES		H Catling
SOCIAL SECRETARY		T Williams
COMMITTEE MEMBERS		B Whitmarsh, P Ashley, S Twigg, G Robinson
		J Hughes, I Billington,
AUDITORS		J France and D Bettaney

RULE CHANGES Proposed by B Griffiths  
 Seconded by J Thompson

Where voted on and accepted unanimously.

MEETING CLOSED AT 3.30pm

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £10.00 Junior £5.00 Cadet 1.00

These and donations should be sent to Hon Treasurer: Keith Orum  
 5 Brunstath Close  
 Barnston  
 WIRRAL  
 051 342 4860

CLOSING DATE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE May 6th 1989. Contribution to the EDITOR  
 Brian Bird, 52 Greenalands, TATTENHALL Cheshire 71033

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MIKE HALL GARTH RACING RESULTS.

27 .4. 88	Club 10	25 -34	
28 .4. 88	Club 10	25-07	
15 .5. 88	Swindon RC 50	2-13-46	
4 .5.88	Frome & Dist. Wheel 25		1-4-56
21 .6.88	Dursley RC		1-2-27
28 .6.88	Severn RC		1-3-17
17 .8.88	Club 10	25-15	

## OBITUARY

ROBERT POOLE

Bob Poole was in his 30th year when he joined the Anfield from the Grosvenor, in 1929.

He quickly became a most regular attender of Club runs and, although he never hit the high spots, he very much enjoyed his active racing career. This he followed up with an outstanding record as a helper in Club and Open Events, and he is pictured in this role in The Black Anfielders handing up a drink to his friend, Bren Orrell.

So far as bicycle technology was concerned Bob was ultra conservative. When he joined us he was already the proud owner of the Grubb lightweight with the typical good-clubman specification of the day. No freewheel, no readily variable gearing - just a simple double-sided rear hub with a 14 cog for Cheshire and 16 tooth one for Derbyshire hills provided both propulsion and retardation. A single Constrictor caliper brake on the front wheel was there for emergency use. No garish colour scheme for Bob - black enamelled frame and black celluloid Lauterwasser bars and Bluemel mudguards. In short, a light, simple and elegant bicycle which he continued to use, unchanged to the end of his days.

A time came when he was no longer able to get out to Club runs on his faithful Grubb and from then on his wife, Hagar, brought him out by car, with regularity right up to the onset of his final illness, nearly two years ago. We have not maintained the old custom of recording all attendances on Club runs but my own researches show that in all, he attended rather more than 1,200 runs. He died peacefully, in hospital, the 2nd January 1989 in his 90th year/

We offer our sincere sympathy to Hagar in her loss.

HAROLD CATLING

Jan 7th 1989

ANFIELDERS IN ARGYLLSHIRE  
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THE EXPLOITS OF:- Brian Bird, Bill Graham, Phil Mason, Stuart Twigg and Tecwyn Williams.

THE ROUTE Tattenhall-Crewe-Glasgow-Oban-Tobermory-Bowessan-Iona-Oban-Crinan-Loch Awe - Oban-Seil-Oban-Home.

FRIDAY 22nd July

A warm Friday heralded the beginning of this tour, with a 10.00am meet at the Editor's home. I arrived first, shortly followed by Tecwyn and the car-born Phil. We waited for Bill who did not show. So we started off without him at about 10.45am.

We collected tickets, then had an early lunch in the pub opposite the station. At about one o'clock we crossed back to the station to find Bill waiting for us, after riding from Tattenhall( it was later found out that Liz Bird had driven him there, but he didn't tell us that!).

The train was to be on time, and a helpful porter directed us to the right platform. We boarded and safely stowed our bikes at the rear of the train. We discovered that we were in the wrong guards van! This one was to split off at Preston! A frantic sprint saw chaos on the platform, but we soon loaded our bikes on again.

When we arrived at Glasgow Central, we made enquiries about the whereabouts of Queen Street Station for Oban, the bus driver of the Glasgow Central/Queens Street bus link told us to follow him which we did, at high speed.

We had a snack at the ubiquitous 'Casey Jones', washing it down with a few pints at a yuppie bar adjacent to the station, feeling slightly out of place in our shorts and cycling tops.

Time came to board the Oban bound train (if we missed this we would have a 12 hour wait!) This was a rather dated collection of carriages linked to a diesel, and remarkably long, due to the fact that the train split at Crinanlarich. From here on the scenery was awe-inspiring (especially Loch Awe!)

It was at this point that we realised we had no accommodation due to the Editor's oversight, so Billy inquired with the Ticket Collector, who recommended the Crown Hotel next to the Station. We had just secured the last five beds in the hotel.

Rapidly changing, we collected in the lounge, soon to venture into Oban itself to visit Obans local Ceilidh House, (apparently, in this case at least, an excuse for the Scouts to attempt to sing and play music, a very amateur affair. Later we moved to a more comfortable house, and thereafter back to the Crown Hotel. with Phil arguing with Brian over some change, which earned Phil the name of "Jacob", which stuck. It was then early to bed.

SATURDAY 23rd

After breakfast, Brian disappeared with Tecwyn to buy a film for his camera, so Bill, Phil and I looked around Oban and found a cycle shop. Bill brought a new cycle cape which reached down to his ankles. Re-grouping at the Ferry Terminal we boarded the Ferry, where Brian found the bar and brought some wine up, (at 10.30! am.). Now Phil being Phil happened to be sitting in the wrong place at the wrong time - American tourists were feeding the gulls that followed the

CONT/.....

ferry - guess who was given a sticky present/

The ferry arrived at Cragnure, on Mull, and we were off and moving along the nice wide road A road, soon to start climbing. Then the road narrowed to a snack track and there was a caoch thundering up behind us. A few miles on Tecwyn and myself on the front we descended back to sea level at Lochdon. We were on our own. We waited then turned round and climbed back to find Brian and the others making the first photo stop of the day.

All was going well when Tecwyn and myself punctured simultaneously, both rear wheel punctures, shortly to be followed by Brian who punctured just before a cattle grid, one of many that were encountered on the trip.

The climb to Glen More, then started in earnest with magnificent views of the coast to the South and the Barrow Ben More (3171) to the North West. The descent started after emerged from woodland, passing many small lochs to the left.

Back to sea level, we turned North along a recently recently surfaced B road. It was at this point, that we missed the lunch stop, which we could see across the loch at Rossal. I calculated at Rossal that the next one would be at Salen, twenty miles further on. After three or four miles we began climbing through forest again, to emerge with magnificent views of the smaller islands of Eorsa Samalau and the white sands of Inch Kenneth. Time for a photo.

With a long twisting drop, we were again at sea level which ensued to the next six miles before we entered the woods again, with its many small farms and houses. Decision time should we carry on to Tobermory, about thirty miles or to Salen three miles for lunch. The latter was chosen, Salen was reached after a sprint before 2pm, as this was when lunch stopped being served. Lunch was followed by a few pints and Bill impressing the barmaid with a quote from the 'Black Anfielders', about club tours.

Back on the road with ten miles to go, the rain came down. Then Brian spotted an otter, which he watched for a good ten minutes. The party split up as we rode to towards Tobermory but we reformed with two miles to go, with the rain still very heavy. Descending now on wet roads we arrived at Tobermory where a sharp right hand met us. Brian Tecwyn and Phil managed it with little trouble, but Billy decided to carry straight on! Fortunately there was a road there to save him.

Tobermory, the capital of Mull consists of brightly painted houses and shops and sits on a large fishing harbour, (the fishing boats were few and far between), with many houses on the hill behind. Now to find accomodation.

Finding a bed for the night proved difficult but we finally found three beds, two double, one single in two houses/ Tecwyn and Bill lodged with a Mrs Bottomly whose house was decorated with many ornaments and was spotlessly clean, the garden being full of gnomes and seashells. The two dared not breathe incase they broke something. Our accomodation was more relaxed. Back down the hill in Tobermory we had a few quiet drinks, a few games of pool, then back up the hill to bed, where I removed the quilt of the double bed, and slept on the floor (to save Phil's reputation. Brian had claimed the single as he had secured the accomodation.

SUNDAY 24th

A half-nine start, meeting Tec and Bill on the quayside, then back up the hill past our lodgings. Phil had chosen to ride straight down to Craignure then across Glen More to meet us in Fionnphort, to catch the ferry to Iona. The road to Dervaig was lined with bracken and heather and soon started to zig-zag style to the summit above Dervaig, with it's pencil like church spire. Crossing the bridge over the river, we had magnificent views of the estuary with it's low lying sand banks. Climbing again we were soon in Calgary after seeing a fine eagle on the mountain side.

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Calgary has changed much since the Winter Olympics were held here in January 88 (or was it Canada?).

The only building is the public toilet! Apart from that there was a caravan selling tea. We down on the patio furniture where Bill ordered some 'Oriental Tea' "Milk or Lemon" was the reply, as they served about twenty varieties. The two ladies there warned us the hard climbing ahead.

The climb proved little trouble for the seasoned campaigners, with it's many sections and fast descents and it was at this point that an otter dashed out in front of us on the road, not twenty yards away, to disappear into the ferns again.

Lunch again at Salan, then it was back on the road towards Rossal, which we had missed the day before, with Ben More towering above us we, cycled on on, when suddenly Brian's chain sheared, (it had broken across a side plate). With curses for a certain Chester cycle shop, he avoided falling off. The chain had broken on flat roads at low speed, with him sitting down, but it was soon repaired. Fortunately for us we had brought most of the tools required, as there would have been little help for 20 miles in all directions.

Climbing again, we soon arrived at the spot where we had taken the photos the day before. We took a break and filled our bottles in a mountain stream. Descending again, we were again on the smooth roads towards Rossal, where a pint awaited us.

There we met a group of about eight female Irish Cycling Tourers, and one man. They were heading in our direction, staying at Fionnphort, the ferry point for the Holy Island, Iona.

It was a twelve mile 2 up time trial to Bunessan with Bill on my wheel. We arrived at the Bunessan sign, then waited for Tec and Brian for ten minutes. We found our lodgings which we had booked the day before. Brian volunteered to find Phil who had gone to Iona. Phil had returned and had seen us going up the hill towards the Lodgings on the Eorabus Road. Phil, Bill and I stayed at Rhumor with Mrs Maggie MacClean. Brian and Tecwyn were at the Eorabus Lodge, a mile further up the road,

We met again at the Argyll Arms Hotel meeting again the Irish Tour Party who soon went back to Fionnphort as it was getting dark.

As it happened there was to be cleidh that night, which proved to be excellent. Several pints later we decided to return to our lodgings. Outside it was dark and foggy, with the wind picking up.

MONDAY 25th

At 05.37 precisely woke to find a storm from the Southwest, gusting force ten to eleven. After breakfast I road up to see Tecwyn and Brian with the wind behind me, I must have done forty! Tecwyn had disappeared the night before, and Brian spent some time trying to find him. Brian then went to bed. Tecwyn had apparently fallen into a drainage ditch and Brian had passed him many times! In the meantime he had lost his cape which was in his open saddle along with some straps. I found him in the bushes trying to find his cape. We found his straps outside the Argyll Arms.

A rapid decision to stay was made, but accomodation at Borabus was impossible, as it was booked for night so I crawled back to Rhomor using my 30" bottom gear to see if Mrs McClean could put up with them, she could, so I sprinted back to Eurobus lodge and told them.

With little we could do because of the gale, we were stuck on the island, as the Ferrys were cancelled. After a cup of tea in a cafe we went back to the Argyll Arms Hotel at 11.00am.

The next few hours slipped into a blur as Tec, Brian and I quenched our thirst (or was it drowned it - I can't remember). Bill arrived at about three -thirty.

cont/.....

At four-thirty, foolishly we decided to ride eight miles to Fionnphort, so the four cyclists stampeded there had a few pints and then started back.

It was race between Brian & myself. I was a minute ahead of him on the road with him slowly catching up. He was thirty seconds behind me as we started to descend back to Bunessan. The descent was about 1-in 10 steepening to 1 in 8 with a sharp bend towards the bottom, with a void. Not being known as a descender I took back ten seconds on him on the descent. ~~Phil~~ later I must have descended at 60 mph as he was close to that speed. Dutch courage, perhaps. Phil appeared later and disappeared leaving us to finish the night with a double round of whiskies. I spotted my favourite malt, Glenfarglas. I left about 2.30 or so I was told, Brian said it took me 6 goes to get through the door (eight feet wide). Then road back to Rhumor. I slept sound that night.

TUESDAY 25th

We awoke and prepared for breakfast. Tecwyn stayed in bed. The bikes were scattered around the garden. Brian ventured outside after Bill had said that he had lost his glasses. Brian found them, lenses down in the garden.

We soon set out towards Iona (to gain divine guidance, perhaps!) Brian and Phil having gone ahead to catching the ferry before us.

Iona, with it's ancient nunnery and monastery., white sands was reached on a landing craft type ferry, being flat bottomed, the journey was very lumpy and wet and we all fet a bit green.

Bill collected his sand, which he has been hankering for, then the rain came down. We boarded the ferry, but where was Bill? We left with out him, but he caught us up at Rossal where we stopped for a Mars bar. Then it was back over Glen More to Craignnue, where we waited for the Ferry. Then the rain came down!

TO BE CONCLUDED





CLUB EVENT  
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Saturday March 11th Time 11.00 am. Bruera Circuit

B.G.F. Subscription for 1989.  
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SENIOR	£11.50	RACING LICENCE	£11.00
JUNIOR	£ 9.00	RACING LICENCE	£ 5.50
Juvenile	£ 5.50	RACING LICENCE	FREE

First time application for Juvenile and Junior Licence, must be accompanied by parental consent form. Renewal of Licence to be accompanied by 1988 Licence!

APPLICATION TO:- JOHN FUTTER

CHARITY DARTS MATCH  
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FOR SULBY WARD CLATTERBRIDGE HOSPITAL

ANFIELD BC		versus		BNE
J Stinton	1	-	0	M Wise
K Griffiths	0	-	1	J Owen
B Whitmarsh	0	-	1	E Cormack
A Oxtan	0	-	1	S Molyneux
B Griffiths	0	-	1	Stan Molyneux
P Mason	1	-	0	M Bigmore
D Eaton	1	-	0	A Johnstone
T Griffiths	0	-	1	D Hacking
J Hughes	1	-	0	K Smith

#### NEWS FROM SOUTHWEST

Ireland has been favoured by two Anfield tourists last summer. Mike Hallgarth to Counties Cork and Kerry in the southwest. Mike was so impressed by this his first visit, that he is hoping for a repeat in the future. Rigby Band, lured by several previous visits spent ten days savouring the delights of Wexford and Waterford in the south-east. Despite poor weather and mechanical trouble it was a worthwhile trip.

Due to lousy summer weather and our spring tours we did not resume our mid-week meeting at the Fox at Old Down, mid-way between Chepstow, Wickwar and Bristol until

NEWS FROM SOUTHWEST cont/...

July. There we were joined by Douglas Tritton of the T. A. from Bristol for an hour's natter and a noggin.

I hear occasionally from Laurie Pendlebury; his cycling is now confined to an indoor exercise machine. He writes in good heart despite his reduced activity.

RIGBY BAND

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MERSEY VIEW HILL CLIMB KELSALL 8th October 1988

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We arranged to meet at the Eureka Cafe for a 10.00am leave (as the hill climb was due to start at 11.00am ).

I arrived to find only John Futter and new Geraint Catherall - had all the riders gone straight out we asked?. At 10.15am we were away from Frodsham. At the start Bill Graham waited to hold up the riders, but no riders. We put the start back to 11.30am, and I went up the hill to time the finish whilst John stayed at the start. Brian Bird, Tecwyn Williams Mike and Stuart Twigg waited at (or in) the Ring of Bells to keep the riders on course? I sat in the sun at the finish and enjoyed the view over the Mersey. I wondered how the view had changed since Anfielders first climbed this lane on their ordinary's. When Geraint came into sight I knew no other riders had turned up, and John had pressed him into riding, complete with saddle bag and mud guards, he did 5-58.

John and Bill soon came into sight only to be passed by Ian Billington, they decided to go down again and give him a ride, Geraint was also willing to try again. So ten minutes later Geraint again came into view only to be caught by Ian (off two minutes) before the finish, Ian did 3-55. Geraint slowed to 6-03. John and Bill again rode up and we pressed on for Kelsall after Overton hill we across Robert Wilson and Tiam Cocker (lost again). Now seven strong we made good time through Delemere forest to Kelsall. At the Morris Dancer, Herby Moore and Gerry Robinson were already eating. We were soon joined by Mike and Stuart (by car) then Brian and Tecwyn - so we had thirteen on the club run. Bill had brought out some copies of the Wallasey Silverdale hill climb result from October 14th 1951 , it was up White River camp hill, only 880 yards. John finished 23rd in 2.42.8, Ben 47th in 2.58.4. and Len Walls 64th in 3.26.2. The main topic of conversation at out table was our war effort- Yes gathering shrapnel on the way to school.

We were soon fed and away into the lanes through the forest and Ashton, we kept in the lanes to the Eureka, Eric Reeves, Peter Whitmarsh and Rohan Bettaney were waiting, soon Craig Clewley arrived, he claimed it had taken him most of the day to fir mudguards (or was he resting to work us over on the way home)/ After more tea we made a move for home (and yes - Craig did drop us).

Another very pleasant run.

BEN GRIFFITHS?

W. C. T. T. C. A.  
JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

NAME AND CLUB	25	30	TOTAL SPEED	AVGE. SPEED
J Hughes ANFIELD	1. 2.56 23.835	1.15.29 23.846	47.681	23.841
M Caulfield BIRK. VICS	1. 1.16 24.483	1.21.44 21.974	46.457	23.229
D. M. Roberts B'HEAD CC	1. 6.35 22.588	1.21.55 22.041	44.569	22.285
P Dobbins BIRK VICS	1. 8.29 21.903	1.21.24 22.113	44.016	22.008
I. Billington ANFIELD	1. 5.11 23.012	1.25.49 20.975	43.987	21.999
P. Ashley ANFIELD	1.11.20 21.028	1.25.30 21.053	42.081	21.041



# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(formed March 1879)

President : Philip Mason  
Vice President : Harold Catling  
                  : John Futter  
Captain : Tony Pickles  
Hon Secretary : John Stinton  
                  : 1 Orchard Road  
                  WHITEBY  
                  Ellesmere Port  
                  051 355 9422

May 1989

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JUNE	3	Oakmere	The Forest View
	10	Bickerton	The Poacher
	17	Graianrhyd	Rose and Crown
	24	Beeston	Castle Hotel
JULY	1	Crowton	Hare and Hounds
	8	Farndon	Nags Head
	15	Little Budworth	Shrewsbury Arms
	22	Bwlchgwyn	Four Crosses
	29	Tattenhall	Sportsmans
AUG	5	Alraham	Travellers Rest
	12	Cymmau	Talbot
	19	Wrenbury	Cotton Arms
	26	Brown Knowl	Copper Mine
SEPT	2	Barn	Queens Head
	9	Houghton Moss	Nags Head
	16	Tilston	Garden Arms
	23	Oakmere	Forest View
	30	Cymmau	Talbot

CLUB NIGHTS held in the Eureka Cafe, Two Mills, 6.30pm on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of the month, plus 5th Wednesday where applicable.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS will be held in conjunction with Club Nights on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE

9th SEPTEMBER 1989

ANFIELD CLUB RUN

---

ROSE AND CROWN  
GRIANRHYD

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It was a fine Saturday morning for cycling, as John and I arrived at the Eureka to find Ben, Robert, Ian Tian, Geraint and Tony busy boosting their blood sugar levels.

The eight of us set off at the traditional time of 11.20 bound for Queensferry and Hawarden. The group split on the climb to Hawarden with Robert, Billy and myself attaching our grappling hooks to the rear wheel of a moped. However, the Anfield army soon regrouped and we marched on via Tinkersdale then Hope, Cymau, Frith and Llanfynydd. We then rose higher, passing a series of carved stone animals built into a garden wall.

Awaiting our arrival at The Rose and Crown were Dickie, Stuart and Tecwyn who had coincidentally traversed the route almost identical to ours - but arriving some ten minutes earlier.

After an exceptionally long wait for dinner our knees stiffened sufficiently to make a steep climb out of Grianrhyd towards Bryrys seem harder than ever. However, favourable wind conditions made our return journey a swift one with Tian's computer recording a maximum of 47m.p.h. as we free-wheeled down towards Mold.

Back at the Eureka, an enjoyable day in the saddle was brought to a close in the time honoured way with tea and cakes all round. Those present at Grianrhyd were;-

B Bird, T Williams, S Twigg, T Pickles, J Futter, H Moore, E Davies, J. Davies, and Rebecca. Also B Griffiths, G Gatherall I Billington, R. Wilson, T. Cocker, B. Graham and myself.

Craig Clewley

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CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over £12.00      Junior £6.00      Cadet £2.00

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These and donations should be sent to Hon Treasurer ; Keith Orum  
5 Brunstath Close, Barnston, Wirral 051 342 4860

### RACING RESULTS

LARKHILL WHEELS 2 UP "25" 26th February 89 D25/3R

C. CLEWLEY )  
B GRIFFITHS ) 1.5.36

NORTH WIRRAL VELO 2 UP "25" 19th March 89 D25/11

B WHITMARSH )  
J THOMPSON ) 1.1.40

S TWIGG (Solo) 1.12

W.C.T.T.C.A. "25" 9. April 89 D25/2

B Whitmarsh	1.0.56	SCR	1.0.56
J HUGHES	1.1.43	1.00	1.0.43
I Billington	1.5.05	7.30	57.35
K Orum	1.5.33	3.00	1.2.33
B Griffiths	1.5.46	3.00	1.2.46
M Hallgarth	1.6.05	3.00	1.3.05
R Wilson	1.8.34	6.45	1.1.49
P Colligan	1.8.54	3.00	1.5.54
S Twigg	1.9.18	13.00	56.18
P Ashley	1.10.08	8.00	1.2.08
T Pickles	1.12.29	8.30	1.3.59
B Bird	1.12.53	7.00	1.5.53
P Whitmarsh	1.14.27	11.00	1.3.27
T Cocker	1.14.55	15.00	59.55

Broken Spoke

NEW BRIGHTON "25" 15 April 89 D25/11

B Whitmarsh 59.53  
R Wilson 1.7.11  
B Bird 1.7.43  
T Cocker 1.8.20  
R Bettaney 1.11.48

RHYL R.C. DENBIGH R.R. 27 MILES 16 APRIL 89

I Billington 4th

RHYL R.C. DENBIGH R.R. 45 MILES 16 APRIL 89

J Hughes Finished in Bunch

RACING RESULTS

W.C.T.T.C.A. "30" 23 APRIL 89 D30/1

J Hughes	1.15.43
B Whitmarsh	1.15.44
B Griffiths	1.21.57
B Bird	1.24.11
T Pickles	1.25.33

NORTH MIDLANDS V.T.T.A. "25" 29 APRIL 89 025/7

B Whitmarsh	58.53
B Griffiths	1.3.44
P Colligan	1.5.51

KNARESBOROUGH C.C. "25" 30 APRIL 89 V233

B Whitmarsh	58.33
B Griffiths	1.6.49 (Lost 3 minutes - Chain)

RAS TAIR FELIN 25 MILE R.R. ANGLESEY

J Hughes 2nd and (won one hill prime) 5 points on licence

ANFIELD B.C. 25

J Hughes	1.0.20
K Orum	1.4.17
P Colligan	1.6.53
B Bird	1.9.48
R Bettaney	1.14.28

LIVERPOOL CENTURY "10" 6 May 89 D10/1

I Billington	24.18
S Twigg	25.58
B Bird	26.27

MERSEYSIDE V.T.T.A. 30 7 May 89 D30/1

B Whitmarsh	1.11.48	Fastest
B Griffiths	1.17.45	
P Colligan	1.20.28	
B Bird	1.23.05	



BRUERA 11th November 1989

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Geraint was first man away on the 14 mile circuit starting at Broxton, through to Bruera, Aldford Farndon to finish at the start. We were blessed with fine weather and light winds. Tony who was last man off, showed the value of the hard miles, ridden down to Bishop Castle on the Captain's Weekend, rode through the field to finish first.

		ALDFORD	SIBBOTSFIELD LANE	BROXTON FINISH
1	T Pickles	20.01	27.02	41.26
2	R Bettaney	20.55	28.06	42.37
3	P Whitmarsh	21.32	29.03	43.35
4	G Catherall	24.16	33.11	50.43

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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39 Glenwood Drive  
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D Eaton  
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## CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND - BISHOPS CASTLE

FEBRUARY 22nd

Predictably the long spell of warm dry weather ended just in time for the Captain's Weekend and I was faced by a south westerly gale as I struggled out to meet the club in Holt. Passing Tecwyn's new residence I spied a gathering of bicycles outside so stopped and joined Mike and Stuart Twigg, Keith Orum, Dickie Bird and Tecwyn, for a cup of tea before joining the remainder of the club in Holt. Mike, Tecwyn and Doug Booker had volunteered to motor down to Bishops Castle with the baggage so we arranged to meet them in Montgomery for lunch.

In view of the windy conditions and the distance ahead of us John Futter and I led the run at a steady pace, but all too soon the younger members, who intended turning back at 12.30, came past and raised the pace. I spent the next few miles hanging onto wheels as we charged through wet, muddy lanes to Overton. As we left Ellesmere on the back road to Tetchill it began raining and the speed went up again signifying the youngsters were about to return to the Eureka Cafe leaving John, Dickie, Keith, Tony Pickles, Craig Clewley and yours truly to splash on.

On the strength of having ridden in the area twelve years previously I was elected routefinder general through the maze of lanes south of Ellesmere. Fortunately I managed to remember sufficient landmarks to guide us through without losing my way, the only mishap occurring when Keith punctured. Upon reaching the Bailey bridges across the Severn at Melverley we came to the end of my internal map and had to resort to the paper variety carried by Keith and Dickie. Our intention was to head through Westbury to Montgomery but we overshot the turn-off by a mile or so. A hurried consultation occurred at the roadside and the under the impression we had agreed the route I followed Dickie along an adjacent lane expecting the others to do likewise. Dickie stopped to check his map and I was blown along by the wind for a hundred yards before turning round, only to find Dickie had disappeared. Retracing my steps (if that is possible on a bicycle) I found no sign of the others.

It was now after one-o'clock, I was hungry and without a map so I set off in search of a shop or garage - it's surprising how far apart they are in Shropshire. Eventually I found a garage at Ford where I bought biscuits and lemonade and scanned their 10 mile to the inch map to sort a route out. For a few miles it was pleasant as, sheltered from the wind by the hedge rows I rode along eating and drinking. However, once I reached the Shrewsbury-Bishops Castle road I was riding straight into the teeth of the gale and was reduced to using 40 x 18 and 19. I recall passing a sign indicating 13 miles to go then, after what seemed an eternity, the next sign showed 9 miles left. Beyond Minsterley lies the picturesque climb up the Hope Valley. Narrow, steep sided and

winding it was partially sheltered from the wind but its steady gradient seemed to go on forever. There was no respite at the top, the wind and rain redoubled their efforts making it necessary to push hard on the pedals on the steady descent.

Finally shattered, I reached The Old Brick House, and after a shower and change of clothing settled down in front of a roaring fire to watch the second half of the rugby international on T.V. The French were giving the Welsh a very hard time, Tecwyn would take a ribbing from Dickie when they heard the score! Mike Hallgarth, who had ridden up from Bristol arrived with the others but as yet there was no sign of Peter Colligan. He made it just as the evening meal was about to be served, obviously suffering after a long, lone ride into the wind.

Eleven of us settled down around the large dining room table and enjoyed a well-earned meal of gargantuan proportions. Conversation flowed before, overfull, we retired to the lounge. Dickie and Tecwyn left to seek out the nearest pool table and after a while we joined them in the hostelry where they were more than upholding the honour of the club against the locals. A few pints and much conversation later Morpheus was becoming more insistent so we wandered back to the Old Brick Guest House, all except Mike Hallgarth looking forward to a jet-stream assisted ride back the next day. He faced 110 miles into the wind and not surprisingly was receiving little sympathy from the rest of us.

GERRY ROBINSON.

I arrived at the Eureka Cafe at 11.00 as usual to find the usual mob of Craig, John, Tian, John F, and Tony later on. We proceed to Deeside roundabout then up through Hawarden were our efforts to be first to the top were ruined by Tony who had waited at the top. We went down the hill then turned left up that trickly little hill that catches most people and then through the lanes to come out at Hope, then across and up past Ben's work and into the Talbot Arms. At the Talbot Arms were E and J Davies, H Moore, S. Twigg, B. Bird M. Twigg, B, Graham, P Whitmarsh and the one and only P. Ashley for the first time in years. Then came Ben 'in Car'. We all then left the pub all going our own little ways most people going straight home naming no names, while the rest of us carried on back to the Eureka. I have also been told to mention that the barometer reading for the weekend were down to 28 inches or 950 millions which was the lowest Tony ever had seen, although this has no significance to me.

R WILSON

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#### ANFIELDERS IN ARGYSHIRE - PART TWO

(continued from the last issue of the Circular)

The continuing exploits of Brian Bird, Bill Graham, Phil Mason, Stuart Twigg and Tecwyn Williams:-

TUESDAY 25th July - continued

Having booked by 'phone beds at the Crown Hotel the day before, we dumped our bags, abluted, then down into the lounge for dinner. Talk included the plans for the next day- the distance about eighty miles.

Breakfast over, and with Dicky navigating, we left town in totally the wrong direction.

Back on course, we took the A816 South and began to climb away from the sea. Descending back to sea level, we ran alongside a loch with it fish farms and anchorages.

Towards Glen Euchar, we passed a group of students making siesmic tests on the road. We stopped and talked to them, whils Phil made a break for it. We caught him on the descent.

On the Pass of Melfort, Tecwyn died a thousand deaths on its 1 in 10 to 1 in 6 sections, lasting for more than a mile. Moving on down the road, we passed, with great difficulty, a

heavily loaded touring cyclist wearing sandals, who seemed to climb with ease.

Brian and I broke away on the next climb, fighting for points in this ongoing stage race. Showing him a clean pair of heels. I faced some fast solo miles ahead.

Alone, and for the first real time this week, without a saddle-bag, the miles flew past. The road was remarkably quiet with very little traffic and I soon turned off towards Crinan.

Crinan is the eastward end of Crinan Canal opened by Victoria in 1847. The canal saves a 130 mile trip around the storm bound Mull of Kintyre to the Sound of Jura. Then as now the canal is little used except in summer.

Ahead on the road, I first went down the Crinan Bay, then back up the hill and down to the harbour soon to be met by the others, with Phil having turned off left alongside Loch Awe, as pre-arranged.

The harbour area has the typical Yachts Paradise and the prices echo this, with nearly seventy pence for a cup of tea. Tea? you cry! Well it makes a change.

Back on the road, we retraced our route then turned off right towards Ford and Loch Awe. At Ford, we bore left along the relatively minor route to the northern side of Lake (or Loch) Tollymore. The road was narrow and undulating, showing the results of the storm (see January issue) with many trees down. A mile further on the road turned sharp left and right and up a difficult 1 in 5. Tecwyn again died, being resurrected when we stopped for a while at a view point overlooking the Loch. Surprisingly we talked to a car born cyclist from Bunbury of all places!

Moving on, Brian and Billy were ahead when a distant rumbling could be heard. Around the corner at high speed came this large lorry. Where Brian and Billy were the road was relatively wide, but where Tecwyn and I were it was a narrow track. Sanctuary was taken in the ditch, as he had no intention on slowing down. Further on, Brian lost his tool roll, scattering its contents across the road.

Now, back on the first 'main' road for the twelve miles, this AB' road was beautifully flat for the first three of its six miles. Towards the end, a slow, gentle meandering decent covered for the most part in water after the rain, so it was more like a river than a road. With views of Ben Cruachan (3695ft) with the pass of Brander below, we were soon at Taynuilt where we stopped for a Mars bar at a petrol station. With just 10 miles left to Oban, we were advised that we could take the Glen Lonan track over to Oban. This we did.

This, like many minor roads in Scotland, was well surfaced. Soon we came to a junction where we bore right, and then left before we turned left, and in a garden we saw a fox. I occasionally see foxes in Cheshire, but this one was tethered to a tree! Perhaps a pet.

Further up the road, we stopped by a rare breeds farm and in a field besides there were a small herd of assorted rare cattle.

Riding back into Oban, we were soon back at the Hotel. After, a bath, I looked out of the window over the Bay. In the harbour was a fine barque. Along the Quay, and after dinner I made arrangements to visit her. Into Oban we went, first visiting the (in)famous 'Oban Inn', the legend of which, I had heard from a sailing friend in Chester. From there we split up and I visited the Barque.

Pointing out to the mate that if he didn't invite me below, I would notify the authorities that he was wearing his blue ensign after twenty-one hundred. Climbing aboard discussion varied from nautical matters and to serious matters such as the volume of a tot.

Back ashore we met up again and were soon back at the Hotel.

Thursday 27th

The next days outing should have taken us to Fort William, but we were advised that it would be 'shut'.

We decided on the Isle of Seil, back tracking, we climbed up to the Rare Breeds Farm again and stopped for tea.

Dickie, bought Phil, who had stayed in the Oban area, a 'Jacob Sheep' badge (see Part One).

Down the hill we turned right, past the 'tame' foxes house and instead of turning left we continued on with the rain beginning to fall, we climbed up the top of the hill with a good view of the sea and the islands considering the mist. Dropping down we soon crossed the coast road and onto the road to Seil.

Seil can be reached by crossing the Atlantic. The 'Bridge of Clachn-Seil' is also known as the 'Bridge over the Atlantic', as part of the bridge spans Seil Sound, a part of the Atlantic itself. The bridge is almost semi-circular and is believed to be built by Telford.

Moving on to Easdale, which was a slate quarry until 1881 when the quarry flooded, killing 240. This now forms a natural harbour.

Across the Sound, we found a Celtic Culture Shop, where Billy tried to find his tartan without success. Leaving this rather boring 'Jock Shop' we retraced our route then back up the main road to Oban. Entering Oban Dickie stopped at a Bakery and was mistaken for a Ecologist!

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Later that evening, in Oban, we went shopping and found Billy's tartan, one of two.

#### Friday 28th

With the train leaving at eight, we breakfasted early then onto the train. The journey home was similiar to the way up but in the opposite direction, and we were soon in Glasgow then in Crewe.

Back on Cheshire lanes we were soon in Tattenhall. I turned off to Chester and was soon home, to change, bathe and off teaching sailing for a month at Bala!

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