

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB  
(formed March 1879)

President: Harold Catling

Vice Presidents: John Futter  
Mike Twigg

Captain: Tony Pickles

Hon Secretary: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL,  
Cheshire, CH3 9QY. 0829 71033

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March 1993

No 864

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## CLUBRUNS

April	3	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	10	Forest View	Oakmere	
	17	White Horse	Churton	"7" Huntington
	24	Dysart Arms	Bunbury	
May	1	Red Lion	Eaton	
	8	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	15	Cotton Arms	Wrenbury	
	22	Royal Oak	Kinnerton	"7" Huntington
	29	Blue Bell	Tushingham	
* 31	ANFIELD	"100"	Prees (HQ)	*
June	5	Royal Oak	Bangor-on-Dee	
	12	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee
	19	Dickin Arms	Loppington	
	26	Nag's Head	Lavister	
July	3	Shrewsbury Arms	Little Budworth	
	10	The Swan	Marbury	
	17	White Horse	Churton	"7" Huntington
	24	Talbot	Cymau	

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £12.00      Junior (under 21): £6.00      Cadet: £2.00

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd  
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

Editor: David Birchall, 53 Beggarman's Lane, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire,  
WA16 9BA (Tel 05656 51593)

\* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 5 JUNE 1993 \*

## TREASURER'S REPORT

The trickle of Subscriptions for 1993 has slowed in inverse proportion to the appearance of Spring daffodils. The second batch of reminder stickers are enclosed with this Circular for those who need the further jog.

Tony Pickles - Hon Treasurer

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

E Mark Haslam, 1 Walmsley Close, Garstang, Near PRESTON, PR3 1NP  
(tel: 0995 601284)

## MARSHALLS FOR THE "100"

We need marshalls to assist with the "100": Spring Bank Holiday Monday 31 May. Could Members make themselves available for the day? Names please to Dikkie or Tony Pickles NOW.

\* John Moss anticipates a return to the UK for one month during May/June, and hopes to ride the "100". But he needs somewhere to stay. Are there any Club Members able to put him up? John has already had the offer of a bicycle, and he may need to hire a car. If you can help, contact Keith Orum (051-342-8958).

### LIFE MEMBERSHIP

At the meeting of January's Committee, it was noted that our President, Harold Catling, has reached the grand total of 50 years continuous membership of the Anfield, and it was resolved that his name be added to the list of Life Members. Harold's reply to the Hon Sec is below:

Your letter has given me great pleasure. During most of my 50 years of happy membership the salient features of our domestic calendar have been the Saturday Run, the Whitsun "100", and the Autumn Tints Weekends. It is no exaggeration to say that my leisure activities have mostly revolved round the Anfield fixtures. Happy days!

Unfortunately advancing years have eroded my cycling capability and I am no longer able to attend Clubruns without a car or train aid. Trains are not so convenient as they used to be and my sight and my responses have faded to such a degree that I dare not drive my car in poor light or heavy rain.

Thanks for your letter, and thanks to the Club for the great deal of pleasure it has given me over half a century. Carry on the good work!"

### RACING ROUND-UP

\* Elsewhere in this issue John Thompson mentions super-grimpeur Billy Graham's racing successes in the 1992 season. Billy was hiding his light under a bushel, but has kindly let us have some information for the Circular. The following rides earned Bill the VTTA Standards Plaque: Cheshire RC "50" - 2.25.06 (+15.08); M'side VTTA "30" - 1.23.56 (+8.41); Manchester VTTA

"25" - 1.08.11 (+9.00); Prescott Eagle RC "10" - 26.56 (+3.06). In addition Billy claimed 3rd h'cap in the Merseyside VTTA "25" with 1.08.19 (+8.52); and, paced by Graham Thompson, was 4th Vet on Standard in the Birkenhead Victoria CC "25" Grand Prix des Gentlemen (1.00.38). He finished the season with three Hill Climbs: Leigh RC (1400yds) 04.26 (2nd Vet), Wrexham RC (2.8ml) 13.30 (1st Vet on Standard), and Kinder RC (3.25ml) 16.20.

Bill's comment was that with three Anfield Club events, a further "10" and a "50" and 11 one-hour training sessions - "It's too flippin' 'ard!" Well the hard work reaped dividends on the Captain's Weekend between Llanarmon D.C (O.L!) and Llanrhaiadr Y.M. He was able to show the younger Anfielders, trailing in his wake, a couple of tricks about hill-climbing.

\* Chris Pudduck, Jon Sharp and Graham Thompson were our team in the Eddie Soens Memorial race at Aintree on 7 March. They finished towards the front of the bunch - Jon says you can see the top of his crash hat if you look carefully at the photograph in Cycling Weekly!

\* For our young racing men "A" levels loom. We know they will do well, and wish them good luck - and bon chance for the racing season already started which stretches well beyond exams. Can we win the 1993 WCTTA Individual + Team awards? The key dates are: 4.4.93 "25"; 18.4.93 "30"; 10.7.93 "10"; 19.9.93 "25".

Broxton, Club Hilly "14", 13 March 1993:

1. J Sharp	34.40;	2. G Thompson	35.08
3. C Pudduck	35.52;	4. J Fischer	36.17
5. I Billington	37.37;	6. A Van Winsum	37.51
7. G Catherall	40.28;	8. T Pickles	42.39
9. A Pudduck	42.53;	10. B Mountain	47.39

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NOTES

\* Wirral based Anfielders who meet at the Eureka were sorry to learn of the sad passing of Stuart Peterson of the Mersey Roads Club. Stuart was a frequent rider in the Anfield "100", and organiser of time-trialling events on Merseyside.

\* We also have to record the passing of Richard Hulse, of the Speedwell BC, in his 79th year. Richard was a cyclist of the old school, and shunned modern ways. Our most senior Members will recall that he was a regular and most welcome guest of the Anfield on many occasions. He had accumulated over 425000 miles of recorded cycling.

\* David Birchall was recently invited to a meet of the Cheshire Wheelmen, who ride Ordinaries very hard. Their HQ is the Penny Farthing Museum behind 92 King Street Knutsford. Amongst the high wheelers, we were delighted to see, immaculately displayed, an 1884 attendance medal which was awarded by the Anfield Bicycle Club to W Downes-Mills (father of G P Mills, our pioneering End-to-Enders). The Museum, run by Glynn Holding Stockdale, is worth a visit for its collection of Ordinaries and other early cycling memorabilia; and you can have a cup of tea and a cake while you browse. Definitely worth a visit.

\* A postcard from Mike Hallgarth is always worth waiting for. The most recent sent greetings from New Zealand's South Island where he and Philippa have been cycling. The picture shows Mitre Peak on Milford Sound rising sheer from the deep waters of a fiord. Mike reports that they rode some 1600 miles in a huge variety of weather from hailstones to 80 degree heat, good for moral fibre! Even the rubble roads are easily rideable with 28mm tyres, but there are large distances between stops. A write-up is promised.

\* Peru is the destination (and cycle camping the aim) for 2 of our most adventurous young riders - Rob Wilson and Ian Billington. Judging by last year's expedition (see Rob's write-up), their latest plan should prove to be an adventure second-to-none in the Anfield's long tradition.

\* Chris Edwards and Keith Orum are likely to be our next recruits to mountain biking. On the Captain's weekend, Keith was literally stunned by the climbing capabilities of his borrowed machine (above Llandrillo he was obliged to rest to recover); later the look on his face was a joy to behold - combining sheer terror with delight at the speed we descended from that most special of high Berwyn passes, the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd.

\* In the dark days of January we were pleased to hear from Alan Rogerson (who wore the ABC button until his move to deepest Lancashire some years back). Alan tells us that he is making full use of his ATB (ex the Birchall stable) in the hilly areas around his home in Blackburn, and farther afield: "I have been in the New Forest (keeping to bridleways of course) and in areas of Dorset. One of my daughters lives in the New Forest, and my brother near Weymouth. At first no one else in the Blackburn CTC had any intention of riding a mountain bike. However there is now a small section of younger members who go out on Saturdays round the Bowland Forest and Pendle areas. A few weeks ago, I joined Johnny Pardoe on a run to Monks Heath - we were both on ATBs and there were one or two others out at the venue."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ITALY THE HARD WAY

I have been asked to write something about my holiday last year in the hope that it will inspire other would be insane travellers to follow the likes of Tommo and Hallgarth. It's very difficult deciding what to write - I have a diary which I kept with me the whole journey which covers 135 pages of A3 - so I will just give you a run down of the finer points. If you need more you can ask me and I'll no doubt bore you to death for hours!

I started off on my own at 1.45am and rode with panniers, sleeping bag etc to Newhaven, arriving at about 9.30pm, a distance of 280 miles. I caught the morning ferry, after a night at the top of the cliffs, and sailed to Dieppe. The next five days riding took me 515 miles from Dieppe to Geneva via Amiens, St Quentin, Soissons, Chateau Thierry, Troyes, Dijon, and Dole. I virtually killed myself to get to Geneva just wanting to reach the mountains - and that first glimpse makes it all worthwhile. A lot of good and bad memories on that part of the journey which will stay with me for ever.

The next stage saw me meet up with Ian Billington (but no Tian!)

in Geneva Airport. What a sight for sore eyes after being on my own for ten days. The following 20 days took us 1138 miles from Geneva to Cortina in North East Italy and back. We climbed 22 passes ranging from 5 miles to 18 miles and just over 9000ft up the Stelvio Pass. For me the whole trip lasted 31 days, and I travelled a total distance of 1933 miles.

We both had one hell of a laugh and will never forget the tour. We planned the route day to day, and just camped wherever suitable unless we knew of particular sites from the year before. My favourite was camping at the end of the forest track at Interlaken. We had our own shower (waterfall) and fire with wood provided from the log stoves. I really can't say much more than this without going on for ages, but I can't emphasize the point enough that especially if you're young get out and go for it, explore the world we live in, and enjoy yourself. Build your life on experiences to remember and look forward to future adventures. It doesn't need a lot of organisation - just some common sense.

Well next stop Peru. I think this one is going to test all our resources. It has taken a bit of thinking through. But before either of us backed out we paid for the flight tickets. So if we return I'll write another note about climbing passes of 16000ft, and seeing the ruins of Machu Picchu, and sitting at the edge of Lake Titicaca at 12500ft.

Rob Wilson

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#### A BICYCLE IN WILD WALES

*The late Percy Williamson will be remembered by older members, for his links with the Anfield stretched back to 1913. His son John first featured in the Circular some 44 years ago (the August 1949 issue), when Percy described their tour of the Yorkshire Dales. John is keeping the tradition going, with the following story of his most recent tour.*

For my annual solo YH tour I had decided to take a train to South Wales then cycle back home to Prestatyn. So the tour began on an early morning train to Swansea where I boarded a fascinating one carriage train for the last stage of the journey, alongside the Towy Estuary, to Haverfordwest. I might mention I was lucky to get the bike on board, as a huge parcel occupied the one space for a bicycle. However with a little disruption and manoeuvring of panniers I breathed a sigh of relief when I was squeezed in.

I left Haverfordwest for the 20 mile ride to St Davids YH, enjoying especially the descent to Newgale Sands and the lovely village of Solva. After a look at my favourite White Sands Bay I turned in for an early night.

For night 2, I had booked into Poppit Sands YH, near Cardigan. This was not a great distance from St Davids, so I took to the lanes with the opportunity to explore Trevine and St Nicholas. Then a sharp descent into Goodwick, a walk up to Fishguard (pub lunch) and away again to Newport, Moylgrove and St Dogmaels, including some vicious hills both up and down. The hostel at Poppit Sands - few hostellers, a chalet to myself, and no snoring - is in an exhilarating position, perched on the cliff edge overlooking the broad bay of Cardigan.

Next morning it was raining, and, discovering that I had left my light raintop at home, I was obliged to mantle a heavy cape. The trouble was that for hours the rain was only light, though constant. Thus the ride through the hilly terrain to Devil's Bridge turned into a hot and sweaty business. By Lampeter I was on my knees. Lunch and a draught refreshed me prior to pushing on to Tregaron. Here the weather dried up and I began to enjoy the ride again! I had forgotten just how tough is the road from Pontrhydfendigaid to Ponterwyd on the A44, with many hair-raising descents and climbs. A timely stop at Devil's Bridge staved off the hunger knock and rallied me for the last 3 miles to Ystumtuen Hostel - at the top of a 1:4 hill! Ystumtuen is a strange ghost village which prospered on lead mines but is now eerily desolate.

King's Hostel, Dolgellau was the target for the next stage of the tour. A glorious drop down the A44 to Aberystwyth began the day, then via Bow Street (what an odd name in Wales!) on the narrow and busy main road to Machynlleth. I really enjoyed the next part of the ride from Towyn to Fairbourne where the road climbs above the seashore with a continual view of the railway below. Barmouth Bay was as blue as the sky. And so to the Hostel by the stream which rushes down from Cadair Idris.

For the homeward run, I took the road for Betwys-y-Coed. Hard going at first, through Pfestiniog, Blaenau, then the Crimea Pass and Dolwyddelan. A delightful afternoon followed. With the breeze behind, I hardly had to turn the pedals for 10 miles and more - the poetry of motion. From Betwys it was a routine run for me down the Elwy Valley towards Abergele, pushed by the wind all the way home with ease.

John Williamson

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE NRRRA: 100 YEARS OF RECORD BREAKING

*The NRRRA's book celebrating 100 years of record breaking on northern roads contains many references to Anfielders, and, of course, the ABC played a formative role in the creation, organisation and high standards set (and maintained to this day) by the Association. Our thanks are due to Alan Rogerson for the following contribution about the Anfield's epic day in 1972 when we established two new NRRRA records.*

Having read the NRRRA's book "100 Years of Cycle Record Breaking", I recall the epic day when John Moss and I went out to establish a time for 25 miles on a tandem, the distance having only just been added to the books at the 1972 AGM.

It was on 12 August 1972, and the course started at Pystyll Rhaiadr down a narrow lane to Llanrhaidr, thence to Llyncllys, Knockin, and on the A5 to finish just before Montford Bridge. Rex Austin was the timekeeper. The tandem was quite ancient and we didn't have a lot of time to "train" on it, except up and down the road between Heswall and Two Mills. We put sprint wheels on for the attempt with newly glued tubulars.

As Rex set us off at 3.00pm we made a superb starting effort but fell off sideways as the chain slipped between the cogs! It's the only time I can recall my wife laughing at any of my cycling exploits! After some confusion we had a restart at 3.15pm. The first 3 miles were all downhill on a very narrow twisting lane



with limited visibility. I was scared stiff. After Llanrhaiadr it got better, but then the rear tubular started to roll sideways (brake heat affecting tube cement?) At about 10 miles it punctured! We replaced it somewhat in panic - never having practiced a change. Remounting, we did eventually get to the finish in about 1 hour and 7 minutes! Gerry Robinson went on a solo the same day, behind us, and did about a 1.04 as I recall.

The course was devised by Allan Littlemore (who else?) who has a prolific knowledge of Welsh Border roads. The course has never been used since - the record now stands at 41.24! (on A38).

Alan Rogerson

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#### CLUBRUNS

Tattenhall, Sportsman's Arms

14 November 1992

It is some 12 months since our Editor asked me to scribe. One of those typical cold damp November days. Not raining, but moisture falling from the trees, greasy roads which saw me leave the Mills early, alone with a lanes route through Capenhurst, Backford, Croughton, Picton, and Wervin. On through Mickle Trafford and Guilden Sutton, Waverton and Egg Bridge. A signpost to Tarvin and a time check. Clearly lunch had to take priority over another loop through the magnificence of these Cheshire lanes. A turn right. Ah yes! Hoofield Hall - a blast from memory lane. Some years ago David Birchall got me covered in mud here on a roughstuff "short cut". The lane is still 12 inches deep in pure Cheshire mud. There is no doubt my age has brought with it wisdom as on this occasion I stayed relatively clean.

The ride was a recipe for reflection on 1992. Me with two time trials - both early season 25s, a "10" and "8". Was there potential to go faster? A question of mind over matter, to be proved by John Thompson's Ride of the Year with a "56" (not bad for first time under the hour). Jonathon Sharp was WCTTA Junior Champion and we collected the WCTTA Junior Team Award with Graham Thompson and Chris Pudduck. These are just a few of the individual achievements of '92. I am not allowed space to reflect everything achieved by Anfielders last year. There were many in competition, and with our ability to organise, time and marshall events - gentlemen, these are the ingredients of a great Club.

Sausage, egg and chips + 2 pints of fine ale. I sat quietly to await the conclusion of the Committee meeting when I would be permitted to speak. Those present: Bill Graham, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Ernie Davies, Herbie Moore, Colin Werner, Tony Pickles, David Birchall, Dikkie Bird, Lee Nicholls, Geraint Catherall, Keith Orum, Ben Griffiths and Jayson Rees-Hughes.

A fast ride home with Captain Pickles leading the peleton on his thoroughbred machine. My thoughts were now in anticipation: The Captain's weekend in March, and John Moss's return to the UK during May/June specifically to ride a sub-five hour "100" in the Anfield. John has been offered a low profile (Olympic gold medallist Chris Boardman's no less) for this ride and his supporters are hopeful his minutes will be in single figures.

Keith Orum

What luck - a Clubrun, some sun, no forecast of rain, and all on the same day. Even the Runcorn Bridge and ensuing expressways to Frodsham looked almost acceptable in the sunshine. Up Overton Hill, through Manley and Ashton and I was soon at Foxcote Manor. Inside enjoying refreshments and the glow of a warm fire were Ernie Davies, Dikkie Bird, Mike + Stuart Twigg, Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham, Jon Sharp, Graham Thompson, Geraint Catherall, David Bassett (nice to see Tadger on Clubruns again), James Fischer, Alan Orme, David Birchall and Pete Colligan.

Because of the "Ferry cross the Mersey" situation, I declined Ben's offer to ride with the bunch to the Mills. Instead I accompanied David Birchall and Alan Orme through quiet lanes to Manley Bank, on through Delamere Forest to Crowton, from where we went our separate ways home.

Pete Colligan

Tattenhall, Sportsman's Arms

12 December 1992

A full complement of two from the Knutsford Branch set off early for Clubrun and Committee Meeting. David Birchall selected his ATB to negotiate his version of "the Winsford bypass". This is a rutted stony track with many deep potholes, totally unsuited to my precocious Peugeot. Recovering from a severe bone shaking, we proceeded to Whitegate, Little Budworth, Eaton, Tarporley and onwards to Beeston Castle from a northerly direction on a glorious bright winter morning. The Castle and Peckforton Hills contrasted beautifully against the flatness of the surrounding area, typically Cheshire.

This was my first experience of an Anfield Committee meeting. There appeared to be no start and no finish, just a middle. The meeting was made all the more unusual with contributions from two canine members - one with a broken leg and the other with severe wind (an ill one at that!).

The ride back took a similar route to Tarporley, where I found that it always pays to undo your toe-straps as you approach a junction. My fall was quite majestic but my ego was not quite so polished as I hit the ground in front of two ladies crossing the road.

More problems later along the Whitegate Way. This takes the route of a disused railway track suited for horses and ATBs, but not my Peugeot. Apparently my earlier fall had disturbed a wing nut securing the front mudguard stay, which was finally unseated by the bumpy ride. A diversion was required for emergency repairs. Birchall sought out an old motorbike shop owned by a middle aged Hell's Angel who rummaged round for bolt and screw to fix the offending part. Onwards to Middlewich and Knutsford, saddle sore and a little wiser. Never trust a mountain biker.

Alan Orme

Barrow, White Horse

19 December 1992

The morning started sunny but with a hard frost on the ground. I set off with the intention of bringing my annual mileage into treble figures, via Piper's Ash. The new "hill" on the Belle View Lane was very slippery indeed, so caution was the name of the game. Rather than risk the ice-bound lanes, I decided to turn towards



Vicar's Cross golf course and ride the main road towards Stamford Bridge, then up the hill to the pub.

Inside was Dikkie Bird who had apparently come off on the ice and impaled himself on a FAG bottom bracket tool that he was carrying in his pocket. Shortly afterwards, Dave Birchall arrived, himself also a member of the Anfield Horizontal Cycling Club [not recommended - when you're a vet you don't bounce - Ed].

Punctures dogged the Wirral contingent (Jon Sharp, Geraint, Jayson Hughes and James Fischer). Their arrival was followed by Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Peter Colligan and Billy Graham.

Stuart Twigg

Mouldsworth, The Goshawk

26 December 1992

The Eureka was closed, so I had to ride all the way without a break (it's all of 16 miles direct). It was only 11 o'clock when I arrived at the Goshawk, so I went for a ride through Delamere Forest and Norley, where the Bettaney motor passed me. Dave was also early and having a run through the forest (the easy way).

When I did get to the Goshawk, I found the room full of Bettaneys and Whitmarshs (must have been about fourteen in all). At the bar I spotted Bill Barnes. He was with his wife, two daughters, mum and dad and sister. Bill now lives in Devon and rides a tandem with the other two girls in a trailer (that sounds like very hard training!). Also out were Jon, Geof and Viv Sharp, Ben Griffiths, Rob Wilson, Brian Bird and Charlotte, Bill Graham, and Ian Billington.

Ben Griffiths

Farndon, Nag's Head

2 January 1993

What a wonderful tradition the Anfield Saturday Clubrun is! A meet which brings together cyclists at different levels of fitness, by differing routes, through both social and racing seasons.

Like, I expect, other Anfieldland emigres, I miss these outings and if at all possible my trips to the Wirral include a clubrun attendance. This time I wondered if the chilling easterly and fog would deter others. No need to worry, my arrival at the Nag's Head coincided with the fit looking and dashing "youth squad" comprising Lee Nicholls, Geraint Catherall, Jon Sharp, Ian Billington, Graham Thompson, Rob Wilson, Puddock brothers Chris and Alex and sister Imogen, and James Fischer. Already ensconced were Tecwyn Williams, Colin Werner, David Birchall, Ernie Davies, Mike Twigg, Tony Pickles, Billy Graham, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Dikkie Bird with his brother Andrew. Quite a turn out!

As always discussions were wide ranging. It seems that "Look" type pedals are becoming standard. The Editor even has them on his mountain bike. Can we survive without toestraps? They have so many uses. Perhaps straps will survive the demise of the clip. On a more serious note, I learnt that another member has been the victim of dangerous driving. This time it was our super-grimpeur Billy Graham. He seemed, I am pleased to report, completely recovered, replete with brand new pulsemeter care of Father Christmas.

Before breaking up Jon Sharp was presented with the Stephenson award in recognition of another fine racing season. Jon has set the pace for the new generation of racing men, but now he has some real competition. The rivalry and potential for quality group training should bring out big improvements in '93, and this old man from the south won't give up without a fight.

John Thompson

Beeston, Beeston Castle Hotel

16 January 1993

It promised to be quite a pleasant day, despite the very high winds. Leaving Wrexham, I turned left at the Greyhound Island and rode down a thorn infested Bryn Estyn Lane, crossing the Trading Estate into Frances Lane (which leads almost into Farndon) without encountering any traffic at all. Then another quiet road to Churton where I turned into Pump Lane (an appropriate route for a cyclist?), but as I approached the Chester - Whitechurch road the journey became increasingly bumpy. I had a flat!

Knowing that Ernest would be along quite soon (in the car) I decided NOT to attempt changing the innertube, doubting whether or not I should ever get the back wheel in again - so I started to WALK towards Tattenhall. A white car approached - driver Brian Bird. Much frantic waving of arms - he waved back but did not stop. So in Tattenhall I rested; pumped up the tyre, and, alleluia, it stayed up! Now I was belting along with a very strong tail, feeling like a latter day Beryl Burton, but all was not well. Very soon the tyre was extremely soft, and, horrors, the pump would not work. Along came the white car again and this time Dikkie did stop to help a damsel in distress. He declared my pump U.S. and said he would detail Ernest to my rescue, if I had not arrived at the venue within the next ten minutes. So reluctantly for the rest of the day I was "car assisted".

Already tucking into extremely large proportioned lunches were Mike Twigg and wife Pat, David Birchall and Alan Orme and my messenger Dikkie. A great clash of colour as the younger section arrived - Jon Sharp, Graham Thompson, Rob Wilson, Chris Pudduck, James Fischer and Antony Blundell. Well most of them were young but Messrs Griffiths and Graham had sneaked in under cover! How they managed to ride home after those lunches I shall never know. And how I should have arrived home I shall never know, into the teeth of such a strong gale force wind - but I had the good excuse to shove the bike into the car, and take the easy way out - a privilege of old age! Thank you Anfielders for making a woman cyclist so welcome.

Joan Davies

Tattenhall, The Sportsman's Arms

23 January 1993

The 23 January and at 11.00am, it was still raining. Jonathon, Rob Wilson, Ian Billington, Graham Thompson, Chris Pudduck and I set off for Tattenhall taking our usual route through the lanes around Chester Zoo. Even with mudguards we still seemed to wear most of the mud. Everyone was cold wet and miserable. Not to worry as passing from the other direction was Ben Griffiths and Billy Graham to cheer us up. I don't know about the rest of the lads but I didn't feel too good and contemplated turning back with the usual excuse of "too much homework!" But I decided that it was about time I gave my legs a good workout.

On arriving in Tattenhall, Jonathon won the obligatory sprint and we parked our bikes outside the Sportsman's Arms where a large turnout of Anfielders was present. In addition to those already mentioned were Herbie, Ernie Davies, Stuart Twigg, Dikkie, Colin Werner, Craig Clewley, Tecwyn, John Futter and David Birchall.

Two cheese sandwiches later we were all ready to go home. How much do I hate going out of the warmth of a pub into the wind and rain? To cheer us up we sang songs all the way home and shouted "all for one and one for all!" There was plenty of fun and games, with the wind in "Abdu" Chris Pudduck's hair he was determined to crash. He didn't manage it this time. Oh well, there's always next week Chris!

James Fischer

Shocklach, The Bull

6 February 1993

"Anfielders galore, bikes by the dozen and loud laughter from within". We almost overwhelmed The Bull, but they rose to the occasion with good food and not a bad pint either. Those present (with apologies for any names missed): Dikkie, Mike Twigg, Ernie, Herbie, Alan Orme, Tecwyn Williams, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Ben Mountain, Tony Pickles, Billy Graham, Ben Griffiths, Arthur James (recovering from a virus), Chris + Alex Pudduck, Jon Sharp, Graham Thompson, James Fischer, Antony Blundell, Geraint Catherall, Ian Billington, Jayson Hughes, and David Birchall.

DDB

Llanfynydd, Cross Keys

13 February 1993

I arrived at the Eureka to find a good crowd waiting all looking very fit: Chris Pudduck, Graham Thompson, Antony Blundell, James Fischer, Geof Sharp, Jason Rees-Hughes and Imogen Pudduck. We were soon away - Geof decided not to join us. We went very quickly through Queensferry and Hawarden with me catching an occasional glimpse of the bunch in the distance. When I got to Cymau I met Jason going home (no he hadn't had a meal), but at the Cross keys the lads were eating.

Also present were David Birchall, Colin Werner, Stuart Twigg, Bill Graham, Craig Clewley, Tony Pickles, John Futter, Geraint Catherall, Mike Twigg, Brian Bird, Tecwyn Williams, Ernie and Joan Davies, Herbie Moore. We were also very pleased to see John Williamson making one of his all too rare appearances. I hope I have got everyone down, as I had to leave early as I was working in the afternoon - that saved me getting dropped on the return.

Ben Griffiths

Eyton, Fox and Hounds

20 February 1993

It's a guessing game finding this place on the map. Keith Orum did the best ride, with a round the world route into the wind, via Guilden Sutton, Tattenhall, Shocklach and Worthenbury. Present: Billy Graham, John Futter, Geraint Catherall, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Herbie, Ben Mountain, Tony Pickles, Dikkie, Antony Blundell, Ben Griffiths and David Birchall. A fast return was the reward for the hard morning with the wind behind and company as far as Threapwood.

DDB

After a car journey to Bala the roadmen met the mountain bike crew in the carpark at 9.30am and by 9.45 we were away.

The roadmen (Alan Orme, John Futter, Craig Clewley, Geraint Catherall, and Tony Pickles) set out to "do the Hirnant Pass". Alan was on his first "Captain's", and we took great delight in terrifying him with tales of previous tours. The ride to the Hirnant Pass was pleasant with sunshine and no cars to trouble us. At the corner of the valley I distracted Alan's gaze to the snow on the hill tops. When we looked forward again, all I heard, muttered under his breath, was "we don't go up there do we?" The climb was as bad as ever, I'm sure it gets harder every year, but the descent to Vyrnwy makes up for it.

We rode down the busy side of the lake to the dam where, as it was too early for lunch, we elected for a cup of tea instead, and a study of the map. We would head towards Penybontfawr, and stop as and when we needed refuelling. We reached Llanrhaeadr-ym-Mochnant. After a lap of the village the Three Tuns Inn looked favourite. We were greeted by the landlady and had excellent steak and kidney pies for only £3 - orange squash was 10p - a likely place for a summer Clubrun?

After lunch a circular route back to Penybontfawr then up the Milltir Gerrig and down to Bala. The front runners went straight back - but John Futter and I did the full route round the lake. The Anfield's lucky thirteen sat down to dinner (augmented by Colin Werner, having ridden direct, and Paul Ashley by car).

Sunday and it was a homeward ride for Messrs Werner, Edwards, Graham and Catherall. For the others it was down to Dolgellau then pedal power up to the Cross Foxes, a lovely downhill ride to the base of Cadair Idris, along the valley floor to Tywyn then along the coast road to Fairbourne and back to Dolgellau to load the cars ready for the journey home after a stop at the George IV or seventh or eighth - it had been a hilly weekend.

The mountain bikers (Bassett, Wilson, Orum and Birchall) had their own mad plans for the weekend. Their route on Saturday led to Llandrillo and the climb up the old track to "Wayfarer's" Memorial at the top of Nant Rhyd Wilym. Then they flew down the valley for lunch at the West Arms (it now has "Wayfarer's" bar - what would Robinson have thought of that?) There they found Bill Graham and Chris Edwards who had made their separate ways to join the party for lunch.

They started the afternoon session together by climbing the steep hill out of the village. Then Bill and Chris took the lanes to Vyrnwy, Cwm Eunant and the Bwlch y Groes leaving the mountain men to the snowfields of the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd. The descent to the Dee Valley via the ancient Sarn Gam Elin was taken faster than any Anfielder has ever done before. For the last few miles to Bala, a misty full moon rising over the Berwyn ridge kept the party company. On Sunday the mountain bikes were high in the hills above the Mawddach exploring old coaching routes over Llawlech above Bontddu. Then to the lunchtime rendez-vous with the roadmen at Penmaenpool and so home. An excellent weekend.

Tony Pickles

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB  
(formed March 1879)

President: Harold Catling

Vice Presidents: John Futter  
Mike Twigg

Captain: Tony Pickles

Hon Secretary: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL,  
Cheshire, CH3 9QY. 0829 71033

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June 1993

No 865

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## CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

July	3	Shrewsbury Arms	Little Budworth
	10	The Swan	Marbury
	17	White Horse	Churton "7" Huntington
	24	Talbot	Cymau
	31	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall Committee
August	7	Cross Keys	Llanfynydd
	14	The Swan	Marbury
	21	Royal Oak	Kinnerton "7" Huntington
	28	Dysart Arms	Bunbury
September	4	Hanmer Arms	Hanmer Committee
	11	Liver Inn	Llandegla
	18	The Crown	Swan Green, Lower Peover
	25	Rose and Crown	Graianrhyd
October	2	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall
		* ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING *	
	9	Druids	Pontblyddyn
	16	Goshawk	Mouldsworth

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £12.00      Junior (under 21): £6.00      Cadet: £2.00

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd  
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

Editor: David Birchall, 53 Beggarman's Lane, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire,  
WA16 9BA (Tel 05656 51593)

\* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 4 SEPTEMBER 1993 \*



## NEW MEMBERS

Full: Glynn Houlding Stockdale, "Woodend", Pepper Street,  
Snelson, CHELFORD, Cheshire SK11 9BG. Tel: Chelford  
(0625) 861280  
Junior: Adam Birchall, 53 Beggarman's Lane, KNUTSFORD,  
Cheshire WA16 9BA

## OBITUARY: John Ridgeway Walton

John Ridgeway Walton, a dweller in the SE Lancashire / NE Cheshire area, joined us in 1929. During the 1930s he was a regular attender on our Alternative Runs and a keen racing man, competing as a happy rider in Club Events though without striking success. In those days Anfielders figured high in the annual Best All-Rounder lists. Jack was not of that calibre but at least took a Third Handicap Award in a Club "50" in 1932, and he was a very good companion.

In 1939 his work took him to Skipton in Yorkshire and understandably his attendances at Club Runs became less frequent. My last memory of Jack was riding homewards after one of our monthly visits to the Red Lion at Goostrey in the 1940s. From time to time during the fifty or so years since that last personable contact with Jack I have thought of making a pilgrimage into the county of broad acres to renew our acquaintance, but, alas, it is now too late. Jack was proud to be a loyal Anfielder and we were delighted when he paid the Autumn Tints party a visit when we ventured north to Sedbergh in 1984. To his wife Susie and his family we extend the Club's sincere sympathy in their loss.

Harold Catling

AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND..... Knighton is the frontrunner for this year's expedition if the Hotel passes muster and the terms are right. First weekend 5 - 7 November is proposed. Names to Tecwyn Williams please.

## RACING ROUND-UP

\* Congratulations, somewhat belated, to Jonathan Sharp who now holds the Club Junior "10" miles Record with a ride of 22.48 in the Seacroft Wheelers CC event last 12 September 1992 - a full 3 seconds faster than Jayson Hughes in 1988.

\* In the Junior Merseyside Divisional Championship road race (6 June) - 3 tough laps of the Delamere circuit which includes Kelsall and Overton Hills - Graham Thompson was overhauled by Andrew Martin (Prescot Eagle RC-Atlas) in the sprint for the line, finishing the 51 mile race in the same time (2.23.01). Our correspondent tells us that Rob Wilson rode in the senior race (6 laps 102 miles) and finished in the bunch.

\* The Anfield figured prominently in the 18 April West Cheshire TTCA "30" on the Broxton - Chester course; with John Futter Event Sec, Mike Twigg Start Steward and Ben Griffiths Handicapper. The event was won by Mike Bigmore (New Brighton CC-Barlo) with 1.11.28. Jon Sharp was third with 1.12.41 and Graham Thompson (Fastest Junior) fourth with 1.13.27. Keith Orum's very useful ride of 1.20.08 was good enough to give the Anfield the Team prize.

\* Chris Pudduck has been living up to his nickname "Abdu" by breaking a wrist in a fall while riding to the Eureka recently. He was certainly fit again for the 2nd Club "7", and close on the wheels of Jon Sharp and Graham Thompson - who are both sub-hour "25" men now.

\* A revised edition of the Club Handbook is in preparation, but before committing it to print we would like to be sure that information on Club Records is up-to-date. Please advise of changes. Current records for bicycle are as below:

### CLUB RECORDS

#### BICYCLE

10 miles	1993	Chris Shorter	21-57
25 miles	1984	Brian Whitmarsh	55-02
30 miles	1980	Brian Whitmarsh	1-08-49
50 miles	1978	John Whelan	1-49-41
100 miles	1987	John Whelan	4-08-11
12 hours	1953	Bren Orrell	245.11
24 Hours	1985	John Thompson	439.53

#### JUNIOR

10 miles	1992	Jonathan Sharp	22-46
25 miles	1980	Simon Coqan	56-35

#### CADET (under 16)

10 miles	1987	Jayson Hughes	24-39
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#### CADET (under 15)

10 miles	1986	Jayson Hughes	25-44
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#### CADET (under 14)

10 miles	To be claimed
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#### NOTES

\* The Clubrun on 18 September is to The Crown Inn, Swan Green, near Lower Peover. It stands at the junction of the road from Lach Dennis and the B5081 from Middlewich to Knutsford. After lunch, Captain Pickles will escort members to the yard behind 92 King Street for 2.15pm from where he hopes to ride a Penny - likely to be in Tatton Park.

\* A second date to remember is 16 October - Stan Wild will be on home ground that day, and attending the Clubrun which we have arranged to The Goshawk, Mouldsworth. We meet at about 1230hrs! A Club photograph will follow lunch.

\* After a sterling effort in the drinks team at the "100" young Ben (Mountain) has put himself well and truly out of action by cracking his ankle while skateboarding. Tony Pickles reports that the lad will be up to his knee in plaster for 4 to 6 weeks.

\* Bill Graham has also been out of circulation recently with a spell in hospital and a couple of ops. We are pleased to report he is back on the road again looking as fit and healthy as ever!

\* Overheard at a recent Clubrun - a challenge and a wager, both recorded in the Captain's log. First the challenge: that the renowned Member will compete in a twelve hour event; and the wager: he will receive (from an equally celebrated Member) one free pint for every mile over 225; *CONVERSELY*, for every mile under..... Fortunately for both, no requirement as to the year was stipulated.

\* "Le Tour" crosses the Channel next year, and the proposal is that we organise a Club expedition to watch the event.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB LONG DISTANCE SHIELD

*At the Committee meeting on 27 February, attention was drawn to the Museum of early bicycles in Knutsford, and that it might be an appropriate place to display the Club's Long Distance Shield. Preferring that such an important item of the Club's history remain in the care of a Club member, the Committee therefore invited Glynn Houlding Stockdale who owns the Museum to become a Member. We are pleased to say that Glynn has joined us and by so doing has re-established a link with the Anfield traceable to one of our founders - the Liverpool brewer John Houlding (President in 1882 and 1883) in one of whose hotels (the Sandon) our earliest meetings were held. The Shield is now on loan and well displayed in the Museum - 92 King Street Knutsford. The following is a short history of the Shield which will also appear in the "Boneshaker", the magazine of the Veteran Cycling Club.*

The Long Distance Shield was purchased by the Club in 1884, to record the best performances of Anfielders. A picture of the Shield forms the frontispiece of the "Black Anfielders". [If you have not got a copy let me know - but hurry: stocks are low.]

The centrepiece of the Shield is a picture. It is in part a faithful copy of a contemporary print (1880) on the topic "the bicyclist and the law" which depicts a policeman, watched by startled onlookers, chasing a rider on a penny farthing scorching along the highway, with ducks and fowl flying to right and left. The Anfield version could be an allegory - replacing the onlookers and policeman with two additional high wheelers and an outpaced dog! And the central bicyclist may possibly be a caricature of Lawrence Fletcher, one of our founder members. The Shield is set in a deep rectangular frame, around the sides of which space is provided for the names of members and their rides.

In the three years 1884 to 1886 some 55 long distance rides on "ordinary" bicycles (ie "penny farthings") and their three-wheeled equivalents were engraved on the Shield. The epic story of endeavour and comradeship behind the names and rides is hinted at in the Club's Annual Reports of the time.

The 5th Report (1884) spelt out the terms for getting your name on the Shield:

*"every time Members succeed in covering 24 consecutive hours on the road, 150 miles or upwards on a tricycle, 200 miles or upwards on a bicycle or tandem tricycle, they will be entitled to have their performances recorded on the Long Distance shield."*

In 1884 despite much activity only two riders, Lawrence Fletcher and J C Robinson, qualified, securing two "Long Distance 24 Hours' Road Records for Lancashire riders". Lawrence Fletcher's ride from London to York gave the Club possession of the bicycle record with 211 miles. Mr J C Robinson earned the tricycle record with 161 miles for a ride from Liverpool to Tamworth and back to Warrington on 6 September 1884. The Report describes the Club's activities on this day as follows:

*"The 24 Hours' Road Ride to Tamworth (tricycle) and Coventry (bicycle), on the 6th September, was, in spite of the continuous and heavy rain, contested by 21 Members, with the following results:- G B Mercer and C E Stoker each 161 miles (bicycle), and J C Robinson 161 miles (tricycle), each of these gentlemen receiving a gold medal."*

With pride, our 6th Annual Report (for 1885) announced that "Long Distance Road Riding has been the feature of the year, and the performances of a large number of the members have undoubtedly placed the Anfield in the proud position of being the best riding club in the Kingdom". At the end of the year a further 19 Bicycle and 6 Tricycle rides were engraved; and George Pilkington Mills, one of the greatest long distance riders, was amongst them.

For the 1886 season the Committee agreed to allow other than 24 hour rides to be recorded on the Shield. At the end of the year, added to the Shield were a further 20 rides by bicycle, 5 by tricycle and 3 by tandem tricycle. George Pilkington Mills was pre-eminent with 7 bicycle rides, 1 tricycle ride and two (out of three) tandem tricycle records to his credit. What rides they were! Land's End to John O'Groats, 865 miles in 5 days 1 hour 45 minutes - bicycle record (July 5-10th); and 5 days 10 hours - tricycle record (August 16-21st). Also in August he secured the 24 hours bicycle record - 268.5 miles, and then beat it with 295 miles in October. He added the 100 miles bicycle record to his tally, and tandem tricycle records at 50 and 100 miles.

With the close of the 1886 season so the engraving of rides ends. Nothing further was added to the Shield, though the Rule entitling qualifying members to have their names and rides engraved was not dropped until after the 1891 season.

It is difficult to piece together what happened following the highly successful 1886 season, since the early minutes and Annual Reports for two key years (1887 and 1888) are, regrettably, lost. We know that at the start of 1886 the Club moved to larger and more central headquarters (36 Bedford Street North, Liverpool - Liverpool University's Montford Hall now occupies the area), but relinquished the tenancy in 1888. ["The Cycling Magazine" (January 1893) observed that the Club abandoned the lease on its premises - " a number of the older members having moved from the neighbourhood, and the membership becoming more scattered".]

We know too that, though the Club entered 1887 with an active Membership of 82 (and a much larger and mixed Honorary Membership), by the end of 1888, numbers had dropped to 45. Nevertheless, the Secretary's report for 1889 indicated a successful season's riding in which 56 active Members participated in 51 Club Runs, an Easter Tour to Bettwys-y-Coed, and a racing programme which included 100 and 50 mile races; but he regretted the lack of interest in long distance riding.

With nowhere permanent to display the Shield, Membership numbers down, and long distance riding temporarily neglected (except by Artie Bennett and C E Thompson), is it possible that the Long Distance Shield was entrusted to safe-keeping pending a resurgence of activity? If so, the Club did not have long to wait, and the resurgence was dramatic: in 1890 the Bootle Bicycle Club joined forces with us. The 11th Report (1890) refers to this event as follows:

*"The rapid development of the Club has been unprecedented during the past few months, and, terminating as it has done with the amalgamation of the old and widely respected Bootle Bicycle Club with ourselves, your Committee cannot but feel that its efforts have placed the Club in a position as satisfactory as it is unique."*

The amalgamation introduced new members - by the end of 1890 our active Membership stood at 101. With the influx of new members, long distance riding received a new lease of life "aided by the advent of the Pneumatic Tyre", and the development of the "Safety" bicycle. The Rules governing prizes and competition were revised: nothing unusual in that - the Club's rules are the subject of gradual change to this day - but Rule 2 relating to the Long Distance Shield was dropped at the end of the 1891 Season. Although the Shield was acknowledged in the Annual Balance Sheet, as an asset of the Club - further names and rides were never added to those engraved in the epic years.

David Birchall

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NEW ZEALAND - THE MOLESWORTH EXPERIENCE

The track just leapt out of the map of South Island, New Zealand. The prospect of over 170 miles of rough track with no apparent habitation drew the spirit of adventure simply because there was no reference to it in any of the guide books. For 6 months before setting wheel in the country I could only refer to it as "the track between Hanmer Springs and Seddon rather than its correct name of the Molesworth Track.

New Zealand has long been ideal cycle-touring country. Similar in size to Britain, yet with just 3 million people, it has relatively traffic free roads, and touring requires little planning. In early December Philippa and I arrived at Auckland airport for an extended holiday.

The first evening's work involved trying to straighten my back wheel, the rim of which had been badly damaged on the flight, but the next day we rode 65 miles around the base of one of North Island's volcanoes in glorious hot sunshine.

New Zealand is as far south of the Equator as North Africa is north, so we were surprised that the next few days brought a mixture of hot sun, hail, thunder, lightning and snow as we worked our way down South Island to Christchurch. There followed a long coach trip to Te Anau in the far south-west and a couple of marvellous day trips to Milford Sound and Doubtful Sound in Fiordland. Boat trips saw us a few feet away from 3000ft cliff faces and surrounded by 6000ft peaks. Dolphins followed us in crystal-clear blue water. Cameras were fired off like machine



guns to record a memory of a lifetime.

Christmas Eve saw us back on the bikes riding 20 miles of tarmac followed by 55 miles of rough track. At the start of the track two cyclists gave a time for the last ferry across Lake Wakatipu to Queenstown and so the last few miles were ridden flat out to meet the deadline. After 50 miles of rough track an enormous black bull tried to block our way, but we sprinted past to arrive at the ferry - with 2 hours to spare! (wrongly advised). The SS Earnshaw is a magnificent steam ship built in the early years of the century to service outlying farmsteads on the lake prior to the road being built and now remains as a tourist attraction with a grand piano to sing along to!

Christmas Day started with a huge climb from Queenstown to the top of the Crown Range followed by a gravel road with a surface too difficult to ride at more than 5 mph - rather like riding along the beach. Over the next few days we traversed the Haast Pass to the west coast and through beautiful dense rain-forests, past driftwood covered beaches with very rough seas stretching all the way to Antarctica. A day walk up Fox Glacier then we were back to Christchurch via Arthur's Pass through dense mist and rain. On these three days we passed many mountain-bikers who had been wrongly advised on their choice of machine, struggling along on their hightech heavyweights. As Youth and Backpacker Hostels were numerous we had decided not to bring camping gear which would have cost us perhaps 10 miles a day. We also found Michelin 28mm tyres perfect for even the roughest tracks.

From Christchurch we again headed south - this time to Mount Cook YH via Lake Tekapo the water of which is a beautiful turquoise from the suspension of glacial grit. Two days of bad weather meant our view of Mount Cook was restricted to just a few minutes and we shared the hostel with dozens of climbers waiting for the rain to stop. Some of the climbers had travelled from Australia just to climb the highest peak in Australasia and had to return home to await another year. A few years ago some climbers about to make the final ascent witnessed and filmed some 60 feet break away from the peak and crash to the valley floor below.

Back to Queenstown to wave farewell to Philippa (even a full year's holiday quota plus maximum flexitime has its limits!). Then I retraced to the west coast and Hanmer Springs.

Now for the Molesworth Track: open to the public for only two months of the year; 117 miles to the nearest accommodation (with a rough track for the first 97 miles); motorists advised to allow 2 days and camp as a single day would be "very straining"! Magazine articles presented 2 or 3 day mountain bike camping trips as great epics, implying that no other machine could complete such an arduous route. The gauntlet had been thrown down and I picked it up in true Anfield spirit. Even a late discovery that the already badly damaged back rim had now begun to split under the wear from rather abrasive brake blocks did not deter.

At 5.30am I set off in glorious sunshine up Jollies Pass around Mt Isobel. This was a mistake as the alternative Jack's Pass is apparently much better. After the first hour I had covered just 3.1 miles! After this the track was rideable though on one section - Isolated Flat - the surface was so bad that an hour's run gave only 6 miles. The entire route is made up of sections divided by small passes. The views from the tops were tremendous.

It was a glorious day's ride with virtually no traffic and splendid scenery, but the jarring effect of such a long ride on rubble took its toll demanding constant concentration on the immediate next few yards. On some bends the entire track was cambered so that at slow speeds I found myself inching sideways towards the inside edge of the track and a two foot ditch. This meant frequent manhandling of the bike to the upper edge of the track before continuing. As the long day progressed the sun became hotter and hotter and my watch and mileometer constantly reminded there must be no let up. Photo stops were kept to the minimum - and on those rare occasions it was wonderful to experience the silence. There were few trees and bushes and most of the scenery consisted of lush grassy hillsides and the ever present Awatere River. Molesworth Station was about half way - now the centre of the largest sheep farm in New Zealand.

After 97 miles I emerged on to tarmac and 20 miles later arrived in Seddon, where the only accommodation was an old shed on a campsite. This had a bunk and along with dozens of spiders I sank into a well-earned sleep! Over the next few days I crossed to North island and via Coromandel Peninsula back to Auckland airport. 2000 miles of some of the best cycling country in the world. Fantastic!

Mike Hallgarth

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CLUBRUNS

Club Hilly "14" [\*] and Tilston, Fox and Hounds - 13 March 1993

The gods were playing games with us this beautiful Spring day. Temporary traffic lights on the Alford - Churton road nearly put paid to the event - but in the nick of time they were switched off and dismantled! Then no food at the lunch venue, nor the substitute.

After visiting Deeside Cycles in the morning to buy a new set of tights and a chain, I set out via Christleton Island towards Broxton. I met at this point Alex and Imogen Puddock who I led up to Waverton. There I turned right towards Saughton where my chain started to slip (should have changed it!) and then on to Bruera to marshal.

Prior to the riders arriving I leant against the bike in the sun. After the riders passed through, I rode into the wind towards Tilston. The Fox and Hounds was not serving food, so we went across the road to the Carden Arms also not serving food.

Stuart Twigg

[\* See March Circular for results]

Hanmer Arms, Hanmer

-

27 March 1993

I rode out to the Mills with Antony Blundell where we were joined by John Thompson making a rare appearance now he is based near Bath. We went very quickly through Chester to Farndon into a headwind and arrived early to find Geraint Catherall waiting. We were later joined by the rest of the Anfield rabble including Tecwyn Williams, Ernie and Joan Davies, Dikkii Bird, Craig Clewley, Mike and Stuart Twigg, David Birchall, Alan Gummerson and a very suntanned Ben Griffiths just back from two weeks

riding in the Algarve.

After the usual pint of orange and sandwiches, or pie and chips in some people's cases, we set off on the return journey with John trying to take us on a different route to which we had come. Ben was eager to show us what he had learned on holiday as he shot away with about 4 miles to go. We set about catching him but he was obviously going like a train. I just managed to pass him about 100 yards before the Eureka. Better luck next time Ben!

When I arrived home I had recorded 99 miles so I rode round the block for the century, rounding off a very enjoyable (and exhausting!) day.

Chris Pudduck

Forest View, Oakmere

10 April 1993

A lovely Spring day this Easter Saturday. My route led through Great Budworth, past the Spinner and Bergamot at Comberbach, over the Weaver at Acton Bridge, then up the hill to Crowton and so to our meeting place on the edge of Delamere Forest.

Mike and Stuart Twigg were already in possession. Colin Werner, Tony Pickles, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Paul Ashley, Ben Mountain, Bill Graham, and Lee Nichols climbed Kelsall Hill and so completed the party.

Some exploring of new paths was in prospect after lunch with the Whitegate Way -the former Cuddington to Winsford branch line - providing some seven miles of enjoyable traffic free riding.

1st Club "7" and The White Horse, Churton - 17 April 1993

Alan Orme accompanied by his two youngsters Simon and Richard provided transport across Cheshire to Huntington for the start of the first "7" of the year. Ernie Davies, John Futter and Stuart Twigg covered timekeeping, start and finish needs. Photography at Saughton occupied David Birchall followed by a ride in the company of Mike Twigg to Churton. In the White Horse, Herbie Moore, Bill Graham, and Arthur James joined the fray, which also included Tony Pickles, Ben Mountain and Colin Werner, Jonathan Sharp, Ian Billington, Geraint Catherall and Imogen Pudduck (but where were her brothers? - she said they had no excuses).

Result (1st Club "7"):

1 (Tied)	Ian Billington and Jon Sharp	17.20;
3.	Geraint Catherall 18.18;	4. Ben Griffiths 18.58;
5.	Colin Werner 19.05;	6. Tony Pickles 19.32;
7.	Ben Mountain 21.15;	8. Imogen Pudduck 21.17.

Dysart Arms, Bunbury

24 April 1993

A good turn out to this C18 house next to the medieval church, in deepest rural Cheshire. Messrs Orum, Futter, Werner, Bird, Williams, both Twiggs, Pickles, Mountain, Graham, Birchall, Nichols, Catherall, and Griffiths held counsel in comfortable surroundings, where much was made of "12" hour aspirations...

A depleted Sychdyn team of Geraint and myself left for the Clubrun. We decided to leave down the Wrexham Road to Farndon. Geraint was forcing me faster and faster as he half wheeled there - 15 miles from home and our average speed was still above 20mph. Up the Clutton Bank and to Tattenhall and Huxley. Down Corkscrew Lane to the Bull at Clotton, then the main road to Tarpurley. At the roundabout it was up, and I mean up, over the top - then downhill into Eaton.

A small band of Anfielders gathered here, the youngsters were absent so we old uns of Dikkii, Tecwyn, Bill Graham and David Birchall ruled the roost. And what did the youngsters miss? They will have to ask those connoisseurs of the fair sex, Dikkii and Tecwyn who will reply with a collective sigh.

Bill, Geraint and I headed for the Welsh Hills via Utkinton, Duddon and the Pack Horse Bridges into Christleton. Geraint again set the pace down the bypass. Bill dropped off in Kinnerton leaving me to struggle home in Geraint's wake. A hard ride but well worth it - my legs were still sore on Sunday!

Tony Pickles

Cotton Arms, Wrenbury

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15 May 1993

Dikkii Bird picked me up at Farndon on that lovely Saturday morning and with the wind behind we made good pace into the sun towards Tilston and Malpas crossing the A41 at No Man's Heath and again the A49 at Bickley Moss towards Wrenbury. The lanes with their tall overgrown hedges, with colourful wild flowers looked beautiful in the morning sunshine and the smell of freshly cut silage in the fields seemed to enhance that feeling of wellbeing as we raced along to our destination.

Curiosity and intrigue forced us to stop at the pub on the canal at Wrenbury (uncharacteristically I can't recall its name). Having inspected the interior and waited, very patiently for service none was forthcoming so we rode the last hundred yards to the Cotton Arms. David Birchall and Alan Orme had just beaten us to the bar. Later Stuart Twigg and Herbie Moore arrived. Some time afterwards, Ben arrived having punctured somewhere near Tattenhall. We discussed marshalling of the "100", and Dikkii presented his new Membership form which we all agreed was an improvement on the old one. Coffee arrived for Dave and some merriment was made regarding its dubious ingredients - still unresolved I believe!

Outside the wind still gusted and now brought rain with it in heavy showers. Refusing point blank a lift back in Stuart's car, we all set off, some with the wind, but the hardy headed into the elements and home, eventually.

Tecwyn Williams

2nd Club "7" and The Swan, Kinnerton

-

22 May 1993

A good turn out both for the race and The Swan, Kinnerton (a late change of venue). Seven battled it out round the tough 7 miles from Huntington to Alford then back via Bruera and Saughton to finish by Saughton Camp. John Futter and Ben Griffiths officiated at start and finish, assisted by Tony Pickles (temporarily out of commission with a back problem) and Ben Mountain; David

Birchall at the Alford turn; with Mike Twigg and Herbie Moore at Saughton. We were pleased to see Gerry Robinson, albeit briefly, looking fit and well on his way to his yearly 9000 miles target. At the Swan most special visitors were Nigel and Alison Fellows (son-in-law and daughter of the late Frank Marriott). Apologies are due to both for invoking the Anfield's longstanding tradition and inviting them to write the run up (Frank would understand)...

Nigel and I arrived at the Royal Oak after a short car journey on a lovely day, only to find the place being renovated and a "no food" sign. While we were deciding what to do next, Mike and Pat Twigg arrived - and we had a natter about when we last met - (a very long time ago)!

We all left for the Swan where we met Bill Graham, Herbie Moore, Arthur James, Alan Orme, Tony Pickles, Graham Williams, Colin Werner, Ben Mountain, David Birchall, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Jon Sharp, Chris and Imogen Pudduck, Graham Thompson and Geraint Catherall.

When the Editor realised that it was me sitting in the pub, he suggested that writing runs in the family, and I should do the write up to follow in my father's footsteps.

Alison Fellows

Result (2nd Club "7"):

1. Jon Sharp	16.09;	2. Graham Thompson	16.33
3. Chris Pudduck	16.43;	4. Geraint Catherall	18.23
5. Alan Orme	19.11;	6. Imogen Pudduck	21.11
7. Graham Williams	21.36.		

THE 73RD ANFIELD 100: SPRING BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY 31 MAY 1993

The Start Card listed a field of 120 riders, from 125 entries, but on the unseasonably chilly Bank Holiday morning, following a miserable weekend - nay a week - of heavy rain, only 71 reached the finish line. The prospect of riding in squalls driven on a strong south-westerly probably was sufficient deterrent for at least some of the 25 riders who failed to report to the timekeepers; and a further 24 cried "enough!" before the finish.

Andy Wilkinson (Port Sunlight Wheelers) was the clear winner - his fourth successive win and an achievement surpassed by no other in the history of the event. On such a tough day his time of 3.59.04 was outstanding, and we offer our sincere congratulations. Dave Cuming (Irish Heritage CC) returned the second fastest time with 4.09.13 and secured first handicap. The Team prize went to the Mid Shropshire Wheelers.

Of "ours", Colin Werner, riding his first 100, led the field out. 5 hours 28 minutes and 29 seconds later he returned complaining about cramp but with a look of triumph in his eyes. John Moss's 5.29.05 represents an equally determined performance (and John deserves credit too for the competitor with the most distant address). Our third man, Peter Colligan, with sense appropriate to his seniority, retired before the first hour was up.

Anfielders at the finish and round the course included Alan Orme and family, Mike and Pat Twigg, Mike Hallgarth (and Philippa who started at No.2), John Whelan, David Bettaney, Brian Whitmarsh,



Phil Mason, Dave Eaton, Keith Orum, Bill Graham, Chris Edwards and family, Ira Thomas, John Thompson and Maggie, Craig Clewley, John Futter, Geraint Catherall, Tony Pickles, Ben Mountain, Dave Barker, Geof Sharp, David and Adam Birchall, Ernie Davies, Alan Gummerson, John Moss, Colin Werner, Pete Colligan, Dave Bassett, Jack Pitchford, and last and certainly not least Ben Griffiths to whom particular thanks are due for organising the whole show. 'Tis a pity, a number of our Juniors were conspicuous by their absence - revising for "A" levels the principal reason. Other Members may have been out, and apologies to anyone omitted.

We cannot run such an event without help from our many friends and neighbouring Clubs, who give generous support year after year. Our grateful thanks go to them too for ensuring such an enjoyable day. Here's to 1994!

DDB

\* \* \* \* \*

A Midweek Clubrun: The Milk Race and Bryneglwys - 8 June 1993

I spoke to John Futter and we both booked a day's holiday to watch the Milk Race climb the Horseshoe Pass. Our little band grew to include Ben Griffiths, Graham Thompson and Jayson Hughes (who had crashed in Sunday's Welsh Divisional Championships).

The five of us set out along the Bodfari road and over Moel Arthur, then to Ruthin up the Nant-y-Garth and yet again up the "Shoe". Geraint's dad, Peter, was on the roundabout but wisely declined the climb.

At the top it was hard to find a suitable spot it was so "full". We found Dave Bettaney, Brian Whitmarsh, Lee Nichols and John Moss. Ernie Wooton was also there - off sick for months, he returned to work Monday, only to take a holiday Tuesday - a dedicated biker!

Rob Holden was the first up going like a train. The rest of the leading nine followed in rapid succession ahead of a hard chasing pack. John Moss hurled "encouragement" with gusto at the South African team who I am sure were surprised to see a shirt that they recognised!

We all collected together and decided to go to Bryneglwys for lunch. John Moss was racing that night so after lunch he left for home and Lee kept him company. The remaining seven of us made for Carrog and what Ben called the old coach road which we then followed by the River Dee to Llangollen. The lane came out just below the Britannia and I don't think in 18 miles we saw a car.

Decision time, it was either 20 miles via Wrexham over World's End, or the new "Shoe" or the old "Shoe" - not a lot in it, most of it was up anyway. Brian and Dave chose World's End, Ben and John the old "'Shoe" and Graham, Jayson and myself the new. The cafe at the top was a welcome sight - on the climb I had stopped sweating completely and was grossly dehydrated. Fluids and cake at the top. Then down again, over Landegla Moors and home.

We all must have had sunburn. I don't think there was a cloud all day. What did I get when I got home? I'd done nothing all day not even mowed the lawn and I'd got that silly cycling suntan again.

Tony Pickles

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB  
(formed March 1879)

President: Harold Catling

Vice Presidents: John Futter  
Mike Twigg

Captain: Tony Pickles

Hon Secretary: Brian Bird, 52 Greenlands, TATTENHALL,  
Cheshire, CH3 9QY. 0829 71033

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September 1993

No 866

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## CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

October	2	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall		
		* ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING *			
	9	Druids	Pontblyddyn		
	16	Goshawk	Mouldsworth	Photo run	
	23	Calverley Arms	Handley		
	29 - 31	Cain Valley Hotel	Llanfyllin		
		* AUTUMN TINTS WEEKEND *			
	[30	Alternative run: Golden Lion, Ashton]			
November	6	Nags Head	Lavister		
	13	Talbot	Cymau		
	20	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee	
	27	Britannia	Halkyn		
December	4	The Bull	Shocklach		
	11	Miner's Arms	Maeshafn		
	18	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	Committee	
	27	Beeston Castle Hotel	Beeston		
		* CHRISTMAS RUN *			
January	1	Goshawk	Mouldsworth		
	8	The Swan	Kinnerton		

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £12.00      Junior (under 21): £6.00      Cadet: £2.00

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd  
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

Editor: David Birchall, 53 Beggarmans Lane, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire,  
WA16 9BA (Tel 05656 51593)

\* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 20 NOVEMBER 1993 \*

## TREASURER'S NOTE

Subscriptions are now due (October 1993 - 1994). Renewal forms are enclosed for those who wish to pay annually rather than by standing order. Please pay promptly to help keep the subscription at the low current rate.

Tony Pickles

## NEW MEMBER

Full: Phil Looby, 98 Mobberley Road, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire  
WA16 8EL. Tel: 0565 633973

[We are very pleased to welcome Phil into our ranks once again.]

## OBITUARY: Allan L Littlemore

At the age of 83 Allan died in hospital on 19 June 1993 after a fall which had resulted in pelvic damage.

Early in his teens he became a member of the CTC and remained so for the rest of his life, riding with and helping the club in many ways. He quickly developed an interest in competitive cycling not only in the role of competitor but also as a very useful organiser of events. Although never in the top-ten of the BAR he was no mean performer at all distances.

As a young man Allan lived in Widnes, on the north bank of the Mersey, but shortly after the war, he migrated to the south side where the cycling was much pleasanter, and the rural charm of the tiny village of Acton Bridge. There with his wife Marion he settled into a comfortable little cottage with a garden backing on to the river which is home to many generations of ducks. Not only were he and Marion hospitable to the ducks, they were always generously hospitable to the many cyclists who dropped in to see them. Many cups of tea were drunk and much cycling talk was widely enjoyed. Happy days.

Allan's interest in tricycling began shortly after the formation of the present Tricycle Association. At first most of the action was taking place in the deep south but a number of northern tricyclists were becoming members of the TA. A small group of these were active in Cheshire and notable amongst them were two dignified elderly gentlemen - Ernest Snowden and William P Cook, Anfielders both, the latter being a long-serving and autocratic Anfield President. The third member of the group was an enthusiastic young man, Allan Littlemore, then in the Mersey Roads Club. He became the first Secretary of the Northern Section of the TA. His abilities were by no means limited to pushing a pen. He was everywhere at once: running events, measuring courses, indefatigable in assisting place-to-place record attempts and contributing greatly to the smooth running of the classic Anfield "24" as it later became the Mersey Roads "24". In addition to these non-TA tasks Allan continued to work like a Trojan in the interests of the Northern Section and in 1955 he was given Honorary Life Membership in recognition of his outstanding services to the Association. He continued to serve and completed more than 60 years including the onerous office of President.

His loyalty to the CTC, the TA and Vegetarianism was absolute but less so to other organisations. In the late 1920s he joined the MRC but in 1959 transferred his allegiance to the Anfield. Over

25 years he served the Anfield notably as Captain and Social Secretary but then became a first claim member of the Weaver Valley Road Club. Towards the end of his days he was also a member of the South Lancs Road Club.

Although at his death not an Anfielder, Allan remained our friend to the end, and indeed had expressed the wish to return to us. His enthusiasm for cycling was infectious, and we remember with delight the occasional Saturday lunch-time get-togethers, spanning generations, which he inspired and so enjoyed, at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge in the company of Harold and Mary Catling, Hagar Poole, and David and Adam Birchall. Mike Twigg represented the Club at the funeral.

Harold Catling

\* \* \* \* \*

AUTUMNAL TINTS WEEKEND..... is now Friday 29th and Saturday 30th returning Sunday 31 October [not as in the last Circular], and we apologise to those who now find the revised dates less convenient.

We will be staying at the Cain Valley Hotel, Llanfyllyn, which nestles among green hills south-west of Oswestry. The venue is within easy reach of Wirral and North Wales members and at the heart of good touring country. The Captain proposes to lead the ride there. A road ride to Bala via the Bwlch-y-Groes, returning over the Hirnant, is proposed for Saturday. The cost is £19 per night B+B, plus £11 evening meal. Bookings to Tecwyn Williams - Farndon (0829) 270821.

PHOTO RUN ..... make a note to be at the Goshawk, Mouldsworth (opposite the BR station) for the run on 16 October (meeting about 1230hrs). Stan Wild, "home" from Australia on his regular European tour will be joining us over lunch. A Club photograph will follow.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### RACING ROUND UP

Jonathan Sharp has been notching up personal bests at 10 and 25 miles: on 29 June in the Mersey Tri Club "10": 22.05; and in the Merseyside Wheelers 25 (17 July): 56.43; and in the Denbigh Road Race (25 April) he was placed second (ahead of Graham Thompson).

Graham Thompson has been pursuing a successful season on the road, with sufficient points to earn him a 3rd Cat label next year. He competed and finished in the Tour of Ireland. He was 4th in the Denbigh RR (25 April); 6th - Heart of England Junior RR (3 May); 2nd - Merseyside Div RR (6 June); 3rd - Alan Jewel Memorial RR (10 June). Time trial results: 58.01 in the 3-up Askern CC "25" (with Ian Billington and Jason Hughes (27 March); 59.47 in the New Brighton CC "25" (17 April); 1.13.27 in the WCTTA "30" (18 April); in the Mid Shrops 4-up 50kms - 1.15.47 (with Jon Sharp, Chris Pudduck, and James Fischer); 1.47.00 in the 37.75 mile Isle of Man Mountain Time Trial (20 June); and 45.34 with Jon Sharp in the Wrekinsport CC 2-up (30 August).

Keith Orum, Dave Bassett and Ben Griffiths are amongst those who have been riding opens regularly. Details next issue .....please.

## NOTES

\* The President, on behalf of the Committee, has written to Andy Wilkinson congratulating him on the outstanding feat of winning our "100" four times in succession and on his End-to-End record, and presented him with an inscribed copy of the *Black Anfielders*. Likewise a *Black Anfielders* has gone to Chris Boardman with the Club's congratulations in recognition of his winning the World Hour Record in July.

\* Two more mountain bikes are in the ranks with Mike Twigg and Keith Orum having both made purchases recently. And there are proposals for monthly mid-week mountain bike runs - contact Dave Bassett or Keith Orum.

\* Life after "A" levels: Rob Wilson will be studying pharmacy at Liverpool, and Chris Pudduck, mechanical engineering at Salford, both within reach of Club-runs! Jonathan Sharp is going to Brunel University also for mechanical engineering, and so augments our SW section.

\* News of holidays is slow to filter through, but we know that Ian Billington and Rob Wilson got to Vancouver with their bikes (having been warned against Peru); and Adam Birchall, after GCSE "O"s, cycled, with his dad the length of the Outer Hebrides in late June, overnighting with John and Rosemary Farrington on the way north.

\* We are delighted to congratulate Geof and Vivienne Sharp on their 25th wedding anniversary recently. Keith Orum, John Farrington and David Birchall were amongst those at the "do", as were Flo Hill, Jonathan, Imogen Pudduck and Graham Thompson.

\* John Arnold, of 1950s End-to-End fame, researching a book, spent a morning recently with the Editor delving through the Club archives for information on G P Mills, T A Edge, Laurie Fletcher, and "Doc" Carlisle who were pre-eminent End-to-Enders in the 1880s and 1890s, and all Anfielders.

\* Some months ago we received a letter from Len Baker, Bath Road Club, and a longstanding friend of the Anfield. Len was a frequent visitor to Anfieldland joining us for the Tints in the early '50s, and as a "100" helper; and, not least, a valued contributor to the Circular. Len has written a short history of the Bath Road "100", first run in 1890 in the era of pneumatic Ordinaries when pacing was the norm. Len's notes make interesting reading and are available for loan to those members who would like to know more.

\* Abdu II: The motto of the Anfield Bicycle Club is "*Hic et Ubique*" which means "Here and Everywhere". Alan Orme certainly lived up to it at the Swan Marbury (see Ben's write-up). As he entered the bar, his nylon shoe-plates slipped on the polished quarry-tile floor. He cartwheeled noisily into the broom cupboard sending its contents flying. This startled the regulars who until then had been quietly sipping lunch-time pints in the bar. They sprang into action and called an ambulance - which was hastily cancelled when the casualty sat up and demanded beer.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH WEST (with thanks to John Thompson):

\* Rigby Band slipped badly whilst out walking in June, and was



laid up in plaster for a month. Recovery has been steady, if slow. He started back on the trike by removing the chain and turning the cranks in the garage. Next came a few turns in his drive, followed by outings of gradually increasing distance. Yesterday he covered 15 miles, a well deserved reward for his dedication.

\* Following his epic antipodean tour, Mike Hallgarth has had a very full racing season, out against the watch twice, three or even four times a week. He has adopted the strange idea that testing should be fun (you see him smiling before, after and during events), and this may account for his times, with a year's fastest of 1.06.48. Still we are both racing until the end of October - may be I can make him "bitter and twisted" (like me!).

\* For myself the season has been disappointing. I would put it down to old age if it was not for the speed of Harry Featherstone, et al. I can claim a club BAR speed of 22.734mph, based on a 1.02.56 "25", 2.14.36 "50", and 4.31.44 "100" (all trike times). If this annoys Mossy (beaten by a trike) it will have been worth it! See you at the Tints.

John Thompson

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CREDIT UNION JUNIOR TOUR OF IRELAND

Well, after 4 years of being an Anfielder, I have finally been forced by Dave to write an account of my racing. He'll be sorry he asked now, as I've just given him a season long list of races. *[No, I'm really very grateful! - Ed]*

One of the highlights of the season has to be the Tour of Ireland - a seven day tour which started in Roscrea and passed through Charleville, Killarney, Cobh, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Sur (birth place of Sean Kelly), Enniscorthy and finally finished in Dublin on August 8.

I rode as a guest member of the New Brighton CC - gasp!!! - and felt a bit lost without the well worn Blue, Black and White Anfield top I'm so used to racing in.

The 2.8 mile prologue was first on the agenda, and I was very pleased to finish 27th as I was only hoping for a finish in the middle of the field. Andrew Martin became our team leader with an excellent ride which put him 7th overall.

Then came the daunting prospect of 4 long road stages, a 13 mile time-trial, another long road stage and then the final criterium in Dublin. I spent the first two stages fighting to stay near the front of the bunch of 140 riders, and dodging potholes, crashes and police motorbikes - I did eventually get the hang of it!!!

After 250 miles covered in the first 4 road stages I had moved steadily up to 22nd place overall, Andrew Martin was now 6th and Ken Tobin (tipped by the Irish to be the next Stephen Roche) was still in yellow - where he had been ever since the prologue. However then the time-trial struck: Tobin was no longer in yellow, I was now 40th and Andrew Martin 9th. Stupid place to put a time-trial after 250 miles of racing!

The stage after the time-trial proved to be the fastest at 28.6

mph. After the previous stages which had been so bumpy it was unreal, this stage was exceptionally smooth, not a bump or pothole in sight - except for that one stone which had cunningly positioned itself right in the path of my oncoming front wheel - there was a slightly disturbing period where I had to slow down from about 35mph on a flat front tyre rolling about all over the place! I eventually finished just over 3 minutes behind the bunch and so I slipped further overall, to 68th - a position I held in the final criterium in Dublin.

Although it was a disappointment not being higher up the classification, there was a feeling of achievement at finishing an international tour - and at least both I and my bike were still intact considering there were at least 3 crashes a day!!

Distance covered 370 miles; Average speed 25.8 mph.

Graham Thompson

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE ARGUS TOUR - SOUTH AFRICA

In 1978 525 cyclists faced the starting gun for the first Argus Cycle Tour. They left Cape Town travelling 104kms down to Cape Point along the Indian Ocean coast, then returned along the Atlantic coast. Since then the numbers have grown - with 15500 entries (and 14000 starters) for the 1991 event.

The riders are seeded beforehand on previous performance. Every rider is timed from start to finish and given overall and age group positions together with a certificate recording their performance. The first event, 104kms (65 miles), was won in 3.02.25 with the event record being set in 1988 by a professional in 2.36.54.

My intention was to ride the event with two friends with whom I work - Manfred Zimmerman and Eric Downing. Both had ridden the event previously.

Riders were divided into 25 groups, the first (tandems) starting at 0615hrs, the last at 0814hrs. The seeded riders were Grouped from "A" to "T" - with the professionals and big hitters in "A". After "T" the event was open to anyone who had not previously ridden.

Thanks to Eric, who sent an entry in for me with his, I was placed in Group "S", starting at 0746hrs, and Manfred was in "K". So far so good - and only R20.00 (£4.00) entry fee. Then I realised that Cape Town was 1450kms (960 miles) from Jo'burg - and how would I get there? and back?

I fixed up transport *there* with Eric and his wife; and, asking round at the Vets race, found someone prepared to bring me back after the event.

Thursday morning with bikes in the boot we headed south for Cape Town. The first leg of the journey was along toll roads down to the Orange Free State, two quick stops for petrol and a Wimpy Burger, as we made our way through the never ending Karoo. The Karoo is semi-desert (rock and scrubby bush) which can sustain only goats and sheep. It extends from the Orange River for almost

700kms towards the Southern Cape. I had never travelled through this area and am not keen to do so again. After 1000kms and over 12 hours of driving we reached Langsburg for the night. It was very hot - 31C during the day - and the air conditioner clanked and banged all night, together with mosquitos buzzing round made for very little sleep. So up and away early for the final 450kms to Cape Town.

Saturday was registration day. I also rode to the 50km point to see one of the climbs. I had decided on a 21t largest sprocket, giving a bottom gear of 54, and on seeing the hill, I was a little worried that the gear may be too big. It also came as a bit of a surprise that it was nearly all uphill from the start for the first 12kms, so the worries were not dispelled.

We signed on, collected numbers and had a couple of beers. The signing on point was located in the docks, in an area like the Albert Dock in Liverpool. Bands played and stalls showed off cycling equipment and sold souvenirs of the Argus Tour. Our main topic of conversation was what would Sunday's weather be like - Cape Town is well known for its gales, rain and "horizontal" trees. The other big talking point was whether I would catch Manfred off 31 minutes. According to him: no chance; according to me: on Chapman's Peak, with 25kms to go, after which I would take another 10 minutes out of him! Would Manfred beat Eric for the second time? Eric, having prepared on beer and no miles, pinned all his hopes on his ability to suffer.

Sunday morning and the start: very little wind and all the signs that the day would be cool (22C). Each group started from pens - and we had to be in ours 25 minutes before the start time. I was there over an hour before - to gain the advantage of being near the front of the group. It was my intention to get in the first bunch and sit in along the coast until the climb over to the Atlantic side.

Slowly the groups moved forward to the start line until it was our turn. I was now in the third row - in a group of about 1000! - with Eric just in front. The start gun went and we charged away from the line. A group of about 20 quickly formed and stormed up the first rise. I sprinted across and latched on the back.

On the first long climb - 2.5km - with legs still cold I was unable to stay with the young riders and dropped back, about 6 of us forming a smaller bunch including a mountain bike! By now the road was full of the slower riders from the group in front and it became difficult to get past, one of the disadvantages of not being seeded.

Soon, on a "blue route" (a motorway-standard road with a gentle rolling profile) we were able to form a group of 20. We sped past slower riders - catching some with "Q" and "N" on their numbers. Once off the blue route we were travelling on a narrow single carriageway with a tail wind at some 45/50kph. It was very dangerous because the road was not closed, and passing other riders meant crossing the white line. Making matters worse, on this stretch the first riders from the following group caught us - so we had two groups trying to pass slower riders. The front of the bunch fell, but about 8 of us, including the mountain bike rider, avoided the crash and continued... To my amazement after Simonstown on the slight gradient up to Miller's Point the mountain bike went to the front and increased the pace - to this

point we had averaged 38.4kph (24mph).

50kms out and the 3km climb of Smitswinkel started. Having ridden it the day before I went to the front to control the pace. Cresting the top we had reduced to 4 riders - including the mountain bike. On the long steady downhill the group increased to 15 as we picked up riders and others caught us. It was then steady all the way to Kommetjic. Due to the climbs our average had dropped to 36.5kph - still fast enough for the time I had set myself. The descent was a little hairy, with sharp bends and uneven road surface so I rode by myself allowing the others to go ahead.

Reaching the bottom of Chapman's Peak I spotted Manfred -stopped for a coke!! So with a shout I pressed on. I was now feeling good, the cool weather suiting me. I rode up Chapman's Peak easily, passing lots on the way and actually enjoying the climb. The route here is on the coast with the Atlantic to your left. The climb has a false top at 1km then continues for a further 3kms. The road was closed so the long winding descent into Hout Bay could be taken at speed. There only remained one obstacle before the finish, the dreaded Suikerbossie.

Before Suikerbossie is a small climb of 300m and on this cramp hit me in the back of the left thigh. Oh the pain! I had to ease up and rub as hard as possible to get the circulation back. It was now a matter of staying in the saddle and not pushing too hard to avoid cramping up completely. This was hard, not because I wasn't strong, but the frustration of not being able to get out of the saddle. Then a noise from the back wheel - a broken spoke? At the finish I found that the hub itself had broken between the spoke holes. The top never seemed to arrive, then downhill to the finish - 105kms and.... no finish! Where is it? After 108.4kms I crossed the line in 3.10.30; an average of 34.2kph which I was pleased with having scheduled for 3.16.

Manfred finished in 3.51 and Eric despite his unusual training completed the course in 3.38. Manfred had improved by over 30 minutes and was very pleased. Next year, if we ride, Eric and I will be seeded riders and will not have to pass so many slower riders. It was now time to return to our camp and have a few beers, perhaps Eric's methods do work!

Out of 15497 entries, 12750 finished out of 14000 starters. Fastest was Robbie McIntosh (a 37 year old professional rider) with 2hrs 28mins which even beat the unconventional bikes; and the fastest woman was Renee Scott in 2hrs 44mins. I finished 2020th overall and 67th in my group.

What was evident from the results was that in order to do a fast time you needed to be in the front groups "A" to "D" so that you do not have to pass the slower riders and it's more like a race. I spent a good deal of time riding by myself which makes the ride harder, but overall I would say the course is not as tough as the ride around Jo'burg or the other long events in the Transvaal. The trip back - all 13hrs - is another story which has yet to be told!

John Moss

PS The fastest mountain bike was about 2.56 - he caught me just before the finish!

Dickin Arms, Loppington

20 June 1993

With David Birchall on holiday, I set out a lone figure from Knutsford for the long ride to Loppington. On a fine morning, steady progress was made against the wind through to Middlewich and the back road to Church Minshull. A freshly dead fox lay in the middle of the road here, in such pristine condition it looked as if it was having a quiet doze.

Skirting the western side of Nantwich I picked up the minor road to Wrenbury. This is fairly open country and I was soon caught in a heavy shower with little cover. I had to settle for an ash tree, not the best of umbrellas. Fortunately the rain was short lived and I was soon on my way again. I had now reached the extreme of my map, and sought directions. I was given the choice of a scenic route or the more direct route (which I took), approaching Whitchurch from the east. From here the B5476 takes you towards Wem via Tilstock.

About two miles before Wem, I took a right turn, signposted Loppington. This is supposed to be a short cut but assumes the traveller has radar or a sixth sense. Anyway I made all the right decisions and arrived at the Dickin Arms to be welcomed by Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham, John Futter, Dikkie Bird, Herbie Moore, Ernie Davies, Tecwyn, Colin Werner, Geraint, and Tony Pickles, the latter sporting a new crash helmet, which gave him a haunted, hen-pecked look. Later Mike and Stuart Twigg arrived followed by John Moss from South Africa (that was an impressive ride) and David Eaton. Food was excellent and well worth another visit (but give me some time to get over this one). Club banter was up to the usual mark with allegations that one group had achieved twenty seven miles in the first hour against the wind (I suppose the fish are big too!).

Homeward I retraced the lanes skirting Wem. Strange how roads look entirely different when approached from the opposite direction. Needless to say I added a few extra miles trying to get back to familiar territory. From Coton, with a lovely sunny afternoon and the wind on my back, progress was swift - the only delays caused by stops for liquid. I arrived back in Knutsford having covered 89 miles, by far my longest ride. However, I don't think I'm ready for the Anfield "100" yet.

Alan Orme

Club "10" and Nag's Head, Lavister -

26 June 1993

Result:

1. Jon Sharp	23.54	2. S Brennan (PT)	25.18
3. Alex Pudduck	26.49	4. Tony Pickles	28.32
5. Geraint Catherall	28.57	6. Alan Orme	29.09
7. Geof Sharp	29.44	7. Imogen Pudduck	32.54

Also present: Arthur James, Dikki Bird, Herbie Moore, Mike Twigg, Ben Griffiths, John Futter.  
The word is that the Nag's Head welcomed us, provided good food ... and a return visit is proposed.



After a week of glorious sunshine, Saturday was cold-wet-windy. It could well have been March. I arrived at John Futter's to find just Craig Clewley waiting. Tony and gang had bottled out. As the rain was very heavy we spent the next ten minutes deciding if it was worth going by bike or maybe getting the car out. But as I was assisting in the West Cheshire "10" at Farndon on the way home, we waited for the rain to ease. When we set off we had on full winter gear including hats and in Craig's case gloves. With the wind helping we went through Holt - Farndon - Tilston - Malpas. Just a few stops to shelter and one puncture.

At the Swan we got a shock to find the rest in shorts and short sleeves (they do live in a different country from us!). Even so I didn't find it that warm. The hardy ones were Stuart Twigg, Brian Bird, Tecwyn Williams, David Birchall and Alan Orme. Not so hardy Mike Twigg and Ernie Davies had come by car. Alan had slipped over as he entered the pub. I have known Anfielders fall over when leaving but they don't often fall on the way in. It seems he is not used to wearing shoe plates on a stone floor. He had hurt his ribs, so got a lift home from Mike (hope he is OK).

We three from Wales had a head wind as we retraced on the Cheshire Cycleway to Malpas, where we stopped to shelter from a very heavy storm. But we still made it to Farndon in plenty of time for the "10". Tony Pickles came out by car to assist with the pushing off. Jon Sharp and Graham Thompson were on the start sheet but they didn't get a ride as a bad car accident on the course stopped the event after only a few had started. So I plodded home alone hoping the weather would be better next morning for the VTTA "25". I am pleased to say it was!

Ben Griffiths

3rd Club "7" and White Horse, Churton -

17 July 1993

At Huntington, Ernie Davies and John Futter timed and pushed off with assistance from Stuart Twigg and David Birchall. With the last riders back, we then pedalled down the road to the White Horse, there joined by Dikki and Tecwyn from the, er, marshalling point at the Grosvenor Arms, Alford. Ben Mountain back on his bike again had ridden out with Captain Pickles, Geraint Catherall, and Graham Williams. Graham Thompson, using the Clubrun as training for a road event in Matlock the following day, had travelled down from the Mills with Chris and Alex Pudduck and Ben Griffiths.

Over lunch talk was of *Le Tour*. I joined the Anfield equivalent for part of the way back. There is a *frisson* about riding wheel-to-wheel, fast, in a group, and I'm sure there was as much zest this afternoon in the Anfield peleton as there is in *Le Tour*!

Result (3rd Club "7"):

1. Chris Pudduck	16.34	2. Geraint Catherall	17.55
3. Ben Griffiths	18.31	4. Ben Griffiths	18.31
5 (Tied)	Tony Pickles and Alex Pudduck		19.13
7. Graham Williams	19.23		

A fine sunny breezy day, just right for a clubrun, but with a lot of members on holiday and the National Championship 24 hours event starting at Farndon, I thought I might be the only Anfielder out. I went to the Eureka anyway. Geraint Catherall was waiting and when James Fisher arrived to say the other lads had gone camping we made our way through the traffic up to Hawarden. Then the maze of lanes to Llay, then up the hill past my place of work to the Talbot. We had a surprise for Brian Bird and Tecwyn Williams had cancelled their holiday (they didn't want to miss a clubrun). Also out were Colin Werner and Bill Graham. Seven, not bad I thought, when David and Adam Birchall arrived on their MTBs. They had come out from Knutsford to find some real hills. Nine - much better than I had hoped for.

I was first away down to Farndon for the 2.00pm start. At the start I noted Ernie Davies and Mike Hallgarth. Mike Twigg, and Herbie Moore were also out and about during the event which was run in poor conditions with heavy rain through the night and strong winds in to Sunday.

The card had 93 solos, 2 tandems, and 2 tandem trikes. Christine Roberts (Crewe Clarion Wheelers) who always goes well in our "100" (4.25.53 this year) broke the Ladies Competition Record with 461.446 miles. Phil Barlow (Kiverton Park CC) 4th in our "100" (4.14.02) won with 491.135 miles. Kiverton Park also won the team, so it shows you have to ride a good Anfield "100" to ride a good 24 hour!

Ben Griffiths

Sportsman's Arms, Tattenhall

-

31 July 1993

A strong westerly wind and heavy showers lashed across the County this morning. A pity because it was the second and final free Saturday of the year for Adam Birchall - having a day off from his regular job. Nevertheless, undaunted by the weather we sped by car to Chester with bikes aboard. Then a fast wind assisted ride - dodging squalls - through the lanes and we were at Tattenhall in time for the Committee meeting, after which there was much enjoyable chat about record breaking and long distance riding. In attendance: Ben Griffiths, Mike Twigg, Herbie Moore, Ernie Davies, Colin Werner, Geraint Catherall, Bill Graham. Mike Kimpton and his young lad, and Mary (by car), Adam and David Birchall completed the party.

After lunch the tail wind pushed the MTBs back to Knutsford, but not before some roughstuff in the Peckforton Hills and the leafy Whitegates Way. Despite menacing clouds and darkened skies we escaping with hardly a drop of rain. We were lucky!

DDB

4th Club "7", and Royal Oak, Kinnerton -

21 August 1993

A warm sunny day and - all too rare this summer - an opportunity to sit outside at the Royal Oak after the race. Tony Pickles, Colin Werner, John Futter, Bill Graham, Ben Griffiths, Geraint Catherall, Graham Thompson and D Davies (Wrexham RC, and Ernie's son) raced; and Tecwyn Williams, Ernie Davies, Arthur James, Graham Williams and Paul Ashley supported. For Ben, the Club race was merely a warm-up for more serious time-trialling in the afternoon - but he must have been trying since he broke a spoke

before the start and rode on a borrowed wheel.

Result (4th Club "7"):

1. Graham Thompson	16.49	2. D Davies (WRC)	17.36
3. Ben Griffiths	17.53	4. Colin Werner	18.20
5 Geraint Catherall	18.26	6. Bill Graham	18.37
7. John Futter	19.03	8. Tony Pickles	19.10

Dysart Arms, Bunbury

-

28 August 1993

On this lovely summer Saturday, a ride to the Dysart Arms was a pleasant prospect. Phil Looby has rejoined us now that he's living in Knutsford, and so we rode out together. Phil is a formidable rider (a 1st Cat road man no less), but, fortunately for me, at present lacks miles - so a steady 17s through the Cheshire lanes was the order of the day. We reached Bunbury with time to spare so continued - encircling Beeston Castle and netting an extra 10 miles before lunch. At the Dysart Arms, we were joined by Stuart Twigg and Tecwyn Williams (with his lad and a friend). Then Mike Twigg (on his new magnesium framed mountain bike) and the men of Wales arrived: Geraint Catherall, John Futter, Colin Werner, Ben Griffiths and Tony Pickles. It was very enjoyable sitting outside in warm sunshine with the marvellous old church providing a timeless backdrop. Then home. Phil commented that one of the benefits of Anfield membership is the knowledge of Cheshire's lanes you acquire! I couldn't agree more.

DDB

Hanmer Arms, Hanmer

-

4 September 1993

With Alan Orme by car to Bunbury, then on the bikes from there through Malpas and the Wyches. The lanes east of Fenn's Moss tested Alan's sense of place (no, he failed to recognise how close we were to Loppington and the lanes he, er, "explored" in June), then back through Bettisfield and so to Hanmer for the Committee. Present were: Mike and Stuart Twigg, Dikkie and Tecwyn, Colin Werner (not alone in complaining about the beer - he should have tried the mild), Geraint Catherall, Tony Pickles, John Futter and Ben Griffiths. Homeward we went via Worthenbury and the Bickerton lanes; and Alan, on his first post-Marbury clubrun, made the decision to ride all the way back to Knutsford ... but that's another tale.

DDB

\* \* \* \* \*

NEWS FROM THE FRONT: *in the Anfield Circular, January 1915, Sapper Archie Warburton described a trip over the Belgian frontier on an army bicycle:*

"I had eight miles to do each way and the night could not have been worse. The fog was terrible and, as the main road was under shellfire, I had to look up a lanes route (real Anfield style, eh?) past Batteries of Artillery. I came down in the mud repeatedly, but stuck to my task until I found myself in a pond. That settled it! I decided to walk ... and struck out across ploughed fields. The flashes from the enemy's big guns guiding me, I eventually arrived at my destination, having taken five hours for the eight miles! The return journey was not quite so bad. Nevertheless I had come to the conclusion that France - in time of war - is no place for cycling!" (to be continued...)

# ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB  
(formed March 1879)

President: Mike Twigg

Vice Presidents: John Futter  
David Birchall

Captain: Tony Pickles

Hon Secretary: Bill Graham 47 Main Road, Kinnerton,  
CHESTER, CH4 9AT (Tel: 0244 660858)

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December 1993

No 867

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## CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

January	1	Goshawk	Mouldsworth		
	8	The Swan	Kinnerton		
	15	The Buck	Bangor-on-Dee		
	22	Golden Grove	Rossett		
	29	Top'o'th'Hill	Kelsall		
February	5	The Swan	Kinnerton	Committee	
	12	Foxcote Manor	Barrow		
	19	Castle Hotel	Beeston		
	26	* CAPTAINS WEEKEND *			
		Alternative: Sportsman's Arms, Tattenhall			
March	5	Forest View	Oakmere		
	12	The Swan	Kinnerton	Committee	
	19	Calverley Arms	Handley	Club 14	
	26	Stanton Arms	Chirk		
April	2	Miners Arms	Maeshafn		
	9	The Swan	Marbury		

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## CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £12.00    Junior (under 21): £6.00    Cadet: £2.00

Hon Treasurer: Tony Pickles, 22 Llys-y-Wern, Sychdyn, MOLD, Clwyd  
CH7 6BT (Tel 0352 759463)

Editor: David Birchall, 53 Beggarman's Lane, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire,  
WA16 9BA (Tel 05656 51593)

\* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 26 FEBRUARY 1994 \*

Harold Catling's decision not to stand for re-election at the AGM was accepted with sadness. Harold's calm manner, great knowledge and leadership will be missed at our Committee meetings. As incoming President I know I can call on his help and guidance during my period in office. I also trust that some of Harold's great tolerance will rub off on me.

Harold, may I thank you on behalf of the Club for your years as a great President and wish you and Mary long years of happiness.

Mike Twigg

\* \* \* \* \*

#### PRESIDENT'S NOTES

\* *Third Party Cover:* At present all Members of the Club are covered by a policy the Club holds whether they still cycle or not. We expect that on renewal, due shortly, the cost of cover will be raised to near £300. Therefore in order to have a cost effective service to offer Members, alternatives were sought.

By affiliating the Club to the CTC at an annual rate of £24, we can obtain the same service for £1.65 per Member.

As there are a number of us who are already covered by private membership of the CTC or the BCF there would be no need for additional cover for them. Furthermore, there are some of us who no longer cycle. With this in mind I ask you all as a matter of urgency to complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me without delay.

Whilst it is not a rule of the Club, Third Party cover has proved its worth to a number of Club Members.

\* *100 Support Fund:* It is the Committee's intention to set up a fund to support our classic 100. More details next Circular.

Mike Twigg

\* \* \* \* \*

#### OBITUARY: George Connor

George was one of the few remaining stalwarts of the 1930s. He served as Captain (1938 - 1942) until the War intervened, taking up the reins of office again in 1948 as Secretary (1948 -1955). He was a Committee member into the 1960s.

We both joined the Club in our teens and were soon involved in the time-trialling, camping and club runs of those halcyon days. We did our first cycle-camping tour together in the early 30s to the Lake District and Galloway. Despite four days of continual rain we survived to become regular cycle-campers. We even combined camping with our time-trialling activities in East Cheshire and Shropshire.

Also in the 1930s in company with the late Frank Marriott, George did a cycle-tour in Norway. This was the first of the foreign tours done by present day Anfielders. Then came the War. For



those in the Forces, cycling was greatly restricted. However for a short while George was stationed at Catterick and I at Ripon. On our days off we would cycle along the Great North Road till we met - then repair to the nearest pub to talk of pre-war days.

After my move to Gloucestershire we only met about twice but we always corresponded at Christmas with all our news of the previous year. Although he had not cycled for a few years now his interest in the Club never waned and he always tried to get to the 100 and the occasional club run. Most recently he was at the photograph run in mid-October and he delighted in the company of those present. The Club is the poorer for his passing. Our condolences are offered to Eileen and family in their loss.

Rigby Band

[David Birchall and Harold Catling represented the Club at the funeral in Southport on 10 December.]

OBITUARY: Frank Fischer

I first knew Frank Fischer in the 30s as a fellow member of the Altrincham Ravens. After a successful racing career in the Ravens - Club Champion in 1930 and many wins in the events of their time both on a single, and with Aubrey Carr on tandem, Frank's work as a draughtsman in 1937 took him to Woolwich Arsenal. As a Kentish Wheeler and member of Norwood Paragon, Frank's racing successes continued - notably 3 wins in the Kentish Wheelers "12" and over 400 miles in 24 hours.

On his retirement he moved north to Market Drayton and became an Anfielder attending many clubruns and timekeeping at 50 miles in the 100.

Having kept meticulous records of his cycling mileage Frank passed the half million mark aged 80 in 1989. Although Frank was not a member since he moved to Stafford in 1988 he was always regarded by Anfielders as one of us, and welcomed on his visits to the 100 and the Mersey Roads 24.

A true gentleman, knowledgeable and bright in outlook, he will be sorely missed.

Russell Barker

Mike Twigg adds..... Amongst the mourners at the funeral held in Stafford were Joan and Ernie Davies and myself, and Les Lowe of the 300,000 mile Club (Frank was the founder Member). A week later Frank's ashes were placed at the approaches to Prees Island where Frank's spirit will preside over the time-trialling that uses this "hub" as a focal point for its control. At the ashes placement were Ernie Davies, Herbie Moore and myself. We were supported by Les Lowe, Dave Stapleton (of the Mersey Roads and 24 Hour fame) and Geof Richmond (of the Chester Road Club and 24 Hour Fellowship).

\* \* \*

Maureen Colligan: At the end of November we learned of the tragic death of Peter Colligan's wife, Maureen. The Club's heartfelt sympathy and thoughts are with Peter and his family in their bereavement. Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Stuart Twigg, Gerry Robinson, Bill Graham, David Bassett and David Birchall attended the funeral in Woolton on 2 December.

\* Club nights are being arranged at the Neston Leisure Centre: Monday nights from 7.00pm. There are good training facilities and refreshments are available. Please phone Dave Bassett (051 336 6649) or Graham Thompson for details.

\* Captain's Weekend: This has been arranged for the 26-27 February 1994 to avoid clashing with the Eddie Soens event at Aintree (which takes place 6 March). Possible venues under consideration are Bishops Castle, the Barmouth area, or Matlock. Tony Pickles for details.

\* Rob Wilson writes: Isle of Man 1994: Could anyone who wants to go to the Isle of Man please contact me as I am willing to organise all the details and arrangements. You don't have to be mad racers but the more likewise people the better the laugh we will have: ie those racing and those coming to support and have a good holiday. The date is about 17-18 June sailing out; and I have a quote for self catering apartments in Douglas with six sharing and ferry and insurance at £120 for the week. It would be best to book as soon after Christmas as we can to avoid disappointment. So could you please let me know NOW. There are at least three so far but it would be better with more.

\* The keen MTBers are mooting an MTB weekend in early January, probably in Wales or the Peak District. David Bassett is the man with the details. Don't be put off, but our last sortie to Castleton almost ended in disaster with three out of the five riders biting tarmac shortly after setting out, before any off-roading. Rob Wilson and David Birchall side-slipped simultaneously with Simon Cogan going down too. Minor grazes were the result, and a beautiful shiner for your Editor .... which gave him a hard time back at the office, with colleagues reluctant to believe the truth.

\* We were sorry to learn that Ernie Davies has had a couple of brief spells in hospital recently, but are pleased to report him back in circulation by the end of October.

\* Finally... what offers for exculsive photos of MTBer Orum up to his neck in mud somewhere in Wales? The negatives can also be made available at a price, says Mr Bassett ....

\* \* \* \* \*

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING:

Tattenhall Cricket Clubhouse

- 2 October 1993

Present: Messrs Bassett, Birchall, Catling, Catherall, Clewley, Colligan, Eaton, Edwards, Futter, Graham, Griffiths, Moore, Orme, Pickles, C Pudduck, G Thompson, M and S Twigg, Werner, T Williams, and Wilson.

Matters arising: the increasing cost of the 100 was offset by contributions from the tea tent and a large field. A 100 fund was proposed and agreed (see elsewhere in this Circular).

Hon Sec Dikki Bird thanked Members for assistance during the year and expressed his wish to stand down after three years in the job. Hon Treasurer Pickles reported a sound financial position and distributed a balance sheet prepared for the Club by the

Midland Bank. He emphasised the need to pay subs promptly and requested Members to pay by Direct Debit. Insurance costs were a matter for concern both for third party cover and for Club assets including trophies etc. Mr Bassett proposed an increase in subscriptions for Members from £12 to £15 effective from October 1994, this being the first increase for 5 years.

Officers were elected as follows: *President*: Mike Twigg; *Vice Presidents*: John Futter and David Birchall; *Secretary*: Bill Graham; *Treasurer*: Tony Pickles; *Editor*: David Birchall; *Racing Secretary*: Graham Thompson; *Captain*: Tony Pickles; *Vice Captains*: Craig Clewley and Stuart Twigg; *25 and 100 Secretary*: Ben Griffiths. *Delegates*: David Bassett (BCF), Alan Orme (NRRRA), with RRA vacant; *Social Secretary*: Tecwyn Williams. *Committee*: Messrs Werner, Davies, Moore, Catherall, Bird, Wilson.

Dikki Bird

\* \* \* \* \*

VANCOUVER, CANADA: AUGUST 1993

This year's trip was supposed to be to Peru, but Ian Billington and I received a DON'T GO message from the Home Office - they thought we would just be providing gun fodder for the locals. Vancouver seemed a safer option. This with a month to go - so the adventure here was simply getting off the plane then getting the map out to decide where to head for. At least we would not have the misfortune of running into an ambush and getting our heads blown off - although we were warned about the local hill billies, jokingly, by some native American Indians.

This trip was not of the same calibre as past cycling tours, but was still highly enjoyable and one which I will remember all the same. We rode about 700 miles in 10 days: in a big loop north of Vancouver, through Squamish, Whistler, Seton, Lillooeb, Cache Creek, Kamloops, Veruon, Kelowia, and so back. The lack of minor roads cut down on the enjoyment - riding on near enough motorways all day is not comparable to riding in Switzerland which we have become so used to. We met some Australians on a gravelled road who had been travelling for 18 months in a Toyota which cost them £25 and in which they had done 44500 miles - which shows you don't need loads of money to see the world.

One thing we did like about Canada was the food and lots of it. Every place you eat at is like the Beeston Castle Hotel - and doesn't cost much. We stayed mostly in camp-sites as these were very convenient and abundant. The people were very friendly, always eager for a chat, and always willing to feed us with vast amounts of food. Tired of the roads we caught a Greyhound (another claim to fame) and returned to Vancouver - where we found ourselves staying in a seedy part of town to our amusement. This gave us the opportunity to discover the city before flying home. We went to the Aquarium and the Shipping Tower and had a look round the shops and restaurants.

The weather was good, just a drop of rain one night, the rest of the time it was hot. I'll finish there though I could write a hundred pages or so, as are in my diary. All in all a worthwhile holiday and one which I hope to repeat - except next time I'll be in a camper van with my mountain bike and get over the Rockies.

Rob Wilson

The Liver, "Llandegla"

- 11 September 1993

I arrived at Dikki's at 11.00am on this rather warm morning in a sweat, as I had put my thermal tights on! Changing to shorts, we set off towards Farndon through the lanes, joining the Broxton Road at Barton. Wrexham was quite busy as we passed through heading for the Ruthin road and Coedpoeth.

Coedpoeth High Street was steep - but beyond here the road began to level out and we were soon leaning against the bar of the former (now redecorated) Four Crosses at Bwlch Gwyn holding a pint of lager shandy. At this point Arthur James passed heading towards Llandegla village - he was under the impression that the Clubrun was in Llandegla as the Circular suggested! (Sorry Arthur). In the Liver were Ernie Davies, Ben Griffiths, Herbie Moore, Bill Graham, Tony Pickles, Colin Werner, Mike Twigg, Geraint Catherall, Ben Mountain, and John Futter. We were joined by Tecwyn Williams and much later by Arthur.

Dikki then decided to take a lift down to Borrass with Tecwyn as he was marshalling there, while I took the direct route to Dobs Hill and Broughton.

Stuart Twigg

The Crown, Swan Green

- 19 September 1993

The Committee had received an invitation from Glynn Stockdale to visit the Penny Farthing Museum in Knutsford where the Long Distance Shield now is on show. Glynn had asked if the Club Captain would like to attempt to ride an Ordinary Bicycle ... and the Committee decided I should volunteer.

The day came and I was driving to Knutsford with Geraint Catherall with my modern bike on the roof and training shoes on the back seat, as I thought Ordinaries would not have Time pedals! We met at David Birchall's for a ride in the lanes of East Cheshire: with Alan Orme, and Phil Looby. With Dave as route master we set off for a 30 mile spin prior to lunch. I would like to give more details but apart from a ford I have no idea where we went!

Lunch at the Crown was excellent in this busy little pub; there - already installed were Harold Catling and Mary (on the tandem trike - all the way from Didsbury), Hagar Poole and friend, Ben Griffiths and John Futter, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Tecwyn, Dikki, friend Tony Ryan, Peter Colligan, and Ernie Davies and Joan.

Then it was to the business in hand. We arrived at the Penny Farthing Museum almost on time where Glynn greeted us warmly. I was sized for the Ordinary and, my mount selected, a short walk into Tatton Park and my moment had come. With a little assistance I was astride my steed, boy is it a long way up, and then began to pedal. I seemed to snake from side to side for no apparent reason. After about 400 yards we turned, with the tyre burning the inside of my leg and I was given my head for the return journey. I had to be held to dismount as I could not think how to get down without serious damage to man or machine.

Geraint had a try, but his legs were too short, much to his relief, and Peter Colligan and Stuart Twigg succeeded.

Then we returned to 92 King Street for a cup of tea, a natter and a look at the sirens, hooters and other wonderful warning devices "Ordinary" riders were obliged to use in their day. A very enjoyable event and our thanks to Glynn; a history lesson in the sunshine. The drive home was one of relief that I had mastered the riding - and without damaging the very valuable machine of Glynn Stockdale which was more to the point!

Tony Pickles

*[The machine the Captain rode is an 1884 "Lever Tension Spring" Ordinary made by the Howe Machine Co. of Glasgow. Glynn Stockdale tells us this machine went End to End in 1984 and S Ireland Coast to Coast and back 1987.]*

Anfield BC Open 25

- 26 September 1993

After many weeks of organisation the day was here again. I thought it must be better than last year, after all this was my 2nd event, I should know what I was doing! The initial panic had died down - I had 117 entries all wanting to race and everyone seemed to be in place, all except my star entry Chris Boardman. The new professional was racing in France instead - the Duo Normand. Our winner was J A Howard with a time of 54.32, very respectable with all 84 riders finishing the course. Many thanks to the marshals and my very special emergency marshal Keith Orum, deposited miles from his car but happily picked up afterwards.

Tony Pickles

- |                               |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Jim Howard (Merseyside Wh) | 54.32    |
| 2. W Young (VC Halton)        | 55.36    |
| 3. F Allen (VC Halton)        | 55.51    |
| [G Catherall (Ours)           | 1.08.39] |
| Team: Merseyside Wh           | 2.55.16  |

The Goshawk, Mouldsworth

- 11 October 1993

As of yore, Manchester Men in the persons of Harold Catling and myself (and my wife Jo), travelled across Cheshire to meet the Liverpool Gentlemen. No doubt at all that since I moved across the world I miss the Anfield Club-run most of all. So with pleasant anticipation the Goshawk was reached. I do not like the name, but fittingly it used to be the Station Hotel, a regular Club fixture in pre-War days.

A very good crowd greeted us - (in no particular order): our new President Mike Twigg, Captain Tony Pickles, Ernie Davies (who won the Club's last Open Twelve in 1949 - an event graced with the presence of Anfielder Lord Kenilworth [John Siddeley]), VP John Futter, Peter Colligan, new VP David Birchall (and his wife Mary), Flo Hill and Edie, Ben Griffiths, Geraint Catherall, new Hon Sec Bill Graham, Chris Pudduck, James Fisher, Rob Wilson, Anthony Blundell, new Racing Sec Graham Thompson, Ben Mountain and friend Jayson Rees-Hughes. We were especially pleased to see Bert Lloyd (from IoM) and George Connor (who joined us in 1931 and raced hard and often along the Whitchurch road in the '30s).

Some of my Cheshire Roads friends had got word of my presence and came along from far and near, namely Dick Thompson, Roy Rosborough, Tommy Nolan and son (from Ludlow), Bert and Mrs Mathieu (Warwickshire), Len and Marie Leary (Abergele), Vernon Lilley and Mrs Ida Berry (widow of Manchester cycle builder). Jim Forbes of the Withington Wheelers and Bernard and Mrs Blow also



came from Manchester. Bernard is the secretary of the 300,000 Miles Fellowship. Incidentally W P Cook's pre-war aggregate of 362,468 miles was the probable inspiration for the formation of the Fellowship.

Although service was slow, the hotel coped well with the unexpected throng. Actually I had very little time to eat much, so busy was I wandering around talking to old friends! Lunch over, we all assembled for the Club photograph, and then the party went its diverse ways..

Truly the Anfield has something the others have not got. I revelled in experiencing once more the delights of the Anfield Club-run - comradeship, good humour and intelligent conversation. This day was certainly the highlight of my holiday.

Stan Wild

THE DELYN CHALLENGE

-

17 October 1993

MBA: I am a Mountain Bikeic. There I have said it. That is what I had to stand up and say at my first visit to MBA (Mountain Bike Anonymous).

Mountain Bikeic, 1. a person affected by mountain bikeism; 2. of, relating to, containing, or resulting from mountain bikes.

Mountain Bike Anonymous n. a condition in which dependence on mountain biking harms a person's health, social functioning, or family life.

It all started when I and Linda (wife) visited Terry Dolan (Cougar Cycles) one weekend and went out for a ride with Terry on his kid's bikes. The next week I had my own bike and within 12 months had sold it and bought a carbon fibre job.

After a few outings with Tony Bell, I dived in at the deep end and rode the BNE Delyn Challenge. It was so good. 50 miles taking only 9 hours, I thought "there is a good Anfield Club run". With a little persuasion on 17 October. Adam and David Birchall, Simon Cogan, Keith Orum, Graham Thompson, and Rob Wilson set off from the Sports Centre in Mold. Albeit slightly staggered as one little group Cogan Thompson Wilson and I rode around the carpark full of what seemed like several hundred mountain bikeics, looking for "no you cannot have a bank loan" Orum and "the Roman Steps is a flat run" Birchall and son.

We all came together early on when our group caught the two Birchalls trying to free wheels from the thick mud that had brought them to a stand still. In good Anfield spirit, I told him the rest of the ride would be free from mud. (At the time I thought "What a whopper" but as it turned out, true!) From there we went on towards Llanbedr (with a large number of the peleton following the Anfield pathfinders) until we had a nice off road climb up to the Clwyd Gate Control - 14 miles and a good cup of BNE tea.

After a quick hop across the road we then headed towards Moel Fammau Country Park. Deja vu - this point last year I came across David Barker on his road bike. He completed the course in under 10 hours: one word - ANIMAL!

From Moel Fammau it was all off road to the next check point at

Cilcain Village Hall (23 miles). Lunch stop over and a few off road climbs - over Moel Arthur, London Bridge and then on to the TV mast overlooking Bodfari. 34 miles down hill now - sorry misread the route - a little hill from Nannerch up to the Moel Arthur control, only 2 miles that brought us to 42 miles.

Typical, the BNE - by the time we got there they had run out of tea. Up to this point we had all followed the route to the letter, though we had not seen Rob Wilson since the Moel Arthur control (he rode out from and back to the Wirral - making his total mileage for the day close on a 100!!!). At this point Graham and I made sure we did the full course as Messrs Orum, Cogan and the Birchall duo missed out a leg (at most a mile). The ford across the Leet, one last climb to Gwernaffield and then it was all downhill to Mold. By the day's end we had ridden over 51 miles (including some 40 miles off-road) with about 4500 feet climbed, and it had taken a round 8 hours including stops.

David Bassett

Calverley Arms, Handley

23 October 1993

The plan for this weekend included so many things, like the laying out of paths, that I thought making the Clubrun was unlikely. When the bright sunny Saturday morning came, it must have been obvious that I was pining to pedal. "Get out on your bike" my mother declared. I didn't need a second chance.

I rode out with my personal wheel builder and truer, Peter Colligan, who, that morning had taken delivery of my latest assignment. He told me all about his season competing in age related road races, a season dogged by winning chances missed through punctures. The over-sixties group in which he competes sounds like a bunch of fearless dare-devils, often going faster than younger age bands. I suppose most of them are retired, maybe they should be classed as pros.

We were last to arrive at Handley, and all too soon it was time to leave the beer drinkers and Wales men. The Eureka party consisted of John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham, Rob Wilson, Pete and myself. Rob told me about his recent trip to the Rockies. It seemed that Canadian tourists who are now not allowed to feed the wildlife, compensate by feeding hungry cyclists.

With such an elite group it was not long before the pace quickened. In the end Rob and Ben got away, I don't know who won the sprint!

John Thompson

AUTUMN TINTS WEEKEND:

Cain Valley Hotel, Llanfyllin

29-31 October 1993

It is always with a great sense of anticipation that I look forward to the annual Autumn Tints Tour. The weather forecast was promising and the location inviting. This year the venue was Llanfyllin and I knew I stood a better chance of riding out to this quiet Welsh market town than I did to Ambleside last year.

The first part of the journey was uneventful as I charted a course through Dudley to Bridgenorth along a road known locally as the "Rabbit Run", must be something to do with the large number of two dimensional rabbits to be seen along the way. At

Wenlock Edge the fun really started with a gruelling climb from Morville via Weston and Brockton to Easthope. I then decided to drop down the near vertical farm track through Easthopewood. There was only one problem, the farm track halted at the gates to an impressive ranch style farm and I needed to find the bridleway that was so clearly marked on my map but was nowhere to be found on the ground.

A quick knock on the farm door and I was soon being licked and slobbered over by two of the biggest dogs you ever did see. The lady of the ranch came to my rescue assuring me that her hounds were friendly and had already eaten. I did wonder who that might have been. I was soon back on track with directions across fields over rickety bridges and along farm tracks ankle deep in mud until I once again reached a metalled road. Not bad going by Anfield standards - 2 miles in one hour!

The lanes then carried me on to Maybole Bank past a remarkable castle set back from the road reminiscent of one at Weston near Prees Heath. In its time it had probably guarded against marauding druids but it now seemed tranquil and domesticated.

On through the lanes I pushed past Pitchford Hall, a most pleasing Tudor building, nestling in amongst the autumn gold of its surrounding woods. Through Condover with its imposing sandstone mansion, once home to the landed gentry and now the residence of the RNIB. By now I was skirting Shrewsbury and I was keen not to get entangled with the new ring road so it was the aptly named Hunger Hill for me, with Lyth Hill looming in the mist. As the time ticked away till night fall, Arscott Hall, Lea, Hinton, Stoney Stretton, and Westbury were all passed in quick succession. Before I dropped down to the B4393 at Princes Oak the flood plain of the River Severn was laid out in front of me and in the gathering gloom it seemed to go on for ever.

At this point it was necessary to put on lights and pause for refreshments before moving off into the dark night. The remainder of the ride was shrouded in darkness. The blackness of the night with few street lamps gave a sense of flight - with each town an island of illumination before sailing into the night.

At about 7.30 I was relieved to reach my destination, finding the Hotel without difficulty. A quick bath and then down to the bar to while away the hours in conversation, food and a few jars. The high spot of the evening was a slide show given by David Birchall on the history of the Anfield from our beginnings to the present. Unfortunately the excesses of the day had taken their toll on me and I fell asleep in 1888 and when I awoke it was 1950. Still maybe we can repeat the experience next year?

Saturday morning dawned cloudy but dry and there was the usual sprint for breakfast won by Ben Griffiths who even managed seconds. Ben was going to be setting the pace for the whole day and his form was quite awesome. President Twigg and event organiser Tecwyn obviously knew a thing or two because they plotted their own sensible lowland route to Knockin wisely leaving us to our fate.

On the road the initial pace was high as we climbed towards Lake Vyrnwy. On one of the initial climbs I managed to slow the fast men by puncturing, allowing those left behind to catch up. There is a long tradition of martyrdom in the Anfield and I have always

tried to play my part. At Vyrnwy we paused for a photo in order to recreate one of the slides from David's archive collection - a few of the original machines featured in this shot along with some more up to date equipment, and I don't mean Tony Pickles.

From Vyrnwy we climbed up Cwm Eunant to the Bwlch y Groes with the bunch being torn asunder yet again. As I reached the top the younger members of the Club, including super grimpeur Billy Graham, were riding up and down the 1 in 6 stretch "just for kicks": to quote Joseph Conrad "Youth, pass the bottle!"

The rapid descent to Dinas Mawddwy was hotly contested (in places at speeds over 50mph) with a group consisting of Graham Thompson, Rob Wilson, Alex Pudduck, David Birchall, Phil Looby and myself forming the vanguard. We stopped in Dinas Mawddwy to regroup and have coffee at the Red Lion. Here, Ben was all for carrying on to Machynlleth for lunch at the fish and chip shop. But the inn was warm and inviting and the beer very good ... so my enthusiasm for Machynlleth, Dyliffe, Staylittle, and back to Llanfyllin (an extra 43 very hilly miles) rapidly diminished - along with Ben's outline as he swept the younger members away at full tilt.

The more sedate group took their time over a wholesome pub lunch before setting off back to Llanfyllin via Llangadfan. The pace was still furious and the bunch was further split with John Putter, Billy Graham and David Birchall contesting the early bath sprint. Colin Werner (who was definitely ahead on points), Stuart Twigg, Phil and myself carrying the lantern *rouge*.

Sometime after 5 o'clock, as I wandered over to the newsagents in the dark I saw Ben and his merry throng arrive back with the fixed stare of those out longer than anticipated and relieved to be back. There is a tale for Ben to record about this epic.

The night was eventful with Mike Hallgarth calling in on his way to Snowdonia and David putting on another slide show. This time it was a most impressive selection of slides from his summer tour of the Outer Hebrides, with shots of HRH Prince Charles' favourite hideaway with Selina Scott. The scenery was spectacular and it definitely whetted a few appetites for future tours.

Sunday morning was again cloudy but dry, and there were three groups setting off homewards. Ben and the fast group were off to Queensferry via Bala and Ruthin; David Birchall and Phil Looby were sauntering through the lanes to Chester via Ellesmere, and I was heading for a lunchtime rendezvous at Ludlow.

My path quickly diverged from that of David and Phil, and I was soon alone again heading for Welshpool, then on to Montgomery and Bishops Castle. This particular part of Shropshire is so peaceful and unspoilt that it is difficult to rush the experience, these lanes must be savoured. At Bishops Castle I was woken from my reverie by the certain knowledge that I would be late for my 1.00pm luncheon appointment in Ludlow. I tried in vain to raise my average speed to evens but I also miscalculated and ended up in Clun when I should have been in Aston-on-Clun. So I bought a map and managed to get on course again through the woods of Fiddlers Elbow and the rapid descent to the Ludlow ring road. Once the hill to the Feathers Hotel had been climbed I was greeted with a flat pint of beer and some sandwiches before the whole family drove back to Halesowen.

Chris Edwards

[Ben adds: Just a short note to thank Tecwyn and yourself for one of the best weekends ever. The Cain Valley Hotel was an excellent choice and your slide show each evening kept us all together and entertained (without being boring). I would also like to thank the lads for waiting for me on the hills. I hope we can book the Hotel for next year. If so I wish to book now. Thanks again.]

Talbot, Cymau

13 November 1993

Alan Orme had arranged to ride from Captain Pickles' in Sychdyn today. This seemed a good opportunity for some Welsh mountain miles so the mountain bikers put upon Tony too. Unfortunately Tony found he was a wedding guest with duties as official chauffeur to the bridesmaids, and so was unable to accompany Alan. Thus Alan joined the mountain bikers, which turned out to be bad news for Alan on his pristine road iron!

Light rain fell as we set off, bypassing Mold along a very muddy lane. The MTBs tackled this without hesitation, but not so Alan's road bike. Then over the hill through Gwernaffield, down to the Leet, so to Loggerheads, Llanarmon-yn-Ial, Llandegla and the Horseshoe, all on tarmac, but with Alan overgeared on the hills. Below the Horseshoe, the MTBers directed Alan, as planned, along roads to Cymau. In rapidly deteriorating conditions - the mist was down, the wind rising and the rain cold and sleety - the MTBs took to a forest track for an interesting hour in the clouds!

We all (Alan too) arrived at Cymau (on the southern slopes of Hope Mountain) very late. In the Talbot, a veritable haven of warmth and food, we found Ernie Davies (with Joan on foot), Herbie Moore, Dikki, Tecwyn, Bill Graham, Ben Griffiths and Colin Werner, about to give us up for lost. Then direct from the wedding, Tony arrived by car, impeccable in best suit. Undaunted by the Captain's smartness, the cold, bedraggled, punctured and fed-up Alan Orme bagged a lift back to Mold leaving the rest to the mercies of the weather. Our apologies - and sincere thanks - are due to Ann Pickles for suffering so 'orrible a lot of damp cyclists on such a day.

DDB

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ANFIELD RECORD BREAKERS IN TROUBLE: Newspaper cuttings in the Club archive detail two record breaking rides by Anfielders in September 1897. Billy Neason succeeded in gaining the London - Brighton and back record, in 5hr 5min 45secs; and T.B.Conway beat the Edinburgh to Liverpool safety record by 28min., completing the distance, 220 miles, in 14hr.35min. But both suffered at the hands of the law for their efforts as further cuttings, dated October 1897, reveal:

"T.B.Conway was fined 5s. and costs for his little scorch from Edinburgh to Liverpool, whilst Billy Neason's London - Brighton ride cost him 40s and costs. Neason's costs would be very heavy, I should say, as two detectives and a policeman from London journeyed to Liverpool specially to interview him. He took the detectives to be Press men, and gave them full particulars of his ride."



Best wishes for Christmas  
and 1994