

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)

President: Tony Pickles
Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
Captain: Martin Cartwright
Hon Secretary: Bill Graham
47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

March 1999

No.888

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

April	3	The Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial	
	10	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	17	White Horse	Churton	
		Club 7 1130hrs Start Huntington		
May	24	The Swan	Marbury	
	1	The Buck	Banger on Dee	
	8	Tiger's Head	Norley	
	15	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	22	White Horse	Churton	
		Club 7 1130hrs Start Huntington		
	29	Yew Tree	Crewe Green	
	31	100th ANFIELD 100	(HQ: Prees Village Institute)	
June	5	Burlton Inn	Burlton	
	12	The Bull	Shocklach	
			Club 14 1130hrs Broxton	
	19	Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	26	Cotton Arms	Wrenbury	
July	3	Bridge Hotel	Bont Uchell	
	10	White Horse	Churton	
			Club 7 1130hrs Start Huntington	

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 5 JUNE 1999 *

E-Mail

E-mail means the Circular can receive lots of lovely run reports, racing results, and intelligence on Ben's training schedule. Please send your E-mail address to the Editor as on the front cover. The Editorial office now expects lots of material to edit. Ever optimistic. Format for MSWorks 3.0, text file or "paste" to your message please.

Committee Notes

New Member (Re-joining):

John Stinton: 133 Herbert Jennings Avenue, WREXHAM, LL12 7YT
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Changes of Address:

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Shropshire, SY3 7QX (☎: 01743 356214)

Graham Williams: 5 White Oaks Drive, Northop Hall, Flintshire,
CH7 LL (☎: 01244 816654)

Treasury Notes

The following members at their request have once again had their 3rd party insurance renewed with the CTC. This does not include legal representation. This can only be obtained by full membership of the CTC (definitely well worth it for the magazine alone!) or the BCF:

Len Walls, John Whelan, Rod Anderson, Paul Ashley, Dave Bassett, Dave Bettaney, Brian Bird, David Brown, Rob Burrows, Martin Cartwright, Craig Clewley, Simon Cogan, Peter Colligan, Hugh Dauncey, Dave Eaton, Chris Edwards, John Farrington, Nigel Fellows, Neil France, Alan Gummerson, James Kearney, Mike Kimpton, Mark Livingstone, Phil Looby, Phil Mason, John Moss, Karl Nelson, Lee Nichols, Alan Orme, Keith Orum, Tony Pickles, Duncan Rees, Geoff Sharp, Graham Thompson, Colin Werner, Phil Whitehead, Brian Whitmarsh, Graham Williams, Tecwyn Williams, Rob Wilson.

If any of you not listed require 3rd party cover, via the CTC, do not delay contacting me.

Subscriptions

There are still some of you who have not yet paid your dues for this year. Please get your cheque book out asap.

Direct Debit

I will be writing to those of you who have still not increased the amount payable.

Mike Twigg

OBITUARIES

ERIC REEVES

Eric joined the Anfield in the summer of 1937. He died in December 1998: more than 61 years of membership.

His membership got off to a cracking start. In the 1937 season's 2nd Club 50 Miles Time Trial he battled with Jack Salt for fastest. Although by the end of the race Eric was beaten by 7 seconds, his time (2.17.55) was good enough to win the handicap prize. And, in those days, that is what really mattered. A month later, Eric distinguished himself in the 100, winning the handicap, off 17 minutes start. Overall, he was also third fastest, with a ride of 4.46.36, leading J E Carr and Jack Salt and the Anfield to the First Team Prize. Then WW2 intervened at a time when his racing career should have flourished. He served in the Middle East, from where he sent missives on life in the forces to Frank Marriott for the Circular.

My own memory of Eric came very much later. In the 1960s to us youngsters, Eric was one of the senior habitués of the Eureka Cafe. He was always soberly clad. Plusses and a black Greenspot jacket his uniform. Nor would he ever be seen riding anything but an equally sober black bicycle. Eric could expound for hours on the most arcane points of bicycle design and on cycling technique. He never married, but was a cyclist to the core. To the end of his life, he maintained his ability to cycle, though latterly he rued his slow average speed in the lanes of Wirral.

At the funeral, the Club was represented by John Futter, Ben Griffiths, Bill Graham and Keith Orum.

DDB

HERBERT MOORE

Herbert Charles Moore, died on 14 January, a few weeks short of his 77th birthday, after a long illness.

Herbert (by his close friends he was always given the full name Herbert) started his cycling with the Birkenhead North End straight from school. He rode his bike throughout the war years being in a reserved occupation "down at the yard" - Cammell Lairds.

However officialdom caught up with him and he was sent down the mines as a "Bevin boy". His mining work started in Sheffield but he soon moved to the Lancashire coal-field, where he was able to ride to from home.

After his mining stint he joined the family photographic business in Dale Street, Liverpool, Moore & Co, who produced the famous APTUs (a forerunner of the Polaroid camera) - which became popular with seaside photographers.

Herbert was a natural on a bike, and despite never training as hard or as assiduously as his fellow competitors, soon made his mark in long distance events winning the Liverpool Time Trials Association BAR championship in 1946. Like Eric Reeves, one of Herbert's contemporaries was Black Anfielder Jack Salt, one of the finest riders the Anfield produced. They would do battle not only on local roads but in prestigious events like the Bath Road 100.

In 1982, Herbert joined the Anfield as a second claim member, and often rode with his life long friend Ernest Davies on the Saturday Clubrun.

Herbert was a fine rider and will be remembered by all who met him for his sociability over a pint or two down the road, but he rode his bike less frequently after his wife passed away.

Herbert leaves a son, two daughters and six grand-children.

Bill Graham

THE 100th 100: MONDAY 31 MAY 1999

Event HQ this year will be the Village Club in Prees. It is hoped that there will be a light buffet lunch before the presentation of prizes at about 1 o'clock. Help with the marshalling is needed. Please volunteer to Keith Orum (0151 342 8958) or Tony Pickles (01352 759708)

TRAINING RIDES

I hope to organise 8 weekly Tuesday evening training sessions commencing 4 May 1999, with a 7.30pm start (except 1 June).

The training idea I have in mind will, I hope, generate enthusiasm and be interesting to all levels of ability/fitness, with an emphasis on speed work and a variety of skills. There is no need to go in to too much detail now, the important thing to start with is to get the scheme up and running, and to this end it is vital that Anfielders turn up and support the venture.

The circuit I favour at present is reasonably central to those likely to be interested going through Llong, Pontblyddyn, Penyfford, Penymynydd, Padeswood - about 7 miles in distance.

All who cycle regularly are requested to make a serious effort to come out and take part (usually in fitness/ability groups), and I hope members from different districts will organise themselves to be involved, even it means coming by car.

Hope to see as many of you as possible, in the lane at Llong, by the old railway station, on 4 May.

Bill Graham

REFLECTIONS

* It's the future, and not as we know it. Ben Griffiths has bought a new bike. Triple chain-rings, mountain bike brakes, luggage rack for panniers ... the lot. For Ben, its unheard of. And he admits to being impressed, especially by the braking power. But my spies tell me that as yet the crucial little chain-ring is unused.

* Bill Graham went to the Altrincham Ravens Dinner and Prize-giving in November to be awarded a magnificent trophy - some two feet high and weighing 22lbs -this for winning 1st Handicap in their "25". The Dinner to mark their 75th Anniversary was a splendid affair with the legendary Ken Joy as guest of honour, and many other celebrities were in evidence too. In welcoming the visitors the President mentioned their 75 years was modest compared with the Anfield coming up to 120 years and the Centenary 100 in May.

The following evening Bill attended a CTC Gentlemen's Dinner in Chester (Bill's sure they only accepted him because he's in the Anfield) - and was presented with another cup, for winning the Chester and District hill climb. Not content with this, he managed to pick up quite a nice medallion (in presentation box) for 2nd on Standard in the Wrexham RC Hill climb (the Horseshoe).

Bill modestly adds that none of his performances were stupendous - in fact they were pretty ordinary. Most of the satisfaction comes from helping keep the club name afloat (Anfield BC engraved on two cups and two medals). Nearly anyone can achieve a little bit of success. The secret he says is to be canny, choose your races carefully and only compete every two or three years. An Ow'd Un.

* John Thompson has been cycle camping in New Zealand where he visited Rolfe Mills' vineyard. We are told that John made a big impression on Rolfe. But we were sorry to hear that Rolfe has been very unwell, and has just had a big op. Undaunted, Rolfe plans to ride the Bordeaux - Paris (a la GP), on a tandem next year. We wish him well - on both the roads to recovery and Paris.

* * * * *

CAPTAIN'S LANTERN ROUGE

As ever the winter months and the associated weather tend to ensure that this is a generally quieter period on the cycling front. Only in recent weeks as temperatures have slowly started to rise have events worthy of comment taken place. On a personal note I have been very conscious of the efforts made last winter in an attempt to be race ready from the start of the season and the injury problems this led to due to hard training in cold weather. This year I have decided to adopt a much more relaxed approach to my training with only minimal sessions on the 'turbo' and a few

modest detours on the ride home from work. So far things seem to be going to plan and I have set my sights on building up slowly through the early months, aiming to peak (hopefully) for the 100 at the end of May. After that I will probably concentrate on 25s with the aim of knocking a couple of minutes off my current PB of 1.00.53, but I suppose I might (with sufficient persuasion/encouragement) have a crack at a 12 hr later in the year. As you can see the plans are laid, lets just hope I can stick to them this year.

On a completely different note now I just wish that over the last few months I had had the foresight to carry a video recorder with me on my daily ride to and from work. I am sure that I could be in a position to retire on the proceeds of sending all the video clips to that nice Mr Beadle on the telly. I know that sales of cycles have seen quite an upturn in recent times and this has been reflected in a marked increase in the number of people I see on cycles every day. Unfortunately most of those that feel the sudden desire to take to the roads on two wheels don't seem to have the brains they were born with. Due to the nature of shift work a large proportion of my journeys are during the hours of darkness and consequently I have gone to great lengths to make myself as visible as possible.

Others however appear to think themselves immortal or are completely oblivious to the danger they place themselves in and travel in complete darkness in jeans and heavy overcoats on cheap, heavy mountain bikes without the aid of any form of illumination whatsoever. Having witnessed many near misses and heard almost every possible expletive that can be uttered in response to a blaring car horn I begin to have little doubt as to why cyclists in general have such a bad reputation.

I was greatly amused by a chap I saw some months back travelling along the straight road that leads into Sandycroft on Deeside who was clearly having great trouble with a fault that had developed in his steering. As I approached from behind I became aware that this gentleman was riding in a very eccentric manner and started to take a greater interest in his behaviour as I was obviously going to need a good deal of room to get round him.

As I got closer and closer I could see that he was moving his handlebars wildly from side to side but his front wheel was not responding in a similar manner as it clearly should. All of a sudden the front wheel decided that pointing straight ahead was no longer any fun and turned sharply to the left taking the rest of the bike and its helpless passenger with it. Any of you that know this particular stretch of road will be aware that it is bounded by a deep drainage ditch on both sides and before my very eyes the inevitable happened and bike and passenger ended up being deposited in a heap in knee deep muddy water. I stopped to offer assistance but the chap was clearly embarrassed by the whole experience and the ensuing conversation went something like:

"Are you ok mate?"

"Yeah!"

"Do you need any help?"

"NO!!!"

"What happened? Is anything broken? Can you carry on?" This was obviously the final straw and his next response suggested it was time for me to be on my way without any further ado.

"* off, the *in' steerin's *in' * innit. *in' piece of *!!!!!!!!!!!!!!". As you can tell he was quite an eloquent chap.

On another more recent occasion I was approaching work with a chap riding a mountain bike several hundred yards in front of me. He was set firmly in my sights and I was catching him quickly when he veered sharply off the road into what used to be a works car park entrance. Due to the confident manner in which he undertook this manoeuvre it was clear that he had done it many times before. Unfortunately he wasn't to know that it had been decided by the powers that be to close this entrance by erecting a form of double bar fence using scaffold tubes. The squeal of brakes and the scream of horror suggested that he had realised his fate all too late but in his honour I must state that his dismount was almost elegant and the vision of his rear flashing light sailing in a neat arc over his prostrate body was a sight to behold.

Basic maintenance also appears to be an alien concept to many of these new fans of two wheeled transport. As if to prove this fact I recently followed a colleague home from work and was horrified to see the rear wheel was so buckled that the side to side movement of the rim was more than the maximum the calliper could open. However, rather than repair the obviously damaged wheel he had just removed the calliper completely. Now as if this wasn't bad enough his front wheel, which provided his only means of stopping, was steel rimmed and therefore was virtually useless at even the slightest hint of rain.

I'm not really sure what the exact point of these ramblings is other than to point out the potential dangers that people place themselves in but choose to ignore. This can be an exiting sport that we all enjoy but it is also a very dangerous one if not conducted in the right manner so to all of you out there whether racing or just riding for pleasure please take care and always be aware.

Martin Cartwright

* * * * *

Far North to Deep South

During my lapsed years of Anfield membership (1984 - 1997), I had the enormous privilege of living in the Lake District. When I first arrived there, mountain biking was almost unheard of, and my interest moved towards hill-walking for my first year or so. However, before long I became curious about these new-fangled bikes that broke all the traditions I had previously held dear. I had spent all my Anfield years aspiring to short wheelbases, big chainrings, steep frame angles, double butted tubing and tubular

tyres. Yet here were these machines that broke all the rules. How could they be anything but a passing fad?

Needless to say, it was only a matter of time before I traded in a surplus road bike for my first mountain bike. My first few road miles were depressing. A bike with the weight and aerodynamics of a farm gate, and the rolling resistance of a bean bag. Offroad, things were not much more fun, gravity pulled down hard and there seemed to be a great deal of uncomfortable and prolonged carrying to do. However the revelation came with the easy accessibility to superb ridge routes, ancient passes and long-derelict drovers' roads. Also there was the adrenaline rush of sweeping rattling descents where survival was about blind faith rather than skill. And so I entered the Muddy Brigade.

During my years in Cumbria, I developed a detailed knowledge of most bridleways and byways of the southern part of the county, with frequent visits across to the Yorkshire Dales also. My routes varied from low level woodland tracks, to jagged ridges and screes in conditions from summer heatwave to winter snow. Mostly, my explorations were solo, with a notable exception being the 1992 Tints weekend, when I was able to share some of my routes with the new muddy division of the Anfield.

In mid 1997, my career called for change and my company wanted me to take up a new role in Kent. With much heartache, the decision was made to head south (with a master plan to return some day). My first purchase was an OS map. My expectations were low. Would there be any back roads? Would the traffic be safe? Would there be land access? The reality was delightfully different, with an abundance of long distance tracks across the North Downs and the Weald of Kent. But maps don't show everything. The landscape of Kent and East Sussex has escaped the proliferation of commuter towns that seem to feature at all other points of the compass from London. Finally the county is abundant in unspoilt villages with classic country pubs selling excellent southern beers (yes really).

To date, my riding has concentrated on circular routes within the area between Maidstone, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells and Tenterden. The bridleways are either excellent and well surfaced - notably the Pilgrim's Way, North Downs Way and the Wealdway, or semi-abandoned routes of gloopy chalk-clay. Either way, they are uncrowded and offer an insight into the history of the county.

So how to compare and contrast the North and the South? Firstly, it is essential to experience both. The North offers grandeur and isolation that cannot be matched in the South, but the latter offers a secret view of an area that belies its high population. So what is the solution - well simply to do both as much as possible. After all it's a very small country we live in!

If anyone is passing by with a bike on the roof en route for a Channel ferry, do pop by and sample a track or two. My phone number is 01732 849530.

Rod Anderson

CLUBRUNS

The Goshawk, Mouldsworth

10th January 1999

The day began clear and bright though frosty. Martin confirmed by early morning phone that he would be at John Futters by 10.00am. Due to early morning tele watching with young Christopher, I suggested a touch later. I drove to John's and met Ben as well. We headed off towards the Saltney Ferry footbridge through Blacon and Saughall, coming out at Mollington and then Mickle Trafford. Somewhere along this devious route we picked up Graham Thompson who was just cruising along the main road trying to avoid the ice. I thought it was a motor bike he was coming that fast. Now I knew where I was, it dawned on me that we were probably heading to Manley Bank. Martin commented that he had always come down but never up. Time to pay homage to the hill gods. Due to my lack of fitness (50 miles since the Tints) the others decided to ride on slowly at the top of the hill for they were not in sight when I arrived. A slight panic hit me: was it the Goshawk or was it the Forest View. I could not remember. Common sense prevailed - I'd go to the Goshawk anyway.

There were three bikes in the normal parking space for bikes. I had guessed right and I wasn't going to have a solo club run after all. Tecwyn and Dave Edwards joined us there, but alas no one else. A pint and a pasta special and I could have won a sprint with Cippollini. But I had to climb up from the Goshawk and he, like me, is no climber. We rolled along nicely back towards Chester. Ben, Martin and Graham carried on to Two Mills and I dodged through the traffic over Saltney Ferry Bridge. And so back to John Futter's, threw the bike in the back of the car and home. It was a good plan to leave the car there after all, that last 450 feet is a killer.

Tony Pickles

Golden Grove, Rossett

27 February 1999

What a rotten day weatherwise. I had been out on my bike first thing and so had Dikki Bird. Both of us decided to come on the run by car. In my case I brought Pat. Dikki had Olly, his dog, with him.

Pat and I were first to arrive, followed by Karl Nelson, Phil Looby, Ben Griffiths, John Futter, Craig Clewley, Tony Pickles, and Paul Ashley. Much talk was directed against the weather, and to the forthcoming time-trial season. The new season will be blighted by traffic lights, permanent at Curzon Island from Easter, ruling out the Chester southerly bypass. This means that courses now have to be directed further to Whitchurch on the hilly stretch of the A41 south of Broxton.

Just as the "lads" were thinking of leaving, John Thompson arrived, followed by Maggie and John's mum. John had met Keith

Orum up the road on his way to the Clubrun. Keith was of the opinion that the run was to the Golden Lion on the main road in Rossett. They had a drink and a natter - and wondered why nobody else had turned up. John found out why from a local - that there was another "Golden" just outside the village. At which, John set off to the correct venue, but Keith went home.

Mike Twigg

Calveley Arms, Handley and 1st Club "14" - 13 March 1999

Every season our first event seems to get entangled with road works controlled by traffic lights. And every season the workmen pack up shortly after they have ruined our race. It is not a deliberate plot against the Anfield's racing programme. I think it is more about Saturday morning overtime, and using up the local authority's surplus budget for road mending before the end of the financial year. But for us the result is always the same. This time we started the riders at Broxton, then moved a mile up the road to an improvised finish opposite the Cock 'o Barton. Sure enough within a minute of our last rider, the roadmen removed the lights and were gone. Next year we should delay the start until midday, or even after lunch.

At the start, around the course and at the Calveley Arms were Tecwyn, Dikki, Dave Edwards, John Stinton, John Futter, Mike Twigg, Dawn Thompson and Joan Davies. The riders were Graham Thompson, Rob Burrows, Ben Griffiths, Mark Livingstone, and Tony Pickles.

Result

- | | | |
|----|-------------------|-------|
| 1. | Graham Thompson | 31.08 |
| 2. | Martin Cartwright | 33.10 |
| 3. | Rob Burrows | 34.15 |
| 4. | Ben Griffiths | 36.02 |
| 5. | Mark Livingstone | 36.02 |
| 6. | Tony Pickles | 41.57 |

Captain's Weekend

Cain Valley Hotel, Llanfyllin - 5 - 7 March 1999

Mold to Llanfyllin was the plan for Friday for Martin Cartwright, Geraint Catherall, John Futter, Phil Looby and Tony Bell (and it was good to see Tony in the party. A representative of **Cycling Weekly** is always welcome on an Anfield weekend). Tony Pickles, with help from Mark Livingstone, were baggage carriers. Having dropped off the bags at the hotel they rode to Llyncllys to meet the main party, who were waiting at Llanymynech, five miles down the Welshpool road. Not much was admitted, but mobile phones to the rescue, both groups merged for the climb from Llanyblodwell

in the Tanat Valley to the Cain Valley. Too many Llanywossits, and hills, was the Presidential assessment.

After last year's marathon ride through wind and flood, staying at the Cain Valley Hotel on Friday night seemed a good idea. Wheels could be turned on new roads on Saturday morning from the word go, without the need for heroics. Montgomery was the aim of the roadmen, rather than Knighton, deemed too far, too hilly. Tony Pickles, John Futter and Geraint were content to opt for a return ride through the hilly lanes via Berriew, Castle Caereinion and Pontrobert. But Captain Cartwright and his men looking for more miles headed to Minsterley where they had lunch. They returned on the roads along the south bank of the Severn. They were the unlucky ones. Judging by their sodden and mucky bikes, they cycled into a deluge on roads besieged by muddy tractors.

The off-riders were in the minority this time. Which was just as well for the Editor. With an impaired sense of balance keeping him off two wheels (hopefully temporarily), he was test riding a Windcheetah three-wheel recumbent. The machine was on loan from Bob Dixon of Altrincham who builds them to Mike Burrows' design. Anyone who rides such a strange machine on an Anfield run should expect comments, warned the President in advance. It has to be said though that none were forthcoming. Very unusual for the Anfield. And it says much for the Windcheetah's design. When a machine looks right it evokes reverence from real cyclists. And the beauty and elegance of the Windcheetah is undeniable. It is exquisitely engineered, with not a gram of weight wasted. Dare it be said that a quiet and respectful queue formed looking for the chance to try it.

Keith Orum and Adam Birchall very kindly acted as minders. You are very near the ground on a Windcheetah - less than half the height of a conventional bike. So Keith and Adam formed a safety committee of outriders for the ride to Lake Vyrnwy.

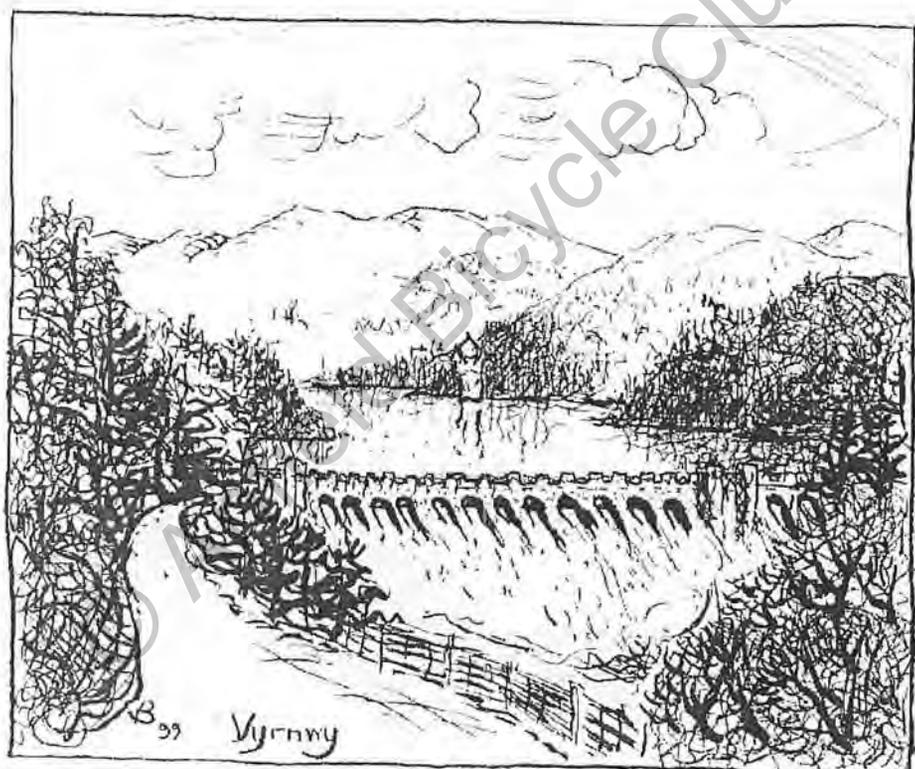
By the time we reached Vyrnwy, Keith was itching to try the Windcheetah. Tentatively he eased himself into the Carbon Kevlar seat, and locked into the pedals. Gingerly he set off across the dam. Half way across, the machine suddenly accelerated like the Star Ship Enterprise reaching warp speed. Keith had realised the power it punched. He returned, face beaming, a glorious mixture of delight and terror. "Hell bells and buckets of water!" was his only comment and he sped off again this time out of sight.

Some time later, the circuit of the lake completed, we reached the Vyrnwy Hotel for lunch. Chris Edwards was already there when we arrived. After lunch, solo, Chris climbed the Hirnant, above the snow-line, to Bala and returned over the Miltir Cerrig, while Keith and Adam found some forest tracks in the hills behind the hotel.

John Thompson's Severn Valley Road Club party have learnt their lesson after last year's epic. This year it was John plus one. One hundred and forty miles on Saturday and the same on Sunday. At least on Sunday they had a tail wind.

One of the nice things about the Cain Valley Hotel is that mine host is prepared to put on a reasonable meal for us, at one table, and to serve it at an unhurried pace. It was an enjoyable way to spend the evening. After coffee, some of the party still had the energy for the bar.

Sunday was bitterly cold with more than a hint of sleety rain in the air. The homeward route for the roadmen led to the lanes along Shropshire's Welsh border. For the recumbent team, a two hour circuit around the Tanat Valley, and for John Thompson the long slog back to the Cotswolds.



ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)

President: Tony Pickles
Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
Captain: Martin Cartwright
Hon Secretary: Bill Graham
47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

June 1999

No. 889

CLUBRUNS

(lunch 1230hrs)

- July
- | | | | |
|----|--|-----------------------------|--|
| 3 | Bridge Hotel | Bont Uchell | |
| 10 | White Horse | Churton | |
| | Club 7 1130hrs Start Huntington | | |
| 17 | Yew Tree | Spurstow | |
| 24 | Farndon Arms | Farndon (*Mersey Roads 24*) | |
| 31 | Miners' Arms | Minera | |
- August
- | | | | |
|----|--|------------|--------------------------|
| 7 | Hare & Hounds | Crowton | |
| 14 | Sportsman's Arms | Tattenhall | <u>Committee 1130hrs</u> |
| 21 | Black Dog | Waverton | |
| | Club 7 1130hrs Start Huntington | | |
| 28 | Rose & Crown | Graianrhyd | |
- September
- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|---------------|--|
| 4 | Calveley Arms | Handley | |
| | Club 14 1130hrs Broxton | | |
| 11 | The Goshawk | Mouldsworth | |
| 18 | The Buck | Bangor-on-Dee | |
| 25 | The Ffrwd | Cefn-y-Bedd | |
| 26 | ANFIELD BC OPEN 25 Broxton | | |
- October
- | | | | |
|---|------------------|------------------|-----------|
| 2 | The Raven | Llanarmon-yn-Ial | Hillclimb |
| 9 | Sportsman's Arms | Tattenhall | |
- (followed by AGM at 2.00pm)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
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Harold Catling: we were very sorry to hear that Harold's wife, Mary, died suddenly in March. Our condolences and thoughts are with Harold and his family.

Club 14: 4 September: *Stan Wild* writes to let us know that Jo and he will be in Anfieldland during September. They intend being on the clubrun on 4 September - which coincidentally happens to be the date fixed for the last Club "14" starting at Broxton (11.30am). The clubrun will be The Calveley Arms Handley.

Annual General Meeting

The AGM will take place after the clubrun to the Sportsman's Arms, Tattenhall, 9 October 1999, starting at 2.00pm. Your chance to elect officers and committee.

The Autumn Tints

Kington, on the Herefordshire Radnorshire border, about 85 miles from Mold - Chester, is the destination for this autumn's Tints weekend. Friday to Sunday, 15 - 17 October at Burton House Hotel, the best in town. The venue promises to be very comfortable, and we have done us a deal! Dinner, bed and breakfast will be about £36 inclusive, per night. The cycling in the area is amongst the most pleasant in the Welsh borders; into Herefordshire are quiet lanes, cider orchards and black and white villages. The world's greatest concentration of second-hand books at Hay, and the Wye valley, are an easy morning's ride southward. And for off-roading, the hill tracks of Radnor Forest are on the doorstep. Three days will not be enough.

Reserve your place with Tecwyn Williams now - 01829 271091
(office), 01829 271077 (home).

Off-roading: Llandrindod Wells

Simon Cogan has arranged an MTB weekend for the 31 July / 1 August at the Severn Arms Hotel, Llandrindod Wells (01597 851224). Book direct (or contact Simon). The area has the potential for some good riding. Simon has already ridden a Polaris event in that area (roughly). Out of 400, he finished 167th. "With fewer punctures and a bit more thought we could easily have crept up 30 or 40 places" he says.

Racing Results

Club Events

17 April 1999 (7 miles)

M Cartwright	17.37	R Burrows	17.59
C Griffiths	20.03 (chain dislodged)		

22 May 1999 (7 miles)

G Thompson	16.10;	M Cartwright	16.44
R Burrows	17.29;	C Griffiths	19.04
G Catherall	19.40		

12 June 1999 (14 miles) M Cartwright 37.56

Correction: 13 March (14 miles) C Griffiths 34.51

Open Events

Birkenhead Vics CC 2-up "25", 28 February:

Graham Thompson / Ben Griffiths 1.04.22 (Fastest Vet on std)

Ellesmere Port CC "25", 7 March: Ben Griffiths 1.10.16

Port Sunlight Wh "25", 21 March:

Graham Thompson	1.05.54	Ben Griffiths	1.12.18
Geraint Catherall	1.15.34	Mark Livingstone	1.16.14

Merseyside Ladies "10", 28 March:

Graham Thompson	24.01		
Martin Cartwright	25.05	Ben Griffiths	26.14

Rhyl CC "37" MTT, 4 April:

Martin Cartwright	1.50.29		
Ben Griffiths	1.55.37	Mark Livingstone	1.58.02

WCTTA "25", 11 April:

Graham Thompson	1.01.02		
Martin Cartwright	1.06.51 (40 secs late start: actual 1.06.11)		
Ben Griffiths	1.08.51	Mark Livingstone	1.14.31
Geraint Catherall	1.16.02		

N'BrightonCC "25", 18 April: B Griffiths 1.11.07 (fastest in grp)

Merseyside VTTA "10", 1 May: Ben Griffiths 25.22

Phoenix CC "25", 2 May: Ben Griffiths 1.05.43

WCTTA "50", 9 May:

Graham Thompson	2.07.11 (9th fastest)
Martin Cartwright	2.18.06
Ben Griffiths	2.19.31 (Fastest Vet on std)
Rob Burrows	2.23.27 (Best improvement)
Mark Livingstone	2.28.21

North Mids VTTA "30", 15 May: Ben Griffiths 1.17.00

North Lancs VTTA "25", 16 May: Ben Griffiths 1.05.03

Clubruns

Beeston Castle Hotel

27 March 1999

I rang President Pickles early in the morning to confirm whether he would be going on the club run. He was, and so at 10 o'clock we set off down to Broughton to meet Ben, John Futter and Martin. Together we rode from Broughton through Rossett, Farndon, Barton and Tattenhall enjoying the warm and dry weather. On arrival at the Beeston Castle Hotel Dikki was already there, having ridden out from Tattenhall, along with Joan Davies. Mike Twigg followed shortly also by bike. Then came Dave Birchall and Adam by car. The usual discussions followed and news that someone wished to ride the 100th Anfield 100 on a penny farthing. After lunch we all set off for home. On the ride back Martin was regretting his morning enthusiasm of turning out in shorts and racing vest as the wind increased and temperature dropped. I arrived home having completed 60 miles.

Geraint Catherall

THE 100TH ANFIELD 100

Spring Bank Holiday : 31 May 1999

100 jottings:

* We are sure that all the Anfielders and friends who supported the event felt that it was a great success. The Club's thanks go to all who, year after year, are so generous with their time.

* Our doughty Captain, Martin Cartwright, was first man off. He was somewhat dismayed when told that this honour carried responsibilities: as first man, he would need full marshalling kit just in case... All credit then to 4.48.06 for his first hundred!

* We would like to thank *Cycling Weekly* for their coverage. However, if criticism can be permitted, it was unfortunate that pre-event publicity (29 May) came too late to be of any use (*CW* had "copy" in early March). Also, annoyingly, they scrambled the message. Maybe defending and promoting time-trialling is low on *CW*'s agenda. As a result, the Event Secretary's phone was busy late into the Saturday and Sunday night with callers either wanting more information, or concerned we were leading riders to Ludlow and the Tanat Valley! Some 100 that would be. Unfortunately too, *CW*'s report of the event (June 12) went "off-course" at the last paragraph (see later), the result, we believe, of a mis-understood conversation at the finish. For the record, so long as there are riders, marshals and a suitable course, the Anfield will run the event. We would have preferred an acknowledgement of the Club's appreciation of all involved - riders, officials and marshals.

* As part of the celebration, commemorative mugs (very classy too) were awarded to every rider, marshal and helper. If you

helped but did not look in at HQ (Prees Village Club) to receive your mug, and would like one, please contact Mike Twigg.

* On the walls of the Prees Village Club, we placed a modest exhibition illustrating the history of the event, including photos of some of the most outstanding riders from every decade of the event, including Bren Orrell and Jack Salt.

* Tea (about 300 cups worth), coffee, delicious filled batches and home-made cakes were dispensed by Mary and Adam Birchall, with John Farrington providing support. Proceeds have gone to the 100 fund. The cakes this year were even better than usual. We are very grateful to all who provided them - all were very much appreciated.

* Amongst the throng, we were pleased to see many named in Course Marshal Orum's report (see later). In addition, we were delighted to see Ira Thomas, Elaine Hancock (from Penzance) with her son Sydney. "Names" Gethin Butler, Andy Wilkinson and Dave Lloyd looked in too.

* Finally, there was the opportunity for a unique photo-call: of Andy Wilkinson shaking hands with Alec Baxter, whose penny farthing ride around the course was received with so much enthusiasm. Alec who rode like a demon, can rest assured that his ride (8hrs 5mins) is the fastest achieved round the Anfield 100 course on an Ordinary this century. His ride was without doubt in the spirit of Anfield founder member Lawrence Fletcher. We have awarded Alec a copy of the *Black Anfielders*, suitably inscribed, and a set of photos of him in action.

Course Marshal's Report - by Keith Orum

Ben Griffiths, Tony Pickles, Martin Cartwright and Geraint Catherall were the first to arrive at Event HQ. I arrived at 5.15am and at this time the event conjures in my mind a 13th century enactment of a duel at dawn. An air of excited anticipation as the participants start to appear. As in a ritual, they inspect and prepare their equipment, each to their own. It will be, hopefully, a personal victory for each and every one, because that is Time Trialling "Man and machine in perfect harmony", with only assistance or hindrance from the elements prevailing on the day.

This time of day on the morn of an Anfield 100 is always magic to me. It has been so since my first attendance 40 years ago when I witnessed Ray Booty of the Ericsson Wheelers ride to a 4.18.15 win on Shropshire's roads. Today the participants' enthusiasm is no different. However their battle dress is colourful, tight as though a part of their skin, and with their machines they look a fearsome sight - like knights preparing for the tournament.

John Whelan arrived to manage the HQ. I have no longer time to dream. Where are the timekeepers? Ian Shaw and Bob McNamee. Pushers Off, Brian Bird and Paul Ashley, and Starting Steward Mike Twigg. No panic! All are present. The "official machinery" is

oiled and awaiting our solitary Anfield rider, Martin Cartwright to battle and lead the field out on this century ride.

My role was to drive around the course to check all was well, taking Geraint Catherall with me as spare man. On station at Prees Island were the Anfield's faithful friends of many years Doug Ingram and Dave Stapleton, and I am surprised to see Tecwyn who was not due on station until 7.30am, but never mind, he might consider an early breakfast.

Onward to Tern Hill, Hugh Dauncey and his young lady, together with Dave Eaton, were in attendance. Tony Pickles appeared from nowhere, blatantly obvious that, as Event Organiser, he was checking on the Course Marshal and ready to give me tuition on erecting race warning signs using adhesive tape. Fortunately he did not give me a practical test on the technique. Mike Hallgarth and Philippa arrived in the VW bus, a welcome sight for I knew that the drinks station at 30 and 70 miles was in secure hands. No time to lose, Cartwright was in sight, and so on to Forton Island, the far turn on the first circuit. Here Chris Edwards, John Lahiff, and Phil Looby took up station. I, as yet, had not perfected erecting the warning signs without also attaching my fingers to the posts with adhesive tape. Some 50 miles into the event I hoped I would be an expert, and gain the Event Organiser's recognition on his next routine check of my activities!

Back through Tern Hill, Prees Island and on towards Eric and Mrs Fogg of the Birkenhead North End who timed at 50 miles. A few yards further on in the bus shelter, the Mersey Roads Club catering service unit with hundreds of years experience in the trade, dispensed drinks at the mid distance. I assumed Ruth Williams was in the role of catering manager, with husband Bob, brother-in-law John and son David with his wife Debbie together with Brian Holland and Eileen Smith). I can find no evidence in the archives of Birkenhead library to support the suspicion that the ancestors of these Mersey Roaders dispensed mead or alternative beverages at 13th century tournaments or duels.

Battlefield Island is always high on my list of concerns on these occasions for later on in the event the traffic volume becomes intense. With the latest redesign of the island to incorporate an additional road I thought the situation would not be improved. But John Futter, Craig Clewley and Geof Sharp, who managed this responsibility, reported after the event that the redesigned island improved traffic flow.

Geraint and I made our way back to Prees to start the second circuit, where Tecwyn and Dave Edwards now managed the island. At Tern Hill, Neil France was in place, and at Forton Island there was an army of Anfielders made up of those from the first circuit who decided to stay, as Dave Bettaney was unable to attend because of illness, and so Brian Whitmarsh and John Thompson had added assistance. My priority was a very quick stop for a bacon butty to be eaten en route to Tern Hill, now under the command of Tom Sherman with another army of Anfielders, including Phil Whitehead, who I recognised but could not name as a 1966 schoolboy champion.

The final miles were now in sight. I dropped off Geraint to assist John Williamson with crucial left-hand turn on to the A442. The finish is a mile down the road, and here the timekeepers awaited the first rider. It was my task to relay the finish times back to Tony Pickles at Event HQ, via a mobile telephone.

From my point of view, and I will say it again this year: "Went the day well". Thank you one and all, and a special thank you to all our friends who help us year upon year.

Race Report

The following report, thanks to Ken Matthews, appeared in Cycling Weekly 12 June 1999:

Taking the honours for a third consecutive year, Dave Birch (Stourbridge CC) had the distinction of winning the 100th edition of the classic Anfield "100" on Spring Bank Holiday Monday with a personal best 3.52.01.

Birch, last man of a field of 90 riders, passed the halfway mark in 1.53.33, already 1.29 ahead of Barry Charley. Birch pulled out a final margin of 2.37 over Neil Peart (Leo RC) as Charley slipped to fourth place behind the other winning member of the Stourbridge team, Roger Iddles. Birch, a 38 year old fireman, first won the event with 3.59.22 in 1997, and improved to 3.54.50 last year.

There was bitter disappointment when seven-times winner Andy Wilkinson (Port Sunlight Wheelers) had his entry returned after it had missed the closing date. The Anfield had been one of his main targets for the season.

The other disappointment was the retirement of Gethin Butler (Team Men's Health), who had started only 36 hours after finishing the Prutour in Edinburgh but climbed off after covering 40 miles. "I could have gone on and finished, but it may have done some damage for the future," he explained. "The team went out for a drink on Saturday in Edinburgh, and I did about 25 miles on Sunday".

Birch too harboured thoughts of retiring. "I was thinking of packing at around 40 miles, but I thought of the team, and I was also cheered up when I was told that Butler had climbed off" he said.

It was Birch's 10th win of the season, his tally covering all distances from 10 to 100 miles. But he admitted "I suffered from start to finish as I think everyone did today."

Spare a special thought, then for Alec Baxter, from Southport, who set off at 5am on an old "ordinary", and rode the whole course in 8.05.00. Back in 1889, the first Anfield winner, PC Wilson, did it in 7.11.00 - but he was paced.

A question mark now hangs over the future of the Anfield event, with a lack of willing marshals causing major concern. A decision on whether to continue is expected to be taken at the next meeting of the organising committee.

Results:

Dave Birch (Stourbridge CC)	3.52.01
N Peart (Leo RC)	3.54.38
R Iddles (Stourbridge CC)	3.59.37
B Charley (Stourbridge CC)	4.04.47
N Barker (Crewe Clarion Wh)	4.10.03
S Hankey (Warrington RC)	4.10.05
P Guy (Mid Shropshire Wh)	4.11.29
S Davies (Seamons CC)	4.13.14
A Payne (GS Stella)	4.15.22
R Booth (Team Velo Sport)	4.16.15

Team Stourbridge CC (Birch, Roger Iddles, Barry Charley)	11.56.25.
Veterans Roger Iddles	
Vets on Std Roger Iddles (+89.14)	
Women Lynne Taylor (Walsall RCC)	4.34.43
Trikes Jim Hopper (Derby Mercury RC)	5.11.34
Handicap Matt Shore (Crewe Clarion Wh) (46.00)	3.34.43



ANFIELD CIRCULAR

JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)

President: Tony Fickles
Vice Presidents: John Fütter, David Birchall
Captain: Martin Cartwright
Hon Secretary: Bill Graham
47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

September 1999

No.890

CLUBRONS (lunch 1230hrs)

- October 2 The Raven Llanarmon-yn-Ial Hillclimb
9 Sportsman's Arms Tattenhall
(followed by AGM at 2.00pm)
- 15 - 17 Autumn Tints Weekend Kington (* see note inside *)
- 23 The Pheasant Burwardsley
30 Beeston Hotel Beeston
- November 6 Llew Coch (Red Lion) Ffrwd (Cefn-y-Bedd)
13 The Buck Bangor-on-Dee
20 Sportsman's Arms Tattenhall Committee 1130hrs
27 The Swan Kinnerton
- December 4 The Raven Llanarmon-yn-Ial
11 The Boot Kelsall
18 Golden Grove Rossett
27 (Christmas Holiday Monday): The Bull, Shocklach
- January 1 Millennium Chaser: Sportsman's Arms Tattenhall
8 Sportsman's Arms Tattenhall Committee 1130hrs

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 20 NOVEMBER 1999 *

Committee Notes

New Order for Club Clothing

There are a few jerseys (small/medium, long/short sleeved), shorts (medium) and Anfield hats available from stock. If they will not do, a new order will be placed in the near future. Please telephone Mike Twigg (01244 326399) to reserve that smart new top or thermal you've been meaning to buy, then you can throw out that shrunken - old - faded - torn effort you currently ride in.

New die for Club Medals

Does anyone know who might be able to copy the Club's beautiful standard medals, the original die for which has for some time been broken? If you can help in any way, please phone Bill Graham (01244 660858).

Annual General Meeting: 9 October

The AGM will take place on 9 October starting at 2.00pm at Tattenhall Cricket Club, following the Clubrun to the Sportsmans Arms. All members who can are asked to attend this time - lack of support last year meant there was barely a quorum.....

Open 25: Sunday 26 September

A reminder that help is needed for this event which will be run on the "Chester Business Park" course. Volunteer (please don't wait to be asked) to Ben Griffiths/John Futter (01244 532865).

Autumn Tints Weekend: Kington, Herefordshire: 15 - 17 October

Burton's Hotel is now not available on the weekend arranged. So we have booked the Talbot and Queens Head which are next door to each other. Prices for B+B are £12 to £18 at the Talbot, and £17 at the Queens Head. An evening meal is to be arranged for Saturday evening at the Queens Head. There is safe storage for bikes. Accommodation will be limited (about 16), so don't delay: book now with Tecwyn Williams who can be contacted on 01829 271091 (work) or 01829 271729 (home).

Racing notes

Club Events

10 July 1999 (7 miles)

Graham Thompson	15.59	Ben Griffiths	18.24
Rob Burrows	18.38	Geraint Catherall	18.56

21 August 1999 (7 miles)

Graham Thompson	16.03	Ben Griffiths	19.36
Geraint Catherall	19.51		

Open Events

Mid Shrops "50", 16 May: Mark Livingstone 2.22.39 (PB)

B'head Vics R/R (B'head Park), 23 May: Graham Thompson: 4th

Merseyside VTTA "25", 23 May: Ben Griffiths 1.07.38

N Shrops Whs "25", 29 May:
G Thompson 59.17 Robin Burrows 1.05.20 Ben Griffiths 1.06.27

B'head Vics "25", 30 May:
B Griffiths 1.09.26 M Livingstone 1.10.19 G Catherall 1.14.39

Anfield BC "100", 31 May: Martin Cartwright 4.48.03

Merseyside Whs "25", 6 June: Ben Griffiths 1.03.53

Chester RC "25", 13 June:
B Griffiths 1.05.32 M Livindtone 1.08.55 G Catherall 1.10.54

Phoenix CC "10", 26 June: Ben Griffiths 25.30

Rhyl CC "25", 27 June:
G Thompson 59.30 B Griffiths 1.05.44 G Catherall 1.14.10

Merseyside VTTA "25", 4 July: Ben Griffiths 1.04.54

Shrops CCA "100", 11 July: B Griffiths 4.54.48 G Catherall 5.39.18

Team Velo Sport "25", 11 July: G Thompson 58.10

B'head Vics "25", 18 July:
G Thompson 1.01.10 M Cartwright 1.06.53
B Griffiths 1.10.31 M Livingstone 1.13.00

WCTCA "10", 21 July:
G Thompson 23.04 B Griffiths 27.10 M Livindtone 28.10

Sharrow CC "50", 25 July: B Griffiths 2.18.34

L'pool Century "10", 31 July B Griffiths 25.22

M'side VTTA "10", 7 August: B Griffiths 25.26

Long Eaton CC "25", 8 August: B Griffiths 1.05.45

B'head Vics "10", 14 August: B Griffiths 26.15

Southport CC "25", 15 August: 1.09.27

Clips

* We would like to call this column e-clips (copyright), but, despite the Editorial e-mail address on the front cover, few have been forthcoming: more please. Items (e-mail or otherwise) about members' cycling activity seem to be in desperately short supply at present. Are we all too busy cycling to write? Or is no one out there cycling? No cycling, no news, no Circular, no Anfield? That's the worry.

* Just before finishing his year at Cirencester, Adam Birchall was joined by parents on holiday. Father and son enjoyed some excellent Cotswold cycling in the Windrush and Coln valleys and other delectable places. During the week a question formed: how come John Thompson and Mike Hallgarth, who have lived in the Cotswolds for a decade or more, have kept so silent about the area. Are they keeping secrets to themselves? We should be told.

* What headaches there are for event organisers as roads around Chester become out-of-bounds for time-trialling. Recently, problems have arisen on the A41 when it is closed to traffic, as a result of its use by abnormal loads. Sundays are a favourite time. One West Cheshire event this season had to be abandoned, while in progress, when a wide load was given precedence, despite the time-trial having prior approval from the police. Last year our own 25 nearly suffered the same fate. In this litigious age there are worrying implications for promoting Clubs. The loss to competitors who have travelled in good faith to an open event might not be insignificant. Why should they bear the cost and inconvenience? What recompense might be claimed? And from whom - the organisers, the police, the haulier?

* Trialling on the A41 will soon be history, in any case, for another reason. Traffic lights, proposed at Waverton Post Office, will rule it out between Chester and Broxton. Because of this, our Open 25 will not be promoted next year. A pity because it is well placed at the end of the season, and has produced fast times.

* More happily, the CTC Birthday Runs were this year in Cheshire, Reaseheath Nantwich the base. Some 1500 cyclists were accommodated on the campus - in tents, caravans and students accommodation. Our spies tell us that Mike Hallgarth and Philippa were there, but alas not seen by your Editor who nevertheless enjoyed an evening pint with the CTC's Editor Tim Hughes.

* * * *

No.1 in the 100th Anfield 100 - by Martin Cartwright

After months of talk and precious few weeks of real, serious preparation the day of my first Anfield 100 had arrived. It's 3.30 on a bank holiday morning and I'm perched on the edge of my bed desperately trying to come to terms with the utter madness that I am about to put myself through. By 4.00am Tony had arrived and within a few minutes we were on our way..there was no turning back now.

The pre-race nerves finally settled once I got onto the bike but almost immediately the first moment of panic set in when I couldn't find the start. There appeared to be several others in the same predicament, including some officials, but after a few brief conversations I was pointed to the spot from where we started last year's event. The start team eventually assembled and following a brief exchange of light-hearted insults a vigorous shove had me hurtling on my merry way.

At first so many things were racing through my mind - all the advice, hints and suggestions - but I probably failed to follow any. Even before the first roundabout at Prees Heath I was conscious of telling myself to slow down, concentrate and stop watching all those fluffy bunnies darting into the undergrowth. By Tern Hill things were still going comfortably and confidence was growing as nobody had passed me yet. Having had a brief scan of those immediately behind me on the start sheet I was aiming to reach somewhere around 23 to 25 miles before being caught, but a couple of glances over my shoulder on a few longer straight sections showed no visible chasers. Starting at number 1 is a lonely business at times. Forton island eventually loomed into view and as I turned to retrace it became apparent that a gentle breeze was just beginning to gather momentum and the pace remained a little above my target. This was also the first opportunity to assess my pursuers and once again I was pleasantly surprised to see that only a small number were making any real headway. Somewhere between Tern Hill and Prees Heath I finally managed to catch a rather eccentric chap on a penny farthing who gave a hearty shout of encouragement as I passed.

I was finally caught myself at 33 miles by the chap wearing number 5 but being determined not to fade too much as the miles built up I managed to keep him more or less within my sights almost all of the way to the turn at 50 miles. Retracing back once more it seemed that just about everybody was faring better than I but I think this was only my imagination playing tricks. Tiredness was really beginning to take effect by this stage and much to Tony's obvious (and rather vocal) disgust I apparently wasn't drinking anywhere near enough for his liking. I was happy to follow orders as I knew I would still want a lift home after all this was over.

I think I managed to get to somewhere around the 70 mile mark before hitting the proverbial (but all too real) pain barrier. All of a sudden, like someone had flicked a switch, I felt absolutely shattered. Every little rise became a mountainous gradient. Every corner seemed to turn me into the face of a raging headwind, despite the upright grass and small trees at the roadside telling me differently. Forton island for the second time was a long, long way but once again that nasty bully Pickles appeared but this time he stood, arms outstretched clutching the 'holy grail', a banana from his very own lunch box...magic!

How could I possibly refuse this offering, he'd even partly peeled it to save me the effort. Now I knew that I had to finish as I felt sure that he would have asked for it back if I didn't. I have very little recollection of the final section back to Tern

Hill other than the fact that I was counting down each mile as it passed on my computer. For the final 10 miles I think my legs were turning from memory alone but at last Geraint appeared doing a splendid job marshalling the final turn and ultimately the end was in sight. 4.48.03 was my time with a personal best 2.17.53 at 50 miles. Not too bad for a first time.

Isn't it strange how time dulls the pain. Only a short time has passed since crossing that finish line but I've almost completely convinced myself that I enjoyed every bit of it. So much so that I've managed to allow that mean man Mr Futter to persuade me to enter another. Now I know my girlfriend is completely right when she says that I am totally barking mad.

* * * * *

Clubruns

Farndon Arms, Farndon

- 24 July 1999

The weekend of the Mersey Roads "24" and the sun was beating down from a deep blue sky. At the Farndon Arms, we were delighted to see Chris Vessey, about to ride the event under his first claim team colours (Hounslow Wheelers). As far as the Clubrun was concerned it was not a very big turn out - Mike Twigg, Duncan Rees, Geraint Catherall, Ben Griffiths, John Williamson and the Editor completed the picture.

At the start of the 24, by Farndon Leisure Centre, there was the buzz that's always present at the start of the event, with riders, helpers and spectators mingling. On the starting line Chris protested he'd only entered because he thought it was one less than a 25. But the timekeeper would have none of that, and sent him on his way shortly after 2.00pm. The afternoon sun was very intense and hot, with a lot of humidity. Racing in such conditions is not pleasant. In the end Chris called it a day before the allotted 24 hours.

Hare & Hounds, Crowton

- 7 August 1999

A sulphurous, dank Saturday this, after two weeks of sun and tropical temperatures. From Knutsford, it was a damp drizzly ride through the villages of Great Budworth, Comberbach and Acton Bridge.

A venue in this part of North Cheshire was agreed at the request of Captain Cartwright. But it was not supported - apart from Tecwyn. There is nothing worse than making the effort to attend a Clubrun only to find none of your club-mates there. However, half expecting to be lurching alone, I had packed the morning's newspaper for company just in case. What point in arranging clubruns if not wanted was one thought. For those not there, the venue is convivial: with a pleasant lounge-bar, good food and well-kept bitter.

DDB

Too Hot for Florida

The venue for this August mountain-biking weekend in mid-Wales was the Severn Arms Hotel, Pen-y-Bont, near Llandrindod Wells. The hotel, an old coaching inn, once frequented by J B Priestley, stands between Kington and Rhayader at the junction of the road from Knighton. There were 9 in the party: Simon Cogan and Jackie, George Elkington and Pauline, Keith Wilbraham and Debbie, David Birchall and Mary, with Rod Anderson completing the group. On Friday evening the night air was very warm, so we chatted and dined in the hotel garden - and plotted Saturday's ride.

The plan was to follow the ancient trackway above the Elan Valley reservoirs, westward of Rhayader. The journey is very strenuous, crossing some of the wildest of the Cambrian mountains, in sixteen miles, dropping down to Ffair Rhos, Pontrhydfendigaid, and the ruined abbey of Strata Florida.

The track is not new to Anfielders. Frank Marriott and his son Steven explored it in the late 60s, and I followed their wheels in 1970, on a day almost as hot as now. With a heavily laden touring bike, it was exacting rough-stuff. In the intervening years mountain biking has been invented. Unlikely though it may have seemed in 1970, thirty years on, cycling has become a significant force in Rhayader's economy: the town has become one of the country's major centres for mountain-biking.

Shown on OS maps (ill-advisedly) as a "road open to all traffic", inevitably the ancient trackway has been "discovered" - not only by cyclists. A lot of damage is apparent near the Elan fords. Here, motor-bikes and 4x4 vehicles have scarred the hillside, trying with varying degrees of failure to follow the route.

From the fords, the track climbs to the broad ridge of Clawdd-dubach. Here you enter a world that belongs entirely to the red kite. All around are uninhabited valleys and lonely hills. The track wanders amongst turbaries (deep hollows where peat was once extracted) and tussocky grass. Its line is difficult to find, the going tough. Bikes more often than not must be walked or carried. But only once did things get serious: when Rod disappeared, almost up to his waist, in a peat bog. Fortunately George gallantly rescued him before he had a chance to sink without trace.

With the temperature well above 30C, sunburn and dehydration were very real hazards. Factor 25 sunblock dealt with the former. As for dehydration, to begin with, Simon, Keith and Debbie were ok with their "Camelbacks", each containing some 3 or 4 pints of liquid, but even that proved insufficient three hours on.

The track kept to high ground for an hour or more. Then we dropped into the head of a valley that fell to our right. A climb to a col, and we reached the head of Hirnant Claerwen, draining to the left. Another climb and we were on broad-backed Esgair Cywion. Here the way dropped sharply down a rough shelf to the Afon Claerwen. In 1970, I baled out at this point, following the river downstream. It was half a mile of bike-shouldered, tussock

hopping hell to the metalled track by Claerwen Reservoir. In five miles this led to Ffair Rhos - and a huge meal. Today there was no wimping out: west of the river we stuck to the line of the ancient route - but found that, though on the map, it is not on the ground. All trace has long since been swallowed by sphagnum moss. The going was very hard and treacherously swampy. When eventually we did reach the metalled track, we were too hot and too late to continue westward to Ffair Rhos and Strata Florida. Which meant no lunch, and no replenishing of liquid. So it was a picnic of bonk food and a paddle to cool off before turning back towards Rhayader along the north edge of Claerwen reservoir.

Between Claerwen and Dolymynach for a couple of miles we followed a track through sheep pastures. Then we were on the scenic road to Rhayader, through the woodlands by Caban Coch reservoir, at least for myself and Rod (who had to be in Kent by midnight). Simon, Keith, Debbie and George, ever gluttons for punishment, headed into the hills again for an extra hour amongst the woods and bracken paths south of Elan village.

In the evening, at the hotel over dinner, several of the party were so shattered that eating proved almost too much. Later in the starlit garden, over a pint or two, we chatted, while the locals rocked to Abba, in a 1970s timewarp disco in the nearby community hall. Despite that, a very enjoyable end to the day.

Five were in the party for Sunday's exploration of the Tywi Forest, west of Llanwrtyd Wells. The cycling was amongst conifer plantations around Llyn Brienne Reservoir in the heart of the hills. The dam is hugely spectacular when the flume taking excess water is in spate. But today the level was relatively low - so no flume. Across the dam we came to a landscape of wooded hills, rocky gorges, tumbling streams - and delightful riding to lunch.

We had arranged to meet Mary, Jackie, Pauline and the dogs at the Royal Oak Inn in Rhandirmwyn. After lunch in the flower-decked garden, hills and woods all around, it would have been easy to drowse all afternoon, sipping shandies in the heat. But only one of us had sufficient excuse to bow out. It was George who retired - a shredded tyre preventing further cycling. He will be sorry to learn how he missed the longest, hottest climb of the weekend on the forested slopes of the aptly named Fwng. Heat and sun bounced off the baking track, the humidity was oppressive, and the flies voracious. Moreover, thunder clouds were brewing not too far away. For half an hour we were in lowest gears, lathered in salty stinging sweat. But it was worth all the toil: the reward, right at the end of the ride, was one long, thrilling descent back to Llanwrtyd Wells: the exhilarating essence of mountain biking.

We rounded off the thoroughly enjoyable weekend sitting outside at the cafe in the village. Over the tea, cakes and bara brith, Debbie commented to other cyclists that our day had been "easy". I thought it more a matter of degree: "strenuous" was the word that came to my mind, though less so than Saturday! And eight pints of liquid had been barely sufficient to avoid dehydration.

DDB

ANFIELD CIRCULAR

*JOURNAL OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
(formed March 1879)*

President: Tony Pickles
Vice Presidents: John Futter, David Birchall
Captain: Martin Cartwright
Hon Secretary: Bill Graham
47 Main Road, Kinnerton, CHESTER CH4 9AT (☎:01244 660858)

December 1999

No. 891

CLUBRUNS (lunch 1230hrs)

December	4 The Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial	
	11 The Boot	Kelsall	
	18 Golden Grove	Rossett	
	27 (Christmas Holiday Monday):	The Bull, Shocklach	
January	1 Millennium Chaser:	Sportsman's Arms Tattenhall	
	8 Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	15 The Buck	Bangor-on-Dee	
	22 Golden Lion	Ashton	
	29 The Ffrwd	Cefn-y-Bedd	
February	5 Farndon Arms	Farndon	
	12 Forest View	Oakmere	
	19 Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>
	26 Cross Keys	Llanfynydd	
March	4/5	* CAPTAIN'S WEEKEND *	
	11 Beeston Hotel	Beeston	
	18 The Raven	Llanarmon-yn-Ial	
	25 Club 14 (Start Broxton -	1130hrs)	
April	1 The Bull	Shocklach	
	8 Sportsman's Arms	Tattenhall	<u>Committee 1130hrs</u>

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

21 and over: £15.00 Junior (under 21): £7.50 Cadet: £3.50
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* CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT ISSUE - 11 MARCH 2000 *

Annual General Meeting

Tattenhall Recreational Club - 9 October 1999

Present: T Pickles, W Graham, M Twigg, D Birchall, M Cartwright, T Williams, M Livingstone, K Orum, C Edwards, G Catherall, D Edwards, D Rees, B Bird, C Clewley, B Griffiths, J Williamson, D Bassett.

Six committee meetings showed an average attendance of 8.5 from a possible 18. John Stinton rejoined the Club but sadly the deaths of Herbert Moore and Eric Reeves were reported. Membership remains steady at about 80, but still none under 21. About four riders have raced regularly, with Ben Griffiths and Graham Thompson showing good form to keep the Anfield name afloat. The old problems of lack of interest for Club racing events and clubruns remain. Training sessions were abandoned owing to lack of support. There is a wealth of cycling and knowledge hidden away in the club and perhaps members should be encouraged to submit ideas that might prove more successful. Let's hope for a debate in the Circular on these matters.

On a brighter note, the traditional Autumnal Tints and Captain's Weekends were quite well supported, as were the several off-road excursions during the year. The major event was the successful promotion of the hundredth Anfield 100. We should think about that for a few moments - ONE HUNDRED ANFIELD HUNDREDS. The Club should be very proud and we should remember the vast army of organisers and helpers who down the years have contributed to keeping our famous classic race on the calendar. The Club is fortunate in having capable officials. In concluding I give thanks to the other members of the Committee for their ever willing help when needed.

Bill Graham

Officers 1999/2000: President: A J Pickles; Vice Presidents: J Futter, D Birchall; Secretary: W Graham; Treasurer: M J Twigg; Editor: D Birchall; Racing Sec: J Futter; Captain: M Cartwright; Vice Captain: G Catherall; 100 Sec: A J Pickles; 25 Sec: B Griffiths; WCTCA: J Futter, B Griffiths; RTTC: K Orum, W Graham; RRA: S Twigg; NRRA: D Birchall; BCF: D Bassett; Social Sec: T Williams; Committee: D Rees, B Bird, C Edwards, D Edwards, G Thompson, C Clewley, G Williams.

Treasurer's Notes

There are still some of you who have not paid your subs for this year and a few who are outstanding for the year ending October 1999. I would be grateful if you would remit asap.

Mike Twigg

Racing Secretary's Report 1999 Season

Club Records: Graham Thompson lowered the 10 mile Club record by 6 seconds to set a new time of 21.51 (confirmed with result sheet). This is the first time a bicycle record has fallen in 13 years. Although the records were done in the pre tri-bars era, with a shortage of local fast courses they present a formidable challenge.

Other notable rides were Graham's in our 25 mile with a personal best of 57.00, Martin Cartwright in the Anfield 100 with a first time at the distance of 4.48.03, Geraint Catherall in the Shropshire CA 12 hour with a distance 193.52 miles on a very difficult day. Ben Griffiths with 3 rides in the WCTTA at 25, 50 and 100 miles wins him the Association's Veteran on Standard award - a considerable achievement to push no less than Phil Guy into the runner-up position.

Club Events: The winners of the Club Trophies are:

March 14 mile (short course):	Graham Thompson	31.08
June 14 mile:	Martin Cartwright	37.56
7 mile events - best of 3:	Graham Thompson with an average of 16min.03 (fstst av to date).	
Hill Climb	Rob Burrows	5.20

Club Championship Winner: Ben Griffiths

This was closely competed for this year with Ben's time of 1.03.53, 2.18.34 and 4.54.48 giving an average speed of 21.806mph. Martin came back after a long lay off to try to dethrone the old maestro, but failed by just 12 seconds in the last event locally (ie our 25) to record an average speed of 21.806mph. Geraint, winner for the past three years, finished with 19.370mph average.

Club Events 2000

The 2000 Programme, subject to RTTC approval, is as follows:

25 March	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
15 April	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
7 May	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
24 June	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
15 July	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
19 August	7mls	Huntington	11.30am
16 September	14mls	Broxton	11.30am
30 September	Hillclimb	Llanarmon	12 noon

Latest Race Results by Club Members

Geraint Catherall	WCTTA 12 (22 August)	193.52 miles
Ben Griffiths	Wrekin Sport 25 (30 August)	1.04.06
Ben Griffiths	Weaver Valley 25	1.08.29
Ben Griffiths	Chester RC 50 (5 September)	2.18.52
Geraint Catherall	Chester RC 50 (5 September)	2.35.41
Graham Thompson	WCTTA 25 (12 September)	57.24
		(5th fastest)
Ben Griffiths	WCTTA 25 (12 September)	1.04.41
		(1st vet on standard)
Graham Thompson/Ben Griffiths:	Birkenhead Vics 2 up 25 (19 September)	1.05.32
Graham Thompson	Askern CC 10 (25 September)	21.51
		(8th fastest; PB)
Ben Griffiths	Askern CC 10 (25 September)	24.44
Graham Thompson	Anfield BC 25 (26 September)	57.00 (PB)
Martin Cartwright	Anfield BC 25 (26 September)	1.05.36
John Thompson (2nd claim)	ABC 25 (26 September)	1.07.48 (trike)

e-Clips

* **From Neil France:** I have been stung into action following your comments in e-Clips. Sadly no phenomenal racing results to report (yet) but just to let you know that commitments remaining the same I will be on my first Tints weekend for nearly 25 years this year. I got quite fit this summer when complete with family and daughter no.2's boyfriend (7 of us) we went to Ste Maxime in the Sth of France and I was allowed to have a budget of three hours every other day on the bike!! I determined to tackle three cols per day to try to get in about 6000ft of tough climbing. The first few sessions were really hard not only having swapped the flat lands of Essex for proper mountains but the 35 degree heat. Still I had a secret weapon that Mossy would have been proud of my latest purchase from Dave Lloyd.

During one of my visits to the Wirral at the early part of the year I decided to buy a new saddle and called in on Dave in Neston. He had his pride and joy a fully kitted out space-age Joker frame complete with carbon everything. He cleverly allowed me to test ride it and I was hooked! A deal was done and no matter where it has been parked it draws attention. It is a testimony to his skills at building up a bike with real attention to detail. Of course I haven't managed to match his speeds on it but when you are debating whether or not to go out it really gives that extra bit of incentive.

I admired Martin Cartwright and his efforts in the 100 this year and I was almost at the point of committing to do it in 2000 but a Century ride I did in June has virtually put any such thoughts into the waste bin. The ride started off in Sevenoaks and I was down for the 81 mile version. It absolutely bucketed down at the start and for the first two hours. The course was extremely hilly and then two punctures in succession just about drove me to pack (something I have never done). After about 50 miles the sun came out and I got in with a number of different groups that enabled me to settle and get into a rhythm. Sadly the time lost in sorting out the flats meant I just missed out on a silver medal. The Gemini BC were very well represented and the Marie Curie Cancer Trust said there had been about a thousand riders which considering the weather was very good. The final amount raised for charity was over £10k I believe. I am being told we are going for a walk so I 'll send you another e-mail as and when.

* **From Stuart Twigg:** The eclipse was daylight robbery! Message noted and understood, so expect an e-writeup on my next return to Anfieldland.

* **From Mike Kimpton:** While I'm not cycling, at least, speaking to my father-in-law Mike and receiving the usual top quality Circular keeps me in touch with what's happening in the Anfield. I must admit though, I do miss those mad rides I use to do with Dikki and Tecwyn to get to the Clubrun, but then at least I was rewarded with a couple of cool pints of bitter.

* **From John Thompson:** First a response to the allegations that we had been 'keeping quiet' about the network of superb lanes that surround the South West section (Circular 890). It's simply that we did not want to brag. The offer remains to any Anfielder passing this way. We can give you a run of twenty miles with OS arrows in double

figures, through tunnels of trees, into secret valleys, with views over the Severn to the Welsh hills, etc, etc.

This summer we failed to arrange any mid-week meets. Weeks stretched into months and now we are close to mid winter. My new millennium resolution is to make sure we meet up in 2000 at a Chepstow venue. Rigby Band tells me that he has retired from cycling, but he does walk to the shops, a distance of some one and a half miles, and not flat.

The high points of my year have been two tours: New Zealand (January) and Poland - Slovakia (June). The summer tour will be the last on the Bates as we have purchased a Longstaff. The machine is something of a compromise between my ideas (informed by Professor Catling) and the master builder himself. For example, Harold recommends a 1.5 inch diagonal tube, George thought 1.25 sufficient. We settled on 1.375. My triking season has been nondescript. I can summarise with three times and a distance: 1.3.53, 2.9.52, 4.44.56 and 219.890. Given two months out with a chest infection and pressures of work I have to be satisfied. The 12 is not as bad as it looks. It was hot and the course consisted of the Abergavenny to Hereford road followed by six (five for me) laps of a 25 mile circuit of a mostly lane route between Usk and Raglan. Every lap seemed to get bumpier.

The big news is the return of Mike Hallgarth to serious racing. Over the last ten years or so he has claimed to be 'enjoying himself'. This involved sauntering along at slightly more than evens in '10's and '25's. This summer he decided to lose some weight, lower his bars and try. Times came down and down, and he ended with a 1.0.09 '25'. He has now become a fanatic. Pulse profiles are downloaded and analysed. He is either warming up, warming down, on a power session or a recovery session, or something. It's never just riding the bike! As those that are familiar with modern training ideas will know, the 'road race' clubrun is out. This is Mike's one weak point. He just cannot help himself. I hear reports of serious stirring on the Dursley RC runs. Where it will end I do not know. His conversation is punctuated with reports of his latest research into the pros and cons of HED, Corima, Zipp and other suppliers of space age 'speed weaponry'. He has a target but its top secret. I suspect it might just be 55.02. Graham Thompson better get a move on.

IF IT'S NOT BROKEN DON'T FIX IT! - Mark Livingstone

'Never look a gift horse in the mouth', or so they say! This was the thought bouncing around in my brain when my father announced he was bestowing his beloved (old) Fothergill frame upon me. But what to do with it? I couldn't just let it sit in the garage and rot! Then I hit upon an idea. As it was originally built for a fixed wheel, why not restore it to its rightful use? So this was done with some bits and bobs and donations from cycling friends. Eventually dawned the day of the test-flight (I choose my words carefully!). No matter how often I told myself not to stop pedalling...I did!...TWICE!!!. The maiden voyage lasted 6 minutes and deposited me on the tarmac twice. It was at this point that another famous saying crossed my mind - 'Nothing in this world is free'. Later that night I rang my Father to tell of my misfortune and I haven't heard him laugh so much since I told him I was going to start racing! But it was too late to stop now, my pride wouldn't allow it and anyway I was bitten by the bug. It's difficult to explain the appeal of riding a fixed wheel. 'They' say (Bill G) that it improves pedalling technique and is generally good for you. I

don't know much about that but it's good fun (once the scars heal!). I'm even considering racing on fixed next year, so if anyone out there has a single ring chainset for sale, please let me know. On a final note, if you're out on the road and you see an out-of-control idiot tearing towards you - GET OUT OF THE WAY - its probably me!

THE MAGIC ROUNDABOUT

Have you ever had the feeling that you're just going round in circles and despite your best efforts you keep ending up where you started? If so then the place for you is the Manchester Velodrome! If you fancy having a go at a 'taster' session then let Mark Livingstone know and he'll chase up some details. Mark's day-time number is 01244 522230.

Anfield BC Open 25, Chester

26 September 1999

Carving 53 seconds from his personal best, roadman Jon Stollery (Team RGT) finished well clear with a winning 53-02 on a course based on Chester Business Park. Stollery took his chance, in the absence of top seed Lee Suthard, recovering from illness, as second favourite Tony McFayden (Harlech Wheelers) punctured. The winning Birkenhead North End CC team included juniors Steve Cummings, 55-08, and Chris Byrne 57-11, in support of third placed John Moore, 54-56. A number of the 71 strong field improved in near windless conditions, including Michael Collins (Rhyl RC) who beat his entry mark by eight minutes with 57-48 to head the handicap section.

Jon Stollery	Team RGT	53-02
P. Holt	Wrexham RC	54-30
J Moore	BNECC	54-56
S. Cummings	BNECC	55-08
M. Baker	Chester RC	56-06
N. Higgins	Red Rose Olympic	56-19
G. Thompson	Anfield BC	57-00
C. Bryne	BNECC	57-11
P. Lawton	Tandem Club	57-13
P. Kinch	Global RT	57-18
Team: BNECC	John Moore, Steve Cummings, Chris Bryne	2-47-15
Veterans	Phil Lawton	
Vets on Std	Cliff Ash Mid Shropshire Whs	1-00-10 +19-20
Juniors	Steve Cummings; H'cap: Michael Collins, Rhyl CC	47-33

New Club Clothing

Tony Pickles is about to place our order for new racing jerseys, tops etc with the supplier- to reserve phone him now (01352 759463).

CLUBRUNS

Calveley Arms, Handley

4 September 1999

Having spent Wednesday afternoon at the Countess of Chester Hospital having my eyebrow stitched after the front wheel fell out of my bike I didn't feel like riding the Club 14 on the Saturday morning (but I did ride the Chester 50 on Sunday morning). I called for John and Craig and rode out to Broxton. We only had three Anfield riders and 1 private trial (Stephen Hall of the Crewe Clarion who did the fastest

time). Martin was the fastest Anfielder. While we waited at the finish Joe Pilling (Cheshire RC) pulled up. He had brought Stan and Jo Wild out. They went on to the Calveley Arms, whilst we cyclists rode through the lanes. We had a good turnout for the run with lots of Stan's old Cheshire RC friends (all in cars) inside the pub, while most of the Anfield cyclists ate outside in the sun. I'm not sure who was out but did note Tony, Martin, Geraint, Craig, John, Mike, Dikki, Tecwyn, Bill (with a mate, Frank), Geof Sharp and Dave Edwards - apologies to any I have missed. I am sorry I don't know any of the Cheshire RC other than Joe who very kindly offered to print next year's 100 Start Card free of charge. On the way home we stopped at the cafe in Holt for a coffee. we sat outside at the pavement tables and watched the ladies of Holt as they passed by with just the right amount of hip sway. A very pleasant half hour in the sun. It's no wonder Geraint's and my times were slow in the 50 next morning (any excuse will do).

Ben PS I did think of getting a helmet, but as the paramedic said as he took me to hospital, it wouldn't do a time-triallist any harm falling on his head.

The Ffrwd, Cefn-y-Bedd

- 6 November 1999

A day of high winds and rain saw the usual stalwarts in the form of John Futter, Ben Griffiths and Craig Clewley out on their bikes. Bill Graham also made it on two wheels, whilst your President and I arrived by car.

Our normal chatter was abated by the tragic news of the deaths of Brian Kenealy and his friend Roger Harris on the previous Tuesday. They were involved in an accident with a Range Rover and Renault while on their bikes near Duddon. It would appear that the driver of the Renault was at fault and is charged with dangerous driving. Those of us who get out on our bikes know how little care is taken by car and lorry drivers in overtaking riders as they are a soft target. If you are a horse rider, drivers seem to take more care. Perhaps they are more concerned with the bulk of a horse causing damage to their pride and joy.

Mike Twigg

The Buck, Bangor-on-Dee

- 13 November 1999

I bet our Captain wished he was here instead of decorating his new abode. He could have joined in with the lively discussion on the modification of the type of lettering to be applied to a proposed new order of Club clothing. The matter was raised by Graham Thompson, a most welcome addition to any Clubrun when his nursing duties and Dawn his wife allow. I wonder if "the lads" agree as he ripped the legs of Ben, John, and Craig on the way out. I am glad in a way, or perhaps not, that I came by car once again. Tony arriving from Sugden. He was assisted by the wind and also by the pull of gravity which he would have to pay back on the way home. Chat over, the "wheeled wonders" made their way out of Bangor on the Worthenbury road. Whilst they were climbing the first hill I noted that Graham and Ben were fighting it out, the rest were going off the back. I just applied on more gas, gave them a wave and disappeared in a cloud of fumes.

Mike Twigg

Some eight Anfielders attended to cheer on Ben Griffiths who got the WCTTA champions prize. The first time for a while we have had someone to cheer receiving a prize, not only did we have a prize winner to cheer but we also kept tradition going and won three raffle prizes between us. Mark Livingstone and I rode out as did Keith Orum and Geoff Sharp. Geoff led us back by a devious route that ended up going along the Neston bypass (details available on request) to what I believe is the Marsh road. Geoff left us on our own to navigate the new industrial estate. We were going to call in at Ben's on the way home as he didn't think we had ridden all the way out!! Again cycling gave us a pleasant day out, good company, good food and someone to cheer. Well done Ben.

Tony Pickles

* * * * *

AUTUMN TINTS WEEKEND

Kington, Herefordshire

- 15 - 17 October 1999

Base for this year's Autumnal Tints Weekend was the small town of Kington in North-west Herefordshire. For the roadmen the plan for Friday was to explore the quiet countryside eastwards towards Leominster with its black and white villages and cider apple orchards; while on Saturday the ride would go southwards to the Golden Valley and Black Mountains around Hay-on-Wye. In contrast, for Saturday's ride, the mountain bikers had their sights on Radnor Forest followed by an exploration of the unfrequented hill-tracks between Painscastle and Builth Wells on Sunday.

The weekend was very well supported. For the record the following attended: Ben Griffiths, Tony Pickles, Craig Clewley, John Futter, David Birchall, Rod Anderson, George Elkington, Simon Cogan, Neil France, Karl Nelson, Phil Looby, Mike and Stuart Twigg, Tecwyn, and Dikki. Special mentions are due to the "out and back" riders: Chris Edwards (from Halesowen), Mike Hallgarth and Tommo (Bristol), and Martin Cartwright (Chester). Our guests were Pauline Elkington, and mountain-bikers Keith Wilbraham and Debbie.

Kington's night-life was sampled, fully. Notable were quoits at the Irish pub, a pint at the Tavern (an unchanged 1900 time-capsule, which impressed Tecwyn, as did the landlady, Waneta), and (I am told) lap-dancing in our hotel. Attempts by some in Kington to diversify the town's gene pool via the Anfield were repelled allegedly. Our host's parting comment was: "It'll be Wednesday before Kington recovers, we have enjoyed the Anfield." Yes, we left our mark on the town.

Thankfully, some serious cycling was also done, as described below by Tony Pickles, Rod Anderson and Martin Cartwright.

Real Roadmen Never Stop - Tony Pickles

John Futter had a bright idea this year "how about driving down on Thursday night". Not bad I thought, we could have a full day there and a decent breakfast, no rushing, a nice calm start to the day. So with Craig Clewley and David Birchall, we arrived about 9.00pm, unloaded,

and into the bar at ten - just to make sure the beer was all right for the rest of the boys. We had a magnificent breakfast that David failed to consume - failed at the first hurdle.

Ben arrived and we set out on our clockwise tour from Kington taking in some wonderful black and white villages. Eardisley I believe was the first then Pembridge and Weobley. Then we headed for lunch. For those of us that had managed all our breakfast we weren't that bothered just yet. But then came Dorstone Hill, a fearsome climb to Arthur's Stone, that apparently the Severn Valley had to ride up last year on their way to the Cain Valley. A terrifying descent the other side and we arrived at the Pandy Inn, Dorstone, for lunch.

The rugby was on and I was torn between watching it and riding. Riding won, so we made for the toll bridge at Whitney, and then to Eardisley for afternoon coffee in a cafe that was a pub and a bookshop as are most places around Hay. Here I discovered a Sherlock Holmes tome for a mere £3.95 bound in leather and gold lettering. After enquiring if Mr Birchall had enough room in his saddle bag I purchased the said book plus a Jules Verne for good luck. This amounted to at least a couple of house bricks (a fitting punishment for the Arthur's Stone climb). A quick dash back to the hotel passing a pub that hasn't changed since the 1800's, how does Birchall get all this information.

Saturday morning and another phenomenal breakfast, I missed out the cereal though, and we were off again this time just the roadmen. The muddy people went somewhere dirty, while we headed towards the toll bridge again (these 5ps were beginning to add up), down the Golden Valley, which didn't seem very down. By midday, some were complaining that we hadn't stopped - notably those who hadn't had the full breakfast. No sympathy was given as we ploughed on through Abbey Dore where there was a pub, but no cook, so no food.

Soon we stopped in a very good place that I can't remember (Ewias Harold, Ed.), where the landlord convinced us that we should change our route. "Don't go up the Olchon Valley", he said, "go this side of the hill - it's better, you know, through Longtown and Cresswell". I now hate this man with a passion. What a road, it just climbed dropped and climbed again. A very ragged bunch of Anfielders waited for each other at the priory at the top before the descent into Hay. A hairy descent it was too making up for part of the climbing but not all.

We all now wanted a tea stop but that nasty John Futter wouldn't let us. He made us carry on to the toll bridge (another 5p) with promises of a nice café just by it. I thought he must be wrong - I never saw one. He lied - it was Eardisley he was aiming for. Another 5 miles. Needless to say the group split up - some riding on slowly, the others gallantly returning direct to the hotel for the teas or the showers.

Sunday for me was a dash back to attend my in-laws ruby wedding party at lunchtime - I only just made it literally only seconds to spare before they arrived. All in all a good weekend, the company and the hospitality of both the hotels made it all worthwhile.

Mountain tribesmen, dragons and bike swallowing gullies - Rod Anderson

Well to be honest the Talbot Arms has probably experienced its first and last Anfield visit. Its central heating system had glugged and ticked all night for those of us unlucky enough to share a room with

the hotel's boiler system, and its heat had melted the rest of us. Breakfast (in several sittings owing to the miniscule dining room) was an epic of liquid lard that promised not to release its calories until the last miles of the evening.

Notwithstanding, the Muddies (David Birchall, Simon Cogan, George Elkington, Rod Anderson, Keith and Debbie) were all fired up, a prompt start at nine having been unwisely devised over the previous evening's beers. In true Anfield tradition nine slipped to half past and half past to ten as those all important adjustments were made to the machines and gear changes were practised around the car park.

Our first climb was straight out of the town and up Hergest Ridge. The summit track was a swathe of close-cropped grass on a firm base then a sweeping descent to Gladestry at the western end. From Gladestry, we pottered around minor lanes to New Radnor. Actually "pottering" is probably not the right word since our route was covered at 3mph or 40mph depending on the gradient.

New Radnor was decision time. Lunch was planned for the Hundred Inn at Bleddfa, and the 600m Radnor Forest was between us and it. Whilst the others headed up, the Editor and I opted for the few extra road miles and arrived at Bleddfa to enjoy an excellent home-made hot pot eventually to be met by our mountain tribesmen with their tales of dragons and bike swallowing gullies.

The afternoon's route was the ancient byway along the western edge of Radnor Forest. This started off with an intense "straight-up-the-front-of-the-mountain" climb to nearly 500m before settling into more moderate gradients for the rest of its eight miles. The route was carved into the hillside from centuries of use and for the most part was firm and well drained. Had the weather been clearer, the view over to the hills of mid-Wales would have been excellent, but we had to settle for just a couple of miles of visibility.

A huge descent eventually brought us down to the A44. This was surprisingly pleasant, with no traffic, a very subtle down-hill gradient, and a hint of a tail wind allowing even our knobbly tyres to hum along at around 18mph back to Kington, where we arrived at the same time as the road men, having clocked up a respectable 40 miles.

Captain Cartwright's Lone Ride

After a distinctly lack-lustre close to the racing season and an enforced lay-off from cycling due to moving house, the preparation for a big ride on the 'tints' weekend could not have been worse. Add to this that I would be riding alone and you begin to get the feeling that I was setting off with some degree of trepidation on this damp, misty October morning. One or two last minute hitches ensured that by the time I hit the road I was already about 90 minutes behind schedule, putting paid to the planned leisurely approach.

Thankfully the rain that had been falling steadily throughout the night eased off by mid morning and the lack of any wind meant that progress was pretty good. The normally quiet lanes through Holt, Shocklach and Tallarn Green were noteworthy due to their being eerily silent. I can't remember seeing a moving vehicle until Hanmer (what a shame it isn't like that more often).

Very soon I was approaching Burlton, a place I had never heard of up until 2 years ago, but thanks to my recent two wheeled travels it's become quite a landmark. A little further along would be Baschurch and the part of the route I hadn't travelled before. I knew I would be consulting the map a lot more frequently over the next few miles. There are so few places to cross the River Severn in this part of the world a slightly convoluted route was called for and Meverley was my next port of call. I was surprised to find that the bridge was no more than a simple single lane wooden affair.

Once across the river and into Crewe Green my attention was drawn to a particularly large rocky outcrop known locally as 'Rodney's Knob' and it's huge accompanying array of aerial masts. This is by far the most significant landmark in the area and brought back memories of our ride from Llanfyllin in March. At least today's weather was much better. Unfortunately it also brought home the true extent of the day's journey as I had previously estimated this to be about the mid-point.

Soon enough I was heading southwards in the direction of Montgomery. The going was good and I was able to make up considerable time, even the sun put in a few brief, but warming appearances to urge me on. By Church Stoke a stop for lunch was edging to the front of my thoughts so, as arranged, I attempted to call President Pickles on his mobile to issue a progress report. Inevitably, with the surrounding landscape, I failed to make contact but as I was still a good way from our rendezvous point in Craven Arms I pressed on. Further failed attempts at communication began to raise some concern and tiredness was beginning to take its toll. By now I was starting to feel quite lonely so decided to miss out the meandering route and stay on the main road, through the woodlands to the south of The Long Mynd.

Eventually I came upon a small cafe which was emitting hypnotic smells that beckoned me to stop and sample the delights within. How could I refuse in my weakened state? In no time at all I was making short work of a hearty plate of bacon, beans and egg on toast as well as several piping hot cups of tea. The rest of the day would be a doddle after this feast. Avoiding those dreaded contour lines was now top priority. Aware that time was moving on I said farewell to the amiable cafe owner and took to the saddle again.

The remainder of the journey was rather more gentle. Once off the major roads at Mortimer's Cross I headed through undulating lanes towards Shobden and across the River Arrow where the setting sun made its final appearance of the day. Knowing that I was within sight of the finish with a good couple of hours daylight remaining I took time to sit up and have a really good look around. In fact I was so intent on looking at the surrounding scenery that at one point I almost failed to notice a fox casually making his way out of a field and across my path. I'm not sure which of us was more startled but he just stopped right in front of me for what seemed like an age before taking off back the way he had come, avoiding a collision by a mere fraction of a second. I'm quite sure that would have taken some explaining in the bar later on. I eventually rolled up to the hotel in the early evening with almost 7 hours and 110 miles behind me.

Quite a day, but I think I'll ensure some company should I feel the need to do anything similar in future.

Bill and Sven up a Firtree

Bill Graham, our Hon Secretary writes:

"Some will know of my medical history during the last few years. I was looking forward to a trouble-free year of cycling in 1999, but it was not to be, as I contrived to walk into the path of a BMW while on holiday in Majorca last March. The injuries and subsequent surgery have meant no serious cycling to date. Nina the lady driver turned out to be a very caring and kind human being of Swedish nationality and aged about 26. Some time later I received the following letter from her sister Sven:

"Sven Pedersen, Haparanda, N SWEDEN CZ792E

"Dear Mr Bill

"How are you do? I believe you recently run-over by my sister's car when you were vacant in Majorca, can this be so? and you became unconscious. I hope that you now feel better. I learn that you are a bicycle, and go round. I am also a bicycle and go round sometimes.

"Our uncle was a very infamous bicycle and did ride the Anfield 100 (which is miles not ks) in 1907. I believe he would have won - but his wheels did stop pedalling. I don't imagine you heard of this event? I think it still happens. May be you did meet my uncle his name was Ima Pedersen - he did die in 1927. I note you live in Kinnerton, that is good, but must live lots of children in a place with a name so. It would drive me up a firtree, yes. Is it any wonder you are a bicycle?

"My sister, to say "hello", and say you do not have to run-over her car, next time, to get her to speak to you. I think you English have strange customs, and may be you do this often, and many times before? I now have to close this page, as I go training now, and get the 9.45 to Stockholm - I am hoping to visit England and Wales soon, and tour, maybe I see you in Famous Eureka Coffee Shoppe.

Please, not to run-over now more cars.

Best Wishes - Sven Pedersen"

* **Editor's Note:** We were very sorry to hear of Bill's mishap, and are pleased to report that he is now fully recovered. But, as can be imagined, to a man of Bill's, ahem, maturity, the brief encounter with lovely Nina, 26yr old Swedish beauty, left a lasting impression. And when Sven's letter arrived it was all too much. A seductive image of Sven formed in Bill's mind. Ardour fanned, he was agog to meet her. **Her?** Slowly, the truth dawned. "Surely," a friend queried, "Nina's brother?" Blonde, blue-eyed indeed. Oer Bill.

Captain's Weekend: 4 - 5 March & Millennium Dinner

Martin is looking for a venue in the Ludlow / Shrewsbury area. If you wish to join the Captain's party, please let him know. Also, Keith Orum is sounding out ideas for a Millennium Dinner possibly in June at the Glan Aber. Interested? Phone him on 0151 342 8958

With best wishes for Christmas and good Cycling in
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