

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 395.

### A Happy New Year to All

#### FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Jan.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms) Annual General Meeting Tea 5-30 p.m.	4-40 p.m.
..	9	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	14	Heswall (Black Horse)	4-50 ..
..	21	Chester (Talbot)	5-2 ..
..	28	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-14 ..
Feb.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-29 ..
..	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

#### Alternative Fixtures.

Jan.	14	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-50 ..
..	21	Northwich (Crown & Anchor) All Rounder Concert	5-2 ..
Feb.	4	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-29 ..

Full Moon ..... 5th inst.

#### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is Alfred Lucas, 85 Langdale Rd., Liverpool, 15, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. W. L. Rich, 34, Shrewsbury Drive, Upton, Birkenhead, proposed by Mr. T. R. Hinde, seconded by Mr. W. P. Rock.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. L. Lusty, 7 Handsworth Wood Road, Birmingham, 20.

As it is doubtful about the attendance at Acton Bridge, on December 31st, will Members kindly order their requirements on arrival.

Tea at Halewood on 7th January, 1939, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL, *Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES.

There is quite a considerable number of subscriptions and donations to report as having been received during December, though the list of subscriptions still outstanding is also still considerable!

Acknowledgments are made to the following members :

S. del Banco.	L. Lusty.*
J. A. Bennett.	J. Pitchford.
W. E. L. Cooper.	A. N. Rawlinson.
J. D. Cranshaw.*	E. J. Reade.
K. B. Crewe (for 1939).	C. Selkirk.
C. F. Hawkes.	J. G. Shaw.
N. S. Heath.	U. Taylor (for 1939).
Arthur Howarth.	W. T. Venables*
W.C. Humphreys (for 1939).	A. G. White.

\* And/or Donation.

## CLUB DINNERS.

### SPEEDWELL DINNER.

Not unnaturally, far more Speedwellians than Anfielders were present at the 63rd Annual Dinner of the Speedwell B.C., held in Birmingham on the first Saturday in December, but no fewer than four of "ours" were there. This total was carefully checked by counting the number of Anfield legs under the table, and then dividing by two. In reversed alphabetical order, the names of our members were:—Robinson, Lusty (both) and Jimmy James. The present deponent, not being very good at mathematics, cannot say what percentage of the total company the four Anfielders constituted, but he realises that, if more of "ours" had been there, the percentage would have been greater. Under the genial chairmanship of Billy Robins, a jolly evening was spent, the whole affair being carried off in best Speedwell style. "Wayfarer" (himself) replied to the toast of "Ladies and Visitors," though what he knows about the first part of the subject could be written down on the edge of a cigarette card. Altogether, it was a very pleasant evening, in a delightful atmosphere.

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### AT RANDOM.

We understand that there is no truth in the report that Jonas, when recently out walking, entered a telephone kiosk, rang up his home, and enquired whether he was in.

We heard the other day of a man who was taken seriously ill and it was found that he had not enough acid in his blood. We must get him to join the Anfield and ride in our "100." That'll cure him!

We gather that there is a marked scarcity of cycle paths in the Midlands. The reason is that the Minister of Transport is aware that certain of our members resident in Birmingham are steadfastly refusing to use them, and he feels that, in the circumstances, he dare not lay down any more.

Headline : "Crime does not pay." We are passing on this information to Arthur Simpson.

One of our Midland members is awfully bucked because the great family of which (he thinks) he is so distinguished an ornament will be very much to the front in two of the local theatres during this Christmas season—"Robinson Crusoe" at one, and "The Swiss Family Robinson" at the other. We anticipate that there will be a considerable demand for free tickets. Our member—The Robinson—asserts that he does not mind how often he sees the two plays . . . so long as the free list is not suspended.

Frank Chandler, when passing a poulterer's shop recently, saw this notice in the window : "Guinea Fowls, 3s. 6d. each." He went on his way wondering why the blazes the price was not 21s. each. We understand he is still pondering over the problem, trying to find the catch.

Headline in our newspaper : "Cheerfulness in old age." We have sent the cutting to Robinson, in the hope that he will take it to heart, and, generally, pull up his socks.

Notice seen in a shop window a few days ago : "What is Christmas without cream?" Reply : Just the same as Christmas without beer. In fact, Christmas. (That's an easy one, my dear Watson).

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## EDITORIAL.

This issue completes the first year of our Editorship, a year that may—or may not—have been satisfactory to you as a reader of this Circular. We have tried to mix the old and the new—the old, because to our mind at least the reminiscences of past days hold out much interest. Yet it is an unfortunate fact that too few people like to tell of the "good old days." Some years ago a series: "I Remember" provoked much interest, yet far too few contributed to it. It seems to be always left to such stalwarts as F. H. and Frank Roskell.

Writing of the new, our list of contributors is steadily growing. Bob Poole probably holds the record for Manchester alternative runs, for I think almost every one comes from his pen. Captain Connor is feeling his feet (so to speak) and we can expect some good write-ups from him more frequently; Sherman is another, although he, like Perkins, seems to regard the Editor more as a menace than anything else. To the regulars—Byron, Green, Chandler, Robinson, F. H. and others, our thanks are hereby extended.

In this issue an account of a tour in the French Alps has been included. We were not too sure what to do with it for some months, for the candid manner of some of the Tea Tasters regarding such tours was not flattering. But others of more mature mind have made a request, and we hope that it pleases them. We hope to publish an account of the Swiss and Italian passes in a subsequent issue.

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## TOURS AND TOURING.

### ACROSS THE ROOF ROADS OF EUROPE.

In the chill mountain sunlight of an evening in July, the little, lofty village of Val d'Isere looked radiant. The dull and distant murmur of the river leaping and descending mingled with people's chatter as they sat aside the roadway, sipping beer. There was hardly a tree in sight, for at 6,600 feet above the sea you do not see much but grass, and lichen and rock. Some stunted pines were in the scarce shelter of some pocket of the hills, but for the most part the view was just grey mountain and green grass and blue sky. The low, old houses, with thick walls and heavy roofs, appeared to be squatting beneath the wind, but there were hotels—new, blatant affairs, that did not fit the scene.

This Sunday evening, I sat in one of these hotels alone, surveying the view, consuming tea and cake and toast, and trying to live again the high spots of the past week.

Just seven days ago I was nearing the end of a long journey from Paris to Macon, a wine town just north of Lyons. A twenty three mile ride on the bicycle, and I came to Bourg, and I had my first bottle of wine at supper. The hills came, and next day it was hot, and there were struggles upwards that alternated with fine descents. And there was the lovely little lake that nestled beneath the steep mountains at Nantua. Loveliness at last. Another climb, and in a valley, just before the Rhone ran into its gorge, the Alps appeared on the distant skyline. Geneva that night was great. The full moon cast triangles of rippling light on the water of the lake, and there came rowing boats that were illumined in some small way by the Chinese lanterns that hung beyond the stern.

On the Tuesday there were pilgrimages to the Palaces of Peace, and in the evening a sail to Ouchy Lausanne. Wednesday, and it dawned wet, but it was fast along the lake side road, and I pedalled easily through Vevey and Montreaux. Two hours were spent in Chillon's Chateau, known by most of you as the scene of Byron's famous poem. Here there were torture chambers and chapels side by side; dining room and dungeon were almost cheek by jowl; and there was a gallows, and a great slab of rock whereby they slid the dead (and alive) into the cold waters of Lac Lemane. I climbed the tortuous steps to the raftered tower, too; and leaned over the ancient drawbridge to gaze into the still waters of the moat.

I left Lake Geneva in glorious sunlight, and with the wind still astern, rode towards the source of the Rhone in the wide valley of that famous river. At Martigny, where there is one of those quaint wooden bridges, I left the river by the Great St. Bernard Road, and a mile farther turned again. The road that climbed to Col de Forclaz was precipitous, with great zig-zags, and ever finer views of the glistening river far below and the glittering snow of the Bernese Alps above. On the other side the road descended 1,500 feet by two great slashes, and I came to the Gorge of the Trient in the shadows of the evening. And I was sorry, for never anywhere have I seen such a glorious gash and such wonderful pictures of mountain, road and torrent. In France again, and I stopped at a little hotel

in Vallorcine. Chamonix was only a mere ten descending miles away. From my valley way next morning I looked up to the white, serrated ridge of Mont Blanc, and the glaciers that crawled slowly towards the valley. Cows were grazing in the roadside fields, and goats nibbled on their perilous way across the mountain slopes. All had bells strapped around their necks, and what clamour there was from those thousand tones! Before ten, I was in Chamonix, a clustered town wedged surely between the heights of those vast mountains,—mountains that you can ascend by those aerial ropeway arrangements. I did not revel, exactly, in the prospect of a ride in the cage of a "telerifique," but I wanted the experience.

The cage started slowly, swaying slightly, and we "climbed." At every pylon there was an ominous lurch that was disquieting at first, and then the regular swaying motion would be regained. The town and the valley grew smaller, and thoughts passed across one's mind: What happens if the rope breaks? In half an hour we were amid the snow, and I crossed to view a glacier at close quarters, with Mont Blanc still in sight above. An hour later I was in Chamonix again. In the afternoon I ascended by the rack and pinion railway to see the famous Mer de Glace.

The days that followed passed quickly, and I saw Lake Annecy beneath the dark clouds of a thunder storm; lunched in disappointing Aix-les-Bains, and then set face into the hills again. In Chambéry I was near the valley of the Isere, and I climbed with this lovely river from its flat lands into its fastnesses of the mountains, past its waterfalls, and through its gorges to the last high village of Val d'Isere.

I left the narrow, village street just before six on that Sunday evening and pedalled slowly, for the road climbed, and I could see it, miles away and high above. An hour later, and I was very near to the village then, and suddenly the road turned for its last sweeps across the mountain. Occasionally, the old "donkey" track that was the way before the road was made was near, and I wondered what sort of donkeys they have in France. That old path just goes straight up! The Col de l'Iseran came at 9,085 feet above sea level, the highest road in Europe, and the possessor of a delightful hotel.

Morning came, and I clambered across the hillsides before the fling to lower ways and another valley. From 9,000 I dropped to 2,000 feet, and then started all over again. From St. Michel the road zig-zagged for hours and thousands of feet until, just over 5,000, it dropped to the village of Valloire. It was evening then, and I had had enough. The road was easy through the valley in the freshness of another day, but before noon it writhed and climbed in a manner unknown to me before. The heat was terrific, and there was no cloud, and no water in which to dip your wrists and cool your face. No succour either, from a roadside hotel—there were none! With hours came a view of the summit, a grim track high above, and I wilted at its sight. But I was wrong, and I was mighty glad to see a tunnel through the ridge round the corner. The Col du Galibier had been conquered!

Lunch, somewhat late, and then a descent. By the Col de Lauteret—the front tyre flattened—but that was soon mended, and I turned westwards. Grenoble, 55 miles, and a drop from 7,000 feet to less than 700. Glaciers and waterfalls tilted over that gorge, but the pleasure of that day was meeting Carpenter and his friend just short of Grenoble. On Wednesday, at 9-0 a.m., I was in the train that left the southern city for Paris; on Thursday I was home.

F.M.

### PAST AND UNSETTLED ANCIENT HISTORY.

The unsatisfactory result of the Midsummer Fifty Miles Handicap (the last that was run over the Plumbley Course) in the year 190X still hangs fire. Whatever the issue, it ought not to disturb the popular win of Louis Oppenheimer in 1901, or any of the Series of Good Times done by Buckley just outside 2.30 early in the Century.

The cause of the dispute is that A.T.S is yet NOT satisfied why the responsibility for his puncture was left in the Air. The Checkers who turned a blind eye towards that tyre should now be disqualified, for the lame excuse that they failed to recognise him IN A CAP will no longer hold water. H. Hellier was a Witness. It caused the rider to throw off his Cap and take to That Unmistakable Hat. Since then the new Headgear has "broken his Driver's heart" on numerous occasions.

This pressing case will be arraigned before the Committee of Last Century Members that are already sitting on the Bold Bridge Checkers Case of Lawrence Fletcher's "24" in the Seventies. As we all remember this craven Checker had insisted that Fletcher should Ring His Bell Three Times when passing the Pub Door when he undertook to Immediately-Appear. The whole thing was badly arranged and the record breaker had barely time to ring only twice. The Bold Checker stubbornly refilled his Tumbler for the Third time and Fletcher missed his Boldest Check. There is some uncertainty as to the Checker's name or whether he had paid his Sub. And there this case hangs.

### FUTURE ANFIELD HISTORY.

The Voortrekkers Doings elsewhere are a Good Omen of what is coming to pass in Liverpool next March, during the Anfield Diamond Jubilee. Our only Survivor, dressed in Cycling Costume of the Period, will be wheeled round in triumph in a conveyance made up of Fragments of Ordinaries, drawn by Members proved worthy of the G.O.O., if any. Instead of Laying a Stone they will unearth a long mislaid

#### Mounting Block

whereby the Voortrekkers climbed aloft. The Survivor will be surrounded by Grand-daughters of Past Voortrekkers.

The event will be the means of bringing the Postponed Club History into Daylight. On the Llanarmon Weekend the President obtained a Vow to set the Printing Press in motion from the Best (or RST) Editor of all Times, no other than the famous COMPERE-BAND-MASTER-EDITOR of other days.

It is a happy coincidence that this Personage was born within the Walls of Anfield City at the very hour that the Voortrekkers scrambled into the saddle. Thus he first imbibed the Prime Anfield Spirit only diluted with Purest Mother's Milk.

He will re-sharpen the Original Blue Pencil that did so much arbitrary work until 1926 when it grew blunt. The use of the Pencil kept pace with the limitations of the Printer's Account.

This time there will be no limit.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## C. J. CONWAY.

CHARLES JOSEPH CONWAY passed away on the 12th December, in his 81st year, after a long illness. He joined the Club in 1891, being the third of his family to do so. In 1898 he was appointed Club Treasurer, this seemingly, being his first appearance on the Executive, which post he relinquished in 1903, but remained on the Committee for one year. From 1913 to 1916 he acted as Auditor.

Dear Old Charlie, as he was affectionately called, was one of the most respected of Club Members and had endeared himself in the hearts of everyone. From 1897 onwards it had always been his privilege at the A.G.M. to propose each year "That the Club Tour at Easter be to Bettws y Coed," a resolution that was always carried with great acclamation. This however was of minor importance compared to his loyalty to the Club which was beyond all praise and which was applied in very practical fashion by the unique distinction of his having taken the Club Photograph for some forty years. A man's loyalty cannot often be greater than when the cost touches his own pocket, and it must be recorded that Charlie not only disbursed the cost of photographic plates, developing and printing, but presented each member present with a mounted copy at his own expense, which, over so great an expanse of time must have amounted to a formidable sum. The Club's debt was acknowledged, though not discharged, by a small presentation made to Charlie two years ago. Among those present at the funeral were Powell, Cheminais, Sunter, J. H. Williams, Chandler, Kettle, Rowatt, Burgess, Cotter, Simpson (A.T.), Simpson (W.), Poole (H.), and Mrs. McCann.

## RUNS.

**Knolls Green, November 26th, 1938.**

The weather was anything but ideal as I started out for this fixture, and the destination not being very far I decided to take things easy.

I eventually arrived at the Bird in Hand at about 5-20 to find Ned Haynes the sole occupant. After a while, however, the Presider arrived along with Ernest Green, and then Ned gave the order for tea to mine host.

A few minutes later Rex Austin appeared so after a quick one we adjourned for tea of ham and eggs and fruit, etc., and the table was full of various delicacies, most of which were sampled and we all agreed that it was an excellent tea.

Conversation afterwards was on various topics, including a very interesting one from Rex Austin, about New Zealand, but it is too long to relate here. The Presider also gave us some interesting facts of the interiors of some offices and warehouses in Manchester, but these were concerned with fireplaces and ceilings only.

The party of five broke up early, Ned Haynes being the first off as usual, followed shortly afterwards by the remainder, Rex by car for Bramhall, and the Presider, Ernest Green and Bob Poole for home. Although the weather was of the vilest, we were satisfied that we had been on the run.

**Halewood, 3rd December, 1938.**

An attendance of thirty-six members and friends made this one of the best runs for some time. Being a joint run, we were able to show four Manchester members how a normal Halewood run is conducted; we hope they thought it worth their while coming over. Yet we did not envy them their ride homewards again, for at Halewood you get so loaded up, and it's a long way back to Cottonopolis. Bert Green did a bit of wangling, for he stayed at 'Ill 'Ouse, 'Uyton.

Arriving just on six o'clock, I missed the preliminaries, but the Skipper seemed to have made a great discovery in the "aperitif" line. Upstairs, the President and sub-

captain Williams each made a goose and a turkey look a sorry spectacle. However, everyone seemed satisfied, including Connor Junior, whom the writer only beat by a narrow margin in open competition. I think the score was three and a half helpings of steak and kidney pie, to three of same. (No wonder that George and I did not see any Kate and Sidney—*ED.*) Christmas pudding and mince tart filled up the corners, and a prospective member, who shall be anonymous until he is elected, doubled each. If elected I think he will uphold that part of the Anfield tradition.

We were very pleased to have six friends with us, namely, Johnny Williams of the Mersey Roads; Boardman and Rourke of the Century; Billy Rich, Walter Connor, and A. N. other (who is he?—*ED.*). The rest of the evening passed very quietly, contrasting with the sing-song days of the old "Derby Arms." Is it that we eat more, which I doubt, or that we cannot take it? At last somebody found that he could stand up, whereat we all decided to get on the road. The cyclists watch the Editor and his motoring party go chugging away, and then they too started for home, feeling that their household food bills would be much reduced next week.

#### **Farndon, December 10th, 1938.**

There was no one at the 8th milestone at 3-30 today. It was a lovely afternoon, perfect sunlight and sky, and not much wind; yet few seemed to be out. Powell seemed to be first on the high road; and George Connor and Kettle followed a couple of miles afterwards. A stop for tea was made at Chester, and then when they arrived at Farndon it was raining. Dave Rowatt came out via train and bus; Jack Seed, via Christleton and Saughton, as usual; and Snowden had been out all day. By the time six o'clock arrived it was fairly sheeting down, an unhappy contrast to the glorious afternoon; six had turned up, and eight had been ordered for. And then Marriott spread his lanky silhouette across the threshold—perfectly dry. Motoring again, he had tales of starting out on his bicycle, etc., etc., but those yarns can be believed or not. Someone even said that his bicycles were for sale, but we think they are better for the scrap-heap. (Another one on the black list—*ED.*).

Then seven o'clock came, and everyone (except one) caped up, and some even donned their "sewer suits" to keep dry from the torrential rain. The roads were flooded, but there was one consolation, the wind was behind, and we made quite good progress. The Editor, alone in his petrol waggon, nearly drowned us as he swished past just a mile from Farnon, but once he was out of sight—well, out of mind. (You wouldn't think that I had a friend in the world, would you?—ED.).

#### **Goostrey, December 10th, 1938.**

This run is very popular with the Manchester section; it is pleasant to approach, and good food is to be had.

This particular afternoon the weather was exceedingly mild with just a threat of rain, but, which happily, kept off.

At tea those present were President Green, Wilf. Orrell, Haynes, E. Buckley, H. G. Buckley, R. Poole, L. Oppenheimer, F. H. Koenen and J. D. Cranshaw. The conversation as at most of these jolly gatherings was well assorted, but a new tone was heard that had a certain persistency, that of fishing; it flourished into a duet but died away later to the increasing topic of pools, bursters and the like. Out of this melody of distractions came certain strains of beauty, for instance, the name of S. F. Edge, "the old track at Headingley," the doings of to-day and to-morrow on the road and the old familiar "What yer' going to have?"

Peacefully the party dispersed about 7-30 with another club run to enter into the log and long may it be so.

#### **CHEWING THE CUD, AT GOOSTREY.**

Mr. Bikley and Old-Oppe' after a cursory reference to their bright Anfield Medals on their watch chains (just to keep the younger element quiet) soon forgot all about cycles when they met in the Lion Lounge at Goostrey, although the former for a while drew the long bow about Tubular Liberties that had to be kept in Pickle, by dozens, during the long winter months. When these two Old Hands really got going they let loose a torrent of terms that ranged from Pisciculture right through Piscary along the whole gamut of the Piscatorial Science. We might have got bored until Louis led us to imagine him standing

from daybreak to sunset in Waders in the middle of the turbulent Tweed, while Bikley drew a picture of himself in a small boat in some Tidal Drain tied to two stakes watching his Float bobbing up and down for 21 days of 8 long working hours at a stretch. We trusted but were never convinced that both devotees had their hip pockets bulging with flasks and iron rations kept clear from spray.

Thoughtful as we know Fishermen to be, we learnt that their chief concern is to plant in advance vast stacks of Groundbait on their favourite patch to keep the fish from getting hungry. After gargantuan gorging, the poor fish, staggering with indigestion, clasp at any straw, hook or string, believing it to be their last life-line.

So strongly humanitarian is the fisherman that neither killing nor maiming is permitted, and what is more, after checking in, weighing, numbering and measuring before accredited witnesses (thus not unlike the methods of the Road Records Associations) back goes the hapless catch into mid stream to fall a prey to larger cannibal species.

It was pitiful to hear F. H. butting in to try and make these water tourists extol their Fen or Border Country. Louis fully roused, remonstrated "Borderland be blown. With our mind's eye focussed on the undoubted denizens of the Under-current, we cannot spare wayward thoughts to meander in the *DEBATABLE SPHERES* overhead. It's the Tweed we're after not the Cheviots."

**Hooton, December 17th, 1938.**

I always enjoy the pre-Christmas run to Hooton, and this year's was no exception. The weather being what it was, I decided to go straight out, and passing Chandler en route, clad like a Wolf cub, landed at the Station Hotel at the same time as Powell. With great accuracy of articulation, Chandler asked for a small 4x in a tankard please, and much to everyone's peace of mind, was correctly served. Rather tactlessly I thought, he boomed out at Stevie "You want to try this 4x," to which Stevie, his eye ever to the main chance, replied "Thanks, I don't mind if I do." The Editor was the next arrival, in a state of collapse—the poor fellow had ridden out on his bike, a thing he's not done for some time. Recovering somewhat, under the revivifying effect of a mild, he spied Chandler's haversack and asked what he had for homework. This quip, coupled with 4x, temporarily

quietened Chandler, but not for long, for he soon started extolling his footwear, two of the filthiest shoes I've ever seen, saying that he never put polish on them—a slight understatement! The door again opened, an icy blast entered followed by a huge mound of clothes. After two macintoshes, one overcoat, three pullovers, one scarf, one leather waistcoat, and one pair of waders had been doffed, Eric Reeves emerged like a chrysalis from its cocoon.

Dave Rowatt followed by Johnny Band and Jack Seed then came in. But stay—who is this charmer with crinkled hair and brown complexion? It can't be, yes it is! It's Randall! "What the so-and-so have you been doing to your hair," "Pansy," "Gorgeous," were shot at him from every angle, so much so that a tinge of red crept up the face of even that stoical one.

But the real reason for this attempted change of personality he would not divulge—funny how marriage changes people!

An enjoyable meal then followed, marred only by the alcoholic maunderings of the 4x man.

Those present in addition to those mentioned were Kettle, Connor, Rock, Byron, Perkins, Preston, Rigby Band, Williams and Rich, a prospective.

#### **Knolls Green, December 17th, 1938.**

I set out at 4 p.m. for this fixture and after the mornings rain, the high wind was drying the roads very well. The journey to the "Boozer" was uneventful, and I finally arrived at 5-30 p.m., to find only "F.H." at the bar sipping a cocktail.

Ten minutes later Bert Green arrived, and when he saw there were only three present he decided to wait until 6 o'clock before ordering tea. This called for another drink.

We were so busy talking that we did not notice the time, and we sat down to tea about 6-30, and there were still only three of us. But why? Apart from two whom we knew would not be out, owing to special business, where were the others?

Conversation after tea was on various topics concerning the recent crisis, politics, politicians and their ways. Finishing up, on a more pleasant topic, namely the Presi-

dent's holiday and the route to Abersoch. The details of which were very interesting and amusing. We again forgot the time, until I glanced at my watch and announced the time as 9-45, and suggested making a start for home.

F. H. as usual left by car, and the Presider and I under our own power. We found the going easy in parts, in spite of turning into the wind now and again.

I left the Presider at Altrincham, and went round via Timperley and Wythenshawe, arriving home at 11 p.m. greeted by "What time do you call this" from the missus, and a nice cup of tea.

Members present were Bert Green, F. H. Koenen and Bob Poole.

#### **Chester, December 24th, 1938.**

The run was fixed at the "Talbot" as it was not anticipated that on Christmas Eve any of our usual caterers would have been keen on putting up a meal ordered beforehand in view of the seasonal festivities. If the reason had been given that it was unlikely many members would turn out, it would have been more to the point. The grand (very grand) total was 5, included Turvey, who had been ordered out of his car at Stockport and told to cycle the rest of the distance to Meols. He reported all clear roads over Woodhead despite the official warnings. Then there was Venables, Elias and Chandler, and also Barker who had had tea earlier and called to report himself. Presumably the remaining horde of Tea-Tasters were plucking toys off the Christmas Tree and no doubt some of our greybeards were acting the roll of Santa Claus and making the children happy.

#### **Lymm, December 24th, 1938.**

Wake up, Manchester!! Three at Knolls Green and only four at Lymm! Tut! Tut! Of course, we know its Christmas time and there are many club dinners besides private engagements, but surely there are more than four of us free for the Saturday afternoon, we must do better than this.

The faithful four were Farr, Green, Senr., Haynes and Poole. We had a good hot feed and then two went to keep their party engagements. The remaining two clicked with the local darts champion and played two games

with him ; we each beat him once and then he had another engagement. A quiet easy ride home finished an enjoyable run, which would, however, have been much more enjoyable if there had been more of us to share it.

### Highwayside, December, 26th, 1938.

Things don't seem so enthusiastic these days. Fellows don't seem to come out so well as we would like, and the times when any number between thirty and forty would turn out for the Boxing Day Run would be halcyon days compared with the present. Perhaps it would have been better if we had fixed the run for December 27th. More would have probably attended, and the day was certainly better. Boxing Day was wet, foggy, clammy—so much so that Stevie came out per car—and he likes cycling. Marriott and the Skipper were sorry that they didn't do likewise, for it was a foul ride home, into an increasing wind.

The round dozen were at the Travellers' Rest just as 1-30 struck : The Presider, F. H. Koenen (that completed the Manchester section) ; Connor, Marriott, Rock, Birchall, Perkins, Chandler, Stephenson, Randall (strange!), Salty and Carver. These last two are strangers in our land these days, and their days home from exile are rare. The meal was postponed for some minutes while a darts match progressed, then after a fine spread—back to the darts again.

The Presider hurried home early, and Chandler and Perkins soon followed. Connor, Marriott and Birchall followed, and the others stayed behind. Carver, Salty and Rock had a lovely scrap to Halewood for another feed, whilst Connor and Marriott went home for the car and a change of clothing before proceeding to Halewood to complete the party again.

What followed may not have been truly an Anfield run, but it was great, and the so-called Tea Tasters are very grateful for a pleasant evening at Hill House. There was life and laughter (at least) until the early hours, when we made a start for home. Salty, Carver and Rock would be home somewhere around 3-0 a.m., with probably a large parcel, for the wind was heavy. The others, doing a spot of transport, for Mrs. Salt and Mrs. Carver, made a tour of Wirral, and as the Editor crawled to his abode the clock struck four.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 396.

### FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at  
5-29 p.m.

Feb.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)					
"	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)					
	11	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	.....	.....	.....	5-43	"
"	18	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	....	....	....	5-56	"
"	25	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn)	.....	.....	.....	6-12	"
Mar.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	.....	6-24	"
"	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)					

### Alternative Fixtures.

Feb.	4	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	.....	.....	.....	5-29	"
Feb.	11	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	5-43	"
"	25	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	.....	6-12	"
Mar.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	.....	6-24	"

Full Moon 4th inst.

### NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

### APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Mr. H. V. Rourke, 80 Bank Road, Liverpool 20. Proposed by Mr. W. G. Connor, seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

Mr. T. T. Samuel, 41 Kings Road, Bebington. Proposed by Mr. John Leece, seconded by Mr. J. S. Jonas.

Mr. E. L. Killip, 42 Princes Boulevard, Bebington. Proposed by Mr. J. Rigby Band, seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

Mr. R. Barker, "Roslyn," Chester Road, Saltney, Chester. Proposed by Mr. R. J. Austin, seconded by Mr. W. H. Lloyd.

NEW MEMBER. Mr. W. L. Rich, 36 Shrewsbury Drive, Upton, Birkenhead, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. F. Marriott has again been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed :—  
R.R.A.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. J. C. Beauchamp.  
N.R.R.A.—Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr. and Mr. W. Orrell.  
R.T.T.C.—Messrs. W. G. Connor and W. P. Rock.  
West Cheshire T.T.A.—Messrs. E. Byron and F. Marriott.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee :—Messrs. E. Byron, W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr., F. Marriott and W. P. Rock.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee :  
Messrs. E. Byron, W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr., F. Marriott, C. Randall and W. P. Rock.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES.

On taking office there were several conjectures as to whether I am in the saddle for twenty-five years as was my worthy predecessor. That entirely depends on the members and how promptly they fill the coffers ; so as French quotations are now the thing in the *Circular* I merely say *Faites vos jeux*, and leave it to you.

Please note the change of banking account and amend all those bankers orders accordingly. The first subscription list looks very well, and I thank the following for their subscriptions and (or \*) donations.

1938.

R. J. Austin *	W. H. Kettle *
W. D. Band	A. Lusty *
H. G. Buckley	H. Pritchard.
J. Egar.	R. J. Pugh.
R. A. Fulton.	R. Rothwell.
N. M. Higham *	C. H. Woodroffe.
F. Jones (1937-38).	

1939.

C. Aldridge.	E. Haynes, Senr.
H. R. Band.	E. Haynes, Junr.
W. D. Band.	W. Henderson.
H. S. Barratt.	A. Lusty *
D. L. Birchall.	L. Oppenheimer.
H. G. Buckley.	F. Perkins.
E. Byron.	H. W. Powell.
J. E. Carr.	G. E. Pugh.
W. G. Connor.	W. L. Rich.
C. F. Elias.	W. P. Rock.
W. H. Elias.	F. Roskell.
G. Farr.	H. Roskell *
E. D. Green.	I. A. Thomas.
H. Green *	

## JUBILEE.

Sixty years ago a band of Liverpool enthusiasts banded together and formed our Anfield Bicycle Club, a club that, in the succeeding decades, made its name known and revered

across the face of England for fine cycling. The efforts of two of our earliest members: George Mercer and Dave Fell, made an interesting article in *Cycling* recently, when the story of the Liverpool to London record was admirably portrayed by friend Slemen. How that trail to the capital was blazed by Anfielders before the R.R.A. came into being! And how, northwards, was the road to the Scottish capital almost worn to ruts by those of the early brigade in search of record! All but the most recent to our ranks will remember George Mercer, Dave Fell, and Bob Knipe, to name just three of many who made our Anfield famed across the land. Of that band of pioneers, only one remains D. J. Bell, of Orrell Lane, Liverpool, who joined our Club in 1879. May health and happiness keep him long in our sight.

To celebrate this great occasion—this Diamond Jubilee—we are having TWO Dinners. On March 11th, at the Stork Hotel, Queen's Square, Liverpool (2 minutes from Lime Street and Central Stations), the first dinner is for Anfielders and past members of our Club only. We are anxious that so many as possible of those who have left us will be present. Will you please acquaint any whom you know, and ask them if they will come? Tickets are 7/6 each; speeches will be few and short; and Powell would like to know by March 1st. Please complete the form on the letter that is enclosed with this *Circular* and return as soon as possible.

#### **Cheshire Roads Jubilee.**

Writing of Jubilees, may we offer our sincerest wishes to the Cheshire Roads Club, on their recently attaining their Silver Jubilee?

#### **NEW YEAR MESSAGES.**

Owing to the fact that our last issue went to press at an early date, we were deprived of the opportunity of publishing an inspiring series of New Year messages from Club notabilities. Not lightly are we to be thwarted, however, and we now have pleasure in appending such messages, which, in our view, transcend in importance anything of the nature which appeared in obscure papers like *The Times*, *The Observer*, and *The Higher Tranmere Sentinel*.

Hubert Roskell : " What'll you have ? "

Arthur Simpson : " What's yours ? "

Frank Chandler : " I call upon all members of the Club to retire from business as soon as possible. Then, having bought a pair of strong boots and a pair of gaudy stockings, to start cycling in real earnest."

John Sunter : " Well, I don't mind if I do."

Bert Pritchard : " Anfielders ! Eat plenty of red beef and fat mutton. That way lies success as cyclists. Have done with a diet of haystacks and glucose ! "

Frank Marriott : " Now, you fellows ! Get busy with your reminiscences. Why should not Dick Ryalls give us a true account of what happened in London during his residence there ? Why does not Jonas write his long-promised personal history of the early days of the cycling movement ? "

" Wayfarer "  
(himself) :

" Cycling is the greatest of all games. It is marvellous, intoxicating, stupendous, superb, magnificent, unforgettable . . . . Pass the dictionary, please."

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#### SOME EDITORIAL APOLOGIES.

In recent issues of this *Circular* there have been some omissions, which we wish to rectify now, and offer our sincerest regrets to those concerned.

Last month, in the rush of going to press some days earlier, we did not extend our sympathies to Peter Rock, who in December was bereaved of his father.

And due to a careless scanning of the *Liverpool Post* one Saturday morning, we entirely failed to see that at Liverpool University a degree (LL.D. (Hons.) ) had been conferred on Alfred Lucas.

Another omission was our not telling you of Ted Cody's visit to the U.S.A. We saw Ted in Liverpool in October, and he told us then, although he did not wish it to be in print for six weeks. Weeks have stretched into months, and it was only a gold and red postcard that Ted sent to his old pal, Stevie, the other day that reminded us of our fault.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### From Vancouver.

And writing of postcards, a colourful affair comes from Vancouver to Halewood, from Harry Buck. It is a picture of the Lions Gate Bridge spanning some lovely blue water, and Harry tells us of a silly fellow who jumped off the bridge the other day—just for fun, he told those in the hospital. Thanks, Harry, for your kind wishes, and everyone heartily reciprocates.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### In London.

Everyone will be sorry to hear that Hubert Roskell is at present confined to hospital in London with a bad leg. "Tiny" slipped up on something in a Tube station in the middle of January, and was taken to hospital, where he will remain for some time. His address is Ward 2, University College Hospital, Gower Street, London, W.C. 1. Will someone please write, and will those who can go and see him?

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#### COMMITTEE CAMEOS.

- H. GREEN. President. Put in 53 Club runs last year, mostly cycling, but occasionally in the Humber, much to the Captain's delight. Likes his work, and positively will not retire. Looks lovely in shorts.
- G. STEPHENSON. Liverpool Vice-President. Doesn't live in Liverpool at all. Rotund, bland, cycles, likes his work (when he does any) but doesn't advertise the fact. Another useful fellow with a Humber.
- R. J. AUSTIN. Manchester Vice-President. Once slender, but rounding off nicely. Cycles, but looks better in a car. Likes racing, when the other fellow takes the packet, and he just holds the watch.

- H. W. POWELL. Hon. Secretary. Older than he looks, and quite a nice little lad in shorts. Doesn't like work, but he has to. Takes his dog for a walk on Saturday nights for exercise. Vices—cycling and singing.
- J. R. BAND. Hon. Treasurer. Only a lad, but looks like an old man. Of a famous Anfield family. Takes after Uncle Johnny, except that he can't go fast enough. Will be a menace soon.
- W. G. CONNOR. Captain. Another youth. Swan-necked, tall and handsome. Retorts in monosyllables. Now uses tights for ice-skating. Expert on Continental touring.
- E. BYRON. Hon. Racing Secretary. Good at racing, if only he would race. Promising novice once, but now too lazy. Has taken up shootin'. Will huntin' and fishin' follow?
- W. P. ROCK. Sub-Captain. Beloved of Paul Robeson. Signature Tune is "My Curly Headed Baby." Is not going to race this year—saving up to go on the Continent.
- E. HAYNES. Sub-Captain. A Manchester Man. Keeness (for what?—Ed.) should put us Liverpool lads to shame. Likeness for nudity in summer.
- W. H. KETTLE. Doing very nicely now, thank you. Harold returns to the fold to add a leaven of experience to the vapourings of the younger generation.
- F. MARRIOTT. The pillar of the smart young things. Now Tea Taster in Chief. (No, he isn't.—Ed.) Cycles only under great duress. Scribe, sycophant and splutterer.
- A. PRESTON. Not seen often, but the Committee was hard up. Plays badminton. Cycles rarely. On his own admission, quarried, not born. Smiles delightfully, particularly from beneath an oversize sou'wester.
- T. SHERMAN. Adonis of the Club. Such nice ways with girls. Grand style on a bicycle, and should be good at racing for years to come, poor lad!
- F. CHANDLER. Compleat Tourist. Bald, bronzed, bespectacled. Flavours all his utterances with onions. Beau Brummell of the Club. Selection of nether garments a delight to all.

- A. LUCAS. Stepped into the breach and acted as Treasurer on the demise of Bob Knipe. Found he couldn't make enough out of it so he pushed the job on to Rigby.
- D. BIRCHALL. Also Bronzed, Bald and Bespectacled, but, happily, the flavour of onions is conveniently absent. Business precludes his attendance at Club runs. Why go to business? Sun worshipper in excelsis and par excellence—the olive oil merchant's delight.
- S. DEL BANCO. Gets hold of an R.R.A. Record while being asleep on the back seat of the tandem trike for  $11\frac{1}{2}$  out of 12 hours. Will go through life swanking a frilled badge, and we poor fellows have none.
- J. S. JONAS. The Club's modern record holder, triker, camper and non-run attender. One of those weird individuals who prefer sleeping on and eating grass to week-ending in comfort at a pub. Ah! Strange Being. (It's just as well that that is the last, isn't it?)—Ed.

### CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

(BOLTON DISTRICT ASSOCIATION) ANNUAL DINNER.

There was a distinct Anfield flavour about this Dinner, held at the Empress Hall, Bolton, on Saturday, January 21st. Mark Haslam presided over a gathering of nearly 100 members and friends; Harold Moore responded to the toast of "The Club and the D.A.," proposed by the D.A. President, Cliff. Baxter; and hill-climb and 24-hour trial prizes were presented by Norman Higham, who, as a stranger to most of those present, introduced himself as an Anfielder of 33 years' standing and a timekeeper for the N.R.R.A. Haslam told the crowd that Higham was the man who saw that Bolton people paid their debts, so that if our old member really is a stranger to the C.T.C.-ites, it speaks well for their financial integrity! During an interval in the dancing which followed the dinner, Harold Moore's wife sang solos. Moore himself has rather belatedly taken up dancing, and, like Robinson, now goes oftener to these social functions connected with our pastime. Haslam was always an expert in the social graces, and on this occasion he was an ideal Chairman, pronouncing Grace and proposing the loyal toast with enviable élat.

### AN ANFIELD GLOBE TROTTER.

One of the attractions—if not the chief one—for the forthcoming Diamond Dinner will be a remarkable photograph of Harry M. Buck, so characteristic in all details, that many of us may feel that he is in our midst. Not any one could do more justice to Diamond or other Dinner than the said Harry Buck, provided he had time to prepare himself by Self-Denial.

All those who are in touch with him by correspondence or otherwise should at once apply for a copy, air-mail being particularly recommended. The pictures are well suited for framing.

The Globe Trotter is seen as the central figure of a crowded street crossing but seems to pretend that he is unaware of what is going on. Half-a-dozen minor figures in close proximity in no way challenge the Figure-Head. On the contrary they give evidence of their modesty by giving him a wide berth.

His attire—always a foremost feature with our Hero—consists of a tremendously “Outsize” Overcoat built with an eye to Tours of some duration round English and Scottish Caravansaries, whose diet requires elasticity of garment, such as only Harry Buck could exercise to the full. At the time of taking the picture the Great-Coat lies a little slack on the figure.

Buck writes that this Garment has been well-known from Catterick Bridge to the Cinque Ports, and from The Lizard to Holy Island. It defines the Pilgrim to the life.

On his head is seen a true Basque Beret, once purchased and vowed for in the Basque Country (before Franco bought up the stock) by the late Edward Green of the Wallasey Warren. At the same time Buck apologizes for not wearing his even more renowned Scottish Military Headgear bought at Inverness in conjunction with that of the writer.

The nose and mouth are fortified by a pipe or nose-warmer, firmly gripped between the upper and lower jaw.

Pipe and Beret bring out forcibly the prominent features of the Nose and Ears.

Buck's one-time famous trousers as worn for a generation at the Glan Aber cannot possibly have survived the Atlantic Traverse and I admit that these strike no chord of memory, nor do the shoes.

In his left the traveller carries an attaché case, whose possible contents can only bewilder us, while in his right hand a hefty walking stick clearly helps to steady his gait, almost as deftly as a Crutch.

Judging by the respectful yet keen glances of his fellow citizens included in the picture, Harry M. Buck is in NO sense a Nonentity in VANCOUVER, B.C.

### EASTER TOUR.

Elsewhere in this issue you will read of a decision, taken after possibly fifty years of Easters at Bettws-y-coed, to change the venue of our Easter Tour. The change will be a great one, and, we hope, to advantage. The Herbert Arms at Kerry, near Newtown, has been reserved, and the price is about 6/6 dinner, bed and breakfast. There is accommodation for 24; 10 in single beds, and the rest (if we get the full number) doubling up. The younger generation have paid many visits to this hotel, and it is good, although not so pretentious as our previous Easter tastes. In this hotel we hope to have a really jolly party. Please come for all the time you can, and jettison any ideas of a tour on your own. Names, please, to W. G. Connor, 27, Parkside, Wallasey, as soon as possible.

### AT RANDOM.

Sub-heading to *The Times City Notes*: "Tight Year-end." It is really remarkable how Robinson gets into the news, isn't it?

On hearing that some perfectly good beer had been used recently at the launch of a steamer, Ven waxed indignant and gave vent (sorry!) to his views in no uncertain manner. We understand that he is threatening to write letters protesting against this gross waste to the Marquis of Burton-on-Trent, Mr. Bass, Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. Gretton and Sir Johnny Walker.

We gather that Lucas has done so well out of his new job that he has already purchased a row of cottages and a picture-house. What an advantage it is to have an honest face!

We observe from the Birmingham newspapers that Robinson is now a grandfather. Help! How that man does get into the news! Which reminds us that himself was recently seen making a final 1938 expedition into North Wales. He blazed past the Glauber Hotel without a stop, his entourage explaining that himself was setting up a new record—Birmingham to Bettws-y-coed and back in two days.

A recent *John Bull* poster: "Worst Blot of 1938." You *do* manage to get into the news, Robbie, don't you?

WAYFARER writes: A TOAST.

Gentlemen: Here's to Percy Brazendale, newly-elected Chairman of the Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club. We, in common with Liverpool and Lancashire, share in the honour which Brazendale has so thoroughly earned by his work for the C.T.C. and for cyclists.

Someone lately has been writing of F.H. as Mr. F. H. Koenen, and the Master writes to ask why the distinction. Perhaps it is the Editor's fault in not ruthlessly cutting out all Mr's, but to F.H. it conjures up "a stodgy relic, almost like Arthur Simpson with wide-awake hat, staff and gown, ambling gait and hang-dog look." So please don't do it.

Percy Beardwood, in sending his Catalogue to the Editorial Department, wishes it to be known that all who apply to him at Church Avenue, East Sheen, London, S.W.14, can have one of these informative books on request. There are tyres, both tubulars and wired-on, to be had for the buying, and looking through the other pages it seems that the only things that Percy doesn't sell are bicycles.

Wayfarer, himself, has threatened to attend the Jubilee Banquets, complete with his Private Secretary (still unpaid)

but it is not yet known if Lord Kenilworth will attend with ex-member Lord Wakefield. If these two distinguished peers grace our festive board our extinguished Baron from New York will HAVE to come over to complete the trio.

Talking of Robbie, the suggestion that he was never at school is refuted by his letter to the *Liverpool Daily Post* recently.

Carpenter tells us he will be at John O'Groats on March 10th, but hopes to be able to leave on his bicycle by midnight, complete with a tuppenny packet of ginger snaps, and will positively appear at the Stork Hotel in time for the feast, while the Mullah will surely not fail us but will leave his chaste (*sic*) chair at Cheadle and charm us with graceful presence.

Both the Rawlinsons are over in Paris choosing their creations for our Jubilations and Ann tells us that he will be wearing rose taffeta trousers with a dinky little black and blue velvet jacket and, dare I say it, the sweetest little step-ins you ever saw with the latest in nude stockings.

Poor old Tommy Royden has passed on, but if he was with us he would appreciate our natural choice of Tommy Sherman as cheer leader. In fact, young Sherman is so good that a couple of members will have to be appointed as gaggers in chief so that proceedings on "the night" will not be held up.

News of the two Diamond Jubilee Dinners was quickly broadcast on the Stock Exchange on the Monday following the A.G.M., and Breweries and Distilleries moved up fifty points, while aspirins were also strong. Teas were generally weak, but early morning varieties recovered quickly when full details of the extent of the celebrations was known later in the day.

It is now known that the Government have been approached, and after some discussion have agreed to finance the scheme for Shadow Breweries and Distilleries.

Messrs. Walker's, Threlfall's, Bent's, Higson's and Guinness's sent a deputation to the Prime Minister and pointed out that they could not possibly cope with the expected business coming from the Anfield Celebrations and quickly proved their contention.

If the "100" is broadcast we shall have to hurry home on Whit-Monday to hear the Editor telling the B.B.C. Officials to move their "s-s-s-s-shocking v-v-v-van out of the r-r-r-r-r-ruddy way."

Hubert Roskell was asked if he would not take his usual job of Marshal at the finish of the "100," but as he has refused, the proposal to televise the finish has had to be abandoned.

## DATES AND DINNERS.

The forthcoming Diamond Dinner must recall other Dinners, their excuses and their lessons.

Ten years ago we had the official Jubilee Dinner, the greatest of all our functions. Prior to that we only had the after taste of the Old Flavour of the Dinner held at the Exchange Hotel in the late Nineties. Its most striking feature was that the Hall boasted of a Platform from which the Turns were put across to the Body of members, and this manner of delivery seems to have affected some of us permanently. It made them flamboyant.

Since then the years have brought us two Unofficial Dinners got up by members themselves. Both have been held at the Stork Hotel. The first was promoted by the James C.C., a group or clique circling around A. P. James, who held most or all of the Offices with Hubert Roskell as Grand Vizier.

I have lost all the official records of this venture, but can recall its salient points crystal clearly.

The nett result was that it brought back to our ranks and fold that promising young member of the new century speed pack, one Arthur Simpson, who had drifted away through not reaping all the awards due to his ardour and zest. He had wandered several years in the wilderness of the outer darkness, like most other prophets purifying himself by praying and fasting, not unlike Oom Paul.

He was brought to the Dinner in triumph and became Editor with seats on all Committees.

This brings us to the Dinner of February 5th, 1926, as widely advertised in the pages of our Journal, as under :

The 1925 November issue, No. 237, warned and prepared us for a Repeat Dinner to that of the James C.C. "now defunct," being arranged by Hubert Roskell and a few Anfield Motorists, in the way of a Hot Pot Supper at the Stork, price 5/- plus Kitty Charges, 6-30 p.m. Success Assured.

The issue of December, 1925, repeated this notice forcibly in No. 238. The issue of January, 1926, was even more emphatic in No. 239. The issue of February, 1926, No. 240, brought the first clouds in the sky. On page 2, paragraph 4, after lulling us to sleep with : Arthur Simpson was re-elected Unanim. at the A.G.M., the blow immediately fell with paragraph 12, A. T. Simpson has been called abroad for his Country's Good and starts at once. All Editorial matter to go to N. Turvey, the Sec.

Spellbound, we sat waiting for the March issue, No. 241 : No report of the Great Function was available. No Editor pro-tem. and no New Editor were present. No one would accept responsibility for being present. Most declined to give any coherent account.

Although the presence of the Arch Owl shed Lustre and removed all suspicion, Lids were not raised till long after 7-0 p.m. Meanwhile Glasses were raised long before the Lids. In the Journal a Plea-for-Consideration was moved on behalf of Future Dinners in Future Years by way of warning.

This moment has now come : We are treading on thin ice.

Thus while one Dinner brought Simpson home to us as Editor the next Dinner took him away even more suddenly than he had come, for never more did he pick up the Editorial Pen nor sit down in the Vacant Chair.

The Hue and Cry being raised, he was traced to have sailed from some little known harbour for the Bay of Biscay, and after rounding the Pillars of Hercules had been unloaded at Marseilles, where someone met him in the Cannebiere (or Beer-Can).

Crossing the Border into Italy with a single attendant, he devoted himself to Classical Music, throwing himself

heart and soul into every Conservatoire from the Scala at Milan downwards.

At Florence he worshipped at the feet of what was left of the repute of Lorenzo II Magnifico, fashioning his person on the latter's elegancies. (Of this we see the results to this day). The Firenze Hats caused a perfect Frenzy along our Mersey Shores.

Coming home overland by Paris, further delay occurred while the late Editor acquired the perfect Parisian Accent as taught by the *Bal Bulier*, but although received in England with open arms, he totally disassociated himself from the Official Pen.

Well might we ask ourselves : Can this be some changeling ?

## RUNS.

Acton Bridge, December 31st, 1938.

It was a cheerless day, the old year was making a mournful farewell as I pedalled forth towards our usual rendezvous. The Tea Tasters must have been foregathering amongst the bright lights and fleshpots, for the "eighth" was devoid of any sign of companionship. I halted for a short but fruitless wait and then continued towards Chester, battling with a stiff westerly breeze on my flank.

On the Tarvin Road the wind was now astern and the going was very pleasant. The Tearooms at Stamford Bridge gave no indication of being graced by stray Anfielders, so on I hurried. Beyond Mouldsworth, the road and fields gave sign of a slight fall of snow and at Manley Pond bewildered ducks waddled to and fro' across the frozen pool.

Although I was early at the Leigh Arms (the hatches were still on) I had been forestalled by F.H. and friend Barker, of Chester. Farr and Haynes were next to arrive and lost no time in challenging friend Barker and myself to a game of darts, which was keenly contested, ending in a victory for the Manchester men.

When all feet had been duly established in the trough it was noticed that those present included the Presider and his son, Stevie, Chandler, minus the beneficent influence of xxxx., Norman Turvey on vacation, Rourke, prospective member, and Rock, sole representative of the hardy and

enthusiastic? Tea Tasters. After the pleasant meal, which Barney can always be relied upon to produce, was over, the Moss-side Express moved away right on schedule, taking Farr and Barker hurrying in his train. Rock moved off shortly afterwards, leaving Chandler and Turvey communing over mild ale in the cosy warmth of the taproom, but was seen some time later by this worthy pair outside Helsby fuming about the inefficiency of electric illumination and Kingsley service stations in particular.

**Halewood. A.G.M., 7th January, 1939.**

As there had been a heavy fall of snow lying about all week and a thaw had commenced on the Saturday morning, it was a little puzzling to decide which machine would be most suitable for the run to Halewood: whether to risk skidding on one's ear on a bicycle or getting an ear-full of grit from the side wheels of the tricycle. I chose the trike and got two ears full, but it was worth it as the road from Frodsham onwards was mostly covered with ice.

The Transporter conveyed me safely across the Mersey and I arrived at the Derby Arms in time to have one with Rigby Band, Ira Thomas and Howarth.

The thirty odd members had their feet well in the trough by the time I arrived upstairs and a portion of chicken with trimmings, followed by trifle soon put me at ease and ready to hear the worst.

The Meeting commenced with President Green in the Chair, and he made reference to the four members who had passed away during the previous twelve months. He paid tribute to E. A. Thompson, T. Royden, R. L. Knipe and C. J. Conway, and we stood for a moment to their memory.

I am making no attempt to give a complete resumé of the A.G.M., as it will soon be printed in the handbook.

Powell, as usual, had an excellent report to read re the tours carried out and individual attendances, and Dave Rowatt won the attendance prize! Bravo, David.

Bert Green put in all the runs of 1938 and the average attendance was slightly lower than 1937. Powell ended with thanks to A. Lucas and G. B. Burgess for help.

Racing Secretary Byron read out a full report of the racing activities of the year, which did not include any attempts on records. After a list of the other lads' per-

performances in Club and open events, he said "Perhaps I should mention my own ride of 393½ miles in the Mersey Roads '24.'" Crikey!!

A. Lucas, Hon. LL.D. of Liverpool University, read the Treasurer's Report of 1938, having taken over the job owing to Bob Knipe's tragic death.

The Balance Sheet was very satisfactory and showed a profit of £14 on the year's working with a very useful Bank balance to carry us through our Diamond Jubilee year.

This, I think, concluded the business for 1938, whereupon our Mr. Bikley rose to his feet and proposed a vote of thanks to the President, all the Officers, Checkers, Time-keepers, Helpers and all and sundry: whereupon we lustily clapped ourselves.

Bert Green then asked Rex Austin to take the Chair for the election of a President, but Rex, taking the Chair from where he was, quickly proposed that Mr. H. Green be re-elected President, and this was instantly carried with acclamation. The Presidential Address thanked us and reminded us that we had agreed that never again were we to let the Presidency become the vested right of one man, so next year the slogan must be: "Green must go."

Speed then became the watchword, and Rex Austin and Stevie (who was unavoidably absent with a cold) were re-elected Vice-Presidents. Powell became Hon. General Secretary for the thirteenth (and last, sez 'im) year, Rigby Band became Hon. Treasurer after a wonderful testimonial to his character, abilities and ancestors (but not including Uncle Johnny) by Lucas, who is to be complimented on the slick way in which he avoided the Treasurer's job himself.

Byron was again appointed Racing Secretary with George Connor as Captain, and A. Williams stubbornly refused the lucrative and highly important job of Sub-captain, so Peter Rock fell in for this coveted post and E. Haynes, Junr., regained control of the Manchester money bags.

The election of a Committee proved to be rather more difficult, as Salt and Carver have moved away from the district, and Rock was now a Sub-captain. However, everyone quickly scanned the room for victims and Marriott,

Lucas, Preston, Kettle, Sherman, Chandler, Birchall, del Banco and Jonas were proposed as background for the inner cabinet, seconded for immediate duty and carried into the elect before they knew what was happening.

Arthur Williams refused to be on the Committee as he said he would be on and off all the year, which remark caused some amusement. The Editor was warmly praised for his conduct of our Monthly Journal and his brief reply was in the vernacular. (Sorry, old man, but I can't put the next bit in, it's not my copyright.—Ed.). Mr. Bikley again proposed an omnibus (double decker) vote of thanks to everyone, and this was again carried, so we were twice blessed.

Other business was most interesting, and included an invitation from the B.B.C. to broadcast the "100" at Whitsun. Our old friend, Frank Urry, was acting as intermediary between the Midland Regional and ourselves, and the meeting agreed with the broadcasting provided the whereabouts of the course were not published in the *Radio Times* beforehand.

The Diamond Jubilee Dinners were discussed next and the President, with twinkling eyes, said the one proposed for March 11th was the nearest suitable day, a Saturday, to that day on which the Club was founded sixty years ago and would be our own celebration for members and ex-members only. The dinner at Whitsuntide would be for guests also and these two fixtures were agreed to and details left to the Committee.

We were then allowed to disperse, and most of us adjourned downstairs for refreshment after a most amiable and short A.G.M.

P.S.—I have almost forgotten to mention that the Easter tour this year will be to the Herbert Arms at Kerry, four miles from Newtown and that the whole house will be ours for the week-end, so book early and get the best beds.

**Heswall, 14th January, 1939.**

One of my New Year resolutions was to endeavour to attend all Club fixtures during 1939, and Saturday saw me attending the second of these, although whilst enquiring in Upper Heswall for "a pub at the bottom of a hill," I

regretted the resolution to a certain extent, for it was a wet, dejected, and miserable Anfielder who squelched into the "Black Horse" fifteen minutes late.

However, on satisfying the inner man, the gloom vanished, and I noted the bigger percentage of tea-tasters present than is usual. "Have they all made good resolutions?" Let us hope so.

A list of those present reads like a music-hall programme. Secretary Powell and his Road Show presents: "Stephie" as vice a vice-president we ever had; "Big Hearted Arthur Williams"; "Stinker" Rock and his Sd. shag; Bert Preston throwing the dummy; Rigby Band and his crystal, looking 25 years ahead; Johnny Band and his amateurs, with Seed, chirping in here and there; the whole show compered by Captain O'Connor.

From time to time in these write-ups the word "Ichabod" has been used, and although the exact meaning of the word seems remote, it certainly has some expression, for I muttered a thousand "Ichabods" when our noble Editor appeared at 7-0 o'clock dressed not unlike a cyclist. We had heard the "chariot" before he himself appeared.

At 9-0 o'clock I must say I envied those in the shelter of the much despised wagon, but nevertheless the ride home was more enjoyable than I had contemplated.

The Editor is under the impression that I regard him as a menace. I should like to deny this, for whilst regarding him as something, the right word has not yet presented itself.

**Goostrey, January 14th, 1939.**

The afternoon looked promising as I set off, but having met Green on Dunham Hill, we were only able to ride for a quarter of an hour together before capes became imperative. The wind was dead against us, so that our ride was anything but pleasant. To add to our miseries our usual tea place was closed and we had to make do with a lorry pull-up, where no one but lorry drivers pulling up are at all well received. I think that if you drove up in a Rolls Royce you would be served at normal prices, but you would be left with the impression that you were definitely not wanted and would do as well to pass by next time.

At Goostrey we found Ned Haynes and George Farr peeling off their capes. In the parlour (it was just before 5-30) we were pleased to find Mr. Buckley, that rare bird Mr. Oppenheimer and Bob Poole. We were expecting a couple of Orrells and decided to wait for them. We didn't wait long, however, owing to a hole in Ned's stomach. It was perhaps as well for they didn't turn up.

But, in compensation, who should walk in but Jimmy Carr. Mopping his brow with one hand and pouring a cup of tea with the other he told us all about the weather and what it was going to do to him on the way home. We said we hoped it would, for if it didn't do it to him, it would do it to us, and most people are selfish these hard times.. James then told us that he was all for upright frames for them as liked 'em, but having inadvertently ridden one with angles of 90° and swerved clean over the wrong side of the road and nearly under a bus, while using one hand to take his handkerchief out of his pocket, he now prefers angles of 60° to 65°. They stay on the road " says he " and what's more you can ride them hands off through Stafford to amuse the kids." The Presider replied that he didn't have to ride hands off to please the kids in Northwich, we understand.

No sooner had Mr. Haynes cleared the table than he was off dragging with him George, the unhappy victim of his Sub-captain's pre-nuptial punctuality. The rest of us adjourned to the above-mentioned parlour and partook of very cold beer. If the wind was in the wrong direction for Jimmy Carr's home-going, it was certainly in the wrong direction for the parlour fire, and non-smokers might have had a twenty packet or so without doing themselves any extra harm. When even Buckley's bulk across the room became invisible we decided to move, Messrs. Buckley and Oppenheimer by train, the Presider, Bob Poole, Carr and myself by road. It was raining hard and the wind had freshened, but remained in the same direction. So we gained the reward of a hard slog out and we presume that Carr adopted what is known in racing circles as a ' fierce crouch ' in order to get home at all.

Chester, January 21st, 1939.

As opportunity did not make a visit to the Albert Hall

in London convenient this year, at 4-30 p.m. on that dank and dirty Saturday, January 21st, I spun a coin . . . . . and lost. Heads for the car, tails for the bicycle, and five minutes later I wheeled my rusty iron from its damp shed, and left the already much maligned petrol wagon in its garage.

Yet I was glad. The wind was easily astern, and I made great progress through the hanging mist, past the old Wirral Stone, and then along the old road over the Gibbet Heath to Chester's ancient city. The Talbot was brilliant in its illuminations, but that was all, and we all wondered why the Club still goes to the wretched place. The service was, well, I'd better not say the word, but it wasn't good. Then, when George and I ordered boiled eggs, along came the hen-fruit all right, but we were asked whether we wanted bread and butter and tea as well! George was nearly rude, but I kept silent.

There was quite a jolly party of us and although we did not like Johnny Band saying that he would not be at the Dinner on March 11th, we heard a lot of his principles in the early days of shamateurism. A bicycle (or something like that) for 3/6, and then he says that his conscience was clear! Dave Rowatt was there, too, already on the way to the next attendance prize; John Seed; Harold Kettle; Powell and his son-in-law; Sherman; Scarff; del Banco; Rigby Band and the Editorial Menace. Stephenson did get so far as Runcorn, but his windscreen wiper "went," and so in the dirt of the day he returned home.

**"Crown and Anchor," Northwich, January 21st, 1939.**

Only six members were out on this run to the town of salt and uneven setts, and to make matters worse, there was a persistent drizzle.

The B.A.R. concert and Chester were alternative attractions, but I hardly think they would account for our small attendance, and maybe the weather was a better excuse.

I arrived at the pub. (pardon) Hotel, about 5-15, to find F.H., George Farr and the Sub. in the tank, but minus the beer, maybe they were on the water wagon or Band Wagon, who knows?

After a while we were joined by Ernest Green, and last but by no means least, the Presider. We were served a very nice tea of ham and eggs and poached eggs on toast, with the usual sweets, then we adjourned to the Billiards room, where Ernest Green and I entertained the Presider and F.H. to a steady if not very exciting game of billiards. I was behind in the game to almost half-way, but to my surprise ran out an easy winner.

Ned and George Farr had as usual gone early, then F.H. left by car and the Presider by trike. Ernest and I who were still trying to master each other on the green cloth, left at 7-30 p.m.

Fortunately it had stopped raining, but the roads were still very wet. We parted company at Newbridge, and I managed to reach home without any further rain, and so another enjoyable run came to an end.

Those present were H. Green, F. H. Koenen, E. Green, G. Farr, Ned Haynes and Bob Poole.

#### **Acton Bridge, January 28th, 1939.**

Acton Bridge from Birkenhead in just under the hour ! Thus speedily did the Editor and the Hon. Racing Secretary wipe up the miles yesterday. Wirral was murky, but a glimmer of sun gleamed across Helsby Hill as the flivver revved its way across the bleak wastes of the new road. Into the hills, Kingsley, the road above the Weaver Valley, Acton Bridge Station, and then the drop down to the river and journey's end.

It was the H.R.S. who gave the game away. He was garbed in a soft hat, mac., and lurid scarf; the Editor likes to go to the Club run in cycling clothing to create cycling impressions. Still, we made the number to thirteen: President Green; Bob Poole; Haynes; Rich; Rourke; Rock; Rigby Band; Stevie; Powell; Sammy Threlfall (whatever for?); Sherman; and the two motorists.

Strange, but you do get an appetite when all you've to do is to twist a wheel on occasions, and Sammy had his share of roasts and everything else that was going. Haynes went first, and then the other cyclists who wished to be home in a hurry; but Green, Poole, Stevie and the two waggoners stayed for a pleasant chat, until it was time for them to step into the night, too. We hope that all had a good run home.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 397.

### FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Mar.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms) .....	6-24 p.m.
..	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	11	Diamond Jubilee Dinner, 6-30 p.m. (Stork Hotel, Queen Square, Liverpool)	6-36 ..
..	18	Farndon (Raven) .....	6-48 ..
..	25	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) .....	7-2 ..
April	1	Chester (Bear and Billet) ....	7-15 ..
..	3	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Alternative Fixtures.

Mar.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion) ....	6-24 ..
..	18	Knolls Green (Bird in Hand) .....	6-48 ..

Full Moon ..... 5th inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBERS. The following have been elected to Full Membership :—Mr. Russell Barker, "Roslyn," Chester Road, Saltney, Chester ; Mr. E. L. Killip, 42 Princes Boulevard, Bebington, Wirral ; Mr. H. V. Rourke, 80 Bank Road, Liverpool 20 ; Mr. T. T. Samuel, "Norwood," 41 King's Road, Bebington, Wirral.

TRANSFER. Mr. J. G. Shaw has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

EASTER TOUR. Accommodation has been reserved at the Herbert Arms, Kerry. The charge will be 6/6 per day (Dinner, Bed and Breakfast). Members who intend to join in the Tour are requested to send their names to George Connor as early as possible.

Daily runs have been arranged as follows :—Friday, Whitchurch (Lord Hill), Lunch, 1-0 p.m. Members to order their requirements on arrival at the Lord Hill ; Saturday, Llangurig (Blue Bell), Lunch, 1-30 p.m. ; Sunday, Knighton (Norton Arms), Lunch, 1-30 p.m.

Members attending Chester (Bear & Billet) on Saturday, April 1st, are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

Last month one contributor appeared to be in doubt as to the meaning of the word "Ichabod." Well, count up the names in the list below and then remember that there are roughly 170 members in the Club and you ought to have it. To the 130 odd members still outstanding I say "Don't be backward in coming forward," and to the following, "Many thanks for subscriptions and/or (\*) donations."

F. A. Brewster (1938-39).

S. J. Buck.\*

W. R. Oppenheimer.

H. V. Rourke.

F. Chandler.

D. C. Rowatt.\*

J. A. Grimshaw (1938).

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## RACING NOTES.

The "100" will be held as usual on Whit Monday, and the "12" on August 20th. The fifties will take place on April 22nd, May 20th, June 22nd and the fourth provisional one on September 2nd. Mr. R. J. Austin and Mr. A. Lusty have been appointed Timekeepers for our events.

It is proposed to hold a training "25" on April 1st (an apt date, is it not?)

The West Cheshire events are as follows:—

March 26th — "30."	April 16th — "25."
June 4th — "50."	July 30th — "100."
Sept. 17th — "25."	

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## EASTER TOUR AT KERRY.

The Skipper and Rex Austin paid a week-end visit to Kerry recently, and the following arrangements were made. It was agreed that for us to have the whole house would be more satisfactory from all sides, and so we have agreed to give an approximate number by March 11th. If the number falls much short of that which the hotel is capable of accommodating, then Mrs. Evans will quote a small extra on to the usual tariff of 6/-, hot supper, bed and breakfast. Please write to W. G. Connor, 27, Parkside, Wallasey, as soon as possible and before March 10th.

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## JUBILEE DINNER.

This is to serve as a reminder—we hope you do not need one!—of the Jubilee Dinner to be held on March 11th, at the Stork Hotel, Queens Square, Liverpool. Please order your ticket (price 7/6, post free) from Powell, at 4; The Laund, Wallasey, as soon as possible, and in any case not later than March 4th. Please do not wait to pay at the door, as the hotel people require to know how many in good time. Past, as well as present, members will be welcome, so please rope them all in.

## AT RANDOM.

If the Frail One is able to be at the Jubilee Dinner this month, we are promised that a Great Event will occur. We understand that Robbie is going to buy him—and, probably, Arthur Simpson as well—a drink. At the moment we understand that the mind of this famous Benefactor of the Working Classes (we refer, of course, to Robinson) is running in the direction of a large bottle of H.P. Sauce.

. . . . .

We hear that the University College Hospital, London, have offered Hubert Roskell the vacant chair of Gastronomy at that establishment. From all accounts, "Tiny" seems likely to accept a position which he is so capable of adorning.

. . . . .

We did not think, in our handling of this *Circular* these past twelve months, that we had offended any of our readers seriously. Probably we have not, but we have discovered another sensitive plant. It was found underneath a holly bush on a grassy bank, and on enquiry we found it was known as the *Francum Candelabra*, its robust look belying its innate sensitiveness. The petals are brown and burnished, and on each of the four there is a tiny cross-shaped mark. The plant, if unchecked, has rambling tendencies, and the scent is slightly reminiscent of garlic.

. . . . .

We were pleased to see Lockett in Chester one Sunday morning this month. The last time we saw this one-time time-triallist he had something trembling on his lips, and we were glad to see that he has now removed it—another triumph for Askitoff? And his feet, they're tremendous, he must have been standing on some artificial fertilizer whilst on point duty. Without a word of exaggeration he was standing against a shop window, and the passers-by had to step into the roadway to pass him.

. . . . .

We also renewed acquaintance with the man wot rode through the night, him with the frilled badge, and judging from the indirect hints he was dropping to Salty about derailleur cogs, he might surprise us by turning out at a Club run before long.

There is no truth in the rumour that our spluttering scribe has had to have a wind-screen wiper fitted to the inside of his car.

. . . . .

According to Mr. Middleton, of the B.B.C., in a January *Listener* :—P.C.B., of Richmond, has asked him to recommend six good flowers suitable for cutting.

Can this query come from P.C.B. of "ours," perchance, seeking change from business worries in the cultivation of flowers? If so, we hope that his Horticultural pursuits will not interfere with his Easter Tour.

Gardeners usually get down to it at Easter and stay down.

. . . . .

The news that Hubert is in port again will be received with considerable relief by the Committee, as the task of moving the Stork Hotel, lock, stock and barrels, to the courtyard of the University College Hospital, London, was proving most difficult.

. . . . .

Our Editor confidently expects to make a personal profit of five shillings on the "do" (apart from considerable pickings as a member of the Dinner Committee) as he has been commissioned to report the orgy to *Cycling*, *The Bicycle* and *The Cyclist* at five bob a time. As he can't think of a way to miss the feed, save 7/6 and come in afterwards he is budgeting for an outlay of 10/- to see him through the evening and leave a nice profit of 5/-.

He thinks that half-a-crown's worth of Draught Bass should be sufficient for the day and cannot see the evil thereof.

. . . . .

Harold Kettle has begged his doctor to let him off the water-wagon for the day of the function, but the latter threatens a swift, sure and certain surgical operation if our 'Arold so much as looks at a lemon dash.

Messrs. Burtons inform us that after keen competition they have secured the order for Mr. Charles Randall's new spring suiting, so, provided that it does not rain on "the day" we shall at least have one suitably dressed member present, while Lord Horrocks will be wearing his old Club Tie, as usual.

We met John Leece the other Monday morning, bald, bronzed, but not bespectacled, just returned from his annual winter sports holiday in the Swiss Alps. He was tripping down to the 8-50 boat, singing "I miss my Swiss, my Swiss Miss misses me." However, he is coming to the Dinner where he will no doubt, regale us with some intimate details regarding what is known, we believe, as the "International Drinking Season."

Our Mr. Edwin Bickley-Buckley has informed us with pride that the cyclometer on his bicycle kept specially for "constitutionals," recorded 1,113 miles in 1938 and that the distance from home to the appointed house of refreshment is exactly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. This is apart from journeys by bus owing to the inclemency of the weather at times and shows a touching devotion to his sport and pastime. He says he takes it easy these days and only has three an hour and a six-hour day, which totals a modest 18 per diem.

### HUBERT'S HOME!

Towards the middle of the month, just when we were debating to postpone the Dinner on account of Hubert's possible absence, "Tiny" wrote to say that he was coming out of hospital, and would be home before the end of February. Hubert will relate of his month's rest in hospital in far more graphic terms than we could in these pages, but when Marriott, Rex Austin and Albert Lusty saw him in London on February 12th, he looked the picture of health. He says that he's lost some stones in weight, but all that we could see were just a few more wrinkles in his waistcoat!

### AN ANFIELD BICYCLE OF 1885.

It may come as interest to most to know that the Editorial Department has arranged for the exhibition of Dave Fell's 1885 Ordinary at the Diamond Jubilee Dinner in March. This famous Anfield bicycle is in the possession of W. G. Twiddle, of the Liverpool Century, a Liverpool cycle dealer. It is not, we understand, in good condition, for Dave Fell left it in the open for some years, much to the detriment of the finish, &c. The bicycle is not for sale, but Twiddle has promised that we should have first refusal in the event of him wanting to be rid of it.

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### FORTY YEARS AGO.

W. R. Oppenheimer writes from Sussex:—

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I was vastly tickled to see the note in the *Circular* concerning "F.H."—the one and only "Master"—and his reactions to the title of "Mister"!

It brought to mind a certain Saturday morning about 38 years since, when I called upon him at his city office to discuss the arrangements for a fifty tandem record: it left an indelible impression on my mind, chiefly on account of the extraordinary get-up of my partner to be. Cycling shoes, stockings, and blue jersey, with a *morning tail coat and billy cock hat!*

I was young and somewhat sensitive in those far-off days, and it was in fear and trembling that I accompanied him round the corner to a nearby pub. lest I should meet any acquaintance. It sticks in my mind also as being the one and only time I enjoyed what was known as a free lunch. One paid for one's glass of beer and then proceeded to help oneself to grilled kidneys and bacon ad lib., free, gratis, and for nothing!

Again, the record attempt itself stands out in my mind—my insistence on two brakes fore and aft—the pacing triplet with a scratch crew that could not get any sort of move on, and lastly, my doubts, which still exist, as to whether we

did break the record. I have a hazy idea we did, and that we actually received a certificate, but that later the N.R.R.A. washed the whole thing out as it was found that the course was short. I should like to know.

W. R. OPPENHEIMER.

"W.R.O." also sends some dinner menus of 1900 and 1901, which are very interesting.

We have passed the letter on to F.H. for his comments, and they are appended herewith.

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### ONCE AGAIN W. R. OPPENHEIMER STEERS HIS OLD TANDEM PARTNER.

Altho', as a Historian, "F.H." is infallible, there is ever some minor and trifling flaw in his memory, some *Pas-Manqué* shall we say—some slip somewhere, proving his human liability TO ERR.

W.R., who now occupies Caldbeck Hill, Battle, Sussex, is probably settled on the very site where Willie the Conqueror "had it out" with Harold-the-Saxon. From this point of vantage, he has hurled his thunderbolts in the form of Two Programmes of the Two Anfield Dinners of 1900 and 1901, setting F.H. by the ears for only remembering one. Both Dinners were held at the Exchange Hotel, the Programme for 1900 being drawn up and signed by Harry Cook, that for 1901 by Charles Oppenheimer, a mid-way member of that talented family. The Menu of 1901 was illuminated with the names of 15 vocalists set out in "juxtaposition" to the 10 courses.

That for 1900 likewise mentioned 15 vocalists but only 7 courses, with the result that Billy Lowcock had two helpings of each to the amazement but with the delighted support of the team of waiters in whose blasé careers Billy was a new experience.

The reason why the name of W. A. Lowcock does not appear on the Menu was that he was donning Character Costumes and preferred to make his entrée as an Extra Turn or Surprise-Visit-By-Special Request. As already stated, he became a Surprise to the Waiters as a Double-Dose Diner.

While thus steered in the right direction by his old Frontispiece, Mascot or Figure Head, F.H. in revenge, recalls the fact that the Rear Rider in his day was responsible for the correct balance of the Dreadnought and wishes to correct the Tenor of W.R.'s further communication.

This consists of a recapitulation of F.H.'s wardrobe, in preparation for a Tour on the Dreadnought, when W.R. called at the Master's office one Saturday morning, to start out from Minshull Street after a Free Lunch—with beer—at Ingham's Hotel, a haunt of Manchester business men. Like a true Mosaic Artist as he was at the time, Oppenheimer draws a sketch of F.H.'s Cycling raiments resembling Joseph's Mantle, when they dashed out for a Quick-One, but the costume was said to be topped by a "Morning Coat and Billy Cock." Thus it seems to have been mosaical enough for any Artist, yet I doubt if the Great Law Maker would have set his Seal for Veracity on this description as Naked Truth.

The bare truth goes no further than that F.H., out of respect for the finer feelings of the Prominent and Pre-tentious Barmaid of Inghams, covered his speed suit with an old "Demi-Saison" and Hat-to-match, kept at the office for the purpose of ensuring entry to the Free Luncheons for which the Manchester Commercial Hotels were famous in pre-war days.

W.R. goes so far as to enumerate the Free Dishes by name; Grilled Kidneys and slices of Bacon, etc. The old rear-rider will not quarrel with his ex-leader about this snack Menu, seeing that W.R. produced clear evidence of those Liverpool Dinners, but all he himself can recall was some Toasted Cheese. But if also here Willie be correct then the Demi-Saison was more than justified.

Oppenheimer's own garments were always those associated with the "Ornamental Character" of all Tandem Steersmen.

Thus while the Tandem Partners' Minds may have been at variance, their perfect balance was never disturbed by a single Wobble.

### M.C. AND A.C. DINNER.

A very long way down the list of guests shown on the elaborate menu card in connection with the 49th Annual Dinner of the M.C. and A.C., held in Birmingham on the first Saturday of February, one found this entry :—

W. M. ROBINSON. Anfield Bicycle Club,

Robbie was furious on observing the position of his name which he thinks should always be at the "top of the bill," but he readily accepted the plausible explanation that the list was alphabetical—an explanation which seemed to carry with it the thinly veiled suggestion that, were the names inserted in the order of the owners' merit or fame, a special supplement (or a tram ticket) would have been provided for his. Jimmy James was another Anfielder whose name appeared on the list, but he was there as a North Roader, while a third of "ours," Len Lusty, who also had his feet in the trough, was present as a member of the "Midland."

The "do" was a jolly fine one, but Tommy Blumfield, from the Chair, threatened that the next Annual Dinner, which will be the Jubilee Feed, is going to be better still, and already plans are being formulated for this important event.

Mr. J. W. Bryan, a Director of B.S.A., made a great hit by proposing the toast of "Our Guests" in rhyme, which summarised in a few words the characteristics of each individual. "Wayfarer" (himself) was all agog as to what libel would be voiced when his turn came to be placed on the rack. Billy Robins, the "Speedwell" boss, got away with the complimentary term "gracious," to rhyme with which Robbie was awarded "pugnacious." He considers it most libellous, as well as damaging to what little character he retains, and he was hardly mollified when the Chief Constable (another of the guests—for the "Midland" dinner has always to be held under police surveillance) curtly said: "The greater the truth, the greater the libel."

Thus "pugnacious" would appear to be the word!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Foreigners aren't Knaves." We agree—despite anything that Frank Marriott may assert to the contrary.

"When Days were Years." Jonas says that he, too, has been kept in suspense in dentists' waiting-rooms.

"Who Pays?" Rigby Band now asks this question every morning. A more urgent problem, which is heard after tea on every Anfield run, is: "Who hasn't paid?" And the collector generally finds that he himself is the culprit.

"Hope of Heaven." *Some* hope, says Frank Chandler, speaking personally.

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OUR SIXTEEN EDITORS IN THIRTY-TWO YEARS.  
1906 until 1938.

I find much uncertainty about the History of the Anfield Editorship both in my own mind and those of others. This led me to nose through the 383 copies of the *Circular* with the following result:

The *Monthly Circular* of March, 1906 (the first issue) commenced with an Introductory Paragraph reading:

"At the Committee Meeting of January, 1906, it was thought advisable to give the General Body of Members an Idea of

THE DOINGS OF THE INNER CIRCLE,  
and this Leaflet is the result."

The Doings of the Inner Circle was a quaint conception of the then Secretary, H. W. Keizer. For the remainder of 1906 he conducted the *Monthly Circular* as Secretary.

In January, 1907, S. J. Lancaster was elected Editor.

Lancaster was a most prominent and promising Anfielder. He won my heart one Easter at Bettws by the manner he escaped disaster when his machine ran away downhill midway between Pen y Gwryd and Capel Curig towards the Old Toll Bar cum Farm Gateway that was always kept closed.

By putting his foot in front of the fork on the tyre he pulled his machine up to a standstill. No mean feat I found it to be. He was both brakeless and chainless. The Civil Service called him eastwards but I am unaware of his cycling career thereafter, if any.

In July, 1907, Bentley became Editor, a Public School Boy of many feet and inches. He was in charge for over two years. Later he fell in the Great War.

In October, 1909, a Combination of Editors—Fulton and McCann—sat down on opposite sides of the Editorial Desk for three months.

Fulton was the foremost tricyclist in our ranks at that time and has remained in close touch with Club matters while resident in the far and Woolly West. Meanwhile, McCann carried on single-handed at the double desk until April, 1911.

It was then that C. H. Turnor offered to leave a dint in the Editorial Saddleback and sat tight until April, 1912. From May, 1912 till the end of 1913 we had S. J. Buck in office, a man fluent of speech, which he translated into print. He handed over the influential position to Lionel Cohen, who has since become Li. Price. Li. kept busy for the first half of 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, which upset the even tenor of our ways. Kitchener wanted Li. and Li. was not found wanting.

In October G. Stephenson sprang to attention as Acting-Editor, and was followed by a return of the Mullah (C. H. Turnor) as Editor-Pro-Tempore.

Unfortunately, he was not so good a stayer in or on that seat as he proved to be in the Cycle Saddle, but whether he got saddle sore we know not.

With the February issue of 1915 Mac paid a return visit until he also rose to the national colours and we came to the conclusion that we needed a Man of Peace, one spared by the recruiting sergeant. He was discovered in A. T. Simpson, whose name first appeared in the 1900 Yearbook as No. 78. This member had absented himself in 1905, but was recaptured by Hubert Roskell in 1914. He was rewarded by being made Editor for 1916 and remained

longer in that unique position than any other Penman before or since. He lasted ten whole years exactly.

Although re-elected at the A.G.M. of 1926 he changed his plans all of a sudden and sailed away on the Mighty Main—just like the Hero of F.H.'s "Blue Beard": "The Seas to Sweep, to scour the Deep, He'd . . . Water on the Brain." Appropriately enough, the journal of February, 1926, contained a version of *The Morte d' Arthur*.

It took the Club two months to overcome Arthur's lapse, largely surmounted by Secretary Turvey re-assembling all the writing materials of the fleeting Editor wherewith to endow his Successor, who turned out to be:

W. E. Taylor, from April, 1926 until January, 1927.

A. T. Telford, for two years until January, 1929.

E. Nevitt, for ten months until November, 1929.

We were promised to settle down in comfort under the guiding hand of J. S. Jonas, a very busy and enthusiastic person on any saddle, who lasted from December, 1929 until January, 1934.

To succeed him we had to search high up in lofty spheres and found our new Editor in Cook's regular Associate Ernest Snowden, who added lustre by artistic means both inside and outside the covers of our publication. He was called away to cross the Atlantic in May, 1935, and once more J. S. Jonas answered the call.

But second appearances always lack the old fire, and after June and July we had to release Jonas.

After that several issues came out without an Editor's name until the Annual Handbook informed us that Frank Chandler was Editor for 1936 and 1937 and Frank Marriott for 1938, and we are glad to learn also for 1939.

During Simpson's long term of office he published a Special Peace Number in December, 1918, in which he brought us news from thirteen Members that were all ranged "on the defence." These included Clifford Dews, who has come strongly to the fore as a member in a new guise this last autumn.

## RUNS.

Halewood, 4th February, 1939.

As it had turned out to be a glorious afternoon, I decided to go to Halewood by way of Runcorn's Transporter.

Nobody was waiting at Childer Thornton, so I set off alone, and later, on the new road, I overtook Byron, Rigby Band and Rocky. They had come through the lanes, as I had not been expected at the corner that afternoon.

The pace was very leisurely, as none of us was very fit, and after walking one or two hills, arrived at the Derby Arms just in time for the opening.

Only sixteen members and one prospective member were present, rather a contrast to the two previous visits to this most hospitable hostelry. However, what was lacking in numbers was made up in quality, for the trencher work was wonderful. Two chickens, one large steak and kidney pie being completely disposed of, as well as best part of a joint of pork—which Arthur Simpson had messed about—together with all the trimmings. Marriott arrived late but lost no time in getting down to business.

As mentioned before, only seventeen were present:—Rowatt, Burgess, Rock, Threlfall, Birkby, Rigby Band, Elias, Marriott, Powell, Preston, Kettle, Stevie, Byron, Simpson, Cheminai, Connor and friend Rourke. A notable absentee was Hubert, who, unfortunately, was in hospital in London. A telegram was sent to him from those present wishing him a speedy recovery.

The forthcoming Jubilee Dinner and politics were the main topics of conversation after tea and when we were able tracks were made for the Pier Head, and so ended another Halewood run.

In last month's *Circular* someone expressed a doubt as to the meaning of that hackneyed word "Ichabod," and for the benefit of those that do not understand it, the Treasurer has explained its meaning in full elsewhere in this issue. So read, mark, learn, etc., and let us see if we can double the number at the next Halewood run.

**Holmes Chapel, 4th February, 1939.**

There are several factors which caused me to-day to forsake the Halewood run and ride the extra miles to Holmes Chapel.

The first is a mileage chart which is a disgrace to one so young and vigorous (?) as I; the second is a strange desire to get fit enough to take the "bonk" a little more often; the third, to satisfy my inquisitive mind how the other half of the club lived; and last, but certainly the deciding factor, a beautiful spring-like afternoon which would have tempted even the weakest.

Starting rather early I trundled through Warrington to Knutsford, where I came upon a tricyclist, to wit, the President.

Thenceforth he warmed up the race, and casually pointing out old venues of the Club *en route*, half wheeled me to "The Swan."

Shortly after our arrival we were joined by Bob Poole, Ned Haynes, George Farr, Bickley, Ernest Green and Wilf. Orrell, in that order.

The excellent meal served at 5-30 was even better than some served on Liverpool runs, and thus replenished, Romeo Haynes soon broke up the octet.

He was followed by Ernest Green, George Farr and the scribe, who was accompanied by the aforementioned two as far as Mere Corner, where the Mancunians turned off for the rotten (pardon) cotton city and I, with only my thoughts and the bicycle to amuse me, turned West.

A full moon and a tail wind both contributed to a very enjoyable ride home.

A fitting finis to a perfect day.

**Hooton, 11th February, 1939.**

The weather was quite encouraging, so for a change and more or less to spend a few hours, a Rugby match was attended, then out on leisure I came along per "rattler," being fortunate in finding a travelling companion, "Ven."

by name, hardly recognisable for the wrapping after being a recent victim of the 'flu epidemic. My first move was for an appetiser, but at the same time the H.R.S. and Scarff arrived, also on the same business, followed by the Hon. Secretary to form a select party. The 4 XXXX man was present a little quieter than usual, he ordered his particular brew complete with tankard. Can't imagine where the Bookie's cap was obtained as worn by the Vice-Pres, well do we know that the National is approaching. What are the odds?

The meal was substantial, well served, amazement was caused by Chandler refusing onion sauce, as he had partaken of cheese and onions at 4 p.m.—what a man. Noted around the dining table were *el capitan*, who collected. (Why have sub-captains, if captains will do the collecting, or was he on other duty?) Perkins, Rourke, Rigby Band, Kettle, complete with dog, Threlfall, J. C. Band, still making and rolling his own cigarettes, Rowatt, Preston, and two late arrivals, Killip and Samuel, they having been chasing a bag of wind about in the afternoon.

#### Goostrey, Saturday, February 11th, 1939.

The Sub-captain professed a desire to attend the Manchester run this day, and after a great deal of persuasion, he consented to grace the pillion seat of my chariot (some people call it differently). We arrived at Goostrey in good time and I had just divested my four, or was it five, coats (see a previous *Circular*) when the Master arrived enquiring for some strong men. In their eagerness to help the company got stuck in the door. Investigation proved that he had foundered his car in the farmyard whilst trying to turn the wagon in the correct direction for home (a very wise procedure). With all the company pushing or giving advice the matter was soon put right. The following company sat down to enjoy a very good meal:—The President, F. H. Koenen, Haynes, Jr., Poole, Reeves, Rock, Wilf. Orrell, Barker, Mr. Buckley and Sherman. Haynes, Jr., Sherman and Barker donned capes to cycle homewards. Peter and myself on the motor cycle, prepared for a wet ride home. The other members tarried to gargle or fortify themselves or any of the numerous excuses which one can find for drinking beer. I enjoyed this, my first Manchester Club run and hope to attend more from time to time.

**Acton Bridge, February 18th, 1939.**

In spite of much reference to the racing season and the corresponding preparation for same, we reached the Leigh Arms in moderately good physical condition. Tradition and convention had been set aside—there had been no suicide pact and we had arrived at a Club run without any signs of really serious cardiac trouble.

A group of twelve assembled to await dinner. Present were Bert Green, F.H., Chandler, Stevie, Rigby Band, Will Orrell, Kettle, Bob Poole, Ned Haynes, Ira Thomas, Rich and a new member—Russell Barker, hailing from the pleasant country around Manchester. The party was entertained by an animated discussion regarding the Kerry arrangements between Chandler and Bert Green.

Enough pork and boiled pudding was supplied to fill twelve empty spaces, and 7-15 p.m. found us once more ready for the road. Rigby and myself accompanying Ira Thomas as far as Tarporley before turning towards home and supper.

**Thornton-le-Moors, February 25th, 1939.**

Yet another Saturday has circumstance dictated that I should attend the Club run in the outfit—the petrol waggon about which almost all the cycling world has learned. This time it was the Warrington Time Trials "do" which was the cause, for I had no wish to be caught riding homewards from Warrington around the witching hour into a heavy 'wester and drenching rain. Thus, 5-30 p.m. on this Saturday saw Harry Pearson, of the Mersey Roads and the Editor hurrying (so fast as the 'bus would allow) to the Club run with the intention of continuing to Warrington afterwards.

We were at The Letters just on six, and there were eleven round the table. Vice-President Stephenson; Rowatt; del Banco; Scarff; Byron; Sherman; Johnny Band; Seed; Powell; Kettle; Elias; and the aforementioned motorists. We heard Johnny still telling us that he was not coming to the Dinner, yet we do wish that he would. How can it be a real Anfield "do" when Uncle Johnny stays away?

Being busily engaged in stuffing away a delightful tea—and at a right price—we did not hear much of the hum of talking that is always such a feature, and when we were ready to talk the others were going. Anyway, a small party of us sat around the fire, and then as one by one started to make a move, we went too.

**Lymm, February 25th, 1939.**

During the week previous to this run, I received an invitation to be present at the first annual Prize Distribution of the Warrington Time-trials Association, and with uncanny perception at once saw the possibility of combining two pleasurable functions in one day. I therefore left home on a beautiful spring-like afternoon, and proceeded to Stretford, there to meet Jack Veale, the Honorary Secretary of the Manchester District Council of the R.T.T.C. Jack lives in a neighbourhood where the roads resemble the battle-fields of Flanders, but once this area had been negotiated successfully the remainder of the journey proved uneventful. On arrival at the Spread Eagle, we found the Sub-captain and George Farr opposing Peter Rock and Eric Reeves in a darts contest, in which both sides displayed more enthusiasm than skill. Peter has a style all his own, but none of the contestants showed that proficiency which betokens a misspent youth. Who won I neither know nor care, but with the arrival of Wilf. Orrell and Bob Poole, a welcome adjournment was made to the tea table. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the President was an early arrival and was also in exceedingly good form during the meal, which was enlivened as of yore with story and anecdote. R.J. caused some amusement by bemoaning the days of his youth, when the Manchester runs attracted a regular attendance of 30 to 35 members, whereupon Eric Reeves asked if that was in the days of the ordinary bicycle!!! It is possibly hardly credible to the younger members of the Club, but is nevertheless perfectly true, that in the years immediately after the war, such attendances were a commonplace. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The repast consumed, and certain small formalities not unconnected with the duties of a Sub-captain having been "gotten through," as I am sure that Stanley Holloway would remark, the present writer departed in the direction

of Warrington, to find that the beautiful spring-like afternoon had degenerated into a filthy wet night. After some difficulty in finding the British Legion Club, where the fun and games were to take place, we duly fraternised with the sporting Warrington men for the remainder of a most enjoyable evening. It is of interest to note that amongst the representatives of Liverpool who were present was our Editor, who consumed as much supper as anyone in the room, but managed, with superlative skill, to avoid the necessity of making a speech. When exhausted nature could stand no more, we departed for home, leaving the Editor still consuming meat pies with great gusto. So ended another enjoyable day spent in the company of my fellow cyclists, and marred only by the thoughts of rising at 5-30 in order to assist certain misguided youths, to the number of one hundred and twelve, to take part in the first road event of the season.

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Don't forget March 11th

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STORK HOTEL

6-15 p.m. for 6-30 p.m.

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Send for your ticket NOW

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 397.

### FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
April	1	Chester (Bear and Billet) .....	7-15 p.m.
..	3	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	7/10	Easter Tour, Kerry (Herbert Arms) .....	7-27 ..
..	15	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn) .....	7-41 ..
..	22	First "50" Miles Handicap .....	9-24 ..
..	29	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) .....	9-35 ..
May	1	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	6	Barton (Cock O' Barton) .....	9-49 ..

Summer Time begins 16th inst.

Full Moon ..... 4th inst.

### NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER, MARCH 11th, 1939.

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. William Shacklady, 3 Lynwood Terrace, Rainhill. Proposed by Mr. F. Chandler, seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

INVITATION "100." Mr. H. Green has been appointed Judge and Referee.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. G. Farr, 125 Clintain Avenue, Fallowfield, Manchester 14; Mr. J. J. Salt, 9 Nightingale Place, Woolwich, London; Mr. A. G. White, c/o National Federation of Building Trades Employers, until 20th May, 125 Harley Street, St. Marylebone, London, W.1., permanent as from 20th May, 82 New Cavendish Street, St. Marylebone, London, W.1.

Members attending Chester on 1st April are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

Amongst my correspondence this month is a letter from Ted Cody in New York; in spite of the fact that he is doing no cycling he is having an enjoyable trip. He sends his kind regards to all and expects to be back in England about the middle of June.

The paying of subscriptions is becoming fashionable this spring, as the list below shows, so do not let it be said that Anfielders are out of date or behind the times. Many thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or (\*) donations.

H. Austin.  
R. Barker.

W. M. Owen.  
J. E. Reeves.

E. Cody *	J. S. Roberts.
E. L. Killip.	T. T. Samuel.
A. Lucas.	T. Sherman.
G. Molyneux.	E. Snowden.
G. Newall.	Ashley Taylor.
W. Orrell.	J. R. Walton (1938-9).

F. H. Wood (1938-9).

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## RACING NOTES.

Please note that the date of the 3rd "50" is July 15th, and not as printed in last month's *Circular*.

A Training "25" will be held on Saturday, 1st April. Dressing accommodation as usual at Mrs. Bell's, Rowton. Time of start about 5-30. I would like to see a good turn out for this; don't worry if you have no sprints—just turn out and see your capabilities.

The first "50" will be on April 22nd. Just for a change I should like to have entry forms with a few details on, not later than April 15th.

E. BYRON,  
*Hon. Racing Secretary.*

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## DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER.

Stork Hotel, Liverpool, March 11th, 1939.

It is difficult to know where to start in writing something of the great re-union of Anfielders at the Stork Hotel, Liverpool, the other Saturday night. Re-union is the word, for there were not sufficient speeches to make it into a real pukka dinner.

Probably never before have so many past and present (mostly present—"Once an Anfielder . . .") been gathered under one roof; and probably never before were there so many "Do you remembers," and "What's yours?" To one with a mere decade of membership to his credit, it was not easy to know everyone, but I knew most. I found Russ Rothwell and the Mullah examining the G.O.O. in the dining room. Where've they been to all these years?

Wayfarer (his real self) brought Parry (has he paid him yet?); and Lord Horrocks was talking to McCann. Billy Owen brought a party of friends who were Anfielders thirty years ago; and we also had Peter C. Redman, who was a founder and first Secretary sixty years ago! With Dave Bell, whose presence we did miss, these two are the only founders left with us.

The top table was graced well. Jack Fowler sat next to Billy Owen; and then came Norman Higham and Louis Oppenheimer, with the redoubtable F.H.—The Master—next to Powell. Bert Green, who presided well; Founder Redman; and Albert Lusty, who with Len, had motored from Birmingham, were next; and The Mullah and Zam-Buck sat next to Dave Rowatt, with Harold Kettle at the end.

Speeches were few, although it fell to Rex Austin to propose the toast of the President. Rex outlined that fine list of leaders we have had: Mr. Whitty, in 1879; Dave Bell; Pa White; Billy Toft; George Mercer; Boss Higham; Dave Fell; W. P. Cook; Harold Kettle, and now Bert Green. Bert, he said, had probably the finest Club run record of any Anfielder living, and his average, since he joined the Club, was 46 per year. The period covers an accident, when Bert was absent for a considerable number of weeks.

Just then we heard Arthur Simpson telling Norman Turvey to shut up! Have you ever heard the tale of the pot and the kettle . . . ? President Green in his reply just told us that he was all for the Anfield, could he say more? It was for Hubert Roskell to toast the past members who were present (Stevie is the other V.P., but he slid out of it) and he mentioned Barney, whom we see so frequently at Acton Bridge; Telford, past Editor; and those Cheshire Roaders who were Anfielders 25 years ago. He concluded his speech with some hospital tales. And good they were, too.

Mr. Redman, who replied, told us of the early days, when the Anfielders rode winter and summer—"mudpluggers," the Boys of the Old Brigade were termed. He mentioned George Mercer, Dave Fell and Dave Bell as his old friends, and told us how proud he was of the Anfield Badge, and the silver star on the sleeve, the symbol of being

able to ride one hundred miles in a day. In 1877 Redman rode to London on an ordinary in a day and a half. He rode to Coventry in the first day, and after some business there, left at 11-0 a.m. to reach London same evening.

No account of this great do would be complete without some mention of those who had travelled across England to be present. Already we have mentioned some: Robbie, Parry, Horrocks, Fowler, Owen, and the Lusty's. But we have yet to mention Frank Roskell, from Dear old Dorset; Salty, who rode and trained from London; Norman Turvey, from Yorkshire; Thomas, from Shrewsbury, and Parton, too. We were pleased to see you, Parton.

And that, perhaps, is all. Those who have not been mentioned, and there are many, for over eighty attended, must please accept our apologies.

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#### GREETINGS.

Eric Bolton cabled from Kitchener, Ontario:

"Greetings and best wishes to the A.B.C.—  
E. BOLTON."

Carpenter, from Worthing:

"Congratulations and all good wishes from  
CARPENTER."

Ashley Taylor, from Wilmslow:

"Regret unable to be present on this historic  
occasion. On to the century! ASHLEY TAYLOR."

And lastly, but by no means least, a letter from our one and only G. P. Mills:

"I should much have liked to be present at the Anfield's Diamond Jubilee Dinner on Saturday, but unfortunately I cannot manage it.

I am afraid there is only one Anfielder left who used to ride with me on Club runs. I refer to Dave Bell, who, I trust, is still going strong. He was Captain of the Club when I joined in 1884. I rode, however, regularly with the Club in 1883, although not a member, as a guest of the Fletchers (Jim, Laurie and Alf).

In those days we took the motto : ' Second to None ' very seriously, and I trust that the present day members will do their utmost to uphold that motto. I was sorry to see no Anfielders in the first 12 All Rounders this year. See to it that this does not happen again.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

G. P. MILLS."

(We are sorry to inform our old friend that Dave Bell is in hospital, but he may be surprised to learn elsewhere in these pages that founder-member Peter C. Redman was an enthusiastic figure at the Dinner. Mr. Redman resides at Eskdale, 66 Upton Road, Claughton, Birkenhead.—ED.)

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#### JUBILEE DINNER PHOTOGRAPHS.

Copies of the Dinner photograph included with this issue of the *Circular* may be obtained from George Connor, to order only. The size is 8 x 6 inches approx., and prices are 2/- unmounted and 3/- mounted. If ordering by post, please include 2d. extra. The Captain's address is : W. G. Connor, 27, Parkside, Wallasey, Cheshire.

*The Cyclist* and *The Bicycle* will be publishing pictures of the Jubilee Dinner.

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#### ITEMS.

We called in at the Stork for a quick one a few days after the Dinner, and as the Head Serang recognised our noble features we idly asked if he had got rid of the week-end party.

" Oh yes," ses him, " The last one woke up on the Monday morning, tried to borrow five bob off me and left in a huff without the money." " Oh," ses I, " Now who could that be ? "

" 'E said 'e was from Yorkshire," ses our friend, "and whenever I looked into his room on the Sunday he was still

lying under the bed and muttering as 'ow 'e 'ad pinched someone's beer. 'Owever, when 'e did recover 'e kicked up an awful fuss, orderin' lashins of tea in pint pots and said I would find 'is shoes at the bottom of the stairs, and said as 'ow that's were they always were after a right good do. Turnip or somethink 'e said 'is name was."

"At all events," ses us, anxious to save the Club's name from the mire, "He would be the only one in such a disgraceful condition." "Well," ses he, "I suppose you're right, but there was two other gents wot didn't wake up till seven on Sunday evenin', a big stout gent with glasses and a little stout feller with glasses, like the 'eavenly twins they were, they slept in the same bed and it were real touchin' like, to see the way the little 'un looked after 'is mate, kept 'is arms round 'im in bed and all nice and snug. Woke up right on the dot of opening time and when they came down the big 'un said "Well, Stevie, my lad, what about a nice pint of bitter to break our fast," and the little 'un said "I don't mind if I do," so they 'ad 'alf-a-dozen quick 'uns and went off. Nice quiet gents they was too. But wot I want to know is 'ow they knew the right time to get up, them bein' in the state they was all day. What do you think?"

Chandler reports that he took an awful bashing on the way to the boat after the Dinner, and had to call at the coffee stall on the Pierhead to get some sustenance. Meat pies, rock buns and coffee restored his contours and enabled him to get home in a fit condition to enjoy his usual supper of black puddings and cocoa.

As the Committee had feared, Wayfarer (himself) took some controllin' at the Dinner, and had to be told in no uncertain terms that this was no ordinary dinner (unfortunately for us) where any Tom, Dick or Robbie could air his views and tell US where the Holyhead road was.

We gather that the last Anfielder to leave the Stork was Jack Fowler, who overslept until 1-0 p.m. on the Sunday. At 2-0 p.m. he was gone!

Robinson claims to be the only member of the Club who cycled to the first of our Diamond Jubilee Dinners on 11th March. He rode 50 miles on the Friday night, and got very wet (outside). He rode another half-century on the Saturday, and got very wet (outside). He got slightly wet (inside) at the "Stork," his total consumption of liquor being (we are credibly informed) a couple of bottles of dry ginger. (And the man claims to be a strict T.T.!) On the Sunday he walked to Parkgate and back—beating Frank Chandler's famous record—and got very wet (outside) owing to the fields being soggy. On the Monday he rode 87 miles home, and got very wet (outside). All this is very creditable, but what a pity Robbie didn't make a job of it on the Saturday by completing his journey by road to the very doors of the "Stork," as he intended! Tempted, he fell from grace, borrowed a rain-coat, and spent a tanner (third-class return fare) on the Mersey Railway. We are driven to the conclusion that he is not the man he was.

Salty tells us that he trained from London, but only so far as Rugby, and then cycled from there. Sunday morning he was off again to ride to Rugby, there to pick up a train to the Metropolis. Salty must like cycling!

### SIDE SHOW AT THE DIAMOND DINNER.

(Dave Fell's Old Ordinary).

This fine old relic was handed up Red-Hot by the Chef (see photo) from the Cuisine of Twiddler, its old Custodian, where it had been kept free from flies and bad influences. After we had disposed of the Viands and Fowls we tackled the G.O.O. as Savoury introduced as "*Supreme d'Ordinaire Dufell.*"

The photo displays the Chef—Himself—serving up the Carcass done to a turn, after many past turnings, before the President—also Himself, and a Gang of Grey-Heads hardly themselves after all these years. They looked as wise as a pack of Owls.

Overcoming the first shock of confronting a 56-in. wheel minus front tyre, supported by a rim buckled here and there, growing out of a Hub with many spokes non-est

and many more sprouting adrift without making outer contract, and above bearing a saddle frame complete with Nuts holding tight on to a Spring (the most perfect feature of all) but innocent of any leather, we made light of these minor shortcomings, and then held a critical survey of the technical merits of the remainder.

The absence of any leather top from the top of the Suspension Saddle (Brooks' handy-work even then) curtailed the movements of any likely trick rider from leaping into the saddle, as one Old Hand hankered after. It would have meant the final collapse of Mr. Twiddler's ward in chancery. Our optimistic Editor is planning to move heaven and earth and stir the scrap-yards of Coventry to obtain spokes, a rim, a front tyre (try Hancock's grooved non-slippers) and make it worthy of the Anfield Museum.

Meanwhile, Old Spotter had his nose on the Hub-bearing smelling a discovery. Someone showing off said: "Ah, Bown's Ball Races?" "Wrong," said Spotter: "Roller Bearings or I'll eat my hat, this must be Hillman, Herbert and Cooper's Popular Premier, fitted in 1882, with Roller Bearings and sold at £12/12/0." As this assertion could neither be proved nor disproved, we took it Cum Grano on being told that Spotter had been intimate with one 57 years ago. Both bearings were free from waggle and so was the Stanley Head with its plain Cup and Cone. How these ancient descriptions slip off the tongue.

We now came to the Cranks, necessary Factors to this day. These were found to be "slotted" for adjustment, very clumsy I grant you. Here the voice of Sherlock Holmes remarked that the last user must have been a Learner. Why? asked Doctor Watson. "Elementary, my dear Watson, because the Pedals are at the short end of the Slot. Learners always want a short reach, Never Experts."

"And even then Dave had hopes on Records," went on Sherlock, "look at the Pedals—not Rubber Pedals as we might have expected, but early Rat-traps, Speed Pedals even then."

Bikley defending Watson, ventured to suggest a later renovation, but Sherlock pointed that this machine had never passed through that stage.

The frame features were unblushingly bare faced. Solid front and back-forks. A Backbone barely hollow and of very heavy gauge. The proud claim of Weldless drawn steel tubing was reserved for the first grade machines of Twenty Guineas.

Focussing our minds once more on D. R. Fell, the early Pioneer, the wisecracks concluded that this cannot have been his first Ordinary not yet his last.

Those who have enjoyed David's confidences in private may remember his disclosures of an early Museum Piece which he had never fully mastered, let alone understood whereby all the spokes could be tightened up by one adjustment of a cross spoke, and the only specimen of this type exists in Colonel Pitt Rivers' Collection at Farnham Royal, but lately relegated to the Scrap Room. All those Freaks were short of Treatment by Sand-Blast.

The last and Record Mounts of D. R. Fell on the other hand are Hall Marked in the List of all the 1885 Twenty-four Hour Rides published in the *Cyclist* of May 4th, 1887, stating that both Fell's Records to and from London were performed on an R. & P. (as was also Dave BELL'S ride to Lichfield and back). All old Anfielders can see that this machine is not and never has been an R. & P.

Mr. Redman, the Secretary of 1879/80, who met this machine like an old bosom pal, lent a willing ear to the name of Hillman, Herbert & Cooper. The modest cost of this model of Twelve Twelve need not worry Frank Roskell when we assure him that the famous D.H.F. (double hollow fork) of this same stable cost nearly twice as much and was only within reach of Noble-men's Sons.

Later, this firm brought out the famous Path Racer with Tangent Wheel patronized by W. F. Ball, the Speedwell Champion, who retired in 1887 without having won an English National Championship, for all that he had nearly every scratch race at his mercy.

Cook organized a Tour in the Twenties around Birmingham to meet W. F. Ball, the path champion turned Tourist, at Kinver, near Kidder, the last scene of Bladus, of the Stewponey.

After that Ball was one of the most highly prized visitors at the Jubilee Dinner. He died last January only missing the Diamond Dinner by two months. He was to the end the most perfect specimen of a retired Athlete, looking perfectly fit and healthy. We have not learned the cause of his loss.

(Doubt is being expressed as to whether the bicycle on show was the actual model on which Dave Fell made his epic ride to London in 1885. Probably no one knows for sure, but Fell definitely told Twiddle when he passed the machine over that it was the bicycle concerned.—ED.)

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## IN MEMORIAM.

### GEORGE HENRY LAKE.

We very much regret to announce the passing of George Lake, at the age of 70 years, which took place at Bettws on March 14th.

He joined the Club in 1918 and, although his cycling days were over he was always ready to help in the races by using his car for transport purposes.

George had been in very indifferent health for several years and had retired from business and resided at the "Glan Aber" since 1929, where he was always of course one of the Easter party.

Amongst those at the final obsequies were Venebles, I. H. Williams, H. Roskell, Wood, Chandler, Cheminai, W. Simpson, Cannon and the Misses Evans (late of the "Glan Aber.")

## AT RANDOM.

Ted Cody sends Powell a letter relating of his experiences in the U.S.A. Ted seems to be enjoying himself, although we are sorry that he will not be back until June, when Whitsuntide will be just a glorious memory.

We gather from the *Liverpool Post* that the original name of Anfield (the suburb of Liverpool, not us!) is Hangfield, reminiscent of gallows or something. We'll not pursue the matter further.

Another headline :—"Larger Beer Consumption." Tiny Frail Hubert says that when you're in hospital you have time to attend to such matters.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANFIELD *Circular*.

YOUR LOFTINESS,

It was accompanied by the greatest degree of delight that I received your widely read Journal for the month of March on *Wednesday*, the first day of that month. So disappointed, disillusioned and distracted had I become with its continued late arrival that I had sometimes wondered whether the bauble was ever coming or not. You can imagine my thorough disgust when my morning cup of tea is brought, to find that no *Circular* has arrived, and my temper becomes affected and my nerves frayed for the rest of the day and I speak to no one. Whereas its prompt arrival puts me into a good temper and allows me an extra hour in bed, where it can be read at leisure and all cares (if any) immediately dispelled. Go to, therefore, Ye Scribe, shake thyself of this inertia, browbeat the jolly old printer and get the *Circular out for the Wednesday morning's delivery*. It has been done. It can be done, and wilt thou give out the order "It shall be done!"

Yours, etc.,

F.C.

(The most remarkable thing about this letter is that our correspondent writes on a brand new sheet of paper!—ED).

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## RUNS.

Halewood, 4th March, 1939.

Editors are supposed to possess qualities which the ordinary man doesn't have, and the greatest of these is that he must never forget.

Our chief-scribe did not forget—oh dear no—he remembered three days after to ask me to write-up the run.

Let us hope he forgets his wagon one week and cycles to the venue ; for once more circumstance dictated that he should motor to Halewood.

This run absolutely bristled with importance, and yet only fifteen Anfielders and three friends were present. (It is a good thing we have friends, for Powell had ordered for eighteen).

The most important feature was that Harold Kettle was attending his thousandth run, and I am sure every Anfielder echoes the Secretary's congratulations.

Another outstanding point was the return of Roskell or Roskell's return (whichever way you like). Hubert looked as fit as a racing man in August, but not quite so weedy.

Actually this run should have been a grand rehearsal for " the day," but unfortunately the lack of numbers did not provide the right atmosphere.

Amongst those present were :— George Connor, head of the table and facing brother Walter at the foot ; Dave Rowatt, all set for another attendance prize ; " Ven," as fit as ever ; Pleasant Powell, getting rid of the tickets ; Harold Kettle, looking forward to his " thousand and oneth " ; Chandler, still carrying his homework ; Ex-Snub Williams, who unfortunately is " on " on the night ; Byron, sitting with the old 'uns ; Marriott, still helping himself ; Sherman, tuning-up for Saturday ; and Stephe, moving from table to table, in fact, food following.

Those who were absent missed some good training for the Diamond Jubilee Dinner, and the Treasurer also missed my subs., but he did at least attend a Club run. Gawd bless him !

#### **Goostrey, 4th March, 1939.**

With a following wind lending wings to my wheels and an impression of false fitness to body, I sped away from Chester's Ancient Walls heading joyously for an Anfield Club run and home. Arriving in a fairly well-preserved condition at the Red Lion I found a goodly if not godly assembly of Anfielders.

General discussion as to modes of transport to be used for the forthcoming Jubilee " do " being satisfactorily dealt

with, and preliminary arrangements settled, the whole company attacked a very substantial and well served meal—somewhat after the fashion of the locusts in the film “Good Earth.” Rex had to delve very deeply into a bowl which originally contained fruit, but unlike TOM THUMB he did not thumb a plum, the boys had been quicker off the mark. The hungry ones included The Presider and Son, F. H. Koenen, Mr. Buckley, R. J. Austin, Cranshaw, Wilf. Orrell, R. Poole, Barker, Farr and Rigby Band.

Following the meal a discussion relative to amateurs and their rigid definitions took place.

Bye-pass roads (how many was it F.H.?) with illustration given as is his wont by the Master in the form of a news clipping were also discussed. At this point the present writer and George Farr left the company to their ruminating and reminiscences, also liquid in glass jars, to enjoy a pleasant ride through moonlit lanes—to keep an appointment with my mother (oh, yes, it was my mother), thus ending another most enjoyable Anfield run.

#### Farndon, 18th March, 1939.

Some people are optimists, and others pessimists, but I consider myself rather unique in this respect in being, what one might call, an optimistic-pessimist (or *vice-versa*).

It was in this frame of contradictory mind that I started for Farndon last Saturday. First optimism asserted itself, for had not Club spirit flowed freely a week ago and surely every member would take this opportunity to continue the celebrations. I felt sorry indeed for the hens of Farndon. But alas, Backford and pessimism, the chain tightened, the rain trickled through my cape, and I called myself nasty names for venturing out on such a day. Surely I would be the only one on the Club run.

The sight of the “Raven” however, brought a warmer feeling, and were there not other members present already? Perhaps my doleful thoughts had really been unfounded after all. At 6-15 however, only ten had arrived, and we thereupon sat down to an excellent and cheap meal, during which, my inner-self kept repeating in a sneering voice: “I told you there wouldn’t be many out.” To which the optimist in me replied: “It’s not the quantity but the quality. Have we not in our midst such men as Rowatt,

Venables, Secretary Powell, Seed, Kettle, 4X Chandler, Treasurer Band, Brian Band, Sherman and friend Shacklady?

We knew that the Dinner Committee had gone to Shrewsbury, but where were the others. Even Mr. Walker of radio fame would have been puzzled.

The rain had ceased when the time for departure arrived, and my spirits rose, but not for long, for in shaking a couple of "locals" off our wheels the dissipation of the winter months reared its ugly head and I was very pessimistic about the coming racing season when I later bade good-night to Rigby Band.

### Highwayside, 25th March, 1939.

Heavily clothed against the N.E. wind, which brought a threat of snow, I ventured forth to Willaston Corner, hoping to find company there. The Editorial man (or Menace) was next to arrive and I greeted him with some misgivings, but the crafty one gave no sign of what was to come, and on Rigby, Connor and Powell appearing, we pushed off for Mrs. Bell's, Rowton, to arrange for next week's training "25." Memories of the very first of these spins recurred. Then, a bitterly cold wind decided us against changing, so simply unstrapping our kit we had a mass start race to No Man's Heath and back, and very enjoyable too. Anxious questioning of Powell about a hot meal being appeased we made off again and by way of Waverton, Huxley and Tiverton, arrived dead on six o'clock. Our entry was signalled by the departure of Ven and Dave Rowatt, who must leave early or miss the bus. The landlord and his staff plied us with food to such good effect that the E.M., King of Roast Spud Eaters, was forced to reject these delectable morsels and watch with regret the return to the kitchen of a large dishful. The usual, cheery chatter was broken at intervals by members leaving, until at last we also made for the open road. B-r-r-r-r-r, it was cold, and then my misgivings of the afternoon came true, and the E.M.'s "would I," etc., found me helpless to refuse that plaintive voice, and promising to post to the printer direct. What trust that man has, the old Stink Wagoner.

Those out not already mentioned were:—Snowden, H. Green, Seed, Kettle, Shacklady, W. Orrell, I. Thomas, Perkins, Rock, Reeves and Sherman.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 398.

### FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

May	1	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	6	Barton (Cock O' Barton) .....	9.49 p.m.
..	13	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) .....	10-1 ..
..	20	Second "50" Miles Handicap .....	10-12 ..
..	27/29	Whitsuntide Invitation "100" Headquarters—George Hotel, Shrewsbury.	10-24 ..
June	3	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) .....	10-32 ..
..	5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Full Moon ..... 3rd inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER. Mr. W. Shacklady, 3 Lynwood Terrace, Rainhill, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. T. A. Telford, 19 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead, has rejoined as an Honorary Member.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. W. A. Connor, 27 Parkside, Wallasey. Proposed by Mr. E. Byron, seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

Mr. J. R. Fer, 5 Clare Crescent, Wallasey. Proposed by Mr. W. G. Connor, seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. A. E. C. Birkby, 24 Wylva Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool 23. Mr. D. M. Kaye, Edge Croft, Water Lane, Eyam, Nr. Sheffield.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## RACING NOTES.

Please let me have entries for the second "50" by Saturday, 13th May.

There was an imposing entry of 3 for the training "25." Sherman was fastest with 1.11.10, Russell Barker next with 1.11.20 and Rich third with 1.12.15.

Offers for help in the "100" will prove very acceptable.  
E. BYRON.

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## THE JUBILEE DINNER.

On Whit Saturday evening, at the George, Shrewsbury, we hold our Second Diamond Jubilee Dinner. Tickets are now ready at a charge of six shillings, and we want this to be a real representative gathering of Anfielders and friends. Accommodation will be available for about 110, and we want the room to be full. Please write to Powell and order so many tickets as you require as soon as possible, for we cannot allot many outside tickets until we know how many Anfielders will be present. And judging by the demand now, we could fill the room with outsiders!

### INVITATION "100."

And as Whit Saturday will inevitably lead to Whit Monday, some reference to the "100" will not be out of place here. The course will be substantially the same as last year, when for the first time we took our event into the windswept valleys of Wales. George Connor has his list of marshals, checkers and other helpers ready and it only needs filling now. Will you please write to him at 27, Parkside, Wallasey, Cheshire, so soon as possible. There's not much time left.

### MISSING.

About fifteen months ago Len King, once an enthusiastic Tea Taster, came to Halewood and asked to re-join our Anfield. Delighted, we acquiesced, and once more he is of "Ours," but the funny thing is that that is the last we've seen of him. Where've you been, Len?

### ABOUT TEA TASTING.

And talking of tea-tasting, we would inform everyone that Parkgate night (Wednesday) is still flourishing, although slightly depleted in numbers owing to Territorial tendencies of some of our squad. But there are still quite a few Wirralites who don't roll up, and to them a cordial invitation is extended.

### ITEM.

Regarding the Dinner at Whit, married and engaged members, and also those only spoken for, need not keep away from the function because their ladies will be lonesome at home. Bring them with you and be on the safe side. Our gallant and always chivalrous Captain is arranging a special fish and chip tea at a suitable café for all the ladies and he has booked a block of seats in a local cinema (1/- ones too, not the usual 9d.) A bag of Everton toffee each and their menfolk will feel free to get on with the serious business of the evening knowing that George will be slipping across the road during the evening to look after his fair charges. An inclusive charge of 2/6 covers everything. Postal orders to 27, Parkside, Wallasey.

### DAVE FELL'S OLD ORDINARY.

The Ancient Ordinary exhibited at the Dinner was evidently not Fell's Record Model, as the following notes from F.H. testify. G. P. Mills also writes on the same subject, and his letter will be found elsewhere in this issue :

### THE FELL-CYCLE-CAREER.

The two versions are easily linked up. This old Machine is the one that Fell used in his training and no doubt has been to London and back. But it was not good enough to break records on. In 1885 the Ordinary had already attained a high degree of perfection and lightness. In 1885 I bought a Semi-Racing True Tangent—"St. George's," made by Palmer, a beautiful mount. On this I won my first path races in Holland. (The New Rapid).

In 1885, Jack Robinson was seeing to it that every Anfield Record was ridden on an R. & P. Tremendous importance was then given to the Makers. In *The Cyclist* 24 Hours Records List published in 1887 every one of the 123 Rides states the Maker's name.

Only towards the end of 1886 does Mills appear on a Humber in the list. (Humber mounted Mills for the End to End last Ordinary Record).

Fell would have the loan of a brand new R. & P. for these records. So would Bell and so would Mercer. Perhaps all on the same.

He probably never actually bought it but later he would buy an R. & P. Safety, which were then coming in. Their safeties soon became a "Speciality."

I met Robinson at the first Paris Show of Cycles in 1887 and he stood there himself like a King surrounded by his Glittering and Glossy Score of Cycles. I asked him for his Agency for Paris but I gave up the idea.

In connection with the R. & P. hold on Anfielders in the Eighties, they were mounted as follows :

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

	1881.	
L. Fletcher on a	52"	Carver.
	1883.	
G. B. Mercer	53"	R. & P.
	1884.	
K. Fletcher	52"	R. & P.
	1885.	
G. B. Mercer (3 times)	53"	"
D. R. Fell (twice)	53"	"
G. P. Mills (twice)	53"	"
D. J. Bell	53"	"
F. W. Mayor	53"	"
J. K. Conway	54"	"
Norman Crooke	Rudge	} thus a rival stable makes its presence felt.
H. Russell	"	
	1886.	
G. P. Mills	53"	R. & P. still true.
F. W. Mayor	53"	" side by side.
J. K. Conway	54"	" ditto.
A. W. Gamble mounts a	52"	Humber and starts a change
Norman Crooke remounts his	53"	Rudge.
G. P. Mills follows Gamble	53"	Humber and performs monthly.
" on June 12th	53"	"
" July 5th	53"	"
" August 8th	53"	"
" September 4th	54"	" must have grown 1"
Alec Jack	53"	R. & P.
C. J. Large	57"	Rudge, a large fellow
The Brothers Conway	54" & 53"	R. & P., separated by one inch.
A. H. Fletcher on safety	Ivel	geared to 63" on August 24th.
G. P. Mills ..	Ivel	geared to Unknown heights, October 5th.
E. Harrison	54"	R. & P.

### NEWS FROM NEW YORK.

One of the most pleasant things to record this month is a letter from Ted Cody, who is still in New York, and who the other day visited R. A. Fulton, our old member in the U.S.A.

Ted found R.A. "pretty comfortable," although not so large as Hubert. (Why must Hubert be taken as a basis for comparison always?) Perhaps the news had best be given in Ted's own words: "I had lunch with an old Anfielder the other day in New York, R. A. Fulton. I don't think you know him, but you will know of him, and I think that some of the old members might like to hear of him. Well, he has not lost weight since his racing days, and though not so large as Hubert, he is pretty comfortable. Last Sunday we visited him (my son and myself) in his country home where he lives the simple life on his own from Friday to Monday, and then he drives back to New York and business. We had a great time together talking over old days and the Anfield boys, in fact we had a club run of two—a bit away, of course, but still very enjoyable. He has a large farm up in the hills, he is rebuilding the house or rather making additions to it, and doing it all himself. R.A. seems pretty handy with a saw and hammer, etc. I mention this to you as you might like to put a paragraph in the *Circular*. Fulton asks very kindly about Ven., Johnny Band and Harold, McCann, &c., and the other old hands."

(We are delighted indeed to have this news of one who, to most of us "youngers" is but a name in the Handbook, and a generous donor of those special prizes for records and the like. Perhaps W. J. Jones, who will be at the Cunard-White Star New York Office for the summer months, could be persuaded to make a third in these New York Anfield Runs these next few weeks.—Editor).

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### A LETTER FROM G. P. MILLS.

G. P. Mills, in writing to Powell of his intention to come to Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide, tells us that the Ordinary exhibited at the March Dinner was not Dave Fell's record machine. (F.H. also says so elsewhere in this issue):

" My sister, who lives in Cheshire, has sent me a local paper with a picture purporting to be Dave Fell's Liverpool to London bicycle. I am sorry to say that the bicycle in the picture is definitely *not* the one on which Fell did his ride, and is nothing like it. Dave's bicycle was a 52 inch R. & P. with dropped handle bar and spade handles, also it had tangent spokes. I knew it well, as I used to ride with him every Saturday, and started out from Liverpool with him when he did the ride, but I turned off at Warrington and went to Bettws-y-coed for Easter."

## IN MEMORIAM.

### J. S. ROBERTS.

It is with every regret that we have to place on record the passing of J. S. Roberts, our one and only John from Wrexham. J. S. Roberts joined our Club in 1925, and although the nature of his business precluded him attending only but the nearest runs to Wrexham, John was a willing helper at our time trials, and of these he missed very few. Almost every "100" saw him at Hadnall, whilst last year he marshalled at Llansantffraid.

J.S. was, to the ordinary way of thinking, too old for racing when he linked up with us, for he was past his 50th birthday, yet he rode—and finished—in a "24." In 1927, in his 54th year, John finished the Anfield "24" with 330½ miles, surely, everything taken into account, the finest ride of the day.

When the Old Gent passed over, the habit of calling for tea at Wrexham seemed to drop, and only the other day our old friend mentioned that he missed these Anfield friendships more than anything. We heard, too, that things were not so good. We hope that they are happier now.

## RUNS.

**Chester, 1st April, 1939.**

April Fool's Day in truth with a lovely mild morning and early afternoon of sunshine and soft breezes, and at 4 p.m. a thunderstorm with all the usual wet and noisy effects.

Powell, Byron, del Banco and Jonas met at Willaston Corner and Rock arrived from the opposite direction with the Bonk (Capital B, Stevie, for a large dose). Peter had been to Conway and back and was on duty that evening (the poor benighted fellow is courtin').

Rock was left at the corner eating sandwiches and the others rode to Rowton and watched Bill Rich, Sherman and Russell Barker start off on the first training "25."

Haynes was there with a cold and also Bert and Ernest Green, the latter two accompanying Blotto and Jonas to the Bear & Billet in Chester for the run.

A drink with the Presider and we moved upstairs where we ordered our own requirements for the meal. Elias, Kettle, Chandler, J. Seed, Johnny Band, Stevie, Rowatt, Reeves, Ven and prospective member Shacklady, made the attendance into 14. The meal was served quickly by two Irish wenches who seemed to be most astonished at the various combinations of food and drink ordered, but in spite of much amazement we had what we wanted. The Editor has ordered this account to be forwarded to the printer direct and warned the writer about slipping in any "nasty" bits. As if we would. So to be on the safe side and not get his nibs the "sack" we have written a plain and prosaic account which we hope will please.

## EASTER TOUR, 1939.

**Good Friday, April 7th.**

There's always some snag about these week-ends. This time it was the wind—one of those nasty persistent blighters that seem to fill the bearings with treacle.

It was a happy little party that left Two Mills about 11 a.m., carolling away with *joie-de-vivre* (ask Charles if you don't know what that means)—it was not such a happy one and a certainly much quieter one that slogged its way up Broxton. The least unfit smashed all the way to Whitchurch non-stop, the unfit, of which the writer was one, gently dropped off for one at the Bluebell, there to wait for the positively unfit, in the person of one Bert Preston, who had been dropped on wayside. He ultimately arrived helped along by the Skipper, explaining the debacle by blaming a two days' diet of aspirin and dry toast—what a hangover.

We were joined at lunch by the President and F.H. Lunch over, we proceeded by way of Ellesmere and Oswestry, and stopped at Llanymynech for tea, which we had at a house with the nostalgic name of "Blighty"—if you knows of a better hole—go to it.

Stevie had by now caught us up, having smashed his way through, with a little train assistance between Chester and Gobowen.

We finished our ride down through Welshpool and Abermule to Kerry under delightful conditions, the wind had dropped, and the roads empty.

A wash, good food, some ale and so to bed—but not to sleep! Pontoon!!

Those present at Kerry on Friday night were Bert Green, Stevie, George Connor, Rigby Band, Bert Preston, Peter Rock, Norman Higham and friend, Eric Reeves and Ted Byron. Hubert, F.H. and Dave Rowatt stayed at Newtown.

#### **Llangurig, Saturday, 8th April.**

Saturday at Kerry was heralded by a cool brightness which surprised even the most optimistic of our small gathering, and most of us were out of doors besieging the local newsagent's some fifteen minutes before breakfast.

It was not surprising, therefore, that conversation at the breakfast table was mainly of Albania and her fate.

At ten-fifteen we were ready for the road, the younger and more energetic members astride their steeds, while Norman Higham and friend set off by car to meet Hubert and F.H. at Newtown. The President and Stevie also kept to the main road, while the younger members turned left up an attractive lane and headed for Dolfor, which was duly reached after much map reading.

On the main road once more Rigby and Peter were in front and through a slight misunderstanding the pace became a little warmer than was necessary. Rigby was settling down preparatory to getting his second wind, and Eric Reeves, mistaking this action as being a slight temporary weakness on Rigby's part, hastened to relieve him. Eric is a man of excellent motives, but anybody who has ridden alongside him is forced to realise that he suffers from an acute astigmatism. He can see anything in front of him perfectly but—this is the important point—anything which he sees alongside appears elongated and slightly out of focus. I have had long experience riding in Eric's company and I immediately realised that Peter was bearing the brunt of this affliction and the pace was becoming a cracker as he endeavoured to keep apace with Eric's ever advancing wheel. It was not until the Skipper, with masterful strategy, sprinted past to break the pace, that tension eased and we were able to breathe freely again. When a gap of at least a quarter of a mile had been opened up the Skipper eased up to give the Racing Secretary, who had been making furtive entries in his form book, chance to regain the leaders.

At Ifon Bridge we left the main road again and leisurely made our way over Red Lion hill to Bwlch-y-Sarnan and after a hectic headlong fling and much furious pedalling, civilisation in the shape of the tiny hamlet of Pant-y-dwr was reached. It was obvious after leaving Pant-y-dwr that the local brew was too potent to be fully enjoyed before lunch and all members were complaining of a strange inertia, which was rapidly affecting the lower limbs and it was a gallant but sorry party of young braves who made a belated arrival at the Black Lion, Llangurig.

Lunch was a pleasant meal, at which, in contrast to the previous day Reeves enjoyed himself immensely. There were thirteen at lunch, Hubert had come down from

Newtown with F.H., Norman Higham had also motored with his friend, while Stevie and the President, Rowatt, Preston and other members already mentioned formed the rest of the party.

In the afternoon the party again broke up into three groups, the President accepted a lift with the motoring party to Devil's Bridge. Stevie, the Skipper, Racing Sec., and Preston made their way back to Llanidloes and thence by pleasant lanes through Trefeglwys to the main road again at Caersws.

The other three who were cycling also decided on Devil's Bridge, and after a gruelling journey were greeted there by the motoring party, who observed them making furtive purchases of chocolate for the long return journey to Kerry.

#### Sunday, April 9th.

The Tea-Tasters may say: "I told you so"—but Sammy and I were pleased with ourselves. According to our consultations with the stars, the mileage from Birkenhead to Knighton exceeds four score and ten; and neither the Scribe nor I had ridden such a "helluva" way in a day since '38, much less before lunch. But, as Sammy argued, this was a glorious opportunity to remove the "Ichabod" from our respective escutcheons, and do it we would—and did.

And so, gentle reader, as Kuklos would have said, we have refurbished the coat-of-arms, and once again the proud pennant of pulsating pride in pedalling "phlies phrom our phortifications." The ride was ordinary. I shall not weary you with the story of our peregrinations between ack and pip emma. True, we were delayed by a puncture, but a kindly Providence also delayed the lunch at the Norton Arms, and Hubert had that ubiquitous pint pot ready as reward.

The happy party, attended by a host who was benignity itself, included Green, Higham and friend, Koenen, Rowatt, Stevie, Hubert, Connor, Byron, Reeves, Band, Preston, Jonas and Blotto, and their respective better halves were there too.

As we were preparing to leave by divers routes, a Speedwellian—one, Les. Male, arrived in some haste and broke the news gently that one of ours—Brewster, to wit—was up the road “red with rage at a bike wot broke.”

With the usual Anfield nonchalance, he was instantly rescued from the wild tribesmen abounding in the district, and safari arranged. Pukka sahibs—what?

Up and across to the Anchor from Beguildy we toiled, and boiled, and there, as Eric Reeves put it, the Brown Man joined us. (The “Brown Man” is bronzed, bald, bespectacled, &c., Birchall, who, fit though he is, had to take train from Birkenhead to Shrewsbury in order to reach Kerry in a day).

Now this bloke is a bit of a mystery. I weigh about two stone more than he, my machine is a good one, I was using opensided tyres, yet this slightly bald bullet hurtled down the winding mountain descent in such a manner “*a la Bartali*,” that only by taking the craziest of chances could I stay with him. Everyone but Ted Byron and the Editor, who was not yet used to a fixed wheel after eighteen months lazyness on a “free,” voted this part of the ride utterly enjoyable. Ted is seriously considering having a steering damper fitted to his mount.

And so to Kerry. Need I mention that the weather was marvellous, the food was marvellous, and the singing lessons (at fourpence a glass!) were everything that they should be—for which I say in the marvellous and immortal words of Arthur Askey—“I thank you!”

### Monday, April 10th.

Southward a little from Kerry, along that lengthy ridge that gives the village its name, there runs a rough and rutted ridgeroad. When the Editor saw it on the descent from the Anchor in the fading light of Easter Sunday, it appeared as an idea for the morrow—at least part of it, anyway.

And so, thirteen hours later, a little party of Anfielders were to be seen toiling on the muddy slopes of an old lane that sheered steeply to the ridge. It would have been

easier had we climbed by the tarred road, but Ira Thomas suggested this as a short cut . . . It's a good job that he did not come with us. The Editor was nearly done away with, anyway.

From the top, the hill and all around seemed as one gigantic forest ; we rode and walked through the woods and skidded in the slime. We did hope to see the Cantlin Stone, that curiously carved cross that stands not far from the way, but somehow or other we missed it. Rigby and George, the map readers, soon said that the length of the road was impossible for us that day, and so when the finest part appeared ahead we dived downhill to Sarn. Dived is just about the word, for seldom have we ridden down steeper ways, and the last bit, where a farm stood by a river, we had to walk.

And when we reached the main road, at just one pip emma, we were exactly three miles from Kerry ! A phone-call to Chirbury, and lunch was soon arranged. What a meal ! There's nothing like rough stuff for an appetite, and we cleared the last loaf to be had for miles around.

So much for our party. Presider Green, Higham and friend had their lunch at the Wynstay at Oswestry, whilst Peter Rock met Preston for lunch at Overton. F.H. conveyed Brewster to Salop, and probably Hubert and Stevie had their meal there, too.

By teatime most were probably at home except the roughstuffers, and they called at the White House at Overton for a pleasant meal. Nine-thirty, they were at Willaston ; ten-thirty, at home.

#### **Thornton-le-Moors, April 15th, 1939.**

It's a good job that Thornton is not so far from the suburbs of Birkenhead, for if it were farther, circumstance—or the 6-0 p.m. tea—would have probably again dictated that I should attend the run in the oft maligned car. As it was I was late, and a very slack chain on the new road made me later, for in sight of tea I had to tighten it and blacken my paws in consequence. Yet Presider Bert was later, for he had that terrific wind to shove into. F.H. was there, too, but I did not see him.

In my wild eyed state (after trying to pedal quickly) perhaps I did not recognise everyone who was present, but I did glimpse Harold Kettle sitting next to me on one side and Jack Seed on the other. Others were K. Barker, Blotto, Scarff, Reeves, Byron, Uncle Johnny and Rigby Band, Powell, Shacklady and Connor.

I did hope to find someone to write the record of this run, but somehow there is little enthusiasm for the writing game these days—and yet perhaps I was not persuasive enough. Blotto said something about the wind dropping, but it was only necessary to look at the way the trees were waving to see that Bert Green would have a sleigh ride home—and after his slam he certainly needed it.

There was not a lot of talking after tea, the tendency these days being to go home immediately you've had your fill, and although a half-dozen of us did linger for some time we too passed into the night for a grand ride home. I do hope that we go to Thornton again.

#### **1st 50 Mile Handicap, 22nd April, 1939.**

This race day dawned very wet and windy, but later only the strong W.N.W. wind remained, promising a hard race for all but the super fit.

I arrived at Rowton to find Sherman and Rigby already changed, and Molyneux stoking up prior to taking check at No Man's Heath. The Editor was spotted talking to the Presider and on enquiry said he was riding as per starting sheet, and dashed my hopes of a ride in the famous Stink Wagon parked a few yards away. A fast ride to Bickerton, along with Killip, gave us plenty of time in which to grow really cold, and the arrival of Kettle and the cry of "Man up" provided some very welcome activity. Most of the riders complained of the tough conditions, the Editor included, although he was quite fresh and spent a minute taking his drink.

Our return journey was bang into the wind to Broxton, where an island now graces the late John Roberts' old marshalling spot. On the main road we were assisted by tandem pace from Samuel and friend, who felt very bow-legged after an afternoon with the Yeomanry in Chester.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

At the finish, Haynes and Sherman had already checked in, the others following as per results below, but the "Old Maestro," one Frank Marriott to wit, was given a special reception by the gallery on arrival, but your scribe did not hear a repetition of that now famous remark made after the "100" of '32, about being able to go round again, although he murmured something about water in the bracket, and got quite narked when I was facetious about it (oh, these hypersensitive athletes).

The usual after-race chat was marked by the eating activities of Tom Sherman and the drinking ditto of Ernest Green, whose "long" drink of tea (in a pudding basin) amused us all. Our absentees were Bill Rich (broken bike), Peter Rock (insistent claim of non-entry), and Ira Thomas (a bad dose of overtime). The H.R.S. was unfortunately away on anti-aircraft duty.

	17½ mls.	25¾ mls.	38 mls.	50 mls.	H'cap	Nett	
E. Haynes	44	1.7.3	1.42½	2.24.25	Sc.	2.24.25	Fastest
T. Sherman	45	1.8.10	1.44¼	2.29.57	5	2.24.57	1st H'cap.
E. R. Green	49½	1.16.0	1.54¼	2.42.31	17	2.25.31	2nd H'cap.
J. R. Band	48	1.14.25	1.48¼	2.30.49	5	2.25.49	3rd H'cap.
J. E. Reeves	46½	1.12.0	1.46	2.28.8	Sc.	2.28.8	
R. Barker	48¼	1.11.43	1.44½	2.28.9	Sc.	2.28.9	
F. Marriott	50½	1.14.25	1.56¼	2.41.59	5	2.30.59	
J. E. Carr	49¼	1.20.1	1.57½	2.43.40	Sc.	2.43.40	

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 399.

### FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
June	3 Highwayside (Travellers Rest) .....	10-31 p.m.
..	5 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	10 Farndon (Raven) .....	10-38 ..
..	17 Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) .....	10-43 ..
..	24 Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn) .....	10-46 ..
July	1 Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) .....	10-44 ..
..	2 Alternative Week-end. F.O.T.C	
..	3 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Full Moon ..... 2nd inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and their sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. G. H. Lake, Mr. J. S. Roberts and Mr. D. J. Bell was passed in silence.

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. J. R. Fer, 5 Clare Crescent, Wallasey, and Mr. W. A. Connor, 27 Parkside, Wallasey, have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. J. J. Salt, 2 Halsway, Hayes, Middlesex; Mr. A. Hughes, 29 Daneswell Drive, Leasowe, Wallasey; Mr. J. R. Walton, Green House, Marton Road, Gargrave, Nr. Skipton, Yorks.; Mr. F. C. del Strother, 109 Eastcotes, Coventry.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

So far I have tried to write these notes in a jocular vein in the hope that members would react in a sporting manner and do their bit for Club funds. As the list below represents the Club's income for two months I now feel that the matter is becoming serious. Barely a third of the members have paid their subscriptions and some are still in arrears for last year. All who have the welfare of the A.B.C. at heart know that its financial strength has played as big a part in its history as the prowess of its racing men. Now, before you forget, write out a cheque or dash off to the nearest Midland Bank and do the necessary; thus let the Treasury Department break some records even if the Racing Department cannot.

By the way, will members please note the change of bank account, as subscriptions are still being paid into Tuebrook Branch. Also my thanks to the following for subscriptions and/or (\*) donations.

F. C. del Strother (1938)	J. Seed.
H. L. Elston.	W. Shacklady.
J. R. Fer.	J. A. Smithies (1937).
J. Long.	G. Stephenson*
F. D. McCann.*	T. A. Telford.
E. O. Morris.	A. Williams.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### D. J. BELL.

It is with every sorrow that we have to record, in the midst of our Diamond Jubilee Celebrations, the passing of the one remaining Founder Member in our ranks—  
D. J. Bell.

Dave Bell was one of that keen group of Liverpool cyclists who formed our Club sixty years ago, and for twenty years he took every interest in the well-being of the Anfield. Very soon he was appointed Sub-Captain; the Captaincy followed, and then for a year or so he was Vice-President before he filled the office of President, from which he resigned at the end of 1895. For the two years that followed Bell remained on the Committee.

D. J. Bell was not one of the really famous school of Anfielders, although it is recorded that on June 6th, 1884 he rode from Liverpool to Stafford and back, a distance of 206 miles, within the 24 hours. Uncertain health rendered cycling almost impossible but it says much for his enthusiasm that he came to many Club runs by train in the early 90's. After twenty-seven years of membership, Bell resigned from the Club in 1906, but at the time of the Golden Jubilee ten years ago his interest was such that he joined again. The last time we saw him was at Bob Knipe's last passing in September last. Dave Rowatt was the only Anfielder present at the funeral, the reason for this being that no others were aware of the demise of our old friend.

### PASSING OF MR. PETER REDMAN.

Those who saw Mr. Peter Redman—our first Secretary—at the March Jubilee Dinner and very probably admired his apparent youthfulness at the ripe old age of 78, will be sorry to learn that our old friend has passed on. Although he was our first official, his name disappears from Club records about 1883, although his interest in our activities was retained to the last.

### “SPORT AND PLAY” DISCONTINUED.

We are sorry indeed to hear that that pleasant harbinger of the summer months, *Sport and Play*, has ceased publication. A going concern since 1886, we looked forward to its rebirth each year; summer months will not seem the same without its pages.

### INVITATION “100.”

Enclosed with this *Circular* you will find the card for this year's “100.” Last year's unconventional course has been retained with some slight alterations. The straight stretch of road to Pool Quay has been utilised to save some hilly miles of the Chirbury road, and the slip lane at Llanrhaidr has also been obviated. Our only hope is that the event will be as successful this year as last.

### MORE MOTORISTS.

We very much regret to announce that another of the younger members has succumbed to the motoring habit. Rourke, who joined us in January, and has been seen only three or four times since, has, we notice, bought a car. With movements shrouded in secrecy, this latest acquisition has made Rourke's activities more mysterious still. Can it be that he hates to be seen in a motor car, or what?

### WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage took place at Neston Parish Church recently between Arthur Williams and Phyllis Prosser, of Parkgate. Captain Connor was best man, whilst the other Anfielders present were W. A. Connor and Don Birchall. We wish the pair every happiness.

**ICHABOD !**

We had hoped, after a recent burst of enthusiasm in the ranks, that we could give that word "Ichabod" a decent burial, for it has been outworn in recent months, but we cannot. It has gone to glory again.

Rigby Band, Tommy Sherman and Eric Reeves entered for the Potteries "50." The morning was not good, and our Treasurer clocked 2.34 and Tommy Sherman 2.27. What of Eric? Our 2.14 man, he who after being swiped off his bicycle, has ridden round the old "100" course to achieve almost Anfield record, just couldn't take it! And he didn't even get up and help Bren Orrell with the drinks at Laundry Lane!! Eric just stayed in bed and only slid down stairs when the two athletes returned home!!! That's going to take a bit of wiping off the slate (or escutcheon, as Sid Carver would call it).

**PARKGATE IS SO BRACING !**

Elsewhere in this issue you will read of the first of the Parkgate weddings. It will not be the last. Parkgate has not yet been relieved of all its talent, and our three representatives at the wedding are all very eligible bachelors. Tarnished tales and wicked whisperings are going hand in hand with illicit visits. Efforts to discover the truth from our trio have only made things more mysterious; we hope, however, to discover the naked truth from other sources by the time our next issue goes to press.

**THE YOKE OF TYRANNY.**

The Pillars fade in sea mist's swirling cloak,  
That skirts the wreck, and Roman red sails soak  
On bending spar that in the storm swept night  
Gleams gaunt and ghostly in the mad moon's light :  
For Luna's full, and now—what lies ahead  
On those uncharted ways that know no tread  
Of legion's iron feet : no war claimed space  
As yet to feel the naked sword and iron mace  
Of Empire's might, or know the yoke of tyranny.

And on the same grim errand bent to-day  
With Empiric intent they make their way :  
Roman Caesar succeeded but to fail—  
The Ides of March in counterpart my tale.

—S. T. CARVER.

**" WAS FELL'S BICYCLE A ROBINSON & PRICE " ?**

The statement by Mr. G. P. Mills in the last issue that Dave Fell was mounted on a Robinson & Price ordinary can be fully confirmed as befitting such an authority. The machine exhibited at the recent dinner at the " Stork " was certainly not used in Fell's famous ride to London. An article which appeared in the *Liverpool Echo* of June 18th, 1928, in 'Bee's' notes (but actually written by Percy Brazendale), was illustrated by a picture of the actual bicycle, obviously a R. & P. It was produced from a Brown, Barnes & Bell cabinet photograph supplied by the rider. Beneath it follows the caption : " The Ordinary upon which Mr. D. R. Fell rode from Liverpool to London in a day. The machine was made by Messrs. Robinson & Price, Liverpool." A number of details respecting feeding were included, to which may be added a swagger lunch at Coventry of a grilled steak, coupled with a roaring fire, potent remedies in his remarkable revival. The article was based on first-hand information and secured the entire approval of Mr. Fell. Further testimony to the make of the machine is contained in the *Liverpool Cyclists' Guide* of 1885. On page 75, is the advertisement of Robinson & Price as a footnote, with a reference to the appearance of a report of the ride in the *Liverpool Courier & Express* of June 6th, 1885. After recounting G. B. Mercer's ride in 1884 of 227 miles in 24 hours on a 53-inch bicycle built by Robinson & Price, 65, Pembroke Place, Liverpool, it proceeds: "D. R. Fell, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, recently on one of these machines, accomplished the task of riding from Liverpool to London and vice versa, the time occupied on each occasion being inside 24 hours. Mr. Fell is the only rider who has accomplished this feat." No doubt can now remain as to the identity of the machine. But what became of it? Whether it was loaned by the makers or purchased, history fails to record. On the whole a loan is most likely, as Lawrence Fletcher's ride from London to York, 212 miles in 24 hours in 1884, was achieved on a Robinson & Price.

**OUR HISTORY.**

*The Cyclist*, in a forthcoming issue, will be featuring a history of our Club in their series of such articles. The article comes from our own Editorial Department, and in

any omission that you may notice we hope that you will appreciate the difficulty of including every interesting feature of our sixty years of history within the relatively small compass of a newspaper article.

## AT RANDOM.

Connor Major (when his brother is not within earshot) tells an interesting story of Connor Minor—and a missing key, an urgent 'phone call, a broken window, a forced door, only to find the wandering necessity in his pocket! No wonder Walter was late the other Saturday.

Someone had better be publishing a handbook or a gazetteer of Cheshire or something. Sammy Threlfall just doesn't know where Barton is! Told Powell that it was near Churton, or somewhere, but he didn't come out as he felt such an ass in asking the way with an Anfield button in his coat. Why not take the badge out, and just look ordinary?

Robinson, exponent (at times) of "shorts," asserts that he possesses the ugliest pair of knees in Christendom, which term is understood to include Edgbaston. Obviously the statement, however true, was made merely to provoke argument, but, up to the moment of going to press, nobody has contradicted the Eminent One.

We understand that the Tea Tasters, while grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for not further taxing tea, are extremely annoyed with the sugar tax, and are taking the necessary steps to secure a remission—applicable to Wirral and on Wednesday evenings only!

According to a daily newspaper called *The Times*, motorists are now being fined for the serious crime of "passing automatic signals." We, as cyclists, do so regularly—when the light is showing green.

The Aeronautical Correspondent of one of the daily newspapers, speaking of the allowance of  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile now to be paid to cycling recruits to the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve who prefer to cycle to and from training centres, adds that "this may not raise the cyclist to the status of the motorist," whose allowance is  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile. We have not come across many cyclists who are ambitious to be "raised to the status of the motorist"!

### IN THE MERSEY PRESS.

That well-known and long established weekly *The Stockport Advertiser*, that also is known to appear as the Organ for Altrincham, Wilmslow and other Cheshire Centres, publishes this first week in May an Important Interview with our own No. 176 Edwin Webb.

Teddy Webb was one of our shining lights in the Anfield-Mid-Period when, with the opening of the New Century many important Anfielders leapt into prominence.

These were the years of Cook's Secretaryship.

Webb was closely linked with giants such as "The Mullah," "The Grimmies" and "Mr. Bikley," and distinguished himself chiefly as the Mullah's Best Tandem Partner on the single track machine.

The Editor (of the *Stockport Advertiser*!!—ED.) who is not an acknowledged authority in any sense in the Cycling World, is a little difficult to follow when he tries to steer his way through "24 Hour Tandem Races," "Cycling Records in General" to "World Championships."

Earlier still it seems that Teddy Webb won a Glossop Hill Climb up the Snake Road.

Webb modestly explains that his 1913 World's Records enjoyed the benefit of the scarcity of cycling in other countries, but this is probably the Editor's version of Webb's many excellent performances.

More at home is this Editor in citing the names of most of the Stockport Pubs connected with Sport at the Turn of the Century from the Stockport Arms by the Spinners Arms to the Windsor Castle, and it was probably in one of these Speak Easies that the Interview took place. Teddy is seen in jovial mood, Pipe in Mouth, smiling upon all and sundry "Readers-All" of the Mersey Borough.

### STABLE-TATTLE

(On the Heath—of Cheadle).

F.H. has started serious training between the Heath and the Hulme to prepare himself for a creditable performance on his 73rd birthday. The distance aimed at is 7 miles 3 furlongs. Thanks to a newly constructed By-Pass the course is circular enabling the Rider to cut through the the Wind, if any, on downgrade. Only two halts are recommended. One at the Finish and one at the Start.

He has once more invested in a new pair of Plus-Fours that are to match a pair of recently unearthed Light Skating Boots, in regular use at the Ice Palace 30 years ago.

It is a simple sporting venture without any Bets and if successful can only rank second to Tommy Royden's 100 miles in 24 hours at the age of 70 (or was it 70 miles in 17 hours?)

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### FROM VANCOUVER AGAIN.

Harry Buck is now preparing to receive the King and Queen and welcome them in Anfield's name.

He is somewhat intrigued that he dare not refer their Majesties to Anfield's recently discovered original name and fame in connection with the Old Time Visitors of the Hangfield. Harry always had scruples.

Were he still on the Merseyside there is little doubt that he would solve the problem by his activities with the Bucket and Spade. He would unearth the erstwhile Gallows and Gibbet.

For all that he is none too pleased with this attribute to the Club and considers that the Originators ought to have made sure of their ground before building up our reputation on its shifting sand.

There he stands, this Ancient Mariner, upon a foreign shore overlooking from his bedroom window the Straights of Juan de (a name difficult to pronounce musically) to the mountains 70 miles away, his attitude reminiscent of the sad eyed Hero staring vainly across the Hellespont for Leander. Leander must have been a mariner after Harry's own heart but less of a "stayer."

**JUBILEE SONG.**

I remember, I remember,  
 The bike I used to ride  
 And its hundredweight of backbone  
 Aglow in nickelled pride.  
 It never slipped upon the grease—  
 No tin-tacks stabbed its tyre ;  
 It only had one slight defect  
 Its bearings used to fire.

I remember, I remember,  
 My gauntlets long and white ;  
 My shoulder strap and jockey cap,  
 And knickers! Oh so tight :  
 The braided coat I used to wear,  
 With buttons bright as gold ;  
 The " roo " star upon my sleeve  
 MY pride in days of old.

I remember, I remember,  
 Our saddles small and hard,  
 And old cone-bearing pedals  
 We used to grease with lard.  
 The brake upon our trailing wheel  
 That used to work with string ;  
 The spokes that always used to snap  
 Whene'er we had a fling.

I remember, I remember,  
 The bugle call so shrill  
 At which the Club would all dismount  
 Before we climbed the hill.  
 No scorcher passed the Captain then,  
 His voice we used to fear,  
 As urging on his struggling flock  
 He pedalled in our rear.

I remember, I remember  
 Sixty glorious years  
 The Anfield club has held its own  
 Its members have no fears.

With apologies to a cycling magazine of the nineties.

Mr. Peter C. Redman recited the above at the March Dinner, and we have pleasure in printing it for the benefit of those who—er, like singing.

Choose your own tune!

## RUNS.

Highwayside, 29th April, 1939.

After finding the direction of the wind—by the time-honoured method of holding up a wet finger—I decided that the easiest way to Highwayside was via Warrington and Weaverham. Fifteen minutes later however, as I ploughed into the wind, I despaired of ever reaching Warrington, for a mid-week swim had certainly not improved my pedalling abilities. The wire-town did eventually materialise and with wheels turned towards Tarporley I switched over the speed gear to take fullest advantage of the helping cross breeze. Thus I reached Highwayside at 5-45.

Ven and Dave Rowatt were filling up prior to an early-bus departure, and several others filling up in the tank. These eventually filed into tea and sixteen sat down.

I don't usually make a list of those present, but for the Secretary's convenience and because it makes the narrative seem longer the chronicler has decided to mend his ways. Those present were Ken Barker and brother; Jim Carr, a strange but welcome face; 4X Chandler; Elias, who arrived late after a sticky ride; Bert Green and son Ernest; Harold Kettle; F.H., telling the young 'uns how to train; Wilf Orrell; Bob Poole; Powell, exhibiting a fine specimen of calligraphy; Jack Seed; Sherman; Snowden, on the trike, of course; and Shacklady, who tells us that he is really a gentleman.

The main topic over tea seemed to be about wars and a certain fellow named Hitler.

The ride home was one of the most enjoyable I have ever experienced, a breeze which was always helpful, a slowly receding sun casting beautiful hues across a leaden sky, and the birds chirruping with sheer joy, even I was infected enough to burst into song, and Robert Browning's phrase kept repeating itself in my mind—"Oh to be in England now that April's here."

**Barton, 6th May, 1939.**

A glorious sunny afternoon found me a little over-clothed, but still, I thought, it will get rid of the fat of winter sloth. We pushed off from the 8th about 3-45, and, I am sorry to say, I must be losing touch, as I found myself in front with Eric Reeves, who told me that he was going to Sealand in the morning for rifle practice with the T.A. (Note.—Keep well away from the vicinity of Sealand to-morrow, it's bad enough avoiding motorists nowadays, without the additional hazard of amateur sharpshooters).

Arrived at Chester, there was some discussion as to programme and we eventually split, the fresh air fiends going on through Eaton Park whilst the mere staid stopped for tea. We had hardly settled down when our eyes got a shock with the entry of Tom Sherman in grass green plus-fours and dark blue continental sweater, and we had barely recovered from this when the prospective bridegroom, one Arthur Williams, also arrived, attending his last Club run in a state of single bliss.

Connor Major and Minor, by a faultless bit of map-reading then led us through an atrocious muddy lane, which eventually came out near Barton.

We arrived a little late to find the early comers already with their feet in the trough, and a grand total of 26, among whom we were pleased to see Ven and Dave Rowatt, Hubert, and others whom we don't see so often, to wit, Snowden and Wilf Orrell.

Owing to the limited accommodation, we latecomers had to wait for our meal, an ordeal we passed pleasantly away by sampling the local brew.

At last we got "fell in," only to be disturbed by the "laughing cavalier"—Tom Sherman, who gave us his famous imitation of a Wurlitzer organ playing "The Storm," making it a feat of some skill to swallow a mouthful of tea.

The ride home was uneventful to all except Tommy, who, at Churton discovered his back hub was red-hot. After removing several pieces of broken steel from the derailleur free wheel, he eventually reached Chester, where he parked his bike at a repair shop and proceeded home on a fierce-looking machine loaned to him by the kindly Percy Carter.

Tattenhall, 13th May, 1939.

The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the roads were humming with traffic—in other words, the weather might have been worse when Marriott and Fer met at "the eighth," and after a brief sojourn percolated to Chester for a drink of anti-knock. Anon, there arrived one, Walter Connor (the Skip's brother) in a lather, with some yarn about beating all existing and future records from Wallasey. The Racing-Sec. was duly informed of this when he joined us on the Whitchurch road, and made the requisite entry in his little book.

On arrival at the Bear and Ragged Staff we found a large number of Anfielders indulging in that time-honoured sport known as "draping the bar." Amongst them was Sid Carver, who had ridden down from Hull since Friday evening, and yet still preserved that immaculate appearance. We also observed Bert Green, Chandler, Hubert, Powell, F.H., Ira Thomas, Scarff, Rowatt, Wilf Orrell, Snowden, Seed, J. C. Band, Ernest Green, Kettle and Venables. Stephenson called in before going on to Salop.

The chief business of the meeting was conducted in a delightfully furnished upstairs room, where twenty of us toyed with a most appetising and satisfying meal. It should be mentioned here that owing to an appointment with a timekeeper early on the morrow, three regular attenders were absent—Rigby Band, Tommy Sherman and Eric (always starts) Reeves.

When his gigantic appetite had been more or less satisfied, Marriott produced a large map and a long list, with which he endeavoured to persuade people to forsake their beds early on Whit Monday morning. Meanwhile, Bert Green and F.H. were carrying on an animated and highly technical discussion about Faciles, Kangaroos, slotted cranks, etc.

Eventually the company gravitated down to the bar again, and drifted away in ones and twos, but not before Bill Scarff had demonstrated his uncanny skill at darts. When told that his side required 13 to win, he nonchalantly threw a 3 and double-5. He said "I can't play darts." Sez him!

**Second Fifty Miles Handicap, May 20th, 1939.**

Somehow or other we seldom exceed the number thirteen on our start sheets, and this week was no exception. The trouble was that only nine started. Byron found that his bicycle wouldn't take 27-in. high pressures; and Barker, Reeves and Rock were just placed in the list by hopeful officials who, well—just hoped. Barker is in a new job and cannot find the time for riding.

The list was graced by one tricycle rider, Rourke, whose name we would like to see on the Club runs list more frequently. Rourke is good on a "barrer." He finished with 2.31.44, and on our course the ride is a super, which gained him third handicap from a mark of 15. First handicap was won by L. Killip, riding his first event. The handicapping meeting thought that he was worth twenty minutes, and he walked through the handicap as well as anyone has done it in recent years. His net time was 2.8.57! An inside "evens" ride for a first try is notable, and we are very pleased.

Second handicap went to Jim Carr, surely the unluckiest rider ever seen on the course. But to-day Jim was riding well and he was only just "scoused" by Haynes for fastest time by 6 seconds! Close work. Good rides were the order of the day, Rigby Band showed one of those rare streaks of form and made his best ever; Tommy Sherman—the bane of the handicappers—was also quite close to his fastest, although he could not get going! Green lost five minutes by a puncture—easily that, for it was the Editor who helped him! Ira Thomas, who complains about overwork, finished with his usual 2.28. Special mention must be made also of Carver. Fixing his holidays specially for the event, he came over from Hull with the brightest of ideas, but unfortunately "clicked" for the worst of colds. He started, and was doing well at the halfway mark, but a fit of coughing at that turn caused his retirement. Hard lines!

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	38	Actual	H'cap.
1. L. Killip	35	1.14	1.50	2.28.57	20
2. J. E. Carr	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.10 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.44 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.17.35	2
3. H. V. Rourke	34	1.14 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.52	2.31.44	15 Tr.
4. J. R. Band	34 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.12 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.21.5	4
5. E. Haynes	32	1.9 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.43	2.17.29	Sc.
6. T. Sherman	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.12 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.48	2.23.8	4
7. I. A. Thomas	36	1.16 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.52 $\frac{3}{4}$	2.28.7	7
8. E. R. Green	34 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.14 $\frac{3}{4}$	2.0 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.38.30	15

Don't forget May 27th

GEORGE HOTEL

Shrewsbury : 8-0 p.m.

DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 400.

### FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

July	1	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) .....	10-44 p.m.
..	2	Alternative Week-end. F.O.T.C.	
..	3	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	8	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms) .....	10-41 ..
..	15	Third "50." .....	10-35 ..
..	22	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) .....	10-26 ..
..	29	Eaton (Red Lion) .....	10-15 ..
Aug.	5	Chester (Bear and Billet) .....	10-04 ..
..	5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor) .....	10-04 ..
..	5	Alternative Week-end—Bath Road "100." —Lancs. Road "100."	

Full Moon 1st and 31st inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Members attending the Chester or Northwich Runs on August 5th are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

Attention is drawn to the fact that the Shrewsbury Arms Hotel, Little Budworth, is on the main Chester—Winsford Road.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

### JUBILEE DINNER.

There is always something attractive about Whitsuntide for an Anfielder. A great and glorious week-end always, ample measure of good fun and feeling, and the festival terminates with yet another Anfield "100" completed and a grand ride home. This Whitsuntide was better than ever. Friends of our old and famous Club flocked across the face of England to be present at the Dinner of our Diamond Jubilee, and never, surely, have we had a happier gathering.

There were eighty-four members and friends who sat down in the long room of the George Hotel on that long-remembered evening. "Old" (we say it with every respect) Tuplin we found an hour or so before the celebration commenced, and it took the joint efforts of George Connor as Captain and Marriott to persuade our friend to come in with us. He did, and the proud rider of W.P.'s tricycle was one of the happiest men in Shrewsbury.

After a worthy meal (even Salty and Sammy said that it was good and ample, although Tommy Sherman had two helpings of everything—going to be a trencherman, that lad), the speeches were set moving by Toastmaster Chandler, who looked the merry devil in his celluloid horns! Frank Urry toasted our Club, and the toast could not have been in worthier hands.

The Anfield, he said, was still carrying on the fine old traditions after 60 years of cycling in its grandest form. In the old days the Club taught men how to ride, and, more important, how to play the game, and they were still doing this. Whitsuntide without the Anfield was not right. England without the Anfield would not be right, because the Club had taught us all something. It had continued to spread the spirit that puts a boy's heart into the body of a man, and that was what made the cycling game what it was.

Our own Robbie responded, and Rex Austin welcomed the guests. Frank Urry—"The man who saved road racing": Stancer, of the C.T.C.: Bill Frankum, President of the North Road C.C.: Alex Josey, R.T.T.C.: Frank Slemen: Robins, of the Speedwell: MacGregor, of the Manchester Wheelers: Jack Beauchamp, of the Bath Road: and John Wilson, from Yorkshire. Space precludes us from listing all those present, and there were representatives from many other clubs with us. We were delighted that they saw fit to come.

Bill Frankum, responding, told us that our hospitality was usually extended not in jugs, but in basins, and parcels and packets. In the absence of Sid Carver, who was ill and could not be present, Salty took on the task of proposing the Sport and Pastime at very short notice. He took the opportunity of thanking the Bath Roaders and other southerners for their kindness and hospitality while he was in their midst. Frank Slemen was proud that the Anfield was a Liverpool club, and he mentioned of 1922, when the N.C.U. entrusted the Club with the task of organizing the World's Championships.

Slemen recalled famous Anfielders of the past, from G. P. Mills (who was present) down the years to J. J. Salt, who is still one of the leading roadmen of the day even after more than a decade of first class sport. G. H. Stancer, in a very able speech, toasted our President, and wished that he would, like many of his predecessors, take a more active interest in cycling of a national nature.

And now that all that has been recorded there is still a great deal to say. Even after a membership extending over ten years, there are still Anfielders whom we have not seen, but the list is much shorter now. It was Barrett, sitting between Frank and Hubert Roskell; and North

Roader Paget was seated just beyond. G. P. Mills, surely one of the most famous cyclists of all time, was near to the top table, talking with Dave Rowatt, and F.H. Jack Fowler was up there too, with Percy Beardwood. The Bath Roaders numbered over a dozen, and would be nearer the twenty when those of ours who are also Bath Roaders are included.

And so, after a great evening, we all trickled away, some to seek the solace of our beds before the witching hour, and others to laugh and chat in the lounge of the George until much later. The Skipper and the Editor were in the latter group, alone of the Tea Tasters, and they arrived back at the Gullet Inn to find that the others had had a supper of great things—all on the house! Ah, well!

#### OUR CIRCULAR.

Robbie, in his response to the Toast of the Club at the Dinner, said some very kind remarks about our CIRCULAR, and how virile it was. We are delighted, but it takes more than an Editor to make a magazine virile. Virility is life, and for life in the CIRCULAR we want as many different contributors as possible. When we essayed this very pleasant duty writers appeared all around, and life, indeed, was good. But one by one most have fallen by the wayside, and very few are the unsolicited contributions except from Wayfarer and F.H. Please, what about it?

#### GREETINGS—AND REGRETS.

The following were among those who were unable to attend the Jubilee Dinner, and from whom regrets and good wishes were received:—

Leonard Ellis, Hon. Secretary, R.R.A.; J. Burden Barnes, Bath Road Club; W. Bibby, East Liverpool Wheelers; G. H. Hampton, Chairman, R.T.T.C.; T. G. Scarfe, F.O.T.C.; H. H. England, Editor of *Cycling*; F. J. Camm, Editor of *The Cyclist*; W. J. Mills, Editor of *The Bicycle*. Freddie del Strother wrote to say how sorry he was not to have been able to attend. He would have liked to have met his old friends and made the acquaintance of others. He expresses sincere regrets and sends kindest regards to all. Other Anfielders who sent their good wishes were A.G. "Pa" White; "The Mullah" and Preston.

## RACING NOTES.

### East Liverpool Wheelers "50."

As mentioned elsewhere in this issue, our racing talent is not quite at its highest these days, and the result of the East Liverpool "50" does not deny that fact. Only two of ours entered. Jim Carr and Rigby Band. Jim finished, after a spill, with a passable ride of 2.18.39, and Rigby was once again inside evens (we never know quite which side of the line he is going to finish) in 2.27.32.

### West Cheshire T.T.C.A. "50."

We affiliated to the West Cheshire Association primarily for the benefit of our youngsters obtaining a little experience, and in the above event, held on June 4th, we had six riders: Jim Carr, Rigby Band, Sherman, Samuel, Killip and Rich.

The others will not mind if we mention Rich first, but to our minds he put up a ride that will rank as superb for many a long day. The finishing sheet gives his time as 2.30.24, but when we know that Billy rode a gear of 68 inches we can realise what a fine ride he put up. Even time on that gear for almost any distance is good, but for a distance of half-a-century, riding alone, well, it's a better performance than we can expect from most. We are delighted.

We are pleased too, with the rides of both Samuel and Killip. There is a rivalry between these two pals from which we can expect great things. There's nothing like rivalries. Samuel finished  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes inside evens with 2.28.32, and for a first performance at the speed game that's fine. Killip was a trifle slower with 2.29.33 than his ride on our own course, and he was just a minute slower than his friend.

The others did not shine. Jim Carr did 2.26.29, Rigby 2.30.23, and Sherman—well—just didn't finish.

### ARMY CAMPERS.

The reason why you haven't seen Ted Byron about this last month is that he has been on holiday (?) with the Terriers. First a fortnight in Scotland with weather excellent, if nothing else, and then two weeks in the neighbourhood of Birmingham where, we gather, quite a lot of work was the order of the day.

Rigby Band, Reeves and Rock will be away towards the end of July doing their annual camp somewhere near Monmouth.

## AT RANDOM.

We would like to express our thanks to *Cycling* for such an excellent report of the Dinner in that Journal.

With his usual customary tact (?) our Editor nearly put both feet into a spot of trouble on Whit Sunday. The dark clouds gathered in the morning, and our bachelor scribe was all day in fear and trepidation of his meeting with—a young lady! With all the wangling in the world it just couldn't be dodged at the George that night. (We came out of it much better than we knew, and we've been promised an article: "OUR EDITOR," by a Woman—and that's all you need know.—Ed.)

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

There are two versions going about concerning what actually happened when Robinson was offered a drink just before the Dinner at Shrewsbury. The first states that he replied that he would have a sherry. (Evidently this was one of Robbie's frequent non-teetotal spasms!) On being asked whether he preferred any particular sort, it is asserted that his rejoinder was that he didn't know there was more than one kind of sherry. The second version is that Robinson replied to the invitation thus: "Well, I'm not thirsty now, but give me the money and I'll buy myself a drink later on." We do not profess to know which version is correct. Personally, we are prepared to believe either—or both!

Among the apologies for non-attendance which the Presider omitted to read out at the Dinner may be mentioned the following:—General Debility, who explained that he was busily engaged on mock naval manoeuvres in the Cotswolds; and Major Road-Ahead, who was taking a census of Halt Signs throughout Lundy Island.

Immediately before the Dinner we listened-in to the tragedy of a member who is so terribly up-to-date as to possess one of those new-fangled electric shaving devices, with which you plug in, whatever that may be. He had made the painful discovery that the current at the "George" was B.C., or G.P.O., or something, with the result that his razor was momentarily useless. Fortunately, a fellow-member, with that generosity which characterises all true Anfielders (Advts.), rose to the occasion and agreed to lend George Newall the necessary supply of lather and a non-electric razor. On hearing of this, we replaced in our hip-pocket the piece of sand-paper we were about to offer on loan.

We hear that Robinson (himself) is to broadcast on Saturday, 1st July, at 2-15 p.m. from Radio Normandy, in the "Cyclists' Magazine of the Air." We do not know whether this performance will involve our distinguished member in departing from his well-known (and insular) rule with regard to foreign touring, and we await developments with interest. We also hear, by the way, that Robbie's speech will be preceded by a brief appreciation of Robbie, voiced by one of the Joint Editors of this series of broadcasts, but written by "Wayfarer."

The scientists tell us that the length of the day is gradually increasing, with the result that a day 47 times the length of the day as we know it will ultimately fall to our lot. Up to the moment of going to press, no particular change has been observed, but it is obvious that, when the elongated day is an accomplished fact, our Committee will have to make other arrangements for certain of the Club runs. It will be absurd, for instance, to keep on going to Halewood on the first Saturday in each of the six "winter" months when there will be so much time available.

In the course of a communication to one of the Trade papers (to wit, *Bicycling News*), "Swearfairer," of ours, confirms from *past* experience the value of cycling for middle-aged people, and adds that he knows also the importance of the pastime to those "well stricken in years"—"those of us who are rapidly becoming museum pieces." Now if *we* had said that!

Charles Randall has removed his home from his beloved Whitchurch Road, and now he lives in a beautiful crenellated mansion just off the Warrington road byepass near Hare Lane. The Editor and Peter Rock scrounged some tea and toast there quite early the other Sunday morning. Charles and his better half would be pleased to see any Anfielders who might pass that way, but tea and toast every time are not guaranteed!

It took just half-an-hour the other evening to persuade Jimmy Long to come out on a Club run. "Cycling," he said, "I just hates it!" And nothing we could do would persuade him otherwise. He won't come out in the Morris Eight he has recently acquired, either. Cannot let down his golf pals, or something. Wouldn't they be glad to be rid of him, just for once?

Will a certain Dick Ryalls, at one time a very enthusiastic cyclist, please let the Editor have his address by first post July 1st at the latest?

The Captain and Editor, together with Fred Brewster from Coventry, will be away for the first two weeks in July doing a spot of touring in Switzerland, Italy and France.

Carpenter rode all through Whit Sunday night from Worthing to Shrewsbury to be present at the "roo," a distance of 203 miles. He did contemplate riding home the same way, but we think that on Whit Monday evening he thought better of it, and bought a bed somewhere. We were very pleased to see him, although it would have been a greater pleasure had he been able to grace the table of the Jubilee Dinner.

Jack Salt said his little piece at the Dinner on very—ultra!—short notice, and he let the Editor out of a hole. The scribe would have only stuttered and spluttered and splashed, anyway!

Robbie has wangled his way into a posh seat at the I.O.M. Race again.

### NEWS FROM SALTY.

Salty, writing from 2, Halsway, Hayes, Middlesex, tells of some interesting doings down South. Strange, but he says little of how the sub-tropical climate of our land has affected his eating. But we have gathered that our super-trencherman has fully recovered his appetite, for from other sources we learn that the Bath Roaders have quite a lean time during meals. We had, too, until we learned to eat like him!

The speed game is going down quite well, in fact, we would think that it is improving with J. J. doing a bit of work. We always did say that his luxurious life ruined him. Anyway, in the B.R. "50" he came in third in 2.15.10, and annexed third handicap from scratch. In their Club '100," which is not run on the famous Bath Road course, Salty won with 4.46.20, the second man being Horwood, 4.51.20.

Jack tells us that he is riding in the Liverpool T.T. "12," which is to be run on July 2nd, on a course very similar to our own. Ernest Green and George Farr will also be riding, and all help will be very much appreciated. Byron will be in charge of helping arrangements.

### "NOT PYGMALION LIKELY!"

The paragraph in our May issue regarding the female dependants of our members and friends and their safe disposal during our Jubilations in the "George" at Whitesuntide, brought shoals of half-crowns to Captain George Connor from far and near with letters entreating our handsome Skipper to reserve seats for various sorts, kinds and conditions of femininity.

The "entertainment for the ladies" was a new one on George, and he thought he could ignore the first few frantic applications and pocket the 'oof, but business became so brisk that something had to be done.

There was a suggestion that a circular letter should be printed and sent to all applicants, thanking them for their donation to "Kitty" and intimating that the donors' health would be drunk with musical honours on the night, and at the same time all reference to tickets for the ladies' entertainment would be studiously avoided. It was thought by the shadow committee that anyone venturing to write

again insisting on having a ticket or their money back could be easily dealt with by the sort of letter our Government Departments send out (after a suitable delay, of course). "We acknowledge . . . . . will receive . . . . . attention . . . . . in due course, etc., etc. Signed, William G. Connor."

Something on the lines of the above would look very well on the official Club letter paper and would get the matter over the Whitsuntide, when it could be safely dropped.

However, this was not to be, as our indefatigable Captain sat down and wrote personal and polite letters to every one of the bargain hunters, returning the postal orders and telling each and all what to do with their particular fancy and the postal order.

As our Skipper has already four sisters, the idea of anyone expecting him to try to get up from an Anfield feast to look after a lot of flippin' flappers was not to be thought of, and in fact, George used the very same words used by his famous namesake, the playwright and dramatist, George (Bernard Shaw) in a certain well-known stage and screen play.

At all events the idea seems to have appealed to many as a good one and in fact the ladies present did get together and had a most enjoyable evening, though of course, they admitted afterwards they missed the men.

All this just goes to prove what we have said many times before, that all matters before our Honorary Secretary's name can be taken as gospel, and after that have the salt cellar handy.

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## RUNS.

### Whitsuntide Week-End, May 27th—29th.

Blue sky, bright sunshine, no wind to speak of—what more could one wish for the Saturday before Whit Sunday? And more than that—there was every indication that the fine weather would last over the week-end and so make the task of the helpers on the Monday pleasant. It was with a light-heart and pleasant anticipation that we trundled down to Shrewsbury, picking up a few more on the way, and rode into the yard of the "George" to find the usual

jolly crowd, all determined to get the last ounce of enjoyment out of the occasion. Of ours there were plenty, including McCann, much too seldom among us, and Mrs. McCann, keenly interested and obviously pleased to renew old acquaintances; Jack Fowler, robust and jolly as ever; George Newall; Cotter; "F.H.," with his store of reminiscences; Jack Salt, from the South; Hubert and Frank Roskell; Wilson Barrett, on the water-wagon (!), and of the visitors, we were pleased to see Frank Urry, Stancer, and rare old Jack Wilson. But I mustn't take up a lot of space with a list of names, though the recollections of the chaff and banter with each and all tempts me to do so, for the account of the Dinner will give them. Naturally, the Dinner took up the greater portion of the Saturday evening, but we managed to find a little time for conversation before it and a lot after it. Quite a number of sweethearts and wives were about and someone had had the brilliant idea of arranging a party for them whilst their lords and masters were dining.

(Evidently another one had fallen for a glorious leg-pull.—Ed.)

Sunday morning dawned glorious. The party split up, some going by car to distant destinations, others deciding to rest ready for the morrow, and others still making up a small party to tour the lanes. This latter found Chirbury for lunch, meeting a number of friends there. Oh! it was hot and the temptation to sleep the afternoon away was strong, but the majority of the party felt impelled to do some riding, so we all set off for afternoon tea at Montgomery! Please don't scoff at the distance covered—remember that it *was* hot! After this refresher we dawdled along, having a meal on the way and reaching Shrewsbury in the cool of the evening to meet still more old friends. There were so many things to say that the necessity of rising very early on the morrow was overlooked and I'm afraid we didn't spend very much time in bed. Then up at 3-30, a brisk run to the start and the game commenced. Everything at start and finish, and all over the course went well.

Superintendent Roberts had made excellent arrangements, and constables were at every needed point, including the finish, to give us the maximum assistance. The crowd at the finish was well-behaved and altogether we were well

satisfied with our second experience of the new course. By-the-way, Carpenter was about the course and at the finish; he had sauntered up from Worthing during the night, largely non-stop and looked quite fresh after that and an inspection of the course. Surely the archetype of the true Anfielder! The last man in, we broke away and made for home by devious routes, a little sleepy in the hot sunshine, but quite happy after another very successful and enjoyable week-end.

### Invitation "100."

Four hours, thirty-five minutes, thirty-four seconds, thus did Reuben Firth, of the Bronte Wheelers, show us once again that our new course cannot be reckoned a slow selection of roads. Yet even with such a fine ride, the day was not a good one, for conditions were "dead," and we are still awaiting a morning with a western wind, and maybe also a trifle damp, to see just what times our course and really fit men can make.

It fell to a Manchester man to be second, Fred Butterworth, of the Manchester Roads Club, who, with a very fine performance of 4.41.4 beat Norman Hey, who was third, by two minutes and two seconds. Twenty-seven riders beat evens, and seventy-one finished.

With the unfavourable wind, it was the second half of the event that was the slower. Firth, at half-way, was riding to a time of 2.15.18, just five seconds slower than Foxall, of Wallsall, who, however, slowed down to finish in 4.55.50. Butterworth was third fastest at the half-way mark, and he had his lead of two minutes on Hey there.

The handicaps, for a change, were won by long markers, although Firth was only outside of third place by very few seconds. The team race provides a story. It often happens that when four men from one club enter for an event, two pack up, both thinking that there is still a team remaining. That is precisely what happened on Whit Monday, and the Bronte Wheelers nearly lost the team prizes in consequence. Rangeley, who was riding quite well, although feeling the heat, decided to desist on the Chirbury road; after ten minutes or so's resting by the wayside he learned with a fright that his team mate had packed very early on, and that he had to continue for the team prize. He did, and with a ride of 5.7.27—even after a rest!—made the team prizes secure.

Again we were delighted that our old friends from the Bath Road were second, with very creditable figures. Excluding—of course!—ourselves, no one receives our awards with greater welcome.

Of our own men, again we did not exactly cover ourselves with glory, and from a racing point of view we are in a decline. But declines are necessary, however unpleasant, for you cannot have "ups" without the "downs," and Anfield has had its fair share of fat years—and it will do again.

The official result sheet of the "100" will be found at the end of this CIRCULAR.

### Highwayside, June 3rd, 1939.

Having parked that long-legged motorist at the other end of the table, I felt that I was safe both from the job of writing this account and also from the certainty of having to listen to a monologue on motoring topics, but he of the lengthy limbs spotted me and I discovered that I was sitting in the middle of the Anfield Motoring Club. Poor old Chandler's consternation on finding himself mixed up in a discussion on hydraulic jacks was pitiful to behold—he almost started work again.

Other than the above the day was splendid; nice and hot with, in my case, a wind which was mainly helpful. Arriving early I was just in time to see those fine trencher men, Ven and Rowatt, sneaking into the dining room for the ostensible purpose of getting away early but actually so that they could 'borrow' all the egg from the salad.

I'm afraid I was not in a position to hear what were the topics of conversation at the other end of the table owing to the heated arguments of my motoring friends, but no doubt the keen cyclists, such as Hubert, found plenty to talk about in the doings of the previous week-end.

Being led astray by a casual remark about 'not being fit,' I became one of a party of 'young old men' who were in a hurry to reach Birkenhead, with the result that I finished on my hands and knees and very much an 'old young man.'

The motorists and others present were—H. Green, Johnny Band, Kettle, Jim Carr, Hubert and friend, Marriott, W. A. Connor, Reeves, Haynes, Rock, Ken Barker, Rigby Band, Threlfall, Chandler, Rowatt and Ven.

**Farndon, June 10th, 1939.**

The sky was somewhat overcast when I set out, promising one of those afternoons which are neither warm nor cold, but a little of each. Riding past Raby Mere, I reached Willaston at about 3-50, and observed, so far as one sound eye would permit, a group consisting of Rigby Band, Perkins, Fer and Eric Reeves, the latter disguised as a Blackshirt. Before long Frank Marriott and Ken Barker turned up, whereupon the whole company rode almost non-stop to Chester.

We tarried awhile in Chester to fortify ourselves against the long and arduous journey ahead, though Sammy was heard to remark that he had thought of going a ride round. This put me in mind of a remark passed after the first "50," relative to someone having once said "I feel like going round again." Is this the outward indication of a secret course of training precedent to the staging of a sensational comeback?

The Connors joined us over a cup of tea, and we talked of this and that, chiefly photography. In due course the party broke up, Sammy, Rigby and I continuing through the Park. Rain caused a sudden retirement to the shelter of a tree, but as it showed no signs of slackening, we had perforce to don capes and continue.

We reached Farndon without further incident, where an excellent tea awaited us. John Smith and Hubert showed their appreciation by having three eggs, the excuse being that the first one was hard. Conversation, of course, was of a purely cycling nature, dealing as it did with the transmission of telegrams from ships, commissions in the Territorial Army and how to treat wet shoes by not pouring whisky into them.

Once on the way home, Chester was soon reached, and Sammy left us to see a man about a chain. Rigby experienced those pangs known as the "knock"; after all, he had eaten nothing for at least an hour. Arriving at Willaston, the close proximity of the "Nag's Head" proved too much for two-thirds of the party, but Perkins and I, having homes to go to, duly went.

**Acton Bridge, June 17th, 1939.**

"A load on every road" is evidently not the Anfield slogan to-day, I mused, sitting on the gate near the 8th: not one of the brethren had I sighted and was almost resigned

to a lone ride to Acton Bridge when company arrived and a move made towards Chester and Tarvin, after which a pleasant traffic-free run through Delamere Forest and Crowton led us to the "Leigh Arms" a few minutes before zero hour.

Upstairs there was ample evidence of 'Barney's' usual excellent arrangements, and a glance round the room revealed a representative gathering of 17 members and one visitor neatly spaced round the perimeter of three tables—at one, the Presider, ably supported by Stevie, Harold Kettle, Bob Poole, Chandler, Reeves, Fer, Killip and Rich.

Manchester dominated table two, Haynes supplying the speed and Green, Junr. the weight for the scrums, whilst Farr showed that synthetic teeth are no handicap; Sherman, K. Barker and a friend introduced by Rich, also ran but were unplaced.

Away in the corner a select band, three strong, completed the party, F.H. demanding boiled eggs (his vegetarian ideals revolting at lettuce), the Editor—" *Sic triumph gloria* " (being freely translated reads "on a bicycle," and is a change from Ichabod) and Walter Connor.

A smoke and a chat brought time to depart all too soon, but a glorious evening, good company and the lovely byeways of our country made a fitting end to yet another Anfield Saturday.

#### **Thornton-le-Moors, June 24th, 1939.**

The usual crowd of tea-tasters that at one time gathered at the eighth milestone have now dropped to the large number of three, this week Perkins, Reeves and Williams, the latter having the afternoon off from his domestic duties.

However, this select company found a nice quiet cottage on the bye-pass and sat down to a nice cup of tea, glad to be in from the wintry conditions. At the Letters Inn, sixteen sat down for tea, the talk mainly being about the following day's trike "50." Williams had the supreme honour of taking up his old job of collecting the cash; in his haste he dropped the salt container on his plate and smashed it.

The homeward run through Capenhurst and the lanes finished off an excellent afternoon. Those present at the run included H. Green, E. Green, Kettle, J. Seed, Rowatt, Burgess, Stephenson, Chandler, Shacklady, Koenen, Reeves, Perkins, Williams, W. Connor, K. Barker and friend.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 401.

### FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Aug. 5	Chester (Bear and Billet)	10-04 p.m.
.. 5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-04 ..
.. 5/7	August Tour	
	Bath Road "100" or Lancs. Road "100"	10-02 ..
.. 12	Clotton (Bulls Head)	9-49 ..
.. 14	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 19	Chester (Bear and Billet)	9-35 ..
.. 20	Invitation 12 Hours	9-33 ..
.. 26	Barton (Cock O' Barton)	9-19 ..
Sept. 2	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	9-2 ..
.. 4	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Full Moon .... 29th inst.

#### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Members attending the Chester or Northwich runs on August 5th, are reminded to order their requirements on arrival.

*Change of Address.* Ira Thomas, 32 Alfred Street, Cherry Orchard, Shrewsbury.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

One of the privileges of being Treasurer is that one makes contact with those members who live too far away to take an active part in Club life, but who nevertheless follow the Club's activities with all their old keenness. Last month I received a long and interesting letter from our one and only Eric Bolton, still out in the wilds of Ontario and still an enthusiastic Anfielder. He thus pays a pretty compliment to our racing men. ". . . . Reading the times for the "50," I am almost pleased to realise that I have been spared the necessity for riding with these people." He sends his best wishes to all and through these Notes I reciprocate for all on this side of the "Herring Pond."

Perhaps some readers have noticed that of late these Notes have only appeared every other month. That is partly because the list of subscribers was so horribly small that I deemed it better to amalgamate two months to make a better show. However, there has been a big improvement last month which is encouraging.

N.B.—The famous, or infamous, RED SLIPS will make their appearance with our next number, although the various officials can be saved much trouble if this was not necessary. All those concerned know what to do!

I thank the following for their subscriptions and donations (\*):—

R. J. Austin.	L. King.
R. R. Austin.	F. H. Koenen.
A. E. C. Birkby.	G. P. Mills.
E. Bolton (1938-9).	R. Poole.
S. T. Carver.	A. E. Preston.
F. J. Cheminais.	J. E. Rawlinson (1938).
W. A. Connor.	W. M. Robinson.
W. E. Cotter.	A. T. Simpson.
*J. H. Fawcett.	H. Wilson.
J. Hodges.	

J.R.B.

## RACING NOTES.

### Lost—Two Records.

No, they have not been mislaid. These two records have been merely annexed by others. We refer to Syd. Jonas's Edinburgh to Liverpool tricycle record, and Bren Orrell's Northern "12." In the first case A. L. Abram, of the Westerley Road Club, London, rode from Liverpool to Auld Reekie on his tricycle in 11 hours 33 minutes, beating record by 23 minutes. Bren Orrell's record was beaten by H. W. Smith, of the South Lancashire Road Club, who was in the prize list in our "12" last year. Bren's record of 231½ miles has been on the books for ten years, yet only three-quarters of a mile were added to the record.

### Open Events.

In the Rhos-on-Sea "50," on June 25th, we had two riders: Rich and Killip. Rich felt the morning to his liking and returned a time of 2.23.36 for his second event at this distance. Len Killip finished with 2.36.26, some minutes slower than his best, but a good ride, for the conditions did not suit everyone. In the Liverpool T.T.A. "12" it seemed one time as though we would have a team. Salty, up from London, had entered as well as Ernest Green and George Farr. The two first mentioned did not start owing to indisposition, and George Farr called it finish when he had done 191¾ and had a half hour to go. Why didn't you try for the 200, George?

**Invitation "12."**

August 20th sees the "12" once again. The course is almost the same as last year, only we have included the road from Nantwich to Middlewich and omitted the second circuit of the Shropshire triangle. Checkers, marshals, and helpers are wanted for the feeding stations. Will you please write to George Connor, 27 Parkside, Wallasey, as soon as you can. **THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE IN OUR CLUB WHO WAIT TO BE ASKED, AND THEN ARE DISTURBED IF THE CAPTAIN DOES NOT HAPPEN TO MEET THEM. THERE IS NO TEAM SPIRIT IN AN ATTITUDE LIKE THAT.** Please **offer** your services as soon as you can.

Particularly do we desire cars at the finish for following purposes, and we do hope that those who can will let George have their names as soon as possible.

**THE TOURISTS HOME.**

If this *Circular* happens to be more scrappy than usual this month blame must be placed on the Editor's annual vacation, which took place during the first two weeks in July. As noted last month, Brewster, Captain Connor and the Editor were to wander around the Continent a bit, and the three tourists returned home quite skinned (financially, as well as physically).

The sun was so hot that it made our knees blister, and for a shortist's knees to blister it takes some sun. From Lake Geneva the route lay along the Rhone Valley for some few miles, then by the Col de Pillon to Spiez, short of Interlaken. The road to Kandersteg climbed, but the route across the Gemmi Pass was worse, although the corkscrew descent of this mule track into Leukerbad is nothing short of amazing. Via Visp we came to Zermatt, where we stayed for two nights, and then back to the Rhone Valley and Martigny. Chamonix was next, and then we skirted the mountains to reach the bottom of Col de l'Iseran at Seez. Here another two nights' stay, the Captain and Brewster to make their way to the summit, while Marriott, who had been there before, had a rest day.

We reached Italy by the Little St. Bernard Pass, and made exit by the Pass of the Great St. Bernard to descend by the Rhone Valley to Lake Geneva and a rail trip home. A more detailed description will clutter these pages later.

**MORE REMINISCENCES.**

It is a pity that the *Circular* cannot produce more recollections of old Anfield times. We old stagers are dwindling in numbers and the black-edged panegyrics on the second page of the *Circular* appear, alas, only too frequently. I am moved to inflict myself on you once more, if only *pour encourager les autres*.

I was a little diffident about this as I was by no means sure that my previous articles were appreciated by members, old or young. In fact I *did* hear that a very prominent and respected old stalwart had questioned the good taste of some of my references. Well, all I can say is that if a little friendly leg-pull gives offence, that is not in the Anfield spirit as I knew it.

Oddly enough, from the youngsters I get more encouragement—in fact, I heard a remark last August that they “simply eat them.” Be that as it may, my real decision to continue is due to my great pleasure in meeting so many of the younger members at our Jubilee Dinners this year. (By the way, do you know that I travelled nearly 900 miles by train to attend these events?) Frankly, when Hubert pressed me to come to the Stork Dinner I felt that, as a retiring old gent of bucolic habits, I should be uncomfortable among so many strangers, especially as I am almost completely out of touch with cycling. (How much, you may gauge from the fact that when at Shrewsbury I sighted the member who was later to respond for the Club I had to ask who “that bloke” was!) But there I made a great mistake as I found real pleasure in making friends with so many new (to me) members. All which is very gratifying to a R.O.G. of B.H., and I rejoice to think that the old traditions are so well carried on. And may I, in an avuncular manner, say how charming their lasses are?

I should also mention encouragement from recent remarks in the *Circular* and a chat with Sammy at Shrewsbury—I suppose I can call him the Splasher right away. And I can also refer to a special request from my old pal Jack Fowler for “more of them.” Anyhow, if you get bored I shall have on the spot my press agent Gigli, the famous tenor of the Stork Dinner, from whom I will learn your reactions. (It was not the first time I have heard

Hubert sing. Believe it or not, many years ago he used to have two songs in his repertoire—"Swanee River" and "The Holy City"! Oh, and also that ditty about the little pigs with nude posteriors).

I also feel some responsibility in starting this series as, perhaps rather foolishly, I made Sammy promise not to use the blue pencil, but doubtless the editorial one was worn out by his predecessor(s). And you must realise that I must depend on a defective memory for dates, etc., and of course have no old *Circulars* to refer to.

Do you know that I, *moi qui vous parle*, was really the instigator of the *Circular*, circa 1900? In those days I was Captain and was very friendly with the Bath Road boys, particularly R. N. Cary, the editor of the B.R. News. He was a great chap and, though we rarely met, we used to exchange extraordinarily long letters, mostly about cycling matters. He left for Canada about the middle of the 1900's for some years. Incidentally, I got a very nasty shock at the B.R. Dinner of 1923 which I attended as Anfield representative. I recognised Cary's tall figure and greeted him effusively, but alas! he failed to remember me. *Sic transit!* The Bath Roaders were a fine crowd in those days—L.W.B. Martin and Vade-Walpole, his tandem partner who was killed in the war, "Mary" Trevor, Mazeppa, Amooore, Sexton, Barnes and others. It would be most interesting if you could persuade one of their old stagers to contribute an article on the Road Menders Dinner they used to give every winter.

Well, Cary used to send me the B.R. News, which was a splendid rag, and I agitated on Committee for a magazine on similar lines as in those days all we had was a small monthly run card. When this was finally agreed to I had hopes that I would be elected the first editor, but I expect they thought I would be too scurrilous. Anyhow, it was decided to leave the production in the hands of the then Secretary, the "Keizerette" (obviously the youngest brother of the Keizer family).

But my pen runs away with me and I can really visualise the blue pencil poised, so I must conclude hastily with—

(to be continued).

FRANK ROSKELL.

**TO THE OLD TIMERS**  
(outward by Tottern Hoe).

The 24th Summermeet of the O.T. Fellowship fell on July 2nd, and one half-dozen Anfielders sprang to attention when for the second time an Anfielder became President of that select Band, namely, G. P. Mills, who succeeded his old time long distance rival, M. A. Holbein. In the first Bordeaux-Paris Race these two were first and second, or as Holbein put it "Mills gave me a whacking."

Both are to-day perfect pictures of middle aged men. Holbein who still shines at swimming, told us a swimming anecdote of an Irishman who could only swim on Brandy but could not keep afloat on Water, but the moral was lost on all but one of us, because we others combine the two, so we just smacked our lips and turned disgusted to our tankards of bad beer.

The Anfielders present besides Mills were Venables and Rowatt, the tireless Trainfarers. Beardwood presented the best picture of a real rider in perfect form, a Wayfarer in other words, and that curious combination, Buckley and F.H. were just Strayfarers, ambling along in a harmless old Motorcar. We felt distressed at the absence of our famous Second Claim Member, John M. James, knowing of no reason for his vacancy. Beardwood and the Strays had dined, slept, dreamt and broken the fast at the table and under the roof of Mrs. Seabrook in every comfort and great plenty. Her Ducks still draw us.

Before leaving the Chiltern Hills that very morning Buckley, hard-hearted explorer as we know him, had beaten the bounds of the adjacent heights of Totternhoe to settle once and for all the rival claims of the local defences of Whipsnade. The Roman Castle on the Hoe itself and the Early British Maidens Bower on its spur. Beardwood had challenged the good faith of the latter—no Camp Stormer is Percy Charles—and misled by its Title, had suspected the Maidens' Bower for a place of doubtful morality. It was this that caused Bikley to move in the matter.

F.H. soon put them wise proving that in pre-Roman Britain doubtful Maidens were still in their infancy and were really waiting to be introduced into this realm by the immoral Romans. Moreover, who would have thrown Whipsnade open so close to a Resort of dubious Femininity.

Have we forgotten the lessons taught on the Wrekin by Captain Slosh? Not us.

Our minds relieved, the Morris Major arrived early at the Red Lion and spotted a fine specimen in the Den, when the Bars were drawn. It was Boots-Green in his Cage, warming up with a couple of quick ones for his character of Call Boy reading The Roll Call. We challenged him to explain his Double Name of Boots, suspecting some romantic episode near the Drovers Arms when he first adopted the Title of Boots while residing in Manchester. It was then that the Fellowship was formed and that Green had to hide his identity. He denied every trace, and pointed with sorry pride to his clumsy feet that would not even fit pedals sixty years ago. Long since then he discarded pedals and took to Walking Sticks. He next adopted the Office of Toast-master, being cursed with a loud roaring voice, but this having given out, he is now content to be Call Boy. To put a good face on this come-down he has developed a complicated system of intimate Cross Talk, but even this he is outgrowing and it now takes two men to see it through, the elegant Johnson taking the second half from Koenen downwards. So much for Green, Boots Green I mean. However, Green isn't everybody. There are still the numerous Presidents: the last President, the last but one, and the New Pres., and the one thereafter, for the Old Timers have always new persons in their minds. These Presiders wear special Badges whereby we know them. But alas, the Scythe has worked horrible havoc with these Figure Heads and there are no more Ordinary Path Champions available to make Chinese Gods of. (Yes, ONE, says P.C.B., but Hush).

The two ex-Presidents surviving from that class are Lacy Hillier and Herbert Synyer, but both were absent, the former through illness and it is years since he missed the Procession. From Synyer's days there is hardly a scratchman left and none like he descended from a 60-in. Humber, which he is supposed to have kept as a Memento. (It is to be hoped that it still exists, for West Kensington has none).

The one Ordinary ridden in the procession each year by a member is a curiosity and has no history. The maker's name was Mathews, who built a very unusual front wheel, and Mills, a builder himself, shook his head over it. If ever it gets into a Museum it is likely to mislead posterity.

Its Handlebar is an after thought. It gives the beholder lumbago, let alone the Owner.

The Cold Collation at this Summer Meet cannot hope to lend the required sparkle to the Noon-Condition of the O.T.'s as we may hope for at the Holborn Dinner at Cocktail Time among the Curtseying Courses and the Bowing Bottles. *Au Revoir.*

N.B.—Boots Green himself was President 30 years since through a vain boast that 60 years since he rode a 66-in. Rumour has it that he tried to climb up the backbone by 3 steps, but his Toes were too big and would not let him.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

BOLTON GATE,

WESTON COYNEY,

STOKE-ON-TRENT.

July 16th, 1939.

E. BYRON, ESQ.

DEAR BYRON,

Having at last recovered sufficiently to write, I pen these few words of apology for failing to ride in your "hardy annual."

I don't suppose that I was more mortified from my tonsillitis, than I would have been from "Ye banks and braes," yet I would have preferred to have chosen my "poison."

Although my absence may not have materially affected the result I had improved my "fifty" times successively beyond recognition and had hopes of emulating a certain Anfielder, who in addition to "boning" the handicap, preserved the ability to talk intelligibly to the end.

Naturally I intended to confine my activities to the riding side, as I have no doubt as to the handicap under which a "Potteries" rider suffers in the other category.

Hoping that my lapse in no way interferes, should I prefer getting "lit up" in your "do," to raising a temperature "in the privacy of my own home."

Yours faithfully,

W. COUPE.

## AT RANDOM.

We see that, in order to popularise cremation, the Hull City Council have just offered to put on the Free List everybody who dies in that place during the next twelve months. We must tell Sherman and Jack Salt about this. It is too good an opportunity for them to miss.

. . . . .

We understand that Frank Marriott and party, anxious to improve their knowledge of Italian before going on their foreign tour this year, made a point of staying for a couple of days at a rather swanky London hotel which is advertised as being "Favoured by the Cognoscenti." Alas and alack! Our "Three Musketeers" were doomed to disappointment, the clan in question not yet being in residence. (The explanation is that the ice-cream season being late, Signor Cognoscenti has not yet come to England. He is expected shortly.—Ed.).

. . . . .

A parson, 80 years of age, was knocked down by a young girl cyclist the other day, and sustained injuries which proved fatal. Let this be a warning to Frank Chandler when he goes out on those walking expeditions. Beware of young girl cyclists!

. . . . .

"Such divinity" is the name of a new book. We understand that it is Arthur Simpson's biography.

. . . . .

Newspaper Headline :—"Medieval Village Unearthed." We understand that Hubert's bicycle was discovered among the debris.

. . . . .

In view of the fact that Mars is only 36,000,000 miles away from the earth at the present time, Connor is at a loss to understand why the blazes the Committee of the Club do not arrange to put it in the runs list for a week-end jaunt.

**B**—————

Bald bronzed bespectacled Birchall blatantly basks  
by briny.

Bared, brawny body burnt brown, bald brilliantined  
bean burnished.

Beauteous bathing belles boggle, " Beautiful big brown  
boy."

Birchall brazenly boasts, " Britain's brownest body."

BOLONEY!!!!

(Ask George Connor for other b————— words!)

**STOP PRESS.**

Referring again to the Brown Man, our Special Correspondent from Jersey wires as follows :—

" There is no doubt that our friend created a furore down here, causing all the usual tanning fraternity to turn green with envy. This was caused by what is now known as the " Birchall Two-Way Tanning System." Unknown to anyone, friend Birchall had been taking a course of " Yogi," and after several months concentration was able to levitate himself to a height of some eighteen inches from the ground. Now this is the cunning part of it. Birchall goes down to Jersey, and out of his bag produces a Sun Ray Lamp. He turns it on, raises himself from the ground and lies stretched out, the lamp throwing out its health giving rays on to his back, whilst Old King Sol beats on his manly bosom, and does a fortnight's sunbathing in a week.

It was a sight for the gods, Birchall stretched out in mid-air, slowly rotating as if on an invisible spit, a mixture of sweat and unguents dripping from him on to the golden sands.

**FOR SALE.**

A Stenton Glider Tandem, double gent., frame 21ins., wheelbase 65ins., 26in. by 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wheels, Endrick rims, quick release front forks, drawback fork ends in rear, double sided hub with fixed and free wheel, giving same gears about 73ins. Saddles Brooks B 17 on front and C31 Lady's on rear, Dunlop tyres almost new, Cantilever brakes front and rear, handlebars, front Marsh bend, width 15ins., drop 5ins., rear handlebars north road upturned, Brampton fittings, enamelled black. Price £8.

Apply to R. Poole,

23, Pickering Street, Moss Side,  
Manchester 14.

## RUNS.

### **Bear and Ragged Staff, Tattenhall, July 1st, 1939.**

Rigby and I made the most of this glorious afternoon by riding to Tattenhall via Queensferry and Wrexham. On arrival at the Bear and Ragged Staff we found Will Orrell doing a spot of wheel building to his tricycle; this seems to be his favourite occupation because he always carries a dozen or so spokes. In the bar I was invited to drink beer by our sunbronzed territorial Ted Byron. Over an excellent meal, with a sweet of strawberries and cream, our soldier regaled us with anecdotes of camp life. We also had with us two men who were riding in the Liverpool T.T.C.A. 12 hour event on the morrow—Ernest Green and Farr.

An excellent run home followed the meal, with much laughter at some Army doggerel by the H.R.S. Sherman, who has had rapid promotion in his particular unit of the T.A., seemed by his language to be training for the job of sergeant major. The usual stop at the Nags Head rounded off the day and I think a few of the younger members should apply for a transfer from the tea tasters to the beer biters.

The following attended:—Hubert, W. Orrell, Elias, Chandler, R. Band, Powell, Reeves, Byron, Killip, Seed, Green, Sr., J. Band, Walter Connor, Sherman, Kettle, Farr and Green, Jr.

### **Little Budworth, July 8th, 1939.**

Saturday formed into an unpleasant day. At mid-day the rain was tipping down and showed little sign of stopping, and at 3 p.m. I was being driven before a stiff breeze towards Little Budworth midst a continuous downpour.

I reached the Shrewsbury Arms wet and dripping, and rather inclined to eat. The meal was quite good and we were well looked after, the only point of criticism, being to my mind, the room. We were served in an outhouse behind the inn proper.

We broke up moderately early to find that the rain outside had ceased, and there was the remote possibility of a dry ride home. Three of us imagining we were fit, detached ourselves and managed to keep the pedals turning

so far as Chester. About here, however, we were disillusioned re our fitness and decided to toddle the rest of the way. A pleasant little topic on prehistoric methods of torture (*i.e.* 24 hr. races), kept up the conversation till we reached home.

**THIRD "50," 15th July, 1939.**

Heavy black type, Mr. Printer, please, slow, subdued music, no flowers by request.

For the above event there were 11 entries—7 starters and 4 finishers. Ye gods, shades of the past, what are we a-doing of! The iron has entered into my soul, what with trying to dig helpers out, it is little wonder that there is a paucity of offers when fields are so small.

Now to the "event" itself. There was the usual heavy rain at the start and a thickish southerly breeze which discounted fast times. Jim Carr at last managed to do a fastest time, finishing in 2.18.58.

Killip lifted 1st handicap again notwithstanding a five minutes loss through a puncture at Handley coming back. Good ride, Len! Farr smashed his way through to second handicap with 2.27.21. The way he passed me at No Man's Heath, I thought he was doing a 2.20 ride. Third handicap went to Rourke on his "barrer," who despite some minutes off the course clocked 2.37.56. The details are as follows :

	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	50 H'cap.	Net		
J. E. Carr	1.12	2.18.58	scr.	2.18.58	Fastest
L. Killip	1.15	2.29.26	12	2.17.26	1st H'cap.
G. Farr	1.17	2.27.21	5	2.22.21	2nd H'cap.
H. V. Rourke	1.17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.37.56	14	2.23.56	3rd H'cap.

**Acton Bridge, July 22nd, 1939.**

A nasty penetrating drizzle promised to seep through our capes in a very short time as George Farr and I set out for Acton. We met the Presider on Dunham Hill and pedalled off rather dismally into the wind. Our spirits soon rose, however, when the old blood started circulating at its accelerated Saturday afternoon pace, and when we thought of the seventeen misguided push-cyclists who would shortly be setting off on their 24 hours' slog.

We thought that it was a pity that there weren't more riding. The more there had been riding, the more comfortable and snug we would have felt at home in bed, later on.

After a cup of tea at our accustomed stopping place I found that the 'tub.' on my rear wheel had gone flat. I had three beautiful spares in my bag, but unfortunately they had Schrader type valves, those of the two on the wheels being of the Dunlop High Pressure variety. Neither of my companions had an adaptor, which was very feckless of them, and things looked bad until George thought that with one of us holding the pump connection flush and tight against the end of the Schrader valve and the other pumping, we might get some air into the spare. We did, but it took us so long that we weren't, as usually, first at table.

We found Stevie and Hubert downstairs in the Bar, the latter seeing to the formation of a lake in his innards, into which his cold beef and salad could splash. Upstairs and already tucking in were Bob Poole, Kettle, Killip and Rigby Band; numerically a poor turn out, but accurately forecast by the Secretary. The conversation turned mainly on 'What to do with August Bank Holiday weekend.' Hubert was all for a party at Bibury, the object of which would be the formation of as many great lakes as there were members, each lake to be two hours deep. While the lakes were being formed joints and vegetables would be in course of preparation. The latter, when done to a turn, would be splashed into the former, by now deprived of their tributaries. Well, you can't say fairer than that. I wish I could make it.

Rigby is shortly 'going for a Sojer', but was cheered up when Hubert told him the name of a pub only twelve miles from his camp where "the Draught Bass is simply delightful." What feeling and admiration Hubert can put into those words! The Maitre d'Hotel at the Ritz recommending a particularly rare crû of Chateau Neuf du Pape to a sashed and decorated diner could not have conjured up more vivid memories of past thirsts divinely quenched nor better tempted the palate with joys to come.

And so home. The drizzle had ceased, the wind was behind, the ride was pleasant and my back 'tub.' held. What more could one ask?

Eaton, July 29th, 1939.

Whoever mentioned summer this year of grace? Well, today, we did. After a cloudy morning it brightened up considerably, and by three p.m. it was glorious. The sun shone wonderfully, better than we have seen it this year, and indeed we were very happy. But not for long. When Chester's city came in sight a black cloud hovered also, and then there was a bit of trouble.

Six of us were nearly at the second milestone from Chester, at Mollington corner, when a motor cyclist, coming the other way, skidded. He merely stopped in the gutter, but his machine came swinging across the road pivoted on the footrest. Ralph Fer could not stop quickly enough, and he went flying into it, with resultant cuts, bruises, and a buckled wheel.

Half an hour or so went by while George Connor & Co. straightened the wheel, and then it started raining. A cup of tea in Chester, to settle everyone's nerves (a new excuse, that) and then the rain came down worse. A deluge washed the roads, and we just managed to see Snowden through it, hurrying homewards near Tarvin.

It was almost 6-30 when we reached the Red Lion at Eaton, having come through the lanes from Tarporley. We seemed more bedraggled than the others who were there: Selkirk (once a year!); Bob Poole (a tennis fan now!); Bill Scarff (couldn't wait for the lads); Harold Kettle (still improving); Bert Green (not missed a run yet); Stevie (on a bicycle, even in the rain); Chandler (smoking something strangely reminiscent of rope); Hubert Roskell (for the attendance prize). This leaves only our little party to be referred to: Two Connors, Len Killip, Ted Byron, the aforesaid unfortunate Fer, and the Editor.

When we left for home it was not raining. But this unusual state of the atmosphere did not last for more than a few minutes, and we were soon encaped for a wet ride home.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 402.

### FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Sept. 2	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) ....	9-2 p.m.
.. 4	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 9	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).....	8-46 ..
.. 16	Farndon (Raven) .....	8-28 ..
.. 23	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) .....	8-11 ..
.. 30	Eaton (Red Lion) .....	7-55 ..
Oct. 2	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms) .....	7-37 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE

Oct. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion) .....	7-37 ..
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Full Moon .... 28th inst.

Summer Time Ends 8th October

### NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. J. A. Bennett, 8 Polygon Buildings, Polygon Street, Ardwick, Manchester; Mr. R. Barker, "Woodlands," Irlam Road, Flixton, Manchester; Mr. J. Pitchford, "Bolventur," Betley Lane, Bayston Hill, Shrewsbury; Mr. A. Williams, 38 Hawthorne Road, Parkgate, Wirral; Mr. F. W. Smith, 4 Dean Court, Holbroke, Road, Cambridge.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR. Llanarmon, D.C., has been chosen for the Tour, October 28/29. Accommodation is limited. Members are advised to let me have their names as soon as possible. Accommodation will be allotted in the order in which names are received. Dinner, Bed and Breakfast will be 10/-.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of last month's warning only about one-tenth of the "Great Unpaid" took heed. The result is that nearly eighty Red Slips have had to be sent out with this issue. If your *Circular* bears one of these shameful ornaments please get square IMMEDIATELY and save a repetition of this and possibly more trouble next month.

I thank the following, who answered the call with their subscriptions and (\*) donations.

F. Beckett.

H. M. Buck.

A. Crowcroft.

J. S. Jonas.

\*W. H. Kettle.

L. C. Price (1939-40).

W. H. Scarff.

J. H. Sunter.

J.R.B.

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## VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to extenuating circumstances making an exceedingly low entry in the "50" a certainty, this event has been cancelled, and the Club run will be to Acton Bridge.

**CONDOLENCE.**

May we extend our sincerest sympathies to Frank Chandler, who was bereaved of his mother during the past month.

**THANKS!**

Once again we have to extend our appreciation to outside clubs for their help in the "12." - The Mersey Roads, with Johnny Williams again in charge of the feeding at Prees Heath, were indispensable, for they took over several checking and marshalling duties also. The South Cheshire boys, from Crewe, were also helpful; and we again thank the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers for their help in the south. To all the followers, and other helpers who turned out so willingly—many thanks!

**ABSENT.**

The "12" was not quite the same without George Molyneaux, but, believe it or not, he was working! Congratulations, George! Hubert saw him recently, and George was jubilant of his task of—minding a hole in the road! But we've an idea that there's something more in it than that.

**THE OLD TIMERS' RETURN HOME. BY HARBORO'.**

The Function over, the Strayfarers set their Four-wheeler facing A.T., which, free and smooth, took them in a couple of hours near to Stilton; paying tribute on the way to Bidlake's Memorial near Eaton Socon, to which many Anfielders contributed, and which on that Sunday afternoon served as a checking place in some long distance event.

At Norman Cross we left the North Road and dived into the winding Leicestershire lanes through Oundle, having in mind another important function, that of seeking out and asking for shelter from the now famous Author-Host, John Fothergill, of the Three Swans at Market Harborough.

After publishing from Thame the "Innkeeper's Diary" (now obtainable in Penguin Form at 6d.), he has published from the present address the more ambitious "Confessions of an Innkeeper," in illustrated form at greatly enhanced price.

Two years ago an Anfield Party mostly made up of Simpsons, stormed the Swans' Nest, and by refusing to be discouraged, outlived the cool reception and were rewarded with the use of 3 Eiderdowns when finding favour with Host and Staff. Emboldened with the recollection of that event, I tried to recall it to the Host's mind. Quoth I : " Surely you recall the Simpsons' visit two years since: Two Brothers one Whit Week : Successful Stay : Delightful Discussions : Short in Stature : Short Stay : Broad in Outlook : Quaint in Converse : Bright in Phrase : Happy in Smiles : All Friends round the Market : What's Yours, so to speak? : Glad to come : sorry to go."

IT MOTE NOT BE. The result was mortifying.

Queried the Host : " Two long years since, Two Tall Stimsons : Two Twain Brothers : Fluently spoken : Voluble in Vocabulary : Flamboyant in Paraphrase? No, No, I fail to remember them, they left No Mark on Me."

Once more I tried : " Not so tall as all that, Rather Short if anything. You led us round the Garden."

Where was now that parting greeting : " Any time you're passing Do not fail, do not forget." And that hearty slap on the Back, and solid *Coup de Main*? Golden Hour of the Simpsons and loud *A Bientot*."

(Also golden minute of mine, when, abandoned to the tender care of the buxom head waitress, I snatched her gentle *adieu*).

What had become of it all : GONE WITH THE WIND?— all of it. But why no research in the visitors' book? Why no consultations with Wife and Staff. Why no whispered : " Who the deuce May They Be? "

His Diary was supposed to be a true record. Of course Katie got married (worse luck), but all those sisters. The Wings of the Swans are not as " all-embracing " as those of the Spread Eagle.

The Barmaid has been changed this last year and certainly NOT for the Worse. High praise is hers even from the Landlord, whose bar she fills daily with the Jeunesse Dorée of the Market Town. So attractive is her picture that the Host had an extra Inner Window built in the

Reception Chamber showing her in action in the Smoke-room. A foretaste, as it were. Even Bikley fell for her by the manner in which she hearkened to his Biking and Fishing Episodes.

At closing time the locals left and the Fairy went up into the clouds. The Landlord tested us in conversation. Already he had shaken my hand over dinner, now Bik seized his ear. He related earlier and more painful visits in days of long ago, under previous management. Enter a younger Buckley, done to the wide, soaked to the skin, ravenous for food, slighted by a haughty landlady. Rebuffed by Bik, testy in temper.

Feebly John sympathized with the sad experience, while searching his memory for similar callers. His pretence was obvious.

He sat down with us, yawned repeatedly and had a brain wave. The number of Guests being negligible, and the danger of a late sitting imminent, the Lights commenced to Blink. Indignantly the Landlord rose to reproach the Electricity Department, only to find that it was too late, and called out from a safe distance : " No Matter, let it be : the Gentlemen have decided to RETIRE for the night." And so they did willy nilly.

Next day they retired from the County, for after paying the Bill became conscious that at no time during their stay, neither at coming nor going, neither at Dinner nor Breakfast, not even at Pay Time, had they been asked to Register their Names or Addresses or Record their Movements. Our Presence was never inscribed. It left No Mark. This was worse than the treatment of the Simpsons.

No hope now of reappearing in some Niche of passing folk alongside " Old Mr. Asquith," " G. K. Chesterton and all those others."

Turning to page 134 we can but say : " Let Hermione Baddeley then Be, likewise Oliver Roskill and his Second Violin, while Pott plays the Flute.

(Our own Hubert Roskell still plays *first* violin). Page 134 has a Chapter on Martyrs : What Greater Martyrs than those left in silent Obloquy and Utter Neglect passing on the way to the Elysian Fields, Unregistered, Unquoted, Unsung and in fact UNNAMED.

## SHETLAND.

About 15 years ago a description of a tour to Cape Wrath appeared in the *C.T.C. Gazette* under the name of Frank Chandler. I read it and immediately became a Scotch addict. Having previously sampled a Chandler West-Country itinerary—since repeated—I concluded that Scotland had more to offer than the hackneyed attractions of Lomond-side and The Trossachs. At any rate I have returned again and again to the Northern Highlands for my annual tour. Five times in all have I cycled up and down the west coast between Glasgow and Durness.

Lest 'the land o'cakes' should become a fetish I decided to visit Shetland this year. Arriving in Glasgow on a Saturday morning and sleeping on successive nights at Dunkeld and Braemar I reached Aberdeen on the Monday evening. The scenic value of the Dee valley, east of Braemar appears to be over-rated, but on no account should the Braemar-Linn o'Dee portion be missed. One might leave Deeside at Bridge of Gairn and enter Donside by way of Glen Gairn. Huntly and Alford offer a more attractive approach to Aberdeen. On Monday night at eight I boarded the S.S. St. Sunniva for the direct passage to Lerwick. 33/0 1st Cabin, including berth plus 4/6 for bicycle. Meals extra. The conditions in the 2nd Cabin are unsavoury and unsegregated and would undoubtedly be decidedly uncomfortable in a high-riding vessel like the Sunniva.

The catering was good and I missed the Fair Isle, which was 'raised' shortly before breakfast, but the distant view, on a full stomach, had its compensations. The finny back of Foula pierced the clear horizon to the N.W. West. Sumburgh and Fitful Heads then claimed attention. I was glad that we sailed through Mousa Sound. An early forenoon entry into Bressay Sound at the height of the fishing season is a sight to be remembered.

One morning I went to the Quays to see the sample catches being auctioned. Here is Babel, where King Herring reigns! Dutch and Dane, Sassenach and Scot. Norwegians, Germans and the Finns, too. All gathered, as from time immemorial, where forbears tied up their 'busses' in the Clay Creek during herring harvest. And the Gulls! Hovering, swooping, screeching, defecating. Scorning offal

and snatching whole herrings within an arm's length of the weary crews. Infuriated and abashed, I withdrew. Fortunately I had looked my fill, for only once in nine days did I eat fresh herring outside of Herringopolis itself.

In Shetland, the nearest parish to the Faroes, the roads are good. The few *culs-de-sac* are signposted. Road junctions flaunt the familiar 'arrow' signs of the A.A. Anfielders will not yearn for the yellow tautologic monstrosities of the South! "Brig of Cally Bridge: River Ardle!" Signposts indeed! Excepting the 20 miles of width between Sandness and Ringwall the island is 55 miles of length without breadth and Lerwick is centrally situated. If you desire to attract attention from the trippers by all means bring the tandem-trike. The islanders will be too busy to stand and stare but none the less one should not impute to them ignorance of the evolution of travel instruments. Lerwick had its cycling club in pre-war days. That middle-aged giant with the uncompromising red hair leading a piebald pony hitched to a wheel-less cart laden with peats knows London and Limerick and Leith and Liverpool. He's been twice round the world. What more has he got to see? So don't clutter up Lerwick's famous thoroughfare with your tandem. You cannot turn a two-seater in Commercial Street anyway. If you successfully indulge in the circus act one of the island's eight 'bobbies' may 'write' you for a major crime and have the best bed in the untenanted County Jail aired for your reception. This quaint old traffic artery is a 'One-way' street. You might as well be in the Wynds of Perth or the alleys of Shrewsbury. Go out and see Shetland and Shetland folk. Seek real welcome in the land of unlocked doors.

Accommodation may be had almost anywhere but the stranger is welcomed, with inherent hospitality, as much for companionable intercourse as for economic reasons. For Thorfinn's sake do not aver that 'the standard of Shetland civilisation is marvellously modern.' Such spontaneous boorishness tends to make the average English townsman unpopular in this rural paradise of the 60th Circle. Enquiries should be made at the Post Office or local store. Circumstances considered, the amenities are good and the diet plain but wholesome. If you are a daily dipper bring bathing togs—you have a choice of either the North Sea or the Atlantic Ocean. Few of the otherwise well-appointed

crofts boast of a bathroom but you will be offered a hip-bath in most of them.

Official statistics show that there are 2 motor vehicles to every  $2\frac{1}{2}$  persons on the main island but I saw little motor traffic. I did see a few family groups being transported by car, a-la-caravan, for a day's peat cutting and curing. The ubiquitous travelling shop, motor road rollers, macadam lorries and the motor-cycling roadmen completed the petrol picture.

I saw very few familiar birds and was lonely. Black-birds are rare. They are persecuted to the point of extinction by raven and grey crow and as a result their abbreviated mellow song has acquired a plaintive note. There are no rooks or daws. The willow wren is confident and contented. Skylarks are not plentiful and there are no thrushes. Field sparrows avoid extermination of their species by seeking sanctuary in the outhouses of the crofter whose shotgun strikes terror and lead into the carrion heart of the grey crow. Stonechats and whinchats a-plenty. Bewildering flights of unfamiliar sea-fowl increased my wonderment. The scared piping of nesting oyster-catcher nigh drove me crazy. The seeming stupid-staring, sentry-going, golden plover guarding chicks amused me. There are no robins. Snipe are tame. Roosting flights of starling darken the evening sky—these birds seem to be at home in Shetland. I saw Arctic Skua and occasionally the rarer Great Skua. No cuckoo, corn-crake or chaffinch, nor swallow, swift or martin. Not even a magpie.

Another predominant feature of the countryside are the flocks of small, hardy, half-wild, native sheep. The fleece is of a silky, downy softness in black or white with ranges of grey and moor-red (moorit). On several occasions I was fortunate to come across the traditional Shetland Rooping which is the counterpart of our southern sheep-shearing operations. Towards the end of June the fleece becomes naturally loose and the sheep are then driven to the fold where the wool is removed by hand. In this process the whole family invariably assist. The subsequent carding is done by the womenfolk and every home has its spinning-wheel. Weaving is also an art that is practised in many households.

One is all the time conscious of the proximity of the sea. It is nearly always in sight and the salt-laden breeze invigorating. On a blustery day one is seldom out of earshot of the roar of the breakers. It is impossible to get more than a couple of miles away from the shore in any district. The island is a delightful hotch-potch of undulating peat-bearing moorland, shingly creeks or sandy with miniature fjords penetrating for considerable distances on every side. Like Scotland, the finest cliff scenery and seascape are to be found on the west coast. Typically eerie examples of eternal Atlantic carving may be seen at Eshaness beyond Hillswick. There, a couple of interesting hours may be spent afoot along the cliffs in search of the peculiar caverns and kirns. The most suitable time is at high tide when the awesome operations of the ocean may be fully appreciated.

My tour had, perforce, to terminate in the Dunrossness district. After a visit to St. Ninian's Isle I returned to Scalloway without reaching the southern extremity of the island. At Scalloway I availed of the weekly call of the south-bound S.S. "St. Clair," and booked a passage to Stromness. 18/0 1st Cabin including berth plus 3/0 for bicycle. Meals extra. The "St. Clair" is a 'cruising' vessel and the 2nd Cabin may be found to be an attractive economic proposition with six-berth Rug and Pillow Cabins at 11/0. The latter accommodation appears to be reasonably comfortable. In the fuller interests of creature comfort it should be noted, however, that although the duration of the voyage is 8 hours (6 p.m. to 2 a.m. every Wednesday) the departure of this steamer from Stromness is scheduled for 7 a.m., so that one need not rise until about 6-30 a.m.

Stromness and Kirkwall shared my attentions during the day I spent on Orkney. The prehistoric burial mound—Maes Howe—by its striking architectural similarity to that of Newgrange in Co. Meath intrigued me. Conjectural vexation was only intensified by my visit to Ring of Brogar and Ring of Bookan on the shores of the Loch of Stennes. The former stone circle with huge central dolmen is reminiscent of Stonehenge. Apart from these special places of interest the Mainland resembles Caithness—a fruitful and up-to-date agricultural land.

At 9-45 a.m. on Friday morning I boarded the tiny Royal Mail Steamer "St. Óla" at Scapa Pier for the 2¼

hours trip to Scrabster. This time I travelled 2nd Cabin. Fare 6/6 plus 2/6 for bicycle. Snugly ensconced in the prow, which offers an unrestricted view, I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. There is very little deck space for 1st Cabin passengers, some of whom favoured forrit sightseeing stances amongst the bourgeoisie. The steamer carries a mixed cargo, including live-stock and if conditions are unfavourable for an on-deck passage the purchase of a 1st Class ticket costing 11/0 is advisable.

When travelling by the various Orkney and Shetland shipping services one is spared the trouble of searching for the booking office and the purchase of tickets ashore. One simply walks aboard! When the steamer is under way the Captain and a ship's officer approach each passenger. The Captain carries a small ticket dating press as well as the other incidental paraphernalia. He takes your money, dates and delivers your ticket. Before you have time to examine the ticket the accompanying officer smilingly requests you to hand it up. And that's that! There are no subsequent annoying demands—'Tickets please!' No scope in that direction for jocular commercials and no stupid reaction even if there are funny men aboard.

I feel that I am still indebted to Chandler and would conclude by saying that Shetland is a tea-taster's Hy-Brazil. I found only two common or garden pubs. The revered names of Guinness, Threlfall and Benskin were invoked in vain.

W. J. FINN.

27/7/39.

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### A SAD GREETING FROM VANCOUVER, B.C.

A delightfully humorous, yet deeply pathetic letter greets us from Harry Buck, who, stricken down by an incurable malady, and speaking of a coming parting with sad forebodings, is still able to raise a smile on the reader's face.

After a forced visit to hospital he has been taken home to continue his enforced rest. There he dwells on his English Tours and his Touring Partners, which helps him to find consolation.

He puts down his latest collapse to a visit of his to  
THE NEW TEN MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL.

Harry was always on our English Tours the Agent who had to interview the Lady Hotel Clerks, but on this occasion he fell into the hands of Twenty Bell Boys, who on learning that their Visitor was only after the Cafeteria, treated him with scant respect. Then seems to have occurred a repetition of that Unique Contretemps that befell Ernie Pritchard on one of his Midnight Errands, when, hoping to fall into the arms of "Some *Belle Dame Sans Merci*" he met a somewhat familiar figure of his own sex, who, after taking up a threatening attitude, turned out to be

HIMSELF SEEN THROUGH A MIRROR,  
but this time upside down.

He adds with biting humour at his own expense : " I write under the influence of Dope, and if I write Rubbish : Forgive me."

The now familiar photograph of Harry, midway across a dangerous crossing in some busy thoroughfare, brings to my mind an unforgettable performance by Beerbohm Tree of Colonel Newcome, in " The Newcomes at the Haymarket."

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## AT RANDOM.

We hear that Hubert Roskell has decided to buy a new motor car now that the registration letters " XXX " are available. Our distinguished member was never really comfortable with his present car bearing the letters " R.D.," this registration (he says) reminding him too forcibly of certain unpleasant communications received (frequently) from his Bank Manager.

One of our members, who must be nameless because of the far-reaching effects of the Law of Libel, was touring in Berkshire lately, when he came across something which he thought was All Right. A wayside notice proclaimed the desire of the local inhabitants to look after the welfare of " all destitute wayfarers." " No wayfarer," ran the printed word, " need want for food on his day's journey." Our member dashed off and had his teeth sharpened, and then came back and read the notice again. Judge of his surprise

and annoyance when, on continuing his studies, he discovered that the object of the Berkshire folks is "to assist the honest wayfarer." That word "honest" stuck in our member's gills for several days afterwards, and he went on his way fairly frothing at the mouth. He hated being disqualified.

WEDDING BELLS.

The reason that Ira Thomas did not compete in the last "50" was that he became a married man that day. Congratulations, and all that, but it's a low trick, not to tell anyone.

RUMOUR REFUTED.

And mention of weddings leads us to state that there is no truth in the rumour that a matrimonial agency had been established for the benefit (?) of some of our younger and eligible bachelors.

RUNS.

August Holiday Week-end, August 5th/8th, 1939.

Sad, and strange, but there were only two Anfield bicycles around the region of the Bath Road course during this lovely holiday. Motor cars abounded, even to the vehicle (Randall calls it a dustcart) which conveyed Byron, Walter Connor, Randall and the Editor to Bibury and beyond.

You may not think that with a motor car you have to "scrap," but we had to if Bibury was to be reached by Sunday lunchtime. We left Chester at 9-0 a.m., and it was not until Evesham that we knew we would be late. We came into the town via the old road through Droitwich, which means a left turn to get on to the Broadway road. This we omitted to do, and we were several miles towards Tewkesbury before realising that something was amiss.

Then followed a "blind." Toddington and Stanway's climb led to the roof of the Cotswolds, and then there was a fling, with some quite nasty corners thrown in, until we had to climb again to Stow. One-forty, and lunch at Bibury was for 2-0 p.m. We saw little of the Foss Way during the passing of those relentless minutes, and we were held up at

the traffic lights at Northleach, where two ancient ways make crossing. A left turn, five miles of lanes, and we slid into Bibury at 2-2 p.m., just when the others were queuing up for lunch.

What a merry party was gathered there! The two Roskells, Hubert and Frank; Salty, a bit windswept after the drive from Theale; Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson; Bert Green and Russ. Barker, who had driven from Manchester; and the aforementioned quartet.

In the afternoon we leant over the bridge and watched the fish swimming coolly in the water of the little river. There was a bit of an altercation between Byron and Randall whether trout has an 's' on or not for the plural. They didn't agree, and then Randall said: "What the 'ell does matter." And so the dispute ended at that.

We had tea at Hilmarton, just north of Calne, where the Stephensons and Bert Green and Russ. Barker were to stay the night. The others made for the Bath Road and the long run back to Theale. Here we met Brewster, who had cycled from Coventry; the other bicycle was Salty's.

On Monday morning we met Dave Rowatt, who had been spending the week-end at Reading, alone. He was watching the Bath Road "100," in which we had only one rider, Salty. It is coming to something when in a famous event as this we can only muster just a single rider. However, John James gave a good account of himself and finished with 4.41.43, a very good ride. Yet it shows how very intensive the racing game is getting these days when Salty was slower by some 15 minutes than Firth, who was fastest. The first team was completed with riders who finished with 4.26; 4.28 and 4.29!

Monday lunchtime, and our party separated, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Austin, with whom we had contacted during the hours of the event, were for Manchester. Bert Green and Barker took Jack Salt and Brewster so far as Tarvin, while the dustcart quartet met them at Ivetsey Bank for some glorious ham and eggs before the fling home on traffic ridden roads. The two Roskells were for dear old Dorset, and the Stephensons were staying the week at Hilmarton. Dave Rowatt entrained home. And so ended a glorious week-end.

**Clotton, August 12th, 1939.**

Using the phrase, so popular with some of the Club's journalistic talent, "I pedalled slowly" out of Wallasey on what was undoubtedly the finest afternoon for many a long day.

Labouring up Storeton Road, I met Ralph Fer, who told me he was camping with Sapper Band, whom we met with Corporal Sherman. Stopping to repair a puncture carelessly picked up by Rigby, we were overtaken by two panting figures, Sappers Rock and Reeves, "getting fit," they gasped. To me, they looked as if they were just recovering from one. The aforementioned "sojers" have recently returned from camp, and the ensuing discussion left me in some doubt as to whether a good time was had by all.

Proceeding to Chester, we stopped for a cup of tea, giving Rigby time to mend his puncture (the same one). Threading our way through the traffic in the City proper, we gained the comparative quiet of the Tarporley road and made our rendezvous on time. Amongst the company already assembled, were Russ Barker, Haynes, Byron, Farr, Ira (just married) Thomas, Newall, Johnny Band, Snowden, Venables, W. Connor, Rowatt and the President. The Scribe arrived late with Harold Band in the 'wagon,' the former explaining that he had had some trouble with the clutch. Many anxious enquiries were made as to the Captain's absence on this glorious afternoon, "was he working late?" was he . . . . .? etc. I believe he was doing a spot of overtime.

After an enjoyable meal we left by diverse routes for home and camp site (not too far). It has been whispered that 'the' puncture was mended successfully after a third attempt.

**Chester, August 19th, 1939.**

Only ten members were present at the Bear & Billet, and a minimum of 12 had been ordered for. It was a fine day too, the day before the Club "12," and it was hoped that quite a number more would have been there. What is the matter, I wonder, is it that the runs are too near home or too far away? Anyway, drop me a post card chums and mark on the back "too far" or "too near" as the case may be and the Committee will be pleased to try to arrange things to suit everybody.

But this is the Chester run I am supposed to be writing about and I am rather getting off the subject. I paid my respects to the cycle dealer in Chester (and a bill) and the idea then was a bask on the banks of the Dee. Bill Scarff joined us and it was discovered to be too late for the aforementioned bask, as the "hatches" were already off. So without further ado we made for the Bear & Billet to find Hubert, Bert Green, Johnny Band, Venables and Rowatt already there.

The meal was excellent although there were only ten to eat it. Those present and not mentioned previously were: the Connor frères and Len Killip.

It is reported that a certain respected member had changed ready to come out and seeing that the run was only Chester decided to have forty winks in the deck chair in the garden at home, having plenty of time to spare. Well, you can guess the rest of the story I suppose, but I must admit I had never thought of that one before.

After seeing the racing men off to bed, a most enjoyable evening was spent in Chester by the helpers (including the certain respected member who had fallen asleep in the deck chair) but as this had nothing to do with the actual Club run, I shall say nothing more about it, except to say that it was a jolly good night out, wasn't it, Ted?

#### **Invitation "12," August 20th, 1939.**

It is remarkable how much better we can make our "12" in running it on a Sunday, although this means departing from our usual Anfield principles for just one day in the year. Over forty members were out, so it just shows that the majority of the active members do not mind giving up one Sunday for the Club.

We had fifty entries, of such class that we looked for great things, and the awarding of quite a number "over 220" silver medals. From the appended finishing list you will see that we did.

The competition for leadership was keen. Freddie Turner from Cheshire made every endeavour to emulate his last year's winning performance; and H. W. Smith, who was second then, was pushed into third place this year by A. Smith, from Yorkshire, and W. J. Austin, from Wolverhampton. Austin has been a regular entrant since our event became an open, and we were extremely pleased to see such a fine improvement in his distance.

## ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

The course was altered to exclude the second detour of the infamous Shropshire triangle, and included instead was the trip to Middlewich from Nantwich.

We had six riders of "ours": Killip, Barker, and Rourke, who finished; Rich, who started, and who foolishly rode too fast in the early hours. He did not finish. Ira Thomas and Farr could not start.

We were delighted indeed with their finishing distances. Killip, with a splendid novice effort of 203 gains first handicap; Rourke, with possibly a better effort of 198½ on a tricycle merits second prize, and Barker, riding consistently to reach 191¼ gains third handicap.

FINISHING LIST.		M.	F.
1. A. Smith	Colne Valley C.C.	238	4
2. W. J. Austin	Wolverhampton Wh.	237	3
3. H. W. Smith	South Lincs.	231	2
4. F. Turner	Cheshire	229	5
5. W. M. Perrett	Walsall Roads	226	4
6. G. E. Jones	Birkenhead N.E.	223	7
7. R. W. Joyce	Liverpool Century	222	0
8. T. Oldham	Mersey Roads	221	2
9. A. M. Bevan	Newport & District	220	4
10. E. E. Rowe	Walsall Roads	218	2
11. F. Mumford	Mersey Roads	218	1
12. F. T. Beeson	Rover R.C.C.	218	1
13. A. Abrahams	Liverpool Century	218	0
14. F. H. Pulman	Manchester Roads	216	1
15. A. Jenkins	Wallasey Boro'	215	6
16. F. J. Griffiths	Walton Paragon	213	5
17. A. H. Coote	Mersey Roads	213	2
18. F. H. Soden	N'th Worcestershire	213	2
19. J. Martin	Dukinfield C.C.	210	4
20. D. Jones	Mersey Roads	208	7
21. J. R. Jones	Dukinfield C.C.	208	0
22. E. Molyneaux	Chester Road Club	206	6
23. L. Killip	Anfield B.C.	203	0
24. F. Powell	Manchester Grosv'r	201	4
25. H. Stott	Birkenhead N.E.	200	4
26. H. V. Rourke (tricycle)	Anfield	198	5
27. E. W. Morgan Jones	Mersey Roads	196	0
28. K. Barker	Anfield	191	2
29. O. Dover (tricycle)	Liverpool Century	183	0

(We regret that confirmed distances cannot be printed this month: alterations will be advised later).

**Barton, August 26th, 1939.**

I really did think that I would have a quiet ride out this afternoon when I left home about 3-45, and almost an hour later than usual. But no such luck and probably the Connor Brothers thought similarly, too, for I met them at the top of Thornton Road. The wind was sticky, and I gave the tyre a bit more wind, but it didn't want it. When I got on again both the tyre and the going were really hard. Near Willaston it rained, and as we mustn't wet Walter's nice suit, we sheltered. Then we caped up, and the rain stopped. Through the next shower we rode, suit or no suit.

The snag of a late start is that we couldn't have a cup of tea, so we continued through Eaton Park, where we met the earlier birds. And so to Barton, along tarred roads. Hubert's dobbin was outside, and it looked a bit cleaner than usual. Chandler, after a day in Erbistock (or getting there and coming back) rode into the yard with beads of glistening sweat on his brow, and he said something funny to Arthur Williams about coming on the Club run. We had already had our say, particularly George Connor. Frank Perkins swanked in a jacket that was four years old! Ken Barker seemed quite fit after his ride in the "12," and Ralph Fer didn't—but he only just helped. F.H. was there, but we did not see whether he had travelled in his ancient contraption of a motor cycle, or his car.

The next arrival was Bert Green, muttering something about being a long way from Manchester. We agree. Then, on Salty's venerable redperil of a tandem rolled Len Killip and friend Bethell; Tommy Samuel pushed his own way for once on a bicycle. Inside, very snugly ensconced, were Snowden, Powell, Kettle and the aforementioned Hubert. Jack Seed came alone, burned to a cinder and saying some very unkind things about being recalled from holiday. And, I nearly forgot, Ira Thomas, whom we found almost a corpse at the roadside. This, with the Editor, should count to nineteen, and then the fun began.

The lady counted on about six or eight, but crisis or no crisis, an extra dozen takes a bit of feeding. Still, we were all fed very well, and we departed very happy with a nice wind behind. There was only one thing I didn't like about the run home. The Skipper would go the way we had taken on our outward journey, and there's not much fun in that, is there?

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 403. cc

### FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m., or earlier at Parkgate and Knolls Green

- Oct. 7 Halewood (Derby Arms)
- .. 14 Deeside Cafe, Parkgate
- .. 21 Deeside Cafe, Parkgate
- .. 28/29 Autumnal Tints Tour, Llanarmon D.C.
- .. 28 Deeside Cafe, Parkgate

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

- Oct. 7 Goostrey (Red Lion)
- .. 14 Knolls Green
- .. 21 Knolls Green
- .. 28 Knolls Green

Full Moon ..... 28th inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Frank Wood, South View,  
Skirworth, near Penrith.

**Autumnal Tints Tour, Llanarmon D.C., October  
28th/29th.**

In view of the change of circumstances since our last announcement, will you please confirm your bookings if your name has been placed on the earlier list. As noted elsewhere in this issue, it will not be known how much accommodation will be available until the middle of October.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

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## TREASURY NOTES.

It is not the intention, we gather, to use any more red slips at the moment, but this is not a "let-off." Whoever gets landed for the Treasurer's job whilst Rigby is with the Forces will have a lot of letters to write if you procrastinate much longer. Please send your subs. to Rigby's address until further notice. Arrangements have been made for them to be banked at the earliest opportunity! "Just Nine." The following are thanked for their subscriptions:—

K. W. Barker.	G. Lockett.
P. C. Beardwood.	T. E. Mandall.
J. A. Bennett.	Harold Moore.
P. Brazendale.	A. Newall.
N. Turvey.	

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## EDITORIAL.

It is not often that these pages are saddened with the passing of an Anfielder in the prime of life. It is not often that the younger generation of our Club has to countenance a loss from its very midst. The blow falls hard. Rough

stuff, and smooth, it was all the same to Bill. One who has enjoyed with us every thrill and elation of our fine game, and who has suffered with us when things were not so good, has gone—passed into the Great Beyond by sheer mischance.

Yet our sorrow, however great, cannot be compared with that of others. Bill had been a proud father of a daughter for just six days before his passing. We are with Mildred and those near to him in their great trouble.

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#### CLUB RUNS.

Lighting restrictions have caused new problems, and for the time being Club runs are being held at Deeside Cafe, Parkgate, for the Liverpool members, and Knolls Green for the Manchester men. These will be weekly runs after October 14th (inclusive), and as the younger members are mostly away we do hope that those who are older can see their way to make the runs a success—until the boys come home.

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#### AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.

This week-end, dated October 28th/29th, and fixed for the West Arms, Llanarmon, D.C., has not been cancelled, although arrangements are somewhat in the air at the moment. The position is that we cannot tell exactly how many will be going, for few are sure of their own movements for long ahead, particularly the younger members, and the petrol rationing will affect the motorists. The West Arms, on their part, cannot tell us at present exactly what accommodation they can offer. The matter is to be reviewed two weeks beforehand, and Powell would like a list of those who can go before that time, say October 12th. The previous list of bookings is of course cancelled and a new list is being prepared, so please let him know again.

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#### STRIFE.

In our unbounding optimism, we could not think in these past months that the clouds of strife and all that it brings could ever darken our skies again. Yet it has, and many of our younger folk already are away, serving their country. We are proud of them. Byron is in an anti-

aircraft unit ; Rigby Band, Peter Rock and Eric Reeves are in the Royal Engineers ; Brian Band is in the Submarine Service of the Navy ; and Walter Connor is in the Wireless section of the R.N.V.R. Dick Ryalls is a Sergeant-pilot of the R.A.F. Tommy Sherman is rapidly gaining stripes (blue eye!) in a new battalion of the Liverpool Regiment ; whilst Tom Samuel is with the Cheshire Yeomanry. Ralph Fer, on war being declared, immediately joined up, and the last we heard was that he was doing a spot of training on Salisbury Plain.

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### WHERE IS THIS PARKGATE?

Parkgate is known to most of you, but as the Tea Tasters' Café might be a mystery to some, and as there are two runs fixed there for October, the following directions are given : Deeside Café, coming southward along the Parade from the Boathouse, is next door to Leeman's Garage, and is a fairly large black and white building. There is room for bicycles at the back, and you reach the café through the shop and turn to the left.

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### IT'S AN ILL WIND.

No wonder bicycles are going up! Eddie Morris and George Newall have just acquired a couple of new Raleigh's (one each, of course) all nice and shiny. Anybody else? Oh! Yes, F.H. writes to say that he is astride again, but doubts very much whether he could manage to reach a Club run yet.

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### AT RANDOM.

The President of the British Association, at its recent conference, described a distant past in which there were no Alps and no Himalayas. According to Sid Jonas, there was *always* Thurstaston Hill and the Pass of Llanberis.

What is described as the oldest watch in the English-speaking world, a Saxon pocket sundial of gold and silver, was found recently during alterations at Canterbury Cathedral. We understand that R. J. Austin is making an offer for this, which he feels is the one thing lacking in connection with his post as Timekeeper.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### W. H. SCARFF.

It is with every sorrow that we must record the tragic passing of one of the younger Anfielders and Tea Tasters, William Henry ("Bill") Scarff. On Wednesday, September 27th, Bill set out for Parkgate, but he did not reach the rendezvous. Before ten p.m. he had been discovered unconscious at the roadside with severe head injuries. On Thursday afternoon he passed away.

What happened we do not know, and surmisions are no good now, but as his bicycle is all right and intact it points away from the possibility of being run down by a motorist.

Bill was a Tea Taster from the early days, and he made official acquaintance with the Club during the Christmas Tour at Bettws-y-coed in 1930. He was nearly smothered then, in a borrowed suit of Hubert's pyjamas! Membership followed, and although Bill's vocation precluded him from attending most runs, on those that were possible he was present. He was a keen Anfielder and a fine rider, but he would not race, although probably it was one experience of numerous punctures when riding the tandem in a Club event with Arthur Birkby that accounted for this.

Bill has left with us fine memories, and friendship everywhere. We shall miss his presence deeply.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Carpenter has written to us from Canada :

LAKE SUPERIOR.

On board Steamer "Noromic,"

July 23rd, 1939.

DEAR MARRIOTT,

Old members of the Club who have recollections of Fulton will probably be interested to learn that I had the

pleasure of meeting him again, after an interval of 28 years, when visiting New York for a few days from 7th to 12th, this month.

He gave me a cordial greeting at our first interview in his business sanctum, and the following day entertained me to lunch with his son, in the hospitable baronial manner. Truly the genial strength of his personality has not waned in the years that have passed since his record breaking activities.

As I had come over on a cycling tour and to see the World's Fair by the way, he gave me some experienced advice as to the best method of seeing the city without being wiped off the road! He suggested steamer up the Hudson to Albany as a more attractive beginning to reaching Niagara Falls, so I booked accordingly and much enjoyed the trip. But my first essay in U.S.A. on a bicycle was riding to the docks with a flat front tyre and a big load on the back wheel followed later by a taxi and my two suit cases, which I ultimately despatched per rail from Albany to Detroit.

Albany had tram lines sticking up inches from the rugged road and some thundering traffic, so in order to have a more peaceful exit on to Route 20 I trained 17 miles to Schenectady and got going from there in the afternoon but covered only 52 miles of hilly road before turning in at Richfield Springs.

I continued on mountainous roads for the next two days with very long gradients of about 1 in 10, reaching 1,500 to 2,000 feet, and wind was dead against me but surface very good and the third evening brought me to Niagara Falls—92 miles by the time I turned in on the Canadian side. The illuminated falls from the Canadian viewpoint is a sight to be ever remembered.

My next section led to Hamilton, 48 miles, where I spent about 24 hours in order to visit the son (and his wife) of Bob Knipe's old Carlisle and Edinburgh friend, J. Shaw, who timed him in and out on one record ride, and who I have known myself for over 48 years! I was lucky enough to get in Hamilton a 26-in. x 1½-in. Dunlop inner tube to which they fitted my special valve for high pressure rim and charged only 75 cents. for the whole job.

Most of the road from Niagara Falls to Hamilton had passed through a most beautiful orchard country which was a positive delight and I indulged in a generous amount of freshly picked raspberries and sweet cherries at a very moderate price. That and ice cream kept me going well most of the day under a blazing sun. After 51 miles the afternoon of leaving Hamilton I reached Woodstock, with the road flattened out like the Fens but better wooded. The following morning at 9-45 I got away for Windsor, Ontario, where I was to look up a brother of Worthing friends, and as the going was good I comfortably managed 144 miles by 8-45 p.m. (with 1 mile more into the city after a very big Pineapple Melba!). Nearly all the next day was spent in Detroit and part of the next being entertained by the gentleman from Worthing, who, after lunch escorted me over acres of the works of General Motors. That same evening, as my time allowance for U.S.A. was up, I came aboard this fine boat for a 3 night's voyage to Port Arthur—as I am *en route* to Prince Albert Park (Sak.) via Winnipeg to join my second son and family there on vacation. It is a glorious voyage in perfect weather such as I am experiencing, but I am looking forward to more activity by road when the circumstances permit.

In the through run of 7 days (3 were only  $\frac{1}{2}$  days) I averaged 77 $\frac{1}{2}$  and using gears of 41.55.73 odd have no need to dismount on any hill.

Minor delays have usually occurred at stopping places by people wanting to know a lot about my journey, machine, gears and self. At Niagara Falls on the American side, Sunday early evening quite a large crowd gathered round. The climax was at Windsor, Ontario, where I was interviewed and photographed by request and in the last edition of their chief paper saw my portrait with a highly embellished account of my journey and considerably more added by the imagination of the reporter. I'm glad the paper does not circulate in Great Britain!

With kindest regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

G. E. CARPENTER.

P.S.—I expect to be staying at 112, 2nd Avenue, Yorkton, Sask., during August and September.

G.E.C.

## MORE REMINISCENCES.

*(continued).*

Mention of the run cards leads my thoughts to the venues of those days, many of them no longer used. Just before I joined in 1898, the popular winter runs were the Ship, Rainhill, and the Knotty Ash Hotel—neither of them very far distant! But about 1900 the Unicorn at Cronton and Hunts Cross Hotel were very popular. Halewood was not on our map at that period.

The Unicorn boasted a celebrated beauty, in "Cronton Annie," a stately brunette of rather Semitic type, who was much sought after. I could mention several scions of great Liverpool families who worshipped at her shrine, generally driving out in traps or dogcarts to do so. But there were never any aspersions on her character and she eventually married a vet. from St. Helens. And Hunts Cross was famed for its Gargantuan meals. It was run by one Hilditch, a typical ex-butler from Croxteth Hall, assisted by two charming, but very reserved daughters. There was generally a boiled turkey and a ham at the head of the table, chickens or something at the bottom, and invariably a porterhouse steak in the middle.

At both these places we used to have excellent concerts after tea, often with imported entertainers, but we had some very good talent of our own—Billy Toft and Harry Poole in songs; the Master and Bob Knipe in recitations; George Theakstone, our Club humorist of the period but with a very limited repertoire. But above all a debonair young man with a fierce waxed moustache named Cheminais (I mean the man, not the moustache) who was always our star turn with wonderful mandoline solos, songs and recitations. Knipe and Chem joined the Club at the same time and both sported the same style of face fungus. And we frequently got much assistance from a few Simpsons. I remember Harry Wright and myself lugging out a phonograph to Hunts Cross, complete with huge brass trumpet and a score of cylindrical records, on a trailer behind a bicycle.

How many, even of the old members, will believe that the Anfield once held (a) a football match, and (b) a paper chase? The former was played in a field at Hunts Cross against the Liverpool Wheelers, who were the "second-best" club in those days, though the East Liverpool was

already in existence. I seem to remember that we got badly beaten. The paper chase started from Cronton and the hares got away with it, which is understandable as one of them was that master of roadcraft, E. G. Worth. Another feature of the winter was a Club visit to a local pantomime, usually the Rotunda, when we booked about 20 front stalls and generally made nuisances of ourselves.

And then there was Newburgh, which I introduced as a winter run, a charming little thatched inn famed for home-cured ham and home-brewed beer. Unfortunately it was not very popular on account of inaccessibility and vile roads, very often setts for miles, and of course very inconvenient for Wirral members. And there were no alternative runs for Manchester members who must have had some pretty stiff rides in bad weather.

Further afield, notable runs were Pulford (always popular), Marford, Aldford (kept by a son of the Peover Bell), Tattenhall, Great and Little Budworths, Mouldsworth, Hoo Green (Kilton), Holmes Chapel (the "Dirty Hydro, as Jack Marchanton named it), Queensferry. And High Legh Farm, where we were waited on by two clod-hopper sons in their corduroys, fresh from the cowstall. And Cranage Farm, though perhaps we did not use this officially, where we sometimes called for Sunday dinner at 1/6 a head and one of the features was unlimited milk in jugs on the table. (Fancy milk with hot roast beef, etc.!

Mention of High Legh brings to mind an occasion when Chem and I and two or three others were out for a Sunday ride. Passing High Legh School on the outward journey Chem touched my back wheel and "came a purler." There he lay in the middle of the road, completely knocked out and pale as death, and we others were horribly alarmed—visions of inquests, etc. An old dame came out of the cottage, placed a silk cushion under his poor head in the dust (and there *was* dust in those days) and bathed his brow with cold water, what time she reviled *me* for "killing him." At last he seemed to come round and I heard him croak "I'm done for . . . . my poor wife . . . . my children . . . . goodbye, Frank." But, of course he was only winded and after a short rest we proceeded to Knutsford, where we *all* had a huge dinner of duck and green peas at the Angel!

*(to be continued).*

FRANK ROSKELL.

### **SAFETY IN SLUMBERS ON THE MERSEY-SIDE.**

The search for safety shelters has resulted at Stockport in excavations in the riverside rocks that have unearthed immense underground passages that almost certainly go back to Roman times but were unknown until now, although rumours persisted.

This takes us back to the controversies about the Site of the great Roman Station of Mancunium, usually accepted as "Manchester," because the claim of the Manchester professors was loudest. Mr. Bradley and the better informed put their trust in the banks of the Mersey at Stockport.

This River is not unconnected with Anfield Members and Movements and our No. 67 has long fought for Stockport's fame in our columns.

The present excavations ensure the safety of all Stopfordians and our member is fully entitled to share therein.

He now offers to recommend other Anfielders to these Funkholes, provided they are up-to-date in payment of their subs.

A further attraction, not guaranteed, is that those entering by the Mersey Rocks can proceed underground for three miles and if lucky emerge at Bramall Hall in the Chapel for thanksgiving service by the side of the Brame, a streamlet in which many Anfielders have played from childhood.

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### **HARBOROUGH—A SEQUEL.**

Since penning my report on Visiting The Three Swans with Mr. Bikle, the "Confessions" have been placed into my hands. Their contents have made the Slight to the Simpsons' Courtesy Call even more RANK.

This Book was only published from Market Harborough in 1938, thus long after our visit in 1937, when the Host pretended to take us to his heart and urged a speedy return to that refuge.

No fellowship or brotherhood could have been founded on a sounder basis and his lame excuses of "No recollection and No Impression" are admissions of insincerity in that Farewell. Had they been uttered into a Dictaphone they ought now to be broadcast.

The period at the present hotel is divided into chapters, and after the Chapter on Barmaids comes that under the heading : " Keeping the Three Swans above Water," which he hopes to do by the aid of Unique and Characteristic Visitors. Dealing with Swans it is their Heads and not their Feet that need fresh air.

This led the Landlord into altercations with Sir Stenson Cook of the A.A., demanding as recognition of their standing (or floating) Three Stars (\*\*\*) instead of two. One Star for every Swan urged John F. with sound logic. By gazing up at a star each the Swans Heads would indeed be kept up. Sir Stenson could not see it and thus arose an Impasse. Then the Simpsons both stepped in and with Three Swans danced a Pas-de-Cinq along the garden path.

And yet : No mention and idle chatter about Guy and Wade offers poor substitute for Arthur and Walter.

Superintendent Mee's hope that J.F. would bring LIFE into the Market shows clearly that the Author did not appreciate whom he harboured in Whit-week 1937. Instead he tells us that " The Liberty Corset Staff came to Dinner with Mannequins."

In the next paragraph we read that the Corsets of the Mannekins were outshone by those of the Hotel staff, for if J.F. is generous it is in dealing with praise to his staff. At the Spread-Eagle it was Katie Lomas, at Ascot it was Jo Graham, and now at Harboro' it is Beatrice Buxom, and here I reach familiar soil.

The uplifting of the Swans' Heads was helped along by engaging Janet de la Cour as Cook and Buxom Beatrice as Parlour Maid. Pleads the Author in the Confessional : " Beatrice bids fair to be the Catch of the place, She has love in her Bones." Had he said : " In her Bosom " it would be less unusual, and where it was found to be lodging during the Simpsonian Visit.

He goes on to write : " Every one takes Beatrice to Heart," and so did the Driver, but he got no credit for it in the Book. Later on he tells us that " Beatrice left for an easier job," and that is why Bikley missed her and threw himself on the mercy of the Barmaid.

The " Bulge in the Wall " is made a lot of in the Book as well as in J.F.'s after-dinner chat with us, but the Simpsons

Bilge remained ignored. The "Wonderful Little Inn" embraced Two Simpsons in one little room but this interesting fact is not bruited abroad.

"Two charming people: Major and Mrs. . . . . ." can hardly refer to Major General Walter Worthington having chaperoned a dear friend to Market.

"Three Little Men complained after Tea of having been charged 5/- for a Boiled Egg." The Simpsons are not big men and there are often Three of them, but we can vouch for it that they did not partake of a Boiled Egg.

J.F. encourages Criticism from feeble critics but ours is not such and we consider it will take another Book—"Apologies from an Inkeeper" to UNDO THESE WRONGS.

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### THE ANFIELD AUTUMNAL QUARTERS.

While Potentates dictate and the Foreign Forces of Evil brew turmoil on foreign shores, nobler forces nearer home are not sitting still, least of all in Welsh Wales, where those that wish the Anfield well on their October Stunt may be ready to provide us with rest and recreation, to wit, in Llanarmon, D.C.

I went there in early August and was informed that the Anfield Authorities had paid no recent visit to see for themselves, not yet enquired after available space, let alone named a day or declared their intentions.

Is this wise, for such are the surprises in store that the house is earning Welsh-Wide Repute. The road thence has not yet been changed but Imperial Airways may instal Landing Loops at any moment. Speke may speak at any time.

Truth to tell, when face to face with the Old West Arms Eastern approach we note little change, but those who probe deeper westward are likely to become unbalanced. A year ago we heard whispers of dream visions of the Glazen Corridor being replaced by Brazen Bars. Also that "Hot and Cold" threatened to bring tremors to our spine.

Such plans we took to be Brain Storms, but meanwhile these have been simplified into Brain Waves and the Corridor is now as Solid as that through Pommorze and likely to

stand until the coming Anfield Centenary. We enter it on Tip-Toe to find French Windows facing South and suggesting a Rockery Outlook.

Turning North we are glad to find that the ugly Door leading to an Unwelcome Inconvenience has given way to Two Solid Doors leading into an entirely new Structure housing : Two counters where drinks change hands for ready cash, Two sets of shelves where Two score bottles permit of optional refreshments and lastly Two Large Smokerooms, entirely separated : One for Local Visitors and local Politics, the other for Casuals, Tramps and Stray Cyclists, Motorists, Lodgers and such Like.

Facing West, thus the end of the Corridor, we encounter a new entrance into the Annexe, where there used to be 4 Bedrooms including Cook's old room. This latter has now been converted into the Chief Lavabo, grouped by the side of the former Lava's and Bathrooms. The chief instigator of all this warm welcome is an enormous water-heater. The whole Annexe now covers EIGHT Bedrooms. Returning to the Main Body of the Inn the ancient Beauty Parlour that once housed in a single chamber all the Daughters and Nieces has been turned into the Residents' Lounge where the dim past can be revealed without hurting any one's feelings. The present thus Baffles the Imagination and Boggles the Eyesight.

It would be foolish to imagine that the Directors are now retiring for want of further Triumphs. Mr. DOEL, pronounced Do-Well, has done well but means to go even one better.

The blaze of electricity notwithstanding, there is as yet no touch between Bedchamber and Chamber-Maid, neither Bell nor Earphone, so that the heavy sleeper is apt to miss his breakfast. This is what overcame the writer, who relied in vain on the Bar Tender, accoutred in spotless White Ducks, to tender early refreshments. On, On, I slept, encumbered with envy of the happy prisoners who can always rely on the jolly warders to nudge them with their Urge to come and enjoy a romp before breakfast. Not so in my case : I found myself in a Silent Oubliette.

It may be that we are travelling too fast. We stand here on historic soil, where Kings Tottered and Thrones

rocked, In keeping therewith the Throne of Confession, where deepest secrets passed from lip to ear, has once again been turned round and now faces North, thus in no sense a Leaning towards Islam.

*The Manchester Evening News* of August 12th gives Duffryn Ceiriog as the objective of a 150 Miles weekend run from Manchester and back in search of the Nightingale of 200 years ago as chanted by the Welsh Bard Huw Morris and his fraternity. These Birds are likely to go after our Beds if we are not careful.

(Our correspondent need not worry unduly, but the new circumstances have effected a change, and we refer to the Tints Tour elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.)

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### STOP PRESS.

We regret to report that Harry Buck passed away at Vancouver on August 27th. An obituary notice will appear next month.

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### RUNS.

Acton Bridge, September 2nd, 1939.

The Leigh Arms were opened wide but only two members flocked within notwithstanding the ample and luscious provisions offered.

This found the President and Old F.H. sitting face to face, a situation that proved rather too overfacing, which led Green boldly to choose a Guest to sit on his left in the place of honour, to try and be useful.

In the absence of any sort of Captain the office of paymaster was dispensed with and the members tossed up for squaring the Landlord. Lucky F.H. won and went to interview Barney, who proved generous.

Meanwhile we have the reputation of our President for assuming that he plied the visitor generously with Sweetmeats, and we have the word of the Guest of possessing an unusually strong digestion.

Hardby "Silent flowed the Weaver seawards" on its divided course.

**Farndon, September 16th, 1939.**

It was an Irishman of a watchman who was the cause of my having to ride all of the way to Farndon alone to-day. I was late—twenty minutes—a mere nothing to me, although too long for those who take it upon themselves to hang around the 8th M.S. waiting for the long streak of an Editor to make an appearance. But the Irishman made me later. He was minding, or so it seems, some pipes that had been laid in a ditch, and it was his job to see that they didn't get up and roll away, or something. Loneliness was his trouble, he had been on since noon, and he was all homesick then. What he would be like at 7-30 on the Monday, when the workmen would relieve his vigil, I don't know. A talk on money matters, or the lack thereof, followed, and I was not too sure whether our red-headed friend wanted some from me, or not. Anyway, I beat it before he asked. And so to Farndon.

In these days of black-outs tea is ready when you arrive, and you do not wait until six pip emma, and when I arrived everyone was sitting around the table : Hubert, telling us of how much juice he had scrounged ; Blotto and Len Killip, who had waited at the corner too long (but not quite long enough) ; Chandler, looking fit (there's a scarcity of onions) ; Bert Green, all of the way from Manchester ; Rourke (what, again!) ; and Ira Thomas, from Shrewsbury.

Bert Green and Chandler cleared off first, and then Hubert, who was for Salop. The two trikists, Blotto and Rourke, who by the way has a remarkable and ancient Raleigh axle in his barrow which permits the fitting of a speedgear in addition to the differential (note : that sounds all right to an unmechanical mind like the Editor's, but if it isn't, please excuse) went off ahead of the cyclists. The remaining trio stayed talking for some minutes and when Len and the scribe did try to do a spot of overtaking it was just impossible, and they ploughed their own furrow home.

**Acton Bridge, 23rd September, 1939.**

One rider only graced the grass verge at the 8th milestone, Arthur Williams, to wit, and after waiting for George Connor in vain (he having gone to Childer Thornton), we rode out via the Helsby by-pass and Kingsley. A nasty east wind slowed us somewhat, and also sharpened our appetites,

so that the sight of heavily laden pear and apple trees beyond Kingsley excited our thieving instincts, but, perhaps fortunately for us, we were unable to indulge in them.

On arrival we found George (he has passed A.I. and is now awaiting his papers for R.A.F.); Stevie, the Presider, Wilf Orrell, Chandler, Rourke and Ned Haynes. Ned had already had tea and was soon under way, leaving us to enjoy the good fare provided by Barney. The inevitable discussion on world affairs followed, also the funny stories, with the Presider offering odds that it would be over by Christmas. There were no takers but we hope he is right, and our Boxing Day run attended by all now O.H.M.S.

As we were about to disperse, in rolled Marriott (sans Chariot) and Len Killip. They had started late, and were further delayed by Rigby Band (on week-end leave) on his way to Peter Rock's wedding.

This is so sudden, Peter, but our heartiest congratulations to yourself and Mrs. Rock.

We started for home rather late, but any fear of the black-out was dissolved by a brilliant moon, which almost turned night into day, and with a following wind we made good time as we retraced our outward route. George was "suppering" at Neston with Arthur, so we all went via Two Mills, and en route spent some time watching the 'planes zoom up over Sealand way. A few minutes delay with Len's wonky rear light and then an uneventful ride, brought us home just after 10 p.m., wishful that all our night rides might be as perfect.

(We could say quite a lot to Peter about getting married, but we will not hold forth until confirmation of the rumour is received.—Ed.)

#### **Eaton, September 30th, 1939.**

Having arranged to meet the President for tea at five o'clock instead of six, so as to get home more or less in daylight, I was early on the road. Through Frodsham and Delamere against rather a cold wind, but a grand day for all that—and what a treat to have the road almost to yourself. This war has its compensations after all. Arriving at Eaton dead on schedule I found Chandler and W. Orrell already at work and joined them. The President was late (5-30) and then del Banco arrived and afterwards Killip

rolled in with a tale of r-35 from Birkenhead. The talk round the table was sobered by the tragic news of Bill Scarff's death, brought by del Banco. He also told us that Jack Salt, Marriott, George Connor and Perkins were on their way. I waited till six o'clock but they hadn't arrived then so I can only surmise what happened afterwards. I should say that Jack Salt and the Editor ate mightily, while George and Perkins got a bite in now and then.

I had a very pleasant ride home, counted my balloons (hush) and went to bed.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 404.

### FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1939.

Nov.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	Sun sets at 5-35 p.m.
..	6	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			
..	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe)	.....	.....	5-23 ..
..	18	Chester (Bear and Billet)	.....	.....	5-13 ..
..	25	Warrington (Lion)	.....	.....	4-04 ..
Dec.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	.....	.....	3-57 ..
..	4	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Nov.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	5-35 p.m.
..	11	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	.....	.....	5-23 ..
..	18	Knolls Green	.....	.....	5-13 ..
Dec.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	.....	.....	3-57 ..

Full Moon ..... 26th inst.

Summer Time ends 18th inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. A. N. Rawlinson, 10 Clifton Avenue, Fallowfield, Manchester 14.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

More than two decades have passed since the above title was in evidence in these pages, and we regret its inclusion now, for a finer feeling across the face of Europe would be better for us all. Circumstances have, of course, changed since last month, and the following details are correct so far as we can ascertain at the time of going to press.

Last month we omitted (entirely in ignorance) the name of Russ. Barker in the list of those serving their country. We are pleased to give place to his name now. Russ. was probably the first in France of our members. His address is :—

T 74506, BARKER, R., Pte.,  
B.M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C.,  
c/o Army Post Office.

Ralph Fer is another who is somewhere in France :—

S/57970 J. R. FER, Pte.,  
2nd Divn. Supply Column R.A.S.C.,  
c/o Army Post Office.

Ted Byron, who is with an A.A. unit on the outskirts of Birkenhead, has his address :—

Gunner E. BYRON,  
267 Battery, A.A., R.A.,  
Holm Lane, Oxtou, Birkenhead.

Tpr. SAMUEL, T.T. 322526,  
Cheshire Yeomanry,  
No. 1 Sec., Machine Gun Tp.,  
Whitwell,  
Worksop, Notts.

Walter Connor, at present wireless operator on a naval vessel. Letters to 27 Parkside, Wallasey.

The others, Messrs. Rigby and Brian Band, Dick Ryalls, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves and T. Sherman are at present best reached at the addresses in the handbook.

The only thing now is : please write.

The Editorial department is pleased to acknowledge letters from Russell Barker, Ralph Fer, T. Samuel and D. L. Ryalls.

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### DICK RYALLS.

Dick Ryalls, our Sergeant-pilot in the R.A.F., was in Merseyside for a short leave of a few hours on the occasion of the last Halewood run. He rolled into the Editor's office, and the two trooped into a local hostelry to talk old times. Preston, hearing the news, trotted in too. Dick had not time for Halewood, as he had to be back in Essex and report for duty at 6-0 p.m. On some pretext or other he manages to get the loan of an aeroplane, and so reduce the time of the journey somewhat. The return trip was via the Clwydian Hills, Horseshoe Pass and Ellesmere before the return route was regained at Stafford. What a life!

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### JACK SALT.

We were very pleased indeed to see Jack Salt the other week-end. He came up for the funeral of Bill Scarff, but could not wait until the Monday. Saturday saw him at the Club run at Eaton, and he seems very fit indeed. Jack was telling us of his all-night London to Heswall schedule. Leaves Hayes about 6-30, and in three hours he reaches Banbury, for 15 minutes sandwiches and coffee. Next stop Brownhills, for more sustenance, and a final halt at Tern Hill before the two hours' run to Heswall. Almost 200 miles in under 12 hours! Touring, according to him, and then he says that you can average sixteens "easily"! All right, then!

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### CONGRATULATIONS.

We offer our best wishes to Bert Lloyd, of Chester, who has been promoted to the rank of Inspector in the police force of his native city.

## IN MEMORIAM.

**HARRY M. BUCK, DECEASED AUGUST 27th,  
1939.**

Harry Buck's farewell greeting in the September *Journal* brought his remembrance back to us in all its sad humour, but even that reference never met his eyes, for at the moment that it passed the Printers' devil Harry himself passed away on that last Tour, a tour of long duration as many imagine, or as others see it as the shortest of all with an abrupt end.

In his case I like to think of his being greeted by his old bosom pals that preceded him, i.e., Winnie, Charlie Keizer and Ernie Pritchard, to have their support in a strange land with difficult byways.

Reading the map was one of Harry's delights, but this may require special gifts over there.

H. M. Buck joined the Anfield in 1899 (just in time to belong to the nimble nineties), the owner of a tandem, so I believe, which he rode with Ven, although Ven himself joined up in 1900. I recall it as a full roadster of austere appearance. Buck's name first appeared in the 1900 yearbook along with the name of R. E. Pritchard. Buck and Ven were a distinguished looking team, but it was not long before Buck was seen at the helm of a raky Raleigh Tandem with Pritchard, geared to the then unusual eminence of 100 inches. The photo is still in my possession, the steersman calm and dignified while the rearsman looked as if he had leapt on behind like a bird of prey. The Buck and Pritchard Pacing Team.

The record attempt in September, 1901, was the creating of an unpaced twelve hours tandem standard to exceed 175 miles and they rode 200 miles on N.R.R.A. roads. Our paced record stood at 207½ miles by Wild and Gee and the R.R.A. unpaced at 210 miles.

The finish at Calveley was a great furore, the weighty and far from juvenile timekeeper standing astride a motor tricycle axle, one hand on the ticker and the other around the driver's neck.

In 1902 Buck joined the Committee and in 1903 he became a Vice-Captain vis-a-vis J. V. Marchanton. In 1904 he went back to the plain hard Committee seats, but that was a year of convulsions with the result that for 1905 he was chosen to replace W. P. Cook as Secretary. Having steered the ship into harbour by the end of 1905, he handed it over to the Keizerette, who then grew into the position of Secretary Editor.

Thus was Harry the last of the Secretaries that worked without a monthly journal, no easy undertaking. There is not one of them left to tell the tale to-day.

Harry Buck then retired from the Seats of the Mighty while another Buck came forward (no blood relation).

About this time Harry was thrown out of his stride by an untoward sideslip jointly with Jim Craig, who likewise had joined the Club in 1899. This was the testing period of freewheels, controlled by handbrakes, in their early stages and an Anfield week-end party set out on the Snake Pass to put to the test the curbing of speed. Harry and Jim used two brakes on one wheel, versus F.H. with one brake on each of two wheels. The testing piece on this road is known as Doctor's Gate, and while F.H. slipped past the medical zone gracefully, he arrived at the Snake Hotel solus, and promptly chartered a pony and trap to go and look for his friends. Although nothing fatal occurred yet fate stepped in. Neither of these two tourists was ever the same cycling enthusiast again. It is all very well for F.H. to practice falling off bicycles as a form of humour, but even he is no longer the man he was, and now relies on his Morris Bucket-seat. Harry then chartered the well-remembered Triumph with the most perfect front-brake "ever," coupled with New Brighton Bars, but even this was merely a phase and soon he took to Foot-Work with Headquarters at the Glan Aber and Moel Siabod as his Pied-a-Terre.

Winnie now became his companion surrounded by a wonderful Garderobe of Trousers of a certain pattern, violet socks, and shoes of a style seldom seen in Lime

Street. Later in his motoring career he added those elegant semi-military Balmoral caps which he helped to popularize. Motoring brought in their wake the Great-Coats which he took to Vancouver and wore until his death.

His pride lay in his Socks, rare and unique, that could only be knitted north of Inverness, from yarns spun in cottages on the Muir of Ord and dyed from the juice of sea urchins collected by urchin fisher-children at John O'Groats.

Buck could face great privations while no man was more grateful when the fleshpots of Egypt and Strathpeffer came his way.

To render himself worthy of them he started out skin and bone to return home ten days later rotund and robust ready for another period of short rations.

He had a natural aptitude for games, as a Bowler a Scratchman; as a Billiard player a Backmarker; as a Snookerist a Giver of Blacks; and had he been a Golfer surely a Plus Four Ranker.

As a Cyclist a record breaker but hardly a racing man, a long distance specialist but never a sprinter, no, I would not call him a sprinter, not by any means.

HIS LATE DRIVER.

### J. H. SUNTER.

It is with every regret that we have to record the passing of J. H. ("John") Sunter, very suddenly at his Wallasey home last month. John Sunter joined our Club in 1901, and thus was getting into the ranks of the old members, if not already there, yet it cannot be said that he was a regular attendant at runs. Only in 1911 did Sunter exceed more than 20 runs in the year, and on that occasion he attended 29 runs. Since the Great War we saw less than ever of him, and it was only on the occasion of the Photo Run and perhaps Bettws and Shrewsbury that Anfield saw him at all.

### THREE ANFIELDERS ABROAD.

Riding high across the wonderful waters of Lake Geneva, the full moon gave the little coast of Switzerland that faces France a dazzling radiance. The mountains were black against the brilliance of the sky, and the light rippled to where the boats swayed slowly in sharp silhouette. All that could be heard was the soft splashing of oars in the quiet water, and the lilting tunes from an hotel orchestra across the tiny harbour. The low muffle of distant talk did not reach our ears.

We three sat at the lakeside, on the white stone that would be dazzling in daylight, entranced at the beauty that was all around. It was past ten p.m. and we did not rest there long, bed was by far a better place.

Twenty-six hours had passed since George Connor and Frank Marriott met Fred Brewster at Victoria, time that had passed in almost continual travel. Probably the slowest was the funereal queue from the steamer to the Customs Shed at Dieppe, but our early morning trudge through the streets of the gay French capital was not much faster, for we were just filling in time.

The train crawled too, on its climb from the flatter lands of France to the wild summit of the Jura Mountains; a winding climb, for the train made many ways of direction before the long stop at the frontier station of Vallorbe, and the fling to where Lausanne spreads itself on the steep hillside above Lac Lemman.

We did hope to be away to some quiet spot by nightfall (if one could be found on the shores of that very popular lake), but our bicycles were not to come along until later. Thus beds were found at an hotel that the Editor knew in Ouchy/Lausanne, and we spent the evening there, lazily lounging, and tired out.

Mid-morning came before we were astride and off on our tour. The highway that tumbles so easily along the shores of the famous lake gives glorious views—these Marriott and Brewster were enjoying for the second time—and we rode easily through Vevey and gay Montreux to come once more to that fine old fortress that stands on its island by the roadside—the Chateau of Chillon.

Last year I mentioned of my visit to the dungeons and dining rooms of this grand old rampart, and again I spent two fascinating hours amid the interesting relics of this lovely old castle. You do not know how interesting a castle can be until you have set foot on Chillon's ancient pile.

Awheel again, and soon the waters of Lac Lemman were left behind and our road was a straight one, along the wide and mighty valley of the Rhone. But not for long, and at Aigle we turned into the hills to commence climbing towards the Col de Pillon. On an Alpine tour it always seems that the first hill is the worst, and this, our premier pass, was no exception. As the days go on their length and height matter little, but the initial slopes are hard!

The climb to the summit of the Col was not too good, a never ending succession of dusty hairpin bends reared the road above the river. Yet when we had reached the higher levels it was great and glorious. The way still climbed but only slowly, and we revelled in the magnificent scenery of that lovely valley. We came into a tiny village just on tea-time—a cluster of homes of wood and overhanging eaves—and we stopped at a little hotel for honey, bread and butter, and tea. Timber seemed to be the industry of the place, for stacks of sawn wood were to be seen by the side of the torrent. A saw mill was there, too, but silent, and the only noise came from the roaring of the river.

In the evening I was riding better, although still a hundred yards or so behind the other two, but we had yet many miles to go before the Col was crested. As the valley climbed the trees grew less in number, and there were not quite so many chalets on the hillsides. At a distance these quaint homes looked loveliness itself, and indeed were, but a closer glance gave the impression that they were designed before civilisation was thought of!

The red glow from the setting sun gave a strange colouring to the snow and ice glistening on Les Diablerets, the mountains standing between us and the Rhone on the other side. And then we saw the shadows climbing the hillsides until only their veriest summits were bathed in light. Not long afterwards we reached the Col de Pillon (5,100 feet) and sped down the valley to Gstaad for the night.

Gstaad, we discovered, is in German speaking Switzerland, or, to be more accurate, Swiss speaking Switzerland. To a Swiss the difference is obvious and with great explanations must be made so to the "auslander." With the growing distrust of anything German in the months preceding September, 1939, the tendency to use "Swiss" as an adjective is growing. But in the languages there is a difference between their German and real German, as with their French.

In the light of another glorious day we made our way eastwards. From Gstaad the road dropped slowly to Saanen, a lovely village clustering around its little church, and then we climbed through pleasant and typical Swiss scenery to the top of the hill above Zweisimmen. With my nebulous—very hazy!—knowledge of about six German words, this always sounds to me like: "Two Rooms." Another long descent, and we came to Lake Thun, just below Interlaken. Yet of this town beneath the frowning Jungfrau I can write nothing, for we turned again from Spiez along the Kander valley towards Kandersteg. In the scorching heat of the afternoon, when perhaps more sensible people were resting in the shade, we made our way towards the mountains again.

The way climbed easily for a time, and when we saw the railway doing "s" bends inside the mountain and coming out again much higher we knew we were for it! And we were. Before the road made its last leaps towards Kandersteg we made a little detour to the Blue Lake, a tiny sheet of water standing in the woods above the road.

A winding path took us there, and the so-called lake was little more than a large pond. But it was blue, and the water was the clearest that we had seen. The boatman (the admission fee included a row around) tried to tell us how the water was such a remarkable colour, but I (at least) could not understand. It was deep, yet we could see the bottom everywhere, and hundreds of fine fat trout darted just beneath the surface.

Another hour, and we came to Kandersteg, a high village wedged so surely in its high valley, with mighty Alps shadowing all around. Night fell while we had dinner in a pleasant little pension, a meal so splendid that it took three miles to walk it off!

*(to be continued).*

### THE FUNNY SIDE.

Even the war has its funny side, at least Tommy Sherman thinks so anyway. In the Army they have discovered that our Tommy is quite good on a concert platform, so long as he doesn't start laughing too soon. It usually takes about fifteen minutes for the organ to get going, but when it does he just cannot stop—and neither can anyone else. The other week a few brass hats rolled along to a concert at which our chubby face was a star turn. After some comic songs the organ asserted itself and our Tommy just stood on the platform and laughed, brimmed with mirth as only he can; it did not take long for the brass hats to laugh, too, and also the common sojers at the back. This went on for minutes, and so to get on with the show they hustled Tommy off, to make room for a pianist. But Tommy did not get farther than the wings when the laugh started again—just when the pianist was in the middle of his best piece. The brass hats heard again, and they laughed the piano player off the stage. We are not sure whether the show was called off just then, or whether Tommy resumed, but that lad can laugh!

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New Book :—“ McCann of the Legion.” What has our Don been up to now?

And another :—“ The Tale of Little Pig Robinson.” Is this, by any chance, a character study of one of our members?

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### NEWS FROM NORMAN TURVEY.

Our Norman has been in the wars again. Seven weeks ago he was knocked off his bicycle when two cars coming on him abreast left 18 inches and Turvey, to avoid the onslaught, came too close to the kerb and he was sent flying. Norman injured his right collar bone seriously and was in bandages and harness for five weeks, and it will be two weeks or so before he can ride again. He wishes to know of the best lighting equipment now that rear lights are necessary. We think that a small dynamo is best, such as a Baby Lucifer. Has anyone else any other ideas? He will be pleased to hear at 42, Barnsley Road, Ackworth, near Pontefract. Norman sends his love to all the boys.

### SOME OMISSIONS.

Two months ago, when writing of the Bath Road Week-end, we inadvertently omitted to mention the presence of Bert Rourke, of "Ours," and Johnny Williams, our friend from the Mersey Roads. They were very useful to us in handing drinks on the early stretches, and we are sorry that no mention was made at the right time.

And more than two months ago Robbie sent to us a book on Cycling, published by the National Cycling Organizer and written by "Wayfarer," and illustrated by Patterson. No better book has passed into our hands for some time; admirably well-written, illustrated, and produced by the Colmore Press, this also should have been mentioned earlier. Robbie already knows why it wasn't, so the reason need not be noted here. A copy is well worth having, and *probably* our contributor has some to spare if you send sufficient postage.

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### CYCLISTS' SERVICE CORPS.

Dale Street, Liverpool, has been brightened considerably by the opening of a recruiting establishment of the above, for A.R.P. purposes, at the corner of North John Street, and opposite the very door of our "Royal" members. Our own Percy Brazendale is the prime mover of the scheme, whose aim is to obtain 500 enrolments in three weeks. Drop in and have a chat when you're passing!

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### YE OWLS.

Michaelmas Meeting, 14th October, 1939.

The powers that be decided they would not give Hitler the satisfaction of knowing he had broken the continuity of the ancient goose feast, therefore it was decided to carry on as usual. Owing to many of our brethren being scattered over the country, a large muster was not expected, and these included the Archowl, Maden (Scribe), "Tiny" Osborne (Junior) and Jim Dougal, of the Century. We had a notable visitor, Mr. H. H. England, Editor of *Cycling*.

The atmosphere of the King's Head, Ivinghoe, was just the same, friendly and little alteration in the place over the long series of years we have held this Michaelmas function. The geese were prime and the absentees can recall the scene

when the five present sat down to demolish one of these right royal birds, toasts were drunk to absent, present and all other friends. The evening being fully advanced and there being a quorum, it was decided to initiate our visitor, H. H. England, into the full mysteries of the Order, which was duly carried out. Owing to our Nazi enemy, above mentioned, it is to be regretted the initiation fee has gone up from 12/6 to 13/9, but in spite of this it was faithfully and cheerfully attended to. Despite the small number present the fixture was a great success, and we were pleased to have an addition to our membership. After midnight the meeting adjourned into the room beloved by Owls, the room behind the bar which has remained unaltered for generations. Here around the log fire we "reminisced" until some began to show signs of sleep, then to the good old comfortable rooms. The journey out was most pleasant, a good October day. Sunday, however, opened very wet and rain continued all day; still it was worth it.

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## RUNS.

**Halewood, October 7th, 1939.**

Only ten, but what a classic company! Dave Rowatt, Ven and Hubert, three of the oldest Anfielders on the books; V.P. Stephenson, fine and fit after a ride, even though home is only three miles away; Frank Chandler, looking fitter than ever; and Burgess, who had rolled along by bus and a bit of shanks pony. Then there was Perkins, creating records. We all know that this fellow who calls the Editor a menace works every other Saturday, but Frank, for the first time ever, made three Club runs in succession! We know how he wangled it, but we mustn't tell. The Editor rolled in next, then the Skipper, and lastly, but by no means least, Brother Walter, from the Navy.

Walter holds the record of being the first Anfielder in the service to attend a Club run. After travelling the best part of a night and day from the East Coast to join his ship on the West, the Captain's brother gets the bike out and rolls out to Halewood on the Club run. Nice work!

When we saw the food rolling along for just ten (that number only had been ordered) we wondered, the same fine piece of pork, the same two chickens and the same

masses of fine vegetables. And there was not much left, either, with Chandler at the pork, and Stevie on the pullets. Ask Frank Perkins, and please don't say that the Captain has the largest appetite any more. We completed the meal with apple tart and tea. And so slowly, home.

#### **Goostrey, October 7th, 1939.**

There are always compensations—inadequate, perhaps, but still compensations, and against the manifold anxieties of this time of war we can, as a very small, but very real compensation, put the comparative freedom of the roads from internal combustion engines. We old back-numbers can almost fancy ourselves back again in the 90's. But let's be fair—the road surfaces are much better now. Then, when the only other wheeled traffic was horse-drawn, we hadn't to be so very careful, but when we arrived home after a ride we and our machines were invariably covered with either dust or mud. Now, at this present time, we have the best of both worlds—not much traffic, as of old, and splendid going on the new roads.

Musing on these lines I made my way quietly by the lanes to the Red Lion, finding Wilf Orrell and George Farr already in possession. Soon our eyes were startled by the sight of Rex Austin on a bicycle and looking very fit—he's using his legs quite a lot now. Whilst we were feeding Rourke rolled up, making the third three-wheeler in the yard. We didn't linger long, leaving before seven p.m. to get some way home before the black-out—Rourke for Rudyard, so he had quite a lot of darkness to face. And about this darkness business—apart from a silly ass, apparently thinking I was on a bicycle, cutting in on my side wheel within about half-an-inch, I felt no inconvenience. The light from the darkened front lamp is just about equal to what we used to get from the old oil-lamps, and so I find I can get along as fast as my legs can propel me, and see my way as well as I used to, in the absence of the glaring car head-lamps, so let's get nearer to "business as usual."

#### **Parkgate, October 14th, 1939.**

With some delay in the matter of leaving home, so late, in fact, that I would have given this run the "go-by" had not my maternal parent told Rigby that I would be there, the shadows were vanishing into the greater darkness when my ancient iron turned the corner along Parkgate front.

Parkgate is ever new. Always is the view in different mood. Changing patterns in the sand, and in the receding light that leaves the hills across the water so sable. Silhouettes of fishing boats, discarded for a tide, heel over in the muddy sand, and sometimes you see a blue-jerseyed fisherman stalking in high gum boots to where the cobbles lean their way down to the sea.

All this, and more, for those who visit the Parkgate Club runs regularly this winter. A winter wind may chill the marrow, and bar your very way from reaching Prosser's Cafe, but there is more reality on Parkgate Parade on days like that. (Sez you.—Ed.)

Still, on Saturday it was a glorious day. Ven. was there first, and went home for the black-out, and Dave Rowatt made the long journey from Rhos-on-Sea. Others were : George Connor, Frank Marriott, Rigby Band, Frank Chandler, Harold Kettle and C. F. Elias.

#### **Knolls Green, October 14th, 1939.**

My appearances at Club runs during the last year or two have certainly been exceedingly rare events, due I'm afraid, wholly to my own inherent laziness, and my decision to visit the Bird-in-Hand was quite a sudden one. Unlike similar spasms of energy in the past this one lasted long enough to get out the bike, blow up the tyres and start me on the way—strengthened by the thought that Knolls Green was not more than ten miles if I went by the direct route.

After a pleasant run by way of Styal and Morley Green I arrived soon after five o'clock to find some five or six others already in possession, waiting for the clock to strike the all-important half-hour. After the arrival of another couple of members we all trooped in for tea—the Presider, R. J. Austin, Mr. Buckley, Wilf Orrell, Farr, Crewe, Rourke and Bob Poole (having an afternoon off from his police duties). Quite a reasonable turnout under present conditions, and increased to nine in number by a flying visit from F. H. Keonen, who however did not stay for tea.

Tea was a very satisfying and pleasant meal, enlivened by Mr. Buckley's reminiscences of the days when cyclists were not dependent on petrol coupons (who said they were?—Ed.), but the party broke up early to take advantage of the remaining daylight, and went their various ways.

**Parkgate, Saturday, October 21st, 1939.**

War conditions have made the task of fixing suitable meeting places more difficult than ever. There are, however, compensations in most things and winter runs at a short distance from home have much to be said for them.

The Deeside Cafe on the Parkgate Promenade is a well chosen spot where the fare is good and the outlook across the river is pleasing even when the tide is not up. It should be added though that the view vanishes when the black-out begins and the most pleasing site then is the well-filled table and the blazing hearth.

On Saturday there were enough Anfielders present to constitute a friendly gathering, where everyone was pleased to meet his fellow member and talk of many things. News of absent friends and not too much talk of the War, something of Autumn tints week-end, and not a little conversation about Parkgate of the olden days and the Literary and Historical associations which are to be found in so many sources of reading.

The water front, when there is water, can be quite charming with a full tide and friendly sunlight and in the moonlight as we left about seven o'clock it looked homely and unspoilt in a sort of comforting atmosphere of the days when we were young.

Parkgate brings to mind the names of Charles Kingsley, and poor Mary and her Cattle on the sands of Dee, of Emma Hart and Lady Hamilton, and Milton's great poem "Lycidas," where he tells the tragic story of his friend, young King, who was drowned on a voyage from the Dee to Ireland. ("Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.")

But we must be getting home and climb the long ascent up to the Heswall Road and the further rise up the Heswall Staircase to Thurstaston and so home.

Be it recorded that the following members duly attended:—Venables, Barker, del Banco, Kettle, Elias, Connor (George), Killip, Perkins, Marriott and Rigby Band and Peter Rock in their khaki suits.

**Knolls Green, October 21st, 1939.**

Very disappointing this affair—a fine, even warm, afternoon, and yet there were only four of us at the

rendezvous ; since at least six had said they would be out one can only assume that there were quite a lot of special reasons for absence. The writer meandered through the lanes, enjoying the sunshine and the absence of petrol fumes, making little detours, and arrived at Knolls Green to find Wilf Orrell already ensconced there. After some time Rourke, delayed by chain trouble, drifted in, to be followed by Farr, which made the party complete. An early start was made for home on a very clear night, with visibility excellent and I hope all reached home safely.

### AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR, LLANARMON, D.C.

October 28/29th, 1939.

A north wind, which made conditions cold and cloudy, and caused one to dig out gloves and pull-overs and heavy jackets, did help somewhat to ease the various passages to Chirk and our destination at the Ceirog Valley's end. It was not easy the whole way for everyone, for the wind plays tricks in the rifts, but as many of the cyclists utilised morning and afternoon for the passage we heard few complaints. Rex Austin had probably the worst trip, and he arrived last from a 73 miles journey undertaken after lunch. R.J. did not seem too fit.

An amazing feature was the number who turned out—twelve. It was a number which unfortunately, caused some discomfort, for the original estimate was eight, and the hotel people banked on that. That number was all we could give to them at the desired time, and it was essential, for our comfort, that early bookings should be made. In these difficult days, of course, none of us realise what we are doing so far ahead, and we do hope that no one was really put out with the slight crowding. The twelve were : President Green, F. H. Koenen, Elias, Stephenson, Hubert Roskell, Dews, Farr, Ken Crewe, Rex Austin, Arthur Williams, George Connor and Frank Marriott.

The last mentioned trio had quite a pleasant journey. Along the first flat miles of the Ceirog valley it was a trifle hard, and the moon had not yet risen. Despite the protests of the Captain, we did not enact the ritual of worshipping at a certain star. Dinner was more mundane, but more important, too.

After Glyn the hills came, and so did the moon, and we had the delight of seeing the lunar queen casting her strange light behind the hills. Pine trees that stood windswept on the ridge were graced in shadowy silhouette, and the hills themselves were as sable as the darkest night. There was no traffic to disturb, and we heard the infant river laughing far below. When the hills rifted the moon revealed her brilliance, and our path was brightened.

Dinner was a delight, and afterwards we walked, but not for long. A chill wind whistled round the little village, and we returned to our retreat to sit in warmth and comfort. Quiet talking around the fire, and listening a lot to F.H., who was in excellent form, was a prelude to a session in the rear lounge. The darts were brought out, and then—what signs of misspent leisure! Clifford Dews was best of all! Arthur and the Ed. were as rotten at the game as the others were good. George Connor did not even try his hand. George Farr won most, but even Arthur Williams managed to acquire sevenpence from the pool. And so, pleasantly tired, to bed, only to know that the moon was haloed, and ringed in mists—portents of a rainy day.

Eight a.m. and morning tea ; 9-0 a.m. and breakfast ; 10-0 a.m. and most were away. Hubert, Stevie and Dews (in the latter's car) were for Newtown for lunch ; while Williams, Connor and Marriott, with Ken Crewe to complete a very affable quartet, sallied forth into the hills.

No rain yet, but the wind blew cold and thin on the ridges, and caused strong ripples on the pools of peaty water. From the first summit our way dived by a grassy track to a river, and then climbed again. Soon the views were wide once more—black clouds sweeping across the heathered wastes, and the only sounds were the wind in our ears, and the plaintive crying of a disturbed bird. The road again descended, and a magnificent shelf ran down a hillside to a valley and A.5 at Glyndyfydry.

Lunch at the Berwyn Arms, and then rain, a rain that enveloped the famous Vale in mists. The afternoon was cold and miserable, and Ken, with time to burn ere catching a train at Chester, told the trio to hurry ahead. With Wrexham came skies that cleared, and all was good again while we made a fine passage to Parkgate for tea and a damp ride home.

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# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXV.

No. 405.

### FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1939.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Sun sets at
Dec.	2 Halewood (Derby Arms)	3-57 p.m.
..	4 Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	9 Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	3-54 ..
..	16 Chester (Bear and Billet)	3-52 ..
..	23 Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	3-55 ..
..	26 Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	3-57 ..
..	30 Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	4-0 ..
1940		
Jan.	6 Parkgate (Prosser's Deeside Cafe)	4-8 ..
..	13 Halewood (Derby Arms) Annual General Meeting	4-18 ..

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Dec.	2 Goostrey (Red Lion)	3-57 p.m.
..	9 Wilmslow (Ring o' Bells)	3-54 ..
..	16 Holmes Chapel (Swan)	3-52 ..
..	23 Lymm (Spread Eagle)	3-55 ..
..	30 Knolls Green	4-0 ..
1940		
Jan.	6 Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-8 ..

Full Moon .... 26th inst.

### NOTICE.

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.*

*The Hon. Treasurer's address is J. Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry Cheshire, but Subscriptions (25/-; between 21 and 25, 21/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of The Midland Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, 226 Stanley Road, Liverpool, 5, Branch.*

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## COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the family of the late Mr. J. H. Sunter was passed in silence.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. F. H. Wood, South View, Skerwith, Nr. Penrith; Mr. C. Aldridge, 12 Ivylea Road, Levenshulme, Manchester 19; Mr. J. D. Cranshaw, 10 Oakland Avenue, Stockport; Mr. A. Howarth, 4 Regents Way, Bebington.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at Halewood on January 13th. Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included in the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than the 21st instant.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES.

As Rigby has been moved from this district, Syd Jonas has kindly consented to act as Treasurer until the end of the year. All subs. and donations should therefore be sent to him.

### ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

T. 74506, Pte. R. BARKER,  
B.M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C.,  
c/o Army Post Office.

S/57970 Pte. J. R. FER,  
R.A.S.C., H.Q., 2nd Division,  
c/o Army Post Office.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR,  
C/W.R., X 278,  
H.M. Trawler "St. Minver,"  
c/o G.P.O., London.

Rigby Band, Peter Rock, and Eric Reeves have moved from their Wirral quarters and are now probably in Yorkshire. Please write to them via their home addresses as with Tommy Sherman. The last time we saw Tommy was when he stalked into the Editor's office with a voice much the worse for wear—giving instructions, or something, but laughing, more likely. Brian Band was still in Portsmouth vicinity the last time we heard, but in his case too it would be better to write via his home address. Walter Connor is well on the high seas, on a prolonged voyage, so don't expect a reply too soon.

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We extend our sincere sympathy to Dave Rowatt, whose son Crawford passed away on Sunday last. He had been an invalid for many years.

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#### HALEWOOD.

For the present, Halewood is catering "as you were," and it is a bit disheartening to Sarah and her associates to find an attendance around the ten mark each Saturday we go there. Quite a number of the train and 'bus brigade seem to be giving the place the miss, and we append details of the services, in case they haven't bothered to look themselves:—

Buses, to Halewood, leave Pierhead 4-0 and 6-0. Return at 5-20 and 7-20.

Trains leave Central at 4-38 and 5-38. There is not a good train back.

Would anyone prefer the meal at 5-0 p.m., or any other variation of the usual 6-0 p.m.?

We haven't seen Chem lately. Anything the matter, F.J.?

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#### CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Sid Carver and Ernest Green, both of whom have become proud fathers of sons during the month of November.

## MORE REMINISCENCES.

*(continued.)*

Somewhat later, the best place of all to my mind was the Warren de Tabley Arms, Lower Peover. I wonder whether it still exists. A charming little inn just facing the Church, which incidentally I *think* is the one about which a story is told. The front porch bore the inscription "GATE OF HEAVEN," and one winter the vicar received complaints that there was too much draught from the front door. So he decided to use the side door only and placed a notice on the front, which then showed "GATE OF HEAVEN—closed during the Winter Months!"

The inn was kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Bell, with a very charming daughter in her 'teens. Poor little Fanny, she was later inveigled by a scheming mother into an unhappy marriage which ended tragically. Old man Bell was a bit of a shark: he blended a special brand of whiskey called Imperial Yeoman, and whenever possible he would lure strangers into a little binge on it and by some means or other obtain their name and address. He did this once with Hubert and me and shortly after we had a case of Imperial Yeoman delivered at the house. We wrote at once to say there must be a mistake, but received a polite reply that we ordered it—"Don't you remember giving me your card (enclosed) at the time." However, the whiskey was excellent and only £2/2/0 a case in those days, so we kept it. But we learnt afterwards that this was his regular practice and he caught Hellier and Marchanton and others in the same way.

Boxing Day runs were, I think, usually Knutsford. I remember one of these, which must again have been at a later period and on a Saturday. Percy Charles (or was it Jack Marchanton?) had Hellier in a car and, with several on bikes, we went on to Congleton for the night. A somewhat festive evening developed which reached a climax at about midnight, when there were words with Massie Harper, the landlord, over the alleged dilution of a bottle of Scotch, and the motorists left in a huff for Knutsford, where they knocked up the Angel for the night. Next day we all met at Peover, where we were weather-bound all day. Old man Bell was ill in bed and we finished up at 2-0 ack emma drinking Imperial Yeoman punch in his bedroom. Teddy

Worth and I had to be at business on the Monday so we were called at 4-30 and started off in pitch darkness and a blinding snowstorm. Teddy always used to insist that we were chased by the ghosts of highwaymen near the Kilton! I think we caught an early train at Warrington, had a change and bath and breakfast at home, and "clocked on" all right at 9-0 a.m.

I recall another episode, this about 1910, as Hubert had by then achieved girth (of which more anon), though I fancy this was a case of *nascitur non fat*, and had also acquired the Yellow Peril. The Y.P. was a 16 Darracq of 1906 vintage, with two bucket seats, very high up, and of course oil lamps and no hood or windscreen. It was as noisy as a tank and rarely fired in all four cylinders. Still it yielded a lot of experience and fun and even in those early days was often in demand for transport of racing men, speed-food, lame ducks, etc. Well, we left Knutsford one winter evening, making for our beloved Sandbach, with Hubert leading in the Peril with Jimmy James, and myself with Commander Murray, a very popular naval "friend," in my little French two-seater, the Aries. Somewhere near Goostrey we were overtaking a wobbling yokel when he swerved right in front of Hubert and completely disappeared under the Y.P., bike and all. Murray and I rushed up but there was no sign of victim or bike, only a stream of most horrible language from under the car. What a vocabulary that lad had! Of course he was distinctly "del Banco," and when we managed to extricate him, believe it or not he and his bike were quite unscathed. In fact he was quite apologetic and we sent him on his way rejoicing with five bob in his pocket for more beer.

But the front axle of the Y.P. was slightly bent (possibly through contact with the yokel's head!) and we pulled up at the Drovers Arms where, in the correct "Anfield Spirit" we left Hubert to investigate the damage and entered the bar. Here we found a lively lot of locals (E.G.W. used to maintain that they were descendants of the highwaymen who used to infest Rudheath), dominated by a huge blacksmith, very tight. He was boasting of his strength and wagering drinks round that he could lift any man on to his shoulder with one hand. We took him on and slipped out to give Hubert the tip.

Now in those days Hubert had a colossal overcoat—I wonder if he still owns it. It was the biggest garment I have ever seen and Hubert was, I think heavier than he is now. Anyhow, when he appeared in the doorway clad in that coat the smith looked aghast and shouted "Bet's off, I said a man and not a *bloody elephant!*"

(to be continued).

FRANK ROSKELL.

## AT RANDOM.

Members of the Club are always glad to hear of those old members who live far, far away, especially those whose hearts are with the Club and their daily life begins and ends with thinking about the Club and its activities. Such an old member is Crompton-Humphreys, who lives away north in the fastnesses of Preston and whose doings we hear of from time to time. In a letter to Chandler, C.H. tells of a tour he undertook during August as far north as John O' Groats. Although no mileages are quoted he at any rate road from Stirling to Carlisle in the day and as the nearest route is 110 miles it is quite evident that C.H. is in good fettle. More power to you C.H., and may you continue your riding for many years yet! If we can all do what you do when we get to your age we will be a credit to ourselves and the Club we love so well!

Advertisement: "Money in Tomatoes." Chandler growls that *he* has never found any. Pips: yes! But filthy lucre: no! Still, he says, he'll have another look when he gets his new spectacles.

A personal advertisement in *The Times*:—"Fight boredom. Learn German with young Austrian lady. Personal correspondence course or lessons." If Connor is missing, you will know that he has gone to "fight boredom." No letters will be forwarded.

We gather from our newspaper that five tons of tea were recently stolen from a Government warehouse in the west end of London. We have been puzzled concerning the current activity of the police in connection with the Wirral Tea Tasters, and now here comes the explanation.

Somebody will be telling our Mister Fawcett about Halt Signs and their requirements one of these days. And we hope it isn't a policeman. The other Saturday, by the Wirral Stone he swung into the high road without so much as a slackening of his breathless seventeen's. Fawcett keeps fit by riding to Cilcain every Saturday as fast as he can, and his record is 1 hour, 50 minutes. The return journey takes 1 hour 45 minutes. At half his age we should feel quite pleased if we could do this—and like it!

Last month mention was made of Robbie's book: "CYCLING, THE BEST EVER PASTIME." He tells us that it is post free to anyone who cares to write him. With Wayfarer (himself) and Patterson at their best, the volume is well worth having.

Salty was home on one week-end in November. We saw him on the outskirts of Birkenhead, and in the chill wind chatted for some minutes. He has moved, and now lives at C/o 68, Hyde Way, Hayes, Middlesex. We would much rather keep Salty for a week than a fortnight, but our prize trencherman has found someone who even asks if he wants a second helping! And knowing the size of Salty's first plate, this man must be generous indeed!

With Byron on active service on the outskirts of Birkenhead, some pleasant Sunday afternoons have been indulged in lately by the special few who are privileged to know the exact whereabouts of our Racing Secretary. Visiting hours are from 2 to 5, and seated in the canteen, chatting the hours away, quite a sizeable row of empty bottles grows. Orangeade, lemonade, and grape fruit they have in plenty, and the H.R.S. tells us that he has developed quite a taste for . . . . orangeade! What a man!

We understand that Big Hearted Arthur, acting personally and also on behalf of the Simpson Syndicate (Incorporated in the Scilly Islands), has purchased a copy of a recently published book entitled "The Mineral Water Trade Year Book, 1939." This volume, which comes in the "thriller" class, as is perhaps indicated by the title, is the work of A. Quick Onne, author of "The Water Wagon,"

"Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson," "Water: What it is, and Why," etc. It is intended to select a suitable opportunity for presenting the newly purchased book to the Frail Hubert, whose collection of curiosities is rapidly expanding.

Which reminds us. Where is our Arthur these days?

"The Alps are Moving North," was the title of an article we saw recently in a monthly magazine, written by one J. Robinson. Another member of that distinguished clan, to whom we showed the contribution, tells us that he is watching the moving process with deep interest. He hopes to live long enough to be able to do a spot of Alpine cycle touring without having the bother of going abroad.

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### THE TEA TASTERS' TREAT.

The Tea Tasters, or the few of that august body who remain in civilian life, have decided that so far as they are concerned the Parkgate run on December 16th shall be the occasion of their Christmas feed. This is a fine opportunity for other Anfielders to join in, and as it is a hot meal, to be ordered beforehand, could anyone who would like to join us please write to George Connor at 27, Parkside, Wallasey: or 'phone Frank Marriott at Liverpool Central 1947 or Birkenhead 384?

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### THREE ANFIELDERS ABROAD.

*(continued.)*

If you take a glance at a map of Switzerland you will notice that between the long arm of the Kandersteg Valley and the mighty river Rhone there is a great barrier of almost unsurmountable mountains. A maze of climbers' paths intersects them, but no road, however clever and ingenious, has made its way for motor vehicles. One way exists for mules, although with the coming of the Lötschberg Tunnel these hardy animals do not now make the through journey, and we thought that where mules can go we could take bicycles. We were not by any means pioneers with the two-wheelers, for friends of ours have essayed the crossing of the Gemmi Pass before, but it was hard!

Two hundred years ago some hardy Swiss discovered this tortuous way across the mountains, building their track up the steep Gellihorn as they climbed. A newer path has been laid since, not quite so difficult : we could see the old way as we twisted through the woods.

An early start from Kandersteg was indicated, but after the dinner and the three-mile walk afterwards we were somewhat tired, and it was eight, ack emma, before we were away. Hours earlier, when we were barely awake, we could hear the enthusiastic steps of untired feet on the hard road outside. It is good to be early in the mountains.

For just one mile the road was flat in the valley. Then it merely inclined, and it required all our energy to prevent slipping backwards. With every turn came a view of Kandersteg and the valley, and as we climbed higher, the scene was greater.

At one point we came upon a mule master, descending, and dragging his animals after him. These long eared quadrupeds always seem to be able to climb better than descend. I mentioned this to Fred, and he said "Where there's no sense there's no feeling." Perhaps that puts the matter right.

More twists, more fine views, more steep climbing and lugging the heavily laden bicycles, and the sun grew hotter. We had not yet passed from the tree-line, and the shelter of the pines was good and welcome. Two hours up, and we came to a wooden house, outside of which there were tables, and glasses, and bottles of drink. Fred and I rested, and George racked his brains for his best French to talk with the proprietor. He gave us welcome news, and said that the steep work had finished.

Around the corner the way flattened, and we rode. The pines were yet with us, and high above the snow glistened in the sun on the summits. With more climbing, although it was just possible to ride with our lower gears, we passed the tree line, and traversed a valley of utter desolation. Bleak, bare rock and eternal snow. That was all. We walked at times to relieve the monotony of slow pedalling. A roadmender was filling in holes with rubble ; he seemed a queer sort of fellow, a fur-covered box was strapped to his back, and his hat and untidy beard seemed years old. A gruff " Gruss Gott " passed from his lips.

Twenty minutes later we saw him again. He came into the Schwarzbach hotel, and while coffee and ample supplies of bread, butter and honey were on our table, he was given wine to drink with the frugal fare that he brought from the fur-backed box.

A welcome oasis, the Schwarzbach hotel. The surprising thing to us was that it is kept open almost for all the year. "Even when the snow is three metres high, we still keep open," said the proprietor, a middle-aged man of the mountains, who greeted everyone with "Gruss Gott." "But mules cannot come then." "When the mules cannot climb, I hire porters!" was his amazing allegation. It comes to a pretty pass when man has to accomplish what mules cannot.

At noon we left him and his hotel, and after more ascending in that wild valley a ridgecrest gave us a view of Daubensee, a lake frozen for most of the year. The snow was in places two and three feet deep, and in the brilliant sunshine it dazzled uncomfortably. The track above the lake side was for the most part a trek across a snowfield, and with the bicycles it was difficult, and not a little dangerous when one slip meant a dive to the cold waters below.

The lake end saw us at the highest spot of the Gemmi Pass, about 7,600 feet above sea level. Various photographs from the brink of the mountains took some minutes, and then the descent of the most hair-raising pass that we have ever tackled, or heard of. "Tackle the Gemmi from Kandersteg only," our friend had told us, "and when you get there you'll know why." It did not take many minutes to realise how true were those words. A hurried glance over the rim of the hills to see the track corkscrewing down a rift in the cliff to the village that seemed only a toy one far below was enough.

We rode for the first hundred yards or so, and then braked hurriedly and dismounted. The next two hours were spent in digging our heels in, or sliding on the rough surface with brakes hard on, or *lifting* our bicycles round the corners. The bends were so sharp that it was almost impossible to wheel a heavily laden machine round them, and a tandem would be quite impracticable. If you could not manage the bend, then only a low wall, or sometimes a railing, was the only stop-gap to a far-flung eternity down in the valley.

Half-way we overtook the mule man dragging his unwilling animals to the village. Dragging is the word, and you would think that with the daily journey some facility would be acquired after a time, but there was little, and the mules seemed to hate every step. They do their climbing in the mornings, before the sun is up, and descend in the shadow. We would have liked to have seen them loaded up, on those weary slopes.

In the shadow of the afternoon we met many people on the ascent, and their smiles at us gave ample evidence of their pitiful feelings. They thought we were fools, and as they saw us man-handling the machines round the corners perhaps it seemed right. Yet we would not have missed the Gemmi for worlds.

Four o'clock, and we rode the flattish miles into Leukerbad, for tea and a rest before the fling into the Rhone Valley lower down.

An hour later and we were above the brink of that mighty rift in the mountains, watching the wide river swirling its white way to Lake Geneva. By a dusty road we descended to it, and set face into a hot wind on the straight highway, tree-lined, that makes every mile seem the same, and creates that merciless monotony that only those who have cycled through the Rhone Valley know. Just after seven we came to Visp, to stay the night, and sleep restlessly in that horrible humidity that is so evident in the lower altitudes of the Alps.

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## RUNS.

Halewood, 4th November, 1939.

It is a great comfort to know that despite conditions ruling in war-time and our having to restrict the scope of our ramifications due to the black-out and our not being able to order meals in advance under the happy-go-lucky method of only-turning-up-when-you-like, the Derby Arms at any rate for the present, are ready to cater under the old conditions. If any half-hearted individual feels inclined at the last minute to change his mind and come out to the Run he is at any rate assured of a welcome from the commissariat department. Although the meet itself (and the meat also) at this famous hostelry was a great success the enterprise

shown by the participants in getting there could not be described as venturesome as only one person—in name, Chandler—had made a decent ride of it. Having the day off, this personage whose name is so often coupled by that long stick of an Editor with the succulent Spanish “Unyon” had been as far as Altrincham’s Bollington, and had taken tea at the dirty filthy cake shop in Warrington. Even fellows like Connor, Perkins and the aforesaid Editorial Person could not summon enough energy on a glorious Autumnal afternoon to ride round by Runcorn but preferred to “come direct.” How then could you expect Eddie Morris to do otherwise than come by train, not to mention dear old Ven, Roskell and Burgess. True, Stephenson strove manfully to push himself out whilst Rigby Band, who has to put up with all the inconveniences of a uniform and boots, managed to propel himself at the cost of much loss of perspiration. It is quite apparent therefore that to go to Switzerland and climb up and down the Matterhorn or the Wetterhorn is no good as a training spin for serious cycling in the winter months. It is too much to attempt, and although the description afterwards narrated may be written in a style that denotes a high grade of education, still it would be better to graduate on the tracks and passes of the British Isles and see your own country before you get so besotted with petrol that the attractions of the bicycle are completely lost.

(Our contributor flatters. And as we are hard up for writers at the moment we dare not answer him as we would desire. With one day—and every day—“off,” no doubt he has ample time to accomplish the many pleasantries of life unconnected with cycling. He is the sole person who raves of the beauty to be seen around Runcorn and the road to Halewood. We would prefer to perform the journey quickly and reserve our energies for the morrow—and the wonderland of Wales.—Ed.)

**Goostrey, November 4th, 1939.**

Still feeling unfit, I decided to attend the run per motor-cycle, and with this intention in mind, I slept, but not for long. Ned, about to attend his first run for weeks, came, and I had to forsake my engine.

Riding away through Wilmslow and Chelford, we called for a chat at Bren's before completing the first half of the ride.

With Wilf Orrell and the President, we sat down for the usual Red Lion feed, and a little while later, we were all surprised when Jim Carr came in to make five. To-night, Ned was not in his usual hurry, so the five whiled away the time talking of the mad genius.

At eight we left on our various routes. Ted and I having a little trouble with rear lights and dynamos, but with the aid of sundry searchlights, we eventually reached home.

### **Parkgate, 11th November, 1939.**

From Bebington I went to Parkgate via Mold. Did I hear someone say "Why?" The answer is as follows:— (a) I am a real cyclist all the year round; (b) I like the run down from Mold to Queensferry; (c) I wanted to see what was going on at An Aerodrome Somewhere In England. Nasty suspicious people, observing (a) might remark "He hadn't touched his bicycle for three weeks," but as I do not consider this statement to be germane to the issue, we shall pass it over. The run down from Mold was very nice, thanking you, and I arrived at the Deeside Cafe in good time and with a crick in my neck, contracted while passing the said Aerodrome. Though the time was only about 5-30, I found that Venables had already been and gone. In occupation were Jack Seed, del Banco, and "O mirabile dictu" (Latin), Albert Preston. Others arrived from time to time, among them being Ken Barker, Chandler, Killip, Kettle, Marriott, George Connor, and Rigby Band with a friend, the last two mentioned representing the Army. Tommy Sherman had hoped to come to this run, but as we saw nothing of him, he must have been unable to manage it.

Tea being in the offing, I became only half conscious of the conversation around me, and was only vaguely aware of that nasty little man saying "Len's going to write this run up." Heil Marriott! About a quarter of an hour later, I came out of my reverie on hearing the aforesaid nasty little man say something which sounded like "Shershaylarvem." For a few moments the jolly old brain-box refused to register. Then Came the Dawn. French, of

course. Means "Where's that Woman?" or something like that. He's been saying it ever since that visit to the Folies Bergere.

The minutes soon passed while talking and examining the Editor's photographs, and soon it was time to decamp. The bus taking the Army back to camp was not due until nine, so a few of us whiled away the time by visiting a couple of local hostleries, where Rigby demonstrated one of the tricks he has learnt in six weeks of Army storekeeping. Some of us were rather perturbed at the implication contained in Albert's statement that he is thinking of getting a set of teeth.

Well, the bus came, we rode home, and I, for one, rolled into bed feeling that for the past half-day my time had not, at least, been ill spent.

**Chester, 18th November, 1939.**

This being the last day of our extended B.S.T., I was minded to make a ride of it, so 2.0 p.m. found me pushing off for roads I have not ridden over for many, many, moons. Just beyond Hen Corner, Powell (going home after lunching at the Bear & Billet) shouted that he had ordered tea as we crossed one another, and so gently on past Two Mills to the Aerodrome, where the lure of the 'planes held me for ten minutes. A call at Queensferry for iron rations, then left at the fork for Hawarden, where right, and by way of Pennyffordd, Hope Village and Llay to Rossett. Here at 4.30 p.m. I still had time to play with, so turned right for Holt and Farndon, and as I entered the latter the first spots of rain met me. Could I get through without a cape? A quick glance round just beyond the Monument shewed the Clwydians misty with rain but no driving wind behind it, so down on the 'ooks and away. Into the Park, over the Ironbridge, past the Hall and out again, and into Chester just as the rain overtook me.

Dave Rowatt and Marriott were already feeding, and Geo. Connor, Ira Thomas and Perkins, followed shortly by Kettle and Chandler, completed the muster. Dave was first away, and then Ira, off back to Salop (what a man). Kettle and Chandler next, leaving the remaining trio to wander under the Editor's guidance, round the back cracks in the persistent rain.

The searchlights "Somewhere in Wirral" lighted our homeward way, one of them spotting and holding a lone flier (a gull) for some time. And so home, wet but satisfied with this last run of B.S.T., 1939.

**Warrington, 25th November, 1939.**

I had made up my mind to steal an hour or two off on Saturday morning if it was fine, and when I left home about 11 it was—just. As soon as I got across the Transporter it started to rain and at Frodsham I dived into a pub to shelter. As the weather did not improve I emerged, and donning cape and leggings pushed on to Alvanley, where I lunched frugally on bread and cheese and beer. Afterwards I had an hour's pleasant run with the wind behind and no rain until I got to Cuddington where I turned North still with the wind behind as far as the Runcorn—Northwich Road, where it started to rain again. As I had arranged to meet the Editor and George Connor at Sutton Weaver for a cup of tea I had to don cape and push into the wind and rain again for 4 or 5 miles, and on arriving at the Tea place found I was half-an-hour too early and that they had stopped serving teas three months' ago. As the rain was pelting down and I had just half-an-hour to do the 7 miles into Warrington before lighting up time I did not linger. On arriving at the Lion I found no one there of course, but there was a nice fire in the smoke room and I made myself comfortable till Dave Rowatt arrived all the way from Rhos. As Dave had to catch a train back about 6 o'clock he did not wait for tea, but said he would get something on the Station at Chester where he had a wait. The Presider arrived per trike about 5-15, and we had a couple while waiting for the Editor and the rest to arrive.

As no one turned up we ordered *our* tea at six o'clock and a few minutes afterwards sat down to a splendid mixed grill, followed by biscuits and cheese, at the modest price of half-a-crown.

After a further chat over the fire we decided about 7-20 to make a move for home as no one else seemed to be showing up. It was still raining and blowing very gustily across the bleak and desolate road and I cursed Sammy and George heartily for not being there to keep the wind off me.

When eventually I did arrive home I found George contentedly warming his toes in front of my fire and Sammy changing his stockings upstairs. George had chosen a wet day to work again and the Editor had a lame tale of going to the wrong pub, but let him tell his own tale.

"Royal Oak," Warrington. The name stuck in my mind as with Len Killip I bored into the wet wind to the Warrington Club Run. Across Wirral it was hard, and then on the new road to Helsby, and the hills to Warrington, it was easy. We had a date with Stevie at Sutton Weaver, and had we met him things would have been different, but we were late, and passed through without stopping. Turn left, down the Causeway, over the level crossing, straight across the traffic lights—we found the Royal Oak just where he said. Inside, no Anfielders, and as the place was full of billeteers, no meal. We hung about, and waited, and wondered why no others had turned up. Particularly Stevie. Six-thirty, and it took all our persuasion to make the lady turn up a plate of sandwiches made with stale cheese. Somebody's slipped. What a place for a Club run!

Seven-ten, and we were away. Into the wind and driving rain. The road to Liverpool was unpleasant, and there was no shelter from the starved hedges that were at the roadside. At Huyton, where we met George Connor coming from Liverpool (he knows the days to work late!) Len and I parted, Len to continue home whilst George and I were to week-end at Hill House.

The dawn came when I crossed the threshold of the V.P.'s house. Wasn't the house at Warrington the Lion? Ten minutes later we knew it was, for Stevie came in saying: "Where the hell have you been!"

Len will know when he gets this *Circular*. You would expect an Editor to read his *Circular*, wouldn't you?

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