

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES. TEA, 5-30 p.m.	
Jan. 3	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Jan. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 10	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 10	Lymm (Spread Eagle).
" 11	Halewood (Derby Arms). Committee Meeting, 1-0 p.m. Lunch 1-30 p.m. Annual General Meeting, 2-30 p.m.	" 17	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 17	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 24	Prestbury (White Horse Cafe).
" 24	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 31	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand)
" 31	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Feb. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
Feb. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).		

FULL MOON, 2ND INSTANT.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3, Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, but Sub-

scriptions (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, 197 Stanley Road, Bootle, Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—2069285,
Sgt. J. R. Band, No. 9 Field Survey
Depot R.E., Palestine Base and L. of C.
Area, Middle East Forces.

D/JX N. S. Heath, Ordinary Seaman,
No. 1 Mess, H.M.S. Tynedale,
c/o G.P.O., London.

Ralph Fer, 7 Beech Avenue,
Nottingham.

Mr. C. F. Elias, 25 Castle Street,
Liverpool.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

As these are the last Treasury Notes for 1941, I was hoping to have a bag of subscriptions paid, but regret to state the response to the "Pink Slip" and a special letter has been practically nil.

There are still a large number of subscriptions outstanding for 1941, even a few for 1940, which I hope to get before the A.G.M. in January. Unfortunately there are always a few who think the Club can be carried on by them paying their debts on 31st December!!

My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

J. C. Band.*	F. Marriott.*
W. D. Band.	F. C. Lowcock.
W. E. L. Cooper.	U. Taylor.
F. L. Edwards.*	W. C. Tierney.†
J. H. Fawcett.*	
† also 1940.	

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

As we complete another year of Editorship we cannot help thinking how this *Circular* would appear in happier circumstances. For it was not our intention to carry on for so long, as a change is the best thing any *Circular* could have. We can only fall to wondering how bright it would

be in the hands of Ted Byron, or Tommy Sherman, who are both very excellent editors-to-be.

As usual with this first issue, we send our Greetings to the lads who are stationed on the far-flung battle-lines of our Empire and to those who are just as busy at home. Our sincerest wishes and kindest thoughts to you wherever you may be.

And with this issue we change our format: we hope you like it.

THANKS.

George Connor, Ted Byron and Ralph Fer send their best thanks for a postal order recently despatched to them.

THE LATE JACK FOWLER.

Our older members will remember the enthusiasm of our late friend Jack Fowler far better than younger Anfielders, and our old brigade regretted his passing from our ranks very much indeed.

We have been informed by his son that one of the last wishes of our friend was that his ashes should be scattered across some part of Anfield-land, and we have been asked if we could accede to this last request.

We have acceded—with every pleasure—and it is suggested that this last rite should take place on that delightful stretch of wooded road leading down to Chetwynd Church. It is approximately three miles from Newport, and the date and time, D.V., Noon, the first of February, 1942.

The Presider has agreed to perform the ceremony, and a small party has already promised to attend if possible. If you would care to be present will you keep in touch with the President in case the arrangements are varied?

A LETTER FROM ERIC REEVES.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your letter airgraph of 27th October, which arrived to-day. It is rather a coincidence that your letter mentions Peter's illness, because he is now back with us again and is

quite fit. You also say that Rigby was saying that he had not heard from me. Well, I have written on a few occasions, having found his address and as my previous letters tell you I have spent some evenings with him while on leave. So George has received the call, and he will join the browned-off squad before long, I'm thinking. This Ross business is rather sad, could you give me some behind the scenes information sometime, please. I am sorry Slemen resigned, such a great enthusiast and worker. May they soon patch it up and be back in the great game before long. The *Cyclings* Frank Perkins sends from time to time are greatly enjoyed out here, it takes one back to those pleasant carefree days of pre-war. I am getting browned-off with being away from home for so long, home leave would be a great experience if it were possible. I am writing this in very bad light so if the writing is indifferent please excuse. Your letters to me seem to be my main mail, mail from home is very late in arriving. Must close now as space grows short, so I will hope you and your mother and Mollie have continued safety in the days to come. Please give my best wishes to Ted and any others of Ours whom you may meet. Must say Cheerio now.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—SID JONAS.

19TH NOVEMBER, 1941.

DEAR HAROLD,

Your very welcome letter and enclosure of October arrived once more at a most opportune moment and averted a crisis in the exchequer.

I had the misfortune to have my pouch, pipes and other odds and ends lifted by one of our gallant troops while I was bathing, and in spite of a huge increment of pay which arrived with the two (not three) tapes, I had been feeling the wind or should I say gale.

I have now replaced my stock of pipes from the local pipe factory which makes some very good patterns. One is a huge affair with a large

capacity bowl and in spite of Malta being where it is I can still find enough tobacco to fill it, though it makes a horrible mess of a two-ounce tin.

The *Circulars* keep arriving regularly and I am glad to see everyone is well. I have just heard that George Connor is in the R.C. of Sigs. and at Prestatyn. I think he is very lucky to get in a Corps.

I see Brian occasionally and he looks very well. I continue to keep fit and occasionally borrow a bicycle and endeavour to keep my legs in trim.

With all good wishes and many thanks to the Club for the way they look after us.

With kind regards to Marjorie and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

—RIGBY BAND.

20TH NOVEMBER, 1941.

DEAR FRANK,

Very many thanks for your airgraph of 16th October, received a fortnight ago. Please do not apologise for not writing as Albert keeps me well posted with news, magazines and parcels. As long as you keep the old *Circular* going I shall excuse your lapses in letter writing. I can realise now why Anfield exiles of more peaceful days lauded the virtues of the one and only *Anfield Circular*. Long may it live.

I was glad to hear of all the lads at home and what would I not give for a night out with them all. Eric was down here for a week's leave and we had some good evenings together. I owe Russ Barker a letter, so shall write him before Christmas and give him all the news. I must also write to Tommy Samuel, of whom I have not heard for several months.

Correspondence with Brian is very irregular, letters from him taking anything from a week to seven months. I have also had a letter from Syd. J., which took the best part of five months. He sees quite a bit of Brian when he is in port.

Mother is back home again having got browned-off with living in digs. in the wilds of Wales. She seems much happier, which is a good thing if everything remains quiet.

Please give my best regards to your mother and Molly and good luck to yourself and all the lads of the A.B.C.

From your old pal,

RIGBY.

—IRA THOMAS.

18/12/41.

DEAR FRANK,

Just a line or so to let you know that I'm still alive and kicking, though browned-off, cheesed off and fed up with the enforced inactivity which surrounds the Army at present. Since my last letter we have been on the move quite a lot, seldom staying much more than three weeks at any one place. One stunt we went on lasted five days and it took place in the Border country: it was a bit on the tough side as regards training, for we had to live on the country, eating when we could and snatching an hour's sleep under a hedge when we had the opportunity. Another stunt we were on was the attack on Manchester, which some of the Mancunians may remember. I did hope to visit our President as we were billeted quite near to his home, but duty stepped in and squashed it.

How are you getting on these days? I see you are still in civvies and take it from me Frank, keep in them as long as possible. I had a surprise when I saw that George Connor was in the "Sigs" as I thought he may have got in the Navy, but the "Sigs" are a good crowd and here's wishing him good luck and speedy promotion. I thoroughly enjoyed Tommy Sherman's article and I would very much like him to write me and let me have the lowdown on how to get into his unit. Though I have never met Brian Band I would like to add my congrats. to him for the successes his Sub. has achieved. At the time of writing I am on the eve of my leave which means that I will be home for Christmas and I bet the fellows in the

M.E. say lucky devil, but believe me, Frank, I would dearly like to be out there with them doing some real work and not chasing about Yorkshire playing at soldiers, and I wish them good luck and good hunting: maybe they will be home themselves for next Christmas.

Please convey my good wishes to all and here's hoping that we will all be able to resume those happy days which we love so much earlier than we hope.

Cheerio,

IRA.

(Aren't you a Serg. yet?—Ed.)

—WALTER CONNOR.

H.M.S. DAFFODIL.

SUNDAY, 14TH.

MY DEAR FRANK,

From your remarks in the *Circular* this month I gather that you are desirous of hearing from me! Please accept my sincere apologies for not having written before this. I have no excuses to offer so you may, if you wish, hurl your abuse without fear of reprisals.

My rendezvous with Tommy Sherman must, for the time being anyway, be postponed. It is regrettable because I had been looking forward to seeing him again. From all accounts (including his own effort) his life these days is interesting and more than tough. We Club members will go in fear of our lives when the war is over! Tommy and I may eventually meet before this 'do' is over, but under slightly different circumstances to those we had anticipated. The only consolation to be derived from this meeting would be the fact that the war would be drawing to a conclusion.

For my own part life has been very quiet lately and in many ways I suppose I am more than fortunate. Brian's life of recent months, according to newspaper reports, has been damned hectic. The fact that his C.O. has been awarded the V.C. proves this beyond doubt. Life in a submarine even under ordinary conditions must be pretty awful: in war-time it must be hell and Brian's reticence on the

subject of his activities is to be admired. I wish him the best of luck in his future exploits.

I was very pleased to hear about Fred Brewster obtaining his Commission. Please convey my congratulations when next you write to him.

I have had several long and interesting letters from George over recent weeks. He has kept me well posted about his activities and I gather that he doesn't find the life too bad. He pointed out in his most recent letter that he had been posted to an operators course. Charles, George and I should be able to converse fairly well after the war—in morse! Better do some swotting, Frank, or you'll be left out.

The chances of me getting home for Christmas or New Year are remote. This will be the third Christmas away from home—it's getting rather monotonous staying on board for the festive season, but if I know anything we will do a spot of celebrating this year. Leave should be granted early in the new year—I hope so, anyway!

What did you think about the loss of the Repulse and Prince of Wales? A shocking spot of news which takes some getting used to. I wonder how long the Japs will last at the terrific pace they have set themselves? The Russians are doing well lately and our lads in Libya are giving a good account of themselves. What a state the world is in! And we call it civilization.

I haven't heard from you since I came back off leave, and you pass rude remarks about *me* in the *Circular*!

Well, Frank, I must close now. Forgive the lack of news and all that. I will write again very soon. Please convey my very best wishes to all members of the Club for Christmas and the New Year. Please remember me to your mother and Mollie too.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

BRIAN BAND.

You may have noticed in the newspapers of mid-December, a notice that Brian Band had been awarded the D.S.C. Probably you did not, and thus

it is our very great pleasure to announce that Lieut. Brian Hugh Band, H.M. Submarine "Upholder," had merited the D.S.C.

Upholder has destroyed one U Boat and at least ten Axis vessels, and her Commander has been awarded the V.C. After one attack, escorting destroyers dropped 37 depth charges in 20 minutes! We can only imagine that ordeal. And now we have to report that Brian has had a spell in hospital with a nasty injury to his leg, incurred—while playing football!

F. del STROTHER.

Frank Chandler gives us news of del Strother, who wrote to him from a Leamington hospital. We very much regret to report that our old friend has lost his wife, who passed over some weeks ago very probably as the result of Coventry's terrible air raids. Del Strother himself is not in the best of health and lately he has spent as much time in hospital as out of it. This we are very sorry to hear, and we extend the sincere hope that all will soon be well. F. d. S. is not too sure of his future movements, but we are informed that any letter addressed to c/o Mrs. Neale, 54, Elm Tree Avenue, will find him.

RUNS.

Once again the Merseyside runs were not well blessed from an attendance point of view.

December 6th saw your Editor in Coventry, and only Stevie and Hubert made Halewood. Two only, but the situation was saved by Hubert who brought two friends along.

At Parkgate a week later things were better. Elias ventured out, and Barker, Perkins, Williams and Marriott completed a very happy party. Barker rode down from Kinnerton and we sat talking for quite a long time.

Saturday, the nineteenth, brought forth another blank, and we cannot say what happened on Boxing Day as we were at the office.

George—say something!

The last Saturday was also a blank and all we can hope is that 1942 will finish better.

Goostrey, December 6th, 1941.

The muster at this rendezvous is usually good, but on this occasion only three—Buckley, *pere et fils*, and the Presider—were present. But there was an explanation, apart from duties, for the day was most depressing—a strong cross wind, driving heavy rain through all coverings, and chilling one to the bone. It was eminently a day for getting there by the nearest way and the present deponent steered his course accordingly, through Knutsford, left by the Whipping Stocks, and over Dibble Bridge. Quite apart from the fact that the latter part of this route is the shortest available, it is much more attractive than the high road, and even with dripping hedges and puddly road surface, it still had its charm. After the usual excellent meal had been dispatched the three sat round the fire and talked of this and that until the time for departure, and then there was a ride home, without rain and with good visibility, due in part to the moon, though it was mainly obscured, and in part to the search-lights.

Lymm, December 13th, 1941.

This fixture doesn't seem so popular as it used to be, or perhaps the dates don't suit the members. Anyhow, the last time we were there the attendance was one, and this time the figure was just doubled—Jim Cranshaw and the Presider. We are having some difficulty in getting people to cater, and if we don't make it worth their while we shall have more. So it is to be hoped that all members will do everything they can to keep the runs going, by turning out as often as ever possible. The afternoon was pleasant enough and the meal excellent; all that was wanted was a larger company to

enjoy both. The two who did attend passed a pleasant two hours and then parted in good spirits.

Halewood, December 26th, 1941.

As nearly everybody was working on Boxing Day only a small attendance could be expected. The few who managed to get there were the President, by tricycle, Albert Preston, by bicycle, Hubert (taking a rather extended dinner hour from work), by car, and Stevie and wife, also by car. A very good hot meal, consisting of goose, plum pudding and mince pies, was provided by Sarah, and all left early feeling very content and only disappointed at the small muster.

Alderley Edge, December 27th, 1941.

This last run of the year 1941 was attended by five members, namely: the President, by tricycle, his Vice and Jim Cranshaw, by bicycle, Buckley, senior, by train, and Hubert Buckley, on foot. A good tea was enjoyed by all, followed by the customary adjournment to the lounge. Bick was in good form and kept us fully amused with his stories, in which the Food Controller figured prominently. Soon after eight, however, the party was broken up by the departure of Bick, necessitated by the imminent arrival of his train. The cyclists found a glorious moon, which conduced to a most enjoyable ride home.

The Royal Oak is a good house, and well merits all the support in our power. The two Buckleys are turning out very regularly nowadays, *and enjoying it*; why don't some others of our membership copy their good example and join us occasionally, either by bicycle, train or bus? Needless to say their presence would be appreciated by the regulars.

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.. 14	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	.. 14	Prestbury (White Horse Cafe)
.. 21	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	.. 21	Alderley (Royal Oak).
.. 28	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	.. 28	Mobberley (Kennersey's Cafe).
Mar. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Mar 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 1ST INSTANT.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:—Mr. Leslie Elston, Thornaby, Hooton Road, Willaston, Wirral.

The following resignations have been accepted with regret:—

Messrs. N. M. Higham, L. Lusty and W. D. Band.

Mr. J. H. Williams has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We have started the year well, a large number of 1941 Subscriptions have come in, but there are still an odd dozen or so for whose Subscriptions I am still waiting.

As a war-time measure I shall be obliged if Members will send their Subscriptions direct to me and not through the Bank.

My thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund.

1941.	
S. H. Bailey.	J. Pitchford.
F. E. Bill.	H. Pritchard.
J. Egar.	A. N. Rawlinson.
R. A. Fulton.	E. J. Reade.
E. M. Haslam.	W. T. Threlfall.
D. C. Kinghorn.	J. E. Walker.
L. Lusty.	E. Webb.
F. E. Parton.	

1942.	
R. J. Austin.*	H. Green.*
R. R. Austin.	D. C. Kinghorn.
H. S. Barratt.*	G. Molyneux.
F. E. Bill.	I. Oppenheimer.*
G. B. Burgess.	F. E. Parton.*
F. Chandler.	H. W. Powell.
E. J. Cody.*	A. E. Preston.
J. Egar.*	J. J. Salt.*
H. L. Elston.*	W. Shacklady.
R. A. Fulton.	W. T. Threlfall.
E. D. Green.	E. Webb.*
E. R. Green.	

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

Most news of the lads you will find on other pages, but as we close this

issue for press Walter Connor pops in to tell us that all is well, and that brother George is still in hospital. Len Killip is coaching all and sundry in the art of navigation somewhere amid the glades of the New Forest. Tommy Sherman also looked in a week or so ago fresh from his excursion to Norway. He looked very fit and fierce, and he was very pleased that he did not stop even one of the many missiles which were flying about. Ted Byron has at last had a move out of Wirral, and to-day you will find him making another anti-aircraft camp out of a field somewhere westwards of Chester. Four times he has had a taste of this game of working like the devil with a pick and shovel. Our Ted a clerk! The only advantage is that he is not far from Charles' ancestral home, and the two make merry as frequently as possible.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Halewood, January 11th.

The two Franks, Perkins and Marriott, much more preferring an extra hour in bed to a ride around "the world" on a very cold morning, made an arrangement to see each other on the ferry-boat which would leave Birkenhead Woodside at noon. Coming down Landican Lane was a draughty business indeed, but the Swan Hill soon warmed, and the only thing missing was Johnny Band riding the other way. You see, every morning it is our pleasure to see Uncle Johnny riding westwards to Caldy on the way to "work." But to-day is Sunday, perhaps we may see him at the A.G.M.

Frank and I sat in the saloon on the ferry boat, and what is more, we sat on the radiator therein to thaw out a bit. On the way to Halewood we passed closely to some desolate spots where Jerry, a few hours beforehand, had been dropping odd ones, just to show that he has some left to let go. But it has to be more than an odd one to worry us these days, although what did drop must have sorely troubled many people that night.

At the Derby Arms Rex Austin was with Bert Green and Mr. Bickley. Salty had ridden round the world, and what's more, was going to ride

that way home again too! We thought "What a man!" until informed that the idea was to scrounge a tea at the Randall establishment. We would like to call there, too. It's about time that fellow Charles acknowledged a letter we wrote a couple of weeks ago. Completing the party was Eddie Morris, Preston, Kettle, Burgess, Hubert Roskell, Powell, King and Molyneaux.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find the respective reports, and therefore no further mention will be made here, but we were pleased to know that Kettle had disbursed £45 on the lads in the Forces. The Officers were "same again," with the exception that Jimmy Cranshaw takes over the Manchester Sub-Captain's job. The usual omnibus resolution was proposed by Bick, who had come all the way from Manchester for this special purpose. Tours and time tables, very much "if any," will be fixed by the Committee.

Thus another war-time A.G.M. passed on its way to the oblivion of history, and may it be the last of such meetings for many a long decade.

It was still cold going home, and the two Franks crossed the river in the same manner as in the morning—huddling round a radiator in the ferryboat's saloon.

HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, 11th January, 1942.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

I again have much pleasure in presenting my Report of the Club's activities for the year 1941.

Twenty-two Members are now serving with His Majesty's Forces, viz. :—

J. S. Jonas.	L. Killip.
J. E. Reeves.	A. Telford.
J. R. Band.	D. Birchall.
W. P. Rock.	F. Brewster.
T. T. Samuel.	T. Sherman.
W. A. Connor.	J. R. Fer.
B. H. Band.	E. Byron.
D. Turnor.	Ira Thomas.
R. Barker.	F. W. Smith.
G. Farr.	W. G. Connor.
D. Ryalls.	N. Heath.

All the remaining Members have had their spare time fully occupied in various special duties and consequently have not been able to attend the Club fixtures as regularly as they did in the past.

The Membership now numbers 152, a decrease of 10 since last year. This figure is composed of 107 Full, 5 Junior Full and 40 Honorary Members.

2 Junior Full Members have been elected during the year.

3 Resignations have been accepted and 2 Members have been transferred to the Honorary List.

4 names have been struck off for non-payment of Subscriptions.

It is with the deepest regret I have to record the death of three Members during the year, viz., Messrs. J. Fowler, A. Newall and W. T. Venables.

Mr. A. Newall joined the Club in 1923, but had to cease cycling under Medical orders, eventually he was transferred to the Honorary List and we had not had the pleasure of seeing him at an Anfield Fixture for many years.

Mr. J. Fowler joined the Club so long ago as 1895. Business ties restricted his activities; he was a fine rider on all types of machines, his interest in the Club remained to the end. He always attended Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide to renew old associations.

Mr. W. T. Venables joined the Club in 1901. He was a Life Member of the Club and a real Anfielder. He took a very keen interest in everything relating to Club matters and was a regular attender at the Fixtures and served on the Committee for many years. His passing is a great loss to the Club.

There have been 53 Fixtures during the year with an average attendance of 7,603, a decrease of 2,839 compared with 1940. Quarterly average attendances were January to March, 7,230, April to June, 7,076, July to September 9,538, and October to December, 6,642.

The highest attendance was at Lymm on 10th July, when 10 Members were out; the lowest attendance was at Delamere on 10th May, when only 2 Members were out.

Mr. J. D. Cranshaw has attended 24 runs and gains first attendance prize.

Mr. W. Orrell has attended 23 runs and gains second attendance prize.

Mr. H. Green has attended all the runs (53) during the year.

Individual attendances at Club Runs during the year are as follows:—

H. Green	53	A. E. Preston	5
F. Marriott	29	J. C. Band	4
W. G. Connor	25	H. Austin	4
J. D. Cranshaw	24	S. T. Carver	4
R. J. Austin	23	J. J. Salt	4
W. Orrell	23	J. Seed	4
F. Perkins	20	R. R. Austin	3
D. C. Rowatt	17	K. W. Barker	3
F. Chandler	14	J. R. Fer	3
E. Buckley	13	E. O. Morris	3
R. Poole	11	W. Shacklady	3
A. Williams	11	W. A. Connor	2
C. H. Turnor	10	J. H. Fawcett	2
H. G. Buckley	10	E. Byron	1
A. Turnor	10	H. L. Elston	1
G. Stephenson	9	J. Hodges	1
H. Roskell	8	J. W. Jones	1
K. Turnor	8	L. King	1
W. H. Kettle	7	E. L. Killip	1
S. del Banco	7	F. D. McCann	1
F. H. Koenen	7	W. L. Rich	1
D. L. Birchall	5	C. Selkirk	1
C. F. Elias	5	I. A. Thomas	1

There have been 5 Meetings of the Committee during the year; the individual attendances are as follows:

G. B. Burgess	5	J. King	4
H. Green	5	G. Stephenson	4
F. Marriott	5	H. W. Powell	4
A. E. Preston	5	G. Molyneux	3
R. J. Austin	4	S. del Banco	2
W. G. Connor	4	W. Orrell	1
W. H. Kettle	4	F. Perkins	1

The best thanks of the Club are again due to Mr. F. Marriott for the excellent way in which he has conducted the Editorship of the *Circular* during 1941.

In conclusion I again tender my personal thanks to the President and Members of the Committee, especially would I mention Mr. F. Marriott, who has again deputised for me on several occasions.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

We very much regret to announce that Vice-President Stephenson has been seriously ill with pneumonia and touch of pleurisy. Things are now on the mend, and George is able to come downstairs for an hour or so occasionally. All will extend their sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery to our genial friend.

A MORNING INCIDENT.

It is a crisp November morning and as I amble at about 10's towards the parade ground on my borrowed Raleigh roadster I am in pensive mood.

The day before I was appointed Acting Troop-Sergeant-Major of "X" Troop (60 men just arrived from the field army and due for a 6 weeks' hardening course) and I'm all "spivved-up" to create a good impression.

They are waiting in an expectant bunch in a corner of the parade ground and as I call them on parade they jump to it and I have no complaints.

"Tro-o-o-o-p shun!" "Ri-i-i-ght dress!" I roar in my loudest voice. Then come the preliminaries and I introduce myself.

The next job is to get each man's number and name, and as I walk along the front rank I come to Miles S. of a London regiment.

"Any relation of yours a cycling champion?" I enquire.

"Yes, he's my cousin," comes the reply.

"Oh! I used to do a bit myself, I'm in the Anfield B.C." I proudly inform him.

With this the next man speaks up unexpectedly, and standing smartly to attention, says "I was in the Vegetarian C. & A.C., Sarge."

"Were you, what's your name?"

"Cohen, A. M., Sarge!"

"Didn't you win some 24's?"

"Yes, but I've won some 25's as well."

"What've you done?"

"1-2."

I move quickly on to the next man before I've to admit my 1-9 or 2-23.

That morning I wondered at our administration. "A 1-2 man having to wait 6 weeks before being recognised as "tough."

It certainly is grand to be in the Commandos!

T.S.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Those of you who are personally acquainted with the Editor of this journal will hardly be surprised that an Army Medical Board has declined to put such a long wreck into a category higher than Grade III. One of Marriott's spindly (or spidery) legs has for long been held up by a very wonky ankle—an ankle, by the way, which has improved beyond measure with cycling. This at least was a matter for much discussion between the doctors, but according to some opinion doubt arises whether Grade III would be used for this alone. Anyway, your Editor was told to go home, and you can rest assured that he did so—with alacrity and delight.

THE JAUNT THAT FAILED.

Last month you will remember that arrangements had been made to scatter the ashes of our old friend Jack Fowler not far from Chetwynd Church on Sunday, February 1st. When that day dawned there was a countryside white with snow, and road travel was not easy. Hubert picked Frank Marriott up at Thingwall and they managed to make Nantwich before things got really difficult. Thus far was enough, however, as the speed was down to the twenties, and there was quite a deal of side-slipping. We told Bert Green, who awaited us at the Lamb, that it was not worth continuing, and we hoped that Mr. Fowler, who was coming from Birmingham, also could not make it.

The Presider had quite a trip, tricycling home as best he could, and Hubert and Frank made Chester for a pleasant lunch at the Talbot. On Monday, Mr. Fowler 'phoned Powell that he also could not make it, and in consequence the ceremony is postponed until the better days of Spring.

AIRGRAPHS FROM PETER AND ERIC.

As we close for press we acknowledge the receipt of airgraph messages from Peter and Eric dated 24th December. They tender their very grateful thanks for postal orders received, and extend sincerest wishes to all for the New Year and may 1942 be peaceful.

AN AIRGRAPH FROM ERIC REEVES (dated December 22nd).

DEAR FRANK,

I don't know if your home address will find you, or if you are still entitled to have esq. after your name. You may by this time have a rank and number, if this is so then it will bring back to my memory of one of our men receiving a letter addressed as Mr. and being told by the Sergt.-Major in no uncertain terms that from then on he was no longer entitled to use Mr. It is some time since I received a letter of yours, so hence the query if the Army had grabbed you. It is the rainy season here now, and when the dark rain clouds go scudding across the sky one's mind conjures up thoughts of riding along the Ceirog Valley in similar weather. I am again doing office work, and consequently quite a lot of typing, this has the effect of making me consider taking up some secretarial work for the Club when this is over. This will probably amaze you (makes one wonder what the sands of the desert will do next—Ed.) coming from one so lethargic in such matters. However, if the war lasts much longer the chance of getting speed legs back will be small and the consequent extra time will be profitably filled in by useful duties which you seem to be shouldering alone at the moment. Must close now with regards to your Mother, Mollie and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

Eric, you shouldn't have said that!—Ed.).

AN AIRMAIL LETTER FROM PETER
(dated 13/11/41).

DEAR SAMMY,

Many thanks for the Airgraph of 4/10/41, which I received yesterday. I am glad that George received mine. I have written to him twice recently, and also sent a Christmas card to Stevie. You may be surprised, but I was quite foggy on his right address, and also on the correct manner in which his name is spelled.

I came out of dock this morning and having to wait until the "wee sma' hours" of 1-30 for a train to take me back to my unit I have been wandering around this little town like a lost soul. It has not been entirely without incident though, for at four o'clock this afternoon I was accosted by a "digger" who was thoroughly oiled, or to use the technical term, P.A.D. He was looking for trouble as they usually are, and it was only by the exertion of a great deal of tact and diplomacy on my part that we were not involved in a "hairnd-to-hairnd" scrap.

Having appeased the inner man I am now whiling away my time writing to you until such time as the local flicks open. I was rather amused by your letter, which, by the way, was quite legible despite an acute attack of the cramp. Wherever I go I always find that there is some source of interest despite the apparent baldness of the terrain, and when we came to that scenery to which you referred in your letter I was deeply interested and thoroughly enjoyed it while it lasted. However, it is not all apple-pie even when there is nothing "sticky" going on, and it cannot be compared in any way to a trip such as you and I have made in our saner moments. I am sure that you would not be keen on going hundreds of miles over dusty desert roads on a small quantity of liquid (and water at that!) per day even to see the finest of scenery at the other end and touch out for malaria in the bargain.

Granted that it is an experience which in many ways is worth while, but put me in the middle of a binge

at the 'gate or Derby Arms and you can have the whole damned show. Believe me, Frank, there is no greater experience than arriving home in the evening and finding all safe and well and that is something which I can never do again.

I am pleased to hear that Walter is now "mucking abahnt" in home waters. I hope that he has better luck this time, the water's getting damned cold now. I have not seen Eric for about four weeks now, but should be out with him to-morrow night with a bit of luck. I will try and get into touch with A. V. Lancaster again soon, then we shall be able to have that long delayed night out together. I am pleased to hear that Ted is still doing well. No doubt he is "browned off" with the same old patch year in and year out, but at least he is among friends. I do not know where Tommy Samuel is at the moment, but I may run into him again soon. I think he has done a spot of scrapping since I last saw him, so he should have a few yarns to tell.

I suppose you—you lucky blighter—will be able to take the family away somewhere for Christmas. I hope you have a good time and that your Mother and Mollie are still in the best of health. Please remember me to the others who are still at home. Best of wishes to you and the Club for the coming year.

Your pal,

PETER.

(A. V. Lancaster is a North Roader.
—Ed.).

AN AIRGRAPH FROM DUDLEY
TURNOR (dated 25/12/41).

DEAR MR. MARRIOTT,

Many thanks for your Airgraph which incidentally arrived at the same time as a Postal Order from the Club, and was it welcome! May I also echo your wishes for a happy Christmas, and hoping that the future will find us all together again. Please accept my sincerest thanks for the addresses forwarded, it looks as if I stand little chance of seeing them though, still here's hoping. I'm sorry that I

cannot say much here as I am rather cramped for space, so I will post a letter after this.

Yours sincerely,

DUDLEY.

**A LETTER FROM TOMMY
SHERMAN.**

WED., 21/1/42.

DEAR FRANK,

There is very little news to give you at the moment, but I'm enclosing a little contribution the more I see of which the less I like.

Firstly, I don't like the title, secondly, I think there's too much "I" about it, and thirdly I don't like the end, so if you can possibly improve it, use it, but if not condemn it to the inimitable Editor's W.P.B.

I should like to thank the Club for the 5/- P.O., which I gratefully received on my return to civilisation.

I believe that I have been recommended in dispatches, but nothing in official orders yet, and in the near future I expect to be promoted to Troop Sergeant-Major.

Since returning from leave I've been getting very fit, skating (ice), playing rugger and "honking" on the Raleigh back and forth to parade.

I'm afraid there isn't any more news at the moment, so for the moment I'll say cheerio, with kind regards to all the boys.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY.

—WALTER CONNOR.

H.M.S. DAFFODIL,

THURSDAY, 22ND JANUARY.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Would you please convey my grateful thanks to the Club for the P.O. recently received. At the same time many thanks to you for your letter, and I must ask you to accept my apologies for not having replied before now. I might add that I appreciate your difficulties with regard to correspondence and consequently I am not unduly disappointed when letters

from you do not arrive with every mail! I myself experience somewhat similar difficulties, although I do not have to work to a time table like you.

I have not yet written to Tommy Sherman but I will make an effort to do so early next week. I should very much like to spend a week-end in his company (as apart from "Company!") but at present it is unfortunately impossible owing to exigencies of the Service. (Excuse me whilst I laugh to myself).

I am feeling perfectly fit again now; the malaria having gone (I hope) with the wind. I too sincerely hope that the attacks will become less frequent, as it is a confounded nuisance to feel 'Blitzed' so often. Otherwise I have no complaints and life really isn't too bad. Of course, I am looking forward to leave as usual but then very few people in the Services look forward to anything else! How long it is likely to be when it does come I don't know, but we are hoping for ten days.

I can offer no criticism about the new *Circular*, to the contrary, in fact, I think it is a damned fine effort, all things considered. The contents, as usual, were more than interesting, and I sincerely hope that you are able to keep up the good work. I look forward to its arrival every month with eagerness because I consider it to be equal to a dozen ordinary letters.

What do you think of 'Stripey'? When last I heard from him he was loafing in hospital with sciatica or muscular rheumatism in his leg! He said that he had no complaints to make but he was rather annoyed because this sojourn between sheets had interrupted his training. Although he is not due for leave yet we are both hoping that he will be able to scrounge a couple of days off when I come home. If it cannot be arranged or wangled I will attempt to visit him in Abergele.

Well, Frank, I must close now, but I promise to write again soon. In the meantime please give my kind regards and best wishes to the A.B.C.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

("Stripey" is brother George.—Ed.)

—NORMAN HEATH.

17TH JAN., 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I have been aboard the "Tynedale" for the past two and a half months, and, as I have not received the *Circular* since the October issue, I am wondering whether Powell received the P.C. notifying him of the change of address. If he did then the A.B.C. mail, in common with much from various other sources is still adrift. In any case I should be extremely grateful if you could forward me extra copies of the *Circular* for November, December and January. I trust this difficulty will not arise again, as we are now receiving our mail at fairly regular intervals.

After my experience at sea, as a very ordinary seaman, I have no cause to regret my choice of service. Life aboard is very different from anything I have hitherto tackled, the only real snag being lack of sleep when at sea, the "four hours off" being the exception rather than the rule.

Shore leave brings its compensations however with "big eats," the real luxury of a hot bath you can lie in, the comforting glow of an open fire, and the inner glow provided at the "local."

Expect to spend a minimum of four months at sea, after which, with a big slice of luck and the skipper's recommend I hope to proceed to "King Alfred," Brighton, for further training.

Afraid you will not find this very valuable "copy," but with censorship ruling out such topics as ports of call, weather conditions, etc., and no mutual acquaintances met during the past months there seems little one can write about.

Best wishes to all "Ours" at home or abroad.

Cheerio,

NORMAN.

—GEORGE CONNOR.

RHYL,

FRIDAY.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for yours and also for the map. I shall look after it and let you have it back shortly. As a matter of fact I am unable to use it at present as I am in "dock." I have been limping pretty badly for about three weeks now and after putting up with it as long as I could I decided a visit to the M.O. was advisable. If you realised all the damned messing about there is you would understand my hesitancy in reporting to him. However, I attended for a week and as it didn't get any different I was sent to the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Rhyl for examination. The X-ray revealed nothing and they have put it down to muscular rheumatism. I am inclined to doubt it as I think it has something to do with a nerve in my back somewhere. Anyway, I am now getting radiant heat treatment which I hope will shift it. It's hardly surprising I've touched out for something like this as the camp is frightfully damp, actually it is below sea level. After being here a few days it seemed to vanish and came back just as quickly. How long I shall be here remains to be seen, but I shall probably get pushed out in four or five days time. I hope so as I've never been laid up before and it gets rather irksome at times. But now as I'm here I shall see it through and wont ask to get out until its cured. I mustn't complain at all really as the place itself is quite a home from home and I am being thoroughly spoiled and well looked after. In fact it is rather a pleasant interlude in the life of a soldier! Since I came here I met a fellow—Luke, by name—who is a member of the Kentish Wheelers. He is quite an active racing man and rode in the B.R. 100 the day before he came to Prestatyn. He is also a Continental tourist of no mean experience. He has also been to the winter sports several times and we pass many an hour away chatting over various experiences and packets and parcels just as cyclists do. He is here

with a broken leg which he had the misfortune to break when he tripped over a loose canvas during a boxing contest at camp. Talk about an all-round athlete isn't in it! He spends quite a lot of time rowing, too. The thing that amuses me is to see him knitting and believe me he's pretty hot at it too. He's a big fellow and must weigh about 12 st. and to see a big burly chap sitting up in bed knitting rather amuses me. Perhaps I have a queer sense of humour.

Was very pleased to hear that Tommy Sherman had arrived home safely and shall be very pleased to hear further about his adventures. I'm afraid I'm more for a quiet life. I can remember Maaloy all right now, I had forgotten the name of the place. The incident of the bag of cakes I can remember quite well but didn't connect it with Maaloy as the name had slipped my memory. I had a note from Walter to-day and he was telling me you were bemoaning the fact you had no photographs of the place. If my memory serves me correctly it was raining at the time or had just left off and was exceedingly dull.

Cheerio,

GEORGE.

PARKGATE RUNS.

Will those who happen to attend the Parkgate runs when the Editor does not please let him or Powell know? It was only after our last issue went to press that we were advised of the visits of del Banco and Birchall to our Deeside rendezvous on December 27th.

RUNS.

Prestbury, December 20th, 1941.

This run appeared in the *Circular* for Alderley where to the Royal Oak, we were to make a second visit after receiving an excellent meal in November, but on the morning of the appointed day the Presider telephoned to say the run had been changed to Prestbury, the management of the Royal Oak being unable to cater for us until the 29th of the month. The run out was made by the shortest route, the Presider with Harry Austin

making a call at Cheadle Hulme to distribute Christmas gifts to relatives. Along the main street of Prestbury—delightful old-world village of Cheshire—we overtook Buckley the elder, and shortly afterwards in the gathering gloom sighted son Hubert waiting outside the Legh Arms for 5.30 p.m. Jim Cranshaw soon followed us into the cheery parlour, and before the preliminaries to tea were through Rex Austin arrived to complete the party of six. Tea was, as usual, taken across the way at the White House Cafe, where everyone enjoyed a good meal of egg and chips, scones, jam and cakes at a moderate price. Before tea there were signs that the night might prove foggy, and so it turned out, not dense, but still, with an absence of any moon, enough to keep one on the alert, and I was glad Bert knew the road so well.

Goostrey, January 3rd, 1942.

Only three of us attended this run—Buckley, senior and junior and the Presider—which is a very small number for this popular rendezvous. The absence of some members was known to be due to social engagements, and the violent wind probably kept some others away. However, the party, if small, was select and enjoyed itself; the ride home was quite good value.

Lymm, January 10th, 1942.

Once again the Presider was the only one to put in an appearance, notwithstanding that riding conditions were most inviting. He rode round High Legh and Appleton, over lanes white with frost, with clear invigorating atmosphere and soft sunshine, the country looking fine, and was much disappointed that he alone had enjoyed a perfect winter afternoon.

Alderley, January 17th, 1942.

A bitterley cold afternoon, when it was even colder riding than it was when stopped, saw me leave home at the last possible moment, and proceed by tricycle and by the most direct route to the "Royal Oak." Pausing for a moment at the roadside, I was over-

taken by our newly elected Sub-Captain, Jim Cranshaw, and had his company for the rest of the journey. On arrival at our destination we were soon joined by the President (tricycling), Buckley, senior, by train, and Hubert by shanks pony from Macclesfield.

The usual good meal was soon put away, albeit in a rather cold room; so an early adjournment was made to the neighbourhood of a fine large fire in the lounge. Here the newly-elected Club Officials were graciously permitted to wet their appointments, and a good evening seemed in prospect. Alas, the calls of Civil Defence were paramount, and the party broke up before eight, the ride home proving uneventful, in spite of the stygian darkness.

Prestbury, January 24th, 1942.

The weather conditions during the week gave cause for anxiety as to how one was to reach Prestbury on the Saturday, but fortunately, thaw set in, with rain, on the Friday, and whilst there was heavy rain on the Saturday afternoon, which with a

strong wind made cycling rather hard work, the roads were remarkably free from snow and progress was possible and safe. Three members—the two Buckleys and the President—had an excellent meal and passed a very pleasant two hours in this old world village. The journey home, with a useful wind under one's tail, was a sleigh ride.

Mobberley, January 31st, 1942.

The last day of the month saw our return to this old resort of the Manchester section, the "Bird-in-Hand." Alas, only three members and a friend were present, namely, Bert Green and Rex Austin (both riding tricycles), and Hubert Buckley and his wife on foot from Macclesfield. The excellence of the meal provided merited a larger attendance.

The President was staying the night at the "Lamb," Nantwich, preparatory to making the journey to Newport on the following morning, and left early, whilst the others stayed a little longer before departing, to find that they had bright moonlight for the homeward journey.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES. TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
Mar. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Mar. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 14	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 14	Prestbury (White Horse Cafe)
" 21	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 21	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 28	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 28	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand)
April 4	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	April 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 3RD INSTANT.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is:
W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS :—E. Snowden, Garth Cottage, Thornton Hough.

SERVICE NOTES.

News is still scarce, and apart from what we print on other pages there is little to say.

Len Killip writes to say that he has been flying at all altitudes over various spots in these islands, and that he is fed up with changing "digs." Five changes in five months is not bad going.

Tommy Sherman seems to have faded away, and so has Ira Thomas in his playing of soldiers. Does anyone know anything of the whereabouts of George Farr? George Connor, still on the sick list, was last heard of recuperating outside of Eaton Hall, Chester—very convenient to Ted Byron and Charles Randall. We hope his stay there is long and pleasant. Ted Byron is at Kinnerton. Will Ken Barker please note?

"VEN."

I wonder whether the attenuated *Circular* can spare me a few lines to say farewell to my old friend, W. T. Venables, whose sad death brings back many memories of the past.

As far as I am concerned Ven was of pre-1914 vintage, in fact I had not seen him more than a dozen times in the last thirty years, but time has not dimmed the memory of a staunch friend and stalwart Anfielder.

My best recollections of him were as an associate of the famous trio—Buck, Charlie Keizer and Pritchard—generally known as the "New-Bright-ones," good scouts all and gay lads on whom I think Ven exercised something of a restraining influence.

His Anfield career was not a spectacular one. He never raced, and his cycling was of the "comfort not speed" type, though he was a hard-working tandem partner and also an occasional occupier of the "stokehole" of the famous Swift triplet of those days. He was always keenly interested in the racing programme, always a willing helper and reliable

checker, a sound Committee man and Office-bearer.

Quiet humour was one of Ven's greatest charms, but this was never of the mordant type and his essential kindness never permitted him to say a hard word of anybody.

The Club has lost one of the soundest of Anfielders, and I yet another friend of happier days.

FRANK ROSKELL.

(Editor's Note :—You may recollect that months ago we were not satisfied with the appreciation of our old friend which came from the Editor's pen. Being far younger, we never knew him as a cyclist, and thus our note could not be complete. To obtain some recollections of older days we approached others who knew him better, but even after weeks of waiting no reply to our request was forthcoming, so now Frank Roskell has stepped into the breach, and we thank him.)

TREASURY NOTES.

The excellent start made last month with subscriptions and donations has hardly come up to my expectations for February. I am still awaiting a few outstanding for 1941, and hope those it affects will settle their liabilities and save further correspondence.

A member who wishes to remain anonymous has placed funds at my disposal to send a Postal Order to all on Active Service at home and overseas.

T. W. Murphey ("The O'Tatur") continues to show his interest in our Comforts Fund by forwarding a further donation.

My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

1941.
J. A. Grimshaw, H. V. Rourke.

1942.
C. Aldridge. R. A. Fulton.*
Anonymous.* J. A. Grimshaw.
H. Austin.* H. V. Rourke.
J. C. Band.* D. C. Rowatt.*
A. Birkby. E. Snowden.
S. J. Buck.* N. Turvey.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.
CASH SUMMARY FOR 1941.

CR.

DR.				CR.	
1940	1941	1940	1941	1941	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
158 12 7	212 7 11	90 1 1	By Printing and Postage	75 1 10	
—	9 7 9	11 3 4	Prizes in Road Races	6 16 0	
112 1 6	89 11 6	2 0 0	Committee Room Expenses	—	
—	0 10 0	1 18 3	Sundry Payments	1 8 6	
13 10 0	15 5 0	27 6 4	Parcels to Members on Active Service	45 8 6	
—	0 7 0	0 10 3	Bank Commission	0 2 9	
54 2 6	60 11 6	212 7 11	Bank Balances	251 17 2	
13 0 0	9 10 0	9 7 9	Cash Balance	20 8 10	
3 8 4	3 12 11			0 14 0	
£354 14 11	£401 3 7	£354 14 11		13 5 0	
				£286 5 0	

LIABILITIES.

1940	1941	1941	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
22 4 3	15 8 3	By Bank Balances	251 17 2
10 5 0	9 10 0	Cash Balance	20 8 10
—	16 19 3	Badges	0 14 0
193 10 5	244 7 6	Silver Shield and Sundries in hands of Hon. Treasurer	13 5 0
£225 19 8	£286 5 0	Subs. outstanding and good	£286 5 0

ASSETS.

1940	1941	1941	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
212 7 11	212 7 11	By Bank Balances	251 17 2
9 7 9	9 7 9	Cash Balance	20 8 10
0 14 0	0 14 0	Badges	0 14 0
12 10 0	12 10 0	Silver Shield and Sundries in hands of Hon. Treasurer	13 5 0
£234 19 8	£234 19 8	Subs. outstanding and good	£286 5 0

Audited and found correct—

C. F. ELIAS.
E. O. MORRIS.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

9TH JANUARY, 1942.

C. G. GREY WAS AN ANFIELDER IN 1897 AND 1898. A LETTER FROM SYD. JONAS.

29th January, 1942.

I have of late enquired from our Secretary and also from our Editor if they can put me wise whether Mr. C. G. Grey, our old member in the nineties, is the same person as the well-known authority on aviation whose name so often appears at foot of correspondence in the daily Press or happens to be the subject of replies. Meanwhile, I remained in the dark.

I am now satisfied that they have been one and the same person. C. G. Grey joined in 1896 or 1897 and withdrew in 1898 or 1899.

He used to chip in during all Night Rides to Warwick, Worcester or Hereford, and on one occasion side-slipped on the greasy sets of Worcester when his high frame of his Swift frame twisted betwixt his long legs and came to grief. Grey was a tall rider, but under these conditions we parted. He was then in the cycle trade but with the coming of the aeroplane he attached himself to the Air Flight Press, and I seem to remember that he became an Editor in the world of Flying. His Swift was not as good as mine of those days. Having studied recently the Year Books of the end of that Century anyone curious about that "fin de siècle" will be welcome for the Loan of those Tomes. They contain the Early History of those who are now our Oldest Riders and Has Beens, if we leave out our one and only G. P. Mills, who goes back to the oldest days.

F.H.K.

ANFIELD CLERIHIEWS.

*Jack Salt
Has only one fault
He rides so fast
He never comes in last.*

*Rigby Band
Is in the Holy Land
But his brother B.
Is on the high sea.*

—C.F.E.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for your note and enclosure, which arrived safely this morning and took less than a month to get here.

I have had the December *Circular*, and it arrived with the March and May issues on 31st December last, and I was pleased to read that all are well, but very sorry to learn that we have lost dear old Ven.

You will know by now that Brian has left me in the lurch and is probably home by now enjoying some well earned leave. You can imagine how I would have liked to go with him, but I suppose there are many more months here for me, but it could be very much worse, in spite of having to emulate (more or less) Tommy Sherman's exploits.

I had a very enjoyable Christmas and was short of very little in the way of the usual fare and I think I was quite as well off as the people at home, though of course, I would have given anything to have been somewhere near the Wirral.

It has been one of the wettest winters on record in Malta and seems to have rained every day for months, with very little sunshine. Last winter it was the coldest here for over thirty years and I want to be home before they break a third record in climatic conditions here.

You will know we get our daily dose of excitement most regularly, and if you see Brian he will tell you all about it and a lot more.

With kind regards and best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely,
SYD. JONAS.

—WALTER CONNOR.

H.M.S. DAFFODIL,
Monday, 23rd.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Just a few lines to let you know of my continued existence in this strange and unhappy world of ours. I received

the *Circular* some days after my return from leave so I have no complaints. Glad to know that most of the lads abroad are keeping reasonably happy, fit and well. They're having a damned rotten time one way and another, and they have my sympathies, not that it will help them very much, I'm afraid. I have always considered myself more than fortunate in returning from foreign service after only sixteen months. During this time I complained often enough about the boredom, heat and what have you, so I can well understand how they must feel after very nearly three years of it. In retrospect, I find that I really had damned little to complain about, but at the same time I would need a lot of coaxing to go there again—voluntarily anyway!

And what do you think of news lately? Good, isn't it! I was pleased to note the changes in the War Cabinet recently and I am foolish enough to hope that the changes will bring about an improvement in our war effort. The inclusion of Stafford Cripps should help matters considerably unless, of course, he is hampered by red-tape and smug complacency. This latter 'disease' is, in my opinion, more deadly than anything we have yet come up against. Tradition will not stop tanks nor will the laurels won by our forebears protect us from dive-bombers. I wish everyone realised this—but how many really do? This war looks as though it will go on indefinitely unless we retrieve the spirit which existed after Dunkirk.

I wrote to Tommy Sherman some days ago with the object of arranging a day at his place, but so far I have received no reply so it may be that he is on leave or possibly unable to arrange a meeting at present. I shall no doubt hear from him shortly and if we are able to fix anything up I'll let you know.

I suppose George told you that he was going to Chester soon, in fact, he is most probably there now. If I know anything he will have contacted Ted and Charles by this time and maybe they've already had a few good sessions. I wish I could join them! I wonder how many years older we'll

be when we eventually celebrate 'The' reunion which we have, so often, promised ourselves? I wonder!

Since returning from leave I have led a very quiet life—quite unusual for me, I know, but the local beer(?) which they have the nerve to call 'mild,' wouldn't tempt a thirsty man in the desert! I think I'll go T.T. and save money to spend on something else. It would only be wishful thinking to say I could 'go' a few pints of draught 'Bass.' What a hope!

Well, Frank, I must close now, so give my very kind regards to everyone.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER.

AIRGRAPHS. FROM ERIC REEVES.

21st January, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your letter of 22/12/41, which arrived to-day. The news about Brian was simply grand, will you please convey my congratulations via the *Circular*. Thirty-seven of those things dropped on one is hardly my idea of fun, and he deserves all the public congratulations and more. This makes me wonder whether he did really hurt his leg at football or as a result of this escapade, and as usual in the Services he was unable to mention the fact until it was official.

You will no doubt be surprised to receive one of these airgraphs typed, but as I am in a position to be able to do so at the moment I don't see why I shouldn't take advantage of the fact. A parcel of *Cyclings* from Frank Perkins arrived a few days ago, and I was surprised to see that Harry Pearson had gone the way of all flesh. I thought he would be just as long as you in taking this momentous step. It strikes me that you and I will be the only ones left with a mind of our own when peace returns. At least we shall be able to pack our bags and do some of those Continental tours that we failed to arrange because we couldn't get holidays together.

It is rather ironical that Ira would like to be with us and for our part we would give a great deal for a

glimpse of old England once again. It seems a very long time since we left home shores and just as long to the time when we will return again. If circumstances continue in the same manner as of the past few months we can perhaps look forward to the end sometime this year. In one of the issues which Frank sent I noticed a picture of Salty as winner of the Southgate. This was news to me and history for him as it was some years ago. Our speed merchant seems to be getting too much riding even for him these days but Sid. seems to enjoy those long slogs over the Pennines. What fun a trip alongside our hefty friend would be, perhaps we may enjoy that when we start discussing tights, tubulars and all that in the happy days to come when it's all over. The "Pic." is an interested spectator of my typing efforts, and he tells me to tell you that he has written you a vivid account of his Christmas with Bacchus. Rare goings on; falling in muddy trenches; taking another drunk to his bed; the blind leading the blind. Well, Frank, I must close now as space is getting limited, so give the boys all best wishes from Peter and me.

Yours sincerely,
ERIC.

—PETER ROCK.

25th January, 1942.

DEAR SAMMY,

I was glad to see in Eric's letter that you are all keeping well at home. I have not received my letter yet, but no doubt it will show up soon. You will notice that we are now able to keep a more regular flow of correspondence. No doubt when it all arrives you will find that I have written at least as many times as Eric, if not oftener. Do not take too much notice of his last A.G. It is a gross libel and you will soon receive my letter which gives a true account of the Bacchanalian festivities. I have written to George through his Liverpool address. How does he like Army life? I wrote to Tommy Samuel just over three weeks ago. We have moved about 50 miles from

him now so I do not get much chance to see him but I hope that we will be able to come to some arrangement once again. I say I do not envy Syd. at Malta, it is too ruddy warm there for my liking. It is ever so much quieter here. The surrounding countryside is reminiscent of Delamere, only the groves are mainly composed of orange trees and eucalyptus. We have been here as long as any one place during our travels out East. Remember me to all at home, also your mother and Mollie.

Cheerio,
PETER.

—RIGBY BAND.

14th January, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to yourself and the Club for the most acceptable X'mas present you sent. As I got a very welcome seven days leave at that time it was very welcome. I had five days down by the sea and returned to spend X'mas in the Mess with the boys. As usual there is little news from this end. We have had some heavy snow last week which brought back memories of winter at home. Kind regards to all the boys and good luck to Marjorie and yourself, from

J. RIGBY BAND.

—PETER ROCK.

4th January, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

I am afraid that I do not write to you as promptly or as frequently as I should do, but the delay is usually occasioned by the pressure of family mail. To-day, being Sunday, I have got really down to business, and have succeeded in answering all outstanding letters. Lastly, but not of least importance, I have come to yours. I want to express my deepest and most sincere thanks for the fine manner in which the Club has always remembered those of us who are unfortunately far away from our friends at home. No matter where we have been; and at times we have been in some pretty inaccessible places, we have never been forgotten. I know

that conditions at home are far from being ideal, and with all younger members in the Services the Club is having a hard struggle. I hope that it will come through this present phase sounder and more virile than when we were called away. Please remember me to all whose duties still enable them to rally round at the weekly rendezvous. I hope it will not be long before I count myself with them. Best wishes for better times in 1942.

Yours sincerely,

PETER ROCK.

—ERIC REEVES.

January 30th, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I was pleased to see in a cycling paper that Ross has been reinstated, and I hope that this has the effect of bringing Slemen back on the executive side of the game. A picture of past winners of the Highgate roo including Chas. Holland, had the effect of making me wish I was back again playing the same good old game. It would be marvellous if that was the 1943 season. At times that seems quite within the bounds of possibility and then as the situation fluctuates it goes away into an unknown date. A question occurred to me a few days ago and it is this, could you let me know sometime how you found your four speed hub gear, was there any sponginess or is it as responsive as the derailleur. I wonder if this letter will find you in uniform or otherwise. The mail has been disappointing lately and I have none of yours to reply to. It is a sunny morning and makes one think of 11's at Handley and on to Salopia with just the necessaries in the saddle bag for a happy week-end. Speed on those happy days. Peter is still keeping fit and Rigby is all right according to one of our chaps who met him recently. Sid. and Salty will take some catching up when we do return, it will take lots of hard ground-work. But the trying will be enjoyable for me at any rate. Perhaps Peter will be taking his obligations to the wedded state too seriously for such light subjects, who knows? Give Ted, George and others you may meet the

best wishes from me. It will be a grand reunion when it does come to pass. Well, I must say cheerio now, with all the best wishes to you, your mother and Mollie.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

SYD JONAS WRITES TO DEL BANCO.

10th December, 1941.

DEAR SYD.

Very many thanks for your letter of September, which arrived a few days ago.

I heard from Glad. that you are now fully occupied by the Fire Services, though I am pleased to know that things are a lot quieter than last year.

I have also just heard that George Connor is now in the Sigs. at Prestatyn. He says he is disappointed at not getting in the Navy, but I think he is better off where he is.

I notice you address me as Sgt., as Kettle did when he sent the Club's contribution to my comfort. This is not correct, as I am merely a Corporal, a rather useless sort of being, neither one thing or another.

A Syd. Locke, R.A.M.C. from Birkenhead, rang me up some days ago and told me that Brian was in hospital and would I go out and see them both. I went out and found Brian in bed having had an operation to his knee, cartilage trouble with playing football.

I was out again this week and met him outside the hospital on his way for a stroll. We strolled to the nearest bar and had a pleasant hour together and came out to find the R.A.M.C. Sergeant passing by. He knows several of the fellows who were in the Scottish with me, so we shall probably see more of each other.

Brian is anxious to get back to duty as 2nd in Command and is fuming about not being allowed to go yet awhile. He has had an adventurous career out here and will make your hair curl when he tells you the tale. He is hoping to go home in the Spring. I, unfortunately, cannot look forward to that pleasure yet.

I have just seen in a December issue of the *Weekly Times* a photo taken from the roof of a building well down South Castle Street, and looking up Castle Street towards the Town Hall. !!!!!—as the Chinese Boxer said. A fellow in my room has described it to me. Now I believe him. This fellow was there while it was going on. I also have a roommate who hails from Hoylake.

I receive your papers regularly and also the *Circulars*, as good value as ever, but no one seems to do much cycling. I do a little on borrowed machines just to keep the old legs in trim. I have been over every inch of this joint and I've taken to more leisurely ways. I might even be the perfect touring partner when I get back if I go on like this and just be content to sit and think or, as we sometimes do, just sit.

I am very pleased about Glad, and the way she has taken to the A.T.S. They must have taken to her to send her to an I.C.T.U., and I'm very proud of her.

I have just heard that Brian's C.O. has been awarded the V.C., so you can well imagine the sort of life Brian has been leading.

No more news at the moment. Give my best wishes to all your family and a happy New Year to you all. Has Arthur joined up yet? I saw a really good film yesterday, Greta Garbo in "Ninotchka."

Cheerio,

Yours,

SYD.

RUNS.

Goostrey, February 7th, 1942.

I made my appearance on a Club run for the first time in a month or two, mainly due to my duties with the "Bobbies."

Last Saturday I decided to make the trip by "Rattler," as I have had a little trouble with my back and did not care to risk getting a fresh chill.

On arrival at Goostrey Station I met Mr. Buckley, who had travelled

by the same train from Cheadle Hulme. After exchanging greetings we made our way to the "Red Lion," where our hostess, Mrs. Knowles, invited us into the kitchen to cups of tea, which were very welcome, as the weather was anything but tropical.

About five o'clock Hubert rolled in having come most of the way on foot in about two hours, good going, but he's welcome to it.

He was followed shortly after by Jim Cranshaw, and then we started on beer, and then more beer. We had by this time adjourned to the dining room, but as the Presider had not yet arrived we decided to wait. Then who should roll in with Wilf, none other than our Bren, whom we have not seen for many months; he still looks very fit. Our Presider followed almost at once, and then we got down to the real business of tea.

I must say that the table at the "Red Lion" appears to be just as well filled as in pre-war days and it is a credit to Mrs. Knowles to be able to do it, and I am sure it is appreciated by all Anfielders who go there.

After tea we stayed in the same room round the fire, and when Mrs. Knowles had cleared tea things away, we ordered more beer and settled down to listen to conversation on various subjects, some being very amusing.

The time passed all too quickly, and our little party had to break up, the Presider ploughing a lonely furrow to Ashton-on-Mersey, Wilf and Bren to Twemlow, Jim Cranshaw to Stockport, and Mr. Buckley, Hubert and I to the station, for the "Rattler," which, as usual, according to Mr. Buckley, was always three-quarters of an hour late. Well, it did eventually arrive, and we set off, Hubert left us at Alderley, and Mr. Buckley got out at Cheadle Hulme. I eventually arrived in town at 9:45 p.m., just in time to catch a bus home, and so another run came to an end, and a very enjoyable one too.

Those present were: Mr. Green, Mr. Buckley and Hubert, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Jim Cranshaw and Bob Poole.

Parkgate, February 14th, 1942.

St. Valentine's Day was bright and stimulating, and having tried my field and found it frozen, I could with a clear conscience postpone my task of digging and spend some hours in the saddle.

The wind was firm on the Chester road, and there was no snow or ice to trouble my wheels. I seemed to be riding well along the old familiar highway and in due time I reached the crowded city for an early cup of tea.

All the uniforms of the Forces, men and women, were filling the city, and though there were some thousands still to come, as they were at that hour cheering Chester on against the men of Proud Preston North End—in a drawn battle.

The river was a little sad, with very few boats to be seen, but there was enough of sunshine to cheer on the noise of waters at the weir.

Chester Castle was surrounded by the A.F.S. standing on long ladders spraying everything and standing in the mud at the river-side at their many and various engines.

Eaton Park is always worth a few miles if only for the trees. A trifle untidy in places and true to the times. There was an A.T.S. lassie carrying a mattress into the lodge-keeper's house.

Round the bye-pass and the walls and on to the old Welsh gates, through Puddington and Burton to Parkgate I rode and found 5 members: Elias, Marriott, Perkins, Connor (G.), and Williams at the warm and friendly fire-side. The talk was of many things outside the war zone—the sky over Wales was clear and there shone out one brilliant star. Yes, I like Parkgate—"a well-chosen and judiciously selected resting place," a good stage on the journey home to the old roof tree.

Prestbury, February 14th, 1942.

There was a rather better turn-out than last time at this popular resort.

I arrived about 5-15, having walked over to find F.H. already there. After waiting a few minutes we were joined

by the President, Jim Cranshaw and Bob Poole and Hubert Buckley.

At the zero hour a move was made towards the "Black Boy," and after a short visit the Sub-captain was sent to order tea.

The Master (in a hurry to get home before it was really dark) left about 6-30 and the remainder of the party adjourned once more to the "Black Boy."

About 8 p.m. the call of Civil Defence duties of some members called for a break up, the cycling members taking the road, while the others made their way to the Station.

Alderley, February 21st, 1942.

Another cold day saw us at the Royal Oak, and it was most gratifying to see that the improvement in our numbers was maintained. Our party numbered six, the President and his Vice having travelled by tricycle, Jim Cranshaw by bicycle, Bickley and Bob Poole by rattler, and Hubert Buckley on foot. An adequate meal was provided, served in the lounge, which proved considerably warmer than the room in which we ate on our last visit. This had the considerable advantage that it was not necessary to move in order to be served with alcoholic beverages, and the party grew in jollity until the departure of the train party brought the session to a close. Outside the moon was shining, and conditions for the homeward journey were favourable, so that the present deponent arrived under his own roof tree in time for the nine o'clock news.

Parkgate, February 28th, 1942.

Things are improving—we are attaining some sort of a turn-out every other week now. For a change, it wasn't freezing, and your Editor had some calls to make in Birkenhead before reaching the Storeton ridge by the pinewoods. Then there came an easy drift down the Wishing Gate Hill, and always is the thought the same: is there a more delightful decline anywhere? In Brinstage I noticed that the Red Cat sign had run away—to some nocturnal roof? It

did not seem long before the Glegg Arms was at the end of the straight stretch of Chester highway. Behind me toiled Frank Perkins, and together we dropped down to the Sands o' Dee to find Blotto awaiting anyone's coming. We three had tea and toast and jam and cake and then Williams came along (all scruffy) to join in a chinwag around the fire. Only a shadow of former days, but still very good.

Eight p.m. came, and Blotto went for the 'bus and Ginner rode lightless homewards leaving the two Franks a quiet way through a pleasant night.

Knolls Green, 28th February, 1942.

When I received a P.C. from Bert Green informing me that the run had been changed to Knolls Green, I made a vow that nothing short of cosmic calamity or deep snow should hinder me from attending. And so it came to pass that after a weeping forenoon the rain ceased and Old Sol came on duty (an Act of Grace, not to be taken as a Precedent) and I started for the Bird-in-Hand—this one certainly worth "two in the bush."

Although the day was sunny, I was soon made aware of some quality in the atmosphere which put a veto on haste. However, I doddered on

and at long last arrived at the mecca for the day, just in time to see a party of fellow members disappearing into the hotel.

During the uninspired period between arrival and zero hour Jim Cranshaw and Hodges played a seemingly interminable and certainly uninterminated game of darts.

We sat down to a tea which seemed to me a remarkable effort for the times and the seven of us—the President, Mr. Buckley (per bicycle), F.H., Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole, Hubert and Hodges, did ample justice to the fare; and later Rex Austin arrived and found no fault with what we had left for him, supplemented by further supplies.

The Master left early and we others adjourned to the room in which beer is drunk, where the humorous reminiscences of Buck and the conversation seemed to one at least to re-create in a lesser way the atmosphere of Club runs in former happier days.

All too soon the party broke up: Bert Green to go alone, Hubert to await the arrival of the stink chariot and the rest to wend their way via Wilmslow, at which place they again broke up into two parties.

An afternoon well spent.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Apl.	4	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
"	11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
"	18	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
"	25	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
May	2	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Ap!	4	Goostrey (Red Lion).
"	11	Prestbury (White Horse Cafe)
"	18	Alderley (Royal Oak).
"	25	Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cottage).
May	2	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 1ST AND 30TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—Mr. F. Chandler, c/o Clavley Hall, Handley, nr. Chester; Mr. J. Walker, 13 Sunningwell Road, Sunningwell, nr. Abingdon, Berks.

A Committee meeting will be held during the month. Members will be advised.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A poor list to publish this month. My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

	1041.
W. I. Rich.	
	1042.
E. Haynes,*	A. Lucas.*
J. Hodges.*	G. P. Mills.
L. King.	

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

Len Killip came in to see us the other day, having a spot of leave from his present Bedford home. Len is doing quite a lot of flying, but no "ops" at the moment. He sends his kind wishes to all. Ted Byron writes from Kinnerton and thanks the Club very much for the P.O. Rumour had it that Ted was going to be moved, but once more she proved to be a lying jade, and "here I am, absolutely and perfectly browned off." The one bright spot in Ted's life at the moment is that he can see Charles and George occasionally. George expects to be at Eaton Park until early April, when he will have to rejoin his unit. Ralph Fer writes to say that he has volunteered to go abroad, but when that will materialise is, of course, not known. We hear that George Farr is at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. His address may be changed in the near future, and we will include the latest news in an up-to-date list of Service addresses, which will be printed next month. Brian Band may be on his way home.

THE LATE JACK FOWLER.

It has been arranged that the postponed ceremony for the purpose of

scattering the ashes of our old friend will take place on Sunday, April 12th. The rendezvous is Chetwynd Church at 11-45 a.m. Mr. Fowler will be present and the Presider hopes that as many Anfielders as possible will attend.

LIGHTER EVENINGS.

Next week-end—our third war-time Easter—sees yet another return to Double Summer Time, and we would like to point out to many of our members that here comes an opportunity to get home from the Club run in the daylight. Lighter nights mean also a gradual return of better weather, so could we exhort you to get the bicycle out again and come to the Club run? Manchester has had a fine showing throughout the winter, but Merseyside has been very poorly supported. You won't get tired riding to Parkgate and home again, so what about it, please?

FRED BREWSTER.

As we close for press a letter comes from Fred Brewster which was posted in Calgary on February 5th. Fred tells us that he already is becoming Canada-ized, he writes of street-cars, and sidewalks, and chocolate-bars, and pronounces tomatyoes for tomatoes, and potatooes for the common or garden spud. Fred was in Calgary for the purpose of taking some "kites" back to his camp amid the wilds of Saskatchewan, but it was too foggy, and Fred and his pals were doing the sights of the city. He means to get the most out of every Canadian minute. Good luck to you, pal!

TED CODY.

Our old friend Ted Cody is at present at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary recuperating from an operation for prostate gland trouble. Stevie, Marriott and Kettle were able to see Ted while he was awaiting the ordeal, and last Friday the first two paid another visit, and found Ted to be quite fair, although the operation had only taken place two days before. Our friend is in a private ward (No. 8), and if others could call and enquire of progress, or visit him (at any reasonable time) it would be appreciated. He sends his kind wishes to all, and we in turn pass our sincerest hopes for a successful recovery.

LESLIE ELSTON.

The Club has another crock! The Editor is not alone in his glory (?)! Leslie Elston is in the Grade III Class and he has been left wondering mightily why. The Man of the Sponges lives in Willaston regularly now, and we understand that he meets Chandler very frequently on the train to Birkenhead Woodside. We wonder what fellow travellers think of their matutinal conversations?

P. C. BEARDWOOD.

We heard from P.C.B. the other day. He tells of getting out on the bicycle again now the better weather is heralded, but that he is not getting any faster! This year sees Percy fifty years an Anfielder, and herewith we offer our congratulations. He sends kind regards to all, particularly to Hubert Roskell. We would like to add, not at his request, that he is still selling bicycle covers and tubes, and that these will probably grow into short supply in the future. His address is 40, Church Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14, and don't forget to remind him that you are an Anfielder.

A LETTER FROM C. G. GREY.

(Last month a short note revealed that Mr. C. G. Grey, the famous aeronautical writer, once was an Anfielder. We took the liberty of sending a copy of the *Circular* to our old friend, and we now append his reply.)

THE CLONE,
KINGSTON HILL,
SURREY.

17th March, 1942.

DEAR MR. MARRIOTT.

Thank you so much for your letter. And for the A.B.C. *Circular*. I am delighted to hear the old Club is still going strong.

I have always been sorry I did not see more of the Club. You see I was with the old Swift Company, Coventry and really my chief connection with the Club was that I shared digs with Billy Neason, who at that time was, to my mind, quite the best long-distance rider in the country. He would have won the Bordeaux-Paris race in either 1897 or 1898 (I

forget which) but for some messing-up of his arrangements about half-way along the course. I could tell quite a funny story about that.

About the only other Coventry-dwelling member of the Anfield of that period was Jack Siddeley, of the Rover Company, now better known as Lord Kenilworth.

What an amazing memory F. H. Koenen must have. I remember that night ride to Worcester very well. Billy Neason and I came up from Coventry to somewhere on the Whitchurch road and slept in the gutter in the early morning sun, because the grass was wet with dew, until the crowd from Liverpool came along. It was a remarkably cheery day.

As a cyclist I never distinguished myself. I once did 2 hrs. 35 mins. in an Anfield Fifty. I once did 215 miles in twelve hours on Herne Hill track. I once did 184 miles in twelve hours on the roads round Coventry, mostly in rain. But I could never claim to be a first-class cyclist.

I was in Ireland for the Bowden Patents Syndicate for some years and then I came back to Coventry in 1905 and joined Illifes, the owners of *The Autocar*. I started *The Aero* for them in 1909, and as they came to the conclusion that a weekly aviation paper could not pay, I started *The Aeroplane* on my own in June, 1911. I ran it, thanks to a highly enthusiastic staff, with some considerable success until the outbreak of war in 1939, when I retired—28½ years and never missed a week with my regular article. What a long-suffering crowd my readers were.

Since then I have written a few books on Fighter, Bomber, and Sea-Flying Aircraft, which have been lucky enough to achieve some success.

Also I ran *All the World's Aircraft* annual reference book, from 1916 till 1941.

I think that most of my best cycling was done for the benefit of other people. I have joyous recollections of going for about forty-eight hours without sleep, travelling from Coventry to the Eastern Counties to help Montague Holbein on one of his twenty-four hours records. I think that my tandem partner and I rode

something like 200 miles during Holbein's twenty-four. Also I remember going up the North Road quite a long way with G. P. Mills on one of his Land's End to John O' Groat's records. Also in 1894 I won the Irish Road Club race from Limerick to Dublin for the Wheatley Cup—that was when Ireland was a civilised country—I was then 18 years of age.

So you see I was neither a particularly useful nor distinguished member of a very distinguished club.

The nearest I get to Liverpool these days is a weekly article in the *Lancashire Daily Post* on Tuesdays, on air affairs, and I like, in my conceit, to think that there are bits of information in it which help Lancashire to think to-day what England will think to-morrow.

I see a reference on Page 18 to Charlie Keizer. He must be a pretty old man, because my recollection is that he was very grown-up when I was about twenty. Another of the very old-timers whose name crops up is T. W. Murphy. He must be well away in the seventies by now. I remember him as the editor of the *Irish Cyclist* in somewhere about 1891 or 1892.

Anyhow, I am delighted to see that the old Club is still going strong. Many years may it continue to do so.

With all good wishes,
Yours sincerely,

CHARLES GREY.

THE PASSING OF AN OLD ANFIELDER.

Early in this year there occurred at West Kirby the passing after a short illness of George T. Bater, an Anfielder of years ago. Few members will have been aware that 45 years ago he carried off the first prize in the last Anfield track handicap ever held. Bater, then a youth of nineteen, had been introduced into the Club by Edgar Allen Tooth, of the Lairages—the later airman—along with J. E. Green. He showed great promise and was taken in hand by our Captain, Billy Toft.

That was the year of E. G. Worth's great Secretaryship, 1897, and also the time of the early days of the New Brighton Tower Track, with the

result that a large number of Anfielders containing many tandem teams, devoted themselves to the track for training.

We all remember the triumphs of Jimmy Green, but few may recall the promising novice, George Bater, in the early part of 1897. In 1898 we saw a good deal of him, although I remember little of his further speed career, and in 1899 he left us for Canada, where he became a wealthy cattle raiser and lived for many years. Returning to Cheshire he settled in West Kirby and became a familiar figure as Master of the popular seaside horse-riding cavalcade.

Going back to his Anfield activities in 1897 Secretary Worth sponsored a Fifty Miles Path Event, to be run as a scratch race that would savour of a championship, and yet by a sealed handicap suit the rank and file. Nine members competed, while many members took part as pacers. The limit men ran out to 15 minutes, which included Bater, who took 2.18.14; Billy Owen taking 2.12.50; H. B. Saunders 2.8.8.; F. H. Koenen fastest and also second (the two latter from scratch) with 2.4.4.

A few years ago, by way of a tribute to W. A. Lowcock, who had been F.H.'s pacing marshal, this journal described the race and showed how Lowcock, with only three machines, opposed Saunder's host of mechanised forces for which the available Mersey Side had been "cornered," while the Irwell teams kept lapping their rivals time after time. (An exciting episode was that once F. H. overbalanced and fell, but his foot catching the very steep banking sent him upright again, to continue and recover his toe-clips).

We learn through Bater's friends how proud he remained to his Anfield connection, being particularly attached to the token which several members presented to him at his wedding.

THE MULLAH WRITES:—

19th March, 1942.

MY DEAR MARRIOTT,

I get very few letters from Dudley and in those I have received he has made reference to letters sent by him to me and others which have not arrived.

As he has already been in Norway, Greece and Eritrea, it is not surprising that some of his mail is missing. In his last letter he mentions the receipt of a remittance from the A.B.C. which he has acknowledged with thanks. I mention this in case his letter of thanks has not been received by the Club. His rank is now L.A.C.—address as before.

I like the new format of the *Circular* and it will certainly facilitate binding. It may interest you to know that I have all the *Circulars* bound (in Black and Blue) from their inception until December last—can any other member say that?

Best of luck,

Yours sincerely,

C. H. TURNOR.

LETTER FROM IRA THOMAS.

DATED 18/3/42.

DEAR FRANK,

You may have thrown a blue fit when you saw the above rank and address and you no doubt are thinking that the quarter-bloke had got a few spare chevrons to raffle off and I managed to win a set way back in January, so I join the noble band of Anfielders who have the three tapes up. At present I'm instructing a batch of recruits and though the work is hard up to a point it is interesting but all the same I would rather be across the "pawnee" with the other fellows but perhaps my chance will come later on.

Heartiest congratulations to Tommy Sherman on his latest exploits and I envy him. I myself tried hard to get a transfer to his unit but it just got slung out. George Connor is having some bad luck but it must be some consolation to be where he is as it does enable him to keep in touch sort of thing.

Since my last letter I have in a way come to the front of the athletic life of the battalion. In a cross country run of five miles I ran fifth out of a field of 470 and I entered the boxing championships and won the light heavy-weight championship so you can see I'm keeping fairly fit, but I long to be racing fit and taking one

of my usual packets on a Sunday morning.

Remember me to all.

Cheerio,

IRA.

(We will have to keep on the right side of Ira now. A sergeant and a boxer!—Ed.).

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

11/1/41.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your A/G. of 15/11/41, which arrived about ten days ago, and will you please thank the Club for the P.O. which arrived most opportunely on Christmas Eve.

We had an extremely good Christmas here, the dinner exceeded all expectations, and we had a great many celebrations, but the weather was awful: on the infrequent occasions we did venture out of our hut we were dressed up like polar explorers in tin hat, balaclava, greatcoat and rubber boots. I came as near to pitying our four-footed friends as I've ever been!

Then on New Year's Eve it started to snow—an almost unheard of thing in this land, and from then until a couple of days ago it's been too cold to write—the warmest place has been bed.

I have had a couple of letters from Peter, we were stationed within ten miles of each other and we arranged to meet in town, but I was detained in camp, and the day afterwards Peter's unit moved up north, but maybe we'll meet up there.

I actually had a letter from Len last month accusing me of failing to write—coming from him that's rich indeed.

I'm going off to have a game of rigger in a few minutes. We get quite a lot of sport out here, the only trouble is the grounds are usually baked hard or under water, and always have a large quantity of small boulders strewn over the pitch. The natives also have a habit of pinching the goal posts, which tends to complicate matters.

Well, cheerio, Frank, and best wishes to you and the boys for 1942.

Yours,

TOMMY.

AN AIRGRAPH FROM PETER ROCK

(dated 19/2/42.)

DEAR FRANK,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for the *Circular*, which I have just received. Once again I have noted your reference to lack of mail from me, and I still fail to understand. It is now close on two months since I heard from you. This is my third letter to you this year, so I hope that you will receive them all right from now on. I have written to George since he took up station in N.W. Naturally I addressed it to his home address but I hope that it will reach him safely. We are still sitting back taking things quietly here and I have again tried to get in touch with Tommy Samuel, but I have not had any luck yet. I plunged on a Foth Derby 3.5 about a fortnight ago. The first film was not a howling success but that is only to be expected after a break of about three years. There is not a great deal of scope for subjects owing to restrictions, but if I should turn anything out on a par with my earlier efforts I will pass it on to you. I am pleased to hear that Syd Jonas is still fit and well and on equal rank with his wife. (Not now—Ed.) There can be no question of insubordination now. By the way, I played my first game of football for sixteen years yesterday. I played for the Sergeants' Mess, and needless to say we got a hammering—9-0. I enjoyed the frolic but feel mighty stiff to-day. I hope that you will be able to read this without putting it through your enlarger.

Cheerio for now,

PETER.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

2/3/42.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the P.O., which I received a couple of days ago, and also the *Circulars* of November and December. I have just been on a four day trek, and was feeding in a Services Club, when a familiar voice said "When are you going to answer my last letter?"—it was Peter and Eric—the first time we had met for almost a year. We found that our units had

only been about a 100 miles from each other, just round the corner in these parts. We had a good chinwag and naturally a good grouse. Peter and Eric had just completed the Grand Tour of the M.E. and both are looking very fit on it. Both were "on the wagon"—honestly, and our drinks were tea and lime juice! The Club's P.O. will come in very useful, as I'm off on 4 day's leave in an hour's time. Space forbids any more, so I'll say cheerio. Hope you are all fit. My regards to all the boys.

TOMMY S.

—ERIC REEVES.

24th February, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your airgraph which arrived to-day. It was only yesterday I wrote to you expressing my surprise at the rather long wait for a letter from you. It usually happens that way, the minute a letter is posted complaining of not hearing. The airgraph by the way is dated 4/2/42. I am pleased to hear that you have been granted a reprieve for a while. I do sincerely hope that we may be able to arrange a holiday together after the war is over. Before I forget I must ask you to cut all irrelevant matter out of these letters before publishing same in the *Circular*, if it necessitates a slight alteration in the wording. I know from past experience re reports of Club runs that you can do this all right. Do you know that when I did write up a Club run and saw it in print I could hardly recognise my own article. Editor's privilege, I suppose. Peter's note from you written on the same date arrived with mine. Reference my offer about maintenance to the stink wagon, it still stands and will give me great pleasure to let you have the benefit of the little amount of experience I have gained. The November *Circular* gave me the first information as to the nature of Tommy Sherman's job, when I asked Peter he calmly told me that he had known for some time. Frank Perkins continues to keep me supplied with *Cycling*, for which I am very grateful, they do have the effect of making me realise what we could be doing instead of this so and so war.

We are able to go to a film at the moment and an audience of soldiers would surprise you, they indulge in booing and cheering when the occasion demands it just like an audience of young boys. It fills those of us out here with envy when we read of the more fortunate ones visiting you and arranging further meetings, more so when we realise that our only chance will be when it is all over. It is surprising how much one can get on an airgraph when using a typewriter, it takes some filling I can assure you. There was a photograph of Russ Barker in a copy of *Cycling*, I did meet him once in the smelly city referred to by Peter, but like ships that pass in the night we could not possibly arrange a further meeting. It is not possible to keep up a correspondence with them all and it is a good idea of publishing the letters in the *Circular* and serves to keep us more or less in touch with doings of our scattered tribe. Well, I am nearing the end of the available space so I must close.

My regards to you, your mother and Mollie.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC

—ERIC REEVES.

4/3/42

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your airgraph of 11/2/42, which arrived to-day. Last week-end we bumped into Tommy Samuel for the first time in many moons. As is usual with these meetings he was off at dawn the following day and it was only by merest chance that we met that evening. We had a meal with him and mark you "many cups of TEA" with him during the evening. This, both for an Anfielder and Tommy was a shock, but I must tell you that I have hardly had any beer for months now. I had a long letter from S.T.C. a few days ago and he is just as cheerful as ever. He says something about his cycling plans for his "declining" years, and has the audacity to place himself with Peter and I in the same state of lack of training. When one reads about those trips across the Pennines this is going too far. I doubt if we will ever catch

him up again but I certainly intend to have a try. Roll on the meetings at the 8th and then as you say there will be a great incentive to get out on the bike. I hope you and mother and Mollie are still O.K. and may you continue to be thus blessed. Give my regards to George or Ted or any others you may meet. It will be good to see you all when the time comes. Well, I must say cheerio for the present. All the best and thumbs up.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 7th, 1942.

Only three members—H. Roskell, Eddie Morris and Stevie—attended this, the last Halewood run of the winter. Hubert called for Stevie in the car, and took along Mrs. Stevie and young Peter to help swell the party. Eddie Morris arrived just as we got upstairs. The Derby Arms provided a good scratch meal at short notice, and we did not linger, as Hubert hates driving in the dark.

Goostrey, Red Lion, 7th March, 1942.

A very late start made it necessary to choose the nearest possible way to our rendezvous.

The wind was cold but mostly over the right shoulder, so that it did not impede my progress to any great extent. For all the need to hasten I could not but linger in places to cast my eyes over a countryside well-known but always changing. This afternoon no exception, the roads were swept clean with just a trace of snow here and there, the fields bare and very drab in the hard bright sunlight and over above Bollington the hills showed white, still covered with snow and a mist hung over their tops.

The church clock of Goostrey showed 5-40 p.m. as I passed, but my destination was reached and I was not the last, for down the road came Hubert straight from work and behind J. D. Cranshaw came Rex on his tricycle.

Already seated at the tea table were Buckley, Green, Wilf and Bren Orrell which, with the three already mentioned made up the total muster of seven.

After tea we sat round the fire until it was time for the Buckleys to go for the train, when the whole party decided to seek their various homes.

Parkgate, 14th March, 1942.

A tinkle on the Editorial telephone in the middle of what was a very delightful Spring afternoon brought the news that Captain Connor was in town to-day, and was I going to the Club run? Five-thirty was the time fixed, and after paying several calls around the Wirral lanes I drifted down to the sandy shore and the straggling parade. Arthur Williams was all pushed up, but it was six p.m. before George came. Tea was a delightful meal, and after a talk by the fire we walked along the parade in the pleasant darkness of the evening.

It was almost the hour of nine when George and I climbed slowly from the sea to the high road. The miles flashed in pleasant chatter, and the walk up the Wishing Gate Hill was a delightful reminder of happier days with that slope a myriad of lights when Anfield was walking home. In another mile George left me for his Tranmere bed, while I turned westwards once more to reach home at ten o'clock.

Prestbury (White House), 14th March, 1942.

This village is one of the oldest and prettiest of all Cheshire villages and lies within easy reach of Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, our genial host and hostess at the White House, welcome our visits and try their utmost, these awkward days, to cater for our needs.

The attendance of seven members was indeed complimentary to the choice of our run and we members

who know Prestbury would be pleased to show our Liverpool members this particular corner of our beloved Cheshire.

The two elderly ladies who so graciously serve out the beer at the Legh Arms now seek to claim having known our older members for—did they say—forty years! It seems to me that our presence in the village is looked upon with favour, especially with those that matter.

On this particular afternoon the points of interest were that Buckley once more attended the run on his bicycle, and what is more important, came equipped to ride home in the dark, that Jack Hodges once more made his welcome appearance, that F.H. was once again using the motor-cycle and "caboodle," and last but not least, that Hubert attended in the uniform of the N.F.S., which body he supports in a voluntary way in the neighbouring town of Macclesfield.

Rex left early to assume his police duties in Altrincham, so Bert Green went along with him for company and the remainder, which included J. Cranshaw, left about half-an-hour later.

Parkgate, March 21st, 1942.

This isn't a run report really. How can it be when only one turned up. Your Editor dropped into the Deeside Café soon after six on the evening in question, but finding no one who mattered there, he departed after about ten minutes.

Parkgate, March 28th, 1942.

Only two Anfielders — Franks Marriott and Perkins, and another Frank—Slemen, of the East Liverpool. The two first named spent some of their afternoon having a nap before the fire, and only arrived at Parkgate a minute or so before six. Frank Perkins tried to dig Ginner Williams from his garden, but there was nothing doing, and the table was without its usual fourth. We had eggs on toast, yes, eggs! and other nice things to follow before we sought the road soon after seven.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
May 2	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
" 9	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	May 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 16	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).	" 9	Walker Barn (Setter Dog).
" 23	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 23	Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe).
" 30	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 30	Prestbury (WhiteHouse Cafe)
June 6	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	June 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 30TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is:
W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

"HERE AND EVERYWHERE."

Percy Beardwood has promised to tell us how, when and why he joined the Club fifty years ago.

Mr. C. G. Grey has written a story of the Paris-Bordeaux race of 45 years ago, when our Billy Neason was a competitor. We hope to have room for it next month.

Elston has relinquished Home Rails for the bicycle again. (The butterflies are coming out!) In the mornings he still looks as if no one owns him—perhaps no one does, or will!

Some months ago we reported the illness of our V.P. Stevie, and entirely omitted to mention later his complete recovery. At the moment all that is necessary for him are some very warm hours on a bicycle.

As the *Circulars* are so very erratic in reaching Malta, arrangements have been made to send copies to Syd Jonas and the other Anfielder there by air mail in future.

Rigby Band comments on the drop George Connor has had—from Captain of the Anfield to a Lance Corporal in the Army!

Brian Band was reported to be homeward bound a month or so ago, but we regret to note that this was incorrect, and that Brian is still "playing soldiers." He thanks Bert Lloyd for his cable.

SERVICE ADDRESSES.

T.74506, M.S.S., BARKER, R.
6, M.T.S.D., R.A.S.C., M.E.F.

Corporal W. P. ROCK, 2067653.
Driver J. E. REEVES, 2067781.
2nd Troop, 2nd Cheshire Field
Squadron, R.E.'s, M.E.F.

Sergeant J. R. BAND, 2069285.
No. 9 Field Survey Dept., R.E.'s,
M.E.F.

Tel. W. A. CONNOR.
C/WR x 278, Mess 3, H.M.S.
"Daffodil," c/o G.P.O., London.

Lieut. B. H. BAND, R.N.
c/o H.M.S. "Maidstone," S.S., c/o
G.P.O., London.

552089, D. TURNOR, 13 W.V.U.
R.A.F., Army Post Office, M.E.F.

J. S. JONAS, S/3765778.
H.Q., S.I.B., R.A.S.C., Malta.

DJ x 288026 N. S. HEATH,
O.S., No. 1 Mess, H.M.S. Tynedale,
c/o G.P.O., London.

The following are also abroad, but please send all communications to the address as per handbook:

FRED BREWSTER, R.A.F., Canada.
GEORGE FARR, R.A.F., South Africa.

Stationed in the United Kingdom:

TOMMY SHERMAN (Commandos); LEN
KILLIP, DON BIRCHALL, ALAN
TELFORD (R.A.F.), IRA THOMAS,
GEORGE CONNOR (Army).

'THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.'

(A month or so ago you will remember Eric Reeves writing of an orgy. From Peter's own pen we have now received an authentic and, we hope, unvarnished account of his Christmas festivities.—Ed.)

"On the evening of Christmas Eve I walked to the Naafi with Eric and a friend, hoping to get a meal of sorts. There was a concert going on and the bar—sorry, I mean serving hatch—was closed. Being rather despondent I did not feel in the mood for local talent—male—so I left Eric and Les and walked around the corner to the Corporals' place to buy tobacco.

While I was there the rain started in torrential downpour, so when it eased a little I made a dash for our mess. On the way there—please bear in mind that I was quite sober—I walked full tilt into a sewage trench. Spitting out a mouthful—I did not care for the taste, anyway—I made my way into the mess. It was tastefully decorated. Synthetic snow and holly adorned the walls. The rafters were gaily decked with streamers and synthetic mistletoe (eucalyptus leaves and cotton wool) hung in bunches from beside the windows. Firstly, before I could join in the fun and games I had to wash my face, which was coated with good red earth, ruddy mud, as you might say.

Games had hardly started when the Mess-President, the Sergeant Major,

declared the bar open for drinks on the house. Still retaining my marked aversion for beer, I embarked on an orgy of gin and limes. I was not prepared for the speed in which these drinks kept appearing on our table and soon we were all exchanging pleasantries which come so easily when one feels that he is surrounded by good fellows. After much exaggerated excitement my partner and I received our dues as winners.

More games, and then followed a more strenuous bout of drinking with one or two waxing very sentimental and retailing their life stories. My partner was very persistent with both his drinking and his life story, and while I was certainly oiled I could not help goading him on and getting as much fun as I could from the situation.

Somewhere about one o'clock we decided to call it a day. My partner appealed to me for help, so in confident mood I undertook to see him safely (?) home. Somehow his legs would persist in buckling under him about every twenty yards, whereupon he would take up the horizontal, chanting monotonously in words unprintable that he was drunk. It was quite good fun until he pulled me with him, into the deep gully of the brook which runs across the camp area. There he was, lying on his back in the water and muddy slime, with me sitting on his chest, pondering on how to get him out again. Fortunately I was wearing gum boots but even that could not save my battle dress, which was in a very sorry state.

After much struggling, coaxing and cajoling, I managed to heave him back to the comparatively dry ground again. From there it was but a short distance to his tent, where I left him stumbling over the beds of his tent mates. That really should be the end of the story, but somehow I found that I was not in complete control of my bodily functions, and missing the bridge by a very narrow margin, I plunged into the ditch once more.

(Peter concludes his narrative with the statement that "since then my conduct has been irreproachable, even

including New Year's Eve." But what a lot of living down that one night of revelry is going to take!—Ed.).

TED CODY.

Progress has been not so swift as we hoped, but he is as well as may be expected. Stevie, Marriott and Hubert have been to see him during the month.

EASTER, 1942.

Following on a day of blustering wind the rain sets in for the evening, and after tea I am quite content to settle down in front of the fire with a book. Maybe the contents of my volume "Summer Days among the Western Isles," is responsible, or perhaps it is owing to a three weeks' spell of perfect spring weather; but, whatever the cause, I am unable to concentrate on the printed page, and putting the book aside I sit back and gaze into the fire.

Now it is that memories come crowding to the forefront of the mind. Once again I am lounging on the white strand of a wee Hebridean inlet, with my tent close by on heather, and a handy stream near. There I am enjoying again two perfect days of a perfect holiday, when most of the time was spent in doing very little cycling but a great deal of bathing in the intensely blue Atlantic.

Another episode of that holiday comes to mind: After a day spent in exploring some of the ancient Pictish remains in Harris I return to the tent at about 11 p.m., have supper and then sit outside the tent reading Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer," until 2 a.m., while the glow of sunset in the North merges imperceptibly into the dawn. Then the tent is struck, packed away, and I trundle to the jetty at Tarbert, whence the early morning mail boat carries me to another of the Enchanted Isles.

As I gaze into the warm heart of the fire I think of a certain Whit Saturday morning, and a few of us amble gently, with a maximum number of stops, to Shrewsbury. A perfect day, with the countryside decked in fresh greenery, followed by an evening

of joviality at The George, which is carried on until the early hours of the morning in a comfortable hostelry where some of us are spending the night. Little do we think, on that Jubilee tour, that before next Whitsuntide the war drums will have called us to participate in the bloodiest conflict this world has ever known.

The fire burns lower, and my mind goes back to the time when I was a member of another Club. The strident note of the alarm clock disturbs me at the unearthly hour of 2 a.m. on a Sunday morning, and hastily dressing I creep quietly downstairs, have a hurried wash and then set about preparing breakfast—I wonder why food is so unappetising at that time in the morning. Needless to say, it is raining, with a raw East wind, and against it I struggle in a cape for about 35 miles to a road in East Cheshire, lonely now but in a few hours it will be crowded with pleasure seekers. The only other person there is the checker, and while I stamp about to try to warm my soaking feet we make desultory conversation. Soon the first black-clothed figure appears, and I hastily pour a drink into a can ready for one of my own Clubmen. There is plenty to spare, and when a friend in another camp hurries to us and is turned by the checker I shout "Want one, Jack?" He grins, neatly grabs the drink, and I walk up the road to retrieve the empty can, gazing after the rapidly retreating figure of Salty on the last 10 miles of a Cheshire Roads Club Scratch "50."

The dying embers fall apart, and the noise rouses me from my reverie. Knocking out my pipe I glance at the clock—11-55, might as well hear the midnight news; and the voice of the announcer brings me back with a jerk to the present, and to the sombre realisation that a long, hard road lies in front of us before we can enjoy once again those carefree hours that once we took for granted.

J.R.F.

THE LATE JACK FOWLER.

With the sunshine slanting through the woods of the Newport Road, and

the rosy spire of Chetwynd Church looking ever redder in the clear spring light, our Presider met Jack Fowler's four sons on Sunday, April 12th, for the purpose of leaving our old friend's mortal remains where his heart had so often been—on the well-known roads of Shropshire, ways ever dear to an Anfielder's heart.

In well-chosen terms, our Presider performed his task:

"Well, gentlemen, you know our purpose here to-day—to give effect to the wish of an old friend. To me this wish seems very natural—what more fitting than that what remains of his mortal body should rest where I have no doubt his spirit is—on the roads where he spent so many happy days of fresh air in the rain and sun, the scene of so many mimic battles, strife without anger and art without malice, the healthful exercise of that strength which is the glory of a man. So now, in the name of the Anfield Bicycle Club, and of all its members, past and present, I consign the ashes of Jack Fowler to the wind, to spread them over his beloved Shropshire roads."

To our infinite regret, Bert Green was alone, but it was not possible in these sometimes hectic days for others to reach the spot from Manchester or Merseyside. After a chat with the Fowlers and their friends, Bert returned to Nantwich for a late lunch and a pleasant ride home.

BACK FROM ST. NAZAIRE.

Not, by any means, all of the lads who were on the St. Nazaire raid were able to return, but we are delighted to record that Tommy Sherman did. Now a Troop Sergeant-Major, our young Anfielder was lucky (his word) enough to stop some shell splinters on the way up the estuary to the town, slightly injuring his thigh and right hand. Tommy was in to see us the other day, and we could fill this issue with tales of a real "bloody" (in every sense of that expressive word) "party," but as we are not sure what to include and what to omit, we will pursue our usual policy of silence on these matters.

A LETTER FROM RUSS. BARKER.

1/3/42.

DEAR KETTLE,

Received your letter and P.O. dated 2/1/42 yesterday. I might say that the latter could not have been more opportune. I was just about to mortgage my rifle and steel hat and let some of the harem girls go at bargain prices. Incidentally, one cannot get harem girls these days. I've advertised in all the papers (perhaps a note in the *Circular* would do the trick). They are all busy doing a strange dance known as the Can-Can in cabarets, etc. The Can-Can is peculiar in its performance. The dusky maiden pivots on the ball of her left foot, twitching the shoulders—the whole while opening and closing the pores of the skin—very difficult!!! Am receiving the *Circular* regularly. You will notice I have changed my rank and now wear a crown (only on the arm). Best wishes to yourself and also all members of the Anfield B.C. for 1942.

Yours sincerely,

RUSSELL BARKER.

—SYD JONAS.

MALTA,

24/1/42.

DEAR SAMMY,

I have a few spare moments, so thought I would write and let you know that I am, once again, the only Anfielder in Malta.

Brian should be home at the moment and will no doubt give you the low-down on the high life in Malta. The last time I saw him was just before Christmas and we met, appropriately enough, opposite a bar, so we had a couple of Blues. Now, I expect, he is quaffing Draught Bass and he has earned it, too.

I have been leading a lotus eater's life as he will probably tell you, but now we will be emulating Tommy Sherman, and, thank heaven, it is winter time. From now on, I will no longer blush as I write "On Active Service" on my envelopes.

I had the unusual experience of reading the March, May and December

Circulars on the last day of 1941, and was glad to know that everyone is fit and well, and that you, Albert and Arthur Williams are apparently the only young civvies left. I suppose I should include Charles amongst the "young civvies" or shouldn't I?

It was very pleasing to read about the "Return of the Mullah." (It sounds like a thriller, doesn't it) to active Club life, but notice with regret the continued absence of the Simpsons (all of them) and poor old Chem.

However, I hope to see them all again in the not too distant future but regret Ven will not be of the company.

I manage to cycle about now instead of hoofing it and it leaves more time at the "Half Way House," with the usual stop at the Maltese equivalent to the bottom of the Sych. Strange to relate, there is an old pine tree or two in the vicinity and it almost looks like the real thing, with the same sandstone walls alongside the road.

I am now waiting to hear George's views on Army life and the R.C. of Sigs. in particular.

Glad to know that you still get an odd tour occasionally.

With kind regards and best wishes to all.

Yours,

SYD.

P.S.—The Club's "Comfort for the Troops" keep coming along and are very much appreciated. Many thanks.

SYD.

—ERIC REEVES.

28/2/42.

DEAR HAROLD,

Your letter of 2nd January, 1942, with P.O. enclosed arrived to-day. Please convey my thanks to all concerned in making these gifts possible. I hope this letter finds you in good health and able to enjoy your days awheel. From reports in the *Circular* it seems there are very few left who are able to indulge in Saturday runs. It is Saturday to-day and I wish I was looking forward to a ride over to Lymm or Acton Bridge. The nearest we can get at the moment is a walk

of three very pleasant miles to a nearby village for a meal of eggs, sausage and chips. This, by the way, is the most popular dish with all troops out here and you are taking a chance in ordering anything different. The rainy season has, I think, just about finished, and shortly we will be complaining of the heat and all it brings. I did hope that we could look forward to this coming Christmas at home, but at the moment I don't see that it is possible. It has been a long stay out here and I envy the more fortunate ones who are able to attend a run when on home leave. Here's wishing a speedy end and then to the enjoyable days to follow. Well, I must close now, so thanks to all once again.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—RIGBY BAND.

7/3/1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to yourself and the Club for your handsome New Year gift received a few days ago. It provided a very pleasant and unexpected mid-week evening in town, including a dinner at the Free French N.C.O.'s Club.

You will see above that I have changed my address (last July to be precise) and am now in the middle of some really picturesque scenery. More than that I cannot say, of course, so the rest will have to wait till I start attending Club runs once more.

There is really very little news from these parts except that I am keeping pretty fit; at least I feel so, though I should not like to tackle the "50" course. From some snaps I sent home I was told I was getting fat, though I come nowhere near to rivalling the Frail One.

The *Circulars* come through O.K. and are doubly welcome and interesting in the eyes of an exile. Albert Preston is my other main link with Club life and he keeps me well supplied with all the news.

Apart from an occasional letter I am very much out of touch with the

rest of the Middle East section of the Club, though I suppose I shall bump into some of them one day. Once again many thanks and best of luck to all.

Yours sincerely,

J. RIGBY BAND.

—ERIC REEVES.

23RD MARCH, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I haven't had any mail from you for a while and without a letter to reply to it is difficult to fill even the small space in an airgraph. I know you like them typed but I couldn't possibly think of enough to fill all the space with small type. I have just completed a rather belated letter to Rigby. Peter is on leave, in fact he should be back to-day, he should have had it last October but his illness prevented that. The *Circulars* and *Cyclings* are a means of keeping up the enthusiasm which I can assure you has increased within these past 2½ years. Great days when they are here again, the Continental tours are still to be done when all the trouble is over. Are you still as keen to resume them? I hope all are well at home. My regards to your mother and Mollie. Tell Ted that even if I don't write to him I still want to see him very much, and this goes for all the boys, young and old. Roll on the Whits and Augusts and Halewoods. Well, I must close, hoping it won't be so very long before we are all together again.

Yours very sincerely,

ERIC.

RUNS.

Alderley, March 21st, 1942.

Again it is my duty to pen a brief description of our latest visit to the Royal Oak. The day was much warmer than of late, and opportunity was taken by most of us to improve our mileage records before fore-gathering for tea. The seven Anfielders were joined by a stray Wheeler—

Taylor, by name, who had lost his club and was invited to take tea with us. After a good hot pot, served in the Oddfellows Lodge room, we adjourned to the lounge and observed the customary ritual until the hour of eight. A move was then made for home, and the journey accomplished by the pale light of a crescent moon. One or two members had glimpsed the Mullah out on bicycle during the afternoon, and we were surprised not to see him at Alderley.

Those present were H. Green and R. J. Austin on tricycles, E. Buckley, H. G. Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Jack Hodges on bicycles, and the Master by motor car.

Knolls Green, March 28th, 1942.

We seem to be fated to have trouble with fixtures in this neighbourhood; in this instance the Sub. received an intimation late in the morning of the 28th that the Landlady at the Bird-in-Hand had been taken off to hospital and no meal could be provided. The Sub. and the Presider thought that the Roebuck was certain to be right and arrangements were made to advise all probable starters to meet there. But when we arrived, after a pleasant wandering ride on a bright though cold afternoon, it was to find that there was nothing doing. However, the Sub. again got busy and six of us got a quite pleasant meal at the Brown Owl Cafe, which, owing to the shortage of petrol keeping many people away, was able to cater for us. "F.H." came on the "Caboodle," the remaining five—the Manchester V.P., the Sub., the two BUCKLEYS, and the Presider—by cycle. Old Bick is getting his riding form back and we are rather hoping to get him on longer distances soon. A short session at the adjoining "Frozen Mop," at which memories of tours provided most of the hilarious conversation, brought the hour of departure, and the party then proceeded homewards at a nice easy pace, in bright moonlight.

Goostrey, April 4th, 1942.

This run seems to become more popular each month, and this week's attendance certainly established a record.

I set out about 3 o'clock intending

to go round by Congleton and Arclid, but rain and a big head wind soon made me change my mind, so I turned soon after Gawsforth and went by Marton and Swettenham.

Arriving early at the Red Lion I found a few already there. Before 5.30 the Presider had arrived, followed by the Mullah and family, and the Sub-Captain and wife, making the party up to ten members and one friend. The catering arrangements stood up wonderfully to the strain of double the number ordered for, and I am sure no one went short.

Soon after tea the Turners left, but the remainder gathered around the fire until time for the train party to depart on the 8 o'clock to Cheadle Hulme. The Presider then left for Nantwich en route to week-end in Shropshire. Those who were left then had "one for the road," and left for home via Alderley, where the Vice-President and Hubert Buckley finished off a most pleasant evening recalling Club runs of the past until 10 o'clock. It was quite time then that I started off to attend to my Civil Defence duties.

So finished another pleasant Saturday. Certainly these runs are something to look forward to from week to week in these very trying times, and as one who has recently returned to the fold after a number of years' absence I can recommend them to others.

(Editor's Note.—Our Correspondent—Hubert Buckley—omits to give us the names of some who came to Goostrey. We can guess at F.H. and Mr. Bickley. Who was the other?)

Parkgate, April 11th, 1942.

It was quite late when your Editor arrived at Parkgate this afternoon, and he did so to discover Frank Perkins wandering aimlessly along the Parade. The two Franks then waited for Arthur Williams, and it was a very happy trio that sat down to an excellent tea, wondering once again where were the elder brethren. A stroll along the Parade in the misty sunlight, and then the bicycles once more, to ride home with an easy wind.

Prestbury, April 11th, 1942.

On this glorious spring afternoon I wended my way towards Prestbury, and being in plenty of time, I travelled

along the various lanes en route for my destination. The country at the present time looks its best. The hedges and trees with their new buds, and the fields looking as though someone had been across them with a brushful of green paint. Only the drone of a plane overhead reminded me that there was still a spot of bother going on in various parts of the world.

I met Rex Austin on the road. He informed me that he had been to Prestbury and was now off to work; needless to say, I did not envy him, and I suppose he would have preferred being at our rendezvous with the others.

I eventually arrived at Prestbury and found the Presider, F.H., Mr. Buckley, Senr. and our Sub. and his good lady already there.

Next to arrive was Hubert Buckley, all the way from Macclesfield.

After parking our steeds behind the Cafe, we paid our usual visit across the way for a little liquid refreshment. There we were joined by Jack Hodges and later by the "Mullah."

After a few beers we returned to the Cafe for tea which, under present circumstances, was exceptionally good.

Conversation as usual was varied, the Presider and the two Bucleys being very interested in the forthcoming week-end to Shropshire.

After the meal the "Mullah" and his two boys left for home, the rest of us returning to the "tank" to fill up again.

Eventually the party broke up, the Presider going to Nantwich for the night, and so to Chetwynd the following morning.

Leaving the Bucleys and Jim Cranshaw in the tank, Jack Hodges and I set off for the "Cottonopolis," to which we had a very easy ride, and so ended another very enjoyable day.

Members present were:—Bert Green, Mr. Buckley and Hubert, the "Mullah" and his two boys, F.H., Jack Hodges, Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole and Rex Austin.

Parkgate, 18th April, 1942.

There is only one snag about attending a Club run these days after a long (sic) absence, and that is when the Editor pounces on the long absentee! to write the run. In a weak moment I said I would, seeing that it was certainly twelve months or more

since I had written one.

Having managed to persuade the Army authorities that I was in need of a rest after such a long spell as a guest of the Duke of Westminster, seven days' leave was granted to me—without prejudice—and I decided a trip to the Gate was the thing to do. It was good to be back on the familiar roads of the Wirral again and was a pleasant reminder of happier days. It seemed a pity that the attendance, on such a glorious Spring afternoon, was so small, only four members turning up. Arthur Williams, Frank Marriott, Ken Barker and George Connor. Tea was the usual excellent meal provided by the "Deeside," and talk was of old times and absent friends. The surprise of the evening, to me anyway, was when our worthy Editor refused anything further to eat when there still remained on the table bread and butter, jam and cake. Never has such a state of affairs existed in my experience anyway, and then he announced his intention of departing! Ah me! We live in a strange world! So it was left to Arthur, Ken and me to uphold the Anfield traditions, and half-an-hour or so later saw us strolling towards the far end of the promenade in search of "one for the road."

Alderley, April 18th, 1942.

A glorious afternoon; but in spite of the call of the bicycle, the urge of the garden (inspired by the many "Dig for Victory" advertisements now appearing in the Press) possessed me, and it was not until late that I left home, with but time for a straight run to the Royal Oak. Approaching the venue, I was overhauled by the President, with news of a meeting of the Committee on the morrow, and soon we were seated by the bowling green, awaiting zero hour. A couple before tea, a grand meal, and an adjournment to the lounge, to find that the Budget increase in the cost of the working man's food was not to operate until Monday. Naturally we took advantage of this unexpected good fortune: and for me the evening lasted until Rex Austin refused a drink at the "Thieves Neck" at Woodford about ten. Those present were the President and his Vice, two Bucleys, the Master, Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole and Jack Hodges.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
 FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

June 6	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 13	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest).
.. 20	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 27	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
July 4	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

June 6	Prestbury (White House Cafe)
.. 20	Alderley (Royal Oak).
.. 27	Walker Barn (Setter Dog).
July 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 28TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—Mr. F. Chandler, 22 Hollybank Road, Birkenhead; Mr. S. T. Carver, 11 Grove Road, Rock Ferry.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A slight improvement on March. My thanks to the following for Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund in April and May.

J. C. Band.*	A. Lusty.*
P.C. Beardwood.*	W.R. Oppenheimer.*
F. Beckett.	J. Seed.*
J. A. Bennett.	G. Stephenson.*
A. Crowcroft.	J. G. Shaw.†
C. F. Elias.*	A. Turnor.
W. H. Elias.	K. Turnor.
L. King.	H. Wilson.*
J. Long.*	

† 1941.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

Ted Byron writes from Audenshaw (Manchester). He moans, and it seems quite justifiably, about the dump of a site and the sight of 68 factory chimneys to be counted on the skyline. Quite a change from the bracing air of St. Annes, or the pastoral pleasures of Wirral! Fred Brewster is not so sure now that he likes Canada. A devil of a way to the nearest town; dust-storms; a dose of mumps, and a series of sore throats make him think that England is best, every time. Good for you, Fred.

Walter Connor and Tommy Sherman have met on several occasions, and from the pen of "T.S." we are to hear of the more lurid details of these nights out. Hurry, Tommy! George Connor is back at Prestatyn. We have no news of the others, which is mainly due to the Editor's laxity in not writing very often. Sorry, lads!

BRIAN BAND.

We very much regret to record that Brian Band—Lieut. B. H. Band, D.S.C., R.N.—has been posted as

missing. Readers will remember references in these pages to Brian's homecoming, and we are now able to state that he reached Gibraltar on his journey to England before being recalled. At the moment we hope hard against disturbing fears, and perhaps next month we may have more news.

W. H. LLOYD.

Our congratulations and sincerest wishes to W. H. Lloyd—"Our 'Erb."—who last month was appointed to be Chief Inspector of the Chester City Police. He is now one of the youngest Chief Inspectors in the country. Four years ago he was a constable in the force of his native city, and for his rapid climbing of the ladder of success we have nothing but the greatest of admiration.

IN MEMORIAM.**E. J. CODY.**

It is with every sorrow that we have to record the passing, after a long and extremely painful illness, of Ted Cody, on Sunday, May 3rd, at his home near Holywell, North Wales. For weeks our old friend had been in the Royal Infirmary at Liverpool, and he was only taken home on the day before he passed over.

Ted had been an Anfielder for 39 years, and until his removal to Holywell less than ten years ago he was a regular attender at the Club runs. His clean bicycle was an interesting feature of any run. Ted completed his thousand runs in 1929, and at the Annual General Meeting in 1930 he was elected a Life Member with much acclamation.

As a racing man in the early years of this century he was good. In 1905 he swept the board in all the Club events, a very remarkable achievement. In the three 50's of the year he clocked 2.41.4; 2.45.0 and 2.38.21 respectively. In the Club "100" he was fastest with 5.53.38, and his 362 in the "24" gave him a narrow victory over E. Buckley.

In 1907, besides continuing his competitive career, Cody ventured into the record field, and in July of

that year, using the Shropshire course, he lowered the Northern "50" for single bicycles with a very fine effort of 2.27.19. With the late Bob Knipe Ted lowered the R.R.A. Liverpool to Edinburgh Tandem figures, bringing this "Anfield" record back to the Club with a splendid ride of 13 hours, 23 minutes.

In the last decade we have not seen much of Ted Cody, but it is hard indeed to think that we shall never see him again.

FRED DEL STROTHER.

It is with every regret that we have to announce the passing, at Coventry Municipal Hospital, on April 30th, of our old friend and member for fifty years, F. del Strother.

Freddy joined the Club in 1892. Well do I remember him as a youngster. He quickly ingratiated himself and was a great favourite. What vividly comes to my mind was the wonderful 21st birthday party he gave. This was at the Continental Hotel, Mount Pleasant; there were amongst those present the Great Hellier, Toft, Worth and others, most of whom except the writer have passed on. Freddy insisted everything should be done in the Russian style, and the food and wines were too wonderful to mention in these days of high prices and rationing, even in those days it must have cost a lot, but Freddy was no mean host.

Before the last war Fred had returned to Russia. He went all over the world in the interest of his father's business, from Vladivostock to South America. When Russia collapsed Fred's star turned and he was pursued with the most appalling bad luck, his father's fortune disappeared in the Russian debacle. After that the collapse of the German currency brought him to poverty. He obtained employment in Paris. Upon recovering part of his father's insurance policy (reluctantly withheld by an American Company) he bought an interest in a marmalade business in Mentone; this proved a bad investment. He eventually came to England where he obtained employment with a firm in Coventry. He was injured and

badly shaken in an air raid and this undoubtedly hastened his end.

Freddy never favoured the "road" game, and although he rode in some of the Club events, his interest was on the "path" where he won many events; he would have been a champion if he had taken his training seriously. He was at one time a regular attendant at the Club runs and he will be remembered by many of the older members as attending Bettws and other Club tours.

He interested some of our members in Continental touring, and in 1927 Chandler accompanied him on a French tour; in 1928 the writer and son had an enjoyable tour with him in Brittany, and in 1929 the writer and Elston went on a tour as far as the Riviera.

He would have been 68 in June; although not known to the present generation, his passing will be felt by those who knew him, for he was a kindly and gentle soul. Through no fault of his own misfortune dogged his later years but he accepted the hard knocks of fortune without grumbling, and for one who had known great affluence he took the loss of his fortune with courage. Long may his memory remain, for we shall never see his like again

P.C.B.

A LETTER FROM ERIC REEVES.

8th April, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your Airgraph of 4/3/42 which arrived to-day. The mail service is not nearly so good as it used to be and I don't think I need explain why.

The reason I asked about Four Speeds was that Syd. had mentioned in a letter that he found his dragging at speeds in excess of fifteen miles per hour and I found the same trouble with the old semi-close ratio. I do write to Syd. more often than he writes to me as a matter of fact, and the feeling he has for us is returned with interest. Many are the very happy times we have had together at races and week-ends. It is a pity

that he had to move so far away from Merseyside but I will certainly enjoy the ride over to see him when the opportunity occurs. All his letters have the effect of making me expect to see him stroll into the tent and shake hands. He can certainly write letters in a very life-like manner. Both Peter and I were very surprised when we received the *Circular*. At first I thought that someone had opened the letter and torn the back of it. However, it is the writings and news of everyone that really counts and it would not matter if it was only composed of a few Ronco sheets. Syd. told me all about his Keep-fit Scheme in a recent letter and then he has the nerve to challenge Peter and I to a couple of laps of the Fifty Course, he even talked of his plans for his declining years. I will admit that marriage and fatherhood must give one a feeling of maturity, but the word "decline" can hardly be applied to our hefty friend. It will take a lot of ground work for me to get fit enough to accept his airy challenges. I wonder how Ted likes the mixed personnel at his particular job? Ira Thomas keeps expressing a desire to be out here with us but he really doesn't know what he is saying: one is out here for duration and I would certainly change places with him if it could be arranged. It is a long time to be away from family and friends. The fly and mosquito season is just starting and the sun is getting closer every day now. Peter wrote you an Airgraph the other day and I told him to write larger characters, but he wouldn't and I don't know how you will decipher them. He can be really very stubborn on some things but then you don't need to be told that. I hope that your mother and Molly are keeping well. Is Molly still driving an ambulance? Frank Perkins keeps me supplied with papers and it is good to keep in touch with all that's going on. I had reason to go through my kit yesterday and I came across the photographs of 45 Carlton, taken in the snow, and the enlargement of me taken on the journey from Kerry. Have you been to the Herbert Arms since we left home? I would just like to be dropping down the Anchor now with a hot meal waiting at the Herbert

Arms. Well, I am forced to close for lack of space, so cheerio and best wishes to you and all at home.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—ERIC REEVES.

20/4/42.

DEAR FRANK,

Your airgraph of the 30th March arrived to-day. It is unfortunate that you cannot always get a supply of these forms when you are trying to write to us all by turns. Peter has received two to my one recently but of course we both read one another's letters, so no harm is done. This one was a little blurred as though the camera has shaken in the process. The meeting with Tommy Samuel was a very fleeting one and I have not seen him since, therefore, I am sorry that I cannot give him any messages. Reference the Easter Week-end, I only wish I had the opportunity for a trip to Chipping Norton, but then I can understand how you feel with all the lads being away and one hasn't the right mental attitude to such things in these times. It is Sunday evening as I type this and this afternoon I played a game of cricket on a concrete strip 22 yards long with matting at the wickets. As you can imagine the standard of cricket was very low but this did not stop us enjoying it. This was the first time I had played for fifteen years and I scored the magnificent total of four runs run out. Top score on our side was seven runs, but we won; you can guess what the other side scored. Fred Brewster is a lucky devil as you say. I am inclined to think that Ted, Peter, Tommy and I were too eager to join up. Those that waited seemed to get into the arm they were keen on. I would have tried for the Air Force but there was such a long waiting list at the time. However, we did not join up for pleasure and it is up to all to put forward their best efforts to get it over with quickly. I wrote a long letter to S.T.C. the other day. A letter of his I received two months ago told of some cigarettes on the way. Mail is none too good and they haven't arrived yet. Do you ever think of the

trip over to the Gomersal "100" with Bert Green. Somehow I think it will be a hard job to get back into harness again if at all when it is all over. However, I am looking forward very much to touring and perhaps as a result I may get sufficient fitness as a result to have a 'do' again. Roll on the time when we have to make those decisions again. A great loss to the sport will be Firth, now in the Navy for a stretch of twelve years. I wonder if sport over the other side of the Channel will reach its pre-war state after the war. Sid. and I used to be very keen on perusing the *Mirror de Sports*. I hope your Mother and Mollie are still fit and well. Please give them both my best wishes. I have written airgraphs to Mr. and Mrs. Stevie but their replies must be still on the way. Remember me to the F.O.F. from Chester when you see him. Tell him I don't write to him because I rely on Peter to keep me posted of his doings. It would be an awful job to write to all the chaps we would like to write to.

It is getting hotter out here now and the "skeeter" season is fast approaching. I can see the black line of the end of the sheet approaching so I must think of closing. Remember me to Ted, George, Ralph and any of the others as you meet them. Roll on the great day when we are all in the tank at Halewood or the George.

Well, cheerio, and all best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—PETER ROCK.

DEAR HAROLD,

Thanks ever so much for the P.O. which arrived yesterday. I deeply appreciate the continued kindness of those back home. Perhaps the day will soon come when we shall be able to demonstrate our appreciation in a practical manner.

I was indeed sorry to hear of the passing of Jack Fowler and Ven. Of Fowler I knew but little, having only met him for a brief space of time at the Jubilee Dinner in Liverpool. Of Ven I saw much and always looked for his cheerful greeting whether at a run or at the finish of our events. I am sure that his loss will be felt

keenly by all who met him, young or old.

Last night Eric and I were fortunate enough to bump into Tommy Samuel. It was almost twelve months since we last saw him and it was by merest chance that we were able to spend a few hours together. He had come down to say a fond farewell to his constant companions of the past two and a half years. His address is still the same but his duties will be vastly altered, and no doubt it will now be a race between him and 'Captain Connor' to see who can gain proficiency first.

It is now twelve months since I last saw Rigby and I am not certain as to his present whereabouts. If he is still at his old station I shall be able to call on him whilst on leave next week.

I must say that Tommy looked amazingly fit although his appearance was not enhanced by the fact that they had been 'pigging' it for some days in the open.

I have just come across Russ Barker's address among some old letters, so I shall try to contact him again. Give my regards to Stevie, Hubert and all those who are still carrying on.

Best wishes for 1942.

Yours sincerely,

PETER ROCK.

—PETER ROCK.

DEAR FRANK,

13/4/42.

Thanks ever so much for your A/G of March 4th. I expect that you have received my letter by now and I only hope that it has come up to expectations. Much water has flowed under the bridge since my 'effort' on the 'blue bags,' and two and a half years without the influence of varied conversation and of reasonably good books has just about denuded my efforts of any polish they may once have possessed. Last night was spent in company with our sloe-eyed friend who led me astray to the extent of a few horses-necks. It was our first time out together for more than a week, on which occasion he failed to hold his portion as a true 'Anfielder' should do. Eric has written to Rigby recently

but has not yet received any reply. I 'owe' Tommy Samuel a letter; I have not written him since he lost his nag. We are both keeping fit (and browning nicely, thank you, Mr. Birchall). We were fortunate in having a holiday for Easter but I would much prefer our last one, spent at Kerry with that killing trip to Devil's Bridge over again. Please remember me to Captain Connor, R. Sigs. I hope that he is quite fit again now, at least fit enough to reply to my A/G. of January 3rd. Remember me to the 'gunner' and any of the others who may be browned off with Merseyside. All the best to your mother and Molly.

Cheerio for now.

PETER.

—PETER ROCK.

20/4/42.

DEAR SAMMY,

Thanks ever so much for your A/G. of 21/3. It is the third that I have had from you recently and the second within the week. I am glad that George is fit again. He has had a good time while he has been ill. It must be a pleasure to be ill under those circumstances. I am keeping very fit despite the fact that I appear to be getting more corpulent each week and it is not due to lack of exercise or to over eating. I packed in smoking six or seven weeks ago. The sloe-eyed one thought he would follow suit. No sooner had he made his mind up than he received 250 cigs. from L.B.L. He gave them away and had to beg for them back again about three days later. He now says there is no point in knocking it off until we can get cracking on the high road again. Eric receives the 'rag' frequently from Frank Perkins. It amazes me the number of chaps that are still able to race frequently and successfully. I have only had my hands on a bike once during our stay out here and even then I was only able to career around the camp on it. I learned to ride a 'gas-iron' a couple of weeks ago but am not impressed with them. I still look forward to being back with the lads, and it can never be too soon. Remember me to your mother and Molly.

Cheerio for now and all the best to the lads.

Your pal,

PETER.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

18/5/42.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the Postal Order which arrived together with February's copy of the *Circular*. The P.O. arrived at a very critical time, for at present we are stationed near that city of pleasure—Cairo. I'm sure when Peter and Eric hear of this their complexions will assume a greenish tinge. Cairo is a grand spot if you have the necessary cash. To give an example, beer costs just under two bob a bottle: it's not bad stuff for the price, mostly of the American canned variety or Canadian—still, 2/-!

We go into town to one of the big sporting clubs and play tennis or squash and watch the cricket—to those of us to whom England is fast becoming a memory—it is a godsend. Our camp is on the edge of the desert, and right now there's a sandstorm blowing, only we don't usually call them by that name. We don't mind the sand as sand, but we don't like the way it gets into everything, most of all the grub.

On the course here—I may mention that I have gone back to school for some months—we work from 5 in the morning until 1-15 p.m. and have the rest of the day off: it is too hot to work and we usually go swimming.

Space forbids any more, so I'll say cheerio, and remember me to the boys.

Yours sincerely,

TOMMY.

—NORMAN HEATH.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for the P.O. received a week ago, and also for the *Circular*, which now reaches me regularly each month.

The P.O. will prove a welcome addition to my Service pay this week, as we are in harbour for boiler cleaning, which fortunately coincides with a visit of the D'Oyly Carte Opera

Company to a local theatre.

You may be interested to hear that we played a minor role in the recent St. Nazaire raid, being one of the escorting vessels. It certainly made us realise what a soft number we have on our normal convoy run.

Best wishes to all of "Ours."

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN.

RUNS.

Parkgate, May 2nd, 1942.

Only two, and therefore it is not intended to use much space in telling you the tale of how a mere brace of Anfielders got to Parkgate and of their adventures. Merely shall we put on record that Marriott and Perkins were the two concerned. Your Editor left early, and Perkins went with him to enjoy a ride round Wirral on a very pleasant evening before reaching home.

Goostrey (Red Lion), May 2nd, 1942.

There are lots of good points about our Goostrey run, one of which is the appearance on such occasions of that old speed merchant, Bren Orrell. We hope to see him further afield one of these days. Brother Wilf only just manages, now and again, but in view of the country's need for vital war products we will excuse and wish him a speedy return to his original regularity, along with many more absent friends.

The Buckleys are fast returning to form and with our ever Green President and his efficient Vice, backed by the hard riding lads like the Mullah, Poole, Hodges and Cranshaw, an attendance of ten augurs well for the old Club.

The honoured guest was Miss Margaret Buckley, daughter of our famous Bick, and a most charming lady with a liking for her bicycle and the by-roads of Cheshire.

The meal was as good as always, and our thanks are due to Mrs. Knowles, to whom I am sure we are very much indebted for maintaining that standard which is reminiscent of happier days.

Parkgate, May 9th, 1942.

In a moment of benevolent generosity I volunteered to write this run up, but almost immediately afterwards I repented as the Editor warned me in an ominous tone of voice that he would expect my effort to be worthy of the "austere" reputation of the *Circular* and there would be something like 400 words to a column! How encouraging to a person so lacking in literary ability!

Well, it's something like two years since I last used my bicycle for pleasure and I was not particularly surprised when after eleven miles of Liverpool docks and Birkenhead suburbs I found myself with a nice dose of the knock. I manfully struggled on past the Glegg Arms and drifted pleasantly down to Parkgate. The parade was thronged with pleasure seekers as I rode along looking for someone whom I knew, but it was not until I was turning into the yard of the Deeside Cafe that I espied the tiny figure of Frank Marriott with the other Frank of the house of Perkins.

Soon I was enjoying an enormous egg on liberal quantities of toast, ably assisted by Jack Seed, who arrived shortly after myself. How pleasant it was once more to enjoy the companionship of fellow cyclists and the breakwater provided an almost ideal spot for a chat about old days and the doings of our Service members now scattered far and wide. There was a beautiful view across the still waters of the Dee to the Welsh mountains which made me wonder that there should be such beauty in a world so full of chaos—let us look forward to the better times ahead.

Arthur Williams put in a brief and informal appearance as we were ready to move off on the journey home, which was uneventful, and I was soon clattering over the boulders which make the journey to Crosby so fascinating.

(Arthur Birkby is our correspondent. He was so keen upon putting a Club run in after so many years that he almost lost himself in reaching Parkgate.—Ed.).

Walker Barn (Setter Dog), May 9th, 1942.

I set out at 3.30 p.m. for our destination, where we were breaking fresh ground as regards an Anfield fixture, but I found out that I should have started a little earlier as the wind was a hindrance more than a help on the journey out, and I was trying to imagine what it would be like when I started the climb from Macclesfield.

Well, I managed to struggle as far as the fork roads before I dismounted and walked a little way, when I reached a sheltered portion of the road I got on the bike again.

During this walking spell F.H. passed me on his combination, chugging away merrily about "evens," whilst my speed would be about 4 m.p.h.

I was just about fed up with the wind and the climb when I sighted the pub just a little behind time.

The two Buckleys and Wilf Orrell were already sampling the brew, and then the Presider joined us along with F.H.

We had not been in very long before our Sub. came, also Rex. I understand they had been round Buxton, so therefore had a little assistance from the wind.

Tea was eventually served about 6 p.m. owing to the fact that most of us were late in arriving, and did we eat! I don't think our hostess could remember how many plates of bread and butter she cut for us, but it all went the same way. It was just a plain tea of a bit of cold beef, cake and jam, but very appetising after the struggle there. ("Plain"?—Ed.).

After tea, Rex and Wilf left almost at once, the former for duty, and Wilf for Twemlow. The remainder returned to the tank.

Here it was that the Presider and Buckley Senior related their travelling experiences in Germany long before the present catastrophe, and very amusing they were.

It was almost 8 p.m. before the rest of us made a move, and we all rolled down to Macclesfield where the Presider and I left the Buckleys and the Sub. to sample more of "Smithy Ales."

I eventually left the Presider at the

Parkway at about 9 p.m. and continued the rest of the journey home, thinking of how I had enjoyed it.

Members present were Bert Green, Mr. Buckley and Hubert, F.H., Rex Austin, Wilf Orrell, Jim Cranshaw and Bob Poole.

Little Budworth, May 16th, 1942.

It was well-nigh 3.30 p.m. when I left home. Ahead of me was a trip across Cheshire, to where a delightful inn stands not a long way from one of the old boundary stones of Delamere Forest. The afternoon was good, but the wind was on the strongish side, and the high road to Chester would have been a trifle sticky. So into the lanes I turned. Thornton Hough came, and I missed Willaston to see the flowers at Raby before coming to Hooton Station. Through Littles Sutton and Stanney I came on to the Frodsham Road.

For the first time in many months I rode the hill which sweeps to the uplands of Delamere Forest by Manley Quarry, and then I dipped down Rangers Bank to the duckpond. The water there had almost gone, and the mud was cracking. The day was good and the Forest glorious, but there was a tinge of sadness, the trees are going. Miles farther I dropped by some woods to see the Forest Inn looking over the tumbled fields and glades, and then a silvered pool of blue water was at the roadside as I leaped up to the Watling Street.

Crossing this empty highway, A.49 came in less than a mile, and a left turn led to a lane which brought me to the Winsford Road not far from the Shrewsbury Arms. The time was just six p.m. and Jimmy Cranshaw and Mr. Bikley were just dismounting. It was the first time I had seen Bick, so far from home on a bicycle, and it was pleasant indeed to see our old veteran. So also with silver-haired F.H., who had coaxed his Caboodle thus far on his 76th birthday. And what a celebration there was, and we wished him many more returns, happy ones, so that he could wander yet again on the tracks and roads he loves so well.

Bert Green was there (of course!) and Rex Austin, Ken Barker and brother, Dave Rowatt (looking as well

as ever), the Mullah and one of his boys. Lastly, but by no means (we hope), least, Hubert Buckley and Frank Marriott. Tea was a merry affair, and it augurs well for the fine times we will have when this damned do is just a nasty dream. The eggs, bread and butter, cake, chatter and tea passed in fine style. (We know you can't eat chatter, but you will realise what we mean).

Back to the tank for more celebration: we learned quite a lot, but not for these pages. F.H. was the first to go, but we had quite a trial in getting the Caboodle to show signs of life and then, with a clatter and a bang, F.H. just sailed with the dust into the distance.

At eight o'clock we thought it time for home. Old Father Buckley had quite an easy schedule, a "cushy" ride to Holmes Chapel, there to wait within The Swan for the 10-0 p.m. train home. The others were riding. Ken Barker and the Scribe were for Chester through a delightfully pleasant evening, and they talked of anything but the war that is all around. It was past nine p.m. when they bade goodbye at Chester Cross, and it was 9-10 when the Editor essayed on to the Parkgate Road for the last miles home. At 10-0 he was outside the Glegg Arms, and within fifteen minutes the bicycle was stabled and his lanky legs stretched towards a glowing fire. Life can still be very pleasant—for some.

Parkgate, May 23rd, 1942.

Bit of a tussle into the wind, if only for five miles. If your Editor had stopped to escape, or shelter from a shower, he could have had the company of Frank Perkins on the sail down to the slopes of Dee, but as it was the two only met on Parkgate Parade.

Egg and toast ordered, and awaited, in came Jack Seed and Uncle Johnny. Their coats and pants were wet from the rain, and their shoes showed traces of Adventure. Jack, in lad-like mood, thought it would be a good idea to reach the Dee at Gayton. But his idea of cycling along the cliff path meant really a trudge along the shore through the mud and sand. We would have liked to be an invisible witness on that windy strand as Uncle Johnny trailed along after Jack, but both were

smiling when we saw them.

Then Blotto came in, after a run from Chester on his "barrer" in 50 minutes. No! He is not fit, a gale was blowing. At 8 o'clock, after discussions of blighters, blitzes and bicycles, we made our way homewards. The Elder Brethren and Blotto reached farther into Wirral by way of Brimstage, while the two Franks discussed more topics on the way to Barnston before the final parting of the ways.

Knolls Green, May 23rd, 1942.

Alone at the Brown Owl. Although knowing full well that most of the Alternatives were at the Bradford Arms, Knockin, I made bold to call at the Owl, as on the card, if only out of loyalty to the Arch. our Jubilist. Besides, the Mullah might with safety land his Convoy at Warford Quays at any time.

And sure enough there stood two dropped handlebars, and a motor-cycle, and I was received by three Bald Pates that went by the name of the Greenhey Wheelers. I justified myself as the Anfield, or farther back of the M.A.C. and the Man. Wheelers, if not the M.B.C. The Greenheys looked puzzled and full of pity, and gazing at my thatch remarked: "Ah! You are so much younger than we are."

To get on an even keel I produced my Identity Card with date of birth, which turned the Heys even greener. Said one: "I was once office boy to Phillips of the Wheelers." And another: "From Cheadle Hulme, Monks once lived there. From the M.A.C.?" Then perhaps you have heard of Oxley, who had the first safety in Manchester. Or of Glazebrook who rode a tall machine when I was a boy."

They failed to "decipher" me, though I admitted carrying a letter of introduction from Bert Green. Appearing to be a Temperance Party I dared not overwhelm them with a reference to Mr. Biklely, with his undisputed footing at every Bar in the County.

Crestfallen, I was regarded as some ghost out of the dim past. And so I felt. I saw myself as in '89. One Monday morn in Portland Street with

a carter delivering Grey Cloth, patting me on the shoulder with an affectionate "Good lad, Keenan," or on that Saturday noon near Withington, being mocked by a char-a-banc load of drunken beanfeasters with the challenge of: "Look at this bl--- fool, imagining that he is Keenan the cyclist!" After that, what mortal grey hairs can hope to impress the Green Heys of Manchester? Better to sit back.

F.H.

WHITSUN TOUR. MAY 23-25.

Too late to be announced in the May *Circular*, a week-end trip was arranged to the Bradford Arms at Knockin. Accordingly, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Rex Austin met at the Lamb at Nantwich for lunch on Saturday; and a good lunch it was even if the sound of "Moaning Minnie" made an effort to upset their digestion. Resuming the pigskin, slow progress was made through Ash to Wem, where the "Castle" was catering for residents only. Accordingly the trio crossed the road to Kynaston's Café, and were supplied with an adequate meal. Proceeding onwards through Loppington, Boulton, Baschurch and Ruyton XI Towns, the party arrived at the Bradford Arms about 7-30 to find Mr. Buckley already in possession. He had taken the morning train to Crewe, and preceded the others by the same route. After a wash, supper was taken, and the party was completed about 9-15 by the arrival of Bert Green and Jack Hodges. They had left home after working in the morning and had encountered even worse conditions than the others, and were suffering from a severe attack of the "bank." However, supper soon put that right, and a cheery evening was spent in the smoke room.

Jim had to return home on Sunday morning, when an early start was made. Weather conditions were still bad, a slow passage was made by way of Llanymynech, Poolquay, Welshpool and Forden to the Herbert Arms at Chirbury. The traditional hospitality of the Whites proved to be quite undimmed by the war, and a grand meal was enjoyed at pre-war price. After a pause to encourage digestion,

fast progress was made through Marton, Worthen and Westbury to Half-way House; thence along the Shrewsbury road past Ford, and through the lane to the "Wingfield Arms" at Montford Bridge for tea. The return journey, although enlivened by an excursion into the lanes led by Rex, was substantially on A-5, and Mrs. Darlington's supper was quickly demolished. After a short session the party retired early to bed.

Next day, the account settled, Buckley Senior went South to meet his daughter, whilst the four, with wind behind and in pouring rain, returned by their outward route. Beer was taken at Loppington, enlivened by reminiscence from at least two of the party; Rex piloted through the lanes to miss Wem; Bert was introduced to the Steel Heath lanes and Jack left the party at the Raven. Sandwiches were consumed at the Ancient Briton, and the heavens opened. Bert broke off at Toft and Hubert at Ollerton, leaving "R.J." to finish alone. A grand week-end marred but not spoiled by the weather.

Goostrey (Red Lion), 30th May, 1942.

This run had been put forward a week in order to meet the convenience of our good host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles.

Following a week wherein many of the members had had a few days holiday the run resembled a re-grouping of scattered forces; each in turn reporting their doings of the last few days.

Our old friend Bick returned North again from a trip in the Kingsland district, a run of some eighty odd miles in a day; good work for one of the old brigade.

Rex, accompanied by his son, straight from Chirbury, reporting very comfortable digs and good food. Hubert Buckley, Bert Green, Jack Hodges, reporting torrential rain but a following wind last Monday as they returned from a week-end at the "Bradford Arms" at Knockin.

Among those present were Wilf and Bren Orrell, Jim Cranshaw, the Mullah and his two lads, Bob Poole, making in all the Anfield lucky number of thirteen, which augurs well for the spirit and liveliness of the old Club.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

July 1	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 11	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).
" 18	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 19	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest). Committee Meeting.
" 25	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Aug. 1	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

July 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 18	Prestbury (White House Cafe)
" 25	Walker Barn (Setter Dog).
Aug. 1	Nantwich (Lamb).

FULL MOON, 27TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS."
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

TREASURY NOTES.

Only five this month. I tender my grateful thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations* to the Comforts Fund.

J. D. Cranshaw,* G. B. Orrell,*
E. M. Haslam. W. Orrell.*
W. Henderson.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE ADDRESSES.

We very much regret to note that in our list two months ago we omitted to give the name and address of Tommy Samuel.

322526 Trooper SAMUEL, T.T.,
No. 2 Troop, "C" Squad,
Cheshire Yeomanry, M.E.F.

Syd. Jonas advises a change, although he is still in Malta.

Sergeant J. S. JONAS, S/3765778,
H.Q., W.L.B., Malta.

SERVICE NOTES.

Firstly, this month we must congratulate Len Killip on his being a Pilot-Officer-Observer. Our Len looks very resplendent indeed in his new uniform. He was home for a day or so in the early days of June. Len still keeps very busy flying about, although not on the usual sort of "ops" game. For an hour the other night we had a chat with George Connor on the Queensferry road. George had been home for a few hours, and when we parted he had just time enough to get back to Prestatyn before midnight. He is very fit, and appears to be enjoying the holiday, and we sincerely hope that such a lappy state continues. Walter has been due home for the

past few weeks, but we have yet to see him on Merseyside. As you will see from other pages, Tommy Sherman is getting over his wounds all right. Ted Byron has been quiet lately, look out for some disturbing news.

JACK SALT.

Firstly, we must extend our sincerest congratulations to Salty on being presented with a son and heir on Saturday last, June 27th. We understand that Elsie and the lad are doing very well, thank you.

Secondly, we must apologise for not having given our speed merchant a paragraph in our recent issues. He is still racing, and on several occasions this season he has been clocking 1.7 and various seconds for "25's." The other Sunday he clocked 2.33 for a "50," after having started eight minutes late. For all the events mentioned he had ridden from Heswall to the venue somewhere outside Liverpool before the event.

Thirdly, a complaint. Salty, why the 'ell don't you come down to Parkgate on an occasional Saturday?

SID. CARVER.

Those who saw last month's change of address may perhaps have taken it that our Sid. had at last come back to Merseyside, and we hasten to correct any such impression. Sid. Carver has been appointed by his firm as their representative at the Ministry of Aircraft Production in London, and his address at Hull is thus "dead" for the time being. Madge and Michael are back at Birkenhead. We wish to congratulate our old friend

on his new position, and wish him every success in this very responsible venture.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY TOUR.

An endeavour is being made to arrange a tour for August Bank Holiday Week-end. If any member interested will please get in touch with the Manchester Sub-Captain he will be given particulars if and when arrangements are made.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lieut. Brian Hugh Band, D.S.C., R.N.

The other day a *Circular* which we had posted to Brian Band on 1st May was returned with a note:—

"It is with the deepest regret you are informed that the addressee is missing, presumed killed on active service."

Confirmation has also been received by Mrs. Band from the Admiralty that Brian's ship was blown up by a mine and that there is little hope. Thus falls our saddest duty ever to record the passing of one of the finest young Anfielders who ever lived.

Brian was the younger son of Mrs. Band and the late Harold R. Band, an Anfielder for many years before passing away after a tragic series of misfortunes in September, 1940. We did not see a great deal of Brian, for he was a man of the sea. Trained on the "Conway," Brian joined the Merchant Marine, and early in 1939 became attached to the Royal Navy. In June, 1939, he volunteered for submarine duties, and early in this year of trouble you will remember that he was awarded the D.S.C. for work while in H.M. Sub. "Upholder," from which ship he was transferred some months ago.

Brian joined the Club in 1932, and when he was home on somewhat lengthy leaves, as for example, when sitting for his ticket, he did a considerable amount of cycling. His talent in this direction was quite exceptional, and although relatively unfit for cycling he could stay with Salty in those hectic days far better than most. Brian won the first handicap in the second "50" of 1936

with a splendid novice performance of 2.33.35.

The last run he attended we are almost sure was that to Tattenhall just two years ago, when Brian and his father, Ralph Fer and Marriott managed to coax the Editor's ancient chariot thus far.

And so passes into lasting memory our vision of one of the happiest lads who ever lived. With Mrs. Band, Rigby, and Uncle Johnnie are our kindest and sincerest wishes. Our first casualty is inscribed on our Roll of Honour. We fervently hope it to be the last.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF FREDDIE DEL STROTHER ON TOUR.

Freddie's lamentable death brings to mind the delightful tour I had with him in France in 1925. We commenced it outside Paris and went south to Orleans and then turned westwards via the valley of the Loire to Nantes and St. Nazaire, returning through Brittany to St. Malo and through Normandy via Caen. The tour occupied a fortnight and just filled the time comfortably, although Freddie's original idea as to the distances that might be covered each day were found on examination to be somewhat ambitious. Any preparations he had made regarding the sights to be seen on tour positively did not exist, and I remember being horrified to find that although we were going to see most of the *Chateaux de la Loire* he had neither read anything nor possessed any literature on the subject with the single exception of a page of photographs torn out of the *Illustrated London News*. Freddie's bad luck in latter years had had the effect of making him exceedingly careful and self-reliant. On most mornings although we rose at the same time I would have had my breakfast long before he had started his. He would be found sewing buttons on and mending his clothes. On no occasion would Freddie call for the hotel bill at the breakfast table but always insisted on going out to see if his machine was all right first. This done he would go back and have a fine old argument with the landlady

who had always charged too much thinking she had got a couple of English idiots whom she could soak at will. But Freddie always surprised her by his complete command of the language (he could of course speak French, Russian, German and English) and it always turned out that Freddie was right and she was wrong and had to reduce her charges to comply with the scale in the Handbook of the Touring Club de France, an organisation we had both joined. By this means he kept the cost down to an incredibly low figure although mine was higher through wanting breakfasts of bacon and eggs, whilst he could exist on coffee and rolls. Altogether "Monsieur," as I used to call him was a most delightful companion when on tour and his little eccentricities very amusing. He had a mania for writing terribly long letters, and I am afraid it used to tire me to have to reply. He had a hard life and shocking bad luck and continual misfortune. May he now rest in peace.

F.C.

THE ANFIELD AND THE BORDEAUX-PARIS RACE.

By C. G. Grey.

Once, and once only, to the best of my recollection, had an English cyclist a chance of winning the Bordeaux-Paris Race. That was when Billy Neason, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, started in it, in I think 1896 or possibly 1897.

Billy, to my mind, was one of the finest long distance riders we ever had. He was worthy to rank with Montague Holbein and George Mills. But somehow he just missed becoming one of the legends of early cycling days. If he had won that Bordeaux-Paris he might have become a classic.

Billy and I shared digs in Coventry. He worked at the Rover Company, I worked at the Swift—as the world's worst draughtsman. The Swift Company's racing team had nobody entered for the Bordeaux-Paris that year so they agreed to lend me one of our pacing tandems to help Billy. My tandem partner was Grant Sangster younger brother of the Assistant Works Manager at the Swift Company.

We used to take Billy out evening after evening, jogging along steadily at anything between 20 and 25 m.p.h. over those rather hilly Warwickshire roads. But we could never get away from Billy, either by running him off his legs or by trying to sprint him at the finish.

We actually got leave from the Swift Company to take our tandem over to France and have a few days holiday pacing Billy in the great race itself. And we made all arrangements with the Rover Racing Manager to do the job for the mere price of our travelling expenses.

As Billy knew us so well he somewhat naturally wanted us to pick him up towards the evening and take him along through the night when he would be having his worst time, then hand him on in the morning to a fresh team whom he did not know so well.

None of us knew anything about France, so the arrangement was that Grant and I should take train from Paris to Poitiers, which is a little more than halfway, and ride down from there to Angouleme, which is roughly something less than a hundred miles north of Bordeaux. We reckoned to be there the night before the race started, have a good night's rest, and so be nice and fresh to pick him up the next afternoon or evening. Then we were to take him back to Poitiers in the dark, knowing the road, and so on to Châtelleraut, making about 100 miles in all—and then if we felt fit enough we would keep him and his fresh tandem crews company as far as we felt inclined on the road to Paris.

Unfortunately Billy had not apparently made this quite clear to his Racing Manager, who in mapping out his arrangements arranged to have another tandem team of his own on that particular stretch. Somewhat naturally Billy objected but he was over-ruled.

The Racing Manager sent word that Grant and I would not be wanted on the job at all, and as we were not so highly paid that we could afford to pay our own expenses, which we would willingly have done if it had been possible, we just had to wash out the trip.

The tandem pair which was sent to do the stretch which we had arranged, got out of the station at Poitiers, and instead of going South to Angouleme, took the wrong turning and went North to Châtellerault. There they sat and waited until morning for Billy to turn up. Poor Billy arriving at Angouleme, expecting to see two of his best friends, complete with food supplies and all the rest of it, found that there was nobody to meet him and nobody who was interested in him.

Those of you who have ridden in a 24 know how perfectly beastly that second 100 miles is. One gets along all right up to a hundred miles, and then one starts on the second 100 with a sort of sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. Somehow the third 100 is not nearly so bad. And there was poor Billy in a strange country, without food and having to ride through the night as best he could. And of course the feeling that he had been let down by his friends did not improve matters, for he had never been told that we were not coming.

Consequently a very tired and hungry and dejected Billy turned up at Châtellerault, to be greeted by two complete strangers who only knew him by his number and the fact that he was riding a Rover.

He had fought his way through so far by sheer guts, hanging on to anybody he could find in the leading bunch of Frenchmen. But even when he got his own fresh pacing-crew and proper food he was too whacked to make up what he had lost.

And that is why we lost the best chance we ever had of winning the Bordeaux-Paris.

One of the finest shows that was ever put in the Bordeaux-Paris was by a chap named Corre. The race had been won either once or twice by an extraordinarily fine long-distance rider named Stephane. One day, in a Club or such place, Corre, who was a sprinter, had a bit of an argument with Stephane who said something rather biting about sprinters not having any staying power. So Corre, on the spur of the moment, offered to bet that he would beat Stephane in the Bordeaux-Paris.

Nobody took Corre seriously, but he duly entered for the race. Even the people who made the bicycles on which he raced did not take him seriously enough to provide him with pacing-teams. His training was done in a few weeks, by doing fast 25 mile stretches, mostly by himself. And at the start he found himself in somewhere about the twelfth row of starters, while Stephane, as the previous year's winner, was given place number one where he could get clear away on the wheel of his first pacing team.

As soon as the mass of competitors started, there were generally 30 or 40, Corre put down his head and bored his way through the people in front of him until he caught Stephane, and proceeded to sit on his back wheel.

According to the story, as it was told to me by a French sportsman who was there, Corre never left Stephane's back wheel till they got to Paris, and then he beat him on the sprint. But when he finished the front of his white jersey was red with blood, drawn by chewing his underlip to keep himself awake and force himself to go on.

That was always held up as one of the best shows ever put up in the race.

A LETTER FROM ERIC REEVES

19TH MAY, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to all concerned for the P.O. for 20/- which arrived yesterday. For your information it is one which was posted on March 21st, 42. Owing to reasons which you no doubt can guess at, the mail has been very indifferent for some months now. I have just received news of my father's death and I wish I was at home to help my mother at such a difficult time. The summer has started out here and the very hot winds arrive regularly as a result. Summer out here is hardly a blessing bringing as it does the flies, mosquitoes and all that they are responsible for. Each summer I start off with a slight touch of dysentery and even in slight form it is a weakening and distressing malady. We in England have lots to be thankful for in the weather line. The *Circular*

arrives late but it arrives and is very welcome, how happy Pete, Rigby, myself and others will be when we can help to swell the attendances on Club runs once more. Speaking of Rigby I had the good fortune to spend an afternoon with him last week-end: he was on seven days' leave. He went back yesterday but with guards and other duties only one meeting was possible. "Ships that pass in the night" applies to our rare meetings with Rigby, Tommy Samuel and Russ Barker. I am coming to the end of the available space so I must close, once again thanking you and the Club for the kindness shown. All best wishes to you and yours and lots of luck.

Yours sincerely,
ERIC REEVES.

—RUSS BARKER.

20TH MAY, 1942.

DEAR KETTLE,

I received your letter dated 21/3/42 yesterday, enclosing P.O. Pray allow me to thank you and the boys of the Anfield for this and their best wishes. I have just had a short spell in hospital and this, plus the fact that I am such a poor correspondent has stopped me from writing to Frank Marriott to tell how I am faring.

I also owe Rigby a letter. The *Circulars* are arriving regularly of late and the letters therein are wonderful reading. Brian Band has been doing his stuff certainly and my congrats. on his decoration. Syd Jonas is in a hot spot, too, but I guess he can handle it just as he used to handle that trike. Please give my best to Mr. Green when you meet. My last cycling memory was a trip to the Bath Road roo in his Humber. A very pleasant week-end with some very pleasant ports of call, such as the "Swan" at Bibury and Hilmarton. Jack Salt is still riding strong I read. I once had a terrific tussle in an Anfield roo with Jack, result was I beat evens on the old course, which was one of my fond ambitions. He's a great rider. However, enough memoirs. My sincere best wishes to yourself and all our mutual friends of the Anfield.

Yours sincerely,
RUSS. BARKER.

—PETER ROCK.

17/5/42.

DEAR FRANK,

I could say quite a lot to you but I have not the time for a letter, so I will tell you what news I can. Firstly, please convey my thanks to Harold Kettle and the Club for the now familiar 'lifesaver.' It came at a very opportune moment. I was also very pleased to receive the *Circular* and an A./G. which I passed on to Eric. I think you must be dumb to a most sanguinary degree if you have not got the hang of things now. I had a most pleasant surprise on Friday when Rigby walked into camp after an absence of 14 months. He had come 'south of the border' for a week's leave. Luckily Eric and I had the afternoon off, so we had a Club run to the local swimming pool. I took a few snaps which I hope to forward at a later date. We were not able to make a night of it because Eric and I happened to be on the 'nightshift' that night. Rigby looks very fit, 'bronzed as Birchall,' but nevertheless rather wan beside Eric and myself.

Will let you have a letter later. Best wishes to Molly and mother.

Your pal,
PETER.

—RIGBY BAND.

4TH JUNE, 1942.

DEAR BERT.

Very many thanks for another parcel of tobacco safely received and also another bundle of magazines, both most welcome. As there was a temporary shortage of tobacco a few weeks ago your parcel saved me from degenerating into a cigarette smoker. I am not long back from a week's leave with a pal of mine and it turned out to be one of the best leaves since I left home. The weather was just right, not too hot, so we spent most of the days down at the swimming pool, and at night . . . Well, what would you do on leave? Incidentally, I met Eric and Peter and was able to have an afternoon with them. They are both pretty fit and Peter seems none the worse for his spell in dock. There is very little news from this end

as usual. The hot weather is setting now so that beer off the ice is the rule whenever possible. At least they call it beer in these parts but they evidently have not tasted B.B. Coy. best mild as it was before the war. I hear that it is very different now, so see and get it back to standard before I come home. Please give my kindest regards to all the boys, and once again many thanks and all the best of luck to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

RIGBY.

—SYD. JONAS.

24TH MAY, 1942.

MY DEAR HAROLD,

I must apologise for the delay in replying to your letter of March last, which arrived safely with the enclosure, for which please convey my thanks to the members.

I have been very busy nearly all this year and a fortnight ago I was made sergeant and moved from my old office to a new one as Chief Clerk. I hope the war is over before another move is due; I having been in M.I.B., S.I.B. and now W.I.B.

The last place is quite a change from the previous office and it is like living in Llandegla or Halkyn in a heat wave and as we live like I used to spend my week-ends, you will see that I am quite at home and can almost (sic) imagine I'm in Wales.

It is a much healthier area in more ways than one and after having spent eight months within 400 yards of an aerodrome and another twelve between the frying pan and the fire, I can appreciate the beauties of nature to my heart's content. One of the local beauties of nature is a snake, of which I have, so far, only seen the last two feet, as it already had it's head in its air-raid shelter when I spotted it. It lurks very near the "Gent's Cloakroom," so I announce my arrival with a couple of boulders in case it is taking the air.

The place is also alive with lizards and scorpions. However, the advantages of living here outweigh the disadvantages and I am enjoying life.

I received a short note from Brian Band just before I arrived here. He was passing by and sent me $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of St. Bruno, which saved the situation and I have been having big smokes ever since.

When he left last December he hoped he was going home but only got half-way and is now back and hoping to be home in July or thereabouts.

I only discovered half-an-hour ago that it is Whit week-end and this discovery turned my thoughts to sunny Shropshire. "The George" and beer in goblets, lunch at Chirbury, rising at or before dawn, basking in a sunny meadow and quite a lot of other pleasant things. To remind me further I have my B.M. here from Thornton-le-Moors and his batman from Birkenhead, also a fellow from Hoylake, while a connection of mine is Adjutant of one of the Units.

I have received the February, March and April *Circulars* and find them as interesting as ever. I was glad to note that all the service wallahs are well, and if Ralph Fer still wants to go abroad I will willingly change places with him as he is in the same Corps.

Incidentally, I noticed a nasty crack in the *Circular* about not now being on a level with my wife. I have given up trying to compete with the lady.

As I have about a dozen letters to answer I will say cheerio. With kind regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

17/6/1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Having intended to write to you from day to day for the past three weeks I am probably as much shaken as you will be when you receive this.

About three weeks ago on a Saturday afternoon I was, after lunch, with intermittent yawns, debating whether to sleep in the garden or go to bed. Whilst I was still undecided the door

bell rang and when the lady of the house answered, I heard a voice asking "Is Sergeant Major Sherman in?"

Visualising an orderly from H.Q., I thought "What the hell do they want now?" But to my surprise I find Walter looking very "Senior Service."

Getting over the initial surprise I am introduced to his shipmate "Scotty," and we retire to the garden where we swapped yarns and experiences for about an hour.

My landlady, in the surprising way that landladies have, rustled up a meal reminiscent of Club run days, after which we went to a variety show at the 'Gaiety Theatre.' Not before, of course, a visit to the bar, where a little 'influence' got us some of the appropriate celebration spirit.

As this was on a Saturday I suggest that we be credited with a Club run, and on the following Tuesday we had our imaginary Parkgate run, but I'm afraid we didn't do very much "teasting."

Incidentally, did you know that Walter is known as "Sparks" now? It should be interesting after the "do's" over to compare notes on nicknames, although some of mine won't bear repeating.

I have just returned from a War Office Selection Board regarding my Commission and for five days I've been in the hands of psychologists and psychiatrists, not to mention several Colonels and their like. I am now waiting to be graded and I expect to know within the next few days whether I've to go to an O.C.T.U. and for how long.

I should be on leave about the 4th of July and this time I hope to be flying down as I've met an A.T.A. pilot who lives in Gt. Crosby and he's promised to arrange it for my next leave.

I've just received a letter from Walter and he says that he hasn't written to you since our meeting, so you'll probably have a "drip on" in the next *Circular*. I've no doubt you'll have had a "drip on" about me also.

My landlady has received a card from Knowles on which he says he fears the worst about me and asks if they've heard anything. The finger, by the way, is now completely healed but the movement is restricted although not so much since a couple of splinters worked out.

My captain, who got a bad dose in the leg and was in danger of having a permanent limp, cured himself by cycling 40 miles a day for a week, the first "real" cycling he'd ever attempted.

Well, that's about all Frank, so I'll close now with kind regards to all the boys, and especial congratulations to the Middle East contingent.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY.

ERIC REEVES.

10TH JUNE, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I am afraid that I have neglected you in the past three weeks. I noticed a footnote of yours to a letter of mine published in the *Circular*. It was to the effect that I shouldn't have said something that I did say. On looking the letter over it might have been in two or three places, however, I must remind you that as Editor of the *Circular* you have the right to delete parts of my mail that doesn't apply to all the Club. I don't always wish you to print word for word, so cut out all things that need cutting out please. One of our chaps tells me that one of the Holland brothers is out here; there is quite a lot of racing talent out here from all accounts. I have just finished a week's leave, bags of swimming, pictures, feeds, but very little beer. I don't know if I have already told you of meeting Rigby about three weeks ago whilst he was on leave. Peter is in hospital with a recurrence of malaria, he seems singularly unfortunate in that respect. What do you think of the thousand plane raids over Germany. Benes says we in the M.E. will be home for Christmas. What a Christmas it would be if he were right. Give my

best wishes to your mother and Molly. Remind me to Ted and others you may see.

Cheerio for the present.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—SYD. JONAS.

14TH JUNE, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for the May *Circular*, which arrived on 10th June, having been posted on 2nd May, and in the circumstances I don't think the expenditure of 1/3 is quite justified. A 1½d. stamp would be sufficient in the future, though I hope you will not have to send too many more to me here.

I greatly appreciate the kind thought in sending my *Circular* by Air Mail, and it is just unfortunate that it took over two weeks longer than a letter with a 1½d. stamp, which arrived with the Magazine.

The mail these days is fairly quick and when I received the March, May and December issues together it was, to say the least, unusual, and just could not be helped.

I find the *Circular* as good as ever and with your policy of printing all the exiles' letters, one can keep up-to-date with all their activities and of course learn all about those who are still at home.

My Office, of which I am now Chief Clerk, is somewhat reminiscent of Mrs. Evans' old place half-way up Moel Arthur and has a view which makes me think of that district, providing I use a little imagination. However, it is a distinct change from the places I have lived in during the last two years, particularly as I use an Army "Itisa" as a billet, complete with spring bed and sandfly net.

It is starting to get hot again here and my thoughts turn towards the blue Med. and its lovely waters, but I can only manage to get in once a week, as the old care-free days as a private swoddy are over.

I have heard from Rigby this last week, and also from Brian about five weeks ago, and I learnt to-day that the latter's caboodle is now no more.

How Brian has fared I am afraid I cannot say.

Please convey my thanks to the Members for the continued arrival of the Comforts.

With all good wishes to the Club.

Yours sincerely,

SYD.

RUNS.

Parkgate, 30th May, 1942.

A pleasant ride on a glorious afternoon by way of Raby Mere, Willaston, Burton and Ness brought me to the Cafe just after 5-0 p.m. I joined Albert Preston and his fiancée, and we fortunately managed to catch the eye of the waitress. I say fortunately because nowadays increasing popularity coinciding with staff shortage may mean a wait of half-an-hour or more before any food appears, and this time lag could be more properly used outside taking the ozone.

Knowledge gained in the past enables us to gate crash the kitchen and obtain those extra plates-ful so necessary to appease our appetites. Johnnie Band and Jack Seed arrived just on 6-0 p.m., and as their order was being served were joined by Dave Rowatt. This journey of David's from Rhos-on-Sea on a busy Saturday afternoon always excites my admiration, and I trust we younger members bear this in mind as a shining example when we feel disinclined to turn out. Fifteen minutes chat, and Dave was off on the return trip by 'bus to Chester to pick up the train for home.

Just before we others left Arthur Williams looked in and gave us the low-down on his latest job. We gathered that long hours are the drawback. We went outside together, and Arthur dashed home (which is just round the corner). Betty and Albert were for Willaston, leaving three of us to take Boathouse Lane at an easy pace, despite Johnnie's protest that it was much too hard. The other Frank (F.M., to wit) was elsewhere on "other Business," and I thought I could dodge reporting this run, but alas 'twas not to be, the blighter collared me, hence this late appearance. ("Me" is Frank Perkins.—Ed.).

Parkgate, 6th June, 1942.

It was only a last minute change of ideas which enabled me to come to the Club run to-day, for I had had other plans. A week's holiday was to follow, and the first scheme was to ride to Llangollen on the Saturday afternoon and so be on the spot for the start of the Massed Start race on the morrow. But the Saturday, when it came, was sultry and sticky, and I was in no mood (despite a wonderful tail wind) for a trip to the Dee Valley. The freshness of the early morning would be far better, and so, incidentally, it was.

Thus under dark skies I drifted down Boathouse Lane to the old stone wall which straggles along one side of Parkgate Parade, and when I reached the cafe I was glad that I had come. Jack Seed and Uncle Johnnie were there, very consistent these days. Birchall wangled an hour or so from the R.A.F. and Ralph Fer had a day or so from the R.A.S.C. Len King came from Huyton. The party was completed by Franks Perkins and Marriott. Elias came in later, but when he saw the slowness of the service at that hour (6-45 p.m.) he would not wait.

I was really late for tea, but from the kitchen something good was produced quickly, and then we were to sit on the old stone wall for sniffing the very doubtful smelling ozone which drifts across the mud. The two old gentlemen went up the Runnel home. (Who mentioned about seeing Seven Stars?) The two Franks were then alone, and they had a last chin-wag at Barnston before resuming their separate ways.

Highwayside, June 13th, 1942.

Just two—the Presider and the Manchester Sub.—on a joint run! It certainly wasn't an inviting day, and in these days there can never be a large attendance at any run, but surely we can do better than this. Since so many of the young 'uns are on more serious business, the duty of keeping the old Club moving must rest on the elder brethren, so—Up, the Old 'Uns! Mrs. Johnson had

provided lavishly for us, so the meagre attendance was a disappointment all round. The two did their best at the table and then hung around until the rain had ceased, when they moved along to Nantwich, the Presider to dock there, ready for a week's holiday, to commence the following morning: the Sub. ploughed his solitary way to Stockport, in the vicinity of which he struck another wet patch and arrived home somewhat damp.

Parkgate, June 20th, 1942.

Having a date with Johnny, provided "something" materialised, I was pleased to hear his melodious tones somewhere about 3-30 p.m.

The "something" was a brand new coaster hub with a back pedalling brake fitted specially for his daily journey up and down hill to Caldý.

On the road it was uncanny to see my old chum "freeling" down the hills when he was expected to get round them.

The Deeside was reached in good time, so we decided for food early. Egg and toast, plus scones, came along quickly thanks to my sparring partner's persuasive ways. Tea finished, we looked for more members, and on the prom. met Frank Perkins—total, three!

Frank had been for a swim in the Mersey at flood tide, which accounted for his late, but I hope none the less, enjoyable meal.

An easy run home and another good mark.

Parkgate, 27th June, 1942.

Only six: Dave Rowatt, Jack Seed, Uncle Johnnie, Franks Perkins and Marriott, and Billy Rich. We weren't there altogether, for Rowatt had only time to talk with the other two elder brethren for fifteen minutes before catching the 'bus home, and by that time the other three had not arrived. We had quite a nice tea and some pleasant chatter to follow, but not for long. The two Franks had been working the better part of the night hours, and being full of yawns it was better to be outside.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1942

TEA AT 6-30 P.M.

Aug. 1	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 15	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).
" 22	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
" 29	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Sept. 5	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Aug. 1	Nantwich (Lamb) and Bath Road "100."
" 8	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 22	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 29	Alderley (Royal Oak).
Sept. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 26TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is:
W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS."
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Mr. L. OPPENHEIMER has at his request been transferred to the Active List.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—Mr. W. E. COTTER, Winter Ghyll, Caldby Road, West Kirby.

552089 L.A.C. D. TURNOR,
No. 5 M.H.M. W/T. Unit,

c/o M.E.H.Q.,
M.E.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TED BYRON.

Last month we prophesied some "disturbing news," and now we have to record with every pleasure the marriage of our Hon. Racing Secretary and "Promising Novice" with Miss Barbara Hook.

The wedding took place at Neston Parish Church on Friday, 17th July, and the Club was represented by Messrs. Marriott, Preston and Randall.

We would like to extend to the happy pair our sincerest wishes for very many happy years.

G. P. MILLS AND THE PARIS-BORDEAUX RACE.

We append a letter which has been received from our old friend G. P. Mills, to whom we have already expressed our sincerest regret that the opening paragraph of C. G. Grey's

article last month should have contained such a gross mis-statement of fact. We tender our apologies, and can only say that our enthusiasm for the account of Billy Neason's unfortunate ride led us to mis-read the first few lines of Mr. Grey's otherwise very interesting contribution to our pages.

40 WICKHAM AVENUE,
SHIRLEY,
SURREY.
5/7/42.

DEAR MARRIOTT,

I am afraid that C. G. Grey's recollection is not very reliable or he would have remembered that I won the Bordeaux-Paris race in 1891, that I am an Englishman, and also that I was and still am a member of the Anfield B.C.

Personally, I was very sorry at the time that Billy Neason did not win, as I should have liked the Anfield to have won twice.

Yours sincerely,

G. P. MILLS.

FRANK MARRIOTT, ESQ.,
WIRRAL.

THE WHEEL TURNS AGAIN.

Most of you will remember the time when Charles, our one and only Randall, was one of the keenest and most knowledgeable cyclists of his time. Despite his age and obvious limitations of his little roundish figure, ten years ago he was a mentor to many, and he could always give a good run for his money. In fact, at his usual speed of seventeens or thereabouts, he has laid low many a younger and faster lad,

and it was a long time before we realised that the remedy was to push the speed just a little faster—if we could. There were times when he was not so good, but we were never sure of flattening our friend.

Time came, five years or so ago, when Charles relinquished the bicycle for all but to and from business, and we wondered greatly that such a keen and lasting enthusiasm should die so quickly. But it did not. It was merely resting, and now the one and only (or the "F.O.F. from Chester" as some unkind M.E.F. correspondent put it recently) is once more taking it out of his beloved Whitchurch road, and comparing seconds with yards just as keenly as he did of old. No news has delighted us more than this for a very long time.

RENDEZVOUS.

We are not sure whether this is a very private arrangement or not, and just how long it will last, but Stevie and Randall have a rendezvous at the Walton Arms at Higher Walton every Wednesday evening, the business being darts and drinks, and a ride home again.

A LETTER FROM FRED BREWSTER.

DEAR FRANK,

27/6/42.

I'm just trying one of these things (airgraphs) on you to see how long they take, letting you know at the same time that I'm fit and well and making the best of living in a province that should never have been taken from the Indians, though it was probably the finest thing that ever happened to them.

I must thank the A.B.C. for the P.O. which mother forwarded to me: unfortunately one cannot cash them over here, so if any more are to come please send them to some deserving cause instead. O.K.?

Incidentally, Frank, there is no reason why my address should not be included in the *Circular*, it's no military secret, believe me, and you can also send the *Circulars* direct if you wish, although I believe mother likes to read about the boys.

Spent a great seven days in Banff, quite a change to get amongst the mountains after the vast expanses of gopher ridden prairie stretched out before your eyes. Bye the bye, who ever heard potatoes pronounced potattoes, that's level, son. I never said it.

Well, Sammy, old son, here's the end of the sheet, so olive oil and tickety tonk.

Yours,

FRED.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

MAY 7TH, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I had a letter from Peter the other day, in which he dropped a gentle hint to me that you were rather short of material for the *Circular*, and what about it? Well, I leave it to you, you may be able to decipher my scrawl by now.

The *Circular* arrives quite regularly, although rather late, surface takes at least three months and air mail is almost as bad.

I think that I wrote to you some time back telling you of my meeting with Peter and Eric: Peter tells me that his unit is still in the same spot, which is a very pleasant camp, with plenty of swimming and such like amusements.

We have had a helluva heat wave this last week, with the temperature up in the 110°F. in the shade, and 140°F. in the sun, it's rather hard trying to concentrate in the heat, with about five thousand flies singling you out for personal attention, and I expect quite a lot of folks at home are wondering why there is nothing doing in the desert. They don't realise that it's too hot to touch a tank with one's bare hand.

I'm stationed quite near Cairo and go into that city quite a lot, as often as my pay will allow me, it's quite a good spot, a lot of cinemas and plenty of good eating, which is all we need these days. I have seen most of the places of interest, last week-end I went up one of the Pyramids, a climb of 470 feet, with a friend who pointed

out, quite unnecessarily, that if one slipped, one would only stop rolling at the bottom! However, the climb was well worth doing for the wonderful view from the top.

I haven't heard from worthy friend Killip for some months: if you see him give him a none too gentle hint.

Remember me to all the boys and best regards to yourself,

TOMMY.

—ERIC REEVES.

7TH JULY, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

This is a somewhat belated reply to yours of 27th May. Circumstances have been such that it has not been possible to reply until now. It is quite possible that as these forms are not always available I may have to await the opportunity to write by this method in the near future. You can take it for granted that I will always endeavour to keep up a regular correspondence with you.

Peter and I received a letter from S.T.C. telling us of his change of address and exhorting us to give that "b——" hell. Still the same old dynamic and cheerful Sid. His letters are a masterpiece of English, some of his similes are superb. I often envy Ted his good fortune on being placed so near home, we haven't even got any hopes of home leave. It will give me an even greater appreciation of the English countryside than I had before and you know how much that was. After some grave news things seem brighter out here again. Even blind adoration of the Fuhrer cannot make the Gerries like the desert any more than we do. This Libyan campaign will blow Ivor Novello and all that sky high when the lads get home. Well, that's all for now, Frank. My regards to your mother and Mollie. Cheerio,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

RUNS.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS IN JUNE.

From the absence of any reports in the July *Circular* Liverpool members may have got the impression that Manchester had gone to sleep. But that impression would be incorrect; Manchester was very active in June. The failure to send some account of its activities was due to a misunderstanding, and this note is inserted to put the matter right.

There were three alternative runs in June, and four members—the Presider, the Manchester Vice, the Manchester Sub. and "F.H." attended all. The two Buckleys and L. Oppenheimer attended two, and C. H. Turnor and Jack Hodges each attended one, the total attendances being—Prestbury, June 6th, 8; Alderley, June 20th, 7; and Walker Barn, June 27th, 5. The return of Louis Oppenheimer after so many years, with a brand new bicycle, was a surprise for most of those present at Prestbury, the meet at which delectable resort was further enlivened by exhibitions of tricycling on Rex Austin's machine by various other members, including "F.H." The owner of the machine was fairly successful in concealing his anxiety as to its fate. On the homeward journey "F.H." rode the whole of the long hill leading to Mottram St. Andrews—a very remarkable feat for one who, though still young in spirit can scarcely be said to be in the first flush of youth—and wasn't at all distressed at the summit. Of Alderley there is little to say, except that some members went from the meet to see a "25" run off in the evening in the neighbourhood at which the Manchester Vice was holding the clock. As to Walker Barn thank goodness the wind was kinder than on the last occasion, being helpful up the three miles grind from Macclesfield, and this encouraged two members to resume the climb to the "Cat and Fiddle" after tea and go home via Buxton; they had the unusual experience of being forced to pedal down the Long Hill to Whaley Bridge, for the wind that had helped them

up so kindly was strong enough to hold them back on the downward journey.

Goostrey, 4th July, 1942.

Tea at the Red Lion is always worthy of a special effort, and this day an extra special effort was needed.

When I took to the road the space above the earth was filled with a saturated solution of wind and water. The wind was most decidedly against me but I fought my way as far as Handforth, not doing so badly as I thought. Then a girl passed me, travelling about ten miles an hour (more or less) faster than I, so I bucked up my ideas and arrived at Goostrey half-an-hour in advance of opening time.

Mr. Bickley and Wilf Orrell were already installed. Then arrived in rapid succession Bert Green, Rex Austin and victim (or proselyte) Mr. McCandlish, Hubert, Jim Cranshaw and Jack Hodges.

The weather was now good, the meal was very good and there was no lack of beer—what more, my brothers can we expect in this vale of tears.

After tea, assisted by laryngeal lubrication and interesting conversation, the party slid pleasantly through time to the inevitable parting.

Buck, the Presider and Wilf were going their several ways. The remaining five had an easy wind-assisted journey to refilling point (Alderley Edge) where Hodges tore himself away and doddered home on his Tod.

Thus ended another priceless day.

Little Budworth, July 11th, 1942.

To-day I had to do my run through the forest in the reverse. I was so late leaving home that I had less than two hours to get out of Wirral and cross the tumbled fields beyond the Gowy Valley to reach Little Budworth at the appointed hour. Outside of Chester I put three youngsters on the road to Rudyard Lake, which meant that I had their company for many miles, and they only left me outside the door of the Shrewsbury Arms at 6-o p.m. Inside I found Bert Green,

Jimmy Cranshaw and the two Buckleys. F.H. caboodled in a little later, and while we were delving into a very delightful tea Rex Austin arrived, complaining bitterly about the wind. Rex had had a week's vacation, and the last two days he had spent in riding to and from Boston, Lincs., in round figures a journey of 250 miles or so. Bert Green and your Editor helped F.H. to get the caboodle on its way, and then they rejoined the company for one for the road.

Homewards, it was good indeed. Just before 8-o p.m. the wheels of the green bicycle moved slowly once more, from main road to lane, and then main road again, through the shadows of thick forest and the bright spots of brilliant evening. By the Forest Inn I turned along what was to me a very delightful and new piece of road, and I reached Hatchmere from a new angle. I had to walk up Rangers Bank, and then on the descent of Manley Quarry there was nearly Tragedy, with a capital "T."

From the shadows of that sheltered road I turned into the full brilliance of the westering sun completely oblivious of a road full of hens. First—and all—I knew then was of riding through a sky that seemed hens, hens and then more hens. The air was full of them, their squawking and the frantic squealing of my brake. I fully expected to be flung headlong with a ruined wheel and forks. But, wonder of wonders, I dodged them all, and with quivering heart resumed.

Travel seemed very tame after that. Near Plemstall I turned towards Stoak, and they were lonely lanes which took me through Little Stanney and Capenhurst to reach the Two Mills just after half-past nine. Less than ten miles more, and I was home.

Parkgate, 18th July, 1942.

Your Editor really did not mean to come to Parkgate to-day, for "Other Business" was contemplated, but when Sid Carver 'phoned and said that he was coming, all earlier resolutions went to the winds. Teatime saw him talking to Arthur Williams on Parkgate

parade, and while we were chatting Jack Seed and Uncle Johnny turned up. Then followed Sid, resplendent in a lounge suit and an old bicycle, Frank Perkins and Elias. Sid as usual had many tales to tell, stories of aeroplanes, mellowed with a grand selection of the lighter stuff of which only he is capable. Sid was biting at the Highwayside trip for the morrow but as his lounge suit was all that his Merseyside wardrobe could provide, the idea was dropped. We had a good run home, bidding goodbye to our friend not far from where the Storeton Ridge slips down into Birkenhead.

Prestbury, July 18th, 1942.

When the task of reporting a run is delegated to the member who was not only the last to arrive, but was also the first to depart, it would seem folly to expect a long and detailed account. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the day was fine, the meal good, the ale very good and the attendance excellent. Those present, all riding bicycles, were the President and his Vice, the Manchester Sub-Captain, the Master (complete with "Naked Lady,") Louis Oppenheimer, Sir Bikley and son Hubert, Jack Hodges and the two Bobs—Poole and Austin.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

Highwayside, July 19th, 1942.

A day—for your Editor at least—of spots, high and low. In the morning things were good, and in the afternoon they were bad—very, so much so that the Scribe crawled homewards from Highwayside in very little more than four hours! Ye Gods! What a passage!

Preston was waiting at the Glegg Arms at 10-30 a.m., and together we romped along the high road to Chester. The wind was in a galeish mood, and the sun shone fitfully from a cloudy sky. The Cestrian city was ours within the hour, and we halted for your Scribe to have a photographic

shot at that gruesome wooden coffin of unknown antiquity which stands so high in the ruins by St. John's Church.

Then the high road again, and it needed no effort to reach Mrs. Evans' at Handley within the half-hour. Tea and scone and a spot of chatter, and we were away at 12-30. The old road led us to Broxton village, and we scampered easily up the delightful slopes to Gallantry Bank before careering down to the Red Lion and keeping in the lee of the hills to Peckforton village. From that black and white hamlet it was only a matter of minutes and miles through Spurstow and Bunbury to call a halt at the Traveller's Rest at 1-30 p.m.

Jack Hodges dead-heated with us into the inn yard, and we were delighted indeed to meet one who has (to the writer at least) been merely a name in the handbook for so long. Sitting aside of the lawn, watching the sun slant on the trimmed edges of the green, we saw Harold Kettle, Bert Green, Rex and Bobby Austin.

The lunch was good and ample, and the roast beef and trimmings went down very well indeed. We must think of Mr. Johnson and his good lady more frequently.

At 3-30 we were ready for the road. Kettle made for Chester, alone. He didn't wait for us Wirral-ites, which perhaps was as well. Bert Green and Jack Hodges were for Dane-in-Shaw for tea, while Rex and his son were for home. They had been out and about very early.

Of the homeward journey of Preston and Marriott there is no need whatever to revive painful memories. Suffice it to say here that your Editor clicked for a chill on the tummy, and suffered for it. The high road from Chester never seemed longer, and he was glad indeed to have a hot drink and sink into bed, not to arise therefrom until noon on Monday.

Parkgate, 25th July, 1942.

This report is not complete, at least we do not think so. A 'phone call from George Connor in the morning,

and we met our soldier captain at Barnston, and slipped into the cafe soon after 4-30 for a salmon salad tea. Arthur Williams followed, and as George had to entrain for Prestatyn soon after seven, we left Parkgate at 6-0 p.m. It has been reported to your Editor (who was George's companion at tea) that Frank Perkins was seen on his way out to Parkgate, a route increased in distance this week on account of invasion exercises. We know of no other attendances, and those who were there and not mentioned had better report to your Editor or Powell as usual.

Walker Barn (Setter Dog), July 25th, 1942.

This was our third and most successful run up into the hills, the day was sultry with a south-westerly wind

which was helpful on the way up out of Macclesfield.

As I turned at the railway bridge at the foot of the hill leading up to the Cat and Fiddle, I saw the back of Bob Poole disappearing over the canal bridge at the end of the first effort so putting in all I knew I just managed to catch him, shortly after the bend where the old road carries straight on and up. At this point we had Bert Green in sight but before we managed to catch him we came on Hubert and his dad making very easy going of it, so Bob and I dropped off to join them.

As the four of us came up to the Setter Dog Bert was sunning himself on the form outside, so we took up positions on either side of him until Rex and Jack Hodges put in an appearance, so considering the full number made up we went in to feed.

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ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
Sept. 5	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	Sept. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 12	Little Budworth (Shrewsbury Arms).	" 19	Setter Dog (Walker Barn).
" 19	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	" 26	Prestbury (WhiteHouse Café)
" 26	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
Oct. 3	Parkgate (Deeside Café).		

FULL MOON, 24TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is :
W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS"
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4, THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. Fer,
St. Maurice, Dagmar Grove,
Alexandra Park, Nottingham.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I regret to say Subscriptions are coming in very slowly. There are still several members who have failed to fulfil their obligations, some even for last year!

My thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund.

JULY.

A. Howarth.	R. Poole.*
L. Oppenheimer.	W. M. Robinson.
W. M. Owen.*	A. Taylor.
J. H. Williams.	

AUGUST.

K. B. Crewe.*	W. R. Jones.†
W. J. Finn.*	F. H. Koenen.
J. Leese.	A. T. Simpson.

† Also for a Subscription.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

TED BYRON.

Our newest Benedict, the H.R.S., called in to see the Editor the other day. He had a "48" from his Stretford home. Ted sees the Presider frequently and not long ago the pair went for a delightful evening spin. He regrets that he sees so few of us these days.

IRA THOMAS.

Ira writes thanking the Club for the P.O. recently received. He did hope to be at Little Budworth on a recent leave but something must have happened. Ira is stationed at Redcar, Yorks.

THE EDITOR REGRETS

That he did not visit Little Budworth the other week. After a rather hectic night of duty he felt just a little too weary, and when the strongish west wind blew up on the Saturday evening was he glad? It would have been an ever-wearying and lonely struggle riding home. As it was the Scribe spent an enjoyable hour or so with George Connor at Parkgate. Our Captain turned up in a shirt and shorts, the metamorphosis from uniform taking place in a field on the North Wales coast. George sends his kindest regards to all.

STOP PRESS.

As we close for press a letter comes from Ted Byron. He has been moved to—John o' Groats! He says that you cannot go any farther without getting your feet wet! His address is: Bombr. Byron, 357 Hy. A.A. Battery, 114th Regt. R.A., c/o G.P.O., Wick, Caithness, Scotland. Tommy Sherman has written an interesting letter from the Isle of Man, where he is learning to be an officer. We hope to print 'is letter in full next month.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

Opening out the Year Book of *The Cyclist* at the time of my arrival in Manchester, I find that the first Anfielder of note was Pedder, who walked away with the Path Races on a Tricycle in the District and was a prominent racing man. Soon after, a Road Fifty in shocking weather was held between Rainhill and Church Lawton and finishing at Knutsford. It caused great excitement among Manchester riders as well as among Anfielders, being handicapped from Lawrence Fletcher with only him and Teddy Hale on scratch and all the best

men, such as Alec Jack and Norman Crooke on short marks. Hale won but the surprise came in the second finisher, the diminutive H. R. Goodwin, an Old Timer, who only died last year and whom we discovered at an Old Timer's Lunch, just prior to his death. In that race he rode an ungeared Facile.

Next we find an important Anfield Fifty with Lawrence Fletcher on scratch but won by E. A. Thompson on an Ordinary in 3.49 mins., the same time as the scratchman. Alf. Fletcher rode a great Tricycle time of 4 hours, 18 mins., fairly outpacing Pedder. Norman Crooke did fastest time in 3 hours 38 mins, and E. Edwards, a novice on a safety, did 4 hours 9 mins.

It looks to me that the new fast tricycles had not yet arrived in Liverpool. J. M. Thomson took 4 hours 34 mins. on his tricycle.

The Bath Road Fifty was that year ridden on the North Road and won by C. W. Schafer, the later Manchester rider, in 3 hours, 32 minutes, 22 seconds and had 45 minutes start. Not very startling times but 1887 had a very bad ending.

F.H.

THE EDITOR OF THE ANFIELD B.C. CIRCULAR.

SIR,

With the advent of September we are entering upon a fourth year of war and it is appropriate to review the position of the Club and ask ourselves—is all well with the Anfield?

The hopes expressed by all members serving abroad in their letters are that we at home will "keep the Club going," and it is the duty of those of us who are fortunate enough to be still in England to see that this is done.

It is the writer's sorry duty to voice the opinion of a number of fellow members that the Officials of the Club have failed lamentably in their obligations to absent friends, not so much by default as by a too literal interpretation of the words "KEEP THE CLUB GOING."

With no signs of drastic precautionary action by the Committee, we are faced with a situation far more menacing than the Yellow Peril—a

threat to the future stability of the Anfield, which will require all the statesmanship of the President and his able colleagues to prevent it from causing Anfieldwide despondency and alarm.

The situation, in a nutshell, is that the Club is in grave danger of being "KEPT GOING," and GOING (and going).

Some little time may elapse before the worst is upon us, before the storm breaks, before strong Anfielders cover in back gardens "of a Saturday"; but the day WILL dawn, the clouds of trouble are starting to gather on the sky. We must find a solution NOW or one day we will sweat along the Top Load muttering "Lord, Lord, we didna ken, we didna ken," and the Lord in his infinite compassion will look down on us and say "Aye—but ye ken the noo."

You don't believe it? Well, just wait till Salty gets that darn nipper on a tandem!

Yours truly,

"WORRIED."

A LETTER FROM PETER ROCK

27/7/42.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your A/G. of June 24th. It is quite a little time since I wrote to you but I doubt that you will really have noticed. Although I did not answer your last A/G. I followed your suggestion and wrote to Mr. Johnson. I had intended writing of my own volition but I was rather lazy and you supplied the necessary kick in the pants! I was sorry to see that you had to convert a simple slit trench into a sewage trench in my account of the Christmas do. The *Circular* seems to have taken on a very marked Reeves, Rock and Marriott (as usual) aspect. Is that ours is the cleanest "linen" available? As for having to live down the Christmas party—well, your house is made of glass, my friend, and there are bricks a-plenty. "Loveborough" would just about wreck it, don't you think, dear Clara!? Of course I have no wish to open hostilities but I will wager that this letter does not see the August pages of the *Circular*. We wear dark glasses here, not pink-

tinted ones, but of course that is on account of the sun. And now to be quite sensible again I wish you best of luck Frank and hope that all are well at home.

Cheerio,
PETER.

—ERIC REEVES.

17th July, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your airgraph of 18th June, 1942. I was waiting to hear that the news about Brian was false but that was not to be and I am very sorry to hear that there is no hope. I have just written to Rigby expressing my sorrow. Will you please convey my sympathies to Mrs. Band. I cannot do so myself because I haven't the address. Even if I had the address I would find it difficult to express my feelings on paper, words are so inadequate on such occasions. Please return Ralph's good wishes next time you see him. Ted's fatal hour seems to be rapidly approaching. Who is the young lady he is marrying? The news out here grew rather tense, didn't it? But now it seems to be under control. I was almost forgetting to thank you for your sympathies on my father's death. I have asked Peter to write to Mr. Johnson, because I never spoke to him when visiting Highwayside and it is difficult to start writing as a result. Peter, I believe, was quite pally with him. "Kindred figures," girth, I mean, must explain this. Actually, I like the ride from Two Mills to Heswall but we must all have our moans in all the varied situations life puts us in. This last crack is my revenge for lightly calling me a moaner in a *Circular* or letter, I forget which, but I do wonder how you came to such a conclusion. Well, I cannot say any more now, so I must close. All best wishes to you, your mother and Mollie. Here's hoping the days will fly when I'll be seeing you again.

Yours sincerely,
ERIC.

—RIGBY BAND.

27th July, 1942.

DEAR BERT,

Once again many thanks for a bundle of *Bicycles*, etc., which were very eagerly read. I have contacted

a Sergeant Travers-Spencer, of the Kent Road Club, with whom I swap yarns of the days "up the road." The weather is pretty sticky just now but as almost a veteran of Middle East campaigns it does not worry me unduly. Had a letter from Eric a few days ago. He and Peter are both pretty fit. Eric even still talks of racing again after the war. What enthusiasm! Cheerio for now and all the best from your old pal

RIGBY.

—ERIC REEVES.

Tues., 28th July, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your Airgraph of 29/6, which arrived to-day. I had the opportunity of reading your A/G. to Peter also. A parcel of *Cyclings* from Frank Perkins arrived three days ago. I am happy that you cleared up the question on the Editor's footnote to my letter in the *Circular*. I did think the note referred to the part when I said that you seemed to be doing the Club work all alone. I realised afterwards that this statement was hardly fair to Kettle, Bert Green and others. It relieved me to know it only referred to my rather rash statement of taking up some secretarial duties. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, so it is best to wait until the time comes before we decide what course to take. I "may" be young enough to still do a spot of racing but on studying the situation I am inclined to doubt it very much. However there are always many jobs to be done to promote events and we who have received so much help owe it to the coming generation of speed men to do our bit to help the great game to carry on. It is pleasing to hear that Jerry is leaving you alone these days, if he never does it again you have had your share of bombing on Merseyside. I thought this letter might settle the suspense and say that Ted had "been and gone and done it," but 'twas not to be, please name the prospective bride sometime. Peter's brother-in-law rode down to our camp on an Army bicycle last night and I essayed a ride," the first since leaving England," but front wheel slip in the dust of the camp reduced the distance

to 20 yards, a long ride would be very pleasurable I can assure you. I noticed Tommy's article in *Cycling*. The articles on Modern Classics and Patterson's sketches are very enjoyable. The latter will be missed in the pages of Temple Press when the inevitable happens. I hope this finds your mother and Mollie still fit and well, give them my regards. Regards to Ted and the F.O.F. and any others of Ours. Must say cheerio now, so all the best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

BATH ROAD "100."

Working nights has its recompense, one can, at the loss of a little sleep, make a long week-end, and seeing that we were to have an extra night off at August I decided to enter once more for the B.R. "100."

After a lapse of two years I felt quite excited at the thought, only the knowledge that the usual Theale crowd would be missing took a certain amount of pleasure away.

So leaving work at 8-0 a.m. on the Friday morning on what must have been one of the best days of the year, I took to the Whitchurch road. A puncture just beyond The Trooper set me back a little, but I was soon under way and into Handley for a quick cup of tea.

Whitchurch in the middle of a shopping crowd and circling Prees Heath as one must these days, put me among our old Shropshire stamping grounds. Marchamley, an easy ride to-day, a fast run into Hodnet and then Peplow and Waters Upton, Crudington and Shawbirch. Shades of the "100" and Manchester Wheelers "50," of some ten years ago. Those roads had a glamour which I am afraid cannot be recaptured.

I wonder if Ryalls still remembers the chops and chips I couldn't eat after one "50" at Battlefield (Mrs. Meredith's).

The Wellington-Bridgnorth road was very busy. I seemed to have picked the wrong day, an unending stream of traffic to within a few miles of the latter place. Thankfully the drop into the Severn Valley was made in peace. I dallied in Bridgnorth

with the thought of lunch, but the sun drew me and I carried on through Quatford to a cottage just short of Alveley and was lucky to find lunch just being served.

No time wasted, and I was soon under way again up, over, and down Shatterford. A quick halt in Kidderminster for apples and a couple of pounds of cherries and a left turn into pleasant bye-ways to Droitwich. My trail well marked with cherry 'wobs,' Droitwich very calm and cool made me think of tea, so a stop was made for refreshment close to the Evesham fork.

Riding by now was becoming rather mechanical, loss of sleep was telling its tale. Nevertheless I was determined to leave as little as possible to do on the Saturday, so taking it steady Evesham was passed to take me to Broadway at the foot of the Cotswolds. Here I dawdled, buying meat pies and tomatoes, iron rations for the morrow.

Fish Hill made a grand walk in my very weary condition. I took my time over it and once at the top sat back and polished off the last of my cherries.

To Bourton-on-the-Hill I rode in the company of two enthusiastic girl cyclists from London, who had been touring via Youth Hostels and were feeling very much on form. I rode at the back: am afraid if I'd gone up in front Chipping Norton would not have seen me.

Putting them right for the hostel at Bourton, I resumed my plod to Chipping Norton, where I found my memories of smashing feeds with the North Road twelve months previous were not to be resumed. Full up saddle mine host, and so a very fed up cyclist commenced to circle the town looking for digs. After a great deal of searching I found a good house, my supper, a pint, a bath and bed to sleep like a log till 8-0 a.m.

Saturday, another grand day, and but for a couple of punctures on the way the last one necessitating the operation of opening up a tubular my last spare having gone, all was well. My meat pies and tomatoes, with a pint at Nuneham Courtenay, whose peacocks Sammy, seem at last to have

disappeared. Shillingford Bridge and the Thames Valley at last. As good as home.

Mrs. Farmer, as cheerful as ever, and Mr. Farmer, not a wit different. As soon as my nose was round the door the tea was on the table and the boiled eggs were soon down the hatch. The Farmers asked after all the boys, and Uncle Hubert, of course. An orgy of puncture mending filled in my evening, a quick walk to the Lamb and back to bed fit for the morrow.

Up betimes and away with good conditions, but, alas, by 7-30 the heavens had opened and what was to be the wettest and, for many, unpleasantest B.R. "100." Conditions for speed were good. Calm start and a rising s'wester.

Twenty-three miles, I was nearly caught, had to make a quick adjustment to my gear, but the next few miles saw me into my stride. Back to Pangbourne and on to the Bath Road. Here Farebrother, of the Cheshire Roads, caught me. I was having a touch of the slows, but was just about to have a go with him when he crashed. The road surface being like ice. Majority of the riders came unstuck here, those using tubulars being the best off, the narrow wired on tyres being deadly. Then my first puncture and much cursing in the wet from yours truly.

Off again to the west end of the course, along deserted roads, ideal conditions for time-trialling. Turn and, wind assisted, saving a little for the short but tough rise at Stock Cross. The sweep down to Newbury and then the last twelve miles of flat roads, unfortunately broken for me by a second puncture at 94 miles, and so to the finish in 4.55.19. Quite satisfied with a ride less painful than many in the past. Hartley, of the Dukinfield, living up to his promise of the previous few weeks, carrying off the event with a ride of 4.29.32.

My companions for the week-end, a quartette of Birkenhead N.E. boys and self, spent the rest of the day lazily in Reading and Pangbourne, where we spent the night.

Monday morning found me preparing for home. 10-0 a.m. prompt, I was off to Streatley over the hills

into the vale north of the Berkshire downs. A halt for a puncture again and a surprise packet in cherry plums growing in a hedge by the roadside. Of course I filled my bag before resuming the saddle.

The road to Wantage was a picture with the fields of corn golden in the sunlight. England with its fields of corn makes a glowing picture after the years of bare green fields. The sunshine made the going thirsty but alas, at every halt I got the same story, no beer. Faringdon and Burford told the same tale. Up to Pughesdown, just too late and still no beer, so I gave it up as a bad job and drifted down to Andoversford on the lookout for a café. Then the weather changed suddenly, the heavens opened and I had to dive for shelter. The rain over, I carried on only to have to seek shelter once more in Andoversford. No café being open, I decided Cheltenham would be next best thing, but there everything looked dismal so I took the Tewkesbury road and made a halt for a lunch-come-tea at a friendly café midway there.

With the storm the wind changed direction and instead of an easy northward journey I had to push an energy-sapping nor'easter out of the way. The miles to Worcester dragged under a cloud-laden sky and I was thankful to reach Kidderminster, knowing once I was over Shatterford that for some miles at least I would be riding along in the lea of the hills east of Severn.

Once north of Bridgnorth I imagined all would be plain sailing but Dawley Bank finished me off and with a hearty sigh I sank into a seat in a pub just short of Crudgington to mop up a pint with a remaining sandwich. Debating with myself whether I could make home or not for the night. I tried hard, even attempting racing speed over the Waters Upton—Peplow stretch, always a fast piece of road. Over Marchamley in the gathering dusk to realise that a ride from there home in the dark minus lights would not be pleasant. So, at the first sign, I halted: a farm by the roadside, the farmer's wife assured me of accommodation and in I went, some supper and wearily to

bed, to be up betimes and home in the cool of the morning. Another August week-end over, still thrilling to the call of the road, and satisfied at having kept the Anfield name to the fore with a fairly reasonable ride.

Roll on the day when we can all pick up the threads of the game.

J. J. SALT.

RUNS.

Nantwich, 1st August, 1942.

This run had been arranged for the benefit of any member who wished to week-end in Shropshire, and tea had been arranged to suit attenders' own time with a suggestion of 5 o'clock.

While I was having lunch the Sub-Captain 'phoned to say that as Stockport was to be invaded that day he would not be able to keep his appointment at 'Brick Houses' at 4 o'clock.

So the writer made an early start and a straight ride via Congleton, Sandbach and Crewe, arriving at the Lamb at 5 o'clock to find Mr. Bickley and the Vice and Mrs. Austin already there, to be joined shortly by the Presider.

Tea was started at 5-30. When we had finished Jack Hodges arrived, having made a late start, he had unfortunately punctured at Minshull Vernon.

After tea the Presider and Jack Hodges left for Wem to stay at the White Horse, Mr. Bickley for Crewe Station, and Hubert to follow the Austin tandem to Chelford via Goostrey and so home, thus finishing another very pleasant run.

Parkgate, 8th August, 1942.

Torrents of rain had given place to bright sunshine when the Editor met Ken Barker part way down Boat House Lane, and the clear views across the Dee estuary to the Welsh hills beyond were full of promise of a glorious evening.

The Deeside Café was found to be in Anfield hands, Jack Salt and Frank Perkins having taken possession and placed an order for tea which was quite shortly forthcoming, and the four proceeded to stoke up to the tune of a lively description of Salty's latest

tour which, it appears, was undertaken at the instance of Lord Woolton with a view to preventing the surplus food of the country falling into the hands of Black Marketeers.

Talk drifted along various channels after tea, when the party was joined by Guy Pullan, of the Mersey Roads, measures to prevent road accidents after the war nearly got to the Committee stage; soon a move was made towards bicycles and along the Parade the bright idea was conceived of making the return journey along the path to Gayton Lane; the said path being in part closed, some considerable lifting of cycles and jumping up and down the sea wall was entailed but it made a pleasant change from the now familiar Boat House Lane, and in due course the party reached the "Glegg" round-about, there to split up and wend their several ways homeward.

Little Budworth, August 15th, 1942.

Charles Randall mapped out the course over a beer the night before. He talked largely of Whitchurch, Tern Hill, Market Drayton, Audlem, and lots of other places, but when young Peter and I left his hospitable doors round about 10-30 a.m., a stiff breeze was blowing from the south-west, accompanied by a slight drizzle, and consequently progress was slow. A halt at Broxton for "Elevenses" found new people at the Egerton Arms and the beer was very good. This did not help the speed, however, and the schedule was torn up and lunch taken at a cafe at Grindley Brook, where the food was good but the service very slow, and it was 2-0 p.m. before we got away for Whitchurch. Here a short time was spent and at 2-30 a start was made for Nantwich, as we had a date with Charles at Highwayside for 4-15. Calculations were again upset by the wind, but this time we were too fast, as to my surprise we found ourselves in Nantwich at 3-5, having done nearly evens over this stretch—an un-heard of procedure on my part.

Loading along the Nantwich to Highwayside stretch, watching aeroplanes, smoking, etc., passed the time away till Charles turned up punctually

to time. He had done nearly as much as us in half the time, having come via No-Man's Heath, Bickley, Spurstow and Bunbury. After a cup of tea at the Travellers' Rest the three of us went through the lanes via Eaton to Little Budworth to find the two Buckleys already there. The only other arrival was the President. Great surprise was evident on his observing Charlie Randall and Stevie at a Club Run once more.

A very pleasant tea was provided, and after a drink, smoke and chat the two parties went in opposite directions, Stevie, Randall and young Peter making a short call at Tarvin on the way home. Altogether a very happy day, all the more pleasant after a long absence.

The small muster was partly accounted for by absence on holiday of some of the Manchester regulars. I don't know what happened to the Liverpool ones.

Parkgate, 22nd August, 1942.

Uncle Johnny called for Jack Seed just before a downpour of rain, but it cleared enough for us to decide about another Club run. The country really looks lovely with such patches of colour in spite of the lack of some proper sunshine. We walked into the cafe and got a table right away. Our surprise was great when Cheminais came in and joined us. He had trained at Neston and walked along to Parkgate. Naturally our conversation was mostly about the old days, Hunts Cross turkeys, Lostock Gramam, etc. We expected our Editor but he had not headed up when we said good-bye to old Chem. at seven p.m. It is a good many years since Chem. made us laugh so with W. Eving's dog hospital, etc.

Prestbury (White House), 22nd August, 1942.

The effortless travel of which the bicycle is sometimes capable was the uppermost thought in my head as musingly I made my way rather belatedly to that quaint old village of Prestbury lying at the foot of the hills on the eastern borders of our well beloved Cheshire.

Tea had started when I arrived and

a goodly muster of eleven members spoke well for the popularity of the White House.

Bert Green and Jack Hodges were in particularly jocular mood, and we heard reminiscences of wayside chatter which helped to prove our relative theories regarding the capabilities of these two worthys to indulge a spot of leg-pull when provoked.

The Mullah and his two boys left early accompanied by Louis Oppenheimer, whilst F.H., Bert, Jack Hodges and Bob Poole, after having just one for the road, decided to make Cheadle Hulme their direction for home.

Hubert, his dad and Jimmy Cranshaw stayed on for a short while, and as we left the village it appeared deserted and ready for bed. So ended another enjoyable meet, the likes of which help to keep a sane standard these war days.

Alderley, August 29th, 1942.

Summer seemed to have arrived at last, and riding was really pleasant—quite warm but a fresh breeze, and dawdling along seemed called for. The present deponent and his companion toured quietly through Hale and Ringway, meeting shoals of blue-overalled ladies coming from the Air-port, and seeing (and hearing) the planes as they took off or landed. Then down to Oversley Ford and up the other side (on foot, pipe in mouth) looking enviously at two youngsters who rode up as if the steep hill wasn't there, and so by Lindoor Common and Wilmslow to Alderley. The first to arrive were the Presider and Louis Oppenheimer, who had scarcely seated themselves by the bowling green when Jack Hodges drifted in, closely followed by Bob Poole, Jim Cranshaw and Hubert Buckley. After watching a few games of bowls the party went inside, to find Bick, the Vice-President and his better-half and son; this party had been holidaying at Chirbury and all looked very fit and brown. After the usual satisfactory meal and talk of the 12 hours' ride for the morrow, and a short sitting for the good of the house, the party broke up making their several ways homeward in the cool of the evening.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Oct. 3	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 10	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 11	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest.) Committee Meeting. Lunch, 1-30 p.m.
" 17	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 24	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 31	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
Nov. 7	Parkgate (Deeside Café).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 10	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 17	Knolls Green (Brown Owl) Café.
" 24	Prestbury (White House Café).
" 31	Setter Dog (Walker Barn).
Nov. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 24TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS."
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

TREASURY NOTES.

I regret to note that subscriptions are coming in very slowly, and I hope those to whom it effects will, in order to save paper and postage, give the matter their early attention.

My thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund.

J. C. Band.*	E. O. Morris.*
W. E. Cotter.*	U. Taylor.
J. H. Fawcett.*	A. Williamson.*
F. D. McCann.*	

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

AN EXPLANATION.

We would like to say a few words to quite a number of other "worried" Anfielders about the contribution in last month's issue. Firstly, it was not submitted as a letter at all, and the heading and signature were merely editorial presentation. You all can rest assured that the writer is one of the last persons who would be worried at the current state of the Club's health, and one of the first to give the wheel a shove should things go wrong. We are loath to explain that it was all leg-pull, working up to the last sentence about the hectic days to come when Salty gets his lad on a tandem, when we all will be kept on the move as we have never moved before, unless we let the tandem blind on ahead, which would perhaps be the wisest thing to do. And now, no more letters from other "worried" Anfielders, please!

URBAN TAYLOR.

Our member for Shaw writes to Harold Kettle of a recent week in the Yorkshire Dales. His bicycle took him to the head of Wharfedale, over Tan Hill and into Swaledale, Wensleydale and one or two others, a holiday which was marred by only one day's rain. That should be a record in this year of grace. Urban tells us that he stood as best man at the wedding of his old friend Sterry Maden, on August 31st. Urban sends his kind regards to all the boys and he hopes to be able to come to the Club runs again in happier days.

We are delighted to print the following:—

IN REPLY TO "WORRIED."

Fear not, my friend—you have not found a cast
To stage the play. The players do but rest,
But not upon their laurels: overcast
The scene may be, obscuring all the best
Of life as we poor mortals knew and know it.
Prepare the book to set its greater seals,
For though the words deny my hopes as poet
This is my message to the world of wheels.
History re-written may be read anew—
Thus shall we raise the challenge once again.
Issued to the many by the deathless few
For England and the "Anfield" yet remain!
S.T.C.

ANFIELDERS IN 1887.

We discussed at Prestbury the early days of Teddy Edwards when he joined the Anfield and entered for a famous "50" in 1887, which had the support of influential Manchester riders. Lawrence Fletcher was scratch man, but the real backmarker was Alfred Fletcher, the Tricyclist, for he only had 15 minutes start, whereas the Tricycle that year was half-an-hour in a "50," and an hour in a "100," slower than the Safety. Alfred took half-an-hour longer than scratch, namely, 4 hours 18 minutes and Teddy was on the same mark of 15 minutes from Lawrence, thus a meagre allowance for a novice. Teddy took 4 hours 9 minutes, and Lawrence 3 hours 49 minutes. Norman Crooke did fastest time of 3 hours 38 minutes, and the winner was E. Thompson on his Regent Ordinary in 3 hours 49 minutes. Thompson was then the outstanding Ordinary rider in the Club. The tricyclist, Pedder, also rode, a man who won most of the Track Tricycle handicaps. He was the first Anfielder I met at Old Trafford. He was most successful on the three wheeler, but Alfred Fletcher lost him in road races.

About this time was held a famous Safety Fifty round Knutsford, with

Lawrence Fletcher and Teddy Hale on scratch, which Hale won. Many Anfielders took part, but an outstanding performance was that of H. R. Goodwin, of the North Manchester, on a Facile, his favourite mount, who was second and made a most dashing finish and sprinted home under terrible conditions of weather. Bill Howe, of Stoke, and Smith, of Hanley, were third and fourth and were men I met with about that time. But my meeting with Goodwin only took place on my last visit to the Old Timers, just before his death.

E. Hale was an old round Scratch man. In 1885 he won the race for Safeties on a Kangaroo and Hale's Kangaroo time remained a record for Safeties even in 1887. Hale also gave the winner of the Bath Road Fifty, C. W. Schafer (later of Manchester) 45 minutes start, which he was unable to do in 1887, as Schafer took 3 hours 32 minutes.

Safety times in 1887 stood at about 3 hours (I fancy that I have seen 2 hours 54 minutes on Solids) but for 100 miles stood at the 1885 time of the Kangaroo of 6 hours 39 minutes, that took 3 or 4 years to shift. The tricycle that Mills both built and rode was brought down to 7 hours 46 minutes. Tandem Tricycle 6 hours 10 minutes. Bicycle times on the Track 50 miles in 2 hours 40 minutes.

Mills was supposed to grant enormous starts; S. F. Edge 30 minutes; Bates 49 minutes; A. J. Wilson 45 minutes; Nixon 75 minutes with a limit of 100 minutes.

Up to then E. Hale had been for some years a Safety Scratchman all over the country at events of 50 miles and 100 miles. He specialised on the Safeties of Hillman, Herbert and Cooper, namely, the Kangaroo of 1885 and later the Premier, of 1887. The Premier was the cross frame that at first took the wind out of the Rover, that in its earliest form was disliked by the sport. Humber to begin with built a Safety with small front wheel, and that I rode myself and on which model the first Safety Track Championship was won by Fletcher, of Ilkeston. The fact that it was a Safety Championship proves that the Ordinary bicycle was still in existence, probably 1892

when it was won on a Pneumatic Tyred Ordinary by J. H. Adams.

Tricycles on the Track in 1887, just as important that year as bicycles, weighed 32 lbs. (the lightest). Driving wheels had come down to 30 inches (from the 40 inches of the Humber pattern of 1886 as described in *Badminton*), and the front wheels had risen from the miniatures of 20 inches up to 26 inches and 28 inches. On the roads the front wheels had risen to 30 inches. The early Crippler had had in 1886 a Diamond Frame but the 1887 Tricycle had a Cross Frame, consisting of an enormous tube with rigid hangers for the crank axle. The seat pillar stood upright from the bridge. They were found to be too rigid for the road, and later years saw the models for both road and path replaced by a diamond frame, such as we can remember early Anfielders used. But in 1887 the frames of those early cross frames were a picture for the onlookers.

The time for the Mile record was brought down on the track by that greatest of all Tricyclists E. Kiderlen to 2 minutes 38 seconds at Long Eaton one July morning. He was paced—most of the way—by a Humber pattern tandem, and chose a windy day, going unpaced with the wind but crouching close against the wind.

F.H.

WHY, HOW AND WHEN I JOINED THE ANFIELD B.C. by P. C. Beardwood.

Here is the first of what we hope might run to be an interesting series of articles by the Elder Brethren. We shall make no pretence as to order of publication, and as far as possible contributions will be printed as received. Percy Beardwood, who this month pens the first, celebrates his fiftieth year as an Anfielder this month, and we note with pleasure that our old friend rode nearly a century of miles the other week-end. We extend to "P.C.B." the sincere wish that many more leagues will slide delightfully beneath his wheels for endless years to come.

Bicycles fascinated me from childhood and still do so. When the dwarf or safety appeared my desire to acquire one grew fiercer. This was not to be until 1889, when I became the

proud possessor of a solid-tyred cross frame Humber. One of my first rides was to Parkgate, and never shall I forget the tea at the Union, consisting of a large fried sole, shrimp sauce and heaps of hot battered toast. During one of my Wirral rambles I fell in with—to me—a real cyclist, complete with tunic and cap with badge. His name was Hughes, and it was not long before I was persuaded to join his Club, the "Sandfield." Soon it dawned upon me that this Club did not quite fill my expectations. I used to call upon a shoemaker named Bob Lloyd, who had a shop in North Hill Street, and made a very fine cycling shoe. He was Captain of the Sefton and Dingle, so it was not very long before he got me enrolled in that Club. Some little time before this I had met Hellier, who lodged with a mutual friend in Kimberley Street, and we commenced riding together. Hellier at that time had a solid tyred Raglan: we used to go to High Leigh, where I first met "F.H.," and even got as far afield as Cranage Farm, which was good going on solids. During these rides we often came across members of the Anfield, and it did not take me long to discern that Hellier and I would soon be parted, as I could see he had made up his mind there was only one Club for him. I was right, for in 1891 he joined the A.B.C. This was rather a blow, so something had to be done. It was difficult to get into the Club in those days and things were not made any easier by previous membership of the "Sandfield" and Sefton and Dingle. Another complication arose—Knotty Ash was the Mecca of all Liverpool cyclists and I often met Hellier (now a member) at the Knotty Ash Hotel. A member of the Anfield named Fred Bath got the mistaken notion I was a rival in his affections with one of the daughters of the house. When my nomination came before the Committee Fred had engineered some opposition and I "got the bird." Thanks to perseverance, together with the kindness of Lawrence Fletcher, I managed to scrape through the "Sacred Portals," and to my everlasting joy was elected a member in 1892. Fred Bath was really a very decent fellow, the episode

was soon forgotten and we became very good friends.

I am not touching upon racing, which in my case was not brilliant. I prefer to remember the host of friends, the great sportsmen and tradition of a great Club. I don't know whether a Jubilee is a matter for congratulation, at best it means you are getting old, at most you must have been blessed with rude health. Possibly it is an event, as I cannot recall to my mind many who have lived long enough to achieve one. Billy Owens' falls this year. Geo. Mercer and Dave Fell must have had one, and Dave Rowatt's was in 1940, or should have been. Pa White must have been close had he retained membership. Then there are others with broken membership who have re-joined as Hon. Members, for instance Artie Bennett and Lord Kenilworth, now on the Hon. list, should have a Jubilee this year.

Perhaps my Jubilee is unique, in-as-much that barring a period of experiment with early motor vehicles I have continued to use the bicycle in much the same manner as I always did, viz., as a medium to meet and renew friendships and to recall the past by visiting the old towns, villages, lanes and pubs. Business called me away from Liverpool about 1904. Through the great kindness of Lawrence Fletcher, who gave me my first real business start, I have managed to acquire sufficient of this world's goods for simple tastes and some leisure to devote to the pastime of cycling, the finest, simplest and most enjoyable sport and recreation for all periods of life. As my residence in London was likely to be permanent I joined the Bath Road Club in 1919, was Treasurer for 10 years and afterwards a Vice-President. Looking backward over fifty years, I think the best of life is not in acquiring a fortune in money but in acquiring a host of good friends. In the space available it is not possible to mention all these, both past and present, as a separate article could be written on many, but no other sport makes friendships so real, loyal and lasting, and as a Club the Anfield is unequalled in this respect.

A LETTER FROM

—RIGBY BAND.

3RD SEPTEMBER, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to yourself and the Club for your letter and P.O. of 27th June. It is good to know that we out here are remembered in such a handsome way. As you see I have changed my address again and as it may be some time before I have another permanent address I shall let you know when and where I finally settle down. I have not seen or heard from any of the other M.E. Anfielders for some little time now but presume they are all fit and well. Once again many thanks and best wishes to all from

RIGBY.

—NORMAN HEATH.

18/8/42.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to you all for the P.O. received during July, which was put to good use on one of my fairly frequent trips ashore.

After close on twelve months at sea the skipper has recommended me for the post of Warrant Officer Schoolmaster, which means that I shall shortly be transferred to a training establishment ashore. Whilst the sea certainly has attractions of its own I am looking forward to the chance of spending longer periods on terra firma with its opportunities of visiting some of the familiar spots, which I have merely been able to dream about for the past year. Who knows, I may be lucky enough to be posted somewhere within reach of Anfield-land. If so, I shall lose no time in joining you all at a Club run some Saturday. In any case I am hoping that in acquiring my sea-legs I have not lost the ability to "get them round," though doubtless there are a few packets in store for me before I am again cycling fit.

Kindest regards to all "Ours" at home and overseas.

Sincerely yours,

NORMAN.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

29/8/42.

DEAR FRANK,

Since arriving here I've not stopped writing notes, etc., and it is only now after six weeks that things have eased-up somewhat.

I have just read in a *Cycling* dated 12/8/42, an article "Through the Trough of Bowland," and it was this which prompted me to make an effort and write you a few lines. I now see *Cycling* regularly each week thro' a fellow here from the Gold Coast. About five years ago he was in the 13th Wheelers and rode 410 miles in a "24."

Len Paris is his name and he has met Jack Salt on more than one occasion.

I have been doing quite a fair amount of riding, because on map reading training each cadet draws a bike and we go out in sections or platoons for all the world like a Club run. We have been warned several times for starting "jams" on the return journey and dropping the accompanying officer.

Boots and gaiters are not conducive to good ankle action but nevertheless we have been able to demonstrate our staying powers on hills where most of the others have had to walk.

The training here is fairly easy except that a high standard of physical fitness is required and that is some thing which I've never been quite able to attain.

Last week we had to pass some p.t. tests which included running 100 yards in 11½ secs, one mile in 5½ mins. jumping 4 feet and a long jump of 15 feet, all of which I managed to pass by the skin of my teeth.

I will be on leave on the 20th September, I hope, and providing things go well as they have done, I expect to be commissioned on the 20th of November.

I'm afraid that I haven't written to Walter since leaving Scotland, so if you are writing will you please tender my apologies. I also neglected to write Harold Kettle to thank the Club for the last P.O., which I gratefully received. This was particularly welcome in my temporary lowered state of a cadet.

On reading the *Cyclings* it appears that quite a revolution is in progress, what with shorts and massed start races.

Personally, I think the tights were part and parcel of the game and without them you lose the mystery and elusiveness of the "secret sport."

although I suppose that shorts are more comfortable.

In the current issue I see a photo of J.J., from which I presume he wore shorts in his excellent ride in the B.R. "100."

All this makes me feel like getting a bike from the stores and having a 'blind' round the T.T. course, but on second thoughts my bed is rather inviting, so I think I'll have a 'kip' and dream of "50's" and tours to come.

Regards to all the boys.

Cheerio for now. TOMMY.

—FRED BREWSTER.

JULY 14TH, 1942.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Very many thanks for the P.O. which I received to-day, also the previous one which arrived some weeks ago.

Unfortunately I am unable to cash them over here, due to war-time regulations, so much as I appreciate the kind thoughts and good wishes which go with them I feel that better use could be made of the money. The ones already received I have returned to mother to give to some deserving cause, so if any more to come please let some of the boys who can use them have my share.

At the same time I should enjoy receiving an occasional line from any of the boys who may care to write. I have asked Frank Marriott to include my address over here in the *Circular* with a view to that end.

Have settled down fairly well now, but am not much impressed with the vastness of the prairies, the great distances between towns is a great handicap and we are 75 miles from even a reasonably sized place. However, we'll manage.

Best wishes to all and many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

FRED BREWSTER.

—PETER ROCK.

24/8/42.

DEAR FRANK,

I have just read your recent A/G, which Eric has just received. We were beginning to wonder what had happened to you. I was most amused by your reference to me. The mere fact that I have had a few bouts of malaria is no occasion for alarm. I was

only in 'dock' nine days this last time and the M.O. seemed to be very doubtful as to whether it was malaria or merely sandfly fever. I feel quite fit again now and am quite as happy as is possible to be out here.

I notice that the 'mat' situation seems to be very brisk amongst the lads at home. I pointed out to Eric that he would soon be on his own and he mumbled something about following popular factions and having a will of his own. Maybe when a fair damsel gets within striking distance he will feel a bit shaky too. I am pleased to hear that the F.O.F. is feeling energetic again. Apparently his energies do not run to letter writing at present. If ever they do I shall be very pleased to hear from him. Please give Ted my congrats. Eric is rather puzzled as to the identity of the lady. I told him that to the best of my belief it was Barbara. Perhaps you could enlighten us.

Cheerio for now Frank. Best regards to your mother and Molly. All the best.

PETER.

—ERIC REEVES.

24TH AUGUST, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for your Airgraph of 27th July, which arrived to-day. So Ted is married at last, who is the lady may I ask? I am afraid my telling you of Peter's illness has been misleading. The period of indisposition is only the same as an attack of flu. He has been back with us for many weeks and is quite sound in limb even if the wind is hardly up to pre-war standard. Those who find the Army has made them fitter than ever before have I am afraid never taken any sport seriously or they might have the reverse idea like Peter and I. If I tried to cover a hundred miles in 4 hours 41 mins, now I can imagine the awful state I would be in at the finish. I am very pleased to hear that Tommy is going in for his commission: give him my best wishes. I suppose as a result he missed the latest Commando raid on Dieppe. Sid. seems to be as fit as ever to judge by your remarks. Charles' latest burst of enthusiasm is surprising. I wish I could accompany you on one of the proposed Pensarn runs, it would be very welcome after this country where "keep off the grass" signs are super-

floos. It is very hot to-day but in a very short time we can begin to look forward to the winter. Balaclava helmets and greatcoats are needed then and one extracts more vitality from the atmosphere under such conditions. I will be very happy when it is over, then I can proceed to look after the family and my increased responsibilities at home. Well, I must close now as my ideas for writing have been severely strained even by this short effort.

Give my regards to your mother and Mollie and Ted and the boys.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—SYD JONAS.

9TH JULY, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to the members for another contribution towards my comfort, though, at the moment I am afraid it cannot be put to the purpose for which it was intended, but there is always a chance and I can but hope.

I was very grieved to hear about Brian, particularly as I had a letter from him on 8th May and it must have happened soon afterwards. He wrote regretting that he was unable to see me on that occasion and hoped to be home by about this month.

He was a very good friend to me in quite a lot of ways while he was here and was always his own quiet self and he used to chuckle quietly as he told me of his many escapes. When he was in hospital he could not get out quick enough as he wanted to be back on the job.

We are having a quiet time as usual and now it is too hot to even sit at a desk in comfort. When I say desk I mean table barrack, 6 feet, but I don't suppose it matters.

I have to go seven miles by cycle for my seaside swim these days and it is a long way in these parts but well worth it. We also have the choice of several fresh water pools near at hand if we care to join in with the gold fish, so life is quite good even in this isolated spot.

Do you think it is possible to go back to the old system of sending "St. Bruno" instead of as at present. Of course, if it cannot be sent free of English duty it is not worth it, as a

certain amount of duty has to be paid here, but if the manufacturers still have the old system working I would be very glad.

I am practically a teatotaler these days, but I will tell you all about that at Halewood one Saturday night.

With all good wishes to your family and all the Anfielders.

I met a Mid-Shropshire Wheeler here at my H.Q. by the name of Bailey. He is one of three brothers who used to be or still are members and knows Jack Pitchford, of course.

Cheerio,

SYD.

—GEORGE FARR.

18/8/42.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

I wish to thank both you and the Club for the letter and enclosure, which I received to-day.

As I am going on leave at the end of of this month the "enclosure" will come in very useful to my pocket. I am well settled on this camp, but I wish I could be at home again to enjoy well, what there is left to enjoy. All this sunshine and warmth is not so bad, but I would like to see some snow again. Please give my regards to the Club, and again I thank you for this gift.

Yours,

G. FARR.

RUNS.

Parkgate, 29th August, 1942.

Johnny Band and Jack Seed were already in residence when del Banco "barrowed" into the "Deeside." Tea having been ordered, "our John" delved into the past and recalled doughty deeds done on the road in his racing days.

Tea over and nobody else putting in an appearance the trio made for home at a sedate pace entirely suited to the declining years of "Blotto."

Parkgate, 5th September, 1942.

The outlook at 1 p.m. seemed hopeless, low lying clouds and heavy rain holding out no prospect of it clearing, but by 4 o'clock a break appeared and at five it was brilliant.

I rode out thro' Burton and Ness, arriving at the Cafe to find Jack Seed, Johnny Band and Chem (a rare visitor but very welcome nevertheless).

Whilst I tucked in to bacon and tomatoes (a wartime substitute for Ye Olde Ham and Eggs) Johnny kept me interested in his remarks about old time racing bikes, more especially the Facile models, which he contended were years ahead of their time in design, etc.

This and other topics whiled away a pleasant hour, and having given up F.M. as a bad job, we left for home, Chem by bus, Johnny and Jack turning right halfway up Boathouse Lane, leaving Frank Perkins to cover a circuitous route, thus enabling him to make good use of the remaining daylight.

Goostrey (Red Lion), September 5th, 1942.

An extremely wet afternoon which delayed my start, making it necessary for me to speed as fast as possible in the nearest direction to the tea place.

However, riding was easy and I arrived only a few minutes late to meet seven more of the members seated round the table enjoying an excellent meal, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Knowles hovered round attending to our needs with all the kindness of very old friends.

After tea the weather made ample amends for any deficiencies of the early afternoon, the President left early for fire watching. Bren and Wilf Orrell took the left road for their short run home, Rex, Jim and Hubert bade adieu to Father Buckley, who was to return per rattler, after a vain attempt to persuade him to break his journey at Alderley for a "quick one" at the Red Lion. Perhaps this is the only record of Father B. ever passing a pub containing, amongst other things, three of his Club mates whom he knew to be imbibing therein: may it be recorded to the honour and glory of this great gentleman that "nowt" could be done about it.

The night closed as we hope many more will do the same in peace and quietness at eleven o'clock.

Little Budworth, September 12th, 1942.

A fine tonic, cycling! Saturday afternoon found me devoid of energy and feeling much more like taking a nap than pushing a bicycle. But habit is strong, and more or less automatically I got the grid out and

mounted. Progress was very slow at first, but as I put the miles behind me the pace increased until I was going at what is for me a quite respectable speed. Along the Chester high-road towards Mere—now which road shall I take? I come so often in this direction that some of the roads get too familiar. Well, I haven't been by Moulton Lock lately, so that shall be the way. Bowling along comfortably, a quiet scrap with a stranger hotting things up for a few miles, I pass the "Slow and Easy" and then turn behind the chemical works and on to King Street. Sharp right and I'm soon at the farm by the flashes and railway bridge at Shipbrook. Sign still out—let's see whether they're still catering. Yes, they are, and I enjoy a refreshing cup of tea, and hear that, whilst the racing men no longer breakfast there there are still plenty of callers on Sundays. Then to Davenham and up the hill to the turn to Moulton, down the rough lane (but not so rough as it used to be) under the bridges, and bump over the swing-bridge. Then along that quiet bit of road—one seldom meets anyone on it—by the mill and up the very steep pitch and so to Whitegate. Well, I suppose I shall have to walk the hill, like those chaps in front. But let's put in the pup gear and go on for a bit. Not too hard—the wind must be helping some. Well, I've got so far—might as well stick it out—and I get to the top, not unduly winded—quite encouraging. That tired feeling's gone. Then along the flat, over Whitegate station and so to the corner on the Over-Kelsall road, where the smithy used to stand. Only 5 o'clock! I must have been moving nicely. Time to go round a bit, so I cross the road and go along the pretty lane to Little Budworth mere adn church, and then to Oulton Park gates where I turn right, to go across the common. The views to this point have all been cheerful and heartening—everywhere either golden corn swaying in the breeze, or better still, cut and standing in sheaves in the glorious sunshine, making the heart glad with the assurance of a plentiful harvest, or root-crops thickly covering fields, and pleasant hedgerows and green

grass everywhere. But here—stumps of trees sometimes with the severed trunks still lying by them. This is the necessary devastation of war. But some are still left—let's hope they're not suitable for any utilitarian purpose, and so may be left to gladden our eyes. A pause to gather heather and smoke a pipe and then on to the Shrewsbury Arms to find three other Manchester men waiting. Six o'clock comes—where is the contingent from Liverpool, to meet whom we have made this rendezvous? As no one appears we despatch the plain but satisfying meal provided, with pleasant talk of tours and racing, and then start for home, hastening along to make the best of the time before darkness, for none of us has a lamp that's much good, through Over and Winsford to Middlewich and Toft Corner, observing on the way the aerodrome and the manners and customs of some of the denizens thereof. Here the party breaks up, three to go by Seven Sisters to Knolls Green for a pause before making the final run in, and one to go through Knutsford. A very pleasant afternoon, marred only by the absence of any representative of Liverpool. We all know what Liverpool has gone through and can appreciate the desire of members there to be with their folk when darkness falls, and the work they are doing, but it would have been nice to see one or two on this run.

The members out were: The Presider, the Manchester Vice and Sub. and Hubert Buckley.

Parkgate, 19th September, 1942.

No wonder Uncle Johnny looked at me curiously from his seat on the old stone wall with a "what the 'ell" look (although, of course he didn't say it). It must be weeks since the Editor betook himself to a Club run. Jack Seed was there too, and we three together sat with our backs to the marsh and the smell and watched the people pedalling by. It's amazing the army of cyclists this war has created—folk who wouldn't be seen dead on a bicycle before. We were waiting for Frank Perkins, and when he did turn up the cafe was full. But soon that situation was remedied, and

the meal was hurried by the Editor making the toast while the good lady of the house fried the tomatoes. Then Salty came in, which meant more toast, more tomatoes, but he's worth it.

J.J.S. told us a sorry story of having to go into dock to get rid of a vein in his leg, but he hopes to be all right again in a fortnight. After tea and a talk the evening was so pleasant that Salty wasn't going straight back. He nearly went and worried Randall. The Elder Brethren departed so as to be home for black-out, and F.M. went so far as Bebington with F.P. before seeing Don Birchall for a chat and turning westward for Thingwall.

Setter Dog, September 19th, 1942.

One of the major disappointments of my long association with the Anfield has been the almost complete lack of success which has attended my efforts to have Club runs to the hilly country which is east and south of Manchester. We did have an August tour many years ago with headquarters at Bake-well, but so far as I recollect, the trip was not repeated. There are several suitable hostelries in the district and it was with a feeling of "something attempted, something done," that I greeted the regular appearance of the Setter Dog on our runs list.

I usually contrive to leave home early and to enjoy a few hours in the hills on these occasions, and to-day was no exception to my usual custom. On a fine and calm afternoon I rode through Alderley village to Monks Heath, headquarters of Manchester timetrialists; over the cross roads, through Siddington to Marton, where a left turn brought me to North Rode and Bosley Cross-roads. A brief halt here for a bar of chocolate, and I resumed the pigskin; passing Bosley reservoir and walking the steep hill I arrived at Cluelow Cross, and descended the headlong drop to the Clough Brook. More walking now, past the Rose and Crown to the head of Wildboar Clough, another steep drop past Crag House, a sedate praffle through the clough, another walk past the Stanley Arms, and a minute or two later I was in the Setter Dog drinking beer at Jim

Cranshaw's expense.

Only five of us turned up for tea, namely, Bert Green, Rex Austin, Jim Cranshaw, Jack Hodges and, a little late, Fireman Buckley in uniform and very thirsty after an afternoon of unaccustomed manual labour. Conversation was mainly of Jack's great performance in the Crewe Wheelers "25" the previous week. In this, his first ride at the distance, and despite his 60 years, Jack returned a time of 1.15.45 and scooped the handicap, much to the surprise of Rex, who had handicapped the event, and given Jack 15 minutes allowance. No doubt Salty will have to look to his laurels, as Jack is now talking of acquiring sprints and tubulars in time for next season's racing.

Buckley senior was on holiday at Chirbury, and Hubert told of his intention to return during the week, taking two days over the journey, sojourning at the White Horse at Wem on the intermediate night. Bick seems to be regaining much of his old form. It might be remarked, en passant, that the "White Horse" can now be confidently recommended for food and accommodation, especially if previous notice has been given.

Tea over, a few minutes were spent in the tank, but various duties caused an early departure. The descent to Macclesfield was safely negotiated, despite Hubert breaking a cable on the way, and here he and Jim halted awhile, leaving the others to pursue their homeward way through the fast gathering darkness.

Parkgate, September 26th, 1942.

As this *Circular* seems to be on the full side already, we will be sparse with our remarks. Your Editor, after a sleep in the chair, pattered down to Parkgate for 6-0 p.m. to meet Uncle Johnny and Jack Seed, who had finished their tea. So while I had mine the two Elder Brethren recounted good stories of other days. Uncle Johnny hadn't a lamp so we were soon on our way home, and I was dozing by a fine fire before 7-30.

Prestbury, September 26th, 1942.

One might reasonably expect to become tired of visiting a district at

short intervals, and of some districts one does tire. But of Prestbury district I never tire. For one thing there are so many ways to it, and for another they're all so charming. Whether one approaches the village through Dean Row, or over Alderley Edge or by Mottram St. Andrews, or by any other route, there are restful views to satisfy the eye, and above all, notwithstanding the numerous villas which scar the countryside somewhat, there is, for me, the feeling always of being very far from any city. As to the village itself, it has been somewhat commercialised, but it has been done carefully and it's still old world. Usually I go the longest way round, but this day duty demanded that I should spend a couple of hours gathering fruit before I set off, so the shortest route was imperative. Nearing Prestbury I overtook Jack Hodges, who was in one of his quiet moods, and so it was possible to ride the short distance with him without exhaustion. (I suppose you know that he won the handicap in a Cheshire Roads "25" the other week in 1.15.45, and he acknowledges 58 years!) We found F.H. waiting for us at the White House Cafe and were soon joined by Jim Cranshaw and adjourned across the road, the witching hour having just struck. Very soon Buckley pere et fils appeared, the former full of his recent trip to Shropshire, where his pleasure had been marred only by women, kids and dogs. But he seemed to have enjoyed himself all the same. Then Rex Austin arrived to complete the party of seven, and we shortly made our way to consume the excellent meal provided for us, over which we discussed all kind of things. F.H. departed early, to reach home before dark, but the rest of us had another short session across the road, where the discussion became very deep. I heard snatches of words of weird import—atoms, hydraulics, molecules, potentials, etc.—but there were gleams of lighter matter, and altogether the meeting was quite successful. The moon having risen we wended our several ways homeward in good light, with a healthy September nip in the air.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Nov. 7	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 14	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 21	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
" 28	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
Dec. 5	Parkgate (Deeside Café).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Nov. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 14	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 21	Prestbury (White House Café).
" 28	Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
Dec. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 22ND INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS."
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—

Mr. Charles Frederick Elias, Junr.,
Greenfield, West Kirby. Proposed by
Mr. C. F. Elias, seconded by Mr. H. W.
Powell.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A poor result this month, only four names. My thanks are due to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund. Perhaps the remainder are awaiting the "Pink Slips," which they will receive with this issue of the *Circular*!

J. C. Band,* W. E. L. Cooper,
E. J. Cheminais. G. Lockett.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

The latest for our list of serving members is Arthur Birkby, who was "collared" recently for the R.A.F. after just over a year of freedom since his medical. Ted Byron and George Connor were in the other day. Ted, after a deadly couple of months near Wick, has been moved to Dundee, where life is far, far brighter. George is keeping his bed at Prestatyn very well indeed. A year in khaki and still in that quite delightful Welsh resort is an achievement. We did not think that George was quite so good at wire-pulling as that. Rumour has it that Rigby Band is homeward bound.

AN UNOFFICIAL TINTS TOUR.

Salty, Billy Rich, Frank Perkins and your Editor spent a very adventurous last week-end in October amid the mountains of Wild Wales. A full report next month.

WHY, HOW AND WHEN I JOINED
THE ANFIELD B.C.

by W. M. Owen.

For the second of our present "Why, How and When" series, our old friend and mentor, Billy Owen, writes of some Early Cycling Recollections. It seems

that our Billy really celebrated his Anfield Jubilee in 1939, a fact unknown to your Editor—who is only a lad, anyway—until now and maybe to many others. Our old friend deplores the passing of Bettws-y-coed from the runs list, and so do we. May the day be not far distant when we can return there, and chat with Billy once again. Until then we extend our sincerest wish for a long and happy autumn of his years.

In course of the year 1882, when at school, I acquired a second-hand Singer "British Challenge" Ordinary and soon became adept at mounting by the pedal, instead of the steps, and coasting down hills with my legs over the handlebars. My outstanding recollection about the machine is the brake—a weird contraption—which was worked by twisting the straight handlebar, fitted into a loose socket, towards the rider and thereby tightening a leather thong, or cord, which followed the backbone of the bicycle and brought into play on the road an iron scraper, or drag, attached to the back wheel to retard progress. More often than not the leather cord snapped at a critical moment.

In 1888 I purchased a No. 1 Rudge Ordinary and entered for one or two track races at Bangor and Caernarvon, but was not very successful, only obtaining two third prizes from a long mark. About this time two friends of mine, J. H. Jones and E. A. Thompson, both Anfielders, paid me a visit at Holywell and persuaded me to join the Club as an Honorary Member. In due course I obtained a receipt for 10/- dated 3rd January, 1889, from the Treasurer, David R. Fell. It was addressed from the Club House, 36 Bedford Street North, and by chance I came across the receipt 50 years later.

In January, 1892 I was elected an Active member of the Club, having by that time been removed to Liverpool in business. At that time the Anfield ran, in addition to the Main Division, a Wirral Division, together with a Manchester and North Staffordshire Division. My first Club run, sponsored by the Secretary, Lawrence Fletcher, was to the "Glegg Arms," Gayton. I was riding a Farringdon Rational Ordinary and dimly re-

member that I had discarded my King of the Road hub lamp for one of lighter weight fitted to a flimsy bracket on the handle bar, with the result that I was a source of trouble to Fletcher and Alf Cottle on the homeward journey as they would persist in assisting me to fix up the lamp with a piece of wire. On the 28th July, 1892, the Club held a 50 miles handicap on the Greenwich Park trotting track at Aintree. The surface was of cinders, and the weather particularly dry, the result being that the competitors were sadly in need of a bath at the finish. J. A. Bennett won the handicap and fastest time medal in 2 hours 44 mins., Percy Beardwood was 2nd, and Bob Thomas 3rd. Dave Rowatt and I, together with the other lap scorers, had a comfortable seat on the Grandstand to carry out our work. At the end of 1892 *Cycling* published photographs of the twelve best Road Riders of that year, selected by the votes of their readers. I note there were three representatives of the Anfield, viz.—Bennett, Fletcher and Carlisle. Early in 1893 I changed over to a "Hadley" pneumatic tyred 36-in. Front Driver with Crypto gear and was induced to start in the first 50 of the year, being placed on the 20 minutes mark alongside the redoubtable Hillier mounted on a Hadley Tricycle. Eventually he beat me by a yard or two in the sprint for first place in 2 hours 56 minutes. Later on in the year I sold the machine to Freddie del Strother, who fancied it as a clean mount for winter riding. In 1894 I had the honour of being elected one of the Sub-Captains along with W. R. Hood, generally referred to as The Admiral.

I have a photograph taken by Norman Croke in January, 1894, of scratch teams of Anfielders who played in a football match at Knotty Ash. In the group, amongst others, are Pa White, Neason, the two Deakins, Spence, Toft, Hellier, Strother and Saunders. In April, 1895, I was largely indebted to Lord Kenilworth, then known to us as Jack Siddeley, for my winning a 50 mile handicap. He had started 3 minutes before me, and when I came to Tabley Corner I found him in the throes of unsolved tyre trouble. In a most sporting manner he asked the crews of his two

padding tandems to take me along, the result being that I reached the time-keeper, a winner in 2 hours 35 minutes 15 seconds, only 5 minutes ahead of the four scratch men, Bennett, Buckley Deakin and Neason, who finished in a bunch in 2 hours, 25 minutes, 15 seconds. Bennett gaining third place and fastest time by half a wheel from Alf. Deakin, the time being but 2 minutes outside the then existing N.R.R.A. record. J. R. Thompson was second man home. In June of the same year Billy Neason lent me his Rover bicycle, on which he had recently beaten the London to Bath and back record, to ride in the Anfield Open 100, and with a trouble-free ride and good pacing I was fortunate enough to win both the handicap and fastest time medal in 5 hours 23 mins. 18 secs. Arthur Usley, of the North Road, who finished in 5 hrs. 24 mins., had the worst of luck with his tyres, or would easily have beaten N.R.R.A. record. 1896 saw me achieving my ambition of riding 300 miles in 24 hours. I was a very tired man when I reached the Waggon & Horses Inn with 40 minutes to go, and 308 miles to my credit. -Having signed the check sheet and ordered a drink I was later found by the landlord fast asleep, so he promptly put me to bed, and the next thing I remember was breakfast being brought up to me in the morning. 1897 saw me starting in the 24 hours ride with Harry Saunders on a tandem, F. H. Koenen was also on a tandem partnered by Dan Simpson. At Whitechurch, 150 miles, the two tandems were together, leading the field, but on the next stretch to Spurstow we started scrapping, the result being that Saunders and I got away, rode 198½ miles in 12 hours and beat Northern record by over 9 miles. F.H. and Simpson completed 193½ miles in the time. My last attempt at a 24 was in 1901 when I assisted my old pal Frank Wood to pilot a tandem, finally securing second place and establishing a new Northern record of 306 miles. Frank was a sleepy customer. I found his head resting rather heavy on my back in the early hours of the morning, so got Mr. Bates, of the Bull & Stirrup, Chester, to brew us some strong coffee, which together with a puncture to repair on the next

stretch, brought Frank back to normal.

In conclusion, I would like to state that I was proud to serve as Treasurer of the Club for ten years notwithstanding the periodical gibes of my friend, Hubert Roskell, that I was making enough out of the job to retire.

A SHROPSHIRE WEEK-END.

During the week before August Bank Holiday Bert Green had spent some two hours 'phoning round Shropshire for accommodation, and had written to the Pound Inn at Leebotwood, but without success. I had written to the Wingfield Arms at Montford Bridge and had been turned down. So it came to pass that we met at Nantwich on the Saturday without having fixed up anywhere.

I made a late start from Manchester and had punctured my back tyre at Minshull Vernon, arriving at the Lamb when everyone had finished tea. However, I tea-ed alone, what time Bert was trying to get to the telephone. Eventually he was successful in booking a room at the White Horse Hotel, Wem.

An easy and uneventful ride brought us to Wem, and after a good supper we went to bed. The proprietress of the White Horse, Mrs. Rogers, had found us a room with two single beds, which was just as well, because Bert doesn't like sleeping with me—not in the same bed, I mean; he doesn't really sleep, he awakes.

During the night it rained with such determination that water came through the bedroom ceiling in a place where it never before entered.

Sunday morning, after a good breakfast, we started under a sky which promised nothing. From Shrewsbury we went through Castle Pulverbatch to the Bridges.

Near the Inn I asked Bert the name of the river, but he didn't know. My query was answered by a girl with a map: "the River Onny." We went inside the pub and bought beer and asked for food. The lady of the house said she could not supply us with solids "because the Home Guard are out." The same girl who had answered my query about the river offered us a

share of her bread and cheese, but we declined to rob her. But it made me notice her. She had a very intelligent face, her figure was well supplied with curves and her sartorial outfit was very tight in places. She wore shorts. She and her friend had been hostelling, she said.

After a few desultory remarks Bert picked up a book which she had laid down. He read aloud the title, which was very impressive and was something like this: "The immutability of Cosmic Laws and Spherical Space." I asked if "Spherical Space" was not an invention of Einstein's, and she answered that it was. The discussion then started.

Now it has always been an idea of mine that one should not know much of the subject of a discussion. The man who knows his subject too thoroughly becomes a bore. I jumped into spherical space with a mind unburdened by any knowledge of the Professor's theory. We enjoyed the talk immensely and I hope we benefited by it—but I doubt it. Bert said I had been word-spinning.

We said good-bye to the girls and crossed Stiperstones. It was a long time and a long way since breakfast: we were hungry. Arriving at a small house in the township of Snailbeach, Rads, we put the question and the answer was in the affirmative. The rain had commenced and got rapidly into full swing when the door opened and in bounded two buxom female whirlwinds. They were Shrewsbury girls out on their bicycles for the day. The more vocal one was keen on social reform and it was not long before we were rebuilding society on a more just and equitable foundation. We achieved some very notable reforms.

I think we oldsters gain something from these chance encounters with the better kind of youth. Perhaps their fine ideals and generous enthusiasm are a sort of temporary antidote to our poisonous pessimism and disillusionment.

When we had remoulded this sorry scheme of things, it was our hostess's turn and we listened with sympathy and understanding to a lone woman's

account of her life of service to her family.

The rain had ceased and we paid up, said adieu and took the road. By Westbury and Ford we reached Montford Bridge. In an evil moment Bert thought of a short cut and got down to work it out by the map. An old man told us to turn right at the garage and go through Little Ness. We got to Little Ness and were in doubt, which road to take. I think it was there that the rain recommenced. We got mucked up at the frequent road junctions and the rain increased in intensity.

I was so saturated when we reached Baschurch that I forgot to want a drink.

There was a good dinner for us when we reached the White Horse and we soon forgot our drenching.

In the morning, after an introduction to Joey, the pig, who is to be a burnt offering at Christmas, we started for home. So far as I recollect it rained all the way. We reached Nantwich via Prees Heath and Ash. Bert was lunching at the Lamb, but I had a nostalgia for my "ain wee hame," so I went right through and arrived home early.

Notwithstanding the very mixed weather I had thoroughly enjoyed the week-end, and I think I am right in saying the same for Bert.

JACK HODGES.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. 1892.

Going through the pages of the bound volume of the *Northern Wheeler*, from Bolton, then I think in its first year of publication, I found there not only the mention of Beardwood's early success and later competitions, but also Bert Siddeley's 50 Miles Northern Tricycle Record of 2 hours 53 mins that had beaten Harry Saunders' time by over 9 minutes and of which H. C. Siddeley was justly proud. He rode a Belsize Tricycle, after that widely advertised, though I do not remember seeing any other Belsizes in the Club. Elsewhere in this volume a special article is given to the career of G. P. Mills, who had

been a competitor since 1884 in the Anfield and in the North Road Club and in the National Championships. He had won the Bordeaux-Paris Road Race in 1891. In August Lawrence Fletcher rode End-to-End in 3 days 23 hours.

The Diamond Frame Safety Model became that year established in its model after several years existence as a cross-frame, but still some persisted as a cross-frame in front with a Diamond Shaped Rear. One in particular, the Acme, had as a special feature the total absence of a seat-tube which must have made it very resilient and yielding.

Nevertheless, 1892 was also the great year of the Crypto Geared Facile, or Geared Front Driver, of which Frank Shorland was the great—but by no means only, exponent—but its reign was short. This may have been due to its close connection with the Boothroyd Tyre.

Shorland's successes included the 24 Hours Race on the Track for the Cuca Cup at Herne Hill in which he did nearly 414 miles, which was then the record, and in which race John Melville James covered 407 miles on a Safety, then the greatest distance ever ridden in the time on a Safety. James (the so-called Jimmy James) has been for so long associated with the Anfield.

In the North Road 24 Hours Road Race held soon after, Shorland did 307 miles with Artie Bennett as runner-up, doing 352½ miles, Cocker, of Sheffield, 346 miles and Jimmy James 339 miles.

Thus Shorland did 46 miles less on the Road and James 68 miles less. Mills was not a competitor but Holbein should have been, but he fell off a Front Driver the night before and became a non-starter. Whether otherwise he would likewise have become a rider of the Front Driver I cannot tell. Just then he performed on the Clincher Tyre along with Tommy Edge, whom he had narrowly beaten in a previous year by riding Cushion Tyres on a Whippet against Edge on Dunlop tyres.

The Safety Frame compared with later years even that of Path machines, had a long neck and sloping top tube. Why those long necks? It must be remembered that the riders sat still erect on their machines and that gears were low compared with following years. Photos are given of Zimmerman, Osmond and Fournier, all sitting upright.

Next we see an American Tandem Bicycle with the Front Rider behind a 28-in. wheel and the Rear Rider on top of a 56-in. back-wheel. Probably intended to win prizes at gymkhanas.

The Manchester Mile Champion was T. W. Hilton, of Oldham, who was good enough to beat Johnny Adams in a scratch race, both on Safeties. The writer in that year returned to the Track for the third time, and appeared for the first time on a Safety, but did not venture to take part in road races until he joined the Anfield three years later. At the end of 1892 the Dunlop detachable tyre acquired its present shape.

F.H.

A LETTER FROM F.H.

DEAR EDITOR,

Since Beardwood has contributed to the October Journal his article: "When, How and Why?" I have meanwhile discovered in the *Northern Wheeler* of 1892 (my only copy, which I have meanwhile offered to you as a Memento, and which is a publication now defunct since many years) the following report. It was quite on the heels of Beardwood's joining the Anfield, and dated September 7th, 1892; it will be a surprise to you and also to Beardwood himself and to all Members, including Rowatt, the Time-keeper, as it was to me who was not a member yet, of course:—

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE ANFIELD COMPETES AND WINS.

The Anfield Fifty, the third of the series of 50 Miles Road Handicaps, was held last Saturday over a course on which not a single village was passed. The handicap was framed by Fletcher and Worth and eleven riders started, but owing to the mud only

four could finish the whole course. Percy Beardwood won the handicap from the 20 minutes' mark, he and Bert Siddeley—on a tricycle, the latter—and keeping together for 36 miles, starting together, till the latter punctured. Toft, scratch, was second, paced by Lawrence Fletcher, and doing fastest time. Saunders, also scratch, broke his chain at 45 miles. All the finishers rode New Howes machines. Beardwood's machine was fitted with Carter Gear Case.

Curiously enough on another page that same week I read: Manchester Athletic Club Half-mile: F. H. Koenen, 35 yards, from J. Green, Jarrow second, Armitage, Huddersfield, 44 yards, third. Won by a yard. Needless to add that the scratchman was Jack Green, of Newcastle.

Bath Road 100 miles race: C. A. Smith, Bath Road, 6 hours, 15 minutes, 31 4/5ths seconds.

J. A. Bennett, Anfield, 6 hours, 15 minutes, 32 seconds.

Thus Bath Road Smith pips Artie Bennett on the post. Bob Illey was third.

Thus to add a little reality I add these two other items to Beardwood's triumph.

Another curiosity is that the prize I won, namely, a lady's watch, is still going, although it has never seen a watchmaker these 52 years, which Batty, the makers, say is a record. Their Guarantee has meanwhile lapsed.

F.H.

A LETTER FROM TOMMY SAMUEL.

16/9/42.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your letter of 27th June, with the enclosed P.O. Please give my thanks to all who make this gift possible.

I also received the May issue of the *Circular*, both had followed me half-way round the Middle East, for as you can see from the new address, we are an h. of c. unit and as such have an area covering a lot of square miles. I see George Connor is also in the Sigs.,

I shall have to compare notes with him. I am an O.W.L., which is Army nomenclature for Operator Wireless and Line—a "key basher" in popular terms. Since we completed our training in Egypt we have moved around a lot, always keeping well away from any trouble though!

We are in quite a comfortable spot now, one of those gay oriental towns, the one good thing about it is that there is no black-out, which means a lot in the land of boulders.

I have not had a reply from my last letter to Peter Rock, and I know he is up in the desert again, too busy crooning over his mines and other devilish contraptions, I know just where Rigby is, but cannot as yet get to see him.

I'm off now to do some washing, we do all our own up here, as there is no dhokey, and as K.D. has to be done almost every day it is quite a job. I shall make the perfect husband what with being able to cook, darn and wash—I don't think.

I'm keeping quite fit and fairly happy: please remember me to all the boys. I hope one day to be back among you all, with my other half of the "red peril" doing all the work for a change.

Kindest regards to yourself

Yours,

TOMMY S.

P.S.—Please note the new address.

RUNS.

Parkgate, 3rd October, 1942.

Salty says he was the only attendant and there was nothing to write home (or to this *Circular*) about anyway.

Goostrey, October 3rd, 1942.

After an absence of a month owing to my Saturday duties, I proceeded forth to our rendezvous, the "Red Lion."

My journey out was very easy and uneventful, and I arrived in good time to find Mr. Buckley already settled in the sitting room.

I was closely followed by Rex Austin and the Presider and after them came our Sub, and Jack Hodges. We had our usual drop of liquid refreshment and then Mrs. Knowles informed us that tea was ready.

We had not been sat down long before we were joined by Hubert. So now we were seven.

After a very good tea a move was made to the sitting room again for our usual conversation and liquid refreshment.

I made a move at 7-30 p.m., followed by Jack Hodges and the Presider, and strangely enough, we all went different ways. I fully intended going with the Presider as far as Altrincham, and as he had only a few minutes start, I intended catching him up, but it was not until I got near the high road that I realised he would go via the lanes to Whipping Stocks.

However, it was too late to turn back now, so I ploughed a lonely furrow home and eventually arrived at 9-45 p.m., feeling very satisfied and ready for another meal.

Members present were Bert Green, Mr. Buckley and Hubert, Jim Cranshaw, Rex Austin, Jack Hodges and Bob Poole.

Parkgate, 10th October, 1942.

A showery sort of day, but not too bad, and when your Editor potted his few miles to Parkgate it was quite pleasant. Uncle Johnny, Jack Seed and Frank Perkins were awaiting their meal, and I joined them. Then our old friend Chem. arrived. Chem. finds Parkgate quite convenient, en-training at Upton and walking down to the sea from Neston and Parkgate Station. Salty was the last to arrive, having been out all day but accomplishing little in the way of mileage. He is (or was) taking a rest cure after his leg trouble. After tea one by one we drifted away. Uncle J. and Jack S. first, then Chem. to the train again, leaving only Salty, Perkins and me.

Alderley Edge (the Royal Oak), 10th October, 1942.

In the City of Perpetual Sunshine, the morning had been a mixture of

good and bad weather and the writer had to wait a little while before starting for a heavy shower to run its course. It was soon over and that was the last rain I saw that day.

Somewhere round School's Hill I came across Bob Poole, and together we sauntered to the Royal Oak, where the President greeted us, having apparently just arrived. Entering the hotel we encountered Mr. Bickley. In rapid succession arrived F.H., Rex and Hubert and seven sat down to a meal that was up to standard. Jim Cranshaw was said to be holidaying at Southport.

After tea F.H. left early and the rest adjourned to attend to the "good of the house." After a brief sitting Bert Green, Bob Poole and Jack Hodges tore themselves away and proceeded together as far as Handforth, where they split into two parties.

After supper the present deponent listened with great content to the sound of rain without, reflecting that all good Anfielders should be indoors by that time. And so to bed.

Parkgate, 17th October, 1942.

George Connor should be writing this run. However, when the Scribe mentioned it there was such an outburst about how many of his letters I hadn't answered that the subject had to be changed immediately—and the writing of this done yet again from the Editorial department.

When I arrived at the cafe our Captain was already seated with Arthur Williams. Not long afterwards Elias and his younger son put in an appearance and soon after six Salty brightened the threshold to complete a very happy party. Our member from West Kirby left to try and beat the black-out, but the other four stayed and chatted for a very long time. Once in the night they walked along by the old sea wall to the end of the Parade, where stands a pleasant hostelry. So into the light and merriment therein for nearly an hour. George was staying with Arthur at the Parkgate Palace, and Salty and me left them to walk that way while the two cyclists made for their respective homes.

Knolls Green, October 17th, 1942.

A welcome week's holiday gave this exiled Anfielder the opportunity of attending his first Club run of the year. And since it is an old Anfield custom to require an infrequent attender to "write up the run," here we go.

Those who were not out on this particular day (and there were many) will no doubt recall that the day was wet; the remainder will find it hard to forget, not that the weather was monotonous, for the generally prevailing all penetrating fine drizzle was occasionally replaced by stair-rods of solid water.

Departing from his temporary address in Brooklands, the exile made his way clad in a walking out mackintosh, shorts and a trilby hat (his cycling cape having gone sticky long ago, and his bald patch increasing in diameter rapidly) towards Baguley Sanatorium, there to get lost in the multitudinous lanes which are so cunningly contrived to return the wanderer to his starting point no matter which way he turns. By adopting the strategy of sprinting and counter-sprinting he did in the end contrive to leave the district, and arrived at the Romper, there to turn right in the hope of finding a new and untried route via Castle Mill. A mile of riding and an enquiry from a W.A.A.F. proved that no such route existed, so he turned about and retraced his steps to the Romper with the W.A.A.F. (who was anxious to catch a bus at that hostel) daintily balanced on the top tube of his bicycle, no doubt establishing a precedent in the long history of the Club. And so the journey proceeded, with many an enquiry about the route till Knolls Green, but not the rendezvous, was achieved. By this time the moisture and maze had contrived to befuddle the writer's wits, so that he fell between two birds—the Bird-in-Hand and the Brown Owl. The dictator at the Bird-in-Hand indignantly denied any dealings with any men riding bicycles, so the Brown Owl was tried. Two tricycles and three bicycles outside gave rise to hope, and there, inside this second bird, they were, waiting with moist hunger for the meal which was about to be served. Five of them

there were and not one of them any different from the last time of meeting. The President, now an expert tri-cyclist, jovial but dignified; Jim Cranshaw, neat and tidy as ever, with never a word too much and not a syllable too little to convey his meaning; Hubert Buckley, now a resident of Macclesfield and full of enthusiasm for his new job and the beer at the Bird-in-Hand; Wilf Orrell, still full of facts and figures and reminiscences of past events; and to complete the list of hardy, all-weather riders, there was Bob Poole, with his snowball head and George Robey eyebrows, full as ever of never-ending detailed descriptions of Shropshire jaunts, now maintaining the dignity of the law in his spare time.

After the meal (which was an excellent one for war-time) the party repaired to the other bird—which is licensed—for beer and further talk, a pleasant interlude which was spoiled by some thief who stole Jim Cranshaw's lamp. The situation was restored when Hubert found that his spare lamp could be pressed into service after a few minor adjustments. And so the party divided, Hubert and Jim for Macclesfield and Stockport, and the Presider, the raconteur and the narrator to Altrincham.

So was this moist but happy outing concluded; the only regret to record is that circumstances prevented a better attendance.

(It is not often we have the opportunity to welcome Jack Walton to our pages. The fine scribe and poet of other years we thought had forgotten us, and the *Circular* has been poorer for his absence. Just a little oftener Jack, please!—Editor).

Parkgate, 24th October, 1942.

The only attenders of this run were Salty and your Editor.

Walker Barn, October 31st, 1942.

Warmish sunshine in the early afternoon made one hope for some hours of that most attractive of seasons, the Indian Summer. Unfortunately, the sunshine soon vanished

but the afternoon was nevertheless fine and the wind lazy, so that riding was pleasant and comfortable. The pity of it was for the writer, that an enforced late start made it necessary to take the shortest way and to hurry even then. And you shouldn't hurry through this country, which has everywhere plenty of pleasant scenes for the eye to feast on. We all know that Cheshire is flat, but it is not unprofitable or stale anywhere, and its flatness is purely relative, for it has everywhere its undulations, giving variety to the landscape. And here, bordering Derbyshire, the hills are always in view as you make for the Setter Dog, which itself, like the Cat and Fiddle, its near neighbour, is in Cheshire. And I'd like to meet the man who, after riding from Macclesfield to the Setter Dog, would maintain unreservedly that Cheshire is flat. Through Dean Row and Arlington, skirting Prestbury, I pushed on and then commenced the climb. Now, whether you ride all the way up depends on the direction of the wind, and if the wind is favourable or neutral, and you ride up, you will be whacked anyway, but if you ride hard you'll be very whacked. As I was late I rode hard, and so on arrival was very whacked. It seemed a shame to hurry, for the views over the valley are well worth looking at. Four other members were already assembled and we soon got down to table. Jack Hodges had had a few days in Wales and told us of his many adventures there, the rest of us envying him. After tea we sat round the fire for an hour and then said good-bye to the Setter Dog until Spring, making our way down the long twisting hill cautiously for the road was very dark in parts and the corners are tricky, especially for three-wheelers. In Macclesfield we left Hubert Buckley, and later the party broke into two twos and, I hope all reached home safely.

Those out were the Presider, the Manchester Vice, the Manchester Sub, Hubert Buckley and Jack Hodges.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1942

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Dec. 5	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
„ 12	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
„ 19	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
„ 26	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
1943	
Jan. 2	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
„ 9	Parkgate (Deeside Café).
„ 10	Halewood (Derby Arms).
	Annual General Meeting.
	Lunch, 1-30 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

	TEA AT 5-30 P.M.
Dec. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).
„ 12	Alderley (Royal Oak).
„ 19	Prestbury (White House Café).
„ 26	Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
	Lunch, 1-30 p.m.
	Tea, Knolls Green.
1943	
Jan. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).
„ 9	Alderley (Royal Oak).

FULL MOON, 22ND INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. Frank Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: W. H. Kettle, Sefton Chambers, 3,

Whitechapel, Liverpool, 1, to whom Subscriptions should be sent.

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.

Roll of Honour.

LOST ON H.M. SUBMARINE "OLYMPUS."
LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

COMMITTEE NOTES.**4. THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.**

Mr. H. G. Buckley has at his request been transferred to Full Membership.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Lunch at Halewood on 10th January, 1943. Any Member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than 21st December.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The response to the "Pink Slips" has been fairly satisfactory. But there are still a number of Members who have failed to fulfil their obligations. I hope these will save the Club a lot of unnecessary paper and postage and myself the time by forwarding their outstanding subscriptions during the current month.

My thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund.

E. Buckley.*	E. Montag.
H. G. Buckley.	G. Newall.
J. H. Fawcett.*	L. C. Price.*
T. R. Hinde.	H. Roskell.*
W.C. Humphreys.*	F. Roskell.
T. E. Mandall.*	S. T. Threlfall.*

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Tuesday, 17th November, Walter Connor was married to Miss Winifred Hughes, at Childwall Parish Church, Liverpool, and we extend our cordial greetings and very sincere wishes. Other Anfielders present were Brother George, acting as best man, and your Editor.

THANKS!

We have received letters from the following Service members expressing sincere thanks for their share in the recent issue of postal orders:—George Connor; Ralph Fer; Ted Byron; Norman Heath; Russ Barker; Ira Thomas and Len Killip.

SID. CARVER.

Sid. has now completed his term of duty with the M.A.P. in London, and is now back in Hull. We look forward to seeing him on his next visit to Merseyside.

CYRIL SELKIRK.

Our member for Bebington tells us that he is back at 28, Kingswood Boulevard, Bebington, Cheshire.

ANY VOLUNTEERS?

The subject of this paragraph is not really an Anfield matter, but Kettle and Marriott would like to bring to the notice of Merseyside members still at home the fact that the Y.M.C.A. is short of helpers. Both your Editor and Treasurer have been doing regular duties for more than two years. George Connor did quite a good deal while he was in civvy street, and now Frank Perkins is on the helping list. If anyone else is interested perhaps they would care to contact either Kettle or Marriott for more details of this quite interesting and very essential work. Helpers are wanted for all hours of the day—and night—and these notes are particularly directed to those of our members who have recently retired. The need for helpers in the daylight hours is particularly great.

JACK HODGES—TRICYCLIST.

The latest member to be bitten by the Tricycle Bug is Jack Hodges, who has, at enormous expense, obtained a marvellous three-wheeler; to judge by the advert. it is an absolute non-such. After two tentative one mile rides, Jack, like some others before him, came to the conclusion that heroic measures would be necessary to master the beast. So he set off the other Sunday morning and toured Cheshire to the extent of 70 miles, returning home exhilarated by the new experience and bucked no end by his mastery of his mount—some trial-trip for a man of his years. The Anfield has always been noted for the number of its tricyclists, and the new recruit is welcomed to the fold.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.

(Unofficial).

At noon by the sun on that very delightful Sabbath, the first of November, four Anfielders sat on a rock which lifted itself from the soggy grass of the mountain. Some cursed, all wondered, for things were not what they should have been, and it was only after some map study was it discovered that they were on the wrong pass.

Below, and westwards, a black lake was in the perpetual shadow of Aran Mawddwy; behind the little party extended ridge after ridge of Llaethnant, dropping down slowly across trackless marshland from the 2,000 feet pass summit to more hospitable levels. North-east-wards, a white cottage on the road from Llanuchllyn to Bwlch-y-groes shone in the sun, and a steep cwm slid swiftly to the river and the valley which led to the road to Bala.

The four Anfielders were Franks Perkins and Marriott, Salty, and Billy Rich. All four had met in Dinas Mawddwy on the Saturday night, and had stayed with Mrs. Morris at "Glandwr," a house to be particularly recommended. Billy had ridden out from Upton on the Saturday afternoon, crossing Bwlch-y-Groes in the dark with only the sparse light from an old oil lamp to aid him; Salty had made a day of it through Oswestry, Meifod and Llanfair Caereinion, and the two Franks had been out since Friday. They had had their first night at the Blue Bell at Llangurig, and after lunch on the Saturday had made the crossing from Pont Erwyd to Machynlleth, of which adventure more in another writing.

A ten a.m. start from the ancient "city" of Dinas brought the foot of Bwlch-y-Groes in just over the half-hour. The sun came out while we were undulating along the valley, and the day was radiant when we essayed on to the track which dodges Bwlch-y-Groes. It was not long before the farm which clung to the riverside was below, and before us a track picked its way amid the rocks of the mountain-side. Then it dipped from sight, and when we came to the brink it just dropped steeply down a clay bank to

the river, leaping up again the other side. Carrying the bicycles in picking our way amid the slippery rocks was easier than wheeling them, and after much sweating, and (sorry) cussing, we reached the flatter part of the pass.

By this time Salty and Rich (who were full of the neck-and-neck spirit which is so admirable in competition) were far away, and only rarely did the two Franks see them on the distant skyline. An "Inch O.S." Map was with each party. Group No. 1 didn't bother to look, and went careering along the main valley; Group No. 2, equally carelessly, followed them. Only when it was too late to turn back was it realised that at the first river we should have sheered into the hills, and by a narrow cwm reached the Bwlch-y-Sirddwyn before dropping down to the Bala road.

When the lake, which seems to be source of Afon Dyfi came to view, we knew how far we were off our line, but it didn't matter, then. For minutes we sat, admiring the marvellous panorama of mountains. Aran Mawddwy, the lofty crag sheering from the sable waters of the lake to the scintillating skyline of the summit, and others which we could not name. A short rest and then—down!

The descent was more difficult than it appeared, or we hoped. We reached a sheep track which clung precariously to the steep slopes, and we felt frequently that the next move would be a slide, bicycle and all, down to the greener slopes at the dip of the cwm. The trouble with the sheep track was that while taking us in the right direction it did not take us down quickly enough, and when we came to a fence we charged down diagonally, to reach the bottom as quickly as we could.

After much slithering, walking, and ankle twisting, we found that we could ride a little over the grassland, and it was not long then before we were through a farmyard, and on to a lane which quickly took us to the road to Llanuchllyn. Salty and Bill, still ahead, dropped into the village, and reached Bala by the main road in order to arrange for lunch. Frank and I saw the lake from the old road, and never has that fine sheet of Welsh

water been more delightful. The wind was a wester, which brought white fleecers to dapple the sky, the sun was brilliant, and the mountains greener than they have ever looked before. Only for being hungry we were sorry when the four miles ended and the time came for a last glimpse of the mountains across the little sea.

At three, and fed, we were away. The Ffestiniog road led us to Fron Goch, and then that delightful highway which climbs the hills before dropping down to Cerrig-y-Druidion, was ours. An hour from Bala, and we were climbing on to the moors before the steep drop down to Llanfihangel. Salty and Bill reached Ruthin at 5-0, and the other two fifteen minutes later. We walked the Bwlch-y-Parc, and Salty had ordered tea at the Druid Inn, Llanferres, for us while Bill carried on home.

The drop to Loggerheads and the fling down Gwernymynydd hill to Mold were marvellous, and reminiscent of happier days when the lads were out, and all was gay. The Queensferry road, once so busy, was almost silent, and we passed quietly into England again. A hot drink at the Two Mills and we were just ten miles from home, a run to be made through the windless, moonless night which so often follows a perfect Autumn day.

WITH THE FORCES.

(For the idea of the following feature we have taken a page—or several pages—from a current issue of our worthy contemporary, *The North Road Gazette*, to the Editor of which our grateful thanks are due).

J. RIGBY BAND (Royal Engineers).

The most delightful thing which has happened to us for many months occurred on Thursday, November 19th, when Sergeant Rigby Band walked into the Editor's office fresh from the Middle East. It is almost three years since we had the pleasure of a chat, and the minutes sped quickly. Rigby is very fit, and on the whole enjoyed his stay in Sandy Land. The scenery of Palestine and Syria he describes as magnificent, although the cedars of Lebanon are only six in number now. He also has

had his adventures on the Libyan Desert. Rigby came home via the Cape, and had quite a good trip. He hopes to be stationed in the United Kingdom in future.

S. DEL BANCO (National Fire Service).

We haven't seen much of Blotto lately, but we understand that his duties still take him to Birkenhead Docks.

RUSSELL BARKER (Royal Army Service Corps.)

Russ is some sort of a Sergeant out in the Middle East. In a recent airgraph he talks of the days—rare days!—when he was on scratch with Salty in several West Cheshire events on the Wirral peninsula. His salutations go to Tommy Sherman for his deeds in Norway, etc., terminating (at the time of writing) with the *Après la Guerre* of St. Nazaire.

D. L. BIRCHALL (Royal Air Force).

As is usual with L.A.C. "B.B.B.B." he landed in the Services on both feet, well and truly. Don lives at home, and his work takes him down to the Birkenhead docks. He works most Saturdays and Sundays, but a week off every three months is ample recompense for what bit of extra labour he does at week-ends.

A. E. C. BIRKBY (Royal Air Force).

A. C. (Plouk) Arthur is hardly in the R.A.F. yet. The Ministry of Labour forgot about him for well-nigh a year, during which period hopes ran high, but not long ago he was ordered to proceed to Padgate, and we understand he is now at Blackpool "larning" something or other.

F. A. BREWSTER (Royal Air Force).

At the time of writing we are expecting an airgraph from Flying Officer Fred, who is in Canada, instructing young pilots to fly aeroplanes over the wild and limitless prairies of Saskatchewan. Ask him what he thinks of Canada! We note from a photograph that "Our Fred" has cultivated a spot of sandy hirsute on his upper lip, and we will be glad if he will note that in our modest opinion it is just B.A.

E. BYRON (Royal Artillery).

Bombardier Byron is happier now than he has been for months. During the summer Ted was stationed outside of Wick, and you should hear what he has to say about that desolate town. He is now in Dundee, where there are more civilised pleasures, and when next we write we want to have a "dig" at him about a word. We can hardly imagine the people he wrote about to be "repulsive," they would soon starve if they were!

WALTER CONNOR (Royal Navy).

Walter, younger brother of Anfield Captain George, is a "keybasher" in the Royal Navy. After a month or two in the United Kingdom at the outbreak of war, Walter was in a (relatively) tiny trawler which made its winter way out to Freetown, Sierra Leone, at which resort Walter "enjoyed" himself for nearly 18 months. He returned in a much bigger vessel, and after a spot of leave during the Merseyside blitzes he contrived to be on a naval vessel which was bombed and sunk in the North Sea. Four or five hours on a raft and he was ashore again. Walter spends most of his time now in cruising around home waters.

GEORGE CONNOR (Royal Corps of Signals).

Unpaid Lance-Corporal Connor we think holds the palm for wangling in this 'ere war. George reported to Prestatyn in October, 1941, and is still there. What is more, he is likely to be until February, 1943. George is now training as a "key-basher" instructor. He spends occasional spells of duty in the mountains and under canvas, and the other day, when they ran out of potatoes, George led an expedition to a nearby field, where sufficient "spuds" for the party were lifted in the black-out with the solitary aid of a torch.

GEORGE FARR (Royal Air Force).

We know little of George's war-time life. Port Elizabeth, South Africa, we understand is his home, but we have had only one letter in three years.

RALPH FER (Royal Army Service Corps.)

Sergeant Fer is still at Nottingham, and has been for two years. Ralph had a sticky time in France, and he was in the Dunkirk evacuation, arriving in England very much half-dressed, and wounded. He is now in the legal department, and is enjoying it, although he says that he works really hard for seven days a week. He should be home early in December.

NORMAN HEATH (Royal Navy).

Norman Heath, after some months at sea, is now back in his old vocation as a schoolmaster, and is billeted in Douglas, I.O.M. When in "Tynedale," Norman was quite near to Walter Connor's "Daffodil" on many occasions, but as the two have never met probably a meeting was not thought of, or possible.

SYD. JONAS (Royal Army Service Corps.)

Syd is now our only member in Malta, and we often wonder what he thinks of that storm torn island after two years of trouble. We haven't heard from him for a bit, but that is on account of our not writing. Our various correspondents must excuse the Editor's laxity in this respect. Syd wrote home the other day from some delightful and sunny spot on the island saying with his usual philosophy that he had been shutting his eyes and imagining the wind-swept summit of the Horse Shoe Pass and many other glorious spots. We'd like to be with him when he sees those self-same places again in actuality.

E. L. KILLIP (Royal Air Force).

Len Killip writes the other day to tell us that he has been promoted to Flight-Lieut. Congratulations, Len. Len is an Observer, having been in the R.A.F. since April, 1940. He and his crew accomplished thirty-five night bombing operations successfully before he was given a rest for some months, and now we understand he takes his kite over Germany in daylight for a change. He tells us how great it is to see the Rhine and the forested hillsides in the sunshine. We would appreciate such a sight, too.

J. E. REEVES (Royal Engineers)*

Eric was one of the R.E. trio which was sent out to the Middle East just three years ago, Rigby Band and Peter Rock were the other two. Eric's travels have taken him so far as Teheran in Iran (Persia, if you like) and some bleak and desolate spot in the desert west of Benghazi, so Eric has seen quite a deal of that undefined area known as the Middle East. He was with Rigby Band for a time on Supplies, and Rigby has told us of interesting journeys navigating across the desert with only a compass, and sometimes not that for a guide. Eric afterwards took up office work, but for some months now he has rejoined Peter in the 2nd troop, and has resumed driving.

W. P. ROCK (Royal Engineers).

If there are two inseparables in this world, they are Peter and Eric. For years before they joined the Club they were pals, taking it out of each other on the high road. They joined the Terriers together, were shipped out East together, and they are still together, the period of three years being broken only when Eric was with Rigby on Supplies and the spot of office duty. Peter, so Rigby tells us, is the only real sapper of the three, and is particularly good at his job. Peter is a Lance-Sergeant, and he is as happy as he can be under the circumstances although several spells of fever have not helped things. Both Peter and Eric have accepted Sid Carver's challenge to a "50," so soon as possible after their return, which we hope will not be long.

D. L. RYALLS (Royal Air Force).

We know so little of Dick at the moment that we hardly know what to say. It is three years since we met him, and since then he has gained commissioned rank, and has also "been and gone and done it" in the shape of getting married. Good luck, and the very best of good wishes, pal! We understand that Dick has been active with night fighters recently, and we would be very pleased if the Editor's one-time sparring partner would drop the scribe a line to bury a very silly hatchet.

T. SAMUEL (Cheshire Yeomanry).

Our young friend Tommy was shipped out to the Middle East with a small army of "nags" (as he is pleased to call them) very early in the war, and his letters which we have printed occasionally, have shown without much doubt how much our friend loves dumb animals! Tommy has recently taken a course of key-bashing (wireless operating and Morse work, in proper parlance) and has left his horses for a time. We were rather puzzled by a recent reference to the fact that where he is there is no black-out, and Rigby tells us it must be in Iran.

T. SHERMAN (5th King's).

Our hero of more than one Commando raid is now back in the infantry as a 2nd Lieut., and the other day he came in to show us his posh uniform. Before this *Circular* is in print he hopes to be in Hornsea, and to pay Sid Carver a visit as soon as possible. Tommy was in the original Commandos, the independent parties of the early days of the Norwegian campaign, and he spent six hectic weeks in Northern Norway during the spring of 1940. His recounting of adventures there would fill a book. By the time he returned Dunkirk was just a sad story, and Tommy spent the intervening months in very strenuous training. As a Troop-leader he embarked on the Vaagso raid just after Christmas last year, and he was also on the St. Nazaire expedition. Probably very fortunately, he was wounded on the way up the river and did not get ashore. He returned to these shores in "Tynedale" when Norman Heath was aboard, and it is a pity that the two could not have met as Anfielders and celebrated in some fashion.

IRA THOMAS (99th Anti-Tank Regiment).

Ira has graduated from the K.S.L.I. to a sergeant's job in the above. He regrets the change, and also the fact that he has not yet been out of the U.K. His last letter came from Ilkley, where Ira says the scenery is good

but he has only his feet for locomotion. The postal address of his unit is Patrington, Hull.

DUDLEY TURNOR (Royal Air Force).

For this last paragraph of the feature we have little news. We understand that Dudley has been in several warm spots in the Middle East, but we have not heard for many months. Perhaps the Mullah can reveal some details for publication.

A LETTER FROM

ERIC REEVES.

OCTOBER 10TH, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Both Peter's A.G. and mine, dated 10th September, 1942, from you have been received with pleasure. I am writing this in a bivvy where head room is non-existent, consequently I have to alternate my position from all fours to resting on one elbow when the inevitable cramp sets in. Letter writing is more a duty than a pleasure under such conditions. I haven't seen Rigby in six months but I hope it does come off, lucky dog. The account of your tourlet has a nostalgic effect on one estranged for so long from all such pleasant occupations, one of these days we may be enjoying 'elevens' at Handley again. I sincerely hope so. I had a bath last night in the usual few pints of water and I can assure you that standing in one's epidermis with the wind whistling round one's ears "is decidedly chilly." I did the usual thing with the grey mess that was left and washed all my "scanties" in it and they are now drying on the top of the bivvy, truly a spartan life this. I will try and pen a line to our now lonely Bombardier; has he taken his better half up north I wonder? Well, I must close now because of lack of space, for I could continue for several pages if they were available. Well, cheerio, and best wishes to you, mother and Mollie.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—PETER ROCK.

DEAR FRANK,

11/10/42.

Many thanks for your A.G. of 10/9/42. I have written to Ted and both yours and his A.G.'s should

arrive together. Do not worry about me. I am doing fine and shall be on short leave in a few days time. Eric is still O.K. He is still a stout misogynist and nothing is likely to shake him from that viewpoint until the war is over. I was glad to hear that Tommy Samuel writes occasionally. I owed him a letter for a small matter of three months but he should be in receipt of my reply now. I cannot understand you getting lost on the Marsh: why, you can go hundreds of miles here and still see sweet Fanny! I had some spare time a while ago and was able to dash off a small matter of some ten pages to you. You should receive it soon. Please note change of address. They come up with the rations. I hear Salty is still dashing up and down the road; maybe he even rides up and down the bedroom floor with crying child riding 'a-pillion.' Give my best regards to both Jack and Elsie and I hope the young 'bloke' is doing fine. Remember me to your mother and Molly. I hope that they are both well. Best wishes to all the A.B.C. boys and to yourself.

Cheerio for now.

PETER.

—SYD JONAS.

28TH OCTOBER, 1942.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for the P.O. and good wishes from the Club for 1943. So far as Christmas goes I think we will be doing very well, as I have seen the proposed menu, and the day should be quite a good one.

I am keeping very fit and well and hope all the other Anfielders are likewise. I have not had any *Circulars* for the last two or three months, but they will no doubt turn up in time. Parcels posted over twelve months ago are still turning up, so we never give up hope.

Filling in the evenings is the biggest problem at the moment as it is dark at 5.30 and hurricane lamps don't make ideal reading lamps. Otherwise there is nothing (much) to grumble at.

The bathing is just about over, the British Institute here has the winter season's programme going, but, unfortunately I am too far away to take

advantage of all their events. Coming back from "town" is like toiling up to Llandegla, but I do the trip about three times a week, so the old legs are kept somewhat in trim, at least I thought so until last night when I saw a local leaving town with a good light. I never have a light or a bell so I "tucked in" and sweated out what little wine (Stuka Juice) I had on board. Thank heaven he turned off when we got into the country and I settled down to a pace more befitting to what I thought my dignity demanded.

Even so I arrived home very sticky as I was wearing a battle dress blouse and shorts and the weather had turned back to summer heat and the humidity was such that the roads were soaking wet.

We had a great night some weeks ago in the apology for a mess with two reputed quarts of Scotch Ale apiece. Real Genuine Bottled Beer from Blighty. What a sight and what beer. None of you blokes at home can possibly imagine what it tasted like. We could not tell which was the brightest and most sparkling—the ale or our eyes.

Before we actually had our hands on the stuff we had decided to save it for Christmas but on second thoughts we came to the conclusion that it would not keep. It didn't.

Otherwise life goes on as before and the only thing I have to "tick" about is being issued with "Digger" for the last five weeks in succession. "Digger" Flake and Mixture are just inside the pale, but "Digger" Brown was surely never intended to be smoked in a pipe or anything else.

With kind regards and all good wishes to everyone at home,

Yours,

SYD JONAS.

RUNS.

Parkgate Runs.

On October 31st Cyril Selkirk tells us he was the sole Anfielder at the venue.

November 7th.

First visitor to-day was Elias, who tea-ed early that he could be home before the black-out. Williams and

Birchalls were next, but they had finished their meal before the Editor arrived, and the scribe sat in solitary state before a quiet run home.

November 14th.

No one has yet reported to the Editor of attending the run.

November 21st.

Riding along Parkgate Prom, just before 5-30 Frank Marriott met Frank Perkins, and in the cafe they were informed that Powell had called. While at tea Cyril Sellark rolled in, quickly followed by Arthur Williams. The meal disposed of, we had a happy chat by the fire before riding through the marvellous moonlight homeward once more.

Goostrey (Red Lion), 7th November, 1942.

On my way out I overtook Bob Poole just after the Cheshire Hunt corner; he had dismounted to examine his back tyre, thinking he had a puncture but decided that he would pump up as long as we were so close to the tea place.

This same tyre was a bit of a puzzle, as he had it off later but could find nothing wrong and finally put it back and as far as I know it stuck up.

We arrived at Mrs. Knowles' about 5.30 p.m., being prompt for once in a while, to find Bren Orrell, Bert Green, Rex Austin and Buckley ready for tea. We were still understrength until finally Hubert arrived, having come by train after working late; the gap then being adequately made up.

We learned over tea of Wilf Orrell working most Saturdays, of Buckley's latest trip to Chirbury and subsequent return, with trimmings.

We left earlier than usual and three of us met later at the Red Lion, Alderley, where among other things we saw some U.S.A. boys knocking them back in grand style at a rate per round that was to put it mildly pretty high.

Why does Rex persist in coming out on the tricycle, especially to Alderley? I dreamt only the other night, but that is another tale, and it darn near came to pass.

However, we did make home all safe and sound. Good night.

Alderley, 14th November, 1942.

Starting from home in very good time I fell in with Bob Poole somewhere near Cheadle and together we potted easily and without incident to the Royal Oak, at which we were first to arrive. F.H. and Mr. Bickley were next to appear, followed closely by Jim Cranshaw, Rex and Hubert.

But 17.30 hours had now passed and no President. We sat down to tea and still no Bert Green. There were no doubts that he would attend, but I think that most of us were slightly anxious. However, we had not long commenced to eat when in came the never-failing one. It transpired that he had experienced a spot of tyre trouble somewhere on the other side of Cheshire, but had made a very swift journey when the repair was effected. There is no doubt that the President can move on a tricycle.

Tea over the usual adjournment followed, and Bick recounted in his own inimitable way some of his earlier adventures.

Eventually the two Seniors had to leave for the Crewe-Cheadle Hulme express and soon after Bert, Bob and Jack H. tore themselves away, riding together to Handforth, where Bert took to the lanes. Near Didsbury my front lamp "downed tools," but I rode to Withington without front illumination.

So that our worthy "Special" should not be caught in the act of compounding a felony we parted. I walked through Withington and rode the rest of the journey without front light, being informed by only one chump that I "ought to have two lights, chum."

Prestbury (White House Cafe), November 21st, 1942.

It was one of the best Saturday afternoons we have had for some time, and the conditions bore the warning approach of winter, with the feel of frost in the air.

After an uneventful journey, I arrived at my destination full of beans and ready for a quick one and then tea.

I found Mr. Buckley and F.H. already waiting for the pub to open, and then Hubert, Jim Cranshaw and myself joined them in a walk down

to the far end of the village and back, just in time for the pub door to open. We trekked in, followed by the President, who immediately ordered liquid refreshment, and informed us that he was ready for home, as he was on duty in town.

We were honoured by a visit from our member from Yorkshire, none other than Norman Turvey, all the way from Pontefract.

He was closely followed by Rex Austin and Jack Hodges, and last but not least an old friend, Frank Wemys Smith, who is now a Captain, stationed with the forces somewhere in Staffs. He had obtained a short leave for the purpose of coming to Prestbury, and we were very pleased to see him.

He also mentioned that he would try to get out to one or two more runs in the very near future.

We eventually made our way across the road to the Cafe, where we sat down to an excellent tea. We are doing remarkably well under the circumstances for our teas, and must consider ourselves very lucky.

After tea, we adjourned to the tank once again, except Frank Smith, who had to catch the 7 o'clock bus from Prestbury to Macclesfield for his connection to depot. The remainder took on more liquid refreshment.

I think Rex was the next to make a move, for home, and I suppose, duty. Then Mr. Buckley and F.H. at about 8 o'clock for the "rattler." Jack Hodges and I followed, leaving Hubert, Jim Cranshaw and Norman Turvey to be thrown out. Norman, by the way, was staying at the "Bull's Head," at Mac., and then carrying on home next day.

Jack Hodges and I had a first-class ride home in brilliant moonlight, with everything looking white, as the frost was steadily gathering on the field and hedges.

We eventually parted company at Kingsway for our respective homes, another enjoyable run coming to an end.

Members present were the President, Mr. Buckley, F.H., Rex Austin, Jack Hodges, Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley, Norman Turvey, Frank Smith and Bob Poole.

Macclesfield, November 28th, 1942.

A pleasant change from the fog we've been having—clear atmosphere and even quite a lot of blue sky. Now to make a little tour of it instead of going by the nearest road. So two of us wended our way, keeping away from the main road, through Timperley and Hale, past the acres of greenhouses to Ashley, by the park wall to Knutsford, and thence to Chelford Four-lane Ends. Here we turned sharp left on to the Alderley road, but after passing under the railway and over the stream, soon turned away from it, taking the pretty lane on the right. Then over the railway and, keeping left, crossed the Alderley-Congleton road and progressed slowly up the lane, known as Artists' Lane, leading to the Wizard—there are no leaves on the trees now, but this lane is always beautiful. Then right and on the fine road running along the top of the

Edge, and thence, without incident, to Macclesfield where, ensconced in the warm (very warm) bar we found four other members waiting for us. Soon we were dealing with a very substantial meal, which satisfactorily dispatched, we moved to the Arms for a talk, the Bull's Head being too full of members of the forces of an allied nation to give us room. At the Arms we found space and passed a pleasant hour in reminiscences of all sorts, reviewing old characters in the district, old methods of travelling and all sorts of things. When we left we found a very dark night waiting for us outside and had some difficulty in getting along for a time, but soon we were spinning merrily along by the lane skirting Prestbury to Dean Row, and so home.

The members out were the President, Harry Austin, E. and H. G. Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and "F.H."