

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
 FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

- Jan. 2 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
 „ 9 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
 „ 10 Halewood (Derby Arms),
 Lunch, 1-30 p.m. Annual
 General Meeting (see Com-
 mittee Notes).
 „ 16 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
 „ 23 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
 „ 30 Parkgate (Deeside Café).
 Feb. 6 Parkgate (Deeside Café).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

- Jan. 2 Goostrey (Red Lion).
 „ 9 Alderley (Royal Oak).
 „ 16 Prestbury (White House Café).
 „ 23 Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
 „ 30 Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand).
 Feb. 6 Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 21ST 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.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Club is to be held on Sunday, 10th January, 1943, at 2-0 p.m. at the Derby Arms Hotel, Halewood. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. S. Carver, Anfield, 16 Denesway, Hessele, Hull; Mr. E. Montag, Holmesdale, Victoria Road, Prestatyn.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Harold Catling, 28 Tintern Avenue, West Didsbury, Manchester 20.

Proposed by R. J. Austin; seconded by H. Green.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

This issue, our 60th, comes to you in a New Year, a year we hope which will be brimful of triumph even if the tears do not cease to fall. At long last there is a silver lining to the sable cloud of strife. To all Anfielders, wherever they may be, we extend our sincerest wishes and express the fervent hope that ere a twelve-month is passed all will be home again.

THANKS!

We acknowledge very gratefully the receipt of greeting cards from Syd Jonas, Peter Rock, Eric Reeves, George Connor, Walter Connor and Fred Brewster.

Tommy Sherman wishes to thank the Club for his recent postal order.

"ANFIELD FLASHBACKS."

My leave having been extended unexpectedly, and therefore having more leisure hours than is usual, I decided to spend an afternoon perusing my old *Circulars*.

I can't remember reading any book which has given me so much enjoyment, and as all my copies were edited by Frank Marriott I must give credit where it's due. Long may you edit! Sammy.

I am reminded of my early Anfield days by reference to those draperies of brightest hue which once adorned the lanky pins of our then Captain.

Later we read of the "sun-worshippers," when certain members rivalled for the title "The Brown Man."

Is it true that Charles (24-hour) Randall amassed a small fortune from his sales to stockingless girls, of his famous suntan mixture? I believe Kiwi Oxblood Polish and Brylcreem were the ingredients.

What happened to the Tandem partners "moans and groans," and can we believe a report that Ned Haynes' goggles are now a museum piece?

From the pen of Marriott we read on several occasions of bachelor members who "have gone and done it." It is therefore interesting to read the extract of Goldsmith's writings on the subject:—"I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light . . . he is a beast of prey . . . The mob should be permitted to halloo after him . . . every well bred company should laugh at him."

Is it true that these words written so long ago have at last found their mark, or is it only a rumour that Sammy is taking dancing lessons in the lunch hour?

Happy (and otherwise) afternoons on the "50" course are recollected by a letter to the Editor from an "Ex Novice" complaining of the attitude of checkers. About the same time there is the report of Ted Byron's splendid 393 ride in the M.R. "24."

Has Chandler forsaken his skullcap for a steel helmet and does he still possess those breeches which were "sold unto him by a merchant of a fair city named Carlisle for much fine silver?"

I could go on forever, but time and space will not allow, so don't forget Anfielders, if the local "flick" isn't to your liking, and the radio programme up to usual B.B.C. standards, get out those old *Circulars* and spend an evening of chuckles and enjoyable reminiscences. (Advt.) T.S.

(IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Your Editor takes no dancing lessons at the lunch—or any other—hour).

A LETTER FROM

PERCY BEARDWOOD.

40 CHURCH AVENUE,
EAST SHEEN, S.W.14.

3rd December, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

There are still a few members who knew Bob Thomas. I have just heard he died last May. Bob joined the Club just before I did, graduating from the Sefton and Dingle, he was a keen Clubman for some years and won several handicaps, one "Fifty," held on the Grappenhall course he just beat me in the sprint and got first place. He was a great friend of Billy Owen, who perhaps can furnish a fuller account of his Club life. Bob struck hard times and went out to New Zealand, where he has resided for many years and died there. He was a popular member, well liked and generous, his passing is another milestone in the history of the A.B.C.

I trust you are getting along all right I see by the *Circular* you get out to Parkgate on Saturdays: we have had a good month in November and I have managed to put in a few Club runs. You will be interested to learn that in the absence of our aged President, J. B. Barnes (Barney) I am taking the chair at the first annual dinner of the Bath Road Club Limited, on Saturday, at the Holborn Restaurant.

I am still busy but soon the 26 x 1½ covers will be finished. I trust to have the 1½ for well into 1943, bar these and a few sprint wood rims I have only odds and ends: goods will be very scarce next year. I trust to have a little more leisure next year when I will try and do a bit of touring. I am not so keen upon cycling in winter as I used to be. I seem to feel the cold more and suffer from chilblains. I don't know whether cycling is good or otherwise for them.

Remember me to any friends, old and new, and with kind regards to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

PERCY C. BEARDWOOD,

—ERIC REEVES.

22nd November, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

I am sorry to have kept you so long without a letter, but that is because there has been very decidedly "other business." Peter managed to get a leave in but mine is in abeyance for an indefinite period as a result of the aforementioned other business. Life at the present time has periods of too intense excitement, especially for a placid "feller" like yours truly. Still things are definitely on the move on the whole of the war front, so perhaps it won't be long now. The Stallard business seems to have stirred up quite a spot of bother, for myself I think it was hardly the right thing to do, much as we would like to have things so simple as our continental friends of pre-war days. We wouldn't have to rise at such unearthly hours and as a result the performances might be better as a result of the extra sleep on the night before the race. It is the rainy season once more and when one gets soaked the only means of drying out is the slow and uncomfortable method of one's own bodily heat. As a result of a recent soaking especially in the nether regions, I had five days of illness, a touch of tonsillitis and of course the usual desert sores. Peter and I often wonder what effect this will have on any future attempts at speed work, hardly beneficial, I think. I have just received a consignment of *Cyclings* from Frank Perkins: he has completed an unbroken 18 months of them now. I hope you and all your family have a good time this Christmas. Please give my regards to Ted and George and all of "Ours" you see. Must close now with regards to your mother and Molly. Cheerio and all best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—PETER ROCK.

1/11/42.

DEAR FRANK,

I was very pleased to receive the *Circular* for August a few days ago. I see Tommy Samuel took my hint all right. I wrote to him about three weeks ago after a spell of about three

months. He seems to have had a hell of a time in Cairo. It has never impressed me in any way apart from its stench and filthy native quarters. I have had a few days leave recently and I was very relieved to find when I came back that Eric is still O.K. He is out at present and doing a job which Carver himself would revel in. I am quite fit myself too, although I noticed when on leave that my weight had dropped to 10-13½; almost racing weight. I have my suspicions that Charles is putting in his ground work in order to slip it across Eric and I when we get home. If all goes well we may be able to pay a visit to George if he is still in the same place. I would also like to see what the attraction is at the Walton Arms and I have asked Charles to tell me all about it. I am expecting Dos to dot him one with the rolling pin when she reads my letter. I wonder if Mr. Johnson received my letter. I would like to hear from him if he can spare the time. Tell Sid that his suggestion was unnecessary. He will get it in any case. Please let me have Ted's address again. I have written but I had to tear up your A/G's. Remember me to your mother and Molly. Give my regards to the A.B.C. Cheerio for now.

PETER.

—SYD. JONAS.

19th November, 1942.

DEAR FRANK,

Even though I have not had any *Circulars* lately I have heard from our worthy Treasurer, and I take it that all at home are fit and well.

Don't imagine that this will be a long epistle suitable for filling up a couple of columns of the *Circular* because I have nothing fresh to say. The rest of my remarks regarding my present station will have to be given verbally and by that time I will be the equal of the famous tale-telling Baron Munch-something-or-other (no reference book handy) and then you will not believe me. Also by that time you will be as "browned off" with tall yarns as myself and it won't matter.

I now have a roof over my head at night which is just as well as the wind is icy and the troops have their great-

coats out. I was wearing shirt and shorts only a couple of weeks ago but now I feel cold with battle dress on.

No more for the present. All good wishes to everyone and my kind regards to Mollie and your mother.

Yours,

SYD.

A LETTER FROM A MERSEY ROADER.

29, AMOS AVENUE,
LIVERPOOL 21.

17/12/42.

DEAR FRANK,

I have a letter from my brother-in-law (dated 5/12/42) saying he had met Peter Rock and that Peter sent kind enquiries as to my health. As the festive season is at hand I thought may be you could mention in the *Circular* that I send my best wishes to Anfielders, especially the racing men. A really good nourishing drink from me when they start racing again. I wonder what the H.R.S. would like "Coming back from Wem in 24." You will be pleased to know I have been cycling with M.R.C. every Sunday and not missed a run since June.

I hope we see you at some place soon.

Cheerio,

J. R. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—My brother-in-law met Peter whilst sheltering from a sandstorm and they got talking about where they worked, etc. Isn't it strange how these things come out?

RUNS.

Parkgate Runs.

As your Editor has very definite objections to riding to Parkgate for a lonely tea, he goes on the Club run now only when he knows if others are coming. Only once in December did this happen, viz., December 12th.

Frank Marriott had a date with Frank Perkins, and 2nd Lieut. Sherman also promised to be present. When the two Franks reached the cafe a wedding was in progress and we were ushered into an upper room. We

were delighted to have Blotto and his better half for company and the party was completed by Tommy Sherman, who looked resplendent indeed in his nice new uniform. A pleasant chat and a good ride home completed a very happy afternoon.

Goostrey, 5th December, 1942.

The Presider and I had promised one another a week-end since I believe pre-war days. I left Ackworth (that's in Yorkshire) full of a *joie de vivre*, which was destined shortly to be reduced almost to a desire to die in the Woodhead heather. I don't mind rain and I don't mind hills, but a westerly gale driving sticks of rain horizontally at one whilst one tackles Woodhead at 1,500 feet, is a pleasure which has begun to pall on me. I should think I walked five miles—including the first mile downhill after the summit. All this put me behind time, so I had to keep at it without much rest via Gee Cross, Bredbury and Hazel Grove, to at long last a wearily attained Wilmslow. Thence to Goostrey I exchanged the head wind for a side wind and so of course the rain decided to cease and I was able to de-cape. Actually it was just 5-30 as I entered the Red Lion after about the most gruelling 62 miles I remember.

It was good to see friendly faces—the Presider, the Buckleys, Jack Hodges, Bren Orrell (a mighty ride from Wintergreen Villa), Harry Austin (in a pair of very pale bare knees) (not much riding being done by the look of them, Harry) and later on, by rattler, the rubicund features of name-sake, Rex.

After clearing most of the good things from the ample war-time table we yarned round the fire enjoying Bickley's reminiscences given in his inimitable style. At 8-0 p.m. a move was made, and Green, Rex Austin, Hodges and Turvey left for Nantwich, the others making for their homes. A dark night was lighted up well by Turvey's gas lamp—pronounced illegal by Green who is our President, but perfectly legal by Rex who, though nobbut a V.P., is a Special Constable, and so should know. The

wind, or what was left of it, had veered northwards and so we trundled comfortably along through the lanes to Middlewich. Halfway to Nantwich we made the usual statutory call (at a house on the left which shall be nameless, because I've forgotten it) and so to the Lamb, amazed to find it well after 10 p.m. when we arrived.

We had a session in the well-remembered snug till about midnight. What we talked about was of no great moment, but when we got to enlivening the discussion on Omar Khayam, by interpolating doubtful stories, we decided it was time for the virtuous to seek their beds.

Hodges and Turvey were up by 9-0 a.m. but had a considerable time to wait in a rather cold house till Austin and Green appeared. Breakfast was truly a poor wishy-washy affair even for war-time, so we started under a handicap. Jack Hodges was quite the spryest—Green and Austin had had bad nights, and Turvey had the ague of Woodhead all over him. So when Rex suggested the wisdom of a certain, though early, lunch at Holmes Chapel as against a possible one further on at Macclesfield, there was no demur. And certainly Mr. Robinson's Swan did us proud.

We were away by 1-0 p.m. as Turvey had the thoroughly low idea of training from Dinton under Woodhead instead of riding over it to Penistone. At Alderley Green and Hodges carried on home, whilst Austin accompanied our Yorkshire exile sedately and more or less comfortably as far as Hazel Grove. Climbling out of Marple Bridge, Turvey decided with reluctance, that he'd been properly done over the day before and that Home Rails were worth any price, and why the blazes hadn't the builders of the railway run the line from Penistone to Sheffield via Barnsley or even Pontefract (well, why not)! However, home was finally reached about 7-0 p.m. See you all again soon, I hope!

Alderley, December 12th, 1942.

The elder brethren kept the wheels turning to Alderley on a mid-December Saturday, where eight gathered for tea at the Royal Oak, a simple war-time fare in which the main dish was rather limited in quantity, and one

had to fill in the corners with biscuits and cheese. The President had the company of Harry Austin, and although the two made a ride through the lanes the rendezvous was reached with ample time to spare, and a short detour was made to return along the Congleton Road. Jack Hodges and Hubert Buckley also arrived and after inspecting the neglected bowling green sought sanctuary indoors to find Jim Cranshaw, F.H. and Buckley senior, the last-named in argument with the sub-captain as to the record of his run attendances for the year, claiming 42 to date, a fine achievement under adverse conditions of blackout, although, doubtless the President has passed that figure. We were pleased to see friend Mr. Carlin, of the T.A., the possessor of two three-wheel machines (the second bought for a pound) who surprised us by saying he didn't even own a bicycle! Tea over, reminiscences were chiefly about bygone Manchester, and from Buckley a vivid description of his ride over the End-to-End in which the listener seemed to gather he rode most of the way, although his actual job was only that of part-time follower to Olley. Thereafter the interested members made an inspection of the one pound machine, and a move was made for home, which was reached after an hour's ride, what time the searchlights over the cottonopolis performed their nightly ritual of making patterns against the inky sky.

Macclesfield—Boxing Day.

The many social and family calls at the festive season, to which are now added war duties, resign one to a small attendance at a Boxing Day lunch in these years of war. However, the fine day—there was mist early, but glorious sunshine later—and the urge to get out on the road and to meet old friends, brought an attendance of ten at the Bull's Head—seven members, a prospective member, and the wives of the Manchester Vice and Sub. We were very pleased to see Ned Haynes again, up from Tewkesbury for a few days, looking very fit, but longing, oh! so fervently! to get back to this country and club life. Louis Oppenheimer too was out, glad to be able to put in a Club run

all in daylight, out and home. After an excellent lunch the party stood round the grid outside the hotel, nearly all saying they must be making for home, as they had this or that engagement to fulfil, and Bick, out of his local knowledge, advising enquirers on the vagaries of the bus service, but no one went. Then we adjourned to the Arms for "just one." (You must know that those who settle drinking hours in Macclesfield are very human and on Bank Holidays the rule is something like that of pre-1914). Is it necessary to say that that "one" begat another, and yet another? However, the party broke up at about 4-0, leaving Bick waiting for his train and the President keeping him from being lonely until 5 p.m. Shades of the Lord Eldon in its prime must have haunted the minds of the older men—the party starting at about 12-30, the yard gradually filling with machines, mainly from Liverpool and the Wirral, the large party in that upper room, the quips, the jests, the easy laughter one could have in those settled days, then the smaller parties breaking off and riding away, some here, some there, to finish the day late that night or perchance early the following morning. Well, those days will come again and may many of us be there to see them!

Those present were the President, the Manchester Vice, the Manchester Sub., E. Buckley, E. Haynes, J. Hodges, L. Oppenheimer, Catling, and Mrs. R. J. Austin and Mrs. J. D. Cranshaw.

Knolls Green, December 26th, 1942.

Only the President attended this run. Leaving Bick and the Bull's Head, at Macclesfield, he made his way by that charming undulating road that leads to the top of Alderley Edge, and opposite the Wizard he turned left down the road quite properly called Artists' Lane, by Alderley Cross and so to Chelford Four Lane Ends. Then right to Marthall Church and from there by lanes to the Brown Owl, where he supped in solitary splendour. A chat with the landlady and then a quarter of an hour at the Bird-in-Hand, and an easy run home brought to a close a very pleasant day.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4. THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. Harold Catling has been elected to Full Membership and Mr. C. F. Elias, Junr., has been elected to Junior Membership.

TRANSFERS. Mr. E. J. Reade has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The following list of Subscriptions paid and Donations to the Comforts Fund is a good start for 1943.

There are still a number of outstanding Subscriptions for 1941 and 1942. I trust those whom this affects will pay up promptly and save me unnecessary correspondence and the Club postage.

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

1942.

K. W. Barker,*	E. J. Reade.
S. T. Carver.	J. R. Walton.
J. Pitchford.	F. H. Wood.

1943.

C. Aldridge.	H. Green.*
H. Austin.*	E. D. Green.
H. S. Barratt.	E. R. Green.
G. B. Burgess.	E. Haynes, Jun.*
S. T. Carver.	T. E. Mandall.*
H. Catling.	G. Molyneux.*
F. Chandler.	J. J. Salt.*
C. F. Elias.*	J. R. Walton.*
C. F. Elias, Jun.	F. H. Wood.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ANYONE ANYWHERE FOR EASTER?

The Presider is making strenuous efforts to fix up somewhere for the Easter holidays, but he is handicapped in that he is not aware of the probables. If you think that you can get away from the daily round and common task for that interlude could you please write to him at Fern Lea, Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire?

DENIAL!

Rex Austin wishes vehemently to deny Norman Turvey's assertion that he took the train to the Goostrey Club run on the occasion of the Nantwich week-end. "Late I was," he says, "but please make it known that my only means of travel was the bicycle."

WEDDING BELLS.

The mists of matrimony roll on, and this month we have every pleasure in recording the marriage of Bert Lloyd to Doreen Rawstron, which took place at Chester Cathedral on Saturday, January 9th. Other Anfielders present were Randall, Stevie and Marriott. We extend our sincerest wishes for a very happy future to the new Mrs. Lloyd and her much worse half.

SHERMAN'S SIDESTEPPERS.

We are constantly being told by brilliantly painted posters to take the HIT out of Hitler by our National Savings. Well, this short contribution is to take the RIOT out of Marriott. Having visited him several times on this leave he has at last roped me in to take some of the burden of filling the *Circular* from his somewhat "narrer" shoulders.

When I asked him what he wanted me to write about, he replied: "Oh, Anything."

Here then is an idea emanating from a recent feature "With the Forces" for your consideration and the information of the War Council.

What about an Anfield Striking Force?

I see it as an independent unit consisting of Anfielders only, and how many bicycle clubs could form such a unit to compare with the "A.S.F."? The answer is, I think very few.

Being the Senior Service, the R.N. comes first, so we must consider our crew for the landing craft. Norman Heath in command, with Walter Connor as an able lieutenant and Russ Barker looking after the "works" would make as good a crew as any in the Navy.

And now we come to the Army. We are told that an army is as good as its administration. So our R.A.S.C.

members, Syd Jonas and Ralph Fer, would look after our tummies and pockets. I'm sure that Syd would manage to wangle (or, to use an army expression, "scrounge") us plenty of St. Bruno and Three Castles, and mebbe an occasional barrel of Draught Bass, while Ralph could claim (you never get anything in the Army unless you claim) any pay and allowances that the grateful Government liked to issue.

Our Captain's responsibilities would be "communications," and if necessary the providing of "spuds" for our fish and chip suppers. Rigby, Peter and Eric would naturally look after the explosives and other mechanisms (e.g. the bungs and taps on the barrels).

Ted Byron, Ira Thomas, Tommy Samuel and yours truly, equipped with tommy-guns, might be able to do some damage to anyone who got awkward, with Hubert Roskell adding a little weight if Goering inclined to get fresh.

Plans would be formed by a soviet, the O/C being the one without the hang-over.

Our air umbrella would not present any difficulties with such able men as Len Killip, Fred Brewster, Don Birchall, Arthur Birkby, George Farr, Dick Ryalls and Dudley Turnor.

With "Back Room Boys" Sid Carver and Jack Salt, Canteen Manager Marriott, Provost Marshal Rex Austin and his specials, Stevie as Mis-administrator of Information, and a motto like "Beer is Best," how could we fail?

And there you have my idea for what it is worth. You may think it's good, or just nonsense, but whatever your opinion, remember that it has at least filled some space for our lean and lanky much maligned Editor.

T.S.

THE BERTH-HILL IN SHROPSHIRE, near Baschurch in the Hundred of Pym-Hill.

After reading of the Submerged Bridges and Submerged Causeways in Russia, and having heard even of Submerged Villages in Switzerland, it causes surprise to read in Marriott's Book on Shropshire by Charles Hulbert

that the Submerged Curiosity, The Berth, near Baschurch, was once regarded as Military Archeological Remains of Antiquity arousing great interest.

That interest I have not been able to discern either on a visit or in discussions with other hunters after curiosities. Nor did hotels in the neighbourhood testify to the demand on the part of visitors. Yet every map of Bartholomew's plainly shews its whereabouts and its prominence, and which led Teddy Worth there.

It lies six furlongs from the village nearest the railway station where there is the Railway Inn, but whether this is the Inn spoken of in the Book I have not put to the test.

So much is certain that by following the main road from Ruyton through Baschurch to Marton and/or Middle or Burlton one does not see any sign of the Pool on account of the high ground, although an entrance to Mere House lies nearest Baschurch Station.

On the other hand those coming from Shrewsbury should cross Newtown and continue towards Weston-Lullingfields over the Berth Railway Bridge to catch sight of the Berth Pool and the Berth Farm. Any one wishing to approach the spot without trespassing will find a lane from Marton towards Weston from which he will still find a swampy lane or occupation track making straight for The Berth Hill. He will first reach then some low "raised out grounds," which are those that have puzzled the Professors. This portion receives a branch of the raised Causeway. This part lies like stables by the side of the main building, and may be this part was the harbour. Continuing by the Causeway we reach the Berth Hill. This main island rose sharply from the waters before these dried up and formed an acute angle with the waters for several yards to a ledge of pronounced width on which stood the village and lay no doubt behind a stockade. Behind this the circular hill continued for many more yards straight to the flat top where no doubt the inhabitants kept their

cattle, or grew their food or fought the intruder. Freedom from intrusion was evidently the chief purpose. That much remains to this day. The extent of the Causeway I have not found.

Says the Historian:

"Here then stood at bay after being driven from Pengwern the great Prince Cynnddlan in post Roman times by the invading Saxons. He was killed and buried at Bassa. The Church is old and a Church was found here by William the Conqueror, along side with many other churches in Shropshire. Eighteen to wit. To-day the Hill is over 50 feet high but probably was higher at one time. Isolation from intrusion must have been the purpose and the Chieftain who chose the site must have been struck by its abruptness, privacy and isolation."

In describing the British Encampments in Shropshire, the book shows great familiarity with Tongley Hill (Bury Ditches) near Clun, Borough Camp on Boro' Hill, Hopesay, and Gaer Ditches near Chapel Bottom, where once blood ran red from its triple ditches, and where later an Anfielder circled on wheels the entire circuit as a challenge to the Roman invader. More peaceful is the reference to the Shropshire spas namely Sutton Spa, having the same effect as sea water, Admaston Spa obviating the threat of costiveness, Boothby Spa and Trolly Moor, where the babbling brook produces music from melodious birds while the beverage is free, while at Pitchford liquid bitumen floats on the surface similarly to Lake Asphaltities in Palestine. Side by side with these delights Saltmore Well at Ludford promises to cure rheumatism.

Manchester Anfielders have shown great partiality recently for Shropshire. They were after ease and liberty.

A LETTER FROM

LEN KILLIP.

7th January, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

I should have been earlier in expressing my thanks for the 30/- at Christmas, but I have been moving around a bit. I am at present at a

place a few miles north of Cambridge on my old game of training people. As I shall only be here a week or two, however, I have put my usual address at the top.

Please thank the Club for me for the money—it was much appreciated as usual. I don't know who the anonymous donor was, but it's things like that which make people proud to belong to the Anfield.

A curious thing happened the other morning. I was standing in the navigator's room when a couple of sergeants came in, and one of them said to the other "Up the Speedwell!" So I pricked up my ears and one of them went on to talk about a fellow he came across who said he belonged to the Anfield, name of Bentham. So I spread the glad news that I also belong to the Anfield, but I didn't have much time to chat as I had to push off and do some work, so as yet I don't even know their names, but that will be put right soon enough. I don't know Bentham though, or do I? They mentioned your name, and George's.

Not a bad place this, rather like a hotel. I live in the mess, which means that instead of walking a quarter of a mile from my room to breakfast, I walk downstairs. Baths are along the corridor, and hot water is laid on in my room. Good show, what?

I find that recently, along with a lot of other people, I was mentioned in despatches.

I think I mentioned before that I was hoping to get leave before Christmas. Unfortunately, other things cropped up (they would) rendering my presence imperative (!) and it had to be put off. However, I did manage to get a 48, which lengthened somewhat. I got a lift up to Speke in a Halifax on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and should have been picked up again on the Sunday morning. Unfortunately, Sunday weather wasn't fit, and I was told to hang on another night. I turned up again on Monday morning, but no aeroplane arrived, so at lunch time I started to make my way back by train. It eventually forced me to spend the night in Peterboro', and I got back to base at 10-20 on Tuesday!

Well, 'nuff said for now. My best wishes to you, yours, and the Club for 1943.

All the best,

LEN.

RIGBY BAND WRITES FROM HALIFAX.

29/12/42.

DEAR FRANK,

Just a few lines to let you know I am still alive and surviving the rigours of winter in this bleak moorland town. Actually I am in a village some miles outside and quartered in a large house on the edge of the village. This is the combined sergeants' mess and billet and fairly comfortable as Army billets go. The A.T.S. cook and wait on us and the grub and service leave nothing to be desired. There are plenty of good pubs around, so what more could a good soldier want? By the way, if you ever get tired of English ale leave it alone for three years. I never was tired of it so that it now tastes twice as good.

Christmas Day was spent quietly, although we did get some turkey. I was on duty all day as Orderly Sergeant but that did not prevent me having all the beer I wanted (and still remained Orderly).

By the look of things I may be settled down here for a while, although one never knows. If a job in my line breaks out I shall be off in a few hours. If I can borrow a bike here I might struggle over to Pontefract to see Norman Turvey, but at the moment I just don't feel capable of keeping warm on a bike. I have done a few tramps across the moors from here. As you probably know there is some good scenery.

No more news at the moment so cheerio for now and all the best from your old pal

RIGBY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, January 10th, 1943.

It wasn't a toss-up to-day whether I rode direct to Halewood, or pedalled my way around via Runcorn. There were one or two jobs to do at home,

which made me even later than I intended to be, and it was exactly 1-30 p.m. when I pushed my way through the door of the Derby Arms. The tank was almost bare. Hubert Roskell, with Stevie, was knocking back a last one (before lunch) with Arthur Simpson and dear old Chem. Upstairs, I discovered a galaxy of Anfielders far finer than I have seen during the three years of sable strife. Salty, looking as fit as ever; Harry Austin, with lily-white knees; Kettle and his cash books; father and son of the Elias family; Ken Barker, all the way from Kinnerton; R. J. Austin and Bobby; Frank Perkins; Len King, wanting to be a farmers' boy; Powell, with his books; Presider Green, still up to the 100% run standard; Editor Marriott, whose laziness has let me in for this effort.

Not long after the gong, Jimmy Cranshaw crawled in with the loveliest dose of the "knock" I've seen since August, 1939. He had hoped for a rest on the Transporter, but as this infamous contraption does not agree to get going until 2-0 p.m. Jimmy had to hike the bike over the railway bridge. It's a good job the railway bridge is there. James D. would not have been the only Anfielder endeavouring to emulate Albert and his trip across Runcorn Ferry that day! It wouldn't have been the celebrated "tuppence" for Bert Green with his trike, we can imagine the nebulous ferryman going quite green when endeavouring to get the barrer into the boat.

The door opened once more, and in stalked—Tommy Mandall! Shades of the past faded amid an orgy of handshakes, and there was no doubt at all of the pleasure that was ours in meeting our old friend once more. Over twenty present. It was good again to see all those smiling faces, and laugh more than once over quip and jest. The food was wondrous, war or no war, and in quantity ample. The Editor guy filched the last piece of apple pie, but I will say that he served everyone else with the second helpings available. We had almost finished the meal when George Molyneux and Burgess completed the

party. An apology for absence was received from Frank Chandler. We often wonder what has happened to our Frank; from being so keen on Club runs he has just fallen away.

In the hope that an official report of the meeting will appear in this issue I will not bore you with my ideas of the proceedings. An opportunity was taken to change some of the officials and we are wondering how delighted George Connor and Ted Byron will be when they know that they have been pushed from their places. Frank Perkins takes on the Captain's job until George comes back, and Salty has agreed to take on the Racing Secretary's job. Good for you, both. During the Committee proceedings which followed we discovered with some disgust that the *Circular* will be in the hands of Sammy Marriott for yet another year... (and there you'd better finish. YOU wouldn't take it on, you old so-and so.—ED.).

RUNS.

Parkgate Runs.

If you remember the first Saturday in this year of grace, you may recollect it to have been one of icy winds, and even icier showers, weather which grew no better as the sun receded westwards. Your Editor had a date with Frank Perkins. He let him down. Frank, opined the Scribe, would not venture forth in such discomfort, and as the blue-penciller has a distinct aversion to tea-ing alone anywhere, he stayed at home, leaving Frank Perkins to be the sole attender at the run.

On January 16th, your scribe had another date, with Ralph Fer, and the two met in the weak winter sunshine on the parade. Arthur Williams and Birchall were there, and we had quite a little party, although the two aforementioned "beat it" on other business. Ralph and Frank halted on the way home at Barnston's Fox and Hounds, but the pair separated only at Moreton not far short of 10 p.m.

January 23rd saw even a better party. Blotto, Perkins, Marriott, Bill Jones and Arthur Williams sat in very merry company, and tall were

the stories. The Club run had a distinct taste of pre-war flavour, and we laughed loud and long at some of the yarns. Pity it was that others were not there to enjoy them.

On January 30th, your Editor did not venture, as he thought that it was an "off" day, but Blotto managed it, and his report is detailed below:

Del Banco was in sole occupation and was having tea when Arthur Williams called in on his way home from his labours (*sic*).

After keeping the fire warm until 7-30, no one else having put in an appearance del Banco trundled his way home in solitary state. A strong tail wind enabled him to claim a personal record from the "Deeside" to the Top Road.

Goostrey, January 2nd, 1943.

Chiefly in reporting these weekly runs it is necessary to introduce the members out on such occasions so that our not too active members may read and, we hope, derive some pleasure therefrom. On this run, however, we must make note of a very unusual absentee, R.J., and the late arrival of both Buckleys, in fact our Presider was really concerned when we started tea, as I think he considered his prerogative was being unjustly usurped.

Bob Poole brought his wife along. We were all very pleased to meet once again and to send with her greetings to our old and valued Club-mate, Ned Haynes.

New member—Catling—and Jim Cranshaw made up the party, and we were all looked after very well by our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, who always maintain for us a pre-war standard which is simply amazing.

The party broke up earlier than usual to ride home over roads that were becoming very slippery in parts due to the frost.

Goostrey, 2nd January, 1943.

Goostrey is always one of the most popular of our runs, and on the first

Saturday of the New Year I left home rather late and made my way to the venue by the nearest route. It was a cold and wet afternoon. When I arrived the party assembled and had started tea, soon to be joined by Mr. Buckley.

It was a small company made up of the Presider, the Manchester Sub-captain, the Buckleys (senior and junior), Bob Poole and wife, and our prospective member, Catling. The Vice President was absent at a dinner in Manchester, and it was reported that Jack Hodges had gone to Wem to sample a bit of Joey (Mr. Rogers' pet pig).

The tea was well up to the Goostrey standard, and the table had almost a pre-war appearance. After tea we sat round the fire and discussed lighting restrictions until it was time for the train party (Buckley, senior, Bob and Mrs. Poole) to take up their vigil at Goostrey Station and wait for a train which is reputed to arrive at 8 o'clock, but seldom seems to come much before 9-0.

The remainder of us just had one for the road and set off for home, so ending another very pleasant Goostrey run.

Alderley (Royal Oak), January 9th, 1943.

With prospects of a longer run to Halewood the following day I decided to make my journey to Alderley as short and easy as possible so I just potted through the lanes. Just short of the Red Lion I was surprised to see approaching in the distance a tricyclist who turned out to be Catling, our new member, who had taken the wrong turning and was heading away from his objective. That little matter was soon put right and on our short run to the Red Lion I learned that he uses his tricycle on all occasions; I should be tickled to death to see him going on H.Q. duty, as he assures me he does with a complete outfit aboard the three wheeler. A simple but tasty meal was served in an upper room which is large enough to house a real Anfield crowd but as the place is centrally

heated the seven that sat down for tea were quite cosy.

Bob Poole was out for the second time in succession, another aspirant for the attendance prize. Buckley and Jim Cranshaw were comparing notes as to attendances during 1943. Hubert and Rex were quite certain that they had everyone licked, that is, of course bar one—Bert Green. It would not be a run if our Presider did not turn up.

Finally, for a rank outsider watch Catling; in his preliminary canters, he has done very well.

Tea over, we resorted to the tank, but for reasons previously mentioned the party broke up early and went home to bed to be ready bright and early next morning for Halewood, anyway that was the idea.

Prestbury, January 16th, 1943.

A wet afternoon found seven Anfielders enjoying an appetizer in a well known Prestbury 'pub.' (I could refer to the establishment by some more dignified title but the alliteration in 'Prestbury' and 'pub' appeals to me). Having adjudged our appetites sufficiently w(h)etted we repaired to the White House Cafe to enjoy a meal the ingredients of whose main dish were unidentifiable. The title of this dish was possibly Shepherds Pie and it warranted the preparations we had made for its reception. The chief feature of the meal was the apparently tireless manner in which Mr. President disposed of pancakes. Unfortunately the disposing capacity of the President was not equalled by the acquiring capacity of the Manchester Sub., who was the forager.

As usual the topics of conversation were many, ranging from a description in glowing terms of the end of a "24" record attempt in which the narrator had the misfortune to turn at the wrong white gate, to a statement by the V.P. to the effect that blind men do not smoke and that one cannot enjoy a smoke without visual evidence that one is smoking.

This statement drew from Hubert a description of how, in his youth, he had been foolish enough to bet, after having partaken of liquid refreshment,

that he could tell the difference between beer and stout when blind-folded. His companion even extended the terms of the bet asserting that Hubert would be unable to differentiate between beer and water. Although he failed in the beer and stout test he was able to recognise the water "because it was colder."

In due course our conversation required a stimulant, which was obtained, excused as 'one for the road,' at the establishment referred to above as a pub. Our run home through moonlit Cheshire was pleasantly uneventful and thanks to a favourable wind almost effortless.

Present were :—F.H., two Buckleys and one each of Green, Austin R. J., Cranshaw and Catling.

Macclesfield, January 23rd, 1943.

This afternoon was fine and time was available for a lazy saunter. Round by the lanes through Hale, then down the steep dip to Oversley Ford. The rises on each side of this brook are certainly stiff and as there was plenty of time the present writer so far forget himself as to walk the hill for a change. Then to Alderley village and another walk, which requires no apology, for it is both long and steep up the hill to the Wizard. No traffic about, on past the blacksmith's shop and along the undulating road to Broken Cross and the Bull's Head. The two Buckleys were promenading the town, the elder having made a day of it by coming in the forenoon, so getting an opportunity of visiting old haunts and meeting old pals. Soon Bob Poole arrived, followed by "F.H.," looking the picture of the country gentleman, and we adjourned to the smoke room, where we were later joined by the Manchester Vice and Jack Hodges, making seven in all. The dining-room was, as usual, busy, but we had a table reserved for us and an excellent meal was served. This dispatched, we found it necessary, as usual at this house, to make a move for a sit and chin-wag, and went to the Arms, when we departed about 8-0 p.m., Bick, senior, the Vice and F.H. for the station, young Bick to duty, and the rest of us for the road. (It should

perhaps be said for the defection of the Vice from the road party, that he was in glad rags, having been at some social function in the afternoon). Before the road party had proceeded far they found patches of mist, but not serious generally, for a considerable distance. However, towards the end of his journey the writer ran into the real thing—visibility six inches, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of it. But all arrived home safely.

Knolls Green, January 30th, 1943.

The morning promised badly, for Manchester lived up to its undeserved reputation. But the afternoon gave no reason for complaint as to dampness, though there was a very hefty wind to face along the Chester road. By a little dodging, taking the narrow roads, where there was some little shelter from the hedges, one could make reasonable progress without undue effort, and I found the going quite pleasant, even though one did get rather more exercise in a given time than should have been necessary. Thank heaven that not all the roads have been widened and the hedges cut down—these arterial roads are the very devil when there's wind about. The turn for Knutsford gave some relief and when I got past the Whipping Stocks things were definitely better. Turning left past the Parkgate Inn and running along the network of lanes between there and Marthall Church the pedals went round almost without effort and the run in from Marthall to the Brown Owl was an absolute sleigh-ride. I found the Manchester Sub., Jack Hodges, Harry Austin and Bob Poole waiting, and we were soon joined by Catling. We had to wait some time for our meal, but when it came it was very satisfactory, and we lingered over it quite a time, with talk of all kinds of things, many of them quite unusually profound for Club runs, and with a lot of genial leg-pulling from Jack Hodges. All very merry and cheerful and quiet. A call at the Bird-in-Hand, just to see that it was still there, brought the joint proceedings to a close and we went our several ways homeward, arriving quite dry and exhilarated by the wind-assisted speed.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
Mar. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Mar. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 13	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	" 13	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 20	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	" 20	Prestbury (White House Café).
" 21	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms), 1-0 p.m.	" 27	Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
" 27	Parkgate (Deeside Café).	April 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
April 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).		

FULL MOON, 21ST 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. D. Shaw, "Witsend," Elswick Avenue, Bramhall, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. J. Hodges, seconded by Mr. R. J. Austin.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. C. Selkirk, 28 Kingswood Boulevard, Bebington.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Your attention is drawn to the Balance Sheet for 1942, which has been audited and found correct by the Club's Honorary Auditors.

I regret to state the response to my appeal in the last *Circular* for outstanding Subscriptions has been very disappointing and hope those to whom it applies will give the matter their early attention.

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

J. C. Band.*	T. W. Murphy.*
H. S. Barratt.*	G. P. Mills.
P. Brazendale.	L. Oppenheimer.*
E. Bright.	W. Orrell.*
H. L. Elston.*	C. Selkirk.
J. Hodges.*	E. Snowden.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SORRY!

Those Anfielders who happened to know the Editor's mother will regret to learn that she passed away suddenly on 21st February. In these circumstances the scribe has not been able to put much time to the preparation of this issue, and if you do happen to find the *Circular* this month to be worse than usual, we can only hope that you will "excuse please!"

**HON. GENERAL SECRETARY'S
REPORT**

Presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, 10th January, 1943.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

I again have much pleasure in presenting my Report of the Club's activities for the year 1942.

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

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

The remaining Members have all been fully occupied in various special duties, consequently the attendances at Club fixtures have been greatly restricted, all the same there has been a slight improvement on last year.

The Membership now numbers 140, a decrease of six since last year.

This figure is composed of 104 Full, 5 Junior Full and 37 Honorary Members.

Two Members have been transferred from the Hon. List to Full Membership.

1 Member has been transferred to the Hon. List.

3 Resignations have been accepted with regret.

It is with the deepest regret I have to record the death of 3 Members during the year, viz:—

Messrs. E. J. Cody, F. del Strother and Lieut. Brian H. Band, D.S.C., R.N.

Mr. E. J. Cody joined the Club in 1903 and was elected to Life Membership after completing his 1,000 runs in 1930. In 1905 as a racing man he won all the Club events, a remarkable achievement.

In 1907 he lowered Northern 50 Single Bicycle Record with a fine effort of 2.27.19, and along with the late Bob Knipe lowered the R.R.A. Liverpool to Edinburgh Tandem figures with a fine ride of 13 hours 23 minutes.

He very rarely missed a Club run until he removed to Holywell in 1930.

Mr. F. del Strother had been a Member for 50 years, having joined the Club in 1892. We had not seen him for a great many years as he was resident abroad; his interest in the Club however, never waned.

Lieut. Brian H. Band, D.S.C., R.N., joined the Club in 1932, and by his passing the Club lost one of the finest young Anfielders we ever had. We did not see very much of Brian, as he was a man of the sea, but when home on leave he never missed attending a Club run.

There have been 52 Fixtures during the year with an average attendance of 9,730, an increase of 2,127 compared with 1941. Quarterly average attendances were, January to March 8; April to June 11,692; July to September 9,846, and October to December 9,384.

The highest attendance was at Little Budworth on 16th May, when 11 Members were out, the lowest attendance was at Highwayside on 13th June, when only 2 Members were out.

Mr. H. G. Buckley has attended 47 runs and gains the First Attendance prize.

Mr. E. Buckley has attended 44 runs and gains the second attendance prize.

Mr. H. Green has again attended all the runs (52) during the year.

Individual attendances at Club runs during the year were as follows:—

H. Green	52	K. W. Barker	3
H. G. Buckley	47	S. del Banco	3
R. J. Austin	45	H. W. Powell	3
E. Buckley	44	A. E. Preston	3
J. D. Cranshaw	44	W. J. Cheminai	3
J. Hodges	27	W. H. Kettle	2
F. Marriott	26	D. L. Birchall	2
F. H. Koenan	25	L. King	2
R. Poole	21	E. O. Morris	2
F. Perkins	20	H. Roskell	2
J. Seed	12	G. Stephenson	2
A. Williams	12	C. Selkirk	2
J. C. Band	11	N. Turvey	2
W. Orrell	10	A. E. C. Birkby	1
J. J. Salt	10	G. B. Burgess	1
C. F. Elias	10	S. T. Carver	1
C. H. Turnor	8	J. R. Fer	1
G. B. Orrell	8	T. Sherman	1
L. Oppenheimer	7	G. Molyneux	1
A. Turnor	6	W. Rich	1
W. G. Connor	5	C. Randall	1
K. Turnor	5	J. R. Walton	1
H. Austin	4	F. W. Smith	1
D. C. Rowatt	3	E. Haynes, Jr.	1
R. R. Austin	3		

There have been 4 Meetings of the Committee during the year, the individual attendances are as follows:—

H. Green	4	G. B. Burgess	1
W. H. Kettle	4	L. King	1
F. Marriott	4	G. Molyneux	1
R. J. Austin	3	W. G. Connor	1
F. Perkins	3	H. W. Powell	1
A. E. Preston	3		

The best thanks of the Club are again due to Mr. F. Marriott for the continued excellence in connection with the Editorship of the *Circular* during 1942.

In conclusion I again tender my personal thanks to the President and Members of the Committee for all the help given to me during a very trying year, as you are aware I have only been able to attend one meeting of the Committee and I would especially thank Mr. F. Marriott for kindly deputising for me at the remaining meetings.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

EASTER.

Bert Green hopes to get fixed up at Llanrwst, and if you can envisage an Easter trip, and our Presider has not your name, could you please write to him as soon as possible? This matter is now urgent.

HALEWOOD.

We are going to Halewood twice this month, and we did hope to include a summary of 'bus services that a few of the Elder Brethren would care to come this far. From this first week of March some curtailments have been made, and as we have no details, and cannot easily get any the proposed summary is being omitted from this issue. On March 6th the run is for an evening meal. March 21st sees the Committee meeting after a lunch timed, please note, for 1-0 p.m. Whether on the Committee or not, all are cordially invited to attend, and if you are not a regular please 'phone Stevie at Huyton 107 two days or so beforehand.

SYD. JONAS.

As we close for press news comes from Malta that Syd is now a Staff Sergeant. Congratulations, pal!

RIGBY BAND.

Rigby Band was home on leave last week, but we regret that we did not see him. Frank Perkins had a chat for a moment or so and we learn that Rigby is stationed at Morecambe.

TED BYRON.

Our late H.R.S. has been very busy of late writing, and he wrote to the Editorial department twice in one week! Ted has been moving around lately. From Dundee he went to Loch Leven on a course, then to the granite city of Aberdeen (he will be able to roll his r's by now!) from which cold spot he returned to the land of the Sassenachs. He wrote from the Tyne valley, that beautiful spot which is neglected so much by us who live more south. There was more toughening up there, but Ted wangled a job in the office, and then didn't like it. "Would much rather be taking it with the lads!" Fibber! With all these moves, the matter of some leave has only been a bright spot on the skyline, but one of these days we hope to see his smiling countenance striding through the office doorway.

GEORGE CONNOR.

Our late Captain Connor was at the Parkgate run on February 20th. George took the waters at Harrogate for a month, and he (like Ted) says that toughening up courses in the army are not half so bad when you have been accustomed to "taking it" on the bicycle. "Better than racing," even now. George is now back on the North Wales coast.

A LETTER FROM**T. W. MURPHY.**

11 FINDLATER PLACE,
DUBLIN.

15th February, 1943.

MY DEAR KETTLE,

I am sending herewith a cheque for £1/1/0 as a little donation to the A.B.C. Comforts Fund.

With kind regards to yourself and to my many old friends of the Anfield Bicycle Club.

Yours sincerely,

T. W. MURPHY.

A LETTER FROM**FRANK ROSKELL.**

DEAR FRANK,

I am threatening you with a contribution to the "When, How and Why" series, and in compiling this an interesting point occurs to me which I think might be the subject of a separate letter.

This is about the price of bicycles during the "boom" years of the late nineties. I had some argument with several old stagers after the Jubilee Dinner but could not reach any definite agreement with them, though perhaps the atmosphere at the Stork at midnight was hardly conducive to lucid discussion.

My contention is that the list price of the first-grade bicycles was £24/10/0. One day in the spring of 1896 or 1897 the Rudge-Whitworth Company caused a sensation in the trade by reducing their price to £16/10/0, which perforce brought other makers into line. This is confirmed by my recollection of a pal of mine having paid £24/10/0 for a new R.W. just before the reduction and, after a stiff fight, obtaining a refund of £7 odd.

But my conviction is that several "super" bicycles, such as the Lea Francis, Beeston-Humber and Elswick were listed at well over £30.

After the Stork dinner I wrote to the Editor of *Cycling* and he referred the matter to H. W. Bartlett, whose reply they sent me. But this was far from conclusive. I cannot find his letter now but I remember he "dropped a brick" by mentioning that one of the machines in question was fitted with a three-speed gear, which of course was not in vogue till several years later.

And what about the price of tyres just before the Bartlett-Welch patents expired? I have "three guineas" in my mind, but perhaps this was for a pair of covers. Get to it, old 'uns!

Incidentally, about this period we suffered a glut of cheap American "gas-pipe" machines. There was a story of one Higginbottom, who sold them at a shop in Lime Street. A purchaser who brought back a new machine with the frame buckled was greeted with "Why, you've been riding the damned thing!"

FRANK ROSKELL.

ERIC REEVES.

2ND JANUARY, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

The companion to Peter's latest airgraph has not yet reached me so it is some time since I heard from you. You must forgive us if we have failed to write much this past two months, but there has been much work for us. I have written about eight letters to-day, all very much overdue, and the prospect of getting up-to-date when opportunities occur is really staggering. When you have been at it seven days to the week for a long time the jobs to be done are many, washing and sewing, rifle cleaning, letter writing, could fill three whole days. It would be nice to be browned off somewhere in England for a change. However, Jerry is getting the hammer on all fronts, so that's the best reward for all our efforts. Perhaps this year may see the end and then we can get on with the job of rejuvenating the Club with an enthusiasm whetted by long abstinence. It will have to be soon because matrimony is making serious inroads to the ranks of those left to do the necessary. You must admit that it does put a damper on one's activities however much you may wish it otherwise. Well, best wishes to you, Molly and your mother.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

SYD. JONAS.

1st February, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for the gift from the Club and also for the special New Year present from the anonymous donor.

I would very much like to write to this anonymous friend and thank him personally, but in the circumstances I will have to ask you to express my very sincere thanks for me.

These P.O.'s can now be put to good use, and the "Sgt. Jonas Welfare Fund and Battle Reserve" of tobacco and other necessary items required for the proper and orderly conduct of a war, can be made up to scale.

The Reserve has been looking a little healthier lately, and a great deal better than at various times last year, when at times the cupboard was completely bare, but I managed very well, and just managed to scrape through the worst periods.

Life is very quiet here and arguing in the mess is the chief pastime. We have a radio on the rediffusion system which means that we only get one programme, which effectively prevents knob twiddlers from trying to get fifty different stations in the course of the evening.

It was installed on Christmas Eve and was going very well until we invited the officers up. The Johnnie Walker flowed rather well and the evening developed into what might be termed a riotous night.

Fortunately we had borrowed glasses from the officers' mess and so we saved our own from the wreck, and to our great relief, the radio, after some expert attention from the Signals, still worked next day.

Since then we have left our boisterous friends to themselves and lived an exceedingly quiet and sober life.

I have been asked if I would like to go to an O.C.T.U. and so far that is as far as it has gone. If it comes off it will be for the R.A.S.C., but as there is only one vacancy at a time from this spot it will be many months before I get going.

I have received most of the *Circulars* and am pleased to see that everyone is well.

With all good wishes to yourself and all members.

Yours sincerely,

SYD. JONAS.

THE OLD CHEADLE PUTS ITS OLD WALKING CAPTAIN TO REST.

To our younger members this may sound like Greek, but to our older members it may have some meaning and to some even strike a chord, for even Hubert Roskell came a Cheadle Tour to Tenbury on occasion. Its last tour of all came at the outbreak of the war of 1914, when we lined up on opposite sides of the Station Square at Shrewsbury. Like true patriots the Cheadle then decided to commit Hari-Kari and present its funds to a War Hospital.

But the younger generation of Anfielders know of the Cheadle Time Trials of the Nineties, an Older One recalls the Cheadle as a feeder of Anfield new-comers. Some even may recall the Cheadle as a young independent Club of its own that raced on grass tracks around Stockport and toured in Wales, and on one occasion preceded the Anfield at the Buckley Arms, Dinas Mawddwy by one night when the Anfield descended the Bwlch-oer-Drws at the same moment the Cheadle climbed the Bwlch-y-Groes on its way to Vyrnwy for lunch. Our joint Mr. Bickley could only perform this task after a roadside sleep at Llany-Mawddwy to shake off the cobwebs of the night before. That was the time when Captain Strousers held the Cheadle reins.

Those were also the days when a friendly rivalry was felt on Boxing days when the Anfield ran its Luncheon Run at Christmas time, while the Cheadle held its annual walk for all Stockport to celebrate under its walking captain Albert Hennings. The walks met at Disley, took in liquid food at the Disley Inn, then walked over the hills around the Bowstones (monuments of a still earlier period), replenished at Pott Shrigley at the Pig Sign, took in dinner drinks at Prestbury and arrived dead to the world at Monks Heath, where dinner was prepared.

No walk has survived after 1914 but the Walking Captain did survive these 28 years, a close friend of the old Cheadle Secretary. The latter the only late walker to follow the old

Captain those last few painful steps.

Snow never denied those Cheadle Walkers their annual treat, for on one occasion the only way to cross the hills was to balance on top of the stone walls.

The evening of the walk ended ever in a sing-song to prepare for the walk back to Alderley. Buckley, the brothers Lowcock, the brothers Dawes, F.H., and even Gastall, were at one time Boxing Day Walkers and all must look back on these joys of nearly or more than 30 years ago.

A second or minor Captain to cover the rear guard and take responsibility for the stragglers was likewise a Life Long Job given to the Elder Dawes under a private title. This member may be remembered as a pace maker at Bolton and Rochdale in the N.C.U. Fifties. Thus the Cheadle Walks were well organized.

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th February, 1943.

The somewhat dreary ride through City streets for the Cheshire members (Marriott and Perkins) was made worth while by the attendance of Len King, Stevie, Hubert, and the welcome reappearance of Tommy Mandall who we hope will come again and again.

During our pre-dinner chat, Hubert entertained us with memories of forty years ago, a point brought out being the price of beer, five pints for a bob, surely the good old days we hear so much about.

Our appearance in the dining room was the signal for the entry of the main dish, a mighty meat and potato pie which promised to tax our capabilities to the utmost, as indeed it did, even three helpings by the Editor failing to finish it off. Topped by apple tart and custard we sat back well satisfied with our meal, which was first-class in view of present-day catering difficulties.

Tommy's yarning of old times held our attention until it was time to go our various ways, happy that this revival of an old fixture was so successful.

Goostrey, 6th February, 1943.

I set out for my destination via the various lanes that lead to our famous rendezvous, and I somehow managed to miss the intermittent showers of hail and rain which other members encountered en route.

On the last stretch I saw the Presider in front, on his barrow, but he was too far ahead for me to overtake him before we ran into the yard of the "Red Lion."

Mr. Buckley and a prospective member, Don Shaw, who had been sent along by Jack Hodges, were already present.

Rex Austin arrived next, then Wilf and Bren Orrell, all the way from "Twemlow Villa." We were surprised to see that Wilf was minus his teeth, and a suggestion was made that he should try a few pickled onions.

Our Bren still looks as fit as ever.

Jack Hodges, who had been working until 4 o'clock, had now arrived and helped us to finish off the good things that were spread on the tea table.

After tea we settled round the fire, swapping yarns and discussing a recent photograph in *Cycling* of the Kendrick Tricycle, two wheels in front and one behind, but according to Mr. Buckley this is not a new idea, as he remembers a similar model about 40 years ago (pardon me if I have got this wrong).

Jack Hodges kept us very amused by giving us various names that children and even adults call out to people who ride trikes.

Well, all good things come to an end, so we filed out to our machines to make our various ways home.

Members present were Bert Green, Rex Austin, Mr. Buckley, Wilf and Bren Orrell, prospective member Don Shaw, Jack Hodges and Bob Poole.

Alderley Edge, 13th February, 1943.

My plans for this afternoon were considerably upset by the necessity of attending a meeting of some importance at the Brooklands Hotel. However, I went by bicycle, so as to be in a position to make a quick getaway. As always on these occasions the afternoon was beautifully fine, and it was a shame to be kept indoors; nevertheless, it was 4-45 before I

could leave with decency and I had no time to spare. I took the opportunity of travelling by Brooks Drive, which debouches on the Altrincham—Wilmslow road near Hale Barns, and soon flashed past the Romper, the Clarion Clubhouse at Oversley Ford, and Wilmslow to arrive at the venue shortly before 6-0 p.m. The party had waited for my arrival before commencing tea, to which meal we numbered eight, namely, the President and his Vice, Committee men Poole and H. G. Buckley, authority on cycling history Koenen, ditto on beer Buckley sen., new member Catling, and prospective ditto Shaw. A good meal, cheery conversation, a few drinks in the lounge, and S.C. 1459 Rex Austin was off to duty, accompanied by Don Shaw. The train party were quick to follow and the others went with them, and all reached home in due course.

Parkgate, 20th February, 1943.

A call at the office from George Connor on the Friday afternoon saw me envisaging some company at the Club run, and I sallied forth on the few miles which separate my present domicile and Parkgate in quite a merry mood. I was late. I had promised George that I would see him there at 5-0 p.m., but it was more than thirty minutes later when I met him and Frank Perkins in an upper room. They had ordered some of the inevitable, but quite tasty, spam, with trappings. The Editor buried his teeth in some buttered toast which had been well spread (by the scribe himself) with some jam. A foursome was made by Arthur Williams, golden-haired as ever, and very redolent of Brylcreem. Please, Ginner, where do you get it? We filled the time up by striding slowly along the salt-scented parade, to where a hostelry gleams behind its black-out. Afterwards, we pushed George on to the 'bus, and then rode home, quite pleased with a very happy afternoon. George said, quite sinister like, that he wants a Club run for this, even if he did come out in the poshest of poshest of lounge suits and, for once, in the cleanest of clean necks. It would save a lot of trouble if we gave him one.

Macclesfield (Bull's Head), 20th February, 1943.

This run had to be changed from Prestbury at the last minute owing to the death of our friend and host, Mr. Smith, of the White House Cafe.

It was a grand afternoon for cycling and signs of spring were not lacking to the anxious and winter weary eye. The lanes around Alderley, Mottram and Prestbury have always had an attraction for me, so I managed quite easily to while away a pleasant hour in this pleasant neighbourhood until making my final run to Macclesfield just after 5-30 p.m.

In the bar at the Bull's Head I found Hubert and his father, F.H., Bert Green, Catling, Wilf Orrell and Bob Poole. I had ordered tea for eight and I thanked my lucky star once again for being correct and made signs to the waitress that we were ready as soon as she liked.

The menu was varied and I hope tasteful to all, but the heat of the rooms at the Bull's Head is just too much for comfort, or so it always seems to me.

We moved off right away after tea to take beer nearer home, actually at the Unicorn at Deane Row, a house rarely patronised by us but why I can't say as it is pleasant and cheerful, and the beer is no worse than anywhere else these days.

I think most of us would be home fairly early on this occasion, as the night was fine and clear and most of us appeared to be intent on going right from the start.

Prestbury, 27th February, 1943.

Just now, thank goodness, we are having a succession of dry Saturdays to make up for the very long succession of wet ones. To-day was mild and Spring-like, with a westerly wind of some force, but not so strong as to make riding against it hard labour. Two of us went along the Chester road, branched off to Knutsford and thence

by the Whipping Stocks and Park Gate Inn, through the quiet restful lanes, to come out at the roundabout at Chelford four-lane ends. Then on the Alderley road for a piece, right up the lane to Alderley Cross and so up Artists' Lane to the Wizard. To one of us this route is familiar but always enjoyable; the other had the added pleasure of making first acquaintance with some of the pleasantest lanes in Cheshire. From the Wizard we followed the direct road to Prestbury—winding, undulating parts well-wooded, the Derbyshire hills in full view from the higher parts of the road, and altogether delightful. Arriving at Prestbury precisely at 5-30, we found a party gathered before the door of the Black Boy, which hospitably opened for them and the usual ritual was observed, which duly completed, the party adjourned across the road to the White House Cafe to discuss the usual good meal, over which we lingered for quite a long time, discussing this, that and the other. Feats of strength and skill provided some discussion—how the Earl of Lonsdale wagered 1,000 guineas that he would ride a horse 5 miles, drive a horse 5 miles, drive two horses in tandem 5 miles, and drive a coach and four 5 miles, all in the space of one hour, and did it in some 58 minutes, and how a young University man cycled a mile, swam a mile, ran a mile and walked a mile and sculled a mile, all in some impossible time. Then across the road again for a while to continue the conversation. And so with jolly quip and laughter the time was passed until the two who had come by train had to make for the station and the rest of us, after "one for the road," resumed the pig-skin and had a pleasant ride home.

Those out were the Presider (the Manchester Vice, being on night duty, had called earlier in the afternoon), the Manchester Sub-Captain, the two Buckleys, Catling, "F.H.," Harry Austin, Wilf Orrell and Bob Poole.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
April 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).	TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
.. 10	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	April 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 17	Highwayside (Traveller's Rest).	.. 10	Walker Barn (Setter Dog).
.. 24	Easter Tour. Llanrwst. (Victoria Hotel).	.. 24	Parkgate (Deeside Café) and Prestbury (White House Cafe).
May 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).	May 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 20TH 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.

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. D. Shaw has been elected to Full Membership. Mr. E. Haynes, 238 Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester, has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. 552089 L.A.C. Turnor, D, 105 M.S.U. c/o R.A.F. Post Office, Middle East Forces; 322526 Trooper Samuel, T.T. Signal Section, 4th Parachute Brigade, Middle East Forces.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

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

J. C. Band.*	L. King.
K. W. Barker.*	A. E. Preston.
K. B. Crewe.*	R. Poole.*
F. H. Fawcett.*	A. Turnor.
E. M. Haslam.	K. Turnor.
E. Haynes, Sen.	E. Webb.*
W. Henderson.	J. H. Williams.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

News is not very plentiful. Ted Byron writes from Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, to say that he was moved down there from the north country. His stay is not expected to be long, and perhaps by the time this is in print he may be home for a spot of leave before a bit of sailing. We shall be very pleased to see him when he does come home. The news from Peter and Eric seems to indicate that they have moved back to Syria and quieter climes after chasing Rommel along the North African coast. Eric is a driver, but Peter is an expert in dealing with mines, booby traps, etc., and we are delighted indeed that the curly-headed one has survived his adventures of the past few months. On another page Tommy Sherman writes from West Africa.

WHITSUNTIDE.

The Herbert Arms, Chirbury, has been booked. Names to the Presider as soon as possible please.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GREENFIELD,"

WEST KIRBY,
CHESHIRE,
25th March, 1943.

DEAR SIR,

I was interested to read in the last *Circular* the note about the price of bicycles in the 90's and I can confirm from my own experience and recollection that in the year 1896 when the boom was so fashionable, that bicycles made by Humber and Robinson & Price sold at about £25 each and at that price were in demand and in our modern phrase "in short supply."

In 1896 I possessed my first pneumatic tyred bicycle built of Abingdon parts in 1895 at the ruling price level and passed on to me by a kindly relative. It weighed about 45 lbs. with 28-in. x 2-in. back and 30-in. x 1½-in. front wheel. I also remember that one of my three cycling bachelor uncles, being a knowledgeable man, was requested by some friends to buy for them six bicycles at £25 a piece from Robinson & Price. Armed with this commission he called upon the Managing Director in early May and after cigars were lighted they discussed the possibilities of this £150 order.

"We are very pleased indeed Mr. W. to take this order, but as you know there are great difficulties of supply and we cannot promise even to you, a good customer, delivery before August."

I believe that two were delivered in September, and the remaining four by the end of the year. But in those days an R. & P. WAS an R. & P.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. ELIAS.

EDITOR, *Anfield Circular*.

(Has any member other recollections of prices in the "good old days"?—EDITOR).

PONT ERWYD TO
MACHYNLLETH.

The inn at Pont Erwyd must be disappointingly situated to a lot of people who come to the village from across the mountains. It is a half-

mile westward of the spot where the cottages cluster and the main road spans the Rheidol River, and it is above, on the climb to the last crest where A44 leaps down to Aberystwyth. The George Borrow Hotel—its name is painted out these war-time days—is good. At least it was to Franks Perkins and Marriott, who stepped across its warm threshold for an early lunch on the last day of October, 1942. We did not expect, nor get, anything hot, but sitting around a splendid fire in the tiny tank we had bread, real butter ad lib, and a hunk of tasty cheese. A huge pot of tea, with all the sugar and milk we wanted, completed a very happy hour.

The morning had seen us leaving Llangurig and climbing easily through the Upper Wye Valley to the highest spot of the Plynllymmon road. We passed the time of day with the postman, and said "Hello!" to a couple of O.S. Surveyors. The only other humans we saw were a few shepherds on the distant hillsides. Down the western slopes we sat still and steered, and so came easily to the old village of Pont Erwyd, which Borrow knew.

Afternoon was to see some adventure and shortly before one p.m. we let the westward way climb over the hillside before resuming its easy descent while we dropped down to the Rheidol to seek the rough road going northward. It was in our minds to use the track which keeps to the east bank of the Rheidol before cresting the watershed. George Borrow kept to the west, and so was in Cardiganshire for most of the way, but this route would require a deal of working out now, and we did not think the attempt wise on a late October afternoon.

Our road undulated, and we walked and rode. We could scent a flock of sheep long before we came to them, standing awkwardly on a steep grassy slope above a torrent. A sharp turn brought the track down to the narrow footbridge, and we had to clamber up the other side. In four miles from Pont Erwyd and just one hour, we came to Nant-y-Moch, the remote farm where the track on the Half-inch map ends. Above the cottage we met the

postman, whose bicycle was as weather-beaten as his face. He described the way to us before making his tracks for home.

Two miles farther, after riding and squelshing across the wet mountain marshland, and watching the Rheidol speeding along its treeless valley, we came to the ruined farm. Beyond it were three bridges. One of the spans we crossed was the Rheidol's first, but it was not the widest river here. Keeping slightly to the left, we were looking for a path along the wide valley, and it was hard and hungry work dragging and carrying the bicycles over the rough land to where we could see a track making its way to the ridge. We sat on a rock for a short break, and the scones bought the previous afternoon were appetising, if a bit dry! Not far from the crest we came to an old mine working, where the clearest of water still lodged, and luxuriant ferns grew in profusion from the rough walls.

We could ride now, except when a river came and we had to reach across the stones and mud to a footbridge. Once the stones were not there, and the mud was deeper. I plunged into that little lot with both feet; I think Frank dodged it. Just past the last bridge the road looked over the brink of a ravine, and then dropped. The river fell in a cloud of spray. We could have ridden, but we were far happier, and safer, digging our heels in and getting down in that manner. The Forestry folk are clothing these hillsides with pines and firs. Down in the valley we crossed the bridge, rode with the river for a time, and climbed again. It was only four miles then to Machynlleth, and the road was tarred. Dipping, twisting, turning, almost always descending, we rode past farm and cottage and through pasture and woodland. The river was ever with us. Beyond the village of Forge we joined with the road from Llanidloes (another pleasure) and our way was wider. Machynlleth was ours for five p.m. We still have to do Borrow's route, but we do know one way across the mountains from Pont Erwyd.

F.M.

FAREWELL TO THE LEBANON.

Farewell you mighty mountains,
 No more your peaks I'll scan,
 No more explore your gorges
 Where your rushing torrents ran.
 There at your feet, oh mountain,
 Lies a green and fertile plain
 Where I made my camp 'midst
 olive trees
 And would fain go back again,
 And 'way beyond the plain there laps
 Like sapphire blue, the sea,
 The blue Mediterranean
 By whose shores I fain would be,
 But 'way beyond that sapphire sea,
 Across a continent,
 There lies a little island home
 Where I was once content.
 But that was 'fore I saw the moon
 Rise o'er the Lebanon
 And heard the sounds of tropic night
 When the sun to rest has gone.
 Or heard the bull-frogs' serenade
 In mosquito-haunted swamp;
 Or the payads' eerie hunting call
 Beyond the bounds of camp.
 Or saw the dazzling, towering surf
 Pound the golden, palm-girt shore,
 Or heard the muezzin call to prayer
 The faithful rich and poor,
 But now I'm back in my island home
 Set in a northern sea.
 And there I know a welcome waits
 And a home-fire burns for me.

11/2/43-

J.R.B.

A LETTER FROM**TOMMY SAMUEL.**

28/2/43-

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your letter of 4/12/42, with P.O. enclosed. Air Mail is as slow as surface mail nowadays, so I think it will be less costly to send your mail by surface. You will notice that I've changed my address again. I got rather fed up with life, and volunteered for this job in the New Year. I've made five jumps so far to qualify for my wings. I'll draw a veil over the first jump—to say I was dead scared is an understatement of the fact—but the rest were easy and I enjoyed them. I can assure you it's quite an exciting experience. I haven't heard from Peter and Eric for some three months, but I know they're right up in the thick of it

chasing Rommel. I'm keeping pretty fit these days, and much happier in this new job. Remember me to Frank and the rest of the chaps, and kindest regards to yourself.

Yours in sincerity,

TOMMY S.

—PETER ROCK.

20/2/43-

DEAR FRANK,

First and foremost I am writing this to let you know that the "life-saver" has arrived safely, although I mentioned yesterday that it could not be expected now. Please convey my thanks to the Club. It has become a very welcome and regular feature in our contact with those left behind. And now here is some news! Tommy Samuel has just written me to say his tri-monthly "how-do's," and incidentally to give me his new address. He is quite an accomplished being now. After close on three years in the local 'Home Guard' (ask Rigby to answer that one!) he has now emerged as a fully fledged signaller and parachutist. He has five jumps to his credit. Personally, I would regard them as debit, preferring a few well-concealed mines or boobies to play with. However, he seems to be very pleased with life and if his letter could have arrived but six days earlier we could have painted the town together. Unfortunately, our way is rarely his and all our meetings have been but momentary glimpses. This time there is not even a chance of a glimpse. Tell Rigby we shall be glad of a few tips on the 'dives' he used to frequent. Best wishes to your mother and Mollie, also to the Club. Cheerio for now and buck your ideas up.

Your pal,

PETER.

—ERIC REEVES.

21/2/43-

DEAR FRANK,

In reply to your air letter of 28th December, which I received to-day, it has taken a long time but that is to be expected, because of our perambulations of recent months. We have had many anxious moments and lots of hard work recently so this will

explain the lack of news from Peter and I. There have been at the most two periods when it was possible to write, at other times mail has just not been going. I had an airgraph from Rigby to-day, it is only in cases like his that it is possible to get home, as for us I think the war will have to finish before we see England once again. I have just finished a well-earned few days leave, it is not so enjoyable after so long out here, as there are only two things to do, namely, eat and drink "horse's necks," i.e., brandy and gin, with a slice of lemon in it. I did a spot of roller skating for a little exercise but the skates were execrable, swimming is out of season, otherwise I would have been in the baths for hours. How I would like to get my bike and go for a real bath to get into condition. Well, give my regards to your mother and Mollie and best of luck to you.

Cheerio for the present,

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

I'm here at last but not yet at my final destination. At the moment I'm in a transit camp waiting the last stage of my journey.

Life here is one of continuous leisure, which is fortunate because I am not yet acclimatised, and my time is mainly spent in bathing.

The beach is three miles from here and to get there one goes thro' a bush track which runs thro' a primitive village. Naturally the walk is quite interesting, and at the beach you get the perfect contrast, a European club where one can change, have a shower, and cup of English tea with bananas, oranges, melons, etc.

The heat is terrific, which is quite natural, because we're almost on the Equator, and I would welcome a spot of good old English rain or snow at the moment.

By the time we all get back from this I think there'll be more "brown men" in the Club than "white." In fact, it might be an idea to start an African section, altho' in this particular

place it would be strictly "tea taster" with beer at 4/6 a bottle.

The voyage out was perfect, and almost up to peace-time standards. The food was excellent, like something from a fairy story of a pre-war Halewood Club run.

We had several concerts of particularly high standards, dances, horse racing on the dice principle, desk tennis, etc.

The hatches were opened regularly at 12-30 and 6-0 with iced lager at 1/2 pint, whisky 7d., gin and lime 4d., sherry 6d., cigarettes 50 for 1/8, so you can imagine how really enjoyable the voyage was.

There's one thing I miss and that's reading matter. I've read *The Times* of January 8th and *Picture Post* of January 9th from cover to cover, even the advertisements.

The native troops are quite good, and their pidgin English is quite amusing.

My boy wakes me at 7-0 with a bottle of tea, and then says "I go take a drop now, sah," and goes off to his breakfast.

They drive all the trucks and their method of approaching a cross roads is to put their foot down hard on the accelerator, keep the horn blaring and charge across at about 45's.

Well, the boys further North are doing their stuff O.K. and I'm hoping we'll all be home for a nice icy X'mas.

I think that's about all at the moment, so I'll say cheerio, with kind regards to all the boys.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY SHERMAN.

COMMITTEE MEETING.

Halewood, 21st March, 1943.

I rather like these Sunday lunch affairs. The excuse of a meeting seems to bring the folk along like flies, whether they're on the Committee or not. (What matters, anyway?) Just after one on this very pleasant Sunday I was somewhat hindered in my headlong flight up the stairs by Hubert's big buik. There aren't many stairways on which Tiny couldn't render a complete impasse. Above him were Chem, and the inevitable Arthur Simpson.

The big room being full, we were ushered into another salle-a-manger in which we laboured pleasantly through soup, cold pork and lots and lots of trimmings. War or no war, Halewood is still very, very good. One by one some of the other troops came in to see us. Bert Green wanted to know where Jack Hodges (who had joined us) had got to. Hubert Buckley gave us news of Father, Salty and Bobby Austin were helping the traffic between the consumer and the kitchen. When we did get into the big room we saw Preston, King, Rex Austin, Harry Austin, Bob Poole, George Molyneux (on a barrer), Jimmy Williams, Powell, Kettle, Stephenson, Ken Barker and your Editor.

I think that counts up to twenty, and if any have been missed, well, I'm sorry. You will agree it is a splendid attendance for war-time, and in view of the popularity of these fixtures the Committee have agreed to give the functions the status of alternative runs. Thus in the future you may be able to attend both the run and its alternative, but you only have the credit of one run. (No sneaking up to a quick thousand!)

Outside again, Salty had visions (quite good ones, too) of tea at The Druid, riding into Cheshire via Runcorn. The Manchester men went that way, making a very merry party. Those who were left awaited the bus, or pedalled slowly towards Mersey's Ferry to finish a pleasant day amid the lanes of Wirral and never too far from home.

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th March, 1943.

A free Saturday and a spring-like day dragged forth the butterfly.

Over lunch I informed my better ½ths that a run to Parkgate by a round-about route would be my plan for the afternoon. It was then gently and diplomatically pointed out to me that there was such a thing as the *Circular*, and if I cared to peruse same I would find that the fixture was to Halewood, also, if I hoped to get there before the wolves had eaten all the food I had better "get cracking."

In due course I made my way

through Bromborough and Eastham where I turned off the main road through the lanes by Stoke, Stanney and Picton and on to the Frodsham Road at Mickle Trafford. With a helpful wind and the warm sun life was indeed good and Rock Savage was reached well inside schedule; here I had to put in some good foot work to drop a couple of lads of the "errand boy" variety. The honour of the Club was upheld in the "prime."

Arriving at the Derby Arms shortly before 5-30, I found Len King already there awaiting arrivals. Tommy Mandall followed me in, and very pleased I was to see him once again; several years have passed since I was last in his company.

Inside the hostelry we found "our Hubert," who must have sneaked in while we weren't looking. In the "tank" we were joined by Eddie Morris, Stevie, and "Blue Pencil" Marriott.

Over a few gills of "cough mixture" bicycles of bygone years were discussed and the prices then and now compared. Hubert showed us a sheet of "Glan Aber" notepaper with all the signatures thereon of "Ours" who were taking part in the Easter Tour of 1925. I believe there were 52 names, the majority of which have now, alas, passed on to the Journey from which there is no return.

The difficulty of the 75% increase over the number Stevie had ordered food for, was overcome in the true Halewood manner, and a smashing meal was heartily consumed.

Seven-fifteen saw Eddie Morris and Hubert depart for the bus back to town, and shortly after Len King left for Huyton. Stevie and Tommy were for some mysterious route home which certainly was not the "straight and narrow." I heard mention of The Bridge, The Tarbock. I presume these must be monuments of local interest.

The Editorial One and Blotto, before proceeding on their homeward journey, paid a visit to an uncle of the first-mentioned, who resides in the vicinity, eventually catching the 10 o'clock boat to Woodside. Along the Borough Road they parted, Blotto reaching home at 10-40. Longshanks must have found his way safely to his home in the Wilds of Wirral, because I have

since sighted him on his way home from work (sic.).

Those present:—Hubert Roskell, Tommy Mandall, Eddie Morris, George Stephenson, Len King, del Banco and Frank Marriott.

Parkgate, 13th March, 1943.

I am still not quite sure how I came to be at Parkgate. Anyhow, I met del Banco standing outside the Deeside and whilst we were chatting, along came Frank with his sister, followed shortly after by Frank Perkins. The nett result was I found myself on a Club run, and as it was some time since this had last happened, our Editor demanded a little literary effort on the subject. I have heard it said that this savage old custom of calling upon the infrequent Club run attender to write up the run is sufficient to keep at least one member away however much he might otherwise desire to come.

Once inside the cafe we were joined by Rich, Chandler, and later by Elias and his son. Conversation became centred around a mystery tour made by a certain gentleman with a delicate back-wheel who persists in persuading *Cycling* to publish his perpetual paragraphs. Chandler made certain allusions that the author's journalistic efforts were merely to provide the cash to enable him to do his cycling on the train, and there was the unpleasant suggestion that this particular tour had started at Queensferry station on the L.M.S. line, but our Editor, whilst admitting he had been sorely tempted, strongly denied this. Had however Chandler been less cynical and had more faith in our Editor's cycling prowess he would not have been so certain that this tour finished at Shrewsbury, which he insinuated was Frank's favourite railway station. The fact that Worcester was the finishing point and that it was indicated by one or two good clues does show how easily prejudice can confine even an active mind.

There was also some talk about starting rides at dawn. Though Chandler favoured the idea the general feeling of the party was altogether against leaving a warm bed to venture out upon a bicycle before the rest of

the world wakes up. Personally, the idea also appeals to me, that is, in theory. The night before, when one contemplates on the beauty of sunrise, the birds (feathered at that hour) singing, etc., etc., nothing seems more perfect, but when some confounded alarm clock reminds one of these aesthetic pleasures at some ungodly hour one switches the damned thing off and returns to bed eventually waking up somewhere around midday.

Our party broke up early, about seven o'clock, Chandler with food on his mind. His liking for his dinner being his explanation of his recent non-attendance on Saturdays. I left before our Editor, so perhaps he can enlighten us as to any adventures experienced by the remainder of the party on their way homeward.

Alderley (Royal Oak), Saturday, 13th March, 1943.

The extra brightness of this lovely spring day turned one's thoughts in the direction of something new in the way of bicycles. Knowing these to be but idle ideas I got out my old bike and wiped off the mud and dust, the accumulation of many months, to bring back some of its original polish; then a few drops of oil completed to my satisfaction a job which should really be done more frequently.

Once on the road I was quite sure no new machine could give the entire satisfaction of the old bus after all, and may be it was not only the strong breeze astern which made me feel so fit.

There is one really delightful thing about Spring which presents surprises in old familiar places; an almond tree in flower in some odd spot, passed many times without even a second glance, is now a thing of beauty.

All too soon the Royal Oak is reached and one feels reluctant to go indoors, to forsake this new found world, but a chilly wind changes the atmosphere and the spell is gone.

Beers all round for a goodly party of ten members including our old stalwart Teddy Webb, Louis Oppenheimer out for the first time this year, Buckley on his bicycle, Jack Hodges, F.H., Cranshaw, Catling, Hubert, the V.P. and the Presider.

After tea most of the party went early, leaving just a few of us to make our way home later in the moonlight.

Parkgate, 27th March, 1943.

I could have sat on the bicycle and sailed along the high road this afternoon for miles, were it not for the fact that Parkgate is not on the said high road. When I left home I had some time to spare, and it was quite easy through to Heswall Cross. Beyond it was a sleigh ride, and I was wafted down past the Old Mill and the Glegg Arms and along towards Chester. The old toll cottage looked brilliantly white in the splendid sunshine. Past Windle Hill I had to turn right down a delightful lane which leads to the tumbled road between Burton and Neston. There is no more delightful highway in Wirral than this.

Once in Neston it was not long ere the Parade at Parkgate came to view, and I was looking across the wet and sunny sands over to the hills of Wales. Your Editor beat Frank Perkins to it by a short head, and hardly had they buried themselves in the tea and toast and jam when in rolled Blotto and his "barrer." We had lots to talk about—but not so much as when Chandler came out the other week—and it was nearly 8-0 p.m. when we made our tracks for home.

Macclesfield, 27th March, 1943.

The small expanse of country over which our few feeding-places are scattered makes direct journeys short and that is an advantage in bad weather. But it does tend to make rides monotonous and riders lazy. On the other hand it gives the rider anxious to put in some distance the opportunity of exploring lanes the end of which he has passed time and time again on longer journeys, probably with some vague notion that they seemed inviting and sometime or other he would see where they led and what they were really like. On this spring afternoon, with blue sky and heavy white clouds lit by the sun as to the upper part and shadowed underneath, with green leaf-buds on the hedges and the commencement of foliage on some of the trees, and a

pleasant breeze, helping a little sometimes, and hindering little at any time I went along the high road towards Chester and then off to the left to Knutsford and the Whipping Stocks, bearing left again by lanes to Chelford 4-lane ends, then right on the Holmes Chapel road to Mother Hubbard's at Astle, where left again to Siddington Bank Farm. Then I went sharp right past the Chapel on the Lower Withington Road but not for long, for it took the first lane on the left for Marton which I reached by way of pleasant undulating and twisty lanes. Then along the Congleton road for a short distance to turn left up a lane which I used to frequent many years ago, and noticed that the road engineers had been there since my last visit and had opened up what used to be a blind corner. (But it isn't any easier for fast traffic to get round. Queer people, these road engineers—they knock down picturesque cottages to make it easier to see round corners, but either leave the road as it was, or even make the corner sharper). Along this lane the silver birches stood up stark and naked and there was no sign of life—in peace time the grass verge was covered with cars and picnic parties. Time being short I had to put my best foot forward and so could not linger by Gawsorth Church nor inspect once more Maggoty Johnson's grave, but I could admire the Derbyshire hills on the right, their outline soft in the clouds, and so to the Bull's Head, to find seven other members already at table. Norman Turvey—a resplendent Norman Turvey—was there and we were all pleased to see how well he wears. There was some talk of possible arrangements for Whit week, but it appeared to be too early for definite arrangements, though early booking is essential if accommodation is to be had. After our meal we adjourned to the Arms for further conversation and passed the time merrily until those who had come by train had to move off, when the party split up, some for home and some to keep Norman company for a little longer—he was staying in Macclesfield for the night. The ride home was uneventful for me and, I hope, for the others.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
May 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).	TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
" 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	May 1	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 15	Highwayside (Traveller's Rest).	" 8	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 22	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 22	Walker Barn (Setter Dog).
" 23	Halewood (Derby Arms), Committee Meeting.	" 29	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
	Lunch, 1-0 p.m.	June 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 29	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).		
June 5	Halewood (Derby Arms).		

FULL MOON, 19TH 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. J. Long,
11, Barnsdale Avenue, Thingwall,
Wirral.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.***SORRY !**

We have the sincerest of apologies
to extend to :—

WILF ORRELL. Our correspondent
who wrote the report of the Committee
Meeting recently omitted to mention
the presence of our Wilfred.

ARTHUR BIRKBY. Our latest recruit
to the R.A.F. was not included in the
last list printed. By his counting,
he is 24th in the list, but by now there
are others.

GEOFF. LOCKETT. Geoff. tells us that
he came to Parkgate once last year,
and that his presence was not men-
tioned, neither was he credited with
a run. We can clearly remember
Geoff. being at Parkgate one Saturday,
and we are sorry for the slip-up. (As
a personal note, the Editor would like
to thank him very much for his recent
letter).

Apologies are also due to you all
for the delay of one week which
occurred in the publishing of last
month's issue. We hope it will not
happen too frequently.

PLEASE, DON'T GUESS.

With the Editor's address printed
on the front page of each issue, you
would not think it possible that anyone
could make mistakes in addressing
their copy to him. We would like to
emphasise that the district is
THINGWALL. Chandler recently
wrote Irby, someone else Heswall,
and we get quite a number of Pensby's.

MEMORIES.

Elsewhere in this issue we print
a facsimile of a letter which we under-
stand was sent to Billy Toft from
Bettws-y-coed just 18 years ago. Not
a long period, not yet two decades,
yet how many of the signatories have
passed beyond our ken! The re-

production we hope will bring back
many happy memories of fine old
friends.

THANKS !

Acknowledgments of gratitude for
postal orders from the Comforts Fund
have been received from :—Arthur
Birkby, Dick Ryalls, del Banco,
Birchall, Rigby Band, George Connor,
Ira Thomas and W. H. Elias.

SERVICE NOTES.

Ted Byron came in to see the
Editor a week or so ago, from Essex
he was "shifted" to Cornwall, and
now he is about 9 miles from Helston.
Walter Connor also blew in the other
day. He is very fit, and very en-
thusiastic about a new cure he has
found for warts. Brother George has
landed a more or less permanent
post at Prestatyn. Jack Pitchford is
now in the R.A.C., knocking 'ell out
of a Crusader tank.

WHITSUNTIDE.

As briefly recorded last month, we
have been very fortunate in obtaining
accommodation at the Herbert
Arms at Chirbury, an inn renowned
across the length and breadth of the
Welsh Marshes. Bert Green (Fern Lea,
Grosvenor Square, Ashton-on-Mersey)
is looking after bookings and we will
be very pleased to see you.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Turvey has an unused 26 x 1½ Sprite
cover which is not for sale, but which
he would like to swap for a 26 x 1¾
cover of any reputable non war grade
make. If anyone is interested please
write direct to him at 42 Barnsley
Road, Ackworth, near Pontefract,
Yorks.

EASTER TOUR.

April 23rd/26th, 1943.

It was good to have this fixture
once more in our list and to spend
Easter in Wales again, and I think
those who took part in it will agree
that it was a success. In present
circumstances we cannot, of course,
expect to have the numbers we used
to have, but we can have a party, and

must manage to have one every Easter, however long present conditions last.

Rex Austin and Bobby started on Wednesday, touring by way of Llangollen and Barmouth, Norman Turvey left Ackworth on Thursday afternoon for Altrincham, where the Presider picked him up on Friday morning. They had a comfortable ride to Chester, where they joined Albert Preston, and after discussion of wind direction, etc., decided to proceed via Mold, Ruthin and Cerrig-y-druuidion. The sun shone and the wind wasn't too bad as they rode towards Mold, stopping at a wayside pub to consume the sandwich lunch they had carried with them. Up the steep hill from Mold and down to Ruthin, then part way up the hill on the road to Llanfihangel the sun continued to shine, but suddenly the clouds gathered and the rain came down heavily and continued to do so until the party were pretty damp. We had been looking forward to the view from the top, but there was none—the clouds hid everything but the nearest land. As we reached Llanfihangel the rain ceased, and we thought it a good idea to have tea before pushing on farther. But there was no welcome at the inn, and the only comfort we got from the grocer's shop was the assurance that there were plenty of cafes at Cerrig. So we commenced to walk the steep hill and at the same time the rain came along with fury, so that the road resembled a river bed; we were soon really good and wet and very glad to get in sight of Cerrig. Here we had a piece of luck—Albert found a house, kept by a Wirral man, where we could have tea, and not only that, but were fully welcome. The people seemed really pleased to see us, made up the fire, gave us a very good meal, and the man gleefully swapped Wirral reminiscences with the party. Cheered by this experience we set off again, and, the rain having practically ceased, the wind dried us out nicely on the run down through Pentre-Voelas and Bettws-y-Coed to Llanrwst, where we found Rex Austin with son Bobby waiting for us at the Victoria Hotel. Dinner and a session in the tank,

during which Turvey met an old friend, brought to a close a very pleasant day.

Saturday morning opened bright and sunny with plenty of wind, which did not, however, hinder us on our way to Conway and up the hill to the Sychnant Pass. We slid down from the top to Dwygyfylchi, which we decided was a good place to get lunch. There were plenty of signs about indicating the readiness of hotel keepers to fortify wayfarers, but on enquiry at two places we found that these were misleading for the time being. However, a cafe was more hospitable and whilst they prepared our meal the Austins busied themselves with Bobby's front cover, which had developed an interesting condition; the tube was showing through a hole in the cover and anything might have happened. We had quite a satisfactory war-time meal and then dropped into Penmaenmawr and so along the coast road to Bangor, which town we found somewhat crowded; it was difficult to thread one's way through the people who strayed all over the road. Just as we were leaving the town we "assisted" at what may have developed into a tragedy; from a pub came a tremendous hullaballo—men shouting, women screaming, dogs barking—and one man was seen to be about to strike another on the head with a bottle, but we didn't wait to see the end. Then from Bangor to Caernarvon we had to fight the wind, which up to there had not been too bad, and at least one member of the party was very glad to finish this stretch. Usually we cut out the town, reaching Llanberis by the side roads, but Turvey had never seen the Castle so we circled it and ate sandwiches on the sea-wall in the sunshine and the wind. Then with the wind mainly favourable we made for Llanberis where we had quite a nice tea. Refreshed, we set off to climb the rise to Pen-y-pass. All rode the lot except the last piece, and the Austins did that too. Then down through Pen-y-gwryd, wind behind, the passage to Capel Curig was immensely fast—it was scarcely necessary to press a pedal until the rises to the hotel and the junction with the Nant Ffrancon road. Down to Bettws too it was fast most

of the way, but there were parts, notably just past the Swallow Falls, where one had to push against the wind. The run in from Bettws was by Gwydir Castle and very easy. After dinner we were joined by George Connor, on leave, who had ridden over from Blundellsands via the Bryn-y-Pin pass, and the evening was very pleasantly passed in hearing some of his Army experiences and in reminiscing.

Sunday morning was again fine with a strong wind in approximately the same direction. It was ascertained over the phone that our good friends at the Pengwern Arms, Ffestiniog, would give us lunch, but wished us to be there not later than 1 p.m. Usually the journey to Ffestiniog is taken via Beddgelert, returning via the Lledr valley. But had we followed this route we would have had to face the strong wind from Bettws to Pen-y-gwrd, and from our observations of those we had met on Saturday evening on that stretch we knew that that was an experience not to be courted. Apart from that, there was the difference in distance, so we decided to go out by the Lledr valley, and found the first part fairly easy. The stream was in full spate and made a pretty picture in the sunlight. The upper portion had to be walked and the last bit was distinctly strenuous. On reaching the Crimea the wind was so strong that it was necessary to pedal vigorously down the first steep part of the descent, and at no time was strong braking required. From Blaenau the ride was not too hard. Arrived at the Pengwern Arms we had the usual hearty welcome, with trimmings, and the lunch was such as to carry one back many years. In conversation with one of the ladies of the family we heard with regret that it is contemplated to leave this house, but the idea is to take a farm, somewhere in Cheshire or Lancashire, and if they decide to cater, we may see them more often. After lunch we made our way to Maentwrog and at the Oakley Arms kept right, up the hill, to Rhyd, later joining the Penrhyndeudraeth-Beddgelert road, and so to Pont Aberglaslyn. Here we stayed for a little while to look at the river, which, whilst not in flood, had

good water and made a beautiful sight. At Plas Colwyn we endeavoured to get tea but found it impossible; Miss Williams is now alone and cannot undertake the worry necessary to enable her to cater for casuals, but she directed us to a place just outside the village where we managed to get tea, though, owing to the house being already filled by a party who had arrived just before us, in, for us, very unusual circumstances. However, we managed. The sky was now clouding over and the ride up the Gwynant, easy enough, was done under threat of rain. On turning at Pen-y-gwrd we had the full force of the wind behind us and sailed along to Capel Curig with the greatest of ease. Then on the drop to Bettws the rain came and in no uncertain fashion. Riding in a cape, with such a wind blowing, was no pleasant matter, and Bettws came none too soon. The ride by Gwydir Castle to Llanrwst was again easy. On arriving at the Victoria we enquired for Frank Marriott, with no result and Connor's enquiry at his temporary residence was equally fruitless. However, about 9 p.m. Frank turned up very damp, but quite cheerful—he had taken the opportunity of the journey to do some rough stuff, which had taken more time than he expected. The party now numbered seven and passed a very merry evening.

On Monday morning the whole party of seven ascended the steep hill on the Abergele road and made for Llanfair Talhaiarn. Then through the beautiful Bryn-y-Pin pass to St. Asaph, the party scattered somewhat but became one again at the entrance to the city. Here Frank got busy finding lunch and was successful at the second attempt. After lunch we made our way up the Holywell road, not too strenuous under the prevailing wind conditions, and made good time to Hawarden, where the Glynne Arms provided us with an adequate tea. Here the party split, Rex Austin and Bobby to hurry home for duty Bramhall way, Frank Marriott and Albert Preston to do the same Wirral way, George Connor to go to Blundellsands, and Norman Turvey and the Presider, with no pressing engagement whatever, to tour easily to Altrincham,

where Norman stayed the night, to break his journey to Ackworth. The Wirral division would find the wind troublesome, but the other two parties retained the benefit of it all the way, and made good time without effort.

To sum up the tour, the weather was a good average, the wind being exceptionally strong, the food obtained was good for war-time, there was no mechanical trouble whatever, and not even a puncture; the only fly in the ointment was the smallness of the party, and we must try to put that right next year. Yes, I think we can say that the tour was a success.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS.

The attendances at Parkgate and Prestbury were only three at each. The Deeside resort saw Tommy Mandall and Frank Perkins and Marriott. The Mullah, with Alan and Keith, was at Prestbury.

A LETTER FROM

—ERIC REEVES.

MARCH 10TH, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to all concerned for the Postal Orders just received. They were the ones posted on 5th December and 2nd January. A special word of thanks is due to the generous person who is responsible for the extra pound which was enclosed in the January letter. The two letters came close together and this is the first opportunity that I have had to reply. They arrived just after I had completed a few days leave and helped to stabilise the budget. I have had lots of excitement in recent months and the details will have to wait until it is possible to recount them on Saturday evenings. It would be a happy thought to look forward to a resumption of Club activities in 1943. There will be many protesting muscles when we do get our faithful steeds into commission once more. My chest will have to improve before I can hope to tackle any speed-work. I must say cheerio now, once again thanks so much to all for the continued interest in our welfare. Best wishes to you and all at home.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—ERIC REEVES.

11TH MARCH, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

This is in answer to your airgraph of 10th February, and some of the points in your air letter of 28th December, 1942. It was amusing and quite surprising to read your assertion that my letters always sounded cheerful. I remember about two years ago having to complain about what I thought was an unjust remark that I was a moaner in a letter of yours. It is nice to be called cheerful but I must confess that I am often far from that pleasant state. In fact our long stay out here, combined with hair raising action, tends to produce an advanced state of "browned offness." I am taking this opportunity to try and bring my correspondence up-to-date. You remember the graveyard cough of mine in 1938? Well, I have just had another bout, it is remarkable that one can sleep out in extreme cold with a cold which in civilian life you would be in bed with hot water bottles and hot rum: some divine influence must watch our troops and babies alike. That's as good an explanation as any, don't you think? I am looking forward to the opening day when I can see your steed on view at the 8th. So Bert is joining the rest in their folly, truly a case of "ICHABOD." If you remember I was not one of the party at Richmond that was before I joined. I hope we can all get together again for a similar or many similar week-ends and very soon I wish it to be. Well, I must say cheerio, best wishes to you, Molly and your mother.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—PETER ROCK.

3/3/43.

DEAR HAROLD,

Please convey my thanks to the Club for the generous gift, received a few days ago. As you know we usually call it the "lifesaver," and as I have just finished a very enjoyable five days leave you can well imagine that it has served well to reinforce a rather depleted budget.

A few days ago I received one of Tommy Samuel's somewhat rare missives. He tells me that he is now a fully fledged paratroop. He has just five jumps to his credit and seems very well pleased with life. Eric has just been in and he is not too fit at present. He has a heavy cold, due no doubt to the unaccustomed chill of the atmosphere during the past week. I am keeping quite fit and hope that you too are in the best of health. Best wishes to yourself and to all of "Ours."

Yours sincerely,

PETER ROCK.

—PETER ROCK.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks ever so much for your A./G. of March 10th.

There is no need to worry on our account and if you have not heard from me recently it is not on account of me not writing. Mail has not been too good either way, but it is getting better. We have had a fair amount of excitement but it is not our turn at present. I saw Rig's "dive" a short while ago. I would certainly like to spend a short time there in the near future. Eric is looking better now but his cough is still troublesome. I am keeping pretty fit myself and it is very rare now that I feel any ill effects from my earlier trouble. George seems to be very jummy and his job would do me fine. I had expected to hear that Ted had come out here. A number of chaps from home who are in similar jobs to him have come out recently. Well, that's all for now Frank. Best wishes and my deepest sympathy to both you and Molly. Cheerio for now.

Your Pal,

PETER.

—GEORGE FARR.

DEAR FRANK,

Would you be so kind as to convey my thanks to all Anfielders and in particular, the anonymous Member, for the Postal Orders just received.

Since I came out here 2½ years ago, I have had very little to say (as I never was a literary genius) regarding my work here. Still, I know that this

peaceful life in South Africa is soon to end, and I shall be in much warmer places, and subject to a monsoon.

Please give my best wishes to all, especially Ned Haynes, and again I thank all for their kindness.

Yours,

GEORGE FARR.

—RUSS BARKER.

DEAR KETTLE,

I was more than delighted to receive the letter and P.O.'s, and my sincere thanks and appreciation go to the Club and to the Member who thought of us. Every time I receive a letter or a copy of the *Circular* I feel a little guilty at not having written more often. I was always a poor correspondent and a sojourn in these parts has not helped any. I read *Cycling* out here and long for the Cheshire lanes we know so well and the time-keeper's word "Go." Whether I shall ever race again is a matter of speculation, but you know what the urge is to a man who has once donned tights? The clouds are lifting now and it may not be long ere we exiles can return and join the "tea-tasters." In that sphere, if not in the racing world, I am sure we will be able to uphold the good name of the Anfield B.C.

May I reiterate your good wishes for 1943 to yourself and all members.

Sincerely yours,

RUSSELL BARKER.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

22/3/43.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your letter of 2/1/43 and the two P.O.'s enclosed. Please thank everyone who made this magnificent gift possible, assure them that we do appreciate it very much. I had a very successful night out on the proceeds. I have had quite a recent letter from Peter and Eric. The former is a blooming Sergeant now, he's doing all right, and I know he's right up in the thick of it in Tunis. I think I wrote to you a few weeks ago telling you of my new job: it's going along quite well, lots of hard work, but as it's out door work I

don't mind it at all. I haven't heard from Len for a long time, if you see him give him a reminder, will you?

Give my regards to Frank and the rest of the boys, and kindest regards to yourself.

Yours in sincerity,
TOMMY S.

RUNS.

Halewood, 3rd April, 1943.

Having been on the absentee list for some considerable time I decided to visit this place famous for its hospitality in pre-war days to see how the reduced catering of war-time had affected the establishment. Of course YOUR Editor ordered me at sight to write up the run because I had been all round by St. Helens trying to get a cup of tea without result. Anyway it was further than he had been as he'd only "ridden out direct." Hubert Roskell was there as usual distributing hospitality. Eddie Morris had come out by train and Tommy Mandall had arrived on a lady's bicycle. Chandler had arrived on the trike, and Stephenson had also ridden. Although of course the meal was not up to pre-war days it consisted of sausage and potatoes with a plentiful supply of chips with rhubarb to follow. Most of the boys seemed to have retained their pre-war appetites and YOUR Editor was as cheerful as ever at the head of the table. Hubert seemed to have lost none of his powers of absorption. Tommy Mandall looked younger than he did when I saw him last about 20 years ago, Eddie Morris I thought seemed to wear that "hurry up I've got to get to the Penny Bank" look of olden times, Chandler's appetite seemed to be normal, while Stevie wore that kind of pleasant "I am entertaining the Tea Tasters" look which he seems to specially put on for Anfield runs. I am sorry this is such a scrappy sort of report but how can I say anything when nobody has been anywhere except yourself and then only round by St. Helens. YOUR Editor should have ridden round by Runcorn or Warrington then he would have been able to have written a "Mystery Tour."

(The sorrowful aspect of this run is that we ate the said chips until we looked like them, and even then there was an abundance. They had to be returned!—Ed.)

Setter Dog Inn, Walker Barn, 10th April, 1943.

Just after 8-0 in the slowly receding light of a very pleasant April evening, four Anfielders halted at the cross-roads which stands just below the Rose & Crown and the village of Allgreave in the tumbled hill-land of eastern Cheshire. You might as well know now who they were: Rex Austin, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and a stranger to these wild lands, Frank Marriott. Leaving the Setter Dog before the climb to the crest on the old road, and the drift down Wildboardlough, Rex told us that he had to be on duty for 8-0 p.m. At the cross-roads he said that he would just do it in time for supper at 10-15 p.m. He would have liked to have continued with Hubert and Frank on their evening meanderings, but duty was duty. Jim Cranshaw, also wanting to be home before midnight, went with him.

The two tourists walked the next hill, dropped steeply before the bank to Winkle Church, and then turned left down towards the Dane. On the drop is the Ship Inn, a busy hostelry in the turbulent days of '45, and while I stopped outside to admire the inn-sign, Hubert stepped inside. He didn't require much following, and beneath the low ceiling we found the village folk, their faces reflecting in the lamplight. Some were chatting, others were very intent with the knocking down of skittles with a ball fastened to the end of a bit of string. At least, that's what it looked like to me, but probably there's quite a suitable name for the game.

It was hard to leave that merry company, but after only one each we were in the air again, and walking down the steep drop to the river. Sometime later, we reached the main road not far from Rudyard Lake. We lit-up outside a police station about half-an-hour after the official time, and a last halt at the inn at Fool's Nook, and then to Macclesfield.

" 253 " soon came, and it was not long before the fire was roaring, and the man from Merseyside delightfully entertained by Hubert and his very good lady.

Then so comfortably ensconced by the fire, it seemed a very long time ago since I was lost on the wrong side of Arley Park. With a very helpful wester, it was good running from Wirral, through Helsby, Frodsham (a chat here with Chandler, travelling the other way), Sutton Weaver and to Ditton Workhouse. Sandwiches were consumed on a little bridge on A.49. Once through Higher Whitley, and across the old Warrington-Newcastle road, I came to the lanes again. Missing Great Budworth, a good road would lead to Tabley Corner. Well, it didn't, or at least my idea of it didn't, and I "awoke" to find myself lost, with a milkman later telling me that I was at Garland Corner.

His alternatives were not good. Forward to High Legh, or retrace to Great Budworth; he said nothing about Arley Park, until I reminded him. Five minutes later I was in that remote village, ready to ride along the roughish road striding through parkland that is now a huge field of furrows. At the other end, a lane superb in loveliness took me to the road to Tabley. And so to Knutsford for 4-25 p.m., a touch of the sags to Henbury Church, Macclesfield 5-15 p.m. and the Setter Dog thirty minutes later.

I saw Hubert first, and then Rex, Catling and Don Shaw were new friends to a Merseysider who spends such little time "way down east." Jimmy Cranshaw was sipping his beer, well pleased that we were getting a meal at all, after the contretemps which had spoiled his lunch. As long as it didn't spoil our tea it didn't matter much. Jack Hodges was sitting behind a screen, quiet like, but not for long. He was well to the fore in all the discussions. It did look at one time that we might have to be without the genial presence of the Presider, but "he'll be here some time. Probably purchasing premises in Prestbury, or somewhere!" was someone's comment.

We were more than half-way through tea when the Presider did show up, quite a bit the worse for wear, and he was muttering about getting lost, even with a map. Don Shaw had slid an egg under the table so that at least one succulent morsel remained. But there was little else. The others were so hungry that all but a very few pieces of bread and butter had vanished before ravenous eyes. This is not intended to be a complaint about the catering at the Setter Dog. It is good, very good, and it was by a bit of a slip-up in staff work on our part that the good folk of the inn were not acquainted of our coming until 2-0 p.m. on the day.

Tea-time talk blew from gales to gales, all sorts and varieties of them until I wondered whether I was not way back west, after all. ("Wherever Englishmen do gather . . .") Then, talking about the *Circular*, Jimmy Cranshaw had the delightful candour to tell us that it was "flat." Had I been labouring under false delusions, it might have hurt, but as I haven't, I can only wonder why our Manchester Sub-captain has not spotted the fault long ago. The Blue Penciller freely admits his deficiency in this matter, but it is not intended to alter considerably or re-write any member's contributions to this "rag." Folk just don't like it. Editorial efforts also have a long way to go to reach the peak of perfection. The remedy is not difficult to discover. If those who think it is "flat" would try a little more to compose a decent effort really worthy of the paper it is printed on, and not write down and submit the first things which come to mind, the standard of our magazine would improve immediately. And having got that off our chest perhaps we can resume.

It was 7-30 before we took to the parting of the ways. Four went up the hill, and you've heard their story. The others, Green, Hodges, Shaw and Catling, descended straight into Macclesfield and made their various ways home from there.

Parkgate, 10th April, 1943.

Elias and Perkins attended this run, and we have not received any comments thereon.

Highwayside, 17th April, 1943.

After pushing the carpet cleaner and other household gadgets about for more than an hour, it was 4-30 before I could leave on the 30 miles trip to Highwayside. Should I, or not? On the high-road the truancy idea tried to prevail, and indeed, would have done had the wind been anywhere but from the north-west. I took the three mile road to the Glegg Arms very easily, and it was then only $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Chester. Strangely enough, even though the wind was astern, I managed this in just over 40 minutes. Shades of other days! I did hope that I could get to Highwayside quite a few minutes before 6-30, but the traffic in Chester wasn't so good, and then the bicycle began to get heavy—horribly heavy—and things got misty . . . I docked at the Travellers' Rest at 6-25.

No wonder that I could not recognise people when I did bend my head beneath the oaken threshold of the

inn. Mine was the sixth bicycle in the shed. Ordered for eight, just as well I did come, were my thoughts—and then, what a crowd! Randall was talking, as ever and forever; Bert Lloyd, legs all jelly-like, was there too. The Mullah and his lad; Rex Austin and Bobby; Harry Austin; Bert Green; Bert Preston; Catling. Jim Cranshaw was just recovering from a parcel, and Marriott on the verge of one. The catering facilities were stretched, but all were satisfied, and then it was time to move off. Bert Green, Rex and Bobby were for a week-end at Wem. The other five Manchester men went home by various routes, while the Chester contingent moved off early with another date in view. Frank Marriott and Bert Preston followed them, scrounged a very welcome cup of tea at Bert Lloyd's new establishment, and then ventured into the little land of Wirral with a head wind which had dropped considerably, making the homeward trip very good indeed.

Exeter 1925

GLAN ABER HOTEL, BETTWS-Y-COED.

North Wales.

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Mrs A. EVANS, Proprietress.



OFFICIALLY APPOINTED R.A.C., A.A., M.U.

With best wishes from all at Bettws -

W P Cook
A. E. Workman
E J Corneway
J. Williams
D. Johns.

D. J. Fell

D. E. Rowatt.

~~W. Williams~~
G. H. Smeets.

J. A. Smeets
J. Smeets.

James Chitcott

J. Webster
F. G. Chandler.

C. H. W. Smeets
Harry Buck

W. P. Reydin
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Muller
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A. Davies

J. Buckley

R. K. K. K. K.

James D. Branshaw.

J. Branshaw

H. Austin

Walter M. Simpson

A. Simpson

E. Buckley

R. J. Austin
R. P. Howell
C. S. Howell
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W. S. K. K. K.

W. S. K. K. K.

H. R. Band

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H. S. H. S.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
June 5	Halewood (Derby Arms).	June 5	Goostrey (Red Lion).
12	Whitsuntide Tour, Chirbury (Herbert Arms).	12	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) and Prestbury (White House Cafe).
19	Highwayside (Traveller's Rest).	26	Wildboardlough (Stanley Arms).
26	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	July 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
July 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).		

FULL MOON, 18TH 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 state again there are still a number who have not yet paid the outstanding subscriptions for 1942 and even 1941, and shall be obliged if they will give the matter their early attention.

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

1942.

W. H. Lloyd. J. G. Shaw.
N. Pritchard.

1943.

R. J. Austin.* J. Long.*
R. R. Austin. A. Lucas.
J. C. Band. F. H. Koenen.
F. Beckett. D. M. Shaw.
J. A. Bennett. G. Stephenson.*
S. J. Buck.* N. Turvey.
H. Crowcroft. H. Wilson.*
W. H. Lloyd.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

SERVICE NOTES.

For the third time the Ministry of Information have very kindly drawn our attention to the fact that we have (very inadvertently) transgressed the rules in printing certain addresses in these pages. In these circumstances we will refrain from printing Service addresses in future. Syd. Jonas has written home from Acre (Palestine) to say that he has had an interview with a view to taking up a commission. George Connor, now that at last he has graduated to the staff of his camp which was so delightfully situated, has learned that the whole outfit is to be moved, lock and stock and barrel. George is not pleased. Rigby Band was home from near Alnwick last week, and we are delighted to know that he is engaged to be married. Ted Byron, while the last issue of the *Circular* was being printed, moved from Cornwall to Oulton Park, near Tarporley. He did hope to get to Highwayside the other Saturday, but as home leave intervened we did not see him. Len Killip has also been home, and with George and Rigby made a service trio at Parkgate on 22nd May. Len is a Flight-Lieutenant, and as a

special favour the powers-that-be allow him to make one operational flight a month. He was at (or over) Stuttgart not long ago, and also Berlin. Harold Kettle has lost track of Norman Heath. Will you please send him your present address, Norman?

E. O. MORRIS.

We very much regret to write that Eddie Morris's son has been posted as missing following the torpedoing of the hospital ship "Centaur" off the Australian coast not long ago. We should like our old friend to accept our very sincere sympathy in his trouble.

E. HAYNES, Senr.

It is with every sorrow that we record the passing of Edward Haynes, Senr. a week or so after re-election to the Club. Little information regarding the tragic circumstances has come to light as we write and we hope to print a fuller appreciation next month.

CROMPTON HUMPHREYS.

Chandler had recently the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of Crompton Humphreys over a week-end. C.H., who like many others on retirement, is on war work in Preston. He particularly enquired after Powell and Snowden and sends his chin-chin to all the boys.

MEMORIES.

Last month you will remember we printed a facsimile of a letter sent from the Glan Aber at Easter 1925 to Billy Toft. Now Percy Brazendale tells us that he remembers the occasion quite well and that it was 1923, just two decades ago. To us the O.G.'s figures still look like 1925, but what do others know or think?

RACING NOTES.

Salty writes giving details of some of his performances this year. "Unfortunately only my own," he says, but we are glad indeed that we have such a keen and accomplished rider to keep the flag flying during these dark days of competitive cycling. There are very few riders in any club as enthusiastic and consistently good

as J. J. Salt. He was a top liner in 1928, he is a top liner now, he has been a top liner in the years between. Very few riders of this—or any other—age has such a splendid record.

Private trial with B.N.E. in "72" gear "25," did 1.11.6 with a puncture. Lost about half-a-minute.

Private trial with Combine in "72" gear "25" again with 1.9.28 against H. Lloyd's 1.7.47 and Bentley's 1.8.36.

Private trial with B.N.E. over 25 miles unrestricted in 1.6.53.

In the Liverpool Combine event on the stormy morning of May 9th outside evens with 1.15.21 against the winner's time of 1.14.31. Bentley clocked 1.16.0.

STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Out of the drenching rain which swept over Wales with the gale on the evening of Easter Sunday I stepped into the shelter of the wooden porch of the Saracens Head Inn at Llanstannan, and knocked. Outside the Green Goddess was sheltering in the lee of the hotel wall; inside, the six o'clock news was being read over the radio, and my tappings went unheeded. So I opened the door.

The lady of the inn came down the stairs to tell me that tea was over, but as it was such an awful night she would ask cook what could be done. I did not like the sound of that word "night." It sounded so final to me, with 15 miles of roughish mountain road to traverse before I could reach Llanrwst. Cook, a kindly soul, did do something. Hot scones, a huge dish of blackberry jam, ample bread and butter, and a splendid pot of splendid tea. One shilling, that was all, and in an hour I was out again, into the gale which rendered a walk an adventure, a bicycle ride an epic. The rain still swept from the hills to clean the street of the grey little village, but westwards a light gleamed in the sky.

It had not been raining all of the day. Morning had dawned brilliantly, and we two (the Green Goddess and I) reached Henllan before the skies clouded. So far as Two Mills (a cross-roads in Wirral) we leant over with the wind while the old trees creaked as they have never creaked before. Westwards into Wales, we were into

the full force of the gale. Slowly, very slowly, we came to Mold, and the Antelope at Rhydymwyn for a late lunch. From Nannerch it was easier for a mile or so, but from Afonwen westwards The rough, red surface of the ploughed fields swept up as a miniature sandstorm, and we were blown to a halt many times.

Bodfari came only with difficulty, and then Trefnant, eventually. There was quite a lot of "eventually" about this day. In Henllan, where the wind swept round so as to endeavour to lift even the very houses from their foundations, I stopped for a picture of the old belfry before dropping down to the river and the climb beyond.

It wasn't too bad on the first miles of that road which climbs so much before reaching down to the Aled valley. It made its way between high banks with the wind whipping across the hedgetops. At the crest it was worse than ever, and on the other side we had to pedal down in bottom gear for the first mile. In the valley it rained. It rained and blew so much that the cape would have been ripped to ribbons, and with the Goddess tied to the fence and covered with sacks, I stepped into a barn, there to wait an hour whilst watching the water come sweeping along the valley. At length it eased, and we crawled without cape towards Llanstannan. The rains came again while we were dropping down the hill to the cluster of grey houses, there to hope for tea.

The rain ceased as the gleam in the sky came brighter, and then, astride again, we went westwards. The way climbed, and from the crest the road rippled along to the skyline, but progress was still difficult. The gale was fresh from its conquerings of mighty Snowdonia, and we had to fight for every inch of road.

The views sometimes took us to the farthest skylines, and then a great black mass of rain would come sweeping down from the mountains, blotting out the hills and rivers and cottages from our sight. Two storms passed by, and three miles from Llanstannan our cape was still rolled. Then the road turned, and a squall we were going to miss caught us fair and square.

Behind the scarce shelter of a thin hawthorn hedge on went the cape and spats and sou'-wester. The rain did not bounce hub-high from the tarred surface of the road, it drove down in almost horizontal shafts of liquid light; the wind was turbulent more than ever, and keeping the cape down and the bicycle moving was an achievement more difficult than I have ever known before.

The storm passed as suddenly as it came, the air was clear again, and I could easily see to the distant hills, miles and miles away. So, once more eventually, down the long hill which leads to Gwytherin mill, and the tiny and secluded village beyond. The good folk of that remote outpost of civilisation did not regard us with any disinterest, and it was me who seemed to be the cynosure of all eyes. The Green Goddess is merely a bicycle, and nothing for the inhabitants of Gwytherin to stare at. As for me, to them I could easily have been a modern pied piper. With sou'-wester swinging round the back of my neck, and hair (as usual) anything but tidy, the long and lanky figure garbed in cycle-spats and ancient cape must have appeared a very grotesque mortal indeed in that lonely Welsh village on Easter Sunday evening.

I climbed the rough road up the hillside while the rain was resting. The wind seemed not so strong in the lee of the hills, and the farmers I could see making their way home along the valley did not have much trouble with it. A gate to open and close and refasten. A flatter but rougher road with marshy mountain extending all around and to the skyline. The light was bright westwards, but not for long. In only minutes the sky was darker than the sable slopes of the mountain, and then the rain could be seen coming swiftly—only it wasn't rain.

At thirteen hundred feet in the cool temperature of the evening it was hail in large stones with the gale driving and whipping them along. We came to a gatepost, and there stayed, huddled and clinging to it for minutes until the wind did not seem quite so fierce, and the hailstones not so large. Then, slowly, it passed from

dark to light. The road crept to the last skyline and dropped gradually down towards the valley which was in the shadows so far away. Twisting and curving, and ever descending, we came at last to the road we were looking for, the road from Llanrwst to Nebo and Pentre Voelas.

It was the first time that the Green Goddess had seen that road, being a war-time model she has yet a lot to see. Climbing from the valley it might be tiring, but to-night, descending, it was good indeed. For mile after mile (the easiest of the day) we drifted with the gale aside looking down into the Conway Valley and its patchwork of fields illumined with the crimson light which came down in shafts from between the storm clouds still scudding overhead.

The mountains of mighty Snowdonia reflected in that same strange hue. I have seen Wild Wales in darkness and in light, in sunshine and in rain, but never before after such a stormy day. The glory of those last miles, which gave such easy wheeling down the wonderful shelf road, was worth all the energy expended. We drifted into Llanrwst to hear the eagle on the weathervane of the market hall creaking for want of oil. Soon after nine the Green Goddess stayed outside the Victoria Hotel while I looked for the others in the grandeur of the lounge. You heard the main story of the Easter Tour last month. Now you've heard mine.

F.E.M.

A LETTER FROM—

ERIC REEVES.

APRIL 25TH, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your letter of 8th April, 1943, which arrived to-day. I am sorry, but I cannot give you any idea which came faster of the two means of communication, as each are subject to so many delays. I am always having a shot at learning something fresh and I will give the public library the hammer when I get the opportunity, all sorts of ideas go through one's head out here and one's mind is a large question mark. I'll be wanting to know the ins and outs of a

cat's "whiskers" all the time. Numerous lads in the troop are bitten with the same bug as well as the normal ones—"Bugs" I mean. I have similar ideas to those you mention at the end of your letter, "some sort of hobo par excellence," but although it sounds all right I suppose we will just keep grinding away as per usual. When we get home I will be able to talk shop with George and Walter Connor, also I will be able to converse with them in that mysterious manner mentioned by George in his letters. As to the health you mentioned I do keep a fairly high level of fitness considering everything. At the moment I am off smoking, which although a great solace, is not conducive to A.1. health. It is a hard job to give up the weed in preparation for racing but out here when it is one's only recreation in long hours of retrospect it is doubly hard, but it's worth a try. I cannot tell you anything of interest, as censorship regs are unusually tight these days. I am looking forward to the resumption of the touring habit, I won't be content now to let the other fellow read the maps as I am fascinated by navigation in all forms, compass, sun and magnetic are a joy to me now. I'll be mucking about with home-made clinometers and such like when the time comes. Well, I will have to sound the message ends signal now, so cheerio, best wishes to you and Mollie.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

PETER ROCK.

20/4/43.

DEAR FRANK,

Thanks for the A.G., 1/4/43, which arrived to-day. I am glad you received mine O.K. We are getting along quite nicely here, although the weather is very changeable and can be perfectly "bloody" at times. I have met a chap here from Shrewsbury. He thinks he knows Ira's wife, and we chat together quite a lot about the town and the surrounding country. It is hardly any use me trying to tell you what it is like here, for my letter would probably get censored, but you no doubt have been told a bit about it by R. I am glad that he is still getting on and he should do well in his present job. Incidentally, it has always been

my pet ambition, but I am quite O.K. as I am. Please tell George that I received his X'mas card last week. I am not certain whether it's late or early. I will write to him soon. Please bear in mind that even though I have been away 3½ years there is no occasion for you to try to explain where the "Setter Dog" is. Hope it will not be as long before I am with you around those parts again. Cheerio for now and all the best.

PETER.

TOMMY SHERMAN WRITES FROM NIGERIA.

20TH MARCH, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

I have now arrived at my final destination, and I am just in the midst of "settling in."

"Darkest Africa" certainly is a strange country and it forms a remarkable contrast to Norway's icy fjords. With the sun beating down unceasingly, and an average temperature of 100° it is hard to realise that two years ago I was finding it difficult to keep the blood circulating in my hands and feet in a temperature of 20° below zero.

However, I'm getting acclimated (as the Americans say) and by the time I get back to England my blood will be so thin I will have to wear my combs, and an overcoat all the year round.

I'm afraid a record of my journeyings since leaving home will have to remain untold until some crisp winter evening in the warmth of the "tank" at "Sarah's," Halewood.

The native troops are quite good and in outlook they do not differ greatly from the British Tommy. Their three main interests being: Mata (women), chop (food) and kudi (money).

I received a pleasant reminder of Anfieldland yesterday. The January 29th issue of *Country Life* arrived from home and lo and behold, "Danish roadways in Wirral," by F.E.M., Thingwall, not only reminded me of the district concerned, but that F.E.M. was still raking in the "kudi" (*see last paragraph). Which guide book did you 'lift' it from?

As I write this I haven't yet received any mail from England, but I hope

to receive some in the very near future and I'm hoping to receive one from you.

To revert to the heat, one has to wear about 3 shirts a day to keep anyway fresh and I feel that in the English climate I could ride 4 50's without so much as a bead of perspiration.

And writing of perspiration or in Anfield language "sweating," here's some redhot news for you.

"SHERMAN BREAKS INTO VERSE."

A few nights ago I was particularly sticky and picked up A. P. Herbert's "General Cargo," in which he writes "Red Sea Reflections," starting something like this :-

How beautiful it is to sweat,
How welcome to be warm and wet.

I decided a reply was called for and although my verse had been confined to "There was a young lady, etc." I managed to grind out the following, of which I'm unjustifiably proud.

"WEST AFRICAN REFLECTIONS."
(Apologies to A. P. Herbert)

1.

How horrible it is to sweat,
How nasty to be warm and wet,
Dispersing through the clammy skin
Excesses of good London Gin!
The "Coasters" simply sweat too much,
It simply oozes at the touch
Of ironed shirt, and clean white pants,
And forms a pool for playful ants.
(It gets worse as you go along).

2.

How horrible it is to sweat,
How nasty to be warm and wet,
How lucky those who work or play
In icy draughts the whole long day,
The sailor on the Arctic Sea,
How envious I am of he:
The airman with the wings of ice
It really must be very nice,
* To swallow coffee o'er Berlin
And feel it warming one within.

(*Len Killip, please confirm).

3.

The "Coasters" simply sweat too much,
The heat strikes them like Hitler's
"putsch,"
They're mostly mad, that, one agrees:
But the coolest shade is 100 degrees.

Lord Lever told us of B.O.,
But he really wouldn't know
Of Freetown, where the natives think
That it's quite natural to stink.

4.

The wonder is that we contrive
With fair success to keep alive,
For every hour in every day
We simply melt a pound away:
How willingly my place I'd change
With someone working on Exchange,
For it would suit myself a treat
To shiver down Threadneedle Street:
How pleasant to be cold and damp
And take one's shelter from a gamp.

Well, having got that off my chest
I still don't feel any cooler, and as it's
time for an iced drink and some
'chop,' I'd better finish.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and
with kind regards to all the boys, not
forgetting the victors of Tripoli,

I remain,

Sincerely yours,
TOMMY.

RUNS.

Halewood, 1st May, 1943.

Ho, Ho, here we are again! The jolly old Editor—YOUR Editor, mind, couldn't induce any one to write up the run, so had to call on the same scribe as last month. You should have just seen the bar on arrival, the same quartette sitting in exactly the same places, they might have never moved. There were YOUR Hospitaller, YOUR Vice-President, YOUR Auditor, and, let me see, YOUR Poet. YOUR Hospitaller was celebrating his 69th birthday. Later on in walked YOUR Editor, and YOUR Captain. Both fell to the robust persuasion of the gentleman who was celebrating his 69th birthday, YOUR Editor, who on no previous occasion had ever drunk anything stronger than water, and had eschewed all alcoholic beverages, actually favoured "the wine that maketh glad the heart of man." Tea Taster. Begorra. The meal was an excellent one of fresh Dee salmon and trimmings, followed by stewed rhubarb. There wasn't much of a helping for the little fellow what's writing this, after YOUR Editor had

satisfied his requirements and his table manners with the dripping custard jug would hardly be exhibited in polite society. The chief item of conversation was as expected, the continued late delivery of the *Circular*. Of course, YOUR Editor blamed YOUR Printer, who was supposed to have got the proofs in his pocket, but these fellows always blame one another. So it was accordingly moved and seconded that a vote of "no confidence" be passed on YOUR Editor and that the emolument of YOUR Printer be reduced by 50% unless a speedy acceleration in the delivery of the *Circular* be forthcoming, and that the notice in the *Circular* requesting "all Editorial communications be written on one side of the paper only" be expunged as a war-time economy measure. The sole dissident to this resolution was the gentleman who was celebrating his 60th birthday, who wanted to know how the devil the *Circulars* could be accelerated if the rotund and short-sighted old Printer had to read on both sides of the paper. The feeling of the meeting was, however, more unanimous when it was suggested that on the front page the words "should be sent to Mister Frank Marriott" did not convey due deference and should be altered to Frank Marriott, Esq., whilst YOUR poor neglected Hon. Treasurer, who is being humbugged out of his life by the same old gang who are habitually late in paying their subscriptions and who is merely referred to as plain W. H. Kettle, might be referred to, without losing that sense of superiority that obviously envelopes so brilliant a journalist as YOUR Editor, as MISTER W. H. Kettle. It remains now only to relate that as it is understood the *Circular* is the medium for YOUR Secretary, bless 'im! to obtain the names for the Club records that those referred to above were Roskell, Eddie Morris, Stevie, Tommy Mandall, Marriott, and Perkins. The first two had used the train, the others per bicycle, whilst Molyneux and Chandler were the only old gentlemen on tricycles.

Goostrey, 1st May, 1943.

On a sunny Saturday in early May a lone Anfielder 'bashed' his 'barrer'

through primrose-brightened Cheshire lanes by Marton and Somerford, across the Dane to Moreton Old Hall then north again through Brereton Green and Holmes Chapel to Goostrey.

Anyone who has not learnt what a Mrs. Knowles tea is like might wonder why a Mancunian should travel by a devious route to the Red Lion. Others will appreciate what a calamity it would be to face the usual Goostrey table without a good appetite. A very nice meal was enjoyed by twelve members who afterwards conducted their own Brains Trust Session on a wide range of subjects.

Advice to the Young and Innocent as to how the Handicappers assistance is best won was received by the above mentioned tricyclist.

The explanation as to why some cyclists of mere normal strength can break apparently perfect pedal spindles whilst such giants as G. B. Orrell have never broken pedal spindles but have pulled frames out of track eluded the Trust, there being no evidence to support the Presider's suggestion that pedals were best broken in a fit of temper.

A popular subject was the effect of war-time food on our palates. It was agreed that meals which before the war we would have eaten without enthusiasm would now be acclaimed as triumphs of the caterers art. With regard to beverages it was asserted that during the past three years coffee has been so gradually yet so heavily adulterated that if a regular drinker of present day coffee were given a drink of real coffee he would ask "very nice, but what is it?"

These and many other subjects were discussed, the exchange of views being occasionally halted to hear various pithy tales of Raconteur Bob Poole. The party broke up about 7-30 the main body of six taking the lane towards Alderley. Present were:—The Presider and the V.P., the Manchester Sub., the Mullah and Sons, H. G. Buckley, Poole, Hodges, two Orrells and Catling.

Alderley (Royal Oak), 8th May, 1943.

A gloriously warm afternoon with the countryside around Prestbury and Alderley, which is well wooded, looking its best; the horse-chestnut

trees and the hawthorns being especially beautiful, covered with blossom and scenting the air around with a heavenly perfume.

The Royal Oak was extremely busy having apparently just dined a large party of Home Guards or was it a bowling party?

I met F.H. in the inn yard where he was considering a stout little pony which he informed me had "mulish" blood in it, much to his mystification. Our hostess offered to sell, but we would not buy although F.H. showed some interest.

When we sat down to tea we were only five in all, Bert Green, Jack Hodges, Jim Cranshaw, Bob Poole and F. H. Koenen, and we were confronted with the task of eating two teas each, of course this was not difficult, but Catling, who arrived late, nearly arrived too late, however, two teas were found for him also and believe it not we only paid for one.

Rex Austin had made his excuses the week before for his intended absence and Hubert telephoned that he was unable to make it owing to taking part in an N.F.S. parade for the benefit of Macclesfield's "Wings for Victory" Week. Father Buckley was still away at Chirbury and I believe Louis Oppenheimer was away in Scotland.

After tea we sat about on the rather tramcar-like seats in the bar parlour until it was time to go home.

We left earlier than usual, for one thing we lacked our pace makers. F.H. did his best but when he had to leave to catch his train the remainder of us decided we had had enough and cleared off also.

Highwayside, 15th May, 1943.

I had been on night work for a week, and a spot of bed seemed desirable before the journey to Highwayside. As a result, it was fairly late when I left home, and rode by way of Alderley, Goostrey, Middlewich and Winsford to reach the Travellers' Rest shortly before six. The perfect spring day had brought together a party of twelve. Ken Barker and his brother, with Albert Preston, Frank Marriott and the Presider were found in the bar, Wilf Orrell and Frank Perkins were

sunning themselves by the bowling green; Dave Rowatt could not stay for tea as his bus arrived before he had time for more than a word or two. It is a long time since I had a chat with Dave, and I wish we had seen more of him; his loyalty and enthusiasm are a lesson to us all. Last to arrive were Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw and Harold Catling. They were somewhat late, having made a call on the way.

It is doubtless a sign of the exceptional times in which we live when I record that the meal was not too good; but the jollity of the party went far to compensate for the shortcomings of the food. No one showed a disposition to linger, and the week-end party, comprising Bert, Rex and Albert were soon ready to depart. Jack Hodges should have gone with them, but he was ill, so after both Hubert and Jim had shown signs of nibbling at the idea of a week-end, the long and lanky one nipped in, and secured the vacant bed.

It was a perfect evening for cycling as we commenced the journey: the air was crystal clear, with an almost cloudless sky and a refreshing breeze. Progress was rapid and almost effortless, as we passed by way of Spurstow, Gallantry Bank, Malpas and Worthenbury to Bangor, where a brief halt was made for refreshment. On we went, through Overton and St. Martins, crossed "the road to Wales," which appeared completely deserted, up the rise to Weston Rhyn, and dropped down to the valley road. Here we were met with great excitement; flags were flying, girls were cheering, and even a band was playing. The Presider blushed a little self-consciously, but bowed to the populace in recognition of the warmth of their reception, and it was but slowly that we realised that the furore was for "Wings for Victory," and not for the Anfield Bicycle Club.

An hospitable welcome awaited us at the Royal Oak, Glyn Ceiriog, and following a substantial supper, we were soon abed; four double beds in one big room, and we slept in considerable comfort save only for Albert's snores, which disturbed the otherwise peaceful night. We were

up betimes to greet another warm and sunny day; indeed, Rex had a sun bath in bed for a time, but was displaced by the calls of hunger. Soon all had breakfasted, the bicycles were repaired and adjusted, the reasonable account was discharged, our hostess was bidden "Adieu," and we were riding up the road. But not for long, for the ascent of the Alt-y-Bady by Bryn-y-Groes is a little severe. On our hands and knees we reached the summit, cheered on the way by the lanky one's promise of a lovely tarmac road down the other side. Alas, it proved more of the nature of a river bed, and we walked down. Followed the disentanglement of Albert from the metaphorical clutches of a charming A.T.S. girl, a brief sight see on Llangollen bridge, a short sit down near the Britannia, spoilt by the Presidential insistence on the need for quick departure, and alternately walking and riding we reached the summit of the Horse Shoe. Here the cafe provided well merited refreshment, and we were cheered by a chat with Larry Ross, the blonde bombshell of the East Liverpool Wheelers. Now there were three damsels from Runcorn to be set on their way, and we accompanied them as far as the "Crown" at Llandegla, where lunch was taken. The meal, whilst daintily served, was meagre in proportions and exorbitant in price, and we shall give the "Crown" a very wide berth in future.

Hereabouts the party split, Frank and Albert to stay awhile amongst the hills, whilst the President and Rex made for home by way of Hope Station and Chester. A light tea was partaken of at the Bleak House cafe at Tarvin, another tea, a little more substantial, at Billinge Green; but the shadow of "duty at eight prompt" was on Rex, and after leaving the Presider at Toft, he made good progress to reach home, bathe, change into uniform, have yet another tea, and arrive at Bowdon in good time for supper at ten. So ended a grand week-end, the forerunner, I trust, of many others.

Parkgate, 22nd May, 1943.

Oh! how it rained! Early afternoon was muggy, but when I started out for the run it was coming down in

fine style and to the gardeners' joy. I was quite bedraggled in five miles riding. Rigby Band, his fiancée and Len Killip were already installed. Rigby Band and his better-half-to-be had walked across Wirral, while Len, with the excuse that his bicycle is way back in Norfolk, came by car. The trio were half-way through their tea when the Editor arrived, and had finished their meal when the tea and toast for the scribe came, but that did not stop them "just tasting" the succulent morsels on Frank's plate. Elias dropped in for a moment or so and a cup of tea, and then hurried off home as he was wet. When the rain stopped George Connor, complete with khaki, walked in with Arthur Williams. George demanded a Club run for it, even though he had scrounged his tea up the road.

George and Rigby hadn't seen each other for over three years, and there was much to say, and much to celebrate and we walked along the parade to the hostelry where Len created a sensation by asking for lemon squash! Back to the Williams establishment, we all had tea and biscuits, and Arthur tried to ruin the party by wiping the buttered side of the rye-vita on the carpet. Good job *he* did it! All good times come to an end, and as George had to go farthest, he was the first to leave. Len conveyed Rigby and fiancée home, leaving the Scribe to make his own way to Thingwall.

Setter Dog Inn, Walker Barn, 22nd May, 1943.

The Sub-captain called for me at 4 o'clock as arranged during the week, and we set out by way of Sutton and Langley to Leather's Smithy before taking the old road to the Forest Chapel at Macclesfield Forest. From there we dropped down the very steep rough path to Stanley Arms, the route calling for a great deal of walking, and this combined with the need for wearing capes made it nearly 6 o'clock when we arrived at Walker Barn.

We found the assembled party made up of F.H., Oppenheimer, Wilf Orrell, Hodges and Catling, and they were already at tea. The Sub. and Hubert Buckley took their places to be

joined almost immediately by the Presider. This made the eight ordered and catered for. We had nearly finished when in came the V.P. with a truly remarkable excuse for being late—he had been stung on the top of the head by a neighbour's pet bee! Jimmy Cranshaw wouldn't believe this unless he could be provided with some concrete evidence. Mrs. Goodwin seemed rather distressed at there being one more than she had expected or catered for, and announced that he would have to have the best she could find at the time, which seemed to be very much better than the earlier arrivals had received.

After tea the two eldest members of the party left immediately for home while the rest of the party adjourned to the taproom to partake of the Macclesfield waters, and to discuss some rather stray construction of the English language used that morning by Lucio in the *Manchester Guardian*. This was followed by a lecture by the Presider on Business Names. By 8 o'clock the rain had passed off and a move was made towards home. After a quick dash down the hill into Macclesfield the V.P. and the Sub. agreed to join the writer for one hour until the need for Fire Watchers in Ashton made it necessary for Jimmy to leave.

Parkgate, 29th May, 1943.

There is not much to say about this run. After the usual rush of getting his own lunch and tidying up, your Editor potted down to Parkgate to see George Connor and Perkins sunning themselves on the wall, and a bunch of Mersey Roaders awaiting tea. Among them was the one and only Percy Brazendale, who put in his first Anfield run this war. After a chat we all sidled in to the cafe, and after the meal left the Mersey Roaders to deliberations while we three, joined by Arthur Williams and Don Birchall, made use of other pastimes until a later hour.

Prestbury, 29th May, 1943.

"The city of perpetual sunshine"—the gibe of our Liverpool friends, passed through my mind as I set out

on this glorious afternoon—bright, warm, sunshine and a cooling breeze made the day an ideal one for sauntering through the countryside in all its early summer beauty. So I put aside all idea of mileage and pedalled slowly through Alderley and along the road to Mottram St. Andrews—the steep slope of the Edge on my right and the flat plain, with trees in full foliage set here and there and little villas in the distance, their earlier rawness softened now. Approaching Mottram St. Andrews I found Bob Poole and Harold Catling trying to convince a pair of walkers that they were going away from the tea place which was, they said, their destination, but without result. As I was unable to assist their efforts I went straight on, so that I could breast the approaching rise at a pace more in accordance with my lazy mood than these young bloods would approve and expected them to catch me up quickly. Arrived at the top of the hill, still alone, I dismounted, lit my pipe and surveyed the peaceful view. Then along came Jim Cranshaw and after an interlude we slid down to the village to find the Manchester Vice, the two Buckleys, "F.H.," Louis Oppenheimer, Teddy Webb and Catling and Poole waiting for us. The two last-named had seen a figure disappearing along a road forking from the one I took, and, assuming it to be me, had followed it. We were all very pleased to see Teddy out again, just the same cheery chap that he was in the dear old days before the last war. Biek made his first appearance for many weeks—he had been sick, and then recuperated at Chirbury, where he had met Norman Turvey and wife. After tea and some slight adjustments to "F.H.'s" bicycle, "F.H." and Oppenheimer made an early start, as did Hubert Buckley, Catling, Poole and Cranshaw, all to go on duty of one sort or another, so that there were only four of us to adjourn across the road for a "chinwag." Soon we too were on our way, finding the temperature much lower and the wind stronger, through Dean Row and Bramhall for home.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.	
		TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
July 3	Halewood (Derby Arms).	July 3	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 10	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 10	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 11	Committee Meeting, Halewood (Derby Arms), Lunch, 1-0 p.m.	" 24	Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
" 17	Tarvin (Bleak House Cafe).	" 31	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand).
" 24	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	Aug. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 31	August Tour? Apply the President.		
" 31	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe.) Bath Road "100."		
Aug. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).		

FULL MOON, 17TH 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 three Members have paid their Subscriptions and/or sent a Donation* to the Comforts Fund.

My thanks to the following :—

J. C. Band.*
E. O. Morris.*
F. D. McCann.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

WEDDING BELLS.

Just after our last issue went to press, news came from Canada of Fred Brewster's marriage to Margaret Dean Maclean, of Calgary, Alberta. We extend to "Our Fred" and his bride our very best wishes and sincere hopes for a very happy future.

HUBERT BUCKLEY.

Two days before Whitsuntide our latest recruit to the Forces—Hubert Buckley—was initiated into the R.A.F. We know that Hubert does not like writing too much, but we hope for an occasional line from him with what news he may care to pass our way.

AUGUST HOLIDAY.

A rendezvous has not yet been discovered but the Presider would be assisted considerably if he knew how many were contemplating week-ending with the Club on this occasion. Could you let him know, please?

THANKS!

Acknowledgments have been received from the following for Postal Orders from the Comforts Fund :—

Syd. Jonas (we would like to print his A.G. but it is difficult to decipher), Rigby Band, Arthur Birkby, Don Birchall, George Connor, Norman Heath.

HALEWOOD.

Those who were interested in the plane which passed over the Derby Arms on the afternoon of the Halewood run last month will be pleased to know that its pilot was Dick Ryalls. Dick wished to be a little nearer to Hubert and Co., but this was the best he could do. He sends his best wishes to all.

MEMORIES.

To our request last month for more views on whether it was 1923 or 1925 when the letter was sent from Bettws-y-coed to Billy Toft, we have received the following replies :—

—Dave Rowatt.

"THE COPPICE,"
ABBAY ROAD,
RHOS-ON-SEA,
N. WALES.
5th June, 1943.

DEAR MARRIOTT,

MEMORIES.

Circular received to-day. 1925 is correct. I have photo taken by J. C. Band at "Oakley Arms," and on back I have *at time of receipt* marked Easter, 1925.

I have another photo of same visit and got it enlarged before I came across the Band copy. I now enclose you result, expect you will like to have this to keep with facsimile of letter.

Yours truly,

D. C. ROWATT.

—Norman Turvey.

42, BARNSLEY ROAD,
ACKWORTH,
NR. PONTEFRAC.

MEMORIES.

I am afraid Percy Brazendale is wrong in saying the letter to Billy Toft from those at Bettws was sent in 1923. It was sent in 1925. Proof?—certainly. Firstly, because my signature was on and I did not join the Club till the autumn of 1923.

Secondly—because it was the year I made an early start from Birkenhead on the Easter Sunday, met the Club at Conway, lunched at the Queen's, Llanfairfechan, and returned (with Percy Charles from the gentle south) over the 1,400 ft. squelchy track of the Bwlch-y-Ddeu-faen.

Thirdly, because all this is duly recorded in my own cycling diary, and if this isn't accepted as proof of anything, then because the sending of the letter is duly recorded in paragraph 2 of page 7 of *Circular* No. 231. Vol. XX, dated May, 1925.

N.T.

—Jimmie Williams.

17 CARLAW ROAD,
PRENTON,
5th June, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

The "Round Robin" was sent to W. R. Toft in 1925. In the year 1923 Toft and Venables came to Bettws together.

If you would like proof of this I can supply it if you care to give me a call.

Yours sincerely,

JIMMIE WILLIAMS.

—The Mullah.

"ENDCLIFFE,"
10, PARK AVENUE,
ASHTON-ON-MERSEY.
8th June, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

The date of the list of signatures sent to Toft from Bettws, which you gave in the A.B.C. *Circular* as 1925 was quite correct. The dispatch of these signatures to Toft is actually referred to in the A.B.C. *Circular* describing the 1925 Tour.

Thine,

C. H. TURNOR.

CHIRBURY AND ITS CLAIMS.

In view of the circumstances that a large number of Anfielders during holidays find a peaceful haven of rest at Chirbury in Shropshire we must ask ourselves what are its claims. Is it that to the virile mind we are stirred by staring at the Banks of Montgomery, that represent the works of Roger Montgomery, the right-hand man of the Conqueror himself, or can it be that Chirbury in its peaceful mood has claims of its own? Has Chirbury its own peaceful claims and are these of influence upon us? Has anyone heard of Chirbury Priory, and have we a Prior among us? Surely the Church using the term in its wider sense claims everyone of us. The span of our life-time is but short.

Chirbury used to be the proud possessor of a Priory and we consider this to be closely connected with the preference our members show for these visits, one of whom at least shares a certain sanctity with Chir-

bury's past. The Priors of old, like their present visitor, must have been able to discuss the means of ensnaring the quicktailed denizens of the pools nearby, with the same dignified mien that our member lends to the subject. Apart from the fishing rights, the Priors of this House had the rights of Burials and Christenings while the Canons of this Monastery got the tithes of Montgomery Woods and of the Mill. On the other hand Chirbury was not so convenient for celebrating the Divine Mysteries without prejudicing the souls of those buried at Chirbury.

Chirbury therefore could not be quite independent from adjacent Montgomery just over the border of the County, of which Leland wrote 500 years ago :

Great ruins of the Waulles yet apere between the 4 Gates namely, the Kedewen Gate, Chirbury Gate, Arthur's Gate, and the Kerry Gate. In the Waulle yet remayne broken tourets, of which the White Tower is the most notable.

Thus the town was anciently surrounded and defended by a wall flanked with both round and square towers and the entrances defended by Four Gates in the sixteenth century.

Few of these fortifications are now visible or traceable.

Reading this to-day we wonder if the Waulle went as far round as the Church and Church-yard and included the Prison that brought Life into the old town a century ago.

Well I recall the spacious days of Secretary Worth's Anfield Tour in 1806 when we overfilled the Dragon Hotel on our way through Darkest Shropshire and by New Invention and Knighton to the Feathers at Ludlow.

Standing near the grave at Montgomery Church of the Protesting and Innocent Victim of the Gallows whose curse has prevented the grass from growing over his grave, I was deeply struck by the beauty of the town, surely the most miniature County Town in the country, and which Claude Hulbert calls the "Capital" of the County.

Yet while we imagine that all that Montgomery Town has to boast of are the present Walls of Roger Montgomery's Castle, we do the town an injustice for the historians prove that both before and after the days of Roger Montgomery the town had known many other Castle Sites repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, including Baldwin's Castle, but completely lost from sight. Can those lie hidden in the Market Square, or behind the Old Jail or in the Woods above? When we have climbed to the only Castle to be seen by the steep footpath still in use, we are so winded that we are content to loll upon the few Castle Banks in sight.

Whenever I find an opportunity to revisit either Chirbury Village or yet Montgomery Town my heart rejoices.

F.H.K.

P.S.—Going back to the name of the Kedewen Gate-way it strikes me that Kedewen, the name in the days of Leland, Kedewen is of course the same name as "Cedewain" of to-day, thus the same name as that of the district north of Newtown. But Hulbert, writing his work of 100 years ago, speaks of it as Ngedewain (a remarkable way of arriving at the correct Welsh pronunciation of the word).

F.H.K.

(An Editorial Apology:—This short article on Chirbury was submitted by our old friend months ago and it was our intention to print it before now. It has been mislaid and we extend to our contributor our sincerest apologies.)

WHITSUN-TIDE WEEK-END, CHIRBURY.

Yet another Whitsuntide without the thrill of a "100"; without the glamour of a cyclist-ridden Shrewsbury on Whit Sunday night; without the uncomfortable sensation (no matter how great the need might be) of sliding very reluctantly from a comfortable bed soon after three a.m.; without the excitement of the event itself, when all are tense to know the winner of fastest time. Yet for all that a very happy holiday, for we went to Chirbury to stay at the

Herbert Arms with Mr. and Mrs. White. Probably the most disappointed person was Hubert Buckley, who was "collared" for the R.A.F. just two days before the week-end.

Present were, Mr. Bickley, almost a permanent resident at the Herbert Arms these days; Rex and Mrs. Austin; the Presider; Jimmy Cranshaw, and a Merseyside contingent consisting of Salty, Arthur Williams, Albert Preston and Frank Marriott. Mr. Bick had ridden from Wem, and had seen Charlie Windsor, while the others reached the rendezvous by devious routes, the last to arrive being your Editor, who was descending the hill from Forden just as the clock struck nine.

Supper was at ten, and what a merry party gathered around the feast of marvellous ham and cheese (oh! what cheese) and trappings. Life is indeed good at Chirbury, for a trencherman particularly. Just before eleven we went for a short stroll to view the village in the fast fading light, but the wind had a chill, and around the fire in the tank was by far the better place. Mr. White, trustful soul, left the necessary in charge of Rex Austin, who said that the honour was due to his honest face. We talked and chattered of many things until at the witching hour Mr. Bickley (of all people) said "Goodnight, I'm going to bed." With such an auspicious example none could linger longer, and we all climbed to seek the shelter of the sheets.

Sunday dawned wet. Heavy showers came sweeping from the hills of Wales, but "rain before seven . . ." Breakfast was another delight, and as the Presider was unable to arrange any venue for lunch, the Merseyside quartet were away for the old road along the Long Mountain while the others made their own programme to enable them to be back for lunch.

The sun shone brilliantly as we four left Chirbury for Forden, the wind came from the south-west, making the miles very easy until we started to climb from the village on the old Montgomery to Shrewsbury road to reach the summit of the Long Mountain. Once we had to shelter to avoid a short shower, and about ten minutes

was spent in admiring some Hereford bullocks and in resting from the toils of the climb.

At the top we said "Hello" to a group of Home Guards, rode along the rough ridge road, passed the Welsh Harp Hostel, and then dropped by as lovely a descent as you could wish for, only it was a bit rough, and the 'bus did a bit of buck jumping, 12-30 (precisely) and we came to the Seven Stars, which sold Trouncers Ales, and Salty said that he was going to stop there. And what Salty did, we all did. Out came the sandwiches, and we sat in the sun, talking with a local who came up for his pint on a trotting mare from Westbury.

With the afternoon came ideas from the Scribe to climb the Breiddens, but the others weren't playing, and so we were to run through the lanes to the Hope Valley and back to Chirbury for tea. That didn't materialise either; as a change we tried first left, first right, and the second turning landed us in the middle of a heath where the sun shone brightly and it was hot. We slept.

At four o'clock we were away to make our very slow way back to the Herbert Arms. The Presider had not yet returned from Bishop's Castle when we arrived; he had had to shelter from a very heavy shower at Church Stoke. The others had done what we had done—slumbered!

Seven p.m., and we were away again. Rex Austin and his lady, together with Mr. Bickley and Jimmy Cranshaw, had a date at Marton, to try the cider there, while the other five were for Montgomery, to be shown by the Presider around the old county town. First thing was the Robbers Grave, and then, leaving the bicycles against the churchyard wall under the friendly eye of the policeman, we made for the castle heights, to be greeted by a view which would take a good deal to equal.

In the light of the sun we could see the bright stonework of Chirbury Church, and we marvelled at the straightness of the road, and how it rippled. The way to Forden was as a line, too. Another road curved beneath us around the base of the hill

to reach the Severn and the main road to Newtown, while the town, far below, glittered in the brilliant light. We tramped round the earthworks, examined the thick walls of the old fortress, and all we missed was the authoritative presence of F.H. telling us all there is to know about Montgomery and its fortresses. He told us to look for the site of the old castle, but we could see little else but the ramparts around the stone ruins of the medieval fortress.

Salty was fastest on the trip back to Chirbury. Six minutes, he said, and it also must be recorded that the Presider, wanging his top gear, all but dropped Marriott and Williams.

Chirbury is in England, Montgomery is in Wales, and so you can imagine what a full house there was when we got back to the Herbert Arms, but the merriment soon subsided after ten, and by that time we were very replete once more with delightful supper. Rex was again the man of the hour, and in the tank Mr. Bickley told us how to cook (and eat) tripe. He likes (so he told us) his tripe black, but can you imagine our mothers or wives buying black tripe? I cannot. Mr. Bick doesn't seem to have much good to say about frying pans or tin openers, either. He spurns them.

Another thing we heard was that on October 22nd our old friend celebrates his 70th birthday, and we have agreed to have a week-end holiday (war or no war) to celebrate with him. Book the date for something good. It was also agreed that we all should earmark £5 (at least that) in our wills for a party and a real good send-off to the "dear departed." For one who sincerely hopes that he has yet ages and ages to live this is a grand idea! And so came midnight, and bed once more.

In the morning, after more chatting and handshakes, we went our way. Mr. Bick was for Kingsland after lunch; Rex and his lady were staying at Chirbury for a few days longer. Bert Green and Jimmy dodged the showers so far as Nantwich, the wind turned then, and the homeward trip was not easy. The other four stopped in Welshpool to supplement their sand-

wiches with a large pork pie, and Salty was to be seen walking through the busy streets of the little town with a lettuce in one hand and a bunch of spring onions in the other. We devoured the lot at Pool Quay Inn. Great days!

W. R. Oppenheimer has sent a cutting from *The Times* of a day in April, 1938, of which the following is an interesting extract, giving details of cycling experiences even earlier than the eighties of last century.

BICYCLES IN THE EIGHTIES.

"Bone-Shaker" and "Penny-Farthing."

Your correspondents revive their recollections of bicycling in the eighties but my association with the two-wheeled machine began 20 years before theirs, as I rode a bicycle, significantly termed a "bone-shaker," in the year 1868. These machines, with their wooden wheels, steel tyres, and springless saddles, justified indeed the name by which they soon became generally known, and it was to minimise vibration and to increase the mechanical advantage obtained in pedalling that the disproportion in the diameter of the two wheels, ultimately leading to the "penny-farthing" effect, was gradually adopted.

When in 1870 I went as a student to the University of Wurzburg, I took with me a high bicycle of the latest model, and although I cannot record any heroic distance performances such as were achieved 10 years later by your two correspondents, yet a few of my experiences with the "penny-farthing" in Germany may not be without interest. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen there before, so that it was *ein Wunder-ding* to one and all. I shall never forget my first ride at Wurzburg, when in descending a long and steep hill at considerable velocity, for the braking-power of these machines was almost negligible, I suddenly saw to my consternation that some men were carrying a telegraph pole across the

roadway, of which only two or three feet were still clear for my passage, but which in a second or two more would also have been blocked by the pole. In order to avoid the imminent catastrophe which awaited me I quickly realised that it was all-important that the men should think that it was they themselves, and not I, that was in desperate peril, and I automatically shouted "Nehmen sie sich in acht" ("take care of yourselves"), at which they turned and, beholding me on this, to them, almost miraculous contraption, dropped the pole as though it had been a red-hot iron, and thus enabled me to shoot past them to safety!

On another occasion, when wheeling my bicycle, I came up with the distinguished Professor of Mathematics whose lectures I was attending, and he, not unnaturally, much intrigued by the fantastic appearance of the machine, proceeded to prove to me that, according to the principles of rigid mechanics, it could not possibly achieve its purpose of carrying a rider, as its equilibrium was so unstable that if it did not fall on one side it must inevitably fall on the other. After listening to his academic disquisition I hopped on to my "penny-farthing" and rapidly disappeared beyond the horizon, reflecting that an ounce of practice is worth much more than a pound of theory! Or, as another of my revered professors, T. H. Huxley, put it, "an ingenious theory is often killed by an awkward fact." During the two years I stayed in Wurzburg my bicycle excited so much interest and admiration that soon after my departure I learnt that there were some 70 of the inhabitants who had acquired machines like mine, and that not a few of them had suffered the casualties incidental to the riding of the now almost legendary "penny-farthing," but which in its day was the unquestioned speed king of the road.

I am, yours faithfully,

PERCY F. FRANKLAND,

House of Letterawe, Loch Awe,
Argyllshire, April 11.

A LETTER FROM

JACK PITCHFORD.

DEAR FRANK,

If you were in the Army and as fond of letter writing as I am you would find it was one of your biggest burdens, but as Ira Thomas has informed me that you would like my address I thought I had better make an effort. Since I have been in the Army they have nearly worn me out with a pencil and all the schooling, but I suppose I must consider myself lucky that is the worst I have had to do, but I have had great fun driving a tank about so that evens it up a bit. It is a long time since I had a blind on a bicycle, but I have not forgotten the good times I have had with the Club, and I wish to be remembered to them all.

Wishing you all the best,

J. PITCHFORD.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

5TH MAY, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

In my civilian occupation my immediate superior (now that I'm a temporary gentleman I don't write "the boss") used to emphasise that procrastination was the thief of time. Your air mail letter of 13th April was delivered to me exactly 10 minutes ago, so this is catching the first edition.

I was enjoying my afternoon siesta when the ward sister (yes, I'm in hospital) brought in three letters, and murmured something about it not being fair.

What am I in hospital with? Well, you nosy blighter, exactly 14 days ago a surgical specialist slit me open in the lower regions, extracted my intestines and in the mess found a nasty little pink appendix which he proceeded to transfer to a bottle. The remainder of my inside was packed away again apparently in the correct order because I'm functioning normally again, and to-morrow I'm getting the boot and going on sick leave.

Yes, sir, we're bred tough in the Anfield. "Remarkable recovery, re-

commended 14 days leave," is the doctor's comment on my sheet.

Exactly 14 days ago almost to the minute I came out of the anaesthetic (that's harder to spell than occasion) and caused quite a riot amongst the more peaceful patients.

A terrific yell, "They got me in the stomach," rent the air, followed by "Is this Plymouth?" "Where's the rest of the boys?" The Sister didn't help and when she got rather stern and awkward I pointed an accusing finger and said "Ah! I know your a German, I'm a prisoner, you'll probably let me die," which I promptly did, for a further half-an-hour. At the end of this time a deep voice was heard: "Halt, who goes there?" answered by a higher key, "The Keys." Deep voice: "Who's Keys?" Higher voice, "The King's Keys." Deep voice, "Pass, the King's Keys," then followed a noise of bag-pipes (reminiscent of haggis calling to their young) playing the "Campbell's are coming."

After this command performance I returned to my normal insanity and apart from bursting one thermometer and swallowing another I've been a model patient since.

There is no truth in the rumour that from this operation one pair of scissors failed to return.

So much for my hospital sojourn.

I'm going to a place for leave, about 2½ days train journey from here, where I believe the country is not unlike North Wales and being fairly high in the climate is quite "liveable-in."

The natives there are pagan and go about in a disgusting state of nakedness.

(Here follows a par. which we would delight to print, but dare not.—Ed.)

The number of bicycles out here is amazing and all the well-paid natives (£3-£5 a month) possess either a B.S.A. or Raleigh roadster. If he's a particular big cheese he has a dynamo and three-speed gear. You very rarely see the enamel or plating because it is kept covered by adhesive brown paper, mudguards and all.

They keep the machines in excellent condition, each spoke simply glistens,

and the only neglect is that the tyres are not kept inflated hard enough.

It's quite a picturesque sight to see one of the Housa merchants, his long white robes billowing in the self-made breeze. What a sensation one would cause tearing up the New Chester Road!

The fellows who think they're "the boys" are the M.T. drivers. They don't wear boots, cunningly gripping the accelerator between the big toe and the next, they tear along the narrow roads, horn blaring, wearing an expression of disdain for the poor beggars who, with a ruddy great head-load of about 100 lbs., leap with great alacrity into the ditch.

Your story of the recent week-end certainly improved my home-sickness. It sounds fine in England to hear of swaying palms, clear skies, burning sun, tropical magic and all that, but believe me it's got nothing on Shropshire or Cheshire in any season. If I'm not careful I'll be writing about blossoms in spring and budding birds and singing trees.

Very pleased to hear of all the boys, congratulations to Eric and Peter for coming thro' the latest "do." George on his cushy job; Tommy Samuel on his not so cushy one; and Harry Stott, P.O.N.; not to mention Ted and his holiday station. Ira Thomas will be interested to hear that I met his old Platoon Commander, Lieut. Johnson, out here.

I think that's about all for now, so with kind regards to all, not forgetting Tilly, I'll say 'cheerio.'

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY.

A RUN TO TARVIN.

On the front page will be found notice of a run to Tarvin on 17th July. Bleak House Cafe is the name, and you will find it at the head of the bye-pass road. Please note that tea is at 5-30 p.m. in order to accommodate the cafe people, and please do not arrive later than 6-0 p.m.

RUNS.

Halewood, 5th June, 1943.

In the unavoidable (or was it avoidable?) absence of YOUR Editor, YOUR Vice-President came to an amicable arrangement with the fellow what's writin' this up to send the report of the run in for the next bi-monthly edition (or is it monthly edition. Do the *Circulars* come out monthly now Mister Editor or how? I seem not to have been able to follow the tempo lately.) Ah! I recollect they do come out monthly because the chief topic of conversation at the table when toying with the viands was a general appreciation with the improvement in the despatch of the *Circular* for the current month, which had arrived that morning. The feeling of satisfaction which was so unanimously expressed did not, however, dispose of the business of the evening and it left a grave problem to be solved, a situation that not even the oldest member present, who incidentally celebrated his 69th birthday a month ago, had ever known to happen before. In a few words, gentlemen, this was the problem. You are aware of course, that the *Circular* always—has always, published the first run of the following month, and the first run only, on its front page, on the assumption that the following month's edition would be out by the date the second run in the month was to fall. Well, gentlemen, this just did not happen at the beginning of May and the result was that a large number of members who had intended going to that run were standing on their own doorsteps on Saturday, May 8th, from 8-30 a.m. to 5-30 p.m. waiting for the bally old *Circular* to arrive to tell them where to go to. After 5-30 p.m. they gave up waiting and threw their old irons back into their stables, cursing YOUR Editor and YOUR Printer and all they jolly well stood for. It was reported that so large a number of members contemplate making application for credit for the run which they were done out of, some say by the gross mismanagement of the responsible authorities, that YOUR poor old Secretary will have a devil of a

time sorting it all out for his attendance list. Owing to the foregoing having been of necessity somewhat lengthy, other details have been left till the last, the writer had been round by Newton-le-Willows (on trike) and had enjoyed an afternoon tea at a cafe there of steak-pie and chips and bread and butter and tea at a relatively reasonable figure, others had either ridden direct or come by train or bus. The meal at Halewood consisted of cold meat, salad, etc., etc., and was of very acceptable dimensions. Those present were Hubert Roskell, Eddie Morris, Stevie, Tommy Mandall and Chandler.

(Even after nearly four years of strife our contributor still does not know there's a war on. Will all who cannot appreciate the occasional unavoidable delay in producing the *Circular* please note that the printer has had to suffer the temporary loss of most of his staff to the armed forces, and that we are very fortunate indeed in receiving the attention we do.—Ed.).

Goostrey, 5th June, 1943.

Not feeling so good but unwilling to miss a Red Lion run, I started from home in good time and after an uneventful and unhurried journey, arrived at Goostrey cum Barnshaw before 5 p.m., to find Mr. Bickley already firmly installed.

Jim Cranshaw, Hubert Buckley, Rex Austin, Albert Preston and Stan. Wild (The Cheshire Roads Scribe), arrived next—the three last named were week-ending at Three Shire Heads. Wilf and Bren Orrell completed the first sitting for tea.

Bert Green arrived very late, having been assisting at a christening or a wedding—or something.

After a very fine meal we adjourned for the usual libations and the conversation turned to Hubert's imminent one way trip to Padgate and what would be done to him "on the square," short of squaring the circle. I think it is agreed that there will be a big gap in our runs.

Bick and Jack Hodges broke away early and no doubt all the others reached their billets safely.

Parkgate, 12th June, 1943.

West Kirby—Chester. Tail wind. Lunch — Cathedral — Organ — English Paintings—Hallé Orchestra Rehearsal. Eaton Park—Mollington—Capenhurst — Burton — Parkgate — Crowded Café — Tobacco — Home.—50 miles. I saw no other members.

C. F. ELIAS.

Highwayside, 19th June, 1943.

Only five—four members and one friend—attended this run, though the afternoon was fine and bracing. The Presider and the Manchester Vice and his better half came up from Chirbury, in glorious sunshine and with a hefty following wind, by different routes. The tandem pair reported a complete dearth of non-alcoholic refreshment on their route; as they had taken the precaution of carrying food with them they had not had occasion to test the feeding possibilities. The Presider, on the other hand, had had an excellent lunch at a reasonable price at the Raven. (Readers must excuse the prominence given to food in this note, but nowadays it is a problem, and much in our thoughts when out). Since all three had duty to perform at home, they got down to tea early, and the Presider dashed off just after 6 o'clock, meeting Wilf Orrell at the door of the inn. Later on Harold Catling turned up and that completed the party. We were all very sorry to see that friend Johnson, usually so cheery, was obviously under the weather. The party cleared away early and had a pleasant easy ride home.

Wildboardclough, 26th June, 1943.

It was nice to renew acquaintance with a catering house, frequented many years ago, but not entered at all in the meantime. It was nice, too, to have such a fine day for the journey. The sun shone from an almost cloudless sky, the breeze was pleasant and not too strong—in fact, all was set for a very enjoyable outing. And the realization was equal to the anticipation, which is not always the case.

I proceeded slowly, as befitted the hot conditions, by Styal and Wilmslow to Alderley, walking the major portion of the road to the Edge and then by the Smithy and the pretty lane to Broken Cross. Then through Macclesfield and on to Sutton the hard work began, and I was glad to get a cup of tea at the Ryles Arms. Then more low gear work through Clulow Cross and so to the Clough, which I had scarcely entered when I was overtaken by Harold Catling, on trike as always, and also fit, as always. Together we finished the journey to the Stanley Arms, to find the Manchester Vice, the Manchester Sub, Wilf Orrell and Don Shaw with their feet already in the trough, and Stanley, the caterer, with a beaming welcome. An excellent meal was provided for us, and at a price comparing very favourably with those we are paying generally nowadays. The talk was all of the doings at Whitsuntide and of the Manchester

Wheeler's "50," to celebrate the Club's 60th birthday, and the Tri-cycle "50," these events to take place one on the morrow, the other on the following Sunday. After tea we dawdled awhile, admiring the scenery—the Derbyshire hills quite close to us, the Clough with its chattering stream near the road—and discussing ways homeward. The Presider, the Sub. and Don Shaw, all having engagements which necessitated a more or less direct route went up the long hill to the Cat and Fiddle road, approaching the Setter Dog, Wilf Orrell made for Twemlow, and the Vice and Harold Catling started on a tourlet which, so far as I could understand, took in the maximum number of hills, and then brought them back almost to the starting point; I think our Editor would have enjoyed it. Anyhow, I hope they did it and liked it; we, the direct party, reached home safely and in good time.

ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Aug. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms).
.. 14	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 21	Tarvin (Bleak House Cafe).
.. 28	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Sept. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.
TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

July 31	Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe).
Aug. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 14	Alderley (Royal Oak).
.. 28	Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
Sept. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 15TH 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.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—

Mr. E. Haynes, 1 Abbey Cottages,
Tewkesbury, Glos.

Mr. J. Leece, Crouch End, Overdale
Road, Willaston, Wirral.

Mr. J. M. James, 36 Mayfield Road,
Birmingham.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am pleased to record an improve-
ment upon the number of subscriptions
paid last month, and tender my best
thanks to the following for Subscrip-
tions and/or Donations* to the Com-
forts Fund.

P. C. Beardwood,* H. W. Powell.*

F. Chandler.* C. Randall.

J. Leece.* J. Seed.

W. M. Owen.* A. T. Simpson.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

FORCES NOTES.

We have little news this month
apart from what is printed on other
pages. George Connor has had a spot
of leave, and we safely saw him away
from Merseyside the other Monday.
Ted Byron writes of sunny days at
Cardigan. Ted does a good deal of
chasing around these days, and since
we last mentioned him being at
Oulton Park he has been at Ramsgate,
Redesdale (Northumberland), Oulton
Park (again) and now Cardigan.

"MEMORIES."

Hubert Roskell writes to tell us
that it was through the good graces
of John Leece that the recent facsimile
of the letter to Billy Toft was able to be
reproduced and, of course, our thanks
are due to John for his kindness.

RACING NOTES.

West Cheshire "50."

This event was run off on Sunday,
July 18th, with a fair wind which
rose considerably during the event.
Lloyd, of the Liverpool Unity, won
with 2.9.22; Ross (East Liverpool)
was second with 2.11.53; and Bentley
third, 2.13.58. Of ours, Salty finished
in 2.17.27, and Catling (tricycle) just
managed to get inside three hours
with 2.59.27. Snowden and Preston
were in attendance.

ON BONESHAKERS.

Willy Oppenheimer's Boneshaker
and Penny Farthing of the Eighties
cling to the heartstrings of those who
rode them and myself in particular,
as at my college I had the free use of
at least twenty boneshakers at will.
These included all sizes and models,
but best of all the model with a step
midway between the two big wheels
which only the most adept could use
to advantage. With regard to the
Penny Farthings that name was
seldom used when the Ordinaries were
still in use. I never heard it then. The
best machine of that type used for the
road is the machine in the Bowes Lyon
Museum at Barnard Castle. I hope it
is still there.

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—HUBERT BUCKLEY.

BLACKPOOL,

11/7/43.

DEAR FRANK,

Sadie sent me on the *Circular*, and
I saw your remarks about writing to
you.

I could not write sooner although
I had intended doing so, as I could not
remember your address.

I am afraid I have not the bright

literary ability of Tommy Sherman. I wish I had, then I might fill the pages of the *Circular* for you with the impressions of a "Sprog" in Blackpool.

Life on the whole is not too bad, although the first weeks have nearly creased me for good and all. Can you imagine me doing P.T. on the sand with nothing between me and dishonour than a very short pair of pants. It needs to be seen to be believed.

Lots of my friends think I am very lucky to be spending the whole summer in Blackpool, but I would give quite a lot for the chance of a few days somewhere near Clive Church Spire.

If you are on the Club run next Saturday, give my best wishes to all.

Thine,

HUBERT

—NORMAN HEATH. (R.N.).

3rd July, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to everyone for the further gifts from the Comforts Fund. The local P.O. is to blame for holding up your March letter, as I sent in the usual notification of change of address when I left Murray's Road.

I must say I'm enjoying my stay on this island (I.O.M.) immensely. My duties are by no means arduous, with many hours free to spend with the family sun-bathing on the beach or to visit the many beauty spots, made even more pleasant to the lucky few by the lack of the more usual holiday sightseers.

As it is no longer possible to include the Service address in the *Circular* I should be pleased to hear at any time of any of 'Ours' whose path is likely to cross mine. My brother in the R.A.F. left here about three days before I arrived, rather an unlucky break, as we have not met for over two years.

Kindest regards to yourself and all members, with a special vote of thanks to the Presider and other stalwarts for keeping the Manchester Section in such rosy health.

Sincerely yours,

NORMAN

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

20/6/43.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Many thanks for your A/G of April 7th, and for the good wishes contained therein. I have been getting the *Circular* quite regularly, and was pleased to learn that Rigby is home—and not a little jealous too! I am separated from the Engineers by a few thousand miles now, and our practise of passing each other unknowingly will, in Army parlance, cease forthwith. I'm keeping quite fit and well and working up a terrible thirst, for we are rationed to half-a-bottle of beer per week: they say half a loaf is better than none, but with beer the half-bottle merely increases my thirst. Excuse the writing, but the flies round here have large claws on them and one has to keep doing a sort of jig to keep them at bay.

Remember me to all the lads, and kindest regards to yourself.

Cheerio.

SAMMY

—ERIC REEVES.

26th June, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Before I say a word I must draw your attention to the change of address underlined above once again, it is now known as the 622 and not the 2nd Sqdn, it is the same unit and the same personnel, the only change is the aforementioned numeral. We have a good reputation as the 2nd, and it is rather a blow to have it changed so

impersonally after a long and estimable tour under the old numeral. However, the main purpose of this letter is to thank you and the Club for the Postal Order for 20/- enclosed in your letter of 3rd May, which I have just received. I am really grateful for the continued thoughts shewn for our welfare, and it is hard to think of a way to show our appreciation of the fact. It would be all right if one could look forward to carrying the Club's name high up in the finishing lists in competition after the war, but we are nearly all over the 30 mark now and Army life does not equip one for a speed career. However, I am looking forward to the day when I can try to express my thanks to you all in person. Roll on the reunion we all so look forward to. Well, I must say cheerio for the present with all best wishes to you and all those who are keeping things going at home.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

4/7/1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

The June *Circular* arrived yesterday: this is indeed a record. Had I had a 'plane and a 'chute handy I could just about have made the Goostrey meeting! The March and April *Circulars* have also come and your letter and P.O. of 3/5/43. Many thanks for all this mail and the P.O. You'll notice my address is now B.N.A.F., instead of good old M.E.F. I'm sorry about the change, but know that we're not here to admire the exceedingly monotonous scenery. I'm now a long way from the Engineers and our next meeting will probably be after the war. " " Yimkin " (ask Rigby what it means). The temperature is about 110° these days, and

not an iced drink or even warm beer anywhere within a hundred miles. I'm keeping pretty fit, I've got to in this job and the chances of becoming dissipated on a half bot. beer per week are very remote. Cheerio for now and best wishes to all.

SAMMY.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

1ST JULY, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

You certainly take the biscuit when it comes to filling one of these cards, so although I'm not using a typewriter I'm going to try your way and see if I can't cram in a few extra words.

Your letter was waiting a few days at the unit (before I returned from a very enjoyable 30 days sick leave) together with one from Harold Kettle, and as these cards are strictly limited I'm going to take the opportunity of thanking the Club for the P.O. and kind wishes.

Yes, W.H., it certainly did help to quench the terrific thirst I've acquired, and I silently drunk yours and all Anfielders' health with my bottle of 'Congo' beer. It's pretty putrid compared with Bass's Draught, but after a sticky morning it tastes like champagne.

I'm pleased to hear that Peter liked my A.S.F. business, after I'd handed it over to you I thought it was silly, and did hope that you wouldn't print it. I'm afraid I haven't had much time to do anything in the scribing line of late but I'll keep Peter's suggestion in mind and if I think of anything good I'll let you have it as soon as possible.

So far, I have received your letters but no newspapers or magazines. I am not alone in this respect so I'm hoping that they'll arrive shortly.

And now, congratulations to the

boys of North Africa on "something attempted, something done!" We've heard a lot about "Monty," but it's a pleasant thought that the Anfield handicap snatchers were there at the start and still going strong at the finish. Congratulations also to Tommy Samuel for having more "Newington Butts" than I ever hope to have. There are two things the thought of which makes me shudder, one is jumping by 'chute from a 'plane, and the other is riding a '100,' and if it came to a choice I think I'd pick the '100.'

I must say I enjoy your resume of your cycling activities although at the end of every line I find myself saying "The lucky ——" or perhaps something even stronger.

I met a fellow out here whose home town is Shrewsbury, and we had a very enjoyable half-hour recalling the names of all the pubs in Shropshire and the Welsh Border country. Between us we were able to name most of them, and it brought back to me some pleasant memories of "Anfield-land."

I hear from my mother that you recently lost your mother, and I offer my deepest sympathy to your sister and you in what must be a terrific loss to you both.

I'm afraid I won't be able to write every letter to you by airmail, as we are restricted in the number we send, and this is an extra I've managed to wangle.

I wrote you by surface mail about six weeks' ago, and told you the story of my operation, so I hope you've received it by now.

I must "fizz out" now, to use a Churchillian phrase, so once again many thanks to the Club for the P.O.

and kind regards to all the 'boys' old and young.

Very sincerely yours,

TOMMY.

P.S.—If Peter wants something about Combined Ops. there is a good book called "Commando Attack," by Gordon Holman (5/-) who was on most of the raids as P.A. correspondent and describes them much better than I could ever hope to.—TOMMY.

RUNS.

Halewood, 3rd July, 1943.

The 4-33 Stockport Express from Liverpool drew to an unexpected stop at Halewood to allow a distinguished party to descend, said party consisting of Hubert Roskell, George Newall, Eddie Morris and Ralph Fer. The hazardous journey to the Derby Arms was accomplished without loss, and as the time was not yet ripe, the lounge was selected as a temporary waiting room. Conversation here was maintained at a high intellectual level, the subject being arthritis, but by some quite logical means the record-breaking rides of various members were analysed under the same heading. Promptly at zero hour Hubert led the way to the theatre of operations and, reinforcements having arrived in the persons of three common cyclists—George Stevie, Tommie Mandall and Frank Chandler—mopping-up commenced.

The sight of so many "dead men" affected Newall and Morris to such an extent that they had to be evacuated to the dining room, though they gave the rather lame excuse that a train to Liverpool was being halted for them. They were presently joined by the remainder of the party, and some excellent cold salmon disappeared in the usual manner while the relative

positions of Britain and Russia after the war were being settled. The two train travellers were first away, and Chandler was then given a clear road to enable him to manoeuvre his "barrer." The last to depart were Stevie and Mandall, after they had seen Roskell and Fer into strategic positions in the 'bus queue, and the Derby Arms was left waiting for the next invasion.

Goostrey (Red Lion), 3rd July, 1943.

This run appears deservedly at the head of the fixtures each month for the Manchester Section, or the 5-30 p.m. side as my daughter refers to it.

The Red Lion of Goostrey-cum-Barnshaw can have changed but little since the early 18th Century. To-day as in the past and I hope long into the future it extends a hearty welcome to members of the A.B.C., many if not all Manchester section Anfielders are known to our kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and their efforts are duly appreciated by all.

There were nine of us present on this occasion, the Presider as usual arriving late, but it was left to Catling to be actually the last to arrive, Wilf. and Bren arrived together, a bulky pair; others present being Buck, on Sunbeam, R.J. and Son, Louis Oppenheimer and Jim Cranshaw.

Tea over and a few beers consumed in the back parlour, the party dispersed to make for home in two's and three's; the evening sky showing prospects of another lovely day to follow.

Prestbury, 10th July, 1943.

The weather was wet in the afternoon. Shakespeare's "Gentle Rain from Heaven" fell steadily until about five o'clock. By a strange coincidence

the turn-out to Prestbury was small—or perhaps it was not a mere coincidence. Possibly the Clerk of the Weather has an agreement with the Club so that the sun shines on the Anfield if he can possibly manage it. Observing that few Anfielders were to ride to Prestbury the benevolent Clerk decided that it was a good time to rid himself of his surplus stocks of rain.

I started late and rode out by the direct route through Cheadle, Handforth and Dean Row, arriving at Prestbury a little before 5-30. Jim Cranshaw joined me just as the Legh Arms was opening, and after warning Mrs. Smith that the Anfield party had arrived, we crossed the road for an appetizer before tea.

Recrossing to the White House we saw Don Shaw, who had looked in the Legh Arms for a quick one, but had failed to see us. The wet afternoon had had far more effect on the other cafe customers than on our party, for whereas Anfielders usually account for about 10% of the cafe occupants we were in sole possession. As a result there were more pancakes and scones than we could eat and everything else was on an almost lavish scale.

Our talk was mostly shop. Characteristics of textile and other fibres—weaknesses in the structure of the cotton industry, etc.—topics of little interest to most *Circular* readers. Occasionally we paused to reflect how odd it seemed for the Presider to be on the absentee list. It must be recorded, however, that he had not deserted us but was representing the Anfield B.C. at the Manchester Wheelers Jubilee Dinner. The Wheelers had also managed to entice from a Club run Messrs. E. Buckley and R. J. Austin.

We left, about 7.30, Don Shaw making a bee line for home, whilst Jim and I potted home over the Edge and through a maze of lanes, reaching Bramhall before the rain commenced again.

Parkgate, 10th July, 1943.

This run was graced only by three: Ken Barker, and Franks Marriott and Perkins. Actually, Ken moved off home before the other two arrived. Perkins was full of his recent tour in the Scottish Lowlands (which he completed around the Stiperstones in Shropshire!) and the tale of his frantic and fruitless search for a bed, culminating with catching the train home from Carlisle at an hour after midnight, is worthy of a page in this *Circular*. But it will take more than an Editor's persuasion to get him to write it, we think. After a delightful chat, the two sidled off home, sorry indeed that some others had not thought it worth while to come.

Tarvin, 17th July, 1943.

At the parting of the ways where the new road slips down the hill to the mill pool, and the old route runs through the village to Tarvin's towered church, there is a cafe—a very pleasant cafe even though its name be Bleak House. Marriott and Preston first tried it when the scribe had a spot of tummy trouble on the way home from Highwayside last year, and the tea and toast were good indeed. Not long ago the Presider had more tea and toast there, and he thought the place worth trying for a Club run.

It was a real summer's day, although the wind was a bit sticky when you tried to hurry into it. Marriott arrived last as usual, and he was nearly shut out, as the cafe closes its doors at

6.0 p.m. Inside it was mostly Anfielders, and here is the selection, chosen at random: Jack Seed, Ken Barker, Jack Hodges, Harold Catling, Jimmy Cranshaw, Johnny Band, Geoff. Lockett, Wilf. Orrell, Rex Austin, Bert Green, George Stevie and Peter. Guy Pullan (Mersey Roads) was a welcome visitor. Harold Catling had brought his barrer so as to have a "do" at the West Cheshire "50" in the morning.

As it was sunnier outside, we moved into the light and chatted for minutes. Bert Green and Jack Hodges were for Wem, to seek a bed there, and we envied them not their journey into the sticky breeze. Geoff. Lockett went for a ride round Helsby, and Barker, Catling and Marriott called at the Randall establishment before entering Wirral for an easy ride home. By the new Wirral road we left Ken to reach Bebington by the direct way, while the other two traced the "50" course so that Harold wouldn't lose himself. Near Thornton Hough they parted, Harold for Lower Bebington to stay with Ken Yardley, Frank for Heswall before the last miles to Thingwall.

Parkgate, 24th July, 1943.

Only two—Franks Perkins and Marriott—rolled up for the run. The Editor reached the parade first and sat on the old quay wall watching the sun shine on the mud, and the bicycles—old and new, which now fill Parkgate's promenade. Quite a number of people were awaiting tables, but with commendable alacrity we slid past and had a prompt meal. Arthur Williams and Don Birchall turned up afterwards and we had a pleasant chat amid the sunshine and ozone.

Wildboarclough, 24th July, 1943.

Have you noticed how some fellows say of some rendezvous "Oh! it always rains when we go there?" It isn't true, of course; what is true is that they have attended runs to the place on one or two occasions, and the weather happened to be unfavourable to them. Well, it looks as though Stanley's will get the reputation of ensuring fine weather, for on both occasions of our visits the weather has been gloriously fine and warm. I had intended to get there via the Long Hill from Whaley Bridge to Buxton and back to Wildboarclough by the Cat and Fiddle, but the early start necessary for the longer journey was not possible, so I had to take the road through Alderley, Macclesfield, Sutton and Clulow Cross. One can travel this road many times before it palls, and though fairly hard for one who has not done much hill work for many years, with low gears available very little walking is necessary. Macclesfield is rather a fly in the ointment, but there isn't very much of it, and one is soon in the suburbs and has the hills in full view. But it was hot pushing up the rises to-day,

and I looked forward to a cup of tea at the Ryles Arms at Sutton. So my disappointment was great when I was told that they had no catering licence and would supply no soft refreshments. If I'd waited half-an-hour or so, I could have got gallons of beer, but not a drop of tea when I wanted it, which seems all wrong to me. Reaching the Stanley Arms just on time I found that Rex Austin had already been and gone, and had left there Jack Hodges, Wilf. Orrell, Harold Catling and a friend of Wilf's. In a little while we had an excellent meal and after a chat walked up the hill towards the Cat and Fiddle road, the while discussing bicycles we had had. On the question of weight one member seemed to argue that there was precious little difference between what are known as light and heavy machines, and tried to prove it in detail, but I don't think we were convinced. Then we had the glorious run down into Macclesfield, where the party split up, Wilf. and his friend to go to Twemlow and Jack and the Presider to make their way homewards via Dean Row (Catling had gone early to go on Home Guard duty) and so ended another very pleasant day.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Sept. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).
„ 11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
„ 12	Committee Meeting, 1-0 p.m. Halewood (Derby Arms).
„ 18	Tarvin (Bleak House Cafe).
„ 25	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
Oct. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Sept. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).
„ 11	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
„ 25	Wildboardclough (Stanley Arms).
Oct. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 14TH 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: Mr. 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 am afraid this will be only a short list this month as the *Circular* is going to press earlier than usual. My thanks to the following for their subscriptions and/or donations.*

F. J. Cheminai, J. H. Fawcett *
J. Cranshaw, * G. Lockett,
W. R. Oppenheimer.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

FORCES NOTES.

The most important news this month is that Tommy Sherman is coming home, and will probably be in England again by the time these notes are printed. Walter Connor had a spot of leave during the month after a spell in hospital for nearly three weeks. Rigby Band and George Connor met at Richmond the other evening and spent a very enjoyable time tasting the waters and finishing up with supper at the Y.M.C.A. "And please, can't we have a Club run?" Rigby's note finishes on this very plaintive note.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Thursday, 19th August, Rigby Band was married to Eva Hood, at Doncaster. Some months ago Rigby brought Eva to Parkgate and we were delighted to meet her. We are pleased now to extend our sincerest wishes to the happy pair.

RACING NOTES.

Salty has been off colour lately and therefore no racing for him, but Harold Catling has been keeping the Club colours flying. He gained first handicap in the Pyramid C.C. "100," with a splendid triecyle ride of 6.3.54, his first attempt at the distance. In a recent West Cheshire "25" he clocked 1.23.27.

OBITUARY—EDWARD HAYNES.

As reported very briefly in a recent issue, some weeks ago we lost a keen Anfielder in the passing of Edward Haynes. For over fifteen years he had not been astride a bicycle, as an accident in 1927 caused him to have a leg amputated, but for many years he attended runs and races in the car.

Edward Haynes was a well-known Manchester clubman before he joined us in 1920. In 1918 he was President of the Manchester Wheelers. As a racing man his career went very surprisingly back to the days of 1907, when he clocked 2.54.15 for a "50." In July, 1910, he competed in the Snake Hill climb on the Glossop road, his time for one mile being 4 minutes 26 seconds. In the Manchester Wheelers "12" of 1912 he finished with the very good ride of 173½ miles. His name was frequently met with on Anfield race cards in 1920 and 1921, and in 1923 our old friend won the Cheadle Hulme Club's veteran race over a distance of 25 miles.

For some years now circumstances prevented Edward Haynes from seeing us as frequently as he would have liked, but we were always too pleased to have his greeting at the fifty-mile events in the early 30's, and those who were on the run from Edinburgh to Liverpool on that May day in 1932 will remember seeing him at Penrith. We are sorry indeed to realise that he has passed his way, and our sincerest wishes go to Mrs. Haynes, Eddie and the others in his family.

WHEELERS JUBILEE DINNER.

An Anfielder honoured by the Wheelers at their Diamond Feast on July 10th was also the only competitor of the far off days at Sale

Gardens of the Manchester Athletic Bicycle Club, long since forgotten. Perhaps F.H.K. had qualified as an ex-holder of their 25 miles championship, what year he also scored over 10 miles, doing slightly better time per mile over the longer distance, perhaps by warming up. This was in 1899, when dual membership was permitted. Seated next to him was George Girley, a tandem specialist of other days, who amazed F.H. by reminding that in 1897 he came to New Brighton Track to help and pace F.H. in the Anfield Path Fifty under Bill Lowcock's team. What a lapse of memory. It spoiled his appetite. But Girley recalled their festive dinner at the Stork that night.

STEVIE AT ALDERLEY, AUGUST 14th, 1943.

This surprise visit caused general joy to me (writes F.H.), but his ride home after 7 that night against wind and rain when I got a thorough soaking produced much fellow feeling. No trains are in sight between Knutsford and Warrington. I was totally unaware of Stephenson's Reserve Powers

HODGES IN RETIREMENT.

This will come as a surprise to most members, when we expect that this member will start riding in earnest for the rest of his life. He admitted that his family came from Hay some hundred years ago. I recall reading the History of Hay in the middle ages in one of Frank Marriott's books. Hay had then a different name. Can the

Editor put Hodges' mind to rest. It included a famous Woman.

(We will if Jack wants to be reminded of women. Ed.).

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY TOUR.

Only two members—The Presider and Jack Hodges—took part in the tour. Meeting in the late afternoon at Altrincham, we went by the high road through Northwich, in hot sunshine and with an adverse wind, to Crabtree Green. By this time a cup of tea seemed called for, and we entered the crowded cafe at the crossroads. As the prospects of getting service quickly seemed remote, we would have withdrawn at once, but Chandler and his tandem partner were there, and so we stayed for a chat and, eventually, a hot drink.

Via Tarporley we came to Beeston Brook, where we hoped to get some food, but found, alas! the cafe was closed. Anyway, we could get a glass of beer at the hotel, but here again there was disappointment—it was closed until 8 o'clock. So on we went wondering where the necessary sustenance could be obtained. By great good luck we found a lady who doesn't cater to take pity on us, and after a decent meal and a rest we went on our way rejoicing.

Up to this point the sky had been blue and the sun hot, but now it was darker, the wind increased in strength, and the rain came down in unmeasured quantity. However, it didn't last long and before we reached Whitchurch

the capes were off again. Our clothes had dried out nicely by the time we came to Wem, and had docked at the White Horse—our headquarters for the week-end. Wem is full of our transatlantic allies, both white and coloured, and a walk round the town provided some very interesting sights. After closing time a chat with mine host and other guests brought bed-time pleasantly.

Sunday dawned fine, but a rather late start was made, and the wind being still strong and in the wrong direction, progress through Harmer Hill, Bomere Heath and Montford Bridge was not too rapid. But this stretch is well worth lingering over. From Montford Bridge we came to the Welshpool road, and then by a lane climbed and dropped to Westbury, whence to Chirbury, suffering a heavy shower on the way. The Herbert Arms was still the same and after an excellent lunch and a rest we took the road for Church Stoke and Bishops Castle, turning off before the latter town for the steep climb to the Hope Valley.

Tea was planned at Snailbeach, a small place high on the hillside off this road, but after a hard climb we found the house closed, and, enquiries elsewhere proving fruitless, we coasted down to the main road again and proceeded towards Minsterley. Here at the Bridge Inn, there was a welcome and a satisfactory meal. The wind now being astern, progress to Shrewsbury and Wem was fast and easy, and an excellent meal awaited our arrival at the White Horse. More observation of the ways of our allies, and chats with some of them filled the rest of the evening.

Monday morning was fine and sunny, and by lane routes we passed through Clive and Grinshill to reach Hawkstone Park and Hodnet. From Stoke on Tern and Wistanswick we

came to the Hinstock-Market Drayton road, and here was an inn where we could eat our sandwiches and get a drink. Starting again for Market Drayton, the clouds gathered and there was rain, which made rather a mess of the fete which was being held on the low ground of the stream at the entrance to the town. Here the pair parted, Jack Hodges to make his way back to Wem, to start on Tuesday morning for the Wye Valley. The Presider was for home.

After Audlem, Nantwich and Crewe were missed by taking the lane route through Wybunbury, Wrinehill and Betley. Beyond Sandbach came Brickhouses, and a splendid tea at the Red Roof Cafe, Brereton, one of the very few tea places functioning. All afternoon the rain had been coming down, but generally speaking, not heavily. There were heavy showers, but the following wind was a great help. In the evening there was no further rain, but plenty of evidence of recent showers, and one must conclude that in this part of the country August Bank Holiday was again a wash-out. The whole trip was very enjoyable without outstanding incident. It is to be hoped that, by this time next year, conditions will be such as to permit of a larger party taking a tour under much easier conditions.

MORE ABOUT CHIRBURY.

Now that Chirbury has become a place of Anfield devotion, if not prayer, think of David of Chirbury, the Carmelite Bishop of Dromore, and as a place of study, ponder over his chained library with its 180 volumes, the largest private collection in any private house, including those of George Herbert, the saintly poet. He must have left his mark on the Herbert Arms. Then the attractions of the King's Orchard in the King's Wood, a royal chase of Baldwin the Bowdler.

Perhaps these belong to the saintly poet :

From Daie to Daie the shades do flee
And so this life passeth awaie,

or else :

Marrington Dingle so close by The
Tumulus of Winsbury. (Can we wonder
that Mr. Bikley is almost a resident of
Chirbury). The Tale of the Welsh
Servant is a true Spook's Story and in
every bar around retold. He never
came back for his wages.

The following is quoted by Augustus
Hare :

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclined
My Bellows too have lost their Wind
My Fire extinct, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my Vice is laid,
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone
My Nails are drove, my Work is done

F.H.K.

A LETTER FROM

—ERIC REEVES.

1st August, 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

As it is Sunday morning as I write
and also August Monday to-morrow
my thoughts run to the pleasant days
before "that man" started all this
bother. I wish I was donning tights
to-morrow at the B.R. 100. Those
were happy carefree days, and it will
take many of them to eradicate the
experiences of the past 3½ years. It
is a pleasant thought to think that one
could just take up the "rags and
timbers" where one left off, but as
someone wrote in *Cycling* it won't
be the Dennis Clamps who will be
doing it but the youngsters of to-day.
Years of perspiration through in-
cubation will I suppose have a detri-
mental effect on any ambitions to get
back into harness. There is always
the vista of many happy hours of
touring which is, after all, the greatest
part of a great game. I am still bashing
away on George's lines and I hope to
be quite proficient when it's all over.

I'll fix your wireless as well as your
car when I get home. It's all good
exercise for the old grey matter which
I can assure you was sadly in need
of it. Well, I must close now, so all
best wishes to you and Molly. Hoping
to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—LEN KILLIP.

9/8/43.

DEAR FRANK,

The arrival of the *Circular* reminded
me with a bit of a jolt that the postal
order from the Club had so far gone
without acknowledgment. This is a
Very Shaky Do, and I must offer my
apologies. These periodic gifts gener-
ally arrive when I'm feeling particu-
larly brassed off, and boost up my
morale no end. My usual very sincere
thanks to everyone.

As you can see from the address,
I have been moving again. This time
I have left my old unit, with which
I have been for so long, and am rather
more of a stranger in a foreign land.
This impression is heightened by the
fact that I have been flying for the
past week with an American crew in
a Fortress. I'm getting quite a kick out
of them.

Actually I have quite a lot of
flying in front of me, which is a good
thing, but as you can imagine I'm not
working myself too hard. It doesn't
pay when you go to 26,000 feet every
day!

I've had a letter from Tom since
I saw you last, but as it was written
at the same time as the last one you
published in the *Circular* there is
nothing in it which will be news. I
expect the lad is doing his stuff in
Sicily by now. Wish I was out there,
instead of here. My job is roughly the
same as it was before, only more so.

This is quite a pleasant neck of
the woods to come to after East Anglia.
I've taken a stroll to the top of the

beacon, but I didn't stay there long, it was a trifle chilly. It appears to be interesting country to the west of here; I must investigate it on my velocipede.

I put in a lot of hard work on the car before I came down here, so it is now more reliable. Runs very well, in fact. The little Morris is still in dock; I hope to collect it in a week or two. My runs between here and the airfield have all been by Jeep lately—great fun.

Well, Frank, that's about 'nuff said. All the best.

LEN.

28TH JULY, 1943.

—TOMMY SHERMAN.

DEAR FRANK,

Very many thanks for your letter just received. I found it lying on my bed about half-an-hour ago.

Well, I'm in a bit of a mux-up regarding my mail of late, and I can't remember whether the letter you received was sea or air mail and whether it was written 2 months or 2 weeks ago, so I'd better start explaining the above address.

After a very enjoyable month's leave following the operation, I returned to duty only to start with the old tummy trouble again. I was sent back here, and after a lot of examinations, etc., it has been decided to down grade me to D for 3 months and send me home. So you can look forward, or otherwise, to seeing my ugly mug sometime in the future.

I have received one bundle of papers for which many thanks, and in view of the fact that I hope to be on my way soon, will you divert any more to somebody else in foreign climes.

I got down to work after your last letter, and in reply to Peter's request I've produced a 1,400 word effort about the Vaagso raid. It reads worse each time I look at it, but I've hidden

it until I arrive home.

If it wasn't for the fact that I'm coming home, I'd have cursed you no end for the Pints, Pints, Pints effort. However, I find consolation in "It won't be long now."

I can't recall the bit about the "box," but I was indignant to hear that anything I write isn't fit to print. I thought it was all above board, except perhaps references to your "private life."

Well, I've said very little in a big space, so with kind regards to all the boys, and as one physical wreck to another, I'll say cheerio.

I'll be seein' ya.

Sincerely yours,

TOMMY.

RUNS.

Parkgate, 31st July, 1943.

The Editor wishes to say that he was the only attender at this run. Those who didn't come didn't miss much, as the backwash of a great storm swept across Wirral, and we had to wait until nearly 8-30 p.m. to escape a soaking riding home.

Halewood, 7th August, 1943.

There were only three at this run—Hubert Roskell, by train, Tommy Mandall, per bicycle, all the way from Heswall, where he had been holiday-making, and Stephenson, direct from Huyton, where he had been watching a cricket match, or so he says. As it was a wet afternoon I think he must have been watching it from inside the Pavilion. There is usually a bar in these places I understand. As tea was provided for eight the trio did not do too badly but for shames' sake they only took seven of the salads provided. I am not sure but I think Hubert was the one to have three. He also took a little salad cream with them. After tea Tommy and Stevie saw Hubert safely on the 'bus, telling the conductress to take great care of him as he was fragile, and then these two went their several ways—Tommy all the way back to Heswall to finish his fishing and Stevie all the way back to Huyton.

Parkgate, 14th August, 1943.

One-forty-five found the writer leaving Kinnerton en route for the Run. The early start being due not so much to advancing years as to the fact that the W.D. had decreed slavery up to 5 p.m., consequently it was almost 4-30 before the real start was made from the ancient City of Chester.

A sticky wind made the going hard along the West Kirby Road, but turning down to Burton gave some relief and very soon Neston was left astern.

Some lively schoolboy cricket attracted for a few minutes, the batsmen not yet having reached the age when a delightful game is turned into an exact science; but the call of food was stronger and shortly after 5-30 p.m. the Deeside Cafe claimed its own, but not before another stop for a brief word with Cyril Selkirk who, with wife and family, had just left the venue.

Tea was a solo affair—no other Anfielder putting in an appearance—but torrential rain delayed departure until after 7-0 p.m.

Re-tracing the outward journey to Burton a change of route was indicated; Puddington and the foot-path to Shotwick filled the bill and, as many Anfielders will bear witness, half-an-hour at Woodbine Cottage is an excellent tonic.

Following the old cinder lane out of the village the Welsh Road was soon reached, then via Queensferry, Harwarden, Tinker's Dale and Dobs Hill to Kinnerton and home, with a mental resolution to repeat the dose whenever opportunity allows.

And that, Sir Editor, absolves me from further literary head-aches during the July Quarter. Or does it?

(The writer is Ken Barker).

Alderley (Royal Oak), 14th August, 1943.

As I had plenty of time at my disposal I just ambled out slowly

through the various lanes and meeting no one until I arrived at our rendezvous, to find the Presider, Louis Oppenheimer, F.H., Jack Hodges, Teddy Webb, Jim Cranshaw and none other than our friend Stevie, from Merseyside.

After exchanging a few words of greetings we all adjourned to the dining room for tea, which consisted of spam and salad, meat pie and slab cake and quite enough for everyone; we had just commenced when in walked Rex and Harold Catling, making our party up to ten. I have forgotten what the conversation was about chiefly, but I know there was plenty concerning a race on the morrow in which Harold was riding and which Rex was timing.

Strangely enough we did not go into the tank again, but each of us made our separate ways home.

The Presider, I understand, was taking Stevie part of the way, whilst Jack Hodges and I accompanied each other as far as E. Did's, trusting that the others would get home safely although a little damp.

Nevertheless, an enjoyable run in spite of the wet ride home.

Those present were the Presider, Louis Oppenheimer, F.H., Teddy Webb, Stevie, Jack Hodges, Rex Austin, Harold Catling, Jim Cranshaw and Bob Poole.

Goostrey, 7th August, 1943.

The afternoon proved cloudy for our monthly trip to Goostrey, and a south-westerly wind made progress difficult. However, I was fortunately able to reach the Red Lion before the rain commenced, although some of the later arrivals were not so lucky. The accommodation was taxed to the utmost by one of the largest turn outs since the war. Twelve Anfielders and a friend (Stan Wild, of the Cheshire Roads) sat down to the usual Goostrey repast.

Eddie Haynes, having spent a week in Manchester, broke his homeward journey to be with us. He looked fit and well and all were glad to see him again. Others present were the Presider, anxious that it should be known that he often arrives early, Bikle, Don Shaw, both Orrells, Bob Poole, Harold Catling (who was to do a 2.57.36 tricycle "50" on the following morning). Rex and Bob, and two gentlemen from Liverpool, Marriott and Preston.

Tea over, there was a brief sitting in the tank, and when the rain ceased the party broke up, mostly for home, but Rex, Bob, Frank and Albert were to week-end in Derbyshire with Stan Wild. This party made good progress by Kermincham, Marton, North Rode, Bosley and Clulow Cross to the Rose and Crown at Allgreave, where a halt was made for refreshment. The route then lay along the Buxton road and after a right turn, by an incredibly rough track to the Knar Farm, the venue for the night.

Morning dawned to the accompaniment of low cloud and heavy rain, and over breakfast it was agreed to simplify the morning's journey; but about 11-0 the rain ceased and the clouds lifted, so after a cheery hiker had forecast sunshine in half-an-hour it was decided to carry out the pre-arranged programme. After farewells to their host, the dauntless five departed by rough tracks for Three Shires Head and the Travellers' Rest on the Leek-Buxton road. From here the main road was followed to Royal Cottage, where a right turn led by Clough Head and Swythamley to Wincle, where a halt was called at the Ship. Low cloud prevented the magnificent scenery from being appreciated fully; but Rex and Stan tried hard to compensate by vivid descriptions of what might have been.

Soon the pangs of hunger drove Frank and Bob to push on for lunch; the others remained for a time and found rain falling heavily. Good progress was made through Wild-boardclough to the Stanley Arms, where Harold Catling joined the party. Lunch over and the downpour continuing, it was sometime before the party left, and when Macclesfield was reached Rex, Bob and Harold decided to call it a day and make for home. The others went on to Billings Green for tea, to reach home late in the evening, having travelled through continuous rain. Although a good time was had by all, it is hoped that the projected repetition of the trip will be blessed with more favourable weather.

Tarvin, 21st August, 1943.

One of the happiest signs these days is the reappearance here and there of

an odd milestone, and the return, at the cross-roads, of the signposts. Some have been repainted, while they have long awaited the coming of happier days in some forsaken yard, and on a brilliant summer's day you feel you are wheeling in a brand-new world.

The milestones are spreading slowly across Cheshire, and on the high road along Wirral they have yet to reach much beyond Two Mills. In hope, Frank Perkins and I said that we would wait at the "8th," but this time honoured meeting place has yet to be graced with its milestone, but it won't be long now. Actually, the two Franks met where Damhead Lane comes into the highroad, and they proceeded pleasantly enough to Chester. The wind was a wester, blowing sunshine and showers across the splendour of the sky.

Near Mollington we had a word with Guy Pullan, who ventured the news that Blotto was bashing his barrier somewhere ahead, and Ken Barker was also on the road. In Chester we rode into the track of a shower. We sheltered for a time near Tarvin Bridge, but the rain came down so heavily that we had to cape up. Not far beyond Vicars Cross the road was perfectly dry.

In the cafe Jack Hodges, Blotto and Ken had their feet under the table with Fawcett, who had sailed over the hills from Cilcain to look have a look at us. Then Catling came in, 'aving 'urried, a clock being wrong in North-wich. Thus one table was filled, and Stevie started on another to sit in solitary state until the Presider came in dead on six. Another minute, and no tea.

We all had a splendid meal (war or no war), and Bert had to break the news that a week-end trip could not be arranged, and so the old men of the party (Jack, Bert and Stevie) went home. Barker and Fawcett went westward, while the others (including Catling, who was for a spot of time trialling on the morrow) wandered into Wirral for their respective home nests.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.		ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES. TEA AT 5-30 P.M.	
Oct. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Oct. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion).
" 9	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 9	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
" 16	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 16	Alderley (Royal Oak).
" 23	Autumnal Tints Tour. Glyn Ceiriog. (GlynValley Hotel.)	" 23	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe) and Knolls Green (Brown Owl Cafe).
" 30	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).	" 30	Wildboarclough (Stanley Arms).
Nov. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms).	Nov. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 13TH 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: Mr. 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.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR. Members who intend to participate in the Tour are requested to communicate with the President immediately on receipt of *The Circular*, as accommodation is restricted.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Frank Derwyn Elias, Greenfield, West Kirby, proposed by Mr. H. Green, seconded by Mr. H. W. Powell.

Mr. Peter Thomas Stephenson, Hill House, Huyton, proposed by Mr. G. Stephenson, seconded by Mr. J. J. Salt.

(Honorary). Mr. Hans Kinder, 1 Alexander Street, Liverpool, proposed by Mr. H. Roskell, seconded by Mr. G. Stephenson.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

Will you please note that the Editorial address will be changed about the 20th October to:—

30 ELM ROAD NORTH,
PRENTON,
BIRKENHEAD.

A telephone is installed, but the number is not yet known.

FORCES NOTES.

There is little to report this month. George Connor and Ira Thomas met in Richmond not long ago for a short chat. As we write Tommy Sherman has not shown up. Len Killip was in early in September. He looks well and sends his kind wishes to all. We have no news of the others.

**SALTY MAKES A TRIP TO THE
"B.R."**

I made the trip down to the Bath Road at August, but it was the toughest ride down I've ever had. Also, as I was no doubt in the first stages of a cold, this did not help. Anyway, I did not spend much time sightseeing. Just slog, slog, slog. My, was it hot! I spent Friday night in Willersey, just north of Broadway, which place I reached with an 'ell of a dose of sags. Saturday's ride was a little better, a series of tacks into the wind over the Cotswolds into the Upper Thames Valley via Stowe, Burford, Breeze Norton and Tadpole Bridge. Then under the Berkshire Downs on the Faringdon-Abingdon road and so to Theale.

Mrs. Farmer asked after the boys, and Mr. Farmer particularly, asked after Hubert and Charles. Sunday was spent lazing. Lunch at Basildon on meat pies and beer. Tea at Hare Hatch midway between Reading and Maidenhead with the Bath Road lads. The evening was spent very enjoyably in the Lamb at Theale in the company of the Altrincham Ravens, Pyramid C.C. and the Dukinfielders. Quite a party and not my idea of a night before the B.R. "100." Of course, I never did drink or have supper, did I???

Monday brought dull skies and showers. I was detailed to operate drinks at Woolhampton, five miles to go. There it was obvious there was only one man in it, Harding, but of course with Hartley a good second. The winner was showing that little more ease in his effort that marks a man on his day. Not a "B.R." such as we have witnessed in the past, but I was happy to see old friends and make one or two new ones, too.

Thoughts were now for home by the northerly route—Oxford, Stratford, Warwick, Stonebridge. Tea near Chipping Norton, two punctures, the same one really, at Long Compton. First rain of the week-end at Shipston-on-Stour. A very fast run from Stratford to Kenilworth, where the ford is now dry or almost so, due to pipes under the road. Digs for the night at a little farm a mile from Stonebridge. Farm butter, which I saw churned, and home-cured bacon.

Finally, over the ever-boring road to Cannock on the Tuesday. A persistent N.W. wind, which a spot of pace from Brownhills to Weston-under-Lizard eased considerably. Then a gentle doddle to Newport and Whitchurch. A lousy lunch on the way. The first decent glass of beer of the week-end at the Blue Bell, Tushingham Tea in Chester, and then home.

SALTY.

MANCHESTER T.T.A. "12."

29th August, 1943.

This is not a complete report of the event. Having a spot of business to do I was not able to see the riders at Tarvin, but in the afternoon something very good in the way of westers enabled me to make easy work of the miles on the Watling Street, and I sailed over to Mere Corner for some time around 4-0 p.m. I did hope to see both Rich and Catling (our two riders) here, but having no start sheet I was unaware that the tricycles had omitted the Tarvin stretch, and I arrived on the course to see Catling and his "barrer" moving very nicely in the direction of Knutsford. The checker having given me the distance, something very rough in the way of calculations gave the hope that Rich might turn up yet. He

didn't, and the bottle of drink which had been brought over forty miles was distributed. I joined up with a lad from the Burslem club and with the help of copious supplies of water from a nearby tap, no rider in either direction went without a drink. It was quite like old times, and very enjoyable indeed.

I did contemplate wandering over to the Goostrey triangle for the finish, but the wind was increasing in force, and I was thinking of the packet that was surely mine if I missed the 7 o'clock train from Knutsford to Chester. Had I known that North Road Smith was there, and friend Tuplin, and our Presider and a host of other friends I would have chanced it, but as it was I made for Northwich. Rich packed at Goostrey second time, and Harold Catling completed the course to finish with a splendid first effort of 182½ miles. I met Rich in Northwich, where he was in a cafe making short work of a feed of eggs and chips, and as it started to rain we decided to pick that train up at Cuddington. We were turfed out of its comfort at Chester soon after eight, and made an easy way home along the high road.

A LETTER FROM

—PETER ROCK.

19/8/1943.

DEAR FRANK,

It is quite a while since I heard from you. I hope both you and Mollie are keeping well. The *Circular* arrived yesterday, and I see that T.S. (Tommy Sherman—Ed.) is apparently somewhere in W.A. There seems little likelihood of Eric or myself meeting him. Tommy Samuel has not written for quite an age, so I know nothing about his whereabouts. The second parcel of *Chambers Journals* arrived

a short while ago. There are some good stories in them and I find them very interesting. Eric has a huge bunch of *Cyclings*, and he left them behind for me when he went away. It is about seven weeks since I last saw him but we are expecting him back soon. If you see Rigby at any time you can tell him that I was through his old place a couple of weeks ago. It is very interesting up there at present, in more ways than one. His old pal, Q.M. Ascar, is doing a steady line with one of the local ladies. I have been expecting Syd Jonas to write again, but he must have left OCTU by now. We did make an appointment a couple of months ago, but I could not make it in time. He is probably an officer now.

I was very pleased and not a little surprised to receive the customary P.O. a few days ago. It seems such a little while since the previous one arrived. Please convey my sincere thanks to the Club and I hope that the time is not far off when we shall be able to show our appreciation in a practical way. I was very surprised to hear that Pitchy is in the army dashing around the countryside in charge of a tank. I suppose that if the war lasts much longer they will have Hubert in the paratroops and Chandler in the Commandos. The *Circular* seems to suggest that our friend Johnson, of Highwayside, is not too fit. Do you know if he ever received my letter? I have not received a reply. I hope he will soon be better and would be very pleased to hear from him any time that he is able to spare the time to write. One of Eric's copies of *Cycling* contains that effort of yours on a "Welsh Way." I could make a few comments on it but to be quite honest I have not read it properly yet. I have ideas for an

article myself, but I doubt whether I shall ever settle down to writing it. You see we have done more rough-stuff out here than ever we did at home, and there is plenty of scope for a couple of thousand words on the subject. Unfortunately, place names would have to be omitted so it would lose interest to some extent. Do not bank on receiving it for I rarely feel in the mood for any serious writing.

Remember me to George and Ted. I have not written to them recently. I suppose Charles is still too busy to write. Best wishes to the Club and yourself and Mollie. Cheerio for now.

Your pal,

PETER.

(We understand that Syd Jonas has been granted his commission.—Ed.)

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

8/8/43.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the letter of 26th June and the P.O. enclosed, also for the July issue of the *Circular*. I've just come back off a jump, it necessitated getting out of bed at five this morning but it was well worth the trouble, and I made a decent landing, so everything in the garden is lovely. I've no news of the Engineers, I expect they're doing their job in Sicily. I wouldn't do their job of messing about with mines for anything, mines are so damned sensitive.

I'm stuck out in a god-forsaken spot right now, in the eternal olive grove, spending about three bob a week, but piling up a nice lump of credit for when we hit civilization again.

Hope you are all keeping well and happy.

Yours in sincerity,

SAMMY.

—ERIC REEVES.

15TH AUGUST, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks to one and all for the Postal Order contained in your letter of 26th June, 1943. Some post orderly had made a mistake, for it was marked on the envelope "Repatriated to U.K." If that information was only true I would be a very happy man. You will see above that my address is now 622 Cheshire Field Sqdn. It is the same firm with the same employers we've just had 62 placed in front of the original address. In normal times we would be looking forward to the twelves and twenty-fours. A gentle ride over the lovely roads in the twelve would be very enjoyable even when I think of the large sized parcel I would certainly get. I suppose Bren could still show us the way round. It must be the air around his way that does it. Are you still turning them round these days, or has the war taken the edge off that pleasure? I must close now with best wishes to you and all who are keeping things going for those of us in the Forces. All best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC REEVES.

—ERIC REEVES.

3RD SEPT., 1943.

DEAR FRANK,

I see that George has reversed your positions and is now almost doomed, one foot in the grave almost. You can crow over him in his weakness now as he was doing about you some months ago. Perhaps I am fortunate to be out here away from it all: it saves me from becoming involved. Anyway, if we came home there wouldn't be enough for the cosmopolitan armies in England and I don't want to be a spoil sport.

I like Tommy's efforts in the *Circulars*, in fact the only thing I have against him is his rank and my reasons cannot be put to paper so they will have to await the first Club run for airing. I have had a letter from George and find to my surprise that I am only about 5 w.p.m. slower than him in the dot and dash business. I passed a course top of the class and now entitled to a further increment of 9d. per diem. I must say cheerio now, so all the best and roll on the day when I'll be seeing you.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC.

—DUDLEY TURNOR.

3/8/1943.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Many thanks for the very welcome P.O., that has just arrived. From the appearance of the envelope it looks as if it has been following me round for some time. You will notice from the above address that I have again been on the move, eventually landing up in Palestine, where I expect I shall remain for some time. It is indeed a welcome change after the never ending stretches of hot sand and dust of the Western Desert. The atmosphere in Palestine (especially near the sea) is fairly cool in comparison to Egypt's hot and dusty climate. Here we have reasonable stretches of green belt, the sparkling blue Med., and most important of all something approaching civilization. One of the chief bug-bears out here seems to be the extraordinarily high rate of living. This is actually comparing it with Egypt, which is high enough itself.

The Yanks seem to be the main cause of raised prices, because they receive pay far above ours: they can

afford to pay more with the inevitable result of high prices on everything. Better pack in now as my space is limited. Please give my kindest regards to all members, hoping you are also in the pink.

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

D. TURNOR.

RUNS.

Wildboarclough, 28th August, 1943.

I seem to be fated to be the reporter of wet runs—with care and a little more practice I may be able to land myself a job as a reporter of wet Club runs. Of course the Presider will disagree with me if I say "a wet ride was enjoyed by the members who attended at the Stanley Arms on August 28th, 1943." He will dismiss my suggestion that it was a wet day, with some such vague remark as "perhaps there was a little rain about 4 o'clock but it was certainly not worth while to put on one's cape."

My ride from Didsbury to Macclesfield, although wet, was particularly enjoyable because of the unusually good visibility which obtained between showers. Not only could the Cheshire foothills be clearly seen but at times such landmarks as Kinder, Shuttlingslow and Shining Tor were visible. The few miles from Treacle Town to Platting, normally a struggle and sometimes even a walk was to-day a real sleigh ride, the strong west wind trying hard to induce in me a feeling of false fitness and thoughts of another sleigh ride in the T.A. "12" on the morrow.

I was the last arrival at the Stanley Arms, being preceded by Wilf Orrell (without his tricycle!) and the Presider. The meal, which was up to Stanley's

Standard (which is no mean one) was followed by Presidential reminiscences of the days when it was not done to ride a bicycle with mudguards and of that palmy era when "Waddies" and similar devices were in vogue. Wilf delivered a dissertation on dietics—with particular reference to the futility of fluid foods and the virtues of chicken sandwiches for 12 hour time trialists.

Seven-thirty or thereabouts found us ready for the road. The short hill from Platting to the Cat and Fiddle road being followed by a delightful down through the low clouds to Macclesfield. As we ran out of the clouds just below the Setter Dog even the excellent views of the afternoon were surpassed as we looked across the Cheshire Plain on the grandly wild night. The glorious red glow in the west was capped by dark clouds but the air was so clear that the Peckforton Hills and Beeston Bluff appeared to be at our feet whilst further north, any Manchester landmarks could be distinguished despite the smoke cap of that fair city.

At Macclesfield Wilf went left towards Twemlow whilst the Presider and I continued by Butley Ash and Dean Row to Handforth. Here we parted, the Presider heading for his home port and I to dock in Handforth where I spent the night in sweet dreams of perpetual tailwinds in the morrow's "12."

Halewood, 4th September, 1943.

The absence of the Editor (running a shove 'alfpenny board at Pensby Ladies Fete) caused my ride out to be a lonely one. Hubert, Tommy Mandall, Stevie and young Peter, Eddie Morris and George Newall were already there and a late arrival in Jack Salt completed the muster.

Jack and George have been on the sick list but are now almost recovered.

During tea we chatted of various happenings, but the item that interested me most was George Newall's description of the origin of the Rough and Ready C.C. (member, the late Tommy Royden, Eddie Morris and George himself) during a Bettws tour many years ago. I was always curious and at long last my curiosity has been satisfied. Other topics passed the time until our departure, George and Eddie by train, Hubert by bus, Stevie and Peter for Huyton after a North Wales tour, Salty via the Transporter for Chester, and Perkins and Tommy direct through Liverpool, Tommy for Heswall and the writer for supper and fire-watching duty.

Prestbury, 11th September, 1943.

A short and direct run from home on a not very prepossessing afternoon, brought me to Prestbury a little late, but in good time to join the others for tea. This was served in the private room, at small tables, Bikle, R.J., Jim Cranshaw and Catling at the one, and the Presider, Louis Oppenheimer and F.H. at the other. Conversation was brisk; Rex had just returned from a few days at Chirbury and was full of news, whilst Bert had fitted his new dynamo set, and had experienced some minor difficulties. Naturally, he was the recipient of much expert advice; in fact an adjournment was soon made to examine the job on the spot, and further advice was given—and accepted. The fact that the advice appears to have led to the demise of the rear lamp bulb a day or so later is, of course, a mere detail.

Three now left to get home in daylight, but four remained to visit the Legh Arms. Unfortunately, the unwelcome attentions of a couple of

drunks soon ended an interesting sitting, and the party emerged to find that rain was falling and that capes were needed for the journey home.

Wildboarclough, 25th September, 1943.

The Manchester section were to be honoured by the presence of the Liverpool V.P., who must, of course, be properly escorted. The Presider and Wilf Orrell arranged to meet him at Mere Corner and the trio foregathered there at the appointed hour. The weather prospects were anything but good—there had been showers on and off all morning and early afternoon and the sky was still overcast and full of promise of further rain. However, there was no fulfilment of that promise, so far as the party was concerned for, although there was rain later in the evening they were under cover, and at no time during the week-end were capes necessary. The Presider had some idea of showing Stevie some of the delightful lanes on the way to Macclesfield, but Stevie wished to renew his acquaintance with the main road which he had traversed often in days long past, so the party proceeded through Knutsford, Laundry Lane, Chelford Fourlane Ends and Monks Heath direct to Macclesfield; a cup of tea taken on the way was grateful and comforting. Then from Macclesfield the long grind up the Cat and Fiddle road was taken, and as the wind was favourable the whole stretch was ridden comfortably and the Stanley Arms reached in decent time. Here were waiting Jack Hodges, Rex Austin and Harold Catling and friend, and after the usual aperitif the party sat down to feed. Very shortly a tall figure with streaming cape entered the room and we recognised our old friend Jack Walton,

back from Yorkshire for a few days in his old haunts—just the same cheery Jack we are always so pleased to welcome. Shortly after 7 the party broke up, the Presider, Stevie and Jack Hodges to make the short journey to Allgreave, Wilf Orrell to Twemlow, and the remainder to their respective homes. The cold was bitter and free-wheeling down the Clough didn't give any opportunity of getting the circulation going. With the exception of a narrow strip of brightness on the horizon the sky was intensely black and it seemed likely that the party was going to reach its destination in a very damp condition, but fortunately the Rose and Crown loomed up before the rain came down. A pleasant hour or two were spent with the landlord and *one* customer before bedding-down. Sunday morning was perfect—chilly, a very clear atmosphere which allowed excellent views of the delightful scenery, a bright blue sky and no wind. After an excellent breakfast we dropped down the hill for a short piece and then walked the long rise towards Clulow Cross, where we bore left for the reservoirs and Bosley Cross Roads and continued to Congleton. This road shows some of the finest scenery in this part of the country, and reminds one in some

respects of West Shropshire, and the Welsh border. From Congleton to Holmes Chapel was an easy ride and at the Swan there was a good lunch waiting. After lunch the party broke up, Stevie and Jack Hodges to go direct for home, and the Presider to pass the afternoon and evening by riding into Shropshire and back to Prestbury for tea, and so home. A very pleasant week-end.

Parkgate, 25th September, 1943.

Sitting on the parade wall in the sun watching the gulls skylarking and the light playing hide and seek on the Welsh hills, was very delightful to-day, but the solitude was not appreciated. Marriott waited for an hour to see Ken Barker, and then the Sub. not turning up, he tea'd alone. Just as the last piece of hot buttered toast was disappearing Elias appeared in a very resplendent spot of suiting. A pleasant chat and at 6-30 the pair started for home. The miles were pleasantly engaged to Thurstaston and they could have extended farther but the scribe flatly refused to descend the Cutting. After a brief halt Elias resumed his journey to West Kirby, and Frank Marriott turned back for the two-mile trip home.

ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

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FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

- Nov. 6 Halewood (Derby Arms).
 „ 13 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
 „ 14 Committee Meeting, 1-0 p.m.
 Halewood (Derby Arms).
 „ 20 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
 „ 27 Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
 Dec. 4 Halewood (Derby Arms).

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

- Nov. 6 Goostrey (Red Lion).
 „ 13 Macclesfield (Bull's Head).
 „ 20 Prestbury (White House
 Cafe).
 „ 27 Moberley (Brown Owl Cafe)
 Dec. 4 Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 12TH INST.

NOTICES

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 LIEUT. BRIAN HUGH BAND, D.S.C., R.N.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. W. H. Lloyd, 68 Lactre Park Avenue, Chester. Mr. G. Lockett, "Wayside," Long Lane, Newton, Chester. Mr. F. Marriott, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The subscriptions paid for last two months are only as follows:—

SEPTEMBER.

G. B. Orrell * S. T. Threlfall,*
E. Montag,

OCTOBER.

W. E. Cotter,* W. F. Jones.*

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

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

For once this Editorial has importance. We sing our swan song, for the duration at any rate, and pass our treasured task to George Stephenson. For long we have been dissatisfied with the amount of war work possible from the sheltered confines of an insurance office, and now rather late in the day but our first opportunity, we are to take up a full time position with the Y.M.C.A. Thus, will you please note that henceforth the scribe will not be available at his Liverpool office. His home address is 30, Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead. (Telephone Birkenhead 1556).

FRANK MARRIOTT.

TOMMY SHERMAN.

Just after our last issue closed for press Tommy breezed in fresh from the wilds of Africa. He is a bit sick at Eric's detestation of his rank but "I'll larn him!" Tommy's share of war activities has taken him to Norway in the early days and on

subsequent Commando trips. He was nearly bumped off at St. Nazaire and now he keeps the party going with uproariously funny stories of happenings in Africa. He has written an account of the Vaagso Raid—a Christmas trip to Norway two years ago. This very interesting article will be printed next month.

HARRY POOLE.

Members of the Club will learn with profound regret of the sudden passing of Harry Poole, who died on the 18th October on his way home from business. He was a member of the A.B.C. from 1895 to 1940 and a very active member in the early days, serving on the Committee and as Captain, for several years.

He was a Timekeeper—R.R.A. and N.R.R.A.—for 30 years or more. One of his early experiences was going to France in 1897 with Alf. Deacon as tandem partner, to pace Billy Neason in the Bordeaux-Paris race, when Billy Neason put up such a gallant ride, but failed to win. This race has been the subject of comment in the Club *Circular* in recent times. Harry Poole was one of the pioneer motorists and owned an Ariel Motor Trike in the 1890's and although he had a motor cycle after the Ariel he cycled a great deal on bicycle and tricycle until 1910, when he ran a car and did not do much cycling after 1910.

He had been a Special Constable on motor patrol in the Aughton district for many years and a large muster of Specials attended the funeral.

D. C. Rowatt and J. H. Williams represented the Anfield Bicycle Club.

Harry Poole was a real Anfielder of the best type and a staunch friend.

The sympathy of those older members who knew Harry Poole will be extended to his wife and daughter.

J.H.W.

PANJAMDRUM versus BIGWUMPS.

A Backward Glance at the Great Panjamdrum.

(This nickname was bestowed on H. Hellier, of the Anfield by his friend J. V. Marchanton in Hellier's later days).

Lucio, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who is responsible for the Miscellany Column, and has been so for many years, in the issue of September 17th made use of the term "Bigwumps or Panjamdrums." Thus making use of the cognomen we had imagined sacred to our old friend. Marchanton, of the Anfield, was a coiner of queer phrases and rare appellations. Although Hellier may not have been the only man on earth worthy to be called the Great Panjamdrum he was in no sense a "Bigwump." But at the end of a day when seated at leisure in a smokeroom discussing in his unique utterances (brought out in staccato style, by which he avoided allowing these to resembling slight "stutters" and in no sense "stammers"), any outsiders in the party were inclined to sit amazed when forced to swallow the reasons why the Great Panjam rode a tricycle, and went home in the conviction that tricycling was a heaven sent gift to one man alone.

Well may we ask :

Did Lucio ever know H. Hellier ?

Did Lucio know J. V. Marchanton ?

Did Lucio ever meet either Hellier or Marchanton ?

My own claim on Marchanton is that of having been for one week Marchanton's tandem partner and of attempting a 50 miles record in his rear, he steering the so-named "Ice Wagon," when opening the series of Unpaced Records of the N.R.R.A. Taking the first turn by the spin of a coin of the group of Anfielders that Saturday we set the ball rolling by that short lived record, soon bettered by the brothers Roskell, who started next.

And so we sat spellbound around him as he wished us to, the more thereby to impress any outsiders.

Since then other Anfielders have ridden three wheelers like some learned to walk but no other unable to simply ride a two wheeler has succeeded to impress the "drang nach tricycling" as a great gift bestowed upon him. Perhaps Bert Green approaches nearest. Even in Hellier's time there was always Toft, but by being also a bicyclist he blotted his copy book.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S WAY.

From reports we have heard it would seem that the route taken by Jack Salt and Albert Preston from Plas Nantyr to Corwen after the night at the Glyn Valley Hotel last month was the celebrated, though a bit nebulous, Englishman's Way. To the Editor, little is known of the track except that it was probably the route taken by one of the Henry kings when he took his army to be defeated by the Welsh on the hills above Corwen four centuries or so ago. We understand that these days the shallow valley through which the way runs is very frequently trackless, and on a misty day there is every danger of being completely lost. We would like Salty to pen some details of this interesting crossing for publication in a future issue.

KIRKBY STEPHEN.

The new Junior Member and I, with well filled saddle bags, left the Troutbeck Farm at 11-15 a.m. with a vague intention of reaching Kirkby Stephen in time to get the evening train at 6 o'clock back to Windermere and so home.

The factor of doubt was chiefly the weather which was fickle but stimulating, and the second point was the severity of the hills along the thirty-four miles of road.

We were quickly down to the main road and crossed the Troutbeck, then climbing up and into the high Borrans corridor behind the main mass above Windermere and through lanes and moorlands and a fine bull field to Staveley main Kendal Road by the ancient church of Ings (mentioned in Ogilby's road book, 1675).

Staveley is a small town rejoicing in an inn—called the Eagle and Child—which may or may not suggest that eagles were once in these parts as well as children.

Another mile of main road and we swung left into the river lanes and so came out on the Shap road above Kendal at Skelmersh. Left up a stiff bank to the church and school and a real dive bomb descent into the wooded valley with a crossing of the ancient bridge—(almost a pack horse).

The surface became agricultural as we followed the stream upwards,

thick forest and dense undergrowth, with a footpath crossing here and there and the road getting steeper and steeper; it was a full blooded effort to get the bicycles up but here was a railway signal in sight above us and there the signalman's cottage and a bridge over.

Below was the main line north—Oxenholme to Tebay section. Now "what went ye out for to see," a streamline express with 15 coaches, Coronation Scots, Royal Scots, and other back markers all here, three-a-penny, so we made a halt hereabouts at a well selected grandstand—and enjoyed the circus while we sampled a home made lunch.

The weather was now in a friendly mood. Big rolling clouds, white and grey, sailed through the heavens, and we were now well up on the roof of the world—the fells changing their green to brown, fawn to russet, gold to copper with stretches of upland plough.

And so we came by some walking hills and slopes, to the village of Grayrigg "a city that is set on a hill," beautifully set, and elegantly composed as you look back upon it.

Then came the Valley with its woods and lovely river—the road running down steadily along the highly cut terrace road, and along the valley the trains were speeding to the great Tebay Junction.

The village is as ugly as sin around the station but repents as it stretches out eastwards towards the hills once more. The road climbs by gentle slopes through well cultivated fields and wanders crazily through another village. Past a green, a duck pond, a very new and well designed Methodist chapel of strikingly pleasant elevation and past some really charming old stone houses and an inn of grey brown stone.

Now we are getting on and have made up our minds to see Kirkby Stephen or die, so on we go to Ravenstonedale. We are getting nearer the clouds, the new valley on our right still carries the railway and beyond to the south the hills carry their mighty summits in beautifully soft and rounded outlines, as though to disguise their strength.

At Ravenstonedale we abandon the easy line of least resistance and start baldheaded for the very mountain itself, pausing only for our third lunch or first tea when we have passed over the open moorland to the summit. But we have won or nearly won, for it is now only a question of how fast we go and how much we want to see.

Vast expanse of fell—a road without feature, surface fair, below fields, wood slopes—a house or two and a distant lonely farm, and we are down to the edge of the town across the railway bridge and still descending—a very drab and dusty and long street leads one at last to the older part of the Ancient Market Town of Kirkby Stephen.

Here in a market day one may see as I have done, the commerce of the hills, and the men and their flocks and herds—the ancient houses and the inns, strangely assorted shops and the kindly old church looking down on the busy scene.

But it is now 5-15 p.m. and we have been six hours on the way for 34 miles—six splendid hours and 34 splendid miles, so we must not forget the six o'clock train home.

We found no food on offer till we saw a small house with a sign PIES in the window, we bought four, crisp and brown and filled with good meat, and so we sat in comfort in the train or trains to Windermere and dodged the darkness up to Troutback once more.

C.F.E.

A LETTER FROM

—ARTHUR BIRKBY.

20th October, 1943.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Once more I have the privilege of acknowledging receipt of a very welcome donation (15/-). Believe me, I am very grateful and I am looking forward to the day when I may be able to show my appreciation in a more practical manner.

Please remember me to Frank Marriott and all the "lads."

Trusting you are keeping well and with kindest regards,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BIRKBY.

—RIGBY BAND.

19/10/43.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks to yourself and all Anfielders for another most acceptable P.O. The way the Club has remembered its serving members during four long years of war is very gratifying and is a further proof, if proof were ever needed, that the Club continues its reputation of being the best ever.

I am now getting a spot of cycling each week-end and even clocked just over three hours for the 47 miles from Doncaster to Ripon last Sunday. Even if the wind was behind I was quite pleased with myself. The first free week-end I get I hope to contact George Connor, of Catterick Camp, for an unofficial Club run. Kind regards to all members and best wishes to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

J. RIGBY BAND.

—RALPH FER.

18th October, 1943.

DEAR KETTLE,

Very many thanks indeed for this latest generous gesture of the Club. As you will notice, I am now some distance from home, and you will no doubt be surprised to learn that at present I'm having a rest from the Army. During my intensive training a few months ago I developed sciatica, and until nine days ago all that was done about it was to massage the leg—which didn't do an atom of good. Then I was posted to a unit at Woking, and the M.O. fixed up a specialist's appointment at the hospital here. My back was X-rayed, and I have been given a month in bed to start with. I hope they can shift the trouble, as it's rather uncomfortable and I'm just about fed up with it. I expect I'll be even more fed up before the end of the month in bed, as it's rather too lazy a life, even for me!

I can assure you that the Club's gift will be put to good use when I get my release from here—and I hope it happens before I forget what beer tastes like!

Once again, many thanks.

Sincerely yours,

RALPH FER.

—SYD. JONAS.

24TH SEPTEMBER, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for the P.O. from the Club, which you sent off in June. It arrived last month, followed me round successfully. Since leaving the outpost of the Empire the *Circulars* have been a little scarce and I have only had about four of this year's issues. When I have a little time I will see what copies I have missed and perhaps Powell would be good enough to send on spares if he has any available.

I spent 13 very trying weeks at O.C.T.U. where I lived a very chased life, rising at 5 a.m. and tearing round all day like the proverbial fly (the one with the blue posterior).

I was far from being a brilliant cadet and the only success I had was to run fifth in the three mile track race which was quite good for an old has been (or never waser).

I left on 24th July and tore down the white band and put up a shining pip the moment the lorry went through the gate. When looking back it doesn't seem so bad but it is an experience one wants only once in a lifetime. The thing that saved my life was a bottle of ale at 6-30 before dinner each evening.

I had a week's leave in Tel-Aviv, spent a night with a pal at Port Said and reported for duty in Cairo.

I expected to get a job right away but I was left lying in the transit camp for seven weeks. Fortunately it was an old cavalry mess with a Glan Aber-like atmosphere, so I was very comfortable and delightfully lazy. The only parade was at 6-30 in the evening for one bottle of beer and I was never late on parade.

I spent my days reading, sleeping, bathing, basking and watching cricket at the Gezira Sporting Club, which has grounds something like Eaton Park, with a race track, golf course, polo ground, etc., and a fine swimming pool.

I did the usual Cairo drill, which is to draw some money from the field cashier, have an iced coffee with cream at Groppi's, beer at Tommy's at 12-30, lunch, sit under the trees at Gezira and sup tea, a couple of Johnnie

Walker's at Mannerings, dinner at the Auberge du Turf, cabaret at Doll's, and finish up with a cup of canteen tea at one a.m.

The variations to this programme are many and I liked to sit in the open air cinemas for the last performance from 9 to 12. There is also a lot of dancing if one has a partner, but being in Cairo for seven weeks after a week in Tel-Aviv made the most horrible mess of bank balances and I had to try and step lightly. The trouble was that I met nearly everyone I knew in the M.E. apart from any Anfielders, and it was the old tale of "well, come and have a drink."

In the end I got a job as Coy. Officer to the R.A.M.C. personnel in this hospital, and arrived four days ago after spending four days at the R.A.M.C. Base Depot. I am up North again and have got the best job of this kind in the M.E. The district is delightful and the place is known, I believe, as the Poona of this part of the world.

The roads are tree lined with miles of orange groves around. The quarters are grand and everyone in the mess is very nice to me as the very junior sub.

There is plenty of sport and I have been told I have to run in the half-mile and the mile next week. I intended to do a bit of training this morning but as I attended the Corporals night in the Sergeants' Mess last night I postponed my run until to-morrow.

I heard from Peter Rock while at O.C.T.U., but have not been able to meet him yet but perhaps I might be able to do something now that I have a settled address.

Please give Powell my new address and give my kind regards to all Anfielders.

I'm hoping to be able to attend a run next year and in the meantime I send my good wishes.

Yours,

SYD. JONAS.

—TED BYRON.

24/10/43.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for your letter enclosing the P.O., which I received safely on Friday.

You will see from my address that I am still on this side, but have had one of my usual moves. We have been down here about a month now and find this not such a bad little spot. I feel more at home here, seeing the quays and ships and things. I can't say a great deal owing to security reasons and censorship: and at any rate I never was much good at letter writing.

Please thank the Club for their continued generosity. I only hope that, in my later days with the Club I haven't to subscribe to a Comforts Fund!

Remember me to all that are left at home.

Yours,

TED BYRON.

—PETER AND ERIC.

16/10/43.

DEAR FRANK,

I hope that you will excuse the error in address but we are on leave and having no correspondence handy I cannot be sure of it. To-morrow, Eric and I are going out on a Club run, our first in four years. We have just hired a couple of horrible looking irons but they will serve the purpose. Yesterday we met Alex Josey and another chap named Walker, from the Oval C.C. We had a long chat and can now claim to be members of the Buckshee Wheelers, the only club in the Middle East vide *Cycling*. The country is not very inspiring for runs but no doubt we will get sufficient kick out of the mere feel of things. Ron. Marshall, Poly., and Charlie Damyon, Woking, will probably be out so we are due for a hammering. Syd Jonas wrote a few days ago and but for the usual restrictions on leaving the country, etc., I would be spending my leave with him at the 'Blackpool of the Middle East!' By the way, Eric is also supposed to have a share in this effort but it appears to be confined to his signature. Remember me to all of 'Ours' at home and give them our best wishes. Hope you have given up the idea of that sponsored European tour. Best of luck to both you and Mollie.

Cheerio for now.

PETER AND ERIC.

—J. PITCHFORD.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Thanks for the P.O., which I received the morning I came off a scheme, and I can assure you it was a very welcome gift, so will you please convey my thanks to the Club.

Yours sincerely,

J. PITCHFORD.

—NORMAN HEATH.

23rd October, 1943.

DEAR HAROLD,

Many thanks for the P.O. received a few days ago.

Life on this wind-swept isle is as peaceful as ever, though I find it increasingly difficult to believe the official figures for the local rainfall. I'm prepared to bet, after numerous drenchings during the past fortnight, that a rain gauge rigged up horizontally would give a much truer indication than the instruments being used at present.

A shattering blow was struck at the Manxmen's morale on Wednesday of this week, the occasion of a by-election for a seat in the House of Keys. It was decreed that all licensed premises should remain closed until 8 p.m., a move hard to reconcile with the hitherto blameless lives led by the three candidates as detailed in their canvassing circulars! It was a lucky break for many women folk who were able to proceed to the poll, whilst their hubbies remained at home ostensibly to see the youngsters off to bed.

Salty's account of his B.R. trip made good reading, and would revive fond memories for those of 'Ours' who are looking forward to the day when they will be attending, or better still, competing, in the well-known "classics."

Yours very sincerely,

NORMAN.

RUNS.

Goostrey, Red Lion, 4th September, 1943.

A very pleasant late summer's afternoon, excellent in every way for cycling with the result that eleven members and one friend sat down to the very good tea provided for us at the Red Lion.

At the head of the table sat President Green with Don Shaw on his left hand and down each side sat the following: Buckley, the Sub-Captain, Teddy Webb, Jack Hodges, Louis Oppenheimer, the brothers Orrell, Catling and Jim Read, with his son.

The party yarned on till it was time for Buckley's train, which was a signal to most of us to be on the road towards home.

Prestbury (White House Cafe), 9th October, 1943.

Once again I was able to take part in a Club run. I have been absent for six or seven weeks owing to my duties on Saturdays. My journey out was quite uneventful and as I had plenty of time on hand I took things very easily under summer-like conditions.

On my arrival at our rendezvous I found F.H. already taking a stroll along the village street, so I lit my pipe and waited for our next arrival and opening time. I had not long to wait as Mr. Buckley and Jim Cranshaw came together, and when they had parked their steeds we made our way across to the tank. A few minutes later the Presider followed us in and after one or two, our Sub. announced that tea was ready so we drained our glasses and made our way back to the cafe where Harold Catling joined us.

We have had the Manchester Wheelers in our company on several occasions this year and to-day was no exception. Is this a coincidence, or is it?

After tea we made our way again to the tank for more liquid refreshment and the usual conversation regarding the Autumnal Tour and Mr. Buckley in happy mood gave us a few details of his trip to Chirbury.

We eventually prepared for home at 8 p.m., F.H. going by rattler and the remainder by road. Jim went by main road to Stockport and the Presider and Mr. Buckley and I accompanied each other as far as the Bramhall Road, where Buckley left us for Cheadle Hulme.

The Presider and I carried on as far as the Parkway, where we parted company for Sale and Moss Side, and another enjoyable run came to an end.

Rex Austin, by the way, had been to Prestbury earlier in the afternoon.

Members present were the Presider, Mr. Buckley, F.H., Jim Cranshaw, Harold Catling, Rex Austin and Bob Poole.

Alderley, 16th October, 1943.

The day, though fine and dry, proved to be ever so windy. This last fact was not brought to my notice until I had commenced my outward journey and had I suspected such a strong South Easter I would have made a much earlier start. As it was I started on an over ambitious scheme to ride to Alderley via Goostrey. I had intended to go by Hale and Ashley but in the absence of signposts I wandered hither and thither until I reached the road junction to the south of Oversley Ford. From that point I was sure of the way and was able to proceed laboriously without error by Morley, Warford and Seven Sisters to Harrison Drive, Goostrey.

I found Mr. Harrison, of soft-soldered tricycle fame, at home taking his ease and admiring a large picture in oils of the Aberglaslyn Pass, which he has just completed. I thought the picture was extremely good both in general effect and in detail although it represents only three days work by our enthusiastic friend.

It had taken me too long to reach Harrison Drive but I made up a little time between Goostrey and Alderley with the help of the wind. I arrived as a party, consisting of F.H., E. Buckley, H. Green, R. Poole, R. J. Austin, H. Catling and J. D. Cranshaw were about to start the meal. The foundation of the repast was bread and lettuce which although the staff of life for humans and rabbits respectively, hardly justified the charge of 3/6 per head.

The talk was varied but the place of honour was held by the Autumnal Tints Tour and a 70th birthday celebration. The prospects for the latter were somewhat damped by the V.P., who had a suspicion that the Glyn Valley Hotel is unlicensed. Advice to the Presider on what was wrong with his Sturmey "4" was offered, but in such profusion that he was in the position of having a dozen vague remedies but no concrete help.

After a short but pleasant session

within sight of the bar we divided for home. The V.P. (bound for a Silver Wedding celebration) left first with the Sub. Bob Poole escorted the Presider as far as Northenden, whilst the elder brethren walked trainwards.

Glyn Valley, 23rd October, 1943.

The fortunate juxtaposition of the month of October and Bickley's seventieth birthday led us to arrange an "Autumnal Tints" tour, and after a pack of trouble the Presider was able to find accommodation for eleven of us at the Glyn Valley Hotel. Unfortunately Frank Marriott and Billy Rich found themselves unable to attend, but nine others took part in a thoroughly enjoyable week-end.

Having worked all morning, I secured the assistance of the rattler as far as Crewe, arriving there in beautiful weather about three o'clock. On to Nantwich (almost as full of cars as in peace time) and I stopped for a cup of tea, after which, fully refreshed, I went on to Acton, and by the old "50" course to Cholmondeley and No Man's Heath. Across the main road, and the road to Malpas, Worthenbury and Overton was covered in good style. It was a wonderful day for cycling, and the browns and yellows of the dying leaves were a sheer delight to the eye. The bend of the Dee near Erbistock, viewed from the road above, presented an autumn panorama beyond all my expectations, and it was with difficulty that I tore myself away, to continue to St. Martins and Weston Rhyn. By now darkness had fallen, but the journey along the valley, by the side of the noisy Ceiriog was made simple by the diffused light of a medley of searchlights.

I found that I was the last to arrive, supper being in progress and I soon had my feet in the trough. Bickley and Teddy Webb had been the first arrivals, followed by Stevie and Tommy Mandall, Elias, Albert Preston, Jack Salt and the Presider (straight through from Manchester). Supper (an adequate meal) was soon over, and we made an adjournment to a comfortable smoke room. Here the first duty was to drink to the continued good health of Bickley, in his new role as a septuagenarian. It was a

great moment, and we were all happy in the feeling that we could rely on enjoying his company for a long time to come. Nowadays his cycling enthusiasm is tempered with discretion, and he is not averse to covering the familiar parts of his journey by train, but all the same, his mileage for the year would do credit to many a man much his junior. Next year will see his Golden Jubilee as a member of the Club, and I, for one, am hoping for another week-end celebration.

Soon the fun grew fast and furious, and Elias, tired after a long day, went to bed. Two of the party, who shall be nameless, persisted in demonstrating their ability to drink pints to the modest gills of the remainder, with the inevitable sequel of passing out, and being put to bed at an early hour. Relieved of their presence, the remainder settled down to a convivial evening, in which the proprietress, Mrs. Law, took an active part. Later again, some members of the party took part in a somewhat comic opera game of snooker, and after two or three "last ones" all were abed soon after one.

Next morning proved fine and sunny, and after a late breakfast the party broke up. Jack and Albert were for a day in the hills, Bickley off on a fortnight's visit to Chirbury, the Presider and Elias to meet Catling for lunch at the Raven, Teddy Webb direct to Crewe, and Mandall and Stevie to Ellesmere for lunch. The Manchester Vice-President pursued a solitary journey over the hill to Selattyn and Oswestry, and thence to Ellesmere, where an excellent lunch was obtained at the Bridgewater, and on by Welshampton and Whixall to Prees, Nantwich and Crewe, where Teddy Webb was encountered on the station. An easy six miles from Wilmslow in the fast gathering darkness brought the week-end to a close.

It was easily the most successful week-end which we have had for years. The weather was good, the headquarters satisfactory, with a good humoured landlady and staff, whilst the presence of such old stagers as Teddy Webb, Tommy Mandall and Bickley was a delight to us all. Altogether it was a week-end to be

remembered, whilst anticipating a repetition at an early date.

Wildboarclough, 30th October, 1943.

I had hoped on this, the last trip up here of the year, to go one of the longer ways round—either by Bosley Cross roads, or by Sutton—the first to miss Macclesfield altogether, for it isn't particularly picturesque, and to see the best scenery, the second, a second-best, for although Macclesfield is traversed, once through it the scenery here too is fine and varied, and both of them mean riding right up the Clough, a pleasure always. But each of these routes is both longer and more arduous, and demands an earlier start than that by the long hill on the Macclesfield—Buxton road. But an early start was not possible so I had to content myself with riding through Alderley, over the top of the Edge, and so on to Macclesfield through Broken Cross. The wind was strong and I anticipated a very strenuous grind up the hill. However, for a great part of the way the wind was on the side and the road somewhat sheltered from it by the hills on the right, and it was only on certain stretches that one's strength was seriously taxed. I managed to reach the Stanley Arms on time, to find Wilf Orrell, Harold Catling, and Bob Poole already there and tea nearly ready. Very soon Stanley brought in the usual substantial meal and over it we talked of the last week-end in Wales and many other things. As we were finishing Jim Cranshaw and Rex Austin appeared, both having been detained by other pressing business. I wish I could remember some of the stories Rex had collected at his "pressing business," but perhaps better not—anyway, I daren't tell them here. Wilf Orrell left early—he was on a bicycle and didn't relish the journey to Macclesfield in the dark; he feels much more at home on a trike. The rest of us stayed on until after 7 p.m., when all but two went out into the very high wind and had a good journey home, with a following wind mainly. The two had a date at Prestbury with Hubert Buckley, who was to be home on leave for the week-end.

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ANFIELD

BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

Monthly Circular

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1943

TEA AT 6-0 P.M.

Dec. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms).
.. 11	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 18	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 27	Holmes Chapel (Swan).
	LUNCH, 1-0 P.M.

1944

Jan. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms).
.. 8	Parkgate (Deeside Cafe).
.. 9	Halewood (Derby Arms).

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.
Lunch, 1-0 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

TEA AT 5-30 P.M.

Dec. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion).
.. 11	Prestbury (White House Cafe.)
.. 18	Dane-in-Shaw (Coach and Horses).

1944

Jan. 1	Prestbury (White House Cafe).
.. 8	Goostrey (Red Lion).

FULL MOON, 11TH INST.

NOTICES

All Editorial communications, written on one side of the paper only, should be sent to Mr. George Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescott, Lancs.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is: Mr. 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.

† THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Mr. Frank D. Elias and Mr. Peter T. Stephenson have been elected to Junior Membership.

Mr. Hans Kinder has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

Mr. T. Mandall has at his request been transferred to Full Membership.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Lunch at Halewood on 9th January, 1944. Any Member having any matter he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than the 20th inst.

Mr. W. H. Lloyd's address is 68, LACHE PARK AVENUE, Chester, and not as stated in the November *Circular*.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

At the present time there are twenty Full Members and sixteen Honorary Members whose subscriptions are outstanding for the current year, also some of these are still owing for the year 1942. I trust the above will fulfil their obligations to the Club some time during the current month.

Only a few names to record this month. My best thanks to the following for their Subscriptions and/or Donations* to the Comforts Fund.

E. Buckley.* W. J. Finn.*
H. G. Buckley. J. H. Fawcett.*

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

W. J. Finn, in sending Subscription and Donation, wishes to be remembered to all Anfielders.

CORRESPONDENCE.**HARRY POOLE.**

From F.H.

Harry Poole was Anfield Secretary at the time that the Brothers Roskell were our best Bicycle Tandem Team, and when Hellier and Decker were

our best Tandem Tricycle Team. Those two teams meant business. To hear of Harry Poole departing this life, after losing his younger brother during the last war is doubly sad. Harry abandoned cycling for motor cycling far too soon.

From G. H. Stancer.

NOVEMBER 12TH, 1943.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The sad news of Harry Poole's death recalls a conversation, in my presence, between him and Billy Cook. The latter was chiding Poole for his desertion of cycling while still in the prime of life. "Well," countered Harry, "I've been able to give a lot of pleasure to many people by means of my car." Cook's forthright reply was typical of his sturdy cycling faith. "I know you have," he said, "and when you rode a tricycle you gave them agony and bloody sweat, which was a great deal better for them."

Yours faithfully,

G. HERBERT STANCER.

T. W. Murphy writes to J. H. Williams that Harry Poole owned his Ariel Motor Trike in 1900, not in the 1890's as last month's *Circular*.
(We wouldn't know.—Ed.)

THE ENGLISHMAN'S WAY.

The nebulous Englishman's Way may be the one chosen by Salt and Preston between Plas Nantyr and one that I went when younger still, by a direct way I found from Glyn Dyfrdwy to Plas Nantyr for Glyn, except for a stretch of Nebula where the owner of the Plas had seized that portion for his privacy and left the Nebula to the public. With regard to the Henry Kings of 400 years ago these were both Welshmen of Tudor name, one of whom was too busy changing wives, and the other changing royalty, whose journey from Pembroke Castle to Bosworth via Shrewsbury, where he slept at the Elegant Lion Tap on Wyle Cop is still being advertised at that famous house. Thus probably the honour rests with Salt and Preston unless we go back 750 years to King Henry II, who had some reputation for Wales, and it was on his tracks that

Chem and I were when we left Corwen by the central square due north for the new bridge over the Dee, marked on the map as FORD, and leaving our conveyance at a farm, found the blackened remains of Caer Tre-Wyn on Dre-Wyn as it appears on the map, on Llantysilio Mountain. Probably King Henry II had heard of these and was eager to inspect them. According to Teddy Worth no less a person than Caradoc, escaping from the Breidden Camp, made for Caer Drewyn or Trewyn to find shelter, and both camps show to-day the signs of having been destroyed by Roman methods. Thus this Caer near Corwen may be nearly 2,000 years old, and no wonder that Henry II was curious like we were. In Wallasey these strange shelters where they are better known than in Anfield, go by the name of "Carter's Kitchens." But even Henry II was hardly an Englishman—any more than I.

F.H.K.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

It was long past midnight. The train rattled through the darkness, and its cargo of guerillas slept fitfully, or played cards.

"We should have been there hours ago," yawned a sergeant.

"It's a ruddy propaganda tour we're doing," mumbled a veteran of three "War Weapons Week" parades.

An Irishman, who had fought for Franco, complained in his rich brogue, "Bijanus! they'll never send us on a job. A transfer to the Boy Scouts, that's what I'll be after."

* * * *

These were men of a Commando. For twelve months they had trained with the idea of making raids on the enemy coastline from Narvik to Bordeaux to demonstrate that the "offensive spirit" still existed even in those dark days.

This particular party were, ostensibly, on their way to give demonstrations to the new C-in-C. Combined Operations.

This was poor consolation after months of training, and they were getting impatient.

But their patience was soon to be rewarded, and the demonstration was to be to the world, that although mauled the British Lion still had plenty of fight.

* * * *

Less than twenty-four hours later every man wore an expression of keen anticipation. "This is it," thought everyone, as 'matelots' gave them a helping hand from the launch on to one of H.M. Cruisers. These men felt a new spirit inside them and as they gazed in wonder at some of the most powerful battleships in the world they knew the meaning of the expression "The Navy's here."

* * * *

The "pongos" had been dispersed among the various messes, and they were gradually getting accustomed to sleeping in hammocks; visiting the "heads"; keeping the 'deck' tidy, instead of the floor; "Any Gash?" for an extra helping; and some of them even knew the starboard side was the right facing the bows (not the "sharp end" any longer.)

"Where's the nearest latrine, Jack?" enquired one landlubber.

"Port Side," replied the "Snotty" in a haughty nautical voice.

"Blimey, don't we stop at Gib?" asked the, by now, startled soldier.

And so, they found their sea legs and got down to the serious job of preparing for the raid which they now knew to be inevitable.

"Lash up and stow!!" came the now familiar cry, announcing reveille. Half-an-hour later "Hands to breakfast and clean," and at 08-30 "All military personnel parade on the quarter deck." These had been the morning routine announcements for the past week and the troops had been kept busy with arms inspections, P.T., cleaning grenades, loading M.G. magazines and generally preparing for business.

The T.S.M., comfortably installed, with four sergeants in the Chief Petty Officer's Mess, had lunched well, and after "spirits up" settled himself on a leather couch for an afternoon nap, but his slumbers were soon disturbed

by the loudspeaker. "All Officers and N.C.O.'s parade on the quarter deck immediately."

Reporting the N.C.O.'s present to the Troop Commander he was told to bring them down to the T.C.'s cabin. "This was it!"

Briefing! No bomber crew has been briefed as these men were. Every detail, every scrap of information, was gone over again and again, maps, aerial photographs, mosaics, and photographs taken by innocent tourists were studied, the plan was made clear, and when three hours later they left that smoke-filled cabin not a man would have denied that his heart was beating a little faster.

The days following were spent in passing on the information, intention, plan, and answering questions until at last every man knew his own task and the layout of the place so accurately that he could repeat it from memory.

* * * *

2100 hours, 26th December, 1941, the small convoy is ploughing its way through a choppy North Sea towards Vaagso Fjord.

The Chief Petty Officer's Mess is in semi-darkness, hammocks swinging rhythmically to the pitch and toss of the speeding cruiser.

"Those b—ds are going to get a shock, in the morning," remarks a sergeant.

"Money for old rope," is the view of another.

"Thank God, it's you and not me that's going ashore" is the prayer of the Gunnery P.O.

"I'll bet they wouldn't sleep too well if they knew what you've got ready for them, Guns," is the T.S.M.'s reply.

Eventually silence reigns, and each is left to his own thoughts and dreams of what is to happen on the morrow.

* * * *

The small convoy of ships slid into the Fjord under cover of a smoke screen laid down by aircraft. The shore rose steeply from the clear waters to rocky snow covered crags

and the white, scattered houses looked toylike against the majestic grandeur of the mountains.

Many of the troops had been in the 1940 campaign and this scene brought back memories of withdrawals, fifth columnists and constant strafing from dive bombers. To these men this raid spelt REVENGE.

The troops on board the cruiser watched enviously the first wave of landing craft, go past, low in the water, menacing, their powerful motors churning the water into a picturesque wake which matched the snow on shore.

0834 hours and the show had commenced, 6-in. guns firing shells weighing 1-cwt. into the island of Malooy echoed through the mountains like thunder; long range fighter aircraft kept watch overhead; and the sharp rattle of light machine guns could be heard shorewards.

To the men still waiting the ten minutes bombardment seemed like hours, they had the smell of cordite in their nostrils and wanted to get going.

"The bombardment seems to have been successful, the magazine has been hit, and all the coastal guns put out of action," came the sonorous voice of the ship's captain over the radio.

"What are we waiting for?" asked a Tommy Gunner, his trigger finger itching, the answer to his question came in the shape of two A.L.C.'s, which slid alongside and were soon being filled with action-thirsty men.

The craft grounded at the landing-place and as the ramp lowered the dull "pom-pom-pom" of the cruiser's "Chicago Pianos" could be heard firing at a single enemy fighter. The excitement was short, however, and the M.E. too soon disappeared in a steep dive, smoke pouring from the fuselage.

Meanwhile, the Commandos were ashore under cover, while the troop commander received orders.

These were concise. They had to sweep thro' the town northwards, eliminating enemy opposition on the way, and drive the Boche into a well-laid trap of thirty men landed from a destroyer.

Soon they were in battle formation, advancing cautiously through gardens, past burning buildings, and the bullet-riddled bodies of Aryans, their lifeless eyes still reflecting fear and surprise.

"And they said we were decadent, eh!" thought the Troop Sergeant-Major.

The first bound, a church, was reached and as the men advanced thro' the graveyard a sudden hail of machine gun fire caused them to dive for cover.

"Move over chum, I'm coming in beside you," muttered a Cockney, as he concealed himself behind a headstone.

"Keep moving," was the by-word, and the enemy post was soon destroyed by well aimed mortar fire.

A sharp rattle of machine gun fire; a scream from a German as he toppled from an upstairs window; a quick dash across a stretch of virgin snow; the dull thud of an exploding grenade; "Kamerad" from a Hun surrendering; short clear orders instantly obeyed; the sharp crack of a rifle; a dull rumble followed by another as the sappers destroy the radio station and fish oil factory; red hungry flames pouring a cloud of black oily smoke high into the clear sky; this was action, speed and surprise, war in its bloodiest form.

* * *

By 12.30 hours opposition had almost ceased. For an hour or more the landing craft had been buzzing to and fro ferrying wounded, prisoners and loyal Norwegians to the parent ships.

All the military and economic objectives had been destroyed, at least 150 enemy had been killed, 98 prisoners taken with the chief quislings, and the Royal Navy had destroyed nearly 15,000 tons of shipping.

About 3 p.m. came the withdrawal signal and soon the troops were back on their temporary floating homes.

Everyone wore a grin of satisfaction and felt that the words of the Village Blacksmith fitted the occasion: "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose."

The sergeants on the cruiser felt so good that they immediately challenged the P.O.'s to a game of darts, but the Navy maintained their record and proved themselves to be still the "Senior Service."

The next day the force was back again in home waters, and the troops had still a few more days of the festive season ahead.

A Scottish New Year, followed by leave, and then: "Here's to the next time!!"

JUNE, '43.

T.S.

A LETTER FROM FRANK MARRIOTT.

WITH THE R.A.F. IN NORFOLK.

SUNDAY.

DEAR GEORGE,

This place is on one of the famous Norfolk heaths about 16 miles or so due east of Kings Lynn. This life is very different but it is very enjoyable and I cannot but admit that life is at the moment very good. I am out for 8-0 to cycle the three miles to the digs. There is not enough accommodation at the Y.M.C.A. hut for me as I am an extra—learning the job until I can take over a hut on my own. My time is very full and seldom am I home until 10-30 p.m., but the afternoons are fairly free. Sometimes then I take the flivver about to the various villages around. Being just dropped here, so to speak, I was lost for a week, but an old friend lives at North Elmham and he has lent me a half-inch map through which I have gained some sense of direction. I imagined at first Kings Lynn to be due north instead of west.

I am slowly getting the hang of things. To-morrow I visit my friend at North Elmham for a night's stay, and on Wednesday the chief and I go to Norwich in the flivver. To get back before blackout is going to take a bit of doing, and I've no wish to get lost in these lanes.

It will take some map-reading getting down to Norwich, as there is no really direct road and about six alternative ways. I'll try, anyway.

Please give my regards to everyone.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK.

—WALTER CONNOR.

SATURDAY, 13TH

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

Could you please convey to all members of the Club my very grateful thanks for the generous P.O. which I received about a fortnight ago. It came at a time when it was a case of 'low finance' with me and was most welcome.

Please forgive this rather belated and sincere appreciation, but since then I have been enjoying a spot of somewhat unexpected leave and all my correspondence has been upset as a result.

Had I been in Liverpool I should have called in to see you but my leave was spent elsewhere on this occasion—to be more precise, in Surrey. Needless to say I had a very enjoyable time altho', as usual, the days—seven of 'em—passed far too quickly and once more I'm back in the old job.

Life goes on in much the same way—rarely exciting, often very dull. We keep busy; we get around and see new places and in general, I have no complaints, although, in common with everyone who has not lost all reason, I shall be damned glad to see the end of all this.

My kindest regards and very best wishes for X'mas and the New Year to all Anfielders wherever they may be.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER A. CONNOR.

—TOMMY SAMUEL.

20/10/43.

DEAR FRANK,

Here's another new address from me, although how long it will be as above I don't know. I got hauled back off a four-day debauch in N. Africa to camp, and the powers above, taking advantage of our bemused state, put us over here for a spot of action. That passed off quite well with some excitement and little sleep, now we are having a very pleasant time billeted in a farm house and quaffing gallons of champagne at some ridiculously low price. The country is a pleasant change after N. Africa and Egypt and I've gone back to my old love, cycling as a means of seeing the country. We have some monstrous pieces of mech-

anism, which go by the name of bicycles, folding, I forbear to mention the name of the manufacturer because I'm not sure of the law of libel, but anyway, you know you've done something when you've ridden five miles or so on one. I'm getting old as proved by the shameless way in which I let small boys and horses pass me.

I haven't come across anyone of mutual acquaintance and the Engineers are even further away from me than ever.

I've had one copy of the *Circular*—August's—but as the mail is not quite organised yet I expect there are some to come.

Hope you are all quite fit and well.

SAMMY.

—IRA THOMAS.

27/10/43.

DEAR MR. KETTLE,

May I thank the Club for the very generous P.O. which I had on returning from leave. As you see I am still in the country though we have moved twice since I last wrote you.

In a Unit such as ours we move about the country quite a bit and we recently spent ten days in Northumberland, which brought back pleasant memories of a tour I had there in 1930. On the way back I saw a time trial and I stopped at the finish for quite a time and it seemed strange to see the riders in shorts.

On my leave I met Pitch, and of course we had quite a convivial time, and he tells me that part of his training consisted of a sixty mile bike ride, at least he couldn't say that that was hard.

Please remember me to all.

Kind regards,

IRA.

—GEORGE CONNOR.

DEAR HAROLD,

Very many thanks for your letter together with P.O. from the Club's Comforts Fund. I shall be glad if you will convey my best thanks to all concerned. I can assure you these gifts from the Club are greatly appreciated and I look forward to the time when the Club is able to carry out its various activities in the cycling

world and to the time when its members serving overseas and at home are back again on the Saturday afternoon runs.

Your letter was waiting for me when I returned from leave, hence the delay in replying. I am sorry I wasn't able to call to see you but I was only at home two days as I was away in Ireland for the remainder of my leave. I was able to see Tommy Sherman, Preston and Bill Jones for lunch one day and I saw Marriott at the train: they were the only Anfielders I saw. However, next time I may be at home over a week-end, in which case I shall do my best to attend the run wherever it may be.

Life here is much the same as ever, with nothing very much to do or see, in fact it isn't a bit like Prestatyn in any shape or form. However, I have no idea how long I shall be here but I'd gladly go to-morrow. Still, I suppose I mustn't complain as there may be places a lot worse.

Well, Harold, must close now and I trust you are keeping in the best of health. Give my kind regards to any Anfielders you may see.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE CONNOR.

RUNS.

Goostrey, 2nd October, 1943.

We touched a new low level record for a Goostrey run on this occasion, only five members and one friend being present for tea.

It was rather ambitious on the part of the Sub-Captain to order for ten at this time of the year even at so popular a place as the Red Lion.

Mr. Buckley was still away at Chirbury, and certain members do not relish riding in the dark.

The President dined early and left to hurry away to Manchester to do his fire watching duty whilst the remainder of us, which consisted of the following, Bren Orrell, Wilf Orrell, Jim Cranshaw, Harold Catling and friend, sat down to as good a tea as one would get in very few places to-day.

After tea, whilst the party chatted around the fire in the back room, Rex Austin arrived, having had his tea at home after being busy at the works all day.

The party broke up early, the evening was pleasant and star-lit, with the result that riding was easy and even fast in parts so that we arrived home in good time feeling pleased with ourselves and the world in general.

Knolls Green, 23rd October, 1943.

Having carried out offensive defensive measures against my wife, an unhampered evacuation from the domestic quarters was carried out according to plan and a rapid advance was made upon the open village of Knolls Green. I believe it is usual in these reports to remark upon the countryside, in this instance I beg to be excused, and if my Editor will permit this uncensored weather report, I will endeavour to content my readers by remarking that in all probability there was a deep depression over Iceland and it was grey, moist and cold over East Cheshire. I found Ned Haines disconsolately seated upon the bridge outside the Brown Owl. He had also crossed the Steppes of Gloucestershire and Shropshire under moist conditions. Our Police Commissioner next rolled along closely followed by Catlin. The latter member tells me he is again under a cloud of calling up papers. For the benefit of those who may feel some concern, his "infernal machine" will remain at home as it is felt that not even a Catlin could live down a tricycle in the Army. Jim Cranshaw arrived and ordered tea in a very empty cafe, where the service was also having a day off, and whilst waiting we had ample opportunity for friendly badinage. We listened with interest to the police giving a brief resume of past Anfield events and present lighting regulations. The meal arrived and was suitably dealt with. Before re-occupying our saddles it was remarked that recently our absent President had been noticed streaming through Bramhall under way to Alderley, as usual shewing magnificent disregard for traffic regulations, halt signs and speed limits in build up areas. Mr. Buckley's 70th birthday was remembered, his health

drunk in tepid tea, which was a bad break. It is to be hoped that his party week-ending in a further county suffered no discomfort from "car-burning," as before we broke away for home there were many amusing though perhaps a trifle scurrilous and libellous remarks made about the probable degree of intoxication attained by this aforementioned party upon this auspicious occasion.

Rumour is notoriously a lying jade but I *did* see Rex Austin on Sunday, October 31st, and he did still look a trifle blue and shaky. Is it possible this may be entirely due to my imagination?

Halewood, 6th November, 1943.

A somewhat circuitous route brought the other new Junior Member and self to Halewood. The wind was very strong and cold and we had to shelter under a railway bridge near Kirkby for a few minutes. After Bickerstaffe it was easy going with the wind astern through Rainford, Eccleston and Whiston. Hubert Roskell, Eddie Morris, Frank Marriott and Tommy Mandall were already in possession and we two just made up the number ordered for.

The meal was hot and good on such a day, and just went round nicely; Halewood is still good.

It is a pity the train goes so early these days. Hubert and Eddie were away on the 6-42 and Marriott on the 7-15 bus, leaving Tommy, Stevie and Peter to amble home together, via Huyton.

Goostrey, 6th November, 1943.

On a cold and windy day I travelled to the Red Lion by way of Cheadle Hulme, Handforth, Wilmslow, Alderley and Chelford, arriving just before 5-30 to find Bickley, the Presider and Bob Poole already in possession. Bickley was on his way home from a fortnight at Chirbury, and had ridden to Shrewsbury in the morning, and thence travelled by train via Crewe to Goostrey, arriving soon after 1-30, and had been there ever since. The Presider had been roaming the country during the afternoon, as references to Carrington proved, whilst I think Bob Poole had come out by a direct route.

Soon Jim Cranshaw was seen, looking a bit weather beaten, and the two Orrells followed hot on his heels, and we were only one short of the Sub-captain's estimate. Soon after we had commenced our tea, Harold Catling blew in and completed our number. The meal was a complete contrast to our disastrous experience at Alderley a week or two earlier, and there can be little doubt that Mrs. Knowles has a very soft spot for the Anfield. Following this repast, and a story or two from Rex, the party seemed to split into two sections, one engaging in violent technical discussion of bicycles and cotton machinery, whilst the other discussed matters of black markets and the general low level of commercial morality amongst some sections of Manchester business. No satisfactory conclusions appeared to be reached by either party, so about 8 p.m. we broke up and went our various ways home. It was a glorious night, with a clear sky and half a moon, and was so light that the Presider started out without switching on his lights. What luck the rest of the party had on their homeward journey I do not know; for myself, I returned by the same route as on my outward journey, and found conditions somewhat mixed. Parts of the journey were definitely hard, whilst at other times, I progressed without any effort at all. However, I reached the home roof soon after 9-15, after a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, with a good appetite for supper, and was soon to bed.

Macclesfield, 13th November, 1943.

Only four attended this fixture—the Presider, the Manchester Vice, Bick and F.H. The absence of certain members is accounted for by duty, but why others did not show up is a mystery. It can't have been the weather, because Anfielders never allow that to affect them in the slightest. But if weather were a legitimate reason for non-attendance on a run, they certainly had it this day, for there were a succession of hail and rain storms, and plenty of wind—altogether an unpleasant afternoon for all but those fortunate people with the cheerful disposition of Mark Tapley. The present writer was lucky—generally speaking the storms

occurred whilst he was indoors on a series of calls, and when he finally got into the saddle for the last stretch to Macclesfield, the rain had cleared off for the time being and the wind was favourable, so that he had a real sleigh-ride. Naturally the shortest way was taken and no pauses to admire scenery—just a steady slog, with infinite pleasure from the rhythmic pedalling and the singing swish of the tyres on the wet road. Over the meal there was the usual banter and some discussion about the feat of a reverend gentleman residing in Bagdad who, according to a letter from him printed in the *C.T.C. Gazette*, had cycled 20 miles in 1½ hours on a bicycle loaded with all sorts of things, over a track with many patches of deep, loose, sand and through herds of camels, in a temperature of 160° in the sun; it was agreed that it wanted a bit of doing. Then the party adjourned to the Arms for further conversation, lubricated in the usual manner, until 8 o'clock approached and the time for the railway party to make for the station. The Presider and the Vice trundled off in capes, which became unnecessary in about half-an-hour and the homney home was quite comfortable, the wind having either veered round a point, or subsided.

Parkgate, 20th November, 1943.

Pumping some wind into the old "barrer" tyres, del Banco sallied forth to sample a breath of Parkgate ozone.

Being unable to make an early start an hour was spent renewing acquaintance with some lanes which had not been visited for many a month.

Dropping down to the Deeside in the fading light, the venue was reached and del Banco was duly installed to be quickly joined by Elias, senior, who had been out for the day in the Farndon district.

A pleasant interlude for tea was enhanced by a few reminiscences of early tricycling days by Elias, after which he left for the home fireside, and as no one else turned up del Banco very soon departed for a gentle potter homewards in solitary state to complete an enjoyable afternoon.

Prestbury, 20th November, 1943.

I set out for this fixture wondering if I should encounter any fog on the way, but as I approached Cheadle visibility became quite good and the temperature quite warm, after the cold spell during the last few days. I arrived at our rendezvous to find the Presider and Harold Catling just parking their machines, and then Don Shaw came along having been buying some crockery in the village curio shop.

Rex arrived a few minutes later and informed us that he had just time for a couple and then he had to be off home for duty, so the five of us made a bee-line across the road to the tank and took on some liquid refreshment.

About 6 p.m. Mr. Buckley and Hubert and his good lady arrived, so we made our way back again to the cafe and sat down to quite an excellent meal. After tea we made our way across to the tank where conversation was about the Boxing Day run to Holmes Chapel.

At 8 p.m. we made a move to be on our separate ways, Hubert and his wife to Macclesfield and Mr. Buckley to Cheadle Hulme, the Presider and I to Sale and Moss Side. We did quite well going home considering that the night was very dark and there was a little fog drifting about especially in the hollows but thanks to the white lines and cat's eyes we made good progress in spite of the fact that I wanted to turn left before we should have done and was so convinced that we had missed a turn that I persuaded the Presider to turn back and look at a friendly signpost but I had to hold my hands up because I was quite wrong.

We accompanied each other as far as Cheadle, where we parted company and I hope every one arrived at their respective homes safe and sound.

Members present :—Bert Green, Mr. Buckley, Hubert and wife, Rex Austin, Harold Catling, Don Shaw and Bob Poole.

Knolls Green, 27th November, 1943.

Only five members attended this run—the Presider, the Manchester Vice, the Manchester Sub., Harold Catling and Bob Poole. It certainly

was an unpleasant afternoon. The moisture in the atmosphere was not sufficient to demand the donning of a cape, but one got moist all the same. The run is, however, a short one and the rendezvous served by a 'bus service, not too inconvenient for some members, and it had been hoped to attract them. The present deponent having a little time to spare, ran round Knutsford, the Whipping Stocks and Chelford, and thence by the lanes, always quiet and agreeable, to the Brown Owl, to find Jim Cranshaw and Bob Poole; the other two drifted in shortly afterwards, and after an interval we were served with an attractive meal. One of the party had gathered some information on the light in which others see us and there was an interesting discussion on our faults and virtues (if any). This led to talk of plans for post-war; there was

naturally agreement that it would be very desirable to look out for young members to keep up our numbers so far as possible, and to resume racing activities, particularly the '100' at the earliest moment. There was, however, some small difference of opinion as to ways and means and I, for one, was pleased to note that the view was strongly put that recruiting enthusiasm should be tempered with discretion. Times change and we must change with them, but we can always remember our traditions and whilst changing our methods stick to our principles. The talk lasted quite a long time, but eventually we moved off, finding the weather conditions the same as they had been all day—damp and depressing, to those who allow weather conditions to depress them. The short journey home was uneventful.